TRUE WEST

NON-FICTION

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

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February, 1968

BLACK HAWK RODE WITH MANUELITO

BY JOHN R. WINSLOWE

HE LOST HIS YOUTH IN THE DEER LODGE PEN

—BY WALT COBURN—

SAD SAM By FRED GIPSON • A LION WALKING AMONG RATS

A TALE OF TWO FORT BLAST AT SHERIDAN

HAND-PICKED JURY IN GLECTED MINE

The INDIANS and HORSES of GERARD RTIS DELANO

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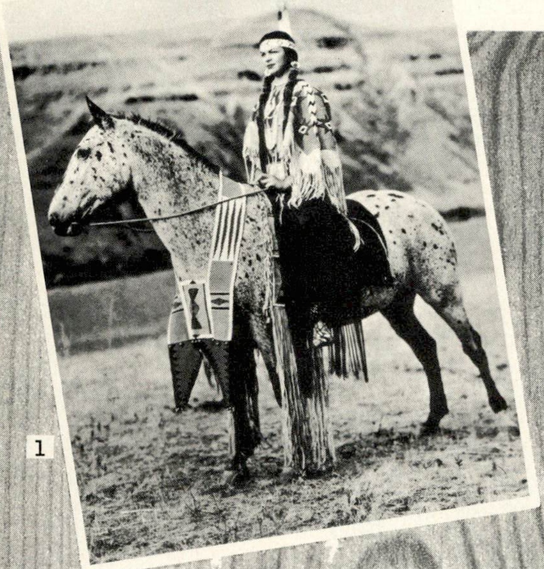
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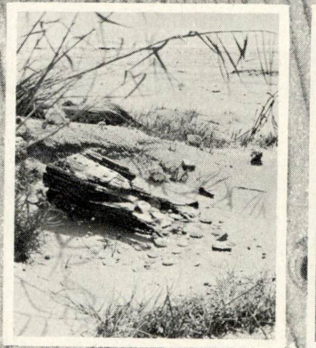
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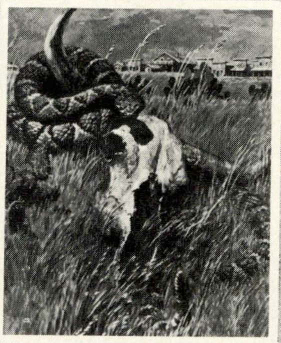
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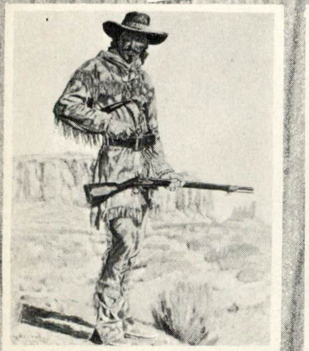
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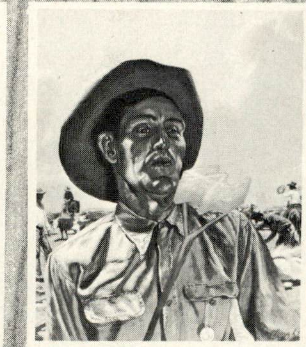
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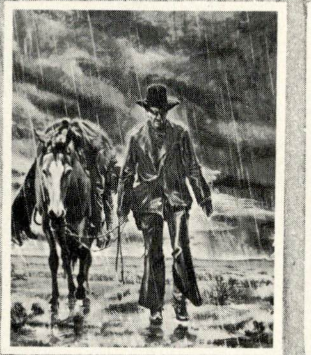
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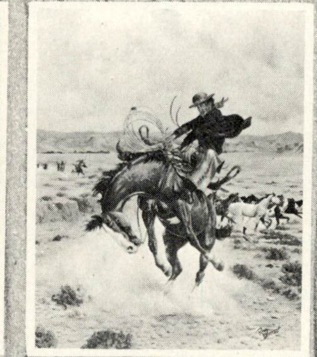
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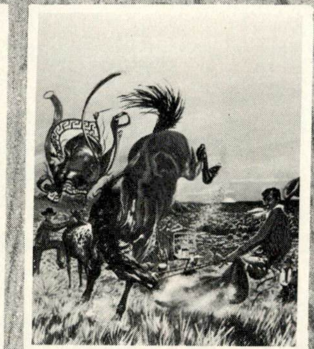
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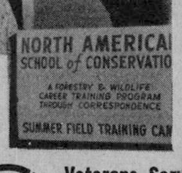

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January-February, 1
Volume 15, No. 3
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True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real Wes

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

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Cover: "In Bonnet and Paint"
By Gerard Curtis Delano, Copyright 1964

TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Bo 3668, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704. 35c per copy, $4.00 for 12 issues i the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico. $5.00 for 12 issues in all othe countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Copyright 1967 by WESTER PUBLICATIONS, INC

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READER writes in, "Joe, I was just talking to a friend the other day out those crying editorials you used to ite. We kind of miss them. Things *uldn't* have been that bad! Or, could ey?"

By golly, they could and they *were*. ose editorials were more factual than e early contents of the magazines them- ves! We did make some mistakes since were too poor to hire competent re- archers—but, podner, I needed no re- arching for those editorials when I dn't know whether I was going to get t another issue or not!

Fact of the matter is, I published two agazines before the idea for TRUE EST came along. Way back in 1936 I arted SOUTHERN SPORTSMAN. I as going to the University of Texas and ew as much about magazine publish- g as a cross-eyed polecat knows about w to win friends and influence people. second thought, he does know consid- able about influencing people! Any- w, I could write a book on the experi- ces of my roommate, Gene Arrington, d me during those early days. He had 5 and I had $67 and I convinced him at, since the idea was mine and since had more money than he had, I should president and editor. He agreed that ce-president and general manager ould be O.K. for him. We couldn't af- rd money for a staff so there was this izabeth Berry who did our typing out pure pity I think. There are those who ill accuse me of marrying that girl so wouldn't have to pay a secretary!

It's too long a story but I acquired ESTERN SPORTSMAN also after the ar and then things really got *rough*— wrote the president of one of the big- st magazine publishing companies in e world and asked him why we had to out and fight for a free country while e big boys were buying up all the paper ills and I couldn't get enough paper to t out a little old 32-page-plus-cover agazine. He wrote me a two-page tter of explanation and made available ough paper for two issues—otherwise would have gone out of the publishing siness right then. I'd like to use that an's name but I can't contact him in ne for this issue and he could prob- ly care less anyhow. I learned then at some of the very biggest guys are e nicest.

Anyhow, about once a day I wish to ck I had stayed with my writing. An adulterated fluke happened when I as fourteen years old. I sold my first ory to a New York magazine and was ing pretty good until I just *had* to get the publishing business. Those first enty-three years were *hard*. Brother, wrote from the very bottom of my art in those editorials! I don't think ybody ever accused me of begging— me a beggar was an unfortunate indi- dual on a street corner with a tin cup his hand and I wasn't *quite* that bad f! However, I sure poured out the ars, telling people our actual situation d if they *believed in us*, come on and lp, but if they didn't believe, please cut f all help immediately, let's make it ort and sweet and not drag out a sorry ding!

THE FOLLOWING is what I wrote in the March-April, 1947, issue of WESTERN SPORTSMAN. I wrote it in a humorous vein to keep from crying, quitting or maybe lambasting the whole world. We had worked day and night to put out what we thought was the best issue yet, with a beautiful two-color drawing of a grizzly bear on the front cover by the late Walter J. Wilwerding, a master of animal art.

I simply called the editorial:

Aw Hell!

"From the first, let it be known that we here at the WESTERN SPORTSMAN office are perfect. We never make a mistake. So, naturally if there is anything wrong with our magazine it is the direct fault of our associates in crime—namely the printer and engraver.

"Now that we have cast the first rock and absolved ourselves of all wrong, we can speak freely and openly of those old sinners, the engraver and the printer.

"We forgot to tell the engraver on our last issue that we were printing a flat magazine, so he mounted our cover cuts on green wood, and by the time they reached the printer they were curved in the general shape of a rainbow. Our printer, unthoughtful soul that he was, did not reason that he could wrap this cut around a cylinder press with baling wire and do a better job than was the final result. So he returned the cut and it was reworked.

"However, this reworking weakened the chassis of the great big strong looking bear somehow, and the metal gave way eventually. Also, the printer saw where he could lay the blame on the engraver so he set his press on 'till forbid,' grabbed a quick lunch, and went fishing.

"Results were that in many instances our readers couldn't tell whether that was a bear on the front cover or the west side of a used corset. Not seeing how a corset would be appropriate on the cover of an outdoor magazine, they reasoned that it must be some sort of animal at that.

"Then is when the contest started. They started writing in guessing what the critter was on our cover. And we started gnashing our teeth and crying in our warm beer for, again, we had arrived with an idea too late. If we had just known about the contest we were sponsoring, we could have given prizes and made each reader send in the price of a subscription as his entry fee and would have come out of the wild melee with our pockets bulging.

"As it was, we just cried some more in our beer and thought about how pretty that cover drawing looked before the engraver and the printer started casting their evil eyes toward it. On some copies, we noticed, the red and black were separated to the extent of making two bears. For this we should be thankful, I suppose, for are we not getting twice our money's worth?

"At this writing, I know not how our cover is turning out on the current issue, but if it resembles the general contours of our last one, we shall be obliged to print the name of the animal or fish on each cover from now on so you will know what the general subject is about.

"We had our pore old noses to the grindstone so hard on the last issue, trying to make it the best of any sectional outdoor magazine ever published, that we wore them right down even with our foreheads. And then when we finally got a look at results, all we could do was sit back in our chair, wipe the cold sweat off our brows, and whisper weakly: 'Aw, hell!'

"OH, WELL—everybody has trouble now. The engraver can't get good materials. The printer can't get good paper, and we aren't exactly turning out a classic here ourselves. But give us time. Before too much longer, we hope to turn out a publication that, for the western outdoorsman, can't be matched anywhere else in the world.

"Subscriptions sure are fogging in. You fellows are cooperating all right. We asked that you pass your copies on to other sportsmen so that issue wouldn't 'die,' and in doing this you have caused many subscriptions to come in from new readers. And (while you are in a cooperating mood) don't forget to say you saw it in WESTERN SPORTSMAN when writing advertisers. Brother, that HELPS! Also, a help that would be six shades greater than tremendous would be for you, when writing companies you patronize, to ask them why they aren't advertising in the West's outdoor magazine.

"My grandmother Watson used to say that it took a heap of work to put a big job over, but that a big job sure did look little when everybody put their shoulders to the wheel!

"Because of the paper shortage we are having to cut down some on our newsstand allotment, so if you are a newsstand reader, head a buck our way, scare hell out of it, and we'll chunk you seven issues of this lousy rag back—one every other month. We're a bi-monthly, you know, until somebody quits using so much paper that we can get more!

"Now I've run plumb out of something to say, so why dirty up good paper? I'm gonna get the hell out of this durned office and go fishing!"—Joe Austell Small.

When I think of those days (imagine a magazine selling for 15c!) it makes the ever-growing red tape, snarls of details, and the still tremendous job of publishing—well, it seems a little better at that! We were publishing something over 35,000 copies in those days and our combined

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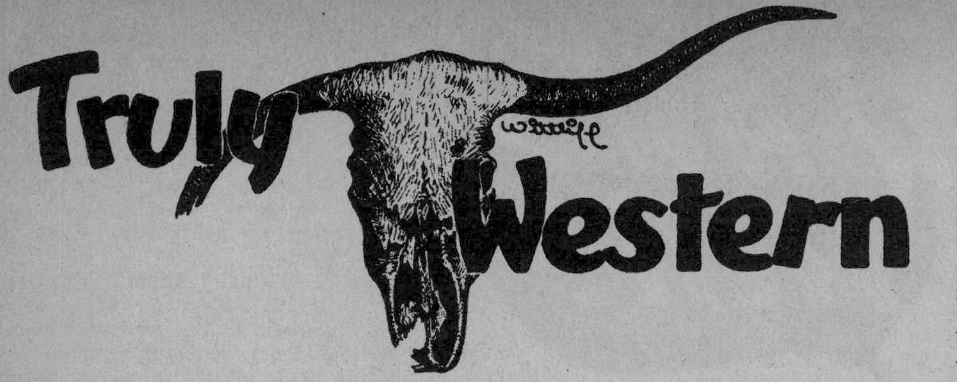

Another Cactus Recipe

Dear Sir:

I was very interested in the story "The Noble Nopales." I myself have gathered the tender leaves of the cactus and cooked them. I just took off the little barbs with a paring knife, which is easy when you get the knack, washed and cut them up and let them come to a boil. Then I poured the water off, and put more water on them and boiled till tender, about 10 to 15 minutes like okra. After draining, I'd put four measuring cups of the cactus in three tablespoons of bacon grease and add ¾ cup of diced onion, one big garlic pod and one heaping tablespoon chili powder. After the onions were shiny soft, six beaten eggs were added. Of course, you add salt and pepper to taste. If you want to, you can add ground meat, but I didn't always have that, living out on a ranch ten miles from Falfurrias, Texas. This recipe was given me by the wife of one of our Mexican cowboys.—Mrs. A. E. Minten, 305 Belden Avenue, San Antonio, Texas.

James and Eliza Wishart's Grave

Hi, Folks:

This past summer, as a centennial project, David Kenney of Redlands, Alberta, restored the old loghouse built by my great-grandfather, James (my story about him appeared in TRUE WEST some time ago). He invited all of us great-grandsons to a big beef and buffalo barbecue. I arrived a couple of days early and John Martin, author of *The Rosebud Trail* (and still quite a young fellow at seventy-nine), took me for a ride in his pickup. He showed me the point at which James Wishart had lain down, fully expecting to die, but was rescued in the nick of time by his wife and his son, Dave.

I went on to Gleichen, Alberta, to see the old grave of James and Eliza Wishart and no sooner had I arrived than a big, tall Indian crooked his finger at me and asked, "Are you Bill Wishart, great-grandson of James and Eliza?" I told him yes, so he said, "I'm Chief Crowfoot, Chief of the Blackfoot Indians, and the name of the friend of your great-grandfather wasn't Crane Bear, as you wrote, but Many Bear."

We went to the cemetery and found the old gravestone. It had been neglected for over sixty years, so I made arrangements for a man to renew the old headstone. Whoever had put the words on the stone long ago had put a "d" on the end of his name, instead of a "t" so I'm having that remedied, too.

A couple of days later I saw Chief Crowfoot in the Calgary Stampede in all his fine dress and headfeathers. He sure looked the part of an Indian Chief. —William Wishart, Suite #5, Universal Hotel, 362 Alexander Street, Vancouver 4, British Columbia, Canada.

Ogle Cave in Slaughter Canyon

Dear Sir:

Last February's TRUE WEST carried a query of mine concerning an accident in a New Mexico cave. I must tell you that I received letters from all over the West and got answers to almost all of my questions.

I have heard from three others who were in our party that day (April 11, 1915) and I have determined that the cave was *not* Carlsbad Cavern but Ogle Cave in Slaughter Canyon in the same area. The young man who was killed was named William Lafayette Sorrells. I have recently received a letter from Tomas Jose Sorrells of Monclova, Coahuila, Mexico, who said he is a brother of William L.

I have secured the names of almost all of those who made up our party from Loving. I have found out the name of the wagon boss from Washington's Ranch and have received a letter from a man who was in the cook crew. Although many memories have dimmed over the past fifty years, I have received much information that would not have been possible without the services of TRUE WEST and its readers.—Claude W. Pyle, 4930 47th Avenue North, St. Petersburg, Florida 33709.

Galveston Remembered

Dear Western Publications:

The article by Carroll Lewis, "Tre ures of Galveston Bay," in the Octo TRUE WEST was very interesting me. I was born in Galveston in 1887 a spent my boyhood there and in La Po My father owned several sailing scho ers and he and Dick Tompkins owne fast sloop called the *Ella*. It used to nip-and-tuck between the *Ella* and t fast sloop-rigged yacht called the *Co try Girl*, which had been designed blind Dr. Beasley who owned a plan tion near La Porte. I remember t Archie Anderson was sheriff of Galv ton County then and Frank Busch a Hans Baker had something to do w law enforcement.

In later years I saw some big cat round-ups in various parts of the We but one of the largest I ever saw w when Allen and Pool moved wild cat off islands across from Crescent Pa on San Jacinto Bay. Two other boys a I perched up in a tree and watched t cattle being brought to the mainla We were proud and happy boys wh Mr. Allen invited us to eat at the chu wagon. I remember watching a Neg broncbuster named Berry ride. hobbled his stirrups and I thought head would be popped off when he ro the bucking horses.

At the time of the big storm in 19 my father was captain of the tugbo *John P. Smith*. She was sunk but w raised later. We were living in La Po and took shelter in a building owned Dr. McCoy, as the place we lived seemed about to collapse. I remember plate glass window blew in and a m was severely cut. Dr. McCoy patch him up. I also remember that H. Walt Husky, the professor at our school, we out with some other men to help peop to safety. Professor Husky was a b powerful man and I heard he later we to Reno, Nevada, where he practiced la and became a member of the Neva Legislature.

A short time later my father, with small crew, sailed the sloop *Tide* Galveston to bring some of our relati to the mainland. I'm sure he was o of the first men to reach Galvest after the storm.—Tom Moss, P.O. B 2004, Gardena, California 90247.

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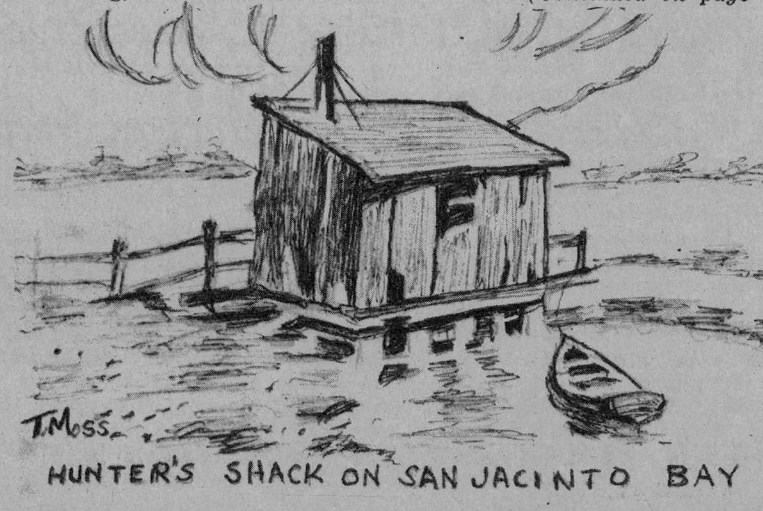

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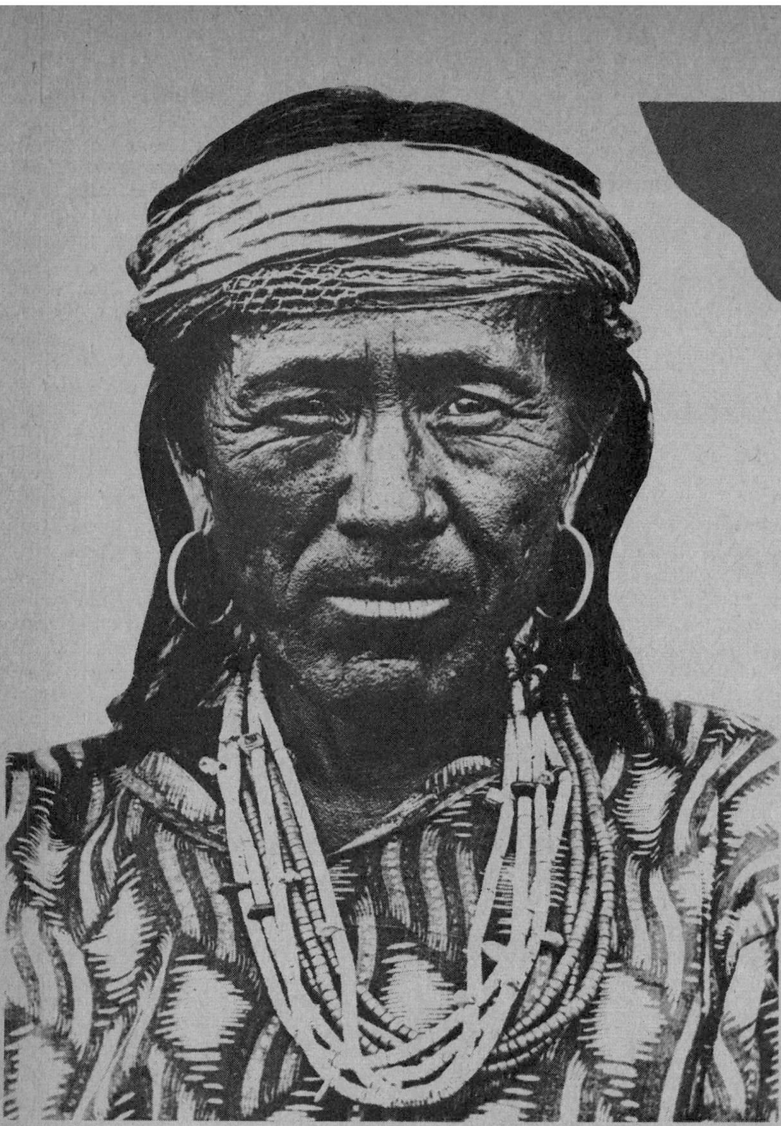


Navajo Chief Black Hawk, about 1890.

BLACK HAWK
rode with

By JOHN R. WINSLOWE

Photos Courtesy Author

AN EARLY RISING Hopi woman in the plaza of ancient Oraibi stared in horror at the northern horizon. Along the rim of the mesa she could see enemy lances outlined against the morning stars. Immediately she began screaming, "Navajos! Navajo raiders!" Then she fled inside her first-floor home in the old pueblo.

On the flat rooftops, Hopi warriors leaped from their sheepskins with weapons in hand. But they were far too late. The Navajo invaders already had slipped up the wooden ladders to the housetops, slashing with their razor-sharp knives. Agonized cries reverberated throughout the village.

As other Hopis—armed with clubs, slingshots, knives and bows-and-arrows—poured into the streets, the Navajo bowmen, protective hide-shields fastened to their left arms, cut loose from previously occupied positions. Wounded and confused, the Hopis yelled and screamed, many of them in death throes. But, after nearly an hour of hand-to-hand conflict, they—with their superior numbers—gained the advantage, and pinned their Navajo invaders down in the plaza. The narrow streets entering it were blocked with Hopi defenders.

The cunning Navajo war-chief, Nabahi, had expected this. All this time, as the battle swayed and starlight faded into dawn, Black Hawk's dreaded lancers had remained outside the battle, watching and waiting for Nabahi's signal. When it was received, Black Hawk gestured with his lance and they charged forward, the single line breaking into smaller segments. Each unit pounded into one of the short streets.

The drum of thundering hoofs climaxed as Hopis impaled on the cruel lances screamed in pain. Wounded and dying fell beneath the horses. The defenders fled into openings in the pueblo as the lancers killed and dispersed the living like grain in a lightning-blasted hailstorm.

Reforming quickly, the Navajo knife-wielders and bowmen plunged into the lower rooms of the houses. Defenders who had not climbed to the second-story rooms, pulling the ladders up after them were caught and killed.

As the sun tipped the horizon, the battle had ended except for an occasional charge of a few courageous Hopis trying to protect their winter food stores from pillage. Their efforts came to naught and they forfeited their lives.

Navajo youths, embryo warriors of twelve to fourteen, were signalled to bring in the herd of packhorses and mules. Almost leisurely the raiders loaded them with sacks and robes filled with corn from the new harvest, plus whatever householders' possessions would be of use. There was no scalping of enemy dead and—contrary to later claims—no prisoners were taken as slaves.

By midmorning the last animal had been loaded and the Navajos withdrew in good order, packing their few dead and wounded away. Nabahi's spectacular raid, a retaliation for the killing of eight peaceful Navajos on Black Mountain, would go down in history. Despite the great numerical odds, the Navajos had almost negligible losses, whereas they killed about 400 Hopis. Nabahi could easily have occupied the village and killed every man, woman and child in it. As it was, he left it with such heavy losses the population never recovered from the blow.

This astounding raid, made in 1837, marked the beginning of renown for two young Navajo chiefs. Manuelito, who had been in charge of the bowmen, was to become best known and most famous. But Black Hawk was the superior guerilla general in the wastelands and mountains of the Southwest. Curiously, both were born near the same place in the defiles of the Chuska Mountains in the summer of 1818. They were nineteen years old at the time Oraibi was attacked by Nabahi's forces, but each had progressed so much as a fighting leader he was entrusted with a special section during the assault. The success of the Oraibi raid was due almost wholly to their forceful and timely attacks.

Both were tall men, standing just over six feet in height, but Manuelito—even in his youth—was inclined toward obesity. Black Hawk was heavily built but wiry and stronger. Waging war was the sole business of these two chiefs during three-quarters of their long lives. They and their men were always ready for battle. Their bows were six feet or

For good reason the Navajos' enemies called them the "Bloody Knives." They were mercilessly efficient in close combat—

Manuelito

onger, so strong only the big, muscled Navajos could employ them. It was said hat their twelve-to-fourteen foot lances were so heavy enemies picking them up on the battlefield could not handle their weight and length.

In those times, Navajo warriors went nto battle wearing jackets of doubled buckskin or leather. Their tight fitting breeches were of the same material and their war moccasins, or boots with rawhide soles, were of tough hide which reached to the knee. A thick hide shield fastened to the upper left arm deflected arrow points and the lead balls of black powder muskets.

Two years after the Oraibi raid, Black Hawk pulled Manuelito and his men out of a death trap in Colorado. The young bucks had gone there on a horse-stealing expedition and their scouts had located some Utes' stock below the Dolores River. Driving in with his men, Manuelito rounded up the entire remuda and started racing out of the cienega where they grazed.

At first sight of the raiders, the Ute guards had raced to their encampment, only a short distance away, to spread the alarm. About half of the Utes were armed with Spanish muskets. Rallying, they spread around the lower end of the cienega to block Manuelito's route of escape. Their opening fire from the timber forced Manuelito back onto the cienega. But he had an ace in the hole; Black Hawk and his lancers were waiting in concealment.

