April, 1968 35¢

TRUE WEST

NON-FICTION

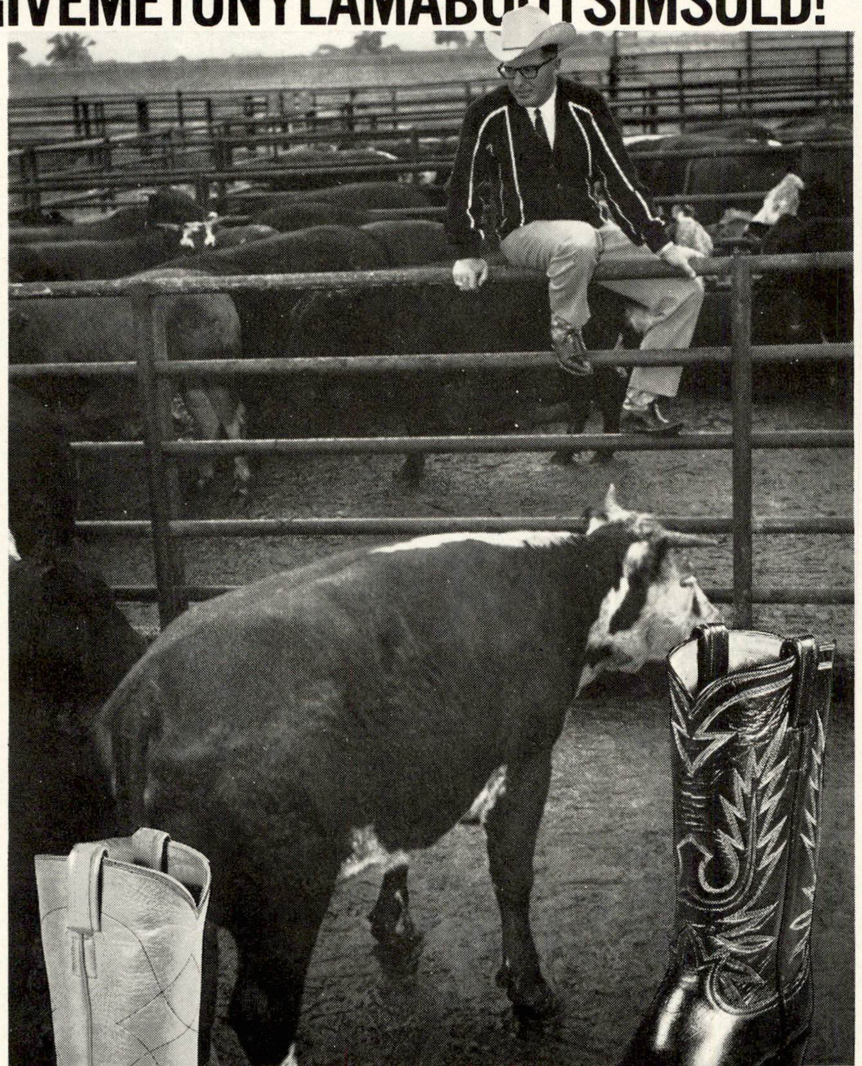
LINE CAMP OUTLAW
BY WALT COBURN

MY MOTHER
BY J. FRANK DOBIE

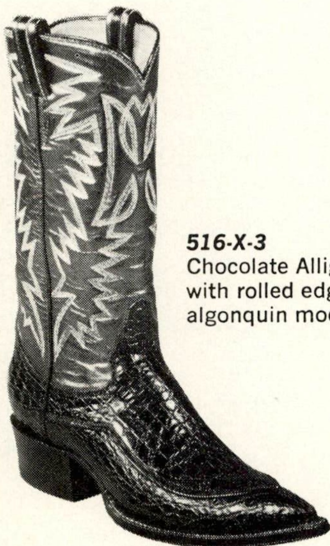
LURE OF T

SB5444 MAR'69
FLOYD D CULBERTSON
4350 EAST 60TH STREET
TULSA OK 74135

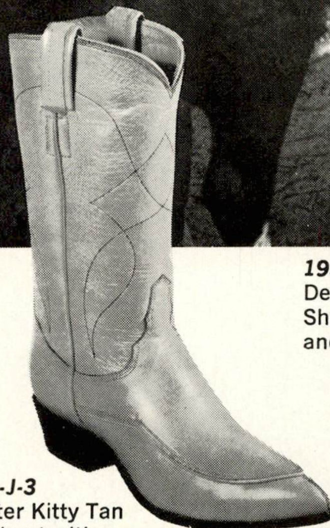
"NOWIMGONNAGETTONYLAMABETTERGIVEMETONY LAMAGONNAGIVEONETWOTHREEFOURREASONS GONNAGETLAMANOWLAMAHASTOPLEATHERSONE LAMAHASHANDCRAFTEDFITTWOLAMAHASGREAT STYLINGTHREEANDLAMAISTHEWORLDSBESTMADE BOOTFOURBETTERGIVEMETONYLAMABOOTSIMSOLD!"



Auctioning over ten billion dollars worth of stock, as the livestock industry does every year, takes a lot of talking! World Champion Livestock Auctioneer Ken Troutt has proven he can herd more words into a minute of selling than anyone around. As you can see, Tony Lama boots "turn him on." If his endorsement is a little on the hard-to-read side, let's sum it up this way: like successful pros in every phase of the livestock industry, Ken Troutt says, "Tony Lama boots are my personal choice over all others."



516-X-3
Chocolate Alligator with rolled edge algonquin moccasin.

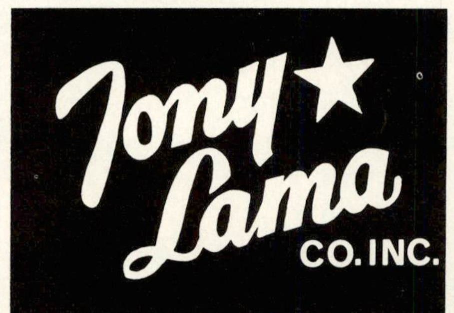


L-1539-J-3
Alabaster Kitty Tan ladies' boot with rolled edge algonquin moccasin.

195-T-3
Desert Gold with Sharkskin wing tip and full counter.

OR WRITE FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST DEALER

1137 TONY LAMA ST. EL PASO, TEXAS 79915



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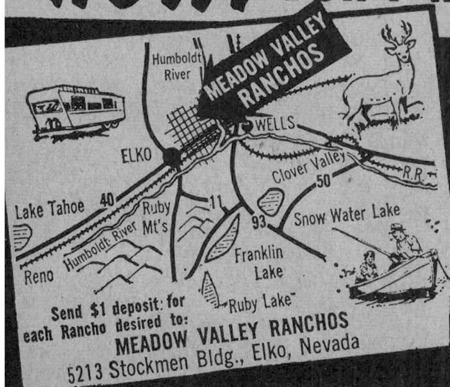

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Volume 15, No.
Whole No. 86

True West

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In This Issue—

TRULY WESTERN ....

LINE CAMP OUTLAW .... By Walt Coburn

MY MOTHER .... By J. Frank Dobie

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LAME CHARLIE SPEAKS .... By Harry E. Webb

HELL FOR LEATHER RANGERS .... By William B. Secrest

HORNY TOAD MAN .... By Lenore Dils

NICK EGGENHOFER'S WEST .... By Les Beitz

JORNADA CATTLE DRIVE .... By Nick Carter as told to Knoles-Peterson

LURE OF THE GOLD CAMPS .... By Mary E. S. Howard

THE SEARCH FOR ZONIA .... By Tom Barkdull

WILD OLD DAYS ....

WASHDAY IN INDIAN TERRITORY .... By Olevia E. Myers

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP ....

TRAILS GROWN DIM ....

TUMBLEWEEDS .... By Tom K. Ryan

Cover: Taylor Oughton

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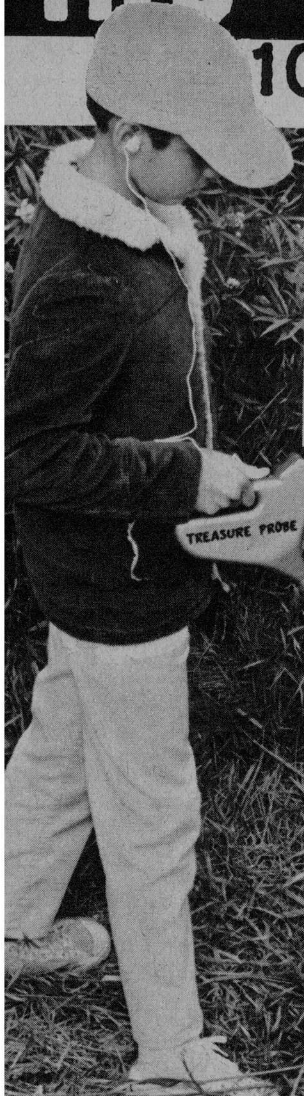

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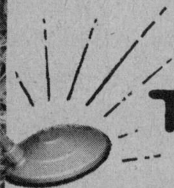

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Truly Western

Sam Brown

Dear Sir:

To update the story of "Black Gold of the Borego," which appeared in your magazine last year and brought me quite a bit of mail from all over the West, you and your readers might be interested to learn of the death of Sam Brown, the surviving member of the storied prospector team. Sam died at his home in Denver last May after a lengthy illness. He very much enjoyed the great bulk of mail he received about the Borego gold story.

The search for the gold continues. I have had contact with several parties who have followed its trail, found the clues to be true, and hope to bring it to a climax this winter.—Bonnie Speer, 2605 W. Borchard, Santa Ana, California.

The Spicer Murders

Dear Joe:

In your October 1967 TRUE WEST issue you have a story, "Strange Murder of the Spicer Family." My father-in-law, Sgt. Melvin E. Carr at that time, was with the 6th U. S. Cavalry close to Fargo, North Dakota—Fort Yates, I reckon. My father-in-law was in the detail to track and hunt the murderers in this crime. These pictures were taken from the original photos, which my mother-in-law, Mrs. Alta Carr, has.—R. M. Lott, 752 No. Warman Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana 46222.

Dear Sir:

As a native of the area where the Spicer massacre occurred and having heard the story told by neighbors of the victims, I find that there are at least two versions of this story, the one by Carol Marek, and the one by the neighbors.

No doubt it is difficult to learn all the details after three quarters of a century; therefore I doubt that either story is entirely correct.

I was born in the neighborhood where the Spicers lived, in the valley of the Cattail Creek, about six miles from Winona and some ten miles from Fort Yates, which is on the west side of the Missouri River in the Standing Rock Indian Reservation. The last time I visited there was in 1909.

At the time of my birth, this was Dakota Territory; statehood was granted several years later. Homestead lands were available and a small number of settlers had moved here where they were fairly close to the Fort, as there was always the possibility of renegades leaving the Reservation, bent on making trouble.

This is the story as it was told to me by several neighbors of the Spicer fa ly. It was no mystery why the reneg went to the Spicer place. They were rected there by a stage driver who m weekly trips from Eureka, South D ta, to Winona, with the mail; he been bringing liquor to the Indians some time.

On this trip he was bringing s but on arrival at Winona he learned there were Federal men in the vil making inquiries about the source liquor being supplied to the Indi and trying to stay clear, he told Sioux that he didn't have any whi for them. Also, as he was about as af of the Sioux as he was of the Fede he told the Indians that someone said that Spicer had some whiskey his cellar.

Rev. Spicer being a Methodist sionary, this would be as unlikely a p as one could imagine to find liquor the renegades rode out there. They f Rev. Spicer working in the barn, ten to his team and they beat him to de Meanwhile one of them ran to the h and told Mrs. Spicer that her hus was being attacked. She ran to the and was killed by a blow to the hea she stepped through the barn door. then went to the house where killed everyone there. Two girls out berry picking and thus esca They found what had happened to folks when they returned home.

Soldiers rode out into the settle and warned the citizens, and adv them to be on the alert until the re ades were captured.

The two daughters who escaped living in Southern California the information I had about them.

The renegades were captured an soon became apparent that strong f were at work trying to get the Ind released. There were five in the g and the ringleader was taken to mark for safe keeping.

It was difficult to learn much a what transpired the night of the ly

Left, Mrs. Spicer's mother, Mrs. Waldron, was beate death by the Indians. Below, the Spicer homestead Fargo, North Dakota.

Photos Courtesy R. M

, but I doubt that there were more
n twelve to fifteen men in the group.
ere just weren't as many men avail-
e as told in your story.
recall receiving a letter from a boy
end living there in the late nineties,
ing about how all the cowboys took
ong ride one night and hung all the
egades that were in the county jail,
l later one of my cousins told me more
ut what happened. She was living
re at the time.
enjoy reading your magazines, as I
to read about the early days of the
st. I've lived in Colorado, Arizona.
w Mexico, California, and Texas. I
tled in Oldham County, Texas and
d there for many years. Tascosa
s the county seat, and I have served
the jury there more than once.—
ren Spande, P. O. Box 51, Goodman,
ssouri 64843.

Ollie Stewart

r Sir:
am forwarding a clipping from the
sa *World* about Ollie Stewart—to me
man ever lived a fuller life. He died
ober 6, 1967. You ran his story in
June, 1965 TRUE WEST.

Pioneer's Career Ends

llie Stewart, who once said he wanted
live to be 105, had surpassed this
rk by nearly three and a half years
en he died Friday at the age of 108.
independent man, Stewart refused to
his daughter, Mrs. Reba Cordray of
8 S. 63rd West Ave., have someone
e care of him or have him move
with her. He cooked for himself and
light chores, the daughter said.
tewart came to Oklahoma when he
s seventeen and settled north of what
ow Sallisaw. He had told his relatives
t he and his family "built a house out
posts and put brush on the top to
p out the sun and strain the rain.
When I came to Oklahoma (in 1870,
n the land was still Indian Territory)
as covered with tall wild grass, over
head in a lot of places," he said.
ere weren't any towns, only Indian
ages."
e used to say that Oklahoma was as
erent as night and day when he
pared the state today and what it
when he came. "I saw some Indians
carried scalps on their belts and I
l to go to their stomp dances."
tewart used to say that in those days
and his father were "right at home"
n outlaws of the day. He and his
er built up a prosperous business
h the Indians by selling whiskey. He
embered that one business associate
an outlaw, and he remarked that
. we all were, but we never con-
red ourselves as such."
e knew the James boys and Cole
nger and said they were "right nice
ers" if you didn't treat them bad
rowd them.
e lost his first wife and three chil-
n in a fire that burned his farm
r Sallisaw in 1918. His daughter
a (Mrs. Cordray) and another daugh-
escaped. A second fire in 1960 wiped
his home and personal possessions.
second wife died in 1963.

Survivors in addition to his daughter include a son, Willie Stewart; three stepsons, George Jones, and Lee and Jesse Jones; seven grandchildren and thirty great-grandchildren.—W. P. Wooten, Box 665, Bowring, Oklahoma 74009.

Two Westerners Are No More

Dear Pat:

A famous historian just died—Dr. L. F. Sheffy of West Texas University's History Department. He has written numerous articles and books on the West in the era you concentrate on and was probably one of the most qualified historians of the early West. He was eighty-five when he died but was active at the University until recently.

Floyd Studer, amateur archaeologist, also died recently. Because of him we have the Alibates Mines National monument at the Canadian River site. In his youth he discovered the Indian pueblo villages (by accident) and has uncovered everything from dinosaurs' legs to prehistoric elephant trunks and Indian burials in this part of the country. He used to visit with the Indians out here to learn sites in which to dig. He was truly remarkable—ran a thriving business on weekdays and hit for the prairies on weekends. He was also about eighty. Many of your readers will remember these men.—Jean Ehly, 5211 Alvarado, Amarillo, Texas 79106.

Treasure Cruise

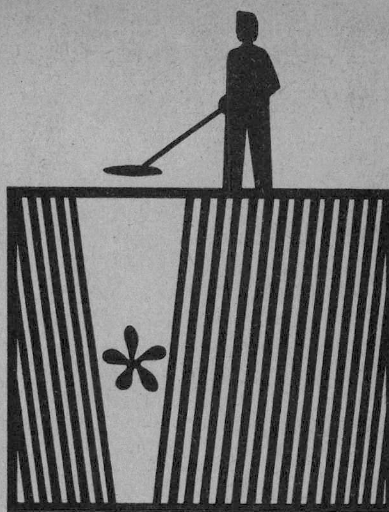
Dear Joe:

I know a lot of your readers are interested in treasure. On January 7, 1968, expert diver "Brad" Bradburn and I will climb aboard an airliner at Love Field, Dallas, Texas. We will load aboard about half a ton of carefully selected equipment consisting of diving gear, metal detectors for land, underwater detectors, plus all my still cameras, 16-mm cameras and one underwater 16-mm movie camera. We will also carry a magnetometer (still experimental but doing an excellent job).

First stop will be Miami, Florida, where we make final arrangements with Captain Mike Burke. Then on the 9th, we'll airline again to San Juan, Puerto Rico. Here we will board a sailing vessel, and the search is on. We intend to operate the magnetometer at all times when underway—around the clock if necessary. Brad and I will don diving gear and go over the side to inspect whatever gives us a signal. True, we are bound to find the rusted hulks of several modern-day wrecks and these we will just pass by in search of the ancient galleons of the treasure fleets. In the event we find the remains of actual treasure ships we do not intend to attempt any prolonged search at this time. But we will carefully determine our exact location so we'll be all ready to go to work when we go back. We actually have over a dozen areas and underwater locations to search. Most of these are from ancient Spanish records.

I should be back sometime in February and have all the information we need,

(*Continued on page 55*)



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Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

SOMETIME during the early part of January, the cowpuncher wintering at our Rock Creek line camp on the Missouri river near Rocky Point Crossing, sent word by one of Gregory Doney's sons that he was suffering from a toothache that had been giving him hell for a week, and for the Circle C to send a man down to take his place while he went to Landusky to have the wisdom tooth pulled. The note was penciled on a sheet of brown wrapping paper.

"All that jasper wants," Jake Myers, the Circle C foreman said, "is to go on a big drunk in town. Wisdom tooth, hell! He ain't got a brain in his bonehead skull." Jake was fit to be tied as he cursed around about the outfit being short-handed.

"Saddle up first thing tomorrow morning, Walt," Jake told me. "Pack your bed on your extra horse. You've been hankerin' to winter in a line camp where you can be your own boss. By the time the Chinook winds cut the drifts this spring you'll mebby have a bellyful of shovelin' hay to a hundred or so head of pore cows and choppin' the ice for water holes. You need any help in a tight, call on Gregory Doney or Tex Alvord. Hang and rattle till the snow melts and the green grass comes, on account of directly that cowpuncher shows up at the ranch I'm tyin' the can to his bushy tail."

That was the best news I'd had since the summer my name went on the books as a forty-a-month cowhand at the age of twelve about seven years before. A line camp job and my own boss, I felt like giving three cheers and dancing a jig, but I kept my mouth shut and acted wise as a hoot owl.

That evening I filled my warsack with what I needed. A couple extra pair of fleece-lined wool underwear, a pair of blanket-lined canvas pants, two heavy blue flannel shirts and half a dozen pa of wool sox. A caddy of Bull Durh and cigarette papers, and a caddy Climax chewing tobacco.

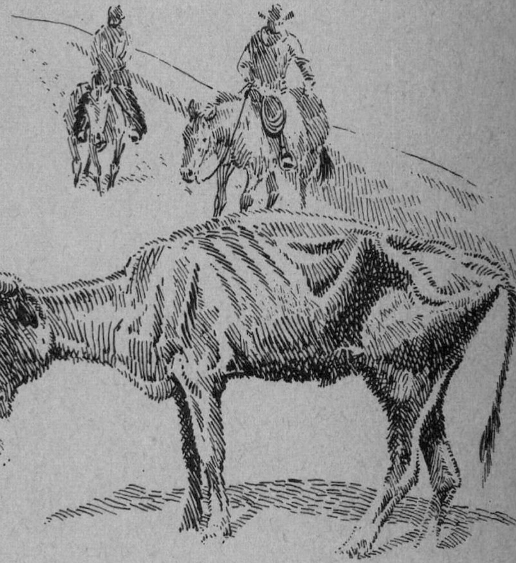
Sunrise next morning I was on way on the snow-covered old frei road to Rocky Point, riding a big bl roan gelding called Big Blue, my packed on the chunky quarter ho Standby. I was bundled up in a musk cap, a sheepskin-lined canvas coat new black angora chaps, wearing h four-buckle overshoes over my boots. Colt .45 six-shooter was in my ch pocket and a new issue U. S. Cava box-magazine Winchester .30-40 carb in its saddle scabbard buckled on right hand side of my full-stamp round-skirted Garcia saddle. The sad pockets were covered with long bl angora wool to match the chaps. saddle and chaps had set me back month and a half's wages. I owned b my saddle horses.

On that cold frosty morning th was nary a cloud in the blue Mont sky. I was free, white and going twenty-one, without a care in the w world. I kept admiring the long shad me'n Big Blue and Standby cast on snow. From now until the ice mel in the wide old Missouri I was my o boss. I was give-a-damn-Jones as I r across the snow covered prairie al the old freight road that roun wagons used. The road followed the h ridges at the edge of the badlands. either side the country slanted d into the cut coulees and long draws canyons. Snowdrifts had piled alm to the tops of the scrub pines. The o prairie was antelope country, and blacktail deer ranged in the broken b lands. The more timid whitetail d stayed along the flat river bottoml Prairie wolves and coyote packs roa the whole country. Mountain lions

CAMP OUTLAW

By Walt Coburn

"One of these days And it won't be long, You'll look for me And I'll be gone!"



izzlies, black and cinnamon bears owled the badlands of a summer and bernated there during the long winter.

EFORE the coming of the white man to Montana this vast stretch of land tween the Missouri River and the press Hills in Canada to the north, st to the Larb Hills (so named for the b berry bushes) and west to the ttle Rockies (called the Island Mounns by the Indians) was all Indian untry—the disputed hunting grounds ught over in countless battles between Assiniboine Sioux and the Gros ntres tribe of the Blackfoot Nation.

Then came the Indian wars and by he ironic mismanagement, or accidenton purpose, the Assiniboines and Gros ntres, bitter enemies, were forced to e together within the confines of the rt Belknap Reservation that took in rt of the Little Rockies.

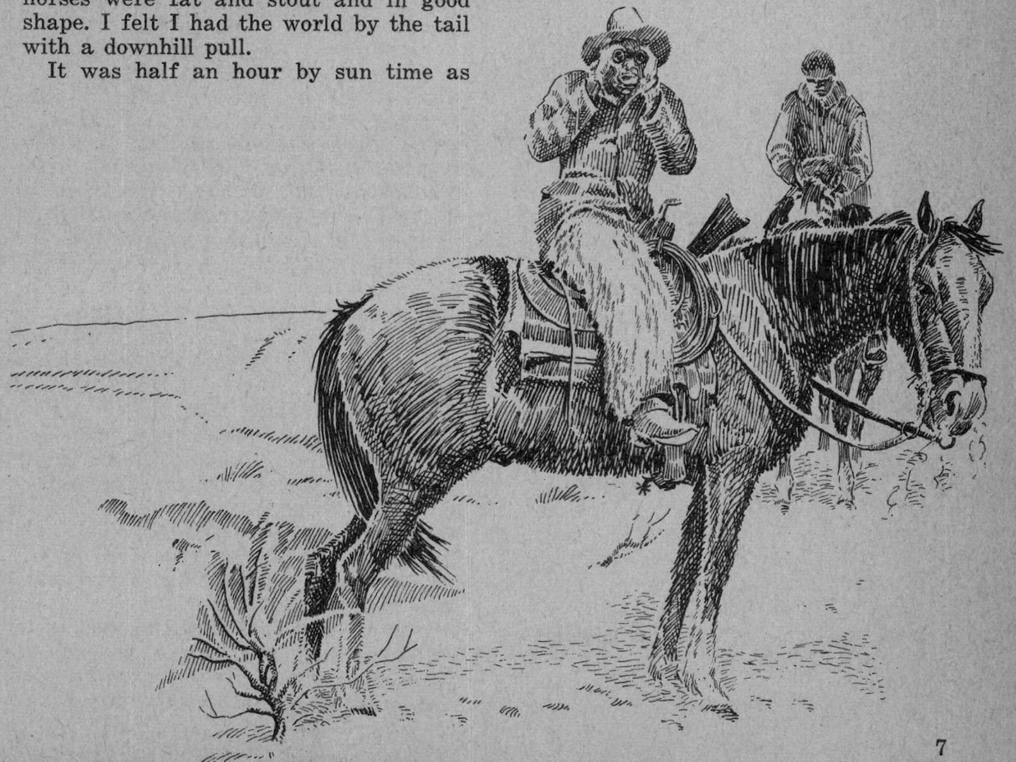
The badlands country between the tle Rockies and the Missouri River s outlaw country. Kid Curry's hideay was located near Thornhill Butte the badlands south of the Little ckies. Jim Thornhill and Kid Curry d been pardners in a cow outfit in shadow of Thornhill Butte until Kid rry killed Pike Landusky and quit country to travel the Outlaw Trail.

t was one of those cloudless winter s when the human eye could see a at distance. The pale sapphire of the was reflected on the ragged snowered peaks of the Little Rockies to west. The broken country of the rb Hills lay to the east beyond Sun airie, and the rolling prairies lay th across Milk River to the Canadian der and south to the Missouri. It was vast free range still claimed by the neer cattlemen, with the badlands the Little Rockies within my kid mory a sort of lawless country.

There was an iridescent rainbow-hued sundog circle around the white sun ball that shed no warmth, and the sun glare on the snow was hard on the eyes. I'd seen a few cowpunchers rub black soot on their cheek bones to lessen the glare, but you seldom saw a cowhand wearing dark glasses.

Well, the fear of going snowblind was the least of my worries. I was just about the happiest feller alive. Or, as Jake Myers put it that morning when he said so-long, as happy as if I had good sense. My horse was shod with Never-Slip calked winter shoes. Big Blue traveled on a loose rein. Standby's horsehair hackamore rope was slacked. Both horses were fat and stout and in good shape. I felt I had the world by the tail with a downhill pull.

It was half an hour by sun time as



Courtesy Bill Armin

Tex Alvord in front of his log cabin saloon and ranch at the Rocky Point Crossing on the Missouri.

I rode down the slant of the hogback ridge to the line camp at the mouth of Rock Creek. A mile or so below was the log cabin, the log horse barn, the long thatched-roof cattle shed, the feed yard where the hay was scattered twice each day. It extended from the open shed to the river bank where the long narrow water trough was chopped in the thick ice. The wind-swept ice of the wide Missouri was the color of a blued-steel gun barrel. The snow covered the underbrush of wild berry and rose bushes and you could see the bare limbs of the giant old cottonwood trees and tall willows.

A spiral of smoke from the cabin rose in the still chill air like an Injun smoke signal, and cattle were feeding at the scattered hay. Only the tops of the fence posts showed in the barbwire-fenced hay meadow, and the pole gate at the road entrance. Snow blanketed the sod-roofed cabin and barn and cattle shed. This was the Rock Creek line camp that was to be my home for a few months.

"BY GAR! Long time no see!" Big Gregory Doney's booming shout of welcome sent flat echoes back into the broken badlands. He stood in the open door of the barn, his large white teeth bared in a wide grin. Since I could remember, Big Gregory and I had been close friends. Gregory Doney belonged to a large tribe of Metis who lived along the Missouri River.

Gregory helped me unload my tarp-covered roundup bed at the cabin and he lugged it inside. He said for me to water my horse at the river and that there was hay in the mangers and bedding in the stalls. He told me that Floyd Harper had pulled out yesterday.

The last rim of sun was going down behind the ragged badlands when I opened the cabin door. I hadn't eaten since six o'clock breakfast and had a few wrinkles in my belly. It was a home-made pine plank door that fastened with a heavy hardwood latch made from a wagon spoke that dropped into a horseshoe. One-half of the horseshoe was countersunk into the log wall and spiked in solid. The whang leather latchstring threaded through the gimlet hole in the door hung on the outside. If a man inside wanted nobody coming in, all he had to do was yank the latch string inside. The story was that Kid Curry had rigged up the wagon spoke latch when he and his brothers and their pardner Jim Thornhill first came to the Little Rockies about '86-'87 when they all worked for the N Bar and DHS and the Circle C outfits, before the Curry boys built up a tough rep.

When I shoved open the door the mingled odors of simmering coffee and venison steaks frying in the skillet were far sweeter to my hungry nostrils than any fancy French perfume ever sold for five bucks an ounce. Raw fried spuds were in another skillet and a pan of baking powder biscuits in the oven.

Big Gregory Doney in plain bucks shirt and blanket-lined canvas pants high moccasins, with a grin on his fr bitten swarthy face, shore made it home week, his eyes sparkling as eyed the new model Cavalry Winches carbine I hung up on the antler rack.

I unbuckled my overshoes and kic them off and shed chaps, coat and I spread my tarp covered bed out one of the two bunks and shoved six-shooter under the warsack pillow wanted to pitch in to help get sup but Gregory grinned and shook his he

He handed me a brief penciled the fellow with the "toothache" had on the table, weighted down with a bo of vinegar. The note bore no signat and was without salutation. I read aloud. It said, "Some camp robber d cleaned out most of the winter g supply in the dugout. You better Gregory Doney to fetch some grub fr the Rocky Point store."

"She's dat cowhand dat rob de cam Gregory said. "She's sell de grub to white nester take up de squatter rig across de revair below de narrows. Sh got two beeg girls with yaller h Hime think she's stuck hon dem gi me."

Big Gregory squinted one eye s and tilted his head. "Dat one," he sp in a lowered tone, "shoot de slow Cut hout de stray brands. Cut de e have de earmarks. Shove de cow hi

de airhole hin de ice. Peddle de meat. 's bad medicine." The big halfbreed tis shook his head slowly from side side.

T'ree-four days ago," Gregory said, ol' Tex Alvord tell you man dat k hinspector George Hall has de n Doe bench warrant for some feller butcherin' stray beef steers. Nex' dat one show hup at my place. Say 's got de bad toothache. She give de er to Jake Myers to me to send to Circle C ranch. Say she's pull hout ht now for Landusky. Me, hime come e. Feed de cows, keep de water hole en. Me, hime think dat feller long n gone. Hol Tex throw bad scare."

Is George Hall at Rocky Point at Tex ord's Saloon?" I asked.

Hell no!" Big Gregory grinned. "Dat k inspector ain't show hup all win- Hol Tex tell de lie to throw big scare into dat cowhand." Gregory out one of his big belly laughs.

After supper while the two of us oked he brought me up to date. It med that our line camper had been chering stray beef from time to time during the winter and selling the at. Gregory Doney and the other eeds living along the Missouri knew ut it and were scared that if the k inspector happened to find out at was going on and rode down to ky Point to investigate, the cowhand ld shift the burden of guilt to the r 'breeds and even to Tex Alvord. Doney and Tex had a medicine talk old Tex sprung the beartrap to scare jasper plumb out of the country. d Gregory had added a warning that he caught him fooling around with of his daughters he'd wake up in , shot where his galluses cross, not wing how he got there.

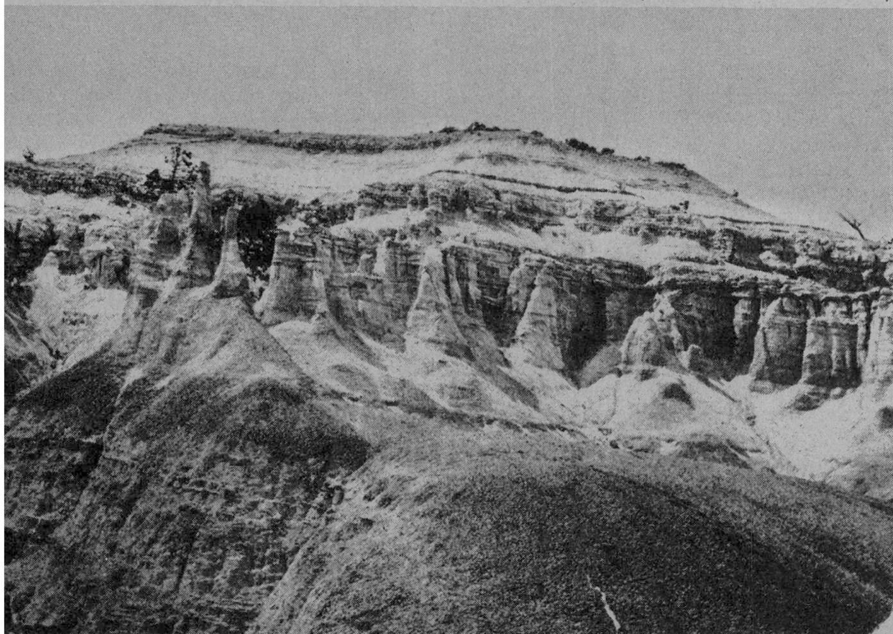
HAT NIGHT I made out a grub list and wrote out an order on the cle C to the storekeeper at Rocky nt. Gregory would deliver it next day on his way to his ranch a few miles down the Missouri, where he'd hook up his team to a bobsled and fetch back my grub supply.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society
Montana cowpunchers in the days of the Circle C.

Once I got onto the ropes of feeding and watering the cattle it was pickings. Using the six-eight foot long hay-knife I'd saw through the tightly packed hay-stacks and fork the hay into the hay-rack. The gentle work team would travel at a walk, their slack reins wrapped around the front end of the rack. They knew their way around and all I had to do was fork off the hay in scattered bunches. Mornings I'd chop open the night ice on the long narrow trough sawed in the thick river ice, and spread sand on the ice all around the trough to prevent the cattle from slipping.

Because the days were short and the nights long I'd be up before daylight. Breakfast over I'd do the barn chores, forking dirty bedding out of the stalls and filling the mangers with hay, watering the work team and my two saddle horses. I scattered hay twice a day and had the hayrack filled for next morning. There was no time for noon dinner because every minute counted during the short day, and I'd cook supper long after dark.

The Badlands near the Missouri River.
Courtesy Montana Historical Society



I had no alarm clock. No calendar. No thermometer to tell how cold it was outside. I woke up automatically and went by sun time, keeping track of each day by whittling another notch on a long dry willow stick, and pay no never minds to the temperature. Cold, very cold, cold as a well digger's feet, it made no difference. Come a two-three foot snow I'd hook the work team to a triangle plank snowplow to clear the feed lot as far as the river before scattering the hay.

Days and weeks went past without anybody showing up, but I was kept too busy to get lonesome. By candlelight I read the two mail-order catalogs from cover to cover, as well as the old newspapers that papered the inside walls of the cabin, some upside down and cross-ways.

Due to my hasty departure from the ranch I'd forgotten to pack my open razor, shaving mug and brush, and in the slightly warped mirror that hung over the wash bench I viewed my daily growth of mangy drab-colored whiskers that in spite of yellow laundry soap and hot water, always had a dingy look. My thick thatch of brown hair, parted off center and brushed back over my ears, gave me a burr-headed wild look, and the ratty whiskers, the weathered frost-blackened cheeks and nose, completed the backwoods touch. For all the world I looked like Jo-Jo the dog-faced boy in Ringling Brothers' sideshow.

(Continued on page 44)

MY MOTHER was born on her grandmother Byler's plantation in Fayette County, Texas, the year the Civil War broke out. When she died, November 22, 1948, she in her long span of years had seen more changes in the ways of living in this country than had taken place between the discovery of America and her own entrance upon the scene.

Her father, Rufus Byler, who had served in Hood's Texas Brigade, was presumably murdered for a fine horse and a moneybelt after the Civil War ended. He had just left his family on the Byler plantation, where they had lived during the war, and was riding to Rancho Seco on the Nueces to rehabilitate his ranch home before moving them back to it. He was traced only as far as the San Antonio River. Nobody ever knew what the murderers did with his body. Someone started the rumor that he had deserted his wife and three children and left the country for South America, but, according to all accounts, he was very fond of them. His brother, Frank Byler, eventually rode to Nebraska after two men supposed to have killed him, but either did not find them or found them innocent.

The Byler brothers ran cattle on the open range in Nueces County. One was for buying land; the other said that since the grass was free, buying land it grew on would be a waste of money—even if a man had money. After the disappearance of Rufus, his brother Frank took charge of the cattle. Grandma moved back to Rancho Seco, a small settlement of ranch people, with her "younguns." In 1869 she married Friendly Dubose, range man and a very picturesque individual, and with him reared a family of sons. He had a brother named Neighbor.

Perhaps I should say that Rancho Seco became Bluntzer, six miles from Banquete, the post office. Names of neighbors as I remember my mother's giving them sound to me like an old refrain, though I know they cannot have connotations for most people: W-Six Wright (W-6 was his brand), Nick Bluntzer, George Hendrickson, Sam Fusselman (my grandmother's brother), and always the Bennetts. But neighbors were not close.

During the Rancho Seco time, before Grandma married Mr. Dubose, a fair-skinned young man came along who "looked like he might read, write, and recollect." The settlers hired him to teach school, the house of learning being a dirt-floored Mexican *jacal* with a board supported by stumps for a table running down the middle of it, and a backless bench on either side.

"But what's the use of having school?" the Kellet children asked. "We don't have any books."

"There's the Bible," their father answered. It was the only book in his home, but there it was.

"Mr. Kellet," my mother used to tell, "was what you'd call a character. People called him 'Honest John.' Time me little to him. If he saw somebody i hurry, he would say, 'You must be ting rich, for only people who are, hur He liked to talk and when he was t ing would thrash his arms about lik windmill. In those days the road f San Antonio to Corpus Christi through Rancho Seco, and Mr. Kel used to go out to this road and there, hours sometimes, until a freigh came by and then hold him up and vite him to turn off and spend the ni at his house. He wanted company wanted to hear what was going on the world." In that part of the coun the freighters seldom camped out alo there was too much danger.

THE CHILD Ella helped in the r ing of her brother and sister and half brothers as they came along. T and again I have heard her tell how read Scott, Dickens, *Ben Hur* and T *Sawyer* aloud to them and three or f other ranch boys. She could comm them by threatening not to read. attended school for a term at a Cath convent in Victoria, but was not kind to be confined in convents. T

To her, life was a big Christmas package—its savor much like that moment when the ribbons part, giving the first glimpse of what's inside. "Maybe I don't always get what I want," she used to say, "but I always want what I get."

The Dobie home in Live Oak County, Texas.

Courtesy Grady Harrison Jr.

From SOME PART OF MYSELF by J. Fr Dobie. Copyright 1967 by Bertha Do With permission of Little, Brown Company.

she went to a "female college" at Ch pel Hill, Texas. She was a good hor woman, but said she could not hold light as a rider to her sister Fan She was teaching in what was cal Lagarto College, an elementary sch part free and part pay, at Lagarto Live Oak County when, in 1887, she m ried Richard J. Dobie and took up on his ranch about six miles away.

While I was still a child, my mot came upon a list of "the best ten bo for young people under sixteen years age," selected by a group of educat

Courtesy Bertha Dobie

Mrs. Ella Byler Dobie, 1912.

My Mother

By J. FRANK DOBIE

is still a good list, as the titles show: *grim's Progress; Robinson Crusoe; nhoe; Tom Brown's School Days; A ild's History of England; Plutarch's es; David Copperfield; Black Beauty; n Halifax, Gentleman;* and *Heroes l Hero Worship.* My mother proposed get these books for her children, and them. The list is still posted inside door of her walnut wardrobe.

