

FALL-1953

25c

# True West

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9-10-17

## THE FIGHTING CHEYENNES!

Fascinating Life Story of a Fabulous Indian Nation

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Charles M. Russell

A Story From

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•

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•

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# LIVE-ACTION

## FOLDING

# DUPE-A-GOOSE

# DECOYS

## ATTRACT MORE GEESE



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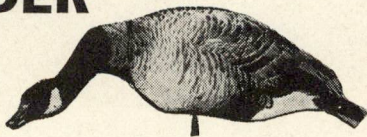
says G. A. Broussard of Lake Charles, La. "I have been hunting geese since 1921 and I bagged more geese this last season than ever before. I must give full credit to DUPE-A-GOOSE decoys."

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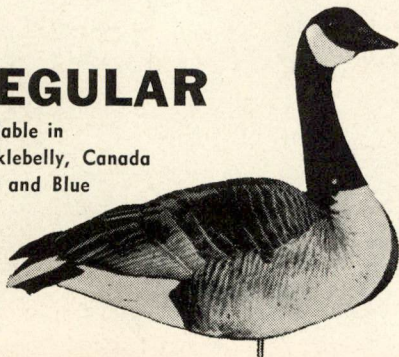
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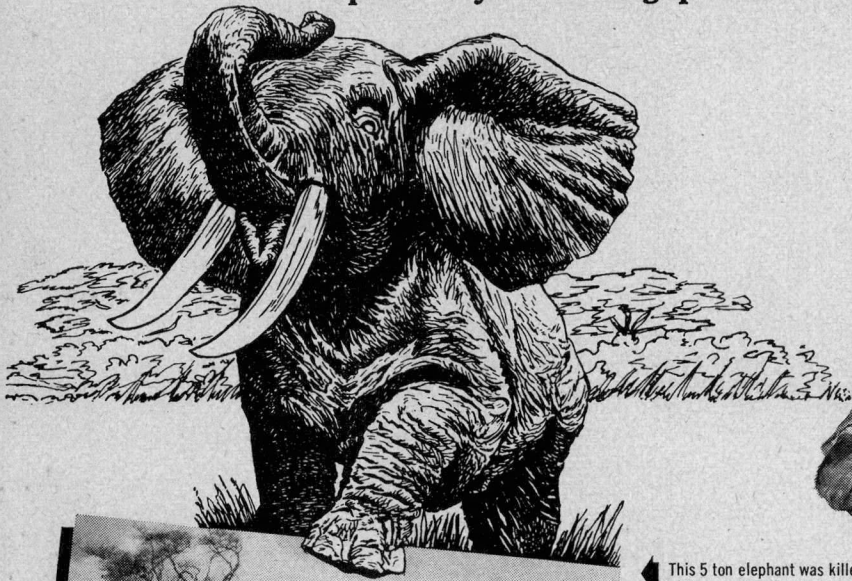
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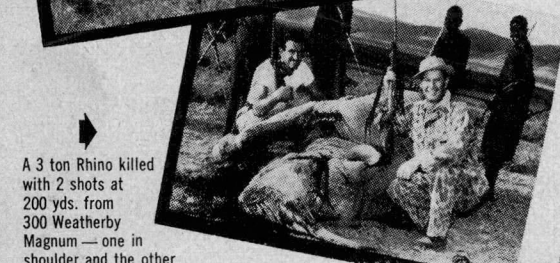
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◀ Roy E. Weatherby (left) and Col. Robert L. Scott (center) with lion killed with one shot from 257 Weatherby Magnum.

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FALL, 1953  
Vol. 1, No. 2

# True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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Cover: Western Ways Color by Ray Manley

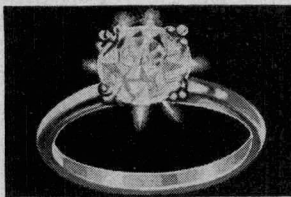
## A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

TRUE WEST is published quarterly by True West Publishing Co., P. O. Box 5008, 3303 Bridle Path, Austin, 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, 1879. Copyright 1953, by Sportsman Publishing Co.

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Fill out and mail the handy Order Blank below. Send only \$1 and pay the balance in easy monthly amounts while you wear and enjoy your ring. We will send your ring by insured, registered mail, postage prepaid.

### Be Sure to Send Your Exact Ring Size

If you do not know your ring size, cut out and use the measuring strip shown below at the bottom of the Order Blank. Be sure to send your ring size or the measuring strip of paper shown below.

### Read What Others Say About The Kenya Gem:

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"I was indeed surprised and delighted when it arrived. Being a Commercial Photographer, I have photographed hundreds of diamonds for reproduction in advertising. I can truthfully say I have never seen a diamond to equal the fire and brilliance of the Kenya Gem."

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from Alabama

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If you do not know your ring size, cut out this measuring strip. Wrap around your ring finger. Cut off or mark with pencil where it meets. SEND WITH ORDER.

**RING MEASURING STRIP — CUT OUT**

# "THIS IS IT!"

WE'RE so elated here over reactions to the first issue of TRUE WEST that we could kick old Lucifer square in the hunkus! Lucifer is the Satan, you know, who is constantly making things go wrong that ordinarily ought to go right. Old sob's after all of us. I hate his digestive tract.

Anyhow, four days after Vol. 1, No. 1 hit the mails, we started getting letters saying "THIS IS IT!" They're *still* coming in three months later! They are in answer to our so-called editorial titled IS THIS IT? which appeared in the first issue. We've been flooded with piles and stacks and mounds of letters—don't go off mad if we haven't answered yours yet. If you could see what we are faced with, you'd understand! But we've read every word in every letter and we've weighed every bit of advice carefully. Here's a personal handshake for taking the time and trouble to write those letters. You can't imagine how they helped.

You know, quite a few of you gents have referred to TRUE WEST as that "Wonderful Texas magazine!" Well, folks, we don't mind that at all other than, to keep the facts straight, we just aren't a "Texas" magazine. Referring to TRUE WEST as a Texas magazine because it is published in the Lone Star State would be like calling The Saturday Evening Post a Pennsylvania magazine because it is published in Philadelphia! We are Texans, you bet, but we are taking in the whole fabulous West in our editorial scope—and the whole dadburned world in our circulation! It's on the newsstands in every state in the U.S. and a good many foreign countries. Interest in the West isn't fenced in by boundaries, language, race, or color.

But we'll go along with you boys, who will keep on calling us a Texas magazine, by running the cartoon you see on this page. Even if we are completely national in circulation, still we can sure shoot that Texas bull—in this particular department, at least! Remember, the bull we shoot throughout the rest of the magazine is *true* bull . . .

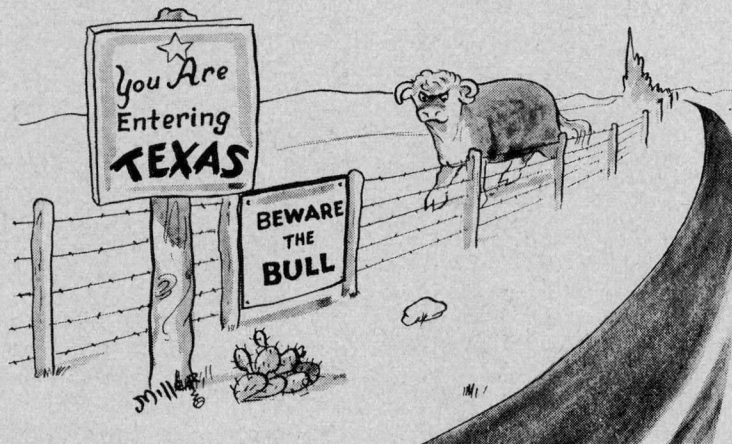
NOW here's a short report on the "State of the Rag" we'll call it. I say "short" because that dadblamed Indian article is so long we don't have room left to take a lengthy sigh. But, after you read it, if you're as elated over the Indian series as I am, you'll agree she's plenty worth it. Next issue will be the Nez Perce story—and WHAT a story! Boys, we'll just begin to hit our stride in that third issue. If you knew what we've got cooking, you'd flat jump on this old stagecoach and help us make it monthly. I'm coming to that later.

On second thought, why not come to it now? There's hardly a letter in the piles we've received that doesn't ask us in no uncertain words to make TRUE WEST monthly in a hurry. Well, gentlemen, we're going to—just as soon as we can. Most of you do not understand why we can't immediately. I'll tell you why.

Putting out a magazine like you have in your hands now is tremendously ex-

pensive. The big-time publishers generally figure on losing at least a million before they start breaking even. That's dollars I'm talking about, gents. I knew one who spent three million just increasing his circulation! (His magazine's circulation.) Now don't you dare whisper this to a soul, but we haven't got a million. We do have the dadgumdest, most wonderful set-up in the way of talent, terrific potential and an inexhaustible source of material, etc., but we haven't got a million bucks. Isn't that silly? Now don't worry about TRUE WEST going broke and having to cease publication. Your acceptance of the first issue just about cinches it—even if we do have to crawl like a baby before we can walk.

We were a little company to start with. Any publishing enterprise not worth a million is considered "little" to the big time. And the earth's surface is dotted with skeletons of little men who tried to get big too fast. I'm too young to die, boys! I don't want to be a skeleton—for awhile anyhow. There's too many things I want to do.



SEE, on a new publication you pour money into it like stuffing sausage down a rat hole—a hole with a lot of hungry rats in it! After you turn gray-headed, bite your fingernails down to your bloody wrists, and recover from three nervous breakdowns, some of that money starts coming back. Then, if you've had time to have any kids during the mad rush, it will probably all come back and maybe more by the time they grow old.

In short, without taking sixty pages to explain in detail, magazine publishing is like planting a tree. If you do it via the acorn method, you've got a long wait. If you dig up a healthy sapling and re-plant it, with proper care, you've got a tree before you know it. That's the difference between short funds and a million dollars in the magazine business!

NOW: There is one substitution for a million. I hope this doesn't sound dramatic, mushy or soap-boxy. I hope it just sounds true, for that's exactly what it is. The substitute we can make for that million dollars is YOU. If every person in the U.S. who has waited all his life for a magazine like TRUE WEST only *knew* about it, we'd get several hundred thousand subscriptions in a month's time! We'd go monthly, add pages—become the best doggoned true western

magazine on earth and *stay* that way!

Believe me, we want to go monthly as badly as you want us to. And, with your help, we shall. What to do? Tell people about it, mention it in your letters, use that blank on page 63 to send gift subscriptions. And this is important: If you're going to send Christmas gift subscriptions, DO IT NOW! See, our next issue will be dated Winter. It will come out in December and will probably be too late for gift subscriptions. So *do it now!* If you have friends you want to show what the West REALLY was, send them this magazine. If you have a whole flock of them, and can't stand \$3.00 a throw, send them four-issue subscriptions at \$1.00 each.

HAVE you noticed that the magazine is just a little lighter this time? I'll tell you why. This may be hard to believe, but we spent over *fifteen hundred dollars* just mailing the blamed thing out last time! That is one "little-bitty" expense. So you can see how it runs. Well, we're *doubling* the print order this time, so you can see what our postage bill will be! We are using lighter paper, but it is of the same "slick" quality as the last issue. Just as many pages, just as many words—but the postage bills will be lighter. When we get second class, we'll go back to heavy paper. It takes time to get a second-class mailing permit. Washington, bless their red-tapish little hearts, is like a banker. You pay postage rates that curl your toes right back in your boots while you're young and struggling. Then about the time you've proven to the whole world that you are going to live in spite of every impediment in the book—bang, here comes your second-class rating.

A bank, you know, is an institution designed to lend money to those who don't need it. If you're on your last legs and need it desperately, just try and get it! We haven't tried, but we can see the look on a banker's face if we went in and said, "Chum, we got a good magazine here. Shows tremendous promise. How about a half million so we can give her a quick bloom?"

There would be good news tonight—for the banker's hospital, that is.

Of course, if one of you stinkers has even fifty thousand you either want to lose or double up in value pretty quickly, jangle your spurs and we might work up a deal.

The reassuring part, however, is that, even without one red cent of financing other than our own, we are going to keep coming out with the best magazine we can put together—but we may have to remain a quarterly for a while.

If I have gone into this angle in detail, it is because so many of you folks think we're just plain cantankerous, or lazy, or hadn't thought of it, or something, to come out with a monthly publication. I believe in letting supporters know what's going on.

Bouquets? They have been tremen-

(Continued on page 63)

# They claim this coupon brings you "good luck"



"Six months after mailing the coupon, I had a promotion and a big raise in pay!"



"From the moment I marked the coupon, my luck changed!"



"My break came when I sent the coupon!"

**These statements are typical!** I.C.S. gets letters like these regularly. Coupon senders report pay raises. Others win important promotions or new, interesting assignments. Still others find happiness, job security, opportunities never dreamed possible.



**Is it LUCK?** The results are so impressive, so quick in coming, that some say the I.C.S. coupon is "lucky." Of course, that's not true. The real reason for these amazing results is what happens to the person when he or she mails the coupon.

**Coupon is first step!** Naturally, you want to make good. But you've put off doing something about it. Mailing this coupon is *definite action!* It shows you're fed up with waiting for the breaks. You're determined to make your own breaks! And this determination alone accounts for much of the "luck" you'll start to experience.



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**391 I.C.S. courses!** You'll find a partial list of courses in the coupon below. Each course is up-to-date, extremely practical, completely success-tested. You study in your spare time. Set your own pace. Correspond directly with instructors. Cost is low. Diplomas are awarded to graduates. I.C.S. training rates high in all fields of business and industry. You won't find another school like it.

*Call it being "lucky" or being "smart." Whatever it is, you're one step closer to your goal when you mail this famous coupon!*

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Mapping</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Structural Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Highway Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Reading Blueprints</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Construction</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Sanitary Engineering</li> <li><b>DRAFTING</b></li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Structural Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Mine Surveying and Drafting</li> <li><b>ELECTRICAL</b></li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Electrician</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Maintenance</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Electric Power and Light</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Lineman</li> <li><b>HIGH SCHOOL</b></li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects</li> </ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> College Preparatory</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Commercial</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Good English</li> <li><b>MECHANICAL AND SHOP</b></li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Supervision</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Foremanship</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Machine Design-Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Tool Design</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Instrumentation</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Inspection</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Reading Blueprints</li> 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# Truly Western

THANKS!

For all those wonderful letters, that is. I'm telling you, folks, there are so many of them we can't scratch the surface in printing what we want to. We haven't even been able to *answer* all of them yet! Be patient—we shall, and we'll keep printing as many as we can cram in. One letter got misplaced somehow. It was from a man who has camped all over the Superstition Mountains of Arizona. Write us again! We'd like to print that letter! If you know anything interesting, write us—we'll try and get it in.

## A Carson on Kit

Dear Sir:

I have read the full contents of the initial issue of TRUE WEST, and consider it the finest thing that has happened since the invention of daylight.

To me, the secret of this excellent package of good reading lies in three items: 1) Your writers have something to say. 2) They say it well. 3) Your selection of material gives coverage to a broad field and a wide range of interests.

Those of us who knew the Old West and had ancestors who lived as a part of it find the synthetic "Western" tale rather pallid and a bit distasteful. A quiet, self-effacing man like Kit Carson, who made no speeches, wrote no books and joined no circuses, had more real drama in his little finger than the present-day fictionist has ever dreamed of.

That was a day when our nation was still young and our people strong and unafraid. We should seek to preserve at least the principle that made those men and women what they were, even though the deeds they gave to history will recede even farther into the past.

Each time an issue of TRUE WEST is out, I shall locate it on my local newsrack in Manhattan Beach. —Charles Carson, Nat'l Chairman, THE KIT CARSON SOCIETY, 1401 Third St., Manhattan Beach, California.

## No Old Hat Stuff, Boys!

Dear Joe:

I expected TRUE WEST to be good, but even so, it surprised me. I'd like to offer my sincerest congratulations. You've come up with something truly unique, and I'll make you a bet right now—the response is going to be better than you ever dreamed even in your more abandoned moments!

"Unique" is an overworked word, but in this case it is the only one to apply. Keep TRUE WEST that way—don't let writers pass off "old hat" stuff on you. There was so much true drama and adventure, humor and pathos in the development of the West that you can afford to be choosy about selecting the material for your new magazine. There are writers who are willing to "dig" a little to get you the kind of material this magazine of yours deserves. It simply can't miss!—E. Ward McCray, 3702 No. 13th Ave., Phoenix, Arizona.

## Billy the Kid

Dear Editor:

Sooner or later you'll use something on Billy the Kid (It's sooner. See page 22)

and you might like to print a little known story about the Kid along with it. Many regard him as a cold-blooded killer of 21 men. Others think of the Kid as a hero. All agree to his courage and skill with firearms as well as his loyalty to friends.

Some years ago, while visiting Las Cruces, N. M., I noticed a sign: "Billy the Kid Museum." I walked in and noticed an old Colt .45 with a bursted cylinder. On inquiring, I got the story.

There was a certain barkeep who considered himself seasoned enough to lock horns with the Kid. They got in a ruckus. Instead of blowing him down, a whim of fate saved the barkeep's life. Billy disarmed the man and walked off with his gun.

Next day he was back, gave the barkeep his gun and offered his apologies. Apparently the gun was intact and fully loaded.

Being a deceitful sort of hombre, the whiskey jerk accepted the return of his .45 graciously, only to draw a bead between Billy's shoulders at the first opportunity. The gun blew up in his face.



The crowd roared with laughter. The barkeep's face and hands were black and bleeding from the explosion.

The Kid, expecting some such action, had pounded the bore of that Colt full of lead, plugging it completely!—J. V. Gibson, Herold, West Virginia.

## A Few Brief Extracts

After reading the last line of the first issue of TRUE WEST, I feel like (I hope this isn't sacrilegious) the preacher who, upon viewing the tomb of Christ for the first time could only shake his head and say, "This is it. This is it."—H. N. Lane, Westhoff, Texas.

It is a superb magazine. One customer said, "It is the best thing I ever saw."—N. Eugene Wilson, Mgr., WILSON'S BOOK STORE, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Without reservation I would say this is the finest magazine of its sort I have ever read. I have been a collector of Western Americana books for 25 years, and I think I know something about the subject. Your magazine is a collector's item. It is being sought all over the U. S. by collectors of Western Americana.—Edd J. Hass, Uptown Theatre Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

If you'll keep printing the truth, and nothing but the truth, you'll have as your subscribers a great cross section of the

American public that you'll NEVER be able to shake loose! They'll be just as strong for it in the North, East and South as in the West.—William H. Bonney, 1102 So. 19th, Corpus Christi, Texas.

Your title, TRUE WEST, shone out on the newsstand like a beacon light. It's the first thing new in magazines I've seen in twenty years. It will make you a million!—W. H. O'Gara, 4827 Hillside, Lincoln, Nebraska.

## He Knew Bill Miner

Dear Editor:

I suppose this letter should be addressed to Eugene Pawley, who wrote "He Outrobbed Jesse James" in your first issue. This is no criticism of Pawley, but I do have some first hand facts I could have given him if I had known he was writing the article.

Bill Miner's real name was Bill Morgan. He was never a miner but a telegraph operator in his younger days. I am an old time peace officer. For a long time Miner lived half a block from me, with his sister, in Bellingham, Washington. He settled there after being released from San Quentin. He was a nice man to talk to. I have his photograph stored away in some of my papers. You know about his robbing and giving to the poor. The same can be said of Jesse James. My mother lived near them and knew them as well as Billy Stevens.

Miner's way of working was to camp near a railroad and pretend to be a wood-cutter. He would climb a telegraph pole and intercept messages. This way he kept up on what was being passed. There was \$40,000 in gold being sent out from the caribou country by stage and would have been on the train at Mission Junction when the C.P.R.R. was held up if the stage had not broken down and missed connection.

Bill did not get anything out of the hold-up near Booneville. One of the brakemen wounded the man that was with Miner and Hershman. Miner tried to carry his pal away and got blood on his overcoat. I saw it later. They were supposed to be wood-cutters at that place.

Bill and his companions were traveling without horses after the hold-up at Trail, B. C. When Bill saw the officers coming, he and his men started driving some cattle. They'd probably gotten away with it had not one of them foolishly started shooting.

After the hold-up at Mission Junction, Bill went to Bay City, Michigan, where lived the girl he met when a young man. That was when he was caught and sentenced to 25 years. I was intercepting his mail—how, I will not tell. The rest of his life is too long for me to write out.

I like your magazine very much. I'm in my 85th year—hale and hearty. I do all my tractor work and take care of a few white-faced cattle. Please acknowledge receipt of this letter.—J. L. Parberry, Sico, Oregon.

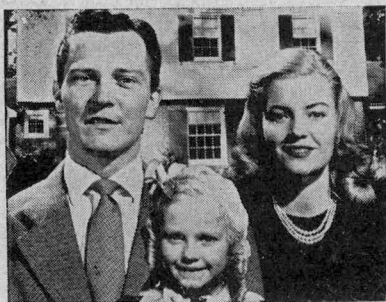
## Thanks, Professor!

This is the magazine that we have been waiting for all of these years. The gap between the pulps, with their enjoyable (Continued on page 63)

**People always react to a convincing, masterful voice!**



**COMMAND RESPECT** in business. Voice your ideas with power—speak out, full-toned and big! A BIG part of you is your voice. Let it help you build respect... win it from others. A more likeable, convincing voice may put you on your road to success. Get ahead faster!



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“Only the earth and the mountains live forever,” observed the Wise Ones. And with the loss of the Four Sacred Medicine Arrows, the fate of a great Indian nation was sealed.

A bloody, gripping saga of *The Real People*, the proud and mighty

# FIGHTING CHEYENNES!

by Norman B. Wiltsey

Illustrated by Geo. Phippen

lodges to drift out on the prairie in search of buffalo. Inevitably, the Cheyennes clashed with the wild Plains nomads on these far-flung wanderings; battling the Utes, Crows and Assiniboines—the dreaded *Ho he*. Tribal historians relate that the Cheyennes encountered guns for the first time when they fought the *Ho he*.

Armed with smoothbore flintlock muskets acquired from French fur traders, the Assiniboines slaughtered many Cheyennes. The *Ho he* were tricky fighters who attacked the Cheyennes at night, signalling to each other with horns made from hollow plant stems that imitated perfectly the bellowing call of the buffalo. Cheyenne legend has it that only the wit and courage of an old woman in outsmarting the *Ho he* secured for the tribe a few of the coveted “thunder sticks” with which to defend themselves.

In that remote period the Cheyennes had no horses. They hunted buffalo on foot. Day after day a certain hunting party toiled after a slow-moving herd, picking off the stragglers with arrow and lance. At night the hunters camped on high ground away from rocks and trees, fearing attack by the *Ho he*. On the fourth day, the Cheyennes returned to their river camp heavy-laden with meat. Still fearing attack, the chief ordered the camp removed a mile down river to a high bluff where the problem of defense was simplified. One old woman named Yellow Bird refused to leave with the others. Busy boiling grease from crushed buffalo bones, she remained in her earthen lodge alone.

The night was pitch-black and the wind cried mournfully about the lodge. Twice, above the wail of the wind, the old woman heard strange noises that sounded startlingly like the weird horns of the *Ho he*. She was uneasy, but told herself stoutly that the queer horn-like sounds were only the wind. Needing more light for her work, she made a torch and attached it to a stick, thrusting the stick down her back inside her deerskin dress, so that the torch stood out well above her head and illuminated the boiling

grease pot. The flickering light of the torch made her feel somehow more secure and she forgot about the terrible *Ho he*.

Yellow Bird was blowing the grease off the surface of the water in the pot when a man muffled to the eyes in a wolfskin robe entered the lodge and sat down near her bed. Without turning her head, she glanced at him from the corner of her eyes and knew that he was an Assiniboine. Calmly she kept blowing grease from the water. Another warrior and another walked into the lodge, until thirty Assiniboines had crowded into the earthen structure and seated themselves in a circle around the fire.

ONE warrior signed that he and his comrades were hungry. Yellow Bird nodded that she understood and gave each *Ho he* a handful of pounded meat from her *parfesteche* cases. The warriors gulped down the meat and signed for hot food. Obediently the old woman took down a great sheet of back-fat (tallow) and began to roast it on a stick over the fire. Soon the hot fat was dripping from the tallow, ready to be eaten with meat. Lifting the sheet on the stick as if to turn it, Yellow Bird swung the tallow around her head and sprayed the sizzling fat into the faces of the Assiniboines sitting around the fire. Then, carrying her torch high, she rushed from the lodge.

Behind her, screeching with fury and the pain of their burns, raced the *Ho he*. Straight to a cut bank above the river dashed Yellow Bird, to a point sixty feet above the rocky shallows below. Quickly she threw her blazing torch far out over the edge of the cut bank and turned off to the side, running silently and swiftly in the darkness. Blindly the maddened Assiniboines followed the sailing torch, running over the bank to crash shrieking to the sharp rocks beneath.

Breathlessly, Yellow Bird hurried through the moonless night to the new camp on the bluff. “I have destroyed thirty of the *Ho he*!” she cried in triumph to the chief. “I—an old woman with only a torch and a sheet of back-fat

#### Editor's Note:

We think this story is terrific! Too little is known about even the major Indian tribes of America by most of us. This series will be dramatic, fast-moving, impartial, TRUTHFUL. Let us know if you want to see it continued indefinitely.

**K**IT CARSON hit the nail squarely on the head when he called the Cheyennes “the durndest fighters and the finest gentlemen on the Plains.” The word Cheyenne, often explained as coming from the French *chien* used by early French explorers in describing the tribe’s fearless Dog Soldiers, is actually derived from the Sioux term *Shahiela*: people speaking a language not understood. The Cheyennes call themselves *Tsistsistas*: The Real People. Even the proud and haughty Crows, implacable enemies of the Cheyennes in the old buffalo days, acknowledged the fitness of the appellation.

Sometime midway of the seventeenth century the Cheyennes reached the Missouri River on their westward trek from the Land of a Thousand Lakes; or roughly, present-day Minnesota. They remained near the Missouri for an undetermined number of years, tilling the soil and living in earth lodges similar to those used by the Rees and the Mandans. Eventually they deserted their comfortable earth

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for weapons—have rubbed out a whole war party!"

It was true. Next morning when the Cheyennes investigated the shallows below the cut bank, they found thirty *Ho he* warriors—some dead, the rest crippled by broken backs or legs. The jubilant Cheyennes killed the survivors and collected the guns and knives of all thirty. These were the first firearms ever secured by the tribe.

Early in the eighteenth century the Cheyennes began to acquire horses—either through raids on the Kiowas and Comanches to the south or by capturing wild horses on the open prairie. Fanning out boldly, the newly mobile Cheyennes forced the Kiowas and Comanches farther south; drove the Crows westward to the mountains. By 1804, when the explorers Lewis and Clark reached the Missouri, the Cheyennes were the most powerful tribe on the Northern Plains. They retained that distinction until the sudden and dramatic rise of the Teton Sioux around 1840. The Cheyennes attribute their gradual decline to the loss of their sacred "Medicine Arrows" in a fight with the Pawnees in the year 1830. These ancient stone-headed shafts—four in number—were believed to possess wondrous power for the males of the tribe. The sacred arrows, carried into battle by an outstanding warrior, were tied with buckskin thongs near the head of a lance. While the arrows remained in their possession, the Cheyennes believed themselves to be invincible. Without them, prophesied the age-old legend, the Cheyennes would become a defeated and ruined nation.

"Revenge was theirs on the Little Big Horn."

In that summer of 1830, the Cheyennes painted for war and set out hunting Pawnees. The great war party crossed the Platte River and followed Birdwell Creek into what is now Nebraska. Here they ran smack into the whole Skidi Pawnee tribe, gathered in ceremony and about to sacrifice a human captive to the Morning Star. The irreverent Cheyennes broke up the solemn ceremony with a whirlwind attack, but lost their sacred arrows in the charge. Bull, the warrior carrying the arrows, thrust at a Pawnee with his lance. The Pawnee twisted away from the thrust, grabbed the lance and pulled it out of Bull's hands. Quickly the triumphant Pawnees ringed the magic medicine arrows with their strongest fighters to hold off the Cheyennes. Bull himself, after leading two futile charges to recover the arrows, dejectedly signaled flight.

THE Cheyennes never recovered from the shock of losing their sacred arrows. Tribal historians agree that bad luck came to the tribe with the loss of the arrows and never left it. They could be right, for the steady decline of the Cheyennes as a powerful nation began right after 1830.

Not the least of the misfortunes overtaking the Cheyennes after the loss of their Medicine Arrows was their increasing contact with white men and the white men's firewater. A ruthless fur trader named Gantt brought the first whiskey to the Cheyennes, knowing that a drunken Indian would throw away a pack of fine pelts for practically nothing in return. Priests and medicine men of

the tribe counseled strongly against whiskey drinking, but the canny trader mixed sugar with his rotgut liquor and thereby induced the sweets-loving Cheyennes to drink. By 1837 the tribe was reported "a nation of drunkards," and the age-old prophecy of the sacred arrows was coming to pass.

Tragedy was now of daily occurrence among the once proud and happy Cheyennes. Porcupine Bear, the Dog Soldier chief, stabbed and killed Little Creek during a drunken row. Brothers killed brothers in alcoholic frenzies; youths raced their horses madly across the Plains, often falling and breaking their necks. Such was the tribe's sad state in 1841 when the first emigrant train passed up the Platte on its way to Oregon, opening the second act in the continuing, deepening tragedy of the Cheyennes.

Before the advent of the emigrants, the only white men on the Plains had been the fur trappers and traders and—rarely—Government explorers. The Cheyennes, along with the Sioux and Arapahoes and Crows, were amazed and horrified at the ever-increasing swarm of white men. The emigrants shot ten times more buffalo than they could use, and soon the constant bombardment frightened the remaining herds back into the mountains. The white men's oxen and mules and horses ate the grass to the roots along the rich bottom lands; their busy axes cut down the scanty wood supply along the emigrant road. Worse yet, they complained bitterly to Washington about Indians who were so inconsiderate as to resent this wasting of the natural resources of their own country.

(Continued on following page)



Indian Nations of America - - - - Don't Miss It!

"Black Kettle ran the American flag up on a lodge pole outside his tipi, with a small white flag beneath it as a sign that the camp was friendly. But it didn't stop the maddened troopers. They were raging through the village like demons—shooting, stabbing, burning."



Dog Soldiers, and with thirty men he could put the whole Cheyenne nation to flight. The friendly Cheyennes living near Laramie endured the insults patiently. The Sioux were not so patient with the braggart young officer, and a clash was inevitable. The tragicomic episode of the emigrant's cow was simply the spark needed to set off the explosion.

The emigrant, a shrewd Mormon with an eye to making a fast buck, abandoned an old worn-out milk cow near a Sioux camp. The cow was promptly killed and skinned by the first Indian who ran across it. The emigrant rushed off to nearby Fort Laramie, complained bitterly to the post commander that his fine cow had been killed by the Sioux and asked that the Indians be forced to pay for the noble animal. Right behind the foxy emigrant came the Brule Sioux chief, Bear-that-Scatters, offering to pay ten dollars for the cow. Indignantly the owner refused, demanding twenty-five dollars. Bear quite properly told the chiseler to go to hell and stalked away. Young Grattan, who had been listening impatiently to all this palaver, now jumped into the discussion with an eager request that he be allowed to "arrest the savages." Reluctantly, the CO agreed to let him try.

**N**OW, with glory within reach, Lieutenant Grattan proceeded to blow his top. Wildly excited, he called for volunteers "for dangerous service." Thirty men answered Grattan's call. With this small force, plus two howitzers, the young officer left the Fort to "conquer or die!" Recklessly, the lieutenant marched his handful of men into the middle of the Sioux camp nine miles east of the Fort.

Among the 100 lodges of Brule Sioux were twenty lodges of Minneconjous, and in one of these last was the brave who had killed the cow. Bear-that-Scatters and the Minneconjou chief, Man-afraid-of-his-Horses, came out at once to parley with fire-eater Grattan.

Bear and Man Afraid urged Grattan to return to the post and leave settlement of the matter up to the Indian Agent. Grattan curtly refused. Bear then offered to give a mule in replacement of the cow. Grattan again refused. He turned and waved to his sergeant, and

the troops opened fire on the camp. Bear fell, badly wounded at the first volley. The enraged Sioux grabbed their bows and loosed a cloud of arrows in reply. When the shooting was over, Lieutenant Grattan and his thirty men were dead, together with an undetermined number of Indians. The explosion thus set off by a glory-hunting shavetail was to keep the frontier aflame for more than twenty years.

If ordinary horse-sense had been employed at this critical moment, the greater catastrophe might still have been prevented—but horse-sense was seldom used by the whites in their dealings with red men. The Eastern newspapers got hold of the story and played it up big and bloody. Bear-that-Scatters, who among frontiersmen and fur traders bore the reputation of a wise, good man, was branded by the distant press as the "red fiend" who had deliberately massacred a gallant young officer and thirty heroes. Fiercely, the press demanded that the chief be hanged at once for murder, but Bear avoided this by dying of his wounds. The papers now hopped gleefully on the War Department and demanded action. They kept up the whooping and hollering until they got it. In the summer of 1855, Colonel W. S. Harney led a heavily armed "punitive expedition" from Fort Leavenworth against the Sioux.

**H**ARNEY'S command ran into a band of Brule Sioux, under Chief Little Thunder, camped on the Blue River north of the North Platte. The wary Sioux pulled down their lodges at sight of the troops and lit out. Harney chased the Sioux, rounded up Little Thunder and demanded that the killers of Lieutenant Grattan be surrendered. The bewildered chief tried to explain that he couldn't possibly comply with the demand, since he knew nothing about the matter. That was enough for Harney; he ordered his soldiers to attack. The Indians again fled without resistance, harried by Harney's yelling, shooting troopers. The doughty Colonel reported 86 warriors killed, five wounded, and 70 women and children captured in this great victory. A number of horses and mules were taken, and a large amount of Indian property destroyed.

Like Colonel Kearny before him, Colonel Harney left the Platte, believing that all was now settled between red man and

(Continued on page 31)

Washington officials listened to the squalls of the disgruntled "pilgrims" and sent Colonel Kearny to protect the Platte road and to hold talks with the Indians. In 1845, councils were held with the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes. The Colonel talked well, looked mighty impressive in his uniform, and handed out small gifts lavishly. He promised the chiefs that the emigrants would behave better in the future and, in return, exacted a pledge from the Indians to leave the emigrants strictly alone. Kearny left the Plains fatuously believing that he had solved the whole complex problem with presents and oratory. He couldn't have been more mistaken.

Steadily, ominously, hostility grew between Indian and emigrant. White travelers scoured the land like a flock of locusts, leaving little sustenance for the hungry tribes. Wagon trains were attacked by desperate young braves seeking food and firearms. The whites retaliated by killing the first Indians they found unable to defend themselves, without bothering to determine their guilt. By the year 1854, when the first real clash occurred between Indians and troops, the Plains seethed with mounting tension.

**I**F high Army brass had studied for a week, it could hardly have come up with an officer less suitable for Plains duty than Lieutenant Grattan. Stationed at Fort Laramie on the North Platte, young Grattan was boastful, hot-headed and—what was infinitely worse—knew absolutely nothing about Indians. He despised the "lazy red rats"; considered them vermin obstructing the progress of civilization. The dashing lieutenant believed fervently that all Indians were cowards. Boldly, he announced that with ten soldiers he could whip 100 Cheyenne

They killed my best friend

... those

# GAUNTLET GLOVES

... the ones I stole from  
an Indian's grave!

by HARRY ROBB

IT sounds bad, I know. Maybe it is bad. But I can't help it. I'm a grave robber—an Indian grave robber. Or, maybe I should say, I used to be. I haven't robbed one in a long time now.

Nobody in his right mind will plunder Indian graves, but it is fascinating. It's dangerous, and it's undignified—but there's a lure to it that won't turn you loose. It's intriguing, that guess at what has been carefully laid away with an Indian, high up under a cliff, by mourning tribesmen. Perhaps the grave is underneath a pile of stones, high on a wind-swept hill, bound to poles up in a tree, or perched high in the air on a scaffold. The only sure "guess" is to dig in and see what the Indian may have called his treasured possessions.

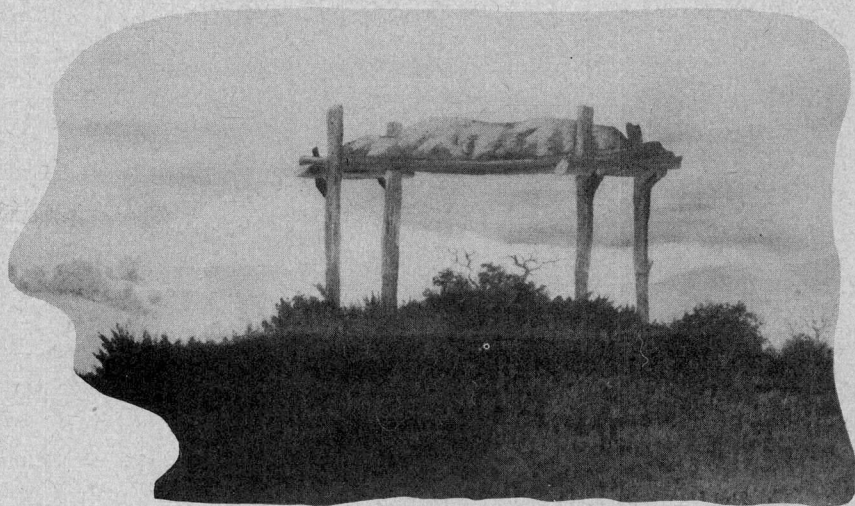
I should have left that last grave alone. It did look inviting, though—perched up on the rickety scaffold. It appeared to be just waiting for some cowpuncher to pop his loop over an out-jutting corner pole. If he were reckless enough, perhaps crazy enough, he'd go to the end of a forty-foot rope with all the speed his horse could get up in that distance. In most cases, that's plenty of speed, for horses are plenty spooky of Indian smell—especially dead Indian smell!