As the Utes tried to press their advantage, Black Hawk and his lancers struck like a cyclone, rendering death and destruction as they overran the dismounted Utes. Manuelito had been surrounded and cut off from his men and was facing death when the hard-riding lancers demolished the enemy about to lift his hair. Escaping, he collected his routed men and drove the stolen horses south.

Nabahi's next raid was against the pueblo of Zuni about 1840. Periodically the Zunis came north across the Navajo frontier stealing sheep and capturing young people to be sold to the New Mexicans as slaves. In retaliation, Nabahi sent four score warriors thundering into the Zuni village just before dawn. Even though they knew the Navajo—unlike other tribes—would attack during the night, the Zunis were taken by surprise and had to retreat from one section of the pueblo. That was the food storage place. While pillaging ensued, Black Hawk's lancers pushed the Zunis' fighting force into second-story dwellings and contained them there. The sun hung only

A corner of the ancient pueblo of Oraibi, sacked by raiders in 1837.

Courtesy Laura Preston Runke

an hour high when the triumphant Navajos rode out with all their extra horses and mules heavily loaded.

NEW MEXICO, then under an unstable Mexican government, had degenerated into almost hopeless chaos. During the early 1840s Indians everywhere went on the rampage, raiding across the unprotected frontier at will, even daring to enter and make tribute demands in Albuquerque and Santa Fe. Black Hawk and Manuelito were raiding and fighting almost constantly.

Then, with American occupation in 1846, the Navajos joined with the new overlords to drive the Mexicans south. When peace came to the troubled land, they could not understand why they should cease fighting the Mexicans or the other tribes who were still their enemies. Although ordered by the American army to stop maurauding, they disobeyed. Consequently, many expeditions were made against them.

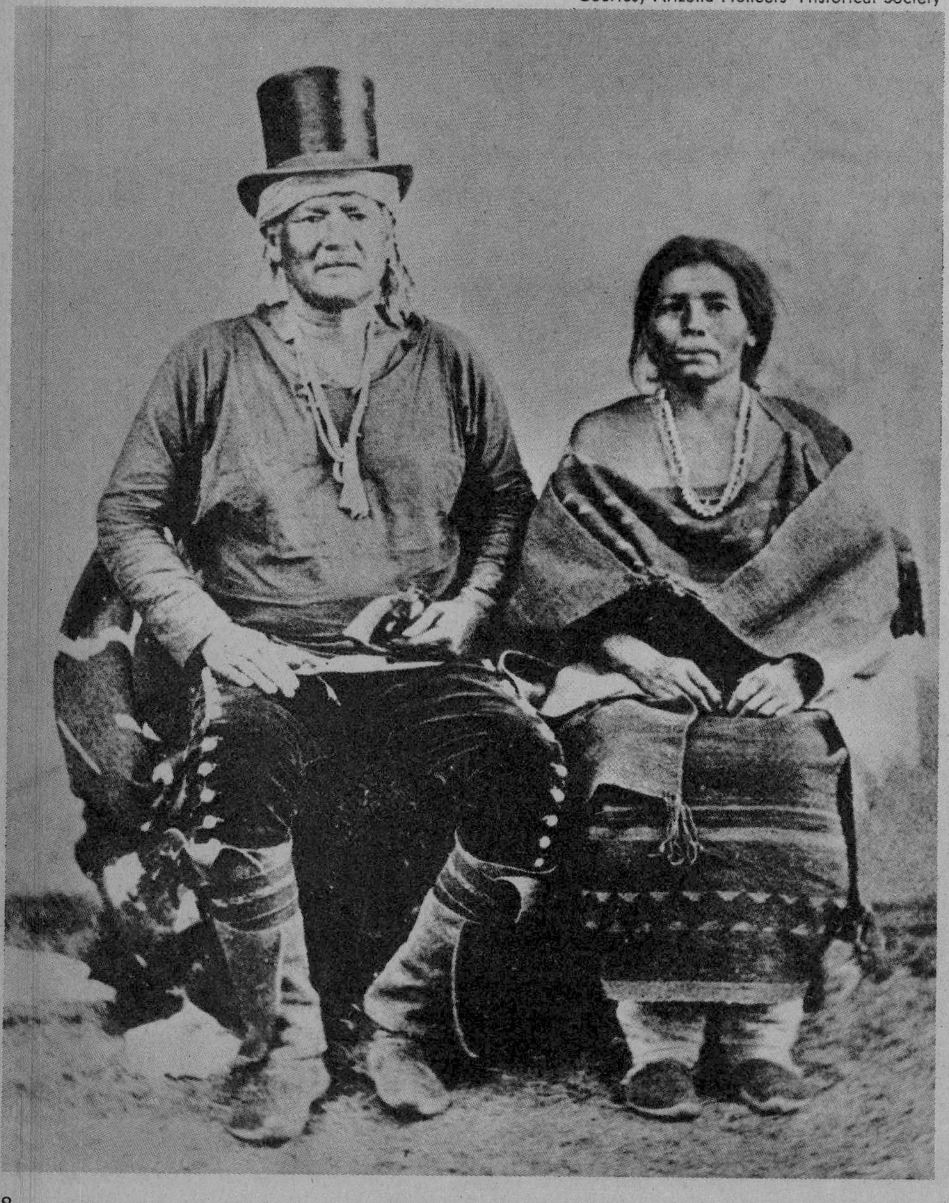
In 1852 Fort Defiance was established to guard the western frontier. It was strategically located to control the old raider trails east and south. Black Hawk and Manuelito watched its construction from the heights overlooking Bonito Valley. The mud- and stone-walled fort enraged them. They vowed some day to wipe it out. Meanwhile they contented themselves with running off the Army's horse herds on the cienegas near Black Rock.

In 1859 a column of Mounted Rifles under Captain John George Walker struck out boldly across Navajo country. Black Hawk and his bravos trailed them past the Hopi villages on their stark mesas, over Black Mountain and into the Navajo Mountain area. But after exploring the country, Walker led his command back east via what is now Kayenta. Many years later Black Hawk said he'd decided not to ambush the Americans because they did not raid and seemed strictly peaceful.

THAT same year Manuelito became the third-ranking chief of the Navajo nation. He refused to sign a treaty with the American overlords at Fort Defiance. It hardly mattered. Groups of Navajos signed a peace treaty with th Americans one month and broke it th next. They were becoming accustomed t the campaigns into their country and t the endless peace conferences.

Chief Manuelito and his oldest wife, Nabaha Jihlta, 1884.

Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society



The next fall a big New Mexica raiding party led by Blas Lucero plunge through the heart of Navajoland. Despite American laws against slavery, th New Mexicans continued to attack India tribes for prisoners to sell as slaves an to steal stock. Lucero was the mos notorious of such raiders and wa thoroughly hated by the tribesmen.

At the time, Black Hawk was protecting Manuelito on another horse-stealing raid against their hereditary enemies the Utes. Fortunately a hard-riding messenger reached them, but Lucero ha already taken more than a hundre prisoners and all the property his wagon could haul. In addition, he had all th stock his men could drive back into New Mexico.

The horse-stealing jaunt was called of and the two chiefs raced southward Scouts located the New Mexicans. Whe the Navajos came near them, Lucero fle with his command directly into Oraibi the same village the Navajos had decimated twenty-two years before.

Among the friendly Hopis, enemies o the Navajo, Lucero took sanctuary unti he thought the enemy had pulled off. Then, instead of continuing eastward, he decided to fool them by moving south across forty miles of waterless desert. The nearest spring was at Zonneztoh, Mule Lake, ten miles south of Salina, Arizona.

The ruse failed. Black Hawk and Manuelito sped to Zonneztoh and hid between the approaching slavers and the lake. They killed Lucero's advance scouts, forcing Lucero to round up for a standoff battle. But he had to have water at all costs. Leaving guards over the wagons and stock, he led his men in a charge to drive the Navajos from the lake. It was just what the Navajos wanted. Just at the instant Lucero believed he was carrying the day, Black Hawk appeared with his lancers.

The Navajo riders drove through Lucero's fighters, then wheeled and returned. The New Mexicans—many of them Indians—fled in every direction. Those not slain in the first charge were run down and speared. Even so, eight of them—including the hated Lucero—escaped into the rocks.

While the lancers were completing the fight, Manuelito swooped down on the wagons with his bravos. They captured them and the stock and freed the prisoners without much difficulty. The guards were slain attempting flight on foot into the desert. But one paused long enough to single out Manuelito and discharge his musket. The chief rolled from his pony to the sand.

As Black Hawk came up he found his fellow chief writhing on the ground. The ball had cut a long gash across Manuelito's breast. Later the chief referred to it as his "scar of honor" because he had killed fifteen of the slavers in personal combat that day.

He recovered by April, 1860, the date the aging Nabahi finally decided to as-

Courtesy Laura Preston Runke

Oraibi pueblo often raided by Navajo braves.

ult Fort Defiance. He summoned Black awk and Manuelito and added their rength to his own, thus amassing a ghting force of 1,000 men drawn from ery part of Navajoland. The plan of tack was not one that either Black awk or Manuelito would have drawn but Nabahi was the war chief so they eyed his orders.

LACK HAWK'S lancers were held in reserve on the clay flats while bow- en climbed into the great rocks over- oking the fort. The main force slipped around the walls. A small, swift-riding oup struck the horse herd. The scouts arding them were quickly routed or lled and the horses were driven out of e meadows under a dust cloud. That as the signal for the main assault.

From the heights the bowmen cut loose long range. A flight of arrows fell guards occupying the parapet and stions. Many were wounded and all ere driven to cover. While bugles blew rally the soldiers, Navajos on the ound pressed forward. Ahead of those med with muskets raced fleet young en carrying long, notched poles to be ammed against the walls. When they me to rest, Navajos climbed upward nd-over-hand, knives clenched between eir teeth. At the top of the barricade, ey started to plunge over or drew their uskets and tried to fire. But soldiers peared there to oppose them and, no atter how bravely the attackers tried get over the walls, they were thrown ck. The first attempt ended with many ounded and some dead, all of whom ere packed away.

For half an hour lead and arrows ined into the fort. Then the second sault wave was hurled against it. At e fort's northeast corner, two soldiers ere knocked off the parapet wounded. he remaining pair, rifles empty, reached er to throw the poles aside. From low, a long steel-tipped arrow went ue to the mark, piercing the body of rivate Sylvester Johnson of Company 3rd Infantry. He fell backward off e parapet dead and was the only American lost during the strenuous two-hour fight.

When the second wave was forced back too, the Navajos debated their strategy. Nabahi strode around raging. Appalled by their unexpected high losses, the sub-chiefs were against a third charge. Finally Black Hawk spoke his mind on how the fighting should be conducted. He said frontal attack was wrong—they should catch the soldiers at a disadvantage, perhaps when the massive gates were open for traffic. By a swift dash they could get in, prevent the gates from being closed, and then overpower the soldiers by sheer force of arms.

But the disgruntled leaders were unable to make a decision. Their attitude resulted in the battle being called off. However, for a week afterwards, Navajo warriors lurked in the rocks above the fort. They prevented messengers from getting out to inform other outposts of the attack. Every day the soldiers expected another and more powerful assault, but it didn't come because most of the Navajos had dispersed or gone on raids over the frontier.

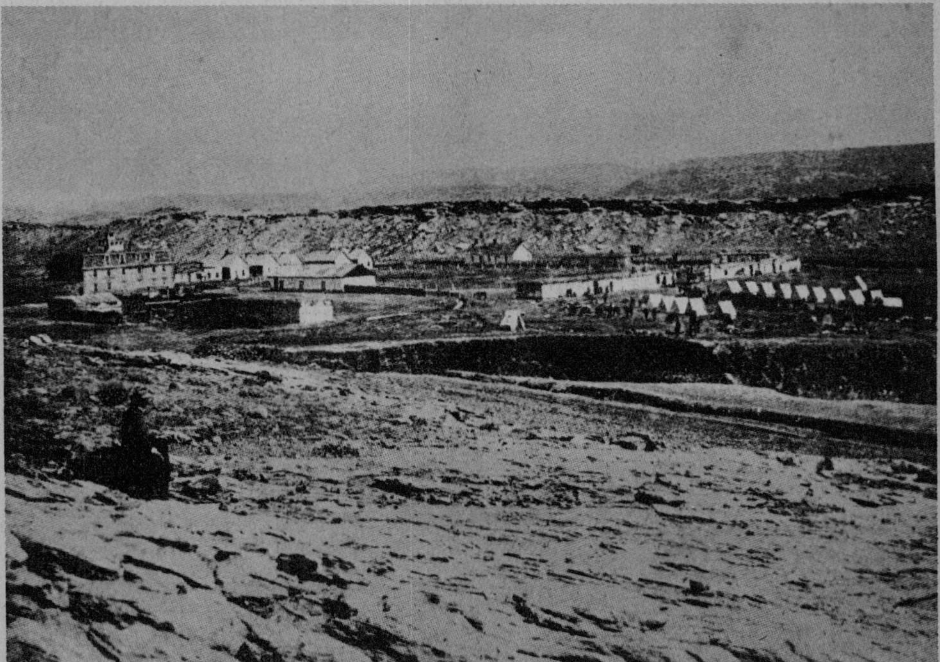
NOT LONG after the abandonment of the siege, Nabahi and his Mexican son-in-law, Juan Cosinis (the father of Chief Henry Chee Dodge) led a raiding party into New Mexico. On the trail near Tohatchi they fell into an ambush set by New Mexicans; among those killed were the old chief and his son-in-law.

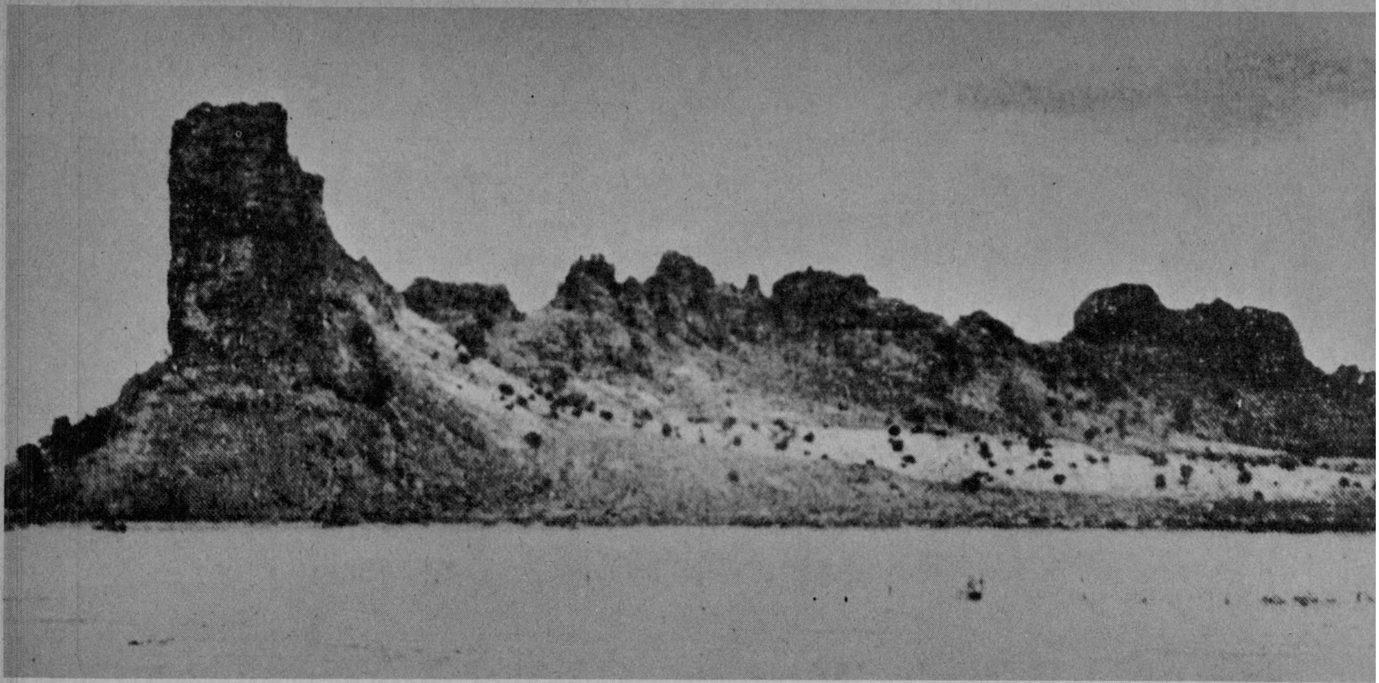
Black Hawk came onto the battlefield while the dead were being packed out. After springing their trap, the New Mexicans had fled east. Black Hawk managed to overhaul and kill half of the hundred who had ambushed Nabahi and his band.

The following year the leading Navajo

Fort Defiance, 1880, attacked by Navajos 1,000 strong.

Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society





Black Hawk ran off the soldiers' horses grazing at Black Rock.

chief, Narbone, Manuelito's father-in-law, was killed by Zuni Indians near Wide Ruins, Arizona. The enemy was raiding for slaves and booty and Narbone's men had intercepted them and driven them back toward Zuni.

Black Hawk came up a few hours later and took the Zunis' trail, but they raced to safety inside the pueblo's protective walls. That night he ran off a big herd of horses he found near the salt lake beds and returned home.

That same year Chico Abeyata in Santa Fe outfitted a trading and raiding party of 100 pack animals and more than 10 men. His guides were alien Navajos (former slaves) from Cañoncito. The Abeyata party took the old Jemez route west to the raiders' trail through the Chama Gateway to the Chaco Plains. While they were still on the plains, Manuelito's scouts discovered them and that chief contacted Black Hawk. Abeyata, meanwhile, camped near a mountain lake called Laguna Grande.

The Navajos closed in during the night, completing their surround just before daybreak. While the traders started cooking breakfast and packing up for an early departure, the Navajos attacked.
The Abeyata party's first warning
danger was a flight of arrows and m
ketballs. As they tried to rally for
fense, a second fusilade drove them i
worse confusion. Just then Black Ha
flashed out of the pine timber with
lancers. The survivors abandoned
their stock and goods and plunged i
flight toward distant Whiskey Pass.

They didn't get far. Black Hawk's r
ers overhauled them and forced th
to make a stand in a small open spa
Most were slain in repeated charg
Only four or five escaped by vari
strategems. After the battle, the bod
of those falling in the final engagem
were thrown into a deep hole. As t
years passed the hole slowly filled ov
with sand and debris and today is mark
by scattered rocks.

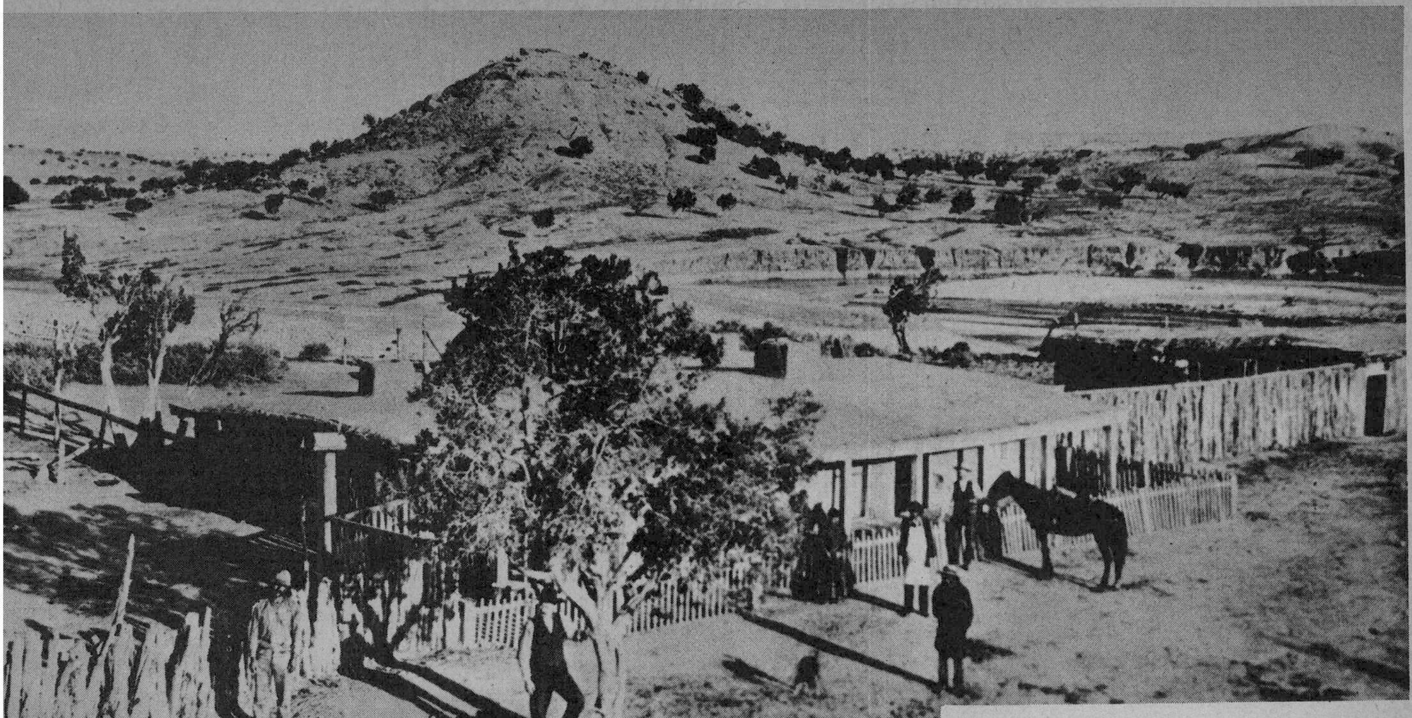
The few survivors eventually reach
Santa Fe. At once Manuel Pino a
Manuel Chavez organized 400 men
avenge the massacre. The Santa
Gazette reported on July 18 that the e
pedition was outfitted and on the wa
Nothing more was heard of them. It
doubtful that they found any Navaj

Three white traders in the Ute cou
try north of the San Juan River we
persuaded to accompany those tribesm
on a raid into Navajoland. The Ut
were armed with the best firearms o
tainable from Americans in Santa F
Sweeping their opposition before the
they rode into the upper Chinle Valle
But in the middle of the night Bla
Hawk fell upon their camp. Three Ut
escaped by crawling through the su
rounding line in the dark but everyo
else was killed, including the white me

Several Navajo leaders besides Bla
Hawk and Manuelito conducted raids i
to New Mexico. Emboldened by one su
cess after another, they dared atta
the largest towns, and on several o
casions charged into the outskirts
Santa Fe, despite nearby Fort Marc
They even stole the fort's remuda.

Zuni pueblo in New Mexico was often stormed by Black Hawk and Manuelito.

Courtesy Ben Wittick



IN 1863 the commanding general ordered Colonel Kit Carson to prepare for unceasing war against the Navajo nation. The big campaign of the "Navajo Roundup" began in August, 1864. Most of the tribesmen were peaceful herdsmen; only a few were raiders and outlaws. Many were killed but most were captured en masse. The invading troops were accompanied by hundreds of Ute, Zuni, Apache and Hopi Indian allies—all happy for a chance to get back at their old enemies and capture slaves and stock.

As the columns progressed steadily westward, Black Hawk and Manuelito were in almost daily skirmishes with the outriders. But the Americans' forces were too strong to be defeated and driven back.

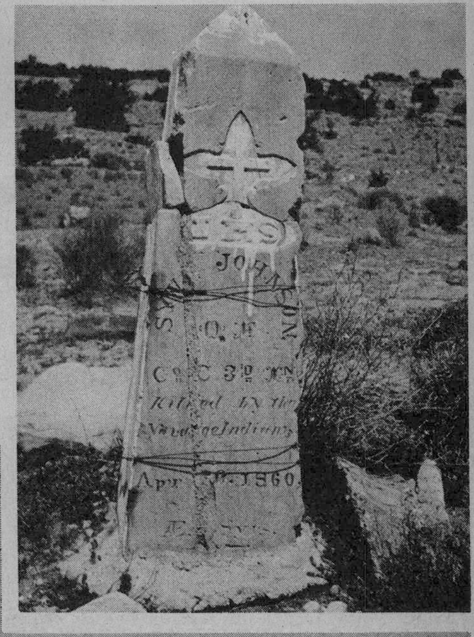
One cavalry patrol with 380 Indians thrust all the way to Navajo Mountain. A heliograph station was set up on a high point overlooking the vast canyon country. In their recesses Navajo families hid with their stock. Parties of alien Indians hunted them down, and were rewarded generously for their success.

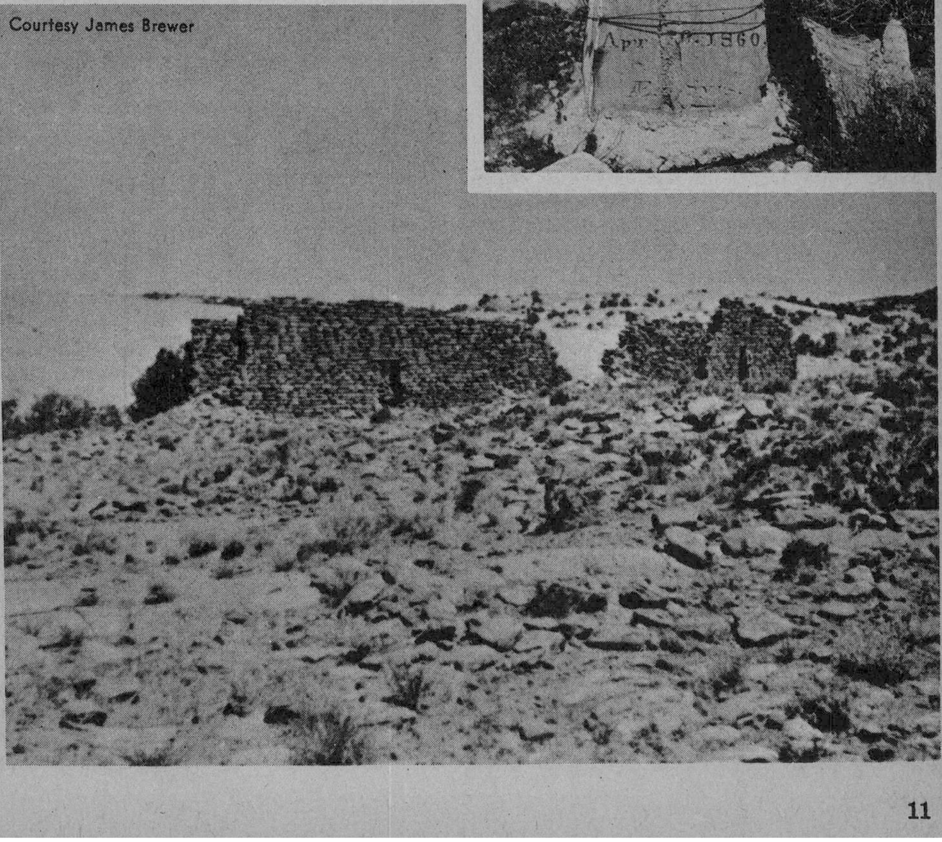
But Black Hawk (and two or three other small bands) still were hovering around with a few bravos. By many daring maneuvers he was able to whittle down his pursuers. So many fell in ambuscades that the Navajos' enemies refused to enter the forbidding canyons after them.