Uncle Tom's Cabin was not on the list. mother had been reared to regard it evil and did not approve of my reading a copy borrowed from a neighboring ranch. She had read the *Youth's Companion* a good part of her life and kept on taking it for her children. Some of the adventure stories in that magazine remain among my most delightful memories. Her mind had more play than my father's. Yet they were well suited to each other.

My mother read to the older children and taught, or tried to teach, us to play the piano. She had scant time for such things—less and less as the family grew. She never milked but she made butter and curd. She raised chickens. At times she had to cook for the Mexican ranch help as well as for the family. Men might come at any hour of day or night. All had to be fed and bedded. All of her children were born on the ranch, and I realize now how much work we made. I have heard her say that for long periods of time she did not get more than four or five hours of sleep out of the twenty-four.

She never idealized ranch people, though she belonged to them from the ground up. Not long after I went to the University of Texas to teach English I was telling her how tired I got of associating with pedants and how much I'd rather associate with ranch people.

"Law me," she said, "some of 'em don't have brains enough to fry an egg in."

She saw no romance about ranching. She had seen too many drouths, too many bad times, too much drudgery and loneliness, too much lack in human relations. She was naturally gregarious and liked people with something to talk about beyond seasoning for potato salad.

When she was alone with her first children, she was always uneasy, sometimes frightened. Less than a mile to the east a family of Mexicans named Persuelo lived on half a section of land. They were reputed to be horse thieves or to harbor horse thieves. Anyhow there was always a lot of coming and going, riding and spurring around the Persuelo ranch—just a cabin under some trees, with access to a dug well a hundred yards away. When Papa was gone, Mama would have the .44 Winchester at the head of her bed. It was a great relief to her when he bought the Persuelo men out.

Papa was away a great deal, riding after cattle, buying yearlings or receiving them. In his prime he was a man of extraordinary energy and a good deal of ambition. Mama said the days were never long enough for him. Many times after he had ridden out to his own pasture it would be past dark before he came home. If he was off on business, it might be far into the night. I remember how Mama would listen for his whistle or for the sound of his horse's feet on the sandy loam.

ALTHOUGH she was extremely proud of her children, she viewed them with a critical objectivity, in some respects at least. She was never prouder of them than during World War I when she had four sons and one daughter in the services. After my father died in 1920, she was capable manager of her own business affairs—not big, but sufficient for her independence. She built a cottage on a high hill in the Methodist Assembly grounds near Kerrville, on the Edwards Plateau of Texas. For many years she went there to spend the summer. During the last five years of her life her younger daughter, Martha, was with her constantly.

No person in need or distress ever asked her for help without getting it. She did not wait to be asked if she knew of need or suffering. After the family

(Continued on page 46)

PROWLING for LOOT on Delaware Creek

When there's a cantankerous farmer and a pack of dogs to contend with, that old "No Trespassing" sign gets to reading like "Rest in Peace."

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

THE INDIAN TERRITORY was st young when "Old Man" Charlie Ba nett settled near the Choctaw-Chickasa Nations line in what later became Co County. In his time he had been a trappe prospector and stockman. Surprisingl for a frontier wanderer, he possessed good education and was versed on ma scientific subjects.

When I knew him he lived on the si of a little creek against the foot of a h near the village of Kitty. The settleme disappeared in the year of statehoo 1907; its site was just across the di road from our east pasture ranch ga

Barnett, then crippled so badly he cou walk only a few steps, usually sat in rocking chair on the front porch. At th time he and his wife lived alone. Stack against the front wall on the porch was collection of fossils, including the bon of a mammoth, and heaps of miner specimens.

He wasn't exactly a talkative man, b when I stopped by to look at his fossiliz rocks he sometimes discoursed at leng on ancient species. The scientific nam fluidly rolling off his tongue were foreign language to me.

His knowledge of western history, pa ticularly that bearing on Oklahoma a the Indian Territory, was vast becau of a retentive memory. On one visit abruptly switched from the discussion fossils and minerals to the Bill Cook ro ber gang. That came as a surprise.

The story Barnett related was that

Left, the group which hunted for the ro ber's loot: Standing, Charley Plumm Elmer Ray and Gorman Green. Sittir Cecil Richardson and Jimmy Kitchens.

The A One Bar ranch near Clarita, Oklahoma, from which treasure hunting expeditions often were made.

tober, 1894, Bill Cook and two other tlaws held up and robbed the Rock and Pacific passenger train east of dmore. From the passengers they took ney and jewelry, and from the mail car 2,000.

Cook's crew of cutthroats consisted of nry Munson, Lon Gordon, Curtis Dan- and several others. This band of out- s gained considerable notoriety within eks, pulling one successful train bery after another. Officers in Okla- ma and Texas were after them hot and avy. None of the original gang was th Cook when he robbed the train at dmore.

FTER COMMITTING the crime Cook and his two confederates started th. On Red River at the state border y found Texas Rangers waiting to end personal greetings, so they turned k and fled northwest. By that time eral marshals were on their trail. ok and his two robbers shifted again, vard Coal County. They had trusted ends in Stringtown.

When officers were pressing close on ir heels above Tishomingo, the gang ssed Blue River and, by-passing Wa- ucka to the west, reached Delaware eek. In a lay-over there they began iding the loot, and a bitter argument eloped over the spoils. Guns smoked l when the crashes died away in the ber, Cook alone remained alive. The t, contained in two sacks, was thrown oss his saddle.

Taking off in a run, Cook got only a rt distance before riders, attracted the gunfire, were all around him. lling into a stand of timber Cook pre- red to hold them off. Using only a ket knife, the outlaw dug a hole in t ground and buried the sacks.

Mounting up, he set off at a walk. By s time he could hear nothing what- r of riders chousing around. Maybe would get through after all. At the n timber edge he halted to recon- ter. Ahead under the moonlight etched a bald prairie. It could be ngerous in the open. Selecting a draw a hundred yards away, he started for it so as to get under cover quickly.

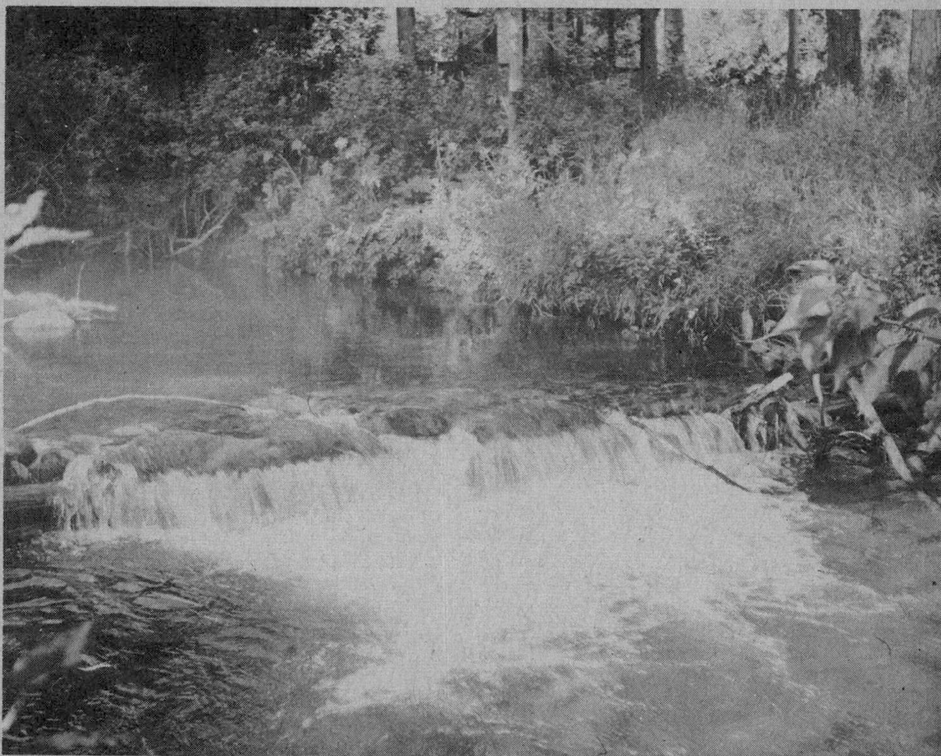
About half-way he was startled by the thunder of fast slashing hoofs. A spread-out line of riders was pouring at him from the timber where they had lain doggo watching for just this kind of carelessness.

Putting spurs to his horse he sped into the night, but not before he had sustained a rifle bullet high in the back of the left shoulder. Cook made the draw, and by dodging and shifting around managed to elude the posse. Dawn found him at a small muddy creek, where he fell from the saddle from loss of blood.

A little later that morning his horse showed up at Barnett's feed corral. Reasoning that its owner must be injured, he backtracked and found Cook lying unconscious in the grass. At that time Barnett didn't know the outlaw, and loading the injured man in a wagon, Barnett hauled him north to the small railroad town of Tupelo. A doctor there gave little hope of the stranger's survival.

On regaining his senses and learning the brutally bad news, Cook asked how he happened to be there. When told who had brought him in, he wanted to see Barnett. He had not yet left town and was taken to where Cook lay on a bed in the doctor's home. When the two men were alone, the outlaw revealed his identity and said that he did not expect to live.

Delaware Creek near the site of the buried train-robbery money.



Obie Dodson and Mrs. Dodson with daughter Mary on the front porch of their home.

"I want you to have the stuff that's buried," Cook declared, and described where he had cached it near Delaware Creek. "You did me a favor," he insisted feelingly, "though it ain't going to help me none. You keep your mouth shut to lawmen and you'll have yourself a good-sized stake."

INSTEAD OF DYING Cook began a remarkable recovery. In a few days he could get around on his feet. Realizing that he would be recognized sooner or later, he departed Tupelo in the night.

When Barnett heard of his flight he supposed that Cook had gone for his loot. Whether he had or not, Barnett was afraid by then to inform officers of what he knew. Cook might well come back and kill him.

As was proved later, Cook rode the train from Tupelo, hiding out in western Oklahoma and, later, in New Mexico. Officers found and arrested him in Fort Sumner, January 11, 1895. Taken to Fort Smith, Arkansas, he was sentenced on twelve counts of robbery to not less than forty-five years in a federal prison in Albany, New York.

When Cook was put away, Barnett got in touch with a federal marshal, relating where Cook told him the train robbery proceeds were buried. The officer went there but was unable to find it. He did learn that the two dead outlaws, never identified, had been buried by settlers in unmarked graves on the spot where their bodies had been found.

When I repeated Barnett's story to some friends of my own age, they were transfixed and enthralled by the alluring possibility of finding treasure almost in our backyards. We discussed the matter, excited and thrilled at the prospects. Of course, we were going to search for it. Even if we didn't find anything, although our kid hopes ranged higher than the moon, it would be a wonderful outing. I returned to Barnett for more information, and he was happy that somebody, even us boys, was going to hunt for it.

"It is on this side of Delaware Creek and could be as far away as Dunk McMillan's bull pasture on the edge of the prairie. Start your hunt on a line between the creek and where I found the manganese," Barnett said.

The manganese was in great chunks of iron-solid black rocks, heavy beyond belief. Ranging from the height of a man's waist to his shoulders, they stood clear on level ground. The airline distance from them to the creek was almost two miles. Delaware Creek, called a river today, began near Witch Hole, directly west of my father's ranch across the line in Johnston County. Taking a sout ward course below the town of Bromid it makes a big curve directly east, pass Bromide and Bromide Junction and e ters Clear Boggy Creek beyond W panucka. It is a clear running, swi little stream abounding with sever species of fish. Along its course, ev enlarging from lesser streams, are number of low waterfalls.

According to Barnett's information t course from his manganese field reach the Delaware before it made the ea curve. In that area at the time no roa and very few trails existed. It was cattle country, fenced into great pastu squares.

On a Saturday morning, six of us Elmer Ray, Charley Plummer, Gorm Green, Jimmy Kitchens, Cecil Richar son and myself—carrying sandwiches pockets, set off early. We traveled sout west from my father's A One Bar ran near Clarita. It was the shortest w through the pastures and across inte vening water courses.

At the great blocks of mangane (which were later shipped to smelte during World War I) we halted brief Then we followed Barnett's instructio and set out for the nearest section of t rambling creek.

Near the end of the McMillan pastu a growth of timber and persimm sprouts began. When Cook came throu here, there had been considerable timb but it had since been cut out. Crawli under the McMillan fence we were someone's 160-acre plot of land.

Through the trees appeared a dwelli barn and barn lot where we were met a scowling farmer who needed cleani up badly.

"What you fool kids doing monkeyi around on my property?" he began sho ing at us while still some distance aw We told him we wanted to go throu to Delaware Creek.

"Get off my land and stay off i he roared. "Next time I see any of I'm going to blister your hides w buckshot!" By way of emphasizing threat he brought a single-barreled Lo Tom shotgun into view. We boys, ra ing in age from fourteen to sevente were duly impressed.

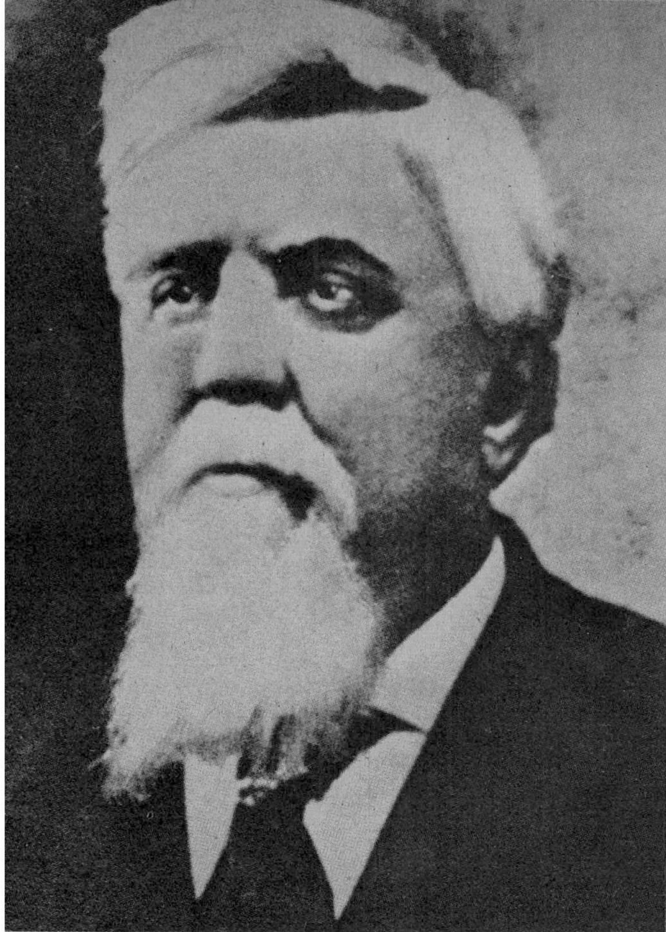
After we left the property, and hi winding sled trail studded with roc Charley Plummer, half Chickasaw dian, exploded. He was going to tell numerous brothers and his uncles so t the unfriendly farmer could be put in place.

As we approached Delaware Cr another fenced farm blocked our w On my suggestion we moved forw openly, walking through the yard g to the porch of the unpainted pl house. A man in a tattered blue sh and denims came around the near cor when the dogs barked.

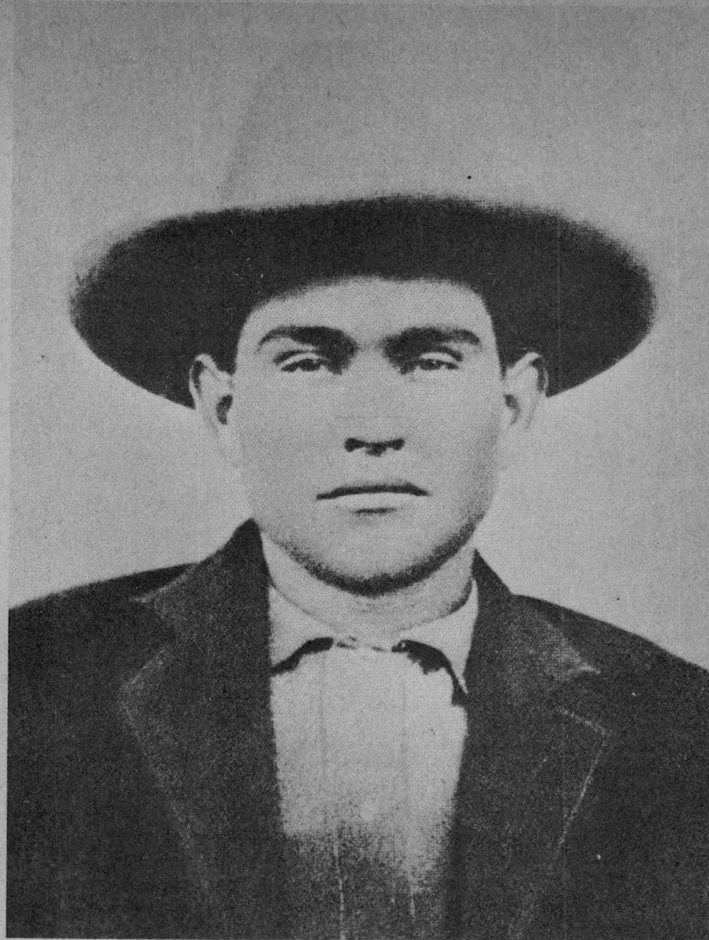
He did not look in the least forbiddi and greeted us in amiable fashion, when his permission was asked to p through his property to the creek face went somber.

"You come by Clem Simmons?"

"If that's his name we did, and he us off with a shotgun."



Judge Isaac Parker sentenced Cook to prison for forty-five years.



Bill Cook hid the train robbery loot but good!

ntroducing himself as Obie Dodson, man said, "I'll tell you about him. won't let even his nearest neighbors foot on his land. The man's plain cked in the head. Claims a fortune outlaw loot is buried over there. He ures that everybody who comes around going to take it way from him."

This was our first intimation that one else knew about Cook's cache. dson and a few others living along the ek, however, knew no more than un- ported rumors about the train hold- swag. This information undoubtedly w out of the U. S. marshals' search it with the help of volunteers. The ual details about Cook and the origin the cached treasure was unknown to m.

None of them had bothered searching it; probably they were too busy try- to make a living on hardscrabble d. Besides, to them it was just another lore tale.

IGHLY ELATED, we hurried on to the Delaware. There we set about ng to locate the graves. All that day crawled through thorny thickets g two miles of the east side of the am, and all the way down to the d. The graves were going to be ex- nely hard to locate, we realized. More n likely they were overgrown with etation, but we hoped sunken ground a few rocks would disclose the site. ely those who interred the bodies d something up indicating graves.

e had not even mentioned them to Dodson because they were a direct clue to the robbery loot. A line from them to the manganese blocks should reveal all to us—or so we fondly imagined.

That night we built a small fire on the creek bank and ate some of our sandwiches. Although tired, we were still excited over the day's adventures and re- mained awake past midnight. The follow- ing day, Sunday, was spent hunting al- most in a run to cover as much ter- ritory as possible. At a late hour we were unhappily forced to set out for home.

The most exciting thing in our country- boys' lives became the loot hunting ex- peditions, and it was impossible for my friends to keep their lips buttoned. Soon their families knew everything they did. From them our quest became public property. At school and in town we were called the "boy treasure hunters." Most people were tolerantly amused, but there were several grownups who regarded the matter seriously. Some of them offered advice or produced corroborating facts from unusual sources.

Storekeeper Andy O'Neal was a craggy faced, glum looking man. A rigid church goer, one would naturally suppose that such foolishness as hunting outlaw swag would be frowned on by him. On the contrary one of his customers was an early settler who talked, and O'Neal passed on the information with the volun- teered promise that he would find out more.

According to the settler, Cook had taken time to carve the figure "7" in the bark of one live oak and an "X" on another. The cache was exactly between the two trees. From his grandfather, Charley Plummer learned that a couple of years after Cook was sent to the peni- tentiary, the loot was hunted by some- one in the vicinity of the Bromide rock quarry, and over on the Delaware near the ruins of the old Indian Wapanucka Academy.

A dozen other clues came to us in various ways, but when I checked with Barnett he shook his head after due re- flection.

"Cook told me exactly what I passed on to you."

Many weekends were spent hunting. Even if we found nothing they were most pleasant and occasionally we fished on the Delaware. Each time we dropped by the Dodson family home. The Dodsons had a girl about twelve who always wanted to go along.

On one expedition we gave the rock quarry area a good searching. Then we crossed the creek to the old academy, spending a day there. The premises had grown up in weeds and briars. Cisterns behind the main school building were all dry. We could not resist opening the trap doors to inspect them.

Going to one, Charley threw back the heavy trap door and stared down the shaft of sunlight.

"Something down there!" he called loudly.

We rushed over and, sure enough, several coins lay on the cement bottom.

(Continued on page 62)

By HARRY E. WEBB

Photos Courtesy Author

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Among Western Indians of a very early day, names were influenced by some momentous occasion; later, most of their offspring took the name of someone whose name suited their fancy. So it is quite probable that E-sha, on hearing Charlie Kilpatrick's name, or perhaps knowing him, adopted his name.

The first white man known to have viewed "Lame Charlie" (E-sha) after the Indian was shot, was a Mr. Bruffey of Mineral Hill. Bruffey had come upon the queer object worming through the sage and as he raised his rifle the cripple called, "No shoot! Me no coyote!" Bruffey took the helpless one in and later made crutches for him but several years went by before Charlie could be persuaded to use the "long wooden arms."

At the time of our meeting, Charlie claimed to be 116 summers old. That sounded like a lot of years, yet facts gained through more than fifteen years of research have gone far in corroborating his statement.

In 1930, two years after my interview with him, Charlie died of the one disease peculiar to the venerable red men—civilization. The local Department of Indian Affairs had had him moved to an elaborate Indian Village at Elko, thus speeding him to his eternal abode up there with Te-lu-gu-pu.

IT WAS while running mustangs in May, 1915 that I first viewed the massive, incongruous cross rearing its broad arms high above a small butte jutting up from the flat Nevada wastelands. Halting my horse I studied the black inscription, readable a mile distant, and pondered the why of its existence.

"Maiden's Grave"—just what strange conjurations might beset those who chanced to read this solemn declaration? Surely one of struggle and strife; perhaps violence. In those bold letters w[...] an indisputable tang of mystery. As [...] circled the hill a name stood out ten f[...] wide: "Lucinda Duncan." Now who w[...] Lucinda Duncan to rate such an impr[...]sive monument?

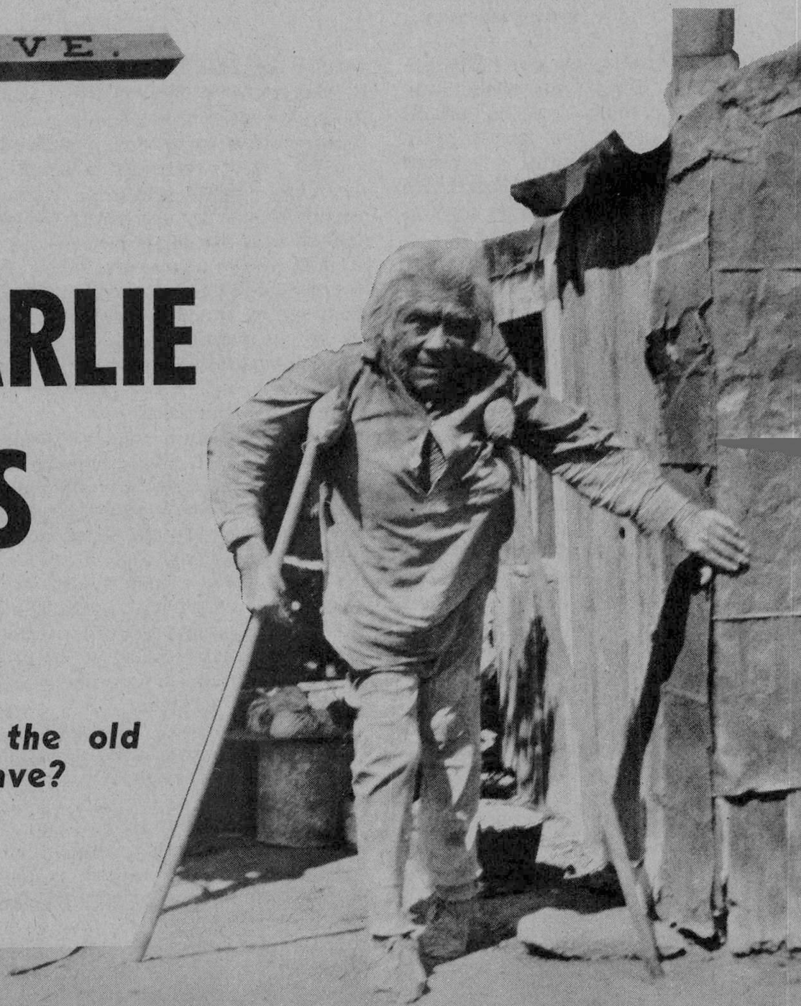
Obsessed with a penchant for delvi[...] among the musty pages of the past [...] started on the back-track of Time. Qu[...]tions, questions among young and [...] brought but one answer—beyond th[...] none could go: A Chinaman's shovel h[...] unearthed the remains somewhere do[...] in the flat near the Humboldt Riv[...] That clue started me on an exchange [...] letters with Southern Pacific Railroad [...]ficials in San Francisco and Ogden, Ut[...]

I there learned that when the Cent[...] Pacific was straightening a curve in [...] tracks, the mortal remains of a blo[...] female, presumably young, had been [...]posed. The coolie grade builders h[...] moved the bones and tangle of hair [...] the top of the nearby butte. Later, [...] section worker had found a weather[...] termite-eaten board near the site of [...] old grave. Apparently a name had be[...] carved in the board. This rotted remn[...] of a wagon end-gate had prompted [...] Company to erect the cross and, as th[...] deciphered it, inscribe a name.

"Insofar as we know, since ea[...] records were destroyed by fire," I w[...]

LAME CHARLIE SPEAKS

Could this be the solution to the old mystery of the Maiden's Grave?



formed, "Miss Duncan died from na-[illegible]ral causes." But those deep and wan-[illegible]ring ruts left near the cross by untold [illegible]ofs and Conestogas spoke too eloquent-[illegible] of the hardships of those who had [illegible]led this awesome path for me to give [illegible] the chase.

Years of inquiry led me from one old-[illegible]ner to another until I was somewhat [illegible]warded in the person of Charlie Kil-[illegible]trick. Charlie's name had been linked [illegible]th incidents involving renegade In-[illegible]ans along the lower Humboldt and [illegible]eight roads to the south.

I found Charlie at the County Poor [illegible]rm at Elko, Nevada, but like many of [illegible]s ilk he doled out information as if it [illegible]re dollars. But, though one did have [illegible] pry words from him, his eighty-six [illegible]ars had not made him the least bit [illegible]nile.

"Yep," he offered at last, "I've kilt a [illegible]w Injuns, all right. I 'member—" But [illegible]uesome and interesting as was his [illegible]rn it dealt with dramas other than [illegible]ose along the Humboldt and especially [illegible]y incident pertaining to the huge cross. [illegible]arlie had heard of the cross but that [illegible]s as far as his knowledge or interest [illegible]nt. Although he had not come West [illegible] the covered wagon he knew many [illegible]no had, including one member of his [illegible]n family.

[illegible]FTER an interminable wheezing and [illegible] reloading and match searching he [illegible]oke of the death of his father; touched [illegible] the hardships that followed and told [illegible] their excitement when news poured [illegible]ack East" of the fabulous riches to [illegible] had for the shoveling in the California [illegible]reams. It had been a momentous de-[illegible]ion when his mother scratched to-[illegible]ther her few coins so that Charlie [illegible]ght board a full-rigger, loaded with [illegible]ne and mill equipment for San Fran-[illegible]co.

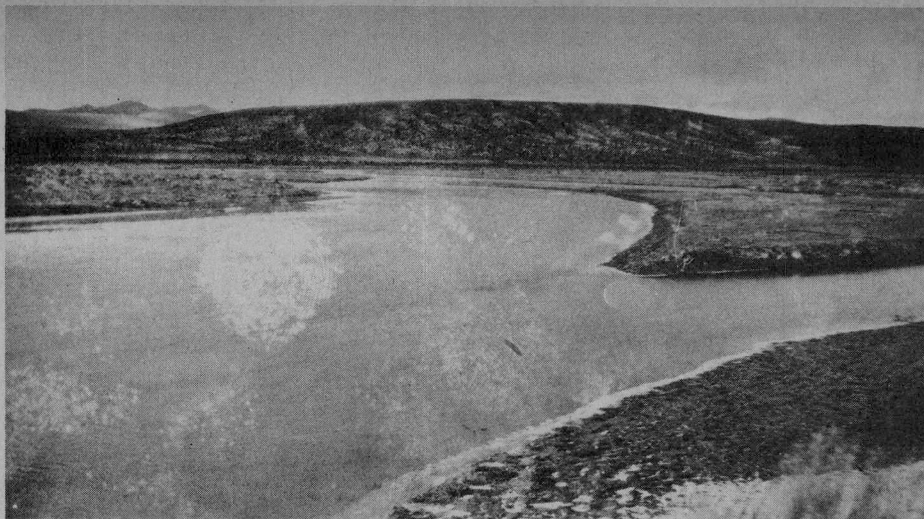
"T'was January of '59 when the danged [illegible]rgo shifted in a storm some'eres along [illegible] Pacific an' we was swamped." His [illegible]pe having gone cold he sat silently [illegible]uinting into the past.

"How'd you get out of that mess?" [illegible]ventured.

"Happened t' be one of the few picked [illegible] by a side-wheeler," he cackled. [illegible]iggered on gittin' a few pounds of [illegible]ld an' sendin' back fer my folks, but [illegible] never turned out that way. Didn't [illegible]d no gold so took a job swampin' [illegible] a feller named Jack Guinert who was [illegible]eightin' from Sacramento to Austin."

I led him on and he warmed up a bit. [illegible]Vell, I hauled into Austin 'til Jack was [illegible]t one night when some Injuns run [illegible] our stock. Jack got hisself a couple [illegible] redskins, though, an' I blowed another [illegible]lf in two with a .52 calibre revolvin' [illegible]lt's rifle I'd just bought. Next mornin' [illegible]ough, all I could find o' him was a [illegible]ail of blood and the marks where he'd [illegible]ug hisself off. I'd of trailed the varmint [illegible]' got his scalp only I was too dang busy tryin' t' round up our mules and get Jack sort of planted. Ground was harder'n the hubs o' hell, too. But yuh know what?" Charlie paused for a belly-shaking laugh, "Heard years later that that blasted Injun lived t' crawl way t' hellengone to a medicine man. Not only that, but the varmint took t' usin' my name. Least, so I heard." Again cackling over the incident, Charlie settled back in dreamy retrospect.

[illegible]ft, "Lame Charlie" (E-sha) believed to [illegible] 116 years old in 1928. Well fortified [illegible]ainst cold weather, he wears rag moc-[illegible]sins, two shirts and two pairs of trousers.



Gravelly Ford on the Humboldt River, site of the many graves described by "Lame Charlie." In the upper left hand corner is the mouth of Stonewall Canyon.

"What about your folks—?" I asked. After finger-combing his foot-long beard a moment he began anew, but the toil-some narrative is best not told altogether in his words.

Events were too swift moving and obstacles too numerous for Charlie to immediately send for his mother and sister, and "a year or so later" a letter arrived from his sister. She and their mother had come to some place in Missouri—Joplin, he thought, to live with "Uncle Ben." Their mother had passed away and frantic and heartbroken the fourteen-year-old girl was "talked into headin' fer Californy with some friends that was all het up with gold fever—but she never made it." With this he lapsed into silence.

Some sixth sense whispered that through him I might yet be led down the years to some turbulent happening that would account for the little batch of bones brought to light by a Chinaman's shovel.

"Indians?"

"No tellin'. Never could find out."

Did he know the party's name his sister was with? Charlie thought a while on this. "Seems like it was Benson or somethin', but I don't rightly recollect."

From Fort Ruby, near the headwaters of the Humboldt River, had come another letter dated September 5th. This told of trouble aplenty. Mrs. Benson, or whatever the name, a frail woman at best, lay buried near the Platte. Then, to worsen matters, the drover's son, Obediah had "got an eye hooked out by some feller's ox." Drouth had stalked the emigrant route until "some of the teams was next t' buzzard bait so her an' the others throwed in with another outfit whose stock was still pretty good."

"Was your sister's name Lucinda?" I asked abruptly.

Charlie's head snapped up. "Now how'd you know that?" he asked, puzzled. I explained the name on the cross and that it might possibly be a clue to what became of his sister.

"Could be," he mused, "but girls with that name was thicker'n fiddlers in hell so I never give it no thought."

After the letter from Fort Ruby all trace of his sister was lost, Charlie said. He had never been able to learn the identity of the new party eighteen-year-old Obediah and Lucinda had joined up with. They had vanished completely. Letters were slow and records jumbled, and by the time he had exchanged a couple with a Major Dodge at Fort Ruby another year had elapsed. Hordes of emigrants were still pounding the trail westward and with increasing Indian trouble demanding the attention of Dodge and his troops, attention to missing individuals was lost in the shuffle.

NOTHING POSITIVE had been gained from Charlie on which to hang any conclusions, yet the trail had at least grown warm. For even though he had informed me that "Lucinda" was a common name in that era the girl's last message, coupled with Major Dodge's investigations, seemed proof that she and her one-eyed companion had disappeared somewhere along that 300 miles between Fort Ruby and Fort Churchill near the base of the Sierra Nevadas. For here, on account of repeated massacres along the Humboldt, a system of registration had been adopted.

The trail, it seemed, had come to a dead end. Years were to elapse before it again grew warm. A Paiute Indian, whom I became acquainted with, told me of another of his clan: "He old, old man. Callum Lame Charlie."

"Lame Charlie!" I couldn't hide my interest. Perhaps just another link in a weak chain; probably not. My informant, "Boo-hoo," so named by virtue of his constant squalling when he was a papoose, was at the time well saturated

The "Palisades" between Gravelly Ford and Carlin, Nevada, 1930.

with toddle foot, and talkative.

Lame Charlie's tribal cognomen had been discarded somewhere in the past but unless Boo-hoo had let his imagination run away with him, Lame Charlie had been the counterpart of Satan on horseback. Long, long ago Boo-hoo had heard stories he was not supposed to hear; sorties by a renegade band of Paiutes who had plundered and killed all along the Humboldt River and particularly between Maggie Creek, where the town of Carlin now stands, and Gravelly Ford.

History tells us this fifteen-mile stretch was a literal slaughter-pen for the unsuspecting emigrant. As they approached the lush grass flats and shallow waters of the ford they had to traverse the narrow floor of Stonewall Canyon where they fell easy prey. Boo-hoo only shrugged when asked if Lame Charlie had a hand in any of these raids. "Mebbe," said Boo-hoo. "Long time ago pretty much coyote."

Did he know if Lame Charlie was crippled by rifle ball a long time ago? "Me hearum 'bout gittum shot," he conceded. But, according to Boo-hoo, no earthly power could persuade old Charlie to speak of his past, especially the incident in which he became crippled.

FAR BACK in the Cortez Range I found the ancient tribesman's "e-no-vi" built of flattened cans, but it showed no signs of life. Neither did my shouts bring a stir to the landscape. Some yards away stood a fair-sized house, the abode of Boo-hoo and his relations but these appeared deserted also. (Due to Charlie's infirmity he had long been banned from the others.) Then, some rods distant, my eye caught something that might have been a rabbit brush gone to tassel had it not been moving about.

Clad only in a flour-sack shirt, Charlie was sitting flat on his bare buttocks, and his wrinkled face showed not the slightest awareness of my presence as I came close. "How, Charlie," I said.

The broad face, umbrellaed by a mop of dirty, white hair, remained impassive. His legs were twisted and drawn and his torso looked as if it had been hammered down from the top until it swelled out all around like a beer keg. This formed a base for a massive, neckless head. I had begun to think him both blind and deaf when his hand suddenly darted forth to capture a meandering pinch-bug and pop it in his mouth. Only then did he lift a pair of red-brown eyes.

"Go!" he grunted.

"Where Boo-hoo?" I inquired in a friendly tone.

"Go, heap quick!" This time his growl was menacing.

"Me friend of Boo-hoo," I insisted. "Where go?" It took a full minute for him to answer.

"Who Boo-hoo?" he mumbled, his eyes searching the ground.

"Your friend," I told him.

"He go."

"Where Boony?" I went down the line of six other members and each time got the same, "He go." I got to Nina, a fourteen-year-old. Charlie pointed off in the sagebrush. "In moose. Sick."

All these, I must explain, were supposed to be Charlie's kin. In what degree Boo-hoo nor anyone else knew. Th ranged in ages from ten to sixty. It w evident none except Nina were arou and she being in seclusion I could lo for no help there. As silent as the bru around him he now sat scrutinizing wood-tick crawling up a shriveled li only to be plucked and on its way to j the pinch-bug. At last, without looki up, he grunted another "You go," a I knew it was useless to pry furth The clan was no doubt off gatheri piñon nuts.

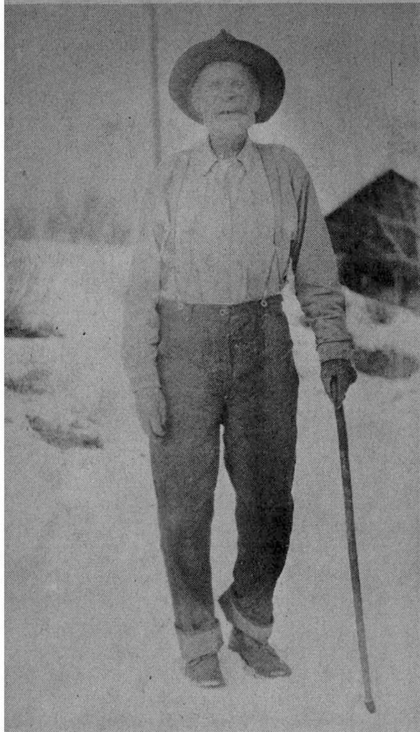
I got out a can of tobacco and a bo of papers which he took without a wo or a softening line in his warped face. From then on my interrogation f on a surly silence so I unslung camera and things happened fast. eyes lit up with a mixture of hate a fear.

I well knew that many old India feared a camera as they would the e of the devil but I believed Charlie mig prove the exception. Not so. Grunti some sort of mumbo-jumbo he dug knuckles into the earth and took c Twisting in and out among the scr bushes he shoved himself along on buttocks far faster than a man co walk. As he burned the skin off in haste to reach his tin shack I surmis he wasn't shoving himself along at th speed just to hide, and in a few stri I had him outdistanced. Leaping into t car I went bouncing over boulders a sage in a hasty exit.

THAT EVENING I stopped at a lit cow ranch, a few miles from Cha lie's domain, and its owner, Al Thatch proved to be just the man I'd needed the time. Al claimed to be part Cherok and not only could he "talk Paiute bett than a Paiute can" but was on t friendliest of terms with Charlie. T old Indian owed him a sizeable debt gratitude for warding off actual starv tion when his clan had left him witho food for weeks on end (as they no dou now had).