I thought there might be some elk teeth in this one. Instead, among trinkets that no cowpuncher would care for, there was a pair of gauntlet gloves. They were tucked in, evidently as an afterthought—under the top blanket where they stayed in good condition while the Indian dried up. They were nice gloves, apparently never worn. They are still in perfect condition to this day. But I look at the bloodstains on them and they give me the creeps. They killed my best friend . . .

THE gloves smelled so strong that I tied some of the buckskin fringe strings into my horse's tail about half way down. Still, I had plenty of smell all the way in to camp.

When I rode in with the bead-decorated gloves, Roy Robbins was ready to trade

Fall, 1953



"It did look inviting, up on that rickety scaffold—just waiting for some cowpoke to pop a loop over it and pull'er to the ground . . ." Drawing by Wauneta Wyoming Robb.

the shirt off his back for them. When he found out where I'd gotten them, he talked a heap about working graves himself if they contained such treasures as that. I told him it was a stinking job at best. A dead Indian turns loose more smell than a skunk when he gets stirred up.

On top of that, I told Roy how dangerous it was. If a fellow gets caught at it, he stops robbing graves right then and there. You couldn't blame an Indian for parting your hair with a tomahawk if he found you robbing his dead.

"So, you just better not try it, Roy," I advised. But I knew that some day he would. Graves were numerous all over the Montana reservation. Too, Roy was a youngster. He wouldn't listen long to an older head.

I became so concerned that I offered to give him the gloves if he would promise me to leave the graves alone. "Don't wear the gloves either," I added. "They're dangerous while working cattle. Just hang on to them for a keepsake."

"Don't guess I'd want to wear them at that," Roy said. "They still smell like a dead Indian."

So Roy promised to give up all plans for grave robbing. He gave the gloves a good soapsudging. It washed out a

good bit of the smell. Long hours under a hot sun did the rest. That's when Roy went back on one part of his promise—he began wearing the gloves. I reminded him of the promise, and asked him if he didn't know that gauntlet gloves were no good for a cowpuncher.

"Hell!" he said simply. "They look as good on me as on an Indian!"

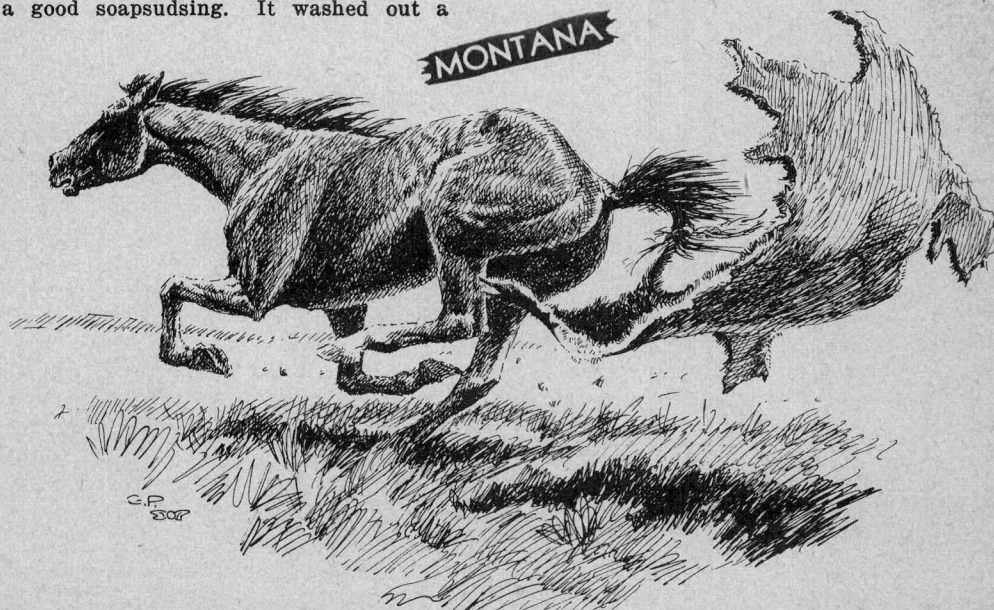
I didn't say more. I supposed he knew they were dangerous. Maybe he thought I was mothering him too much. Then again, maybe he didn't know, and before he found out it was too late.

One day, after he'd been wearing the gloves for about ten days, Roy came out of the corral leading a not-too-gentle broomtail. The horse had a mean look in his eyes. Roy put a hackamore on the nag and stuck his arm through three coils of the rope. When he threw the saddle blanket on the shifty-eyed cayuse, the horse boogered and started to run.

Those gauntlet gloves did the rest. The hair rope cinched up around the gauntlet. Roy didn't have a chance.

THE horse couldn't drag him far after they hit a stretch of sagebrush. Roy's

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"It's a terrifying experience for a horse. The hide sailed high, popped together, caught on the sagebrush, snapped loose, went up over the killer's back—and banged the ground behind him." Drawing by Geo. Phippen.

# ...NOT THE WILL OF GOD

by J. FRANK DOBIE

## Editor's Note:

Here is a classic little story taken from *APACHE GOLD AND YAQUI SILVER*, by J. Frank Dobie (Little, Brown and Company) which we think you'll enjoy thoroughly.

**T**HERE were three of us—a border ranchman, his *pastor*, and myself. We had stopped at the goat camp after a long day's ride on horses. The goat-herder's fire was very cheerful as it blazed against a natural windbreak of black chaparral brush, and the odor of kid ribs roasting over it made us forget the norther.

A man is like a dog. After he has eaten he is loath to stir from warmth.

"Tomás," said the border ranchman, "I want you to tell my friend why you left Mexico for this country."

Tomás was pinching the end off a shuck cigarette filled with black-leaf "Lobo Negro" tobacco. He took a coal of fire in his fingers to light it. He adjusted the frazzled serape about his neck and shifted his squatting position so as to be a little more out of the cold wind.

"Patrón," he said, "I see you are taking a cough. I gathered today some of the roots of the *anacahuíta*. It will be well to make you a little tea."

I had not noticed the cough. The old Mexican got a tomato can from which the top had been melted, unwrapped a flour sack that swathed the roots, broke them into the can, filled it with water, and spent fully two minutes adjusting a heap of coals to set it on.

A coyote began howling not far away.

"The coyotes," remarked the *pastor*, "have for three mornings now sung on top of the hills after sun-up instead of in the valleys before the sun came out. It will rain."

Soon the tea had boiled.

"It would be better," remarked the border ranchman, "if it had some lemon in it."

"Tomás," he said again, after expressing his thanks, "I want you to tell us why you left Mexico to come to Texas."

"A coyote," the goat-herder dallied, "has killed a black kid. It has always been known that coyotes will not molest a goat that is black. Something strange is waiting to happen. Perhaps it will snow this winter."

But at last Tomás got his tale going. This is what he told.

**D**EEP within the Sierra Madre, in the state of Chihuahua, on what is known as the Arroyo Colorado, Tomás as a young man lived and worked for a merchant named Joaquin Villareal. The store was the only store of the village—a mere groupment of huts. Around it were great forests running down into the canyons and crawling up to the mountain crests. Scattered back in the mountains lived a few timber cutters, and they all depended upon Don Joaquin Villareal. He furnished them what scanty supplies they had and periodically went out to check the ties they had cut.

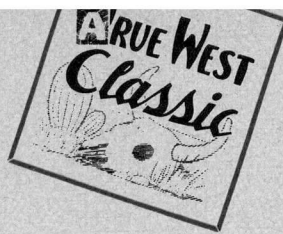
Then, maybe once a year, they came into the village and settled their accounts.

Once when the time came to make a checking of the ties, Don Joaquin took sick. He decided to send Tomás in his place. Tomás knew all the men and he knew the country in a general way, though he had never made one of these trips of inspection.

He must, he knew, go prepared with bed and provisions. So with a canteen of water on one side of his fathorned saddle, a morral (a fiber bag) of frijoles and tortillas on the other, and a blanket tied on behind he set forth.

"My mule," admonished Don Joaquin, "will show you the way."

She was a good little mule, but Tomás' trouble was that he did not take enough provisions. He had forgotten how large and sparsely settled the country



Illustrated by Randy Steffen



MEXICO



"In the dim light made by the torch of sotol stalk, Tomás and Don Joaquín saw a figure of bronze larger than a real man. In its right hand was a dagger, securely bound there by rawhide thongs."

was. At the end of four days he had checked two tie-cutters and had consumed all his food but a half-dozen buttons of garlic and that many tortillas. That evening he came to a poor, lonely *jacal*, or cabin. He recognized the inhabitant who came out to meet him as one of his employer's men named Ignacio. He was hospitably invited in to eat, and to spend the night.

"Though we have very little," said Ignacio, "it is yours."

**L**ITTLE enough it proved. For supper there was nothing but parched corn and tea from mulato bark, without sugar. Tomás went out to his saddle, took from the morral the garlic and six tortillas he had left, and added them to the table. It was a feast for the tie-cutter and his wife. They appeared to have no children.

After they were through eating Tomás said, "Tell me why you live so hard, this way."

Ignacio replied: "We have always lived hard this way. It is the will of God that we should always live this way."

There was silence for a long time. Then the woman said: "No, it is not the will of God. We could have had plenty, but my husband has not willed it."

"How is that?" asked Tomás.

"I will tell you. It is nearly ten years ago now—ten years next Christmas. It was cold. In the late evening an old, old Indian came to our *jacal*. His blanket was but shreds. The sandals on his feet were worn through. We gave him such food as we had. We had some wild artichokes as well as parched corn. The Indian was grateful. He told us a strange, strange story.

"He said that he was the very last of his tribe. I do not remember their name, but when I was a child I heard my grandmother's mother tell of their fierceness. From the earliest times this tribe had warred against the Government. The Government had forced them back into the wildest parts of the mountains. Here for years they existed but to get revenge. They got revenge by raiding every pack train that passed. In those days, you know, the Spaniards had wonderful mines at Tayopa, Gloria Pan, and other places in the Sierra Madre and brought gold and silver out on pack mules.

"The Indians killed the guards. They captured bullion of silver and bars of gold. They captured jewels meant for cathedrals and for daughters of the rich. They captured guns and ammunition and saddles plated with silver. They captured also a great bronze image of a man. All this stuff they put in a cave.

"This cave, so the old Indian said, was a room twenty feet wide and thirty feet long. First, one entered a cavern without limits. Then one went through a narrow passage. Then one was in the treasure chamber. The Indians had no desire for wealth. All they desired was their old freedom. They did not want the Spaniards ever to recover the riches. In time the pack trains ceased to pass. The rich mines were closed.

**T**HEN the Indians sealed up the passage between the big cavern and the room full of riches. At one place, though, they left the wall very thin. In front of this false wall they set a kind of trap. Behind it they placed the image of the bronze man, and in

(Continued on page 48)

"You do not have to live so hard," the old Indian said. "I know where there is a room in a cavern. It is filled with bullion of silver, bars of gold, jewels and saddles plated with silver . . ."

# Outlaw Queen

by GLENN SHIRLEY

*Drawing by Chas. Phil. Hexom*

Cleopatra of the Old West, Belle Starr died with her boots on. Often called "Petticoat Terror of the Plains," her career was unrivaled in outlaw history.

a private school, tutored by William Cravens, and attended the Carthage Female Academy, where she learned to play the piano. So little Myra Belle was given the right start.

But two overpowering interests obsessed her — horses and guns. Her impressionable years were spent roaming the countryside with her brother Ed, who was an excellent rider. He was also handy with firearms. At an early age she became an expert horse-woman and a deadly shot with either pistol or rifle.

The chaotic events of the period afforded her an opportunity to put her abilities to use. A man named John Brown had already stirred up bad blood between Abolitionist Kansas and pro-slavery Missouri. A great wave of murder and pillaging swept the border states. At the outbreak of the Civil War, the citizens of both states found themselves at the mercy of guerrillas and brigands, who joined first one faction and then the other for the purpose of looting and killing. Myra Belle was fifteen when the ruthless rebel leader, William Quantrill, and his band burned and sacked the town of Lawrence, Kansas, killing nearly two hundred men, women and children.

Quantrill was a petty cattle thief and robber, operating out of Kansas at the outbreak of the war, but little Myra Belle idolized him as the dashing hero of a lost cause. She saw him build his small band of followers into an army of hard-riding, well-disciplined raiders, whose notorious exploits attracted the cream

The Belle Starr hideout at Younger's Bend, Indian Territory.



Belle Starr and Blue Duck, one of her lovers.

**B**ELLE STARR, the West's most notorious gun-girl, began her hectic career in 1848. Myra Belle Shirley, she was born, and Myra Belle she lived during the earlier years of her amazing career.

Myra Belle had a chance to become a nice little girl. Her parents, John and Elizabeth Shirley, were aristocratic stock-raisers. They had come to Medoc, Missouri, from Virginia three years before. When the child was eight years old, they moved to Carthage, in Jasper County, where John Shirley opened a popular hotel and tavern along the old trail to Oregon and Santa Fe. Here he attained considerable prominence and prosperity. The child learned her three "R's" in





They called Belle Starr "handsome" in her younger days. Webster defines the word as "Moderately large; considerable; ample." Belle was all of that—and some to spare! In those days she wasn't a bad looker either.

of frontier badmen, such as Frank and Jesse James, and their first cousin, Cole Younger.

As guerrilla warfare raged everywhere, Ed Shirley became leader of a bunch of Jasper County bushwhackers operating out of Carthage. In a clash with Federal troops in the fall of 1863, the town itself was razed to the ground. Ed managed to escape, but was trailed to the home of a woman near Sarcoxie and killed while eating supper.

**W**HEN Myra Belle heard of her brother's death, she flew into a terrible rage. She strapped two revolvers around her waist, while her mother watched with a new light of terror in her eyes.

"Myra," she cried, "what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to make every last one of those devils pay for this," she muttered through taut lips. "I'm going to join the guerrillas."

"There's been enough bloodshed already. Don't you leave us too."

But her mother's plea fell on deaf ears. Already

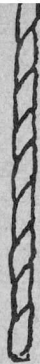
there was a lot of general cussedness in the girl and the killing of her brother added black hatred to her heart.

She roamed the hills with first one band of guerrillas, then another. She experienced innumerable hairbreadth escapes carrying messages as informant for the Rebels. Many a Federal trooper died in broad daylight, shot from ambush. Others lost their lives in the blackness of night in defense of their posts. And many a small detachment was wiped out because of information furnished by this revenge-crazed girl.

In 1864, the Shirley home was raided by Federals and burned. Sick at heart, with nothing left to come back to at the close of the war, John Shirley loaded his wife and Myra Belle into an ox-drawn Conestoga and set out for Texas.

He settled on a farm near Scyene, about ten miles from Dallas. Here he reverted to his old profession of raising fine horses. It wasn't long before he was

(Continued on page 44)

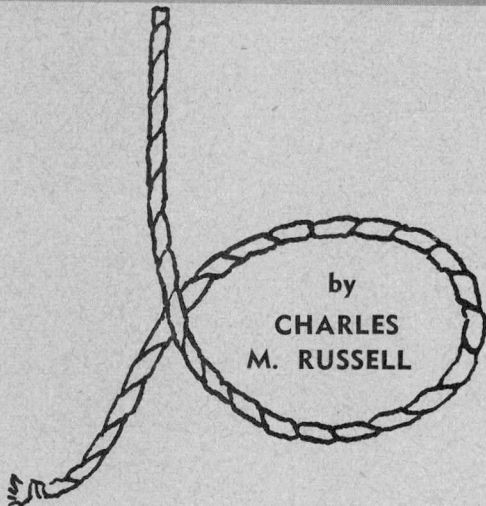


Deathly quiet hung over the great herd. Utter blackness pressed in. Suddenly, the storm broke — and seventeen hundred longhorns were running madly. Still, I had no way of knowing that this was to be . . .



# LONGROPE'S LAST GUARD

by  
CHARLES  
M. RUSSELL



## Editor's Note:

Don't miss this classic of trail drive danger because it gets off to a "slow" start. How many of you will ever have a chance to learn the inside workings of an old trail drive crew? You'll get a pretty good picture of it in the first two thousand words of this story.

**W**HOEVER told you that cattle stampede without cause was talkin' like a shorthorn," says Rawhide Rawlins. "You can bet all you got that whenever cattle run, there's a reason for it. A whole lot of times cattle run, an' nobody knows why but the cows an' they won't tell.

"There's plenty of humans call it instinct when an animal does something they don't savvy. I don't know what it is myself, but I've seen the time when I'd like to a-had some. I've knowed of hosses bein' trailed a thousand miles an' turned loose, that pulled back for their home range, not goin' the trail they come, but takin' cut-offs across mountain ranges that would puzzle a big-horn. An' if you'd ask one of these wise boys how they done it, he'd back out of it easy by sayin' it's instinct. You'll find cow ponies that knows more about the business than the men that rides 'em.

"There's plenty of causes for a stampede; sometimes it's a green hand or a careless cowpuncher scratchin' a match to light a cigarette. Maybe it's something on the wind, or a tired night-hoss spraddles and shakes himself, an' the poppin' of the saddle leather causes them to jump the bed-ground. Scare a herd on the start, and you're liable to have hell with them all the way. I've seen bunches well trail-broke that you couldn't fog off the bed-ground with a slicker an' six-shooter; others, again, that had had a scare, you'd have to ride a hundred yards away from to spit.



Some men's too careful with their herd an' go tiptoein' around like a mother with a sick kid. I've had some experience, an' claim this won't do. Break 'em so they'll stand noise; get 'em used to seein' a man afoot, an' you'll have less trouble.

"There's some herds that you dassen't quit your hoss short of five hundred yards of. Of course it's natural enough for cow-brutes that never see hoss an' man apart to scare some when they see 'em separate. They think the top of this animal's busted off, an' when they see the piece go movin' around they're plenty surprised; but as I said before, there's many reasons for stampedes unknown to man. I've seen herds start in broad daylight with no cause that anybody knows of. The smell of blood will start 'em goin'; this generally comes off in the mornin' when they're quittin' the bed-ground. Now, in every herd you'll find steers that's regular old rounders. They won't go to bed like decent folks, but put in the night pursuin' around, disturbin' the peace. If there's any bulls in the bunch, there's liable to be fightin'. I've often watched an old bull walkin' around through the herd an' talkin' fight, hangin' up his bluff, with a bunch of these rounders at his heels. They're sure backin' him up—boostin' an' ribbin' up trouble, an' if there's a fight pulled off you should hear these trouble-builders takin' sides; every one of 'em with his tongue out an' his tail kinked, buckin' an' bellerin', like his money's all up. These night ramblers that won't go to bed at decent hours, after raisin' hell all night, are ready to bed down an' are sleepin' like drunks when decent cattle are walkin' off the bed-ground.

Now, you know, when a cow-brute quits his bed he bows his neck, gapes an' stretches all the same as a human after a night's rest. Maybe he accidentally

"It's a kind of hummin' noise like a buzz-saw, only a thousand times louder. There's no use tryin' to turn 'em in this darkness . . ."

trumps on one of these rounders' tails that's layin' along the ground. This hurts plenty, and Mr. Night Rambler ain't slow about wakin' up; he raises like he's overslept an' s' afeared he'll miss the coach, leavin' the tassel of his tail under the other fellow's hoof. He goes off wringin' his stub an' scatterin' blood on his rump an' quarters. Now the minute them other cattle winds the blood, the ball opens. Every hoof's at his heels barkin' and bellerin'. Them that's close enough are hornin' him in the flank like they'd stuck to finish him off. They're all plumb hog-wild, an' if you want any beef left in your herd you'd better cut out the one that's causin' the excitement, 'cause an hour of this will take off more taller than they'll put on in a month.

"Cattle like open country to sleep in. I sure hate to hold a herd near any brakes or deep 'royos, 'cause no matter how gentle a herd is, let a coyote or any other animal loom up of a sudden close to 'em an' they don't stop to take a second look, but are gone like a flash in the pan. Old bulls comin' up without talkin' sometimes jump a herd this way, an' it pays a cowpuncher to sing when he's comin' up out of a 'royo close to the bed-ground.

"Some folks'll tell you that cowboys sing their cows to sleep, but that's a mistake, judgin' from my experience, an' I've had some. The songs an' voices I've heard around cattle ain't soothin'. A cowpuncher sings to keep himself company; it ain't that he's got any motherly love for these longhorns he's put to bed an' 's ridin' herd on; he's amusin' himself an' nobody else. These ditties are generally shy on melody an' strong on noise. Put a man alone in the dark, an' if his conscience is clear an' he ain't hidin' he'll sing an' don't need to be a born vocalist. Of course singin's a good thing around a herd, an' all punchers know it. In the darkness it lets the cows know where you're at. If you ever woke up in the darkness an' found somebody—you didn't know who or what—loomin' up over you, it would startle you, but if this somebody is singin' or whistlin', it wouldn't scare you none. It's the same with Mr. Steer; that snaky, noiseless glidin' up on him's what scares the animal.

"All herds has some of these lonesomes that won't lie down with

(Continued on following page)



KANSAS

Drawing by Geo. Phippen



"PULLIN' MY GUN, I EMPTY HER IN THE AIR."

the other cattle, but beds down alone maybe twenty-five to thirty yards from the edge of the herd. He's got his own reason for this; might be he's short an eye. This bein' the case you can lay all you got he's layin' with the good blinker next to the herd. He don't figure on lettin' none of his playful brothers beef his ribs from a sneak. One-eyed hoss is the same. Day or night you'll find him on the outside with his good eye watchin' the bunch. Like Mister Steer, the confidence he's got in his brother's mighty frail.

"But these lonesome cattle I started to tell you about, is the ones that a puncher's most liable to run onto in the dark, layin' out that way from the herd. If you ride onto him singin', it don't startle Mr. Steer; he raises easy, holdin' his ground till you pass; then he lays down in the same place. He's got the ground warm an' hates to quit her. Cows, the same as humans, like warm beds. Many's the time in cool weather I've seen some evil-minded, low-down steer stand around like he ain't goin' to bed, but all the time he's got his eye on some poor, undersized brother layin' near by, all innocent. As soon as he thinks the ground's warm, he walks over, horns him out an' jumps his claim. This low-down trick is sometimes practiced by punchers when they got a gentle herd. It don't hurt a cowpuncher's conscience none to sleep in a bed he stole from a steer.

"If you ride sneakin' an' noiseless onto one of these lonesome fellers, he gets right to his feet with dew-claws an' hoofs rattlin', an' 's runnin' before he's half up, hittin' the herd like a canned dog, an' quicker than you can bat an eye the whole herd's gone. Cows are slow animals, but scare 'em an' they're fast enough; a thousand will get to their feet as quick as one. It's sure a puzzler to cowmen to know how a herd will all scare at once, an' every animal will get on his feet at the same time. I've seen herds do what a cowpuncher would call 'jump'—that is, to raise an' not run. I've been lookin' across a herd in bright moonlight—a thousand head or more, all down; with no known cause there's a short, quick rumble, an' every hoof's standin'.

"I've read of stampedes that were sure dangerous an' scary, where a herd would run through a camp, upsettin' wagons an'

trompin' sleepin' cowpunchers to death. When day broke they'd be fifty or a hundred miles from where they started, leavin' a trail strewn with blood, dead cowpunchers, an' hosses, that looked like the work of a Kansas cyclone. This is all right in books, but the feller that writes 'em is romancin' an' don't savvy the cow. Most stampedes is noisy, but harmless to anybody but the cattle. A herd in a bad storm might drift thirty miles in a night, but the worst run I ever see, we ain't four miles from the bed-ground when the day broke.

THIS was down in Kansas; we're trailin' beef an' have got about seventeen hundred head. Barrin' a few dry ones the herd's straight steers, mostly Spanish longhorns from down on the Cimarron. We're about fifty miles south of Dodge. Our herd's well broke an' lookin' fine, an' the cowpunchers all good-natured, thinkin' of the good time comin' in Dodge.

"That evenin' when we're ropin' our hosses for night guard, the trail boss, 'Old Spaniard' we call him—he ain't no real Spaniard, but he's rode some in Old Mexico an' can talk some Spanish—says to me: 'Them cattle ought to hold well; they ain't been off water four hours, an' we grazed 'em plumb onto the bed-ground. Every hoof of 'em's got a paunch full of grass an' water, an' that's what makes cattle lay good.'

"Me an' a feller called Longrope's on first guard. He's a centerfire or single-cinch man from California; packs a sixty-foot rawhide riata, an' when he takes her down an' runs about half of her into a loop she looks big, but when it reaches the animal, comes pretty near fittin' hoof or horn. I never went much on these longrope boys, but this man comes as near puttin' his loop where he wants as any I ever see. You know Texas men ain't got much love for a single rig, an' many's the argument me an' Longrope has on this subject. He claims a center-fire is the only saddle, but I 'low that they'll do all right on a shad-bellied western hoss, but for Spanish pot-gutted ponies they're no good. You're ridin' up on his withers all the time.

"When we reach the bed-ground, most of the cattle's already down, lookin' comfortable. They're bedded in open country,

an' things look good for an easy night. It's been mighty hot all day, but there's a little breeze now makin' it right pleasant; but down the west I notice some nasty-lookin' clouds hangin' 'round the new moon that's got one horn hooked over the skyline. The storm's so far off that you can just hear her rumble, but she's walkin' up on us slow, an' I'm hopin' she'll go 'round. The cattle's all layin' quiet an' nice, so me an' Longrope stop to talk awhile.

"'They're layin' quiet,' says I.

"'Too damn quiet,' says he. 'I like cows to lay still all right, but I want some of the natural noises that goes with a herd this size. I want to hear 'em blowin' off, an' the creakin' of their joints, showin' they're easin' themselves in their beds. Listen, an' if you hear anything I'll eat that rimfire saddle of yours—grass rope an' all.'

"I didn't notice till then, but when I straighten my ears it's quiet as a grave. An' if it ain't for the lightnin' showin' the herd once in a while, I couldn't a-believed that seventeen hundred head of longhorns lay within forty feet of where I'm sittin' on my hoss. It's gettin' darker every minute, an' if it wasn't for Longrope's slicker I couldn't a-made him out, though he's so close I could have touched him with my hand. Finally it darkens up so I can't see him at all. It's black as a nigger's pocket; you couldn't find your nose with both hands.

"I remember askin' Longrope the time.

"'I guess I'll have to get help to find the timepiece,' says he, but gets her after feelin' over himself, an' holdin' her under his cigarette takes a long draw, lightin' up her face.

"'Half-past nine,' says he.

"'Half an hour more,' I says. 'Are you goin' to wake up the next guard, or did you leave it to the hoss-wrangler?'

"'There won't be but one guard to-night,' he answers, 'an' we'll ride it. You might as well hunt for a hoss thief in heaven as look for that camp. Well, I guess I'll mosey round.' An' with that he quits me.

THE lightnin's playin' every little while. It ain't making much noise, but lights up enough to show where you're at. There ain't no use ridin'; by the flashes I can see that every head's down. For a second it'll be like broad day, then darker than the dungeons of hell, an' I notice the little fire-balls on my hoss's ears; when I spit there's a streak in the air like strikin' a wet match. These little fire-balls is all I can see of my hoss, an' they tell me he's listenin' all ways; his ears are never still.

"I tell you, there's something mighty ghostly about sittin' up on a hoss you can't see, with them two little blue sparks out in front of you wigglin' an' movin' like a pair of spook eyes, an' it shows me the old night hoss is usin' his listeners pretty plenty. I got my ears cocked, too, hearin' nothin' but Longrope's singin'; he's easy three hundred yards across the herd from me, but I can hear every word:

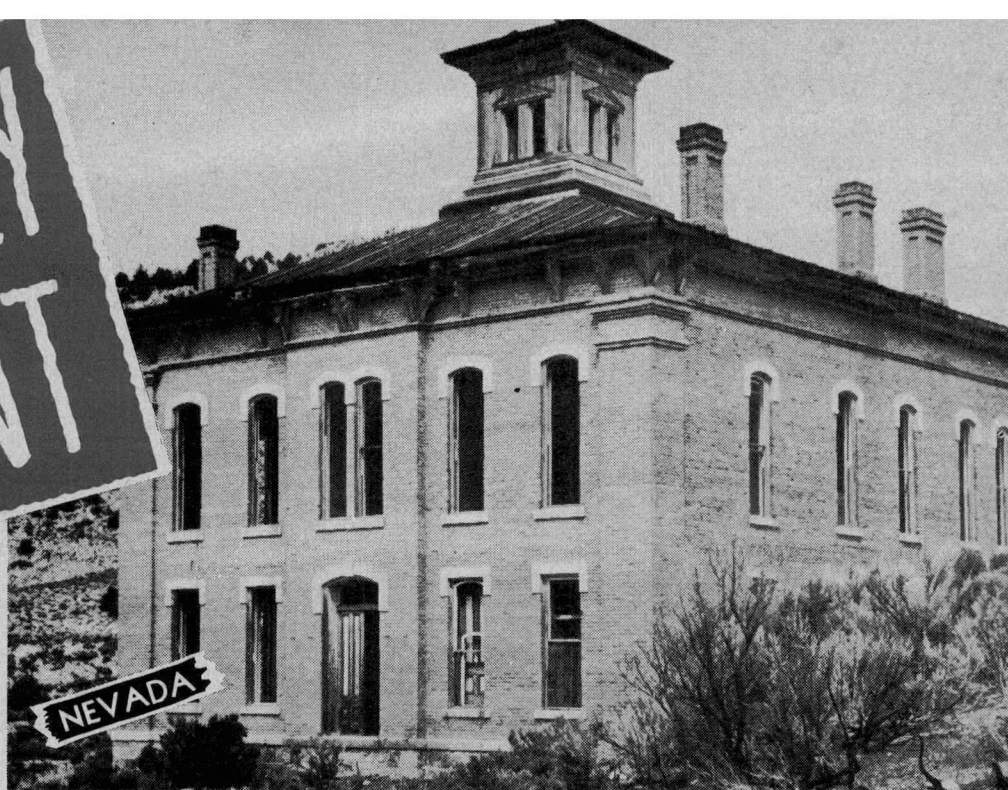
"Sam Bass was born in Injana,  
It was his native home,  
'Twas at the age of seventeen  
Young Sam began to roam.  
He first went out to Texas,  
A cowboy for to be;  
A better hearted feller  
You'd seldom ever see.

"It's so plain it sounds like he's singin' in my ear; I can even hear the click-clack of his spur chains against his stirrups when he moves 'round. An' the cricket in his bit—he's usin' one of them hollow

(Continued on page 52)

# GHOSTLY BELMONT

By NELL MURBARGER



**Ghosttown! The word itself holds a certain fascination. This is one in a series of famous old ghosttowns of the West.**

## GHOST TOWN

By  
Edythe Hope Genee

*Lingering shafts of a parching desert sun  
Cast eerie shadows on the crumbling walls;  
An air of brooding stillness hovers close,  
Unbroken by sound or voice of man;  
A door bangs loosely on a rusty hinge,  
As dusk creeps forward through the purple  
sage,  
And high Sierras, etched in saffron mist,  
Press nearer to the moldy parapets.*

*O song of ages past—is this the clay  
That once was Angels Camp and proud  
Belmont?*

*When wine flowed free—when lips and  
laughing eyes*

*Flashed through these dusty desert corridors?  
Where are they now—the feet that walked  
these streets?*

*Do paths of gold still lure them farther on,  
Or stay their steps beneath the burning sky,  
To a muted silence in this painted sand?*

**T**UCKED into remote mountain ranges of the West are hundreds of deserted mining camps. Some of them were fantastically rich. Others never expanded beyond a single dusty street fringed with sagging hitchrails and tar-papered shacks. These old ghost towns stand unique in our nation's development. The world had never known such cities before, and their like will never come again.

While Belmont, Nevada, never attained the international notoriety of Virginia City, Tombstone or Deadwood, it was a great old camp. She was rich and reckless; she had verve and vigor.

Gazing today upon her crumbled ruins and age-mellowed stone walls, it is difficult to realize that, in this setting of sagebrush and juniper, sleeps one of Nevada's first cities.

With the fabulous strike on Sun Mountain (still a main topic of conversation wherever mining men congregated) there fanned out over Nevada's desert a vast army of prospectors, every man hoping to locate a second Comstock.

Fall, 1953

As a result of this treasure-mad hegira, an important strike was made on the east slope of the Toquima Mountains in 1863, and the town of Belmont developed with a bang. From a lone prospector's tent her population skyrocketed almost overnight to 6,000 persons. Within two years she was casting covetous eyes upon the Nye county seat, then situated in the mining camp of Ione, 50 airline miles away.

The territory governed from Ione was larger than several Eastern states combined, Nye county's domain then spreading from the California border on the west to Utah Territory on the east and to Arizona Territory on the south. To the north, only one county separated it from Idaho. It was potentially rich in mineral wealth.

As a result of pressure brought on by Belmont, the state legislature in 1867 acceded to her demands. Over the vehement protests of Ione, the county seat was given to the new town.

Having just financed a new courthouse at Ione, taxpayers of Nye county were not enthusiastic about starting the immediate construction of a second new edifice at Belmont. So county offices were shunted from one store building to another. Not until 1874 was the erection of a new courthouse begun.

At Belmont's high elevation the working season is comparatively short, and two years had passed before the building was ready for dedication.

Standing foursquare to the mountain

Old Nye County courthouse in ghosttown of Belmont, Nevada. Brick used in this building was ox-freighted over the Sierra Nevadas from Sacramento, California.

winds, proud Belmont saw the structure as a fit memorial to those indomitable men who had settled in this remote section more than a decade before. Two stories in height and surmounted by a well-proportioned dome, it was built of expertly-laid brick hauled laboriously by freight teams over the Sierras from Sacramento, California.

Occupying a considerable portion of the new building's ground floor was a formidable jail which offered distinct advantages over the crackerbox-type structure previously employed as a calaboose. Not only had the old jail figured in several spectacular escapes, but prisoners domiciled in it were afforded practically no protection from mob violence.

Among the more notable episodes in which the temporary jail had figured was the escape and subsequent lynching of Charlie McIntyre and Jack Walker, a couple of Pennsylvania coal miners.

Soon after their arrival, the pair got in an argument with H. H. Sutherland, a local citizen. The discussion

(Continued on page 43)

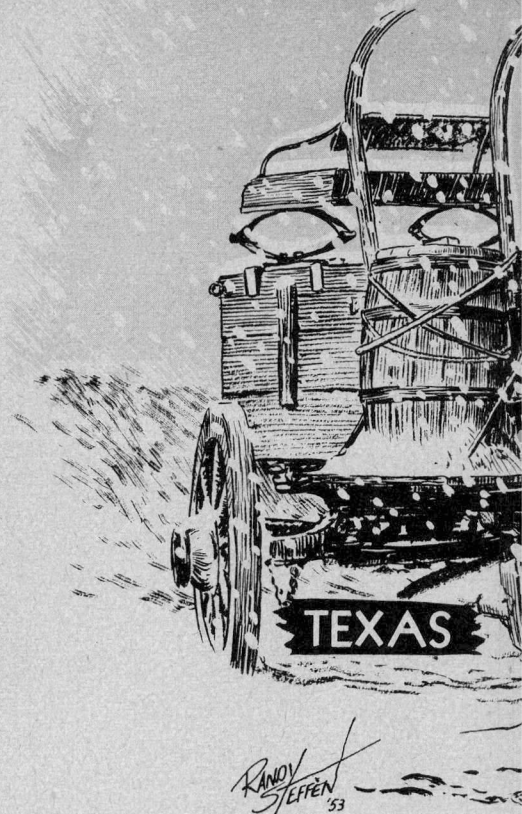
The old Cosmopolitan Music Hall. In the '60's and '70's, Fay Templeton and other celebrated thespians played here.



# BLIZZARD TRAIL

by JEFF MORGAN, as told to  
FRED GIPSON

*Illustrated by Randy Steffen*



*"That wind was reared up on its hind legs,*

**T**HAT was sure a cold cow drive. It was in the early winter of '97. It had been dry all year in what is now the Garden City country of West Texas. Cattle were starved out and poor. Old J. B. Slaughter, who ran the U-Lazy-S brand over several counties in that section, was shoving a herd north, aiming to winter on longer grass near the head of Double Mountains. This water course is one fork of the Brazos River.

No matter how lean-flanked a herd gets in bad times, there's always a few fat cattle. Out of this gather of forty-five hundred, we cut a hundred and fifty head packing enough tallow to go to the market. We trailed them separate from the rest, planning to sell them at Abilene, Texas, which was on our route.