The soldiers began a slow withdrawal. Keeping close behind, Black Hawk watched for an opportunity to slash in and attack. Manuelito, lurking in the northwest near Todenesjhay (Kayenta),

(Continued on page 52)

Above: When peace came to Navajoland, Black Hawk engaged in freighting to Fort Defiance and remote trading posts such as that of J. L. Hubbell at Ganado. Mr. Hubbell is shown standing beneath the tree. Right: Grave of Sylvester Johnson, killed during Navajo raid on Fort Defiance, 1860. Below: The ruined walls of Long House in western Navajo country where the Mounted Rifles were forced to fort up.



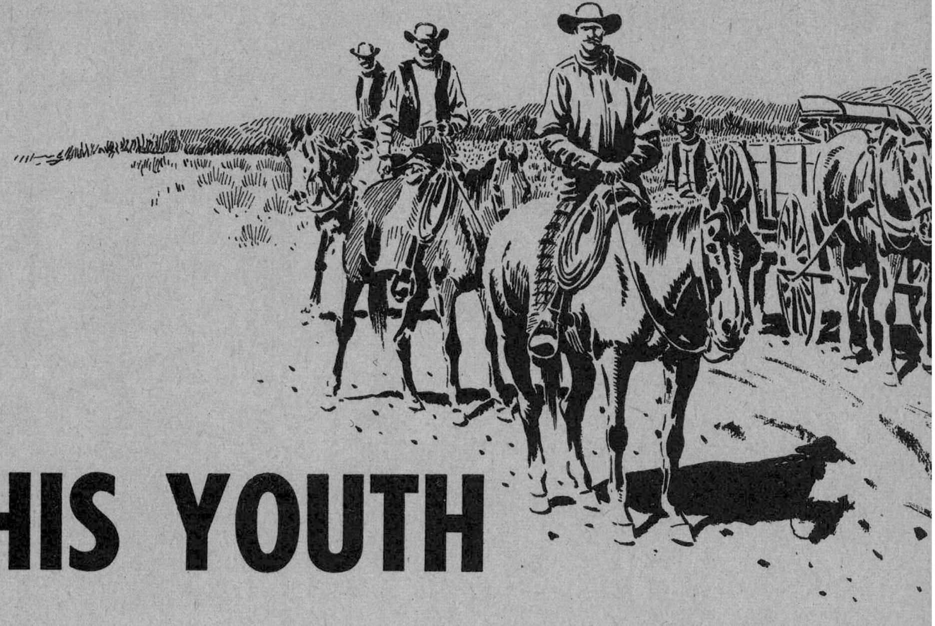


Courtesy James Brewer

Nobody except a man he considered his friend could have beat Charlie Summers with a gun

By WALT COBURN

Illustrated by Al M. Napoletano



HE LOST HIS YOUTH in the Deer Lodge Pen

DURING the eighties before barbed wire and the homesteader invasion in Montana, there was a particular brand of cowpuncher called a range dude. And let it be said here and now, before going any further along the trail, that the old-time range dude is not to be confused in any way, shape or manner with the present-day movie or T.V. cowboy, dude wrangler, drug store or pool room cowboy, or the modern Johnny-come-lately gentle Annie cowboy working for fenced-in pasture cow outfits.

For the range dude in the eighties was an all-around cowpuncher, often a top hand, who might be straw-boss or wagon boss or ramrod of a big outfit, or a ranch foreman.

It was the old-time range dude who set the style of any change in clothing or type of saddle. There was a time when you could tell by the type of saddle rig, the spurs, or the way a cowpuncher shaped the crown of his hat, what part of the cow country he came from. There was the saying that a forty dollar a month cowhand bought the best hat made by John B. Stetson and had his boots made to order, and it didn't matter a damn the clothes he wore in between. And there was a lot of truth in the saying.

The old-time cowhand usually owned two horses. One to ride and one to pack his bed. He owned his saddle and bed, and his worldly gatherings were in his warsack, and he had transportation from the Mexican border to the Canadian line. Free from worry and care he had the world by the tail with a downhill pull, and he traveled high, wide and handsome, squandering his hard-earned wages across the bar or gambling tables or at some honkytonk. He was free to drift yonderly, riding the grub line, or he could hold down a winter line camp job.

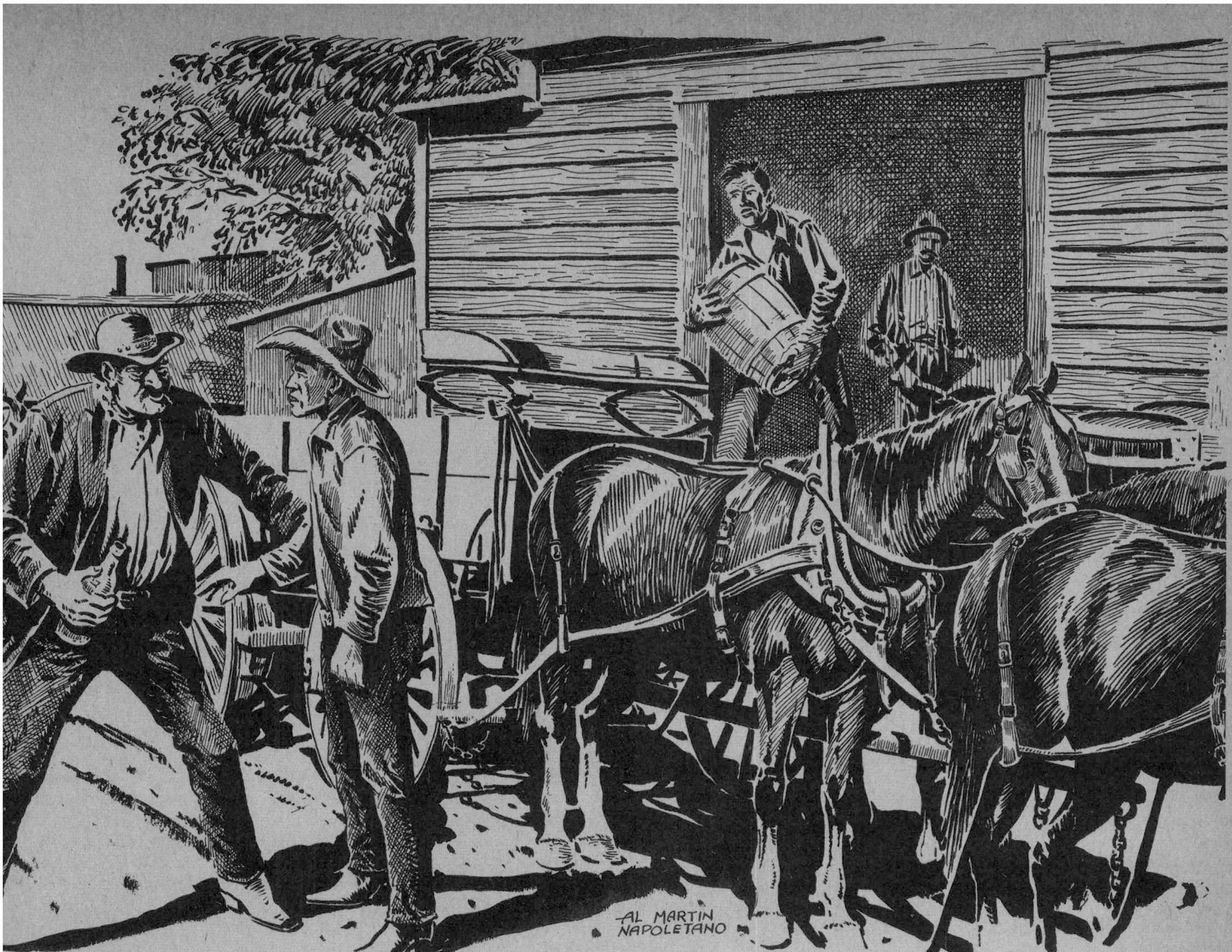
If he got into serious trouble he traveled the Outlaw Trail—if he had the guts to play his string out, to gamble all he had to lose for a South America stake, that is.

As a rule the old-time range dude was a cut above the average forty a month cowhand. He took more pride in his appearance. He set the latest fashion in cowpuncher style, shaved oftener and was prideful about changing to clean clothes. He owned better private horses, and being a top hand with more cow savvy, he would be sent as a rep for some big outfit at higher wages, shouldering the responsibility required of a top hand.

Such a man was Charlie Summers when he worked for my father's Circle C outfit in the Little Rockies country in Montana. I like to remember Charlie as he looked then. A tall, lean, handsom man, with dark eyes set under blac brows. He had coal black hair an trimmed black mustache, and had th usual cowhand's sense of humor. He wor his Stetson hat cocked to one side, navy blue flannel shirt with a loosel knitted silk neckerchief around his neck A pair of plaid wool riding pants, witl a buckskin seat sewn in by some squaw A pair of alligator high-heeled boot made to order by Hyer at Olathe, Kan sas, and a pair of silver mounted spur with large engraved silver conchos o the spur straps. He was a quiet man nered, soft spoken man, never quarrel some but ready to take his own part i crowded into a fight.

I MUST have been about ten or twelv years old when I came to know Charli Summers as a friend, although he ha worked for the Circle C as long as could remember. Summer vacations I' get in a week or two at the tail end o the spring calf roundup, and about tw weeks at the beginning of the fall bee roundup before I had to go back to schoo at Great Falls right after Labor Day.

After the windup of the calf roundu in June the cowpunchers would draw their time, saddle up their privat horses, pack their beds on their secon



horse and head for town to blow in their pay, then ride the grub line till the middle of August when it was time to start the beef roundup, then return to the home ranch to hire out. Charlie Summers would pull out with the rest of the cowpunchers and show up again in the fall, so that I never got to know him too good until that one summer he stayed at the home ranch at the windup of the spring roundup.

Charlie had hired out to break a dozen or fifteen head of two- and three-year-old green broncs at ten dollars a head. He had a helper who acted as hazer for him by the name of Pete Ferguson, and Pete lent Summers a hand in general.

It was said of Summers that while he had no claim to being a professional bronc buster, he had a way of handling a green colt few men had. If a bronc had his mind set on pitching and Summers couldn't talk him out of the notion, that range dude could put up a shore purty ride for a man who made no pretense at being a genuine bronc peeler. And I was there on the corral fence every chance I got to watch him ride.

"Fifteen broncs at ten bucks a head," Summers told Pete Ferguson, "for six weeks, two months' work. Every horse in the rough string will be a cow horse by the time the fall roundup starts. That's the agreement I made with the Old Man. Easy pickin's, Pete."

"Don't make sense to me, Summers," Pete said, "when you could be livin' the life of Riley bankin' a poker game in the back room at some saloon. A gamblin' man like you could clean up three-four hundred bucks a night. Own your own saloon and gamblin' house." Pete spat tobacco juice in the thick powdery corral dust, then added, "It just don't make good sense to this cowhand, Charlie, when you could make easy money bankin' a game and could live like the Sultan of Turkey in his harem with all them honkytonk dance hall gals." Pete grinned enviously.

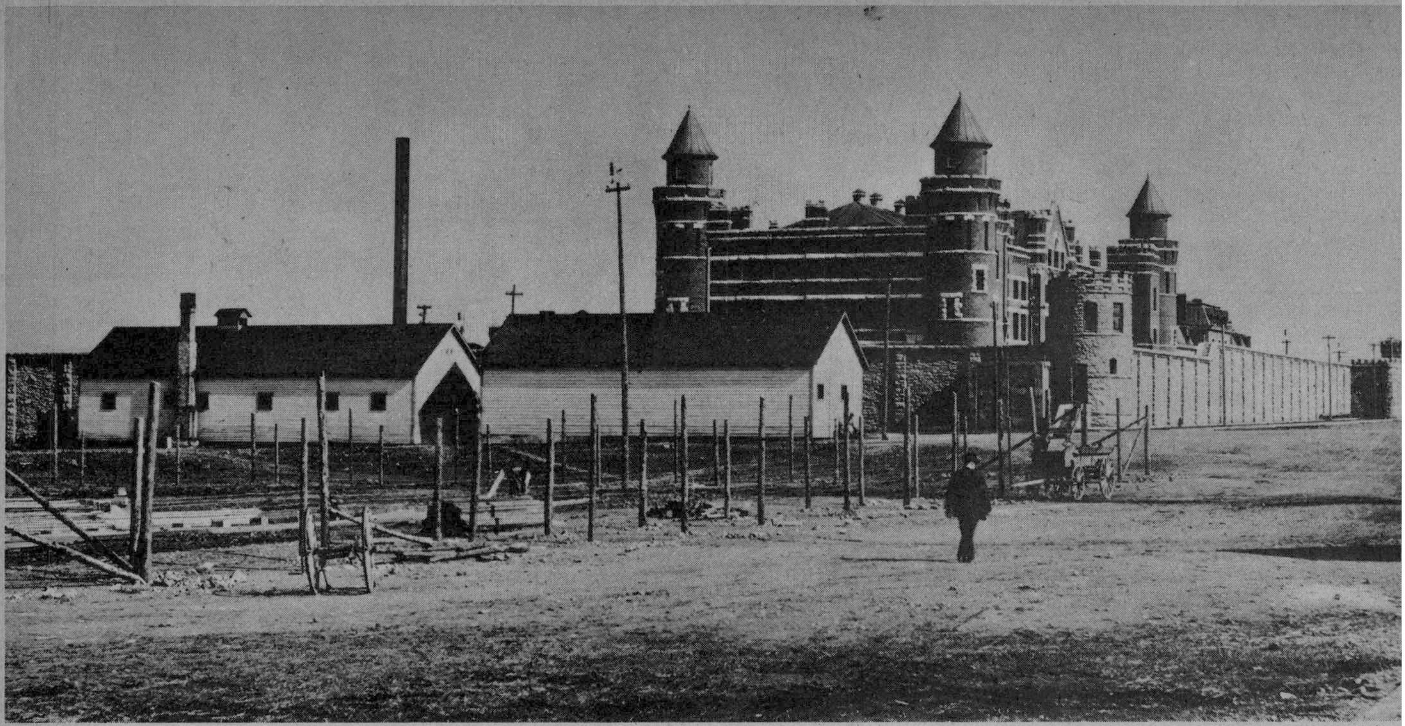
"A man can get too much of soft livin', roundsidin' in the dealer's slot of a poker table," Summers answered. "Too much booze, too many women, too damn rich for a cowhand's blood. Hell, Pete, I can make an easy livin' gamblin' but let that gamblin' fever once get into your blood, it gets to be a disease, like too much likker for a steady diet and the first thing you know you wind up a drunken bum. I got a likin' for likker, but booze and gamblin' don't mix, and I don't want to wind up broke and a drunkard. Some day I'd like to own my own little greasy-sack spread, a little ranch on the Missouri River near Cow Island or Rocky Point. Then I'll have 'er made."

That was the fall Charlie Summers and Pete Ferguson got into bad trouble that sent Charlie to the Deer Lodge penitentiary, and caused Pete Ferguson to quit the country.

IT HAPPENED sometime after I'd gone back to school. I read about it in the Great Falls newspapers, and by the time I got back to the ranch next June the dust had settled and the sorry mess sort of hushed up. It wasn't a kid's place to ask questions around a cow outfit and any news I managed to pick up from listening to the bunkhouse range gossip was vague. So I had to fill in the gaps as best I could.

What I managed to piece together was sort of blurred around the edges and never made clear, even to this day. And while in later years Charlie Summers and I became close friends I never once asked him anything about the ruckus, and Charlie never volunteered any information. If Summers wanted to forget and bury the past, that was his affair and he sure wasn't thanking anyone for digging up unpleasant memories.

To the best of my recollection, after about sixty-odd years have gone by, the story ran something like this: Charlie



Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

Penitentiary at Deer Lodge, Montana, where Charlie Summers did his best to "make a hand."

Summers and Pete Ferguson attended a 'breed dance on the Missouri River. There was the old saying that all it took to make a 'breed dance was a fiddler and a jug of whiskey, and this particular 'breed dance that the two Circle C cowpunchers attended had both fiddler and a jug of forty-rod.

Charlie and Pete, both young, reckless and wild, proceeded to get well oiled. Whether or not the two white men were invited to the dance or just happened to drop in to cut a few pigeon wings with the good looking 'breed girls, is a question that remains unanswered so far as I know.

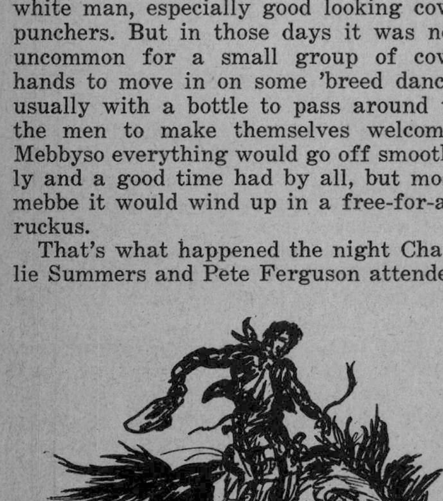
As a rule the 'breeds were somewhat clannish about their dances. The men were apt to resent the presence of a white man, especially good looking cowpunchers. But in those days it was not uncommon for a small group of cowhands to move in on some 'breed dance, usually with a bottle to pass around to the men to make themselves welcome. Mebbyso everything would go off smoothly and a good time had by all, but most mebbe it would wind up in a free-for-all ruckus.

That's what happened the night Charlie Summers and Pete Ferguson attended the 'breed dance. Some big halfbreed, jealous of some good looking girl who was dancing with one of the white men, started a drunken argument outside the barn where the dance was going on. Naturally the other halfbreeds backed up the big drunk who was cussing out the two cowpunchers. Charlie and Pete were outnumbered ten-twelve to one. Most of the 'breeds packed six-shooters. Others carried stock knives with long blades. All of them had been hitting the booze and were ugly drunk and quarrelsome. They accused the two white men of stealing their girls and breaking up the dance.

By that time, outside in the dark as the two cowhands stood back to back, all they wanted was to get to where their saddle horses were tied up. Both cowhands had their six-shooters in their hands while the 'breeds milled around them, threatening them with all manner of punishment.

Who fired the first shot, nobody knew for sure, but the two white men realized by then that the only way they could make a getaway would be to shoot their way out. They had no intention of killing anybody. They had it made to shoot to miss, over the heads of the mob of drunken 'breeds, to throw a big scare into them, and this they proceeded to do. There was a lot of hollering and shouting, and inside the lantern-lit barn there was shrill screeching and ki-yiing among the olders squaws and young girls.

Saddle horses, tied by bridle reins, reared and lunged, breaking away. Work teams tied to wagon wheels reared and snorted. Pistol shots scattered the 'breed men into hasty retreat, and Summers and Ferguson managed to mount their horses and make a break for it, thankful they came out of the ruckus without the scratch of a knife blade or nick of a bullet.



A DAY or two later the two white men were arrested, charged with murder. During the ruckus one of the older women had been killed by a stray bullet.

Evidently it was Charlie Summers who bore the brunt of the incriminating evidence of the various witnesses for the state. The defense lawyer had the charge of murder reduced to manslaughter, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty at the trial. The judge sentenced Charlie Summers to the state penitentiary at Deer Lodge, Montana. Pete Ferguson, for some obscure reason, got off better. If he did time in the pen it was only for a short time. At any rate Pete Ferguson quit the country and never returned to that part of Montana.

The day Charlie Summers was signed in at the Deer Lodge penitentiary he told the warden that he would do his damndest to "make a hand." It was a sort of jocular remark but Summers kept his word. During the day he was a trusty along with other cowhands who had gone slightly astray, working at the prison farm, returning under guard to the prison at supper time.

While in prison Charlie Summers made his share of horsehair bridles. The bridles, made of brightly dyed horsehair woven in patterns on headstall and reins, were sent to the saloon keepers to be raffled off, and the money, usually about twenty-five dollars, was sent to the convict for tobacco money or other luxury items. In those days in the saloons of every cowtown you would see one of those fancy Deer Lodge prison-made horsehair bridles hanging on the back bar, to be raffled off. The saloon keeper would tell the name of the cowpuncher who made the bridle and they sold like the proverbial hot cakes, mostly to cowpuncher friends who would give the fancy bridle to some girl they were stuck on.

Charlie Summers had served a number

of years of his prison term when a small group of convicts made an abortive prison break. Summers was notified by prison grapevine and was asked to join the secret membership. He refused on the grounds that he would be coming up before the parole board in a few months and didn't want to hurt his chances of getting out. He told them he didn't want to know a damn thing about how or when they planned to make the break. He didn't want a damn thing to do with it, to let him strictly alone. And they did.

Summers had a kitchen job as fry cook and baker at the time, and he was alone in the kitchen when the prison breakout happened. Two of the convicts came into the kitchen armed with handmade knives, and Summers had only a bread knife in his hand.

"Have at 'er, you s—o—bs!" Summers called out his challenge as they came at him. 'You'll wind up holdin' a handful of guts! Your gourd heads rollin' on the floor!" And Charlie meant what he said as he brandished the long bread knife. It was a Mexican standoff until the guards showed up. Somebody had tipped off the warden and they were able to stop the prison break before it got off to a head start.

A few weeks later, when Summers appeared for hearing before the parole board, his freedom was granted. A year or so later he received the legal document granting him an absolute pardon that restored his citizenship. In later years Charlie Summers confided in me that it was my father, Robert Coburn, who was responsible for obtaining the absolute pardon from the Governor of Montana. At any rate when Summers told the prison warden that he'd do his damndest to make a hand, he kept his word when the chips were down that day of the abortive break.

Illustrations by Charles Clayton

IT MUST have been the fall of 1910 or 1911 when I was in the cowtown of Malta, Montana, with a couple of four-horse wagons pulled up at the loading platform of Trafton's warehouse on the railroad siding, loading the winter's grub supply for the ranch. I was driving one team and a big French-Canadian-Cree halfbreed named Antoine Fiant was driving the other team. Antoine had been hitting the bottle he'd cached in the jockey box of the Studebaker wagon while we were loading the freight that day, without my paying him much attention.

By the time both wagons were loaded Antoine was so drunk he couldn't hit the ground with his hat, staggering around and running off at the head about how tough he was. It was getting along past the middle of the afternoon when we finished loading and there would just be enough time to haul freight to the bridge at Alkali Creek, where we'd camp for the night. Now Antoine wanted to draw his time so he could stay in town to finish his drunk, and when I tried to explain to him that I was not empowered to sign any company checks, he blew his cork, cussing out me and the outfit with his big loud mouth.

Antoine Fiant was big as a skinned mule, about two hundred pounds, and getting ugly. I was about five foot six and tipped the scales at 135 pounds, so I knew I was no match with the halfbreed if it came to a fight. In the jockey box of my wagon was a stout hardwood wagon spoke that was used as a jack-handle when the wagon wheels were jacked up for greasing, and all the time Antoine was making threats and stumbling towards me I kept edging back until I got within reach of the wagon spoke. Both four-horse teams were standing there half asleep, the chain tugs slacked, and a small crowd was gathering to watch the fun.

"Why don't you pick on some feller your size?" someone yelled, "you yaller-

(Continued on page 68)

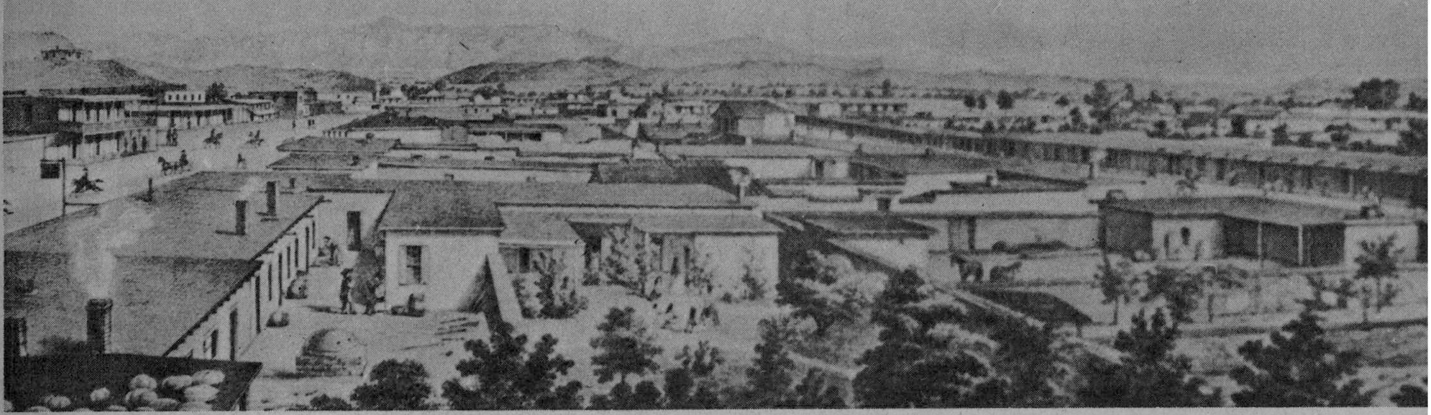
Deer Lodge, Montana, about 1870.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

W HIGGINS & C
BAKERY
BREWERY
CORNELL & CO'S
PAINT SHOP
IN THE REAR
HARNESS MAKING
REPAIRING.