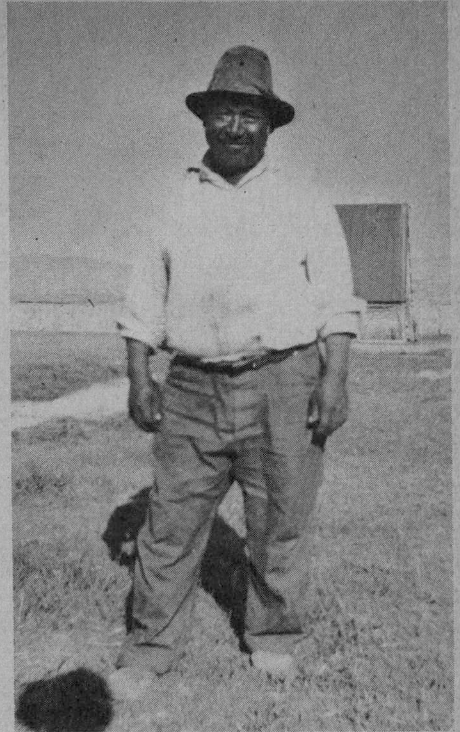
Thatcher was dubious, though, as getting him to talk about the early ma sacres. Once, Al told me, when Char

Al Thatcher with "Lame Charlie." Charlie had been out rustling his breakfast bugs and ants.



Courtesy Author

Courtesy Sue Leavitt



Courtesy Elsie Goodfellow

t, Charlie Kilpatrick, who in his youth went west to San Francisco to look for gold, shown here in 1931 at the age of 89. Middle, ind Mattie," who gained nothing but a world of darkness for her heroic effort to save the emigrant party. Photo taken 1909. Right, Boo-hoo, Indian who had often heard stories of a renegade band of Paiutes.

d discovered and drenched himself with pint of Boo-hoo's cached firewater he d whooped aplenty of his escapades, ly to later grab Boony's carbine and erally clean camp when questioned re- rding these mouthings.

At Al's suggestion we assembled an sortment of food parcels and a hand- of small change, knowing Charlie uld place a much higher value on veral small packages than on a single ge one. We also secured a box, with opening in each end, on the left nder of my car and in it fastened my mera. On top of this we piled a roll bedding, being careful not to obstruct forward end of the box. This ckery was thought up so that I might ssibly get a few pictures of the old low.

Halting the car a few feet from arlie's hut I pretended to work on the while Al reconnoitered. But again arlie was off in the brush. Al found n squatted by an ant hill appeasing hunger, though the insects were owing scarce due to Charlie's voracious- ss. He was somewhat hostile over my turning but after much argument Al rsuaded the belligerent to return to e-no-vi where "much food" awaited n.

When the two drew near, Charlie eyed with unalloyed misgiving as he ung along on a pair of homemade utches. These, I learned, were usually ed when carrying water from a distant ring or gathering firewood.

After much fierce gibberish Al came er to the car and hauled forth our of- rings. "I've told him," he said, un- nsciously falling into a disjointed rgon, "that you givum lots spud and con for long time if he makem big talk about Injun killum *nin-nih* along Humboldt River. I tell him Great Spirit be plenty mad if he no tell big secret he has in his heart."

Al went back, showed Charlie the contents of the bags, and resumed the powwow, though Charlie's scowls told me he was far from being favorably impressed for he kept jabbing a finger in my direction and muttering a word I took to be "isham!"

Becoming curious, I called to Al: "What's all the fuss about now?"

"He says you're a panther's liver and a liar." However, peace was made at last and Al motioned for me to join them.

I gave Charlie the coins Thatcher had promised him and with these tightly clutched in one fist he proceeded to gorge himself on our offerings—eating every- thing raw. A week's supply was de- voured in a few minutes. It looked like we might be ready for business as Charlie wriggled into a comfortable position among some sacks and cans, but by the time Al and I found a restful spot our hoped-for narrator was already on his way to slumberland.

Shaking him violently Al apprised him of his promise, getting a few half- hearted grunts in return. "Lame Charlie speak when sun die," Al told me with a shrug. In these few seconds Charlie had lapsed into a deep torpor and there be- ing nothing we could do about it, we sat on our shoulder blades and bided the time.

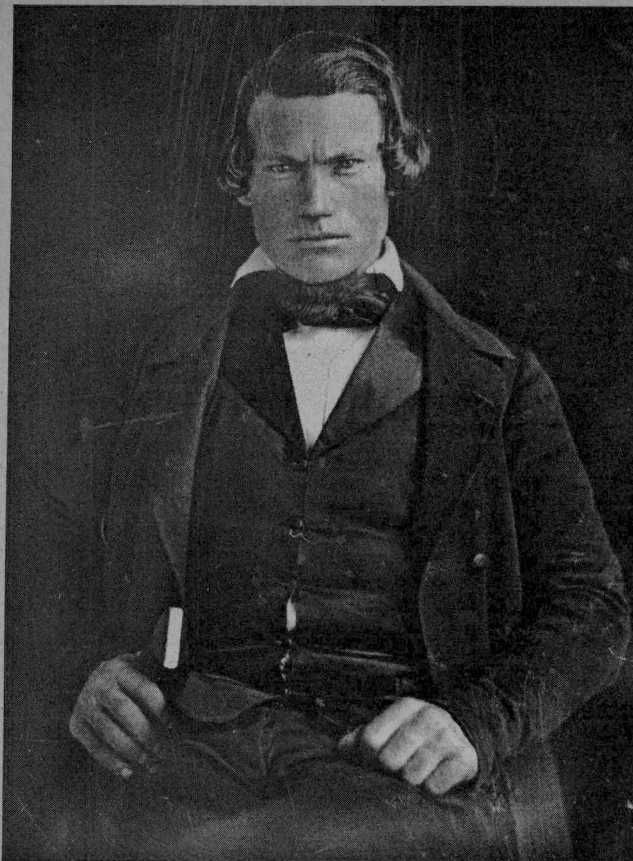
As the golden tint was fading from the peaks far across Pine Valley Al gave Charlie a few pokes in the ribs. Blink- ing dully, our host suddenly popped up like a Jack-in-the-box and swiftly pro- pelled himself around the corner of the shanty. A few moments later he came sliding back. Then, from among his rags came a string of deep-chested Paiute. "Lame Charlie speaks," Al said in a re- lieved voice.

NO SOONER had Al relayed my first question than it became obvious Charlie cared not a whoop for my in- terest in individual spots or events. He was off on the history of his existence with each particular happening coming in its proper sequence. Nothing could change that. But in his deep Paiute tongue, now and then interspersed with simple English, there was the spell of a polished orator as he wove unbeliev- able, fantastic tales of the origin of the red man in Nevada—*land of storms*.

In his first utterances the childish simplicity and imaginative mind of the Indian was manifest. It was the story of the legendary lost Indian boy and girl being swallowed by a coyote who, him- self then becoming lost, had strayed far to this land of the rabbit, etc., until "Him children-and him children- and him chil- dren's children" inhabited all this part of the world east of the "Great Mountains." Our narrator, though, little understood the ethics of dictation and Al was kept busy rehashing one yarn, so that I might understand it, while listening to the next.

Cold came sharp and penetrating with the night and the old man's string of magic words was broken while he worked his clubby feet and shriveled limbs into an extra pair of flour-sack drawers. At long last Charlie got down to the era when the gun-toting *"nin-nih's weegans"* (wagons) poured across his domain and the killings were on; though in the ghastliest of these he denied active part,

(Continued on page 52)



Courtesy California State Libr

Courtesy Madera Historical Society

Right, sketch of the head of Murrieta, said to have been drawn directly from the head in the bottle. Above, William T. Henderson, ranger generally credited with the killing of the notorious Murrieta.

HELL for Leather Range's

They were a three-months' whirlwind designed to suck up only one man—the elusive Murrieta

"TALK, damn you, talk, if you know what's good for you!" A bloody head dangled from Jim Norton's hand. He flicked his bowie knife toward the two captives tied together on the ground in front of him and repeated his demand. But the prisoners scarcely flinched.

"Cut away, Señor," one of them glowered, lifting up his chin. "I'll not talk."

The rangers, led by their captain, Harry Love, had finally caught up with Murrieta's band at dawn, July 25, 1853. After a brief but furious fight, Murrieta and "Three-Fingered Jack", plus two others in their band, had been killed and two outlaws captured. A month later the rangers ceased to exist.

They had been formed for one purpose and one purpose only: to wipe out Murrieta and his savage band. The man who had led them, who had out-smarted and out-lasted California's most famous desperado, had also been responsible for their formation. This was Harry Love, a huge man with long black hair and a walrus mustache, a frontier lawman, scout, and miner.

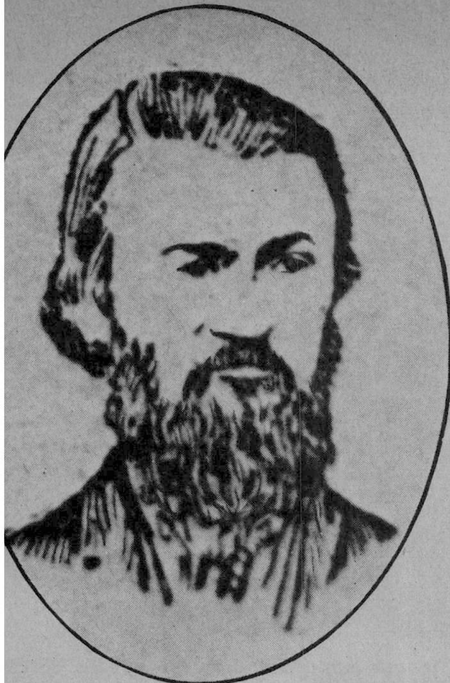
According to a brief biography, published in 1865, Love had been born in Vermont, a descendant through his mother of Ethan Allen. He had gone to sea at an early age and later had served in the Blackhawk and Florida Wars as a scout. He went to Texas and fought in the war for independence and in the American war against Mexico. After cessation of hostilities he headed for California where he served as a deputy sheriff at Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.

Murrieta's name had etched terror across the face of California's mining country during the winter of 1853. Joaquin had a well-organized outlaw gang, complete with spies, spotters and suppliers. Posses following the trail of plundered camps and bleeding bodies were outmaneuvered at every turn.

Shortly after five Frenchmen had been murdered near Mariposa, a rancher on the Salinas plains reported that Joaquin had stopped at his ranch for a meal. I described him as being about twenty-o years of age, carrying four pistols a a large Bowie knife. His companions we similarly armed and all were mounted fine horses.

On April 21, 1853, a petition signed 127 citizens in Mariposa County urg the State Senate to organize a group twenty to twenty-five men for the sc purpose of running down Joaquin Mu rieta. It further requested that the grou be called the "California Rangers" a be paid by the State.

The petition was read to the Senate May 4 and referred to the Committee Military Affairs. Before the committ could act on the proposal, another pe tion from Mariposa County was receive This document bore the signatures of 1 settlers and miners, and not only urg that a group of men be organized b that Harry Love be appointed to head t group. The petition went on to extoll t bravery and experience of Captain Lo



Villiam Byrnes, the man who had known Murrieta and identified him for Captain Love.

Above, Cantua Creek, site of the killing of Murrieta. Below, the first poster advertising the exhibition of the head of Joaquin Murrieta.

WILL BE
EXHIBITED
FOR ONE DAY ONLY!

AT THE STOCKTON HOUSE!

THIS DAY, AUG. 12, FROM 9 A. M., UNTIL 6, P. M.

THE HEAD
Of the renowned Bandit!
JOAQUIN!

AND THE

HAND OF THREE FINGERED JACK!

THE NOTORIOUS ROBBER AND MURDERER.

"JOAQUIN" and "THREE-FINGERED JACK" were captured by the *State Rangers*, under the command of Capt. Harry Love, at the Arroya Cantina, July 24th. No reasonable doubt can be entertained in regard to the identification of the head now on exhibition, as being that of the notorious robber, *Joaquin Muriatta*, as it has been recognized by hundreds of persons who have formerly seen him.

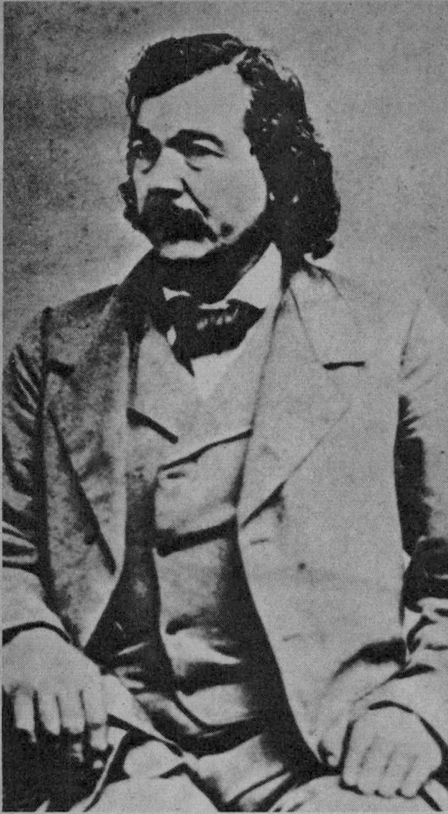
By WILLIAM B. SECREST

Photos Courtesy Author

border warfare and his knowledge of the California terrain.

THE Committee on Military Affairs could not ignore these petitions. The suggestion that a group of special lawmen be formed seemed the only recourse to the legislators and on May 17, 1853, an act creating the California State Rangers under the command of Captain Harry Love was signed and approved by Governor John Bigler. The act authorized Captain Love to raise a company of mounted rangers, not to exceed twenty men. They would be in service for a period of three months unless sooner disbanded, and the pay was to be $150 a month per man. The rangers were to supply their own food, horses and ammunition, and the term of enlistment was to begin on May 28.

Love lost no time. As soon as word of the government's authorization reached him, he left Mariposa and headed for the ranch of William J. Howard twenty miles to the west. He had heard that Howard



Courtesy Wells Fargo History Room, San Francisco

Captain Harry Love, commander of the California State Rangers.

Mariposa, California as it looked in 1854. It was here that the idea of the Range was formed in April of 1853.

stocked some fine horse flesh and was thoroughly acquainted with the area.

Howard was more than helpful. He volunteered to let Love use his ranch as headquarters and offered to go with him to Quartzburg to help select the twenty rangers. It took a full day to interview and assess the men whom Love and Howard met there. Early the next morning the California State Rangers, under the command of Captain Love, set out for Howard's ranch to set up their organization.

Love chose Pat Connor and William Byrnes for his first lieutenants. Connor was a first-class fighting Irishman. Born in Kerry County, 1820, he had taken part in many battles in the Mexican War and had been promoted to the rank of captain. Byrnes was of a lesser stamp but was a tough gunman and also a Mexican War veteran. What was more important, he had been a professional gambler for the past few years and had known Murrieta before Joaquin had turned outlaw. George Evans and Charles F. Bloodworth were commissioned second lieutenants and the other sixteen men were privates.

The rangers were all hardy frontiersmen, used to a hard life in a rough land. They came from all walks of life and were probably as interested in finding Murrieta's loot as they were in ridding the state of its worst outlaw. Included in the group were veterans of the Mexican War, ranchers, a saloonkeeper, professional gamblers, an ex-army colonel, a judge, two doctors, and a member of the State Legislature, which was now in recess.

At Howard's ranch, Love outfitted his men and broke them into small scouting parties so they could cover more ground. There was a saying at that time that anyone chasing Joaquin would have to rely on bullets to catch him, as it was well known that he had the best mounts in the state. Love, leaving nothing to chance, saw that his men were well-armed and well-mounted. He took several of Howard's race horses with him for good measure.

The *San Joaquin Republican* of June 8, 1853, noted that "robberies are a matter of daily occurrence" in Mariposa County. The same issue of the paper published a letter from Love dated June 3 at Quartzburg "Tomorrow we start for the mountains—we have taken the horse that Mr. James Welsh rode when shot between San Jose and Santa Clara, about two months since, and we're now in pursuit of the Mexican who sold the animal in this place." Another letter from Love to a Mr. Clark stated that the rangers had captured one thief and thirty-one stolen horses.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Alta* reported on June 18 that the rangers had just returned from a scouting trip and had captured a Mexican horse-thief whom they thought was Joaquin's brother. They also captured two other horse-thieves and sent them under guard to Quartzburg for trial. But these two prisoners were found dead along the wayside, perforated with bullet wounds. The long-suffering citizens were not going to waste any time or money on court proceedings for their tormentors.

Rumors flying up and down California made Love's job doubly hard. The *Sacramento Union* for June 16 reported that Joaquin was in the neighborhood of San Luis Obispo with about fifteen men. But an old pioneer's diary noted that in June, 1853, Joaquin was attacking a group of travelers near Temescal, many miles away. At this same time, a rash of crimes had been occurring around San Diego and it was stated in the pape there that Joaquin was responsible. H was everywhere and nowhere!

About the sixth of July, Love and h group heard that Joaquin was at the Sa Luis Gonzaga ranch, and the range headed West. A Stockton newspap stated that "robberies have ceased Mariposa County. The untiring efforts Capt. Love, Lieut. Connor and the brave company of rangers have had t effect of completely ridding the countr of the desperate murderers and hor thieves who infest that county. T rangers have been in the saddle near every day since they reached Maripos County; they have recovered numero bands of stolen horses, arrested ma thieves and are now seeking the robbe in the Coast Range."

Lieutenant Connor arrived in Stockt on July 15 and reported that the range were still in the Coast Range. Love ha written a letter to Governor Bigler fro San Juan stating that he had arrested brother-in-law of Joaquin and was goi to try to get the fellow to lead them Murrieta. He also mentioned a gre number of horse thieves between Sa Juan and the Tulare (San Joaqui Valley, in the mountains. That nig Love and his men headed south alo the coast, picking up intelligence Joaquin along the way.

From San Juan, the rangers went San Luis Obispo, then over the mountai to Tejon Pass. Here they received wo from some Indians that a party answe ing to Joaquin's description had just com through the pass heading north. T Rangers wheeled and spurred their tire mounts toward Tulare Lake. At the lak the trail split, with one going around th west side and other skirting the easter shore. Love split his group and followe both trails. They merged north of th lake and angled off in a westerly dire tion, toward the site of present-da Coalinga. The rangers and their mount were exhausted but their proximity t

Courtesy California State Library

rt Connor, First Lieutenant of the Rang-rs, as he looked when a general officer in the Civil War.

Millerton, California in the 1870s. It was here that the public first viewed the head of Murrieta. Note the Indian bark teepees in the foreground.

ieir quarry seemed to give them new rength.

Just before dawn on July 25, Love's arty rode into scrubby hills which lined e western ridge of the valley. Reaching e crest of a small knoll, they noticed a in spiral of smoke and moved up autiously. The outlaws, camped along antua Creek, were just preparing to ettle down and rest their animals. Some ere making fires, others were running own jack-rabbits for the meal, and in e creek bed stood a young man washing is saddle-galled horse.

Love split his men and came in from vo sides.

Love and George Chase, in the lead of e first group, strolled cautiously into e camp. Several Mexicans sat up uickly as Love walked to the campfire here a fierce-looking man with matted air and a thick beard was squatting.

"What are you men doing here?" Love emanded. "Who are you?" As he spoke, e realized the man in front of him was hree-Fingered Jack and he told Chase, t his elbow, to shoot him if he moved.

The man who had been bathing his orse in the creek interrupted. "Talk to e. I am the captain of these people." anger Byrnes stepped quickly forward. That's him. That's Murrieta!"

As Love turned, Three-Fingered Jack natched a pistol from under a saddle lanket and fired point-blank at the anger leader.

The bullet clipped a lock of hair from ove's head but did not injure him. Other istols were pulled and the firing became eneral. As Joaquin jumped on his horse nd rode down the arroyo, Henderson hrew up his shotgun and fired but his orse shied and he missed the fleeing esperado. Three or four rangers nounted and galloped after him, with ohn White and Henderson in the lead.

Joaquin jumped from a rock shelf into he creek bed but his horse landed on oose stones and the rider was flung to he ground. The outlaw quickly remounted and was off again just as the rangers reined to a halt on the rock shelf. Henderson fired another quick shot, trying to hit Joaquin's horse, then the rangers plunged into the creek bed after the fleeing bandit.

As Joaquin turned out of the creek and galloped up the bank, Henderson fired again, this time hitting the outlaw's horse and knocking him down. Again Henderson fired and Joaquin fell just as John White rode up. The bandit tried to get to his feet, White fired, causing him to slump again.

The wounded chieftain raised a bloody hand and cried out in Spanish but at that moment several other rangers rode up and—in their excitement—riddled him with bullets. Joaquin Murrieta was dead at last!

THE RANGERS threw Joaquin's corpse on a horse and rode back to the campground, three-quarters-of-a-mile away. The battle was over and a haze of burnt powder hung in the air above the grotesquely sprawled bodies of Three-Fingered Jack and two other outlaws. Two prisoners squatted by a small fire as the rangers clawed through the captured gear, seeking gold and other valuables.

For the next few hours, the lawmen caught up on some much needed rest, hunted for treasure, and ate a breakfast of coffee and tortillas. Love, Connor and Byrnes huddled together and decided that Rangers Byrnes and Sylvester should ride to Millerton with the heads of Joaquin and Three-Fingered Jack to

(Continued on page 48)

The muster roll of the California State Rangers under Captain Harry Love. In the right-hand column is the first written notice of the death of Murrieta.

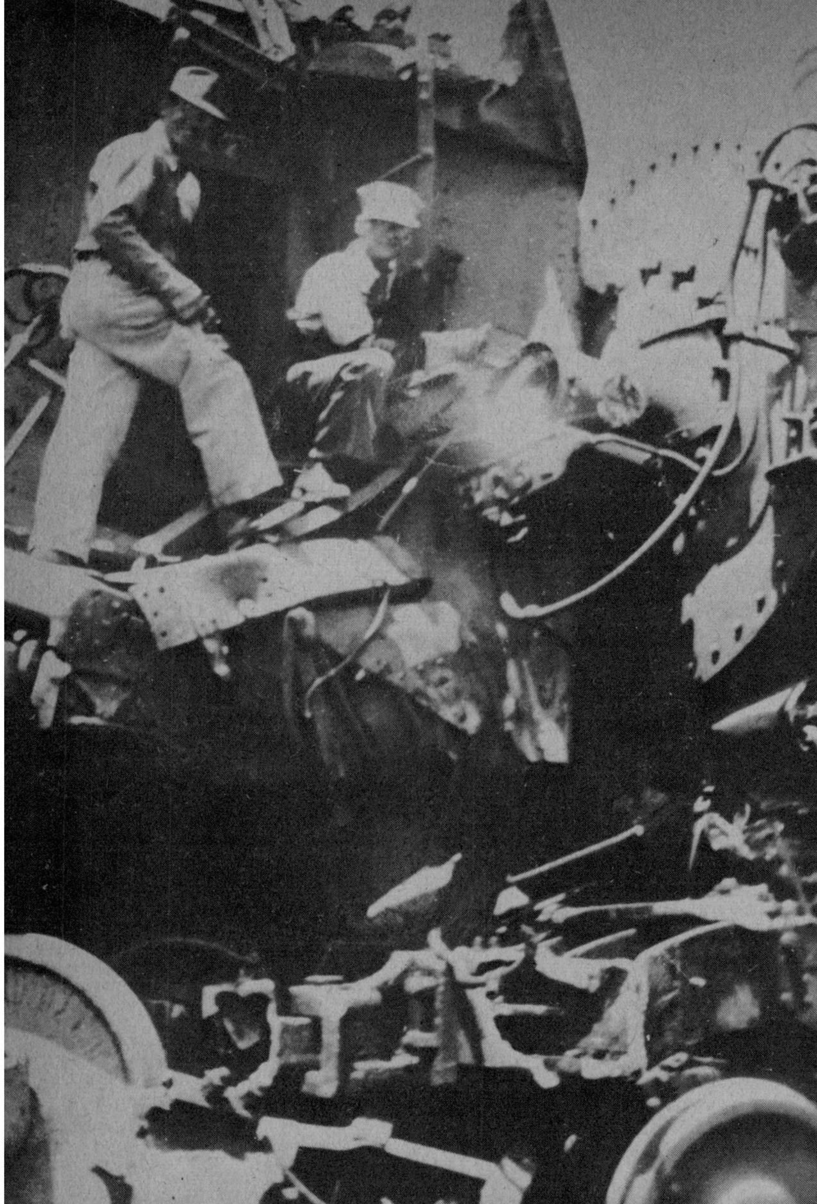
Courtesy Col. N. O. Thomas of the Adjutant General's office of California

Muster and Descriptive Roll of Captn Harry Loves Company of California State Rangers for the month Ending July 28th 1853.

	Names	Grade	Height	Complexion	Hair	Eyes	Age	Date of Enlistment	Where Enlisted	Remark
1	Harry Love	Capt	6 ft 2 in	Light	Brown	Blue	34	May 28th 1853	Quartzburg Mariposa County	On the 25th of July inst. Captured and Beheaded Joaquin Murrietta and killed two others and one of his Gang [illegible] took two prisoners one of which was drowned [illegible] in Tulare Slough in Tulare County the other has been turned over to the Civil authority of Mariposa County. H. Love Capt.
2	P. Edwd Connor	1st Lieut	5 ft 9 in	"	Auburn		32	"		
3	Wm Byrnes	acting	6 ft 2½ in	"	Brown	Gray	29	"	"	
4	Geo W. Evans	2nd Lieut	6 ft 1 in	"	Auburn	Black	23	"	"	
5	C. F. Bloodworth	acting	5 ft 11 in	"	Light	Blue	23	"	"	
6	N. L. Atkmore	Private	6 ft 3 in	Dark	Brown	Gray	21	"	"	
7	Lafayette Black	"	6 ft	Light	Auburn	Blue	26	"	"	
8	John W. Chiles	"	6 ft	"	Brown	"	29	"	"	
9	Wm J. Campbell	"	5 ft 8 in	"	Auburn	"	31	"	"	
10	Geo. Chase	"	5 ft 10 in	Dark	Brown	Gray	29	"	"	
11	Wm J. Howard	"	5 ft 10 in	Light	"	Blue	24	"	"	
12	D. S. Hollister	"	5 ft 6 in	"	Dark	"	46	"	"	
13	Thos J. Howard	"	5 ft 11 in	"	Brown	"	29	"	"	
14	Wm J. Henderson	"	5 ft 8 in	"	Auburn	"	27	"	"	
15	Robt H. Masters	"	6 ft 11 in	"	"	"	27	"	"	
16	James M. Norton	"	5 ft 9 in	"	Light		30	"	"	
17	John Nuttall	"	5 ft 10 in	Dark	Dark	Hazel	31	"	"	
18	Geo A Nuttall	"	6 ft	"	"	"	23	"	"	
19	John Sylvester	"	5 ft 8 in	Light	Brown	Blue	23	"	"	
20	Edwd B. VanBorn	"	5 ft 8 in	"	Light	Gray	26	"	"	
21	John A. White	"	5 ft 10 in	Dark	Dark	Blue	24	"	"	

I hereby Certify the above to be a true and accurate Muster Roll of the California State Rangers under my Command

Harry Love Capt.
Commdg. State Rangers



Courtesy Santa Fe Railway

HORNY TOAD MAN

By LENORE DILS

Photos Courtesy Author

"Everything that has ever happened on any railroad has happened on the Horny Toad. Every situation devised by man, nature or the devil had to be faced and overcome by the men on that division."

Author's Note: The Horny Toad Division is that segment of the Santa Fe Railway which runs from Albuquerque, New Mexico, to El Paso, Texas. It includes also the branch lines to Deming, Silver City, Hurley, Bayard, Hanover, Santa Rita and Fierro—all in New Mexico. In 1884 there were also short lines from Nutt to the great mining area of Lake Valley and from San Antonio to the coal mines at Carthage. This segment has now been consolidated with two other divisions, and is called the New Mexico Division.

"ADVERSITY introduces a man to himself," someone has said. The Horny Toad man would agree to this. He has experienced adversity in many guises. He was never blind to approaching danger or risk, but when he was exposed to it, he faced up to it. One old-time conductor said, "You get so you can taste danger before it happens."

The Horny Toad man faced wrecks, braved explosions, defied holdup men, endured blizzards, chafed at recurring washouts and floods, and suffered from many other formidable and frightening experiences. Some of them in the eighties had run-ins with Indians.

The Horny Toad man never went looking for trouble, but when it presented itself, he didn't back away from it. He might be brownied frequently by the Santa Fe for any number of infringements of the rules in the little black book—one of them might be his disregard for "Rule G." This was the rule that prohibited the use of alcoholic beverages by engine or trainmen. Someone said that the smell of alcohol on a man's breath was sufficient reason to pull him out of service. One early railroader used to laugh and say, "No fruit cake for me—I'm going to get a run out in a couple of hours, and the smell of that brandy on my breath—well, now, you wouldn't want your old man canned, would you?"

In November, 1884 James Skuse and the crew on the night passenger train met trouble just a few miles south of Socorro. The train was en route from El Paso to Albuquerque when they came upon a pile of rocks on the track. Skuse stopped the train and asked the fireman to swing down from the cab and remove them. Just as the fireman started down, both Skuse and the fireman saw a group of men and horses jumping from behind the bushes. The holdup men ordered the crew to stop the train. The bullets started flying.

Skuse called out, "Don't shoot." He ordered the fireman to hit the deck, an unnecessary order. Skuse then opened the throttle as he followed the fireman's example and got down on the deck. The train went tearing through the roadblock sending stones flying in all directions. The daring move completely surprised the holdup men. Although they fired more than forty shots, breaking many windows out of the coaches, no one was injured. Conductor J. D. Hedrick had started to investigate when the first shooting occurred, then had changed his mind, got back inside the coach and ordered his passengers to get down on the floor.

The only damage to the train was a

The 1859 on its side at the coal chute.

ent and twisted cowcatcher and many roken windows. When the train reached lbuquerque the passengers took up a urse for the "brave engineer, James kuse."

T WAS the duty of the trainmaster to "get the trains over the road" and it as the duty of the railroad men in harge of the train to comply with the rder. There were times, however, when e men thought it unsafe to follow a rainmaster's orders, and then somebody ad to change his mind.

Engineer Ben Keller was one who didn't hange his. He is a thoughtful man, and hen he made a misjudgment, he stuck it. Now retired, Mr. Keller has a right twinkle in his brown eyes as he nswers a silly question which is posed.

(Mr. Keller hired out firing in April, 1911.)

"Wrecks, did you say? Of course I had wrecks—several of them. All of us did. Once around 1920 or 1921 when I was firing on passenger, we were coming down a stretch of road leading to La Joya, near Socorro. Syd Hockett, who was later killed in a wreck, was my engineer. It was about three in the afternoon and the track looked good, but it had been raining some and rain can sure play hob with the Horny Toad tracks.

"Well, old 1478 suddenly jumped about four feet in the air and came down on the rails on the other side of a cave-in. The engine was still on the tracks and we kept rolling. That was back in coal-burning days, and we lost all the coal which was thrown out of the tank when the engine jumped. I remember looking back and being amazed when I saw that the engine had cut loose from the train. I saw the baggage car standing on end in the washout. That was the last I knew for some time.

"Somehow, the engine got to La Joya, how, I didn't know, and neither did Syd. Syd stopped it somehow and told the station agent to get help down to the passengers. Then he went inside and sent a telegram. I didn't know this at the time, for I was completely unaware of what was happening by then. I only knew that I had a terrible thirst. I had to have a drink of water, no matter what happened. I got the water bag off the engine and started walking. (We each carried a gallon water bag made of canvas, and evaporation kept the water cold as it hung on the engine. I walked down the track, and after a while Mrs. Elliott, the agent's wife, and her daughter saw me, and the daughter took hold of my arm and said, 'Mr. Keller, what are you doing down here?'

"'I'm thirsty,' I said. 'I've got to get a drink.' She saw that I was dazed, and she took hold of my arm and guided me back to the engine. When I saw Syd, I seemed to come to myself. 'Syd,' I said, 'we've got to get back to the train and see what we can do.'

"When we got back, we saw Conductor Elmer Watson with his hands all bloody, and his uniform torn. He had beat out the windows with his hands in order to help rescue the passengers. The cars were flooded and the passengers were climbing across them, and some were walking down the track like dazed cattle. One man was killed, his body still there in the water. Several passengers were badly injured."

NOT ALL wrecks turned out so disastrously, Mr. Keller assured me. "Once when we were going down Grama Hill, south of San Marcial," Mr. Keller

Soft "washed-over" spot where Ben Keller's train once went in the ditch.

Courtesy Santa Fe Railw

The San Marcial flood, August, 1929.

said, "I got a funny feeling—I guess you'd call it ESP now. I stood up and I just couldn't seem to sit down. It was like something was going to happen and I had to be ready for it. I kept thinking of a wreck for some unknown reason, and then I got the feeling that things would turn out all right. We got to Upham, headed in, and Shorty Whitman, the conductor, wanted to know why I was so on edge. I only knew that I'd feel a lot better when he got a clearance from the operator's office. I just thought he might not get a clearance. He came back from the office and I asked, almost afraid to—'Shorty, did we get a clearance?'

"'We sure did,' he replied. I told him I guessed I had been worrying about nothing, and he made light of it all.

"We started on down the hill from Grama and there before us coming up the hill was a train, and neither we nor the other train had time to stop before a collision. The engineer on the other train was Barton Dickinson.

"Everybody jumped. I took time to slow down first. There was snow on the ground, I remember, and we were pulling forty-six cars of coal. When I jumped

Rio Salado showing the washed-out east approach and channel widening.

Courtesy Santa Fe Railway

I went down the right of way to th fence, but I couldn't climb over that hig barbed wire. Yet when I looked back an saw those coal cars folding up like deck of cards, don't ask me how I di it but I outran the cars. The two engine reared up like prehistoric monsters in death struggle. Nobody was killed. Th other men got over a fifteen foot cut- how, I'll never know.

"Dickinson's fireman was Frank Ton sic. My fireman was a boomer—can't re member his name but this wreck prove too much for him, and he quit. We los a lot of boomers that way. They jus couldn't take it, and soon thinned ou and made room for men who didn't ru away from the first difficulty that the came upon.

"I took my engine on to Rincon, bu the other engine was put completely ou of commission. Bob Black, the roadmaste tried to pull the engines apart with th latest equipment, but Dickinson's engin rolled over and lay there several day before they could get it back on th track."

After a moment's hesitation, a fa away look came into Engineer Keller' eyes, and he said, "Well, I guess I had lot of wrecks, some while I was engineer and some while I was still firing. Bu there finally comes a time when a ma just can't take it anymore. This time fo me came on August 20, 1955. I had hire out April 24, 1911, so I quit after forty four years in Santa Fe service.

"Despite the fact that I had my shar of wrecks and other difficulties, rail roading is an exciting and rewarding life. But after forty-four years you ge so you worry more, and you're mor critical, and when something unpleasan comes up, you just want to quit and leave it all behind you. That's what I did."

Two engines overturned at San Marcial within a month.

MR. KELLER held a fistful of tissue copies of train orders. "I got all hese orders on that last day that I orked," he said. "I got out on passenger rain number 13 from Albuquerque to l Paso. We were due at Socorro about :05, and when we arrived there they anded us a hold order—we were to wait ntil 11:30 before proceeding. Our order xplained an abutment of a bridge was ashed out.

"After holding us four hours and more, hey called us and said the roadmaster eported the track would be all right by he time we reached the washed-out place. hen the roadmaster himself climbed on he engine and said he'd just had a man ome over the track and it was okay. he man had come from Lava, so we idn't have a thing to worry about. We hould take off.

"The roadmaster rode the engine with s. About a mile above Pope we came pon a lot of trash which had washed ver the track and I decreased the speed. he roadmaster was impatient 'Let's go! What are you waiting for?' he inquired n an agitated voice.

"'You dead sure this is safe?' I asked.

"'I told you—I told you. Go ahead. just had a man over it.'

"'Well,' I demurred, 'there's a lot of oft earth here. I remember when they ug a place somewhere near here for hat oil pipeline—probably it is still soft.'

"'Let's go!' he repeated impatiently.

"I went ahead, and we didn't go very ar until we went into a hole. Nothing urned over, thank God. With all those assengers, it could have been bad, really ad!

"I was mad I can tell you—not angry—mad! Well, there we were, and all we could do was wait for somebody to come along in answer to our wire for help. We had ways of signalling.

"It was about 1:45 p.m. before an old bus, with the radiator boiling, arrived from Hot Springs. The passengers and crew were taken there (now called Truth or Consequences) for lunch. This was the first meal we'd had since early the night before. I was so mad I couldn't talk.

"It was the same old story of a green roadmaster giving orders to an old road man. Every time they'd get us in trouble. When you've gone hundreds of times over a roadbed, you know it like your own back yard and you know what rains and snows and winds will do to any part of it. When I got to El Paso, I resigned. I've kept all those perplexing and absurd orders we got that day just to remind myself how lucky I was to spend forty-four years in service without a more serious accident. I felt I had had my share, and I wanted no more.

(Continued on page 58)

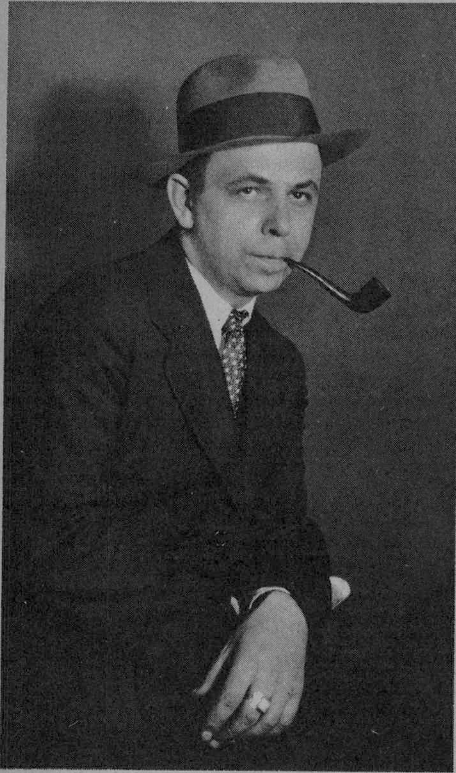
View of a temporary bridge east of San Acacia.

Courtesy Santa Fe Railway

NICK EGGENHOFER'S WEST

FOURTH IN A SERIES OF OUTSTANDING WESTERN ARTISTS AND THE PARTICULAR MEDIA OF EACH . . .

By LES BEITZ



Nick Eggenhofer. At the time this photo was taken (1928), he was already well established as an illustrator for leading western magazines.

Illustration from *Cowboy Stories* (March 1928), shows Nick Eggenhofer's excellent graphic style in the handling of a tense hanging incident.

WHEN NICK EGGENHOFER go about the business of sketching painting illustrations for a book dealir with the West, the outcome is prett much a foregone conclusion. His part the assignment—making the volum graphically effective—stacks up squarel with the finest work yet done in all western illustration. That's because many things in Nick's background an experience as a practicing illustrato during the past forty-five years. Bu most of it boils down to one thing— truly remarkable, largely self-taugh talent, one that endows his work wit such powerful ruggedness, vigor an depth as to almost make his subject lea from the sketchboard. Never before ha technique, or "style," been more suite to portrayal of things western. It these qualities of forcefulness, boldness and spirited action that are the unmis takable brand markings Nick Egger hofer has put on his stock-in-trade.

