TRUE WEST

August, 1955 – 25c

GHOSTS OF GOLD AND GLORY

Fascinating histories of major western ghosttowns

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE DUTCHMAN'S LOST MINE
At last — the REAL story

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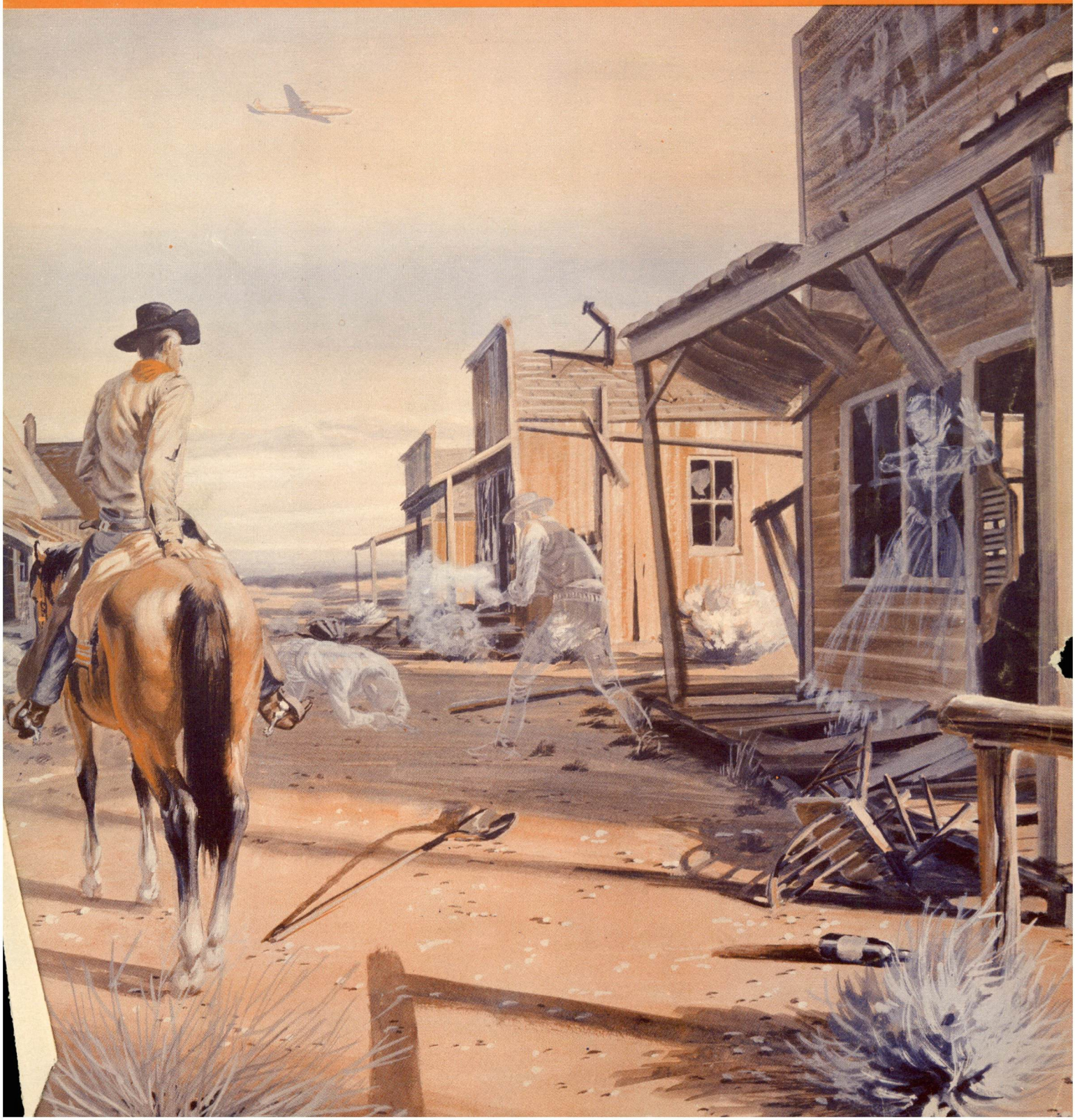

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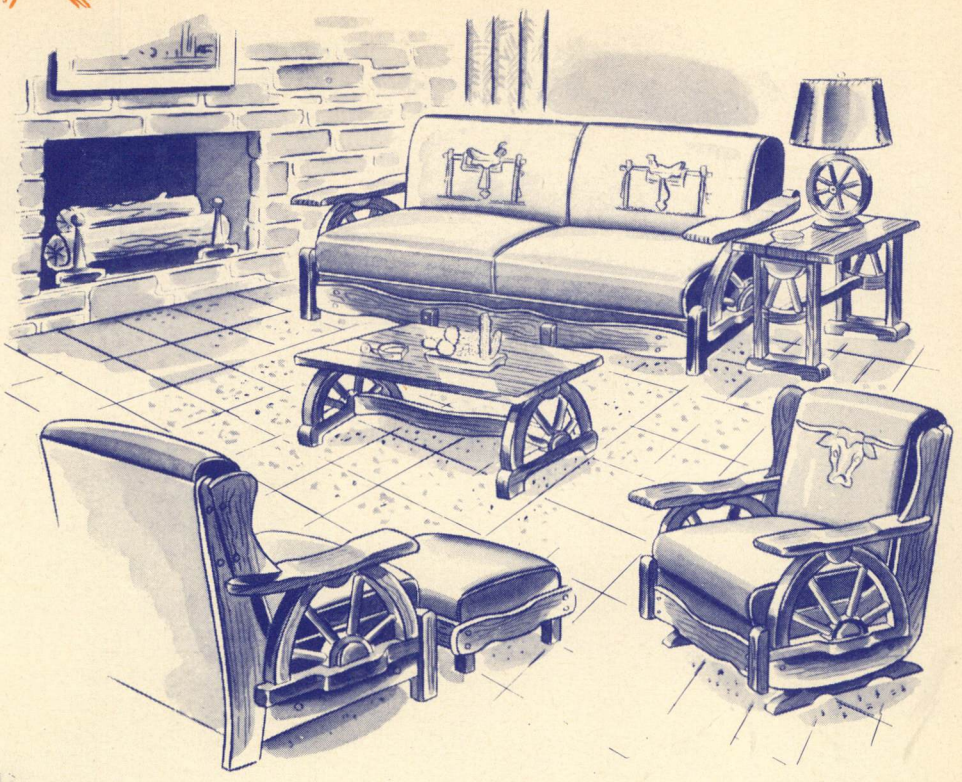

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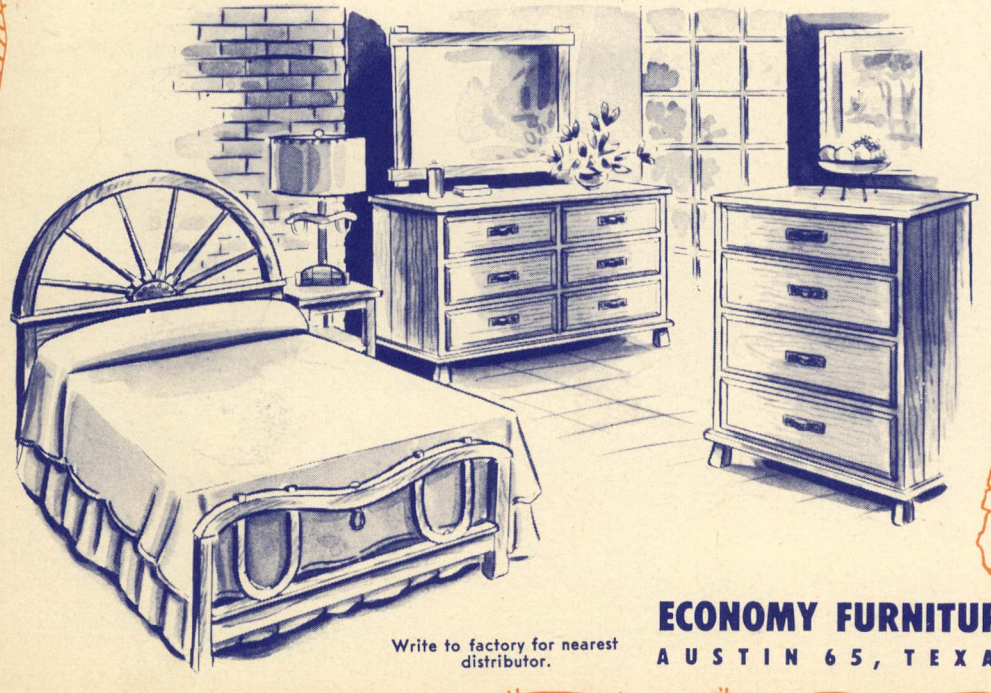

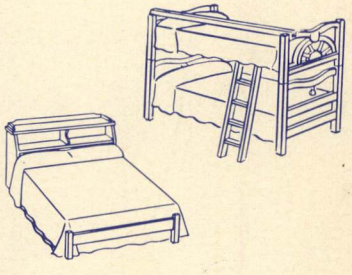

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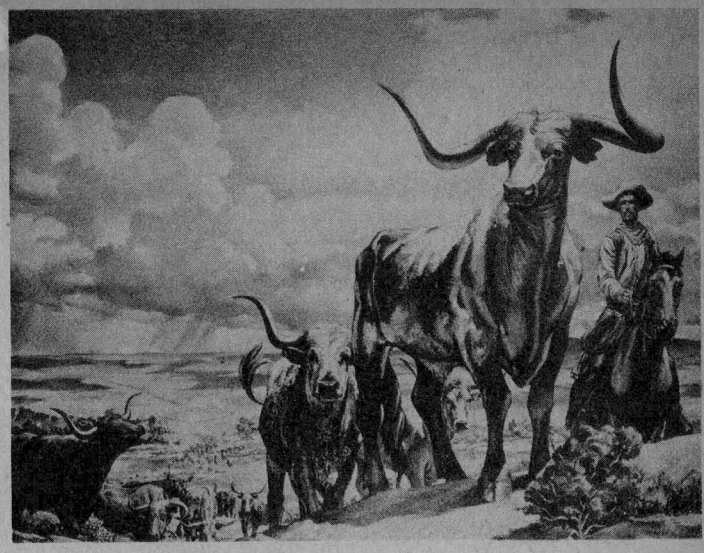

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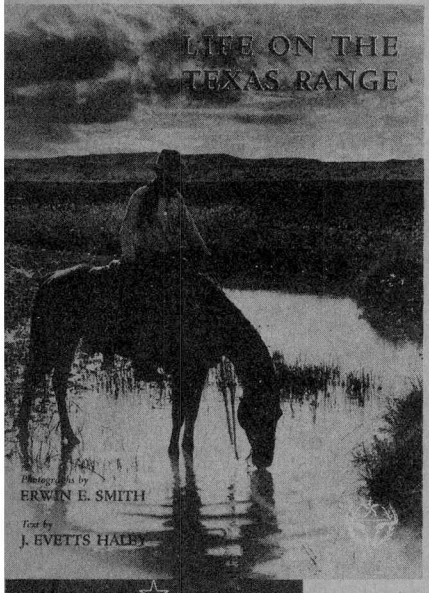

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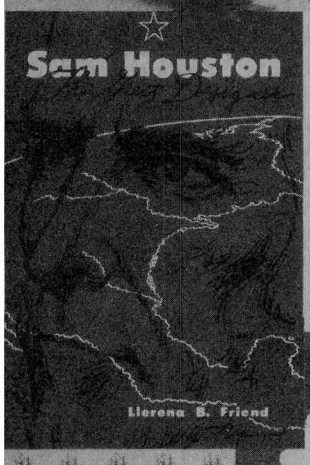

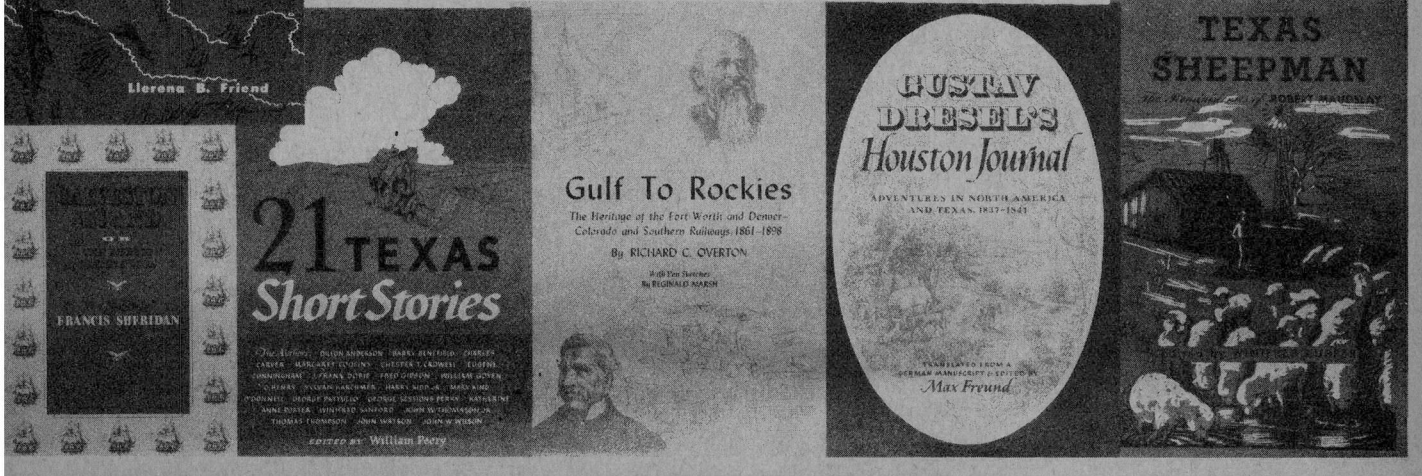

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July-August, 1955
Volume 2 No. 6
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True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real Wes

IN THIS ISSUE—

Cover Drawing by Taylor Oughton

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 5008, 70 West 19th St., Austin, Texas. Editorial Offices, Box 266, Mason, Texas. 25c per copy $3.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Austin, Texas, April 22, 1953, under the Act of March 3, 187 Additional entry at Columbia, Missouri, Copyright 1955, by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS

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Truly Western

WELL, we asked for letters on the controversial cover photo of the March-April issue, and we got 'em—by the hundreds! We waited until the blizzard of mail slowed down to a squall, then we started the laborious process of elimination and selection. In a case like this we try to discriminate intelligently; to use only those letters—or excerpts from letters—which will give our readers the best available information, with now and then a good laugh to liven things up a mite. We hope we've succeeded. Let's start with this one, which analyzes the picture from the interesting standpoint of logical characteristics:

Dear Editor:

Here is my analysis of the April cover, showing the "James-Younger" Gang. I don't know if you can use it or not, but check the picture carefully. You'll be surprised! . . . Analyzing the picture reveals some astonishing discoveries that do not tend to authenticate these boys as the "real McCoy." A relative—Jesse James III—identifies the group as: Left to right, standing; Jesse W. James and Jesse "Dingus" James. Seated; left to right, Frank James and Cole Younger.

I believe these were four good fellows—three mule-skinners and a feedstore operator—who went up to Kansas City to make a day of it. Customary in the Nineties, after getting a few beers, such a group would hightail to a "picture gallery," where the picture man would furnish every accessory that would accentuate masculinity . . .

The boys are all blond type except "Frank James." Beginning with "Jesse W.," his studio hat is too small. To conceal that fact he shoved it well back, revealing his wavy, light brown hair. He is a mild-mannered fellow, a feedstore operator. Jesse "Dingus" refused to wear his long ulster, else his new checked suit would be blacked out, nor would his nattily folded hankie show in his breast pocket. There are the girls, you know! And as a hint, he allows the streamer of mistletoe to droop over his right shoulder. His gun-belts, strapped over his Sunday coat, are cramping his belly.

"Frank James" is also cinched up like a rodeo "outlaw." He bought his ulster in a hurry and never noticed how long the left sleeve was.

"Cole Younger" is the only member of the quartet with a confident air. Like "Frank," he liked a cheroot for this pose. His bearskin coat is a cumbersome load, but a "must" for a mule-skinner.

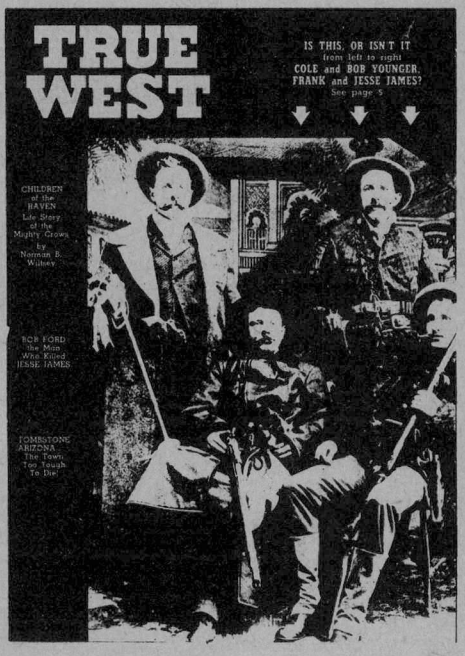
Imagine the James Gang lugging those studio Springfields on their ponies as they stampeded through the willows on a shortcut getaway!

As I recall, men began wearing button shoes about the time of the Spanish-American War. I remember I swore I wouldn't wear "sissy women's shoes"—but I did. I ask you, did you ever hear of the James Gang wearing button shoes? Take your glass and look, if you are dubious. Both "Frank James" and "Cole Younger" are wearing them. Ever see an outlaw or any other horseman wearing spurs over button shoes?

And imagine, if you can, the hunted James Gang emerging from that "picture gallery" wearing ulsters to their ankles, carrying those five-foot Springfields . . . someone yells: "The James Gang!" In all fairness, the law would have to spot the boys ten seconds to unwrap and begin shooting.

The studio man seems to have been short one old Navy, five-shot or six-shot single-action six-shooter. But why did he give "Jesse 'Dingus'" that up-to-date, self-cocking top-break six-gun, knowing that Jesse W. James was the quick-shot specialist of the gang, and should have been equipped with the latest second-splitting artillery?

Characters make your story, but will this tableau pass the reading public as four characters of the dreaded James Gang?—Everett Bair, Fairplay, Colorado.



Another Carefully Considered Viewpoint

Dear Sir:

The April issue of TRUE WEST was shown to me a few days ago. On the cover was a very interesting picture. I notice also, on page 32, same issue, the same picture as advertised for sale by GREAT GUNS. In the ad, some one evidently turned the negative as they show in reverse. Therefore, any mention I make of the picture will be as on your April cover.

I personally have seen Frank James many times when I was a boy. Frank was starter at the old race track in Springfield, Missouri, during the races at the County Fairs years ago. I remember well how he and Jack Proctor, a fellow member of Quantrell's guerillas, would squat out behind the judges' stand whittling away with pocket knives and talking in low tones. No doubt their conversation was something that present-day writers would give their right arms to hear.

Jack Proctor was a member of the painting firm of Proctor & Savage; the Savage end is still in business in Springfield. I saw Cole Younger only once; I was a young man at the time. He and Frank James were riding north on Campbell Street in Springfield. There was some kind of a show in town that day, and Cole and Frank had probably ridden in to attend it. Both were wearing dusters over their suits and—of all things—stovepipe hats!

You stated on page 5 the photo rated cover prominence; I think it rates research. Surely the photo can be traced. . . . There is no doubt in my mind that the picture is genuine. We know that after the James Gang pulled off a successful job and eluded the law, they had their picture taken together. What became of that picture? Is it the one on the cover of TRUE WEST? For myself, I would say so. Why doesn't some writer do a little research on this photo? In my case, I feel that this is out of my line since I am only doing research on the Missouri Ozarks and have been doing so for over 40 years. The James Boys' paths cross here often.

The pictures of Frank James in his old age do not look anything like him as I saw him when I was a kid. I am now 62 years old. The picture on your cover is an old wet plate photo, the kind that made Brady famous as a photographer during Civil War times. . . . The man in the lower right hand corner has the likeness of Frank James. The 50-70 caliber, 1870 Model, two-band Springfield rifles and the leggins mean nothing; they are props of the gallery. The pistols, too, no doubt belonged to the photographer. The man in the lower left hand corner has the likeness of Cole Younger, as I saw him. The only difference is the mustache. The Springfield has no significance, but the Remington has. We know Cole Younger carried a Remington S.A., which is now in the Museum of Resources in Jefferson City, Mo. We also know that Jesse James carried a Smith & Wesson top-break revolver. The man in the upper right-hand corner not only looks like Jesse but carried such a revolver as the above. The man on the top left, with the horseman's "bat" and what looks like an old model 1860 cap-and-ball Civil War Colt tucked in his belt, I would guess to be a James because of facial resemblance. The "bat" and old Colt are doubtless props. I own one of the largest private historical Museums in the Southwest; located on my farm on the famous Wilson's Creek or Oak Hills Battlefield where both Frank James and Cole Younger fought with General "Pap" Price on August 10, 1861.—Dick O'Connor, Wilson's Creek Museum, Republic, Missouri.

Still Another Slant

Editor of TRUE WEST:

On the front cover of your April issue, you ask that the four men pictured thereon be identified:

First, I wish to say that this is a gallery picture and the Springfield rifles were not a part of the boys' artillery. I, personally, have met two of these

(Continued on page 46)

GHOSTS OF GOLD AND GLORY

In condensed form, in one article for the first time, a story of the major ghosttowns of the West by a woman whom we consider to be the Nation's number one authority on this fascinating subject.

By Nell Murbarger

Photos by the Author

EMPTY streets, wrapped in sage and silence; weary old buildings, drowsing in the sun. Crumbling walls and nameless graves, and a lone wind whispering through the night.

This is a ghosttown . . . a mining camp that has had its day, has sung its song.

Every land on earth, every period of time, has known its deserted villages, but only the Western United States has propagated them like mushrooms in a meadow. Dream cities, sired by hope and suckled on honest labor, they flourished for a day, and faded, and were forgotten. From the beaches of Oregon to far above timberline in Colorado, from the Canadian border to the Rio Grande, they drowse in the midst of their mine dumps and memories, no smoke curling from their chimneys, no commerce stirring the dust of their lonely streets.

How many such ghosttowns there are in the West is something no man can say, but it's my guess their number is far greater than most persons realize. Since I became interested in these old camps, about thirty years ago, I have personally visited and photographed more than 400 of them, and have mapped the locations and collected historical backgrounds of nearly twice that many; yet, even now, scarcely a week passes that I don't learn of other boomcamps previously unknown to me.

Maybe you've wondered how ghosttowns come into being, and what sort of folks lived in them, and why they were started, only to be abandoned in the end.

It's really very simple.

Their pattern was cut in California, as an aftermath of the gold rush of 1849. For every Argonaut made wealthy by that mad stampede, ten others failed to connect with paydirt, and by the middle 1850's hordes of disappointed gold-seekers were turning away from California's overcrowded diggings. Still seeking the Golden Fleece, they forged north into Oregon and south to Mexico, and streamed back over the Sierra Nevada into the Great Basin, and on to the Rockies.

Using their burro's tail for a compass, pitting their wits against hostile savages, and heat and cold and thirst and starvation, these legions pressed always deeper into the Great Unmapped. As they moved forward, they panned the gravel of streams, and sampled quartz ledges; and if they found "color," they staked claims and worked the ground until dwindling supplies at last forced their return to civilization.

Back at the nearest settlement—possibly 100 or 150 miles from their strike—our prospecting partners exhibited their samples and talked. They were proud of their discovery and wanted everybody to know about it and share in it.

"Hell's fire, pardner—there's gold enough in that mountain for every man in Idaho! Come on—grab yourself a claim!"

It wasn't necessary to twist anyone's arm—they came!

If the ore proved to be rich and fairly plentiful, and a few glowing reports percolated to the outside world, there might even be a "rush" to the new strike.

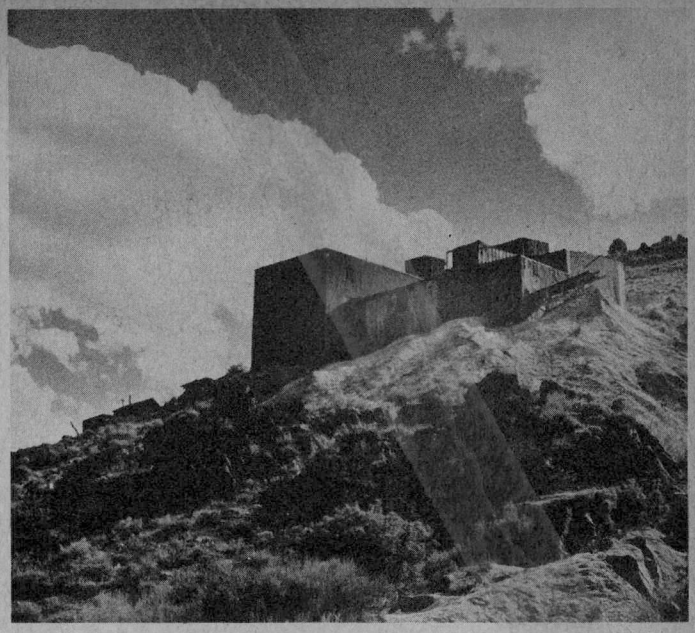
WE mid-Twentieth centurians, piddling around with our Geiger counters and black lights, and "strategic minerals" that look more like road-building material than anything else, can have little conception of the feverish excitement that attended every major mining stampede of 75 to 100 years ago.

Into remote lands that weeks before had known only sagebrush and jackrabbits, suddenly would be flooding a tidal wave of madly hurrying humanity. Strings of heavily laden packmules and burros, footpackers, handcarts, men pushing wheelbarrows, every conveyance loaded to capacity, every Pilgrim bound for the same destination, the same Poor Man's Paradise.

Converging from all directions, by every mode of travel, would-be prospectors, mining engineers, surveyors, opportunists, long-line skinners, faro dealers, tradesmen, painted women of the night, bullwhackers with whips a dozen feet in length, saloonkeepers, assayists, Chinese, Indians, Cousin Jacks, Yankees, Chileans, Mexicans . . . a rolling tide of frontier humanity from every mining camp between British Columbia and Sonora, all drawn to one spot like steel filings to a magnet . . . all jostling, shoving, cursing, quarreling, laughing, showing ore samples and assay certificates, buying and selling "mines" without ever laying eyes on the property, fighting to purchase flour at $75 a sack and bacon at $3 a pound . . . fighting for a chance to pay a dollar a night for a pair of dirty blankets and space on the ground to roll them.

That was a mining stampede . . . a typically Western extravaganza, repeated over and over again, for a period of more than 60 years.

No one knew, of course, whether a new district would peter out in two months, or would go on producing for two centuries. The only means of determining this little item was to dig the ore out of the ground, and mill it, and sell the bullion.



Ruins of long-abandoned ore mills dot scores of hillsides in every Western state.

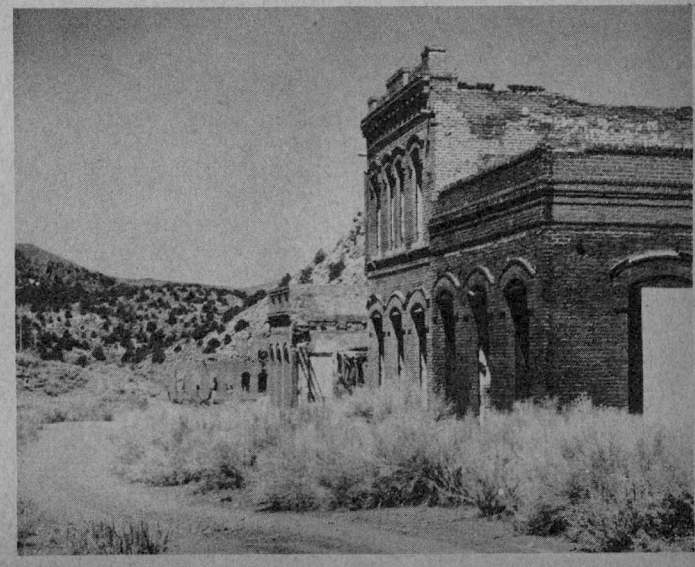
While that digging and milling was being accomplished, these hungry hordes could scarcely be expected to jackass their way across country every time one of them ran low on plug-cut or blasting powder. Furthermore, our frontier miner was distressingly human. He wanted to belly up to a bar, now and then, and h'ist a few. He wanted to break the killing grind of his labor with an occasional fling at faro or blackjack, and he had a strange hankering for naughty, painted women—maybe because they reminded him of nice, unpainted women he had left behind in Kansas and Ohio. What was more important, our miner had hard money in his jeans—likely more money than he had ever before known—and he was willing to pay double what his "state-side" brother would have given for the same stock in trade.

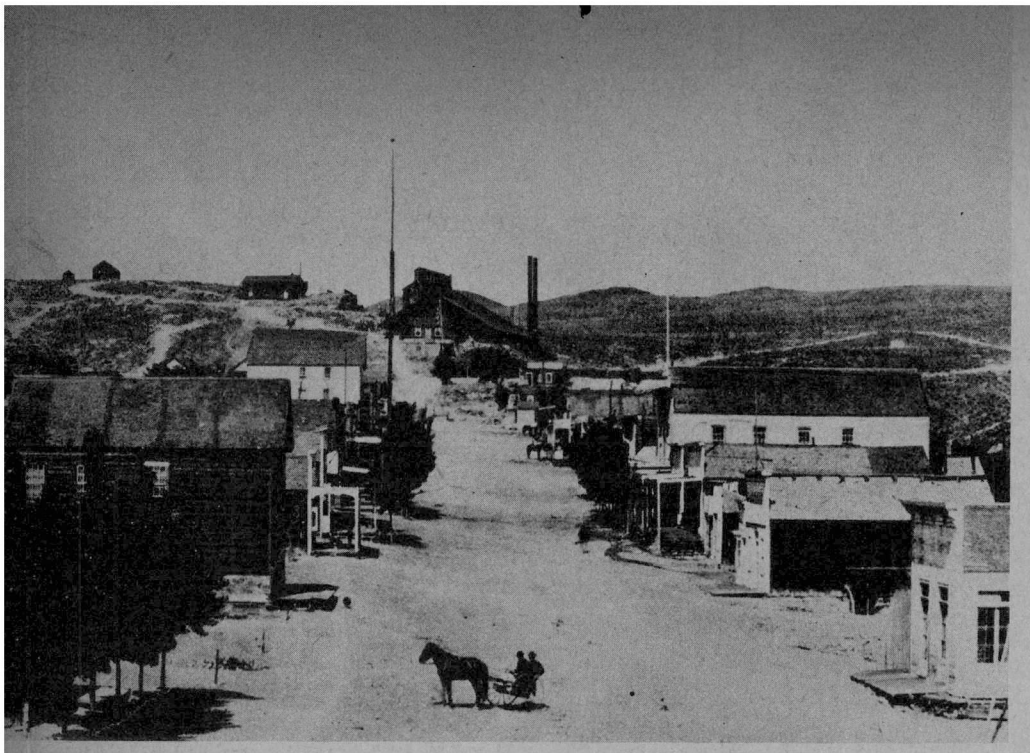
The only practical solution was to start a new town at the scene of discovery.