He was the uncrowned king of the underworld in Southern California, and a contemporary once recalled that when he walked through a crowd of gamblers, it was with the air of

A Lion Walking Among Rats



Los Angeles, California, in the early 1850s, when Jack Powers was very influential in the gambling fraternity.

By WILLIAM B. SECREST

Photos Courtesy Author

SCATTERED GROUPS of men had gathered around the gallows to discuss their business affairs while waiting for the hanging to begin. A few children huddled beneath wagon beds hoping to see the execution before an elder sent them scooting for home.

The principal actor in the drama was an Indian named Alisal, a convicted murderer, and presently the prisoner was seen threading his way through the mob, accompanied by the Santa Barbara, California, sheriff and a priest. The talking gave way to a hushed murmur as the grim trio mounted the gallows steps. The crowd knew that Alisal's lawyer had appealed to the governor for a commutation of sentence, but nothing had been heard, so the execution was to proceed as scheduled.

A handsome man, dressed like a gambler, stood on the edge of the crowd. He was rather stocky in build, handsomely proportioned, and the look on his face revealed that he had made a decision. Grinding his cigar underfoot, he strode quickly through the curious onlookers and sprinted up the gallows steps.

"Look here, men, the sheriff is only doing his duty, but an appeal has been filed by the prisoner and we haven't heard from Governor Bigler yet. I for one would hate to see Alisal dead if there was a chance his sentence had been commuted. Why, for all we know, there might be a stay of execution on the steamer that's due in a few days. What about it, men? How many say we should wait?"

The crowd's roar of approval left little doubt as to its feelings. Although he had no legal right to do so, the sheriff agreed to wait for the steamer and the gambler stepped down, into the cheers of the citizens.

Two days later the steamer *Goliah* arrived, and it did bear a commutation of Alisal's sentence from death to ten-years' imprisonment. The man to whom Alisal owed his life smiled when he was effusively congratulated by the townspeople. The adulation of the citizens was all part of his plan. For he was Jack Powers, the "Prince of Gamblers," the finest horseman in California, and one of the most terrifying figures ever produced by the Golden State.

JOHN A. POWER (his true name) had arrived in California with Colonel Stevenson's regiment of New York Volunteers in May, 1847. The war with Mexico was over but these men had been enlisted primarily as colonists. Unfortunately, many of them had been recruited from the riff-raff of the Bowery—an undesirable element in any society, but in a conquered territory inhabited by an agrarian easy-going Latin race, doubly ill-advised. Many of these men considered themselves conquering heroes and regarded the natives merely as a conquered race whose rights had expired when they'd lost the war.

The New York troops settled down to their occupation duties until a civil government could be stabilized. Colonel Stevenson was made military commander of southern California and he sent three companies of his regiment to the sleepy little coast village of Santa Barbara for garrison duty. It was a typical cluster of adobes, built around a central plaza and surrounded on the outskirts by the traditional Spanish *ranchos*. The Barbarenos for years had been dealing with Yankee ship captains and their sailors, but these soldiers were a different breed and the town lost its atmosphere of easy-going hospitality.

From all accounts the New Yorkers were a rowdy bunch. There were various run-ins between the local inhabitants and the soldiers, a situation that got worse when other rough Americans drifted into town after the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill in January, 1848. Perhaps the best gauge of changes taking place in the little village was in the number of its saloons. There had been only one when the soldiers arrived, but by the middle '50s, there were thirty.

Harassed and humiliated, the Santa Barbarans cheered the news that Stevenson's Volunteers were to be disbanded. The hated soldiers were mustered out on September 8, 1848, and most of them immediately headed for the gold fields.

One of the men discharged was Sergeant John A. Power of F Company. He had enlisted in New York City but tradition has it that he had been born in Ireland about 1816. Although he con-owers' outlaws were lynched, shot or run ut of the country once the decent people ecided they had had enough. The Mexi- n bandits at right, although not members Powers' gang, were caught in the drag-net of the early California vigilantes.

orted with the rough element, he could, hen the occasion demanded, display the anners of a gentleman. He and his rother Ed, also a volunteer, left Santa arbara and made their way to San rancisco. Ed died that year, probably in e Bay City; John and other New York olunteers joined with ruffians and con en to form an organization which came o be known as "The Hounds."

In 1849, San Francisco was a ragged ollection of tents, frame buildings and eserted ships, peopled by adventurers nd fortune-seekers from all over the orld. Civil government was still weak nd the law left much to be desired. he Hounds seem to have begun as a ilitary-type organization with no riminal intent but as more and more iff-raff joined with them, they gradu- ted to protection rackets and outright hievery until they became feared by very decent citizen. The president of he group, Cornelius Lee, was a former ember of Power's old F Company in anta Barbara. By pressure and fraudu- ent voting, the Hounds actually suc- eeded in electing one of their members heriff and they made a great show of elping him in his duties. To assert this uthority, the group decided to change s name to the "San Francisco Society f Regulators."

HE REGULATORS made a specialty of harassing the Spanish-speaking opulation and for five or six months hey plundered to their hearts' content. n July 15, 1849, the Regulators went o "assist" the sheriff in the collecting f an overdue bill from a Chileno. The unket turned into an all-day raid against he Chilean section of the city. The egulators robbed, assaulted, knifed and rawled far into the night.

On Monday morning, Sam Brannan, Mormon and one of the leading men f the city, mounted a barrel in Ports- outh Square and denounced the Regula- ors. Hundreds of men flocked to Bran- an's side and the Regulators began to catter. Seventeen of the gang, including ohn Power, were arrested before sunset. he strength of the Regulators had been roken.

Although Power was acquitted, he lost o time in putting San Francisco behind im. As he rode south toward Los Ange- es he mulled over his lessons in crime nd the meaning of organization.

Bribing corrupt officials and putting ne's own men in office was not enough, easoned Power. The people were the key. Having officials in your pocket meant othing if the people weren't on your ide, but when you had both you could rite your own ticket. Oh, there were lways the incorruptible idealists, but he biggest percentage of people ran from rouble. Control them and the world was ours—it was as simple as that!

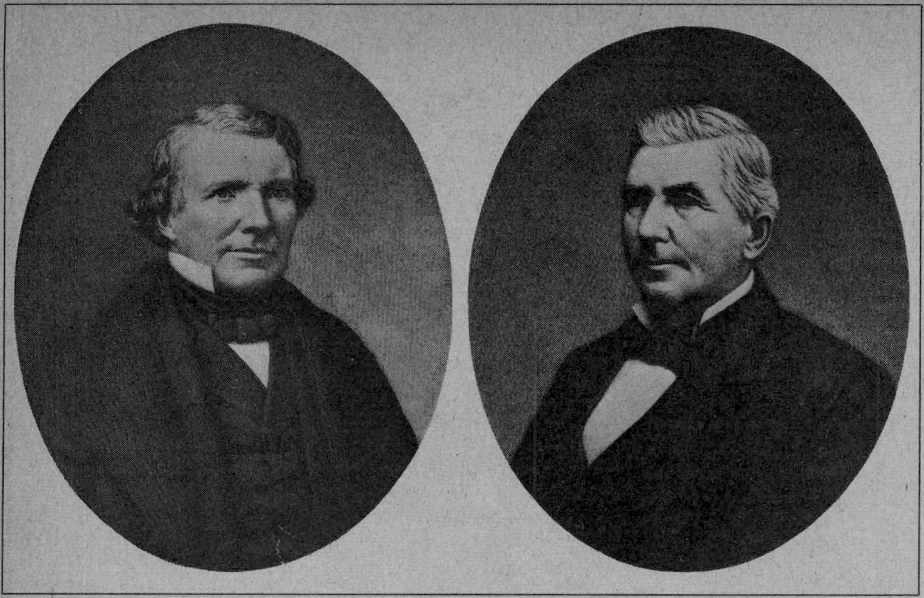
Power was a gambler and a good one, so he set out to acquire influence and build a name for himself. He began calling himself "Jack Powers" and made it a point to become acquainted with influential personages whenever possible. A contemporary newspaper article noted that Powers "made many friends among the sporting men and politicians," adding that "the reader may wonder that these two classes are thus mentioned together, but he may feel assured that the moral worth of either class is nothing to speak of."

In a very short time, Powers became the king of Los Angeles gambling. Rumor had it that he was worth a quarter-of-a-million dollars. He attended fashionable parties and was sought out by dignitaries. He had a way about him which fascinated people and inevitably he attracted followers and admirers.

"When I arrived in Los Angeles Jack was here. . . ." recalled Major Horace Bell in his book, *Reminiscences of a Ranger*. "Jack was a great gambler and when he walked through a crowd of gamblers it was with the air of a lion walking among rats. Gifted with mental qualities of the highest order, with the manners of the true gentleman, with a form and face physically perfect, with a boldness and dash that made him a leader among men, Jack Powers, under favorable circumstances might have attained to the most honorable distinction; as it was, he wielded a great influence not only among the gambling fraternity and the Spanish population, over whom he lorded it, but he made his influence felt at the state capitol, where he was held in high esteem by a succession of governors, having been on the warmest of terms of friendship with Governors McDougall and Bigler."

Bell went on to state that had Powers "aspired to political preferment, he could have chosen between a seat in the national congress and the helm of state."

THOUGH Powers cut a dashing figure in Los Angeles, after a year he picked up and left. One authority asserts he was run out of town by vigilantes, while another suggests that his luck had run out at the gaming tables and he had decided to look for greener fields. An



Far left: Nicholas Den, the Santa Barbar rancher who first learned the evil nature Jack Powers. Left: Sheriff Russell Heat whose cold nerve was the downfall of Jac Powers in Santa Barbara.

Courtesy California State Library

early newspaper writer probably came nearer the truth when he stated that "Powers finally concluded that a gambler's life was too 'slow' for his adventurous spirit" and he accordingly cast about for a more exciting way of life. With his influence among the Mexican criminal class complete, Powers looked around for a base of operations from which he could launch a campaign of organized outlawry. With thieves and cutthroats at his beck and call and with friends in high places who were unwilling to believe he could do anything wrong, Powers rode into Santa Barbara in September of 1850.

First he needed a secluded piece of land where an outlaw band could meet undetected. Powers solved this problem by obtaining a one-year lease of the San Antonio Grant from Don Nicolas Den, an Irishman who had large ranch holdings around Santa Barbara. In what was known as the Arroyo Burro, Powers established his hideaway.

Next, Powers decided to obtain steady work to veil his undercover activities. Consequently, he sought, and obtained, the position as chief wrangler for Miguel de la Guerra, a leading Santa Barbara citizen. Powers was one of the finest horsemen in California and this position put some of the best horseflesh in the state at his disposal.

Salomon Pico, one of the area's most vicious bandit leaders, had just returned to Mexico and Powers gathered the remnants of his band, installing some cronies from Stevenson's Regiment as his principal lieutenants. Pat and Ed Dunn, John Vidal and a man named Millhouse formed the nucleus. Lesser members came and went; numbered among them at various times were Pío Linares, Nievas Robles, José García, Huero Rafael, Eduviquez and Juan Oliveras.

To further screen his operations, Powers made sure that he had friends within the civil government. The Regulators of San Francisco had specialized in voting fraud; there is little doub that Jack made sure the vote went righ in his new bailiwick. At various time Cornelius Lee, the old president of th Regulators, was a member of the Sant Barbara City Council. William Twist, former member of Stevenson's Regiment became sheriff, and John Vidal was justice of the peace. Except for Vidal, i isn't known positively that these me were taking orders from Powers, bu they were often seen drinking togethe in local saloons.

Powers quickly became a well-know figure around town and when an opportunity to jump into the spotligh presented itself, he jumped with all th aplomb of a trained performer.

AN INDIAN named Zavaletta had bee convicted of murder and sentenced t be hanged. A padre, visiting him in hi cell, asked if he had any last requests The Indian replied that having to mee his Maker in the rags which he now wa wearing saddened him, and the goo padre passed the word around the pueblo When Powers heard of Zaveletta's request, he leaped to his favorite perch i one of the gambling halls and offere to see that the Indian got a new suit i the judge would grant a stay of execution. The judge complied and Zavelett mounted the gallows wearing a handsome new suit of navy broadcloth.

The Alisal incident followed. Power had become the champion of the underdog and the protector of the weak. Th people were on his side and no one though he was anything but the chief hors wrangler for the de la Guerras and a occasional gambler. He was "Jacky" Powers to the Spanish-speaking portion of the population. The stage was set fo Powers' plan of quick wealth from robbery and plunder.

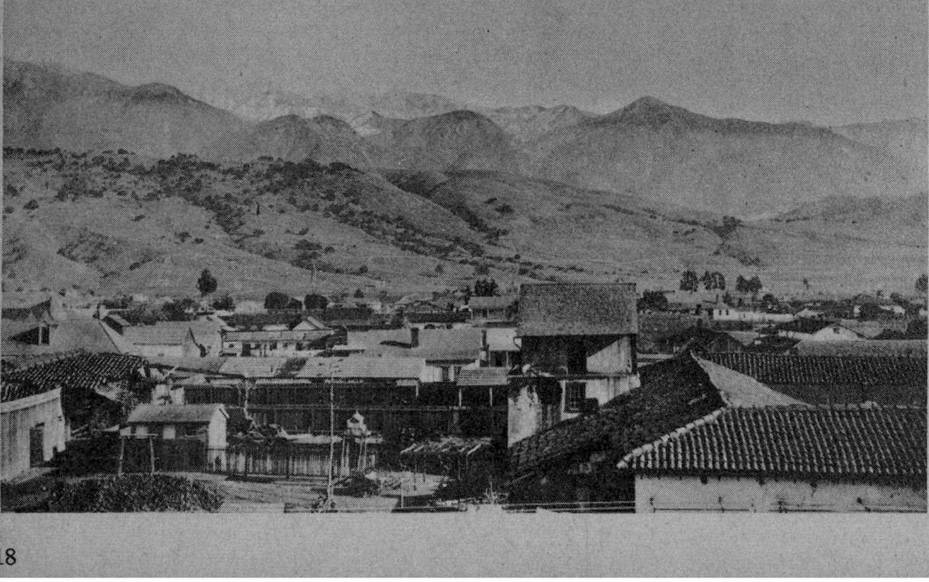
In a newspaper article written a few years later, an early settler described th reign of terror which followed:

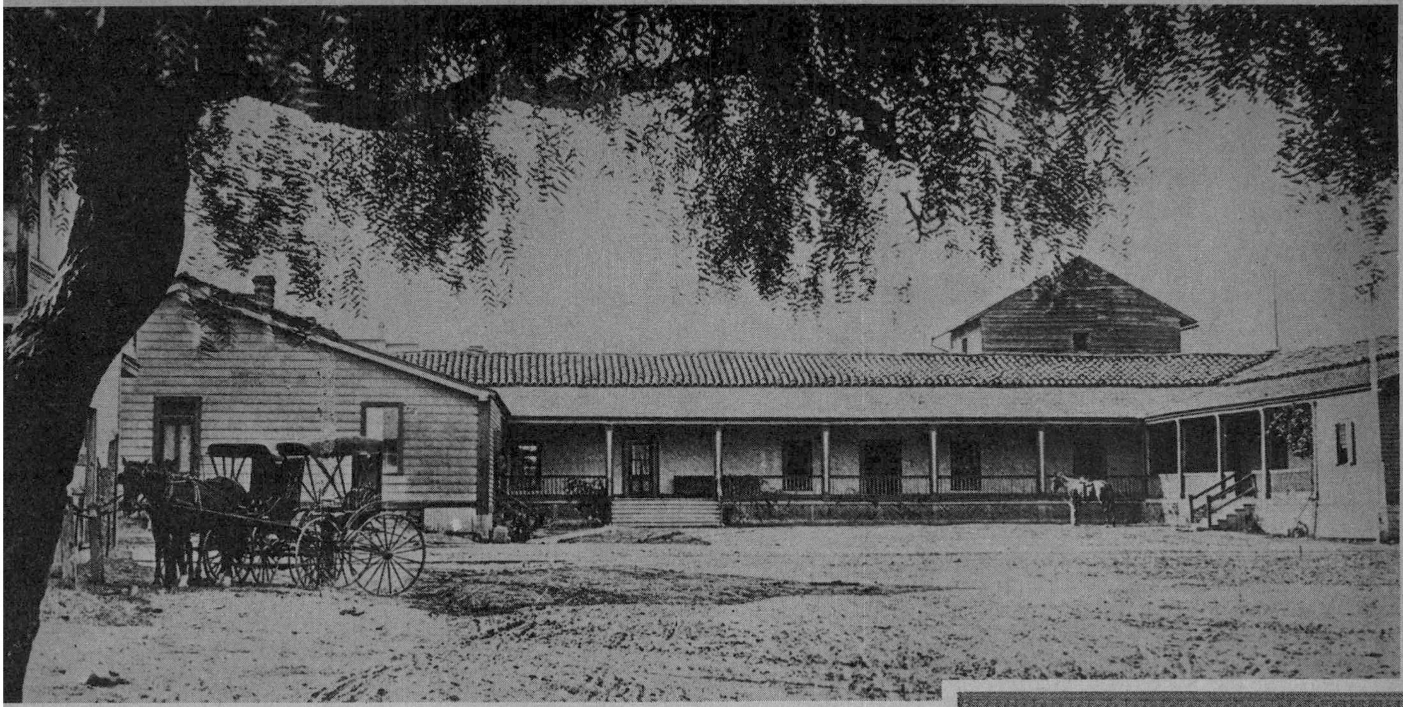
"I came to this place in the fall o 1853," recalled Walter Murray of Sa Luis Obispo, "and I know that ever since then scarcely a month has passed without the disappearance of some traveler or the finding of dead bodies or skeletons on the roads leading north and south from here. Many a cattle dealer from the upper country has come south to invest and has never returned. As many as fou dead bodies have been found on the roa at one time, and scarcely a man has gone above upon business, without hearing of a new transaction of the kind. It seemed as though there was an organized band of murderers, with spies posted who never failed of obtaining intelligence when a man passed with money, or in murdering him if found off his guard."

A cowboy by day and a gambler in his off-hours, Powers was free from suspicion. Hold-up victims were always killed, as Powers was a firm believer in the old pirate adage, "Dead men tell no

Santa Barbara in the early days.

Courtesy Karl Obert





Courtesy Karl Obert

he de la Guerra residence in Santa Barbara. It was in front of this home that Pat Dunn had the gunfight which ultimately led to Powers' fall from grace in the wild little coastal town.

ales." But with everything going his vay, Powers one day took on more than e could handle.

Don Nicolas Den had come to Califoria in 1836 and through the years had ecome one of the largest ranchers and nost influential men in Santa Barbara County. When word got out that Den vas rounding up the cattle on his Colege Ranch for sale in Los Angeles, Powers daringly decided to steal the enire herd. He and some of his cutthroats wooped down on the College Ranch and old the foreman they had purchased the erd and were going to drive the cattle orth to market. The foreman knew beter and, after scattering the cattle to ain time, sent a messenger to Den with ews of what was happening.

Powers thought Den was a peaceful nan and wouldn't have the nerve to ppose him. This was a serious miscalcuation. Den secured a writ of ejectment, ummoned Sheriff Twist, and together vith an armed party of cowboys rode ver to the College Ranch. Powers was aught by surprise and before he knew t was surrounded by Den's posse.

"What's this all about, Den?" snapped Powers. "We were just trying to help ound up your strays."

"No one has accused you of anything, Powers, but I have a writ of ejectment which says you and your men had better et off this place fast!" As Den's forenan, Tom Meehan, cocked his rifle, Den notioned to Twist to serve the paper.

Powers smiled and saddled his horse. 'You'll find out you're making a big misake, Den."

THE outlaw chief's prophecy was brought home when Tom Meehan was mbushed and murdered in Refugio Pass few weeks later. Numerous attempts also were made on Den's life and he was forced to vacate his home in town and live on his Rancho Los Dos Pueblos. However, the College Ranch affair was a bad move on Powers' part, for at least one man now knew how treacherous the de la Guerras' horse wrangler could be.

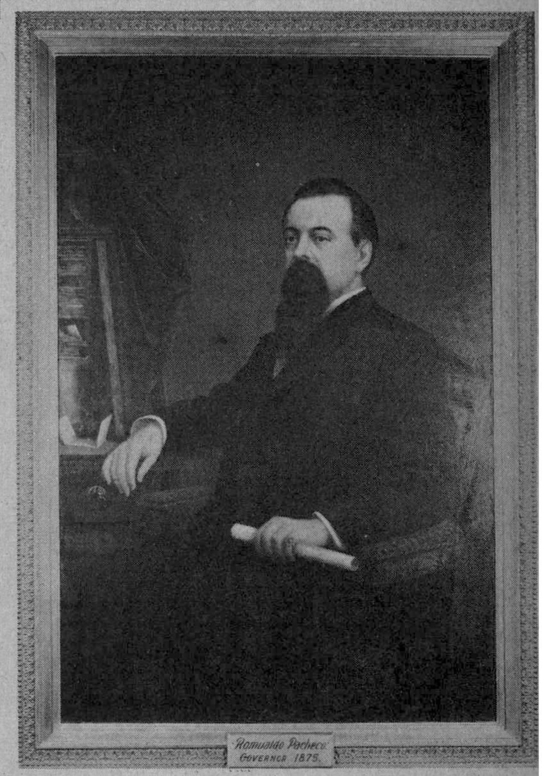
Despite this setback, Powers had no trouble maintaining control of his territory. The appalling corruption of the city's civil government is perhaps best illustrated by the fact that the Santa Barbara election of 1852 sent Powers' old friend, Cornelius Lee, to the city council. Lee received forty-one of the forty-two votes cast (it was a hastily called election) and, although the large majority of the population were Spanish Californians, not one native candidate received any votes.

The next year the ballot box stuffers set the clocks back to give their men more time for "voting." Murders, robberies and vice were commonplace and the county averaged more than one sheriff per year between 1850 and 1857. Things got so bad that town lots in Santa Barbara were reportedly sold for as little as one dollar!

In 1853 Powers' lease on the San Antonio Grant expired. He needed this land as a base of operations and had no intention of giving it up. Den told him flatly that the lease would not be renewed, but the outlaw chief merely smiled.

"You and I both know the Spanish land grant situation in California, so don't get high and mighty with me! There's a good chance your title to that land is no good and I intend to squat there until the courts declare it open to the public."

When Powers left, Den realized there would be trouble, but he also knew he couldn't allow Powers to stay in the Arroyo Burro. He secured another writ of ejectment and gave it to Sheriff Twist to serve. Powers told Twist he would not be evicted from the Arroyo Burro, but pressure was on the sheriff to try.



Courtesy California State Library

State Senator Romualdo Pacheco, later governor of California, led a posse in pursuit of the Powers gang.

Surprisingly, Twist was able to gather a posse of 200 men and hopefully he thought he could scare Powers and his men out. Meanwhile, word arrived in town that Jack and his crew were improvising a fort on the disputed ground.

The posse gathered in front of the

(Continued on page 54)

A prospector searching for a lead.

Twelve Missing SACKS from the Old NEGLECTED MINE

From the book "Golden Treasures of the San Juan" by John B. Marshall and Temple H. Cornelius, Alan Swallow Publisher.

Photos Courtesy John B. Marshall

IN A shallow pit scooped out by hand is a rich little fortune of more than $60,000 in gold nuggets waiting for someone to come and get it. It lies in soft leafmold under a clump of spruce on the headwaters of Falls Creek in southwestern Colorado. I knew the man who put it there, but he died many years ago, so any claim he had to the coveted stake has been automatically canceled.

Hank Sommers was the guy who put it there on an October day about 1903. The cache consisted of twelve sacks of rich ore from the old Neglected Mine on Monument Mountain. It was sylvanite ore and among the richest ever found in that fabulous mining district. The ore was thoroughly impregnated with native gold—or it consisted of nuggets of the pure metal with specks of quartz adhering to it.

"There wuz nuggets of all sizes in that batch of high-grade," said Sommers in describing the lot, "all the way from the size of a pea to as big as a hen egg."

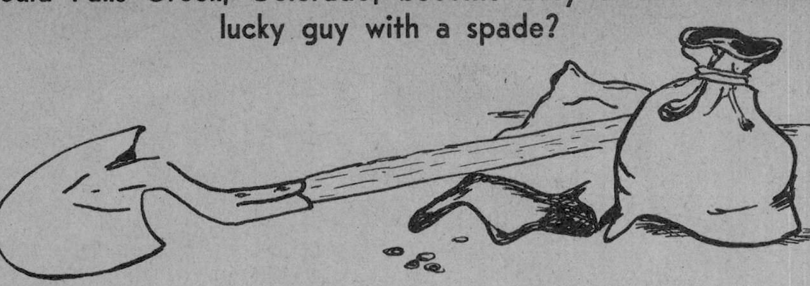
Sommers was a cook by trade, and for several weeks prior to the day he cached this ore, he had been employed in the boarding house at the Neglected Mine. On this particular day, however, he was on his way to Durango, a thriving mining and agricultural town located in the Animas Valley at the foot of the mountains, and about twenty miles southeast of the Neglected Mine. Sommers had quit his job as cook the evening before and was hiking to town.

The main trail from the mine to Durango wound around the mountain peaks from the mine to the Falls Creek divide, a distance of about five miles. Here it climbed up and over a mountain called Cape Horn, a steep and rocky promontory, but from this point it took a pretty direct course down Barnes Mountain to Durango. This trail was a busy thoroughfare when mining at the Neglected was in its heyday. Several pack strings of burros traveled over it regularly packing ore from the mine to the Durango smelter and carrying supplies back to the mine. In addition to these pack trains there were people going back and forth between the mine and town.

Miners didn't follow this main trail however. They would leave the trail somewhere along the divide at the head of Falls Creek and follow easterly down that watershed to the highway in the Animas Valley, coming out eight or nine miles north of Durango. It was pretty easy to catch a ride along this main road on some farm wagon or buggy going to town.