Nick Eggenhofer was born in Gauting Bavaria (near Munich), in 1897. Almos from the time he was able to grip pencil, the youngster had evidenced natural bent for drawing the "cowboy and Indians" of the American West, ver popular in Europe at that time due t Buffalo Bill's touring the Continent wit his Wild West Show. Actually, the awe inspiring influence of the great show man's spectacle had a lot to do wit motivating migration to this country And the Eggenhofers were part of th exodus.

He was sixteen when the family cam to America, and like those hardy im migrants of earlier pioneer times, h wasn't long grasping the lower rungs o the ladder and climbing upward towar a significant place in the New Worl mainstream. Shoe clerk, hardware stor helper, production line worker, appren tice, lithographer—all within a span o six years. During off hours, Nick drew pictures and, augmented by night classes in art at Cooper Union, New York, career as an illustrator was underway The thing he wanted to do most with his natural talent was to picture the Ol West—to picture it with all the stark reality of those stirring times; to re-create the vivid, exciting episodes o wagons, mules and men.

Nick first broke into national publication in 1919 via the "pulp western" route. From that time on through a period of some twenty-odd years (until the mid-'40s), he continued to turn out huge stacks of illustrations annually for leading western magazines of the day—*Cowboy Stories*, *Ace-High*, *Street and*

…ange Hand, above, and Stage Holdup illustration at right were …one by Nick Eggenhofer for *Western Story Magazine* during the …eyday of "pulp westerns." Originals of such work are eagerly sought by advanced collectors today.

…mith's *Western Story*, to name just a …w. His dashing, broad treatment with …rush and ink was an asset ideally suited … the requirements of those "fiction …ctories"; it's not at all unusual to tally …venty to twenty-four illustrations by …ick Eggenhofer in a single bi-monthly …sue of *Cowboy Stories*, circa 1924.

For many years his work in *Street …d Smith's Western Story Magazine* …xcited the interests of thousands of its …eaders. He made several trips west of …e Mississippi and during these travels …e kept busy sketching, making notes, …athering material and soaking in the …egion's color.

A good many of his earlier works are …raight pen and ink illustrations. They …re drawn with a sweeping spontaniety …hat almost defies the medium. Pen and …k rendering is usually employed to …een advantage in the handling of …easured, quiet, more refined subject …aterial. But Nick's strong technique …ndowed these pen line illustrations with … ruggedness and "brisk" outdoorishness …eldom achieved through such a medium. …hen he began doing "dry brush" and …rayon work, a combination that affords …ide scope for patterning and effect in …he craft of picture making. The things …e did along this line in the late '20s and …arly '30s take on a fine art character, …ather than simply being ordinary, work-…-day business illustration.

In browsing through old pulp thrillers …f that era, I find Nick's work to be …n two distinct structural categories. …About half of the illustrations are paneled or, rather, proportioned to fit standard column width. Formal spotting, it's called. The others are "vignettes"—rambling, irregularly proportioned compositions that amble around the page, jogging in and out of the type arrangement with abandon. These exercises in breaking up a magazine page for greater eye play are remarkable graphic presentations and were the foundation for much of Nick's later fine book illustration.

WITH THE FOLDING of most of the major "pulps" during the late '30s and early '40s, Nick turned to hard bound book illustration. Into this specialized area of the illustrator's craft, Nick channeled his two decades of graphic experience in pulp illustration. The results of his efforts in this demanding field go to make up some of the most outstanding volumes in the entire library of Western Americana: Titles such as *Shanghai Pierce*, by Chris Emmett (1953), *The Story of The Texas Rangers*, by Walter Prescott Webb (1957), *The Humor Of The American Cowboy*, by Stan Hoig (1958), *The Troopers*, by S. E. Whitman (1962), and Nick's own *Wagons, Mules and Men*—a classic work—with text and pictures about how the frontier moved West. In all, he has illustrated about forty books by the best western writers of our time.

For many years Nick lived and worked at his home and studio in West Milford, New Jersey. As his work became more and more in demand, book jacket assignments began to claim a fuller share of his work schedule. On many of these commissions, he went in for employing the full spectrum of his palette in producing colorful and dramatic paintings for reproduction on "dust wrappers" of western titles put out by some of the most prominent publishers in the country.

Many of these works are painting of the highest order—fine art accomplishments in every sense of the word. They are, in effect, the full blossoming of a major talent that has unobtrusively occupied a key position in the field of western illustration for nearly half a century. And the stream of masterful western art that has flown from his studio during those five decades shows no sign whatsoever of slackening.

To give some idea of Nick's prolific output over the years, a close estimate would put it at something in the neighborhood of twenty thousand paintings and pen-and-ink drawings since his first commission in 1919!

Nick is seventy now. He lives in Cody, Wyoming and is as busily engaged as ever in turning out easel paintings to satisfy all manner of gallery and private requirements. There is usually some

(Continued on page 42)

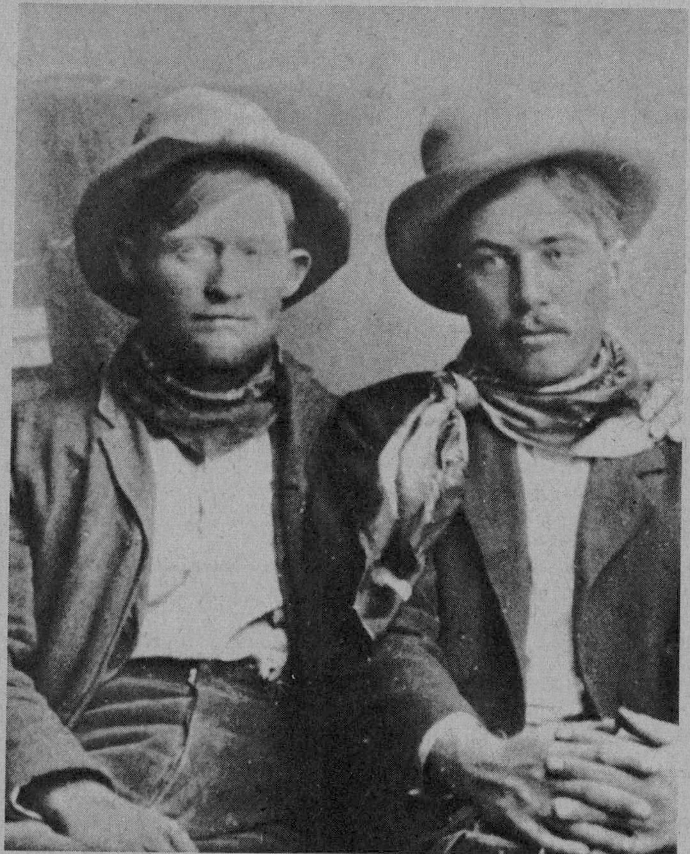
Jornada Cattle Drive

By NICK CARTER

as told to

KNOLES-PETERSON

Photos Courtesy Author



Cowpoke Ed Rhodes, left, who went on the drive across Jornada del Muerto, and a friend.

I JOINED a trail herd of 1,000 head of cattle, with a remuda of 70 horses, on September 1, 1908. The drive started from Jim Gould's ranch northwest of Alamogordo, New Mexico, and to reach our destination, a ranch near Lordsburg, we had to cross the southeast end of the famous Jornada del Muerto.

I have heard old-timers mention "trail herds" going to points in Kansas, but they had a real trail to follow. We didn't. There was a very dim single file trail from west of the San Andres Mountains to near the Pot Hook Well at headquarters which cattle had made on their way to and from water and which we followed, the only one we traveled.

I saw the Santa Fe Trail at Black Jack, Kansas, when I was a kid. It was fully two blocks wide. A cattle trail to Dodge City must have been much wider. Our trek was just called a "drive." Many of the old Texas drives were composed of cattle belonging to several outfits, and 3,000 head were considered a good number to drive, though some herds were larger.

My brother and I spent a few days at Gould's helping him gather up his cattle. We gathered 600 head, poor and rangy stuff, and started the drive to meet Jim Baird's herd at Baird's ranch south of Dead Man Canyon east of the San Andres Mountains. From Baird's ranch it was a good day's ride on a fast horse to Alamogordo. A so-called road ran south of the Sands. Baird ran about 3,000 cattle on his land, and was afraid of overstocking it. I guess he didn't want his range to get grass-poor like Gould's.

While we were gathering Gould's stock, I was intrigued with a large, imposing house on a homestead adjacent to his place. I learned that this house belonged to a Dr. Barrett, a bachelor who lived in Alamogordo. The homestead had been filed on 160 acres, a quarter of a mile wide and a mile long. A fenced arroyo, about 150 feet wide, ran down its center. The fence had kept all cattle out, so the grass within the boundaries of the arroyo made a fine pasture.

Gould, desperately needing grass for his stock, had gone to Alamogordo and tried to lease it, but Dr. Barrett wouldn't agree. Gould was disappointed, but returned to his ranch.

The night we reached the Gould place with the last of the cattle we were taking on the drive, Mr. Gould instructed us to saddle up and get behind the cattle before they bedded down. He waved toward the Barrett pasture where the fence had "accidentally" fallen down. That's all we needed to go into action. When we returned to the ranch, Gould ordered us to be up at the break of day. He didn't need to say why.

WE WERE up before dawn. Those cattle had to be moved out before anyone saw them. We had only ridden halfway down the arroyo when we looked up and saw two men standing on a high bank above us. One was Dr. Barrett, and the other a friend of his, J. Q. Grant. We all saluted and kept riding toward the south fence. Not a cow was in sight, but the fence was down for a long distance. It couldn't have fallen down. Barrett and Grant had evidently spooked the cattle during the night an caused them to stampede.

We rode perhaps a mile before w sighted a cow brute. Then we did a quic job of rounding up the herd, becaus Gould wanted to get going. The chuck wagon would catch up with us later.

The next time I saw Dr. Barrett wa in 1912 when I went to Gillham, Arkan sas to see Mr. Goff, father of Abner o "Lum and Abner" fame. Mr. Goff wa busy when I entered the store so I foun a keg to sit on and enjoyed the warmt of the potbellied stove. And I listene to the old-timers talk as they sat around chewing and spitting.

A man came into the store, and I ha a feeling that I'd seen him before, bu couldn't remember where. He went ou after a few minutes' conversation wit the clerk, saying that he'd come bac later when Mr. Goff wasn't busy. Whe he returned I moved closer. Then recognized Dr. Barrett, of the arroyo incident.

"When did you leave Alamogordo Doctor?" I asked. "And how is you friend, J. Q. Grant?"

He was probably forty years my

Seems like only two quantities of water were found on this trail—too much or too little. A man's tongue would swell one day; his hat would float the next . . .

nior, so I wasn't surprised that he dn't remember me. I told him of seeing m and Grant on the arroyo bank on s ranch in New Mexico that morning 1908. I admitted that I was one of the en who rode through his pasture. hen I asked why he didn't prosecute m Gould for trespassing, his answer as a hearty laugh.

"You don't think the evidence of two en is more convincing than that of *ve* men in a courtroom?" he replied.

He would have been foolish to have lled a gun on us, as he and Grant ere outnumbered. I didn't ask about s stampeding our cows or making such mess out of his own fence. I didn't ention, either, how hard and fast we orked to gather that scattered herd to- ther. He was pleasant and didn't hold grudge against me. He explained that was buying a horse as one of his agon team had died the night before. e was on his way to another town in rkansas.

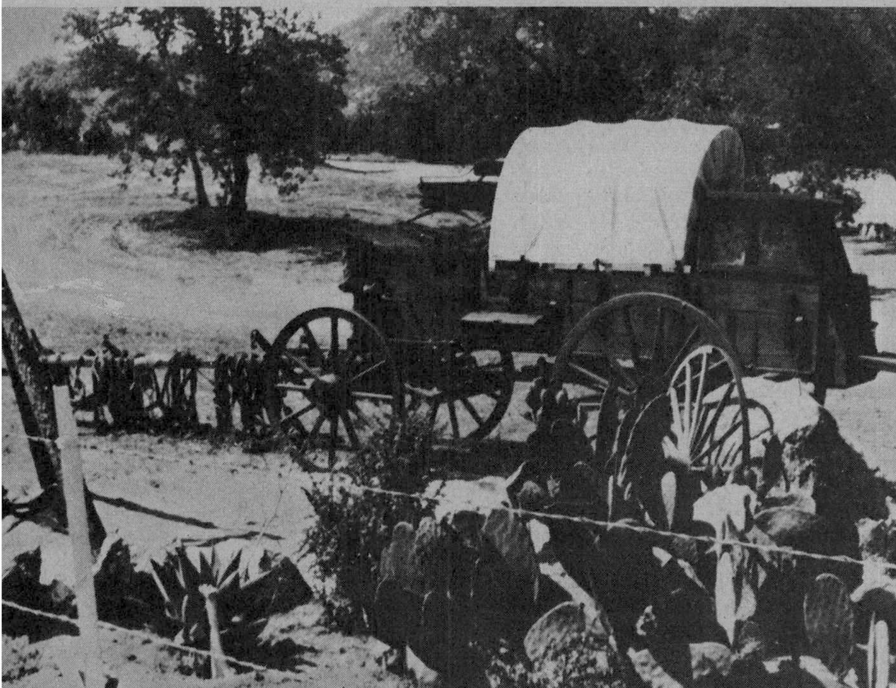
MOVING those poor cattle of Gould's was a slow job. Jim Gould had been nching in the Crow Flat country for any years, but when grazing gave out om lack of moisture he moved to the ace northwest of Alamogordo. When at ranch became overstocked he and m Baird got together and planned this ive.

We drove through Mayberry Gap, aching the flats west of the San Andres Mountains. Old houses have always attracted me, and down on the flats just after we'd come through the pass, or Gap, was a very old house, so old that it was fast returning to dust. It was known as the Goldenburg Ranch. I think Robert Burch was the last one to live there. To the west, maybe fifteen miles, was the headquarters of the Pot Hook Ranch. Some called it the "T" Hook. Today on the road map it is called Turney Ranch. It is about twenty miles north of Las Cruces.

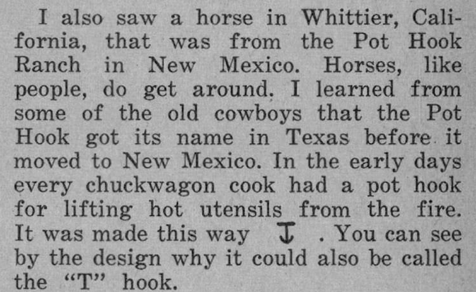
When Jim Baird's cattle had joined Gould's, we had 1,000 head. Though that wasn't considered a large herd, to me, watching them moving slowly along, it seemed quite a heap of cow brutes. It took two days to reach the south end of White Sands. The third day we let the stock graze, and on the fourth when we started northwest we found good grass in very tall mesquite. Here we loose-herded the stock for a few days, giving them a chance to rest up and maybe put on a few needed pounds.

We were now on the Jornada that I'd heard so much about. There must have been unusually good rains that year because the grass was tall and green. Here we were joined by Ed Rhodes, nephew of Jim Gould. He and another cowpoke had preceded us about a week for the purpose of rounding up some horses they were running on a ranch on the west side of the San Andres Mountains, near the old Watson Rich ranch. Gould's nephew was a nice fellow and we got to be good friends.

Typical chuckwagon used on roundups and drives.



There were eleven riders on this drive, counting Jim Baird, Jim Gould and me. I wasn't really a cowpoke, but had joined the drive because I wanted first-hand knowledge of this phase of western life. I was fascinated by the brands which horses and cattle wore, always wondering from which ranch, in which state, they had come. I remember in a town in Arkansas where I lived when as a boy, I saw a horse branded -W (Bar W). After I came to New Mexico I learned it had come from the famous Bar W Ranch north of Carrizozo.



I also saw a horse in Whittier, California, that was from the Pot Hook Ranch in New Mexico. Horses, like people, do get around. I learned from some of the old cowboys that the Pot Hook got its name in Texas before it moved to New Mexico. In the early days every chuckwagon cook had a pot hook for lifting hot utensils from the fire. It was made this way ⊥ . You can see by the design why it could also be called the "T" hook.

AROUND our campfire in the evening, after a good supper of beans, meat, and biscuits baked in a Dutch oven, the men talked of cattle drives and rodeos. They found an eager listener in me.

I heard of how merciless the Jornada could be to humans and animals. Even in the early nineties when wells were scattered along, it was still a menace. The men bossing our drive, however, were wise to all the moods of the Jornada, and had chosen the perfect time to cut across this stretch of sand, rock, and brush. We were lucky that there had been rains to bring the grass up. I was told that sometimes months went by between rains in this part of New Mexico.

Jim Gould had a stallion he thought was a prize winner. The horse had a pronounced Roman nose, a pot belly, and looked like a small draft horse that should have been pulling an ice wagon. He weighed about 1,200 pounds. He was awkward and his offspring would never have the build of a cow pony.

Mr. Gould's nephew, Ed, told us that a stallion belonging to the Gilmore Ranch had been following us, though Ed had tried several times to drive him away from our horses. The stallion seemed to be "barn-raised" and gentle, was well built, weighed about 1,000 pounds, and was very quick in his movements.

When we reached the Pot Hook Ranch we made a try at chasing the Gilmore stallion homeward, but it was no use. The very next morning he was back with the trail herd horses. He was roped and led behind the chuckwagon the next day, but had to be turned loose that night so he could graze. The next day he didn't show up with our horses, so we all decided that he didn't want any more chuckwagon dust and had decided to go home.

About five o'clock we saw the Gilmore stallion standing on a hill overlooking our camp. He made a beautiful picture with the west wind blowing his mane and tail, head up as though surveying

Nick Carter at Baird's Ranch, 1908.

his own little kingdom. He came prancing down the hill and was met halfway by Gould's Roman Nose. A fight began. The Gilmore stallion clamped his teeth on the defender's side. He sat back like a dog pulling on a rope, and Roman Nose broke away minus some skin and hair.

Rhodes wanted to separate the horses, but Gould said, "My big horse will whip him and then he'll go home and not bother us any more." That was not the case. After losing about ten mouthfuls of hair and skin and receiving kicks in the ribs from both hind feet of the Gilmore stallion Roman Nose decided his mares were not worth taking this sort of beating. He galloped over the hill, leaving his followers with a new king. The little Gilmore horse wasn't even touched.

Mornings on that cattle drive were a Wild West show. Those New Mexico horses didn't want to work and didn't want anyone sitting on their backs. But the cowpoke is a hardy fellow and ours managed to outstay most of the morning pitching sprees.

Water, even at this best season on the Jornada, was sometimes hard to come by. The cattle and horses went two days and one night without any. The only moisture the men had was from their coffee at meal time.

WHEN we reached the Pot Hook, Mr. Turney told us that we could water our stock at the well ten miles west of his ranch. Well, it *was* water, but not for human consumption. When we were within two miles of that water Gould's cattle started to make a run for it, but the first to arrive were pushed away by the onrush of those behind. An animal only had time to take a drink or two before it was pushed aside to allow a thirstier one to wet its tongue. Finally they all seemed to get their bellies full and drifted off to graze.

We went three miles farther, then bedded the herd down for the night. During our hard-earned supper, rain began to fall. We had to finish our meal wearing slickers. Bone tired, we went to bed in the rain.

About 9:30 lightning and thunder began. One of the herders came in and said the cows had hightailed it to parts unknown. All hands were dragged from their watery beds, but it was so dark we couldn't see anything except by the flash of sheet-lightning. I was riding a twenty-eight-year-old horse that had to be ridden in a walk for a quarter of a mile or so before he limbered up. I figured that he'd be in good shape by the time we got where the cattle had been bedded down.

Of course, there were no cattle there when I arrived, but the old horse seemed to know where to go. I guess he'd seen many a stampede in his long life.

Outlined by an unusually big flash of lightning, I saw the whole herd heading straight toward me. My wise old horse knew what to do, if I didn't. He veered to the left, jumped brush (his join seemed to have limbered up considerab or else he was so scared he didn't fe any pain) and ran as fast as he cou for what seemed to be an hour, but whi couldn't have been for more than fifte minutes. Then all of a sudden the ra stopped; lightning no longer flashe no thunder rumbled. The moon came o bright and shiny. My old horse and in some miraculous way had got *behi* those cattle!

We rounded up a few head by moo light, but most weren't gathered un mid-morning. To our amazement hadn't lost a single cow critter.

One of the first-shift herders th night had been Buster, the eleven-yea old son of Jim Gould. Buster had go to sleep before the stampede starte The poor kid was so tired, he ju slumped in the saddle. He was probab riding an old reliable horse, too, for had managed to stay in the saddle a during the storm. Not one of us will ev get over that miracle.

When we at last reached the ban of the Rio Grande we found the riv almost at flood stage. Our cattle we held back some distance, grazing, whi the bosses decided when and where cross. At this point a man, John Rhod (no relation to my friend Ed), rode u and told us that he'd been on the riv for many years and knew how deep t water was in most spots, and also ho to avoid the patches of quicksand.

"How many of your men know how swim?" he asked.

One of our riders laughed and sai "I don't. The deepest water I was ev in was the watering trough."

I rode my own horse across t swollen river, and as the horse swam, could feel his right leg with my le foot because of the swiftness of the cu rent. He was almost on his right si as he swam.

The cook tied the bed of the chuc wagon to the running gear so that t wagon bed would float and keep t bedding dry. Four horses were hitch to the wagon and six riders tied the ropes to it, making ten horses to pull across. I was fascinated with the sur ness of those cowboys at their jo No accidents, no wet bedding.

I'D ALWAYS been told that most tra herds have a leader. Jim Baird's ha one. She was a Texas longhorn—s feet three inches from tip to tip. Som times getting as much as a quarter a mile in front of the herd on ope stretches, naturally she was the firs cow to plunge into the Rio Grande, an away she went downstream.

Some of the punchers were on th west side of the river to direct th herd. We were to move southwest, an the river made a big bend to the wes here. The railroad track was on a hig shelf, chiseled out of the bluff, and t the right of us as we crossed.

To save our clothes from getting we we'd all stripped down to our summe drawers, or "scrivens." I'd made severa crossings, keeping the swimming cattl from getting all tangled up. Then I wa

The Rio Grande in the area of the cattle crossing.

sked to go back again to see if any ere lost in the brush which grew be- ween the tracks and the river.

The water was making a big roar, and ith the cattle splashing as they swam, couldn't understand what Mr. Baird as shouting to me. I thought he said, Look out for the *pasajero!*" I thought *asajero* meant passenger. I looked up nd down the tracks but could see no ain. Mr. Baird waved me off the rail- oad track then, and I put my horse nto the river again and swam back to e west bank. When I got onto land aird was laughing heartily.

"How much Mex do you know?" he sked me.

"Not much," I admitted.

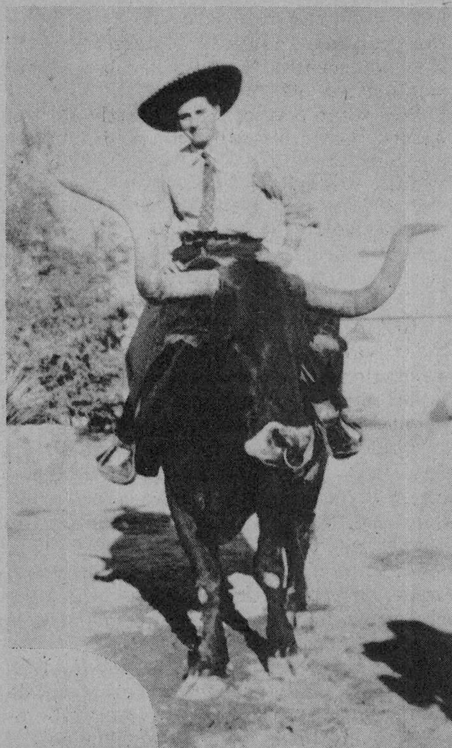
"I didn't think so when I yelled at ou to watch out for the *mujer*, the oman who was watching you cavorting your scrivens."

For a minute I was kind of mad, en I had to laugh, too. He'd been try- g to warn me that a lady was watch- g the crossing. She was standing in big vertical crack in the rock bluff, and ad seen all the fellows in their partly lad stage, but I had unknowingly been ithin ten feet of her. I was glad I adn't seen her; my face would have urned a deeper red than it already was.

While Baird was talking to me I saw ohn Rhodes out on a quicksand bar rying to get our longhorn cow out of rouble. For a minute or so all we could ee of that cow was her face and those uge, long horns. Rhodes was taking hort steps close to her, which was acking the sand, and every time he assed her he would slap her head. When e'd whack her, she would lunge and rise little. After a lot of work he finally got er out. Then she sat down on her aunches. That cow was a born fighter. When she finally got up on her feet she spied John at her rear. She lunged at him and just as she jumped he grabbed her by the tail and wrapped the hair several times around his hand. She whip-cracked him around a few times, and each time she did that, John's feet were in space. Baird and some of the other boys gathered on the banks and watched this performance with chuckles.

When John came down from one of his aerial spins, facing toward the bank of the river and the safety of our bunched horses, he just turned loose and sailed toward us like a whirlwind. He dashed among our horses just as the cow reached the bank, shaking her long-horned head in anger. I guess there were too many men around and when she heard the bawling of her calf she turned tail and headed for it. John Rhodes claimed that he didn't step on a single thorn.

A longhorn with his smiling rider.



Baird told us that he'd brought this old cow from southwest Texas when she was a calf. I remember that Gene Baird and I had routed this same cow out of some rocky terrain in the San Andres Mountains. She had chased us down the mountain, blood in her eyes. When she chose a bedding down spot, all the other cattle just seemed to gather around. Those old Texas longhorns are honest-to-goodness fighters, and we always stayed clear of them.

IT TOOK all day to get the cows, horses, and chuckwagon across the Rio Grande. It was a big pleasure to see them placidly grazing, and Gene Baird and I were sitting watching the cattle when John Rhodes came riding up.

"Glad to see you got across without trouble," he said.

Gene asked if he knew a better place for us to cross on our way back east after we left the trail herd, going home.

"Yes," he replied, "if you cross well below the Ft. Selden dam where the river spreads out, the water will be only knee deep to your horses."

While we were talking, Mr. Baird came walking past, and Gene waved him to come over and join us. "John

(Continued on page 51)

Life had as many troubles as cactus needles mixed in the sand—but folks just had to get to California!

Mary Howard around 1915.

By MARY ELIZABETH STORY HOWARD
Written in 1911

Submitted by THAIN WHITE

Photos Courtesy Thain White

Lure of the GOLD Camps

MY FIRST recollection is being placed in the middle of a bed, in a room having a large fireplace, and cautioned to sit still. I seem to have been wrapped up ready to start somewhere. My little brother was placed beside me and my father proceeded to break up an old green cradle to lengthen out the fire. This was a great grief to me and no doubt is the reason I remember it.

We took a boat at Oswego, bound for Wisconsin, with the intention of landing at Milwaukee, but through a change in the management, we were landed at Southport, now Kenosha. Here I remember my mother and us little ones being left with all our goods piled up on the sands (and a small pile it seems to have been) waiting while my father went in search of a conveyance to help us go farther on.

My parents, William A. Story and Isabella Stafford, had been born in England; both came with their parents to America in the same year—1831, I think. They were married in Ogdensburg, New York, on February 24, 1837, lived in Montreal across the river two years, and came back to Wayne County, New York, where I was born at the town of Rose on April 3, 1839. I must have been rather a poor specimen, for I weighed less than three pounds after being dressed. But I had hair so long my grandmother braided it and tied it with pink ribbon; being the first baby, I seem to have been considered worth raising.

About this time my father lay the greater part of a year sick with inflammatory rheumatism. We had no home of our own but when he was able to work he helped farmers and always had plenty to do. Wages were very low and money scarce. I have heard him say he seldom received cash but took his pay in anything offered. In December, 1840, my brother Jerome was born and the next spring my parents decided to move farther west.

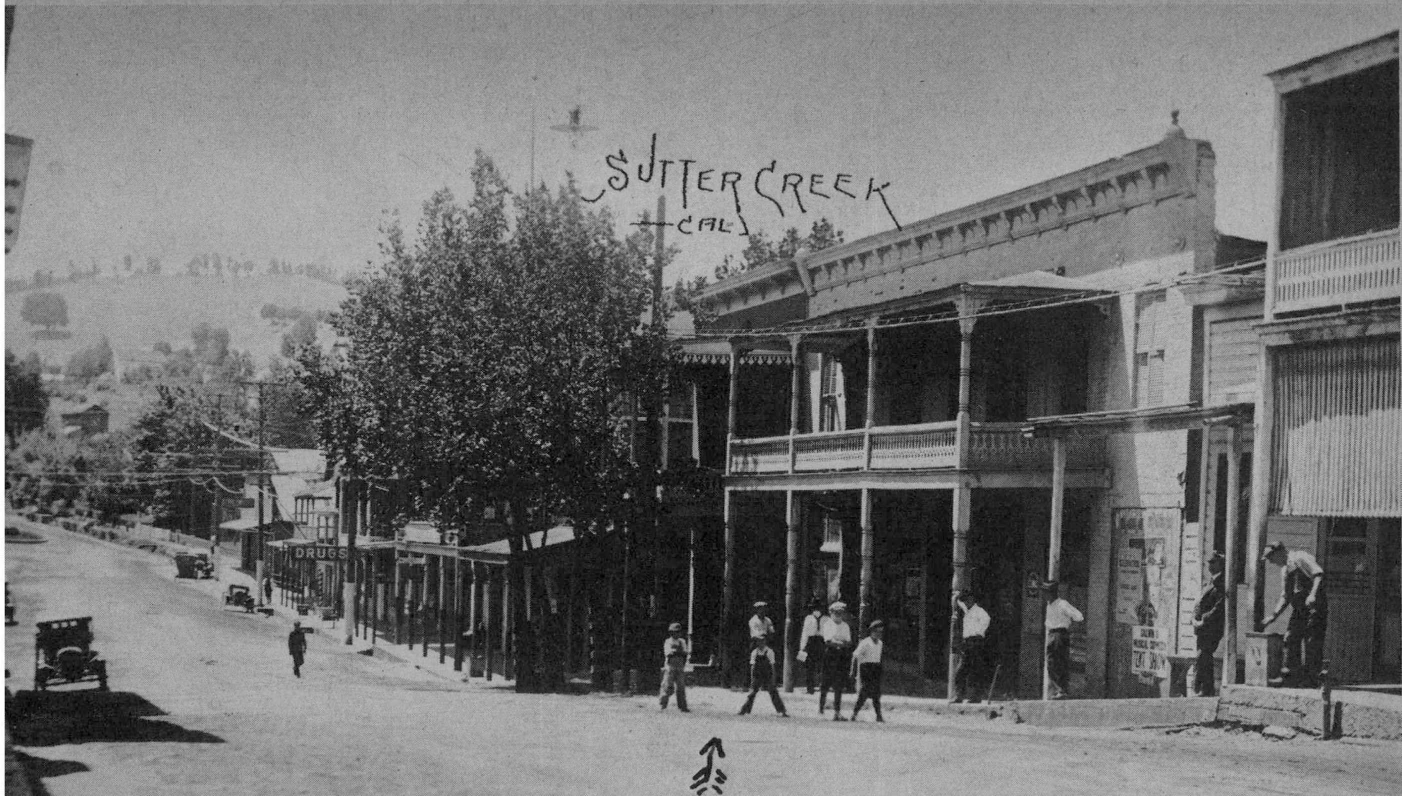
We went, I think, to Benhams Corners, soon moving to a very small house on the west bank of Marshalls Lake, south from Trevor in Kenosha County. Only a few rods south of this little house, my father's step-father had a house where he, his wife (my grandmother) and their youngest daughter were living. It was a wild place. Indians often made calls but they just seemed to be hunters. They would sometimes kill deer, skin them, take only the hindquarters, and leave the rest for us. They never made trouble for anyone; nevertheless, we were very much afraid of them. Grandfather was very fond of hunting and fishing so we fared very well for meats.

My second brother was born on November 23, 1842. The next year my father had good crops and after stacking the grain he built a shed for the stove in order to keep the little house as cool a possible. Some evil spirit tempted me t play with fire and in a few minutes thes grain stacks were on fire. The men car ried my poor mother, who was sick wit typhoid fever, to a safe place and b hard work saved the house, but every thing else was gone. What a terrible los that was, and just through my mischie

IN THE SPRING of 1844, Fathe bought 120 acres east of Antioch, Illi nois. Here he built a small home, perhap 10 x 14 feet, with one window, one door and under it a hole five-feet square for cellar. The floor was of oak, and no fastened down, as the boards had a wa of warping and had to be turned. Though so small and poor, it was a happy hom for our family, to which was added on more little brother on July 4, 1844.

After the crops, which were not at al extensive, were in, my father worked fo whoever would hire him, never receivin more than fifty cents a day and some times taking that in meat, flour or othe necessities. He had one cow, two oxen and a two-wheeled cart. It was as goo as the neighbors had, or cared to have and when Mother wanted to see he friends she would yoke the oxen, plac something in the cart for seats, take th four babies, and spend the day with th neighbors over at the lake.

The nearest land office was in Chi



The arrow shows William A. Story's meat market circa 1915.

ago and Father had to make payments here, when due. Twice he had to walk, starting in the morning and getting back the next morning about the same time without rest or sleep. Yet with all this hard work and privations he was not able to keep out of debt. I think his neighbors were not much better off. He and a Mr. Jewett bought a threshing machine together and both worked very hard but I am sure they were not successful for a mortgage placed on the home was never paid. In the meantime, two more little ones had come, and seem to have been very welcome. There was real sorrow when the dear little girl was taken and her grave made where we could see it at all times. There were no burying grounds then.

A school was started about 1847 in an old log house directly west of us. From that time until the spring of 1852, we had school some part of the year, usually not more than three months. This schoolhouse also served as a church, there being no other place.

By the spring of 1852, my parents had become discouraged by debts and poor crops. Having heard glowing accounts of California, they made ready to undertake the long journey. They had no experience in traveling but were well used to hard fare, so they faced the undertaking with plenty of courage. My mother's mother came on a visit from New York State and she and others tried to persuade my parents it would be best to leave the children, as others were doing, but they would not hear to it.

On March 29, we were ready to start. We had two yoke of good oxen, one wagon with a painted canvas cover to shelter the family and our belongings, and a small tent to protect the sheet-iron stove.

WE FOUND terrible roads all through Illinois. We crossed the Mississippi River at a place called, I think, New Albany. I believe Iowa is considered a very desirable place to live, but my recollection of it is anything but pleasant. The roads were all but impassable, there were almost no bridges—none at all worth the name—and many rapid, narrow streams and the rudest kind of ferries. Crossing was a new and terrifying experience for the children.

In Iowa we fell in with some people by the name of Hennesy, from Brighton, Wisconsin. They too, were traveling with oxen, and we saw them often until we crossed the river a few miles below Omaha. There were so many fitting out at Omaha, living in tents, that some of them had contracted measles and smallpox. We found a crowd at the lower crossing, many there also sick; with only one boat to take them across, there was no little trouble. Whiskey kept up the spirits of the crowd and there was quarreling and fighting day and night. We hastened to collect what we most needed for the rest of the long journey.

With no prospect of crossing soon, and the men impatient to get their families out of the crowd, the Hennesy brothers, my father, and someone else made a raft held together with wooden pins. On the morning of May 24, at four o'clock, our wagon was run down a steep bank, across the mud and onto the raft. My three little sleeping brothers were in the wagon. The wagon tongue hung half its length in the water and the wheels were tight against the log holding the raft together. Mother and I stood on each side of the tongue, between the wheels, to protect the little ones.

How this craft was guided or managed to make a landing, I have no more knowledge than someone far distant, and I think it must have seemed such a frightful undertaking to me that it blotted out all else. We landed two miles downstream, there being no nearer landing. It was mud where we landed, and required hard work to get the wagons onto anything like firm ground. I have no idea how they got that raft back to its starting place for use by others, but Father went back and forth several times. Mrs. Hennesy crossed with us in one of their wagons. They had no children with them, having left their four in Brighton.

When this river was crossed, we were in a big no-mans land. Sometimes we saw Indians, as we were then passing through the Pawnee Nation. They were friendly and made no trouble that I remember.

Father had bought a black cow, thinking that milk would be good for the children. But I believe that cow was the greatest disappointment of the whole trip. When we tried to milk her, she would kick and throw her head around and we had to tie her hind feet to the hind wheel and her forefeet to the fore wheels while Father held her up and Mother milked her the best she could. You may be sure she caused many angry words, and for what milk we got, we paid dear. Each one of us learned to hate that old black cow. I know I have never gotten over it.

We were always expecting to meet Indians, some of whom were friendly and would take salt in exchange for fish. Others were very surly and independent and no doubt would have made trouble for us had there been fewer in our party. The emigrants, as a usual thing, formed companies and traveled that way for protection. Although we never joined one of

these companies, we were never alone as the emigration became very heavy after we had traveled a short distance on the trail.

Sickness, mostly cholera, lined both sides of the trail with graves. There might have been some consolation if those who traveled on could have felt their loved ones had been left undisturbed. But no matter how hard they tried to cover the dead with stones or pieces of wagon wheels and boxes they were brought to the surface by coyotes. These sneaking beasts, as soon as darkness came, would set up their dismal nerve-destroying howl.

Sometimes we came to the little prairie dog villages, and although they are very spry animals, we managed to lengthen out many a meal at their expense. The younger men, when in sight of a herd of buffalo, would follow. Sometimes luck befell them and they brought meat back. Sometimes it was a deer or bear, and I recall they are all good meat when one is hungry. We always were given a share, for people under those circumstances are willing to divide the work and the meat.

I well remember one day in the Black Hills when my brother Jerome and I found a bear's head just as it had been cut from the body. Perhaps that would not have seemed so desirable under other circumstances, but it looked good to us, so we took it and made the family a good meal. At that time we were able to get wood enough to cook with, for the hills were covered with a shrub cedar that looked a dusty black, but burned fine. As a usual thing we had to depend on buffalo chips; sometimes they were so scarce we had to begin gathering them long before we came to a camping place.

ONE NIGHT I will never forget. We had traveled long after dark and everyone was very thirsty. My poor mother and I, being ahead, came to a low spot and were surprised to see the stars reflected in water at our feet. It did not take us long to get a drink. There was not enough to dip up a cupful, but one could lie down and get a drink. When daylight came, we found we had been drinking from holes made by some poor thirsty beasts' feet. What we were able to get kept us from perishing and in that way we followed from day to day and week to week, not really with courage, but because there was no alternative. To think of Mother with five children to feel responsible for! I know she only asked that we be spared—so many were leaving their loved ones as food for wild animals.

We passed through a valley where there were said to be a thousand springs. These were hot and cold, not six feet apart, and most of them tinctured with soda, alum, sulphur and borax. Another time we crossed a river thirteen times in going two miles. We were in the river nearly all the time, going from one side to the other for better footing. I would like to be able to tell where that was. It was very narrow and there was a high wall on each side. On the Fourth of July we were at the summit of the Rocky Mountains (the point called South Pass in our guide books). It was snowing hard and great banks of old snow were piled on every side. Those of us not too tired

Courtesy Otheto Westo

Amador City, California. Left to right, the Fleethart store, built 1851, and wooden boardin house. The silhouette above the house is part of the old Keystone mine.

were patriotic enough to celebrate the day by playing snow ball.