I was put in charge of this fat bunch, with a button rider to help out. I forget this button's name, but he was a good steady hand for a kid. We pulled out ahead of the main drive. Come night, we'd ride back to feed and bed with the balance of the trail crew.

The drive was nearing Big Spring when this blizzard blew up. It was the first one of the season. It hit right at sundown, and it was a howler from the start. Snow was falling heavy in less than thirty minutes.

There was a widow woman running a little cow ranch up there on the baldies. Me and the button were right close to her pens when this weather hit. We moved fast. We didn't like the looks of that snow. We shoved our bobtail herd into them pens, then hit a long lope for camp.

Night was on us now, black as the inside of a grave, with that cold wind driving hard. It had our horses humping up under the saddle, traveling stiff-legged before we reached camp.

We located camp by the light of the supper fire. The fire was down in the bottom of a deep buffalo wallow. It was built out of dry cow chips. The wind sucked and tore at it, and the snow threatened to drown it out any

minute. The negro pot-wrestler was bent over the fire, trying to rustle a batch of supper for the boys.

**T**HAT wind was reared up on its hind legs, squalling and walking yonder. It cut through a man's garments like a sharp knife. It had them pore cattle bawling and milling and stomping. They was doing their best to turn tail to the storm and drift with it, as is natural with a cow brute. But Slaughter had every hand in the saddle, trying to hold them.

Trying to throw a herd on the bedground in weather like that! It was enough to make a man ride off down the road, talking to himself. J. B. Slaughter was a good boss to work for, but what he knowed about cows could have been writ on a postage stamp, with room to spare.

I never was a great hand to give my boss advice, but this wasn't the time to play bashful. I rode up to where he set his horse, hollering orders at the boys.

"Look," I said. "You can't bed cattle in this kind of weather. Better turn 'em loose."

That excited the old man. "Turn 'em loose!" he yelled. "Hell, man, we'll lose every head if we turn 'em loose."

I'd done stepped out of line for a common saddle hand so I figured the best thing I could do was go it whole hog.

"What you're fixing to lose," I told him, "is a crew of trail hands. They can't hold a herd after they're froze to death."

That was throwing my rocks straight at him, but he didn't try to dodge. He was the last man on earth that'd want to kill one of his hands.

"Call 'em in," he told me, and rode toward the fire.

I called the hands in and the cattle started drifting, hunting windbreaks in the storm.

The wind howled and squalled across the baldies, singing a wild an



squalling and walking yonder. It sucked and tore at the dry cow-chip campfire, and the snow threatened to drown it out."

Half-cooked grub was the best the pot-wrastler could turn out that night. We'd have been glad to get it raw. We et, hanging over that cow-chip fire as close as we could get without burning our boots. But the wind whipped it this way and that so hard that a man either got burnt or felt no heat at all.

I saw that Slaughter and the rest of the hands was fixing to bed down beside the fire. I looked at the button. There was plenty of scare showing in the kid's eyes. He wasn't but about thirteen, but he had more range savvy than some of them grown men. He knowed that buffalo wallow was liable to be three-four foot in snow by daylight.

"Get your hot-roll, Button," I told him. "Me'n you'll take to the high ground."

We headed for a little knoll about fifty steps from camp. I had to hold the kid to keep the wind from knocking him down. Walking against it was like trying to wade upstream against a strong current. Seem like it taken us half an hour to make them fifty steps. And then our fingers were so stiff with cold that it began to look like we'd never loosen the slipknots in our bedrolls. Damn, but it was cold!

**W**E bedded down together, me'n the button. That way, we could warm each other and have a double set of blankets to break the wind. But we couldn't sleep; it was too cold. All we could do was lay there and listen to that wind squalling across them baldies. It sure sung a wild and lonesome song, that wind did.

I dozed off a little along towards daylight, then got roused by a yell. It was old man Slaughter clawing up through about four feet of snow that had filled the buffalo wallow during the night. While he was asleep, that heavy covering of snow had warmed him, throwed

him in a sweat, and danged nigh smothered him. He was coming up for air.

But he'd just barely got out when that icy wind hit him. The shock of it striking his sweaty body cut him down. He fell down in the snow and couldn't move.

Me'n the button hurried down after him. We dug out his bedroll, worked him over, and packed him to the calf wagon. There we found the Negro cook, so cold he couldn't move. He wouldn't even try to talk, that cook wouldn't. All he'd do was just lay there and stare at us. The look in his eyes gave me the creeps.

While this was taking place, the horse wrangler set out to light a fire. He couldn't make it. His fingers was too stiff; he kept breaking the head off his matches. By the time he got one lit, that wind had scattered his kindling to hell and gone. His match blowed out. He called it off as a bad job and come to stand beside us at the calf wagon. Both his ears was white and I knowed they was froze. His hands was as blue as the hide of a catfish.

"Where's the rest of the bunch?" I asked him.

He didn't say nothing. He just turned his back to the wind and stood there, shaking his head.

"My God!" I thought. "They've all froze to death!"

I looked at old man Slaughter laying there in the calf wagon beside that Negro. His teeth was rattling till it looked like they'd shake out of his head. His face was turning blue.

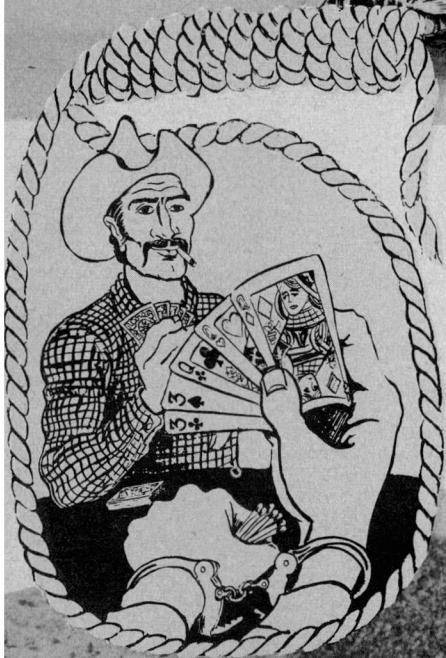
I said to the button: "We got to get them out of here!"

**T**HE remuda stood backed up against the wagon. The manes and tails of them horses was solid lumps of ice. Me'n the button caught a couple and finally managed to get them saddled. Our ropes was stiff as wire

(Continued on page 57)

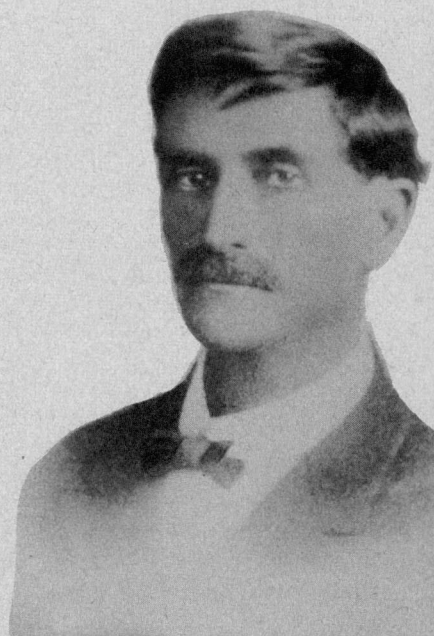
nesome song. It looked like we'd freeze to death in that cold camp.

NEW MEXICO



Drawings by James T. Jones

Top: This was the Kid's great moment and he glories in each split-second of it. Lower left: Old county jail and court house, at Lincoln, New Mexico. Tree hides window from which the Kid shot and killed Bob Ollinger as he came down the street. Deputy Jim Bell got his in the rear of this building. Bottom: Pat Garrett, famous sheriff, who killed Billy the Kid.



He was awaiting the hangman's noose in Lincoln, New Mexico, this youngster, Bill Bonney—"Billy the Kid." He had 15 days to go when the deputy dealt that last hand of cards, and the Kid proved again that he was one . . .

# hellacious young hellion

by JEFF ADAMS

OMINOUS quiet hung over the little frontier town of Lincoln, New Mexico, on the bright morning of April 28, 1880. Along the sun-drenched single street few horses stood tied to the hitch-rails. The board sidewalks were deserted by all save a couple of Mexicans sprawled in the shade in front of La Rue's combination store and saloon. A naked, brown-skinned child played listlessly in the dirt at the edge of the sandy street. Voices sounded faintly from the direction of Alec La Rue's bar; but, even here, men talked in strangely subdued fashion of what lay grim and heavy on their minds.

Up the street, on the second floor of the old courthouse, Billy the Kid awaited the hangman. Sentenced to death on the gallows for his merciless ambush killing of Sheriff Brady on April 1, 1878, the Kid had only fifteen days to live before the trap was sprung. Yet—guarded day and night by two of Sheriff Pat Garrett's crack deputies—the famed outlaw had never once despaired of escaping the rope. Self-admitted cattle rustler and nineteen times a ruthless killer in his short span of twenty-one years, William "Billy the Kid" Bonney was coolly certain that he would never hang.

Deputy Jim Bell played poker with the Kid at a table in the center of the big courtroom; Deputy Bob Ollinger lounged in an arm chair nearby, his cold blue eyes intently watching the chained desperado. A double-barreled shotgun lay across Ollinger's knees, a Colt .45 sagged at his hip. Hate flared in the deputy's pale eyes—hate and unwilling fear.

"You don't look so good these days, Kid," drawled Ollinger suddenly, "Some-thin' worryin' you?"

Billy stared levelly at his questioner. "Four months away from the sun, Bob," he replied softly. "Jail's jest about ruined my complexion. . . Two cards, Jim."

Ollinger sneered. "You ain't got much

longer to wait. Fifteen days more an' you can quit worryin' about your complexion. Pat's ridin' to White Oaks this mornin' to hire a carpenter to build the gallows."

The Kid shrugged. "Everybody's got to die some day, Bob. Even you. . ." Billy spread his cards face-up on the table and grinned across at Bell. "Full house, Jim. I'm jest a fool for luck—held three queens an' filled with treys! That cleans you plumb out of matches, *amigo mio*."

BELL, a tall, dark man with a livid knife-scar across his left cheek, laughed good-naturedly. "You're too good a poker player for me, Kid. But I'll beat you at monte." Bell scooped the cards together and began to shuffle.

"*Bueno, muchacho*," smiled the young outlaw. He got up awkwardly from his chair, his leg-irons clanking, and sat on the edge of the table with his shackled feet resting on the seat of a chair. Bell permitted the Kid to assume this position whenever they played monte with the deputy dealing the cards, since only thus could Billy easily put his bets down with his manacled hands.

Ollinger watched this chummy procedure in tight-lipped disgust. To him, all this waiting around for justice to take its leisurely course was a lot of chicken-livered nonsense. If Pat Garrett had listened to *him*, the Kid would have been conveniently shot down "while resisting arrest" four months ago. This long-drawn-out death watch over the most dangerous outlaw in the Southwest was both nerve-racking and unnecessary. Mulling over the chilling hazards involved in playing watch-dog to Billy the Kid, Ollinger decided suddenly that he needed a drink. Stalking out, he paused at the head of the back stairway to place his heavy shotgun against the wall, just inside the armory door. Too damn hot to pack extra hardware. . .

Alone with his prisoner, Bell completed his shuffle and began to deal his



William H. Bonney, alias "Billy the Kid." When it came to cold-blooded, ruthless killing, he had few peers among old bad men of the West.

monte layout. Billy stacked his little pile of matches before him on the table and smiled his boyish, disarming smile.

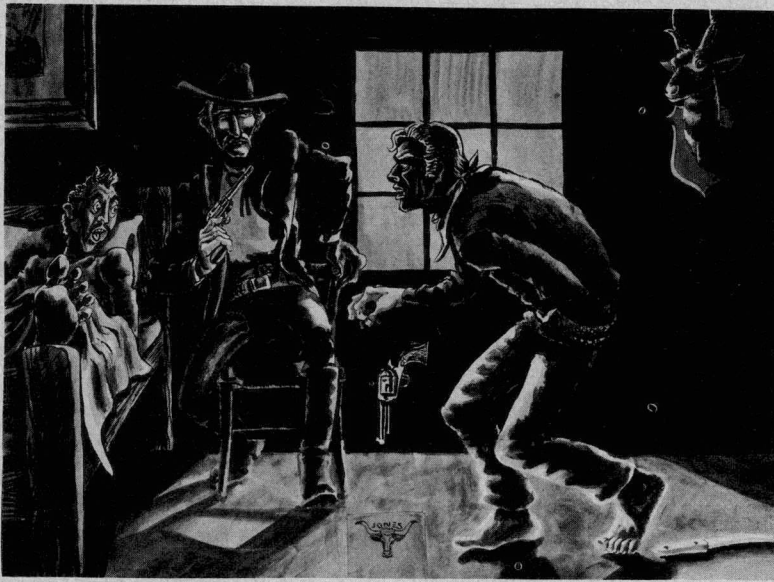
"Five dollars on that red deuce, Jim." Bell went on flipping cards and the Kid lost. "Your luck ain't so strong now, Kid," laughed the big deputy, raking in the bet.

"Not right now," admitted Billy. "But it's bound to get better—soon!" The Kid's gray eyes flicked casually over his captor, noting that Bell had discarded his gun-belt and holster on this warm day. The deputy wore his Colt shoved down the waist-band of his pants on the right side. Billy hitched his wiry body a few inches nearer the middle of the table. "Can't reach so well with these ornaments on my wrists," he grinned.

Bell peeled off the jack of hearts. The Kid leaned closer. "Jack o' hearts, my lucky card—" He stretched out his manacled hands to place his bet and clumsily brushed the card off on the floor at Bell's left side. "Sorry, Jim. These damn bracelets made me do that. . ."

"That's all right, Kid. I'll pick it up." Bell stooped for the fallen card, his head

(Continued on following page)



The Kid leaped back with gun leveled. "QUIEN ES?" he barked—and received instant answer in the flash and roar of Garrett's Colt.

dipping below the edge of the table for just an instant. Panther-like, the outlaw flung himself forward, snatching the deputy's Colt. When Bell straightened up with a startled oath, he found himself covered with his own gun.

"Listen hard now, Jim—an' don't say a word!" rapped out the Kid. "Turn around now an' walk out that back door. I got to lock you in the armory. Don't make me kill you, Jim. We've been friends an' I'd sure hate to have to rub you out."

WHITE-FACED, speechless with shocked surprise, Bell turned around and started for the back door. Billy shuffled after him, dragging his cumbersome leg irons. The deputy opened the door, and the Kid stumbled through it behind him. The outlaw tripped over the threshold and fell sprawling on the narrow platform at the top of the stairs, at the end of which a door opened into the armory.

Instantly Bell plunged down the stairs. It was his one desperate chance to turn the tables, to gain the street and spread the alarm that the Kid was loose. His one chance—but it was a chance in a million and it failed. Behind him, stretched full length on the stair platform, Billy fired once. The slug caught Bell just below his left shoulder-blade, and the big deputy crashed into the railing and slid down it limply to collapse in a heap at the foot of the stairs.

Quickly the Kid scrambled to his feet. He didn't bother to look at Bell's crumpled body; he knew that the deputy was dead. Hurriedly he shuffled into the armory and picked up Ollinger's shotgun from where it rested against the wall. Breaking the weapon and checking the load, Billy took up a post at the open east window overlooking the street and La Rue's saloon. Coldly and calmly, with his own escape and life hanging in the balance, the Kid waited to kill the man he had come to hate during the bitter weeks of his imprisonment in this bare, bleak room. Not for an added chance at freedom would the outlaw forego this opportunity to still forever the taunting tongue of deputy Bob Ollinger.

Ollinger, drinking with a friend at La Rue's bar, heard the muffled report of the shot that killed Bell. He froze, glass of red whiskey half-raised to his

mouth. There were no further shots—only heavy silence. No man spoke at La Rue's bar—and no man moved toward the courthouse whence the shot had sounded. Full ten seconds the strange tableau lasted—then Ollinger broke the spell. "That must be the Kid!" snarled the deputy. He slammed his drink down on the bar and dashed for the door, pulling his Colt as he ran.

THE gloomy old courthouse seemed to drowse peacefully in the spring sunshine as Ollinger approached it. Nothing seemed amiss—in fact, the building appeared deserted. Maybe that shot hadn't come from the courthouse at all. . . .

"Hello, Bob!"

The deputy stopped short, an icy fear jolting his heart. That was the Kid's voice—light, pleasant, unmistakable! Coming from somewhere above him, from the second floor of the courthouse. . . .

Slowly, dreading what he might see, Ollinger looked up into the mocking gray eyes and white, smiling face of Billy the Kid—framed behind the deadly twin muzzles of the deputy's own shotgun. The outlaw leaned from an open window directly overhead, drawing a careful bead on Ollinger's heart. Frantically the deputy tried to raise his Colt to blast that white and smiling face. But flame spurted from one of those gaping muzzles above him. Nine buckshot slashed Ollinger's chest.

The booming roar was a stern signal to the good people of Lincoln to attend discreetly to their own affairs. Sheriff Pat Garrett was in White Oaks, and Pat's deputy lay dead in the street—shot down by Billy the Kid. Not yet did the apprehensive townsfolk know for a certainty that Jim Bell, too, was dead, but they suspected the worst.

Clearly this gory little mess was no concern of any citizen normally anxious to preserve a whole skin. Not one of a score of spectators felt inclined either to distinguish himself as a hero or to become the Kid's next victim. Half a dozen armed men stood meekly on the veranda of the Wortley Hotel, across the street from the courthouse, and observed the next act of the incredible drama unfolding there without lifting a weapon to interrupt.

Fascinated, as one watches a slow-

moving cobra, these onlookers watched the Kid emerge from the front door in the second story of the courthouse. Boldly he stepped out on the porch above the street, within easy six-shooter range of every Colt-toting member of his audience. Only the leg-irons bound him now; his slender, supple hands had slipped out of the handcuffs.

This was the Kid's great moment and he gloried in each split-second of it. For the present, his urgent need to escape completely left his mind. Billy's jail-starved ego expanded gratefully in response to the cringing fear of the townsfolk. To the Kid's distorted reasoning, the awe and terror apparent on the faces of these craven men was simply the adulation due him as a famous outlaw and gunman. Well, damn their yellow hides, he'd give 'em a show they'd never forget!

MOVING cautiously, gauging precisely the exact range of movement allowed him by the twelve-inch chains binding his ankles, Billy walked along the porch until he stood directly over the lifeless body of Bob Ollinger. Face down the deputy sprawled. About his body a pool of blood formed sluggishly, turning the deep dust of the street into darkly crimson mud. Deliberately the Kid leveled his shotgun—and once more all Lincoln heard the thunderous roar of its discharge. Ollinger's corpse jerked grotesquely to the impact of the heavy load of buckshot. The Kid lifted the empty weapon above his head and cast it down upon the riddled body of his enemy.

"Adios, Bob!" he sneered. "Take your popgun to hell with you!" Without a glance at his shocked, silent audience, Billy turned and hobbled back into the courthouse. He had a lot to do yet to make good his escape and he set about doing it at once, with all the icy nerve characteristic of him.

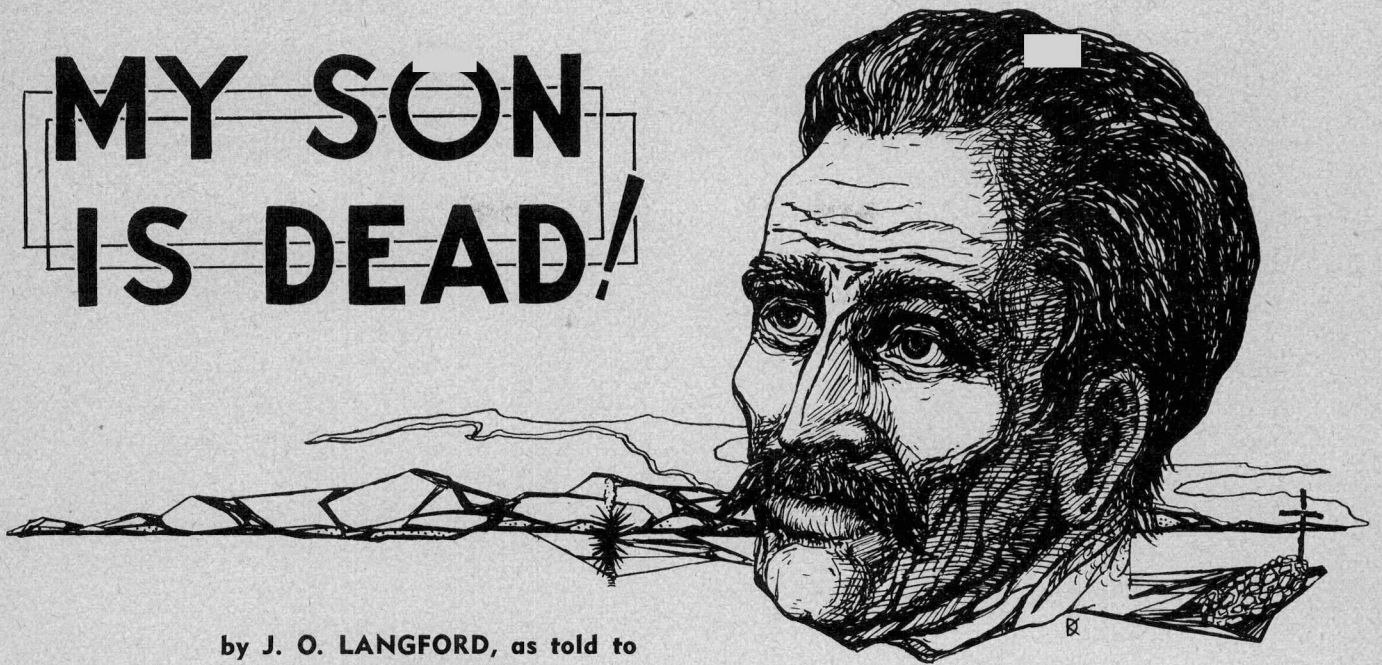
First, he entered the armory, where the citizens of Lincoln kept always on hand a supply of firearms and ammunition for use by sheriffs' posses in emergencies. The Kid chuckled in sardonic amusement as he selected a fine new Winchester rifle and two six-shooters to replace Jim Bell's Colt, which he placed on the armory floor. If only Pat Garrett could see him now! The old buzzard would go loco, muy pronto. Too bad he couldn't hide out somewhere around town and get a look at Pat's ugly face when he came riding

(Continued on page 58)



Final resting place for Billy the Kid at Ft. Sumner, N. M. Souvenir hunters chipped the stone's sides ragged.

# MY SON IS DEAD!



by J. O. LANGFORD, as told to  
FRED GIPSON

Illustrated by Dwain Kelley

A TRAVELER from San Vicente brought me the sad news. My friend Gregorio Marufo had lost his son.

The traveler was philosophical. He pointed out that in the village of San Vicente, in the Big Bend country of Texas, Gregorio was a man of importance. He lived in a fine rock house of two rooms. He owned a big farm. He owned many goats. He owned many chickens. Almost never was he without a pig fattening in the sty he'd dug into the ground near his house.

But disease had struck down Gregorio's strong husky son the same as if he'd never had enough to eat. It had shut off his water, so that he could not urinate; and he'd swelled and swelled until he could no longer bear the pain.

And now, my informant concluded, the boy was just as dead as if he had been the son of a poor man.

That evening I walked to San Vicente to attend the funeral. I arrived a bit late, so that most of the people from San Vicente were already there. They stood silent, with eyes downcast, as I walked through them toward the house.

The corpse was laid out on a bench under the brush arbor in front of Gregorio's house. There was a white cotton sheet on the bench, then one spread over the body. Around the corpse were dozens of slow burning candles of goat tallow.

I walked past the body and extended my hand to Gregorio, who came to meet me at the door. My friend shed no tears as he looked at me, but deep in his eyes I could see a flood of them held in check. At the proper time they would flow; that was plain by the sorrow and despair that showed in the deep lines of his weathered face.

He took my hand and said: "Senor, my son is dead," then turned from me and went back into the house.

I left the door to stand silently among the others till the village jefe, Comillo Celaya, arrived with a pistol in his hand.

Now the funeral procession was ready to start.

Adolfo Yarte, Ysidro Sanchez, Juan Gamboa, and Fermin Salas, close friends of my friend Gregorio, were the bearers. They came with a litter, made of cottonwood poles and a woolen blanket, and laid it on the ground beside the corpse. Gently, they lifted the stiffened body, still covered by the sheet, and placed it upon the litter. Then, one at each of the four corners, they lifted the litter to their shoulders and stood waiting.

OUTSIDE, the jefe raised his revolver till the muzzle pointed skyward toward the brilliant afterglow of the setting sun, and squeezed the trigger.

The short flat report was a shocking sound in the vast silence of the Rio Grande Valley.

The litter bearers moved out. Behind them, a long double queue formed, the immediate family coming first, close friends next, then neighbors and acquaintances. Last came the jefe with the gun in his hand. Together, in solemn procession, we moved toward the *camp santo*, the sainted field, where the grave had already been dug.

There was no talk, even in whispers. There were no cries of anguish, no lamentations. Even the scrape and shuffle of our feet on the loose gravelly soil seemed muted in the presence of death.

Crashing into this hushed quietness came the report of the pistol again. I felt my nerves tighten. Ahead of me, I saw some of my friends flinch, almost as if the bullet had struck them. But that was all. They uttered no sound. The echoes of the report ran shouting across the wide valley and quickly lost themselves in the surrounding hills and arroyos. Then the silence was more intense than ever.

Six times, at regular intervals, in that half-mile trip, the gun was fired; the last time, just as the litter-bearers reached the grave. Then the line broke and the

mourners came to stand quietly around the gaping hole and the mound of raw earth beside it.

There were no hymns sung, no prayers uttered. There was no weeping no suppressed sobs of grief. Just silence.

Four men slid into the open grave to receive the litter from the bearers. Carefully, they lowered the sheet-wrapped body to its resting place. They removed the litter, handed it up, placed a board across the head of the dead boy, then climbed out of the grave.

Gregorio Marufo, as head of the bereaved family, moved to the mound of loose soil, caught up a handful, and sifted it through his fingers over the body of his son. He moved aside. His wife caught up a handful of the soil and spilled it gently into the grave as she moved along, making room for the others of her family.

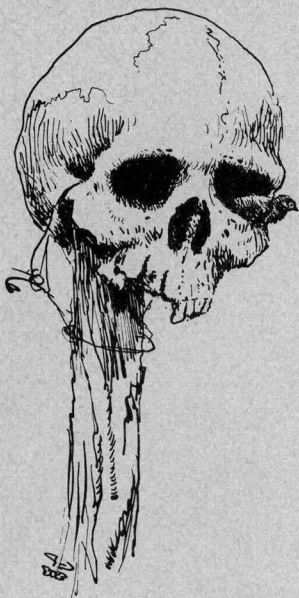
One by one, each relative, friend, and neighbor walked past the grave and performed this last rite. Then we stood back while four men shoveled dirt into the grave.

IT was possibly one-third full when one of the workmen nodded to the others, then all stood back. Juan Ochoa, the biggest and strongest man in the village, came forward. He stepped down into the grave and reached for a round boulder that rested at the brink of the opening. The boulder was huge, and of such great weight that it seemed impossible that even Juan Ochoa could lift it. But lift it he did, higher than his head, then let it drop into the loose soil at his feet.

He bent and lifted it and let it drop again, time after time, each time in a new place. Sweat broke out on his swarthy face and ran down his cheeks. The great muscles of his shoulders began to tremble and quiver from the strain of his efforts. But he never stopped until the boulder had been dropped on every square inch of loose soil in the grave, packing it tightly around the body of Gregorio's son.

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Gregorio owned a big farm and he lived in a big rock house, but when the disease struck his son, it killed the boy just as dead as if he had been the son of a poor man.



The Shelbys were a pretty tough bunch, but not tough enough to live with

# The Door-Stop Skull

by MARTY KELLY

IN our part of the country, it was common knowledge that the Shelbys were a bad outfit. In every road-agent's den, in every rustler's hideout, on every owl-hoot trail in old Montana history, one or more of the Shelby bunch rode with the pack. More often than not, they were the ringleaders, for they had good heads on their shoulders and there were many of them. They were notorious from the Black Hills to the Bear Paws, a sullen clan of tall, dark men with their women beside them. And the line was not about to run out. There were wiry, little boys who could shoot out a sparrow's eye and quiet, little girls in sunbonnets and high, button shoes hurrying busily around in the background.

The Shelby men loved their families and were fiercely protective of them. God help the man who courted a Shelby woman unless he was all man. God help him anyhow.

I cut my teeth on a bridle ring and went to sleep to the tales of the Shelbys' misdeeds for bedtime stories. In later years, yarns of the bunkhouse crew filled me with fear and fascination.

So, it was no wonder the whole peaceful valley was thrown into a turmoil when it was discovered, one morning, that the outlaw bunch was moving in up Highwood Creek. At first it was rumored around that they were inquiring after a piece of land about six miles from us. Nobody gave any credit to it. We had just about forgotten the incident, when someone reported there was something doing in the sunny, grassy meadow fringed with pine trees at the foot of old Baldy. Logs appeared from nowhere and, before we knew it, two big houses were going up, fast.

THEN one memorable morning about fifty head of young beef were trail-herded past our place on the way to the mountain pasture, and with them were the Shelby men. There were boys from ten years of age to old Bill, the white mustachioed old hawk who sat his saddle as straight and lithe as the young men, and as noncommittal. They drove the pretty, whiteface cattle easy; and while peering through the hop vines on the front porch, I saw old Bill nod cordially to my father, who nodded as cordially

back. Neither spoke. I was thrilled to see Dad stand and look over the herd appraisingly.

Weeks went by and nothing out of the way happened. I don't know what we expected, but surely it wasn't this calm business of legitimate ranching. The Shelbys put up good corrals and fenced their property. Their children started to school in the fall. We liked them. They had fun playing like any other kids, and they were good sports. We still heard the hair-raising tales about the bunch, but they came and went and never disturbed anyone living in the valley.

Now this part I got in later years, but I remembered the excitement of those months.

One night young Bill came thundering up the creek on a gaunt, lathered horse. He took to the hills in hiding. We all knew he was up there, but thought nothing of it till word got out that the stage between Sun River and Fort Benton had been held up where it forded the river above Dutton. On the stage was a fur buyer on his way to Benton to dicker with the Indians for their winter catch of pelts. He carried several thousand dollars in cash. While trying to conceal the gold-filled strong box, he was shot in the breast and almost bled to death. It turned out young Bill was with the hold-up men.

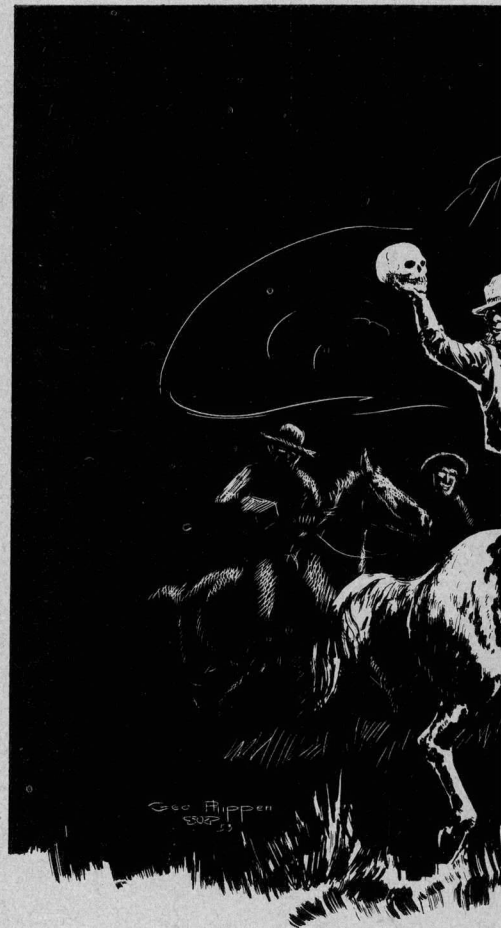
With the posse gathering behind them, the gang split up. Young Bill carried his share of the loot in the strong box and for some reason, stopped long enough to bury it on a rocky hillside not far from our house. He didn't know the place he chose was an Indian burying ground; and the first we knew of it was when the Shelbys got a new stop for their front door—a human skull.

After things quieted down, young Bill and some of the boys went down one dark night to collect the stolen cash. While digging, they uncovered the skull. Deciding to play a joke on the women folks they took the skull home with them. It came to rest as a door-stop in the house. Old man Shelby was the only one who protested, and he did so violently.

"You young hellions are going to hear more about this!" he prophesied. "There's nothing worse than desecrating a grave-

yard. Even the Indians ride around it in respect. But not the Shelbys. They tear up a grave and bring home the cadaver to kick around a cabin floor. I'm telling you, take it back and bury it where you found it or bad luck will strike this outfit."

The young men guffawed and decided the old boy was leaning toward boot-hill himself. They kidded him and spooked the children till the women put a stop to it, but the skull remained by the door. Old Bill muttered about the wrath of the Almighty and moved his belongings to



a small cabin the family threw up for him under protest.

The Shelbys were a scattered and restless bunch. I don't think I ever saw them all together. They kept too much on the move. But they were quiet neighbors. We heard about the holdups and the shootings they were involved in at other points of the country, but it's one thing to see something and another thing to see it. The sheriff was always nosing around the creek, asking questions.

**S**HORTLY after the appropriation of the Indian skull, a terrible thing happened. Two little Shelbys swimming in a beaver dam were drowned. I wasn't there, but I remember the sad funeral and the little graves fenced in the mountain pasture, across the road from their home.

Then there was a great upheaval in the family. Jed, who was a gay, handsome dog, ran off one night with his brother Tom's wife, a beautiful, spirited girl from Maiden Canyon. It seems Tom had lost his head and kidnapped her a year ago, and after forcibly seducing her, had married her. They all knew the story, and Jed had befriended her because she was not their "breed of cats." He fell madly in love with her and she with him. Rather than face the fury of a jealous husband and the ire of the family, they just ran off. To my knowledge, Tom never did catch up with them, though he was gone most of the summer. When he came back, he took to drinking and bragging and handling his .44 too carelesslike. That fall he was shot in the heart by a cowboy in Fort Benton. He died in the doorway of Tom Coatesworth's place, the Bucket of Blood saloon, and ten men swore it was self defense.

Old Bill began to fail that fall when

Jed run off. He was fond of Jed, because Jed was a chip off himself—wicked as hell but still a good fellow. The old man threatened dire things to come and darkly blamed the possession of the skull for the recent calamities. The family, nervous and edgy, said the skull was there to stay, come hell or perdition, and old Bill retired to his bunkhouse to brood.

That winter, the fateful winter of '93 when one terrible blizzard after another struck the cow country, you could walk from Highwood Creek to the Judith basin on the backs of dead, frozen cattle. A bunch of our cattle wintering in the sunny Judith Gap, drifted clear back to the Northwestern ranch at Montague in one storm and were put up and fed by a neighbor till the weather broke. People used to do things like that for each other. That's all that kept my father in the cow business. Ranchers all over the country went broke. The Shelbys lost every head they owned, but they started over, grimlipped and calculating.

Just at the turn of spring their horse barn caught fire from a lightning bolt, and eleven saddle horses, the best running horses in the country, were burned to death. Horses become crazy things in a fire. The Shelbys couldn't get a one of their horses out. New horses were brought up the creek road, and the young boys went to breaking broncs. Then tragedy struck again.

Charlie Shelby, a fine lad of fifteen was thrown and tromped before his mother's eyes by an outlaw cayuse, and left a cripple. His legs were twisted and his handsome face was a shapeless mass. He never rode again, and he never went to school any more. The following summer he took a gun and blew his head off in the hayloft of the rebuilt barn.

Abe Shelby was lynched in Miles City and his heartbroken wife and kids went back to Missouri leaving the clan and the dust of Montana forever.