This same route was followed by high-graders in transporting their purloined ore from the mine to town. The rough and rugged route was selected, not because of greater convenience but rather

Could Falls Creek, Colorado, become Easy Street to some lucky guy with a spade?



to avoid suspicion that might be aroused because of a miner's transporting a heavy load on his way out from the mine.

Miners were ingenious in working out methods of getting the richest nuggets out of a mine and were clever in ways of transporting their contraband to "brokers," secret refineries, or other places where it could be converted into cash. High-grading made an excellent source of added revenue to any miner's income, and it was quite generally practiced. High-grading itself was not looked upon as a crime by mining people; it was getting caught at it that was the misfortune. The attitude was: Wherever there is gold it is natural for men to try to get possession of it. In high-grading the miners were getting possession, illegally, of gold which the mine owners already possessed, and the owners were constantly trying to prevent the successful efforts of their workers.

A rough sort of code had grown up around high-grading practices. A miner would never tell off on another one but would be quick to pass a tip if danger of detection threatened, and no man was supposed to bother another man's cache of high-grade, whether that cache was inside or outside the mine. This last rule was not always strictly adhered to and sometimes the repercussions for its violation were serious. If a man got caught molesting another's cache of high-grade he would get shot or seriously beaten up. It was less serious to get caught by legal authorities than it was to get caught high-grading from another high-grader. It was done to some extent, however, in spite of the risk, and when successful, it paid off mighty well. Under favorable circumstances a majority of men were tempted to try it. Some of them successfully got away with it but others never lived to tell the story.

SOMMERS knew these facts and conditions on that bright October morning as he coursed along through the timber and scattered undergrowth down the long mountain slope toward Falls Creek. He was not following any regular trail because none existed in this area. He was merely making his way to the trail along the creek. He regretted that his work as cook in the boarding house had afforded him no opportunity to add to his income by high-grading a little, for the pay check in his pocket would not be a very substantial winter's grubstake. He had to find some way of adding to it, and suddenly the opportunity of doing so presented itself!

As Sommers was passing a small clump of quaking aspen trees he noticed an unusual hummock in the grove, covered with leaves. From one corner of this hummock protruded the end of a canvas ore sack—and that sack was full of ore! A high-grader's cache, and Sommers had accidently stumbled upon it! Here was a ready made opportunity if there ever was one!

Some high-grader had left his treasure in this isolated and hidden spot while he had gone on to town to make arrangements to get his gold transported the rest of the way.

When Sommers had convinced himself that no one else was in the vicinity and that he was in no immediate danger of getting shot or having his head bashed, he proceeded to investigate. He unearthed twelve sacks of gold nuggets and rich pieces of quartz, worth at least $50 per pound and every sack weighing about 60 pounds equaled $36,000 in one lump! To a wage-earner in 1903 this was a king's ransom. It would make him rich.

With Sommers the problem was not one of ethics, but of how to get away with it in order to avoid detection. Obviously, the first thing to do was to remove the treasure to another hiding place where the original owner would not find it. Sommers picked up one of the sacks and set out around the mountainside in quest of such a spot.

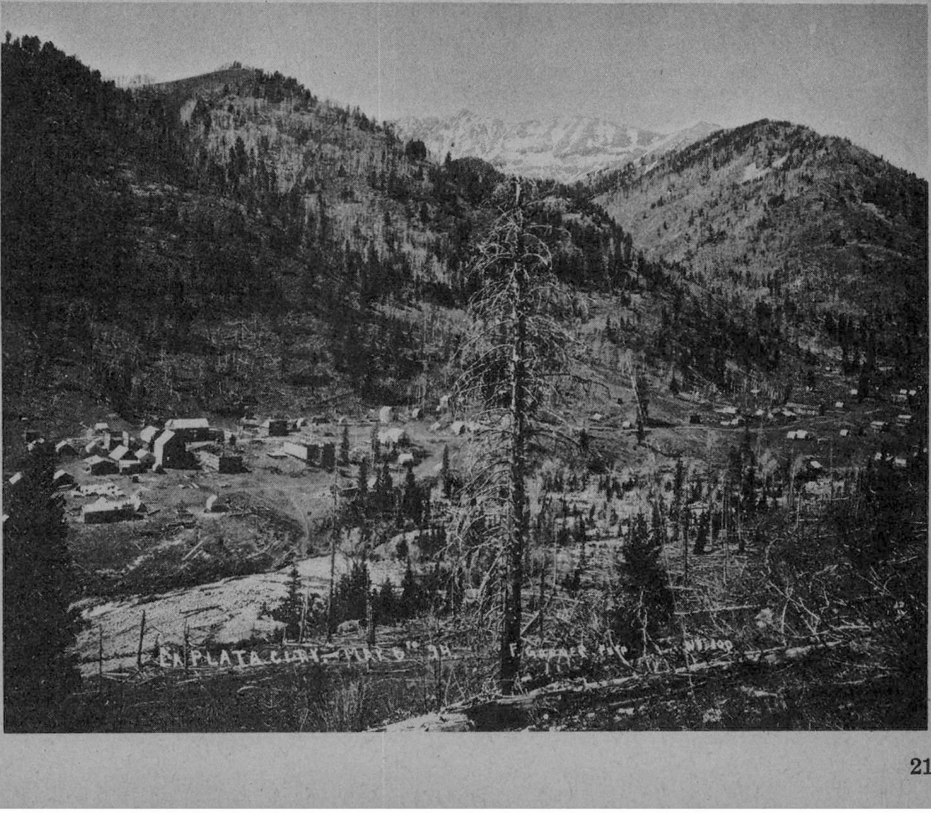
About 300 yards away he found a place which suited him. It was in a clump of spruce on a small bench of the hillside. Here the leafmold was deep and soft so he could dig a pit in it with his bare hands—the only implements he had.

While digging a hole in which to cache the first sack, it occurred to him that by emptying the contents of the sacks into the pit, and returning the empty sacks to the spot where he found them, he could more effectually promote the success of his own scheme. In the first place, it would require less room in the trench for the loose contents, and the pit would be easier to cover effectively; secondly, by returning the empty sacks to the original spot he would be eliminating any doubt in the minds of the other high-grader about the exact spot where he had made his cache when he returned and found the empty ore bags there.

When Sommers had completed his transfer job, he had a neat pile of empty ore sacks in the aspen grove where the full ones had been, and in a hand-made trench some 300 yards away he had more than 700 pounds of rich ore and nuggets—a tidy fortune.

"I didn't put all that gold into the trench," Sommers told me later. "I took some of it with me. I couldn't carry much of it, but I did cram a few handfuls into my overalls pockets. I guess I had about three pounds of it with me. Later on I sold that ore to a broker, an Italian who had a saloon on Main Street in Durango a little way below the Strater Hotel. I got $100 for it, and o'course that broker figured on doubling his money on the deal."

Located at the foot of a mountain, a typical mining or logging town.



Early-day prospectors

SOMMERS took great care in covering over the trench in which he had hidden his fortune. He packed most of the leafmold back into it to cover his ore, and scattered the rest evenly around the spot; then he broke a small branch from one of the trees and painstakingly swept over the entire area to give the place a natural appearance. He reasoned that he would not be fooled by this deceptive appearance when he came back in a few days to recover his treasure. He noted a peculiar shaped root from one of the trees which extended about four feet along the surface of the ground on the upper edge of the little bench. The cache was only a few feet below that root and lay parallel to it. That was an excellent natural marker, he thought.

Sommers didn't want to leave any artificial marks such as tree blazes for fear they would attract the attention of other passersby and betray the secret place of his fortune. Although he had never been through this section of the country before, he felt sure he could return to the exact spot by instinct; but to help guide that instinct he took careful note of some natural landmarks.

Off to his right he could see the white sandstone bluff on the mountainside east of the Animas Valley just above Durango, and farther up this same range of hills, and almost directly opposite from where he stood, he could see another promontory. In the immediate vicinity he noted that just across the canyon, a dead tree, denuded of bark and branches, had fallen against a tall green spruce in such a fashion as to form almost a perfect triangle. Through the top of this triangle he could see a large rock in the bed of a gulch coursing down the hillside a short distance beyond the trees. This combination of natural objects made a definite and accurate marker, Sommers reasoned, which would have no significance to anyone else who might pass that way. And there would be no other spot where these objects would be in exactly that same relation. If, by any chance, he became confused about the location of his cache when he returned to get it, all he had to do was to find the leaning tree, and from that work out the point from which he could see the big rock through the tip of the triangle. That point would be exactly on his cache.

Happy in the success of his venture so far, and confidently looking forward to a future of ease and independence, he resumed his journey to town. To eliminate any chance of meeting anyone who might be coming back up Falls Creek to get the high-grade, Sommers took out around the mountainside to the right, crossing ridges and canyons in a wide circle to avoid the Falls Creek trail completely. He finally came down onto the highway in the Animas Valley at the old Home Ranch about two miles below the juncture of the Falls Creek trail with the road.

This route was rough traveling, but with two pockets full of gold pounding him on the legs with each step, and the pleasant thoughts of so much more safely hidden back up the mountain, Sommers did not mind the difficulties of the hike. He was happy, as only a man who has just struck it rich can be.

It was getting dusk when Sommers got into Durango. The first place he headed for was the old Horseshoe saloon to get a drink of whiskey and to cash his pay check.

He had just swallowed his first drink and was pouring his refill when he heard a familiar voice call out, "Hi, Hank, when did you get to town?"

"Just got here," replied Hank as he turned to look at his interrogator, a miner named Collier who with his partner, Schley, had quit working at the Neglected Mine a few days before Sommers had.

Collier and Schley had been employed in the mine for several months. They were excellent miners, and through long experience were thoroughly schooled in all the tricks of the trade, including the precarious art of high-grading. That they had a tidy little stake in high-grade cached out somewhere when they left the mine, Sommers had no doubt.

"How did you come down?"

"Walked," replied Sommers.

"Which way did you come?" asked Schley, apparently more to make conversation than for any other reason.

When Sommers replied, "Falls Creek," he was startled to note that the partners gave each other a quick but furtive glance. Mindful that these fellows had been working at the mine although that high-grade might not be theirs, Sommers quickly amended his reply by saying, "That is, I started down that way but got lost and finally wound up on the road down below the Home Ranch. Have a drink?"

They all had a drink. Sommers cashed his check. He was nervous inside now and anxious to get away from Collier and Schley lest they notice that he was ill at ease, but to leave them abruptly wasn't the thing to do. Miners, just arrived in a saloon after several weeks spent in the mountains, didn't act that way. To do so would surely arouse suspicion of him, especially so if that high-grade belonged to these fellows, either one of whom could be mighty tough and mighty cruel when provoked. They were both powerful men physically. Sommers had seen a demonstration of their strength and of their cruelty in a fight they had had with a couple of other men at the mine shortly after he had begun working there.

Collier and Schley had beaten those fellows up unmercifully and had seemed to enjoy doing it. He knew very well that if the high-grade he had found belonged to these men, they would give him a lot rougher treatment than they had given to the men at the mine. And Sommers didn't want to die yet.

His inner tension eased a little as the conversation veered away from his personal activities and switched to those of other mine employees. Sommers still had his pockets full of high-grade and he was fearful that the unnatural hang of his overalls would be noticed by these men whose extensive experience had taught them all the telltale marks of the tricks of the trade. To avoid making any undue display of bulging front pockets, he kept his position of "belly up" to the bar.

On the pretext that he needed a bath and a change of clothes, Sommers left Collier and Schley at the bar and walked out of the saloon. His first act when he got away from them was to go to his room and hide the high-grade he had in his pockets, and he was careful to avoid the two miners the rest of the evening. Cautious inquiries about them the next afternoon gave him the information that they had gone deer hunting that morning. Deer hunting, indeed, thought Sommers to himself. They are using that as a blind to go for the high-grade on Falls Creek.

He suspected this even more a couple of days later when Collier and Schley hunted him up to make further inquiries about his trip down from the mine—which way he had come, had he seen anyone along the way or had he seen any fresh tracks, either of human or animal anywhere along his route. Sommers had schooled himself for just such an encounter and got through the conversation without revealing anything, although the questioning caused him to change his plans.

WHEN Sommers had cached the ore, he had intended to return immediately with pack stock and bring it to town, but now he was afraid. If that high-grade belonged to these men, and Sommers was now convinced that it did, they would be on the lookout for anyone cashing in ore. The high-grade was safe, he reasoned, and could wait his convenience to get it. He would bide his time until these fellows went out on a job somewhere and then he could safely bring the ore to town.

Instead, they stayed around town until a big storm, early in November, covered all the high country with a deep blanket of snow. Reluctantly Sommers gave up any plans he had about recovering his cache immediately. He was confident that he could return to the very spot where it was when the ground was bare, but he was not so sure he could with a covering of snow. It was better, all things considered, to wait until spring when the snow had melted off.

Work was scarce around Durango that winter. Sommers lived on his limited savings and on his extensive hopes—hopes for a fortune when spring came and the snow went. Late in March he got a job in a logging camp over near Dolores, but he had to agree to stay on the job until July 1. This was a bit later than Sommers wanted to stay away from Falls Creek, but he reasoned it would work out all right.

Schley died following an attack of pneumonia that winter, and early in the spring Collier left the country for a mining camp in California. These events left the coast clear for Sommers to recover his cache. He was so impatient that he could hardly wait for July 1 to come.

It was after the big celebration of the Fourth, however, before he set out for Falls Creek and the golden hoard for which he had waited so many months. Since he was not familiar with the trails for livestock in that rugged locality, he decided to reconnoiter on foot.

He had no misgivings whatsoever of his ability to find his cache. He remembered the markings well. All he needed to do was go up Falls Creek to some point near its source and then climb the brushy slope on the west side.

He was so sure of success and so eager to possess his fortune that, along with his lunch stuff, he carried an extra canvas sack in which he intended to carry back several pounds of the nuggets.

Sommers almost tired himself out climbing the long grade from the floor of the Animas Valley to the beautiful glen of Falls Creek above the cataract, where that rivulet cascades over the high bluff into the Animas River. The valley did not look the same to him as it had in his view of it from the mountainside the previous autumn. It seemed smaller, narrower, and more shut in than it did before. It didn't seem like the same place, but he did not let this circumstance perturb him. He accounted for it from the fact that he was entering it from the opposite direction. The landscape would come into proper perspective he reasoned, when he had traveled far enough up the canyon to be in the immediate vicinity of the route he had followed the previous October.

Steadily he plodded on up the trail, all the while keeping a constant watch for some familiar landmark on some ridge or in some ravine that serrated the mountains west of the creek. He saw none. Finally when he came on top of the divide between Falls Creek and Buck Canyon, he realized he had gone past his goal, and was at least a mile too far north and east.

The whole country seemed different. The autumn before it had looked quite bare, more bold in the outline and more expansive; now it seemed "filled up," softened by the verdant covering of undergrowth and forest in full leaf. Bare spots and minor landmarks blended inconspicuously with the sylvanian mantle. The altered natural conditions somewhat confused Sommers.

HE WAS NOT baffled long, however. From his position on this high ridge he could see his two prominent landmarks on the opposite side of the Animas Valley. They were certain, unmistakable, and unchangeable guides which would lead him to his treasure.

All he had to do was travel west around the brushy, serrated mountainside at about this same level so he could keep his landmarks in view, and he would arrive right at the location of his cache. Any difficulty he might have in recognizing the spot would readily be dispelled by the leaning tree, the triangle it formed with the live one, and the rock to be seen through its apex.

In a short while he would be scooping gold nuggets into the ore sack, and would be off on the back trail to town to convert them into money. How many pounds should he take? How many could he conveniently carry? Ten pounds, he figured, would be about right for this time. That would not be a heavy load and could be converted into a nice little stake of $400 or $500; and he sure wanted to possess some of that gold for the sheer joy and satisfaction of it. It would be the most wonderful thrill of his life.

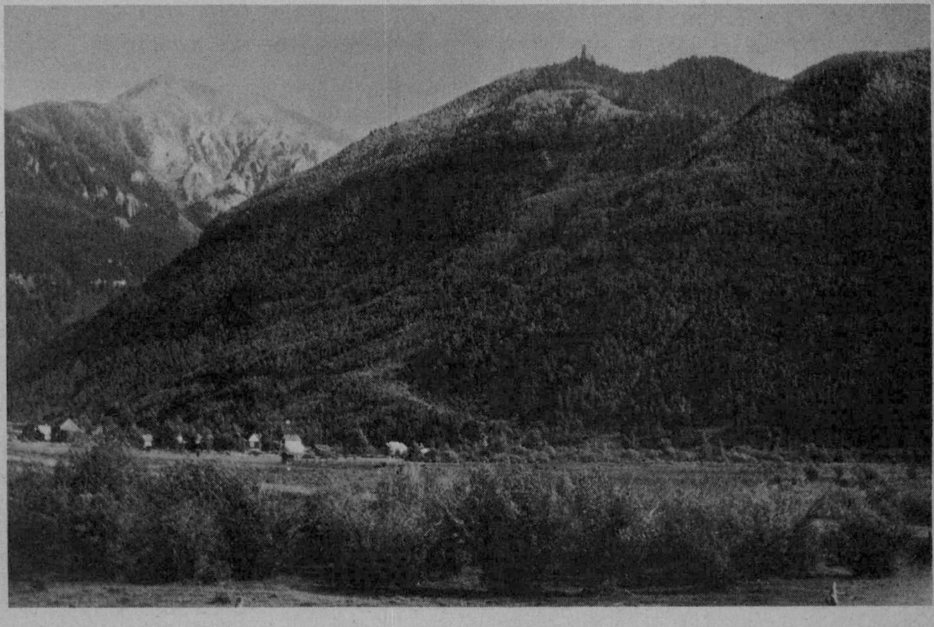
Sommers crossed over onto the opposite mountainside, got his bearings on the two landmarks which he could see plainly from this point, and eagerly set out to find his cache. Using the white bluff and the high promontory as guides, he worked his way around the mountain to a point far south of the vicinity he had traveled through the year before, but he still did not find any spot which looked familiar to him. This puzzled Sommers a little bit. How had he missed the place, and why hadn't he seen the more immediate landmarks adjacent to his cache?

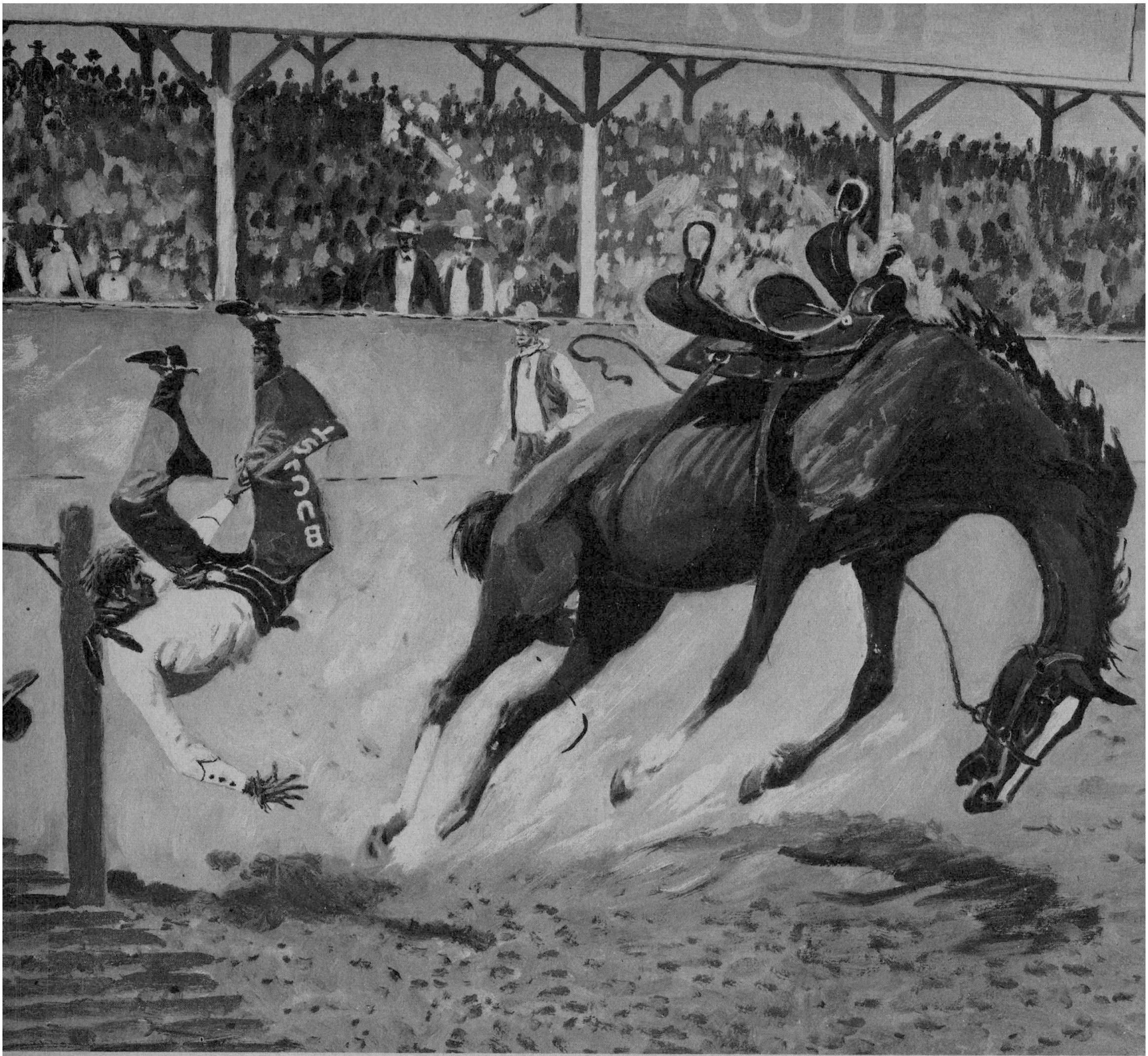
He went back over the ground very carefully this time, and again failed to find any group of trees, either aspen or spruce, or any other object he could positively identify. He was more than a little worried by this time.

Determined to define the limits of the area in which he could see the white bluff and the promontory across the Animas Valley, he searched thoroughly for his more immediate landmarks—the leaning tree, the triangle, the big rock. Much to his surprise and chagrin, Sommers could see his chief landmarks from such a wide area and from so many different points that they ceased to be of any value to him as guides to any definite spot. They were excellent general landmarks, but it takes more than a general location for a man to find one small spot in several hundred acres of brush and timberland. It takes specific surface markings to be able to do that, and Sommers could never find any of them—not even the clump of quaking aspen where he had first found the pile of sacked gold.

(Continued on page 50)

This heavily wooded hillside was ideal for a high-grader who wanted to avoid meeting people along the trail.



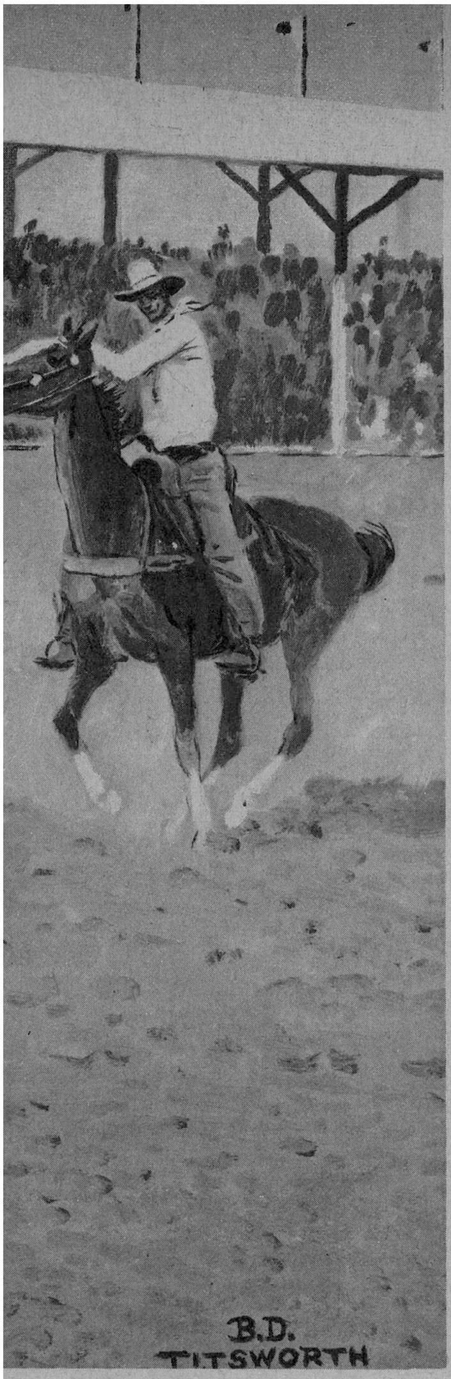


Here's a horse that did considerable worrying about men—maybe because most all he ever saw were flat on their backs in the dirt, looking up at him with disbelief!

SAD SAM

IT WAS 1938 and folks of Refugio, Texas, were pulling off a little two-bit rodeo for South Texas ranch people. Nobody had come with the expectation of seeing the last show of one of the greatest rodeo broncs ever to throw a rider. But when in the middle of a calf-roping contest the announcer halted the show to call an exhibition bronc ride—"Buck West coming out on Sad Sam!"—there wasn't a handful of people who didn't sit up and take notice.

The handlers led Sad Sam into the bucking chutes for saddling and the old horse sure didn't represent the popular notion of an outlaw bronc known from Oregon to New York's Madison Square Garden. He was just a big old rawboned bay with a black mane and tail, spur-scarred from head to foot and shaggy as a brush-frazzled saddle blanket. He was tub-footed, jug-headed, and had a right



By FRED GIPSON

Illustrated by Ben D. Titsworth

Originally published in Southwest Review, Autumn 1946, Dallas, Texas

ar drooping at a forlorn angle. He stood vith the air of dejection that had caused Mike Hastings to name him Sad Sam eventeen years before.

Up in the stands, an old Nueces River ider slapped a grizzly-faced partner on he leg. "Now, Wash," he said, "this'll do o watch and recollect. Buck West's overnatched hisself this time. Sad Sam'll hrow him clean up into the judge's tand."