We passed Great Salt Lake, leaving it nine miles to the south of us, where lived a settlement of Mormons. At that time they seemed about as dangerous as the Indians and were said to be in league with them. The rest of the journey we could make but little headway.

By the time we reached the Sink of the Humboldt, we had but one poor ox left, had shortened the wagon up to a cart, and had thrown away everything that could possibly be spared. We started across the forty miles of desert in the late afternoon, as it was impossible to cross when the sun shone. In the forenoon of the next day we came to a collection of tents called Rag Town. There having been so much suffering in previous years, California had sent teams and provisions to those who could get that far, and some enterprising individuals had opened up eating and drinking places and had even dug a shallow well from which they were selling water for a dollar a gallon to those who could buy and giving it away to those who could not.

My father just had one dollar and fifty cents. There were potatoes for sale—th first we had seen in nearly six months- and he bought a hatful for one dolla We ate those potatoes raw in less tim than it takes to tell it.

We were assigned to a man name Hinkston, who directed the driver to tak us to his own home in Dry Town, wher he had left his two boys in care of a old black man who had come with the from Kentucky. He told us to stay ther until we were rested. That dear old darki did everything to make us feel welcom and even tried to teach Father to was for gold, lending him a wooden bowl lik those then being used for that purpos

Father soon tired of gold seeking bu found he could cut timbers for the mine So in a few days we went to Amado about four miles away, where there wer three quartz mills and mines. From tha time on we had enough to eat. In th latter stages of the long journey we chil dren often had gone to the campground of the more fortunate travelers after the had moved on to find scraps of meat. Th travelers who came onto the main trai from the southwestern states were sur to be well-supplied with dry cured meats

At Amador there was a butcher called olonel" (one name was considered suf- ent) who told us we could have all the ds of the animals, so we fared very l for meat. My brother would go to the ral, skin the heads, take the brains l tongues and cut off the cheeks, and had all the meat we could use.

HE FIRST winter in California we lived in a long building that had been d as a shelter for the mill horses and . Before spring a few boards were ten and a space perhaps eight by eight t partitioned off. Bunks built one ve the other with poles did for us to p in. These were not altogether bad ping quarters. For some they might e lacked the finer points but we saw hing in the world to complain of. We l a place where we could all be to- her and out of reach of the hogs kept the mill to eat up the waste. They were starved that everything had to be kept of their reach. They would come in ywhere if they scented anything to eat.

Sometime in the beginning of the nter of 1852 or '53 there was a big e in Sacramento which destroyed great antities of flour and bread stuff. Be- e spring flour sold for a dollar a und. What the fire left, the water dam- ed, as it was in the wet season. But en the rains were over and the flour l dried as hard as bricks, it was ound up again and sold for a good ce. There were no gardens then to help , for we had no seed to sow.

About the first of June, or as soon as was thought possible to cross the untains, Father and a young man, xter Bartlette, crossed over to Carson lley to pick up whatever cattle or rses had lived through the winter, as yone who had the courage to get them ld bring them back as their own. ther brought back enough to pay him ll for his time and they were in good ndition. But soon after he left us, mother was taken sick with typhoid fever. There was no woman nearer than Dry Town, and there just one, a widow. The doctor brought her over on horse-back and she stayed one day and night. Sometimes the doctor would stay nearly all night and as much of the time as he could during the day. The rest of the time we children took care of her. We had no bed fit for a sick person to lie on, since all of us had been sleeping in the same eight by eight room, and no pillow for her poor aching head.

There were of good, true men aplenty, or we would have suffered. A store was started by two brothers named Bowman, who were able to supply the camp with necessaries, and we were never hungry. But I am afraid we children were not much troubled as to who paid the bills. Mother was very sick for weeks, not even being able to recognize us children. A John Elliott, from the South, who had a single feather bed and pillow, came to offer them and to help us any way he could. His advice was worth more than gold, for he was able to see where we lacked, and helped me over a great many perplexing places. There were others just as willing who furnished what was needed.

My two older brothers and I would talk over the troubles like older people; we were very much in fear we would lose our mother. I do not remember how long she was sick, but when Father came back with the stock in September, she had recovered enough to be able to do some work.

THE NEXT winter Mother cooked for the Keystone Mill Company. The pay was eighty dollars a month in money and the famiy board. There were fifty-two men, always four meals in twenty-four hours, one being at midnight for the men just out of the mine. We had to wash towels but nothing else, for when the tablecloth needed changing we took off the strip of unbleached muslin and tacked on a clean one. We had enough waste food to feed several hogs and the old table covers were ours to use for clothing. I believe we were there four months. The work was very hard for Mother, so soon after her sickness.

Father all this time was cutting timber for the mines. In the spring of 1854 we moved to Sutter Creek, two miles away, where we had a new house with a floor, board sides and canvas. Here Mother did some washing. An old Spaniard who did washing for his countrymen brought all to us that had to be starched and ironed. Although my limbs, never very strong, made me too lame to walk, I could stand and iron. The boys got wood, kept the fires outdoors, carried irons for Mother and me, and did all the cooking. Jerome made me a rest for the worst foot, so I could kneel on it; that helped a great deal. We all worked very hard and we were very happy until July 1, when my second brother was taken sick with typhoid fever and died. He was buried on a hill not far from our home. It was a beautiful spot for the purpose and has always been used for a cemetery since.

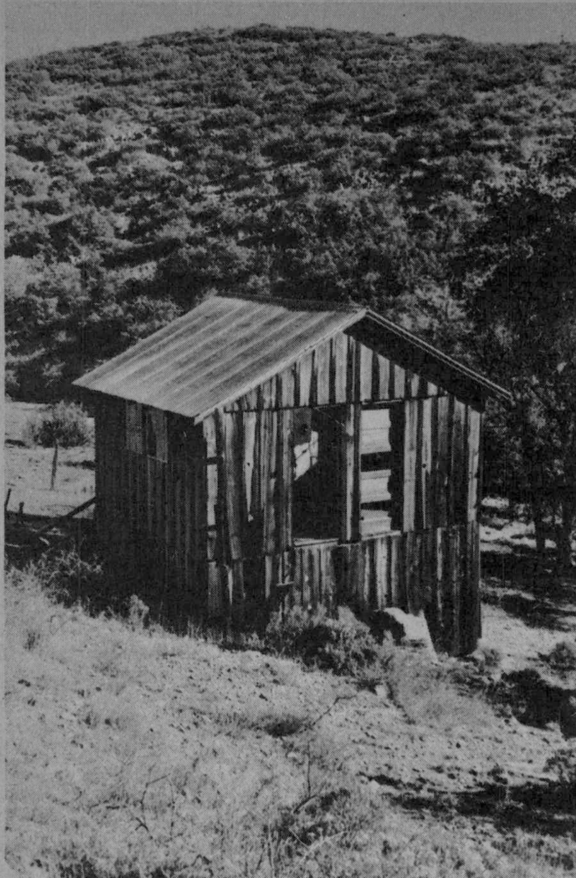
Early the next year, 1855, Father bought a house and built a shop on Main Street, where he had a large trade in meats, buying sheep and cattle from men on ranches in the valleys. These cattle were really wild; they had to be rushed through town on the run to the corral and slaughter house, and woe be unto anyone who dared show a head. As early as the spring of 1857, brother Monroe, who was under fourteen years of age, did the buying of cattle, carrying large amounts of money for the purpose in a belt around his waist. He would go perhaps forty or fifty miles into the valleys, to the roundups, and with the help of men there always got fair play. After he would select a herd, he would get someone to help drive the cattle, which was no small undertaking even for grown men. Brother Jerome was larger and came in for the heavier work.

Sometimes these two boys would go to the corral and do the butchering alone. They had to lasso the cattle from a little platform above the door. One would drop the rope down, the other boy would catch it by opening the door just enough to grasp it, pass it through a ring on the floor, and fasten it to a windlass. In this way they would draw the creature to the ring in the floor, and just at the right time open the door to let him through and not attract the attention of the others. Sometimes this failed and then the boys would each look out for himself. They had some narrow escapes. When they succeeded in drawing a cow's head to the floor, and the door was closed, they would shoot the creature.

Father owned and ran another shop at Amador and a part of the meat was sent there. He had a grey horse that had as much judgment as some people. I think he was wonderful. They would take him to the corral, hitch him to a cart, load it on, and tell him to go. He would come to the shop in Sutter, perhaps three quarters of a mile, back in between posts, and if he did not at first make it, would look

(Continued on page 50)

This map covers the general area of the story, Amador County, California.



This was once the store in Zonia, Arizona.

The Search for ZONIA

Another in a series of little-known ghost towns

By TOM BARKDULL

Photos Courtesy Author

ALL of the little known mining camps are elusive, but Zonia, a tiny ghost in central Arizona, hid from me for many months.

Perhaps it was because so little has been recorded concerning the old town. My original research uncovered only a tiny paragraph in Byrd Granger's *Arizona Place Names*—a few words which would hone the curiosity of any ghost town enthusiast. It read simply, "Zonia: Location not known, but near Kirkland. The origin of this name has not been ascertained."

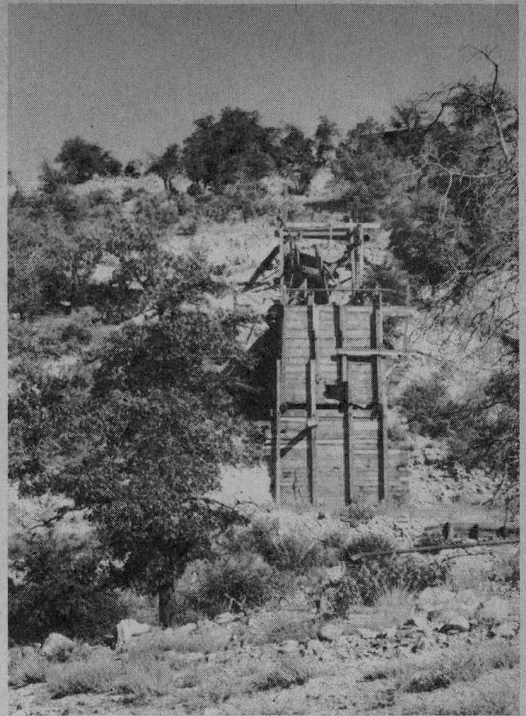
The land north, south and west of Kirkland is flat and crisscrossed by many roads which separate the lush grazing lands of fine ranches. Even the remnants of a village sixty years dead would have long since disappeared in these inhabited and cultivated areas. However, to the east the country is rugged and ominous. Distant mountains raise their hackles like rusty dorsals, scarred by old abandoned cuts and tailing dumps. Many deep, rocky canyons mutilate the topography, and the only roads are those worn decades ago by mule-drawn ore wagons. This, I judged, was where the corpse of Zonia would rest, if, in fact, it still existed at all.

The search began along an old road which twists its way from Kirkland Junction through the forgotten towns of Wagoner and Oro to Crown King, high in the Bradshaw Mountains. Every arroyo and spur for ten miles was explored in detail, but to no avail. If, during those weeks, I had tread the streets of Zonia, there no longer remained any vestiges of the town.

Backtracking seven miles, I turned onto a side road which forked to the south, and followed it for five tortuous miles only to find myself in tumble-down Placerita. Eating lunch on the familiar old main street was like coming home. It was fall, and the walnut trees were bare and stark against the gray sky. A cold wind moaned across the landscape and through ancient buildings, shuffling leaves along their warped floors. A flock of birds swooped, circl and made a beeline for the south. T sharp smell of winter was unmistakab

Another trek at another time led east on a faint trail off the Placeri road. Late that afternoon while labori up a narrow dry wash, I spotted a mine location post high on a brushy ridg Determined to leave no detail uninve tigated, I parked and started the ste climb to the post. Finding the inevitab tobacco can in a rock mound, I remov the papers carefully, as they were so as to be parchment brittle and almo illegible. The first real clue to Zonia whereabouts stared back at me from t age-yellowed page: "This lode claim li 2 miles west of the village of Zonia Thus a prospector, passing that way si ty years before, had unknowingly steer me toward the town for which I w searching so diligently—possibly the tow where he bought his supplies. But I h not yet gained the actual site of Zoni another element was already cutti short my search.

Hassayampa Joe's place.



Right, the remains of an ore chute.

Before I had regained the floor of the
ıyon, snowflakes were swirling around
and the wind had sharpened by at
st fifteen degrees. I was in rugged
k country, eight miles from the high-
y, and the first storm of winter had
gun. In four-wheel drive I slowly eased
way down the rocky canyon, then
r the hills and swales beyond. It was
e afternoon when I reached the pave-
nt. I stopped and looked back at the
untains surrounding Zonia. Already
y were gowned in white, indistinct in
early dusk and eddying snow. My tire
cks had disappeared.

HE WINTER was not longer than
usual, but to me it seemed intermin-
e. With the first thaw of spring I was
k at the old mineral claim, ready to
sh the search eastward. From that time
weekends, however many might be
uired, were dedicated to finding the
t settlement. And find it I did.

For a mile the canyon's sides re-
ined precipitous. In places I could
rely crowd the car between the solid
k walls. Then the ground began to
den to a broad, sandy wash, and at
end of the second mile it fanned out
meet a lush, heavily vegetated valley.
rectly ahead of me a swift, clear stream
rried by, scintillating in the bright,
ing sunlight. Dim traces of an ancient
gon road wandered down the valley on
side of the stream. I turned left and
lowed the road for perhaps 500 feet
ere it veered right and forded the
ter. On the opposite bank I stopped.
e search was ended, as before me lay
remains of Zonia. I left the car and
lked into a world of dead mines and
ried dreams.

The old street is camouflaged by the
fy spread of giant live oaks. Filtered
nlight sprinkles gold coins on the tat-
ed roofs of buildings in various stages
collapse. Above the town an open tun-
portal stares down.

The first building on the right was once
abin. Now it sags drunkenly, with the
nnants of a screen door dangling from
one hinge. Near the back door, scattered wine and whisky bottles recall soireés of many midnights ago.

Crouching close against the abrupt upward sweep of the valley, a store can be identified by its interior arrangement. The structure neighboring the store has built-in drafting boards and yellowed maps on the walls, suggesting the mine office.

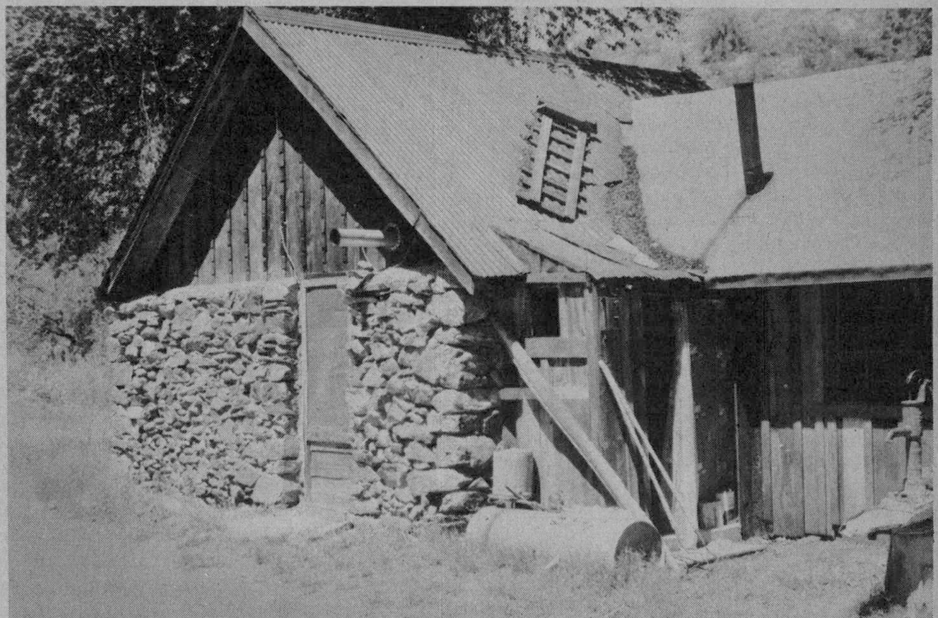
Directly across from the old office stands the proudest building in town. Constructed partly of native stone and partly of board and batten siding, this venerable house silently boasts a fireplace in its rear wall and a hand pump near the front door—probably status symbols in that era. The variegated stone of the front wall lends an almost jaunty touch to the old camp.

At its lower end, the main street ends at the double doors of a sway-back boarding house. Evidences of the one-time kitchen and dining room are dim but unmistakable. Ruined stairs still lead to the floorless upper story where partitions lean crazily toward and away from each other. Behind the boarding house, at the end of the usual path, a community annex is partially concealed by underbrush.

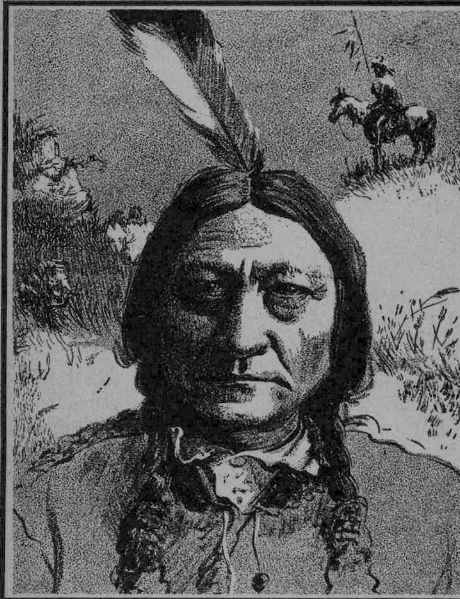
The area surrounding Zonia was heavily mined at one time. Many partially caved-in tunnels and shafts, dilapidated headframes and ore chutes, testify to this fact. That it was copper country is evident by the visible mineralization of some canyons whose walls are mottled with the green and blue of carbonates, the red of oxides.

(Continued on page 64)

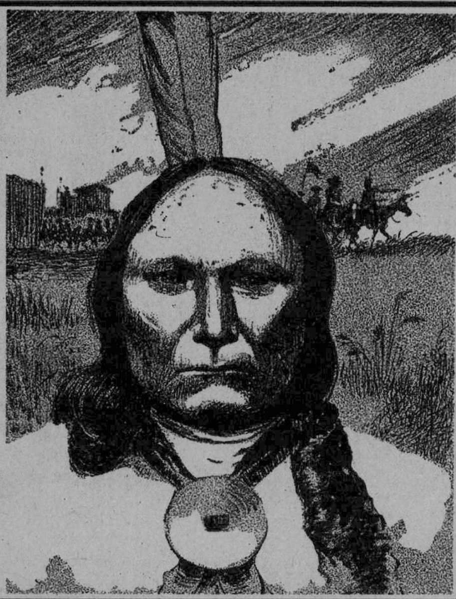
The John McCaffrey house once served as the post office.



Wild Old Days!



The Hunkpapa Sitting Bull who took part in the Battle of the Little Big Horn.



Courtesy Eugene Wounded Horse

The Oglala Sioux Sitting Bull known as "The Good."

THERE WERE TWO SITTING BULLS

By Will H. Spindler

CHIEF SITTING BULL who participated in Custer's Last Stand on June 25, 1876, and who was killed by Indian police on December 15, 1890, was a Hunkpapa Sioux. His namesake, an Oglala Sioux chief of the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, was killed by Crow Indians in Montana. As far as is known, they were not related.

The Hunkpapa Sitting Bull of historical fame, a crafty leader and medicine man, often took the warpath against the whites. On the other hand, the Oglala Sitting Bull, less known in white circles, devoted much of his life to promoting peace between the mighty Sioux and the new settlers.

"My mother, Mrs. Julia Little, is the only living daughter of the Oglala Sitting Bull," Eugene Wounded Horse told me. "He lived on the Pine Ridge Reservation and was one of the chiefs who helped arrange peace between the Indians and the whites. He was born on War Bonnet Creek near Edgemont, South Dakota in about 1833 and was forty-three years of age when he was killed in 1876.

"During his last few years, Grandfather spent most of his time on the Reservation. In 1875 he and other peaceful chiefs were welcomed to Washington, D.C., by President Grant and each was given a rifle as an expression of gratitude from the United States government. They were very proud of those rifles.

"A year later the Hunkpapa Sitting Bull took part in the Custer massacre. Meanwhile, the Oglala Sitting Bull was trying to bring the remaining hostile chiefs into line. He led a party of six chiefs to negotiate with United States representatives near Miles City, Montana. While returning to the Pine Ridge Reservation, the six were attacked by Crow Indian scouts and the Oglala Sitting Bull was killed, along with four of the other chiefs. Only one escaped the attack and upon his return to the Reservation he told about the ambush.

"My mother, now eighty-four years old, still lives on White Clay Creek near Oglala, her old childhood place and home. She takes an active part in the community in spite of her age. She was only about a year old when her father was killed. She was told by her mother and other relatives of the many things her father, Sitting Bull, had done.

"The name Wowape La (Flag Woman) was given to my mother. Once when Sitting Bull negotiated with a United States representative, he was given an American flag—the first ever owned by a warlike Sioux. Mother's name commemorates that event.

"Wowape La attended the log cabin day school near Oglala. She has never visited her famous father's grave, but she knows that it is somewhere around Miles City, Montana.

"In addition to the rifle and American flag, Sitting Bull also received credentials signed by President Grant, including an inscribed silver medal. When the Crow Indians killed him, his belongings were taken. One of these Crows was later arrested by U. S. troops and all of Sitting Bull's credentials were recove[red] and stored at Fort Meade in the Bl[ack] Hills. It has been learned only lat[ely] that his next of kin should make cla[im] for the American flag, the medal, [and] other personal effects.

"Sitting Bull did the white man ma[ny] favors. Whenever covered wagons pas[sed] nearby, he would take up his flag, r[ide] into their camps, and lead the tra[in] across the Platte River.

"He often would provide Sioux w[ar]riors to escort supply wagons head[ed] for old Fort Laramie. Sitting Bull kn[ew] that the Crows were attacking wag[on] trains, doing a lot of killing, and destr[oy]ing property. Once his scouts repor[ted] two wagons in trouble. Sitting Bull a[nd] his warriors rode to their camp a[nd] persuaded the whites to move up n[ear] a water hole. One wagon had a brok[en] axle, so he provided men and horses [to] make a four-day trip to Fort Laram[ie] for repairs. This group of whites deci[ded] to remain in this section of the coun[try] and became the first settlers on the '[...] Water,' or Niobrara River."

It is a strange irony that the rema[ins] of the warlike, arrogant Hunkpapa S[it]ting Bull lie in an honored grave o[ver] which two states have been quarrel[ing] while those of the peacemaker and frie[nd] of the whites, the Oglala Sitting Bull, [lie] in an obscure grave on the lonely M[on]tana prairie.

POWDER RIVER, LET'ER BUCK

By John B. Eccles

As told to Grace E. Dean

"POWDER RIVER, let'er buck" is [a] phrase that has become kno[wn] around the world since World War [I]. It was said to have been taken to Fra[nce] by some cowboys in a Western divisi[on] but other units soon adopted it. It [be]came a famous battle cry.

I am getting up in years but I'll ne[ver] forget the first time I heard that [...] or how and where it originated. It w[as] in 1893 and I had already been [in] Wyoming for several years. I had boug[ht] the Beal Ranch about two miles fr[om] the old Powder River stage post, wh[ich] is now known as Powder River, Wy[o]ming. The north fork of Powder Ri[ver] flowed right through our yard, when [it] was flowing!

I had a pretty good layout, and w[as] getting a nice herd built up. There we[re] no barb wire fences, and the cattle us[ed] to scatter out to graze many miles fr[om] the home ranches. Sometimes the ranc[h]ers had a big job rounding up all t[he] strays.

At the fall roundup in 1893 there we[re] around 150 riders from various ranch[es]

ering a territory of about that many
are miles, stretching from the Wind
er country through the Rattlesnake
untains and points south and west.
t was a big job, lasting over a month,
l the boys were mighty glad when we
ally had that big bunch of wild cattle
nded up and cut out. Most of the cows
l calves were turned back onto their
ne range, but there was still a large
d to be trailed into Casper where
nearest large stockyards were located.
A good trail foreman, a fellow by the
ne of Farlow, was put in charge of
out fourteen cowboys who were to trail
herd on in to Casper. They figured
traveling a little over five miles a day,
ing the cattle graze along the trail.
was a long hard haul, and waterholes
re few and far between.

The boys were mighty glad one day
en Farlow told them they had better
good swimming horses out of the
vy because they were going to ford
wder River several times that day.

Several of the boys had never seen
wder River, but they had heard some
l tales about its raging currents and
acherous quicksand, so they took Far-
seriously and were careful to rope
good broncs from the horse herd.

Before noon that day the leaders of
beef herd reached the river, and it
s practically dry. Several riders had
ride up and down the river bed almost
ee hours before they found a hole
th enough water in it to water the
rd.

Billy Shultz, better known as Missouri
l, gazed at the dry river bed for the
st time and exclaimed, "Well, I'll be
mned! So this is the great Powder
ver!" Every time the herd crossed the
nding river that day he would stop
a few minutes, look at it and repeat
first words in amazement. He was
re flabbergasted about that river.

When we finally reached Casper, put
beef in the stock corrals and took
re of the cavvy, we all made our way
the nearest saloon to wash the trail
st out of our gullets.

Missouri Bill stomped up to the bar,
d yelled, "Come on, boys, and have
drink on me. I'm celebrating because
ust swam Powder River!"

We all had a drink, and then another,
d then Missouri Bill said, "Set 'em
again for the house. Swimming
wder River has got me all tuckered
t!" After we had a few more drinks
ngs were getting pretty lively. The
ys were starting to whoop it up and
en Billy ordered another drink, he
outed, "Here's to Powder River—let'er
ck!"

Pulling out his gun and firing a few
rmless shots into the ceiling, he
lled, "Powder River—a mile wide and
inch deep! Yippee! Powder River,
'er buck!"

All of us were beginning to feel our
inks by that time so we lined up along
bar and yelled over and over,
Powder River, let'er buck!" Well, that
as the first time I heard that yell, but
wasn't the last time. It soon became
mmon at all the roundups and rodeos,
d its popularity has grown through
e years.

Seaton Mountain—the mountain of gold!

MOUNTAIN OF GOLD

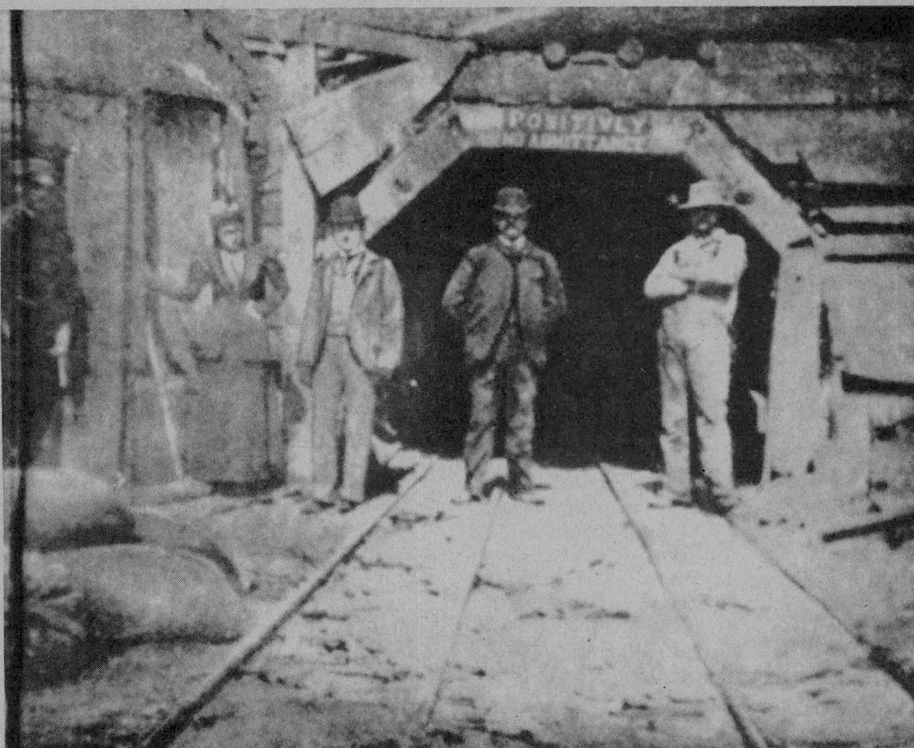
By Vincent J. Plesko

ALTHOUGH gold was first discovered in Colorado in 1850, it was not until prospector John H. Gregory made his famous strike at Chicago and Clear Creeks that the first great rush of gold seekers entered this fabulous region. His discovery in 1859 was the beginning of the Pikes Peak craze.

Around the rapidly expanding Central City mines called the Bates, Bobtail, Hunter, Fisk and Mammoth, was an area commonly called "Little Kingdom of Gilpin." All along the banks of every muddy creek was great activity. Hundreds of men of every nationality were busily engaged in extracting gold, stopping only in time of flood, and when that had subsided fresh gold had been washed down from the mountainsides.

Above them new mines perched on the cliffs in apparently inaccessible places. Still higher up were the crushers, where the gold-bearing quartz was ground to powder and the gold retrieved. In this process, a considerable amount was lost and carried down by the stream in

This tunnel at its farthest point was about 2,000 feet under Central City.



minute particles which became the spoils of the miners far below.

In 1867 the Boston and Colorado Smelting Works was established in Black Hawk, and ore which could not be treated in a stamp mill was successfully processed there. Central City and its environs remained a typical early mining camp until 1878, the year of the advent of the Colorado Central Railroad which was extended to Central City from Black Hawk by means of switchbacks. Four miles of road equalled one mile in distance.

The company began hauling ore in 1888 on a two-foot gauge railroad from the main line to Black Hawk, Clear Creek, Winnebago, Gunnel, Quartz, Hills, Russell and Willis Gulches. Central City stood at the head of the gulch. Although rich in gold and however alluring that metal may be, the city was by no means attractive itself. From her streets could be seen Seaton Mountain—this mass of dark gray stone they called the "golden mountain"—and indeed it was. In estimating the product of her principal mines, two systems have been used by statisticians, illustrating the difference between the value in coin and the depreciated currency in circulation during most of the time in which the record was made. The total product to that date is thus given: Coin value of product, $28,000,000; currency value, $35,000,000. Computed at its coin value, this product is thus classified: Gold, $27,000,000; silver, $690,000; copper and lead, $470,000. The total output of this El Dorado from 1859 to 1891 nearly reached the staggering sum of $60,000,000!

In 1875, ores rich in silver and lead were discovered near Leadville; and on Iron, Fryer, and Carboate hills in 1879. Molybdenum was found at Climax, near Leadville, in 1914 and, between 1898 and 1928, the carnotite mines of Naturita furnished about one half of the world's supply of radium.

The names, Cripple Creek, Bobtail and Willis Gulch, may vanish into the romantic history of the West, but the fabulous mountain of gold, the Seaton Range of the Rocky Mountains, will endure forever.

AN OFFICER'S OVERCOAT

By Carlysle Graham Raht

AT THE HEAD of a score of warriors, Alsate, chief of the Chisos Apaches, marched into Presidio del Norte (now Ciudad Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico) one crisp autumn morning in the year 1867. The salutations given him from every side bore witness to the respect in which he was held. Curious children followed mothers to the doorways and clung to protecting skirts while they gazed with awe at the Indian chief about whom was told many thrilling tales, false and true.

Numerous times these same children had seen the Apache chief enter Presidio del Norte, but never before had they seen him wearing an overcoat of the white man's pattern, an overcoat resplendent with gold buttons and gold braid. The children gawked and wondered what unfortunate American soldier had crossed trails with the fierce Alsate.

The Indians filed past the *casa* belonging to John Burgess, who at the time was on the Chihuahua Trail with John Davis and William Brooks. In common with her neighbors, Mrs. Burgess came to the door to gaze at the passing savages. Suddenly she gave a sharp scream at the sight of the tall Indian in the gold-buttoned overcoat—her husband's overcoat! John had bought it from any army sutler's supply in San Antonio de Bexar!

The Burgess family was one of the oldest and most influential in Presidio del Norte. Mrs. Burgess hurried to the *alcalde* and Alsate and his band were thrown into prison on a charge of having murdered John Burgess.

The day of trial came. In sullen silence, Alsate and his warriors looked through the bars of their prison cells. The chief had related a strange, wholly improbable story. Don Alverete, accustomed to dealing unceremoniously with Indians, had smiled unbelievingly and thereafter Alsate maintained a dignified silence. Heavily guarded, the Indians were escorted to the *juezgado*, where sat the *juez de cordado*—the area's hanging judge—where the trial was to be held.

Presidio del Norte overlooked the Rio Grande from a high, gravelly bluff. As the prisoners were being led to the jail, they cast longing glances across the river to the beckoning hills beyond. A long line of freight wagons, with their teams of eighteen and twenty mules, plowed through the deep sands of the alluvial river bottom just before crossing the stream to the more secure footing on the Mexican side.

It was a customary sight to the guards, who hurried the prisoners to the tribunal. The court, with the *alcalde* presiding, was called to order. The evidence of the overcoat was introduced. Mrs. Burgess swore to its identification. There remained only the pronouncement of the death sentence.

SUDDENLY a disturbance broke out at the door of the courtroom. All present looked hastily around, expecting, perhaps, a surprise attack from Alsate's tribesmen. But it was a white man—an American. Mrs. Burgess gave a cry of relief as she recognized her husband!

Burgess explained that, for mutual protection, he had joined forces with the outfits of John Davis and William Brooks. The three trains were loaded with grain and corn from Presidio del Norte and had been purchased by the U. S. Government for the troops at Fort Stockton. After delivering their cargoes, they proceeded to the salt lake beyond the Pecos River and had loaded salt which found ready sale at the Presidio.

The freighters drove up Alamito Creek, through Paisano Pass, into the grassy plains beyond, without detecting any signs of Indians. But when they drew near Charco de Alsate, where Alpine, Texas, now lies, they were halted by a large force of Apaches led by Alsate and Leon. The experienced frontiersmen immediately formed a large circle with their wagons, corralling their work stock in the enclosure to pre[illegible] them from stampeding.

For four hours the Indians tried[illegible] trick the whites and their teamsters [illegible] leaving their impromptu fort. The [illegible]dians swept by on their horses, t[illegible] turned in a madly racing line to [illegible] appear over the nearby hills. Just as [illegible] freighters should have concluded t[illegible] the attack was abandoned, the Indi[illegible] swooped down from another direct[illegible] hoping to catch the whites off gu[illegible] But Burgess and his friends remai[illegible] firmly entrenched.

Finally growing tired of the exh[illegible]tion, Burgess and Davis walked s[illegible] distance from the wagontrain (car[illegible] to remain within distance of the pro[illegible]tive cover of the freighters' long rif[illegible] and, in the commonly understood s[illegible] language, invited Alsate and Leon [illegible] parley.

When the two chiefs advanced to m[illegible] Burgess and Davis, the white men d[illegible] pistols which they had concealed a[illegible] threatening Alsate and Leon with dea[illegible] forced the chiefs to order their warri[illegible] to withdraw to a distant hill. When t[illegible] had done so, Burgess stripped off [illegible] fine overcoat and presented it to Als[illegible] hoping to placate the disgruntled ch[illegible] After reaching Charco de Alsate, [illegible] freighters made themselves safe f[illegible] attack; aware of this, Alsate and [illegible] band gave up their attempt to t[illegible] them.

As soon as Burgess had told his sto[illegible] Alsate and his warriors were set f[illegible] No thought was given to the evident [illegible]tentions of the Indians in waylaying [illegible] wagontrain. Attempts at murder, unl[illegible] successfully carried out, were not c[illegible]sidered a basis for prosecution.

Nick Eggenhofer's West

(Continued from page 29)

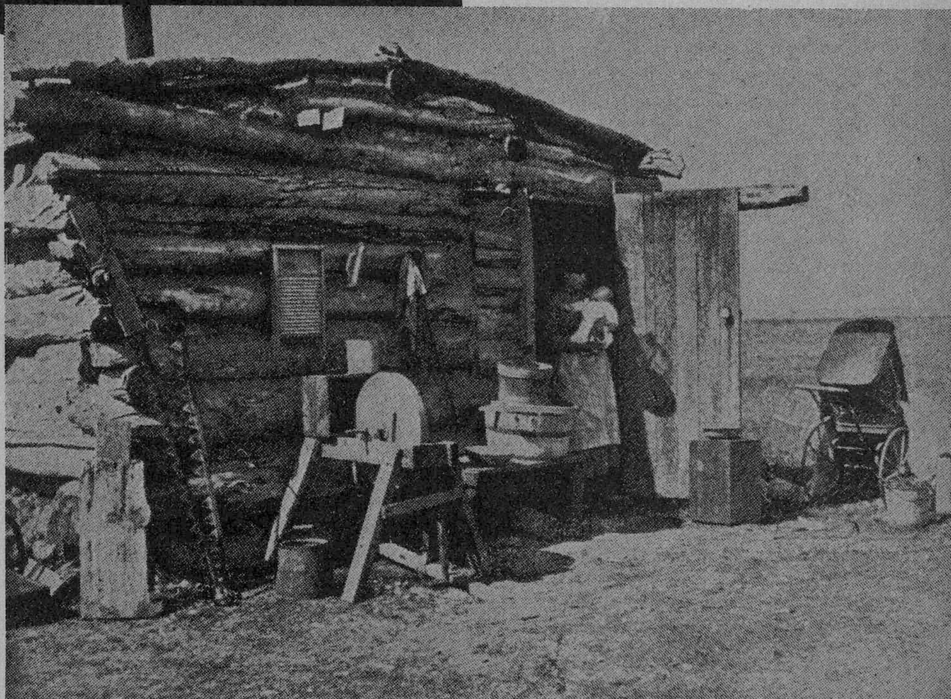
work of his on display at the Whit[illegible] Gallery in Cody, as there is, and [illegible] been, at several important public a[illegible] private art galleries and museu[illegible] throughout the country. Today, the [illegible]mand for his paintings is greater th[illegible] he can comfortably supply and his earl[illegible] work is intensively sought by deal[illegible] from New York to Texas and Califor[illegible] and by hundreds of avid collectors. A [illegible] cry from the lean years of the late '[illegible] when Nick's art checks weren't alw[illegible] nearly as much as they should have be[illegible] to provide adequately for his wife a[illegible] little daughter.

At the conclusion of this century, wh[illegible] the full record of accomplishment [illegible] western art and illustration will ha[illegible] been eventually compiled, perhaps [illegible] dozen names will top the list of men w[illegible] have made this distinctive area of speci[illegible]ization a significant part of our Ame[illegible]can culture. And Nick Eggenhofe[illegible] name will be right up there among t[illegible] leaders. It belongs up there—with t[illegible] cream of the crop. Because over t[illegible] years, through perseverance, dedicati[illegible] and sound management of his uniq[illegible] talents, he has drawn and painted wi[illegible] consummate distinction a West tha[illegible] bold and rugged, dramatic and colorf[illegible] There is no Truer West than the We[illegible] of Nick Eggenhofer.

WASHDAY in INDIAN TERRITORY

By OLEVIA E. MYERS

The secret here was organization—which extended right on down the ranks to the six-months-old. Not a split second was lost, still the chore took all day



Scrub board, tub and pails, all tools of the wash, clutter the front of this pioneer woman's home.