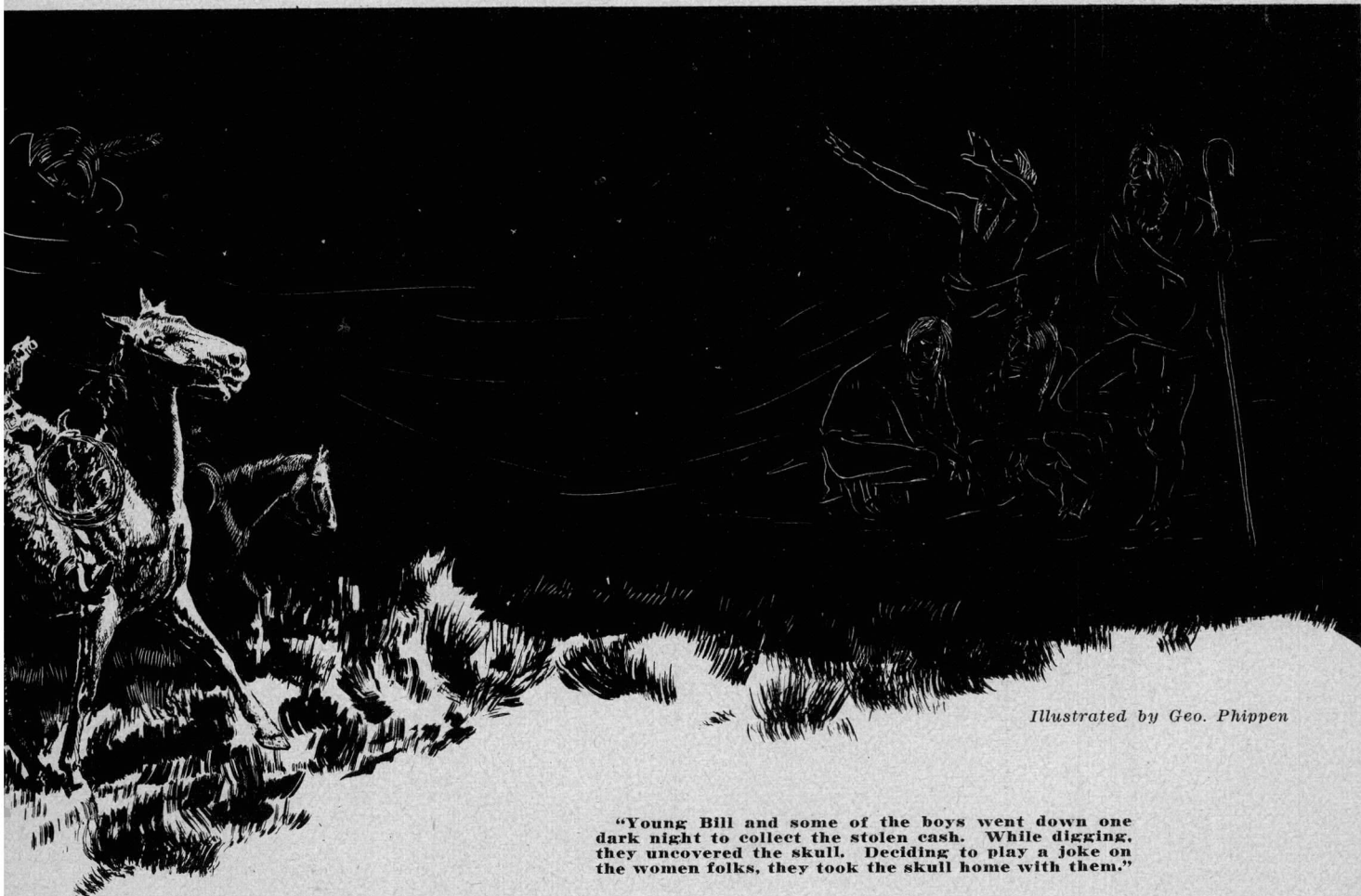
**T**HEN the wives revolted en masse. They demanded some changes. They also demanded that young Bill take the plagued skull back where he got it. It was getting on everybody's nerves. There were rumors of bitter quarrels in the family. Old Bill continually harped on the bad luck the skull was causing.

The Shelby women were all of good breeding, and good looking. How they married those renegades is beyond me, but their men were devoted to them. Rather than have mutiny at home, the men agreed to quit the lawless life and live peaceable. I suspect they promised with tongue in cheek, because they were of outlaw blood.

Young Bill, rather than give in on the graveyard business, left home and disappeared for several years. When he came back, he had a pretty woman from the Assiniboin nation where he had holed up. She was convent-educated and clean. Bill was well on his way to becoming a good citizen, but in the years to follow, bad luck dogged him. He raised a hell-roaring bunch of good-for-nothing, teepee, breed kids, who were dirty and shiftless and who finally broke his heart. He died of smallpox one winter in a lonely cabin, and his wife sat beside him till it was all over. Then she crawled close to his body and died, too. She had caught the pox from him. The family set fire to the cabin with both bodies inside.

Suddenly, the remaining Shelbys pulled up stakes and lit out. Just like that,

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Illustrated by Geo. Phippen

"Young Bill and some of the boys went down one dark night to collect the stolen cash. While digging, they uncovered the skull. Deciding to play a joke on the women folks, they took the skull home with them."

The Man

# WHO WAS BURIED STANDING UP

by BOB and  
JAN YOUNG

Shorty Harris arrived in California with General Grant, discovered millions in gold, died penniless and was buried standing up!

**S**WEAT streamed down the handsome features of Miss Bessie Hart, blacksmith of Ballarat, California, as she honed a keen point on the miner's pick.

She might have been sharpening Cupid's tools, too, thought Shorty Harris as he gazed admiringly on her 6 foot, 210 pound bulk, watching her muscles ripple as she bellowed the forge fire.

"I bin thinkin', Miss Bessie," Shorty said abruptly. "How's about you and me getting married?"

The desert Juno looked down on Shorty—a full foot shorter and a hundred pounds lighter. Her hands slid to ample hips. "Short-man, you're a mighty nice chum to have around," she said gently, "but it 'pears to me like you're just too little for the job."

Resignedly, Shorty gathered up gear and his "boorows" and returned to his first love—prospecting in Death Valley. "I should'a knowed women wasn't for me. The short man's never bin



"Bury me beside Jim Dayton in the valley we loved. Above me write: 'Here lies Shorty Harris, a single blanket jackass prospector.'—Epitaph requested by Shorty (Frank) Harris, beloved gold hunter, 1856-1934. Here Jas. Dayton, pioneer, perished 1898. To these trailmakers whose courage matched the dangers of the land, this bit of earth is dedicated forever."

Grave is located at the mouth of Hanaupah Canyon in Death Valley, 280 ft. below sea level. Two of the dates on the plaque are wrong: Harris was born in 1857, and Dayton died in 1899.

nothing but a single-blanket jackass prospector," he mourned to himself.

But Shorty's appraisal was modest indeed, for Frank Harris is still legend in Death Valley, where enigma is the rule. A man who arrived in California with General Grant, discovered numerous gold mines, then died and was buried standing up—that was Shorty Harris.

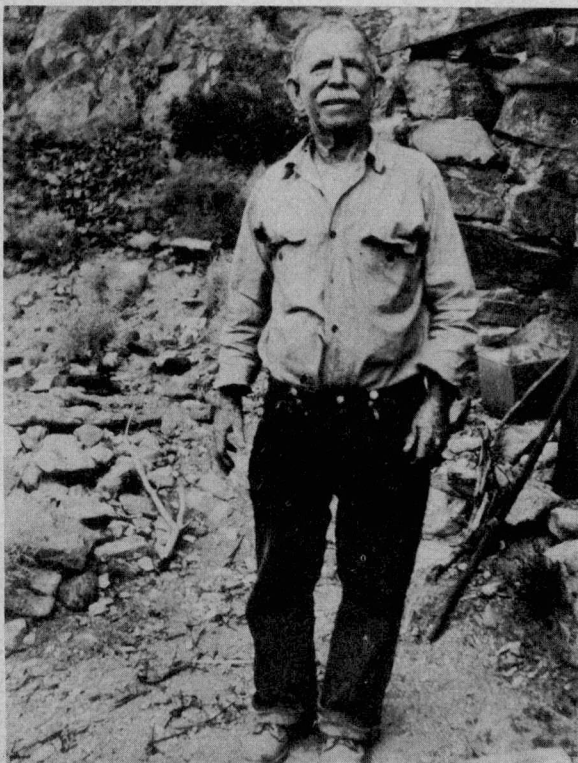
Wherever tall tales and mystery prevail, historians disagree, but it seems Shorty was born near Providence, R. I., in July, 1857. Orphaned seven years later, he worked in the cotton mills until he was 14, then took off, riding westward.

Not liking the stink of cowhides at Dodge City, he left that town. At Puma, he spotted the Presidential Special, carrying U. S. Grant and his Fred. Never particularly impressed with dignitaries, Shorty mooched \$7 from Fred Grant, then ate dust of the road the rest of the way, as the train chuffed into Los Angeles—Shorty below, the President above.

Leadville, Colorado, beckoned the short-man next. It was there he learned the ways of gold. With two prospecting partners, Shorty cut his first score of \$7,500. The bars and bagnios rocked for weeks.

The strike later produced millions of dollars, but Shorty was satisfied to take a little cash and let the credit go.

The fabulous Shorty Harris. Frasher's Photo, Pomona, Calif.



COEUR d'Alene, Tombstone, and Silver Peak all interested Shorty briefly. But he was down to cases when he again hit California. A job peeling spuds was keeping him from coming apart, when he struck up his friendship with John Lambert.

"Yessiree, John," Shorty remarked, waving a hand toward the Panamint Mountains and Death Valley, "I'll hit another big 'un 'fore long. The short-man can do it." Shorty paused, then suddenly asked if Lambert would "borrow" him some tools and a burro.

Lambert agreed but decided to go along, just to keep an eye on his grub-stake. Before dark that day, March 17, 1832, they'd spotted a terrific vein of gold. The first 15 pounds of crushed ore showed \$300 in values.

"Luck of the Irish!" Shorty shouted. "This'll be the St. Patrick's Day mine." Setting their claim monuments, Shorty couldn't light out for Ballarat fast enough. He was dry as a covered bridge.

"It takes the short-man to do it," he bragged as he lounged against the bar. A crowd was there to hear Shorty talk, as they always did when he was flush. Shorty drank and Shorty babbled, and the rush was on. Shorty cashed out his share for \$7,000. Lambert, a mite more astute, got more than \$100,000 for his.

Shorty laughed it off. He pounded nails around the top of the whiskey casks, hung tin cups on them. Ballarat rocked. It was Shorty this, and Shorty that. While his poke lasted he had more following than a Salvation Army captain.

Seven weeks, seven grand!

Broke, at last, but still as confident as a Georgia democrat on election eve, Shorty wandered off towards Death Valley, this time with Jim Dayton, beside whom he is buried today. And they hit it rich, too—not as rich as the first two, but enough of a showing that Shorty asked \$15,000 for his share.

A Nevada mining man said he'd take the offer back to his company for consideration. Shorty was dismayed at the delay. For days and weeks Shorty heard nothing. He grew thirstier all the time. Finally, he located the mining official and tearfully explained his situation.

"I just got word me mother is dying, and my aunt has been took awful sick," Shorty pleaded. "I'll sacrifice that claim for less'n what I bin asking."

The engineer raised cash-cold eyebrows. "How much?"

"Uh," Shorty hesitated gracefully. "\$1500, 'stead of the \$15,000."

Surprised but still interested, the engineer closed the deal a few minutes later for \$1,000.

**Ballarat, California, as it appears today. Long the home and operation center for Shorty Harris, it was never a boom camp but rather a supply base for Panamint and other more muscular boom camps. Also, it was the home of Miss Bessie Hart, blacksmith. Famed Panamint Mountains in the rear.**



Shorty Harris always had this shack to come home to. He also lived in an abandoned school house located nearby. Both are in Ballarat, California, supply center of the Death Valley area.

"That was more'n I expected anyhow," Shorty explained. "But you gotta start asking somewhere."

Shorty was convinced now that he couldn't be beaten. It almost seemed that he was right. There was the World Beater, and the one in the Gold Belt, and Shorty was really rolling. He was even flush enough to take a trip into Los Angeles and have all of his front teeth gold-plated. It was a stiff-tab all right—\$500. But it certainly gave him a golden smile, to grace his features, once described as handsome as a Mexican sheep's.

ONLY once did Shorty moan about a venture. He spotted some likely-looking ore near where Greenwater was later located. Samples and location notices in hand, he hit off for Ballarat. There he met Jud Decker, who said he was on his way to Independence, seat of the Inyo County Recorder's. Shorty handed Jud his notices to be filed, then forgot the matter.

Jud, a kindred spirit, apparently, got a load of bust-head before he got into town, and forgot his errand. Shorty, fully confident he was protected, was again telling one and all of the new location. A minor rush started. When Shorty followed a few days later, he found all of the claims taken, and no way to prove his prior claim.

"Jud Decker's drunk cost me a million dollars," he wailed as he wiped away drops of whiskey from his mustache. "But there's always another canyon."

That other canyon may have been one of those tortuous gorges between Skidoo and the floor of Death Valley. Drier than a scorched tumbleweed, Shorty

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"One horse got spooked, jumped between the team, straddled the wagon tongue—and the ball opened!"



ARIZONA

# Ostrich Stampede

"I'd sure like to ride one of them ridic'ous birds!"  
Smokey said. Five minutes later he did . . .

By HERB WOOD

Illustrated by George Phippen

**S**MOKEY and I left Williams, Arizona, with twenty head of horses to take to the Imperial Valley for the winter. We were going to do some trading and selling.

It took us three days to get to Phoenix, where we put our horses in the feed lot at Six Points. Next morning early we took off. We had two pack-horses, one with our bed roll, the other with our kitchen and chuck.

We were about four miles south of Phoenix, going down a road fenced with wire on both sides. On one side was a field of alfalfa; on the other was a herd of ostriches, about six hundred of them. We stopped to look at them—to see what they had that a turkey didn't. Smokey or I had never seen an ostrich. They were as tall as our horses, their necks were as long as a giraffe's, they had long legs and big feet. Smokey said that he would like to ride one. Little did he think his wish would come true!

We saw some men hauling in a big load of hay to grind up for the birds. They were a couple hundred yards off, coming our way. The ostriches got curious to see what our pack horses were. They were running in a circle,

winding up like cattle after a stampede. One bird lined out to look us over. The rest were tromping on his heels.

We had a horse that was only half broken, and afraid of his shadow. He got spooked, ran into one of the teams that were hauling hay, got in between the horses, astraddle of the wagon tongue, tipped the load of hay over, broke the tongue out, and away they went, looking for another country that wasn't so wild. Then the other team ran too, and missed the culvert across the irrigation ditch. Most of the hay and the man went into the water.

Our horses stampeded through the fence among the ostriches. The horse with the kitchen pack hung up on a post, tore the pack open, and got in among the birds. He was bucking and squealing. Pots and pans were rattling and flying through the air. The first thing I knew I was right in the middle of the stampede.

I was leaning over the brow-band and going to town, when my horse jumped into a hole, turned over and threw me over his head. I landed on my belly. Just as I got to my feet, an ostrich ran over my horse. He got tangled up in the bridle reins, and

stood on his head, but finally straightened up.

I grabbed the bird by the neck with both hands, and jumped astraddle of him. I was dizzy and about half out of wind. Then I commenced to see things. It looked to me like I was in the middle of the ocean. Wave after wave of birds was before my eyes when I could see straight. I had a death grip on his neck, and was sitting pretty. Just then an old bird reached out his long neck, and grabbed a mouthful of my ear. He pulled it out about six inches, lost his hold, and my ear snapped back, nearly knocking my head off.

**T**HE old bird I was on was getting close to the outer edge of the stampede, and the irrigation ditch close to the culvert. When he got opposite the culvert, I jumped off and rolled into the ditch, grabbed hold of the culvert and hung on till the drags came by.

I crawled out looking like a drowned rat and felt like one, too. As soon as I got the water out of my hair and eyes, I could see the ostriches were swinging back my way. I crossed over the ditch,

(Continued on page 50)

True West

# The Fighting Cheyennes

(Continued from page 10)

white. All that had been required was a show of force, and he had supplied that. But in the camps of the Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Sioux, grave councils were held and the three tribes agreed to defend themselves as a unit if the whites attacked them again. Nine troubled years elapsed before the pact was finally invoked by the Cheyennes.

**C**OLONEL J. M. Chivington, formerly a Methodist preacher, was certainly a strange man to have once expounded the gentle teachings of the Man of Peace. Commander of the Third Colorado Cavalry, a militia outfit enlisted for 100 days frontier service, the giant Chivington seemed obsessed with blood-lust from his first days on the Plains. Leading 700 volunteers from Denver to Fort Lyon on the Arkansas River, Chivington informed the troops that they were out to kill Indians wherever they found them. In particular, the gallant Colonel was out to destroy Chief Black Kettle and his band of Cheyennes. Reinforced by mounted troops and infantry—including a couple of howitzers—from Fort Lyon, Chivington started out at sunset on November 28, 1864, to attack Black Kettle's camp on Sand Creek in the Big South Bend, twenty-odd miles northeast of Fort Lyon.

The eager volunteers were guided by old Jim Beckwourth, the mulatto mountain man, and a young half-breed Cheyenne—son of the famed frontier trader, Colonel Bent. Young Bent balked at leading this raid on his mother's people, but was quickly induced to change his mind by the savage ex-preacher commanding the expedition. In his graphic book, *Massacres in the Mountains*, J. P. Dunn describes the peculiarly effective brand of persuasion employed by Chivington. He doesn't mention the Colonel by name, but the description fits him perfectly. Dunn writes:

"The night was bitter cold; Jim Beckwourth, the old trapper who had been guiding them, had become so stiffened that he was unable longer to distinguish the course, and they were obligated to rely on a half-breed Indian. About one-third of the men had the appearance of soldiers who had seen service; the remainder had a diversity of arms and equipment, as well as of uniforms, and marched with the air of raw recruits. About half a mile in advance were three men, the half-breed guide and two officers, one of the latter of such gigantic proportions that the others seemed pygmies beside him. Near daybreak the half-breed turned to the white men and said: 'Wolf he howl. Injun dog he hear wolf, he howl too. Injun he hear dog and listen; hear something, and run off.' The big man tapped the butt of his revolver in an ominous way, and replied: 'Jack, I haven't had an Indian to eat for a long time. If you fool with me and don't lead us to that camp, I'll have you for breakfast.' They found the camp."

Before setting out from Fort Lyon, Chivington had carefully instructed his men to "take no prisoners," to "kill all, little and big." One volunteer, a farm boy from Michigan, had ventured to remonstrate with his commander at this brutal order to kill Indian children, and was harshly told that he'd do as he was ordered or be shot himself. "Nits make lice," declared this remarkable Christian officer. "Kill the nits and you'll get no lice!"

Black Kettle's camp, of about 100 lodges, lay in the Big South Bend of Sandy Creek; ten lodges of visiting Arapahoes,

the rest Cheyenne. At this time of year—late fall—the creek was dry except for an occasional pool. The creek-bed stretched 200 yards wide, with banks two to ten feet high. The camp was fully exposed to attack; no timber grew along the banks, and even the buffalo grass had been cropped short by grazing ponies. Within the lodges, an estimated 200 men and 400 women and children drowsed, preparatory to rising on that chill gray dawn of November 29, 1864.

Women, early risers as always, discovered the troops approaching the camp rapidly from both sides, and at first thought they were buffalo. One near-sighted old woman cried out joyfully, "Buffalo are coming right into camp." A younger companion looked more closely—and screamed in terror: "Soldiers! The soldiers are coming to kill us!"

John "Blackfoot" Smith, a Government interpreter, was visiting Black Kettle's camp that morning. The women rushed to his lodge to tell him the terrifying news. Smith was asleep. He barely had time to pull on his trousers and hunting shirt before the first slugs from the cavalry carbines began ripping through the tipi above his head.

Stark panic seized the bewildered Indians. Routed from their beds by the shooting to find themselves surrounded



General Miles, 1886.

by soldiers, they dashed frantically to Black Kettle's lodge in the vain hope that the chief could halt the attack.

At some previous "peace treaty" with the whites, Black Kettle had been given a large American flag as a pledge of undying friendship. Now he ran the flag up on a lodge pole outside his tipi, with a small white flag beneath it as a sign that the camp was friendly. Bravely he stood before the flag, shouting to his people to be calm, not to shoot back, that the attack was a mistake, and that they were under protection of the Government.

**T**HREE times John Smith tried to reach Chivington to beg him to stop the massacre, but each time he was fired on and driven back. By now the maddened troopers were raging through the village like demons—shooting, stabbing, burning. Finally, the Colonel recognized Smith in the wild melee, and yelled: "Come here, Uncle John!" Almost paralyzed with horror at the frightful butchery around him, the aging interpreter ran stumblingly to Chivington. Choking with sobs, he caught hold of a caisson and was hauled out of danger.

Realizing that the starry flag above his head was no protection after all, Black Kettle turned to flee, calling to his wife and old Chief White Antelope to come with him. White Antelope refused. The 75-year-old chief, white-haired and

straight as a pine, folded his arms beside his bright blanket and stood at door of his lodge coolly waiting for death. The end was not long in coming. White Antelope had finished but the second line of his death-song: "Nothing lives long, except the earth and the mountains," when a trooper shot him through the heart. The soldier didn't take the old man's scalp; he was in too much of a hurry to continue killing.

Black Kettle's wife caught a slug as she ran with her husband up the dry creek bed toward the sand hills. The chief knelt by her side, detected no sign of life, and raced on alone. Somehow, miraculously, he escaped.

**M**EANWHILE the massacre had settled down into a one-sided fight. About 100 warriors, of whom perhaps 40 had managed to arm themselves with bows, knives, lances and a few guns, herded the surviving women and children under cover of the high creek bank above the village. Desperately the trapped Cheyennes scooped out fox-holes with knives and sticks and bare hands, and braced themselves to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Major Anthony, directing this mop-up operation, declared that the Indians fought heroically for about four hours. Writing to a friend after the "battle," Anthony stated: "I never saw more bravery displayed by any set of people on earth than by these Indians. They would charge on the whole company, singly, determined to kill someone before being killed themselves. We, of course, took no prisoners. . . ."

The Major neglected to mention in his letter that women and kids comprised the bulk of his bag. Falsely encouraged by the fiction that white soldiers would not kill women, mothers held their their small children in their arms and ran toward the troops crying for mercy. The only mercy they received was that conveyed by a bullet. The volunteers shot them down pitilessly, even the few who staggered through the barrage to reach their lines.

At noon, weary of trying to blast out the stubborn survivors holed up in the creek bank, the soldiers drew off and returned to the devastated village. The Cheyennes waited an hour before creeping cautiously out of their holes. The fight was over; even the desultory crackle of shots from the village had ceased. The soldiers had finished off the last of the wounded, and were now engaged in burning the ruined lodges along with a number of their slaughtered occupants. The warriors fled upstream to the sand hills and safety, with the nauseating stench of burning human flesh in their nostrils—the flesh of relatives, friends and loved ones.

John Smith later visited these grim blood-stained pits along the creek-bed, where the Cheyennes had made their heroic stand, and counted 70 bodies—chiefly women and children. The total number of killed in the attack was variously estimated by the whites as between 100 and 800. Chivington himself claimed 500 killed. Among the Cheyenne chiefs slain were White Antelope, Standing Water, One Eye, War Bonnet, Yellow Shield and Yellow Wolf. The Arapaho chief Left Hand escaped along with three of his band of 51.

The soldiers leisurely scalped the dead, chopped up and mutilated the bodies and took back to Denver 100 scalps and three terrified Indian children to be exhibited on the stage of a theater between the acts of a play. Five hundred horses and mules, plus countless robes, shields, weapons and other souvenirs of the victorious campaign were "whacked up among the boys."

(Continued on next page)

Colonel Chivington and his men were at first hailed as heroes, both in Colorado and the East. Gradually, public opinion underwent a sharp change as the truth emerged. An angry letter from Indian Agent Colley, published in the *Missouri Intelligencer*, January 6, 1865, brought out the facts of Chivington's shameful campaign in no uncertain words. General Halleck, Chief of Staff of the Army, promptly ordered Chivington's conduct investigated as a preliminary to possible court-martial. This procedure came to naught, since the Colonel's term of service as a commander of volunteers had expired and he had been mustered out of the Army.

Chivington was beyond official punishment, but not beyond reach of bitter criticism. Kit Carson, for example, minced no words in denouncing the sadistic ex-preacher. Stormed Kit:

"To think of that dog Chivington, and his hounds, up thar at Sand Creek! Who ever heard of sich doings among Christians! The pore Injuns had our flag flyin' over 'em . . . and they'd been told down to Denver, that so long as they kept that flyin' they'd be safe. Well, then, here come along that durned Chivington and his cusses . . . So they jest pitched into these friendlies, and massa-creed them—yes sir, literally massa-creed them in cold blood, in spite of our flag thar—women and little children even! . . . that damned miscreant and his men shot down squaws, and blew the brains out of little innocent children—even pistoled little babies in the arms of their dead mothers . . . And ye call these civilized men Christians!; and the Injuns savages, do ye? . . ."

JOHN SMITH sided vehemently with Kit; while the remarks of Ol' Jim Bridger on the matter were far too sulphurous to be repeated on anything but asbestos paper. Kit and Jim and Black-foot Smith knew what the murderous Chivington had accomplished by sating his psychopathic bloodlust on the Cheyennes: he'd roused the tribes to united and terrible action against the whites. Deadly reprisal would not be long delayed.

Shortly after the massacre at Sand Creek, the Cheyennes met in hurried council and decided to send a pipe to the Sioux and Northern Arapahoes and to invite those tribes to join them in a war against the whites. The Sioux and Arapahoe chiefs greeted the messengers cordially and smoked the Cheyenne pipe in acceptance of the invitation. It was planned to raid Julesburg first, and on January 6, 1865, a thousand warriors of the allied tribes moved to attack the small settlement on the South Platte. One mile west of Julesburg lay the military post, Fort Rankin, garrisoned by a company of cavalry. The Indians hoped to lure these troops into the sand hills and annihilate them there.

At dawn on January 7, Big Crow, chief of the Cheyenne warrior society of Crooked Lances, led seven braves in the decoy attempt. Moving under cover of a ravine, Big Crow and his scouts closely approached the walls of the Fort to discover half-a-dozen soldiers strolling about outside the stockade. Yelling a shrill war cry, the eight scouts charged the astonished strollers and drove them inside the Fort. Big Crow and his men hastily retreated beyond rifle range, then sat their ponies and made insulting signs suggesting that the white men were dogs and cowards who feared to leave the Fort to tackle eight Indians.

The ancient stratagem worked, as Big Crow had believed it would. The cavalry came boiling out of the Fort to catch these insolent redskins. Big Crow and

his scouts raced for the hills, drawing the troopers after them.

Meanwhile, the Cheyenne Dog Soldiers and Crazy Dogs were having a hard time holding the young braves in check until the troopers were tolled far enough into the hills to insure their destruction. The sound of firing excited the youths beyond control. They broke through the restraining line of warriors, while the cavalry was still a half mile from the sand hill trap. Furious at the failure of their scheme, the older warriors took out after the too-impetuous youngsters.

Captain O'Brien, commanding the cavalry, at once turned his men and started back for the Fort with horses at a dead run. Overtaken by the front runners of the Indian horde sweeping down out of the hills, O'Brien kept his head and fought a cool running engagement to get back inside the Fort with a loss of fourteen of his detail of forty men. The baffled war party poured past the little Fort like a vari-colored tidal wave, and charged down upon Julesburg.

THE attack upon Julesburg was more comic than tragic, since the Indians were out for plunder rather than scalps. Ignoring the frightened traders, warriors



Pen drawing of Dull Knife, Cheyenne, January 5, 1879, replying to commanding officer when told to return to Indian Territory.

broke into the store and warehouse and dragged out booty for the squaws to lug away on their pack horses. Bags of flour and sugar were loaded on the ponies, along with groceries and pots and pans. New-fangled canned goods puzzled the Indians. They had not seen cans before, did not know they contained food, and so left them on the shelves. They found a glass showcase containing gold and silver watches, smashed the case with war clubs, and let the women help themselves. One brave discovered a large metal money box belonging to a Government paymaster, and knocked it open with his tomahawk. Disgusted to find that the box held nothing but thick bundles of green paper, the warrior chopped up some with his hatchet and threw the rest away.

Until late in the day the raiders remained at Julesburg, plundering the store and warehouse and packing the stolen goods into the hills. About sunset they decided that the fun was over and left.

For weeks after the attack on Julesburg, the Cheyennes and their allies raided up and down the South Platte Road; burning stage stations and ranches, destroying the telegraph line, shooting up wagon trains and running off horses and cattle. When the series of whirlwind raids began, only two companies

of troops were stationed near the road—one company at Fort Rankin; the other at Valley, fifty miles west. The troops remained prudently within their stockades and allowed the Indians to raid unmolested.

In modern Army idiom, the red men never had it so good. The hill camps of the three tribes were loaded with plunder; fat beef cattle and vast stores of flour, sugar and bacon. Squaws togged themselves out in the fancy clothes of captured white women; warriors decorated their ponies' manes and tails with bright-colored silks and calicoes. On one raid, retribution caught up with nine white men who had belonged to the Third Colorado Cavalry and had taken part in the Sand Creek affair. These men had been mustered out of service and were heading back East along the road when the Cheyennes surrounded their party and killed them all. The warriors found in the white men's valises the scalps of two Cheyennes, White Leaf and Little Coyote, killed at Sand Creek. The valises were packed with many other trophies taken at Sand Creek, and the sight of these objects so infuriated the Cheyennes that they cut the bodies of the dead men to pieces.

ON February 2, the allied tribes struck again at Julesburg, this time burning the buildings in the vain hope of drawing the troops out to fight. The soldiers had learned their lesson; they contented themselves by banging away harmlessly with howitzers from the Fort. The raiders camped opposite Fort Rankin that night, throwing a big party and scalpdance on the river bank and keeping the nervous garrison awake until dawn.

So the pattern was formed—the bloody pattern of raid and reprisal, first by one side and then the other. The grievances of the opposing forces were too deep for healing; hostilities must continue until one or the other was utterly defeated.

Only a few Cheyennes were involved in fighting General Connor's troops during the latter's Powder River Expedition in the summer of 1865. Most of the tribe's warriors contented themselves with profitable raiding along the Platte. Early in June, Colonel Moonlight, stationed at Fort Laramie, determined to punish the hostiles for their impudent activities and, accordingly, started north with a strong force of cavalry. Striking heavy Indian sign, the Colonel hotly pursued the broad trail to Dead Man's Fork, 120 miles northeast of Laramie. Here, to Moonlight's complete amazement, the trail faded out. With no idea where or how his quarry had vanished, the Colonel camped for the night and turned his horses loose to graze.

At daybreak the mystified commander learned the whereabouts of the Indians: they charged his camp and ran off all his horses. The Cheyennes were too amused with Moonlight to shoot him; they left him alone to struggle back to Laramie as best he could. The Colonel burned his saddles and equipment and led the sorry march back to the Fort on foot. He got the sack for his brilliant exploit.

The Harney-Sanborn Treaty, negotiated in that hectic year of 1865, had guaranteed to the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes the territory lying between the Black Hills, the Rocky Mountains and the Yellowstone River—generally known as the Powder River country, the vast tract of land extending from the Little Missouri on the east to the foothills of the mountains on the west.

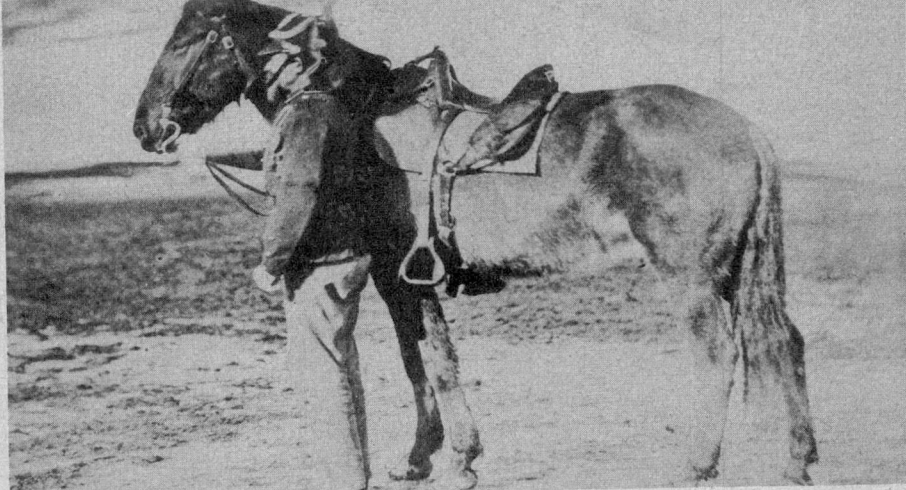
Discovery of gold in Montana about this time caused the white treatymakers to renounce their pledge almost before the ink was dry on the paper. Now the

Government sought to make an arrangement with the Indians for a right of way through the Powder River country to the goldfields. A number of the Sioux—the so-called “white man’s Indians”—readily agreed to this, but the Oglalas under Red Cloud and Crazy Horse, the Arapahoes, and the Cheyennes indignantly refused to sign another treaty. Disregarding this, and in direct violation of the Harney-Sanborn pact, the Army high brass sent Colonel H. B. Carrington into the territory to garrison Fort Connor—established the year before by the Powder River Expedition—and to build two new forts along the Bozeman Trail to Montana. Bozeman’s Trail led straight through the heart of the Indian country east of the Big Horns; while Bridger’s Road, west of the mountains and so well out of hostile territory, was ignored by the military as a site for their fort-building operations.

The results were inevitable, and tragic. Carrington accomplished his threefold mission; but on December 21, 1866, lost 81 men to the hostiles at Fort Phil Kearney on the Piney. This was another incredible tactical blunder. Captain William Fetterman, an ambition-ridden veteran of the Civil War, fell victim to the old Indian decoy trick—leading his handful of troops to destruction at the hands of 2,000 warriors hidden in the hills outside the Fort.

**A**FTER the so-called “Fetterman Massacre,” President Johnson ordered an extensive investigation made of the muddled Indian situation. Belatedly, the official investigators decided that troops had no business in the Powder River country, and ordered them withdrawn. Old Little Wolf, a Cheyenne, put the torch to Fort Phil Kearney before the soldiers were out of sight down the Bozeman Trail. Chief of Scouts Jim Bridger, looking back at the leaping flames, growled disgustedly: “If the fools had listened to *me* an’ built their durn posts on *my* road, west o’ the mountains, this turrible thing never would have happened!”

After the evacuation of the troops and the burning of the Powder River forts, the Cheyennes and their allies naively believed that peace with the white man had been won. They were quickly disillusioned of this belief. General W. S. Hancock, new commander of the Department of the Missouri, met the allied chiefs in council and assured them that they didn’t have a ghost of a chance to beat the all-powerful white man. Furthermore, if they desired



**Col. Keogh’s horse, “Comanche,” sole survivor of the Battle of the Little Big Horn, Gen. Custer’s last fight.**

war, they could have it any time they chose. General W. T. Sherman, red-bearded hero of the Civil War, with temper to match, next arrived from Washington to inform the Indians that they would have to quit fighting and retire to reservations or be exterminated. “You cannot stop the locomotive any more than you can stop the sun or moon, and you must submit and do the best you can,” Sherman warned the chiefs. “If you keep on fighting, you will all be killed. This Commission is not only a Peace Commission, but it is a War Commission also!”

Having thus taken care of the situation in a single speech, General Sherman returned to Washington. The Cheyennes, unimpressed, proceeded to prove him wrong on one count, at least, by wrecking and burning a railroad train at Plum Creek, south of the Platte—the only time such a stunt was successfully pulled off by the Indians.

The final tragic phase of the Cheyennes’ downfall began in 1868 with the death of their great war leader, Roman Nose, at the widely publicized “Battle of Beecher’s Island.” The whites considered this scrap a major victory, but the Cheyennes remembered it as a minor skirmish, notable only for the sad fact of Roman Nose’s death. The big Cheyenne warrior—he was not a chief—was shot in the back by one of Major Forsyth’s scouts hidden in the tall grass surrounding the whites’ position.

General Custer’s attack on Black

Kettle’s village on the Washita was the next crushing blow to strike the Cheyennes. Custer’s Seventh Cavalry hit the unguarded Indian camp on the bitter cold morning of November 27, 1868, charging through the clustered *tipis* with their horses at a gallop. Black Kettle was killed at the first volley, and the death of the popular chief spurred the Cheyennes to bitter resistance. Teen-aged boys drove their ponies to close quarters with the cavalry, trying desperately to kill a soldier before being killed themselves. One dead-game youngster quirted his pony straight at Major Benteen. The major raised his right hand palm-out in the peace sign. The naked kid ignored the white officer’s friendly gesture and blazed away at him with an old six-shooter. The first ball clipped the brim of Benteen’s campaign hat, another wounded his horse. Regrettably, the Major threw down on the boy with his Dragoon Colt and blasted him from his pony.

**T**HE surprised warriors were rallying strongly by this time. Soldiers were being picked off right and left, and the attack wavered in the face of stubborn resistance. Custer made a trigger-quick decision at this critical point in the fight; a decision extremely difficult for a cavalryman to make. Allowing his women captives to escape on horseback, the General then ordered the remainder of the captured Cheyenne pony herd shot. Eight hundred ponies were killed in this ruthless operation—a shattering blow to the hard-fighting Cheyennes. They lost all will to fight at this wholesale destruction of their horses, and fled on foot toward the Wichita Mountains. The Plains reputation of General George Custer was made in that single engagement.

Lower and lower sank the fortunes of the harried Cheyennes. In July of 1869, General Carr’s Fifth Cavalry, spearheaded by Major Frank North’s battalion of Pawnee scouts, mopped up the Cheyenne Dog Soldiers under Chief Tall Bull at Summit Springs, near the South Fork of the Republican River. Tall Bull, with typical Indian carelessness, didn’t even have sentinels posted when the yelping Pawnees charged into his village and began shooting down men, women and children, chopping them to pieces with their tomahawks. Tall Bull was ashamed of his negligence and determined to die on the spot. He hid his wife and child in a gulch above the camp, then killed his horse and sat down to wait at the top of the bank.