It was easily done. Pitching his tent, the saloonkeeper turned a wagon box on its side to serve as a bar, and installed as stock and equipment a barrel of rot-gut whiskey and half a dozen tin cups. Assayists and Chinese laundrymen hung out their shingles. Some one else began serving meals; someone started a livery stable.

Many such towns never progressed beyond the tent stage —"Rag Towns" they were called. But if the district held up

Antelope Street, Aurora, Nev.





Main Street of Candelaria, Nevada, about 1893. The town has been a ghost for more than 50 years and not one person lives there today.

encouragingly, the tents would be succeeded by wooden buildings; eventually, by brick and stone. The population of the camp would grow to several thousand persons—women and children, as well as men. Hotels and banks, possibly even a stock exchange and opera house, would be built. Newspapers and volunteer fire companies would be founded, lodges chartered, schools and churches organized.

Everything would zip along beautifully for two years, or 10 years, maybe even for 30 years. And then would come a day when more astute citizens could sense that the old camp was losing her one-time bounce. Her ledges were petering out, her mills were closing. More miners were leaving town than were arriving. . .

When the handwriting appeared on the wall, the wise ones got out—but quick!

Some camps died slowly, grudgingly. Others went "Pouf!" like a candle flame in the wind.

But, what the hell! Over on Indian Creek, up at Thunder Mountain, Somebody knew Somebody Else who had found gold nuggets big as cabbage heads and seams of native silver so pure you could cut it with a hatchet! Sure, she'd been a good camp . . . but this new camp, pard—this new camp'll beat her forty ways from Sunday!

The king was dead . . . long live the king!

Business houses were abandoned, their heavier merchandise still on the shelves. Fancy pianos and solid oak furniture were left behind as homes were deserted. Packrats set up shop in grocery stores; birds began nesting in mahogany bars and crystal chandeliers. Sage and greasewood crept back into streets where ribaldry had briefly reigned, and a lonely wind came to whistle through broken windows and run its gaunt fingers over cold chimneys and silent graves.

One more mining camp had run its cycle from sagebrush to sage.

Another ghosttown had been born. . .

WITH the last major gold strike nearly 50 years in the past, it is almost impossible for any person living today to realize the abundance of precious metal that existed in certain sections of the West, a century and less ago. In the face of that glittering Golconda, man ceases to wonder that those early Argonauts should have offered up a string of boomcamps as sacrifice to Midas. The only wonder becomes that any one of those teeming thousands should have escaped with his sanity intact, his honor undefiled!

Which district produced the richest ore or the best placer ground is difficult to say. The history of California's gold rush is interwoven with reports of streams that yielded a pound of gold per man, per day, and other streams that yielded $1,000 in gold to every lineal foot of creek bed. James H. Carson, working near the present ghosttown of Carson Hill, panned 180 ounces of gold in ten days, and from the Morgan mine, nearby, came the largest nugget ever found in the United States—a solid mass of gold weighing 195 pounds and valued at $43,534!

California was rich in gold—there's no arguing that point!—but so were other sections, as well.

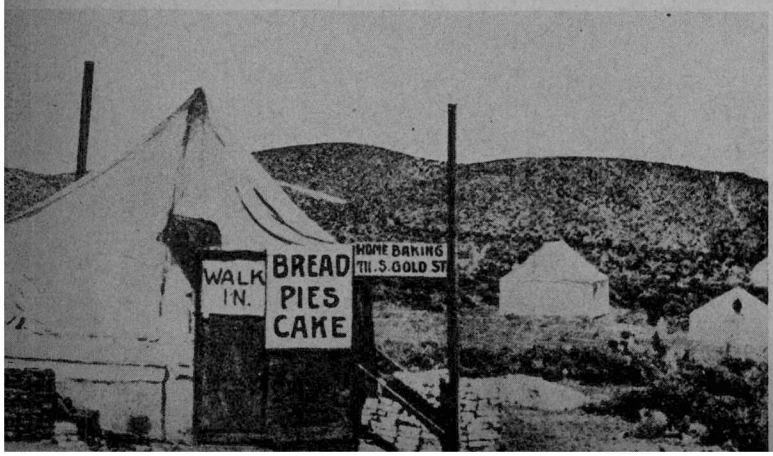
When placer miners in central Idaho found gravel running $100 to the pan in gold, they founded the town of Florence, in 1861, and one of the wildest stampedes in the history of the Northwest soon brought 10,000 persons to throng those new-born streets.

At Leesburg, another Idaho camp of fabulous richness, a single wheelbarrow load of earth yielded $1,000 in golddust and nuggets! The discovery had been made by a group of Southern miners, who had named the new camp for their hero of the hour. Northerners, learning of the new district, were fairly eating their hearts out to get in on that rich gravel, yet they couldn't quite stomach the idea of living in a town named for Robert E. Lee. The solution, of course, was the founding of Grantsville, a mile away.

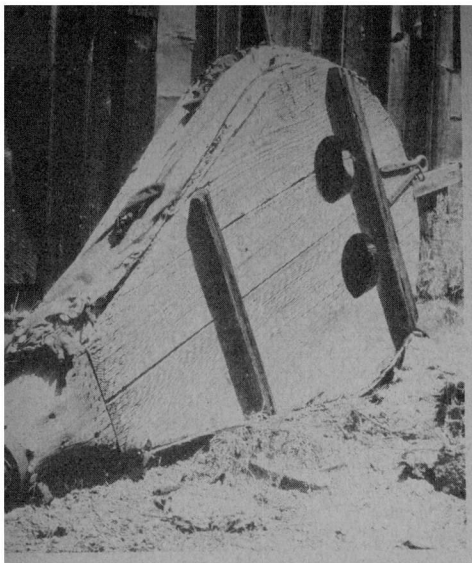
But the Southern gentlemen had the last laugh. Their town of Leesburg grew so fast it absorbed Grantsville and continued to spread over the landscape until it boasted 7,000 inhabitants, 100 business houses, and a main street a mile long! In the course of its productive years, the Leesburg mine put forth $16,000,000 in gold . . . but Grantsville and Leesburg, alike, are ghosttowns today.

Even spectacular as they were, these golden harvests from Idaho falter and grow pale in the light of stories from several of Montana's placer fields—particularly Diamond City, once a frontier metropolis of 10,000 persons, where early miners, working on bedrock, re-

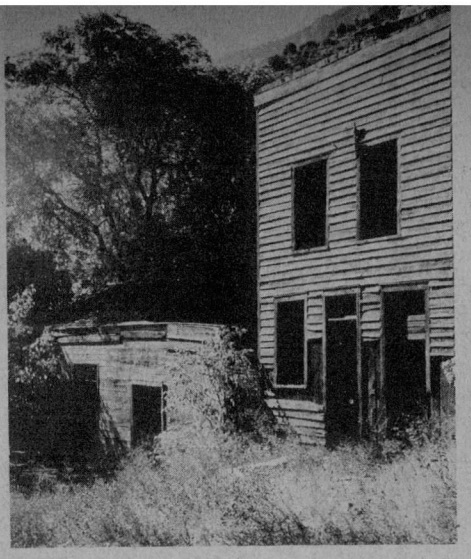
First busines houses in a mining camp were invariably tents. Later would follow frame buildings and, finally, well-built structures of brick and stone.



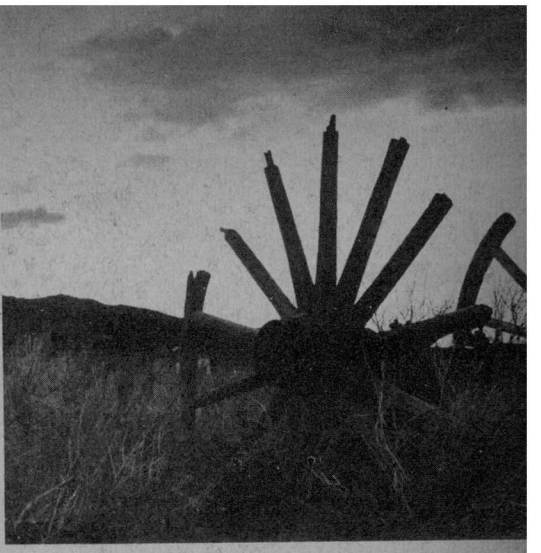
Many Western mining camps owed their birth to the tough and wily burro, which could bear a heavy load over rough terrain. So generally were these animals used that they became as much a symbol of the prospector as were his pick and gold pan.



Old leather bellows found outside a blacksmith shop in the ghosttown of Aurora, Nevada, is a good example of the relics which still await the "ghosttowner."



Vacant business building on Main Street, ghosttown of Ophir, Utah.



Sometimes a pair of wheels from a long-stilled freight wagon is the last bit of evidence to show where a busy mining camp once stood.

portedly washed $1,000 in gold from *each pan of gravel,* and seven pans of concentrates, taken from the sluices in one clean-up, are said to have yielded $114,800!

In the category of lode gold, the Oscar surely must go to Nevada, where one carload of ore from Goldfield returned to its shippers the staggering sum of $574,958.39, and ore from the National Mine, in Humboldt County, assertedly assayed as high as $200 a pound. According to old-timers, even the material used in surfacing National's streets carried $4,000 in gold to every ton of rock!

Nevada also may have produced the country's richest silver ore. At the Eberhardt mine, near the present ghosttown of Treasure City, an open cut excavation 70 feet long, 40 feet wide, and nowhere more than 28 feet deep, produced more than $3,000,000 worth of silver! One piece of ore taken from this glory hole weighed close to four tons, assayed $8 and $10 to each pound, and was so pure its metal could be hammered into sheets without the necessity of smelting!

ANOTHER rich silver mine was the Pine Spring, located at Turkey Creek, Arizona. While sinking a small-diameter shaft to a depth of 20 feet, the owners removed more than $50,000 in ore, including several chunks of hornsilver weighing around 60 pounds each and assaying $14 to the pound! Other ore in the mine, according to U.S. Government mint reports, ran as high as $26,000 to the ton!

But these spectacular dips into the Purse of Fortunatus should not be taken to mean that life in the early mining camps was all beer and skittles and gravel that carried $1,000 in gold to the pan. For every prospect that developed into bonanza proportions, there were a hundred others that paid off only lightly, or not at all. And there was hard, hand labor . . . labor whose like and extent is almost inconceivable to miners of today.

There was the everlasting hand drilling through hard rock with double-jack and steel—the ultimate in this regard possibly being reached in the Murphy mine at Ophir City, Nevada, where 18,000 drill steels were sharpened monthly for a crew of 40 men, and more than 2,500 man-hours of labor were required to sink only ten feet of shaft!

Prodigious labor also was occasioned by water—either too much of it, or not enough.

There was good placer ground at Malheur City, Oregon, but no water for separating the gold from the sand. To remedy this situation, miners of the camp dug "The Eldorado Ditch," whereby the water of Last Chance creek, on the South fork of the Burnt River, might be carried to the desert settlement. The ditch was excavated entirely by pick and shovel labor—much of it through solid rock—and at the time of its completion (1873) it was the largest canal in the West. It cost $250,000, was wide and deep enough to float rafts of logs down from the mountains, and it *was 120 miles in length!*

As soon as water began flowing through the ditch, several other towns were established, and millions of dollars worth of gold dust was washed from the sands. But the ditch is now dry and abandoned . . . and so are the camps it served.

Incidentally, I never read or heard about hard work that it doesn't call to mind my friend, Maury Stromer. His achievement, I'll admit, doesn't rank with digging the Eldorado Ditch, but I still think it's worthy of mention.

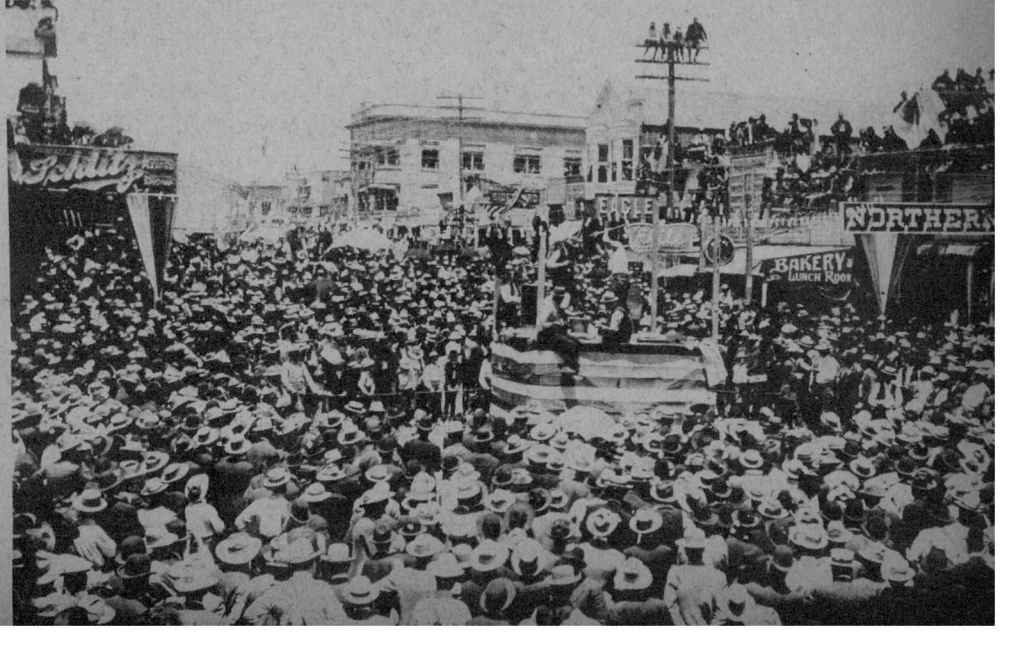
Maury, when I knew him, was past 70 years of age, and the last survivor of Broken Hills, Nevada, where he had come with the first boom, 37 years before. He was working a small mine called "The Badger"—stoping on a four-foot vein that carried a couple of dollars in gold and 40 ounces of silver to the ton. Working alone, the old man would descend his 140-foot shaft by vertical ladder, shovel 350 pounds of ore into a bucket, reclimb that man-killing ladder to the surface—a distance about equal to the height of a 14-story building—start his gasoline engine, hoist the ore and dump it. Then he would relower the bucket, climb back down the ladder, and fill 'er up again!

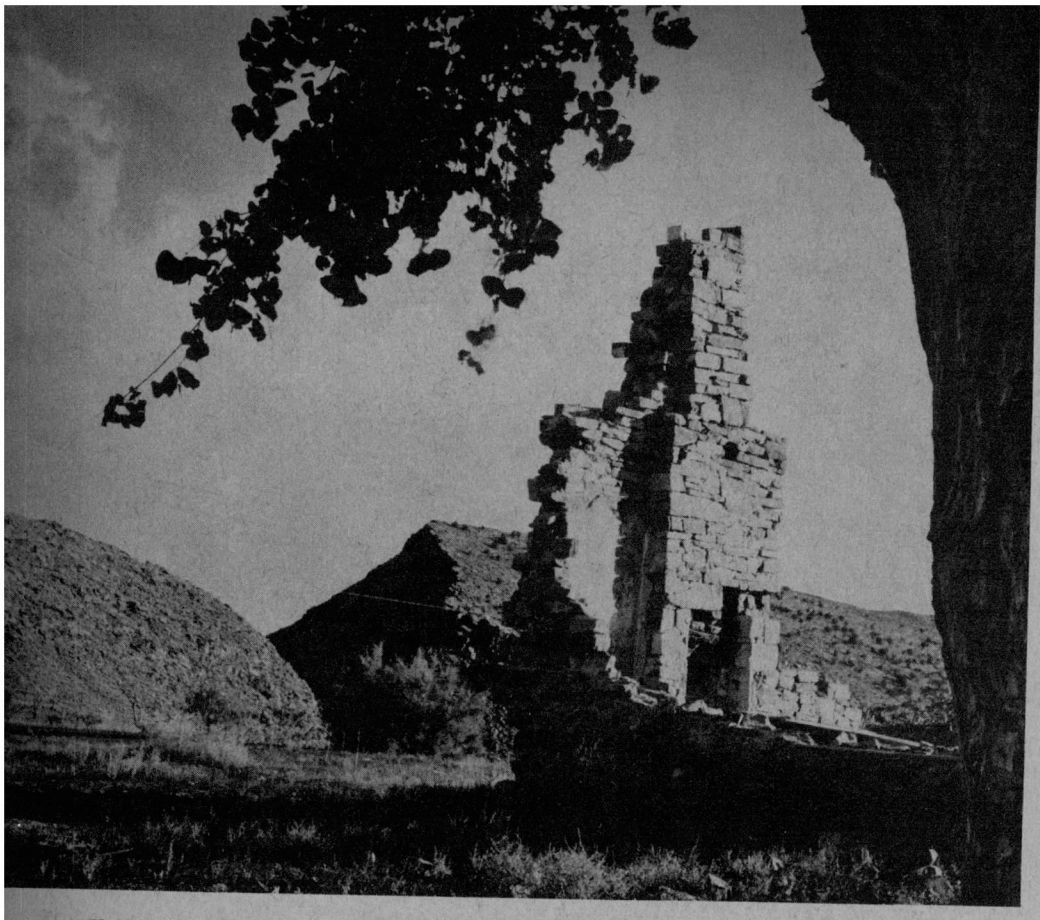
"Judas Priest, Maury," I said one time, "Doesn't that program get terribly tiresome?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied my old ghosttown friend. "I reckon it might, if a man was to carry it to extremes . . . but I only make about a dozen trips a day!"

(Continued on following page)

20,000 spectators at Drilling Contest, Goldfield, Nevada, about 1908. Northern Saloon, at right, was operated by Tex Rickard, later famous as a sports promoter. Goldfield is still clinging feebly to life with approximately 200 inhabitants.





Half-dead cottonwood trees and a crumbling chimney mark the site of a once imposing home in ghosttown of Harrisburg, Utah.

ALONG with hard labor, another terribly present partner in the early boom camps was Death. It rode in the form of "widow-makers" in the mines, accidents in the mills, quarrels over boundary rights; it came in the guise of diphtheria, drowning, scarlet fever, small pox, typhoid, pneumonia, childbirth.

The spreading cemetery at DeLamar, Nevada, forms a ghastly indictment of early-day methods, when too many mines were improperly ventilated, and ore mills in desert regions were too often operated with dry battery boxes. Only three months in the mines or mills at DeLamar were enough to produce the fatal silicosis—"miner's con." Even women and children, who never went near the mines, died from effects of Cambrian quartzite dust that forever drifted through the streets. Many of the smaller camps had neither doctors nor dentists. Arms and legs, mangled and threatened by gangrene, were amputated by means of butcher knives and carpenter's saws, with only whiskey as anaesthetic. Aching molars were yanked out with blacksmith tongs, or were knocked loose with hammer and cold chisel . . .

As Time goes about smoothing the scars and obliterating visual evidence of these former boom camps, one of the last remaining clues to man's transient presence is that lonely plot of ground inhabited by the "permanent settlers" of the camp—those *bons vivants* who were too slow on the draw, or who otherwise terminated their temporal lease.

Anyone looking for drama will go a long way before he finds a better source than these old ghosttown graveyards—when they're the real McCoy. Although thousands of tourists thrill yearly to epitaphs in the boothill cemeteries at Tombstone, Arizona, and Dodge City, Kansas, these places—in my estimation—don't qualify as bona fide ghosttowns and I find their boothills a bit too synthetic.

The graveyard of a good, honest ghosttown, on the other hand, doesn't need any fictitious inscriptions or catch-penny devices. Drama is as much a part of it as its weathered crosses and narrow mounds heaped with rocks and overgrown with cactus and sagebrush.

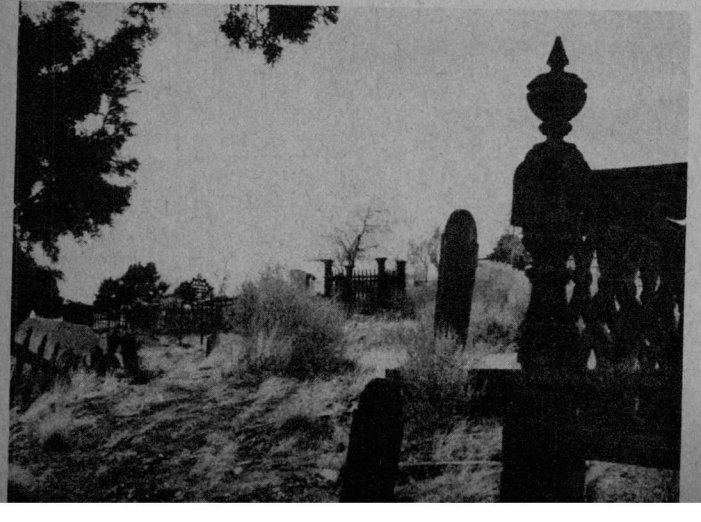
In many boomcamp cemeteries, of the hotter desert regions, are gravestone inscriptions bearing the phrase, "Succumbed to the Elements," or "Died of Thirst." An epitaph in the old graveyard at San Andreas, California, reads, "Cruelly Murdered for the Sake of Gold," and numerous ones of the older cemeteries have gravestones bearing the succinct phrase, "Killed by Indians." Of the 17 white men buried at Mowry Mine, Arizona, 15 are known to have died violent deaths—mainly at the hands of Apache raiders.

Pioneer women and children who helped people the early boomcamps, bore no charmed lives, as inspection of any ghosttown cemetery will reveal. Markers in the old graveyard at Aurora, Nevada, show that women in this camp lived to an average age of *only 28 years*. I particularly noticed one crumbly headstone marking the grave of a 19-year-old wife who died in childbirth. Its inscription closes with the desolated phrase:

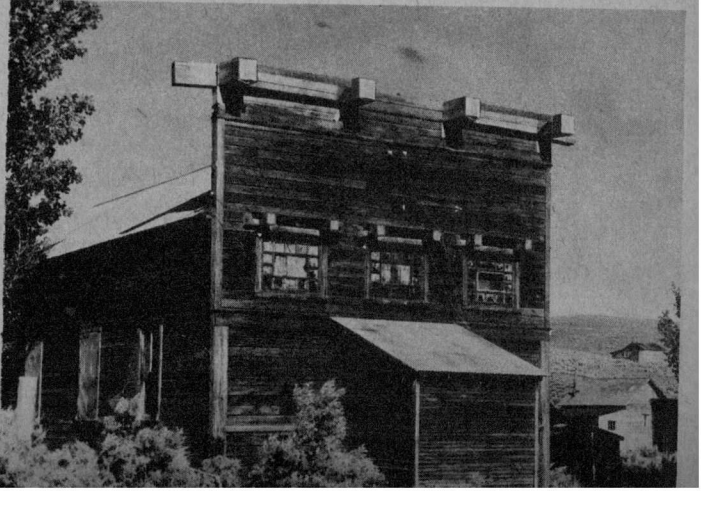
She Hath Done What She Could

OTHER ghosttown graveyards harbor the remains of notable characters—particularly desperados. In the burying ground at South Pass City, Wyoming, lie "Mountain Jack" Alvese and 20 other gunfighters; and at Bothwell, another Wyoming ghosttown, are planted the remains of notorious Jim Averill, and "Cattle Kate" Maxwell Watson, both lynched for cattle rustling. After robbing and killing more than 100 persons, Montana's ex-sheriff, Henry Plummer, and two of his cohorts were hanged at the present ghosttown of Bannack, Montana, where they are buried. (When founded in 1862, incidentally, this town of Bannack was in Oregon Territory. The next year placed it briefly in Idaho Territory, and with creation of Montana Territory, in 1864, Bannack became its Territorial capital. The red

Ghosttown graveyard.



Former City Hall in the ghosttown of Midas, Nevada, still shows its stained-glass windows and fancy front decorations.



brick building where Montana's first legislature met is still standing, deserted and forlorn.)

But, getting back to our marble orchards, it would never do to overlook the famous graveyard in the ghosttown of Bodie, California — possibly the only Western mining camp to erect a gravestone to a martyred president.

Eighty years ago a lusty settlement of 12,000 persons and reputedly the most lawless town in the United States, Bodie is now shrunken to a couple of old men, but its streets are still lined with buildings dating from the boom days—some of them partially furnished —and out in the spreading graveyard, stands a tall marble obelisk erected to the memory of President Garfield!

The marker, originally, was purchased by public subscription as a means of paying proper respect to the town's founder, who had frozen to death in his cabin during the winter of 1880-81. Following considerable delay, the imposing stone arrived from the East on the same stage that brought word of Garfield's assassination. In the several months elapsed since demise of her fellow townsman, Bodie's enthusiasm for him had cooled so appreciably that her citizens now held a hasty election and voted to engrave and erect the stone to Garfield's memory, instead!

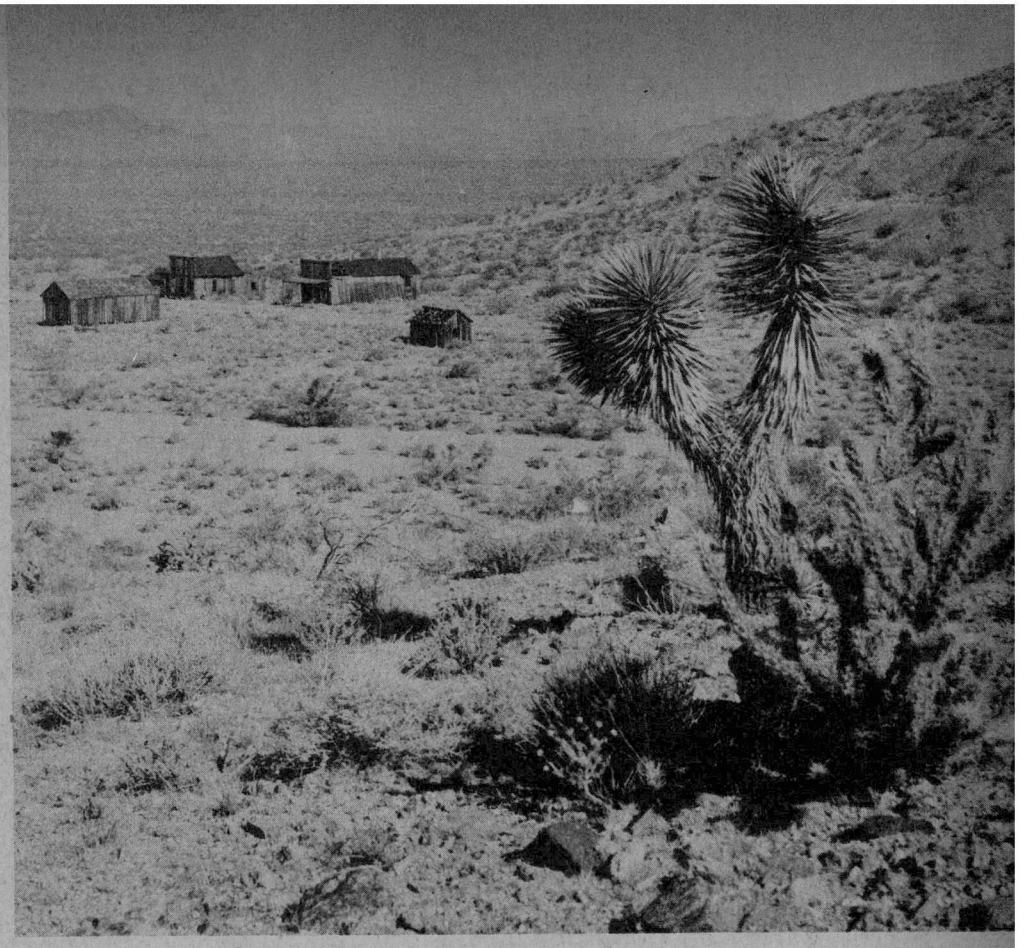
Speaking of graveyards brings to mind the subject of resurrection; and resurrection recalls Alta, Utah, where the City Council refused to have anyone resurrected; and Skidoo, California, where one man was resurrected twice!

As combined results of her death-dealing avalanches and the fact that 110 men are said to have been killed in brawls at her 26 saloons, Alta's graveyard at the foot of Rustler mountain was a large and flourishing institution when into that mountain mining camp, in 1873, came a mysterious stranger who, for a small fee, offered to resurrect all the dead in the cemetery.

The matter was laid before the town council which gave the proposal considerable thought and heard recommendations of all interested persons. By and large, the idea wasn't popular. Widows and widowers who had since remarried, folks who had inherited property, and other survivors, for their own personal reasons, seemed to think that those who were planted should remain planted.

The town council accordingly turned thumbs down on the proposal; but still the mysterious stranger hung around town. Possibly fearing that he might decide to give a free demonstration of his powers of resurrecting, the townspeople of Alta at last made up a purse of $2,500, which they presented to the stranger on the condition that he blow camp immediately.

He did . . . and Alta again breathed easy.



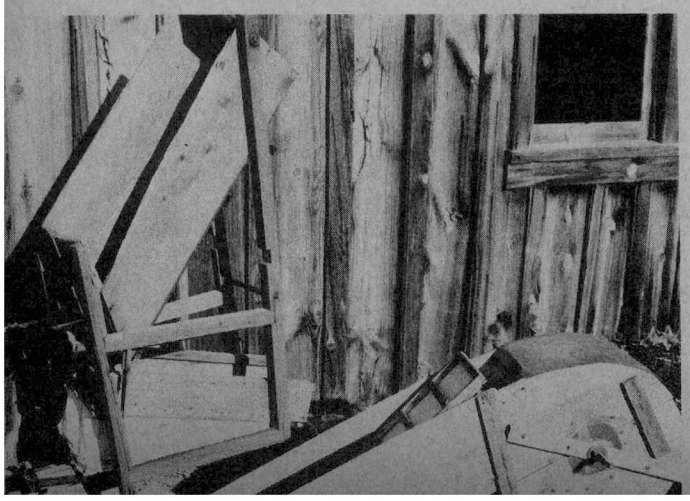
All that remains of the once-flourishing mining camp of White Hills, Arizona, are these few old buildings abandoned to ghosts and the desert wind.

THE affair at Skidoo was an altogether different matter which had its beginning on the day Joe Simpson, owner of the Gold Seal saloon, shot and killed Jim Arnold, and was promptly lynched for his indiscretion. Immediately following the murder and lynching, county seat newspapermen got wind of the proceedings and hot-footed it over to Skidoo in quest of photos. Both Simpson and Arnold already had been buried, but the obliging townsmen hastened to dig up Simpson's corpse, which they dusted off and hung all over again while flash powder flashed and local dignitaries posed importantly. With the newsmen happily returned to Inyo, Simpson was reburied.