Author's Note: Recently my grand-ighter complained to me that she nply couldn't find time to do her laun-—with four children, it was just too ch! This started me thinking—she uld have to measure out a cup of her rorite detergent, throw her clothes in gleaming white automatic (right re in the kitchen), punch a button and t's it! How would you "moderns" like do it the Indian Territory way?

VASH DAY! Got to hurry and get the breakfast over. Breakfast meant ating up the old wood cookstove and king biscuits or cornbread, making vy, frying side meat and boiling the fee, going to the dugout and getting cream, milk and butter.

Six o'clock! Now the man has already ne to the north forty to break some v ground, so run back to the dugout h the butter and milk, quickly stack dishes in the granite dishpan—no, it! There's another hole in that dish-. Find a small piece of cloth and poke through the hole so the water won't k out—run to the smokehouse and get out three big pieces of that good home-de lye soap and a few balls of blue-—tie them up in a sheet full of clothes l get going! It's a quarter-mile to the ing branch where you must go to wash l it's going to be hot after a while, so ry.

The children are six, four, two and six nths old, but already the older ones learning to assume responsibility. ou watch the baby close now, honey, l don't let him put anything in his uth. Mama'll run to the creek with clothes then come back for you kids."

Swing that bundle over your shoulder. s pretty heavy but you can do it, and ry!

The morning is clear and still and beau-ul. Bluebirds are darting everywhere l dew lies sparkling on the wild black-ries just beginning to ripen. A saw-ar catches your leg as you hurry along h your load and you know that your n is going to burn and itch from the atch, so you make a mental note to break off that tendril of saw-briar as you come back up the path.

There's the branch, all clear and sparkling in the early morning freshness; you take a quick look to see that the washtubs are hanging in the tree just as you left them. The old black wash pot (turned upside-down to keep out dirt) looks like a grossly swollen spider in the early morning light with it's three short legs sticking up in the air. The wash-board and the old case knife you use to cut the soap are in the crotch of a big tree where you always keep them. Every-thing's all right (sometimes a wandering Indian takes away some of your washing stuff).

Hurry back now—can't leave the kids alone too long! They are fine, playing around on the ground. Let's see now—got to have the pallet quilt for the baby, and make starch before you go. The iron teakettle is still steaming on the stove so there's plenty of hot water. To make starch, use two big spoons of heaped up flour—that's right, flour! Mix in cold water to a thin paste, add boiling water and cook until clear. Now add two table-spoons of coal oil, and stir. The coal oil keeps the flour from sticking to the sad-irons.

LET'S SEE how you'll manage at one trip now. Put the baby and the two-year-old on the pallet in the little red wagon (that wagon is a life saver). Pull the wagon and balance the hot starch—the six-year-old can carry a few coals from the cookstove in a little bucket, enough to start the fire at the wash place. The four-year-old can hold onto the back of the wagon. She likes to think she is pushing and so is helping Mother.

You spread the pallet quilt and put the baby on it (one time he put a thousand-legged worm in his mouth), then while you quickly carry water from the stream to fill the wash kettle, the two oldest children run about gathering twigs and small dead branches to start a fire. Pour out the bucket of coals, fan them to a flame with your bonnet, and pile on heavy dead limbs.

While the water heats, quickly sort the clothes, all the time keeping an eye on

(Continued on page 58)

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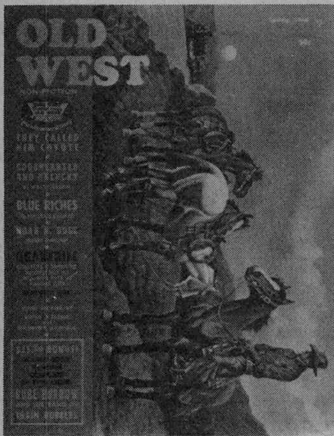

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Line Camp Outlaw

(Continued from page 9)

IT MUST HAVE BEEN sometime in February or early March, according to the haphazard, sometimes forgotten notches on my calendar stick, when a cowpuncher showed up leading his bed horse late one afternoon about the time I was skinning the hide off a white-tail buck I'd killed for meat.

It was overcast and spitting snow and I had the deer strung up by an old singletree just inside the cowshed out of the storm, and out of view of the pole entrance gate. So I didn't sight the horsebacker until I heard the sound of a strange voice.

"No man's land! Where nobody lives and the dogs bark at strangers!" There was a chuckle in the voice but coming like it did, without warning, it spooked the hell out of me.

As I came outside the cowshed to see who it was, I must have made a sort of comical sight with whiskers, long hair, and a bloody butcher knife in my hand, because the grubline horsebacker grinned as he raised both gloved hands shoulder high in mock surrender. And that gave me the few seconds time I needed to size him up.

Years before when I was a pistol kid at the ranch, some cowpuncher, I think it was Frank Howe, told me how to always size up a stranger. First the horse he rode. Then the man. And I'd gotten into the habit.

Both saddle horse and bed horse wore Jim Thornhill's (Seven Up connected) brand on the left thigh, the same horse brand Thornhill had when he and Kid Curry were pardners in the ranch in the Little Rockies. Both geldings were solid black, sired by Thornhill's Morgan stud, Black Ball. It took me only a few seconds to recognize the two horses, and then I sized up the horsebacker.

He wore angora chaps, the long wool dyed a burnt orange color, a sheepskin-lined corduroy coat, a black silk muffler wrapped around his neck, and a Stetson hat pulled down slaunchwise across a pair of squinted gray-blue eyes and a blunt-nosed, square-jawed face. He rode a short stirrup and was of husky build. The wooden butt of a Colt six-shooter was shoved into the slanted pocket of his chaps and he packed a saddle gun.

"Jake Myers said you could use a camp pardner," he broke the short silence. "I bin stayin' with Jim Thornhill. You can put up the scalpin' knife," he added. His grin was friendly and infectious, and I grinned back. I liked him on sight.

I told him to put up his horse—that there was hay in the mangers and bedding in the stalls. I pointed to the river and told him the water hole was open. I told him I was skinning out a deer I'd killed for meat. That's how come my hands were bloody and I had that curved-blade skinning knife in my fist. I said that directly I hung the quartered meat from the outside cabin ridge pole, out of reach of a prowling wolf or coyote, I'd get supper started.

I had the fire going in the sheet-iron camp stove and coffee simmering the pot when the stranger came into cabin, stomping the snow from his o shoes. I told him to spread his bed on extra bunk and make himself welco

"I got a notion me'n you will hi off first rate as camp pardners," said, then added, "just call me Sho for a handle."

Shorty had a straight-edged razor shaving brush, shaving soap, a hone razor strop, and a pair of barber she and comb in his warsack.

"In case a feller might take a not to change his looks," he confided as unpacked his warsack. "You got no i the difference it makes in a feller's lo if he's on the dodge," he said, giving a left-handed smile.

"I ain't on the dodge yet, Shorty, said, running my fingers through shock of thick uncut hair and rubbin hand over my mangy looking whisk "But if you could give me a hair and I could borrow your razor—"

Putting a floursack dish towel arou my neck, Shorty gave me a Gentlem Jim Corbett roach like I wanted, an shaved myself. It was sure a relief to have to view that image of Jo every time I looked in that warped sh ing mirror.

SHORTY was about thirty years give or take a few years either w Easy to get along with, he was one those cowpunchers who could talk a without saying much, if you get meaning. Close-mouthed as hell ab where he came from and keeping back trail covered by careless give damn talk. But right from the start t first night I got the notion that Sho had heard the owl hoot and was on dodge, and it turned out during the lowing weeks that my first hunch v correct a hundred percent.

Shorty packed two hand guns, a sin action Colt .45, and a Luger automa he carried in a shoulder holster, besi the Winchester .30-30 carbine in a sad scabbard, and a pair of field glasses a leather case strapped to the fork his saddle. Every evening after sup he'd get out his guns and wipe them with a rag soaked with gun oil fr a can he kept in his warsack. He'd move the cartridges from the six-shoot take the cylinder out, and with a sm file would work painstakingly on spring until he had it filed down to hair trigger.

Sometimes he would buckle on filled cartridge belt and tie the g holster low on his hip. With the g empty he would practice quick dra He'd practice fanning the gun, the pa of his left hand whamming down the hammer. Click-click-click-click, ra fire, almost as fast as an automatic.

Shorty was a good hand with hors You could tell it right off by the w he handled the two big black geldin Star and Baldy, that Jim Thornhill h loaned him. My two winter horses, Blue and Standby, needed shoeing, a without being asked Shorty tacked n shoes on one morning while I fed cattle.

(Continued on page 65)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

SUPERIOR PICTURE BOOKS

ioneer Forts of The West (Superior lishing Co., $12.50) by Herbert N. t is the fourth volume in a series Western Forts. This book describes seventy additional forts, mostly tary, and groups them according to mon interest or mission. Each fort site is illustrated with photographs n by the author. Drawings of lay- by Paul J. Hartle are included re the evidence of original build- and compounds is meagre. Since y of the forts of the West have been ered in previous series, groupings in book sometimes seem incomplete. example, the grouping "War of The nts" describes eight forts important Mormon history yet omits Fort dger because it was included in ume one, *Old Forts of The North-t.* The author has volume five under- , and presumably that will complete series. These are handsome books h good illustrations and informative criptions of the forts and the major orical events which transpired in nection with them. The author makes pretense of his material being defini- histories of the forts, but it is evi- t from his writings, the extensive iography, credits and index that ch painstaking research went into book and the others. After volume is finished, an index to forts de- ibed in all five volumes would be pful. As source of reference or as des, the books in the Western Forts ies make an important and attractive lition to Western Americana.

ales The Western Tombstones Tell uperior Publishing Co., $12.95) by mbert Florin is the author's seventh k in seven years. It is his second k on tombstones. Florin's skill in ging out unusual stories and illus- ting them with his own prize-winning otographs make his books highly ac- table to Western buffs. As a matter fact, many tombstones by themselves no story at all. The names and dates ve as a starting point from which to gin painstaking research. Florin has ced together the colorful events and stories which culminated in the aves of Captain Jack, the Modoc War- r; the victims of the Meeker Mas- cre; the unfortunates of the Moun- n Meadows Massacre, and many more. orin's modern pictures are augmented choice selections from State His- ical Societies and other sources. Many mbstones elaborately tell their own ry; others need help. Florin has rnished such help in revealing the e tales of many unmarked graves. There are still many tombstones whose stories are known only to God.

Beginning in 1961, Lambert Florin has written a book a year about Western ghost towns or cemeteries. This series has been so popular that his first book, *Western Ghost Towns* (Superior Publishing Co., $12.50) is on the market again. This book is lavishly illustrated with photographs including a frontispiece in full color. Florin has not duplicated any town in his books. Silver City, Idaho; Virginia City, Montana; Silverton, Colorado; Tonopah, Nevada; and Antelope, Oregon are some of the boomtowns of yesterday that are covered. Florin's narratives are crisp and informative and the striking photographs serve both as an invitation to visit the ghost towns and an accurate guide while doing so. At $12.50 a throw, the book has to be good, and it is. Florin's ability to write about ghost towns and to illustrate them with his photographs is tops for this phase of Americana.

NOT THE EARP OF TV

Alas, the T. V. portrayal of Wyatt Earp, frontier marshal, an all-American hero, was not based on truth. Perhaps even worse, his biographer, Stuart Nathaniel Lake, did not tell all the facts or did not have them. Recent uncovering of more details concerning the near legendary Earp are now brought to light to show that the character of the real Earp was murdered. *The Surpressed Murder of Wyatt Earp* (The Naylor Co., $3.95) by Glenn G. Boyer presents the story of Earp's second wife, Mattie, and other new material. According to Boyer, Earp deserted Mattie and she lived a life of mystery before dying a pauper. Members of Earp's family knew of Mattie, and her name appeared with Wyatt's on a home mortgage. The new information proves that Earp was something less than a hero, but if anything, more color is added to the colorful Wyatt Earp and his legend is even larger.

MORE CUSTER!

A Picture Report of The Custer Fight (Hastings House, $8.50) by Williams Reusswig features 101 drawings by the author—17 of them in two color and 1 in full color. Soldiers and hostiles decked out in full battle dress graphically portray the characters and action of the debacle of the Seventh Cavalry at the Little Big Horn. Individuals illustrated include Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, Gall, Low Dog, Crow King, Custer, and others. The narrative traces the events and political scene which led up to the massacre. The fight itself is described as fully and accurately as the army records and other available information permit. Aftermath happenings including the court martial and exoneration of Reno and Sitting Bull's flight into Canada; his later return and appearance with Bill Cody's Wild West Show, are included. The author raises the usual questions as to who was to blame, and the interlocking roles of various army officers. His interpretations are in accord with recent books such as *Faint the Trumpet Sounds* (David McKay Co., 1966) by John Upton Terrell and Colonel George Walton, the story of Marcus Reno. For the average reader, *A Picture Report of The Custer Fight* is probably the best account yet of the Custer Massacre. A short bibliography and an index are included.

UNDERGROUND

Would you believe a book-length narrative consisting of 2,650 verses with a preface and dedication in the same rhyming style? *Gleams of Underground* (Handcraft Art and Publishing Company, $4.95) by Alexander Chisholm is just such a book. Alton Lang, the narrator and principal character, recalls his chilling adventures of romance and mystery in the mine tunnels and surrounding rugged Rockies where he lived. Also woven into the yarn are the Verdun trenches and dugouts of World War I, opium dens of California, and the bloody mining strikes of Colorado. Mr. Chisholm learned much of the red man's lore from the Indians, and tales of the Sasquatch or Abominable Snowman of the Rockies are included. Many of the legends, Indian customs, and folklore are presented in print for the first time. Other books by the author include *Rhymes of the Rainbow*, *Great Days of Creed and Country*, and *The Old Chisholm Trail.* Strangely, the fascinating tales overwhelm the monotonous rhyming, and the book like—

"The gleams of underground entice
Men to its darkness from the day
Till their hearts, caught within its vice,
Can never more be turned away."

RANGE LIFE

Lon R. Stanbery's *The Passing of 3-D Ranch* (Buffalo-Head Press, $8.50) is a facsimile reprint of a long out-of-print and expensive book about the ranches around Tulsa, Oklahoma. The 3-D passed because it was ruined for grazing by the discovery of oil. It is good that the author set down some of its early-day history including quite a bit about the Daltons, the Cooks, Bill Doolin, Cherokee Bill and other outlaws of pre-oil days in the Tulsa area. There is also something on the Mashed O Ranch and its owner, W. E. Halsell, the Texas cowman—one of the few to continue livestock operations well into the oil era. The book is illustrated from photos and it is good to have it back in print even if the publisher did fail to add a badly needed index.

My Mother

(Continued from page 11)

moved to Beeville she would go among businessmen and others of the town raising money for a distressed family. During the terrible times of hunger and unemployment of the Great Depression, the trail to her door was well marked. Many days her kitchen fed several men. The majority of them were young, and in these she took a special interest. She thought of them as being each the son of some mother and as having an immortal soul, and with the generous plates of food went kind words out of a kind and generous heart. She kept a supply of the Gospels printed in pamphlet form, and with a free meal she gave a free Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John. She never offered to feed a hungry man on a sermon, however.

Mention of a certain woman brought this remark: "A good woman, but she has missed one big thing in life—the joy of giving. I've had my share of that. Maybe I have a softer heart for Mexicans than for any other class of the needy. They seldom save anything for the next day, but they are so responsive to kindness and help." Of course, her knowledge of Mexicans was restricted mostly to the laboring class at a time before they went to school.

Mama worried at times, but "cheerfulness was always breaking in." She never felt sorry for herself, never complained. Her spirit buoyed up others. One day when I was fuming at the wind and ice of a prolonged cold spell—other times too, but I particularly recollect this—my mother said, "Son, I will give you an old adage:

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy or there is none.
If there is one, go find it;
If there is none, never mind it.

When one of us boys started out for somewhere—no matter where, no matter how old the boy was—she would say, always gaily, "Remember whose boy you are."

I think of her especially at Christmas and shall as long as I live, for she was especially Christmasy. Most mothers are, but mine had so much gusto and vitality that her high spirits stood out. No child was ever more delighted with Christmas than she was. No matter how, when, or where I remember her, feelings of cheerfulness come over me. During the years of Santa Claus, with six children on the ranch, she was at her best.

Then came maturer Christmases as Time wove the swift shuttle of life. Before long our Christmases were reunions. Mama seldom knew at what hour her "younguns" would arrive, but while busy she somehow kept watch, and as a car she expected drove up near the back door she would emerge shouting like a Comanche Indian. On Christmas morning her greeting was usually the old-time one of "Christmas Gift!" That greeting, I believe, used to be given by some servant or other dependent expecting a gift. Mama knew the gifts were coming, all right. She was elated by every Christmas card and every other form of remembrance. She outgave all other givers.

"I don't always get what I want," she would say, "but I always want what I get."

AFTER I became a kind of book man, she didn't give me books any more, for she judged rightly, that my taste was no longer in her domain. I doubt if she ever realized how much she had done to formulate that taste. A poem entitled "The Reading Mother" by Strickland Gillilan used to be popular. The last stanza is truly of my mother:

You may have tangible wealth untold,
Caskets of jewels and coffers of gold;
Richer than I you can never be;
I had a Mother who read to me.

She had a hearty laugh and a great gusto for life, and no doubt she would have traveled more had she not taken more pleasure in giving than in receiving, for during the prolonged years of her vigor she liked to see new places and to learn. She was so eager that the night before a trip she could sleep little. "I was journey proud," she would say. Her eyes never became too dim for her to enjoy beautiful landscapes and the rising and setting of the sun.

She had many sayings out of the Bible and many folk expressions. One Bible saying was, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

Where was Moses when the light
went out?
Sitting in the window with his shirt-
tail out,

was often spoken by her and in turn by her children whenever, as often occurred, a strong breeze blew out the kerosene lamp at the ranch. I still like to say this. I don't know why. Sheer gaiety of spirit occasioned her speaking another rhyme with a biblical flavor:

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John
Saddle the cat and all jump on.

She did not play bridge or any other card game, except solitaire, but Charles Lamb's immortal Mrs. Battle never played whist with more animation or zeal than she played dominoes and "42." She kept score and she brought any delayer of the game to reality with the injunction to "Shoot, Luke, or give up the gun." To determine who would have the first down in a game she would chant out rapidly an extraordinary rigmarole of syllables, one word to each person around the table, the last one she pointed to being "it." The rigmarole, perhaps older than the King James Version of the Bible, went:

One-ery, two-ery, ickery Ann
Filison, folison, Nicholas John,
Queevy, quavy, English navy,
Stinglum, stanglum—buck.

She relished what she ate and loved to see other people relish their food at her table. She walked as if she wanted to go where she was going and expected to get there. "Come on and quit pidd around," she might say to some dawd She was very direct. "Fiddlesticks!" her disposal, delivered with a mild sn of some indirection or of what she sidered sophistry. "He doesn't know from Adam's off fox" or "He doe know B from bull's foot" she might of some muddler. She had a pecu combination of drive, impatience patience. Many things were out of sphere, but she was anything but l warm in reaction to those things wi it.

ALTHOUGH toward the very end memory dimmed, she was never to look backward. Probably she accep the story of the Garden of Eden, really she never believed that perfect lay behind. The "good old days" ne existed for her. She did not res change. Without analyzing the mat she welcomed the principle of so evolution. At a time when I had alm no other interest than the pageantry the past, about which I was writing, said to me, "Son, why are you alw looking backward? You are acting an old man."

Having helped rear a brother an large collection of half brothers and t having had four sons of her own, sides a husband, she seemed to take for granted more than many women t them. She understood them. She wa man's woman and she was a matriarc chieftain. She did not fret against ture.

Most of us remember old people old. I remember my mother as old, but often I remember her without gray hairs, eager and active, joying little experiences. I can see her n young and buxom, her long, thick so hair coming down nearly as low—or I remember it—as the hair of Lo Doone in the novel of that name.

I recall her hearty description o fiddler named Duff Hale, whom characterized as a "Dickens characte He had a fiddle with the head brol off and at a dance he'd say, "Look, beheaded, just like Jesus Christ." Ma would always add, "Of course he kn that Christ was not beheaded, but liked to talk that way to show off."

Very much against drink and dri ing, she used to tell with gusto ab some character—maybe she gave name—who would say about Christm time. "Now I've got to get on my nual Christmas drunk, and how I h it!"

It was her way of hitting off char ters that I can't equal—just an incid or a saying or a glimpse that lighted the whole figure, the ray of light co ing out with a fine heartiness and w a laugh. I was spending a few days w her in Beeville when at dinner, the m before supper, Mama was poking fun herself for being a little slow with eati

"Now my Grandfather Fusselman ways said," she observed, "that father—back in Pennsylvania—ne would hire a man on the farm until had seen him eat. If a man wanted

(Continued on page 49)

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TRAILS GROWN DIM

f you have information concerning sons referred to below, do not write us. Communicate directly with the er writer.

August Carroll

Would like information of August im) Carroll, sixty-four years old. Last rd of in Sacramento, California. A nd of mine I've lost contact with. If wn, write Bill Clendenen, Quartzsite, zona.

McEntire

recently purchased an old Bible at a k sale. Inside was a complete family ord of the McEntire Family. The liest recorded birth was that of nery McEntire, born March 22, 1805. e last McEntire name to be entered s L. McEntire, born November 7, 4. Other names mentioned are: Larcus araus?), Dixon, Gaskins and Bolton. aths were also recorded.

would gladly correspond with any of family of these people. Also there was a Certificate of Progress (writing certificate) of Bernard McEntire from the Austin Public School (Fulmore School) for January 30, 1931.—Mrs. D. E. Crockett, 5337 Olan Center, El Paso, Texas 79924.

Jason Morrell

I am interested in locating any descendants of my dad's Uncle Jason and Aunt Annie Morrell. Jason had three boys: Ralph, Walter and Harold. They left Eastern Colorado sometime in 1916 or '17 and went to Sand Point, Idaho.

I would appreciate any information at all about any of the family, living or deceased.—Robert I. Morrell, Rt. 2, St. Francis, Kansas 67756.

Sarah Middleton

Does some reader have information about Sarah Middleton who married Phillip Copple in Bolivar, Polk County, Missouri in 1850? She was the mother of Nicholas, Millard and Ella. Ella married Columbus Holt and they homesteaded in the Oklahoma Strip. We have reason to believe Sarah was an Indian. We are tying to establish this as a fact and if so, what tribe? Any postage use for this information will be returned.—Mrs. R. E. Burnett, Box 123, Humansville, Missouri 65674.

Rufus Church

Would anyone have knowledge of the parents, brothers or sisters of Rufus Church, born April 2, 1786 (by U. S. Census) somewhere in New Hampshire? He married Lucinda Bradley, July 3, 1809, in Salisbury, Vermont. They had a son, Marvil M. Church, who had two sons, Martin and Moses, and a daughter, Candace.

A daughter, Laura, married Charles Hosmer, August 31, 1854. Another daughter, Betsey Caroline, married a Van Ornum. We know that some of the families moved west but cannot connect to later data. If I could contact some of the younger generation, possibly, I could get the needed information—L. J. Scribner, 687 W. Mariposa St., Altadena, California 91001.

Johnston

I am very interested in finding the missing children of Lewis S. Johnston and his wife Zelida Wortham Johnston. They were married in Maury County, Tennessee, February 21, 1826. He was the son of Amos Johnston and Elizabeth Preston. In 1850 census they were in Cotton Gin Port, Mississippi. The place is no longer there. The oldest son William married his cousin Ophila Wortham. Nancy Johnston (my great-grandmother) married Harmon K. Hodges. They moved to Grayson County, Texas sometime after 1850 and lived in that county. Lemuel Johnston married a cousin Zelida Wortham and a sister to Ophila, William's wife. Jesse Johnston married Mattie Sanders. He and his family lived around St. Jo, Texas and Love County, Oklahoma. Willie Johnston married in Tennessee or Mississippi to

(Continued on page 72)

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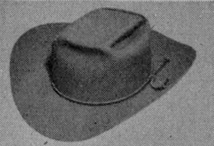

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Hell for Leather Rangers

(Continued from page 23)

secure some kind of preservative for their trophies.

Jim Norton lived up to his nickname of "The Terrible Sailor" by volunteering to cut off the two heads. Jack's head had a ragged bullet hole through it and was in such bad shape Norton decided to cut off his disfigured hand instead. He dropped the grisly trophies into a flour sack.

Since no treasure had been found, Norton tried to intimidate the two prisoners, threatening them with a similar fate, but the prisoners wouldn't talk.

Having the two outlaws decapitated usually has been written up to make it seem a necessary action taken only after the most thoughtful deliberation by Love. This was not the case. The rangers didn't hesitate for a moment to behead Joaquin. On the contrary, it was a custom dating back hundreds of years. When a reward was "on a man's head," that was exactly what was meant, and the rewards posted on Joaquin were no different.

If a criminal were killed in those early days, a head was needed for identification and a head was all that was brought most of the time. Also, a head on exhibition around town did much to deter crime —or so it was believed.

Rangers Sylvester and Byrnes made good time across the valley despite the searing July heat. They arrived at the rough little town of Millerton, ninety miles away, after an eight-hour trip. In later years, Sam Bishop was to recall ferrying the two dust-covered riders across the San Joaquin River. By this time the sack and its contents were smelling pretty bad, and when the rangers reached the other side of the river, they dumped their trunkless companions on the ground. Bishop offered Sylvester and Byrnes an empty ten-gallon whiskey keg to carry the head and hand, and the men galloped on their way.

MILLERTON was a small mining community of rough unpainted shacks on the banks of the San Joaquin River. The two rangers headed for the closest saloon, which was Ira Stroud's, and it wasn't long before half the town was trying to crowd in to get a look at the remains of the outlaws. Sylvester and Byrnes didn't have to worry about drinks for the next few days.

Two slits were made in the top of Joaquin's head and a leather thong was passed through them. The hand of Three-Fingered Jack was treated similarly; whenever someone wanted to see the prizes, they were lifted out of the keg and displayed by this means.

As soon as they could get away from the crowd, the rangers sought Dr. Leach, one of the two local doctors, and asked how to preserve the head and hand. The doctor couldn't spare any alcohol but suggested that whiskey would work just as well until they got to Stockton.

Love, in the meantime, had given up the chase after the remainder of Joaquin's men had struck out for Millerton also. One of the prisoners drowned (either intentionally or accidenta while crossing a slough, and the p proceeded with the remaining cap José Ochova.

After picking up Byrnes and Sylve at Millerton, the ranger group rod Mariposa, arriving July 31, 1853. prisoner was turned over to She Boling and he stood trial on August record of the trial, signed by eigh citizens, declared that the prisoner known Joaquin Murrieta well and tha was a member of his band. It fur stated that the head now in possessio Captain Love was that of "the g robber and murderer, Joaquin Murrie A few days later, Ochova was lync by an irrate mob.

The head and hand were exhibite Quartzburg from August 1 to 8 w the rangers gathered affidavits as to authenticity of the head. Justice of Peace J. H. Keen took the testimony John Green, Henry C. Long, Hosea V Susan Banta and many others who they definitely could identify the hea Joaquin Murrieta's. As a matter of ord, Ranger Bill Byrnes also made ou affidavit in which he stated that he been acquainted with Joaquin since spring of 1850.

It was the end of Joaquin Murr and yet only the beginning of a C fornia legend. News of the death spr to the settlements. The San Franc *Alta* ran a brief account of the ba only five days after the affair. Ne papers up and down the state recou the thrilling news.

And then it started. The Sacrame *Union* slyly stated that Love had turned to Stockton with the head of Joaquin." The Los Angeles *Star* sta on August 13 that Joaquin was still a and was in the neighborhood of Fernando with twenty-five men. Ot newspapers followed the lead. To add the confusion, the San Francisco *Her* published the following letter:

"Señor Editor Herald: As my capt or supposed capture seems to be topic of the day, I will, through y kindness, inform your readers of y valuable paper that I still retain head, although it is proclaimed thro the presses of your city that I was cently captured. Signed, Joaquin Caril

Despite affidavits to the contra some people were beginning to come f ward and declare that the head wa hoax. A Stockton newspaper proba expressed the opinion of the major when it said, "Some of the newspap seem to doubt whether the rangers h really got hold of Joaquin. What is object of their ill-natured remarks? W do they on this, as on all other occasio cast a slur on the reputation of as br a body of young men as ever entered field."

Still, the rumors persisted that h continued until this day.

On August 10 Love and Connor t Murrieta's head and Three-Finge Jack's hand to Stockton and obtaine large glass jar. The trophies were d played for one day at the Stockton Hou on August 12. More affidavits were tained and Love returned to the range who were in camp in Mariposa Coun

ıor was put in charge of the exhibit he returned to camp when relieved Rangers Black and Nuttal, who dis-ed the head at San Francisco on ıst 17.

August 27, Love was at the capital enicia presenting affidavits to Gov-r Bigler. The governor was satisfied Love was entitled to the reward and ed a note to that effect. He had Love a statement that he couldn't have n Murrieta alive and that he had red him shot while he was mounted trying to escape.

n August 30, 1853, Love was pre-ed the $1,000 reward check and a few later the money was equally di-d among the ranger force. On May 1854, the State Legislature passed a ial act rewarding Love and his gers with an additional $5,000 for penses incurred in the capture of the rious robber Joaquin."

THE rangers' later activities, little is known. William Howard seems to kept in touch with some of them and ater years was to record that many hem died violent deaths. Some were d during the Civil War, some in gun-ts and others in various types of ac-nts. Howard himself was the last of California Rangers. He died at Port-l, Oregon, in January of 1924, at the of ninety-seven.

Villiam Byrnes, who had been so in-mental in the death of Joaquin, was an of adventure all his life. By the dle 1870s, he had so many bullets ged in his body from various fights he suffered unbearable pain. He died aming in the Stockton insane asylum he early 1880s.

atrick Edward Connor was to go on colorful career in the U.S. Army. He sted as a colonel with the California unteers at the opening of the Civil r and marched with a command of men to Salt Lake City. He established t Douglas near the city to protect the lers and the mail route from maraud-Indians. In 1863 he defeated the Sho-ni and Bannock Indians on Bear er, ending a long series of depreda-s. Two years later he personally led of the three participating columns he Powder River expedition. Connor le the first discovery of silver in the satch Range and did much to develop ing in Utah. He also was the founder he *Union Vidette* and for many years prominent in the anti-Mormon move-nt in Utah. He reached the rank of eral officer during the Civil War and l in 1891.

Harry Love, the ranger captain, oper-d a sawmill in the Santa Cruz Moun-ns but in 1862 his mill was wiped out floods. He was a spectacular figure those early years and became known "The Black Knight of Zayante." In 8 he married Mary Bennett, a widow o owned most of the property in nta Clara. It was not a happy mar-ge; they quarrelled constantly and d apart a great deal of the time.

This situation and his business rever-s seemed to prey on Love's mind. He k to drinking and became increasingly rose and jealous. Mrs. Love hired a German laborer to help out on her farm and to aid her in getting into and out of her buggy (she weighed 300 pounds). In the former ranger captain's tortured mind, this man—Chris Iverson—became a rival for his wife's affections and Love threatened them on several occasions.

On June 28, 1868, Iverson accompanied Mary to San Jose to transact some business. Love saw them and became violently angry. He hurried home and armed himself with a pistol and a shotgun loaded with birdshot, and stationed himself behind a fence in the yard. As he crouched behind his barricade, he munched crackers and boiled a pot of coffee as though waiting out a seige.

Iverson and Mrs. Love were about fifty yards from the house when they spotted Love. Iverson pulled his revolver and both men fired simultaneously. Love hit Iverson in the face and arm but did no serious damage. The German's shot missed completely.

Although Love was protected by the fence, Iverson coolly advanced on him. Love fired the other barrel of his shotgun and emptied his six-shooter. The first five shots missed but the last one struck Iverson in the arm. Reaching the fence, Iverson fired point-blank at Love. The ex-ranger let out a howl and ran for the house clutching his right arm and shouting for help.

The German leaped the fence and caught Love on the porch, where a desperate struggle ensued. As they struggled, a carpenter and some other men rushed up and managed to separate them.

Iverson wasn't seriously hurt but Harry Love had received two severe wounds. When the doctors arrived they decided his arm would have to be amputated. During the course of the operation, large doses of chloroform were administered to the suffering man but it was no use. By the time the surgery was completed, Harry Love was dead.

It is said that Love and the other rangers were haunted by the headless ghost of Joaquin Murrieta, but this is not true. Harry Love's only enemy was himself. As a group, the rangers were as fine a force of fighting men as California or the West ever saw.

My Mother

(Continued from page 46)

job, he'd put him off until he'd fed him. If he dilly-dallied at his food, he wouldn't have him, said that's the way he'd work. But if he went at his food like he enjoyed it and meant business, he'd hire him on the spot." She used to tell about Grandma Byler and other characters. She was a character herself.

There is the story she loved to tell of the quail pie. Our ranch neighbors on up Long Hollow from us were the Wrights. One day about noon "Bud" Wright came along. He was a large man with a large manner and a large appetite. There were other extra people for dinner that day, as happened often, and the children waited for the second table. The main dish was a very large quail pie, made of quail we boys had trapped. Mr. Bud took to it with enormous gusto.

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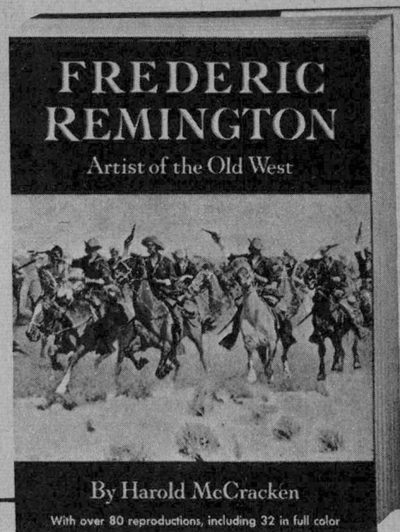

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With thoughts on her children waiting for the second table, my mother watched Mr. Bud's pile of quail bones mount. He had begun by piling them on one side of his plate, but the pile grew top-heavy and finally he cleared them all off on the tablecloth. He ended by picking the flesh from another quail or two, r'ared back and said, "Ella, that pa'tridge pie was mighty good but it would have been better if you'd of fried them pa'tridges before you put them in with the dough."

"I didn't say so," my mother always concluded the story, "but I was thankful I hadn't fried them."

RELIGION and all church services were a positive joy to my mother. Her tolerance of the respect for some dim-minded preachers and for moralistic vaporings seemed to me beyond all demands of charity and against reason. Yet, however unintellectual such an attitude was, nobody who knew her ever charged her with lacking common sense. Common sense was emphatically one of her strong points. Her religion was spiritual, only slightly ecclesiastical, not at all ritualistic. A part of her religion was to give "a tenth to the Lord," but her giving was never rationed according to what she could charge off against income taxes. She tithed her gross income, not her net. Foreign missions got part.

She devoutly believed in prayer, but she ridiculed some kinds of prayer. She used to quote as not going far enough and wide enough:

God bless me and my wife,
My son John and his wife,
Us four and no more.

She told a story of a man too lazy to get on his knees at night who wrote out on a sheet of paper his chief desires, tacked it to the wall at the head of his bed, and every night would make a weak knee movement toward the prayer and say, "Lord, them's my sentiments."

She had absolute faith in immortality and heaven. Meantime this earth was a mighty good place on which to live. Long after she began going downhill, if someone asked her how she felt, she might reply, "Slightly disfigured but still in the ring." She confidently believed that if everybody were a Christian the world would be all right. If I argued that the people who have charge of affairs must have superior intelligence and be well informed, she would agree; at the same time she would stick to her original thesis.

If everybody were as genuinely good as she was and had as much common sense as she had, the world would not need much managing. She disciplined herself into serenity. Time and the world tamed the impetuous and wildly free spirit with which nature endowed her, but they did not break her spirit of independence, and nothing soured her wholesomeness.

In the final addition, she lived more positively than most people. She was out of the old rock. In her way, past eighty-seven, she died with her boots on.

Lure of the Gold Camps

(Continued from page 37)

back, take a step forward and try a
When those in the shop had taken
was needed, they would tell him to go
he would proceed to Amador, where
tin Howard, later my husband,
charge of the shop. That horse w
back in, as at the other shop, and
relieved of the load, would go to
stable, where I hope he had good care
did this for more than two years.

Our sister, Belle, was born at this
in July, 1856. She was loved by all
but lived a short life and on Nover
23, 1858, was laid on the hill beside
brother. In the spring of the next
1859, our dear brother Frank was bu
there also.

SOMETIME about 1856, at a p
called Rancharia, which all old
fornians well remember, there wa
terrible massacre. There was great
citement and many a poor innocent S
iard and Mexican lost his life. I rem
ber well sitting on the veranda of
American Exchange Hotel when a M
can was being tried. I don't think he
proven guilty, but nothing would pa
the crowd. He was taken to a tree
north of town and hanged. He had a
sister there who wanted to have his
taken down but the crowd threatene
shoot anyone who dared touch the bo

Little Jerry Howard, who was alw
ready to dare most anything, told
sister he would help her, but that law
crowd threatened him. He stood b
opened his coat, and told them to sh
When they backed down, he cut the M
can down and after waiting awhile, w
with the woman to Barnard's store
Spanish Town, where they got some
to fix a box. The two of them took it
to the tree and, I think without help,
the man into it. There were plenty
reasonable people who did not approv
all that was done but, as is aways
case, it is the rougher and more lawl
who rule in lynchings. I often wonde
there is anyone in Sutter Creeek
remembers this incident.

BROTHER FRANK died very s
after arrangements had been mad
return to Illinois, our parents hav
sold both shops and home. It was v
hard to leave our little graves on the
but farm life had always appealed to
father and no good title could then
gotten to land in California.

I do not know how many days it took
reach New York but it was a beauti
Sunday morning when we arriv
Church bells were sending their delig
ful chimes to us across the water
some of the passengers sang "Ho
again, Home again." But it was not
home. We were in the city several d
sightseeing and trading. We had star
as light as possible, very little bagga
being allowed, and now needed somethi
to wear until we were settled in a pl
of our own.

We went from New York to Oswe
where my mother's relatives had li
since they had come to America ye
before. Here we stayed some time; I do

mber how long. Mart Howard, who returned with us, went to his father's at Polaski. He stayed there until mber, when he again joined us at och, Illinois, where my parents had ed on a farm, and here we were mar- on January 1, 1860.

y father died in Waukegan in 1884; mother in Antioch in 1891; my hus- , Mart Howard, in Antioch in 1898. all lie in Union Cemetery in the ship of Antioch, Illinois, from which the long journey to California had n. Were I but a little younger, I d like to go again to California. I do think I would have any complaint to e, either of its climate or its people.

Jornada Cattle Drive

(Continued from page 33)

is telling us a good place to cross on way home," he told his father.

he old man gave us a wave of his and walked on. "You are three s seven, and should understand Eng- " he said tartly, and went on his . Gene looked after him a little grined, but didn't say anything.

r. Baird did appreciate John Rhodes' ce and his rescue of the longhorn the quicksand. "Though I'd have a couple of ropes around her horns had the boys pull her free," he mbled.