(Continued on next page)

**Chief Young-Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses “at home.” Pine Ridge, S.D.**



# The Fighting Cheyennes

(Continued from preceding page)

Presently two white men on horses came galloping toward him; Major Frank North and his brother, Luther. Tall Bull fired his rifle at the whites, then ducked below the edge of the bank to reload. He heard two horses stop, then gallop away. Cautiously, the chief raised his head to reconnoiter—and in that instant Frank North shot him through the forehead. The Major, by sending Luther racing away with both horses, had tricked the Dog Soldier chief into exposing himself.

Discouraged by the death of Roman Nose, Black Kettle and Tall Bull, the Cheyennes did little fighting after 1869 until the climactic years of 1876-77; the glorious, bitter years that marked the sudden collapse of the allied tribes after achieving brilliant victories over General Crook on the Rosebud and Custer at the Little Big Horn. In both these battles the Cheyennes played heroic if minor roles, since the Teton Sioux had replaced them as the mightiest Indian Nation on the Plains. Sitting Bull was now leader of the Sioux, succeeding Red Cloud who had been bamboozled by the whites at every turn following his earlier successes on the Powder in 1866-68. Sitting Bull had sworn to *Wakon Tonka* that he would never submit to the whites; but wise old Two Moon, the Cheyenne head chief, knew that defeat was inevitable. Somberly, he declared in council: "We are always hungry these days, for the buffalo are nearly all gone. Warriors are missing from every lodge, and our women cover their heads with their robes and mourn the dead. We are hunted like wolves just for defending our own lands. The white men come from the East in never-ending streams; we are being slowly driven into the sunset. Brothers, soon our Cheyenne Nation will be no more!"

CHEYENNE hunters spotted Crook's command near the headwaters of the Rosebud on June 16, 1876, and rushed word to the Sioux camps on Reno Creek of the enemy's invasion. Crook led a force of 1300 men, including 260 Crow and Shoshone scouts. One thousand Indians gathered to oppose him; Oglalas under Crazy Horse, Hunkpapa under Sitting Bull, smaller bands of Sans Arc, Brule, Minneconjou and about 100 Cheyennes.

Crow scouts riding ahead of Crook's advance squadrons met Cheyenne and Sioux scouts head-on in Rosebud Valley on June 17, and the battle was joined immediately. Contrary to all previous Indian tactics, the hostiles attacked the soldiers at once and in full force. Crook withdrew his troops to the shelter of the high bluffs on either side of the Valley, and the fighting raged furiously with vicious charges and countercharges from red men and white. Every soldier that Crook had, including his packers, jumped into the hot fight in a desperate attempt to stop the all-out Indian assault.

Stirring deeds of individual bravery distinguished the swirling close-quarter combat all along the irregular line of battle. The Cheyenne chief, Comes-in-Sight, was left helpless on the battlefield when his horse was shot from under him. Crow scouts whooped in triumph and headed for the Cheyenne to lift his scalp. The tall chief turned to face them, defiantly singing his death-song.

Comes-in-Sight's young sister, Buffa-

lo Calf Road Woman, quickly jumped on her pony and dashed out between the opposing forces to rescue her brother. Bullets kicked up dirt around her as she swung low to give the chief her hand. Comes-in-Sight grabbed her hand and leaped up behind her. The girl hit her pinto a belt with her quirt, and the three of them—brother, sister, and overloaded little horse—made it safely back to the Cheyenne line. The Cheyennes were so impressed with this demonstration of courage that henceforth they referred to the savage battle on the Rosebud as: "The Fight Where The Young Girl Saved Her Brother's Life."

Following Comes-in-Sight's dramatic rescue, Crook's left flank was crumpled by repeated charges. Hundreds of screeching hostiles ripped the troopers' thin line to shreds, threatening to roll



"We are hunted like wolves just for defending our own lands," declared wise old Two Moons, head chief of the Cheyennes. He saw the handwriting on the wall before most of his followers did. Photo courtesy Montana Historical Society. Copyright by Huffman, Miles, Montana.

up an entire battalion and turn Crook's stubborn defense into a rout. One troop alone managed to maintain its position. Captain Henry led his company in hand-to-hand fighting to extricate the surrounded soldiers. His men literally cut their way through a mass of fanatic warriors—and no sooner had the rescue been effected and the retreat begun, when the Indians surged back again. Henry took a slug full in the face and went down. The Sioux swarmed over him, their racing ponies lunging straight across the bloody spot where his body lay.

In Henry's dire extremity it was not his white comrades who were able to come to his aid. Chief Washakie, of the Shoshones, and Plenty Crows and Alligator-Stands-Up of the Crows, led a

gallant countercharge to save the horribly wounded officer. Shoulder to shoulder, Crows and Shoshones drove forward, stood over Henry, and held off the frenzied Sioux with thrusting lance and red-dripping tomahawk until the cavalry rallied and lunged back into the fray to get possession of their captain's unconscious body. They got him out somehow, and he subsequently recovered from his frightful wound to stay in the service and rise to the rank of brigadier general.

By this time, General Crook figured he'd had it. Despite his superiority in numbers, the canny Gray Fox pulled off and retreated southward, wondering what in hell had come over the Indians to fight like that. The Sioux and Cheyennes picked up their dead and wounded and headed west to the Valley of the Little Big Horn. They went into camp along the banks of that meandering stream, which they called the Greasy Grass.

WARRIORS from each of the Seven Council Fires of the Sioux poured into that camp on the Greasy Grass until the lodge-circles stretched for three miles along the river. Santees, Two Kettles and Blackfoot Sioux joined the Oglalas, Hunkpapas, Sans Arcs and Minneconjous until there were 2,000 fighting men in that great village. The people rested during the hot days and danced and feasted in the cool nights, waiting resignedly for the soldiers to catch up with them. They knew that the soldiers were coming soon. Sitting Bull, chief of the Hunkpapas, had dreamed of soldiers without ears falling into camp head-down from the sky. What the strange vision portended, none knew. Victory or defeat meant little difference now. Time was running out for the Plains Indian, and nobody seemed to care much one way or the other. They were tired of running.

Near noon on June 25 the soldiers came: General George Armstrong Custer and his gallant Seventh Cavalry. No need to repeat here in exhaustive detail the thrilling story of the battle known to every American schoolboy from the time he first learns to read. Not so generally known is the vital part played by four Cheyenne warriors in that battle. Military experts have long conjectured what might have happened had Custer continued his galloping charge straight through the Indian village instead of halting his men at the river ford. Conceivably, he might have won by staking everything on this daring gamble in the dashing manner of other Custer battles. The Indians themselves admitted after the fight that such a headlong attack would have thrown them into great confusion. Why didn't Custer take that gamble? Nobody will ever know for certain, but it is quite possible that the answer lies with the cold-steel courage of the Cheyenne brave known as Bob-Tail-Horse.

On the Washita, Custer had divided his command and won by attacking the Cheyenne camp from several points. But that had been in deep winter, with the Cheyenne ponies half-starved, far too weak to carry warriors in battle. Here, the Indian ponies were rested and well-fed, and Custer had four times as many warriors to whip. The "Boy General" decided to attack anyway.

The hastily formed battle plan was as follows: Major Reno, with three troops of cavalry and the Ree scouts, was to cross the river above the village and attack. Major Benteen, with three troops, was to scout on Reno's left.

(Continued on page 36)



# The Mysterious JOHN RINGO

Head of a rustler clan in Old Tombstone, John Ringo met an end that nobody has figured out yet.

by EDWARD M. DICKEY

Illustrated by R. L. McCollister

IF EVER a record were compiled of the bad men who drifted in and out of the booming settlement of Tombstone, Arizona, during the 70's nowhere on that long list could be found a more mystifying character than John Ringo, an outlaw so adroit in covering his tracks that nobody has ever yet been able to trace his complete history.

Arriving in Tombstone, Ringo mingled with the flotsam and jetsam drifting in from all over the world, yet he stood apart. A tall, handsome man with auburn hair, dark sombre eyes, easy manners, showing the marks of education and refinement—few suspected that beneath the surface he was as bloodthirsty, sardonic and ruthless as the rascally ole hellion, "Old Man" N. H. Clanton, leader of the outlaw and rustler fraternity which infested the surrounding territory.

It has been established that John Ringo was born in 1844 and was a cousin of the infamous Younger family. His real name was John Ringold. During an earlier period he participated in many a fracas with his Texan companions in the trail towns of Kansas, where incidentally, he had become acquainted with the Wyatt Earp cure for obstreperous cowboys. Ringold had also taken part in a number of cattle wars.

In 1876, while a cohort of the Scott Cooley faction in the recorded Mason County, Texas, feud, he had been apprehended and the following year had been incarcerated in Rusk Prison, Huntsville, Texas, a fellow convict of John Wesley Hardin, No. 1 gunslinger of Texas.

Escaping his guards, Ringold crossed the Arizona line, just "three jumps ahead of the sheriff." His arrival in the territory was as spectacular as his subsequent departure. No chapter of Cochise County history would be complete without mention of his name. John Ringo was a landmark.

"Ringo headed for Jake McCann's saloon in Antelope Springs—a scorching hot ride of nine miles across mesquite and cactus wastelands."



With the subjugation of the wild Apaches, who for generations had made Arizona unhealthy for settlement, the territory became a mecca in which every man with a price on his head sought sanctuary. Pima County, embracing some 28,000 square miles, was soon under the domination of an outlaw horde more diabolical than their predecessors, the Apaches.

THE phenomenal growth of Tombstone ushered in another era, and Cochise County was lopped off Pima County. The appointment of a sheriff named Johnnie Behan, by Governor Fremont, did not set well with Wyatt Earp. Resigning his deputyship, which he held under Sheriff Sibell, Wyatt secured an appointment from C. P. Dade as deputy United States Marshal.

As he had done in other frontier towns, Wyatt Earp set about bringing law and order into Tombstone, a move which was not taken kindly to by the cowboys or rustlers. Behan, jealous of what he termed Wyatt's usurpation, became antagonistic and fostered the animosity shown by the cowboy element towards his rival Earp. If the marshal apprehended a cowboy, the sheriff released him, and it was only a matter of time before the two factions would clash in open combat.

In December 1881, Doc Holliday, an Earp henchman, was accosted by John Ringo in front of the Cosmopolitan.

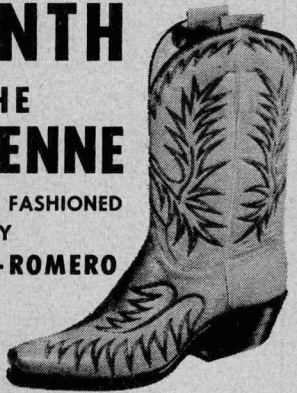
"What's all this talk you have been doing against me?" demanded Ringo.

(Continued on page 55)

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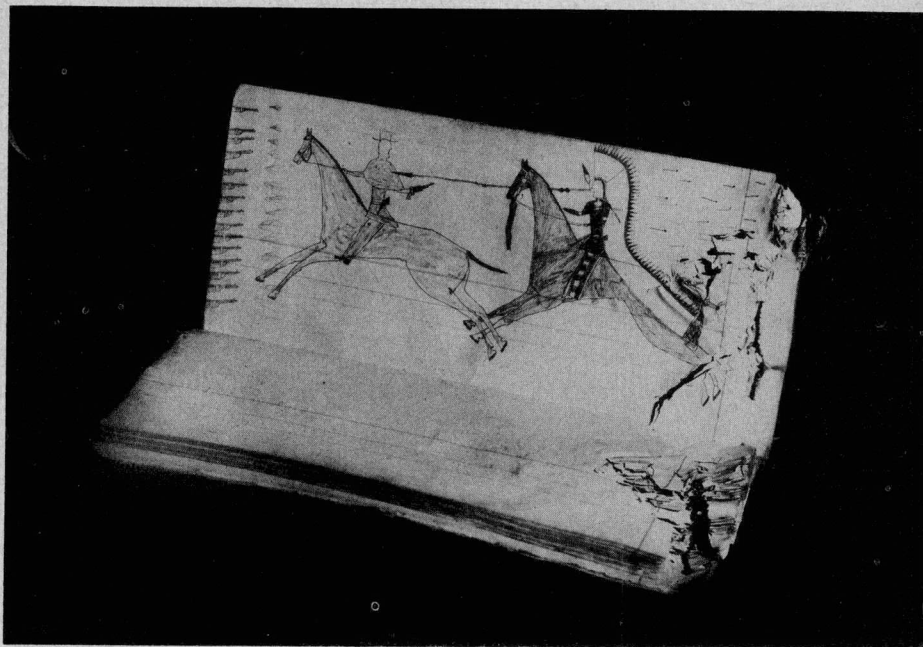
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# The Fighting Cheyennes

(Continued from page 34)



Page from the notebook of a Northern Cheyenne Indian in which he drew colored pictures in crayon while in confinement at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, during the winter of 1878-79. Deeds of several of his tribe are depicted during their famous march from Indian territory to Wyoming territory. Book is torn by a bullet hole made during the Cheyenne outbreak in which the Indian was killed.

One troop, Captain McDougall commanding, was to guard the pack-mule ammunition train and follow Reno. Custer, leading the remaining five troops of the Seventh, was to drive downriver on the east bank and seek a crossing to attack the village from that side. Incredibly, Custer apparently made no provision for timing all three attacks simultaneously. Reno was first stopped cold in his attack on the Hunk-papa camp and then beaten into wild flight across the river to the hills beyond. Benteen and McDougall arrived in sight of the village in time to see Reno chased across the river, and joined him on the hills.

Custer, driving downriver, must have heard the heavy firing, but gave it no heed. Confidently, he approached the ford near the mouth of Reno Creek.

The sprawling Indian village at this point was thrown into utter panic by the rapid approach of the cavalry. Most of the fighting men had galloped hastily up-river to stop Reno and were now besieging Reno and Benteen atop the high hills across the Little Big Horn. The camp was virtually stripped of warriors—except for Bob-Tail-Horse, Roan Bear, Calf, and one other whose name has not survived the lapse of 77 years. Now, in this moment of terrible danger to their loved ones, these four braves crossed the river and rode forward at a steady jog-trot to meet Yellow Hair.

Mad Wolf, an older man and a wise counsellor, rode with the dauntless four a little distance and tried to dissuade them from throwing their lives away: "My sons," said Mad Wolf, "do not charge upon the soldiers now; they are too many. Wait until our brothers return to help." Bob-Tail-Horse gravely replied: "Only the earth and the mountains live forever, my uncle. If we four can stop the soldiers from crossing the river and getting into the camp among the women and children, our lives will matter nothing."

Mad Wolf bowed his head and turned his pony away, riding off to the side. Bob-Tail-Horse and his three friends came up behind a little ridge on the river bank, and here they stopped and began to shoot at the soldiers as fast as they could work their guns. One soldier fell out of his saddle; an officer shouted a command, and all the troopers stopped their horses and huddled together about a hundred yards away. Five Sioux braves now joined the Cheyennes behind the ridge, and these nine warriors stood off Custer's whole force until all the fighting men came racing back from harrying Reno and Benteen. The Boy General had missed his one chance; he and his entire outfit were doomed to swift destruction from that moment forward.

No completely acceptable explanation of Custer's inexplicable and fatal hesitation at the ford can be advanced at this late date. Perhaps the bold bearing of Bob-Tail-Horse and his few comrades led him to suspect a trap. One thing alone is sure: the dashing General's uncharacteristic timidity at a desperately critical moment cost his life and the lives of more than two hundred troopers on that steaming Sunday afternoon of June 25, 1876, at the Little Big Horn.

**A**FTER the Custer battle, the allied war party scattered in all directions, fearful of the Great White Father's vengeance. No feasting and dancing followed this greatest of all Indian victories over the soldiers; the tribes were anxious to avoid further trouble in order to prepare for winter. Weeks of running and fighting had left the *parfleche* cases empty of pemmican; much hunting needed to be done at once. Two Moon's band of Cheyennes went into camp near Tongue River and settled down to killing what buffalo and antelope the far-ranging hunters could scare up.

Dull Knife's band, comprising 200

True West

edges with about 400 warriors, moved to the Big Horn Mountains and went to camp near the head of Powder river. The old chief was weary and deeply depressed; he announced at council that no member of his band could henceforth pull a trigger in battle unless first attacked. His statement was received in silence by his subchiefs. Most of Dull Knife's band harbored a deep, smoldering resentment against the whites. Only Black Hairy Dog, Keeper of the Sacred Medicine arrows replacing those stolen by the Pawnees in 1830, agreed with the chief that their only chance of survival lay in making peace with the whites.

Late in November of 1876, General Mackenzie's cavalry moved out of Fort Letterman with instructions from Colonel Crook to round up all hostiles encountered. Mackenzie was actually seeking Crazy Horse's band of Oglala Sioux, but scouts brought word of Dull Knife's village on the Powder, and the general altered his plans in accordance. Against Dull Knife's 400 warriors, Mackenzie could throw 800 men, nearly half of whom were Indians recruited from reservations. Indicative of the sad and tragic times was the fact that a number of Mackenzie's 363 Indians were Cheyennes.

Dull Knife's camp lay in a deep, crater-like valley in a fold of the Big Horns. Narrow passes slashed the high, rocky walls of the valley, which was centrally traversed by a shallow stream lined with cottonwoods and heavy brush. The Cheyenne lodges were grouped along this stream in the center of the valley.

Bitter dissension wracked the Cheyenne camp on the evening of November 25. Scouts had discovered the approaching troops while they were yet forty miles away, and Dull Knife thought it best to strike the lodges at once and flee deeper into the mountains. Young Two Moon (nephew of Chief Two Moon) warned that many Indians, including the hated Pawnees, accompanied the white troops and that "a big fight" was certain if they remained encamped in the valley. Black Hairy Dog urged that everybody move out at once. Last Bull, chief of the powerful Fox Soldier Society, disagreed violently with Dull Knife and Black Hairy Dog. He made a fiery speech to the assembled warriors, inquiring sarcastically if they were men or old women. As for himself, the Fox Soldier chief

declared fiercely, *he* would stay and fight the soldiers and their renegade Indian friends all by himself if others turned coward and ran off into the mountains. Little Wolf, war chief of the band, electrified the meeting and brought the wavering braves neatly into line by leaping to his feet with a whoop and proposing an immediate scalp-dance.

The temperature stood at well below zero in the snow-covered valley, but that made no difference to the excited Cheyennes. All night long, men and women pranced and sang around the blazing fires to the savage rhythm of drum and flute and rattle. Near dawn, just as the dance was ending and the tired participants made ready for bed, the Pawnee scouts of Mackenzie's command were creeping close about the unguarded camp, lining up the attack.

**D**AWN was breaking when the General gave the order to charge the village. His Indian scouts had been placed carefully all around the camp, with Major North's Pawnees leading the assault on the right. Just behind the Pawnees rode the cavalry, with instructions to surround the lodges and prevent the Cheyennes' escape.

The attack was perfectly timed and smartly executed. Many of the warriors had left the dance by this time and were sleeping naked in their lodges. North's shrieking Pawnees swept straight through the village to reach the stream in the middle. Here their horses stuck in the half-frozen mud, giving the Cheyennes along the opposite bank precious time to hustle the women and children off into the maze of gulches and ravines stretching away beyond their lodges. That accomplished, the warriors grabbed their guns and took up a position in a deep gully from whence they could fire into the invaders.

Mackenzie quickly spotted this maneuver of the Cheyennes and ordered Lieutenant McKinney, with Company M of the Fourth Cavalry, to dislodge them. The warriors waited coolly until the troopers were almost upon them before firing together. McKinney went down, riddled by six bullets. Four men in line beside him were knocked off their horses by the terrific blast of rifle-fire, and the attack piled up in disorder. The Cheyennes whooped in triumph and dashed from cover to count coup on the fallen troopers; thereby exposing

(Continued on following page)



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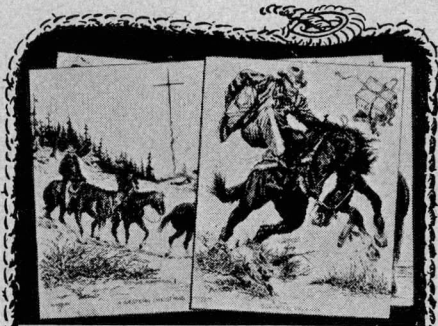
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## The Fighting Cheyennes

(Continued from preceding page)

themselves to a deadly counter-attack. Captain Hamilton, leading a supporting company of the Fifth Cavalry, now charged the Cheyennes and wiped them out almost to a man. Hamilton himself killed two braves with his saber. Thirty warriors died in furious hand-to-hand fighting before the few survivors broke away and fled to the rocky slopes back of camp.

The fight now resolved into a long-range sniping match between the opposing forces. Psychology was tried on both sides; Cheyenne-speaking scout Bill Rowland calling out to the Cheyennes to surrender, and the Cheyennes shouted back defiantly. Dull Knife, alone, mourning that he had lost three sons in the fighting, said he was ready to make peace. The old chief also took this opportunity to thank the soldier-chief for not killing women and children. He was repeating his offer to surrender when Little Wolf broke in angrily to denounce Mackenzie's Indian scouts. "Go home, you have no business here!" shouted Little Wolf. "We can whip these white men alone, but we can't fight Indians, too. You men ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Go home!"

By noon the fight had practically ended; the shivering Cheyenne survivors had slipped away into the hills, heading for Crazy Horse's Oglala camp on distant Beaver Creek. They had only a few horses, a dozen buffalo robes and little clothing.

Behind them, the Pawnees and the cavalry promptly set to work firing the camp. Everything was destroyed in that roaring holocaust: robes, blankets, saddles, kettles, hides, clothing. The buffalo and antelope meat so painstakingly collected to feed the band through the winter months was burned, along with fat, marrow and tallow preserved in scores of buffalo bladders. Seven hundred ponies had been captured; one hundred of these the thrifty Pawnees were allowed to load with weapons and choice plunder.

Eleven children froze to death during the Cheyennes' desperate flight through the storm-swept mountains to the camp of Crazy Horse. All the horses had to be killed for food before the terrible journey was ended. Old women saved their lives by thrusting hands and feet into the warm entrails of the butchered horses; old men, unable to walk further, lay down quietly in the drifting snow to wait for death. Warriors, raging silently against the white destroyers and their treacherous Indian allies, vowed vengeance in full measure once they had joined forces with Crazy Horse and his Oglalas.

Crazy Horse disappointed them. The great young fighting leader of the Sioux flatly refused to join the Cheyennes in reckless last-ditch reprisals against the whites. Gladly he supplied them with horses, robes and clothing, and shared his scanty food supply—but he would not agree to fight the whites again. "It is useless," said Crazy Horse. "The *Washichus* outnumbered the blades of grass on the prairie; we Indians can no longer stand against them. Friend *Shahielas*, it is time for us all to be smart and prepare to walk the white man's road. Otherwise we shall all be killed!"

Dull Knife agreed with Crazy Horse. "What you say is true, my son. We Cheyennes are through trying to fight the whirlwind. We will surrender to the

white soldier-chiefs and try to live a white men do."

**T**HE Cheyennes surrendered to General Nelson Miles at Fort Keogh in the spring of 1877. Thirty young braves, still indignant at Crazy Horse's "betrayal," promptly enlisted as scouts with Miles cavalry to assist in rounding up the Sioux. The remainder were sent south to Darlington Reservation, Indian Territory (now Oklahoma) to live with their relatives—the Southern Cheyennes.

At first it seemed that peace and prosperity so ardently desired for his people by Dull Knife was now to be their lot. Gradually, however, the old chief came bitterly to realize that he had been duped by the smooth-talking white men into consenting to a fatal move. The whites had lied when they said there was plenty of game on the reservation. The buffalo had long been exterminated there, and 5,000 Arapahoes and Southern Cheyennes had made short work of killing off the smaller game. Too proud to beg from their relatives or the Arapahoes, the newly arrived Northern Cheyennes began to starve. Fever decimated them; within a year of their arrival from the dry and healthful climate of Montana and North Dakota, more than half of them were dead. Agent John Miles was guilty of the understatement of the century when he declared in a report to Congress: "The Cheyennes have lived—and that is about all." Yet it was not Miles' fault. The bedeviled Agent later testified before a Senate Committee that he never received supplies to subsist the Indians for more than nine months of each fiscal year. The Indians were life-long meat-eaters—and what few beeves the Government furnished them were little more than skin and bone. It was inevitable that they soon sickened and died.

About the middle of August, 1878, Dull Knife and Little Wolf went to plead with the Agent to allow the Cheyennes to go home. Dull Knife was too ill and shaky to talk; Little Wolf acted as his spokesman. The war chief talked slowly and with grave earnestness in Miles' office, facing the Agent and two officers from nearby Fort Reno: "We have come to ask the Agent that we be sent home to our own country in the mountains. My people were raised there, in a land of pines and clear cold rivers. There, we were always healthy, for there was meat enough for all. We were happy there until the Great Father's soldiers brought us here. Now, in the year that we have been in this southern country, more than half of us have died. This is not a good place for us—there is too much heat and dust and sickness, and not enough food. We wish to return to our home in the mountains. If you have not the power to allow us to go there, let some of us go on to Washington and tell them there how it is; or do you write to Washington and get permission for us to go back North."

Miles glanced in weary resignation to the Army officers. "You see how it is? The situation is maddening—unbearable! What in God's name am I to do with these people?"

The question was purely rhetorical; Miles expected no answer and received none. He turned to Little Wolf and spoke in Cheyenne: "That is a fine speech, Little Wolf, but I can do nothing now. Stay here for one more year and then I will see what can be done for you."

Little Wolf shook his head. "No, we cannot stay here another year; we must go now. Before another year has passed we shall all be dead. *We must go now!*"

Agent Miles had spoken the truth; he

True West

ould do nothing. Seemingly realizing his, the two chiefs accepted a gift of obacco and left his office.

**T**HREE weeks later, Miles summoned Little Wolf to his office. The Agent was upset and angry. Three young braves from Little Wolf's band had run off the Reservation, according to the Arapahoes, and the Agent wanted the chief to turn over ten men as hostages until the soldiers caught the runaways and brought them back.

The war chief folded his arms and looked Miles straight in the eyes. "I will not do as you ask. If you follow those three men, you cannot find them. Three men who are traveling over the country can hide, so that they cannot be found. You never could get back these three men, so you would never set my men free. You would keep them always."

The fuming Agent fought briefly to control his temper—and lost. "You must do as I say!" he snapped. "If you do not give me these ten men, I will give you no rations. Your people will starve!"

Little Wolf stared contemptuously at Miles. "My friend, you must think me a fool! My people have been hungry ever since we were brought to this country, so you cannot frighten me with loud talk of starving. Last night I saw children eating grass because they had no food. Will you take the grass from them?"

The war chief paused, waiting politely for Miles to reply. The Agent made a choking sound in his throat, but that was all. Little Wolf continued: "I am now going to my camp. I do not wish the ground about this Agency to be made bloody, but now listen to what I say to you! I am going to leave here; I am going North to my own country. I do not want to see blood spilled about this Agency. If you are going to send soldiers after me, I wish that you would let me get a little distance away from this Agency. Then if you want to fight, I will fight you, and we can make the ground bloody at that place."

Next morning at daybreak the Northern Cheyennes started out boldly for home—for the Powder River country, a thousand miles away. There were three hundred people, including about eighty warriors under the leadership of Little Wolf.

Late in the afternoon of the second day of their flight, two companies of

cavalry caught up with the runaways camped on Little Medicine Lodge River. The captain commanding the troops sent an Arapahoe scout forward to parley with the Cheyennes. Little Wolf told his warriors: "Do not shoot until the troops have fired. Let them shoot first. I will go out and talk to them. If they shoot, I will be the first man killed. Then you can fight."

Ghost Man, the Arapahoe scout, called out nervously to Little Wolf: "The white men want you to go back . . . If you will surrender and return to the Reservation, they will give you rations and treat you well."

Little Wolf answered carefully, so that he would not be misunderstood: "Tell them that we do not want to fight; that we will not go back. We are leaving this country. I have no quarrel with anyone. I hold up my right hand that I do not wish to fight with the whites; but we are going to our old home to stay there."

The Arapahoe shouted back, repeating what he had said, and again Little Wolf repeated firmly: "No, we are going back to the country where we were born and brought up."

Ghost Man now went back toward the troops and Little Wolf followed after him to talk to his commander. A soldier squeezed off a carbine at the approaching Cheyenne, and Little Wolf turned and waved his warriors to the attack. The Cheyennes charged and drove the cavalry back from their camp. Fighting continued until dark. Three soldiers were killed in this brush, including a sergeant and the Arapahoe scout. Five Cheyennes were wounded.

Next morning the cavalry tried to rush the Cheyenne camp and were beaten off again. Shots were exchanged until noon, when the soldiers suddenly quit fighting in obedience to a bugle call and rode off down the river. The Cheyennes remained in camp that night before starting on north the next morning.

Traveling by night and resting by day, the fugitive Cheyennes reached the Cimarron River before being attacked again. Here, a small force of cavalry, reinforced by a rag-tag posse of civilians, rashly attempted to halt the grim Dog Soldiers. The Cheyennes

(Continued on following page)



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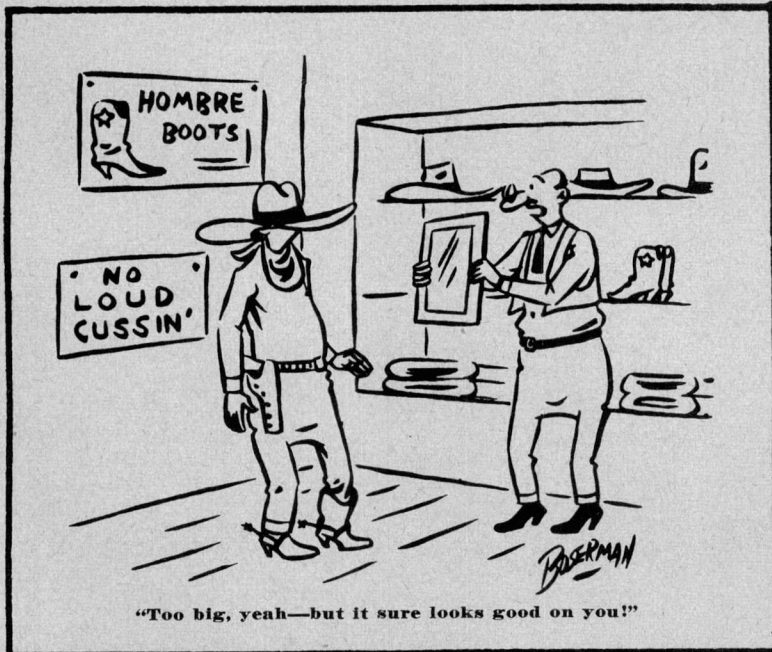
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**The Fighting Cheyennes**

(Continued from preceding page)

scattered them with a single volley, and kept on riding northward toward the Arkansas River.

ON the Arkansas, the hungry Cheyennes came upon a party of hide hunters and captured them without firing a shot. The six white men were so surprised at the sight of the traveling Indian village that they never made a move to fight. The Cheyennes took their guns—six heavy Sharps' rifles—and the eighteen buffalo cows they had killed, and let them go unharmed. The women prepared a feast of sizzling buffalo ribs and fat hump meat, and the lean warriors ate well for the first time in more than a year. Even gloomy old Dull Knife became cheerful after the whopping meal, and sat before his lodge smiling and smoking his pipe while the kids played soldier and Indian around him.

Crossing the Arkansas next day, they camped that night on a little creek. Hunters shot buffalo with the new rifles, while the women made breastworks on the low hills back of camp. Scouts posted on the highest hill reported soldiers following their trail on the morning of the second day of their stay in this camp. The Cheyennes retreated behind their breastworks and waited for the troops to open the ball.

The soldiers corralled their wagons in plain sight of the watching Indians, then dismounted and marched toward the breastworks. Little Wolf sat in front of his fortifications, calmly smoking his battered corn-cob pipe and talking encouragingly to his warriors. "See how silly these white men fight!" he chuckled. "Already they are wasting ammunition shooting at us, though they are beyond good rifle range. Let them come on; do not fire a shot. Lie quiet; make sure your guns are loaded and ready."

Soon the bullets were kicking up dirt about Little Wolf, but the chief never flinched. "Don't get excited," he told a jittery youngster near him, "keep cool and listen to me." By this time the soldiers had begun to climb the hill, and Little Wolf said: "Now fire—and let every bullet count for a man!" The Cheyennes began a steady fire, and the troops broke and fled in disorder, leaving half a dozen dead on the field. The officers pulled them together and started them up the hill again, but they could not reach the top. The fight continued until dark, when the soldiers retreated to their wagon corral. The Cheyennes moved out under cover of night and turned the heads of their ponies northward.

Straight as the crow flies they headed home, keen-eyed Dog Soldiers guarding the flanks and rear of the hurrying cavalcade. Little Wolf rode tirelessly in the lead, keeping an eye on everything. Around them the telegraph wires crackled messages to outlying Army posts: WATCH FOR THE CHEYENNES! A cordon of troops numbering 13,000, under command of General Crook himself, was flung across Kansas and Nebraska. Trains bearing howitzers and artillerymen patrolled the railroads; jumpy train crews peered anxiously across the rolling prairie, vainly trying to catch sight of the elusive fugitives.

NEAR Ogalalla, on the South Platte, the Cheyennes got through the troops by boldly fording the stream at a point

midway between two cavalry camps. On the north shore of the river they split up into small parties, wrapped the hoofs of their ponies with strips torn from their blankets and passed silently as shadows within a hundred yards of the pickets. One sentinel reported hearing a "queer sound" at midnight, but noticed nothing more. The sound was an Indian pony's snort of alarm choked off by strong fingers before it hardly started.

Across the river and well past the cavalry camps, the Cheyennes reunited and pushed on to the North Platte. Here, near the mouth of White Clay Creek, they stopped for a full day's rest and to patch up the wounded. Six graves dotted the long trail behind them.

At White Clay Creek the trail forked for the hunted Indians. Dull Knife, with about 150 followers, decided to go into Red Cloud Agency and surrender. Little Wolf, with the remaining Indians, kept on north. The war chief regretted Dull Knife's decision; he considered it unwise to split up the band. He smoked in silence for a time after Dull Knife had spoken. "My brother, you can go into the Agency if you wish; but I intend to work my way up to the Powder River country," he said finally. "I think it will be better for us all if the party is not divided." But Dull Knife shook his head, and the matter was settled.

After the split-up, Little Wolf and his band kept on deep into the desolate Sand Hills. All winter they lived there in peace and seclusion. There were no buffalo, but the hunters brought in deer and antelope; they had enough to eat. Scouts kept a continual lookout for soldiers, and sometimes spotted them in the distance; but the Indian camp was never discovered. They left the Sand Hills in March and pushed on toward Powder River. At the mouth of the Powder they ran into Lieutenant W. P. Clark, accompanied by a number of Sioux and Cheyenne scouts. Clark, an experienced hand at dealing with Indians, had been sent out by General Miles from Fort Keogh to try to intercept Little Wolf. The troops had entirely lost the trail of the Cheyennes in the Sand Hills and had chucked the whole irritating business.

Lieutenant Clark, known as White Hat to Little Wolf, talked earnestly to the chief. "I have prayed to God that I might find my friend Little Wolf, and now I have done so. I have come to you as a friend; I want you people to turn over your arms and go with me to Fort Keogh. Bear Coat (General Miles) wishes to see you and to make peace with you."

Little Wolf listened carefully to



"Watch the look on his face when I pull this keg of water out of the bag!"

Clark's words. He filled his pipe with the lieutenant's tobacco and smoked, pondering them well. Finally he gave his answer: "It is well; we will go with you wherever you say."

At the Fort, the General—who was known and respected by the Cheyennes as one soldier-chief who spoke with a straight tongue—shook hands warmly with Little Wolf and said to him: "You and I have been fighting each other for a long time. Now, today, we meet and shake hands and will always be friends. I want you to give me all your horses. Then we will eat and sleep and talk again tomorrow." The chief agreed to this, and told his people to turn over all their horses to General Miles. They obeyed, giving him every horse they had.

NEXT day, the General and Little Wolf met again, and Miles suggested that the chief and his warriors enlist with the Army as scouts to help the soldiers round up the remnants of the defeated Sioux Nation yet on American soil. But the chief was not going to be rushed into a hasty decision. "My friend," he answered, "I have been traveling and fighting for a long time now, and I am tired. I do not like this at present."

Miles, a shrewd operator, did not push the weary war chief. "Very well," he replied, "think the matter over and see how you feel about it."

Little Wolf rested for three days, talking the matter over with his warriors. He didn't think much of Miles' offer himself; but his young men eagerly welcomed a chance to get even with the Sioux for failing to join up with them at Beaver Creek. The chief yielded to the majority, and enlisted with Miles. Bear Coat's diplomacy and knowledge of Indian psychology had won out.

TRAGICALLY different was the fate of Dull Knife and his band. At White Creek the old chief had turned westward in the direction of Red Cloud Agency and Fort Robinson. Unfortunately, the Agency had been abandoned while the Cheyennes had been exiled in the south. Confused by this unexpected development, Dull Knife moved on to Fort Robinson and surrendered to the soldiers there.