Wash wasn't convinced. "Ten years ack," he said, "you'd a-been right. But Buck'll ride him now. Buck's rode in the ig time. And Sad Sam's too old and tove-up from dragging a fresno in a lush pit."

"He's dead old," agreed Nueces. "Twenty-one, they tell me. And Long Tom Heard just unhooked him last night from nother week in harness. But you watch; e'll hang Buck's chin on the the moon!"

From the top bar of the chute, Buck West slapped a regulation bucking saddle down on the old horse's back, and Sad Sam didn't even flinch. Most broncs will fall back on their haunches and fight every step of the way into the chutes, then try to climb over the top; but Sad Sam hadn't even tightened the halter shank the chute man led him by. For all the spectators could tell, Buck West might might have been saddling some old plug for a bunch of kids to play on.

The rider eased himself down onto the horse. Sad Sam didn't move. West jammed his boots into the stirrups and rocked his saddle to make certain he was all set. He caught up his bucking rein to the right length, pulled off his hat, then nodded to the chute man.

"Give us air," he ordered.

The men jerked the tie-ropes loose and yanked the chute gates apart. Buck West swung his feet forward and slammed his spur rowels into the big bay's shoulders. That opened the ball. Sad Sam lunged out of the chute, bogged his head and exploded into the arena, coughing and roaring like a meat-hungry lion.

There was no fancy sunfishing or pinwheeling or rolling his belly up to the sun. Sad Sam didn't have a trick in his bag for catching a man off-balance and loosening him in the saddle. His was just old, hard, straight-away bucking, but the kind to rattle every leather on a saddle and every bone in the body of the man straddling it.

Buck West didn't last till he got started. He lost his right stirrup on the third jump, his left stirrup on the fourth, and by the time the bawling bay had made his fifth leap, the big-time show rider couldn't have found his saddle seat with a forked stick. He left Sad Sam in a spread-eagle dive that ended when his bare head slapped against the bottom of an arena fence post.

The pickup-men spurred out to cut the horse off before he could paw the unconscious man to death, but Sad Sam had stopped pitching the instant he'd felt Buck West's weight leave the saddle. Now he stood within three steps of the fallen rider, staring down at him with a sort of regretful, worried look, as if he half wished he hadn't thrown him so hard. Sad Sam wasn't a man killer.

They carted Buck West off to a hospital, and up in the grandstands the Nueces River rider crowed to his partner. "Now, what'd I tell you!" he said. "Why, Wash, it takes a damned good rider just to keep his seat on a fence and watch that old Sad Sam pitch!"

THOSE WORDS just about summed up the opinion of every bronc rider in America back when Sad Sam followed the circuits of the big rodeos. In those days, nearly every great bronc buster, the near-great, and plenty of mail-order rodeo hands had a try at riding Sad Sam—and they all lived to regret it.

The first time anybody paid any attention to Sad Sam was in Fort Worth in the early spring of 1921, when W. T. Johnston, who furnished livestock for the big rodeos of America every year, was shaping up his string of bucking horses for the coming rodeo season. Johnston had thirty head of new horses from Wyoming. They were big horses, outlaws and man haters, most of them, wicked as sin.

Johnston ordered his men to saddle and mount each one, but to quit the saddle as soon as a horse was pitching good. That way, a bronc got to thinking he was throwing his rider every time. Later, in a rodeo arena, a horse trained like that would put all he had into unloading his rider.

But the first of Johnston's rodeo hands to mount a big, sleepy-headed four-year-old bay horse that stood hipshot in the chute while being saddled—that rider never got a chance to quit the saddle. He was wiping up the arena with his shirt-tail before he knew what had happened. The surprised buster got up and hat-whipped the dust out of his clothes. "Offhand," he observed, "I'd say it won't take a lot of training to make a rodeo bronc out of that bent-eared rascal."

Which was more truth than the rodeo hand realized. Nobody ever had to train Sad Sam to pitch; mighty few could stay on him long enough to get set to jump off.

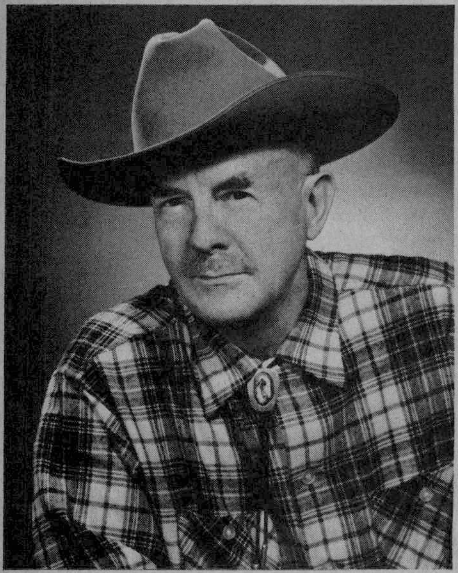
Sad Sam made the rounds of the rodeos that year—Boston, New York, Chicago and others not so big. Nobody paid him any particular attention. He was just another rodeo bronc, a little uglier than most, a little more comical-looking, maybe. But being a deadhead, any time he wasn't coming out of the chutes with a rider, Sad Sam soon got to be a favorite of the chute hands. They could walk into a corral full of bad horses and catch him where he stood. They found that they could belly up across his back and he'd help them corner the others to tie on the halter shanks. It got so that if you'd lead Sad Sam in or out of a railroad car first, all the rest would follow like pack mules trailing a bell mare. But the minute you threw a leg across his back to straddle him, Sad Sam would try to land you in the misty Beyond.

That didn't make him especially noteworthy at first, however. Not among such famous names as Corkscrew, Gates of the Mountain, Fiddle Face, and Buzzard Roost. These rodeo broncs had class; they were bad. They were making rodeo history all over the United States. You couldn't tell about a bronc new to the game like Sad Sam. Plenty of good beginners never lasted out the first season. But by the wind-up of his second season, it gradually came to the riders and rodeo directors that nobody had ever stayed on

(Continued on page 47)

The INDIANS and HORSES of Gerard Curtis Delano

By LES BEITZ



IF IT were not for the fact that Gerard Curtis Delano has spent the last forty years developing into one of our most outstanding western painters, he surely would have made an equally impressive mark on American life in another dedicated calling—in an earlier era as a circuit rider, possibly—another Brother Van. For Faith has been a mainstay in Delano's trek along western trails—trails that were sometimes dim, even treacherous. To put it another way, he's had his ups and downs; times when the trail ahead all but vanished.

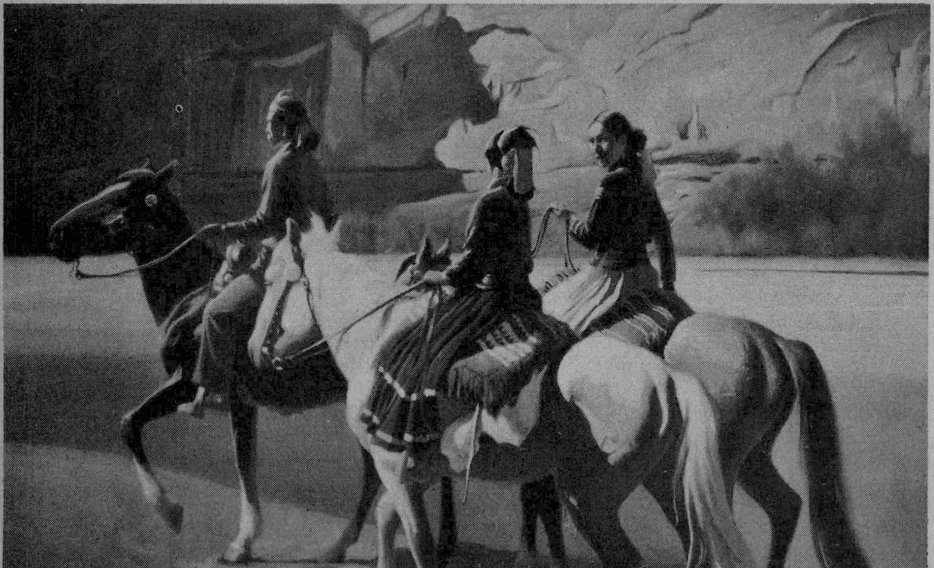
Jerry Delano began drawing "Indians on horses" as a four-year old in Marion, Massachusetts at the turn of the century. During early boyhood, a favorite evening amusement was to draw by the light of an old kerosene lamp, the action-packed exploits of cowboys, Indians, hoboes, and all the intrepid adventurers that storybook tales and sagas of bold deeds had imprinted upon the imaginative youngster.

He had more than ordinary talent, but his folks weren't overly enthusiastic about his pursuing this vein as a career. New England heritage, by and large, prompted a somewhat more "practical" line of endeavor, and decisive action toward his ultimate objectives had to be deferred for a few years until reasonable opportunity presented itself.

In 1919, shortly after his release from World War I Naval service, Delano had a chance to "go west." He took a summer sojourn to Colorado and hired out as a "hand" at a cattle spread there, learned to ride, and became acquainted with the vivid panorama of a country which was *real*—earthy, colorful, exciting. This was the West that had been inspiration for some of those earlier efforts at his mother's table by lamplight. By the time he returned East, the impact of that summer's fulfillment had made irrevocable claim upon his aspirations.

Back in New York, Delano picked up where he had left off, after a fashion, but the lure of that enchanted land across the Mississippi had a tug on his collar that wouldn't permit release in spite of the reasonable success he was enjoying in the field of illustration.

Two years later he filed on a homestead on Cataract Creek in the mountains of Summit County, Colorado, and built there a 20x30' log cabin studio. Now he began to paint with vigor and dash—and with a sense of purpose. After living on the place the required time, he returned to New York to replenish his depleted resources. Along with his satchel of modest belongings went a portfolio of pictorial nuggets that had been distilled from the clear springs trickling down from the Summit County mountains beside his snug cabin-studio.



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

At left, a brilliant portrayal by Delano titled simply, *Navajo*.

IT WAS after his return to New York City for renewed study at the Art Student's League that he sold his first western cover to *Ace-High Magazine.* The subject was a cowboy in angora chaps riding a bucking horse. More sales of covers to *Ace-High* followed, along with dozens of black and white illustrations for that magazine's story features. This led to work with other publications, and soon he was firmly launched as a cover artist and illustrator for *Ace-High, Western Story, Adventure, Cowboy Stories, Ranch Romances, Colliers* and others, including *Cosmopolitan.* During that fabulous era (1922-1935) there appears to be scarcely a publisher or editor of the leading fiction periodicals who didn't require some "Delano" to dress up his story presentations. Researchers of "Pulp Americana," an entirely new pursuit which has emerged during the past few years, are astounded at the prolific, yet amazingly competent, work of the talented young illustrator. *New Western, Hunting and Fishing, Short Stories, West, Northwest Stories, All Western, Big Book Western, Frontier Stories, Star, Complete Stories, Air Adventures, Hunter-Trader-Trapper, Snappy Stories, Everybody's, Top Notch*—all carried "Illustrations by Delano." It seems the more old magazines that come to light, the more the work of Delano shows up. These were big, plush years for fast-moving fiction—and for the authors and artists connected with it.

Delano did all right until the mid-'30s, when magazines and publishing houses began folding up right and left. At the height of the depression the spigot had been shut off so tight that Delano couldn't pay his studio rent. He went bust.

One thing remained—his rent-free studio on the Colorado mountainside and there he went, bag and baggage—for keeps. This was the land which initially had been a fountainhead of inspiration for him; and it was to provide an even finer sustenance in the months that followed. It was here in the primitive element during the long, hard winter months that Delano had time to reflect.

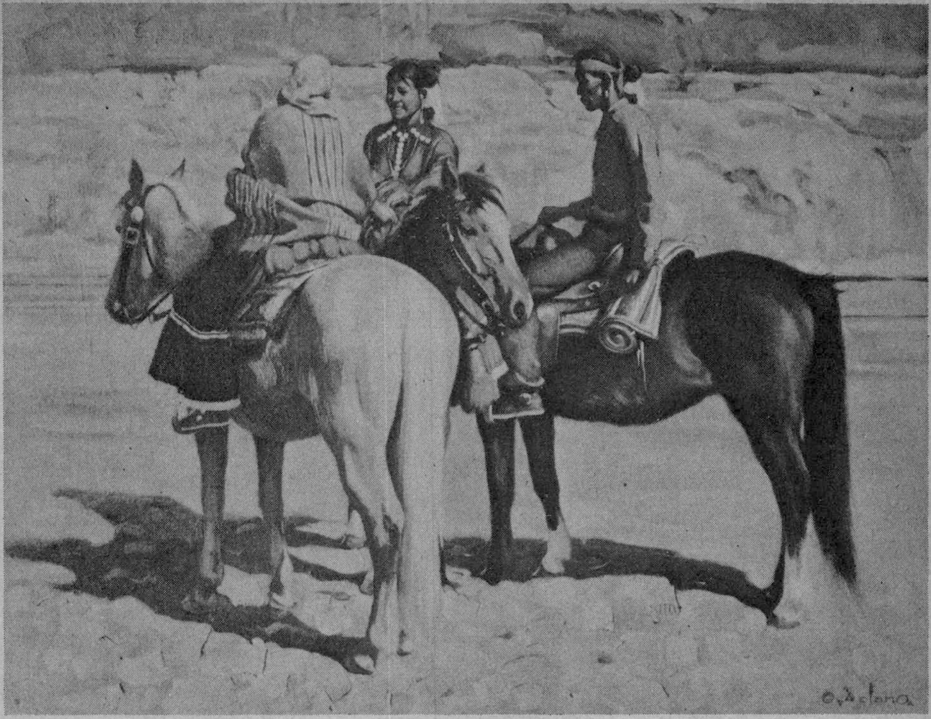
Life on the homestead was rugged and just the chores of daily living took much of his time. But he was able to sell an occasional magazine cover back in New York. Fortunately, it cost little to live there, so his dog "Buddy" and he made out very well even though the year's total income was $400.

Three mighty lean years followed. There were a few brief flurries of better fortune—an art assignment of measurable consequence now and then—but for the most part Delano's career was in limbo. Art projects and allied ventures would seem to go along well enough for a spell and then, for little apparent reason, fizzle out into a discouraging blob of red ink on the ledger book. It wasn't even a "hot and cold" sort of affair—things just didn't ever get much beyond the "lukewarm" stage.

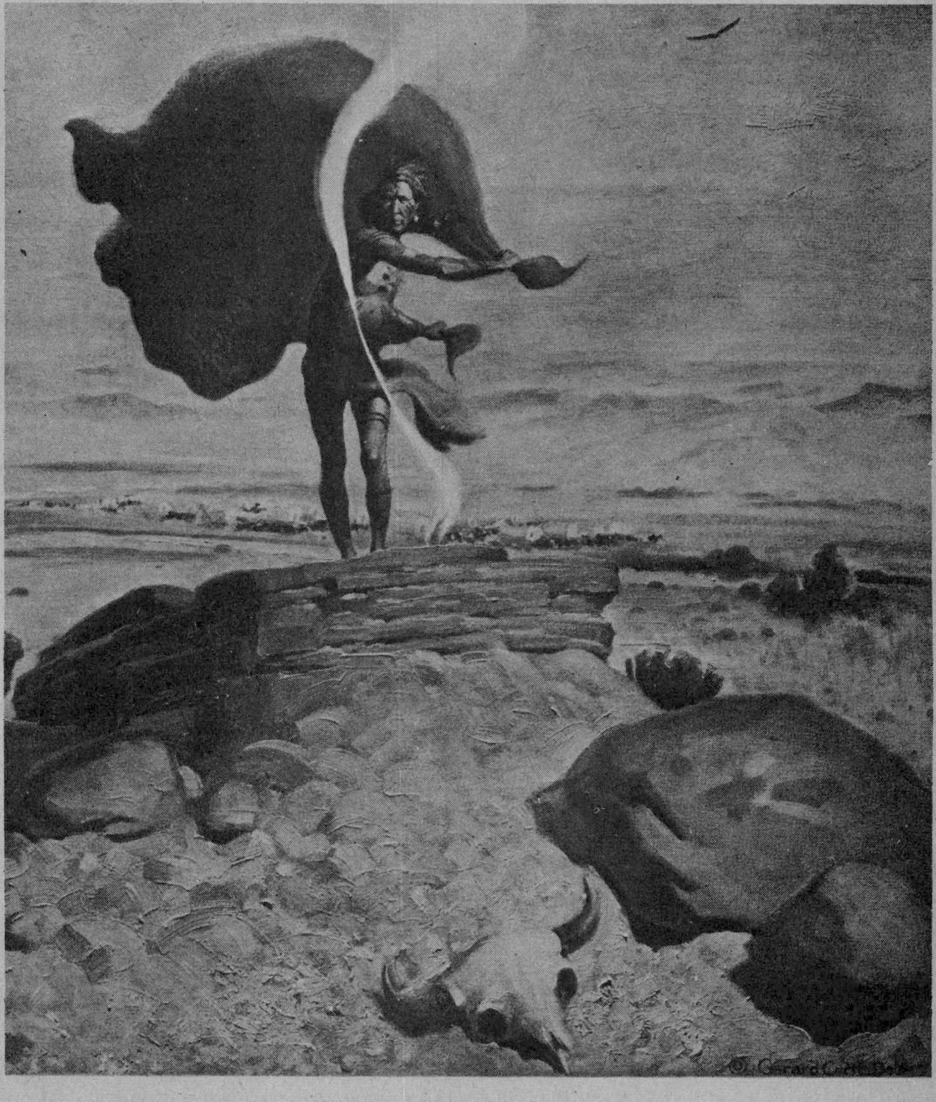
It was then that Delano began to consider his talent in a different light. He says it best, I believe, in the following gist from one of his conversations:

"I realized that all my efforts thus

(Continued on page 61)



Above, one of Delano's favorite themes—Indians on horses. This one is titled *Local Gossip.* Below, *The Smoke Signal.*



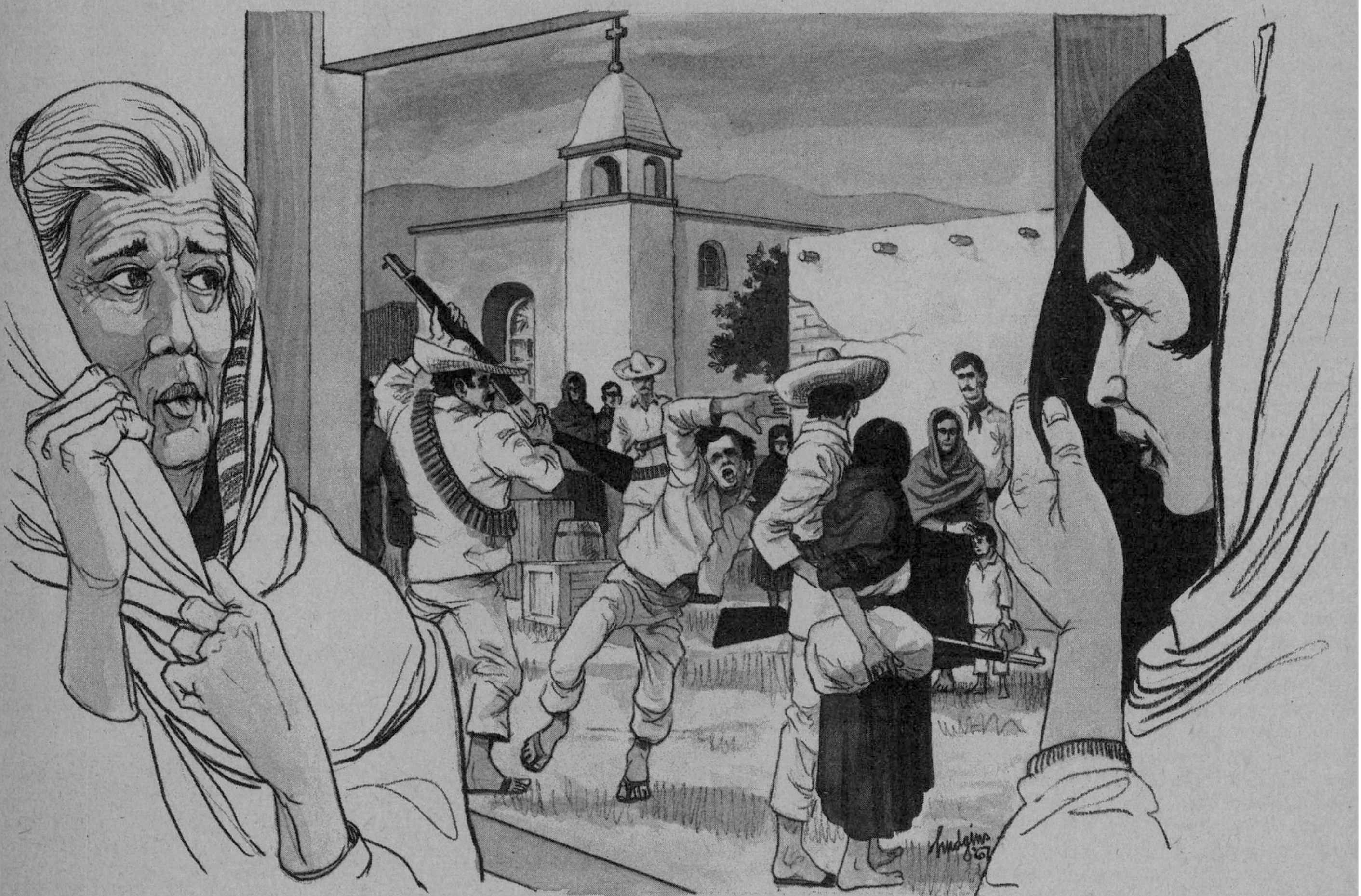
Angela Gonzales' CHANGE of HEART

By EVE BALL

Photo Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

All she had to do was summon a soldier, and her hereditary enemies would retire an old debt—with their lives!



ANGELA RUIZ GONZALES is not one of those native-born Americans who takes the privilege of citizenship for granted. She is a Tarascan Indian, born in the State of Michoacan, Mexico. She made her way to Juarez and to the United States during the Revolution, and under trying circumstances and with grave danger.

Angela Ruiz was born at Coena, a small village south of Lake Patzcuaro. Her father Andres was an *Indio puro*, and a descendant of the fierce Tarascans who defied their Spanish conquerors by throwing their silver and gold into the lake rather than surrender their treasures.

He had two sons and a daughter, Maria, by his first marriage. After the death of his wife he met a beautiful French girl in Morelia. Though she was not much older than his daughter, he married her. Maria bitterly resented her father's marriage for two reasons: his second wife was white, and all Tarascans consider themselves infinitely superior to Caucasians; secondly, the new wife displaced Maria as mistress of her father's home and had the temerity to bear a girl-child.

Maria made life so miserable for her stepmother that when Angela was a small child her mother returned to Morelia, and when the child was about seven, died. Her father, too, passed away shortly after; and Angelita was placed under the guardianship of the half-sister who hated and mistreated her. Only one concession did Maria make to the child, that of permitting her to visit her mother's family occasionally.

Angela learned of the cruelties wrought by the usurping Spanish. She was taken to see the *palacio* of the viceroy de Mendoza in Morelia, first of the rulers of Mexico to bear that title. It is true that Cortes had acted in that capacity, but instead of being viceroy, he was Governor of Mexico. The Mendozas still occupied the palace, and Lady Mendoza, a widow, was detested by the *peones* of Morelia.

The child learned of the Codex Mendoza, compiled by the first viceroy. In it he listed the tributes levied upon the cities and villages of Mexico. They included gold and silver, skins of the *tigre*, foodstuffs and cloth, and various products indigenous to various localities.

The Tarascans are proud and haughty

people who do not easily forget injustices or forgive wrongs. Angela learned to hate the Mendozas as well as other *ricos* of the area. She was relieved to earn that her father was not a *rico.* Neither was he a *peon,* but one of those rare Indians who had attained middle-class status. And according to Mexican aw, his property was half Angela's because she was the only child of the second marriage.

She loved school and worked hard to enable herself to be ready for escape from the dominating sister. She read of a country, far to the north, where people were free, and where even the *pobrecitos* could earn enough to live decently. She was determined that when she was of age she would go to that place. And she hoarded every *centavo* she earned by doing tasks for the neighbors in order to have funds for a trip to Juarez and admission into the United States.

Maria forbade Angela's telling her age and represented the child as being five or six years younger than she really was. She was so small and slender that a stranger would not have questioned the misrepresentation. When Angela asked her sister's reason for it she received only abuse. She was called a coyote (a half-breed), and told that she was illegitimate. When she learned the meaning of the word she went to the padre and was permitted to examine the records in the church. She found the dates of her parents' marriage, and of her birth. Never again could Maria insult her mother!

ANGELA changed her hard-earned *centavos* into *pesos,* and buried them until she had seventy. She was almost twenty-one, but badly as she wanted to go to the United States she knew that she could not make the trip without the protection of an older woman. The problem was finding one. That was solved by Señora Josepha Chavez, a widow, whose son in North Carolina sent money for railway fare for his mother and young brother to El Paso and from there to where he lived.

At first Josepha refused to permit Angela to accompany her. "You know that sister," she said. "She will tell the officers you are sixteen, and they will believe her. If they do not overtake us she will report that you've run away with one of the *soldados.*"

"And who would believe her?" asked Angela. "The padre will give me a paper stating my age."

"Maria is a demon," said Josepha.

Angela spat. "Who would know better than I?" the girl asked. "You make arrangements for some burros so that we can ride to the village on the shores of Lake Patzcuaro through which the train passes. And the night after I am twenty-one I will slip out through my window and join you and little Tomas. I will come as soon as I can after Maria goes to sleep. We will have to hurry to reach the railway before dawn, for there is only one train a day, and it leaves at daybreak."

Angela collected only what she could tie in a shawl, and she dug up her little hoard of silver. But for some reason, Maria postponed going to bed long after her usual hour. Perhaps she suspected what Angela intended doing. If so, she made a fatal mistake: she applied an ugly epithet to Angela's dead mother. The frantic girl sprang at the older woman and administered such a beating that the huge body slumped to the floor. Even then Maria continued to utter shrieks that would surely have brought the neighbors had they not been in sympathy with the girl.