Hell's fire, Dad," Gene protested in- nantly, "you'd have broken her neck way." Mr. Baird just gave his son our look and grunted something we 't understand.

eeing that Gould could handle the e from there on, Baird, Gene and I them and turned homeward. We ught back seventeen horses to the rd Ranch. Mr. Baird rode the beauti- Gilmore stallion. We made very good e.

HEN we reached the west bank of the Rio Grande the wind was blow- real hard. Mr. Baird's dilapidated hatbrim was down over his eyes, he was talking up a storm and wav- one arm as he talked. Gene motioned me to turn off down the river with , and I opened my mouth to yell at Baird as I could see that his horse headed for the river where the er looked mighty deep. I figured better follow Jim Rhodes' advice go on down below the dam to cross re the water spread out shallow. e put his fingers to his lips, and ok his head. He didn't want me to n his dad.

he stallion struck the water and for minute we could see nothing of the er except the top of Baird's Stetson, the ears and top of the horse's head. en the horse began to swim easily. Gene and I went down the river, fol- ing John Rhodes' tip, and walked horses across. When we reached rd he was wringing water from his thes, pouring it out of his boots, and ing the air with language that was enough to dry his wet garments out nto.

He gave Gene hell in all forms, but n't say anything to me. Gene unloaded on him then because he had been mad at his father for not listening to what Rhodes said about the river crossing. Sometimes the tricks those two played on each other were a bit rough.

When the old man was about half dry we started east at a fast gait. Even riding hard we didn't reach the Pot Hook Ranch until well after sundown. Mr. Turney met us at the gate. After we'd corralled, watered and fed our horses we were taken to the house for supper. The light of the kerosene lamp was warm and friendly, and the meal was the kind of cooking that makes a man loosen his belt a notch or two.

The foreman's wife was cook. I was all hands and feet, feeling awkward in the presence of this lady. My beard, the color of a carrot, hadn't felt the touch of a razor since the third of July. My hair though was dark brown, and so long and shaggy it made me look about the age of my father. I just felt I wasn't "fitten" for any lady to look at. We stayed at Baird's two weeks.

The eleven who went on this drive were: Jim Gould and sons Lige and Buster (the eleven-year-old); Jim Baird and son, Gene; Albert Burch; Ed Rhodes; Chon Duran; Nick and Chick Carter; and Jess Goodsell, the cook. Goodsell was a good cook, and kept our tin plates clean. I knew him before we started on the drive, and spent one day on the wagon seat beside him after a horse had fallen with me on night herd. I was pretty sore for a day or two.

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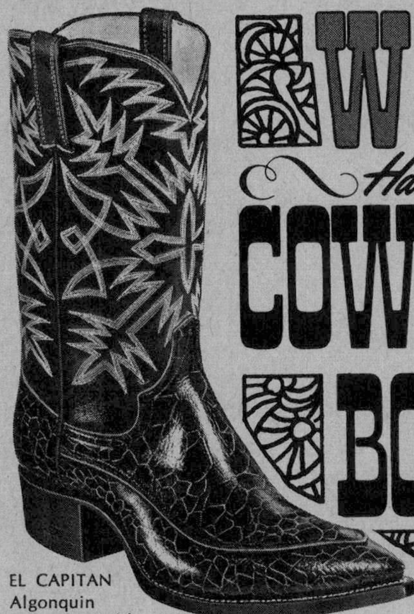

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I've always liked horses; still do. I guess I came by this liking and respect for good horses from my father. I know I inherited my dad's love of "horse trading." And I suppose I did inherit some of the Quaker traits of my father, but I also developed a yen for traveling, and that is what brought me to Alamogordo, New Mexico, from my parents' home in Kansas.

MY GRANDAD had a team of horses that were getting old, and he offered them for sale along with a wagon and harness for $190.00, but found no takers. One morning my dad, a youngster of nine, was sent to a neighbor's farm on an errand with the team. Near a campground on the way he passed a fagged-out team hitched to a new covered wagon.

A man stood beside the team. As it was the custom in those days to greet all strangers, my father spoke to him. The traveler asked if my father would trade teams with him—the whole outfit, wagon and harness. Dad saw that the wagon and harness were good. The team had been hard driven, and needed rest and feed. Dad examined the horses' mouths, and found that one horse was four years old, the other five. He thought he could make a good trade. The stranger transferred his load to Granddad's wagon, and left hurriedly.

Dad went a mile farther with the fagged team to the home of the neighbor where he put the horses in the barn. He had been given permission to spend the day there with his friend, son of the neighbor.

It was late that afternoon when he started home, and though the team had rested some, he drove them slowly so it was almost dark when he arrived. The whole family was out in the front yard waiting for him, worried because of the lateness of the hour. When Granddad saw the new team, he demanded an explanation. He decided my father had made a good trade.

"We'll have to get the team in shape," he said. "A lot of feed, rest, and a good currying morning and night will do the trick."

In a few weeks those horses were in good condition. Father mixed a wonderful "conditioning powder" which he gave the horses, and they were a real good looking team. The horses were worked that summer and in the fall one was sold for $175.00 and the other for $150.00. Now that shows my father was a good horse trader even at nine. I wasn't so bad myself. I remember how I started my horse swapping when I was fourteen, and made $15 on a $10 investment.

I remember Dad telling about my grandfather's owning a thirty-five-year-old horse. When the family moved (by wagon, of course) from Illinois to Kansas this old family friend was led behind a wagon. My granddad held horse shows for his three boys as often as the work around the farm permitted.

I'm glad I lived in the lusty days in New Mexico before it was given statehood. I was drawn to Alamogordo because I'd been told that wages were big there—$6.00 a day for skilled l After only two weeks in that l town I began contracting building and made, for those times, the nificent sum of $10.00 per day.

But though the money was nic have, the happiest memories I hav the sunny Southwest are those da spent on the herd drive, when Mexico and I were young.

Lame Charlie Speaks

(Continued from page 19)

explaining that he was already "pr old man" when the palefaces forced Indians to make war with them.

According to Charlie many were deeds committed by a chosen banc roving renegades who traded the p and starvation of the main tribes for full-bellied, exciting plunder trail. T atrocities were usually limited to points, the Emigrant Trail along Humbodt River and the freight roa the south. The former, however, nished the most booty and exciteme

He touched but briefly on Neva winters for they were best forgot The renegades were then forced mingle with the friendlies can around the fortified express stat forty miles south of the Humboldt Ri Stebbin's Post at Robert's Creek Mo tain was a favorite hangout. Here station master not only let the squ screen the undigested grain from man piles but doled out sacks of barley w the storms got too rough. At times, w the pine trees produced no nuts and *taboose* roots failed to grow, this their only sustenance.

Even when these crops were plent and stored for winter the whites hun out their caches. Such acts left the tri further weakened and only served to more lean-bellied recruits to the ren ade band. Then, let summer roll aro and these rabid cutthroats felt all more reason to murder and plunder, as our fire cast weird shadows Cha pulled a three-foot square of brai rabbit skin over his limbs and reli many of these red-blooded days.

HE, known then as E-sha (Coyot and several clansmen had been lo ing around an emigrant camp on Mag Creek pondering the mysteries of bla smithing. A tough road lay ahead o the high summit of Emigrant Pass a down Stonewall Canyon to Grave Ford. Due to sheer, volcanic palisa which hugged the Humboldt rapids several miles the road made this ha moon detour to the north. Tender ho and wagon wheels had to be prepa for this fifteen-mile, boulder-stre stretch. One buck (dubbed "Two Sh since a drover had given him a pair castoff shoes), his body gaily paint with ochre dust, had ventured so cl to an animal being shod that it h kicked over the farrier and stamped This resulted in Two Shoe getting lash across his face and back with a b whip until he took to the hillside whe he sat nursing his wounds and planni revenge.

ven though they had been given , two hatchets, sulphur matches and y trinkets by the emigrants, these ans were only watching for a chance elp themselves, not only to food but e firearms which they had observed. the bleeding redskin added murder heir plans. He talked it over with a and the others, and although the ority were against anything more ent than relieving the emigrants of r food and guns, some listened with e sympathetic ears.

he next day in the depths of Stone- Canyon, after spying for an op- une moment, they closed in on the der of the bull whip. Luck, both good bad, found him lagging far behind half dozen other wagons. Professing ndship, the Indians quietly and deftly rpowered the man and his young wife m they trussed with thongs. Then, the helpless parents looked on, they taken the two infants, presumably ns, and amused themselves by tossing m high in the air and letting them on the boulders. Once death had e to the children, Two Shoe had hodically "fixed him and him squaw." nembrance caused a smile to play und Charlie's wide mouth.

ach sun found them bolder and more -crazy as they harassed the emigrants ng the Humboldt trail; each raid, ugh, was becoming increasingly heavy h casualties. The emigrants, fore- rned, carried more and more "shoot- ks." Even though the Indians had ained a few guns they knew little ut their mechanics and when the 's ammunition was exhausted the apon was useless.

VON-GATA (The Striped One), ar- rogant and vengeful, had gained his ne through his yen for painting bright ipes down his body from forehead to ls. Claiming the powers of *Tu-ya-lu- Che-e-vo-gah-lu* (One Who Speaks Another) Won-gata had gone off on nountaintop and held a two-sun com- nion with the Great Father *Te-lu-gu-* That mighty protective Spirit had d Won-gata to make war bonnets of low-topped rabbit brush and no white n's "shoot stick" could harm them. om the moment these terrifying head- rs were completed the band became ger to try out their charm. An op- tunity soon presented itself.

The band had been visiting peaceful mbers of the tribe who had long been nped along Maggie Creek at its con- ence with the Humboldt, begging food d all else they could wheedle from the gon parties who all summer dotted e landscape. "One moon before leaves l" (which would place the time at rly September) several renegade bucks re basking in the afternoon sun, di- sting the bread and beans given them a young member of one wagon "with g around head, and him squaw." It was be their final feed from these two agons which had fallen a day behind e others. Already the two families re readying their wagons and stock r the hard drag over ten miles of rocks the summit. (Most parties tackled this

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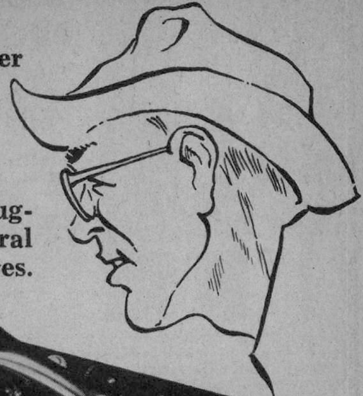

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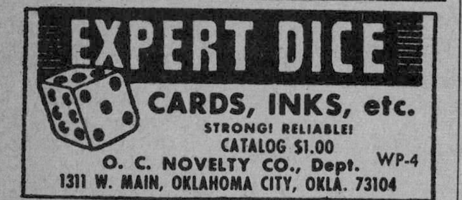

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stretch during the cool of the night).

Won-gata suddenly appeared. He had just ridden in from a hard day's jaunt, having visited a medicine man to have the evils of a rattlesnake beaten and sung out of his leg. At the moment of Won-gata's coming every buck present was startled witless when the "young squaw with hair like ripened grass" had unwound the bandage from the young drover's head. "Him look from only one side of face," Al told me, meaning the man had but one eye. This statement caused me to hang on Charlie's every utterance as Al interpreted the matter-of-fact recital.

According to Won-gata, any paleface with such a jagged red hole in his head could be nothing short of a devil and "bad medicine." It took but a few moments of his exorcism to purge the gullible bucks of the last morsel of food given them by the evil one. Vomiting until they could retch no more, the frightened braves pushed weak legs over their ponies' backs and slowly wended their way to the Indian village by the river.

Here, Won-gata immediately assembled a *pah-nu-e-tu-ve* to discuss the destruction of such a devil-possessed one. For unless he and those about him were killed, every Indian who had partaken of their food would wither and die. Against Won-gata's haranguing the peaceful members of the village, and especially one young squaw, held out against harming the white travelers. Won-gata, having revised his plans, now talked louder and faster. With the fervor of a born leader he harped on the loot from flour to shoot-sticks and "boom-powder"(ammunition). Besides, did they all want to dry up like an old moccasin and die?

BEFORE DAWN seven renegades mounted their ponies and, with their weird warbonnets flapping in the breeze, galloped west. Two members carried rifles, the others hatchets and knives, and one a bow and arrows. Reaching the crest of the range at sunrise they scanned the pass where the wagons should be. No wagons. Separating, they rode both canyon rims towards the river. Still no sign of life. Won-gata had hoped to be lying in wait at the narrow spot where Two Shoe had had such easy pickings. They were nonplussed over the distance their quarry had traveled during the night, when a splotch of dust far down the rock-walled canyon sent them galloping to head off the two wagons before they could reach the river. Usually many wagons would be resting up at this point.

Their planned ambush in the canyon failed. The wagons had already rounded the last walled turn and had reached the flat when the Indians swept around the lead wagon with blood-curdling whoops, causing teams to jack-knife and go tearing out through the brush. Before the savages had time to fire their rifles or loose an arrow, a volley from the rear wagon tumbled the two rifle-toters from their mounts.

The lead wagon had been swung back to the road by the drover's wife but hit a wash and rolled over, scattering o pants and their worldly goods e which way as the covered bed tore l from the running gears. Two n smoking blasts came and two more Won-gata's fearsome braves were clawing in the dirt.

But it had not been one-sided; hat and arrow had gotten in their work those of the wrecked wagon. As the dians closed in on the second wagon team added to the bedlam by bolt Won-gata tried to grab a leader's br but only succeeded in swerving the ho in a gravel-throwing circle until it upset and was dragged on its side u the double-tree tore lose.

Their shelter gone, a man and one-eyed youth were seen trying to load their rifles while heading fo deep wash. The man went down mediately from a well aimed hatchet a bleeding-faced girl grabbed up fallen man's gun and joined the youth the wash.

It now behooved the three disorgani renegades to get clear of the line of and hold council. Warily approach from a blind quarter they saw the and a buckskin-clad woman running ward the river. Exposing themselves give chase would be foolhardy, so W gata crept close, bellied down and pee over the cut bank. An explosion and eruption of black smoke attested to evil one's presence as Won-gata's rab brush charm was blown from his h along with half his face. The one-e devil was a tough one!

"Indians pretty scared of him," int preted Al. Another powwow brought n strategy and soon an armload of bu ing sage and grass was dumped down the youth's head. As he leaped clear the inferno, a heavy, well-aimed r was heaved on his skull.

While they had won the skirmish a removed the curse of the evil one, it w a costly ending to what had promised be a one-sided lark. Neither pausing pilfer pockets nor to appropriate the t death-dealing rifles, the remaining dians set fire to the overturned wag beds and tossed their annointed wa bonnets, which had so utterly fai them, into the flame.

GALLOPING DOWN the north ba their quarry was soon spott though they could scarcely believe th eyes. One was a woman of their o race—a recalcitrant member who, t night before, had argued bitterly agai harming the whites. They now knew w they had failed to waylay the wagons the canyon. First they would attend this blood traitor who was now "runni like scared rabbit downriver."

On learning, the evening before, Won-gata's intentions, the young squa had sneaked away and stumbled throu the night until she overtook the par camped at the summit. Apprising the of the planned slaughter, and acco panying them for her own safety, t desperate group fled down Stonewa Canyon. If they could reach Gravel Ford the squaw was certain they wou find many wagons camped. If not, the

a friendly Indian encampment a few s farther down the river.

o such good fortune awaited them he ford, however, and now the In- girl lay panting among the willows, lungs near bursting from exhaustion. n began a torture reserved for just traitors. Her sight was destroyed the points of blazing sticks. This shed, they left her to rue her perfidy; uge mistake on their part. A party ing into the ford on their way east d her sitting in the thick under- h. The following day she was re- ed to her people on Maggie Creek re she named the raiders, and de- e the horrible ordeal, lived to a very age. (The incidents regarding this -hearted squaw—as related by Lame rlie—we later found corroborated in in the *History of Nevada* published 880.)

he Indians began a systematic search the girl whose blood-caked tresses hat point must have resembled any- g but "ripened grass." While one the willow thickets the other rode high points north of the stream. m a big hill, far down the river, the less girl was spied crouching in the ebrush near the wagon trail. Before cy, in the form of death, came her , though, the fiends had well-sated r hate for the whites.

hree days later Charlie (E-sha) and other of their henchmen, who had ved in the Maggie Creek camp n a foray to the south, accompanied two murderous raiders to the scene the carnage in the hope of finding uable booty. Their only reward was ee crows and magpies pecking at the llen bodies of their fallen brothers to view several fresh mounds where e of the victims had been found by r emigrants and buried where they

HE ferociousness of this raid climaxed this particular band's work for all e. Col. Warren Wasson hastily dis- ched Capt. Everett Poole with cavalry n Fort Ruby to the Indian encamp- t. Here the peaceful members of the e, having already viewed the reneg- s' handiwork in the person of the d, disfigured squaw, put the finger the perpetrators. One chose to make n for it and was riddled with army l. The other paid his debt as he ngled below a cottonwood beam at t Ruby.

Vith the army now in constant patrol the Humboldt and especially the velly Ford sector, any Indian having en for pillage and murder had best his luck in the remote regions ther south. And there is little doubt it being down there that bullets ught about E-sha's less romantic title. put this question to him. A gleam of e and suspicion burned in his eyes he studied our faces, but instead of wering he suddenly pointed as if rmed at something momentous.

Far across the valley the glow of a ng sun was peeping over the moun- n crest—apparently a signal to old arlie that Te-lu-gu-pu's wrath had n appeased. He wasted no time in reminding us of our promise of meat, flour and tea.

So, out of Kilpatrick's meager knowl- edge, coupled with Lame Charlie's night- marish tale we can only try to piece together a misty tragedy that had its ending right where we had started—at a massive cross on a lonely butte. For there remains one irrefragable fact: Al- though Lame Charlie had not revisited the scene of that bloody raid in upwards of half a century he was able to give us the exact location of where the white people fell. And it was through the ac- cuteness of this memory that we suc- ceeded in finding three of the graves which he had seen when they were fresh mounds of dirt and stone.

One of these sunken, coyote ravaged, brush-grown scars of an era of savagery, in all probability, marks the last resting place of Obediah—the one-eyed friend of little Lucinda—whatever his surname.

I believe that the bones which now repose beneath the huge cross directly across the river from the "big hill" described by Charlie, are those of Lu- cinda Kilpatrick, erroneously labeled Duncan. As to how the names became garbled one can only surmise.

Today, on Highway 40, we speed over that same road from Carlin through Emigrant Pass and in ten minutes cover the distance it took an emigrant wagon as many hours to negotiate. And, to the south, as one looks down Stonewall Can- yon and across the river, one may see the Streamliners race alongside the very trail where once the feet of plodding teams and myriad wheels left their deep and lasting marks. Just a few miles east of Beowawe, the conductor may point out the giant cross and inform his pas- sengers they are "now passing one of Nevada's historical spots."

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 5)

including the cost per person to get to go on a once-in-a-lifetime treasure hunt. I need to know as soon as possible how many people would be interested. Before embarking on a hunt with this potential, everyone would have to sign agreements. All going along would be equal share- holders. All treasures and artifacts found would be the property of the group and all proceeds derived from the sale of treasures or artifacts would be divided equally.

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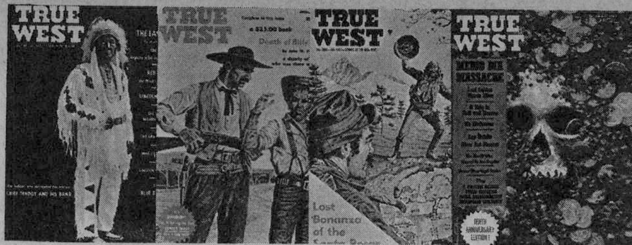

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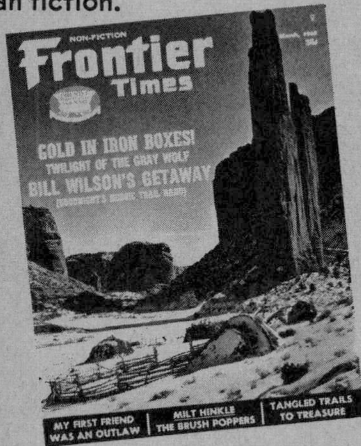

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Washday in Indian Territory

(Continued from page 43)

the children. Now get your knife from the crotch of the old tree and cut one piece of lye soap into the kettle.

The water is warm enough now to start rubbing so you dip out half a tubful and start on the white things. Each piece must be carefully soaped, then rubbed by hand on the brass washboard. Soap-rub-rub-dip and wring—soap again and put in the wash pot to boil. A clean, peeled hickory stick jabs each piece down into the now boiling water.

The next batch of clothes goes in the tub now. Again the back breaking rub-rub-rub and the second boiling is ready. Pour out the tub of dirty water and carefully lift the first boiling out of the kettle into the tub—carry more cold water from the creek to cool the clothes so you can give them another quick rubbing, and wring hard—until your wrists hurt—to get the soapy water out.

Now carry more water to fill two tubs for rinsing and blueing.

Put the calico dresses and bonnets along with the homemade blue shirts in the warm soapy water to soak a bit (they don't have to be boiled) while you stir, shake, dip and wring the "first boiling" from the rinse water. Arms about to give out? Back, too? Well the baby is fretting to eat, so wash your hands and face in the creek and sit down on the pallet quilt and you can rest while the baby nurses. You don't have much trouble keeping the children away from the fire or the water. Pioneer children are taught to mind. They must mind if they are to survive.

The baby is asleep now and you can get back to the wash. The sun's high and dinner has to be ready at twelve o'clock. Rub the dresses and shirts, wring them, lay them on the clean-scrubbed bench to be washed through the clean water left from the towel boiling. Rub hard, twist and wring. Examine each piece carefully to see that no spoiled spots are left—whoa!—that collar band is not clean; rub it generously with lye soap and rub some more.

Put the overalls (we called them "overhalls") in the soapy water to soak, leave the colored things in the cool rinse water and get home to fix dinner. You'll have to hurry—dinner has to be on the table when the menfolks come in at noon. Start the children ahead of you up the trail and you can pick a quart or so of those ripe blackberries to make a pie for dinner. You can put the sleeping baby in the shady place by the berries while you pick. You've got enough now and the children are far up the path ahead of you, so you walk pretty fast with your sleeping baby and bucket of fruit.

HOME! Send the two oldest to the woodpile to pick up chips for a quick hot fire in the cook stove while you peel and slice the potatoes you dug from under the vines last night. Build your fire, quickly now. Give the oldest child the berries to pick over, taking out the leaves and stems. What? Oh, sure, she can do it, just as well as a grown-up.

Run to the smokehouse for some side meat to fry and now that the pot and side meat are on the stove, the berries and get them on. Now ru the cellar for milk and butter— Helen, the oldest, to the garden for a bunch of green onions, and set the while she's gone, being sure to tur the dishes upside down on the tal flies, you know. They are awful bad of course, there's no such thing as dow screens in Indian Territory.

Sweeten the berries with sorg molasses, and slice cold biscuits on for crust. Put your pie in the oven a with the pan of cornbread you've sti up. Clean the onions Helen has bro in and send her out to break a bushy limb to keep the flies off table. Dinner is ready!

You hear the rattle of harness as menfolks bring in the team and hurry to hang up a clean towel for t to dry on.

Dinner is eaten, almost in silence. finicky appetites here. You are t and hungry and you eat what's on table without comment. What little versation there is comes in short w and sentences.

"Guess I'll finish the north f 'bout four."

"That so? Guess I'll finish the w ing 'bout the same time, maybe a l later."

"Shore hot. Stuff dries 'bout as q as the plow hits it."

"I guess I'll wash up the dishes w the kids take a nap. Hate to leave dishes—makes the flies so bad."

Half-past two o'clock and the b is still asleep. Got to get that was done so you can pick a waterbucke blackberries in the cool of the eve to can early tomorrow. Gently lift sleeping baby and carry him softly he wakes before his nap is finished will be cross all evening. Start the o three ahead of you down the path.

It's cool under the big trees and y back and wrists are somewhat rested won't take long to finish. The sun s it's half-past three and the clothes all done and spread on bushes and limbs to dry.

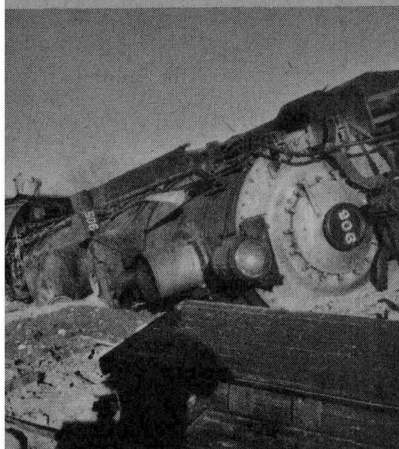
Pour water on the fire now. Care Too much will make hot steam ashes fly all over you. Now empty wash pot, turn it upside down and w out the tubs. Hang them on the t scrub the dirty overall water off side of the rub board. Wash off the s knife and climb up on the wash be and put it high in the fork of the t Give the kids a bath in the clear stream and wash day is over in Ind Territory!

Horny Toad Man

(Continued from page 27)

"During the flooding of the Grande about 1920, I was firing for S Hockett. Water was lapping at the between Los Lunas and Belen. We a slow order. Superintendent Ogg his private car hitched to the engine. Ogg was not our most popular sup intendent.

"Syd was going about four or f miles an hour, as per instructions, a



The wreck of the 905.

rintendent Ogg came out on the plat- of his car and highballed us. Like l, he was the superintendent, and he have been called "Mr." Ogg else- e, but nobody on the Horny Toad called him that.

yd turned to me and said, 'Don't look —Ogg is signalling—and if we don't his signals, we can't obey them. This of track and he wants us to open throttle! Maybe he thinks we can fly this stretch if we get to going fast gh.'

Vell, when we got to Belen, Ogg came to the engine and said 'Syd, why 't you take my signals?'

yd said, 'Ogg, you don't draw enough r to tell me what to do.' I guess it a good thing that Ogg shut up, be- e I can tell you Syd's eyes were oing.

There was always plenty of high r, believe me," Mr. Keller went on ently. (I did believe him, and so ld any Horny Toader who had seen st yearly floods over The Toad.) "I still firing for Syd Hockett on pas- ger. During one high water rampage, ate dinner at San Marcial at the vey House, then went on south. You ember the bridge just south of San cial? Well it was full of water. They ded us up a message that the road- ter would wade ahead of us and test track. The roadmaster was there n we arrived and he crawled up on engine and said he'd tried to wade out couldn't. He said, 'Syd, I found hole washed out four feet deep, and n't wade into it.'

'What do I do about this order to through?' Syd asked.

I spoke up. 'Well, I'm not going over

The conductor was Ed Quinlin—and came up about then, tagged by the inmaster. "What's the matter?' the inmaster asked sharply. 'You've got order to go through.'

'I know that,' said Engineer Hockett, t---'

'Do I have to draw you a map?' the inmaster wanted to know.

Syd looked at him real mean and d, 'We'll let the fireman off, cut the gine off, and I'll take you through. 'll be two brave men, dead or alive. the way, can you swim, sir?'

"The trainmaster hummed and hawed —and he backed down.

"There were other incidents, but these are the ones I remember best," Mr. Keller concluded. Engineer Benjamin K. Keller, *Muy Hombre!*"

ANOTHER ENGINEER, W. T. Bryant, also had his share of exciting experiences on the road. Mr. Bryant hired out firing in November, 1916. He remembers one day in 1919 when he was called to get out on a helper to Engle. In those days there was so much tonnage that they always ran a double header to Engle, because there was a steep grade and one engine couldn't make it.

"Before we arrived at Engle, the head brakeman came over and told us the fireman on the other engine was seriously ill, and asked me to take the train on to Deming. I had no change of clothes and no extra money. When I explained my predicament, someone said he would take care of that, so I asked the returning crew to let my wife know why I had gone on to Deming on freight. Charlie Folk was my regular engineer, and he went back to San Marcial on the helper. After he arrived at San Marcial he caught an extra-board man as fireman on his next trip, since I had traded off with Jesse Deering, the sick man.

"The next trip Charlie's fireman was a young man named Moore. Over between Engle and Crocker the engine broke loose from the tender and fireman Moore had both legs cut off, and bled to death. He dropped down between the cars and was run over. They made a fast run to San Marcial with him where he was pronounced dead on arrival.

"*If* is still a big word. If the fireman on Charlie Folk's regular turn hadn't been ill, and I hadn't had to take his place, I might have been the fireman on this trip when young Moore was killed. One wonders about such things."

Mr. Bryant fired for engineer C. A. (Charlie) Folk for many years. Mr. Folk had hired out as fireman in February, 1904.

"We had a lot of experiences together," Mr. Bryant reminisced. "I remember a time, about 1923, when Charlie and I were on the Lake Valley branch line. There we had a three hundred class engine and we got caught in a terrible snowstorm and were literally buried in a cut. The engine froze up stiff. We couldn't budge her. An official came up and asked, 'Why the hell didn't you drain the water?' He meant of course, the reservoirs, boiler and so on. Charlie gave him a look of disgust, and asked in that cold voice that he sometimes got. 'And just how do you drain an engine that is covered with seven feet of snow?'

"When did I hire out? Well, I made my first student trip November 5, 1916. Conductor Walter Hester and brakeman H. L. (Slim) Hair were on the run. Elmer Dils made a student trip before I did, and got into San Marcial before me. However, I gained seniority over him because he went fishing before taking his test on the book of rules. I came in early from my student trip and immediately started on my test. I was real tired, and

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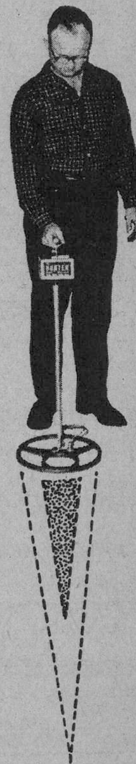

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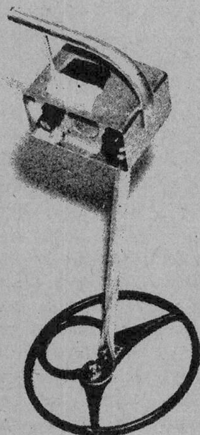

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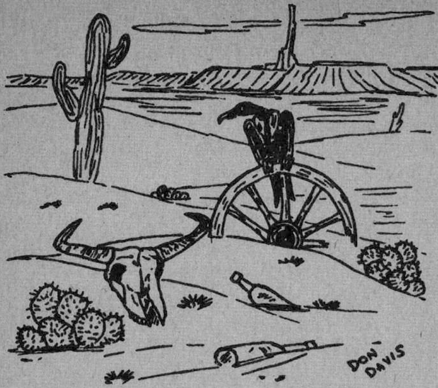

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I worked a long time, and finished just about office-closing time.

"I went up to the office and Mr. West flipped through the book and said, 'You didn't sign your name on the back page.' I signed, and West called the roundhouse to mark me up on the board. By getting marked up on the board first, I gained enough seniority to give me a regular job some time before Elmer did.

"What was I paid? Well, road engines were paying $3.05 for ten hours' work, switch engines $2.70. In 1916 one of my really big checks was for $90 for a month's work.

"Diesels? I was engineer on the first diesel in freight service. I had Henderson, I forget his first name, he was a new man—for fireman. That was on January 2, 1949, and I had engine number 136."

Another first for Mr. Bryant was the taking up of the track at Engle after construction on the Elephant Butte Dam had been finished.

"Charlie Folk and I were on the train that took up the last of the track used for work trains to take material to the dam site. J. B. (Cap) Sutton, who hired out in 1907, was the conductor.

"THERE were some amusing moments," Mr. Bryant confessed. "I remember once at Rincon when I sideswiped a box car while we were backing up on the Deming main line. Louis G. McKinnie, who had hired out in 1916, was the engineer. Well, McKinnie got his foot caught in the Johnson bar when the cab shifted, and bent the bar. He had a time getting his foot out. At the same time the boiler sprang open at the seams and steam filled the cab. McKinnie stuck his head out the window to keep from being blinded.

"I was down on the deck and I jumped back. The steam covered my face with asbestos with which the seams were packed. Valves were opened to shut off the steam pressure. Funny thing, but I had been to El Paso, gone to a discount house and bought a box of canned goods. And those cans went everywhere. Elmer Dils climbed up on the engine, took a look at my face, and said, 'Good God, you're scalded. Come on, let's get into the Harvey House and fix you up. Don't rub your face or the skin will come off."

"He led me into the Harvey House, and Margaret King, now Mrs. Lee E. Beahler, almost fainted. She and some of the others there helped me to get my face cleaned up, and we learned I wasn't burned after all. I was just plastered with that asbestos.

"Scared? Oh yes, plenty of times. But I think what caused me so many sleepless nights was different from the run-of-the-mill accident. I remember I was firing on the local in 1922, and just south of Belen three or four miles a man was on the roadbed on the fireman's side. We saw him cross himself, then jump in front of the engine. Of course it was impossible to stop the train. When we finally came to a stop, we learned he was a Mexican national. He had about fifteen dollars in his pocket and a suicide note, asking that the money be sent to his wife. I have often wondered what brought him to this mad deed."

Many of the railroad engineer[s re-]
marked about people trying to bea[t a]
train to the crossing. "A car can [get]
out of a train's path, but it takes a [long]
time to bring a speeding train to a [halt."]

ONE OF the most horrifying ex[peri-]
ences was told by the late F[...]
Davey. Engineer Davey started ou[t on]
The Toad in November, 1913, and [was]
promoted to engineer in June, 1920.

"This happened," said Mr. D[avey,]
"soon after the flood of 1929, when [San]
Marcial was washed away. I was [on a]
work train working on the roadbed a[...]
from San Marcial. The crew had [just]
left the mess car where they had e[aten]
their noonday meal, and had then sto[pped]
by the caboose for a moment. The[y]
took their places on the train then, [and]
I got the signal to shove the dump [cars]
full of gravel down the track to[ward]
the place where we were filling in.

"It was against the rules for an[y...]
to ride in the dump cars, so the train[...]
had to ride on the bumpers of these [...]
For some reason one of the autom[atic]
dump cars dumped early without [...]
help. When we reached the end of [the]
run, where we were supposed to d[ump]
all the cars, a civil engineer came [...]
and said, 'Where are the two trainm[en?]
I hope it's not what I think—but the[re's]
blood on the front truck of the [...]
car.'

"We climbed off the engine," [...]
Davey contiued, "and we found both [of]
them. They were cut into dozens [of]
pieces. One man, I remember, was [...]
and the other was thin. That's the [...]
way we knew how to sort them out [...]
blankets. W. C. Gott was the thin [...]
and P. A. Weber was the chunky [...]
Next day we didn't work, but took [...]
train over the ground again and a[...]
making tests. They tried to blame Jo[hn-]
nie Sullivan, the brakeman, who was [on]
top of a spreader next to the eng[ine.]
They thought he must have turned [...]
air into the cars, causing them to du[mp.]
McKee was superintendent, a man [...]
was as fair as they come. W. W. Walt[ers]
was trainmaster.

"After this tragedy, there was, [of]
course, the inevitable investigation. [...]
whole thing was so sudden, so uncal[led]
for—mysterious even. No one knew w[...]
or how it happened. In the investigat[ion]
everyone wanted to get at the truth. [...]
officials asked me over and over ag[ain]
if Johnnie Sullivan was in my view at [all]
times. I assured them again and ag[ain]
that he was never out of my sight [...]
a moment. Johnnie kept saying, 'I'd l[ike]
to ask a question.'

"They paid no attention to him, but [he]
was so insistent that Mr. McKee fina[lly]
said, 'Let him ask his question.'

" 'If I turned the air into it to du[mp]
the car, who turned the handle to bring [it]
back to level?'

" 'Well, Mr. Walters, what's yo[ur]
answer?' asked Mr. McKee.

"Mr. Walters shook his head. 'I do[n't]
know.'

"Next day the claim agent came [to]
talk to me, this time personally. I gue[ss]
he thought I could shed some new lig[ht]
on this thing, but I couldn't. I told h[...]

'I've given you all the information during the investigation.'
on't you know the trainmen are lowed to ride in the dump cars?' he
.
hey'd be alive today if they had,' inded him soberly.
his was the experience that kept me e nights for a long time. I'd go and over the situation in my mind, g to find some piece to the un- erable puzzle."

GINEER DAVEY told of another ad experience. "Oh, we all had les," he confided. "I think it was 1923 when we were going into ng. Lou Hildebrand was bridge and ing foreman, I remember. We were ng a car ahead of the engine with on the cars. A switch engine d out onto my track. A brakeman riding on the poles, and an old bridge was riding on the cars. The cars slamming against the ties and the nan was mashed—killed instantly. I judged liable and pulled out of serv- You see, I had disobeyed the rule, roaching train will be held respon- for accidents upon entering yards.' ny of the men superstitious, you Well, perhaps. I remember a con- ation of P. L. (Snort) Davidson, who l out on The Toad in 1922. While t and Rattlesnake Harris (I think name was Harry, or maybe it was —there were two firemen named is) were waiting for the ore cars to oaded at Santa Rita on the 5th day ly, they got into a sort of argument. ou see, on the grand and glorious rip-snorting fourth, there had been a o held at the stockyards in San cial. Rattlesnake appeared to be t half loaded, and Snort got him to a mean horse. Well, the horse threw is off, and he got cinders ground his face. (He carried the scars for g time.)
n the day following the celebration both caught the ore train into Santa Harris got to telling about how a in Arizona had beat him out of money. 'I told him it wouldn't do any good,' said Harris. Then he ed at Snort, a real hard, searching He put his hand to his face, feeling rough places, and we all knew what was thinking. It had been Snort, he ght, who caused his face to be red. Now he looked at Snort and said rly, 'You, Snort—you're not gonna over a year for the mean trick you ed on me.'
A week later Snort came to me and 'Frank, what Rattlesnake said wor- me.'
I told him it was just a bunch of ishness, and to forget it. However, than a year later, Snort Davidson killed between some cars at Deming, n engineer Thad Mossman backed him."
r. Bryant remembered the incident, said Snort was caught between two wbars and he talked to the crew and very alert, asking the men to break news to his wife gently. When the s were pulled apart he fell down dead. l Little was a brakeman on the crew.

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Signed, L. E. Schwartz.

I am indebted to Alvin Terrel Ash for the following poem, which Mr. Ash has read at numerous Memorial Services. He doesn't know when he first heard it, and the author is unknown, but certainly it applied to the Horny Toad man.

MEN WHO DIED IN THEIR OVERCLOTHES

Now that we've scattered the flowers of May
Over the graves of the Blue and the Gray,
Over the graves where the women weep,
Over the mounds where the heroes sleep;
Now let us turn to the graves of those
Who have lived and died in their overclothes.
Are they not heroes? Have they not died,
With their engines, side by side?
Have they not stood by the throttle and brake,
Gone down to death for their passengers' sake?
Calm, undisturbed, grant them peaceful repose—
Those men who died in their overclothes.
We would not take from the soldiers' graves
Not even a blade of grass that waves,
Nor would we ask you to hand us down
A single star from a soldier's crown;
All honor to these, but forget not those
Who lived and died in their overclothes.
When the moon's cold ray grows dim and pale,
And lightning leaps over glistening rail;
When the sharp sleet pelts each eager face,
As over the mountains and hills they chase;
Dreary indeed are the battles of those
Who fought and fell in their overclothes.
'Twould be sweet to know when we're laid to rest
With our hands folded silently over our breast,
That a woman comes to the grave once a year,
Bringing wreaths of flowers and a falling tear,
To dampen sadly the grave of those
Who lived and died in their overclothes.