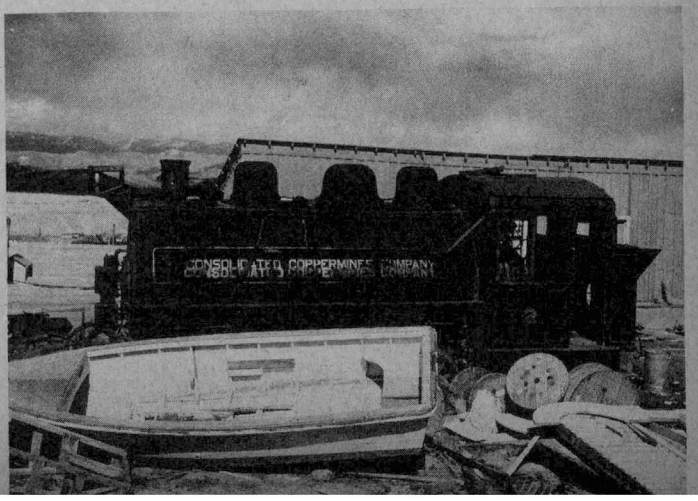
Sometime later, a doctor visiting in Skidoo chanced to mention his need of a nice human skull. Someone remembered Good Ol' Joe, whose corpse was obligingly dug up a second time, decapitated for the visiting sawbones, and again reinterred beneath the thorny sod. The doctor was a little abashed by such proceedings, but Skidoo assured him it was quite all right.

Joe wouldn't mind, they said. Joe always had been an accommodating cuss. . . *(Continued on following page)*

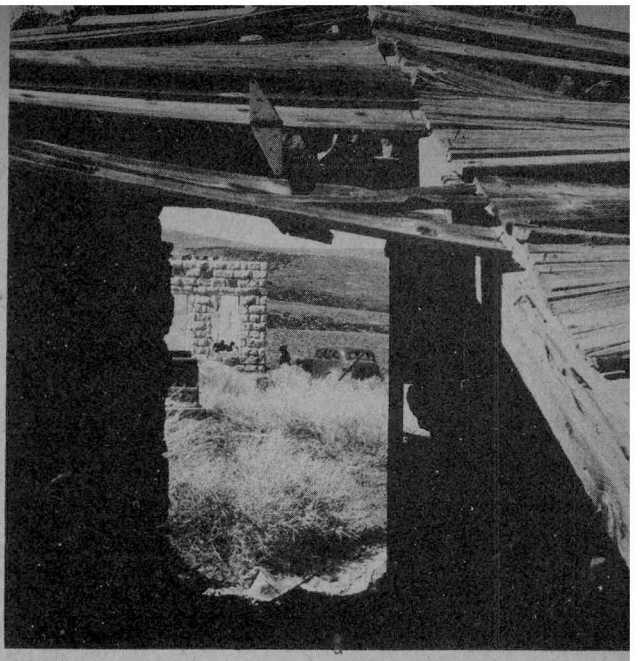
"Old Dry Washers," ghosttown, White Hills, Arizona.



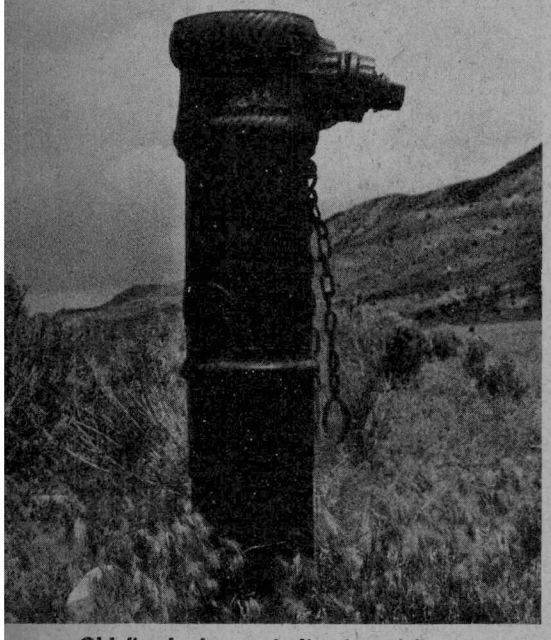
When a mining boom camp becomes a ghosttown, many strange chattels are left behind—even locomotives and rowboats!



Ruins at Dun Glen, Nevada.



Desert ghosttown.



Old fire hydrants, indicative of former city water systems, are to be found in many present-day ghosttowns, where no water flows today, no one remains there to use it, and no buildings remain to be burned.

In addition to those notables who ended their mining camp experiences six feet underground, practically all the larger boomcamps had their budding celebrities who went on to bigger and better things, like Joaquin Miller, later famous as a California poet, who rode a pony mail route between Lewiston and Pierce City, Idaho; and Sam Clemens (Mark Twain) who swung a pick and worked in a silver mill at Aurora, Nevada.

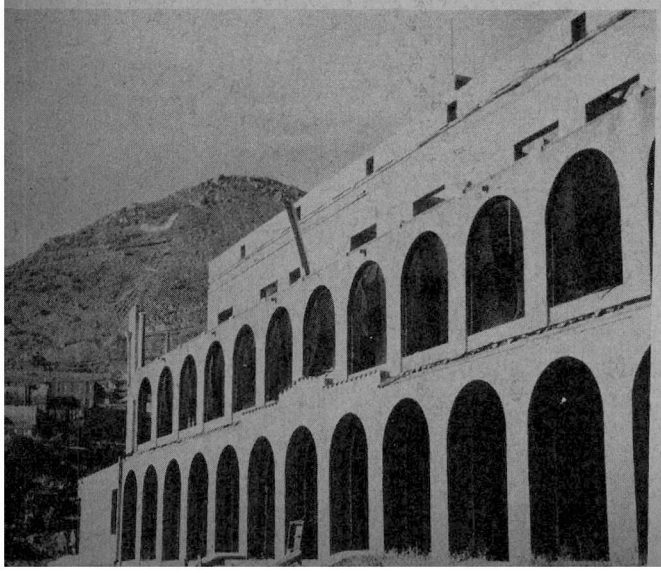
In the present-day ghosttown of Hornitos, California, stands the crumbling store building in which Dominico Ghiridelli sold beans and hardtack and thereby accumulated the stake that launched him in the chocolate business and made his name a household word around the world. At Hangtown, in the same state, Philip D. Armour operated a one-man butcher shop; Mark Hopkins (later of the "Big Four") sold groceries; and John Studebaker, future wagon and automobile tycoon, worked 18 hours a day building wheelbarrows for the miners. Capt. Robert Dollar, who would later found the Dollar Steamship Line, ran a general store at Usal, California, and Darius Ogden Mills, builder of the great Mills fortune, operated an assay office and bought gold in a tent "bank" in the old Forty-Niner camp of Columbia. (This town of Columbia, incidentally, once tried to wrest the California state capital from Sacramento, and among its various qualifications cited 30 saloons, a stadium for bull and bear fights, a brewery, and "143 faro banks with a capital of over $1,500,000.")

WHY the moldering bones of a dead boomcamp should exert such terrific appeal is a little hard to understand, but theirs is a fascination that is perennial and almost universal.

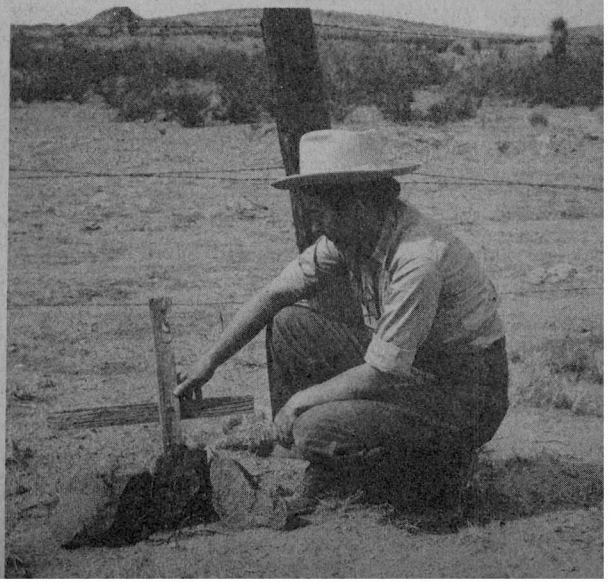
The average cross-country traveler, unfortunately, seldom sees any but the highly-touted ghosttowns along the paved highways—the "tourist traps" I call them.

Armed with his WPA guidebook and battery of cameras, he is shown half a dozen different Hangmen's Trees where the same outlaw assertedly paid his final obligation to society, and makes the acquaintance of Mark Twain cabins in towns Mark never saw. He downs a brace of highballs in the original Bucket-of-Guts Saloon (built in 1927) and tramps the hallowed stage of a theatre where Jenny Lind sang in legend, though not in fact. Having done and seen everything the guidebook says he should do and see, he speeds on his shorts-clad way, terrifically titillated by his first-hand brush with the Days of Gore and Glory.

But he still hasn't seen a good, hon-



United Verde Hotel, in the ghosttown of Jerome, Arizona, has stood vacant for many years. Formerly one of the finest company hostelries in its state, the old building is handsomely tiled within, with elaborate winding staircases.



Author examining crude cross that marks grave of Russian Bill, hanged at Shakespeare, New Mexico, and buried in cemetery there.

est, 180-proof ghosttown, and five'll get you ten he never will see one! Folks of his sort just don't take kindly to dusty, high-centered roads, and steep grades, and places that are terribly far from electric refrigeration and inner-spring mattresses, and daily stock market reports. . .

Strangely enough, it's places like this where the best ghosttowns are found.

Folks sometimes ask which of the old camps I consider the most interesting; but that's a hard question to answer. Not only hard, but about as dangerous as judging a baby contest. Personally, I like 'em all!

Most of Wyoming's early-day mining camps are completely deserted and little remains to show that they ever existed. Montana's ghosttowns lie mostly in the Western section of the state. There are many of them, and some, such as Elkhorn, are highly explorable.

The State of Washington has a number of boomcamps killed by depletion of coal mines and saw timber. The camp of Ruby, in the early 1880's, was considered the Babylon of Washington Territory; and four miles distant was a second fleshpot that rejoiced in the fantastic name of Loop Loop. Another Washington ghosttown with an unusual history is Fidalgo City. To secure land grants offered as bonus for railroad construction, the Anacortes & Fidalgo City Electric Railway was built in 1891. After two trips over the line to insure title to the land grants, the tracks were torn up . . . and that ended the Anacortes & Fidalgo City!

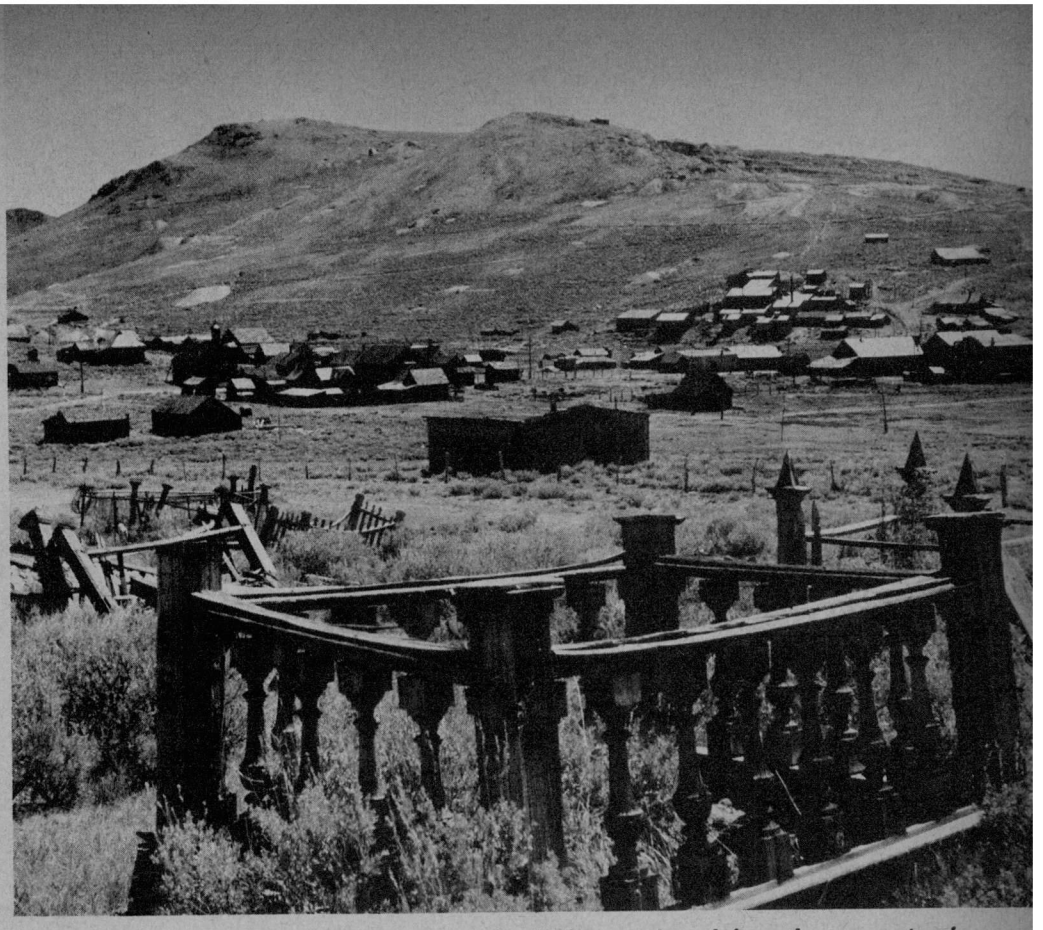
Only the ghosttowns of California are older than those of coastal Oregon, where camps such as Althouse, Kerbyville, Sailor's Diggings, Browntown, French Flat, and Allentown, date from 1851-55, when the first gold discoveries were made in the Southwestern part of the state. Most of these earlier camps have disappeared so completely it is almost impossible to locate their former sites, but many of the later-founded boomtowns in Eastern Oregon (1860-80) have considerable to offer in the line of picturesque ruins.

Colorado's ghosttowns—which could scarcely be more numerous if they had been shot into the mountains with a scattergun—are the highest in the nation, many of them being situated at more than 11,000 feet above sea level.

THE town of Boughton, Colorado, (later Oro City) was born in 1860 when prospectors dug through four feet of snow to pan the frozen sand. By the close of that season, 5,000 persons had gathered there, and in less than eight years the camp produced $5,000,000. The richest ore taken from the Cresson mine, at Elkton, assayed $100,000 to the ton ($50 a pound) and was shipped to Colorado Springs with armed guards riding the ore cars. Three railroads once maintained stations at Goldfield, and so numerous were the shootings in Altman that the undertaker advertised "party rates" if all killings were scheduled on Saturdays.

At the present ghosttown of Sunshine, also in Colorado, a prospector took $17,500 in gold from a cut only 10 feet deep and 20 feet long. Fearing he had stumbled on something "too good to last," he made haste to sell the mine for another $17,500 . . . where-

(Continued on page 43)



Bodie, famous California mining camp of the 1870's, as viewed from the remnants of Boothill Only one man—a caretaker for some of the Cain property—still lives in the town.

In the early mining days, when equipment was scarce and freight rates terrifically high, whiskey barrels were oft-times reinforced with hand-forged iron for use as ore buckets in the mines. Such articles today are much sought as collectors' items"—but few collectors penetrate the remote regions where they are to be found.

I leave this rule, for others when I am dead
Be always sure, you are right, then go ahead
David Crockett

Frontier Pix

Legend and fact have become inextricably mingled to form the ageless story of Davy Crockett. Here you have both the man as he actually was, and the fascinating legend he has become.

"KING OF THE

By Curtis Bishop

DAVY CROCKETT weighed 300 pounds when he was born. He was cradled in the shell of a snapping turtle, had elk horns to chin himself on and a wildcat skin for a pillow. He grew up into a half-horse, half-alligator, a little touched with the snapping turtle. He could wade the Mississippi, leap the Ohio, ride on a streak of lightning, slide without a stretch down a honey locust and whip his weight in wildcats.

He had a tame bear, Death Hug, and a buffalo named Mississippi. Sometimes he rode one of them; sometimes he rode a wild stallion, or hopped on a streak of lightning, greased it with rattlesnake oil and outstripped all creation.

And he was NOT killed at the Alamo. He was shot by a silver bullet which left no wound. Then he joined his uncle, a rip-tail roarer himself. Davy's uncle shaved himself with lightning, ate pickled thunderbolts for his breakfast, and took hailstone life pills when he was sick. He picked his teeth with a pitch-fork, combed his hair with a rake, fanned himself with a hurricane, wore a cast-iron shirt and drank nothing but creosote and aquafortis.

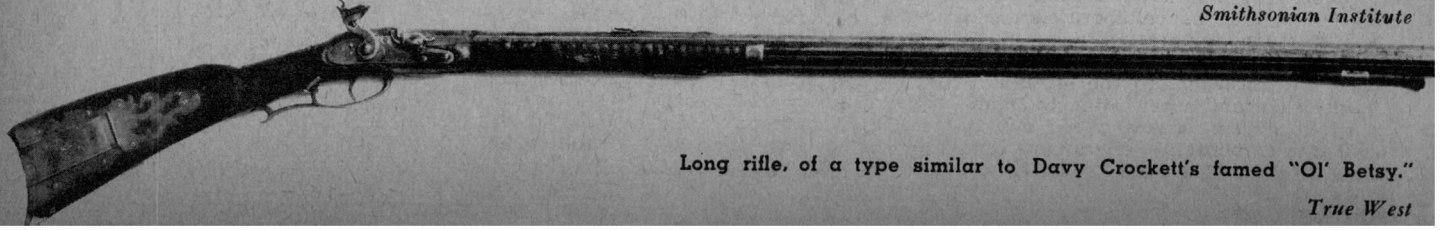
Those tales, and thousands more, were told in Davy Crockett's lifetime about the Tennessee backwoodsman who has become the frontier's most lengendary character. Consider, before bringing up feats of Paul Bunyan or Pecos Bill in exception, that both Paul and Pecos were creatures of pure fantasy, while Davy Crockett gathered unto himself such legends while remaining an actual personage, a man who lived and died.

Crockett personified every tale spun about man on the American frontier, of which tall tales there were no whicher, and a century after his death in the Alamo still holds forth as the most colorful pioneer of them all. In fact, Davy seems actually to be gaining in stature. Ballads sung about others are still remembered and sung, yes. One does not qualify as a collector of frontier lore by knowing about the "highway robber, Cole Younger by name" or the "dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard and laid Jesse James in his grave"—or by identifying such names as Johnny Appleseed, Big Foot Wallace and Quanah Parker. But "Davee—Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier" not only stays alive in the hearts of collectors, but sweeps out to gather in all humanity in its universal appeal.

"Leadbelly" belongs to the collectors; Davy Crockett to everybody.

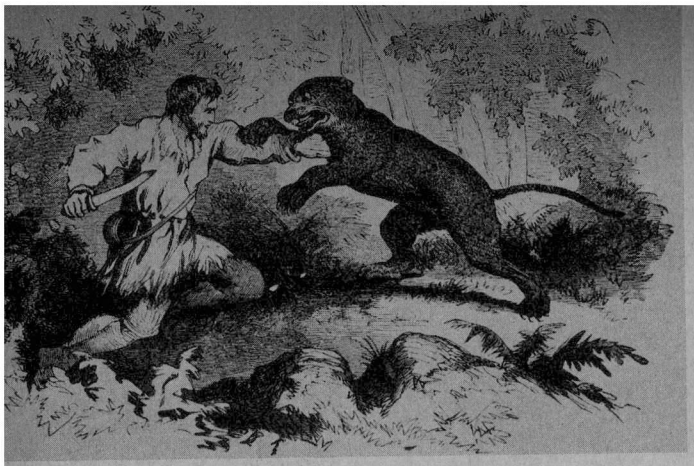
VARIOUS play anthologies list no less than 118 written dramas with Crockett as inspiration and hero, many of them still being enacted by community and school dramatic groups. No novel of the period is complete without at least a reference to the man from Tennessee. His favorite saying "Be sure you're right and then go ahead," is an American byword. He is television's favorite hero of 1955, easily supplanting Roy Rogers and Captain Zero. Box office records are predicted for the Walt Disney full-length motion picture release. A noted gun collector estimates that no less than 100 different hunting rifles have gone on public display "guaranteed" as the muzzle-loading "Ol' Betsy" with which Davy fought to the last at San Antonio.

Smithsonian Institute



Long rifle, of a type similar to Davy Crockett's famed "Ol' Betsy."

True West



Brown Brothers

Colonel Crockett's encounter with a cougar.

Brown Brothers

Colonel Crockett pursues a herd of buffalo.

ILD FRONTIER"

Bettman Archives

Davy tackles a b'ar.

Brag about your Buffalo Bill Cody and Kit Carson. Scream out your version of Apache war whoops until your lungs burst; rant of Custer and Jim Bridger and Sitting Bull! In the public's fancy, Davy Crockett is the one and only "King of the Wild Frontier," and has been these 125 years.

Any informed student of the frontier will challenge the accuracy of any "Davee" tale, and nobody cares. Those who spin tales about Crockett aren't professing to tell the truth anyhow. They don't have to.

Crockett was in his thirties when he almost overnight became lionized because of his prodigious mythical feats. Admiring neighbors launched this greatest of any American "buildup." David was still in his teens when stories about his bear-hunting genius spread through the Tennessee frontier. His emergence onto the national political scene brought the hero in homespun into the eyes of the nation. Probably the first references in Washington to Crockett's prowess with a hunting rifle or at a whiskey barrel were offered in derision. Davy's shrewd defense to an exaggeration about himself was to tell a better one.

The country roared its approval of the tall man who not only admitted that he lived in a log cabin without a floor, but added that he slept with alligators in the swamps and was first cousin to a packrat. Writers then, as now, found him an engaging subject. Contemporary journalists found him affable and cooperative, willing to sign his name to any written-up exploit as the author. By 1830, Crockett Almanacs were published in Nashville, New York, Albany, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. By 1834, he had published his own "Narrative." Four other books bore Crockett's name as author, and it is certain that he collaborated more or less in their preparation.

Now to the facts of Davy for a moment before returning to the legends.

Crockett's grandfather came to America about 1760 and was wiped out in an Indian massacre, at Rogersville, Tennessee, in 1777. The family's only survivor was a son, John. Davy's father was off at a war, of course—among those straight-shooting frontiersmen who wiped out the British at the Battle of King's Mountain.

(The story of that battle has always appealed to this writer, and perhaps sheds light on David's character. The sturdy Scotch-Irish settlers of the East Tennessee hills doggedly refused to enlist in the Revolutionary Army. They wanted no part of military discipline. But when Colonel Ferguson and his Redcoats came into their hills and Revolutionary authorities needed volunteers in a hurry, the Scotch-Irish responded. They didn't want to go to war, but they didn't consider shooting at Englishmen as war. That was sport.)

DAVY was born on August 17, 1787, one of nine children from the union of John with the sister-in-law of General John Sevier. When Davy was seven, his family moved from Nolichucky River to Jefferson County. There his father opened a tavern, on the road from Abingdon to Knoxville.

Crockett's place was patronized principally by wagoners and drovers. From them the youngster picked up bits of conversation and fragments of information about far places that made the schoolroom a very dull place by comparison. When he was only twelve, Davy slipped away from home to help Jacob Silber drive a large herd of cattle into Virginia. Similar wanderings carried him into Virginia and Kentucky before he returned home as a strapping 15-year-old and considered two new interests—his schooling and his courting.

Crockett did go to school—but it didn't take very well. He worked two days a week for his room and board and went to classes the other four days. He learned to read some, to do simple arithmetic and to write his name.

But, nearing eighteen, he found his "sparking" more important than acquiring an education. He had a maid in the notion, the date fixed and a cabin built.

(*Continued on page 28*)

Colonel Crockett, as he looked shortly before his heroic death at the Alamo.

Wilbarger knew when a savage cut his scalp around and jerked it off. The only sensation he experienced was a sound as of distant thunder.

Illustrated by
Randy Steffen

ONE cold night soon after he came to Texas, Bigfoot Wallace was sitting in the warm cabin of a settler down the Colorado River when a stranger wearing a strange-looking fur cap entered, stood bent over the fire a few minutes, and then removed his headgear. At sight of the raw-looking, hairless scalp thus exposed, Bigfoot Wallace broke the social code against asking questions.

"My friend," he ventured, "excuse me, but what is the matter with your head?"

"I have been scalped by the Indians," the stranger replied.

He was Josiah Wilbarger. The story of his scalping and of the dream that saved his life has been told in homes of old-time Texans and also kept in print for more than a hundred years. It is one of the best-known historical legends of the land.

In 1830, Josiah Wilbarger, lately from Missouri, located on a headright survey along the Colorado River about ten miles above the crossing of the *camino real*—the royal road, as the Spaniards called it—between San Antonio and Nacogdoches. His nearest neighbor was thirty miles down the river. Two years later his friend Reuben Hornsby built, with slave help, a double-log cabin up the river, nine miles below the present city of Austin, and moved into it with his wife Sarah and eight children. Although separated by several miles, the families were close neighbors. The names of Wilbarger's Creek and Hornsby's Bend fix permanently the locations of these two outposts of colonization.

Early in August, 1833, Wilbarger went up to Hornsby's to join a party of men scouting for headrights. The Hornsby home had already become a kind of land's end headquarters. After spending the night, Wilbarger in company with four men named Christian, Haynie, Standifer, and Strother set out to explore to the northwest. On Walnut Creek they sighted a lone Indian, who ran and escaped into the cedar hills.

After the chase the party turned homeward. Near Pecan Spring, as the place was later named, they halted to noon. Wilbarger, Christian and Strother unsaddled their horses and hobbled them to graze; the other two men staked theirs with the saddles on, merely removing the bridles. While the men were eating, they were fired on without warning by Indians, who had skulked up in the brush and timber. Some of the Indians had only bows and arrows. The white men got behind some small trees and returned the fire, but soon Strother received a mortal wound and a ball broke Christian's thigh. With an arrow through the calf of a leg and a flesh wound in a hip, Wilbarger dragged Christian behind a tree. About this time an arrow went into his other leg. Haynie and Standifer now made for their saddled horses. As they mounted, Wilbarger started running toward them, calling upon them to wait. They saw him pitch headlong to the ground. Then they saw "fifty Indians" rushing for his scalp. They got away and reached Hornsby's house in safety.

There they told how they had seen the savages scalping their dead comrades and heard them yelling the blood yells. For the present, all the men agreed, the dead would have to care for the dead. The Indians were in such force and had met with such success that they might well be expected to attack the Hornsby outpost. A rider was sent below, to carry the tidings to the Wilbarger home and to summon help.

AT LAST the house quieted down, and Sarah Hornsby fell asleep. About midnight she jumped awake from a vision as sharply defined as the peaks of clouds under sheet lightning. She shook her husband, speaking so loud that the men in the other room of the house heard.

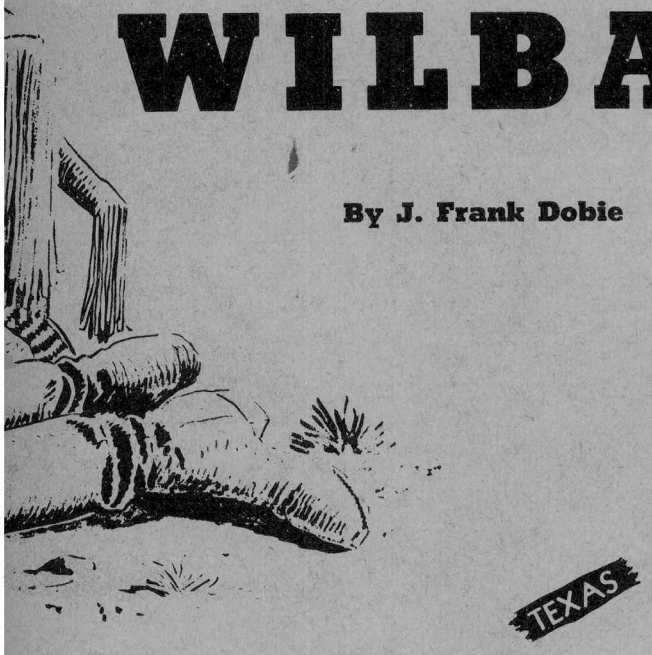
"Wilbarger is not dead," she cried. "I saw him in a dream. He sits under a large post oak tree, naked, covered with blood from wounds, scalped. But he is not dead. I saw him plainly."

Reuben Hornsby soothed his wife. He tried to pacify her

"Wilbarger is not dead," Sarah Hornsby insisted to her doubting husband. "I saw him in a dream. He is naked, covered with blood from wounds, scalped. But he is not dead!"

THE DREAM THAT SAVED WILBARGER

By J. Frank Dobie



by going over the details related by the two survivors. He laid the dream to overwrought nerves. She quieted down and went back to sleep.

But about three o'clock she sprang from bed, more excited and intense this time than before. "I saw him again," she cried. Her husband could not pacify her now. She threw a dress on, lit a candle, aroused all the men.

"As sure as there is a God," she repeated, "Josiah Wilbarger is alive. He is alive out there all alone under a large post oak tree. His only covering is the blood from his own wounds. He is scalped, but he lives, suffering tortures, hoping and waiting for help."

"But," started to explain once more one of the men who had left Wilbarger.

"But me no buts," Sarah Hornsby went on with rising voice. "I saw him as plainly as I now see you safe and sound in front of me. If you are not cowards, go at once or he will die."

"I'll say it again as I have already said it many times," the escaped man now got his word in. "I saw Wilbarger shot down. I saw at least fifty Indians around his body. They were even then lifting his scalp. They never leave a victim breathing."

"I don't care what you saw," Sarah Hornsby retorted. "Maybe you were too busy running to see anything straight. Anyhow, I have had the last look. I know that Wilbarger is alive. Go! Go at once."

There was no arguing, but Reuben Hornsby now pointed out that if he and the other men left before the expected recruits arrived from below, his wife and children would be in grave danger.

"Never mind me," his wife flared. "I and my children can take to the dogwood thicket and lie hid. Go, I tell you, to poor Wilbarger."

She was a little black-haired, black-eyed woman of pure Scotch blood off a plantation of traditional refinement in Mississippi. She sang Highland ballads, read the Bible to her children, and taught them to read the box of books she had hauled in an ox wagon all the way to Texas. One time when all the men were gone from her home in Hornsby's Bend she dressed in man's clothes and showed herself armed with a rifle in order to scare off lurking Indians. Another time while her husband was away she sent two of her boys at milking time to bring in the cows from the wild rye that stretched out from the house like a field of wheat. From the window—for there was never a minute of easiness at this habitation in the wilderness—she, gun in hand, watched them. Then, powerless to give aid, she saw a band of Indians raise up with a yell behind the boys, but the boys got into the house unharmed. Another time she saw savages kill two young men hoeing in the field; then after dark she and her young sons buried them. In time, she buried one of her own sons and another youth who were fishing in the river when Indians killed them.