Angela walked out the door, and joined Josepha. Though they had a late start they urged the slow animals and arrived at the village of Coena as it was beginning to get light. They found the railway station in flames. A whistle in the west warned them that the train was approaching, and they crossed the track to signal the engineer to stop. He rushed past them and left them watching the receding train.

Angela knew that the *policia* might appear at any minute, but she had no idea where she might obtain refuge. Because of the revolution raging in northern Mexico, people were not permitted to travel. What were they to do? Josepha remembered a fisherman who lived by the lake, and they hurried to his home. He hid them during that day, and after nightfall rowed them across the lake. Again they reached a station about daybreak, but this time they secured tickets for Morelia with a warning that they might not get farther.

They had left their native village the twenty-eighth of August, and were unable to get aboard a train at Morelia for two weeks. In the city they heard much of fighting in the State of Chihuahua. Trains were used for moving troops, and civilians were seldom permitted to board a northbound one.

At her uncle's suggestion Angela changed her silver into "Beekies," (Bilambiques) a script issued by a wealthy mine owner of that name and accepted as legal tender all over Mexico. Possession of silver might arouse suspicion as to the possessors' station in life, and *ricos* were being executed wherever discovered.

THE WOMEN were finally permitted to buy tickets to Celaya, but warned that they might not be able to proceed past that point. As predicted, when they arrived there they had to wait. A room was secured, a very poor one with no furniture. Wrapped in their *rebosas* and *petates* they slept on the dirt floor; and they ate very sparingly.

Each day they went to the station hoping to board a train to Torreon; each day they were refused. People on incoming trains reported fierce fighting in Chihuahua. It was while they were in Celaya that the battle which occurred on the sixteenth of September was fought.

The following day Josepha's little son became very ill. Although she got a doctor the child died. They went to the priest and he assured them that the boy would have a Christian burial. As was the custom among the *peones,* his little body was placed in a casket, taken into the church for final rites, and then removed, wrapped in a *petate,* and buried.

Josepha immediately lost all interest in going to the States. She was determined to return to her native village. She became apathetic but Angela, dominant by nature, persuaded her to continue. They set out for Torreon, with machine guns mounted on the engine and

(Continued on page 62)

Travelers often stopped at the Bonnell ranch for dinner. It was here that Angela got her first job.

HAND-PICKED JURY IN

Bat Masterson called him the deadliest shot in the West, but Harrison didn't see fit to place Editor Byers on his

By ALMA MARGARET BROWN

BAT MASTERSON once said, "Charley Harrison, with all his dazzling speed, was the most brilliant pistol-handler I ever saw, and a far more deadly shot than most of the great gunfighters." Yet few people outside Colorado know about his exploits and there are no photographs of him available.

Charley arrived in Denver in 1859 on the run from a Mormon posse. He presented an imposing picture about forty, handsome, with dark hair and a well-kept beard. He usually dressed in black and wore two Colt cap and ball Dragoon .41 revolvers with pearl handles. He preferred that caliber to the .45 because it had less recoil for better accuracy.

Charley was penniless when he reached Denver but his skill in gambling soon brought him enough money to buy into the Criterion Saloon. He quickly transformed it into Denver's most elegant gambling hall, and served the finest food and whiskey in the Territory. Marked cards and other forms of cheating were beneath his professional dignity. He never drank while gambling.

He gathered around him a following of both respectable citizens and lawless bummers. They all admired and feared his deadly accuracy with pistols and his coolness under fire. He never provoked a quarrel but he never backed down from one either; and when he drew, he shot to kill.

Of his own prowess with a pistol, he is reputed to have said, "In my lifetime I want to kill twelve men so I will have a competent jury waiting to try me in Hell."

Charley added to his jury and incurred the censure of the *Rocky Mountain News* because of a gunfight with Negro blacksmith James Stark, a giant of a man whose liking for fancy clothes and starched shirts had earned him the nickname of "Professor." In a fight Stark wielded a Bowie knife with deadly skill.

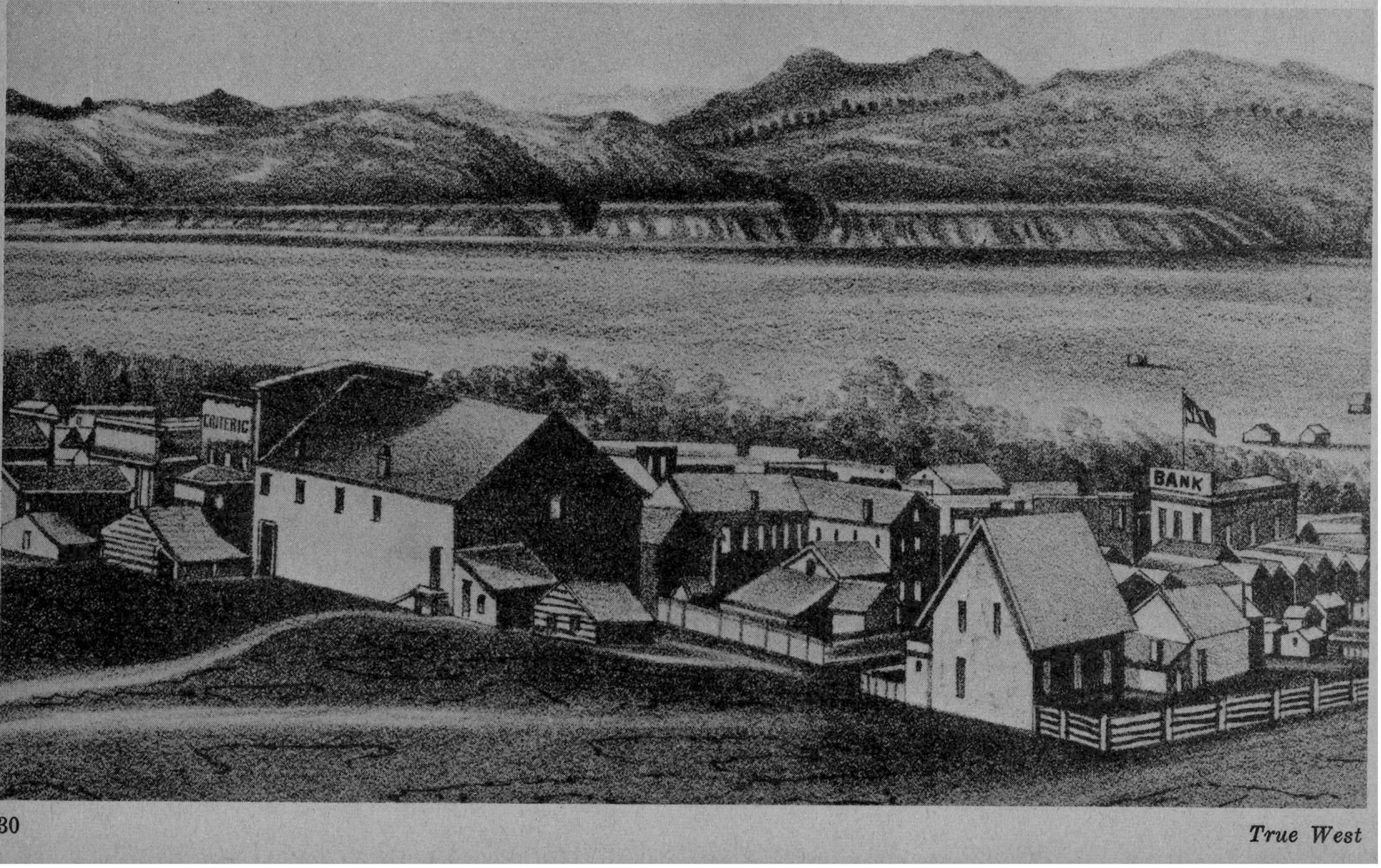
Charley had joined his friends, Carl Woods and James Innis, at the Cibola Hall for a relaxing game of poker on July 12, 1860. Stark was involved in a game at the next table, where he was losing to several tinhorn card sharps. When he spotted Charley, Stark called to him, "Hey, Charley, I'd like to sit in a game with you. These sharpies are cleaning me out."

Charley's touchy Southern pride was offended by Stark's familiarity. He retorted, "Who are you to address me as 'Charley'?"

Stark came to his feet. He angrily

Drawing of Denver, 1860s. The Criterion, Denver's most elegant gambling hall, can be seen at left.

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection



HELL

kicked his chair, sending it flying across the room. "Damn your stinking hide!" he bellowed. "I'll show you who I am!" Slowly he advanced on the cold, calm Harrison and drew his Bowie knife.

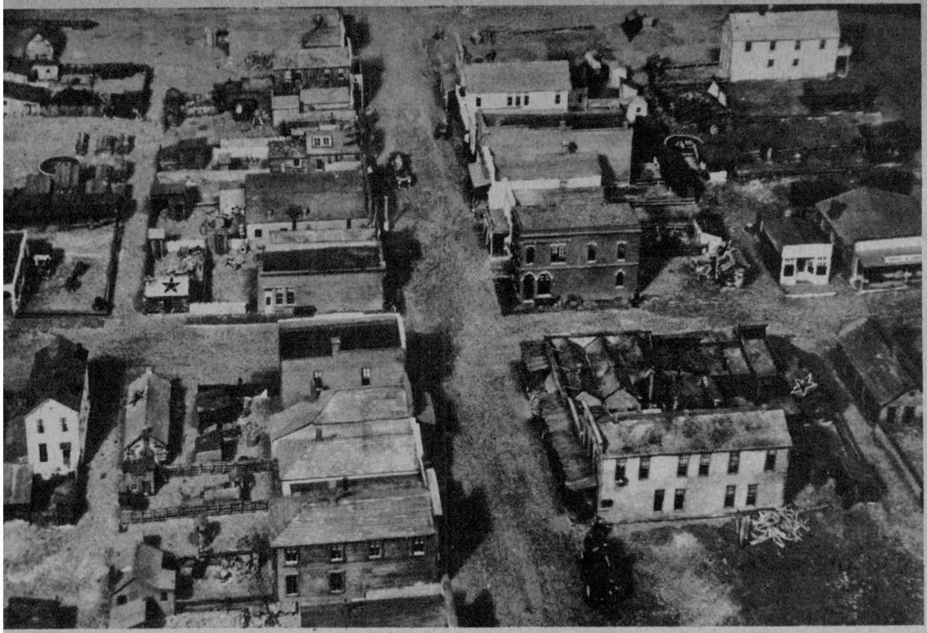
"Put down that knife, Stark!" Charley ordered.

Stark lunged at Harrison, but the gambler dodged the knife. The blacksmith made several more vicious attacks and Charley pulled his gun. When Stark lunged again, Harrison fired three times and the blacksmith sprawled on the floor with bullets in his thigh, shoulder, and chest. He was carried to the town's makeshift hospital, where he died nine days later.

ANGERED by the fact that Harrison hadn't even received a reprimand for Stark's killing, *Rocky Mountain News* editor William Byers launched an attack from the pages of his paper. He called the shooting of Stark an act of cold-blooded murder and accused Charley of shooting the unarmed blacksmith six times. He also called for the citizens of Denver to rid the town of the lawless element.

Courtesy Library, State Historical Society of Colorado

Right, William Newton Byers, newspaper editor who accused Harrison of murder.



Courtesy Library, State Historical Society of Colorado

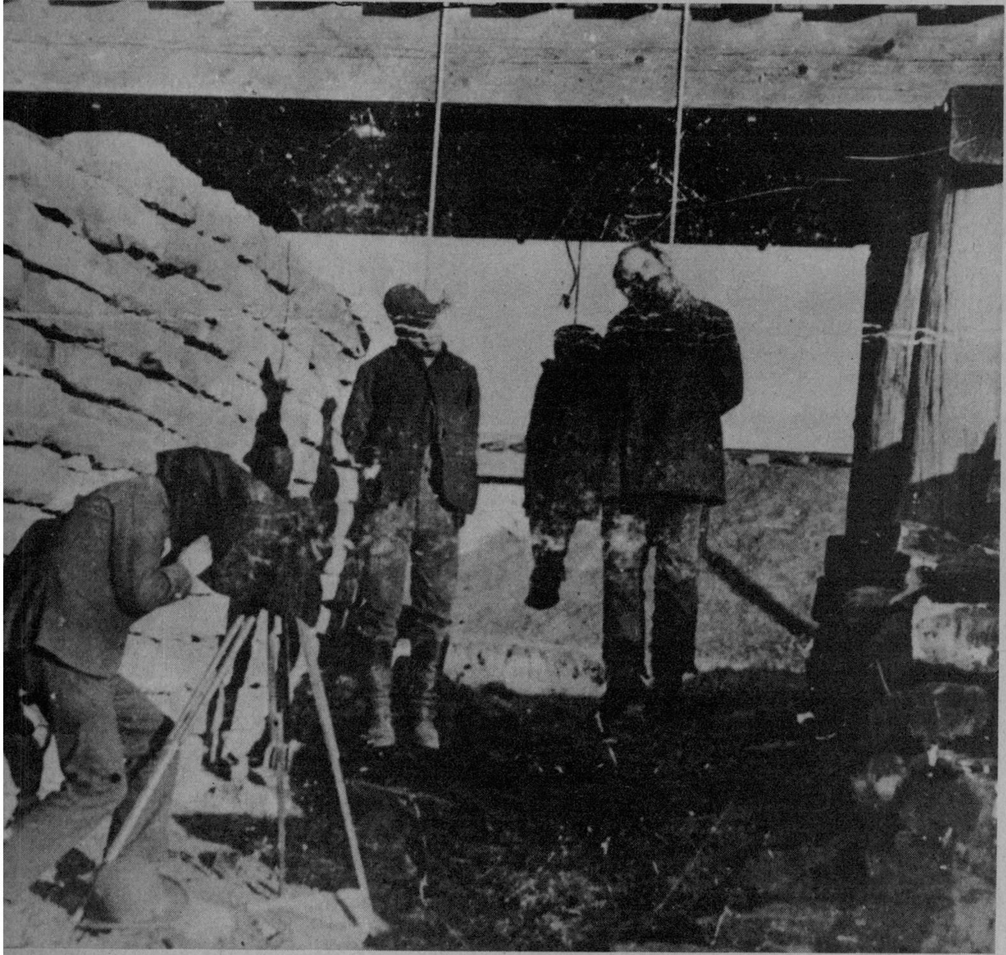
Model of Denver, 1860, built to exact scale and considered extremely accurate. Criterion Saloon is in the right front corner.

Byers was eloquent but not prudent, as he thundered out a warning to the gambler and his friends:

"The rowdies, ruffians, shoulder hitters, and bullies generally that infest our city had better be warned in time, and at once desist from their outrages upon the public. Although our community has borne their lawless acts with a fortitude very nearly akin to indifference, we believe that forbearance has ceased to be a virtue, and that the very next outrage will call down the vengeance of an outraged people, in a wave that will engulf not only the actors, but their aiders, abettors and sympathizers whoever they may be. One more act of violence will at once precipitate the inevitable fate; and the terrors that swept over the fields of California at various times, and first purified its society, will be re-enacted here with terrible results to outlaws and villains, or else we are no judge of the determined countenances, compressed lips, and flashing eyes that we have so frequently met in the last few days."

(Continued on page 46)

THE TWO-YEAR BLAST AT SHERIDAN



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

By ROBERT W. RICHMOND

Photos Courtesy Author

". . . Judge Lynch was Justice's favorite official, and the railroad trestle the gallows tree which bore monthly and sometimes daily fruit."

W. E. WEBB, a noted author of the 19th century West, once wrote that Pacific railroads were responsible for "more and worse towns than any other single cause."

He added, "Every temporary terminus of track-laying became, for the time being, a city, wicked, wonderful, and short-lived. . . . Shame flaunted her scarlet rags from the dance-house's open door, and saluted passenger trains with an air full of violin scrapings, feet beatings, and 'all han's roun', swing yer partners.' Life was merry, after a fashion; and Love, no longer snowy-pinioned, but soiled and *passe,* leaned on a bar instead of a bow, and gave ever-constant evidence of having been out overnight with Bacchus."

End-of-track towns were very similar, whether they were located in Kansas or in any one of a dozen other Western states, and they sprang up almost overnight as the railroads built west. The first train into a new location often brought an entire village of tents, knocked-down shacks, furniture and personal belongings, and even print shops. Gamblers, saloonkeepers and an assortment of other shady characters soon arrived with one object in mind—to relieve the track worker, the traveler or the freighter of his money. Some of the towns attained permanency but most fell into the "hell on wheels" category and moved on, following the track as it lengthened and taking a new name at each stop.

In July, 1868, the Union Pacific, Eastern Division (later known as the Kansas Pacific) reached Sheridan, a wide-open town that at various times was located in the Kansas counties of Wallace, Logan, and Gove, depending on boundaries current at the moment. First named Phil Sheridan for the famed Civil War general who was in the area in 1868, the town soon dropped the "Phil" and became simply Sheridan for the rest of its brief life.

General Sheridan was quoted as saying that the settlement, as a seat of war, strongly resembled the Shenandoah Valley and that the yelling and shooting that took place on payday reminded him of Stonewall Jackson's battalions. In fact, payday in Sheridan may well have been more frightening than some combat zones in the South.

Sheridan's immediate predecessor on the Kansas line of the U.P. was Coyote and only a week after the rails reached Sheridan nothing remained at Coyote except a section house and "thousands of oyster and fruit cans" marking the spot "where vice had lately rioted."

On the northern Union Pacific route, Julesburg and Cheyenne were good examples of the worst in the end-of-track towns which became permanent. In August, 1867, the St. Joseph (Mo.) *Herald* reported that Julesburg had 120 whiskey shops serving a population of 3,000 and that crime was rampant. Honest citizens were concerned about law enforcement but had little success in

This end-of-track on the U.P. was charitably considered "a questionable portion of God's bountiful heritage" . . .

calming things down until the railhead moved on. Rents in all the towns were exorbitant but lucrative profits paid the rent.

SHERIDAN was situated on the side of a desolate ravine and surrounded by treeless plains—not the most attractive site, but then beauty was not a consideration. By the time Sheridan was two weeks old it had 65 business houses and a population of 200. Before the streets were surveyed the railroad's engineer was called upon to locate a cemetery and within a week three citizens were buried with their boots on. At the end of the next winter they had been joined by 23 others. By the end of the first month the town was as complete as it would ever be and business was booming. Staple foods were high-priced but whiskey was only 24 cents a shot and the ordinary laborer drew wages of $2.50 per day.

The town had two streets approximately 300 feet apart and bisecting the area between them was the railroad track. A great number of legitimate businesses were in operation for Sheridan was a supply point for the army's Fort Wallace and a base from which freighters started for Santa Fe. Some of the firms stocked merchandise ranging in value from $20,000 to $50,000 and they occupied sizeable buildings. There were shoddy but respectable hotels and several buildings used by the railroad itself. Individual dwellings were at a minimum and most of those were dugouts.

The remainder of the real estate was given over to saloons and gambling halls, all doing a rushing business. Some of the latter establishments were huge and most followed the same pattern. The entering customer usually found the bar first and from there he could move on to the monte, faro or poker table at which he seldom, if ever, won. In between bouts with stacked decks and crooked dealers he returned to the bar and finally, with dwindling resources and fuzzy brain, he encountered a girl, "fair but frail."

Sometimes he was treated to a song, a dance, and sweet words and always he was encouraged to buy her a drink. In turn, he received an invitation to visit her quarters at the rear of the house and often whiskey overcame him there before he could pursue further a hoped for romantic interlude. A contemporary observer wrote this closing chapter to such an evening:

"Finally he becomes so good natured that he suffers himself to be put to bed by his fair companion, where he snoozes away in glorious unconsciousness until daylight, when the proprietor of the establishment comes around, wakes him up, and with an oath tells him to 'Git out!' Still stupid from the effect of liquor, the fellow has sense enough to feel about his pockets for his gold, but finds it has disappeared. He commences to tell the proprietor of his loss, but is cursed and finally kicked out of the rear door, without a cent."

Most of Sheridan's residents were able-bodied males aged 35 and under. Nathan C. Meeker, later to found Greeley, Colo., and then lose his life as agent to the White River Utes, wrote in 1869 that most of Sheridan's men had flushed faces, thick necks, and spoke "as good English as any people in the States, using many common household expressions." He thought they were restless and uncertain looking but he saw none who were "offensive or aggressive although he believed that "they would commit murder on what we would call the slightest provocation." The town's female inhabitants were mostly of the painted variety and one traveler said that occasionally women were called wives, "but it was well to avoid inquisitiveness on the subject." Another commented that he could swear he saw the same faces in Sheridan that he had left in New York, for similarity of tastes and pursuits made men resemble each other.

Apparently a man was reasonably safe in Sheridan if he attended strictly to his own affairs. This advice concerning privacy was offered by a Sheridan correspondent of the Topeka *Commonwealth*, August 1, 1869: "Delicate inquiries into matters which belong to your neighbor are not healthy. They provoke a degree of unpleasantness which would vastly amaze the good old bones who 'gather in' at New England tea parties to 'hear the news.' If your neighbor has a dog, *let him alone*. In order that no misimpression may be gathered from that remark, I will add, *let both alone*. If your neighbor has anything else, *let it alone*. This is the law in Sheridan. . . ."

PLAIN and simple rowdiness and brawling often stemmed from what went on inside the various "dens" of Sheridan. In the spring of 1869 the town was treated to a street fight that gained wide attention in Kansas. The fight began in a dance hall when a character named John Wallace struck a prostitute in the mouth, knocking her teeth out. Not satisfied with this exploit he and a companion went into the street "making the night hideous with their wolf cries."

They encountered three Mexicans in town from the Southwest and promptly attacked them, injuring one of them severely. About the same time another disturbance occurred at the Senate saloon, and an old Mexican passing the place was knocked down and robbed. By this time a number of Mexicans had come from their camp to rescue their beaten comrades and finding that they had all the roughnecks in town to face took up a position behind a blacksmith shop and began shooting. A brisk exchange of shots followed before the Mexicans could gather up their injured companions and head for camp.

There was some local concern because

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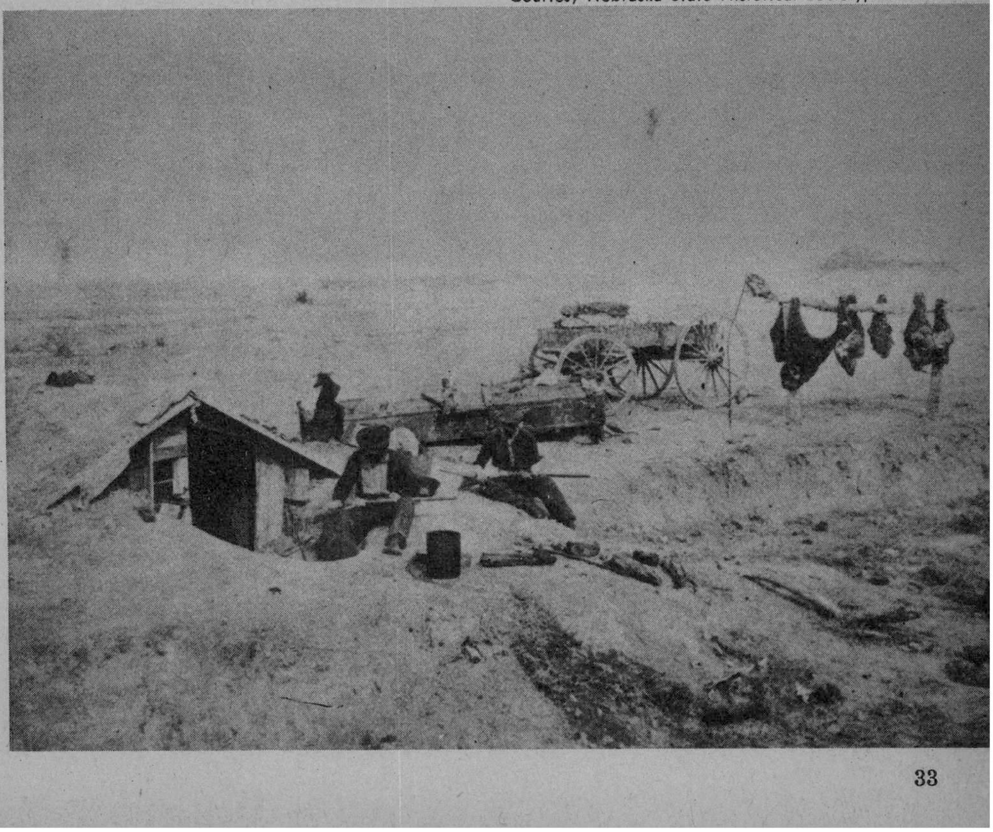
Buffalo hunters and their dugout home at Sheridan.

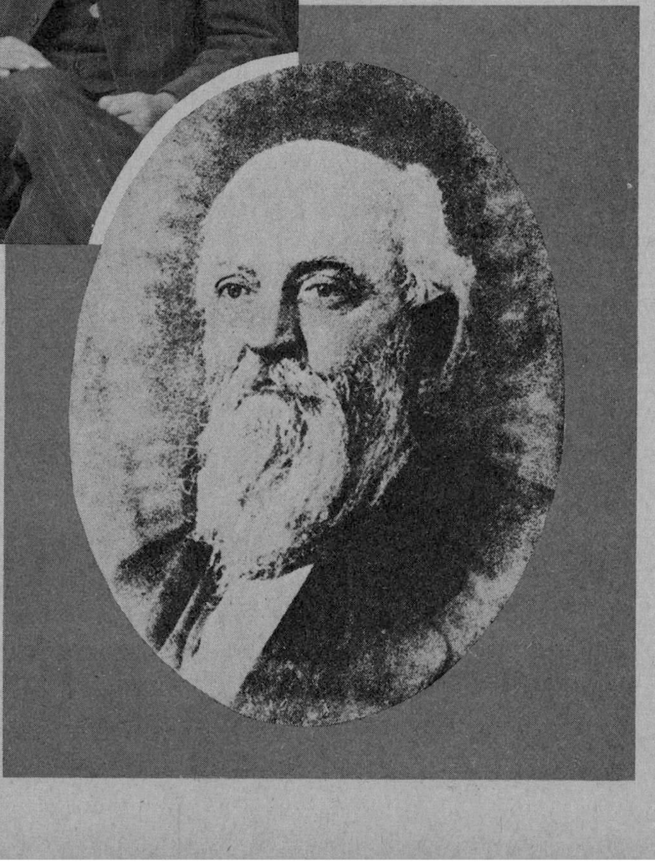
Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln



Bitterroot Characters RED and WHITE

—as observed by a man who was a bit of a character himself!