For two months the Cheyennes lived happily at the Fort while Captain Wessels, the CO, awaited orders from Washington. The orders arrived finally in the form of a curt telegram from the Indian Bureau: SEND THE CHEYENNES BACK TO DARLINGTON.

Wessels sent for Dull Knife at once and informed him of the Government's decision. The old chief indignantly refused to accept it. "We will not go back there to live. That is not a healthful country; if we should stay there, we would all die. We do not wish to go back there, and we will not go."

Through an interpreter the CO replied: "It is not for you to say what you will or will not do. I have my orders from the Great Father. Tell your people to get ready to move south at once."

Dull Knife did not falter. He answered steadily, "No, I am here on my own ground, and I will never go back. You may kill me here, but you cannot make me go back!"

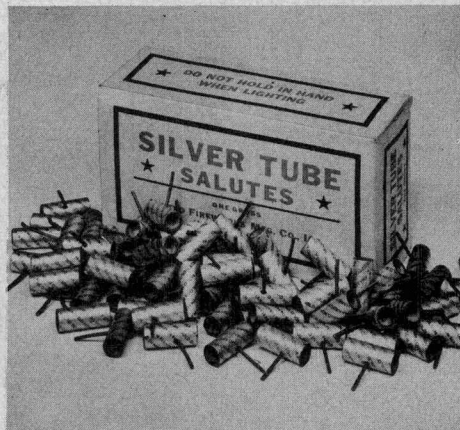
For a week Captain Wessels hammered away at the chief, trying to make him change his mind. Always Dull Knife refused. Finally, Wessels lost patience with the "stubborn old fool" and ordered all the Indians into a freezing barracks, with neither food nor water. At the end of three days, the Captain invited the women and children to come out of the barracks, leaving  
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## The Fighting Cheyennes

(Continued from page 41)

their men behind until they "got some sense in their heads." The women ignored the CO's offer.

Cheyenne-speaking interpreters induced Wild Hog, Crow, and Strong Left Hand to come out of the barracks by promising them food and good treatment. Once outside the door, they were seized and dragged to the guardhouse. Wild Hog drew his knife and tried to commit suicide. While the soldiers were struggling with him, Strong Left Hand escaped and dashed back to the barracks, yelling: "They have got Wild Hog; they are going to handcuff him!"

"Now," said Dull Knife to his warriors, "dress yourselves in your best clothes and sing your death-songs, for we must prepare to die!"

For three more days the Cheyennes remained in the barracks without heat, food or water in below-zero weather. Some of the older men became delirious and babbled of ancient buffalo hunts and hoary battles against the Ho he and the Pawnees. The children grew so frantic for water they scraped away all the snow that had collected on the windowledges. Women kept up a continual low moaning, and sleep was impossible for anyone.

On the third day, Captain Wessels—speaking through his interpreter—gave the Cheyennes their "last chance" to give up and go south. Dull Knife replied, weakly but firmly: "We will not go. The only way to get us there is to come in here with clubs and knock us on the head and drag us out and take us down there dead. We have nothing to defend ourselves with, and if you want to you can come in here with clubs and kill us all like dogs."

At sunset of January 9, 1879, Little Shield, the Dog Soldier chief of the band, said to the others: "Now the time has come for us to die like Cheyennes and not like foxes in a trap. Make yourselves ready, for tonight we will break out of here and run for the hills!"

Near dusk the break was made. Little Shield led the way, having first assembled the few guns and revolvers the Dog Soldiers had managed to hide piecemeal in the clothing of the women and children. Little Shield's first shot killed

a guard patrolling near the barracks, and at the signal, warriors smashed the window-sashes and leaped out shooting. The people followed; all ran for the hills, with the soldiers chasing them.

The old men and women and the children were the first to be killed, since they could not run as fast as the others. Some of the Indians stopped to drink at a half-frozen stream. Many others were killed. The water turned bloody.

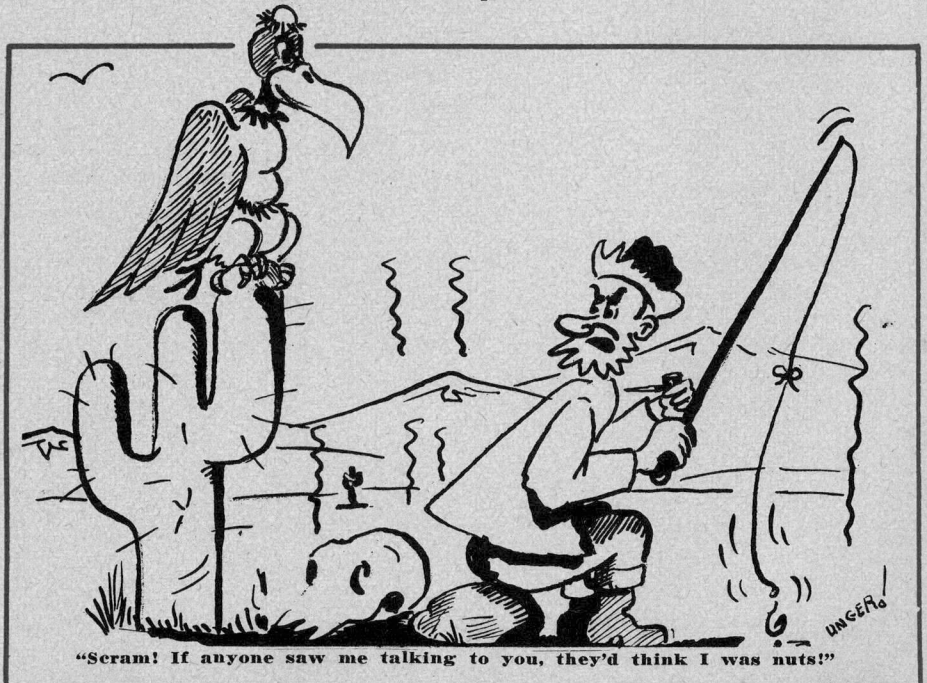
**FIFTY** Cheyennes—men, women and children—died in the crimsoned snow on that moonlit night of January 9, 1879, before the kill-crazed troopers stopped shooting. Twenty more died of wounds and exposure before the dazed survivors were rounded up and thrown back into the barracks. Among the few to escape were Dull Knife and his wife and son, who hid in a great hole in the rocks until the soldiers gave up hunting them. Later, under cover of darkness, the chief and his family got away to Pine Ridge Agency by traveling at night for eighteen nights. They ate bark and roots and finally their own moccasins before reaching Pine Ridge. More dead than alive they crept up to Bill Rowland's cabin and knocked feebly on the interpreter's door. Rowland took them in, fed them, treated their frost-bitten hands and feet, and later arranged for their permanent residence at the Agency.

Thirty-one warriors fled into the broken hills beyond Fort Robinson and fought a running engagement with Wessels' cavalry for six days before being mopped up. They made their last stand in a washout among the Hat Creek bluffs, many of them wounded, most of them half-frozen and all exhausted.

Wessels ringed the gully with 300 troopers and called upon the Cheyennes to surrender. Three shots were his answer—the last three cartridges left in the Cheyenne rifles. The troops advanced, firing. Three Dog Soldiers rose out of the gully to meet them; all that was left alive of thirty-one. They had no more ammunition, so they clubbed their empty guns and charged; three against three hundred. The soldiers shot them to pieces.

So it ended, in a bloody gully in the Hat Rock Bluffs, the gallant saga of the Fighting Cheyennes.

The ancient prophecy of the Sacred Medicine Arrows had finally come to pass.



"Scram! If anyone saw me talking to you, they'd think I was nuts!"

## Ghostly Belmont

(Continued from page 19)

culminated in gunplay, Sutherland being wounded by Walker. The latter was subsequently arrested, jailed in lieu of bailbond, and bound over to await action by the next grand jury.

The shooting had occurred May 20, 1874. On May 31, the pair made their escape from the flimsy jail. "A pen-knife or similar instrument was used to make a hole through the back wall," satirized the Belmont *Courier*.

Two days later the men were found hiding in an abandoned mine shaft by Sheriff Jim Caldwell and were returned to jail.

About 12 o'clock that night the sheriff's office was filled suddenly with purposeful men. Disarming and binding Caldwell and his deputy, P. E. Turner, the delegation removed both prisoners from their cells and escorted them to the basement of the makeshift courthouse. Boring a quartet of holes in the first floor above, ropes were strung over the joists and their free ends knotted around the victims' necks.

When the sheriff and his deputy were subsequently discovered and released from their bonds by Night Watchman Gates, the trio hurried below where they found McIntyre and Walker hanging inertly from the basement ceiling. Pinned to the sweat-encrusted back of each man's shirt was a piece of paper bearing the notation "301"—signature of the Vigilantes.

WHILE violent death was never long absent from young Belmont, what was perhaps her least laudable episode occurred in the spring of 1867. At that time the Nevada mines were worked largely by Cornish and Irish emigrants. Between the two factions lay an ages-old feud transplanted to this country from Bantry Bay and Land's End.

When closure of the Silver Bend mine at Belmont was ordered by Eastern directors, Irish miners employed there flamed with immediate suspicion. Work had been progressing well and there had been no indication of diminishing ore bodies. The men immediately interpreted this move as only a token close-down. Upon reopening, so rumor spread, the mine would be restaffed with Cornish labor, then procurable at a lower wage.

As the unfounded rumor gained momentum, blood grew hotter. By nightfall a surging mob had overpowered and kidnapped Tom Canfield, manager of the Silver Bend. Uncomfortably perched astride a rail borne on burly Irish shoulders, the perspiring Canfield was paraded through Belmont's main street. Halting at each saloon en route, the unruly throng collected liquid fortifications and additional recruits.

As drunkenness and mob hysteria mounted, Canfield's captors grew in viciousness until the taunts and ridicule heaped upon him struck new lows in obscenity. When his bearers elected to celebrate with their fellows at High-bridge saloon, Canfield was dumped from the rail to be held under gunpoint guard. Later as preparations were made to resume march, the mine boss was ordered to climb back on the rail.

"If you do not choose to get on that rail, Mr. Canfield, you need not do so,

(Continued on following page)

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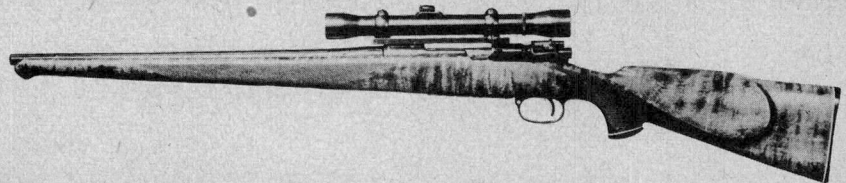
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**Ghostly Belmont**

(Continued from preceding page)

you know." It was a gentleman's voice and the words were spoken quietly and pleasantly; yet something in their timbre caused them to be heard above the drunken orgy.

Wheeling to determine the source of this unexpected opposition, the seething miners beheld Louis M. Bodrow, a former marshal at Austin, and a friend of many of those in the mob. Standing close by Canfield's side, Bodrow returned the men's hostile stares with calm contempt.

Voicing a foul oath, a miner by the name of Pat Digman lashed out at the ex-marshal, his iron-hard fist smashing full into the other's face.

By way of adding to the melee, another mobster discharged his pistol. Within seconds, the dark mountain street was a roaring hell of haphazard gunfire, flashing knives and flying hax-makers.

**W**HEN sheer exhaustion brought the fight to a close, it was found that the mine boss had been rescued by friends and spirited away. Scores of miners had been wounded. In widening pools of blood in the street lay Bodrow and Digman, both dead.

To fix direct responsibility for Bodrow's death was impossible, since his body was virtually riddled with bullet holes and stab wounds. Of the two shots which had been fired from his pistol, apparently one had brought death to Digman.

Returned to his home city of Austin, the former law officer was buried with full military honors by the Lander guard.

Before 1885 the Belmont district had produced more than \$15,000,000 in silver and lead. With Tonopah's rise to mining prominence in 1900, the old town to the north gradually wasted away; and even as she had wrested the county seat from Ione more than a generation previously, so she was to eventually lose it in 1904 to flourishing young Tonopah.

Dominating Belmont's ghost, as it did her glory, the old brick courthouse still stands ruggedly firm; but today finds those tall, narrow windows framing a scene of loneliness and devastation. For nearly half a century the old building has stood empty and unused but for wandering prospectors and Indians who have camped in its shade and prowled through its hollow corridors.

Across the street and a block away stands the old Cosmopolitan Music Hall where young Fay Templeton and other theatrical notables of the day presented "chaste entertainments geared to the most fastidious taste."

Elsewhere over the townsite stands a multitude of stone and brick walls—the crumbling remains of assay offices and hotels, bars and brothels, barber shops, mines and mills. At the foot of a high, scenic cliff a mile from town, pinon pines and junipers cast their peaceful shade over several score headboards, a plethora of fallen palings, and a few wrought-iron fences. Here, in these sunken graves, lie the nameless stalwarts who built a boom town high in a snowy valley between the Toquimas and the Monitor ranges.

In them the ghostly old city of Belmont has her last permanent residents.



Belle Starr's grave near the old Briar-town trail where she was slain from ambush.

**Outlaw Queen**

(Continued from page 15)

doing all right. Myra Belle settled down to an apparently quiet and orderly life, attending the community school during the day and turning to her music and reading history of evenings. One might have concluded that her flamboyant, revenge-inspired desires had died away and would never return.

She was now a buxom, black-haired, handsome black-eyed lass of eighteen. Young swains of the community kept their spurs hot riding to and from the Shirley ranch. But Myra Belle gave her heart to none of them.

Then, on a July day in 1866, Cole Younger rode up to the Shirley place with his three brothers and Frank and Jesse James. They had just pulled their first bank robbery at Liberty, Missouri, and had come to Texas to cool their heels. From the moment Myra Belle set eyes upon the tall, dark, 24-year-old former guerrilla captain under Quantrill, she was in love. She and Cole took frequent moonlight rides together, and when Cole rode back with the gang to Missouri in the spring of 1867, he left her pregnant. When the child was born, it was named Pearl Younger.

Scandal swept the countryside. Scyene society ostracized Myra Belle. Her family upbraided her severely. But she boldly proclaimed the child was Cole Younger's. Leaving it in care of her parents, she headed for Missouri to join him.

Meanwhile, the Youngers and the James boys had grown nationally notorious with their daring bank and train

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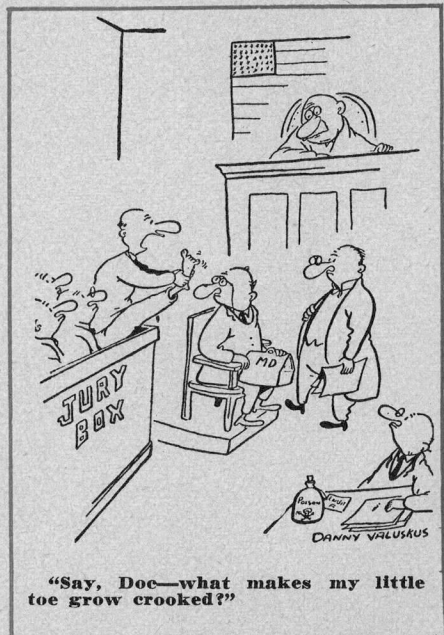
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hold-ups. Pinkerton detectives and law-enforcement officers everywhere were looking for them. At Northfield, Minnesota, the gang tried robbing two banks at once and were nearly annihilated. Only Frank and Jesse James escaped. Cole Younger was captured and sentenced to the state prison for life. Myra Belle stayed with him until the iron doors clanged between them.

**S**HE ventured back to Texas. She wanted to see her child again. But she didn't stay around Scyene much. Dallas was a routin', tootin' cowtown, and the constant excitement was a source of joy to Belle's lost soul. For a while she sang in a dance hall, then turned gambler and dealt monte, faro and poker in the local saloons. She drank at the bars with men, dressed like them with twin six-shooters tied to her thighs, and asked no quarter. She soon became bored with it all, got a craving for a successor to Cole Younger, and naturally settled upon the man among her immediate associates with the most promising qualifications—Jim Reed.

Reed was a thief and a hi-jacker. He dealt crooked cards and operated a small band of rustlers. When old John Shirley heard about the proposed match, he voiced violent opposition. He ordered the desperado off his ranch and locked his daughter in her second-floor bedroom. But the ever-violent Myra Belle kicked out the window, jumped off the porch roof onto her saddled pony, and was off into the night. The next day she and Jim Reed were married by a justice of the peace while sitting together on horse-back.

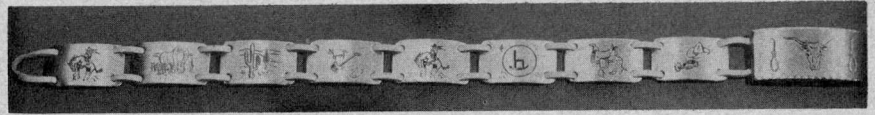
This began her career in banditry. Using his farm in Missouri as a hideout, Reed and his gang preyed on the herds being driven north to Kansas from Texas. Myra Belle found in his activities the freedom her soul demanded. She joined him in these operations until Reed committed a couple of murders and had to seek refuge in the Indian Territory on the ranch of an old Cherokee friend named Tom Starr.

A year later, Reed ventured from his hideaway to visit his wife, discovered the authorities were still on the lookout for him and hastily departed with her for California, taking along little Pearl. Their stay here, however, was a brief one, ending with a bank robbery at San Diego and the posting of a heavy reward for Reed's scalp. They returned to Texas and the sanctuary of the Shirley home at Scyene. By this time the Shirleys had reconciled themselves to Belle's marriage to Jim, the influencing factor being the birth of Belle's second child, a boy, named Ed, after his dead uncle.

During their stay at Scyene, Belle and Jim surpassed anything they had done with the robbery of Watt Grayson, a wealthy recluse living on the North Canadian. Stringing him up by his neck to a rafter in his home, they forced him to reveal the hiding place of over \$30,000. Belle was masked. She was wearing men's clothing and wasn't recognized. But Grayson identified Reed, and the Dallas authorities threw out a net for him. He was located hiding in a farm house near Paris, in Lamar County, and was shot to death as he tried to escape.

Belle gathered up little Ed and Pearl and took them to their grandmother Reed in Missouri. Having gotten rid of the children, she returned to her old roving life in Dallas. She was soon arrested on a charge of horse stealing and lodged in the Dallas jail, but a turnkey succumbed to her irresistible charms and she escaped to the Indian Territory.

(Continued on following page)



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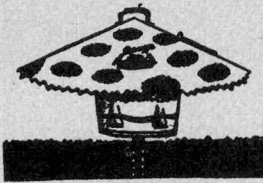
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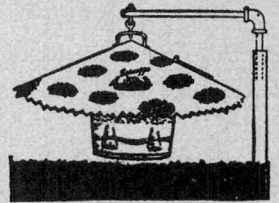
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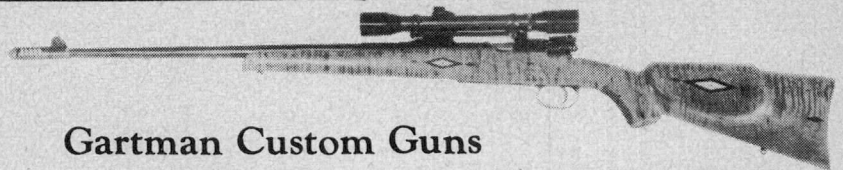
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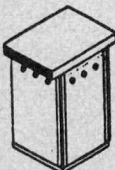
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# Outlaw Queen

(Continued from preceding page)

It was now that she embarked upon that part of her lurid career for which she is best known in lore and legend of the American frontier. Using the ranch of Tom Starr, the Cherokee, as her headquarters, she organized one of the worst bands of outlaws the West ever produced. They specialized in raiding cattle drives through the Indian country, horse thievery and burglary. On the side, they smuggled corn liquor to the Indian tribes and spent their spare time whooping off the profits in nearby Tulsey Town (now Tulsa), and Catoosa. Catoosa had become an important railhead at that time on the Frisco railroad running from Monett, Missouri.

Here Belle disposed of her stolen chattels through "fences" and gambled and caroused with the characters she liked best. She fell in and out of love variously with notorious characters, such as John Middleton, Blue Duck, both murderers, and was soon carrying on an affair with a notorious member of the Cook gang, Jim French. Middleton and Blue Duck were both slain, and her romance with French ended when the latter died from a shotgun blast in the face, while robbing a store.

Belle married Sam Starr, the 28-year-old son of old Tom. Thus she became Belle Starr, the name by which she is best known to posterity.

Sam had sixty-two acres of land on the north side of the bend of the Canadian River near Briartown. To the north rose Hi-Early mountain, a peak with boulder-guarded caves. The only approach was over a narrow canyon trail. Belle named the new hideout Younger's Bend. It became the new headquarters for her band's activities and a refuge for notorious badmen from every state bordering the Indian Territory.

Her operations were so smooth and her stronghold so inaccessible that she did not trip up with the law until 1882, when she was arrested by deputy United States marshals on a horse-stealing charge. She was taken to Fort Smith, Arkansas, the nearest court with jurisdiction over such crimes. In February, 1883, she stood trial before the famous Federal Judge Isaac C. Parker, who, during his tenure on the bench, tried 13,000 cases, found 9,500 of the defendants guilty, sentenced 164 men to death and saw 88 of them hanged.

Her arrest became a national sensation. Eastern journals and newspapers headlined her as "Queen of the Bandits," "The Lady Desperado," and "Petticoat Terror of the Plains." She was sentenced to a year imprisonment in the Federal penitentiary at Detroit.

Within nine months, she was back at Younger's Bend. Sam Starr became engaged in a brawl with a man named Frank West and was killed. The widowed Belle stayed on alone. She continued to harbor outlaws. Several made the place their headquarters. This proved to be her undoing.

On February 3, 1889, a stranger paid her a visit, inquiring for a certain badly wanted gunman. The gunman, feeling that something was amiss, accused Belle of betraying him to the law.

Disregarding this accusation, Belle mounted her white horse and left the ranch. The gunman followed her. A few minutes later, her horse ran into the yard with an empty saddle. They found Belle lying face down in the mud on the trail. Her back had been riddled with a charge of buckshot.

Thus passed the outlaw queen. She died with her boots on, her career unrivaled in outlaw history.

# My Son Is Dead

(Continued from page 25)

At last, he heaved himself out. The shovelers went back to work, piling in more dirt. And again, Juan Ochoa packed the dirt down with the great boulder.

Three times Juan Ochoa went back into the grave to pack the earth over the body of his friend before the grave was filled and rounded over. Then, still without a word, the group turned from the grave and began searching the surrounding low hills and dry arroyos for stones to cover the mound. The men brought big stones, the women lesser ones, and the children brought the smallest of all, some no bigger than the stones they might remove from a pan of *frijoles* their mothers would cook. In solemn silence, everyone brought stones and heaped them onto the grave till no bit of raw earth was left exposed.

A cross was stuck into the ground at the head of the grave—two short lengths of cottonwood lashed together with rawhide.

**N**OW, at last, Gregorio Marufo's son was buried. Now, the silence could be broken. Now, the dammed-up anguish of spirit, the restrained tears of grief could pour out.

It started with a high keening wail as my friend Gregorio sank slowly to his knees and then leaned forward to grip the earth with his hands and let his head drop between his shoulders.

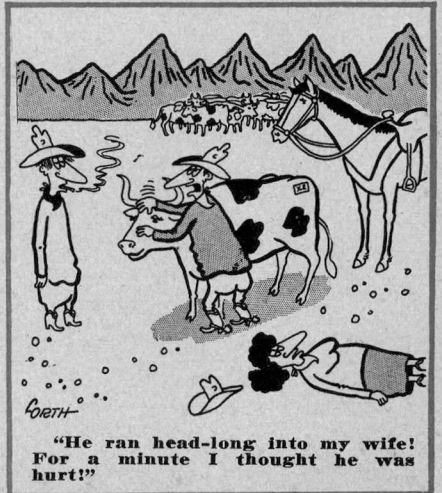
His wife sank down beside him, her cries rising above his. And then in little groups of twos and threes, the others followed them to the ground, some to kneel and others to squat upon their heels, while all wailed their loss and cried out in protest to the great, universal, unknown god of death.

Their lamentations filled the valley that was now darkening with purple shadows. Some became overwrought and flailed the air with their hands. Others threw themselves face down upon the ground and writhed with a frenzy of grief and impotence.

After a time, the sounds died away, however, and the tears ceased to flow. Those who had fallen to the ground now rose and stood silent, waiting until all were done with their grief. Then, just as quietly as we'd come, we moved in a group back to the house of Gregorio where, without a word, we pressed his hand again, then went away.

My friend Gregorio's son had died and now he was buried.

From **BIG BEND: A Homesteader's Story**, University of Texas Press, Austin, Texas.



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# Legend of the Longhorns

by CURTIS SMITH

ON a story night in October, 1812, the great Montalboa herd of Texas longhorns disappeared. It was as if they had been drawn into the sky by some mysterious force.

The vanished longhorns became known as "the devil's herd in the sky," and, according to legend, the great herd frequently flashed across the western sky at night, frightening cowpunchers and stampeding cattle.

The story remained a legend until 1926 when L. D. Bertillion, taxidermist of Mineola, Texas, wandered into the rolling hills of Brewster County seeking a lost silver mine supposedly abandoned by the Spanish.

Bertillion did not find the Spanish mine, but he did find a treasure. Stum-

killed by the fall, but he believed their bodies formed a cushion which probably saved hundreds of others which took refuge in the cave and slowly starved.

Bertillion was a native of Georgia, but he came to Texas while still a young man and spent many years on cattle ranches in the West. He became a taxidermist after moving to Irving, in Dallas County. He specialized, however, in polishing the long, sweeping horns which he sold to sportsmen. These have been sold to such notables as the Duke of Windsor, former mayor Jimmy Walker of New York, and Frank Phillips, the millionaire Oklahoma oilman.

He moved to Mineola in 1916, about the time his son, Driscoe, was born. The younger Bertillion took over his father's business and now sells more than 100



Longest "longhorns" known to be in existence — 9'7" long! Driscoe L. Bertillion, owner of a big "horn business," is shown balancing them.

bling across a deep slash in the ground which had been sealed off by a landslide, he found a canyon filled with the bones of longhorn steers. In a near-by cave, Bertillion found many more bones and several hundred more sets of steer horns.

He selected the best of the horns for his own use, but it was not until they were safe in Mineola that he reported his discovery.

Before Mr. Bertillion's death five years ago, he often recounted the story of his strange adventure. He believed the Montalboa herd, in a wild stampede, plunged over the rim of the canyon in a heavy rainstorm. Thousands undoubtedly were

sets of steer horns a year. He imports the horns from all over the world and mounts them. He sold the longest pair of steer horns on record several years ago to a Wyoming man for \$1500. These horns measured nine feet and seven inches from tip to tip. A picture of them appeared in Robert Ripley's Believe It or Not.

Driscoe says he often buys horns that his father sold many years ago, reprocesses, and resells them.

Even though the Montalboa herd is exhausted, he still searches the world for longhorns. Frequently he gets them from domestic herds which are native to Texas.



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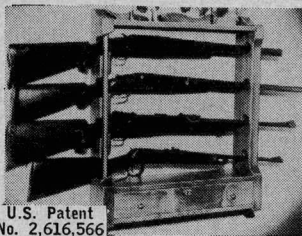
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A Mexican JACAL of the type mentioned in this story—home to the poorer element in Mexico as well as some of the border states.

# Not The Will of God

(Continued from page 13)

his hand they fixed a sharp, strong dagger. Should anyone step on the trap, the bronze man would lunge through the false wall and tilt forward so as to stab the intruder to the heart.

"The entrance to the big cavern was naturally well hidden by some boulders. The Indians hid it even better. They had an understanding that the treasure should never be taken from the cave except in the presence of all members of the tribe.

"And now," the old Indian said as he finished telling us all this, "I am the last of the tribe. The others are all dead; most of them were killed. I can unlock the door. I have the right to dispose of the wealth. You have been generous to me, but it is plain that you live very hard. Why?"

"Then my husband Ignacio answered, 'Because God wills it.'

"No," replied the Indian, "God no longer wills thus. Come with me and I will give you and your wife enough to let you live in plenty all the rest of your life."

"The next morning very early my husband Ignacio left. The Indian waited here near the jacal all day. Ignacio did not return until long after dark. The Indian had left while the sun was setting. He was gone one year exactly. He came again on Christmas day. Again we gave him warmth and such food as we had. He was grateful. Again he asked why we continued to live so hard, and once more Ignacio replied that it was the will of God.

"The Indian then repeated his whole story. I know it was true, for he told it exactly as he told it the first time. 'Come with me in the morning,' he said to Ignacio, 'and I will take you to where there is a great plenty.'

"Early next morning, before daylight, Ignacio went away. I gave the Indian some breakfast. He asked me where my husband had gone. I did not know. He asked me when he would return. I did not know. He waited many hours, waited for Ignacio to return so that he might lead him to the cave of riches. He said it was not more than a day on foot, on into the mountains. At sunset, when he saw that Ignacio would not return so long as he remained, the Indian went away. He has never been back.

"No, it is not the will of God that we live thus on parched corn. It is the will of Ignacio."

AFTER Tomás heard this account he slept and then rode on to inspect the ties cut by other men. When he got back to the village, he told his employer, Don Joaquin Villareal, what he had heard.

Don Joaquin, who had recovered from his illness, at once determined to search for the cave. He went to Chihuahua City and secured a permit to prospect for mines. He took Tomás with him and an extra mule with provisions. They went to Ignacio's jacal, and then they traveled west, deeper into the mountains. After they had been looking a long, long time, they spied a hole in the top of a mountain. They threw rocks down the hole. The echoing sounds told them there was a cavern beneath.

Don Joaquin thought it best to enter the cavern through a tunnel from one side. A deep ravine cutting down one side of the mountain afforded a practicable place at which to start the tunnel. From a rancheria not far off and from other places Don Joaquin hired about twenty men, established a good camp, and set about his great work.

There was nothing but rock, rock, rock. The laborers cut their way into it by inches, carrying the chipped pieces out in zurrones—rawhide bags slung from the head of the carriers. They worked until Don Ignacio's funds for hiring men were exhausted. Then the only way he could keep on after the treasure was to promise each laborer a share of what he knew would eventually be found. At the end of six months they struck a kind of reddish sandstone that appeared to have been wet with blood. Quickly they tunneled through it and were in an enormous cavern.

(Continued on page 50)



"Always complaining — at least you're in out of the weather, ain't you?"

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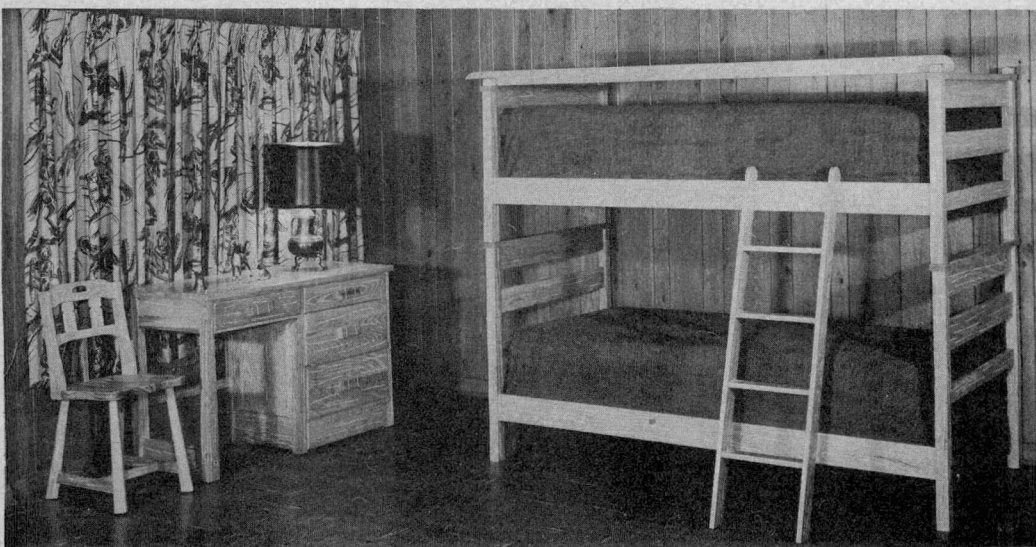
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## Not The Will of God

(Continued from page 48)

The cavern was empty. Yet some animal bones and many marks of fire showed that human beings had once been there and had eaten. Far, far overhead could be seen a speck of light, through the discovery hole. But the cavern was dark, the light that came through the long tunnel being almost as dim as that from the hole overhead. All exploring had to be done with candles. The emptiness and the darkness discouraged the workmen, and now all but four of them quit. One of the four who remained was Tomás. Don Joaquin was not discouraged.

For days he went about the walls of the cavern, striking into them with a pick, Tomás holding the light. Tallow was costly, and they had to use sotol stalks for torches. Finally, Don Joaquin struck a piece of wall that sounded hollow. Then with a few strokes he broke through.

In the dim light made by the torch of sotol stalk, which could hardly penetrate the dust, Tomás and Don Joaquin saw in front of them a figure of bronze larger than a real man. In its right hand was a dagger, securely bound there by rawhide thongs. Perhaps the trap-door had not been correctly built; perhaps many years of standing had caused it to grow stiff. Anyway, God was good and the dagger did not lunge forward to stab the intruders.

Tomás and his master were in the treasure room. The old Indian had told the truth. There were piles of silver bars, of gold, jewels, guns, silver-mounted saddles, finely wrought bridles, finely engraved swords.

THE discovery was made close to dark on a Saturday. Don Joaquin said: "We are tired almost to death. Work and hunger have made us weak. Wealth so sudden has made us weaker. Let us rest tomorrow, the day of God, and give thanks to Him. On Monday morning we five shall divide all things. Any man who wishes may go to the village, but not a word must be said of this discovery. I and one other of you will sleep in the entrance to the tunnel so that no stranger shall enter."

Only two of the laborers went to the village. They drank much tequila and they talked. A large guard of soldiers on their way to fight the Yaqui Indians were camped in this village. Some of the officers heard the talk of the miners.

About daylight on Monday morning, Don Joaquin's camp was surprised and he and all his men were made prisoners. Also, other men who had helped with the work but who had deserted were brought in as prisoners. Then, chained together, the captives were marched southward. They left the wild mountains and came into a country that had cart roads. They were fed almost nothing. They were jabbed and beaten when they lagged. Some of them died.

Finally, after having been driven for weeks over hundreds of miles, the remnant of prisoners were cast into a dark prison of thick rock walls. Tomás had a cell into which no light at all entered. Tortillas and water were brought to him by a guard carrying a lantern. The guard left immediately and he ate in darkness. He stayed there until he lost all account of time and the seasons.

Then, without explanation, he was liberated. He did not know why he had been made prisoner; he did not know why he had been freed. He made his way north to the village in the Sierra Madre. There he learned how Don Joa-

quin had been stood against a 'dobe wall and shot. The village was all but deserted. An old man said that tie-cutters no longer worked in the forests. Tomás came on north and crossed the Rio Grande.

"Señores," he concluded his tale, "I have told you the truth. These eyes have seen all that I have described. These hands held the pick that dug and they held the sotol stalk that lighted up the man of bronze with a dagger in his hand and then the treasure. These feet walked with chains.

"That the army officers got the treasure I am sure. They may have left something. I do not know. At least the cavern with the tunnel into it is still there."

## Ostrich Stampede

(Continued from page 30)

and it wasn't long till they started going by. What did I see but Smokey, riding one of the biggest ostriches in the bunch. He was riding him from his ears to his tail. When he saw me, he let out a warwhoop, jerked out his old forty-five, emptied it in the air, and raked old Mr. Bird from his breast to his tail with his magrouters. Several dollars worth of plumes went sailing through the air.

That old bird was going home! Smokey's hair was standing straight up in the wind, his shirt tail waving like a flag. He had a handful of ostrich neck in one hand, and a wing in the other. Old Cyclone jumped the irrigation ditch and left Smokey in the water. Smokey came out, pawing his head and spouting water like a whale.

What a day! We were both peeled up and bruised a little. An ostrich can outkick any mule that ever walked on four feet. Smokey thought we were in one hell of a mess, and I agreed with him. We decided the farmer couldn't any more than hang us, so we went back to my horse, who was scared and still tangled up in the bridle reins. We could see Smokey's horse in the lower end of the field with the ostrich. Smokey took my horse to ride after his, and see what had become of the rest of the bunch. I hi-tailed it over to the wagon to see what was the matter. There was a crowd, looking things over. The teamster who was on the wagon that turned over was sitting down, holding his head, and talking to himself. The other one was O. K. He'd run back to his pal's rescue and found him buried in the hay with just his feet sticking out. He had pulled him out just in time. The man was nearly smothered.

The three of us agreed that the birds were to blame. That helped some. Smokey came back with his horse, and we gathered up what we could find of our kitchen outfit. The pack saddle was about all that was left.

We found our horses in a man's alfalfa field, helping themselves. The horse that got astraddle of the wagon tongue was the only one missing. We went back to Five Points to take a new start. We trailed our horse that messed up the deal into the mountains north of Congress. So we scratched him off our list and went back to Phoenix, and out to the ostrich farm. Everything was hunky-dory. They said it was the ostriches' long suit to stampede stock that came along that road, so the farmer didn't blame us.