AGAINST such resoluteness Reuben Hornsby and the other men could not now stand. Still, they refused to leave until daylight, by which time the recruits from below were expected. Sarah Hornsby made coffee, cooked breakfast. Daylight comes early in August. With it came the expected reinforcements. Then, the searching party prepared to ride.

"Take these three sheets," Sarah Hornsby called. "Two to bury Christian and Strother in. One to wrap around Wilbarger. You will have to bring him home on a litter. He cannot ride a horse."

This part of her prophesy alone proved erroneous. The men went to the campsite where the Indians had attacked the day before. They shrouded the bodies of Christian and Strother, from whom all clothing had been stripped. After much search, late in the afternoon, they sighted a red-hued figure under a big post oak tree. An advance rider, mistaking him for an Indian, called out, "Here they are, boys!"

At this, the figure rose up, saying, "Don't shoot. It is Wilbarger."

His body was caked with blood. The only particle of his clothing that had been left by the Indians was a sock. This he had torn from his foot, swollen from the leg wound, and placed on his naked skull.

With the sheet wrapped around him he was placed in Hornsby's saddle, the light-weighted Hornsby riding behind and holding the wounded man in his arms. Very slowly the horsemen filed towards the cabin in the river bend, six miles away.

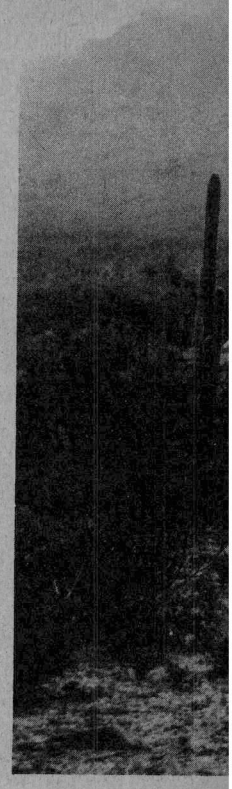
There they found all in readiness for the rescued man: a bed, warm water to cleanse the wounds, poultices of wheat bread—a bread too scarce to eat—and bear's oil to dress the scalpless head. "I knew you would bring him," Sarah Hornsby said.

Wilbarger's own story made Sarah Hornsby's dreams seem even more remarkable. The shot that knocked him to the ground had gone into his neck from the rear and come out at his chin. It only creased—temporarily paralyzed—him, he

(Continued on page 41)

ARIZONA

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE DUTCHMAN'S LOST MINE



We believe that Barney Barnard knows more intimate, first hand facts on the Dutchman's Lost Mine than any man living today! Residing in the shadows of that legended mass of foreboding rock known as Superstition Mountain, Barney is in a position to know the facts. Here is his story—as he saw it and experienced it.

By BARNEY BARNARD

MUCH has been written over the past fifty years by writers and would-be writers concerning the fascinating story of Superstition Mountain and its famed "Dutchman's Lost Mine." None have taken the time or made the necessary efforts to delve into the archives of Arizona's history, to try and arrive at some semblance of truth in their hurriedly written books and articles. *Carelessly* written is a better description, for these so-called "experts" have been content to accept hearsay, garbled prospectors' yarns and pure fantasy in their rush to get out a story and sell it to the suckers. The wilder and more incredible the yarn, the better the reading public liked it! And so it has gone, for fully half a century.

This writer, having spent a lifetime in Superstition's shadow, has, as a true Arizonan, turned out with the sheriff's posse many times when the call came to guide or join their search for the poor unfortunates who had died trying to find the Dutchman's lost gold. Their bodies, when recovered, were found pierced with bullet holes—usually through the guts. Who did the shooting? My friends, *you* do the guessing! This writer has arrived at the point where he refuses to guess. I do know this: Nobody ever gets shot while innocently roaming the mountains and canyons—but let him start hunting the Dutchman's Mine and he attracts lead like a magnet attracts iron. Maybe the Apache Thunder Gods, who, according to tribal legend, guard the gold, have taken to packing Winchesters. That guess seems as logical as any.

When this writer, a spindle-legged, bottle-necked kid, first arrived in Arizona over fifty years ago, no one ever mentioned the "Lost Dutchman Mine." It was referred to always as the "Dutchman's Lost Mine." Today—twisted around with the passing of time—it is invariably referred to as the "Lost Dutchman Mine." The name is meaningless and silly to boot—the Dutchman never got lost in his life! Oh, well, at least nobody has ever changed the name of Superstition Mountain, where the mine lies hidden. This fact, in itself, is remarkable!

SUPERSTITION rises abruptly from the flat surface of the sandy desert just twenty miles due east of the city of Mesa, Arizona. The Apaches claim that a tribal curse has been visited upon the white men for their invasion and desecration of the Indians' sacred mountain. Could be, for dire misfortune—most often in the form of acute lead poisoning—inevitably befalls those daring adventurers who attempt to gain the secret of the mountain's hidden wealth.

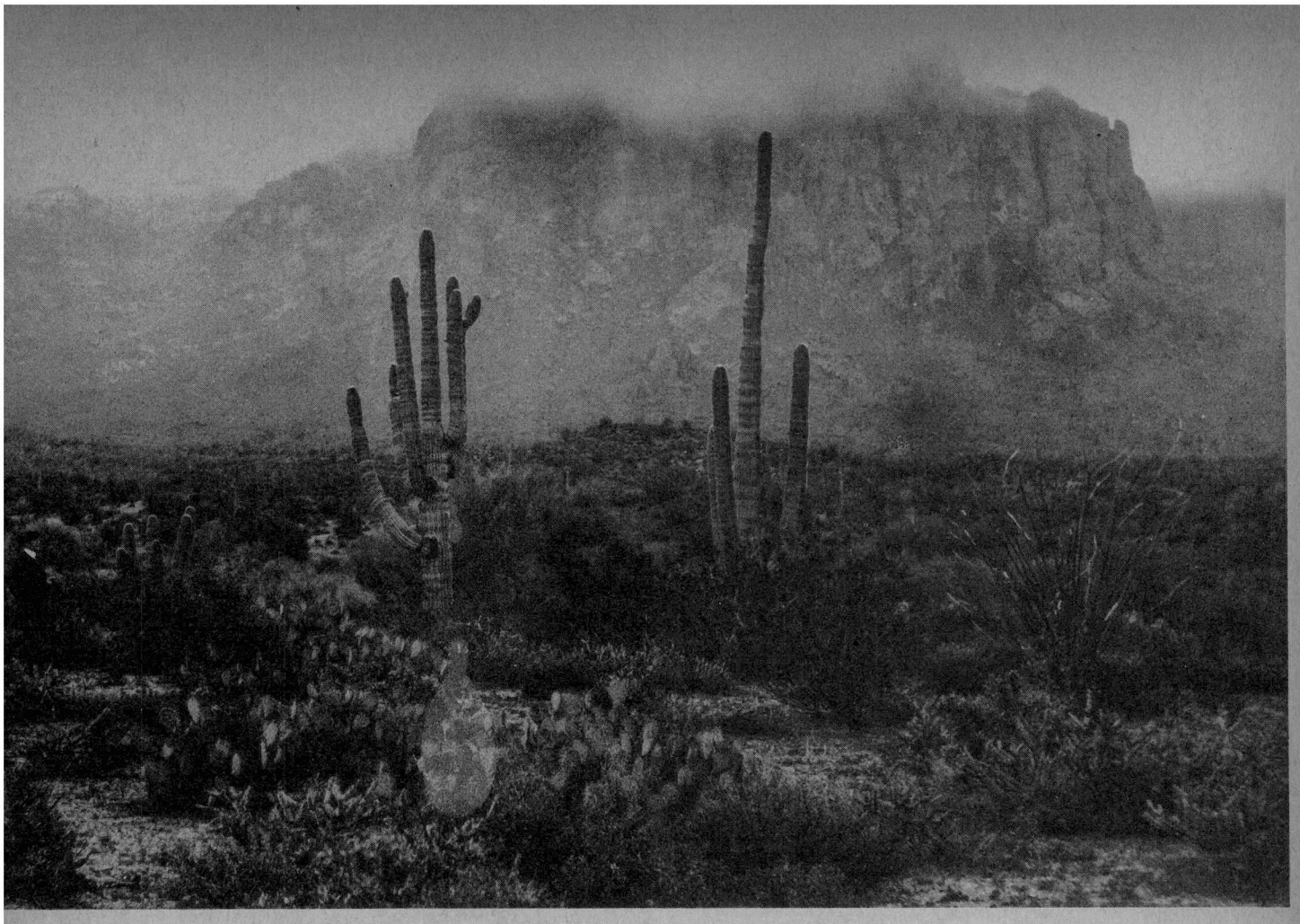
No story on the Dutchman's Lost Mine would be complete without some reference to its early history. The claim that the three Peralta brothers of Sonora, Mexico, were the first white men to discover and work the mine is not substantiated by verified facts. The ledge found by the Dutchman was NOT an old Spanish working, but was of raw, virgin gold—gold so pure that he shipped it direct to the mint without processing or smelting. The Peraltas, on the other hand, dug *ore* from their mine—ore which required smelting before transportation to Mexico. Their old *arrastas* (smelters), scattered about Superstition, *prove* that fact.

No Apache medicine-man, hopped up on *tiswin*, could have come up with a more fantastic tale than the one told to a gullible newspaper reporter in July, 1949, by the Los Angeles brassiere salesman, Henry H. Bruderlin. This publicity-hunting jasper spent a few days AROUND Superstition Mountain talking to a number of "Johnny-come-latelys"; then came staggering dramatically out of the canyon yelling "GOLD—GOLD! I've found the Lost Dutchman Mine!" His wild yarn was immediately grabbed up by Ronald Hayes, of the International News Service, and relayed to *The Denver Post* under July 30, 1949, dating.

Great excitement was stirred up around those Colorado parts by the story, as had been the case over an earlier story concerning one Laura Middaugh, of Joplin, Missouri. This highly imaginative gal, who claimed to be a great-niece of the old Dutchman, said she had found a map in a secret compartment of an old Camel-back trunk left in her Missouri home by her dear old "Uncle Jake" fifty years before, on the occasion of his last visit.

Now that sure was a thrilling yarn, and it is too doggone bad it wasn't true. But investigation showed that the trunk was manufactured by the Cincinnati Trunk Works, which did not enter business until 1912—TWENTY-ONE YEARS after the Dutchman's death in 1891! Furthermore, the Dutchman never had a niece, nephew or relative of any kind in the United States.

This story was played up big by the Denver papers, as was



Mysterious Superstition Mountain, shrouded in mist.

the weird pipe-dream of Henry Bruderlin. Significantly, the local Arizona newspapers virtually ignored both yarns.

I, personally, talked with Bruderlin and recommended Jess Mullin as a guide. Having been drafted fourteen times into a sheriff's posse to recover the bodies of unlucky gold-seekers—the last time was March 25, 1955—I knew damn well that if Bruderlin went into the mountains without a guide, we'd have to go in and find him.

Sure Jess went along with Henry and his phony map, which was "purchased from," NOT "given to" him by an old Mexican. This smart old boy goes into the map business whenever a sucker shows up. If "Brudie" was soft enough to pay out good money for a phony map, why shouldn't Jess accommodate him? Jess knew—as does this writer—all about those "old, abandoned" but not Spanish, mine shafts. It was a good chance to pick up a grubstake from the brassiere salesman—too good a chance to miss.

BRUDERLIN, however, *could* have verified his facts and got the Dutchman's name correct instead of jumping around like a flea on a hound dog from fiction writer to fiction writer. He had the Dutchman—whose name was WALZER not Walz—shooting his partner WISNER, not Wiser—for his share in the gold. Mighty dramatic—but it is a matter of record that the Dutchman, returning from a trip for supplies, found his partner "staked-out"—spread-eagled over the coals of his campfire, fried to a crisp. The Apaches had come to call while Walzer was away from camp.

This was in February, 1879. The Dutchman returned to the village of Phoenix, without grub, gold or water, raving about the Apaches. He calmed down, went back to the ledge three days later to bury Wisner and bring back his personal belongings.

That's the story he told; it is the story the oldtimers believed and made a record of, and it is the story this writer believes. The other and popular version of Wisner's death has Walzer shooting him for his share in the gold but not killing him outright. The Dutchman leaves his partner, mortally wounded, whereupon Wisner crawls forty-five miles to Doc Walker's ranch on the Gila River. Here he lies down to die, after first gasping out that the Dutchman had shot him. To get to Walker's ranch, mind you, this dying man crawled first past Jim Bark's ranch at the foot of the mountain; on past Chuck Whitlow's ranch and stage station on Queen Creek (not far from the present site of Florence Junction) and thence to Walker's ranch FORTY-FIVE MILES AWAY!

Not satisfied with that version, one recent account had the Dutchman shooting Wisner with a bow and Wisner crawling to Walker's ranch with the arrow sticking into him all the way!

This writer, up until Grandpa Walker died four years ago, knew personally four generations of Walkers—and not a one of them ever heard of either story. Another city scribbler had the Dutchman and his partner shadowing two young Mexicans to one of the Peralta mines and shooting them on the mine-dump. I believe it was this bird who called Walzer "Snow-beard." Actually, in those days, the Dutchman's beard was almost coal-black.

NOW, for your information, folks, I am NOT an author but an old broken-down cowboy nearly 70 years old and with less than a fifth grade education. I am not a publicity hound, but I have devoted a lifetime's research to this subject of the Dutchman and his Lost Mine, verifying names, dates, places and people involved. I GAVE, not SOLD, this information to five so-called authors, after securing their promise to write the TRUE STORY. Sure, I was a damn fool to do it, as I soon discovered.

During the month of August, '53, while I was recovering from an operation at a Veterans' Hospital, I was presented with the latest monstrosity of one of these authors to whom I had given information two years before. This yarn was the silliest, most asinine and far-fetched of them all. Sick as I was, I hit the ceiling. Two nurses had to hold me down.

Determined to get the truth before the public once and for all, I sent home for my scrapbook and proceeded to write the booklet "The Story of Jacob Walzer; Superstition Mountain and its Famed Dutchman's Lost Mine."

This book should not have been necessary, and never would have been written except to get the true facts before the public. These facts, which are partially outlined in this article

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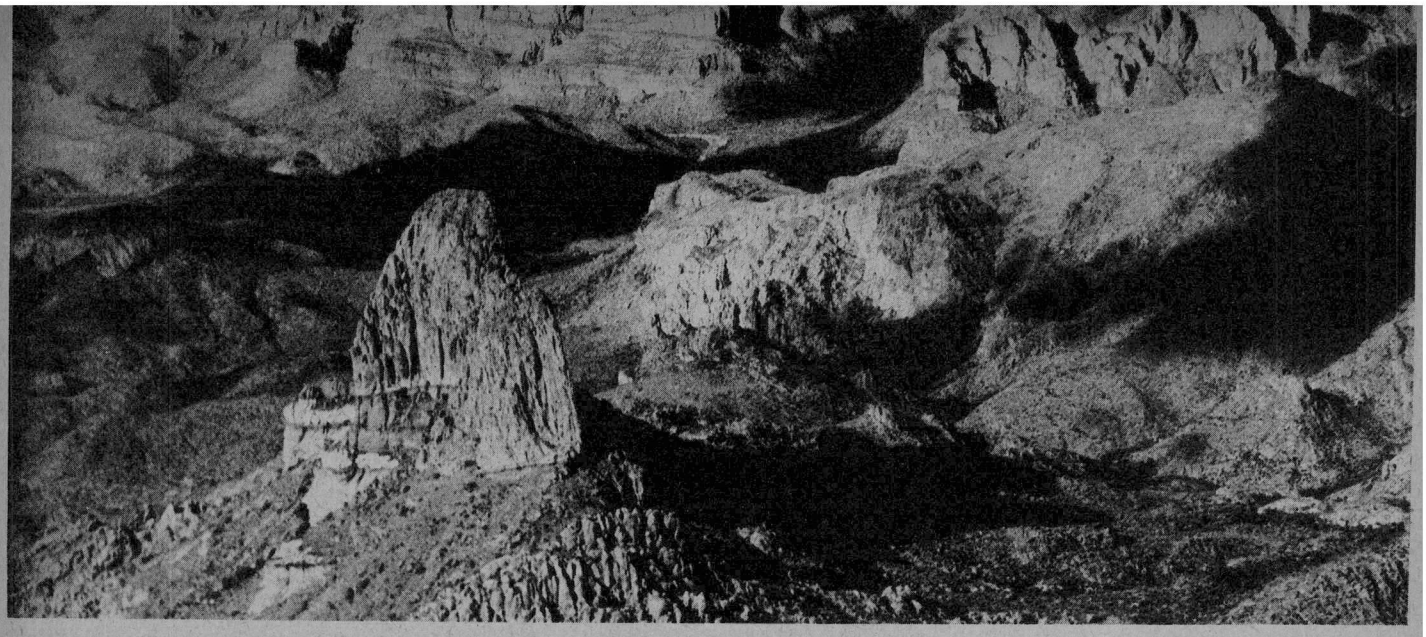

Air view of the rugged Superstition Range. In the foreground is Weaver's Needle, important landmark in the legend of the Dutchman's Lost Mine.

for TRUE WEST, have been gleaned from old records, newspaper files, old mining journals, and from talking with "oldsters" who actually knew the Dutchman. There are but two now living—George Thompson, former U.S. Indian scout, and Frank T. Alkire, who was the first president of the First National Bank of Phoenix, established in 1886. Both of these gentlemen are close friends of the writer, both in their 90's, and neither a seeker of publicity.

To run the story down, I made several trips across the continent: to New York to the Bureau of Immigration; to Philadelphia for the old Wells-Fargo, Butterfield Stage-coach records; to Washington and the archives of the U.S. Treasury to examine the old records of the Sacramento (not San Francisco) Mint. Here I discovered the interesting fact that the Dutchman had shipped better than a quarter of a million dollars' worth of raw, virgin gold to the Mint between 1881 and 1889. This fact completely squashes the silly story, repeated over and over, of the Dutchman having worked old mine-shafts left by the Peraltas in the 1840's. Walzer used to brag, when beered-up a mite, that he "didn't have to dig the gold, just pick it out." The Mint records prove his boast. The precious yellow stuff he sent to Sacramento was fabulously pure.

IN New York, at the Bureau of Immigration, I learned this: During the month of June, 1862, Jacob von Walzer, born at Wurtenburg, Germany, in 1808, was admitted through Immigration. He was an educated man, a mining engineer graduated from Heidelburg University and a 32nd degree Mason. (Later he became a Charter Member in Arizona, A.F.M. Number Two, at Phoenix.)

Nor was he penniless, as so many writers of lurid fiction would have us believe. He had in his possession, upon admittance to the United States, the sum of $5,000—which was more than the average Arizonan, this writer included, accumulates in a lifetime.

Following the trail to Arizona, we find this in the U.S. Bureau of Census records for 1864: Jacob Walzer, occupation miner, 54 years of age, two years in America and living in the capital of Arizona Territory, Prescott.

Also we find in the same census record, one Jacob Wisner (not Wiser as Bruderlin glibly states), occupation carpenter, living in the same Judicial District, Territory of Arizona, at the town of Florence.

Later we find Walzer at the Walker Mining District; still later as a consulting engineer at the Vulture Mine of Henry Wickenberg, at the present town of the same name.

This, then, is the personal background of the so-called "Mad Dutchman," who—according to most writers—was so *loco* he bayed the moon like a coyote while standing guard o'nights over his gold!

In 1874, Walzer made his first appearance in the small village of Hill City (Phoenix). According to the oldsters AND the records, he was accompanied by a young Apache squaw. The gal must have been in love with the Dutchman, for later on she led him to the Shrine of the Apaches—the Thunder Gods' Gold. According to ancient Apache superstition, the gold had been placed there by the Thunder Gods of the Mountain for the Apaches to use ONLY in time of desperate need. The little Apache gal was too far gone to worry about a little thing like a tribal taboo, for she guided

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WAYNE ELLSWORTH "BARNEY" BARNARD

Born at Manchester, Delaware County, Iowa. As a boy, accompanied his parents to Dakota Territory. Settled on the plains near the present city of Mitchell, until the death of his mother sent him down the wanderlust trail for years. Arrived in the village of Mesa, Arizona Territory, in May, 1905, at the age of 13 and hungry.

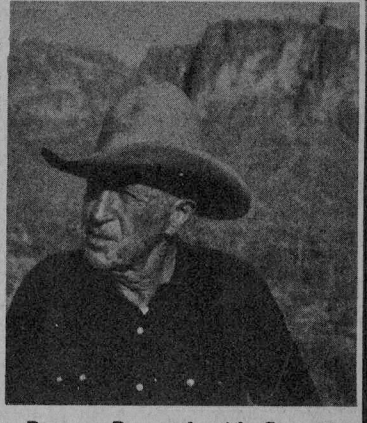
Befriended by "Doc" Wallace, who owned a stable and corral where "Sears" Mesa store now stands, he was allowed to do a bit of "chamber maid" work for his grub.

Was employed as a camp boy and packer for some time until ill health forced him to seek the friendly aid of the Apaches, with whom he has held close, friendly relationship down through the years. His health restored, he returned and filed a homestead on his water seep at the West end of Superstition Mountain, just off the Apache Trail, which he developed into the now famous Rancho del Superstition (Superstition Mountain Ranch) home of the B bar B.

Enlisted at the start of hostilities in World War I; served with the Fighting 77th, "New York's Own," until five days before the Armistice, when he stopped a "Whiz Bang."

After several years' confinement in Veterans' Hospitals, he returned to his beloved ranch where the public and visitors are always welcome.

In the shadow of Old Superstition, where life moves along softly, Barney's Ranch always maintains Open House with Barney himself the ever-genial host.



Barney Barnard with Superstition Mountain in the background.

Book learnin', NONE; Education, PLENTY!

So says Barney.

The treatment was harsh and terrible, but it had cured the Indian of hate. It was the

WHITE MAN'S REVENGE

Masked riders dragged the bound Indian to the scene of his terrible "lesson."

By ARTHUR J. BURKS

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

COFFEE was my favorite Indian, and I loved to hear him tell the story of Stephen—even though I was so young when I first began hearing the story that I didn't know the meaning of terms such as "getting his neck stretched" and "vigilantes."

And it never occurred to me until years later to wonder why Coffee kept telling that same story, or to wonder about the white ring around his neck—or why he was ashamed of being an Indian. All those things occurred to my mother, though. Still it was quite a spell before she could get Coffee to tell his story—then I knew why he kept wanting to talk about Stephen.

In those days, around 1902, the Indians rode past our Moses Coulee homestead en route to their "Indian Fourth of July"—a potlatch they held at some secret place on Badger Mountain, in Washington state.

My father and mother referred to them all as Siwash Indians. I now believe most of them were Nez Perce. Anyway, they had no sense of property. They took just about what they saw, until Coffee moved into the picture.

There were three grades, or levels, between Grand Coulee, where the big dam now is, and Moses Coulee, where we lived. Once a family named Hellwig lived at the foot of the three grades, called "Three Devils," and a family named Godlove lived at the top. So there was a saying that you "start at Godloves, go down the Three Devils, then to Hellwigs."

Coffee came down the Three Devils every year while our family owned the homestead at the foot of the lowest Devil, an area called Sagebrush Flat. He came to let us know his people would be along soon. He never exactly travelled with them, a fact my parents sometimes mentioned to him. He didn't talk much—but he made it clear he was ashamed of being an Indian.

Then he would tell the story of Stephen.

BACK in 1891 the mining towns of Conconully and Ruby were typical of the time and place—tough as hell with plenty of drinking, shooting, claim jumping, fancy gals, booms, busts and gambling. Indians were fair game. They had been put on reservations, and it was mainly up to two chiefs, Moses and Joseph, to keep them there.

Moses, I found out later, was regarded by our army high brass as a real military genius, greater than Geronimo and all the rest. He almost fought the United States army to a standstill with something like a hundred men. Starvation, not bullets and sabres, whipped him. But he learned his lesson—he stuck to the reservation.

Stephen didn't. He was only sixteen, an Okanogan—proud, straight, a little arrogant. His people surrendered, but Stephen didn't. He wouldn't take anything off a white man—and one white man became irritated because Stephen didn't "heel" properly—in fact, didn't heel at all.

The white man caught hold of the Indian youth, to "teach him a lesson." Stephen killed him. Coffee never said how.

According to the code of the West, Stephen was right. But the code didn't apply to Indians. The sheriff arrested the Indian. Things happened fast then. The Indians on the reservation began dancing the war dance, demanding justice. The kind of justice they got was a lynching. A party of vigilantes swept into the little town of Ruby, locked the sheriff in Stephen's cell, and led the young brave to a hastily-built gibbet not far from the town of Conconully.

There they hanged him.

The Indians filed a petition for justice—and the petition has that same quiet dignity of expression so often found in the sayings of these early people.

Nothing happened, except that Coffee kept telling the story.

I liked Coffee mainly because he taught me and my brother a lot of things—how to shoot "rock rats," as he called them, with bows and arrows he made for us, and how to speak a strange brand of Chinook, the *Lingua franca* of the Northwest Indians.

When we couldn't get out to hunt, Coffee would sit inside and say nothing all morning after he had told the story of Stephen. He would sit with his hands covering his high cheekbones—he was ashamed of them. And he would sit scrooched down into his shirt to hide the white mark all the way around his neck.

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Illustrated by Randy Steffen

The grim mountain man was the five Indians' executioner, yet his heart was touched by their tragic problem. He must help them die in peace — but how?

JOE MEEK was running his winter trap-line far back in the Blue Mountains of Oregon when Jimmy Rabbit, a half-breed Nez Perce, brought him word of the Cayuse uprising and the pitiless massacre of the kindly missionary-doctor, Marcus Whitman, and his lovely wife, Narcissa.

Jimmy reported that fourteen persons had died through violence or exposure in the Cayuse raid on the mission at Waiilatpu; among them, eleven-year-old Mary Jane Bridger and ten-year-old Helen Meek.

Both little girls were born of Indian mothers. Helen's mother, a pert and pretty Shoshone girl named Moon-on-the-Water, had been killed in a ruckus with the Blackfeet when Helen was three years old. A great worry had lifted from Joe Meek's troubled mind, and the pain in his bereaved heart lessened a mite when he'd placed his small daughter under Narcissa Whitman's gentle, expert care at peaceful Waiilatpu. Having lost their only child in a tragic drowning accident, Marcus and Narcissa Whitman had lavished affection upon all children brought to sanctuary at the mission.

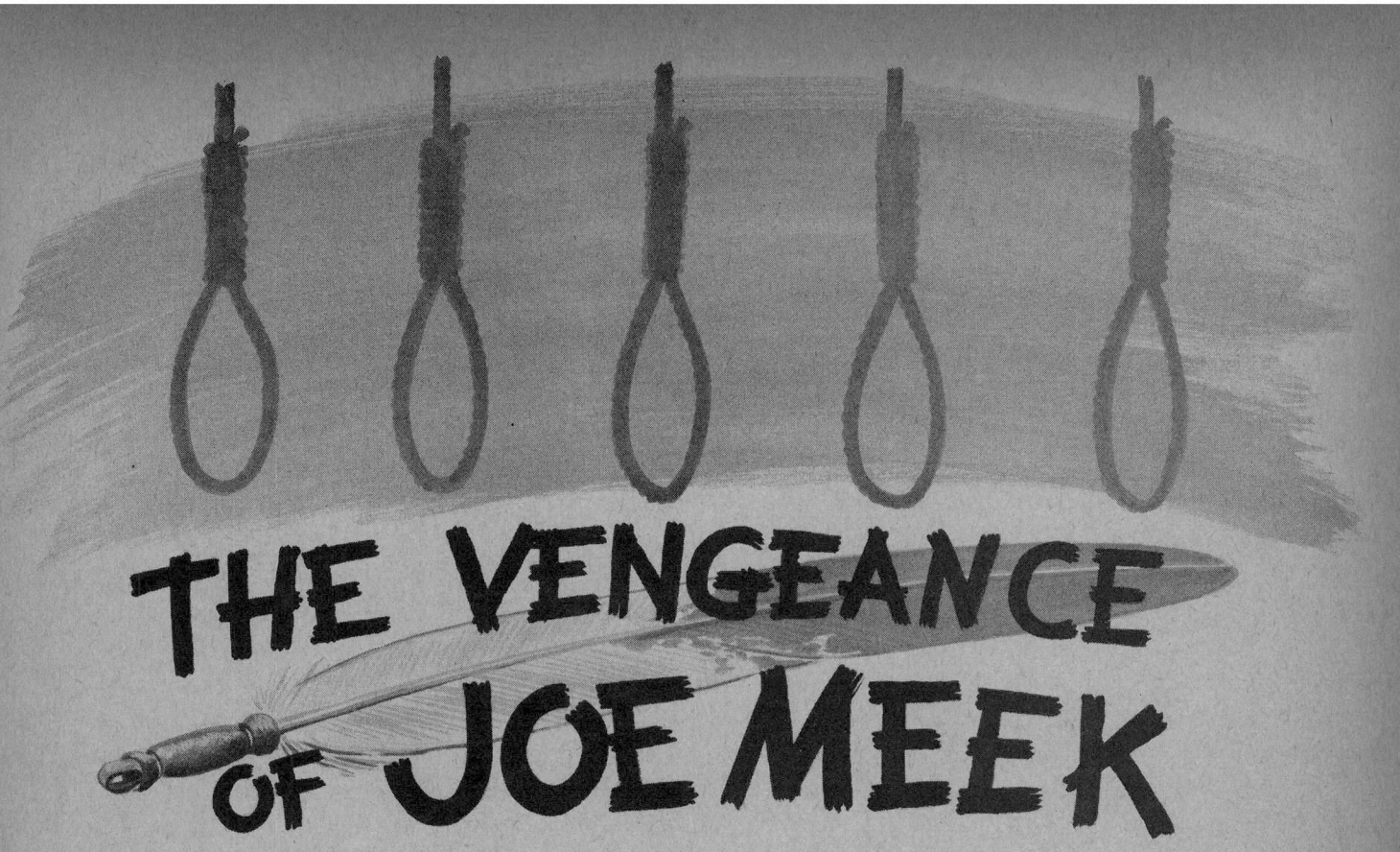
Joe was stretching beaver skins in his cabin when Jimmy Rabbit arrived to deliver his terrible news. The lean trapper listened in grim silence, gripping a stretching board in his powerful hands until the brown knuckles strained white. Finally he spoke: "Tell me one thing more, Jimmy. Did those Cayuse devils torture Helen before they killed her?"

Jimmy shook his head. "No torture little girls. Both die of fever—outside house on ground."