This article was excerpted from *Horny Toad Man*, Boots and Saddle Press, copyright Lenore Dils, 1966.

Prowling for Loot on Delaware Creek

(Continued from page 15)

Since it was his discovery, he w[a]
down on a long pole. Charley sh[...]
gleefully as he pocketed the coins, s[...]
through all the dirt seeking others.

When he got out, the coins [...]
examined. He had two $10 gold [...]
four silver dollars dated 1878 and a[...]
ber of quarters and dimes. Wer[e]
cisterns some kind of wishing well[...]
which Indian students tossed m[...]
The others were entered but no [...]
money showed up.

ONE SATURDAY when we wer[e]
able to engage in our regular [...]
I met Barnett in town. His wife[...]
driven him there in a buggy.

"I been thinking far back," he [...]
earnestly. "Seems to me now that [...]
told me they crossed the creek [...]
there was a spring box (cooler h[...]
in a draw running into it. Right [...]
passing it is where they stopped an[...]
two was killed off."

Dunk McMillan, the cowman, w[...]
friend of the family. He informe[d]
that there had once been a spring[...]
between two short tributaries of[...]
Delaware inside his pasture fence [...]
corner west of Simmons' farm.

The spring box was a new lead[...]
needed looking into; however, we cou[...]
get to it right away. After the en[...]
the school year I went to riding the[...]
Hills range with Father's two hired [...]
boys. Sometimes I rode alone. This r[...]
lay in two counties toward upper [...]
ware, Coal and Pontotoc. One day I[...]
little to do so I rode across the[...]
McMillan pasture and around to [...]
son's farm. He was cultivating a [...]
field near the house when I rode up[...]
tied my horse.

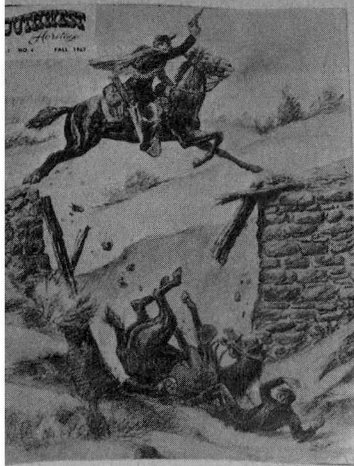
After talking awhile I asked i[f]
knew anything about an old spring [...]
Without answering my question he y[...]
at the house, "Hey, Mary!" When[...]
barefooted daughter appeared in the [...]
he instructed, "Take him over to w[...]
the spring box used to be."

Such a cooler meant that a family [...]
tainly lived close by at the time o[f]
use, yet none of the oldest settler[...]
the country recalled a house on the c[...]
Back in 1894 there had been only a [...]
Indians scattered through that wo[...]
region.

The girl, chattering every step of[...]
way, and I walked to the creek, follov[...]
a cow path to a shallow draw. W[...]
coursed down it in a thin stream fro[...]
small spring. This spot I had seen[...]
fore, but had not given it much at[...]
tion. Now she pointed out, visible thro[...]
the weeds, the outlines of rotted timl[...]
on each bank. The spring box had [...]
built across the draw. A rock dam [...]
low had raised water to the slats in [...]
floor of the cooler house.

Lining out from there, with the [...]
following closely, I searched thro[...]
briar patches, low vegetation and tim[...]
into Dodson's milch cow pasture. Th[...]
wasn't any evidence of graves.

It was late, well after dark, when I [...]



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ıe. Father met me at the saddle shed. Had a visit from that Clem Sim-ıs today," he began. "He claims you s have been pestering him by monkey- around on the Delaware where you e no business. He's real put out and s he's going to shoot somebody or sue parents for damages if his land is passed again. Best I could find out, demands you all stop it and that us ents better see that you do."

f course Simmons knew we had been ng to the Delaware as often as pos-e—not always the entire bunch but least three or four. Since our first -in we had carefully avoided him, except for that first time we hadn't n seen the man. Obviously he had t watch on us, though, when we went ough Dodson's farm.

Vhile walking toward the house for supper I explained that we had not ked with Simmons a second time, and l stayed away from his fence line.

Just the same, Simmons says he's go- to shoot you boys to keep you out there. He was real ringy mad," Father d.

HAT I didn't know until much later was that Father and Simmons had l quite an argument. The cranky old n had been informed that as long as didn't harm him, what we did was solutely none of his business. If he k a shot at any of us, or caused us rm, Father warned that he would ride r and take care of him. "Taking e" of somebody meant only one thing.

When the others heard of Simmons' threats they told their parents, who thought his attitude merely stupid, not actually dangerous.

The next time we resumed our search, Elmer, Charley and I drove there the long way by way of Bromide off the Wapanucka road in Father's car, one of the first Fords in that part of Oklahoma.

On arriving at Dodson's we were told, "Boys, Simmons has been slipping around on the creek toting his greener. The man's crazy in the head. Better watch out."

The glowering Simmons' actions lent the buried loot more fascination than ever. We were determined to find it whatever the risks.

On this trip we hit partial paydirt. We found the graves. Well out from the timber, old stumps showed that the area had been cut over in recent years. The evidence matched up—that crossing the Delaware near the spring box, the outlaws got this far when they had the fatal falling out; that is, if the sunken spots and a few scattered rocks once forming a ring about them actually marked some graves. It was necessary to find out for sure.

Going to the Dodson tool shed we got shovels and picks. The family had driven a wagon to Bromide for sugar and flour and were not at home.

We disturbed only one grave. Down four feet in the black soil, embedded human bones were uncovered. Not excavating further, we refilled the hole, mounded both graves and piled stones around the edges.

Convinced these were outlaw graves, an imaginary line was extended east to the manganese blocks. It very definitely cut across one corner of Simmons' small horse pasture into McMillan's range. Although only scattered trees remained there then, once a forest of hardwood extended over it. It was hoped that Cook went through far enough to have buried the sacks on McMillan land.

There wasn't time that day to do any hunting, but the three of us returned the following Sunday. The trail had now become so exciting that we did not go on the community picnic where half the local population was gathered.

Charley, Elmer and I hiked into the McMillan pasture. At the fence separating it from Simmons' farm we hunkered down in hiding to consider the situation. It seemed important that we work out the line from the graves. A good many trees still stood in the clear. Maybe one of them contained the grown-over sign heard about from the early settler.

No sign of movement showed through the timber around the house. While Elmer remained on watch to warn us should Simmons appear anywhere, Charley and I crawled under the fence and through tall weeds and grass to the corner of the horse pasture. We poked and hunted for ground sign without finding any. At each tree old enough to have been standing when Cook came through, we risked standing up behind it. Yet all those examined was covered by unscarred bark.

Retreating from the danger zone, the McMillan pasture on the same tangent

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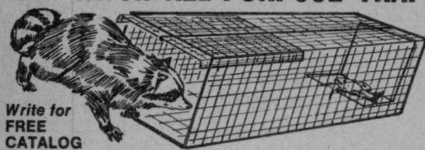

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was gone over. Every big tree was inspected for sign that never appeared. By late afternoon we sat resting under the cover of a tree-lined draw.

"You know," Charley began thoughtfully, "I saw a place inside his pasture where no grass or weeds grew. Running water has washed the surface off to gravel. I'll bet it has been dug into some time or other."

He talked on speculatively, making up his mind to look there again. A sort of daredevil type, trespassing where warned to keep off was a challenge to him. We promised to maintain strict watch, and Charley crawled back from the dividing fence.

ON THE EDGE of the draw, perhaps Elmer and I exposed ourselves carelessly. At any rate Simmons discovered us there. He appeared out of the timber, headed in our direction, cradling the long barreled shotgun. The course he took bypassed Charley by at least a furlong.

Hoping we could keep him from seeing Charley lying on the ground, Elmer and I watched him all of a minute before breaking loose, sprinting through the timber of the draw.

Still on his own land and far away, Simmons stopped, threw the shotgun to his right shoulder, and fired. Shoving in another shell quickly he blasted a second time—at nothing but blackjack trees. We were out of sight, under cover, watching to see if he looked around for Charley. Simmons remained there several minutes before stalking back toward the house.

After the situation quieted down, Charley crawled out to join us. He was greatly excited and shaking, but not scared by Simmons' shooting.

"I found it!" he cried. "Sure as anything, I found it!"

According to him he had dug into the place he had spotted before, with his Barlow knife. Down less than a foot through the gravel he had found fragments of what he felt sure was rotted sacking. What else could it be but the wrappings of the outlaw loot?

The shotgun blasts had stopped him from further digging—"But we can crawl back in there after dark and get it!" he asserted ringingly.

Accordingly we settled down to wait. That proved hard with tingling nerves of anticipation plaguing us. Night finally came on with a cloud-darkened sky. Half a mile away yellow lamplight in the Simmons' house grew visible as we stole across the McMillan pasture.

It took Charley a little time to relocate his digging. Soon after he did, the dogs at the house set up a loud barking. They would sashay out into the timber toward us, then retreat to the house yard. Sooner or later Simmons would come investigating. While Charley and Elmer dug into the hole with pocket knives, I closed near the timber to watch.

Within minutes the dogs set up another howling. Behind them came Simmons as they rushed the trees. He appeared a very dim figure, and whether or not he carried the shotgun I couldn't tell. Led by the dogs he would surely come directly to us. It was time to move.

Crawling fast back to Charley Elmer, the warning was given.

"We're to it," Charley whisp "Some kind of odd-feeling rotten in my hands."

"Fill up the hole and let's go!"

Suddenly the dogs charged across open. Charley and Elmer slammed into the hole, filling it quickly. I st the dogs off and the three of us sprinted for the McMillan fence, tea our shirts in our haste to crawl u Probably Simmons never saw us, a did not fire the shotgun. He coul heard yelling at the dogs. Mayb fancied they were chasing rabbits or been aroused by a bobcat.

Rain started falling before we rea Clarita. The barber shop there was open. Stopping before the lighted wi on the wooden sidewalk Charley p the mass of rotted material from pocket. It came apart in layers, loo like he had torn off one thick corne a packet of twenty dollar bills, bu decomposed was the paper that couldn't be certain.

"It's part of the buried loot!" Cha insisted. "The silver and gold is sti the ground and it won't rot!"

Maybe so, but our parents laid d the law. Simmons was too mean to another encounter.

That winter Charley and I met Do on the street after school let out for day.

"Simmons done moved away," he ported. "Starved out when his grain and cotton failed. I bought his land. boys come over and dig all you w to."

A snowfall prevented making a until spring. We three then went ther Father's Ford. At the Dodson house picked up the farmer and walked Simmons' former horse pasture. For solid hours we walked over and every foot of it. In the end Cha was forced to admit that he couldn't the spot he and Elmer had dug into t dark night.

It seemed impossible that Cha could fail to relocate it, but that happe to be the case. Subsequent searches w plenty of help also did no good. He spring rains had flooded out the past depositing gravel and dirt all thro the weeds. Dodson never found it ei and he worked both farms until sel out in 1920.

Today the Dodson and Simmons bu ings have all disappeared. Otherwise country there looks about the same a did more than fifty years ago. The a is easily reached by roads from Brom and Clarita. If the cache is ever fou the gold and silver coins will be intac

The Search for Zonia

(Continued from page 39)

Tranquil old Zonia seemed to dese additional research which I began mediately—and with some results. check of official records revealed tha post office was established in the to on February 9, 1900 with John M. M Caffrey in charge. The service was sho lived, being discontinued December 1900. So, another small fragment of

v puzzle was added. Subsequent
s came from a most unexpected
e: a real, live citizen of old Zonia—
nly one left, to the best of my
ledge.

ET Charlie during a summer visit
the old camp. He was stretched
ength on a wooden bench under the
The bench was five feet long, and
er his feet nor his head extended
d its ends. As I approached, he lifted
attered, sweat-stained hat which had
ed his face. We shook hands and
d names. I guessed him at eighty-
-pounds and years. From the sun-
l hat to the cracked and rock-scarred
he was the classic sourdough pros-
r. He grinned and waited for me to
the conversation.

ive around here?" I asked.

sed to—over sixty years ago. Had a
up over the boardin' house." He
ed a stubby pipe toward the end
e street. "Live in Prescott now."

liner?"

was then. Prospectin' a little now.
over twenty claims located around
"

ell me about the town," I urged.
at was it like when you lived here?"

ice, friendly little place—prob'ly
t 150 souls. We used to have dances
he store there on Saturday nights.
'd haul the music out in a wagon,
from Kirkland."

Vho lived in the stone house?"

ohn McCaffrey. Had a post office
e for a while. Town's named after his
Zonia." Another mystery was solved.
rlie went on: "That cabin down the
t, the one with all the likker bottles,
where Hassayampa Joe lived. I still
it Hassayampa Joe's place. They had
ake him away one night—had the
es somethin' fierce. Never came
."

faraway look passed behind Charlie's
for a moment, then was gone like
ke in the wind, and he continued, "On
s off I used to hike over to Placerita.
e goin' on over there, and it's only
aw an' a spit over that spur." He
led toward the steep, rocky skyline
t three miles distant.

closed my notebook and rose. When
anked him for the information, he
already stretched out on the bench.
waved a gnarled hand in acknowledg-
t, or perhaps in dismissal because by
his face was again covered by the
ered hat. And that's where I left
rlie B.—drowsing among his memo-
, on the lonesomest street in the
ld.

Line Camp Outlaw

(Continued from page 44)

Vith both of us working we had a few
re hours each day, so we'd saddle up
en our morning chores were done, and
e out rawhiding for any cow-brute
t was gaunt and needed feeding. But
stly we rode that mid-day circle cut-
g sign for wolves or coyotes. Shorty
d he was a stranger to this part of
country and he wanted to get to
w it, just in case. So we'd ride up
some long hogback ridge and he'd

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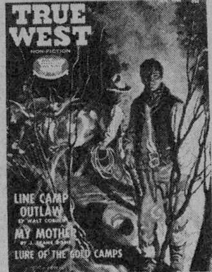

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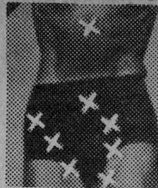

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spend a long time studying the rough country on all sides with his field glasses. Sometimes we'd cross the ice to the south side of the wide Missouri and into the brakes. We often sighted the bunch of Big Horns that ranged in the deep-cut box canyons, and sometimes the field glasses would pick up a mountain lion. One day when we were getting low on meat Shorty knocked off a big six point blacktail buck with my Cavalry Winchester with one shot at 200-yard range, a running shot that proved his markmanship. That and the few big wolves he shot.

But Shorty was leery about too much shooting, because the sound of a rifle shot on a still cold day would send its echoes to hell and gone in all directions. "Too much shootin'," he was wont to remark, "might attract the attention of some bounty hunter. A feller on the dodge has to be careful about such things."

Each day we went out on our midday circle we prowled in a different direction and Shorty cut for sign of any horsebacker, his squinted restless eyes watching the skyline in all directions. He was always a little edgy at camp and was always listening. At night he'd hang a gunnysack over the frost covered windowpane and pull the latchstring in. Little by little, as the days passed, Shorty would drop some hint that he was on the dodge—that there was a reward for him on the walls of post offices throughout the western cow country.

At times when we were bedded down asleep in our bunks, the thick ice would suddenly crack in the frozen river, cannon loud in the silence of the cold night. And Shorty would be reared up in bed, his six-shooter in his hand, or standing in his sock feet and underwear on the dirt floor alongside his bunk, listening to the far-flung echo of the loud exploding sound that had awakened him. He would remain crouched in the dark until he made certain in his mind that it was not a high-powered rifle shot, but just the harmless cracking of river ice. River men like Old Tex Alvord and big Gregory Doney were long since accustomed to the loud cracking ice and paid it no never mind. To them it was just another trick of the Big Muddy.

No matter how tired out Shorty was of a night he was a light sleeper. Any unusual sound outside the cabin and he was wide awake, gun in hand. And after a while I got into the same habit. Shorty's constant wariness, by day and night, was contagious, and I rode with a restless eye on the skyline. I found myself cutting for horse track sign on the snow. Thus I learned secondhand how an outlaw felt when he was on the dodge.

IT MUST have been two or three weeks after Shorty showed up when he said he was going to Rocky Point to pick up his mail at the blind post office at Tex Alvord's saloon. He pulled out at daybreak, traveling by way of the frozen river, packing both his hand guns and saddle gun. He said to look for him when he showed up, that he might stay overnight with Old Tex.

For some years I'd known about blind post office at Tex Alvord's s where outlaws on the dodge left mes in unstamped envelopes for one an Or word-of-mouth information with Tex who could be trusted with secrets. This word-of-mouth passi messages was known as "the ru of the leaves" along the Outlaw that led from the Thornhill place Kid Curry's hideaway in the Rockies of Montana, south to the in the Wall, Brown's Hole, Rob Roost in Utah, to the upper Anim New Mexico and the Mexican bord

Shorty failed to show up that and it was getting along toward short twilight the following eve when I sighted him coming up from river through the feed lot, headed the barn. I could tell by the way h his saddle that he was drunker'n s hundred dollars. He had a squat b jug of whiskey tied by a whang lea string looped to his saddle horn. He singing in an off key;

One of these days
And it won't be long,
You'll look for me
And I'll be gone!

There was a loose grin on his w ered face and his puckered pale eyes were bloodshot when he reine at the barn where I was standing. unhooked the jug and handed it do

"Have a shot of Old Tex's forty- he said. "Guaranteed to put curly hai your chest and eat the linin' out of gizzard."

That evening after supper while settled back on our bunks smoking Durham cigarettes, Shorty comme running off at the mouth. It was whis talk for the most part and he knew was talking too much, and I told him But he just laughed and shook his h

"If I figured you'd ever spill guts," he said, the grin wiped from face, "about what I'm telling you wouldn't be givin' you the time of Hell! Me'n you is side pardners, an know you've been brought up to k your mouth shut." He uncorked the and we took a drink to bind the barg of secrecy.

"Directly the green grass com Shorty said, "me'n my pardner and pardner's friend is goin' to get u South America stake." And he sta singing again in that hungry tune voice;

Me and my pardner
And my pardner's friend
Roped all the horses
In the Horse Shoe Bend!

It ended in a hiccough. Then he star a song about the Johnson Boys;

The Johnson Boys
They built a still
They built it on the side of a hill
The still it ran both night and da
But they couldn't make
The damn still pay!

lted the jug and took a couple of
ows and set it on the floor.
e and my pardner and my pardner's
l," he explained with drunken
ty, "all belong to the Johnson Boys.
e got word from 'em at the blind
office last night." He closed an
l in a sly wink and asked, "You
hear tell of a tough hombre goes by
ame of Wester? A deputy sheriff
ortman and Landusky in the Little
ies?"
iad plenty of reasons to know the
eputy sheriff, and all of them bad.
I just nodded my head and kept my
h shut and let Shorty get it out
s system.
got word from Jim Thornhill,"
ty hitched at the slanted cartridge
and six-shooter. "This deputy is
in' around one of them John Doe
n warrants, makin' inquiries about a
that fits my description and tellin'
the warrant reads dead or alive, and
he aims to collect the bounty on my
carcass."
narrowed his bloodshot eyes and
a time was lost in brooding black
ce.
From what Old Tex tells me this
e polisher built a tough rep by gun
pin' drunk miners. Never tackles
an till he's got the bulge. When the
comes right I aim to make Wester
that bench warrant and swaller it,
have to shove it down his throat
a gun barrel."
orty never raised his toneless voice,
I knew for sure this wasn't any kind
hiskey talk, that he meant what he
He aimed to carry out his plans
ome future date and when he made
nove he'd have the bulge.
ain't slept," Shorty broke a lengthy
ce, "since I left. It's time I caught
on some shuteye."
e unbuckled his cartridge belt and
ed the Colt under his warsack pil-
slid the Luger from the shoulder
ter and shoved it under the tarp. He
ed off his boots and Pendleton wool
s, with the buckskin-foxed seat, and
led into bed. He was sound asleep
snoring when his head hit the pil-
his hand under the pillow close to
six-shooter, the Luger alongside his
flank and the saddle gun within
reach under the bunk.

AY AWAKE for a while trying to
igure things out. Tonight for the
time the renegade Shorty had re-
ed the other side of the coin, the
ster dangerous side. It contrasted to
easy going, give-a-damn side. Shorty
biting off a big chunk of tough meat
n he tackled Wester. The deputy had
n traveling on his tough rep for too
. High time somebody cut him down
size and I sure wished Shorty all the
in the world, and for good reason.
year or so before in a saloon ruckus
Zortman the deputy had come up from
ind and bent the barrel of his six-
oter across my older half-brother
l's skull, knocking him senseless.
y for Jake Myers, the Circle C fore-
n, who had just come in, the drunk
uty might have beaten Will to death.

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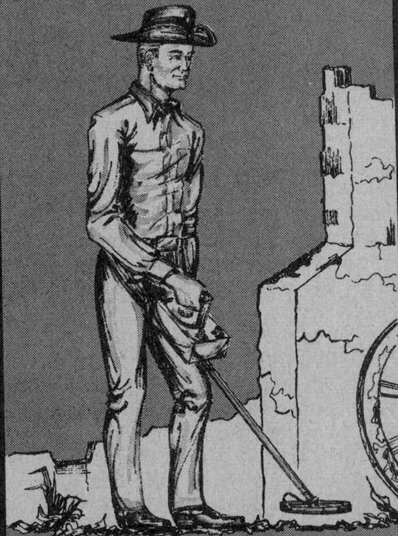

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While Will was under a doctor's care with a fractured skull my brother Wallace sent word from the ranch to Wester that he was coming in to Zortman to kill him on sight, that if he'd wear his tin star on the left side of his shirt it would make a sure target. And Wallace Coburn at that time was the champion rifle, shotgun and pistol shot in Montana. But Wester, who had a yellow streak a foot wide down his back, was long gone and holed up somewhere by the time Wallace reached town. From then on out Wester was duly warned never to set foot on the Circle C range. I knew that Shorty was fully aware of all the circumstances because Jim Thornhill had wised him up regarding the lay of the land, and Old Tex had added his six-bits worth.

The following day me'n Shorty had us a little medicine talk, and he said he aimed to stay with me until the warm Chinook wind cut the winter snowdrifts. After that he had his own personal business as one of the Johnson Boys to tend to. He was referring to the South America stake he and his pardner and his pardner's friend had in mind.

The long awaited Chinook came sometime during the night a few weeks later. For a cowpuncher who has ever wintered in some remote snowbound line camp, the night sound of a warm Chinook is the sweetest and most beautiful music on earth. Even in the dead of night the warm wind has a different sound, unlike the snow-driven Montana blizzard from the glacier banks of the Canadian Rockies with its icy breath of death. Wind blasted dry snow that seared the flesh of man and hairy beast. Snow as dry and brittle and deadly as ground glass, searing the eyeballs of man and beast, shriveling nostrils, throat and lungs from within while its icy blast froze hide and flesh and bone marrow from without. The stark raw howl of the northern blizzard carried its summons of death within its sound, while the soft warm Chinook wind held its true message of relief after long snowbound months of captivity. Its warm breath gave promise of green grass and tree buds and bird song. Summer blue skies. Nature's mating season for beast, fowl and flower.

I came awake in the night not fully aware of what unusual sound had roused me from deep sleep. Then I was aware of the steady wind and the unaccustomed warmth inside the cabin. Then the dripping sound of melting snow from the sod roof. I shoved back the bed tarp and propped myself up on an elbow.

Across the cabin there in the darkness I saw the firefly glow of Shorty's cigarette as he sat up in bed, and I knew without being told that my renegade camp pardner had been awake for a long time and that he was absorbed in his own thoughts.

"This is it," Shorty's quiet voice finally came through the darkness. "A long time a-comin', but she finally got here."

After the morning chores were done I helped Shorty throw the diamond hitch that tied his roundup bed on his pack horse. He was saddled up and ready to pull out and there came that awkward moment of parting. Both of us aware it was for the last time, tha never see each other again, and each dreading any sort of sentimental I was relieved when Shorty swu in the saddle and picked up the rope of his hackamored bed horse.

"So long, Walt," he grinned rode off. "Take care of yourself."

"So long, Shorty," I called back. luck on your South America stake

I stood there by the cabin and wa him out of sight. I thought of the of pardnership that had grown be us during those few weeks. Not ex a true friendship that a man treasured, for I knew no more of Sh past or anything pertaining to his or heritage than I did the day he up to the line camp. Because fron very start the renegade had put u invisible barrier like chain armor concealed and protected his real sel made it plain day by day and every as we sat and smoked that we pardners in a winter line camp, tha no more. Hell, I didn't even know name. Only Shorty.

IN A certain way I felt a big as I watched him ride away for For too many days and long nigh had been sharing his outlaw life all its uneasy tensions, knowing if a range detective or other typ law man, including the tough de sheriff, was to show up, alone or an armed posse, if there was a sho scrape I'd be forced to take an a part in the violence. In short, I'd forced by circumstances into sha the hunted life of an outlaw on dodge. And I'd gotten a bellyful.

No more gunnysack covered wind The whang leather latchstring coul hung on the outside from now on. day I plugged the gun port holes Sh had made in the chinking on all sides of the cabin. I could sleep pea at night without coming awake wi six-shooter in my hand, to see the blot of Shorty prowling around wi Winchester, peering out through holes into the night. I'd no longer that mid-day circle cutting for sig prowling horsebackers.

The Chinook blew for about a w night and day, melting the wint snowdrifts, baring the long bald ri in the badlands and along the slo The thick river ice breaking up stoo end and every which way to form h ice-jammed islands in the wide Misso cracking like cannon in the night. T came the spring floods, and the d bobcats, coyotes, jackrabbits, wol skunks and other animals, warned by rising water, left for high ground went into the brakes.

Old Tex Alvord's log cabin saloon flooded. He'd gotten a couple of Greg Doney's big stalwart sons to help move his belongings onto high gro to an empty cabin. He'd managed salvage a half barrel of whiskey that was all that mattered to him.

A couple or three weeks later Tex helped me move the cattle I'd b feeding from the Rock Creek line ca trailing the small herd along the h

ridges through the brakes to the
im Winters-Abe Gill place, turning
loose in the pasture.
vas glad enough to leave the line
and get back to the home ranch.
onth or two later I had the chance
de over to Jim Thornhill's place,
in strict confidence he fetched me
date on the latest.
n Thornhill, called Jimmer by his
sons and close friends, had his own
table roundabout manner of telling
story pertaining to the shady side
ne law. No mention of names, with
osely vague details, was Jimmer's
of telling certain things to certain
ons, and it was up to the listener
ll in the gaps in the oblique innuen-
with the hidden meanings, like read-
between the lines of a letter.
orty had fulfilled his threat to make
ter literally eat the bench warrant.
had gotten the drop on the deputy
saloon at Landusky, made him empty
pockets on a poker table and under
at of Shorty's gun had reluctantly
the bench warrant into small
es, shoved the pieces into his mouth,
ved them and swallowed, a mouth-
at a time. Shorty had called the
nan every foul fighting name he
d lay tongue to, said that he had
lute proof that Wester had been
ed up with a horsethief gang and
the written proof would be in the
ds of the sheriff within a week. By
orrow night the big would-be tough
aty of the Little Rockies would be
laughing stock of the cow country.
rty had ripped off the tin star from
vest and thrown it into the brass
oon and tossed Wester's gun out
ugh the swinging half-doors into
muddy street. Jimmer said that as
as he knew the deputy had quit the
ntry for good.

IE FOLLOWING WEEK three
whiskered horsebackers, armed with
shooters and saddle guns, rode along
stage road to the cowtown of Har-
, located on the Great Northern
lway and across the bridge that
nned Milk River.

he stage road passed through the
yaker homestead settlement on the
skirts of Harlem, down a long barb-
e-fenced lane. As the bearded riders
e passing through the lane, a kid in
early teens overtook them, riding a
ar-marked work horse. The three
ers let the kid ride along with them
a short distance.

'he armed horsebackers were Shorty
his pardner and his pardner's friend,
Johnson Boys, on their way to try
their South America stake by hold-
up the county bank when the doors
ned for business. The presence of the
mer kid posed a question. They could
him afoot, tie him up, gag him and
ve him in the wheat field, but there
s the chance of being sighted from
of the tarpaper homesteader shacks.
feeling the farmer kid could do them
harm, they let him go on ahead to
vn.

It turned out later that the farmer
's suspicions were aroused by the
avily armed bearded men and he took
his suspicions to the sheriff's office.

The bank robbers had timed their arrival at 10 o'clock by Shorty's new Ingersoll dollar watch. On the side street where the bank was located, they reined up. While one rider stayed outside to hold the bridle reins of the two horses, Shorty and his pardner walked into the bank, and once inside pulled their guns and announced that this was a holdup and they meant business. But nobody would get hurt if they kept quiet, kept their hands in the air and obeyed orders.

They produced folded canvas bean sacks from under their shirts. Shorty, a sack in one hand and the hair-trigger, single action Colt six-shooter in his gun hand, walked in behind the cashier's cage. Holding the empty sack in his left hand he needed his gun hand to rake in the stacks of folding money and silver and gold coins. In his nervous state he must have gotten careless and instead of gently laying the Colt down on the marble counter, in his haste he put it down with a sufficient jar to release the hair trigger. The explosion of the .45 caliber cartridge was cannon loud inside the bank's empty silence. The recoil of the explosion kicked the Colt spinning through the air. Before the startled Shorty could get the Luger from its armpit holster, the hidden sheriff and his hastily organized deputies opened fire from their places of concealment. Shorty and his pardner were shot dead in their tracks.

Members of the posse who were stationed in concealment on the street opened fire on the third bank robber holding the two saddled horses. The horses, spooked by gunfire, broke away and the outlaw spurred his horse to make it a running fight. Though severely wounded he made a fast getaway but was captured later in another town.

As Jim Thornhill summed up the whole deal, it all went to show the difference between three green hands and old hands like the Hole in the Wall Gang and the Wild Bunch.

The three bank robbers had everything planned out. How they'd split up after the loot was divided. The timing was right for when the bank opened its doors, their relay of getaway horses was all set and waiting. It was the farmer kid who threw the monkey wrench into the works. No old hands would ever have made the mistake of sending the kid ahead to town. Regardless of the risk of being sighted they would have left the kid hogtied and gagged in the grain field and taken their chances, or called it off and laid low until the sign was right.

Another fool mistake was that hair trigger six-shooter Shorty packed. No man in his right senses would ever file a gun trigger down to a gnat's eyebrow. A hair-trigger gun was dangerous.

Shorty and his two pardners were rank beginners as far as Jim Thornhill knew. Too loose and careless, too rattle-brained. If they'd been old hands, they would have smelled out the danger of a gun trap and called it off. They lacked that certain instinct of old hands at robbing banks and holding up trains. It

(Continued on page 72)

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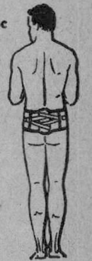

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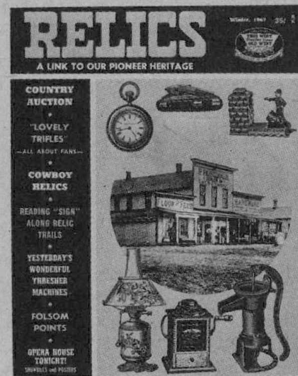

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Line Camp Outlaw

(Continued from page 69)

required quick thinking and a cool head. Ears cocked, eyes wide open, a nose like a wolf to smell danger, and sound horse sense to figure things out in a tight.

Whenever an outlaw tried for a South America stake he was gambling all he had to lose, including his life, on one throw of the dice. Shorty and his pardner and his pardner's friend had taken that dangerous chance and had lost.

The only thing for me to do, Jimmer offered me sage advice, was to forget it. Ask no questions of anybody. Keep my mouth shut. I'd never met or heard of any man that answered the description of the outlaw who called himself Shorty. Old Tex Alvord was the only man along the Missouri who knew Shorty had holed up with me for a few weeks at the Rock Creek line camp and Tex never talked. Jake Myers, the Circle C ranch foreman, gave me the same advice. Forget the whole thing, because it had never happened.

I took that advice, and now after a long silence of more than half a century, I have put it down in writing for the first time.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 47)

Logan Lorance or Lawrence, and they are listed in the Monroe County, Mississippi 1850 census. Polly Johnston married App Nation. The 1860 census of Smith County, Texas records Lewis S. Johnston from Mississippi. Other children listed were Lewis, age 21, Zelida, age 14, Eliza, age 11 and Robert, age 8. Does anyone know anything about these other children of Lewis S. Johnston? And could anyone around Troup, Texas tell me if they know where the graves of Lewis and Zelida are? I certainly would appreciate any information.—Mrs. Frankie Garrison Followwill, 125 S.E. 57th St., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73129.

Blunt-Hardin

There was a James Blunt who fought in the Texas Revolution and a now large city was started on part of his land. The city is either Austin or Waco. James Blunt was born about 1795.

I am also seeking any information concerning the wife of Jeff Hardin (brother to John Wesley Hardin). Jeff was killed in Clairmont, Texas in 1900. His wife was named May Blunt. If anyone has any information on the name Blunt in Texas I would sure appreciate hearing from you.—Cliff Blunt, 2804 Warwick Drive, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73116.

George William Bonnell

I would appreciate information regarding the Onondaga County, New York State, family of George William Bonnell, who was born about 1800 and later migrated to Alabama, then to Mississippi, and finally, in 1836, to Texas to aid in the war for independence of Mexico.

He owned and/or edited newspapers in Selma and Mobile, Alabama; Columbus, Mississippi; and Houston and Austin, Texas. In Austin, he edited that city's second newspaper, the *Texas Sentinel*, for eleven months in 1840. He helped found and was a charter member of several of Texas' first literary, philanthropic, and military societies; was a friend and confidant of Sam Houston, Mirabeau Lamar, and many other Republic of Texas personalities; was a businessman, Commissioner of Indian Affairs under President Houston, a soldier and Indian fighter, and author of a little book, *Topographical Description of Texas. To Which Is Added an Account of the Indian Tribes.* He joined and marched with the Santa Fe Expedition, the Somervell Expedition, and the Mier Expedition; as a member of the camp guard at Mier, he was killed by Mexicans on the Texas side of the Rio Grande on December 28, 1842. Mount Bonnell in west Austin bears his name.

I am interested also in corresponding with any surviving members of the original Bonnell family of New York. Apparently, no family accompanied George W. on his travels, and he himself never married.—John Wallace, 8900 Little Walnut Parkway, Austin, Texas 78758.

Pratt

I would greatly appreciate any descendants of the Pratt family contacting me. The Pratts came from Colorado and were one of the first settlers in Idaho, then later moved to California. My great-grandmother, Mary Isibell (Mollie) Pratt, lived in Rupert, until she died. She married (1) Stacey (2) Jim Ross (3) Henry B The third probably outlived her on cause she died as a result of a frac skull after falling off a horse at th of 84.

I'm especially interested in conta Grace Roffey Pratt. I'm sure she relative. I have a few pictures Grandma's gold ring. A book was w about the Pratt family. Does a know the name of it? Half of i Great-grandma told me, "just ain' truth," but I'd like to read throug —Mrs. T. G. Smith, 3444 Glade S San Diego, California 92115.

Valentine-Wilcox

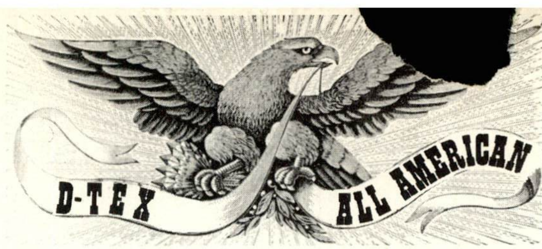
I would like to have informatio three children of Earnest Valentine Josephine (Putman) Wilcox. They taken from Quanah, Texas to Ft. W in 1915. There were two girls, J and Irene, and one boy, Charles. were adopted. If anyone can give any information please write.— Louise (Wilcox) Harrell, Route 1, W der, Texas 78954.

Mitcheal Schaffer (Schafer)

I'm seeking information about great-great-grandfather Mitcheal Sc fer. He was born August 8, 183 Strasbourg, France. When he was t ty years old he was drafted into French Army, and fought in three —the war of 1855 between Ru France and England; the French-P sian War of 1870; and in Mexico du the days of Maximilian. After the en the Civil War in the United States came to America as a plain citizen. was married to Kathreen Huss, Sep ber 29, 1873. They were parents of daughters. They lived in Pueblo, C rado for more than thirty years. farmed and worked in the mines all life. If anyone knows of anything a him, please write to me and let me k —Mrs. Nora Hunter, 1401 W. South, West Jordan, Utah.

Chambers

Does anyone know anything a Dobie Chambers, buried near Bowie, New Mexico?—Carroll Ha Route 1, Paw Paw, Michigan 49079.



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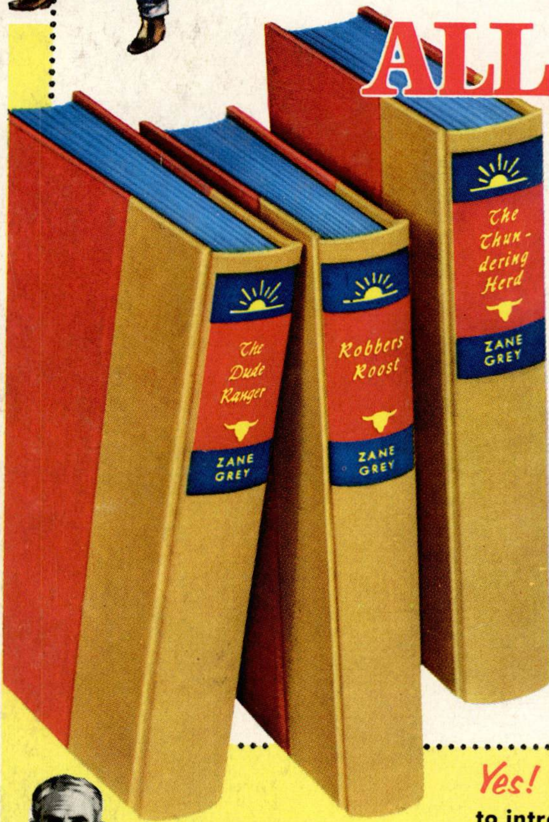

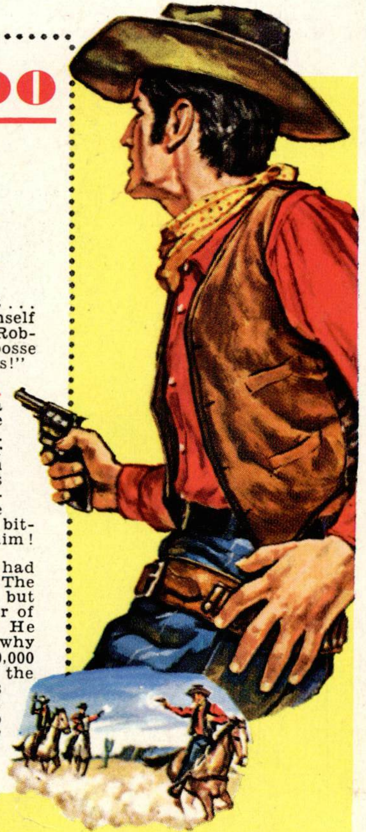

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