# Perpetual Motion Clock

by FRIEDA and SAMUEL HYATT

MANY stories have been written about the so-called ghost town of Virginia City, 6,200 ft. high in the abandoned Comstock Lode hills. It is located on Highway 17, twenty-four miles from Reno one of the most scenic drives in Nevada. Much has been said of the fabulous riches (\$900,000,000) gouped out of the earth in this area, but very little has been written of the "perpetual motion" found there. This clock of mystery has been running continuously for 37 years.

When Sanguino Alves da Silva, in Rio de Janeiro, recently announced the "invention" of a clock of similar nature, William H. Marks of Virginia City, who owns the mystery clock, said: "Da Silva is just 37 years late." Da Silva's clock of clear glass is so valuable to him that he wants \$110,000 to tell the secret of what makes it run.

Mark's clock has no gears, springs or motor. All there is to the timepiece are two hands attached to a mirror by a rubber suction cup. There are no "works." The mirror is a continuous piece of glass that runs the length of the famous Crystal Bar in historic Virginia City.

While a visitor frowns at the clock, trying to figure out what makes the thing run, Mr. Marks picks up a stick nearby

the clock.

During its boom days, Virginia City spawned millionaires by the dozens. Nearly 40,000 people lived halfway up the side of barren Mt. Davidson. Today little more than 500 people live there.

The very atmosphere in the Crystal Bar is that of the original Virginia City. There is music, laughter and the clink of glasses. These noises have been going on for the past 86 years to make this the oldest continually operated bar in this one-time bonanza community.

The Crystal Bar is authentic in mementos of bustling Virginia City. An old guest register is opened at the page showing Thomas A. Edison's signature.

Mark Twain was also a frequent visitor in the heyday of his reporting in the hill town. The gold-plated chandelier and the crystal glass are admired by sightseers. They are lavish in their many facets of exquisite craftsmanship.

The grandpappy of juke boxes, at the rear of the bar, sets the feet of tourists tapping in step with a lively tune of another century.

TIME, the possession of it and the prolongation of it, has always been the quest of humanity. Men have deplored



Typical scene at the famous Crystal Bar. The "Mysterious Clock" can be seen at right. Marks, its owner, is behind the bar at far right.

and gives the hands a healthy whirl.

For the next few moments they spin in first one direction and then the other in a lazy, rhythmic motion. The forward and backward swings grow shorter, and finally the hands stop at the right time, then begin their normal correct path around the face of the clock without a second of time being lost.

Your lips are all set to ask the questions, "How in the world—" but short, chubby William Marks, in his white bartender's apron, is several yards away administering to some thirsty visitor. He has tended bar much longer than he has tended his mysterious clock.

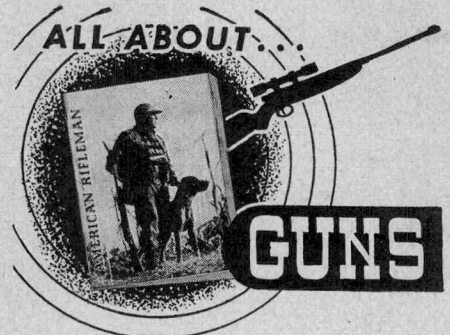
THE clock has been running constantly for 37 years. Marks has been behind the world renowned Crystal Bar for 51 years. The timepiece was bought by Marks from Frank Burke, a railroad conductor, who sold six of the clocks in the vicinity of Virginia City. All of the clocks have disappeared with the exception of the one in the Crystal Bar. It draws hordes of tourists daily. They stumble over the boardwalks, pant up the hillsides of one of the most famous mining towns in the West—and finally end up staring for long, silent intervals at

the doling out of time to them for their brief stay upon this earth. And here is something that well might run on forever. The clock so attracted one tourist that he composed the following verse:

### The Clock of Life

The clock of life is wound but once  
And no more hath the power to tell  
Just when the hands will stop  
At late or early hour  
Live, love, toil with a will  
Place no faith in tomorrow  
For the clock may then be still.

Brides of Virginia City do not consider the wedding ceremony complete until each has drank champagne from the well-known bride and groom crystal goblets that adorn the Crystal Bar. Visiting brides and grooms are delighted to help keep this tradition in operation. Other drinks in addition to champagne are served, from a soft drink to a more potent atomic mixture. And there to do the serving, and occasionally give the hands of the mysterious clock a whirl for the puzzlement of tourists, is kindly little William Marks, whose retiring nature is a direct contrast to the robust Virginia City that once electrified the world.



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**Longrope's Last Guard**

(Continued from page 18)

conchoed half-breeds—she comes plain to me in the stillness. Once there's a steer layin' on the edge of the herd starts sniffin'. He's takin' long draws of the air, he's nosin' for something. I don't like this, it's a bad sign; it shows he's layin' for trouble, an' all he needs is some little excuse.

"Now every steer, when he beds down, holds his breath for a few seconds, then blows off; that noise is all right an' shows he's settlin' himself for comfort. But when he curls his nose an' makes them long draws it's a sign he's sniffin' for something, an' if anything crosses his wind that he don't like there's liable to be trouble. I've seen dry trail herds mighty thirsty, layin' good till a breeze springs off the water, maybe ten miles away; they start sniffin', an' the minute they get the wind you could comb Texas an' wouldn't have enough punchers to turn 'em till they wet their feet an' fill their paunches.

"I get tired sittin' there starin' at nothin', so start ridin' 'round. Now it's sure dark when animals can't see, but I tell you by the way my hoss moves he's feelin' his way. I don't blame him none; it's like lookin' in a black pot. Sky an' ground all the same, an' I ain't gone twenty-five yards till I hear cattle gettin' up around me; I'm in the herd an' it's luck I'm singin' an' they don't get scared. Pullin' to the left I work cautious an' easy till I'm clear of the bunch. Ridin' useless, so I flop my weight over on one stirrup an' go on singin'.

"The lightnin's quit now, an' she's darker than ever; the breeze has died down an' it's hotter than the hubs of hell. Above my voice I can hear Longrope. He's singin' the 'Texas Ranger' now; the Ranger's a long song an' there's few punchers that knows it all, but Longrope's sprung a lot of new verses on me an' I'm interested. Seems like he's on about the twenty-fifth verse, an' there's danger of his chokin' down, when there's a whisperin' in the grass behind me; it's a breeze sneakin' up. It flaps the tail of my slicker an' goes by; in another second she hits the herd. The ground shakes, an' they're all runnin'. My hoss takes the scare with 'em an's bustin' a hole in the darkness when he throws both front feet in a badger hole, goin' to his knees an' plowin' his nose in the dirt. But he's a good night hoss an's hard to keep down. The minute he gets his feet under him he raises, runnin' like a scared wolf. Hearin' the roar behind him he don't care to mix with them locoed longhorns.

I GOT my head turned over my shoulder listenin', tryin' to make out which way they're goin', when there's a flash of lightnin' busts a hole in the sky—it's one of these kind that puts the fear of God in a man, thunder an' all together. My hoss whirls an' stops in his tracks, spraddlin' out an' squattin' like he's hit, an' I can feel his heart beatin' agin my leg, while mine's poundin' my ribs like it'll bust through. We're both plenty scared.

"This flash lights up the whole country, givin' me a glimpse of the herd runnin' a little to my left. Big drops of rain are pounding on my hat. The storm has broke now for sure, with the lightnin' bombardin' us at every jump. Once a flash shows me Longrope, ghostly in his wet slicker. He's so close to me that I could hit him with my quirt an' I hollers to him, 'This is hell.'

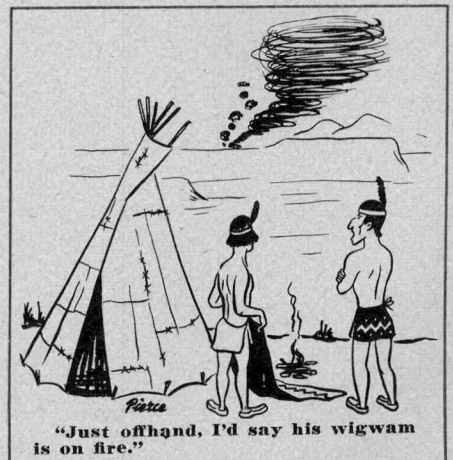
"Yes,' he yells back above the roar; 'I wonder what damned fool kicked the lid off.'

"I can tell by the noise that they're runnin' straight; there ain't no clinkin' of horns. It's a kind of hummin' noise like a buzz-saw, only a thousand times louder. There's no use in tryin' to turn 'em in this darkness, so I'm ridin' wide—just herdin' by ear an' follerin' the noise.

"Pretty soon my ears tell me they're crowdin' an' comin' together; the next flash shows 'em all millin', with heads jammed together an' horns locked; some's rared up ridin' others, an' these is squirm-in' like bristled snakes. In the same light I see Longrope, an' from the blink I get of him he's among 'em or too close for safety, an' in the dark I thought I saw a gun flash three times with no report. But with the noise these longhorns are makin' now, I doubt if I could a-heard a six-gun bark if I pulled the trigger myself, an' the next thing I know me an' my hoss goes over a bank, lightin' safe. I guess it ain't over four feet, but it seems like fifty in the darkness, an' if it hadn't been for my chin-string I'd a-went from under my hat. Again the light shows me we're in a 'royo with the cattle comin' over the edge, wigglin' an' squirmin' like army worms.

"It's a case of all night riding. Sometimes they'll mill an' quiet down, then start trottin' an' break into a run. Not till daybreak do they stop, an' maybe you think old day ain't welcome. My hoss is sure leg-weary, an' I ain't so rollicky myself. When she gets light enough I begin lookin' for Longrope, with nary a sign of him; an' the herd, you wouldn't know they were the same cattle—smeared with mud an' ga'nt as greyhounds; some of 'em with their tongues still lollin' out from their night's run. But sizin' up the bunch, I guess I got 'em all. I'm kind of worried about Longrope. It's a cinch that wherever he is he's afoot, an' chances is he's layin' on the prairie with a broken leg.

THE cattle's spread out, an' they begin feedin'. There ain't much chance of losin' 'em, now it's broad daylight, so I ride up on a raise to take a look at the back trail. While I'm up there viewin' the country, my eyes run onto somethin' a mile back in a draw. I can't make it out, but get curious, so spurrin' my tired hoss into a lope I take the back trail. 'Tain't no trouble to foller in the mud; it's plain as plowed ground. I ain't rode three hundred yard till the country raises a little an' shows me this thing's a hoss, an' by the white streak on his flank I heep savvy it's Peon—that's the hoss Longrope's ridin'. When I get close he whinners pitiful like; he's lookin' for sympathy, an' I notice, when he turns to face me, his right foreleg's broke. He's



sure a sorry sight with that fancy, full-stamped center-fire saddle hangin' under his belly in the mud. While I'm lookin' him over, my hoss cocks his ears to the right, snortin' low. This scares me—I'm afeared to look. Somethin' tells me I won't see Longrope, only part of him—that part that stays here on earth when the man's gone. Bracin' up, I foller my hoss's ears, an' there in the holler of the 'royo is a patch of yellor; it's part of a slicker. I spur up to get a better look over the bank, an' there tromped in the mud is all there is left of Longrope. Pullin' my gun I empty her in the air. This brings the boys that are follerin' on the trail from the bed-ground. Nobody'd had to tell 'em we'd had hell, so they come in full force, every man but the cook an' hoss-wrangler.

"Nobody feels like talkin'. It don't matter how rough men are—I've known 'em that never spoke without cussin', that claimed to fear neither God, man, nor devil—but let death visit camp an' it puts 'em thinkin'. They generally take their hats off to this old boy that comes everywhere an' any time. He's always ready to pilot you—willin' or not—over the long dark trail that folks don't care to travel. He's never welcome, but you've got to respect him.

"It's tough—damned tough," says Spanish, raisin' poor Longrope's head an' wipin' the mud from his face with his neck-handkerchief, tender, like he's feared he'll hurt him. We find his hat tromped in the mud not fur from where he's layin'. His scabbard's empty, an' we never do locate his gun.

"That afternoon when we're countin' out the herd to see if we're short any, we find a steer with a broken shoulder an' another with a hole plumb through his nose. Both these is gun wounds; this accounts for them flashes I see in the night. It looks like, when Longrope gets mixed in the mill, he tries to gun his way out, but the cattle crowd him to the bank an' he goes over. The chances are he was dragged from his hoss in a tangle of horns.

"Some's for takin' him to Dodge an' gettin' a box made for him, but Old Spanish says: 'Boys, Longrope is a prairie man, an' if she was a little rough at times, she's been a good foster mother. She cared for him while he's awake, let her nurse him in his sleep.' So we wrapped him in his blankets, an' put him to bed.

"It's been twenty years or more since we tucked him in with the end-gate of the bed-wagon for a headstone, which the cattle have long since rubbed down, leavin' the spot unmarked. It sounds lonesome, but he ain't alone, 'cause these old prairies has cradled many of his kind in their long sleep."

From: **TRAILS PLOWED UNDER**, by Charles M. Russell. Copyright 1927, Doubleday, Page and Company.

Usually at Tascosa, where nobody got around to building a jail, they just tied offensive drunks to lamppost.

But one bitter cold night the marshal showed some sympathy for one Jack Martin. It was down to zero that December in 1881, and so Martin was imprisoned in Jack Ryan's saloon. He was bound tightly with slip-proof rawhide except his hands were left free.

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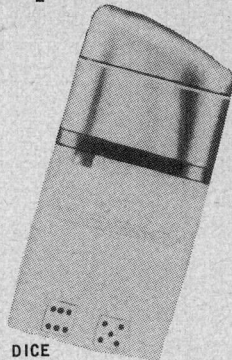
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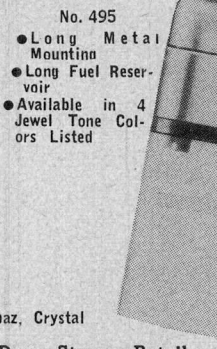
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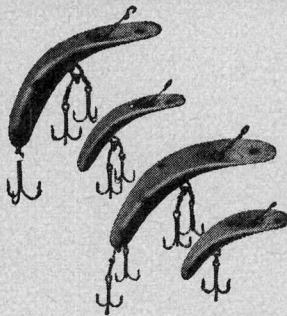
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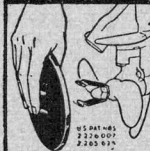
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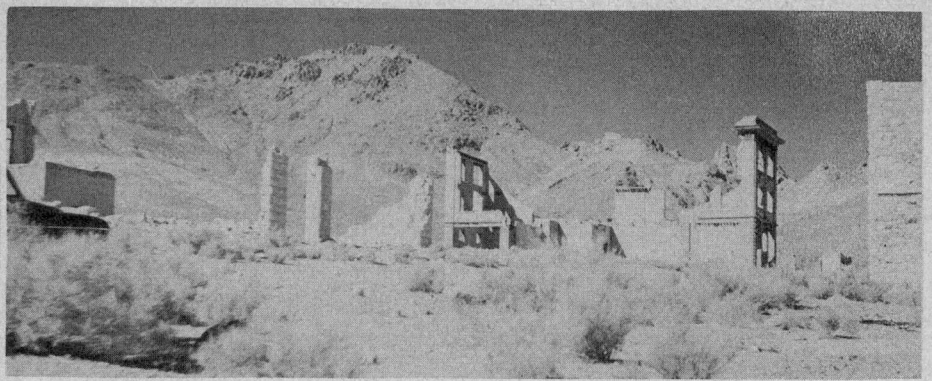
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## The Man Who Was Buried Standing Up

(Continued from page 29)

made the find while coming up the mountain to wash away some of that summer alkali with a shot of Skidoo's best. To mark the spot, he sunk his pick in the rock.

"The quartz was hard and smooth but with some deep cracks in 'er. Pure gold had run into the matrix, just the right thickness," Shorty explained. "Why you could pull these sheets of gold outta there and send them right into the mint. They'd stamp twenties and send 'em back to you, it was that pure."

Lots of friends wanted to pry the location out of Shorty. But this time the whiskey route was their undoing. Shorty hung on such a dinger that when he came around three days later, he'd plumb forgot which of the myriad canyons the find was in. Unconcerned, Shorty bought a new pick and set off on a new quest. But to this day, gold men working the crooked canyons of the Panamints still have one eye cocked for a weathered pick sticking out of Shorty's gold sheeted mine—the Lost Shorty Mine.

Shorty's pockets were empty as a wrestler's mind when Ed Cross started hurting to go to Goldfield, then roaring its loudest. Shorty agreed to split his rations with Ed to get there.

The pair camped about 70 miles south of Goldfield. Shorty was out locating his burros. Always his pick was with him. In a few minutes he came running into camp.

"Lookkee here, Ed!" Shorty shouted, his red, seamed face now crimson. "This is it! Bigger'n anything before." In his hand was a piece of mottled green rock, obviously specked with flitters of metal. The little piece looked like a crouching bullfrog.

Ed looked, hefted, and tasted the ore, then agreed it looked like the real thing all right. The prospecting was over. More sampling confirmed their guess, and Shorty dubbed it "Bullfrog."

"Me, I gonna play this 'un smart," Shorty observed when the monuments had been built. "No more giving my strikes away. Though I do admit I'd ruther find gold than mine it," he added afterwards. But when Shorty scooted in Goldfield, the story was different. The jewelry-store ore was just too damn good to keep. "No sirree, I ain't telling where I dug this," he said to the crowd gathered around him. "This 'un's all mine. . . . And Ed's too, of course."

Shorty was firm in keeping the secret . . . until perhaps midnight. By that time he'd been plied with enough popskull so's he couldn't hit the ground with his hat in three tries, and was put to bed.

**N**EXT morning Shorty pried open one eye, and reached for the jug on the nightstand. Underneath was a paper attesting to the sale of the Bullfrog claim for \$1,000. It was notarized and seven other signatures witnessed it, along with Shorty's.

Shorty knew he'd been had again, and took a long drink to prove he was awake.

Shorty watched Goldfield empty as everyone rushed for the new strike. "That was a real strike," he often said later. "Why I saw one man nearly cry because he couldn't buy a mule for \$500."

Bullfrog later spawned into Rhyolite, which drew 14,000 people at its peak and had two railroads servicing the town. In June of 1905, ten months after Shorty made his strike, Bob Montgomery refused a million dollars for his claim—and his was only one of the thousands that were filed and eventually produced gold.

It was his biggest find and, typically, Shorty treated. A chili joint boiled beans in oil cans for Shorty's many friends. At each place at the long table was thoughtfully set a bottle of champagne. Shorty later admitted all he'd gotten for a strike that produced ore so rich it was often mounted directly into jewelry, was about \$900 and three barrels of whiskey. "But I drank all the whiskey," he observed modestly.

It was only a scant year later when Shorty and Pete Augurreberry were camped at Furnace Creek Ranch in Death Valley. "I seen some chuckwallas spitting on their feet to keep cool," Shorty told Pete. "Let's head up above for the Panamints."

Pete agreed, and they shoved off into the upper reaches of the Valley. Both men later claimed they'd spotted the first ore, but Shorty's fame had a far-reaching effect, and the new boom camp was named Harrisberg. Pete never got much for his share, but Shorty cashed out for 10G's and 35,000 shares of stock.

Shorty found he had as many friends on his wild trip to the East as he'd found in Death Valley. Coin was scattered far and wide—Kansas City, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia.

But Shorty got a shock when he returned to take up prospecting again. The stock taken in trade for his share in the Harrisberg property had a thumping assessment against them, one that Shorty couldn't meet. He was frozen out—in Death Valley!

Still muttering that it was all just a dang-blasted freeze-out game, that a city slicker could fenagle his money by just sitting in a bank, Shorty prospered the years away in Ballarat, telling and retell-

True West

ing his previous triumphs. In 1934 Shorty died.

**D**ESPITE those friends who had no more loyalty than a poker chip and had drunk away his liquor through the years, Shorty's real friends gathered like a swarm of locusts for his funeral. But somewhere some of Shorty's carelessness and disregard for detail must have rubbed off on his followers.

Before the simple services had been completed someone noticed the donated coffin was of standard six foot size. The grave diggers, who'd lovingly spaded a hole in the desert at the base of Death Valley's Hanaupah Canyon, had dug a grave to fit Shorty's well-known five foot height. The casket was a foot too long!

Blistering desert winds and a pitiless sun prompted immediate decision. "We'll just lower her a little at one end, enough to cover him up, then put the casket in." And when a few shovelfuls were flung away, the casket was slid into the grave, standing at a sharp angle.

But it did the job. One old timer fondly remarked:

"Shorty wouldn't care, he was always ahead anyway. When they blow the trumpet for Judgment Day, Shorty'll already be on his feet, ready to stake a claim in them Golden Streets of Heaven."

## The Mysterious John Ringo

(Continued from page 35)

"Yes! I did call you a cowthief and I repeat it," replied Holliday.

Open battle between the two was avoided by a police officer.

Ringo's appearance thereafter in Tombstone became a challenge. Wyatt, Virgil, and Morgan Earp, and Doc Holliday stood one day in front of Bob Hatch's saloon in conversation with the Mayor. Directly across Allen Street, John Ringo, Ike, Fin and Billy Clanton, Tom and Frank McLowery lounged in front of the Grand Hotel. Killer light in his eyes, Ringo crossed the street. Walking up to Wyatt, he hissed, "We hate you and you and your gang hate us . . . Step out into the street with me. You and I will settle between us who is to rule."

"I'm a police officer, not one of your rowdy crowd," replied Wyatt. "Take your-

self off, Ringo; I take no part in such a game." Wyatt turned his back on Ringo and entered Hatch's saloon. Ringo joined his cohorts and the rustlers left town, but threatened to bring a showdown at a future date.

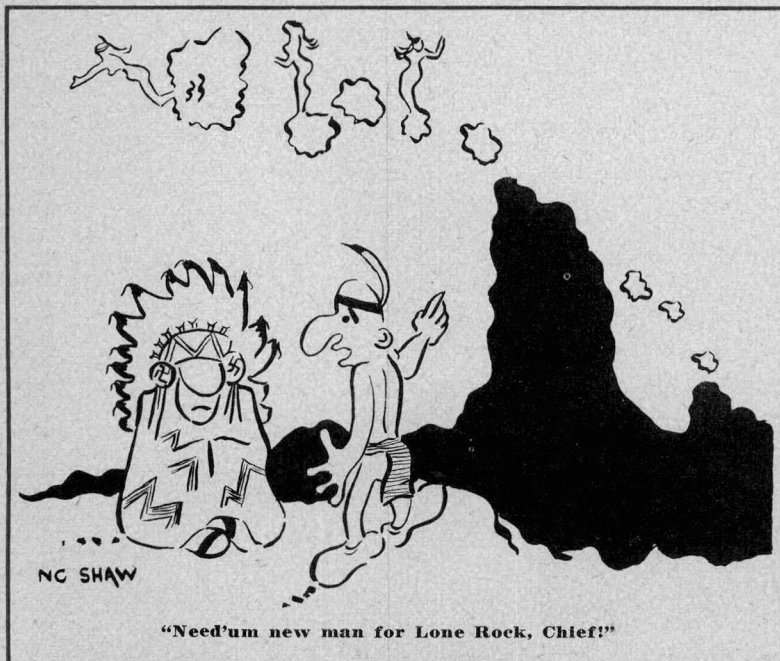
**F**OR some time following this, Ringo absented himself from town and with Old Man Clanton's sons foraged into Mexico. Driving a herd of rustled stock, the gang was pursued by a band of irate Mexicans. In a fight which followed, Ringo and his cohorts accounted for fourteen of the *vaqueros*. Later, Old Man Clanton, Dick Grey, Jim Crane, Bud Snow, Billy Lang and Harry Henshaw, driving the stolen stock to market, were ambushed in Guadalupe Canyon; all except Henshaw were slain. With the demise of Old Man Clanton, John Ringo became head of the rustlers; his lieutenant, Curly Bill Graham.

**O**CTOBER, 1881, saw Ike and Billy Clanton in company with the two McLowerys, Frank and Tom, back in Tombstone. Ike, making threats that he was gunning for the Earps, was treated to a "buffaloing" by Earp, who then issued a mandate for him to get out of town. Instead of leaving, the outlaws gathered together at the OK Corral. Wyatt, Virgil, and Morgan Earp, and Doc Holliday then decided the time had arrived for a showdown. Four abreast, they marched down upon their enemies. After the gun smoke had cleared, Billy Clanton and the two McLowery boys had ceased to take interest in mundane affairs, Ike Clanton alone escaping.

The officers were exonerated despite all the efforts of Sheriff Behan to have them arrested for murder. Mayor John P. Clum had sided with the Earp faction, thus incurring wrath of the rustlers.

**O**N December 14th they attempted to assassinate him. Virgil Earp was the next victim selected. On December 28th he was attacked by five men who emptied shotguns into him. Virgil survived, although he was crippled for life. Of the five bushwhackers, four were identified—John Ringo, Ike Clanton, Hank Swilling, and Frank Stillwell, a deputy of Behan's. Behan definitely sided with the outlaws and refused to attempt their apprehension.

The outlaws, bent upon exterminating their enemies, next laid plans for placing (Continued on following page)



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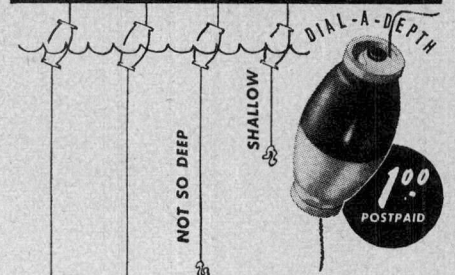
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## The Mysterious John Ringo

(Continued from preceding page)

Morgan Earp out of the running. Those selected for the foul deed were Hank Swilling, Pete Spence, Indian Charlie, and the deputy Frank Stillwell.

Morgan Earp entered Hatch's saloon on the night of March 17th, 1882. Walking to the rear, he stood beside a pool table, cue in hand, preparing to play a game with Bob Hatch. Morgan's back was to a door which led to an alley in the rear. Through this door, the assassins sent two slugs into his body. Morgan passed away within an hour. Thus did the outlaws decimate the ranks of the Earps, which led to their final departure from Tombstone.

Morgan Earp had not yet been placed in the ground before Wyatt Earp had extracted payment. In Tucson, Frank Stillwell met his end. Ringo, Swilling, and Ike Clanton fled to Sonora, Mexico, where during a holdup, Swilling was knocked off. Meanwhile, Wyatt scoured the country searching for the murderers. Behan had issued a warrant for Wyatt's arrest for the killing of Stillwell, but Wyatt, Doc Holliday, and several cohorts had departed for Colorado before it was served. They well knew that, once in the hands of Behan and his outlaws, they would be slain before being brought to trial. Before leaving Cochise County, Wyatt had the satisfaction of dealing out justice to Indian Charlie. Also, he claimed to have killed Curly Bill.

FOLLOWING the departure of Wyatt Earp, charges were brought against Sheriff Behan. He was indicted by the grand jury for malfeasance of office. Shortly thereafter, J. L. Ward succeeded him. With Behan's removal, Ringo found himself *persona non grata* in Tombstone.

With his old associates either dead or departed, dour-faced Ringo had little to look forward to. The more he thought over his misspent life, the more morose he became. Finally, he sought to drown his sorrows in liquor. For a week Tombstone witnessed Ringo sodden drunk, vicious and in a fighting mood. Then, securing his horse from the livery stable he left Tombstone.

It was a scorching hot day in July. A ride of nine miles across the mesquite and cactus brought Ringo to a halt at Antelope Springs, where Jake McCann ran a saloon.

After a day of heavy drinking at McCann's, Ringo again took to the trail. Sulphur Springs next saw him. Following another extended debauch, the bleary-eyed outlaw left, saying he was going to Galeville.

In West Turkey Creek Canyon stands a tree of unique proportion. Three trees have grown together around an eighteen-inch boulder, forming a seat like a chair. Here Ringo found surcease on July 13th, 1882.

July 14th, around noon, several lumber wagons bound for Morse's sawmill passed the spot. John Yoas, a teamster, made a gruesome discovery.

"There's a dead man over there!" he shouted.

John Yoas and Robert M. Bowler investigated. "My God, it's Ringo!" cried both men.

Putrefaction had set in. On the rock seat sat Ringo, at his right side leaned his Winchester; beside it, his hat. Two cartridge belts were about his body, one upside down. His pistol belt was full. The rifle belt had only seven cartridges in it. His right hand held a Colt .45. The gun sight, caught in his watch chain,

prevented Ringo's hand from dropping into his lap. He had placed the gun against his head, above his right ear, and pulled the trigger. Only one shell had been exploded.

These were the details. The verdict was "suicide" found by the coroner's jury—Thomas White, John Blake, J. W. Bradford, B. F. Smith, W. W. Smith, A. E. (Bull) Lewis, A. S. Neighbors, James Morgan, J. C. McCreagor, J. W. Duval, Frank McKinney, Fred Ward, John Yoas, and Robert M. Bowler (the latter, the last living man on that jury, died in 1940).

Walter Burns, in his book "Tombstone," gives Jim Morgan, Theodore White, and Bill Knott as the jury. Burns says Morgan discovered the body and that Ringo was killed by Frank Leslie. S. N. Lake, in "Wyatt Earp," says the body was discovered by Pony Deal and John Yoas; that Johnnie-Behind-The-Deuce O'Rourke killed Ringo. John Ringo had led a lynch mob after O'Rourke, following his murder of Henry Schneider in Charleston. Wyatt Earp had saved the tinhorn's life. So to square accounts for himself and Earp, O'Rourke had blown out the drunken man's brains.

Did the swashbuckling braggart, Buckskin Frank Leslie, dispose of Ringo as he claimed? Was Ringo's slayer the tinhorn gambler Johnnie-Behind-The-Deuce O'Rourke? Or was it SUICIDE?

Both Leslie and O'Rourke were craven individuals who would be capable of slaying a drunken man, yet neither had the guts to face Ringo when sober. Take your choice as to his demise.

"John Ringo tried to drown his gory pas'

By fillin' his belly from a whiskey glass  
Then he took him a ride towards  
Galeville,

What happen' to John is a mystery  
still."

## The Door Stop Skull

(Continued from page 27)

they quit the Highwoods and went across the mountains and the clan split up. My father bought the ranch they had built up, and the first thing we saw when us kids were snooping around the deserted place was the old, battered skull by the kitchen door. We didn't touch it, rather we avoided it. When Dad put a man on the place to run cattle, the man, Walt Cory put the skull on top of a tall pole beside the kitchen door as sort of a joke. I remember, the wrens nested in it for two summers. The little wrens would fly in and out and peek through the empty eye sockets.

My mother was outraged. She insisted my father make Walt Cory take it down. My dad spoke quietly, "We'll let him run his outfit the way he sees fit." And that settled that.

The ghosts of good Indians seemed bent on making trouble for the inhabitants of that ranch. Cory's heifers got a range disease and he lost most of his calf crop before he knew it. Then their first born baby was struck by a rattler on the front porch and died of convulsions in his mother's arms. Mary Cory lost her mind after that. She used to go out on the road in the dark of night and call the baby. It was so weird and so sad. People thought he should put her away, but after awhile she came out of it. Instead of the carefree girl she'd once been, however, she became a silent, middle-aged woman. She worked hard, but she let herself go.

Walt tried to help with kindness for awhile, then he took to chasing one of the

Houley girls. Old man Houley came to a dance one night where Walt was dancing his head off, half full of whiskey, with Elsie Houley. Her Dad took two shots at Walt who dived through a window and ran for the brush. He and his wife left the mountains in a hurry. Elsie Houley had a baby. Her parents sent her and the baby east to some relatives. In later years she married a doctor and did well for herself.

**M**Y DAD retook the Shelby ranch. He closed the houses and boarded up the windows which stared out on the road like lonely eyes. We used the ranch for additional hay land and pasture. The corrals were better than ours, so we always did our branding and dehorning up there away from home.

The first act of my father was to take down the pole by the door and remove the skull which was nailed on. It was dry as driftwood and split apart, but Dad put the pieces all in a salt sack. That afternoon, he and I rode down to the Indian burying ground and dug a deep hole in the rocky earth. We put the sack and all in the hole and covered it over. It was such a nice day. The meadow larks sang while we dug in the hard ground. I found a handful of beads, and Dad said he guessed I could keep them.

The spirit of Na-tee-ka was at long last satisfied. Peace and quiet came to the sunny, valley ranch up the creek. Every branding time, the neighboring ranchers gather to get their work done. Then they sit around on their hunkers and pass around the bottle (a gracious custom of ranchers to each other after the work is done) before they go to the home ranch for a big dinner. Branding time is almost like a holiday.

But sometimes, when I am up there I feel sad, and a lump comes into my throat, when I think about the Shelys. I remember the tall, lean, handsome men and their pretty, smiling wives.

I remember the little kids and the fun we had.

I remembered old Bill when he rode at the head of the clan and gave the orders, and I remember him as a shrunken, sad-eyed old man, bewildered by the tragic changes of the passing years.

I wonder what happened to them all.

The two, tall houses still stand in our upper pasture, side by side. There is a small crucifix nailed on the wall of an upstairs room in one house. I know it is there, because the houses are still boarded up.

## Blizzard Trail

(Continued from page 21)

cables, but we worked till we got them tied onto the tongue of the calf wagon. Then we taken a wrap around our saddle horns and touched spurs to our mounts. Them horses sure had to bow their backs and dig in to break them wagon wheels out of the ice and start them rolling.

I looked back as we moved off, and seen the horse wrangler trying to get a saddle on a horse. I hoped he made it.

We rode up to that widow woman's house in a lope, with the calf wagon lumbering along behind. I sure done me good to see the cowhands I'd thought froze to death come pouring out of the house. They'd quit camp some time in the night and made it to the widow woman's house afoot. Some was sick as poisoned pups and puking all over the place. Them was the ones that suffered frost-bit hands and feet that had started swelling inside that warm house.

The rest helped us lift the boss out of the wagon and bring him inside. The old man was crying.

"Go back and try to save that nigger," he kept begging. "Don't let that pore black devil freeze if you can help it."

Even after we brought the Negro in, the old man kept crying and begging. He'd rode all the way from camp beside that pot-wrangler and had been too cold to know it.

Later, we went back after the bedrolls. That widow woman, she taken one room of the house for herself and turned the rest of it over to the trail crew. We stayed there eight days before the storm broke and we could take the backtrail after our drifted herd.

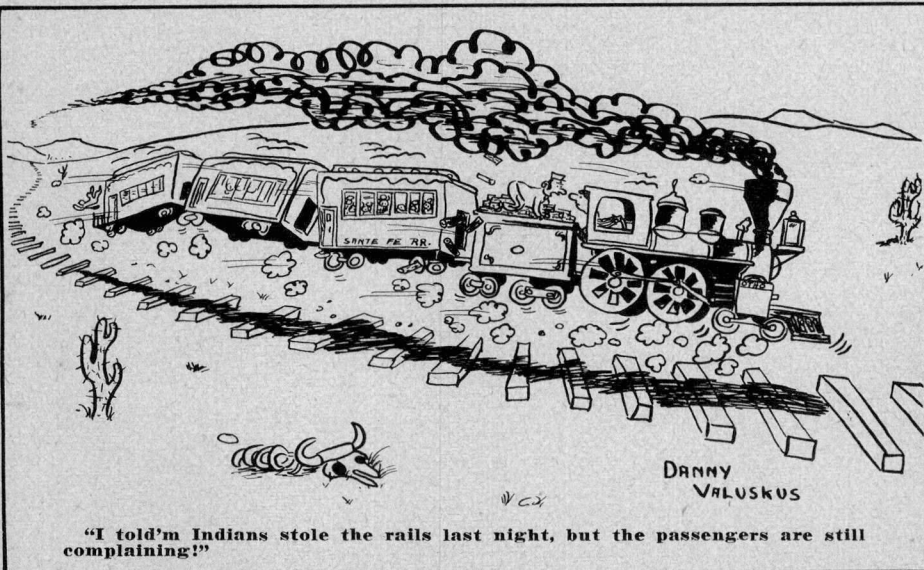
When the gather was finished, we tallied up a loss of one hundred and fifty head of pore cows and calves.

Not a bad loss, considering the weather.

From the **SOUTHWEST REVIEW**,  
Spring, 1945.

### Deft Voting

Deaf Smith County in Texas held its first election in 1885. The official returns as filed with the state officers showed no votes for individual candidates but "two Democrats, two Republicans and a sheepman."



"I told'm Indians stole the rails last night, but the passengers are still complaining!"

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## Hellacious Young Hellion

(Continued from page 24)

back from White Oaks and first heard  
the news that his two deputies were dead  
and the Kid escaped!

Now Billy was ready to make his  
getaway. Brazenly, the new Winchester  
held lightly under one arm, he clumped  
down the back stairs. At the foot he  
stepped over the body of Jim Bell.  
Casually, in passing, the Kid noted with  
professional gratification that his light-  
ning snap shot had drilled the deputy  
neatly through the heart.