The stretching board snapped in Joe's fingers. "Why did they do it, Jimmy? Doc Whitman and his missus wuz mighty good to the Cayuses; fed 'em in the hard winters an' took good care of 'em when they wuz sick. Jimmy, this turrible thing don't make *sense!*"

The half-breed shrugged, and replied in Nez Perce. "I do not know for sure. It was said in council that sick children died after taking the white doctor's medicines. Tiloukaikt and Tomahas—he who is called The Murderer—told the people that the white doctor had poisoned the children. You know the tribal law that says a medicine man must die if his medicines kill the sick instead of curing them?"

Joe nodded. "I know the law. It is a bad and foolish law—but then, so are many of the white man's laws . . . Who took the sick little ones from their beds and put them on the cold ground to die?"



THE VENGEANCE OF JOE MEEK

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

Jimmy Rabbit evaded the mountain man's piercing gaze. "I am not sure; I was not at Waiilatpu on the twenty-ninth day of November when the raiders came. My uncle, Singing Hawk, told me that Tomahas killed the white doctor, and that Tiloukaikt, Kiamasumpkin, Isaiachalakis and Klokomis led the attack on the others. I know not who carried your small one and the daughter of Big Throat (Jim Bridger) outside the mission house. I came to you quickly because I thought you would like to hear what I knew."

Joe Meek dropped the broken stretching board and took the half-breed's right hand in both of his. "I understand, Jimmy," he declared huskily. "My friend, I thank you . . ."

JANUARY of 1848 was half-spent before Joe Meek reached the burned ruins of the Whitman Mission at Waiilatpu. A bleak wind mourned through the circling spruces as Joe worked furiously at digging deep, permanent graves for the fourteen victims. All had been buried in hastily dug shallow graves by compassionate Catholic missionaries arriving at Waiilatpu soon after the massacre. Hungry wolves had found the burial spot and dug out the frozen bodies, and the scene wasn't a pretty one to contemplate.

Joe was sick to his stomach when he finished his grisly, self-appointed task. Among the hideously fang-torn corpses he'd recognized the bodies of his daughter and the daughter of his friend Jim Bridger by the bright ribbons in the girls' hair. He knew those ribbons; he'd given them to Helen and Mary Jane months before. They'd been such eager, earnest young'uns; trying so hard to learn the white man's difficult way of life in a changed and confusing world. Seemed like God must've been napping to let their brave struggle end like *this!*

The mountain man dropped the final shovelful of earth on the last grave and turned blindly away. Unaccustomed tears wet his bearded cheeks as he mounted his cold-hunched horse and rode back down the trail, away from those ugly mounds of raw earth. The grimly solemn words of the Shoshone blood oath gritted between Joe's clenched teeth as he put distance behind him: *"Hear me, Mighty One Above! I will have blood for blood, though twice ten snows whiten the ground before I find the ones who have wronged me and made desolate my heart. Hear me, Mighty One!"*

TWO winters passed before Joe Meek's vow was fulfilled, and Tomahas, The Murderer, and four of his comrades in the Cayuse uprising were arrested and brought to trial at Oregon City, seat of the territorial government. No written record survives today of Joe Meek's relentless hounding of the killers through the misty mountains of the Northwest until the five leaders in the Whitman massacre wearily decided to surrender to "save our people from further persecution by the white men." Trial of Tomahas, Tiloukaikt, Klokomis, Isaiachalakis and Kiamasumpkin began on the morning of May 22, 1850. Joe Meek—now a United States Marshal—guarded the five prisoners during the progress of the trial.

(Continued on page 34)

Joe Meek: trapper, mountain man, and early U. S. Marshal in Oregon.

His warriors were dying of thirst. His gods had failed him. For the fierce old chief of the Mimbres Apaches, it was a

BITTER SUNSET

By GWYNN GRADY and RAY HOGAN

AGAIN that day there was no break in the heat. The sun continued to pour down from the brilliant Arizona sky upon the small encampment of Mimbres Apache people clustered about their poor wickiups in the scant sage and mesquite growth on the floor of the canyon. They had followed their fierce old chief there, believing his words; and now many were dead and many more were dying, and it seemed the end for all of them was close.

It was not the lack of food that brought the Dark One, as they termed death, into their camp. Although the last pony had been slaughtered and eaten, there were still the animal hides stretched over poles forming the tent-like wickiups, that could be taken down and boiled with herbs and roots by the squaws and converted into a sort of evil smelling but nourishing soup. It was water they needed.

The rains had not come. The sink holes and the springs were dry. The last of the Great Thirsts was upon them. Even their bones clamored for moisture.

The strong were yet living, imploring Unsen to send them rain, but it seemed to the suffering Apaches that their chief god had deserted them in their hour of need.

Gokliya was aware of all these things. He was a short squat old man, typical of his race in build and appearance. He sat in the meager shade of his wickiup, the skin of his face hanging in loose, dry folds; sunken, hollow eyes squinted against the glare. His mouth was set in a cruel, gray line,

ARIZONA

Tensely Lieutenant Gatewood faced Gokliya to begin the parley.

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

twisted and expressive of his terrible hate. He showed no outward signs of his need but inwardly his belly rolled and clenched spasmodically with its pain, while his mind struggled to find some explanation for the predicament he and his people were in.

It was hard to believe the gods had forsaken him, that they would allow him, the greatest and bravest of all the Apache chiefs to be brought to such circumstances by the *God-dammes*, the white men—that name having been given to them by the Apache people because of the frequency with which they used the expression—and he could find no reason why he should be punished so cruelly. He had fought them all, fiercely, bravely and bitterly, many times and often against tremendous, overwhelming odds, asking no favors; now, why should such a fate befall him?

YET there was one thought in the back of his dark, old mind that likely disturbed him greatly. It was always there and he could never avoid it, although he tried many times to veer away from it. That was the occasion, years ago, while he was still a young brave in the tribe of Mangus Coloradus —Red Sleeves, the *God-dammes* called him—when he had scoffed at his chief's efforts to make peace with the white men. His youthful impatience, coupled with an inflexible hatred for those he knew invariably s p o k e with forked-tongues made him wonder often at the wisdom of the Apache chieftain. And when that peace was never fully realized and Mangus Coloradus finally died attempting to obtain it, all doubts crystallized; there could be no peace with the white people and he was unwilling to accept the idea that the *God-dammes* would have their way d e s p i t e the Apaches.

That was when the Mimbres tribe, enraged and embittered, turned to him for leadership, and he had led them well. He had thrown havoc across the hills and mesas in swift, bloody retaliation, and all trails were unsafe. He had proven himself a fearless warrior, knowing no measure of mercy or pity, and the numberless bodies bleaching under the sun were grim testimony to his ferocity. First the *Nakai-yes*, the Mexicans from the south had felt the fury of his onslaughts. And then the white-eyes or the *God-dammes*, with their long wagon trains, their mining camps where they dug the yellow iron *pesh-klitso*, the solitary trappers and traders—all feared him and the ruthlessness of his cunning mind. Even the *Yellow-legs*, the soldiers with their long knives, knew what terror meant.

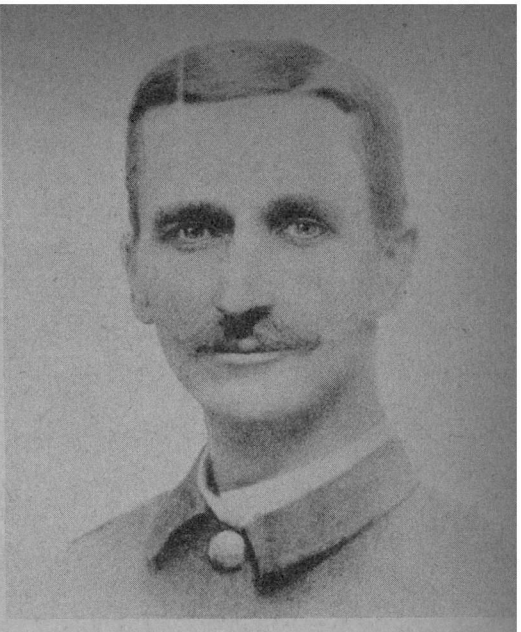
But something was wrong, he knew. All such things had been accomplished and yet here were he and his people, reduced to helpless, suffering shadows and the powerful, feared Apache nation was the victim of its own gods. He licked his dry lips, considering that question that had faced him before; had Mangus Coloradus been right? Had Cochise been right? Was there no stopping the *God-dammes*, and the *Nakai-yes*—no driving them from the country of the Mimbres people? Once he had been sure. Once he had scorned such thoughts; but now there was a doubt.

He remembered now. He remembered the time when he and many of the warriors had accompanied Mangus Coloradus far into the Chiricahua Mountains where Cochise had summoned them for council. It had been cold and disagreeable. He had missed the warmness of the sun. He had wanted to leave the dark canyons and return to the mesas and low hills long before the meeting was over. But it was an important gathering; the presence of many medicine men, *Shamans*, had indicated this, and with the others he had remained there, letting Cochise have his say.

THE chief had spoken first of the war with the *Nakai-yes*. He had told how the Apache people had been able to hold their own against those invaders from the south. Gradually, he had worked up to the coming of the *God-dammes*.

Gokliya had not listened to the wisdom in the words but rather had sought reasons against Cochise's statements. He had watched and listened from the folds of his blanket in stony silence, his mind accepting none of the truths.

"Our lands have been over-run by the white men," Cochise said. "Their ways are many and confusing and there is no understanding of them but there can be peace—there must be peace. Even though they tell us they are our friends and then turn upon us and betray us. There is no rest for us. They hunt us like we hunt the wild animals. As we get better weapons, they get still better ones. And though we kill many, they



Lieutenant Charles Gatewood, who arranged the surrender of Gokliya.

kill even more of us and we grow fewer while the white men grow as the blades of grass on the hillsides."

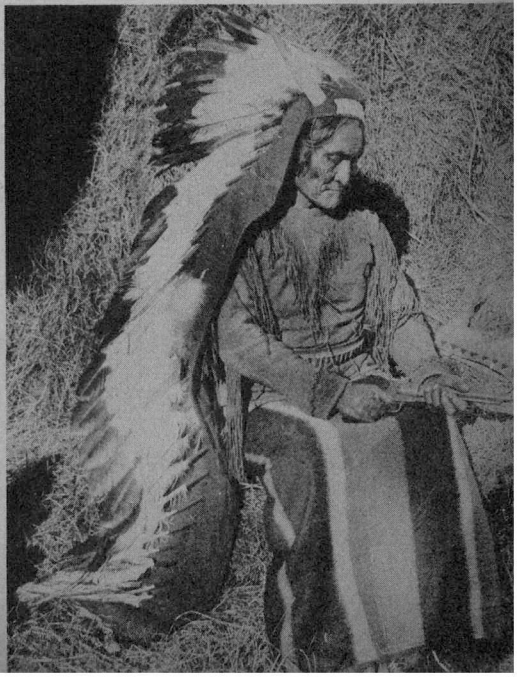
Cochise paused, his sharp eyes seeking out the faces of the warriors circled about the fire. Then he went on: "Since long before our times, the bravery and wisdom of our people has been a known thing. We have always fought for the things we thought ours, but the time has now come when we must consider gravely even that; for by war, we have gained nothing. We have lost much. It would be better to have peace with the white men, to try and understand them and their ways, for soon there will be no Apache race and all will be finished."

The deep and profound silence that fell upon the council was proof of the surprise Cochise had given them. Then, slowly, one by one, they stated their own opinions. Some agreed. Others did not. And those in the latter group took their leave, refusing to consider longer such a cowardly procedure. Among those had been Gokliya.

Looking about his present *campo del*

(Continued on following page)

Gokliya, famed Apache war chief.



Bitter Sunset

(Continued from preceding page)

muerto, camp of death, Gokliya had reason to wonder; for Mangus Coloradus had gone ahead with his plan and made his peace and now, although he was dead and those who had followed him were living upon a reservation, fenced in like cattle, they had prospered.

Here was defeat, a bitter medicine for Gokliya. His dwindling forces had met and been routed by superior numbers of the blue-clad Long Knives. They lay now in the short hills, hiding like frightened coyotes, while a messenger, Coletto Negro, the last of his scouts, sought information as to the strength and the condition of the soldiers.

Gokliya glanced to the sky again. If there could come rain, only a very little, then perhaps his warriors would take heart and recover courage and he could once more lead them against the Long Knives. But there was no promise of rain from that clear, brilliant blue overhead.

THE sun dropped towards the west. Soon Coletto Negro would return. His mission had been one of dual purpose; to size up the enemy camp and deliver a message to the *nan-tan*, the commanding officer of the Long Knives, requesting that he return to the Apache wickiups with him. There was treachery in the plan for it was Gokliya's intention to hold the *nan-tan* as prisoner if the soldiers fared as badly as the Mimbres people and force an armistice that would allow the Apaches to escape. If the Long Knives did not fare as the Apaches—that would be something else, and Gokliya refused to consider what then would be his actions. At that moment would come the time to decide.

He listened for any sounds that would announce the return of Coletto Negro but there was nothing save the low moaning of his people and the dry clack of insects. He wondered if Coletto Negro had failed, if his weakened condition had prevented him from reaching the Long Knife camp. This he quickly dismissed as not possible; the scout would get through; if he did not return, it would be because of the treachery of the white men.

Thinking of such, the old chief went into a seething rage. That he was considering the same sort of treachery, once the *nan-tan* of the soldiers was in his camp, was a different matter...

Not far away, Lieutenant Gatewood (some say his name was Jerome, others Charles) followed closely upon the heels of the Apache, Coletto Negro. His guide was in a weakened condition. Several times the Indian faltered and stumbled. But they pressed on in the afternoon's fading light. He was old to the ways of the Apache people, this young soldier, and had spent many years among them. Some were his friends, others respected him, but he had no illusions about them. He moved along, ever wary of a trap. But it was worth the risk, he felt, and he had sent word back to his commanding officer, Captain Lawton, as to his plans.

He carried his pistol in his hand, ready, for not again would he be caught napping as he had been once before and now sported a long scar down his left thigh as evidence. The Apaches were hard to figure, always doing the unexpected and for such he was alert and unceasingly on guard. He fell to pondering the message the scout had brought—a message that stated Gokliya and his people were without food and water and that the chief would talk of peace. But far back in Gatewood's mind a bell rang, warning him that all was not so simple as it might seem. It appeared to him to be small reason for surrender. Never before had such minor things as food and water been cause for an Apache capitulation. At such periods they were like wounded grizzlies, back to the wall, at bay and thoroughly dangerous. But after considering, he deemed the risk worth the try and, after all, that was his business, as it was the duty of all soldiers in the 6th U.S. Cavalry to do all possible in bringing about the end of the Indian trouble.

UNDOUBTEDLY, he had his moments of indecision, for he was a brave and intelligent man and he knew he was dealing with one of the wiliest and most ruthless of all the Apaches, this Gokliya. Perhaps he was moving straight to his death and that thought rankled him for it was no way to die. In battle, yes, but not in a trap into which he had walked of his own volition. A man taking up the rifle for the Army naturally assumed his chances; and while death was thereafter a never too-distant partner and every man eventually came face to face with eternity, this being bait in the hands of the Apaches carried little appeal. But it was not over yet—and there was that chance that it was all in good faith.

Ahead he noticed the scout straighten a bit and seemingly take into himself added strength. At once he became alert, watching for some sort of surprise or treachery. None came. They rounded a heavy clump of brush and broke into a small clearing. The soldier checked abruptly, seeing the cluster of wickiups before him. At first glance the camp seemed deserted, but as his eyes probed into the shadows he made out the crouched and lying figures. Looking swiftly around, he realized he was standing almost in the center of a ring of Apache braves.

Long versed in the ways of such people, knowing the workings of their minds, the soldier throttled the fear and surprise that sprang into his throat. He strode slowly towards the hunched form of the man he knew to be Gokliya. The scout had deserted him and stood now behind his chief.

Gatewood lifted his hand, palm outward, in the sign of peace, and faced the old warrior. "My brother called for me. I am here," he said.

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"I always wondered what the handles were for!"

Slowly, glaring fiercely at each other, Horn and the Kid rose to their feet.

The Kid figured to learn this clod-hopper farm boy a thing or two, but met his match

ONE NIGHT IN LAS VEGAS

By H. F. THATCHER

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

THE year was 1874. The wagon train was hauling freight out of Kansas City to Santa Fe. At Independence, this kid hit the wagon boss up for a job. He told the tall, gray-bearded wagon boss that his name was Tom Horn. He admitted right from the start that he'd run off from home. He said: "Had a fight with my old man back at Memphis, Missouri. The old man may have been right, but I'm going to be right from now on!"

The wagon boss was struck with the kid's self-confidence. He realized that the boy was young, but figured he could hold up his end of the deal.

"Missouri farm boys make good teamsters," he commented, and signed on the kid as his No. 3 man.

Actually, Tom Horn was only 14 years old, but big for his age; and by the time the wagon boss learned just how young his No. 3 man was, he didn't care.

That was because of a bad crossing on the Arkansas River, where one panicky team could have lost him half his freight. And a team might have panicked if this new kid hadn't waded shoulder-deep in that flood water talking to the struggling teams, petting them, keeping them out of jack-pot tangles, soothing them, urging them to buckle down in that harness and do their best.

After that, the wagon boss was adding to his first statement. He was saying: "Missouri farm boys make good teamsters. But this Horn kid has something extra. He makes everybody else look good, too."

The wagon boss was convinced that he had a good man on his payroll then, even if he was only a 14-year-old kid; but he didn't quite realize how good until they pulled in for a night's layover at Las Vegas, three days short of their destination.

The bedding circle was made at the edge of town. The horses and mules were staked out to graze. Then the drivers lit out for the heart of town to take in the sights.

In those days, Las Vegas was the fastest-growing town in the New Mexico territory. Also, it was about the wildest. Cattlemen and soldiers had made a boom place of it, and now there was strong talk of getting a railroad. Hunted men from the states made it their sanctuary. The blood bath of the Civil War had left open sores, and here was a place a man could kill new victims to help him forget those of the past.

AT THE Main Plaza, a buck-toothed, girlish-looking youngster sidled up to Tom Horn. "Hi-yah, Skinny!" he greeted.

"Name's Horn," the taller one said. "Tom Horn."

"The hell you say!" said the first. He looked Tom over insolently. "You look big, but maybe you ain't as big as you look. Can you shoot?"

Young Tom gave the other a measuring glance. "Rifles or pistols?"

"Well, now ain't you the smart one!" jeered the buck-toothed boy. "Better make it buffalo guns. You wouldn't last long against me with a pistol."

"I ain't got no buffalo gun," Tom said. "But I've got a pistol."

The other threw back his head, laughing. "Listen, Horn. My name's Bill. You've likely heard of me as Billy the Kid. There's five notches on this pistol I tote. You still want to make it pistols?"

If the Kid thought to scare Horn with that information, he was disappointed. Horn gave him another measuring glance, then nodded. "This pistol shoots pretty good, when I hold it right."

They moved to the northeast corner of the Plaza, where a pole corral stood against some trees lining the bank of the Gallinas River.

William Bonney was all dressed up. He wore his hat at a rakish, hell-bent angle. He sported a bright neckerchief and fancy-stitched boots. He was proud of his looks and proud of his reputation with a gun. It hurt his feelings that he couldn't impress this clod-hopper farm kid with either h looks or gun reputation. He guessed he'd show this young bird a thing or two.

He pulled a poker card from his pocket and stuck it up in the dirt. "Let's see you split it," he invited.

(Continued on following page)

One Night in Las Vegas

(Continued from preceding page)

Horn backed off a few steps, took careful aim, and cut the card in two with his first shot.

"Not bad," the Kid said grudgingly. Quick as a snake striking, his holstered gun came out, and the card bounced out of the ground.

"That was quick shooting," Horn said, then matter-of-factly: "But you missed the card."

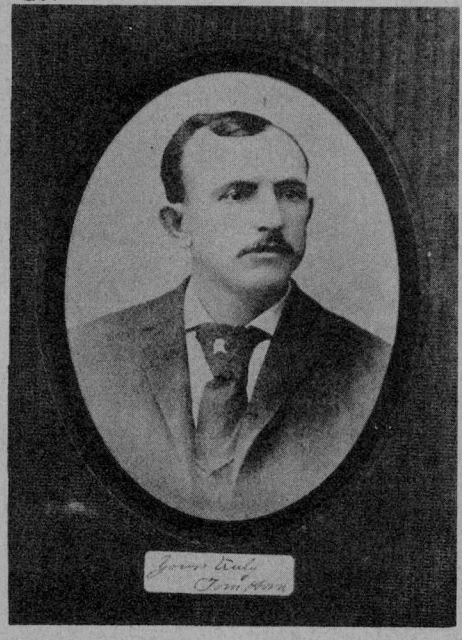
The Kid whirled on him, his face hot with resentment, his hand hovering over his gun.

Horn beat him to the draw with a calm suggestion: "Maybe you'd like to light some matches with me!"

Ignoring the threat of the other, Horn stuck some big wooden-stemmed matches into board cracks in the Baca Corral. There were two lines of them, six matches in each line, but the lines weren't straight.

"You can say when to go!" he told the Kid.

Livid with anger, the Kid hissed: "Go!"



Tom Horn. Army scout, range detective. Tried and convicted of murdering a boy in Wyoming. Hanged, November, 1903, at Cheyenne.

HORN'S fist shot out, catching the Kid full on the chin, sending him reeling backwards. Horn had recognized the killer hate in the Kid's eyes and knew what to do about it.

The Kid righted himself, whimpering, cowed to find that he hadn't been able to get the advantage.

"That was a dirty trick," he whined. "What's the matter? Afraid I'll beat you? You can say go first, if it means so much to you."

Horn stepped to the rail and snipped one match from each of the two groups. 'All right," he said. "But we'll make it five shots, instead of six."

The Kid stared hard at his opponent. This Horn was a shrewd one, shrewd enough to realize that if he fired six shots, his gun would be empty.

They shot. Even under the strain of keeping most of his attention on the Kid, Horn lighted two of his matches. The Kid made a great show of shooting quick and off hand, but clipped two matches in two and lighted only one. He shrugged.

"How about cards?" he asked, trying to get back into the driver's seat.

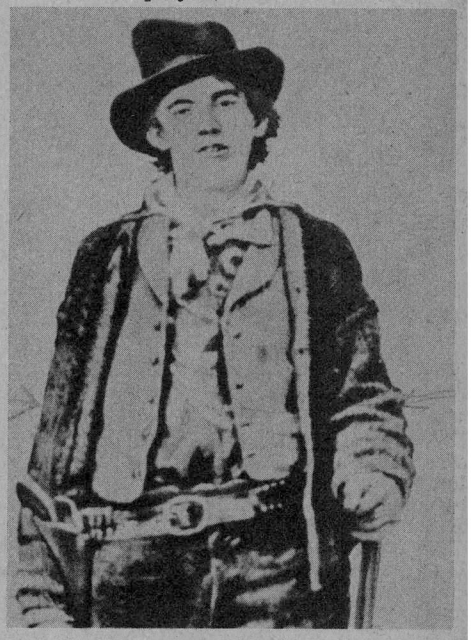
"Reckon I could learn," Horn said without hesitation.

They sauntered into the Martine place on the south side of the Plaza. The Kid was known there—and not liked. He was too quick with that gun. Yet, to kill him meant the possibility of getting hanged for killing a mere child. Most of the players stayed out of his way.

It was growing late in the evening. Inside, the two sat at a table lighted by hanging kerosene lamps. They were observed by early arrivals, some who feared for the Missouri kid, others who hoped the stranger had the wits and guts to stand his part against the childish killer.

The bets were penny ante stuff. That was because Tom Horn refused to be scoffed into betting beyond his means. In spite of this, his winnings started mounting right from the beginning.

While he played, Tom Horn never let his attention relax. He had already surmised that he was playing against a treacherous killer and he didn't mean to be caught napping. His tension failed to show, however. Already, he was giving evidence of the calm deliberateness that was to carry him through his Indian scouting and his Spanish American War fame.



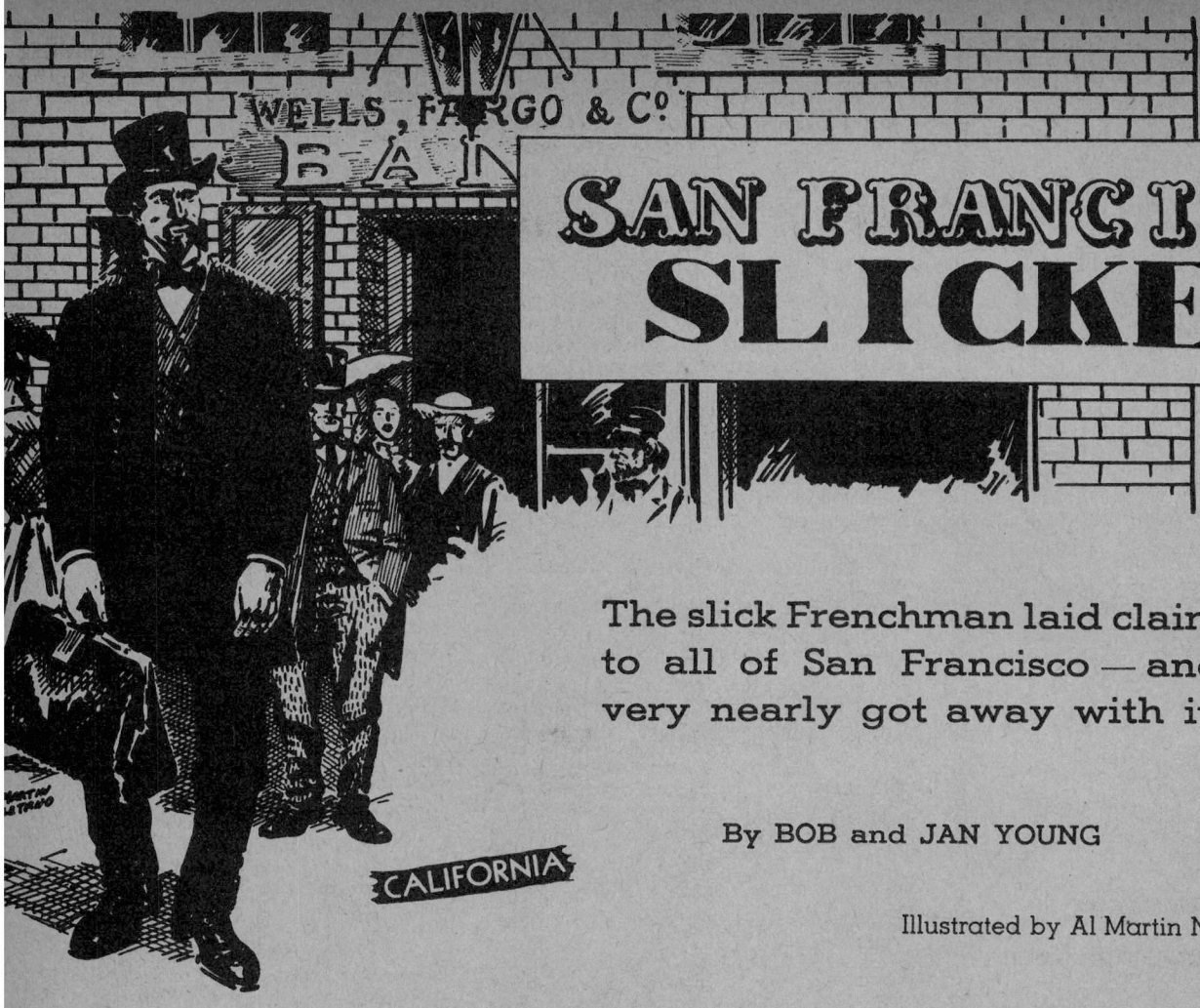
Billy the Kid (William H. Bonney). Killed by Sheriff Pat Garrett at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, in July, 1881.

The gathering audience made the Kid restless. He feigned brazen cheating, on the theory that he could shock Tom Horn into a defensive attitude.

A palmed card fell face up. It was an open invitation, a dare designed to upset the newcomer.

THE onlookers watched tensely, while the boy from Memphis reached across the table. His hand hovered over the black Ace of Spades. Then, like lightning the hand lashed out, clamping down upon the pudgy fingers of the Kid.

(Continued on page 28)



SAN FRANCISCO SLICKER

The slick Frenchman laid claim to all of San Francisco — and very nearly got away with it!

By BOB and JAN YOUNG

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

JOSE YVEZ DE LIMANTOUR was the type of unscrupulous character who would succeed in any age, but the mid-1800s proved a happy time to spring his particular dodge. The scheme, while handled with a certain amount of eclat, also came at a time when Californians had been conditioned for years to seeing fortunes burgeon where none had been before. So why wasn't Limantour's claim of entire ownership of the city of San Francisco possible?

As a youngster, Limantour sailed from his native France to serve as a janizary in the Mexican War of Independence. But after seeing a few shells fired in anger, he decided there must be an easier and safer way. He promptly signed on the first coastal trading vessel touching port. His native genius for the dishonest dollar ripened slowly inasmuch as he spent twenty years on these small vessels. He gained some prestige, however, after his heroic efforts in the wreck of the "Auyachaco," on which he was serving as first officer. The owner showed his appreciation by making him master of another vessel, which occasionally touched California ports.

Limantour, a handsome, worldly-wise young man, cultivated friends along the coasts, and once was able to extend a favor to Mexican Governor Micheltorena. In appreciation, the governor rewarded Limantour with a small grant of land, customary as land was the cheapest gratuity. But that reward was exceedingly important to Limantour, since he intended to parlay it into ownership of San Francisco, all the islands in the Bay, along with the Farallones, which guard the entrance to the Golden Gate.

THUS in 1853, the beaver-hatted and frock-coated Monsieur Jose Limantour stepped ashore from the Panama Packet into the lives of San Franciscans.

After acquiring spacious quarters, Limantour sought out the offices of the Federal Land Commission, then sitting to settle land grants arising from the recent Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Former Mexican land grantees were required to appear, supported by documents and witnesses, to establish their ownership of California lands, because of the change in national identity. Thus most all land titles were clouded.

"I have a small matter for the Commission's consideration," M. Limantour noted, politely extending his sheaf of parchment documents. Bored officials who quickly scanned, re-read under the full import. Limantour was claiming some 600,000 acres, including the very ground beneath the commission itself! There were eight claims in all.

"You will notice there are the necessary supporting documents, complete with references to the original grants in Mexico," he pointed to yellow papers, bearing seals, and a personal letter from Governor Micheltorena conveying the lands in return for meritorious services.

Determined not to overplay his hand, Limantour politely tipped his hat and left the confused commission to ponder his claim. Besides, he had to hurry home to receive the visitors which he confidently knew would soon be banging on his door.

"Incredible," some said. "Fraud, sheer trickery," others wailed. But their wide-eyed scoffing muted when James Wilson, a leading member of the Land Commission, resigned to represent the wily Frenchman as attorney.

"I will stake my character and reputation on Limantour's claims," Wilson announced publicly. San Franciscans paled. And they were justifiably shocked.