Adjoining the courthouse to the rear  
was the little adobe jail that Pat Garrett  
had considered unsafe to house such a  
ruthless desperado as the Kid. Hither  
the outlaw made his awkward way and  
rapped on the door of the jail kitchen  
with the muzzle of his rifle.

Old Goss, the jail cook, came tremb-  
lingly to the door. Billy laughed at the  
sight of the cowering old man and patted  
him on the shoulder.

"Hell, don't be scared of me—I  
ain't goin' to hurt you! Jest rustle  
up an axe an' bust this damn leg chain."

"Sure, Billy, sure!" gasped the  
frightened cook. He went trotting out  
to his woodpile to fetch the axe. Three  
vigorous blows and the chain was  
broken. The Kid drew the broken ends  
of the chain up along his leg and tied  
them to his belt with pieces of string.

"Now I can ride again," smiled the  
outlaw. "Go catch that black pony out  
there in the pasture behind the jail an'  
throw a saddle on him for me. Don't  
get any foolish notions about runnin'  
away. I get mad awful easy—an' the  
madder I get, the straighter I shoot!"

THE Kid rolled a cigarette and smoked,  
humming softly to himself as he  
watched Goss attempting to catch the  
pony. The animal was young and spirited  
and had a two-acre lot to maneuver in.  
He'd let Goss get within ten feet of him  
and then he'd race off, snorting and  
kicking playfully at his clumsy pursuer.  
The cook was bandy-legged and badly  
scared to boot, and the old man had  
a rough time of it before he finally  
managed to herd the pony into a corner  
of the fenced-in pasture and get a  
bridle on him. Half an hour elapsed  
before the panting, perspiring Goss led  
the saddled colt up to the imperturbable  
outlaw. The cook apologized anxiously  
for the delay.

"Sorry, Billy—I couldn't ketch him  
no quicker. You saw how he kept  
runnin' off on me—"

"It's all right, Goss," the Kid cut in.  
"None of the coyotes in this town have  
the guts to try to stop me, anyway. I  
could hang around all day an' they'd  
still be waitin' for Pat Garrett to ride  
up an' tell 'em what to do!"

Billy swung easily to the saddle and  
grinned down at his perturbed bene-  
factor. "Stop shakin', Goss! You'll out-  
live me an' Pat Garrett both. Say hello  
to the old devil for me when he gets  
back from White Oaks—an' tell him  
I'm savin' a slug with his name on it.  
*Adios, compadre. . .*"

Gaily Billy the Kid rode out of Lin-  
coln. On the outskirts of town the out-  
law turned in his saddle and looked  
back. There was no excitement—no  
rush of angry men for horses drowsing  
in the sun along the hitch-rails. Lincoln  
was well content to let him go his way  
unmolested.

Billy rattled out his sardonic chuckle  
and turned his pony's head toward the  
distant mountains. Armed and free and  
forking a good horse—what more could

a man ask? The Kid rode untroubled  
by any nagging fear for the future.

EARLY morning lay calm and crystal-  
clear on the desolate sandhills about  
Fort Sumner, New Mexico. Beneath a  
scrubby cottonwood tree a small cook-  
fire burned. Around the tiny blaze,  
lounging comfortably on their spread-  
out saddle blankets, three men were  
finishing breakfast.

The leader of the trio, a tall, lean  
man with a darkly saturnine face,  
drained his second cup of coffee and re-  
marked: "Sumner's just a few miles  
ahead, boys. Any suggestions?"

Deputy Tip McKinney squinted re-  
flectively at the speaker. "I'd say that  
you an' me ought to lay out here in  
the hills an' let Poe ride in alone an'  
sort of nose around. He's new to Sum-  
ner. Most everybody in town knows  
Sheriff Pat Garrett an' more'n a few  
know me. Fifteen minutes after we  
hit Beaver Smith's saloon the Kid would  
know it an' be hightailin' for Mexico.  
That is, if Billy is hidin' out in Sumner  
at all."

Garrett nodded. "Makes sense to me.  
What do you say, Jack?"

Deputy John W. Poe smiled wryly.  
Three inches shorter than the six-foot  
four-inch Garrett but broad-shouldered  
and muscular, Poe was an officer of keen  
intelligence and quiet humor. "McKin-  
ney's right, Pat. It's the only way we  
can get information. Good deal like  
stickin' my head into a nest of rattlers,  
but it has to be done."

The Sheriff's hawk-like visage softened  
into something almost akin to affection.  
"Don't provoke trouble, Jack. Nobody's  
goin' to stop lead on this trip if I can  
help it. The two deputies Billy killed  
makin' his getaway in Lincoln are  
more'n enough. If there's any shootin'  
to be done, I'll do it. Ever since I  
started to hunt the Kid for murderin'  
Sheriff Brady back in '78, I've known  
that some day it'd be either him or me.  
I've got a pretty good hunch Billy  
knows that, too . . ."

Garrett paused, frowning thought-  
fully. "Play it this way, Jack," he said  
finally. "Ride into town, buy a few  
drinks for the boys around old Beaver  
Smith's bar an' see what you can pick  
up. If you can't learn anything there,  
mosey out to Charlie Rudolph's ranch  
west of town. Charlie's a good friend  
of mine—he'll tell you if the Kid is  
hereabouts. I'll give you a note for  
him . . . We'll wait here for you until  
dark. If you don't show up, we'll ride  
in to the Mexican village of Punta de la  
Glorietta, four miles north of Sumner.  
There's a double row of cottonwoods  
along the road toward Sumner, just out-  
side the village. We'll meet you there  
at nine o'clock tonight."

THE July sun was beating down  
fiercely as Poe jogged his horse into  
Fort Sumner. The deputy dismounted  
in front of Beaver Smith's saloon and  
tied his pony to the hitch-rail. Old  
Beaver himself, bent, grizzled, and  
coldly suspicious, inspected the stranger  
from his post in the doorway of his  
establishment.

"Got anything cold to drink?" asked  
Poe. "Been ridin' so long my tongue  
feels like a woolen sock!"

Beaver ignored the question and the  
feeble attempt at witticism. "Where you  
from?" he demanded bluntly.

Poe's blue eyes twinkled. "Is that  
a nice way to greet a weary traveler?"

But—since you asked me—I'm from White Oaks."

"White Oaks your home?"

The deputy shrugged, losing his smile. "Sometimes. I do a little prospectin' here an' there. Headin' for Mo-beetie right now."

Out of the corner of his eye Poe observed a number of armed citizens converging on him from several directions. Immediately he was surrounded. More questions were hurled at him in rapid-fire order.

"Stranger around here?"

"Traveled far?"

"Where you headed?"

Poe forced a laugh. He was in a tight spot and he knew it. Yet he was confident he could talk his way out of danger and, with luck, secure the information he sought. Two days before, in White Oaks, he had been tipped off by a drunken drifter named Graham that Billy the Kid had holed up in Fort Sumner to be near his Mexican sweetheart. The deputy had little faith in his boozey informant, but even skeptical Pat Garrett had agreed that every tip must be investigated. So far, in the ten weeks that had elapsed since the Kid had shot his way out of Lincoln courthouse, all leads had petered out in short order. Even the Apache trailers that Garrett had hired from the Mescalero Reservation had been able to track the elusive outlaw only as far as Baca Canyon, a dozen miles west of Lincoln. Beyond that point the fugitive's trail had vanished as completely as if the towering mountains themselves had hidden him.

"Take it easy, boys," drawled Poe. "I can talk a helluva lot better after I've had a drink. Will you join me?"

Over red whiskey, chased with cold spring water, the tense atmosphere eased and talk flowed smoothly. Casually, the deputy discussed cattle and crops and the growing necessity for irrigation in the dry back country. Carelessly he remarked that he had found folks down in White Oaks stirred up over a report that Billy the Kid had been seen in that vicinity some time previously.

In the significant silence following this observation, Poe duly noted the quick side glances exchanged by his listeners. Subsequent efforts to renew the conversation fell awkwardly flat. The deputy realized that nothing could be learned here—these men were all friends of Billy the Kid. Poe bought

a final round of drinks and left. Old Beaver came to the door and watched dourly as he crossed the street to a restaurant.

An hour later the deputy rode out of town toward the east. Once out of sight among the hills, Poe doubled back and cut cross-country to the Rudolph ranch seven miles west of Fort Sumner.

A blood-red sun was dipping behind the western ridges when Poe rode up to the ranch house and asked for the owner. Charlie Rudolph read Garrett's note and insisted warmly that the deputy eat first and talk later.

After supper the two men sat on the ranch-house veranda, smoking cigarettes and talking idly. Deftly Poe brought up the subject of the fugitive Billy the Kid's whereabouts, and was amazed at the agitated reaction of his genial host. Rudolph was much more than perturbed—he was genuinely alarmed.

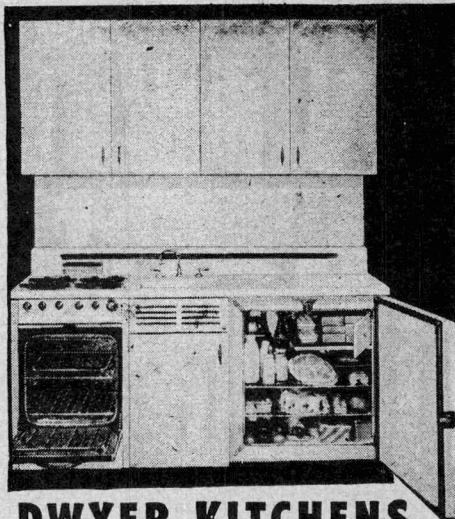
"I don't know a damned thing about the Kid!" exploded the ranchowner. "Pat Garrett should know better than to send you here to question me. If the Kid were hidin' out around Sumner an' I *did* betray him to the law—my life wouldn't be worth a plugged *peso*! If Billy didn't get me, his friends would. Anyhow, for my money, the Kid is across the border right now. After rustlin' hundreds of cattle an' killin' twenty-one men durin' the past few years, Billy sure must realize that New Mexico ain't safe for him any more. Most of the rustlers an' gunmen are killed off an' the old wild days are just about done. The Kid is smart enough to know when the string is run out an' to pull his freight while there's still time."

At nine o'clock that evening Poe rejoined Garrett and McKinney at the appointed rendezvous near Punta de la Glorietta. The tall Sheriff listened in grim silence to his deputy's recital of the day's activities.

"Just as I figured!" Pat nodded gloomily. "The Kid would be a damn fool to stay north of the line after killin' Bell an' Ollinger in Lincoln—an' whatever else he may be, Billy is no fool."

Poe—a shrewder psychologist than the forthright Garrett—shook his head. "I can't agree with you, Pat. The whole thing shapes up all to the good. George Graham—dirty drunk that he

(Continued on following page)



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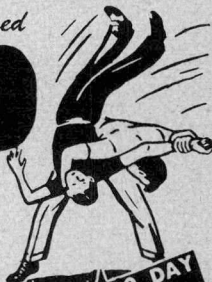
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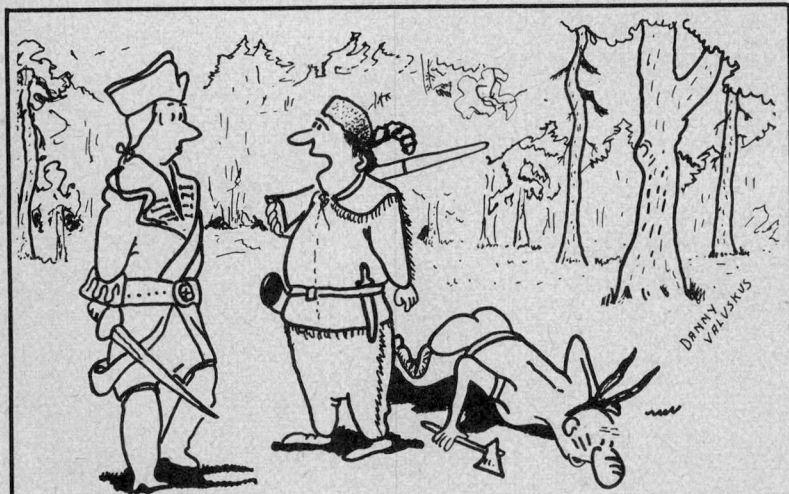
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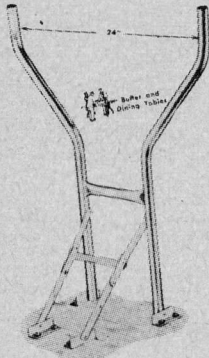
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## Hellacious Young Hellion

(Continued from preceding page)

is—heard *something* in White Oaks. He's too stupid to have imagined it. Old Beaver Smith an' those tough *hombres* in Sumner know something too. An' your friend Charlie Rudolph shook in his boots when I mentioned the Kid. It adds up, Pat. Billy is hidin' out somewhere in Fort Sumner. We must move fast. Already one of his pals may have tipped him off that there's a nosy stranger in town askin' questions about him."

Garrett laughed harshly. "Needn't worry about that. Buckshot Bill Roberts was the only man ever made that little demon run away—an' Buckshot's dead! The Kid would wait for you to show up—an' grin when he threw his gun on you. I don't believe Billy's within two hundred miles of here, but we'll look around anyway."

"Billy's good friend Pete Maxwell lives in Sumner. Maybe the Kid's holed up with Pete. Let's go see Maxwell, anyhow," urged McKinney.

"I know Pete an' if you think *he'd* talk, you're loco!" snorted the Sheriff. "Pete's half-Mexican—an' most all Mexicans love the Kid like he was a son or a brother. He's lived among 'em so much he talks the lingo as well as any *vagüero*... But we'll go chin with Pete, if you like. Hell—let's visit everybody while we're in town! On the way to Maxwell's we'll take a look at Charlie Bowdre's old place. His wife, Manuela, kept on livin' there after I killed Charlie at Stinkin' Spring. If the Kid's really in Sumner, as you fellows believe, he may be hidin' out there with the widow of his old *compadre*."

**T**HROUGH the avenue of cottonwoods, silvered now by a huge full moon, Garrett and his two deputies rode to Fort Sumner. On the outskirts of the town they tied their horses in a grove of trees on the bank of the Pecos and walked another quarter of a mile until they came to a peach orchard. Just across the road stood the home of Manuela Bowdre, widow of Charlie Bowdre, erstwhile cattle rustler, gunman, and one-time close friend of Billy the Kid.

For two hours Garrett, Poe and McKinney lounged restlessly there in the black shadows of the orchard, watching the darkened house across the road. It was midnight by the Sheriff's watch before Garrett decided to abandon the fruitless vigil.

"Let's go find Pete Maxwell an' then move on to Roswell," growled Pat. The Sheriff was bored with inaction and disgusted with his deputies' fine theories. He didn't bother to conceal the fact.

Silently the three officers moved down the road into the sleeping village. Garrett knew the streets and guided them unerringly to the former commissioned officers' quarters at the old army post. The large adobe-and-frame building was now the home of Pete Maxwell.

Not a light showed in the house as they approached it. "Pete's bedroom is right there in the southeast corner," whispered Garrett. "You fellows stay here. I'll go in an' wake Pete."

The Sheriff slipped quickly across the veranda and entered the open door of Maxwell's bedroom. Poe and McKinney sat down on the edge of the porch and rolled smokes. A cricket chirped sleepily in the shrubbery and a night-bird mewed somewhere overhead. The stillness of the warm summer night was so profound that the faint murmur of the river off

to the south could be heard clearly.

Inside the dark bedroom, Garrett gently shook the sleeping Maxwell by the shoulder and called his name. "Pete—Pete, wake up! It's Garrett."

Maxwell, startled, grabbed instinctively for his gun-belt hanging on the bed-post within reach of his hand; then relaxed with a gusty sigh of relief as he recognized his midnight visitor.

"*Nombre de Dios*, Pat, is it you? What are you doing here in the middle of the night?"

"Not so loud, Pete! I'm looking for the Kid. I've had word—"

Outside, in the bright moonlight beyond the porch, a voice cracked out a question in Spanish—a voice that Garrett recognized. The Sheriff's left hand shut down hard on Maxwell's shoulder, wordlessly bidding him to be quiet.

The voice repeated "*Quien es?*"—with a note of puzzled anger this time. Garrett heard Poe answer in honest amazement: "Hey, put down that gun! What the hell's the matter with you—we won't hurt you!"

Motionless, the Sheriff waited. Pete Maxwell lay as a man petrified with terror. A watch might have ticked twenty times since the voice had first spoken; yet to Garrett, sitting in the darkness beside Maxwell's bed, the time interval seemed like an eternity.

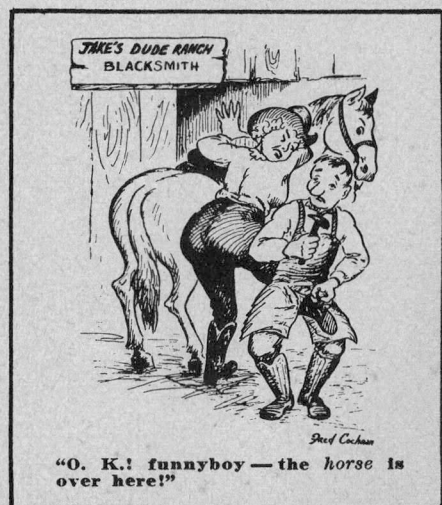
Suddenly a figure loomed in the doorway. The intruder hesitated a moment, then groped his way toward Maxwell's bed.

"Pete"—came the light, vibrant voice that Garrett knew so well—"Pete, who are those fellows outside?"

In the velvet blackness at the head of Maxwell's bed, the Sheriff sat tense and immobile in his chair, his mind working coldly and at lightning speed. Here was the showdown, with Death itself about to deal the cards—Death blinded only momentarily by darkness!

Still sitting, Garrett whipped out his gun. The intruder—hearing the slight scraping sound of revolver leaving holster—leaped back with gun leveled. "*Quien es?*" he barked—and received instant, irrevocable answer in the flash and roar of Garrett's Colt. Face down, he plunged to the floor. A single gasping sigh gurgled into silence.

The long man hunt was over. Billy the Kid was dead.





From such an ambush out he pops  
To spook the bronc you straddle,  
And by the time the bucking stops  
You're short a horse and saddle!

# Jackrabbits

By S. Omar Barker

Illustrated by H. D. Bugbee

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To dine upon a prickly pear  
Must surely take some practice!

The jack's a timid creature which  
Lies low among the grasses,  
Nor even dares to scratch his itch  
While a hungry coyote passes.

From such an ambush out he pops  
To spook the bronc you straddle,  
And by the time the bucking stops  
You're short a horse and saddle.

When rabbit jack once starts to lope  
He sure gets up and drags it—  
Which makes him mighty hard to rope,  
The way he zigs and zags it.

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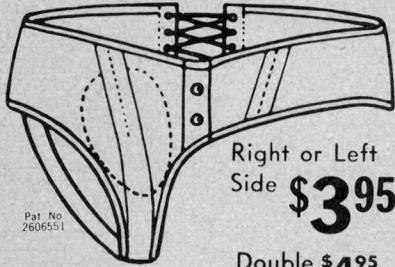


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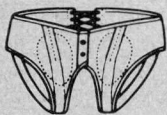
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**Gauntlet Gloves**

(Continued from page 11)

scared screams were like a knife cutting me apart. I ran after them blindly, yelling. I felt utterly helpless.

I guess I went a little crazy. I kept shouting at the horse that he'd get a damned good shooting when I caught up with him—as if that would make him stop. But my trigger finger got mighty limp when finally the runaway horse slowed. I felt Roy over and knew there was no life. Roy was done for.

I don't know why I didn't shoot the horse. A man never knows why he did this or didn't do that at such times. I just loosened the rope, took off the gloves, stuck them in my pocket and took Roy in.

When a cowboy wants to rid the world of a horse he thinks is mean enough to die by running himself to death, he resorts to a beefhide drag. There is no greater punishment for an outlaw horse. The animal just doesn't stop running. He'll go right on off the end of the earth; he won't let up until he's done for, one way or the other.

After seeing what I saw, I got mean enough, mad enough, or off balance enough to give that killer the cure. I blindfolded the horse, pulled a dried-up beef hide off the corral fence, tied the tail of it to that nag's tail, took off the blinds and whacked him across the rump with those gauntlet gloves. He hit the gate going fast, and burst out into the wide, wide world.

It must be a terrifying thing for a booger-shy horse. The hide sailed high, banged down on the ground, popped and crackled. It caught on the sagebrush and snapped loose to go up over the flying outlaw's back, then banged the ground again behind him.

**G**ENERALLY, days, weeks or months later, two dried-out hides are found, still tied together, a skeleton lying nearby—only this time the horse's hide is dried and curled, too . . .

That was the fate I mapped out for Gauntlet—the name he went by after he'd killed Roy. But it didn't work out that

way. He had his run without going over a cliff, running a gopher hole up his leg, or doing any one of a dozen other things that generally happens to a boogered nag with the devil on his tail.

I found the horse, head drooped, foam-covered, dirt-caked, foot-sore, and completely done in—nine miles and four hours from where he started. He hadn't gotten there by running a straight line either. Maybe he hadn't run all that time, but he'd wasted very little of it resting—from the looks of him.

I got off my horse, walked up to him and hit the spent animal in the face with my hat. He backed up against the hide, kicked it twice, then stood there trembling. There was no sign of the wicked look left in his eyes. I threw up my hands, whacked my hat on my chaps. He didn't scare. He just stood and looked at me. He was a cured outlaw.

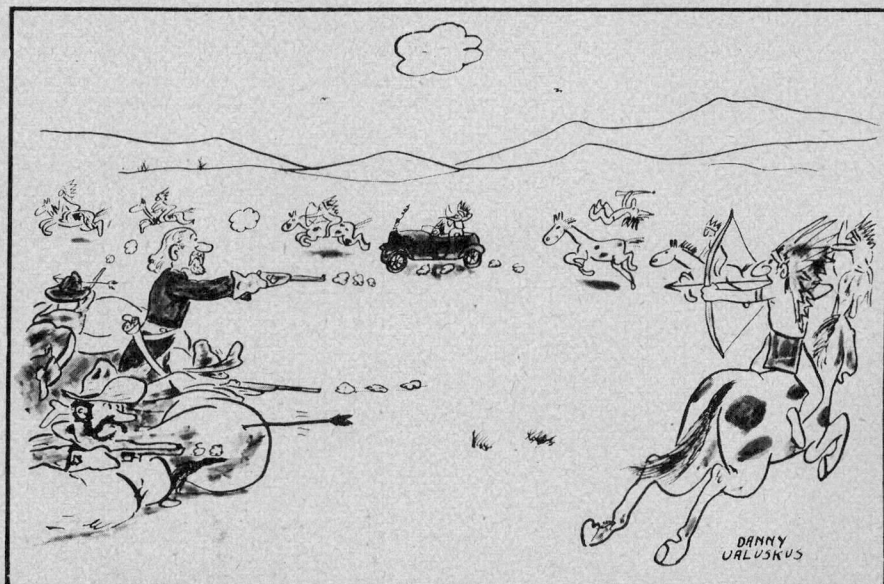
I said, "You bastard! Why couldn't you have looked that way at Roy?"

But he hadn't and now it couldn't be helped. Many a cowboy has been killed or maimed because he didn't understand his horse, and his horse didn't understand him. One of the most common faults used to be that a young cowboy would almost always underrate a horse's ability and willingness to kill him under certain circumstances. Some of that old stock was just half broken in. Many of those horses were just plain mean. A cowpuncher just had to allow for this, be on constant guard, and not take chances. It was the young boys who got hurt and killed mostly.

I put my rope over Gauntlet's head, put the blindfold back on, and unwired the worn beef hide from his tail. I led him back to the corral.

I have never rawhided another horse. The one I did rawhide lived long enough to be called *old Gauntlet* without harming another rider.

That was forty years ago. I'll never forget the thoughts that went through my mind during the lonesome ride back to the corral on that miserable day when a pair of gauntlet gloves and a boogered nag dragged my best friend to a horrible death.



# This Is It!

(Continued from page 4)

dous! Criticism? Only four or five letters from the great mail we've had could be taken that way in even a mild form. Mostly they were from professionals. One said our magazine was set up too "tight." We knew that. The "arteests" say we need more white space. Are you paying a quarter for white space or reading matter? We could give you a magazine with one period in the center of each page—with white space all around—but somehow I don't believe you'd go for that. Anyhow, we've loosened up a bit.

Another objection was too heavy borders around cartoons. In most cases, I think that's right. We're remedying that. And, from the boys in the business, came suggestions that our layouts could be better. The way articles are presented, in other words. They are undoubtedly right. We've improved on that, I believe.

Keep shooting in those suggestions. They help! How can you repair a break in the fence if you don't know where it is?

**MATERIAL?** Folks, we're getting some **WONDERFUL** stuff. But we do have one suggestion. There is a little too much of the badman and gunslinging stuff coming in. Sure, this is popular, but it can be overdone. We'd like to get in more of the old pioneer, unusual, fabulous stories of every phase, period, and angle connected with the Old West. There are actually hundreds of subjects out of the badman category. Send them in! And if you know of a good story that needs to be told, write us about it if you can't get it yourself.

Before closing the water gap, I want to thank you dadburned, wonderful people for that all-out vote of confidence in the first issue. So many of you said it made you happy to see, at last, a first class, authentic magazine on the West, published in the West, by western people! So many of you wrote almost the same words: "I've waited all my life for TRUE WEST!"

Now here is one little thought: If each person who reads this magazine would send one gift subscription to family or friend—we wouldn't need that million dollars! TRUE WEST would come out a healthy monthly, walking on its hind legs and beating fire out of its chest!

So long 'til next time.—Joe

## Truly Western

(Continued from page 6)

reading and doubtful accuracy, and the historical journals with their dry reading and meticulous attention to accuracy, has been a deep one. There is no reason why TRUE WEST cannot fill the bill by keeping historical accuracy and remaining readable. I hope you are a monthly right away.—Robert Pennington, Chairman, Dep't of Sociology & Anthropology, Dakota Wesleyan University, Mitchell, S. D.

### He Iss Dare, Sharlie!

To the Editors:

I suppose this is silly but I have read only three stories in TRUE WEST so far. I note it is a quarterly and I am "portioning them out" so it won't be such a long wait until the next issue!

You told of Superstition Mountain, the Lost Dutchman Gold Mine, and massacre of the Gold Pack Train of the Spaniards

on a slope of the Superstition. I live about three miles from the massacre site and you can imagine I got quite a kick out of reading about it. It is a true story, all right.—Del Riley, P. O. Box 13, Apache Junction, Arizona.

### Illustrated Bouquet

Howdy, Boys!

Now I'm not much at handing out



bouquets, but you deserve one for TRUE WEST. If it gets a little rough, let'er rip! I'm sure the early West was no quilting party nor tea-sipping contest. Just keep it true. This type thing

ought to be the history textbooks in our schools.

You sure started your colt right. Keep it up and you're gonna have a real top hoss.—Gene Holder, Route 4, Mart, Texas.

### Material Shortage?

Gents:

I took my copy of TW to my dad-in-law, an old time Westerner. I was interested to see what he would say. After reading several articles, he said "Hell, it's about time somebody started writing the truth about the old days!" He was happy.

My brother-in-law is a journalist. He said: "Nice magazine—well put together—should sell all right—but he's going to run out of material!"

(Continued on following page)

# DON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE!

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## Truly Western

(Continued from preceding page)

I've heard so many say that. I don't see how you can.—Charles E. Perkins, 478 Fairmont, Pocatello, Idaho.

### Editor's Note:

Yes, Charlie, your brother-in-law is right. So far as we can determine by slide rules, world polls, and interpreting nightmares dreamed while sliding backwards down a mountain at midnight, we ARE going to be a little thin on material in (now this is guessing—nothing definite) approximately 500 years. Up until that time, we shall not only have unlimited material, but it will get better as we go! Wait and see . . .

### Good Idea, Andy!

Gentlemen: (He doesn't know us very well, does he?)

Certain railroad magazines have drawings of engines, steam and diesel, old time engines, cars, etc.

Certain aviation magazines have three view drawings of different types of planes.

Why couldn't you have drawings of wagons, stagecoaches, buckboards, covered wagons, etc.? No western magazines have them.—Andy Vrabel, 45 Millet Ave., Youngstown, Ohio.

### We're Chewin', All Right!

Dear Editor:

My husband and I go into town every payday, visit our favorite book store and pick up reading matter to last until next payday. When we saw TRUE WEST, we could hardly believe it!

Publish it every month; take off a big chew while you're doing it because you can't lose—not when it's true. *This is really it!*—Elmer & Beverly Wellington, Jr., Box 3, McCann, Calif.

### Editor's Note:

Once there was a man who took a chew so big he choked on it. But we'll try—by golly, we'll try! Just give us a little time.

### Old Badmen

Gentlemen:

It's tops. Say no more. I'd like to see articles and short biographies on bandits and gunmen. How about running a series on Quantrill's guerillas, the James and Younger boys, the Daltons, Sam Bass, Billy the Kid, Rube Burrow, Harry Tracy, and Tom Horn. On the other side of the fence, I'd like to see articles on John Colter, Bill Cody, and Sam Colt.—James R. Farmer, Pleasant View, Tenn.

### "Hole-in-the-Wall"

Dear Sir:

Over 45 years ago I lived in the southeastern part of Wyoming. At that time, one would hear much about a place called "Hole-in-the-Wall." It was supposed to be an old outlaw hangout.

It had only one entrance, in a creek bed, and a few men could defy an army the way it was situated. That's just what those outlaws did for years. Even the troops couldn't get at them. Their descendants still live in there.

There really is such a place. It shows up on any good map of Wyoming. Location is north and a little west of Casper, about half way between Casper and Sheridan.

Why wouldn't an article on this place, together with some exciting episodes of the men who lived there, be a good feature for TRUE WEST?—O. W. Wyrick, Jesup, Iowa.

It would. Who knows more?—Ed.

### Old Cowhands' Experiences

Howdy, Yourself!

I've often wondered why somebody doesn't get out on the range, meet and talk with some of the old-time cowboys, and line up some of their early-day experiences for publication. It sure would be interesting to see the results. (We're going to do that ourselves later. Anybody who can on their own now, and will send us the results, will be hitting exactly what we want.—Ed.)—Evan Keith Soward, 4315 Rettig Ave., Oakland, Calif.

### Reminiscing

Dear Editor:

When I read my first issue of TRUE WEST it made me feel like that fellow must have felt when he wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket."

Two things brought back vivid recollections—the Ladino, and Charles Russell. Russell used to come along with a wagon on an outfit I worked with and paint his pictures just as he saw the scene in action.



I may send in some of the happenings that took place in the old days. But, then again, the younger generation wouldn't believe some of the things, and if it wasn't full of drunken brawls and shootings, they would say, "That man has never been west of the Missouri!"—Frank McGrath, I.S.H., Marshalltown, Iowa.

Send 'em in, Frank. Maybe the reason they wouldn't believe it is that's about all they ever had. Let's educate the little devils!—Ed.

### More Badmen

Howdy, Boys!

Here are a few that shouldn't be overlooked: Bert Alvord, Bill Downing, Bravo Juan, Curly Bill, the Clantons, and Wes Harding.

Clay Allison, although you don't hear much about him, was the toughest of the lot. He was killed by a team of mules. That was a mild death in those days, and may be the reason why he gets so little notice now.—Tal Morehead, 1024 N. Highland, Tucson, Arizona.

### Cap Mossman

Dear Joe:

I saw Capt. Mossman's book advertised in TRUE WEST and it brought back memories. One yarn about Mossman never will die.

It was 'way back near the turn of the century when he was Gen. Mgr. and part

owner of the Turkey Track outfit. I and his boys were in a little cowtown on the east shore of the Missouri to ship a herd out. There was no railroad on the west side then, no bridges over the river. Cattle crossed by ferry in spring, by pontoon, or by swimming in the fall when the river was low.

Cap had retired but his cowboys were celebrating. One of the boys got loose from his money roll before he was ready to quit. Figuring he'd touch Cap for an advance, the woosie cowhand got under Mossman's window in the little two story hotel. Deciding to wake Cap up gently by singing, he warbled, "Oh-h-h-hoo Cappp . . . tra la, tra la, oh-h-h Captain . . . drop me down about fortee." \$40 was a month's wages at that time. The cowboy sung several repeats, growing a bit louder each time.

Suddenly, up went the window and out popped Cap's white head, a .45 in his hand. Cap sang, too: "How-ow-ow would about fortee-fiveee do you, cowboy?" He cut loose. Slugs thudded into the ground around the startled crooner who ran like hell.

Out in the dark and safety the cowboy stopped and shouted: "Oh-h-h boys—I believe the old S. O. B. was shootin' to kill!" The streets echoed with laughter.

Cap put on his clothes, went down stairs, bought drinks all around, and went back to bed. The yarn has lived for fifty years.—C. M. Blasingame, Star Route, Avenal, Calif.

### Flying Saucer?

A California subscriber sent in the following clipping saying we might like to look in on the West, modern style.

Brush Creek, Calif.—Two grizzled gold miners were ready to lay a trap for a "flying saucer" manned by broad-shouldered midgets that kept bothering them at their mountain diggings.

The miners, John Q. Black and John Van Allen, said they were tempted to fire at the thing next time it shows up.

Black and Van Allen, who have a reputation for sobriety, told Sheriff Fred Preston that the "saucer" has landed twice near the small gold mine they operate in the remote Marble Creek area. Each time, they said, a little man got out, scooped up a pail of water and handed it to someone inside. The miners asked the Sheriff if it would be all right to take a shot at the contraption next time they see it. They said it landed first on June 20, and again on July 20, so they reckon it will be back on August 20. (Mag will have gone to press by then.)

Preston said he told the men he couldn't give them permission to shoot at anything. "I told them they'd better grab it next time so they'd have something to back up their story," Preston said. He added that he wasn't planning to investigate but that he had informed the Air Force.

The miners said the "saucer" came down on a sand bar at the junction of Marble and Jordan Creeks, using a three-legged landing gear that retracted when it took off. The landing gear left marks on the sand the size of elephant tracks, they said.

Black and Van Allen described the object as being about seven feet in diameter and about four feet thick. The little man who got out was wearing something like a "knee-length parka" and his arms and legs seemed covered with a heavy tweed material.

Mrs. Vi Belcher, operator of the Brush Creek Store, said the two miners had a good reputation and were "not drinking men."

From Indian Wars to flying saucers—that's TRUE WEST. See you later . . .



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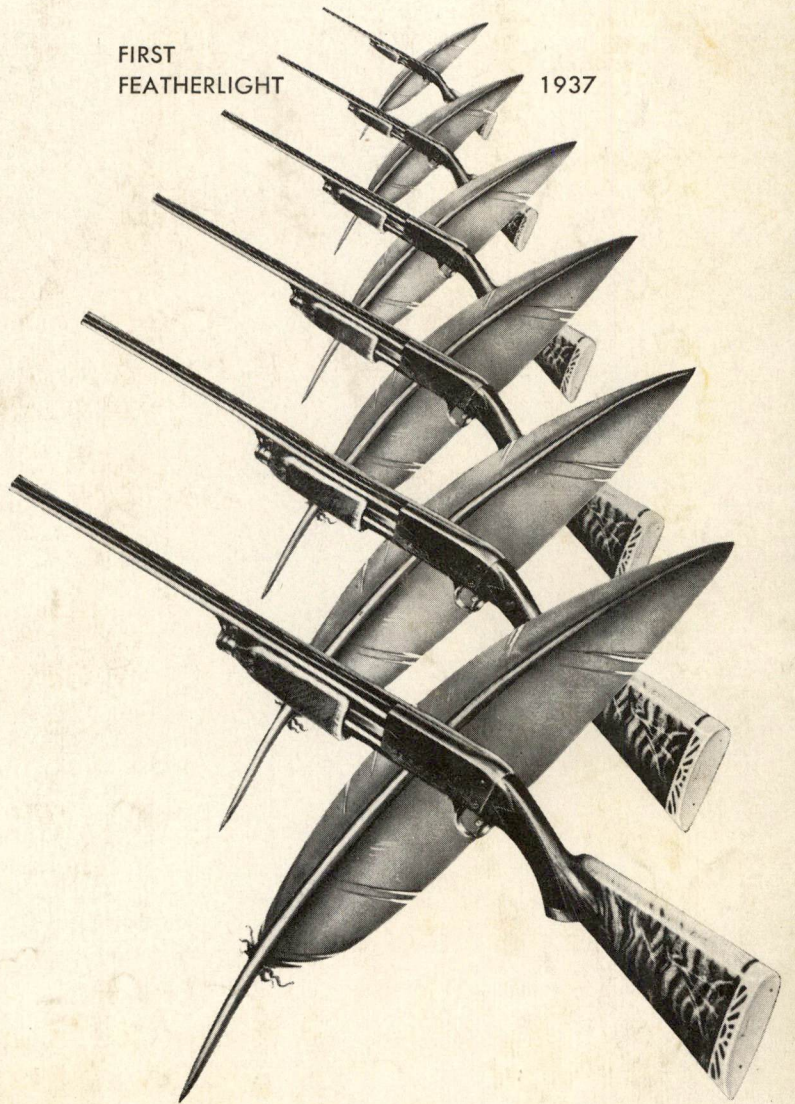
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