Limantour's major claims were confirmed by the Land Commission early in 1856.

He was now landlord to most of San Francisco!

BUT Limantour was understanding and gracious to an extreme. Through Wilson it was announced Limantour was willing to settle any nominal claims out of court; claims where the disturbed occupants of the city land re-purchased clear title because of the prior Limantour claim.

And under the aegis of attorney Wilson, Limantour made a gracious entrance into the best society circles, and was soon a visitor in many of San Francisco's finest homes. After all, wasn't he an intimate friend of Governor Micheltorena, a scholar and bon vivant? Following many sumptuous banquets, a quiet business transaction took place behind closed study doors as one businessman after another purchased a quit claim deed for what was already his own property.

For almost two years, Limantour lived a lush life, continually siphoning off enough funds to keep him in the style to which he had rapidly become accustomed. Best estimates point to three hundred grand being slipped sub-rosa to Limantour.

(Continued on following page)

San Francisco Slicker

(Continued from preceding page)

"The only reason I am allowing you to purchase this so reasonably," Limantour liked to explain to his customers, "is that I long to return to my beloved France. Why else would I sell such valuable property?"

But Limantour lingered, intrigued by the luxurious life, putting off his leave taking. And that time never quite came, there was always just one more deal to be consummated. But then discretion seldom blossoms from roots of greed.

Suddenly in 1859, Edwin M. Stanton, special commission investigator, denounced the Limantour grants as a fraud. Limantour was unconcerned; he shrugged off the announcement. But Wilson hastened to the offices.

"The entire claim is a fraud. The seals prove it. The testimony was perjured," Stanton thundered.

Worried but still unconvinced, Wilson reported Stanton's remarks. Limantour, a gambler for the last chip, knew any sign of panic would climax his career. Brazenly he was still maintaining innocence even as they slipped on handcuffs a few hours later.

"A horrible, horrible mistake has been made," Limantour wailed, knowing just whose mistake it had been to stay too long. But he presented such a picture of wounded dignity that he prevailed upon his friends to go the $30,000 bond. People came forth willingly, the majority stubbornly unable to admit their own gullibility.

LIMANTOUR parried legal thrusts deftly; even Stanton had to admit the signatures on the documents were genuine. Limantour had apparently been rewarded with a grant-in-blank, and used it accordingly. Concomitantly, he influenced various officials to stuff Mexican archives with documents to support the fraudulent grant.

When Limantour was released on bond, he begged his friends to cease worrying about him. "The shock has been so great. I am quite unnerved," he complained wearily as he retired to his apartments.

But he wasn't completely unnerved. In the morning M. Jose Yvez de Limantour had vanished; his $30,000 bond forfeited. But then that had come out of his friends' pockets, too. San Franciscans never saw their money nor the dapper Frenchman again.

One Night in Las Vegas

(Continued from page 26)

Slowly, glaring fiercely at each other, the two rose to their feet. Horn still held a tiny hand that no handcuff could hold.

"Take our guns," he said calmly to the circle of men.

When the guns were removed, Horn let go. Then, open-handed, he began to slap the pink chubby cheeks of the blond boy. They were hard loud slaps, and there was no mercy in them—or malice either, for that matter. Horn slapped the Kid's cheeks as if it were nothing more than a job that needed to be done.

The Kid didn't cry out, but his eyes blinked to keep back the tears. Finally, he jerked away and bolted, running out of the front door like a scared rabbit. Catcalls and snorts of derision followed him.

Fortunately, perhaps, for Las Vegas, memory of that night caused the notorious Billy the Kid to give the place a wide berth.

He always told it later that he stayed away from Las Vegas on account of shooting a Fort Union soldier in a gambling hall one night, but nobody who watched him meet his match in Tom Horn ever gave much credit to that soldier-killing story.

"King of the Wild Frontier"

(Continued from page 13)

Then a rival moved in, and Davy went off to drown his grief in corn likker and fight critters hand-to-hand to get his mind off romantic troubles.

He neither learned wisdom nor abandoned hope, however. The young miss was named Polly Finley. She was a direct descendant of the Scottish king, Macbeth, whose grim career inspired Shakespeare's famous tragedy. She had inherited little of her ancestor's grim qualities and Davy had a fight on his hands, not only against other suitors but the young lady's mother as well. Mrs. Finley privately thought the Crockett youth would never amount to anything and did her best to discourage her daughter.

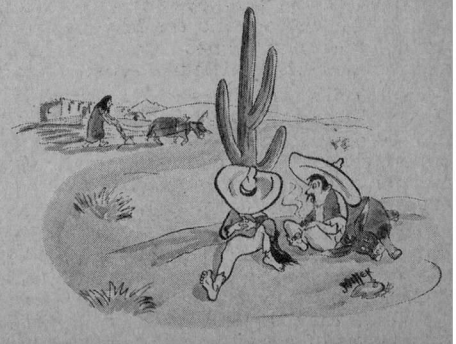
That, of course, was all the help Davy needed. The more mother tried to discourage Polly, the surer the young miss became. They were wed on August 12, 1806, and took up housekeeping on a rented farm. Neither considered themselves in a state of privation. Polly brought two likely cows and calves into the marriage, and Davy bought $15 worth of household goods.

Two baby sons were born in the early years of marriage, then a daughter. Crockett belatedly realized that he would never get ahead as a renter, and turned westward to cheap land. The family settled on Mulberry Creek, then two years later moved again, to Franklin County near the Alabama line.

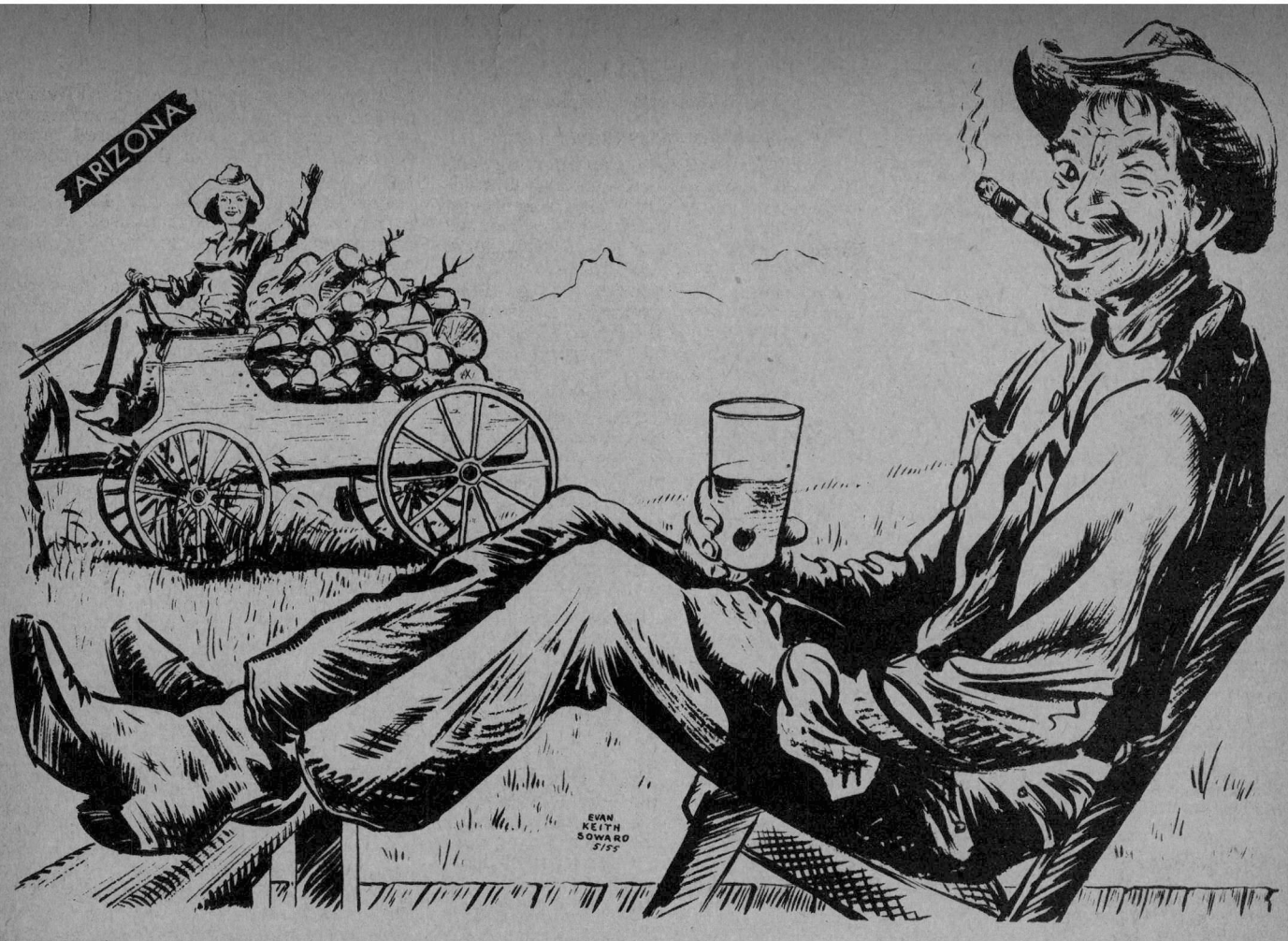
There, as a man of 30, Crockett took his first fling at war. Survivors of the Fort Mims massacre brought their grisly tale to Tennessee, and Crockett became a scout under Andrew Jackson.

He did not participate in the entire campaign. He was at home on furlough

(Continued on page 31)



"One crop a year is too many, Pancho!"



THE COWBOY AND THE SOCIETY GIRL

High-toned dames and cowboys don't mix good even casually, her friends warned, and when it comes to getting hitched . . .

By GEORGE PHILLIPS

Illustrated by Evans Keith Soward

ONCE upon a time there dwelt in our hill country an old bow-legged cow waddy who had arrived at the age of discretion, which we will place at about thirty years of age. He decided to take unto himself a wife, as he had had an elegant sufficiency of coyoting, cooking his own grub, sewing on his own buttons, and sometimes hooking up his duds with 10-penny nails and mesquite thorns.

Well, he hied hisself away to a cattlemen's convention being held at Chicago. Ol' Bill, which ain't his name, was possessed of a bankroll which would choke a cow, besides owning one of the finest cattle spreads in the Southwest which he had accumulated partly by hard work and partly by inheritance. Bill cared no more for a dollar than you do for your right eye.

As you may know, if you have ever attended one of these cow conventions, the keys and key-holes to the city are turned over to the visitors and the privileges of making whoopee are not confined nor defined. Cow conventions come but once a year, and if the cattlemen raise hell—who cares?

Ol' Bill's ancestors were Pioneers. Milling around in Chicago, he met up with a very wealthy banker who once had also been a Pioneer in the early day cattle business. The banker says: "Your name sounds familiar. Could it be that you are a relative of an old cowman who I was associated with in the early days down on the Rio Grande in Texas?"

Bill replied, "Yes, he was my father—he passed on several years ago. I often heard him speak of you and the hell you fellows raised along the border, rounding up outlaws, Mexican cow thieves and renegade Indians."

Well, they settled down in a quiet corner and ordered all glasses of a soothing beverage, and their talkfest carried on until the wee small hours. The banker finally says: "Bill, if there's anything you need just say the word and I'll back you to the limit. If you need money, I'll sign the notes with you and the cash will be available at once. There's nothing I wouldn't do for my old friend's son."

Bill thanked him and showed him his bank deposit slips, and informed the old boy that he had worked hard all his life and had never had a vacation and was out for a good time and damn the expense. The session ended up with an invitation to have dinner at the banker's house next day—or rather, the same day, since it was near morning.

Now Bill had often dreamed of having a nice little wife and a nice little home in a nice little dugout in a hillside, all fenced in with thorny *ocotillos* to keep his future offspring from wandering and maybe getting mixed up with the wild bunch. But the possibility of that nice little wife being a society gal had never entered his mind.

WE never know when or where the lightning will strike, and ol' Bill was totally unprepared for the bolt that blasted *him*. When he met that banker's brown-eyed daughter, he knew he was gone. She was the loveliest package he'd ever laid eyes on! That first handclasp sealed his fate, although he knew that Mary—a society gal—was as far from *him* as the tiniest star in the heavens. He thought what it would be like to be Mary's husband—and the very idea that he, a rough and tumble old hillbilly cowboy aspiring to be the husband of an angel like that, almost spooked him into a stampede!

The old banker and his wife saw how things were. The old man was tickled, but the old lady had her doubts. Bill saw the way she felt, and that got his back up a mite. Now, these old cowboys think they are just as good as anybody on earth, maybe better! Bill set his jaw and went a-courting. He was snubbed often by Mary's swell society friends. Some-

(Continued on following page)

The Cowboy and the Society Girl

(Continued from preceding page)

how he managed to hold his temper, although it was a hard matter to keep from wringing a few dudes' necks. It turned out that Mary was as deep in love as Ol' Bill, and in a matter of a couple of weeks they were married. The wedding gave the society bunch a-plenty to talk about, and they politely marked Mary off their list. That was that.

Bill had played it smart. Before ever asking Mary to be his wife, he had explained all about the hardships she'd have to endure. No proper house, only a dugout 40 miles from town; lug water from a well and get mail maybe once a month. "We can build together," Bill tells her, being honest with her. Mary just smiled and kissed him, not telling *him* that she had been born in a Mexican *jacal* and remembered hearing coyotes howling near her home and the pistol shots of outlaws shooting up the town. She could have told him, too, that her mother was pure Pioneer stock as well as her dad—but she only told him that she loved him and would side him in sickness or health, come hell or high water!

Well, ol' Bill took his bride back to the Southwest and they builded a home in a pleasant valley and furnished it with good, solid furniture. Bill hired a man to attend to the outside roundups. Mary was a natural when it came to horses, and they rode the range together often. Came a day when Bill had to get a load of wood and also to brand a big calf which ranged in the vicinity of the cedar brakes. In other words, he had to make two men of himself, which often happens on a cow ranch.

Mary asked Bill why couldn't she go along? She would get into a pair of his old overalls, slip on a pair of his old boots and put on his old hat. He could lead his saddle horse behind the wagon, and they'd have a nice outing together. They ate lunch in the open and talked and laughed and necked like a couple of high-school sweethearts. Bill loaded the wood on the wagon and told Mary to take the team and jog along. He was figuring to brand the calf, which he'd seen at a distance. Once he'd finished that chore, he'd overtake her.

IT didn't quite work out the way he'd figured. When Bill bunched the cattle up, he found three or four calves which were unbranded, so he decided to haze them all into the corral at the ranch, close the gate on 'em and go back and meet Mary. When he'd corraled the cattle, he looked up and behold—there were two shining automobiles standing in front of the house and half dozen people sitting on the porch! Bill looked real hard and recognized his mother-in-law and a bunch of Mary's young society friends. Hell and damnation—he couldn't go back and meet Mary; he'd have to go up on the porch and welcome his unexpected guests. What a spot for an old cowboy to find himself occupying!

But nothing ever stumped ol' Bill for long. He brought the card table out, built up a batch of cocktails with Mary's fancy cocktail shaker, accepted a costly cigar from one of the dudes, rared back in his chair with his feet on the bannister and begun narrating the joys of ranch life. Presently, Mary rounded the corner precariously perched upon a load of wood, jiggety-jog, old hat flopping, baggy britches, old boots kicked off for comfort.

The team came to a halt at the customary place before the barn, with Mary too embarrassed, horrified and hypnotized to move. Ol' Bill's ears began to burn and tingle, for he could overhear the shocked whisperings of the guests.

"Did you *ever*? . . . Just as I expected! . . . I *told* Mary just what to expect if she married one of those semi-civilized cowboys . . . Why, he treats her like a slave—a common drudge! . . . The *brute!* Poor Mary! . . . "

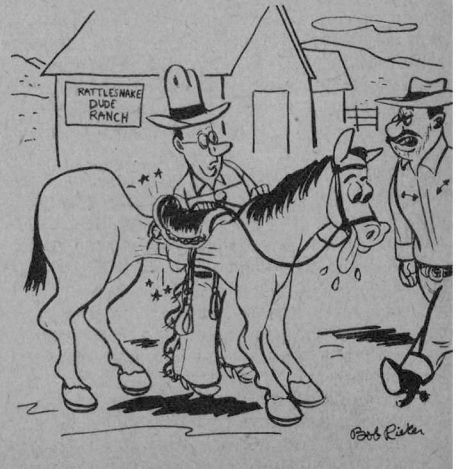
Well, *hell*, figured Bill—I'll play my hand through to the showdown. "Unharness your team, Mary," he bawls out. "Come on up to the porch and meet your mother and guests. Never mind unloading your wood now—come on and stir us up a dirty bite to eat!"

Did Mary drop dead? Not on your life, for she was of the stuff that martyrs and cowmen's wives are made of. Although she had never unharnessed a team in her lovely young life, she jumped off her wagon and snatched the harness off those beasts quicker than you could skin a cat, kicked old Beck in the belly and warped him across the rump with the bridle and swaggered up the walk onto the porch just like hauling wood was her every day job with a "Howdy, folks! How in the hell do you-all come on?"

The young folks were horrified, but Mary's mother was plenty smart—she smelled a mouse somewhere. She saw Mary tip Bill a wink and nod toward the kitchen, and she watched close as the kids excused themselves and entered the house. They just barely made the kitchen; they were so full of laughter they couldn't have held it another second. They just fell into each other's arms and laughed and laughed till they were plumb sick.

Mary's mother—like all mothers-in-law—had to have a look-see to find out what was going on, so she excused herself to the party to go and help the kids prepare the meal. She tiptoed real cute, eased the door open a crack and found those brats in each other's arms with the tears running down their faces. She was shocked for a moment—but she quickly caught on. That made it a threesome; all laughing together fit to kill.

Like the story-book says, Mary and Bill lived happy ever after.



"I know I said get the cinch tight, but . . ."

"King of The Wild Frontier"

(Continued from page 28)

when the frontiersmen crushed the Creeks, greatest Indian nation of them all. Ironically, he did not make the personal acquaintance during that war of a fellow Tennessean with whom his name is linked more often in story than the facts ever justified—Sam Houston. Houston, an officer, was wounded in the big battle. Crockett's services in the only Indian war in which he participated must be classed as miscellaneous, with much more emphasis upon his hunting excursions to bag fresh game for the otherwise starving volunteers than his soldiering.

Lively, fun-loving Polly died soon after Davy's return. He had three children to care for and an empty cabin. He married again, choosing Elizabeth Patton, widow of a Creek War veteran.

"She was a good, industrious woman," Crockett—or his ghost writer—stated in his Narrative, "and owned a snug little farm and lived quite comfortable . . . we soon bargained and got married and then went ahead."

IN OCTOBER, 1818, West Tennessee was opened for settlement as the government "purchased" the lands of the Chickasaw Indians. Crockett went with the first wave of settlers, of course. The sturdy pioneers found themselves confronting the requirements of local government organization and solved one by electing Crockett magistrate. He accepted the office and depended upon a friendly constable to do the paperwork until he had learned reading and writing himself. His judgements from the bench were often unconventional, but pleased the neighborhood.

"I gave my decisions on the principles of common justice and honesty between man and man, and relied on natural-born sense, and not on law learning to guide me; for I had never read a page in a law book in all my life."

And Crockett earned another responsibility, as Colonel of militia.

Still, past his 30th birthday, he had achieved little renown except for his bear hunting. He stated in one of his more serious moments that during a nine-day period he had killed over a hundred of the animals.

Then the western settlements needed a spokesman in the state legislature at Nashville. A more regular-type aspirant boasted that he had the election in the proverbial bag. He would be opposed, he boasted, by no more formidable a rival than "some ignorant fool in a coonskin cap like Colonel Davy Crockett."

Crockett took up the politician's dare. He not only admitted those exaggerated yarns about him; he supplied more. He recited them in a serious vein, interposed with frontier sallies at his opponents.

Davy was elected by an overwhelming majority, and entered the world of politics. He was swept on to Washington in the rush of frontier men into the national picture. Jackson went as President, and proclaimed "to the victor belongs the spoils" and tried to put a man in buckskin into every office. Houston was elected to Congress, too, and thrashed a fellow solon with his cane.

The next few years of Davy's existence parallel those of the average family man; years of ups and downs. He had a grist mill wiped out in a flood and lost his farm. He moved on to the Rutherford Fork of the Obion River and bought another dirt cheap. He profited from his crops and hunting and invested in a flatboat venture which never got anywhere close to New Orleans. Boats and cargo were lost in the Mississippi and Davy almost drowned himself.

His fiscal affairs, then, went like his politics. Crockett was no "yes man" to the demanding Andrew Jackson. He was defeated for re-election, then won by 3,500 votes, lost again, fought the Jackson-led political forces a fourth time and was elected. He was an off-again, on-again Congressman to his constituents, but to New York and Philadelphia and Baltimore he was a national figure. His publicity agents and ghost writers kept inventing exploits for him, and Crockett dutifully kept verifying the yarns with his signature and presence at lectures.

Then in 1835 Crockett was swept out of office again. This time he had enough. He told his constituency: "I am done with politics for the present. You might as well go to hell, and I will go to Texas!"

TEXANS had heard of him, of course; Crockett was one of the most famous men of his time. His march to "fight for his rights" was interrupted at every settlement. Davy Crockett was coming; the occasion called for a celebration with a barrel of whiskey tapped and flowing free. In addition to his "Narrative" there had appeared such volumes as "Sketches and Eccentricities," "Tour to the North and Down East" and "Exploits and Adventures in Texas."

Either publishers moved faster in those days or heroes traveled more deliberately, for a book length account of Davy's "Adventures in Texas" rolled off a Philadelphia press before the half-man, half-alligator even crossed the Red River.

A few other Tennesseans joined him, and Crockett led his small force to San Antonio. There a garrison, under Colonel Neill, controlled the municipality with an old mission, San Antonio de Valero, converted into a fortress. The post was shy of artillery and ammunition; two other Texian forces had depleted the stores captured from Mexicans the previous December. The first Mexican assault came in February. Five thousand troops under General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna captured the town and laid siege to the mission. The defenders numbered 187 men. The siege lasted 12 days. On March 6 perished its last defender . . . according to legend it was Crockett, of course. A description of his last stand has been published many times; the Mexican dead, you may be sure, were heaped high around him when he delivered his last blow.

Those are the facts of Davy Crockett. Enough of them, and away with them. Blend legend and color and you have an entirely different proportion, and have Crockett striding out of the past fully deserving of his "press."

Why Crockett as "King of the Wild Frontier" rather than Daniel Boone, Jim

(Continued on following page)

"King of The Wild Frontier"

(Continued from preceding page)

Bowie, or many others? The cold truth establishes Davy as a hunter, but little more. He dreamed no great dreams. He was no Boone blazing a trail to a new country, foreseeing Transylvania as the future Kentucky; no Sam Houston bringing to Texas the genius of organization and the grandiloquence of empire; no John C. Fremont carrying the flag beyond the Rockies, planting it on the Pacific Coast; no swashbuckling Jim Bowie fashioning a new fighting weapon, gambling for high stakes on the Mississippi, winning a Spanish beauty for his wife, searching for treasure among the Lipans.

He was no Doctor James Long proclaiming his own republic north of the Rio Grande, no Lewis and Clark venturing out beyond the Great Divide, no Zebulon Pike linking the mysteries of the unknown with the certainties of existence.

Those men did great things. They were admired in their lifetime and afterward. But Crockett . . . well, Davy was at once an exaggeration and a glorification of the average man. His physical fame came because of his prowess in the every day accomplishments of a frontiersman. He stood for what each man could easily imagine himself to be.

THE scope of great things and resurging tides of humanity did not much concern the average man in homespun; he did not know about them and did not care. He did not realize that when he gathered up his family and possessions and moved out for more elbow room that he was spearheading the Westward march, which historians, such as our own Doctor Walter Prescott Webb, would later identify as one of the most significant movements in the annals of mankind. The man in homespun, to steal a phrase from Emerson Hough, "never knew he was a hero."

Not in that way. He knew, of course, that he could outshoot any man from east of the mountains. He knew he could match an Indian in cunning and outsmart a creature of the wild. He could drink his whiskey straight from a barrel and hold more than any man should. He hated government restraint and nosey neighbors. His was the most independent spirit of all men, for when the things e did not like piled up so high as to t rment his "liver," he could do something about them. He could go to Texas and everybody else could go to hell.

He loved a sally and a song. He liked a lilt to his fiddling and threw all dignity to the winds and cut a dido to its stirring tempo. If his gun was true of sight and straight of barrel and if his powder was dry, he was as good as any man in the world and better than most. He liked men who could shoot and sing and drink, and grin above it all. And Davy Crockett could grin. Talk ran that was how he could kill so many bears. That when a bear backed him into a corner all he had to do was grin, and the old bear gave up its ghost and its hide then and there. Crockett heard that version of his exploits so often that he became curious himself, and tested it out with a bruin in a Tennessee thicket. In that instance, his knife happened to be more effective than his personality.

Davy's life, his fame and his death could be treated in a more serious fashion, of course. Some day, perhaps, a really great author will write a really great book about the Alamo. One hundred and eighty-seven men refusing to fall back before five thousand! Why? Because of a country? There was no country that they knew of. Loyalty to a flag? The flag over the Alamo was that of a Mexican province—outdated when it flew there, practically forgotten since then.

What manner of a last stand was the Alamo? Look at the leaders there. Davy Crockett, sick of spirit, disillusioned, perhaps never happy after the death of his spritely Polly. Bankrupted by destiny every time he got a few dollars ahead and tried investments. Beaten for Congress because he wouldn't cow-tow to Andy Jackson. Was there a suffering spirit beneath his airy announcement that he was through with politics and his constituency could go to hell while he went to Texas? Was his pulse really beating so madly for the fate of Texas, which he could not help but have pictured as another scheme of Andy Jackson's, a maneuver of empire that was supposed to be Sam Houston's springboard into the White House?

Crockett hated both men. He could easily have been very bitter about his political debacles. There is considerable evidence that he yearned to be more than a clown in buckskin. "His command of language," wrote a contemporary, "was quite exceptional."

"I never saw him," wrote another, "but dressed in the manner of a man in his position. He was pleasant, courteous, interesting, of fine intellects and instincts, honorable and temperate."

And the others at the Alamo? Jim Bowie, sick to death, sicker in his heart because of his wife's passing and the years of intoxication when he had been an unsuspecting partner in land frauds; William Barrett Travis, exiled from South Carolina, ruined in his profession of law, bitter over the injustices to him, writing back to relatives that he had taken his last backward step . . . could the Alamo have been manned by the all too naive and the all too knowing?

At other places other men have turned to fight a foe, any foe, without caring how the fight would end.

That dauntless trait endears the story of Crockett to any man and every man. And to women, too. Women yield their hearts and lives to such men, and carry to their graves the conviction that such men are heroes. Maybe they are. And if so, they get in death what was a dream in life, and maybe the only dream there really is—the only death which becomes man. Death as the Vikings knew it—a ship drifting aimlessly out to sea with a dog curled up at a dead man's feet.

Men must be kings, and kings, too, must be men; only the accident of birth between them and average man.

But enough of such somberness. This was to be a symbol and a personification. We came on with a fable and a song, and the same lilt will do for an ending — the ballad of "Davee — Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier."

Bitter Sunset

(*Continued from page 24*)

"Who are you who speaks my tongue?" Gokliya demanded. He knew full well the identity of Gatewood but such was his way. "I sent word I would speak with the *nan-tan*. You are not the *nan-tan*."

"I am a little *nan-tan*. I come because my white brother speaks not your language. I talk for him."

The chief shrugged and shifted his position, his rifle coming to point straight at the soldier's belly. He studied Gatewood's face for any change of expression, any indication of fear, but there was none.

"It is well. But why are you not afraid? No white man has before entered the camp of Gokliya and lived to speak of it. Do you not fear?"

"You gave your word that the white *nan-tan* could come and go in peace. I trust the word of the chief Gokliya."

The Apache snorted. "What knows the white men of honor? Many times have they given their word, only to break it. The memory of their treachery is great in my mind."

THAT moment was critical and Gatewood knew it. Much rested upon his reply, and he thought carefully for words. He waited until the low muttering about the camp subsided, then spoke, making his voice loud and distinct. "There are among the white people as there are among the Apaches those who speak with the forked tongue. There are those who do not wish the Apache people and the white people to be at peace and forever will they make trouble. Do not blame us for the faults of the few. Believe those of us who would be your friends."

Suddenly there was a commotion behind the chief. A warrior, who had been standing, fell forward, clutching his throat. The man struck against a nearby wickiup and slid quietly to the ground, his mouth and eyes going wide. Back in the darkness a squaw began to wail in a high, quavering voice. Gokliya paused momentarily, seeming to listen. Afterwards he tossed a hand full of branches upon the fire and watched it flare up.

"Why do not the Long Knives attack and kill us?" he asked. "We are upon our backs. We are weak and starving. Now is the time. Were the Apache warriors in such position as your soldiers, they would show no mercy. Do the Long Knives have women's hearts?"

"It is not our wish to kill you and your people, my brother, although to do so would be easy now. As the bear might kill the rabbit. But we are not a cruel people nor are we weak. A man can be strong and brave and not be cruel."

Gokliya shook his head, having no understanding for it. There is no such word, no such emotion, as pity in the Apache make-up; he plays the game of war for keeps, no holds barred, no quarter asked nor given. Pity is but an indication of weakness. He said, "You would make us prisoners. You would take us from our land and fence us in and we would die."

"You are dying now, my brother," Gatewood replied. "Already, while you and your people starve, other Apaches on the reservations grow old with full bellies and are happy."

"Not truth!" the chief exclaimed. "There is no happiness when one lives like cattle! Give me your promise that we can return to our land and there will be peace."

"I can give you no such promise. You must trust the big *nan-tan* Miles. He is truthful and fair and will treat you kindly."

"We will not become as cattle!" Gokliya shrilled again, drawing himself erect. "Such is for the weak and for the squaws. My warriors are fierce and brave!"

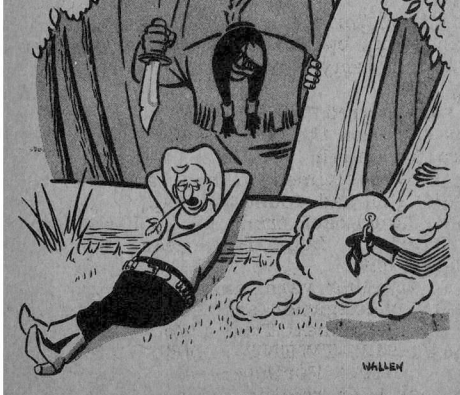
Gatewood's reply was low but clear and it reached out and touched every corner of the camp. "Bravery alone cannot feed hungry mouths, my brother."

AT his words the old chief seemed to crumple. His shoulders sagged and he stared into the fire for a long minute. His thoughts must have ranged back over the years, over the many wars and battles he had fought and the terrible destruction he had thrown across the hills and mesas—all for nothing. He was defeated at last. He lifted his eyes towards *Holos*, the sun who had been his friend but like all others had forsaken him now and was dropping beyond the rim of hills in the west. It was sunset, a bitter sunset.

"Enju," he murmured, "it is finished." He got slowly and heavily to his feet, bringing the rifle into the crook of his arm. "It is finished. We shall go to the big *nan-tan* but the Apaches shall not go as dogs. We shall keep our weapons, for we are proud. Let us go."

Lieutenant Gatewood, be it Charles or Jerome, of the Sixth United States Cavalry, looked at the fallen chief and a wave of pity passed through him for this once powerful old warrior. He had been a brave and worthy enemy and he had fought fiercely under the only code he knew, be it ever so opposed and distasteful to the white man's way of thinking. And now it was all over. But he stood there, firelight flickering upon his dark features, defiance still in his black eyes, proud even in defeat.

The impact of that moment was upon Gatewood. The long, frightful campaign was over. The fact's tremendous importance raced through him like a grass fire; the chief the Indians called Gokliya had surrendered; Gokliya the terror of the southwest, the scourger of both the Americans and the Mexicans, who knew him as Geronimo.



"No need for worry, Slim. I can smell an Injun a mile away!"

The Vengeance of Joe Meek

(Continued from page 21)

This "white man's council" was a deep mystery to the five Cayuse prisoners. Frankly they admitted killing the white medicine man Whitman, his squaw, and twelve other whites and half-breeds at Waiilatpu. Why then all this silly fuss, with one bull-voiced white man bellowing that they were murderers and yet another bull-voiced white man roaring back that they were not? They had deliberately "thrown themselves away" to help their oppressed people: why not kill them at once and get it over with? Stand them up against a wall and shoot them; split their skulls with a hatchet or cut their throats with a knife—but kill them quickly and honorably. All they asked was a warrior's death; that they might join their brother braves unashamed in the Spirit Land.

Sixteen-year-old Cathy Sager, one of the survivors of the Waiilatpu massacre, proved to be the star witness for the prosecution. Calmly, almost as if she were reciting a "book story" learned in school, Cathy related how she had seen Tomahas strike down Doctor Whitman with his tomahawk. She told of her two brothers slaughtered before her eyes, and of little Helen Meek and Mary Ann Bridger — both children wretchedly ill with the measles — brutally yanked from their beds and hustled outside the mission house to die on the frozen ground. Quietly yet vividly, she told how Mrs. Whitman had tried to shield the screaming victims as the maddened Indians beat them with war clubs and lashed them with rawhide quirts. Tears came to the eyes of the audience when Cathy described the pitiful scene when mortally wounded "Mother Whitman" collapsed beside the mutilated body of her husband. The girl finished her testimony by telling of the death of her baby sister from exposure the second day following the Cayuse raid, and how she had cuddled the tiny lifeless form in her arms for hours in the wild hope that the tot was not dead.

Cathy's clear, unfaltering testimony made a verdict of guilty virtually certain. In vain, defense attorneys Clairborne and Pritchett thundered that the court had no jurisdiction—that Oregon was not a territory at the time of the massacre. Pritchett boldly declared that the massacre was not really a massacre at all but simply an act of war as war was realistically waged by the Cayuses. Clairborne, in the course of arguing that the raid was actually a reprisal, pointed out that war meant total extermination to the Cayuses. The able lawyer eloquently reminded the jury that white men, times innumerable, had murdered Indian women and children with impunity. The Cayuse uprising, "in defense of their invaded hunting grounds," was long since crushed and the once powerful Cayuse nation defeated, humbled and stripped of all its richest lands. Now let the one-sided white man's laws be magnanimous for once and permit these persecuted warriors to go free to support their impoverished families!

THE five killers listened to Joe Meek's running translation of all this impassioned oratory with undisguised amazement and contempt. Here they sat on the prisoners' bench, utterly in the white man's power, and the white man made much windy noise with his mouth and delayed putting his enemies to death. There could be but one answer to such sickly nonsense: the white man was both timid and a fool! Tomahas and his mates began to glower and mutter on the bench, and their gratified primitive egos were not deflated until the third and final day of the trial when the jury brought in a verdict of guilty as charged. Judge Pratt gravely pronounced sentence of death by hanging, the execution to be carried out nine days hence on June 2.

The Cayuses took the death sentence with impassive stolidity, but again back in their cells at the jail they complained bitterly to Marshal Meek.

"Why is this, Joe Meek?" demanded Tiloukaikt. "We are warriors; what have we done to deserve a coward's death?"

"You have killed treacherously a man who had done nothing but good to your tribe; you have murdered sick children and weak and helpless women. Were those the acts of warriors?"

Tomahas, The Murderer, laughed scornfully. "War is war—whether it be killing men, women or children. The white medicine man was evil, so we killed him and all those around him. We Cayuses are not soft, like the white man!"

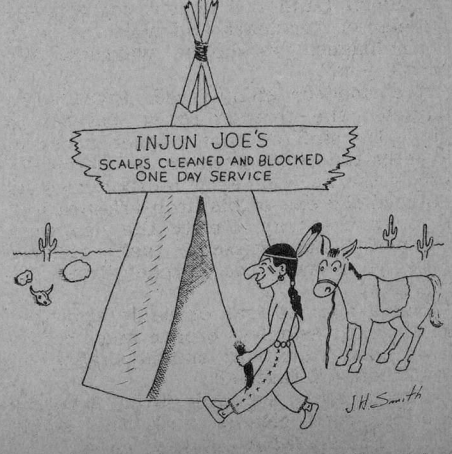
"You will find that *some* white men are not so soft as you think!" Joe told him grimly.

"You know our religion, Joe Meek," hopefully persisted Tiloukaikt. "We cannot face our brothers in the Spirit Land without wounds to show them. You are a warrior; not a wind-mouth like those other white men at the council. Surely you will see that we die by bullet or knife or hatchet instead of the rope?"

Joe shook his head. "You must die by the rope, Tiloukaikt. I—Joe Meek—will be your hangman!"

THE morning of June 2, 1850, broke calm and beautiful across the rolling Oregon hills. In Oregon City a crowd gathered about the place of execution a full hour before the time set for the hangings. Settlers had brought their families in wagons to see the Cayuse murderers die at last for their horrible crime of nearly three years before. Fellow tribesmen of the doomed braves waited sullenly to view the multiple execution. Stalwart Nez Perce warriors, handsome of countenance and haughty of bearing, stood aloof at the rear of the throng to witness this shameful spectacle of five braves hung by their necks until they were dead.

Two hours dragged by and the crowd began stirring and murmuring impatiently. Suddenly the prisoners emerged



from the rear door of the jail, walking stiffly erect between armed guards led by Marshal Meek. In the front rank of the motley assembly, a grizzled old Cayuse medicine man whooped shrilly. The whoop was a signal for every Cayuse in the crowd to sound off in a weird death chant. The five murderers walked to the scaffold to a barbaric dirge provided by their swaying, wailing tribesmen.

On the lofty platform, Tiloukaikt appealed once more to the executioner. "For the last time, Joe Meek, we call upon you as a brother warrior. You—who have lived and hunted with Indians and twice taken an Indian woman to wife—**know** the importance of the thing we ask. Shoot us, cut our throats with your knife! Do not send us to the Spirit Land unwounded with rope marks on our necks. It is little to ask of you, Joe Meek."

"It is too much to ask of me," snapped Joe. "You must hang, according to the white man's law." The mountain man hesitated, remembering something else from his years of wilderness living "Injun style." "Yet you also die according to another law—the vengeance law of your people. Have not the ancients written that there is no shame when a man is killed *in any manner* by a close relative of one he has slain? 'Blood for blood until the deed is avenged'! Is this not true?"

"It is true," somberly agreed Tiloukaikt. "But we have shed no blood of yours, Joe Meek . . ."

"Ah, but you *have*, Tiloukaikt! Do you remember the little Shoshone girl at Waiilatpu—one of the two sick little ones you put out on the frozen ground to die? She was my daughter, Tiloukaikt! I swore the blood oath against you when I found her body. You die by that oath!"

Surprised, the five killers talked briefly together. Below, the restless settlers roared angrily at this added delay and demanded that the hangings proceed. Klokomis stalked to the edge of the platform and spat disdainfully at the upraised white faces. The menacing roar increased in volume. A lanky farmer snatched a rifle from his wagon-box and bawled hoarsely: "Quit the pow-wowin', Meek! Hang them red devils *quick* or we'll shoot the lot of you like crows on a rock!"

TILOUKAIKT turned again to the hangman. "It is well, Joe Meek. You know and respect our ancient laws and customs; we also believe that you speak with a straight tongue. Our brothers in the Spirit Land will accept the strange manner of our death and welcome us to their lodges. We die as warriors. We thank you."

Joe nodded, stony-faced. Swiftly he adjusted the hempen ropes; careful to place the sinister knot in each noose in exactly the right position to mercifully break the neck of each murderer as he reached the end of his drop after falling through the trap. Deftly the hangman completed his gruesome task; stepped back to receive the hatchet from his assistant.

Not a sign of fear or panic appeared on the expressionless bronze faces before him; only Tiloukaikt smiled slightly in gratitude and farewell.

The hatchet swished down, severing the trip-rope cleanly with the single

(Continued on following page)

The Vengeance of Joe Meek

(Continued from preceding page)

stroke. The greased trap sprung smoothly; the five killers dropped together into eternity.

Joe Meek turned away from the yawning trap-hole and descended the ladder. He strode through the suddenly silent, fascinated crowd without once glancing back at the grotesquely dangling bodies behind him. His lips moved rapidly, framing words in Shoshone:

"Hear me, Mighty One Above . . . ! With my own hands I have killed the murderers of my child . . . My heart is cleansed of hate and anger—it is lifted from the ground . . . Hear me, Mighty One . . . !"

The Truth About the Dutchman's Lost Mine

(Continued from page 18)

the Dutchman straight to the gold. They returned to Phoenix with nearly $70,000 of the purest raw gold ever seen in that village.

The angry Thunder Gods must have tipped off the Apaches, for a war party raided Phoenix within 72 hours of the lovers' return with the loot. According to the oldtimers, the raid was a dilly—lasting two days and a night. The raiders failed to get the Dutchman, although they did manage to wound him in the shoulder with an arrow. The squaw didn't make out so well; the warriors caught her, dragged her out of camp and tore out her tongue for having betrayed the sacred, tribal secret.

From '74 to '77, Walzer made occasional trips back to the Shrine. The foreign-born Dutchman had developed into a first-class mountain man and a good shot; so he was able to duck the Apaches or fight them off each time. In the fall of '77, figuring he needed reinforcements, he chose Wisner to accompany him on trips to the gold ledge. This eventually resulted in Wisner's frightful death at the hands of the Apaches, as has been previously related.

From then on, Walzer never returned to the ledge where Wisner was killed, but made short three to four day trips back to their old campsite where, during the two years of their partnership, they had cached away millions.

EACH time the Dutchman returned to his cache, half the village would trail along behind trying to spot his hideout. Maybe old Jacob *was* getting a little crazy by now—crazy like a fox! Anyhow, he lured twenty-six of these curious gents into some canyon or other and shot them down. After awhile folks got plumb discouraged trailing the Dutchman, as you can pretty well understand. Mint records show that he brought out and shipped $254,000 worth of gold during this period.

What did he do with it? Nobody knows. He couldn't have drunk up that much money, though he was a powerful drinker from all accounts. He lived quietly on his homestead adjoining Phoenix to the southeast (Township 1; Section 16) until the historic flood in February, 1891, when half the town was inundated and the luckless inhabitants had to be evacuated from the river bottom in boats. Two days later young Herman and Reinhardt Petrasch, sons of Gottfried Petrasch, old boyhood friend of Jacob's from Germany, rescued the Dutchman. The tough old boy, at the onset of the flood, had managed to lash himself onto a tree with his head and shoulders just out of water.

There he hung for two nights and a day in the icy flood waters of the River Salt. He was an old man, almost 84, and he had recently suffered a stroke. But the flame of life still burned strong in him, and he didn't know the meaning of the word QUIT.

The Petrasch boys, after cutting him down, getting some brandy down his throat and wrapping him in a blanket, took him to Julia Thomas' boarding house at 137 West Jackson Street. This kindly Negro woman had opened her house and heart to the bedraggled refugees of the flood.

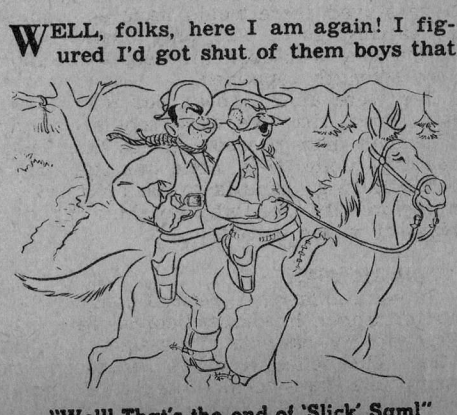
There the Dutchman lay the entire summer through; speechless, paralyzed, helpless. He did make his friends understand, however, that there was something he wanted badly from the ruins of his 'dobie house. The 'dobie shack had melted like loaf sugar in the flood, but underneath the bunk was found five sacks—not pokes—of gold, about $15,000 worth in all. After showing it to the old gentleman, the finders placed it under his bed. He watched them, smiling but unable to speak even a whisper. That night, October 25, 1891, he died, leaving behind plenty of disappointed friends who had hoped to glean from his dying lips the location of his gold.

The Dutchman's body was readied immediately for burial, Reinhardt Petrasch acting as undertaker. A rough-box was made, lined with gunny-sacks; a small, one-horse dray was used to carry the body to the cemetery. There the Dutchman lies today, beside little George and Rachel Petrasch, along with an unknown stranger, in Lot 19, Grave 4 of Porter's addition to the City Cemetery. (One writer claimed that the Dutchman was buried in Potters' Field, obviously confusing Potter with Porter and—as usual—not bothering to check it out.) Old Jacob's grave is unmarked today, although this writer has erected a marker on three different occasions, only to have them stolen by morbid vandals for souvenirs.

So ends the TRUE STORY of Jacob Walzer, known as "The Dutchman." A strange and haunting story of a brilliant, educated man who became a multiple killer through his lust for gold. But don't let's judge him too harshly. Remember, the wise words: "There, but for the grace of God, go I." Not a one of us knows what WE might have become if we had discovered the fabulous riches of the Thunder Gods' Gold.

(Signed) BARNEY BARNARD

WELL, folks, here I am again! I figured I'd got shut of them boys that



"Well! That's the end of 'Slick' Sam!"

run TRUE WEST when I wrote 'em the article they wanted on the old Dutchman and his Lost Mine—but I was plumb wrong. I never saw such ornery cusses for persistence. I came in one day played out from roundup, and here was a letter from TRUE WEST asking me politely but firmly for "more material to round out your article."

Hell's fire! What *kind* of material? I cooled off with a cold drink, and then shot 'em an airmail letter. Back came the answer by jet plane, I guess—it arrived so dad-gum fast! The boys down there at TW wanted me to write about my recoveries of unlucky gold hunters' bodies from the Superstitions. They also wanted me to state the best starting points for future expeditions after the gold, and to give a little advice to greenhorn gold hunters. So, bucking and pitching every step of the way, I drug out my old typewriter and tackled it again. Here's the result of my second rassel with it—and if it's no good, don't blame me! I warned you all in the first article I was no writer.

MY first trip into the Superstitions after a missing treasure-seeker was in December of 1931. Adolph Ruth, a retired Government employee—claiming to have a sure-fire map of the Dutchman's Lost Mine—headed into the mountains to find it. He didn't come out, so a search was made. I was a member of the posse. We searched for three days and found nothing. Finally, Ruth's head was found, neatly placed on top of a pile of rocks along the trail. There was a bullet hole in the temple. *Somebody* had shot poor Adolph, decapitated him and left his head for the searchers to find—a gruesome warning to other gold hunters to stay away from the Thunder Gods' Gold—the sacred Shrine of the Apaches. We were unable to locate Ruth's body at that time. Later it was discovered by a party of prospectors almost five miles from where we had found the head. Still later, Ruth's camp was found—another three miles from where his body was discovered. Mystery never solved.

November 10, 1938:

I found Hematite Frink, another luckless prospector, after a rugged two-day search—shot through the guts and dying. Close by was his ruck-sack, filled with samples of almost pure gold. He could hardly whisper; yet all the time he should have been saving his strength, Frink lay there on the bloody rocks, whispering, whispering—trying so pitifully hard to tell me where he had found the gold.

It would have been utterly impossible for me to have carried him out, and to have stayed there would have done him no earthly good. The only chance was to make a wild dash for help while my own strength remained.

We were able to beat our way back but found that we were too late. Old Hematite had passed on to his last reward—alone, with none but the writer's little dog Chiquita to hear his dying murmurs. My God, why do they DO it? Mystery never solved.

July 16, 1947:

James A. Cavey, a retired commercial photographer, hired a helicopter to enter the gloomy canyons in search of the Mine. The helicopter was necessary to carry his two-weeks' supply of grub

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The Truth About the Dutchman's Lost Mine

(Continued from preceding page)

and water; Cavey had a crippled foot. This made it impossible for him to lug a heavy pack.

After unloading from a sandbar in La-Barge Canyon, Cavey immediately made up a light pack of two-days' supply of grub and water and headed for the Mountain. He was spotted by the whirlybird's operator as the machine screwed itself up out of the Canyon.

ON August 2 the pilot returned as per arrangement to pick Cavey up, and found all his grub and water intact, covered over with a tarp just as he had left it two weeks before. Cavey had never returned to it.

On August 9th I guided the sheriff's posse with the State-owned bloodhounds to Cavey's cache in an attempt to pick up his trail. There had been no rain, and the dogs took out fast and sure. Soon we found the mark of Cavey's club boot and knew we were on his trail.

After two and a half hours of steady trailing, we discovered where he had been running down a steep slope. NOBODY runs in the Superstitions in July with the temperature standing at 110 degrees—nobody, that is, but a man who has been scared half to death. A little farther on, we found where Cavey had thrown away his bedroll. Still farther on, we found his discarded grubsack and lastly, his canteen containing nearly two gallons of water. Only a man absolutely terrified would throw away water on a blazing midsummer day in the Superstitions.

Still hard on the trail, the dogs led us to the edge of a steep-walled canyon where, eight feet back from the rim, they quit trailing and went to milling about. Three times we took them back up the canyon where, as soon as they'd cross the trail, they would lead us back to the same spot on the canyon edge. To me, this was sufficient evidence that—so far as the dogs were concerned—we had reached the end of the trail.

Our radio-equipped truck was back at Bill Barkley's First Water Ranch, so we called back on our "walkie-talkie" to have it driven around to the east end of the Mountain trail to pick us up. Just before we hit the east or "Don's Trail," we broke out on a narrow hogback ridge, not over thirty feet wide. Friends, this writer will stake his life and reputation on the fact that on the 9th day of August, 1947, there was no sign of a body on that ridge. Yet, on the 21st day of February, 1948, Captain Perrin and a friend from Chicago found the remains of James Cavey, wrapped up in a blanket and tied with a rope. The coyotes and other wild animals had been after him and he was fairly well scattered out. Close by, on a ledge, was Cavey's hat, his shirt and his jacket, with a rock placed on top to hold them down. In a pocket of his jacket was found his billfold, containing his money and identification papers. Further examination disclosed that he had been shot through the guts, the bullet ranging upward at a 45 degree angle, breaking a left lower rib and taking out the shoulder joint on its way. The corpse was headless, but later the head was found several rods away. Mystery never solved.

February, 1951:

Doctor Burns, a physician from Oregon, entered the mountains at the northwest corner, leaving his car about a mile northeast of Goldfield. The doctor had told friends that he was "going on a short prospecting trip." He had also mentioned his intention to me. I had advised strongly against it, but the doc laughed and allowed as how he'd make out all right.

He didn't come out that afternoon as he had promised to do, so we went in after him. Late that night we found him shot through the guts where he had fallen or been dumped about three-fourths of a mile from where he had left his car. Despite the expert testimony of the autopsy surgeon as well as that of the ballistics expert, the jury chosen by the Mesa coroner brought in a

Desolate, rugged, foreboding—the storied Superstition Mts. of Arizona.

verdict of "accidental death" and let it go at that. Both surgeon and ballistics man stated that they would stake their professional reputations that it was a physical impossibility for the wound to have been self-inflicted, accidental or otherwise. Mystery "solved" if you want to call it that.

May 27, 1954:
Prospectors, returning from a search for the Dutchman's Lost Mine, reported finding a human skeleton deep in the mountains, in one of the canyons not far from Weaver's Needle.

June 6, 1954:
Judge Norman Teason of Apache Junction, Justice of the Peace and acting Coroner, headed into the mountains with a searching party, hoping that examination of the skeleton would clear up the mystery of the disappearance of Joseph H. Kelley, from Dayton, Ohio. Kelley had vanished more than two years before, and we had never been able to find even a trace of him. We brought out the bleached bones, minus the head, and scientific tests proved that the skeleton was the remains of Kelley—shot through the guts! Mystery unsolved.

April 16, 1955:
Four young pig hunters, from Tucson, went into the Superstitions armed with .22 rifles on a day's hunt for javelinas.

Toward the middle of the afternoon they flushed a bunch of pigs, and all four boys poured lead at them without hitting a pig. The javelinas disappeared over a ridge, and one of the boys took in after them at a high lope. The others in the party followed at a slower pace.

Several hours later, not having seen their companion OR the pigs, the three boys returned to their car. They figured maybe their pal had returned to it down another canyon. He wasn't there. Scared now, the boys split up. One remained at that point, another went back to the spot where he had last seen his missing comrade alive, the third drove out for help.

I was called in to assist the posse in their search that night, but quick-descending darkness stopped us cold after penetrating the canyon only a short distance. The following morning we again took up the search. Late that evening we found the boy's body, wedged between two huge boulders at the base of a cliff off which he had apparently been shoved. He was shot square between the eyes with what must have been a .30-30 or similar caliber bullet, for the entire back of his head was blown away. The point where his body was found was nearly five miles from where he was last seen alive. Mystery unsolved to date.

THE above is a brief account of some of the ruthless killings that have occurred in the brooding Superstitions. Others, many others, have happened over the years. Some folks think that demented prospectors were the murderers; other folks incline to the idea that the Apaches were solely responsible for the shocking crimes. *Quien sabe, mi amigos, quien sabe?*

And now, if you're still hellbent for information and advice on the Dutchman and his Lost Mine, I'll try to give you a little more dope based on my fifty years' experience of the region.

(Continued on following page)

The Truth About the Dutchman's Lost Mine

(Continued from preceding page)

HOW TO REACH THE FAMOUS SUPERSTITION, WITH ITS LEGENDARY DUTCHMAN'S LOST MINE

The city of Phoenix, capital of the State of Arizona, is only 36 miles due West of mysterious Superstition Mountain and the start of the famous Apache Trail.

Tempe, an interesting desert city ten miles closer to the mountain, would be an ideal starting point for a trek into the forbidding canyons.

Mesa, the oasis of the desert, only 20 miles West of the haunts of the Dutchman and his Lost Mine, is known as the Eastern Gateway to Superstition Mountain.

Apache Junction Resort, at the start of the Apache Trail, affords an unobstructed view of Superstition.

Rancho del Superstition, owned and operated by the author, a unique ranch known as the Gateway to the Dutchman's Lost Gold Mine, nestles in the shadow of Superstition Mountain.

ADVICE TO SEEKERS OF THE DUTCHMAN'S LOST MINE

If you are a citizen of any State in the United States, you have a legal right to search for the Dutchman's Lost Gold Mine and do not have to pay anyone a cent for the privilege.

Do not buy any maps that claim to show its location; there is no such map in existence. Even the men who stole a crude map-drawing left by Jacob Walzer were unable to find the Mine; so ANY map would be useless.

Do not go into the Superstitions alone. Go in pairs and go armed. Do not shoot at anything, for game or for fun, as you are on the Tonto National Forest Reserve. *Shoot only to protect your life!*

Take plenty of water. Carry only light condensed food.

Establish a central camp and work out in every direction from it. Then move your camp and begin hunting all over again.

Remember that "Gold is where you find it." Cover the ground thoroughly, as this famous mine is in all probability well hidden still and right where you think it could not be.

The Dutchman was a foxy old cuss, close-mouthed and suspicious, but sometimes beer would loosen his tongue. Then he would drop sly hints; just enough to drive his hearers half-crazy with gold lust: "The late afternoon sun shines into the mouth of my Mine," he would chuckle. "I can see the old Military Trail from my cave, but *you* cannot see my cave from the Trail! . . . I have only to climb a little distance and I can see Weaver's Needle . . ."

But Jacob Walzer also said: "I have hidden my mine so well that no miner will ever find it!" So far, nobody ever has.

Remembering all this, my friends, if you STILL want to try your fortune at finding the Dutchman's Lost Mine—well, all I can say is good luck and God protect you!

EDITOR'S NOTE: To TRUE WEST, the most fascinating feature of the mystery of the Dutchman's Lost Mine is the continuing series of unsolved murders taking toll of those persons daring enough to hunt for it. Who is responsible for these crimes? Write us your theories, your opinions. We'll publish an article from your letters. Perhaps, in that way, we may all help to solve this grim mystery.

White Man's Revenge

(Continued from page 19)

But the minute the other Indians started showing up, Coffee got busy. It seemed to me there were millions of them. I guess there were hundreds—maybe two or three hundred. We'd see the dust cloud first, moving down the First Devil. Hours later the slow-loping ponies would reach Sagebrush Flat. There would be fat, nut-brown-faced old men, wearing black felt hats down to their ears, with long black braids hanging down their backs, tied with bright strings at the ends. There would be fat women in bright shawls handling the *travois*, the dragging tree-limbs that were fastened to the pony and used to carry the family furnishings. There would be running, half-naked children older than my brother and me, and there would be young Indian maidens and staring, sullen braves.

BEFORE Coffee came into the picture and made friends with my parents, the Indians went through our house and homestead like so many locusts, virtually ignoring my father and mother. They would dismount, enter the cabin, take whatever food they could find—I've seen them grab and eat cobs we ourselves had left from roasting ears—help themselves to coffee mother always had on the stove, and carry off everything they could in the way of food.

And watermelons! The Indian didn't live who could get past a watermelon without thumping it to see if it was ripe. If it was, he **had** to steal it. He simply broke it open and squatted

down, probably with some companions forming a circle around the melon with him, then started digging in with dirty fingers, eating noisily.

When they left they didn't say thanks—they didn't pay.

Coffee changed all that. When my parents explained to him that they had to **sell** their produce to live, he talked to the Indians. And after that they would take hard-earned money and pay for what they got instead of gambling with it at the potlatch.

They always camped overnight in the road just outside our stretch of fence, which separated our homestead from the public dirt road. My brother and I would run to watch them pitch their wickiups—lodge poles erected to form a cone, over which blankets and canvas were thrown, with a smoke-hole at the top. *Travois* poles were used as lodge poles.

Coffee joined them now and then—always coming back to squat in our house. When other Indians were around, he was even more ashamed of being an Indian.

Then one day, when I was old enough to understand all about it, he told us his story.

"I WAS even younger than Stephen," he said, "when I killed a white man. I didn't exactly kill him—or his wife or children—but I was there. I was in bad company—Indian company.

"They got the firewater from white men. We were heading this way, the grown men drinking and shouting. I was afraid, but I wouldn't show it. They laughed at me because I was too young to drink.

"Just before we started into Moses Coulee, we met a white man. His wife and young children were with him. They were quitting Washington, I think, heading back to their old homes in the East. They never got there—our paths crossed at a very bad time for them, especially since they showed that they were afraid of us.

"The man had a rifle, and he grabbed it when we rode out of the tall sagebrush just ahead of their wagon team. He never had a chance to shoot. The grown men in our party had been wanting to show how brave and strong they were, and that they could still handle white men . . ."

Coffee gulped, covered his cheekbones with his hands, and scrooched deeper into his shirt collar.

"We killed the whole family," he said. "We scalped all of them—father, mother, and three children. While the older braves were still drunk and reckless, they hung all five bloody bodies in a tree beside the road.

"Then somebody sobered up enough to realize what we had done, and panic hit us. We took off at our best speed for British Columbia, where brother Indians might give us hiding.

"White men must have passed along within minutes after the massacre, for they were on our trail in a hurry. We did everything we could to shake them off. But word seemed to fly on ahead of us, and out to the sides, and we were caught before we got to British Columbia.

"They took us all the way back to Spokane. We didn't ask what they were going to do with us. We knew. I was scared. The older men were, too. But they hid it better.

"We were tried at Spokane. Then we were all hanged by our necks from the Monroe Street Bridge."

He stopped there, as though that were the end of the story.

Then, slowly, he told the rest of it. The older men were hanged by the neck until they were dead. But when Coffee's turn came, they looped the rope around his neck, lowered him gently, and let him kick and strangle. Then they pulled him up and revived him. They did that three times. Then they said, "Let this be a lesson to you, Siwash."

It was. Coffee never forgot.

The Dream That Saved Wilbarger

(Continued from page 15)

said. He did not feel pain; he could not move a muscle; yet he was conscious. He knew when a savage cut his scalp around with a knife and jerked it off. He did not flinch—because there was no pain to flinch from and he could not flinch. The only sensation he experienced was a sound as of distant thunder. He knew when the Indians were stripping off his clothes. They had cut the throats of the other two men; the sight of the bullet hole under Wilbarger's chin perhaps made them think that act unnecessary with him.

There was a lapse of time during which Wilbarger knew nothing. The sun was half way down the western sky when he recovered consciousness and felt pain and knew that he was alone and could move. Dried blood was all over him, and he was still bleeding. He felt a thirst that was agony. He tried to stand up and walk but

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The Dream That Saved Wilbarger

(Continued from preceding page)

could not. The directions of the compass were perfectly clear to him. He knew where the camp waterhole was. He dragged himself to it. He drank and lay down in the water. He lay there until he was almost numb with cold. Then he crawled out on dry ground, to be warmed by the sloping rays of the August sun. Then he fell into a deep sleep.

WHEN he awoke green blow-flies were buzzing around his head. It does not take the eggs they lay long to hatch into flesh-eating worms. His wounds had ceased to bleed. He was again consumed with thirst. When he had drunk again, sharp hunger came upon him. His wonderful constitution was crying for nourishment to rebuild what his body had lost. He crawled to some bushes and ate a few snails that he found. He drank more water. He felt the maggots in the naked flesh of his head.

About nightfall he determined to crawl to the Hornsby house. But he had gone only about a quarter of a mile before, utterly exhausted, he halted under a large post oak tree. There in semi-consciousness he rested until extreme cold roused him. The only sounds that came to his ears were the pulsing of the crickets, the hoot of an owl, and the long, long wail of a wolf. The dying moon came up.

Then, as he lay under the tree, he saw suddenly, distinctly, without warning, the figure of his sister Margaret Clifton. He saw her; yet she, he well knew, was living in Missouri, near St. Louis, more than seven hundred miles away. It was not until many weeks had passed that he learned she had died the day before he was wounded and even at the hour of his vision was spending her first night in the grave.

Standing near him, the sister said, her voice calm and restful, "Brother Josiah, you are too weak to go any farther by yourself. Remain here under this tree and friends will come to take care of you before the setting of another sun."

When she had spoken thus, she began to move away in the direction of Hornsby's house. Such was Wilbarger's state of mind, and so vivid was the visitant's form and so clear were her words that he did not question her reality. As the vision vanished, he raised himself and with an imploring gesture called after her, "Margaret, my sister Margaret, stay with me until they come! Margaret!"

But the air was empty of answering sound and of sisterly form alike.

JOSIAH WILBARGER recovered though the skin never grew entirely over his skull bone. He lived for eleven years, leading an active life, until an accidental blow on the exposed skull hastened death. No one who knew him or Mrs. Hornsby ever doubted the veracity of either in their accounts of the dream—or spirit—visitations. Wilbarger told his story long before he heard of his sister Margaret's death. He was very definite in saying that the vision faded from sight while moving in the direction of the Hornsby home. As near as could be figured out, Mrs. Hornsby's first vision of the wounded man occurred shortly after Wilbarger heard his sister's voice.

Ghosts of Gold and Glory

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upon the new owners took out $196,000 in only 20 months time.

Following discovery of hornsilver at Silver Cliff, in 1879, the town rose in prominence until it was the third largest city in Colorado Territory and aspired to be the capital. . . Tarryall had its "Whiskey Pit," a deep hole worked by the placer method. The pit had originally received its name when a group of 150 miners worked it throughout one winter and spent most of their earnings for whiskey. Later, any miner who was down on his luck, was welcome to pan enough gold to pay for his drinks and lodging. . . Buckskin Joe, which has been reduced to what can be described only as "the approximate site," was founded following discoveries in 1859. For a time it was seat of Park County and served its 1,000 residents with three dance halls, a theatre, newspaper, band, numerous gin mills, and several quartz mills. By 1865, however, the camp was almost deserted; three years later the courthouse was moved to Fairplay, and Buckskin Joe became the ghostliest of ghosttowns.

Something I've never been able to understand is how the old time prospectors ever *found* some of the places where they built towns — like Moose City, Idaho, for example. When gold was discovered on Moose Creek, in 1862, 9,000 persons swarmed into the new district and a town of considerable proportions was built. Yet, when I visited the ruins of that town, in 1940, it still could be reached only by three days packtrain journey from the nearest road, and must be approached over the Bitterroot Mountains from Montana!

Idaho, incidentally, possesses a great wealth of historic and interesting ghosttowns. When I last visited the camp of Dewey, the old Dewey hotel was still its showplace—a position it had held since days of the boom. Standing three stories in height, with a cupola and double portico, it had been steam-heated, and electrically lighted. Pierce City, oldest placer gold camp in the state, was also the first seat of Shoshone County, and the old two-story log courthouse, still standing, is said to be the oldest public building in Idaho. Another of Idaho's more interesting ghosttowns is Silver City, dating from the 1860's. Silver, in her prime, was an up-and-coming center, whose newspaper —*The Owyhee Avalanche*—was the first daily in the state and boasted the first telegraphic wire service in Idaho.

ARIZONA, too, has her ghosttowns. There's a whole flock of them in the vicinity of Prescott, in Yavapai County —Blue Bell, Congress, Crown King, Gillette, Humboldt, Jerome, Stanton, Tip Top, Turkey, Walker, Weaver, and others; and down in Cochise County there's another covey, including Tombstone, which is altogether too lively and tourist-conscious to qualify as a true ghosttown. Cochise County camps that are ghostly enough for anyone's taste include Charleston, Contention City, Galeyville, Paradise, Pearce, and sundry more.

If you go prowling around the adobe ruins of Pearce, some old timer's almost sure to come sauntering over with stories of this one-time city whence $30,000,000 in gold was shipped in only

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Ghosts of Gold and Glory

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eight years time. The original strike here was made in 1894 by James Pearce, whose wife operated a miners' boarding house at Tombstone. According to the Pine Bench Brigade, Pearce immediately sold his property for $250,000, but his helpmeet refused to sign the deed until she had exacted a written contract giving her exclusive boarding house rights in the new camp!

One of my favorite old timers was Uncle Billy Newton, last survivor of Arizona's ghosttown of McMillen, in Gila County. Sitting in his homemade rocking chair, on the porch of his little adobe cabin, Uncle Billy would puff his pipe and look out over the ruins, and spin endless yarns of that once-great camp which he had known since the lush days of the 1870's.

He often told about Charlie McMillen and Rory Harris, discoverers of the rich Stonewall Jackson mine that had launched the camp. Like many prospectors, before them and since, McMillen and Harris realized little good from their sudden windfall. After taking out $60,000, they sold the mine for $160,000 more, and, to all appearances, were sitting pretty for life.

"But poor ol' Charlie drank himself to death in a few months time," Uncle Billy would reminisce. "Harris played it smart. He used his share to buy a seat on the San Francisco Stock Exchange. Ninety days later he was broke and back in Globe washing dishes in a cheap hash-house. . ."

After Uncle Billy's death, I was prowling through his cabin and found the insides of his cupboards all lined with yellowed and brittle pages of the *Arizona Silver Belt*, published at "Globe City, Arizona Territory," in 1878.

Over in Mohave County lie the twin ghost camps of Oatman and Gold Road, where a fast-diminishing retinue of graybeards tell of the mighty Tom Reed mine, and of close to $100,000,000 in gold taken from these dry, burned hills. They tell, too, of Oatman's momentous boxing and wrestling matches, held in the pavilion on Main Street; and of championship drilling contests when a man's public esteem depended on the depth of a hole he could sink in a piece of granite in 15 minutes, with jackhammer and steel.

"Back in the old days, any man was proud to say he worked at Oatman," declared veteran miner John Voynich, as we sat on a sunny bench in front of the silent and abandoned Honolulu Club. "It was a good town to tie to . . . "

Also in Mohave County sleep the ghosttowns of Mineral Park, Cerbat, and White Hills.

When I first made the acquaintance of White Hills, that once-lively silver camp still numbered a few old timers, who liked to tell a certain story on Jimmy Twiggs, former operator of a livery stable. Main kingpins in the development of White Hills, it seems, were the Denver mining tycoons, R. T. Root and D. H. Moffatt, and whenever Jimmy had taken on a few too many nips he would stagger down main street shouting, "Hooray for Jesus Christ, George Washington, and R. T. Root—the three best damned men in Mohave County!"

UTAH hasn't too many good ghosttowns. Some of her early boomcamps, such as Park City and Eureka, are still operating; others have survived the painful metamorphosis from mining camps into farming centers, and the great old camp of Alta has been completely reborn as one of the leading ski resorts in the West. So far as I have been able to learn, not one of her original buildings is still standing.

Keeping these several angles in mind, the most interesting true ghosttowns in the state are probably Silver Reef, first place in the West where silver was discovered in sandstone; the neighboring towns of Newhouse and Frisco, where the Hornsilver mine was once valued at $46,000,000—then more than the assessed valuation of all the other real and personal property in the Territory of Utah—and Iron City, where a number of old stone buildings dating from the 1860's recall the days when this place was site of the second iron smelter west of the Mississippi River.

Gold Hill, in Western Tooele County, has had three booms—silver, 1892; tungsten, 1917; and arsenic, 1945—but, as of now, she's a quiet old ghost. Possibly her most colorful era were those years when her efforts were directed toward the mining of tungsten.

One of the more spectacular properties in the district was the Reaper No. 3, owned by the Seminole Copper Company. The Reaper was terrifically rich—some of its scheelite ore carrying as much as 78 per cent tungsten. From a glory hole, 45 feet long, 50 feet deep, and nowhere more than 15 feet wide, more than $80,000 worth of tungsten was mined during the summer of 1917, alone! As a protest against the exorbitant freight rates then prevailing, every pound of this ore was sent to Salt Lake City *by parcel post!* Packaged in small quantities to comply with postal weight limits, tons of the concentrates poured through the Gold Hill postoffice. Mail stages were swamped, financial ruin faced the contract carrier, and postal facilities at both ends of the line were strained to the breaking point. But the mail—and the Reaper's tungsten—still went through. . .

As New Mexico's more interesting ghosttowns, I would choose Bland, Chloride, Cerrillos, Elizabethtown, Georgetown, Golden, Kingston, Mogollon, San Pedro, Shakespeare, and White Oaks.

When silver, assaying 12,000 ounces to the ton, was discovered near the present site of Shakespeare, in the 1860's, Wm. Ralston, San Francisco financier, immediately acquired a flock of claims which he incorporated in London for 6,000,000 pounds sterling, and the rush was on.

Shakespeare was a rough, spectacular camp. In the dining room of the Stratford Hotel, Ross Woods—son of the proprietress—was killed by Bean Belly Smith in a quarrel over an egg; and from the rafters of the Grant House, another of Shakespeare's leading hostelries, the Law and Order League hanged Sandy King and Russian Bill. Sandy had shot up the town twice in one week, which, in Shakespeare's opinion, constituted "a damned nuisance" and a capital offense.

When the Law and Order Committee stormed the jail to remove Sandy from custody, they found there a second prisoner, a young Russian, who had been nabbed while in possession of a fancy horse, which looked as if it might belong to someone else. As the leaguers didn't cotton to horsethieves any more

than they did to "damned nuisances," they took the stranger along with Sandy. In the space of ten minutes both men were tried, found guilty, and hanged.

A few days after the double lynching, inquiry was received from the Russian Embassy, in Washington, D. C., concerning Lieutenant William Tattenbaum, of the Imperial White Hussars, the wealthy son of Countess Telfrin of the Czarina's court. The lieutenant, it was set forth, had been traveling through the American West, incognito, and when last heard from had been starting east from a place called Tombstone, Arizona.

The photo enclosed with the letter was that of the yellow-haired young man who had come to his end on the Grant House rafter. . .

YET another of my favorite Shakespeare stories concerns the hanging of Arkansas Black. Arkansas, it seems, was a handsome sort of ladies' man, with snapping dark eyes and a little black mustache. Soon after locating at Shakespeare, he had become seriously involved with one of the town's married women, and the case was referred to the Law and Order League.

Adjusting a hemp noose about the culprit's neck, the committee swung him to the cross-bar of the stage company's corral gate. After giving his neck a good stretching, they let him down, telling him to take warning and leave town. But Arkansas was stubborn.

"I just got here!" he protested. "I like the place . . . and nobody's gonna run me out till I'm ready to leave!"

Three times they swung him on the rope, each time letting him hang a little longer; but still Arkansas refused to leave town. The fourth time they let him swing until he quit kicking, and then the vigilante chief ordered his release.

"He's too good a man to hang," observed the head Leaguer, wearily. "Tell that other so-and-so to take his damned woman and get out!"

Many of the old camps still have their "Uncle Jimmies" and "Uncle Billies" and "Aunt Susans," and to talk with them is to "shake the hand that shook the hand" of history.

Mrs. Sam Bernard had come to the present ghosttown of Kingston, N. M., as a bride, 65 years before I met her in 1948. As we sat on her porch, in the silent old town, she repictured for me those rousing days when the Apache chief, Victorio, was raiding and killing in the surrounding Black Range; when Ed Doheny, future petroleum king, was getting his start in Kingston as a hardrock miner, and A. B. Fall, later to be U.S. Secretary of the Interior under President Harding, was teaching the Three R's to Kingston's small fry.

"All this flat was covered with houses in those days," said the tiny, frail old lady. "The mines were all running . . . there were 26 saloons in the town . . . everybody had lots of money . . . and we were all young. . ."

Another of my favorite old timers is Dave Jackson, who came to White Oaks, New Mexico, more than 60 years ago, and has lived there ever since. In addition to doing a little mining, Dave has set himself up as custodian of the White Oaks cemetery.

"There's no money in the job," he told me, "but shucks! Most of the folks planted here were my friends. . . Somebody's gotta look after 'em!"

No one would guess it, now, but this town of White Oaks was a lively place in its day! One-time frequenters of these streets included Billy the Kid, and the frontier sheriff, Pat Garrett. Madame Varnish dealt faro in one of the local bistros, and the future Western novelist, Emerson Hough, practiced law. Another White Oaks' lawyer was W. H. McDonald, who was to become the first governor of New Mexico after its admission as a state. Governor McDonald is one of Dave's charges in the weedy old cemetery, as is Susan McSween Barber. After her heroic role in the Lincoln County (N.M.) War, in which her first husband, Alexander McSween, was slain, Susan lived on to become "Cattle Queen of New Mexico." She eventually remarried and spent her declining years at White Oaks, where she was a close personal friend of my friend, Dave.

MARTHA LEONARD came to the present ghosttown of Unionville, Nevada, 86 years ago and has lived there ever since . . . which gives her a perfect right to call her husband a Johnny-Come-Lately, since he arrived in the town only 73 years ago! Mr. and Mrs. Moroni Myers have lived in the old silver-lead camp of Minersville, Utah, for 89 and 83 years, respectively—Mrs. Myers having been born there, and Moroni arriving with his parents when he was only a few months old. Moroni, incidentally, worked in the old Lincoln mine, whose early lead yield was used principally for making bullets to repel Indian attacks!

Another grand old timer—now gone on to Better Prospecting—was Aunt Mary Laird, for many years sole inhabitant of the desolate ghosttown of Joy, perched on the edge of Utah's Great Salt Desert. How that blizzard-swept, heat-swept little jumping-off-place ever acquired such a name is more than I know.

Aunt Mary had worked as barmaid and sporting woman during the boom at Virginia City, and like many who have known the seamier side of life, her heart was as big as all outdoors. When either friend or stranger, Indian or white man, drove into the yard of her drab, little wind-battered shack, she would come dashing out the door shouting her stock greeting, "My God, sweetheart—where yuh been all these years? Have yuh et?"

Still thinking back over the old timers I've run across in boomcamps, I'm reminded of the California goldrush town of Enterprise—the first ghosttown I ever visited. After spending a few days there in 1926, I returned in 1932, rented a miner's shack for $1.50 a month, and stayed for a year and a half. Included in the town's white population of 23 persons were Johnny Alm and Old Lady Rollins, who had lived directly across the street from one another for more than 75 years. They didn't like each other any too much, and when they'd start arguing ancient history it was better than any TV show ever filmed.

"Why you old she-goat!" Johnny sputtered, one time, "What do you know about the *early days* in Enterprise? Dammit, I was five years old before you were even born!"

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Ghosts of Gold and Glory

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GHOSTTOWNS follow no stereotyped pattern. Some of them still possess lengthy streets flanked by scores of abandoned but well preserved buildings. Other towns, generally as a result of fire, have been leveled to their bare foundations; and still others have vanished from the face of the earth. No road leads to them, no visible evidence remains. These are the towns buried by landslides; towns whose sites have been dredged away in subsequent developments; and towns that have drowned.

The copper-mining camp of Kennet, California, which I knew 25 years ago as a pleasant old ghost with tree-shaded streets and many historic stone buildings, now lies under 400 feet of water on the bottom of Lake Shasta, part of California's Central Valley project. St. Thomas and Callville, Nevada, were drowned by Lake Mead (Hoover Dam); Bonita Lake, in New Mexico, lies 75 feet deep over the former mining camp of Bonita City; and up in northeast Washington, the towns of Fort Colville, Kettle Falls, Daisy, and Inchelium, were drowned by the rising waters of Grand Coulee Dam.

But it remained for Roosevelt, Idaho, to dunk itself without man's assistance.

Founded when Teddy and his Rough Riders were making history, the town soon boasted a population of 1,000 persons, numerous stores, and five saloons, each of the latter being equipped with a piano which had been packed over the mountains on mule back. Everything was going merrily until a landslide thundered into the canyon, at the lower end of town, where it dammed Monumental Creek. Attempts to blast the stream bed open were to no avail, and the impounded water began creeping into the business section. Improvising crude boats and rafts, all residents of the camp managed to escape with their lives, but every building in the town—as well as all the pianos—were lost. When the nature-made lake struck its permanent level, water lay 100 feet deep over Roosevelt's principal intersection ... and there it has remained!

Threat of destruction by avalanche hovered over the northern mountain camps like a cloud of doom. All the buildings in Edgemont, Nevada, including a 20-stamp mill, were destroyed by a single snowslide, in 1917, and during the same week, the town of Jarbidge, also in Nevada, experienced more than 100 slides in only 24 hours! Most of the slides stopped just short of the camp, but one penetrated into the residential area, scooped up a five-room dwelling, carried it 200 feet and slammed it into another house, which was knocked from its foundation by the impact.

But in the matter of disastrous avalanches, no other Western mining camp suffered so drastically as Alta, Utah—the town of the unresurrected dead.

One great slide that thundered down the mountain in 1874, claimed 60 known lives and destroyed many buildings. Several smaller slides each took its human toll; and in 1885, another giant avalanche killed 15 men and caused a fire which leveled nearly all the town not already buried under snow and rock.

But minor incidentals like blizzards, avalanches and sudden death, couldn't intimidate those rugged individualists of the 19th century . . . not when the payoff was gold and silver!

Contemplating our Western ghosttowns, where the wheels of business no longer turn, too many observers are prone to interpret their silence in terms of failure and defeat.

But the ghosttown does not represent a lost cause, nor should it be regarded as a symbol of greed, or disillusionment, or dead hope. To so consider it is to repudiate the pioneers who were responsible for these towns—the men who blazed new trails into far places, and wrested treasure from desert hills, and remained to fill unmarked graves.

Rather than damning them as "a lame and impotent conclusion," I prefer to regard these ephemeral camps as labor pangs in the birth of an empire. Their hour of glory was brief, but in their brief passing, they helped break down the barriers of time and distance, and served as stepping stones on the road to permanency and stability.

After the last man to have lived in these towns has staked his last claim on earth, and the last weary wall and foundation has crumbled back to dust, still these camps must endure in memory as symbols of a vanished era—a glorious, free-wheeling, high-rolling, Never-to-Come-Again Era—when giants strode the land with man's greatest dream cradled in their hearts.

Truly Western

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men. The one seated to the right is Coleman Younger. I have his autograph and his picture, taken much later in life. The man at the left, standing, is Jesse Woodson James. Turn to Page 21. Look closely at J. Frank Dalton's sharp nostrils and full forehead. It is easy to see that the two pictures are of the same man. The cover picture was taken about 1875; Dalton's picture was taken in 1947. Do you know what J. Frank Dalton stands for? J is for Jesse, Frank to put Jesse and Frank together to give his close friends a hidden clue of who he was. The clincher was "Dalton"—his mother's maiden name.—Henry J. Walker, Box 252, Osceola, Iowa.

Interesting Sidelight

Gentlemen:

Referring to your April, 1955, cover:

I began law practice in 1907. I had a partner, Delos Blyth Rogers, who was a grandson of Captain "Yankee" Blyth—a famous detective here in Louisville for many years. Rogers and I had many talks about the experiences of Captain Blyth, as told to him by his grandfather, in regard to the James Boys.

It appears that Captain Blyth had some understanding with Jesse and Frank and the Youngers to the effect that if the gang would not operate in Louisville or Jefferson County, Captain Blyth would make no attempt to capture them. Rogers told me that he and his grandfather went to the Kentucky Derby one year (Rogers was about 10 years of age), and as they walked in the grandstand in front of thousands of people, he noticed several men sitting in a bunch up in the stands waving greetings to Captain Blyth. The Captain waved back, and told his grandson later that these men were Frank and Jesse James and their gang. Rogers asked his grandfather why he didn't capture them, and the Captain replied that he "wanted to live a while yet."

...I am not sure as to the date or year, but am most certain it was in 1907-08, or 1909, that Mr. Rogers called me into his office and introduced me to Frank James. Frank was in Louisville with a circus. Some child had got hurt on the circus grounds, and the show was attached. Mr. James was in our office to have the circus released, so I took him down to the courthouse where he executed a bond so the circus could leave town. I am sure Frank James' signature is in the courthouse, but I have forgotten the name of the circus. I wonder if some of your readers could supply me with the name of the circus once owned by Frank James?

...At Columbia, Kentucky, there is tacked on the wall at the Sheriff's Office a warrant for Jesse and Frank James for the murder of Captain Sheets, cashier of a bank that the James Boys robbed. I saw the warrant there while serving in the U. S. Department of Justice about 25 or 30 years ago. It was at Columbia some time later, after leaving the service, that I noticed a bearded old man dressed like a Western cowboy addressing a large crowd in a hotel. The hotel manager told me that this old man declared himself to be Jesse James and said that he was nearly 100 years old. I noticed that this old man had a very fine car pulling a large and costly trailer, and that painted on both sides and the end of the trailer were these words: "$50,000 to the Person that can prove I am not Jesse James!"

Well, it happened that a Deputy U. S. marshal arrived in Columbia a couple of days later and had a little talk with the old man. He told him if he was Jesse James he was under arrest for the murder of Captain Sheets, and if he was NOT Jesse James he was liable to arrest for impersonation! The old man got very scared and asked the marshal how much time he could have to get out of town. The marshal told him to leave at once before the people got him —and that was the last of "Jesse James." The newspaper *Courier-Journal* had all the facts and will bear out what I have written. The name of the marshal was Aiken.

...The James Gang got into trouble at Lexington, Kentucky, and a member of the gang named Charles W. Quantrell was shot and wounded so badly the gang had to leave him. He was found on Shelbyville Road and taken to St. Mary & Elizabeth Hospital here in Louisville, where he died. He is buried in a cemetery in this city. It is said that Jesse James had the end of a finger shot off in this gun battle. The James Boys hung around here a great deal in a famous place called "The Wet Woods"—several thousand acres of timberland just outside Louisville. Several oldtimers have mentioned this to me. I am 73, but this was before Jesse was killed in 1882—the year I was born. I married a girl that had people living in St. Joe, Missouri, and while there on my honeymoon I visited the caves where the James Boys hid and also the house where "Mr. Howard" (Jesse James) was killed. I talked with oldtimers in St. Joe and learned a great deal about the James Boys.—Samuel W. Lich, 509 E. Oak St., Louisville, Ky.

Attention, Jesse James III!

Howdy, Gentlemen:

I believe it is generally conceded by all who are not out and out half-wits, that the date of the births of Alexander Franklin James (Frank James) and his brother Jesse Woodson James (Dingus) is a matter of indisputable record, known to 999 out of 1000 students of the James history.

Now here comes this person who signs himself Jesse James III, Manitou Springs, Colorado, with the utterly silly and fantastic tale of **another** Frank James—and **not one, but two,** other Jesse James'! One he has named Jesse **Woodrow** James, and the other Jesse David James (Dingus).

Jesse James III (?) evidently is laboring under the mistaken impression that most adult Americans are half idiots. Here is what he expects us to believe:

His two James' were born on the following dates. Jesse Woodrow James; April 17, 1844. Jesse David James; August 5, 1847.

Actually, the **real** and **only** Jesse **Woodson** James, the third son of Robert S. James and Zeralda (Cole) James, was born Sept. 5, 1847. His middle name was **Woodson** (an old family name) and **not** Woodrow.

I have heard of the Eight Wonders of the World; evidently "Jesse the Third" wants us to believe there was also a Ninth Wonder—the birth of five baby boys, **two** Frank James and **three** Jesse James. And **all five** born between Jan. 10, 1843 (the date of birth of the **real** Frank James) and the date of the **real** Jesse's birth, Sept. 5, 1847.

If I was "Jesse the Third," I would be ashamed of myself for setting the intelligence of my fellow men at such a low level. If we believed **his** story, we ought to be classed as 4th class morons.

But, not satisfied with such mishandling of history, Jesse the Third blandly states that Grat Dalton is still alive! I understand that Jesse the Third's real name is Lee Hanks—or Hawks—and that he is part of the same bunch from Lawton, Oklahoma, who tried to palm off on the public that old fake, J. Frank Dalton, a few years ago.

It might be advisable for TRUE WEST to make a few inquiries before printing these pipe dreams. It would save much valuable space in your magazine if such balderdash was eliminated. It is plainly evident that this man is just seeking a little publicity. Why not fool him by failing to co-operate?—Charles E. Bell, 2511 Elliott Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

AND!

Your April issue was very interesting, especially the cover... I'd like to say something about the letter signed Jesse James III. He calls the man whom he says is Jesse James, Jesse **Woodrow** James. According to Carl W. Breihan and other James authorities, Jesse's middle name was **Woodson.** Jesse James III then goes on to say that Cole Younger married Frank and Jesse's oldest sister, named Relissa. The James Boys' oldest sister was named Susan L. James, and she married Allen H. Palmer. Futhermore, Jesse James III mentions a man named Grat Dalton as being still alive. I hope he does not mean Grat Dalton of the Dalton Gang, because that would be quite impossible. Grat Dalton was killed at Coffeyville in 1892!

Seems that Jesse James III is not the only one to get mixed up, though. J. Charles Davis in his story "Outlaws Never Die," says this: "They'd talk about that wild gun battle at Coffey-

(Continued on following page)

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Truly Western

(Continued from preceding page)

ville, Kansas, where the James-Dalton gang got pretty nearly wiped out." When did the James Gang and the Dalton Gang ever ride together? Impossible! Jesse was dead and the James Gang broken up years before the Daltons started their career of outlawry. Maybe Davis means the James-Younger Gang, and where they pretty nearly got wiped out would be Northfield, Minnesota—NOT Coffeyville, Kansas.

Aside from these errors, your April issue was tops. TRUE WEST gets better every issue.—George Hart, 140 Ritner Street, Philadelphia 48, Pa.

Barnum was Right!

Dear Fred:

Barnum was right—there IS a sucker born every minute! I am referring to the yokel who is trying to palm off that picture on the cover of your April issue as that of the noted outlaws Jesse and Frank James and Cole and Bob Younger. Bats in the belfry is a mild word for the instigator of this latest hoax. The theatrical looking characters in the picture bear absolutely no resemblance to the James-Younger Boys. Who in hell is somebody trying to kid? Why in blazes have you defaced the cover of your valued magazine with the carcasses of these four two-bit cowboys? They look like a group of Hoboken frontiersmen cut out of a "Diamond Dick" novel. Shades of Ned Buntline! The phony painted background, their outlandish regalia, horse pistols and blunderbusses would make Sitting Bull stand up in his grave... Be on your guard, or somebody will sell you a photo of Wild Bill Hickok's skull at the age of five.

I have conclusive proof that the picture has no connection with the famed historic outlaws. My grand-pappy, Hormonio, aged 99 when sober, took one peek at the cover and yelled: "By cracky! I remember the day it was taken. It was snapped at the Hornswoggle and Klotz Brewery in Hohokus, New Jersey, in 1888 by the chief brewmaster, Billy Clarke Quantrell. The boys had just returned from a clambake at Younger's Bend. After downing two jugs of corn likker, they wound up the party by breaking into the Francis Bannerman Museum where they bedecked themselves in the manner as pictured.

"Standing at the right is Snedden Perriwinkle, a short six-footer and a famous buffalo chip hunter of the early Eighties. At his left stands Argus Weathervane, noted frontier Boy Scout and Indian club fighter of the Missouri border. He spent his last years selling cheese blintzes along the Road to Mandalay. Seated at the right is the notorious Flavian Bindleswig, who singlehanded surprised four bank robbers in Dodge City and escaped with minor scratches, $70 and a desk blotter. He was the personal bodyguard of Carrie Nation, played bingo with Geronimo, and often helped Pocahontas with the dishes. To his left is Olaf Krinklesmug, notorious desperado from Tombstone, who spent many years on the prairie following Indian trails and reporting them to the road commission. He was the first white man to turn yellow when captured by the Hoosegow Indians at the Mona Lisa Massacre in Montana Territory in 1878."

This is grandpappy's story, and I have no reason to doubt it. He was absolutely sober, his hearing device had new batteries and his glass eye was newly polished. Now that you are printing such stuff on your cover, I will send you a picture of the famous Invisible Man. I had a hell of a job finding it, as it is sorta faded and hard to see.

Notwithstanding your April cover, I still say you have a swell magazine and wish you good luck. Regards to Mr. Small and the staff.—Charles Straub, 1332 S. Hope St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Let's Wind Up With a Surprise!

Editor TRUE WEST:

Now that you have had your little guessing contest for several months, and we have had our little laugh, let's get things straight! We'll let you in on a deep, dark secret. Your cover photograph on the April issue originated in Davenport, Iowa, exactly 54 years ago in 1901. None of the boys in this photo ever saw the James family or were ever in Missouri prior to the date of the photo.

Every telephone book in the United States, in cities over 100,000 population, lists at least a dozen Jesse James's; First, Seconds and Thirds. None of them in any way is related to the original Jesse and Frank of Missouri fame.

Now to the photo, as you printed it. This photo was taken in Davenport, Iowa, in the winter of 1901-'02. All members in the photo were veterans of the Spanish-American War. The guns, buffalo overcoat and Indian club were borrowed from the photographer in the establishment. The rifles were 45-70 Springfields; the revolvers consisted of old Colts and perhaps one foreign make.

The fellow in the upper left was Charles Stackhouse, an ex-sergeant of the Spanish-American War, who, soon after this photo was taken, moved to Scranton, Pa., and became a bank teller in that city. The fellow in the upper right is Jasper (Jap) Pratt, a farmer boy still living near Davenport when I last heard from him. The fellow sitting at lower left is Joe Bailey, a veteran of San Juan Hill. The boy in the lower right is my brother, Clarence Drake, now deceased. All four of these boys and myself were born and raised in or near Davenport on small dairy farms.

The leggins were my brother's and were of Spanish-American War issue. Excepting the borrowed buffalo overcoat, the clothing was every day garb of the boys wearing it.

The revolvers, as you will notice, are all pulled out of the holsters a bit to make a big showing for the picture. (A drugstore play if there ever was one!) I doubt that any real gunman would be caught playing this kind of a show-off of excess artillery.

On Jap, at the upper right, you will notice two belts; the upper belt is partly filled with 45-70 shells and the lower belt has a dozen or so 45's. The boys tied on to everything the photographer had to offer; how they kept a straight face, I'll never know! The surviving pair have been laughing since their photo first appeared in GREAT GUNS Magazine. Stackhouse and Clarence died over 30 years ago. Where did you boys dig up this photo, anyway?

I was about 18 when the boys had this picture taken. Several of the original prints are still in the possession of the several families. None of the boys were related to each other, just good Army friends.—Charles Drake, R.F.D. #2, Davenport, Iowa.

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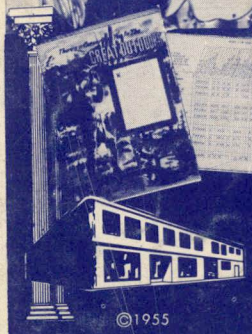

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