Wedding picture of Matthew and Hazel Whaley, 1910.



During the Nez Percé trouble, Matthew Whaley's family took refuge at Fort Owen, named for Major John Owen (right).

Introductory Note: It was 1841. Peter Paul Whaley, thirteen, stared into the green swell of the sea. He wondered if this sailing vessel which he, his mother, brothers and sister were on, would ever get them to America. It had to. They had to find their father, gone these seven years, a political refugee who had fled Ireland one dark night while he still had a head on his shoulders. The day the ship landed in New York, Peter's mother, Mary Ellen Cleary Whaley, marched to the newspaper and inserted an ad in the "Personal" column, hoping her husband would see it. He did.

With family ties bound tightly again, Peter was ready to strike out on his own. California gold mines beckoned him; several years later found him in Hastings, Minnesota, where he married Hannah Whitehead, daughter of a mercantile proprietor.

It was 1861 when Peter and Hannah fitted out a covered wagon, hitched up an ox team and joined a wagontrain heading for California. In Camp Floyd, Utah, where they were awaiting the spring rains, word came of gold in Montana, so Peter turned the ox team north.

Peter, Hannah, and their children had learned to call the covered wagon "home." Night always brought its special dangers, notably fear of Indian attack. After camp was made in a circle for the night, Peter would light the small candleholder which today is a treasured family heirloom. Only 1½" high, it has a cover and a small stub of candle left over from the trip.

It was a hot, dusty June day when the Whaley wagon rumbled into Alder Gulch, Montana. Peter removed more than $10,000 in gold from the ground in less than four months, in addition to paying wages at the rate of one ounce of gold dust per man per day.

In Diamond City, in 1870, Matthew Lewis was born. Matthew was four years old when Peter was appointed to the post of Indian agent at the Jocko Agency near Arlee.

Top: Pioneer candleholder and candle stub compared in size to a teacup. Peter and Hannah Whaley used this candleholder when they traveled by covered wagon to Montana, 1861-1863. Middle: Rev. Jerome D'Aste, S. J., settled the dispute between Indian Paul and Peter Whaley. Bottom: St. Mary's Mission in Stevensville where Indian Jim spent many hours praying.

By MATTHEW L. WHALEY
as told to
DORIS WHALEY

Photos Courtesy Author

Here, in Matthew's own words and recounted at age ninety-four, is his remembrance of everyday life in the new and brawling country called Montana.

DAD was agent from 1874-1875, and young as I was some of the incidents are indelible in my memory.

Missoula was a town of seventy-five people then. Two blacksmith shops, two saloons, one grocery store. It was an eight-day trip from Helena, over an old wagon trail.

A horseman was waiting for us at Evaro Canyon, after we left Missoula. Dark was closing in.

Lantern aloft, he asked, "Are you the new major?"

Dad said, "Yes."

"I am the interpreter, Baptiste Mirango. I will guide you in."

The little wagon trail wound up the canyon. It was nearly impassable.

During the time Dad was agent there, Major Owen, first postmaster in Montana, gave him a wooden post office. Its sixteen pigeon holes represented the number of people getting mail in western Montana at that time.

A bear and some cubs made their home on the creek above the agency. One of the Indians had been told that if he killed this bear with a knife, his tribesmen would make him chief.

He lost no time in going after her. Before he plunged his knife into the bear to make the kill, the animal tore off his whole scalp, from the forehead to the back of his head. The Indian returned to camp and said, "Now you have to make me chief! I have killed the bear!" He took the others up and showed them the carcass.

The Indians laughed at him and shouted, "No, no! You are too big a fool to be our chief!"

I remember seeing the Indian sitting on a plank across the ditch, with his feet in the water. He sat for hours, cupping his hands and pouring the cool ditch water over his head. I don't know whether he died from the wound or not, but I have an idea it killed him.

The Indians used to punish wrongdoers by whipping them with a spoke whip. Dad tried to stop this practice, but I understand when the new major arrived, the Indians started it again.

One day Baptiste Mirango had been whipped. We were just ready to leave the agency and had everything packed in the wagon when he rode up. The horse was covered with Baptiste's blood. He was very angry, but brave about it. He had been whipped because he ran off with another man's wife.

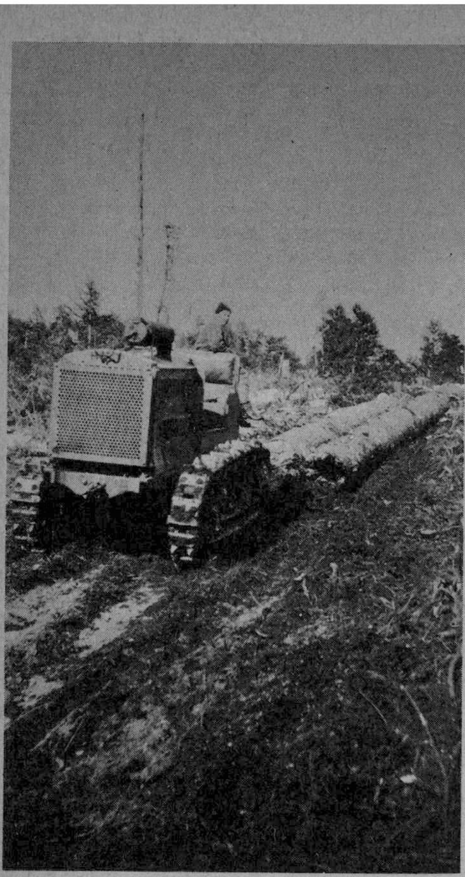
Each fall found the Indians hunting buffalo. Generally the Flatheads went over to northeast Montana, in spite of the fact that the Blackfeet were unfriendly and would usually fight.

One year, Walking Coyote, a Pend Oreille Indian, got two buffalo calves, a little heifer and a bull. He and a friend carried them on their horses to the agency. The Indians wanted Dad to buy them, but he didn't want them.

Finally, they got Charlie Allard and Michel Pablo to take the calves. I can still see those two calves tied on the Indians' ponies.

Another time an Indian, not a Flathead, rode into the agency. He claimed he was a big Indian medicine man who could cure any ailment. He said that all illnesses were caused by worms, which he could charm out of the diseased.

One time I was with him when he "cured" an Indian. He placed the fellow in the center of the tepee. Dancing in a circle around him, he kept yelling, "Hi-yi-yi." Then, placing a quill on the Indian's afflicted spot, he held the feather up, shook it, and a worm fell out. After two weeks the medicine man left, taking with him a big herd of horses, many of them packed with blankets, as payment for his services. He didn't tell anybody that he made secret trips to the woods in search of grubworms. When he found them, he hid them in an eagle feather.



". . . The first Caterpillar tractor that ever skidded logs in Montana."

BECAUSE mining fever raged in my dad's blood, agency life soon palled. We moved to Hellgate in 1875, and shortly after to a ranch on Eight Mile Creek near Stevensville. Ranch living was hard, healthy work. Sometimes hair-raising, too.

Our closest neighbor was an Indian whose property adjoined ours. Indian Paul did some farming. One morning, very early in June, he came to our house and rapped on the door. As Dad opened the door, Indian Paul slashed at him with a bloody knife. Dad slammed and locked the door.

When Indian Paul couldn't get in, he withdrew and lay down behind some fence poles. A few seconds later as Dad went to the window to see what the Indian was doing, a shot rang out from Paul's .30-30 Winchester rifle. The bullet barely missed Dad's head.

Indian Paul rampaged, killing one of our milch cows and eight pigs. Finally, Mother and my oldest sister offered to go and talk to him, sure he would not kill them. Mother was right. Paul did not harm them. He said he killed the cow and pigs because they got in his fields and ate up his grain. "My heart is bad," he said. "I aimed to kill but the ball passed."

Mother told him we would pay him for the grain and asked him if he would be satisfied if Father D'Aste from Stevensville came down and settled it.

"Yes," Paul said, "but if the priest doesn't get here by the time the sun goes down, I will shoot again!"

My brother left immediately and was returning with Father D'Aste, when about a mile and a half from our home, Paul came out of the brush with his gun in hand. He was trembling. Paul told Father D'Aste about the pigs getting in his grain. The priest asked him if he would be satisfied if he were given the cow and the pigs he had killed, and he said he would. He also agreed not to make any more trouble.

The late Matthew Whaley and the post-office box given to Major Peter Whaley by Major Owen.

One day not too long afterward, I saw an Indian in our watermelon patch. Dad suggested we run him out. The Indian took off when he saw us coming. He had two fences to cross to get away from us. The first one was easy, but on reaching the second, he threw his blankets up and down, and turned round and round to show us he didn't have anything. Then he ran away. We checked the sack he had dropped and it was full of green watermelons.

Later in the year that Indian rode up to our house. He had sixty or seventy pounds of trout with him. He handed the fish to me, saying, "One time I stole some melons from you and I want to pay you for them." Then he touched his horse with a whip and rode off.

There was another little Indian, a Nez Percé, who came to our home quite often. He and his little squaw were from Idaho and they would stop and talk, then go on.

One day he rode up just as hard as he could ride, and pulled up short. He was leading a horse. He wanted to put the horse someplace where it couldn't be seen. We showed him the barn. He shook his head, "Too many holes." He told us another Nez Percé would soon come and claim his horse.

"Here he is now!" he yelled, as the Indian who had been tracking him rode up.

They began to fight with spoke whips, all the while sitting on their horses. Blood flew several feet in the air. The second Indian got the horse and rode away. The little fellow rode off, thoroughly beaten.

The following year his squaw came along and said, "My man got killed. That Nez Percé who stole his horse—he killed him on the buffalo hunt."

The country was wild in those days—no law and order and the Flatheads went in strong for horseracing. There was a strip of land near our place where they would run every Sunday. They would bet everything they had.

Two of them got in a fight once, and pulled knives. One fellow was wounded badly on his arm and blood flowed everywhere. He managed to get over to the fence and sit down, but was dead in two minutes.

ONE of my most vivid memories is of the Nez Percé Crossing. We lived in the Bitterroot then. The Nez Percé were not on the warpath. They left their homes in 1877 to keep out of trouble with the whites. They collected all their belongings and started out to find a new life in northeast Montana. (I heard this from an old Nez Percé Indian who fought in the Battle of the Big Hole.)

When we first heard they were coming, everyone thought they were on the warpath. All the whites rushed to Fort Owen. We were among them. A small band of men from Missoula, however, organized Fort Fizzle, about ten miles up Lolo Creek. These few men were going to drive the Indians back. The Flatheads warned the Nez Percés who thought Fort Fizzle quite a joke and said they could kill all the white men there in five minutes. To avoid trouble, though, the Indians changed their route and went down Carlton Creek.

The white men at Fort Owen were busy cutting up chains, horseshoes and any iron they could get to make slugs for the cannon. The cannon was very small, mounted on two wheels, and could be pulled by one or two men. When it was loaded and ready to shoot, it was fired by pouring some powder in a small hole, then touching it off with a lighted match and holding a thumb over the hole until it went off. This firing of the cannon never was done while we were there.

Our hearts pounded when the Indians came in view. Chief Joseph was in the lead, carrying a white flag. Behind him, on horseback, the Indians rode two by two. Each had a Winchester rifle across his saddle, a knife strapped around his waist, a six-shooter and a belt of cartridges. The male Indians numbered 1,700. Squaws and papooses followed. Behind them came 1,500 head of loose horses.

While my family was at the fort we lived in a series of four rooms, set atop the wall. The parade of Indians came within yards of us. It took hours for this proud nation to pass our very eyes. It was like a good circus to see them. Each one spoke and bowed his head as he passed by. They were very orderly and peaceful. As I remember, they were not dressed altogether as warriors, although they were stripped to the waist and painted with striped colors.

We went home the next day. Our farm was nine miles from the fort and we had left everything unprotected—

ur crop, pigs, chickens, stock. If the Inians had wanted to, they could easily ave sacked the place. However, they vere scrupulously honest and touched othing.

Philip Griff ran a flour mill at Fort Owen. On this trek many of the Indians topped at his mill and paid cash for lour. In Stevensville, they paid cash or all the groceries they were able to uy.

Jake Herman, an old blacksmith in Stevensville, made hooks for them so hey could dig camas bulbs. He used all he available iron. They paid $2.50 cash or each hook. He shod their horses until e ran out of horseshoes. They then went n, camping at the site of what is now he Big Hole battleground, located just bout on the Divide between Idaho and Montana.

Finally, the soldiers came, following he Indians up the Bitterroot Valley. Some whites joined them. The story goes hat these white men came west to avoid ighting in the Civil War. Many lived in he Bitterroot. These whites stole 500 ead of horses from the Indians and old them in Canada.

FOURTEEN YEARS later, in 1891 Chief Charlo led his Bitterroot branch of the Flathead Indian tribe from its ncestral home to the Jocko reservation. t was a sad day for the old chief.

As he mounted his horse to make the ourney, he said, "I did not sign the Stephens Treaty. My name was forged. The white chief says we must go. We will go. You will follow me. I do not want o leave my old home. When we start to go, I will look straight ahead. I will never look back. I will never see my old home again."

Charlo took the lead and the rest followed him. They moved slowly by where we lived. Some spoke to us and said goodbye, but Charlo kept his word, looking straight ahead without a smile on his face.

After the Flathead Indians left our valley, one Indian I knew only as Indian Jim used to come back and stay most of the time in the vicinity of Stevensville where he grew up.

He made it a point to get well acquainted with the Catholic priest at St. Mary's Mission in Stevensville. Jim used o come to Mass early and stay late. After Mass was over and everyone else had gone, Jim could be found on his knees, praying.

One Sunday, after a long praying spell, Jim came to Father Carr and said, "Father, do you believe in visions?"

"Why, Jim, have you been having visions?"

"Yes, Father, I have seen God and talked to Him!"

"What did God say to you?" Father Carr asked.

"God told me to pay my debts. I told God that I had no money and He told me to get it from Father Carr."

The priest told Jim, "The next time you see God, you tell Him that Carr has no money. He is broke."

Indian Jim replied, "Yes, God told me that you would say that, but He told me to tell you that you are a damned liar. You have lots of money!"

After that, Jim's visits to church were few and far between and there was none at all to Father Carr. Jim had no more visions of how to get his debts paid.

In the fall of 1876, a young halfbreed Indian, Pete Matt, was hanged a few miles south of Stevensville for horse stealing. While the rope was being put around his neck, he spotted a man in the posse whom he knew. Calling this man by name, he said, "Are you going to help hang me?"

"Yes, I am," the man replied, "because you're a horse thief."

"You are a cattle thief," Pete reminded him. "I helped you kill a steer belonging to this man right here, another one of the posse."

Pete was hanged without a chance to say more, but later developments proved Pete was right. A settlement was made between the two men for $40 to pay for the steer.

It wasn't only Indians, though, who were used as scapegoats. Sometimes it was whoever happened to be handy. Like me. In late July of 1886, I left home to find work in the mines at Philipsburg. On arriving, I put my horse in the livery barn and headed for a restaurant. When I returned to the livery barn, several men confronted me, questioning me about some claim jumping. They thought I was one of three men who had jumped their claims. I gave a detailed account of myself.

At one point, one of the fellows suggested, "Put the rope around his neck and fetch him up a time or two, and he'll tell the truth!"

Finally, after much talk between themselves, one man said, "Kid, you are not the one we want, but we will get him if he hasn't left the country." He said they already had two of the claim jumpers, but another man had got away. He apologized to me and said they were going to hang the two crooks.

And they did hang them that night. A coroner's jury ruled that the men were dispatched in accordance with the rules of prospectors and claim owners of the territory in which the claim jumping took place.

ADOLESCENT boys in those days were expected to assume responsibility early. They worked like men around the ranch or mine. However, being boys, they managed to get away to the bright city lights now and then. It was a long way to Missoula from Stevensville, whether on foot or horseback, but the long trip only whetted their desire for the fun and excitement that was ahead.

When my friends and I came to town, we always camped along the riverbank. There wasn't any hotel. Bitterrooters camped on the south side, opposite the mouth of Rattlesnake Creek. This spot was called the Hunt and Rustle Hotel, because you had to hunt and rustle pretty hard for wood to cook with.

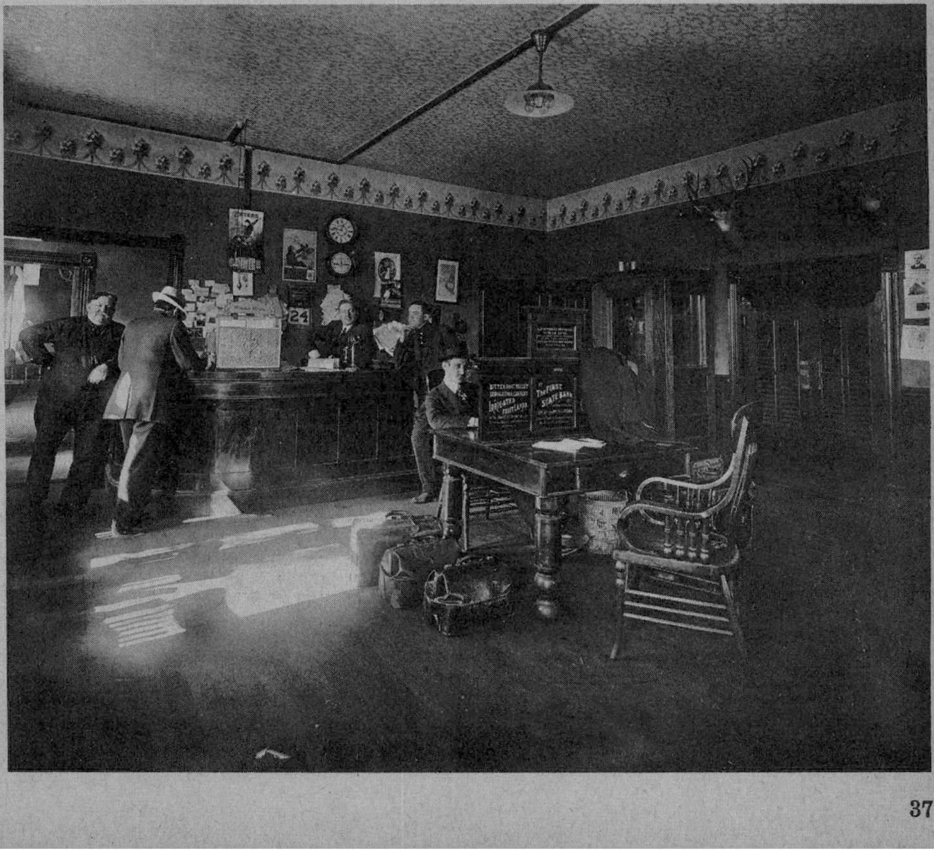
In time, land-hungry promoters and fast-buck artists moved into our country. The Bitterroot Valley Irrigation Company bought many thousands of acres of land in the Bitterroot Valley at $5 and $6 per acre and sold it to Easterners for $500 and $600.

The new owners usually knew nothing of farming. One man I knew became dissatisfied with a ten-acre tract he had bought. He asked Mr. Moody, the landlord, if he could exchange it for another ten acres that had no rocks.

Mr. Moody quickly said, "You are

(Continued on page 61)

The lobby of the Whaley brothers' hotel in Stevensville, Montana.



Wild Old Days!

RENO WAS NO COWARD

By E. A. Brininstool

Explanatory note: On September 6, 1967, Marcus A. Reno was reinterred in the cemetery at Custer Battlefield National Monument. His rank has been restored and his nation has pronounced him "honorable" after ninety years. Reno was courtmartialed for contributing to Custer's defeat at the Little Big Horn. The following article, written in 1926 by a cavalryman who had served under Reno during this engagement lends an interesting note to the pictures on these pages and reminds us anew how long it takes, sometimes, for justice to be done.

SGT. JOHN RYAN, late of Troop M Seventh Cavalry, who is spending his declining years at his home in West Newton, Massachusetts, is a survivor of Major Reno's battalion which fought the Sioux along the Little Big Horn, Montana, June 25, 1876. And John Ryan says that Major Reno was not a coward.

He thinks that Reno did the best thing possible and that he, with others of the three troops of cavalry led by Major Reno, have him to thank for being alive today. This is what John Ryan said in a letter to the writer dated March 15, 1926:

"You asked me in your letter in regard to Major Reno whether he acted the coward, or was under the influence of liquor in that battle. I cannot say anything against Major Reno. I always found him a very upright man and a strictly military officer. I saw more or less of him during the battle of the Little Big Horn, both in the river bottom where we were surrounded and on the bluffs later in the afternoon where we were again surrounded. I consider that he was a gallant and brave man. I saw a great deal of him during the engagement where we were surrounded on the hills.

"They blame him for not going to Custer's assistance. There has been a great deal written about that by parties who don't know what they are talking about. They haven't the least idea, but they put in what somebody else told them.

"When my battalion, under Major Reno, broke away from the balance of the troops and proceeded down the Little Big Horn, we were then in the valley of that stream. We halted, dismounted, tightened our saddle girths, and then swung into our saddles. We formed a line of battle then, my troop on the right, under Captain Tom French; Troop G, under Lieut. Donald McIntosh, on the left, and Captain Moylan in the rear.

"As we moved down the valley toward the timber, Captain French gave me orders to take ten men off the right of my company, form a skirmish line and cover the brush. There was considerable brush and bull-berry bushes between our line of skirmish and the river. He said Indians might be lurking there and fall into our rear.

"We proceeded in that position until we came down to pretty near where the timber was. Up to that time there was never a shot fired that I know of except one. I don't know who fired that shot—whether it was one of our scouts or the hostiles.

"We then rode down into the timber where the channel of the river had changed and was a great deal lower than the level of the prairie. Number Four, of each set of fours, held the horses. We then were ordered up onto the level of the prairie, where we formed a skirmish line, each man fifteen feet apart.

"Lieut. Hodgson, who was acting major of the battalion (later killed) was on the skirmish line with my company. That was the place and the only place that I had seen any Indians up to that time. My troop was on the extreme left of the line—there was nothing in front of us nor on our left—not even a scout, that I could see.

"Presently the Indians made a break from a coulee. They came up out of there in a solid body and strung out in single file and commenced to circle us. They overlapped our skirmish line on the lef
lying on the opposite side of their ponie

"At this particular place there was
prairie-dog town, and some of the me
laid down and others knelt down, an
we opened on them, emptying a number of saddles. Lieut. Hodgson was encouraging the men, telling them to kee
cool, to fire low and make every sho
count. There appeared to be no end t
the Indians coming. They finally got i
the rear of us, and then we had order
to fall back to the timber. Up to this tim
I don't know what had happened in th
timber.

"THEY BLAMED Reno for not goin
to Custer's assistance. Now an
military man of common sense know
different. In the first place, there wa
ten of the Indians to one of us—ther
were only 112 men in the three companies we had. In order to go to Custe
we would have had to charge throug
the Indian camp—and it was quite
distance (almost four miles). We woul
have had to fight the Indians in th
camp, then cross the river and go u
the bluffs where Custer was—and ther
never would have been a man of us lef
I think that Major Reno did the bes
thing he could possibly do and I, an
others who made their escape there, ca
thank Reno for being alive today.

"Now, in regard to Reno being unde

American Legion Chaplain C. A. Bentley presides at graveside services.

Courtesy C. G. Dewe

e influence of liquor, I don't think the an had a drop of liquor in him; and I oubt very much if there was much quor in the whole command. I don't ean to say that our officers were all e-totalers—in fact, I know they weren't, rom early experience.

"There is one thing in particular in egard to the battle of the Little Big orn: there was a high point of bluffs ituated so that they extended up toward he river in the rear of Reno's position the timber. If he had remained in the imber, the Indians could have shot right own on his command from the bluffs.

"And suppose Benteen had come in a ttle earlier to join Reno's battalion—e would have had to go down and cross he river to where we were. Any man nows it is a pretty hard job to get a ack train up over an embankment of our to five feet, and I can tell you the ndians would have made short work of is battalion—and the train, too.

"I was in the Seventh Cavalry when it as organized in 1866, at Fort Riley, ansas. At that time we were armed ith Spencer carbines, and we used these the battle of the Washita, November 7, 1868. There was one mistake about hose guns. They were all right if a evel-headed man used them; but if a man ot excited and threw the lever down oo quick, he was liable to get the second artridge stuck in the chamber. Another ault was that the biggest part of the eight of the gun was in the stock. here were two issues of the Spencer hat I know of. They loaded through the utt of the stock—seven cartridges. There as a cutoff underneath, by which the un could be used as a single-shot eapon, holding the extra cartridges in eserve.

"The other Spencer that I know of, did not have this magazine cutoff, but those were the old style, and we of the Seventh Cavalry at that time did not have them. I knew of but one company at that time that had the Spencer, the Ward-Burton, the Sharp's and the Remington. I think that was K Troop, Seventh Cavalry. The commander at that time was Captain West. He afterward resigned. We were armed also with .44 caliber Colt's pistols, using a paper cartridge. One of the companies had the Remington pistol. I think it was K Troop. They were very different from the others—a single shot. All those others, except the Spencer, were experimental weapons—trying them out to see which was the best. Later on, they changed to the Sharp's.

"At that time of the Custer battle we were armed with a .45-70 Springfield carbine and a .45 caliber Colt's pistol (revolver). There were not quite enough of the Colt's in my company to go around, so we were issued some of the Smith & Wesson .45 caliber revolvers, and that is what my company was armed with when I was discharged on December 21, 1876, at Fort Rice, Dakota.

"I was in Hays City at the time Wild Bill shot two men of my company. There are plenty of other interesting things I could tell you if I could have a personal interview with you."

Sgt. Ryan would like to meet his old comrades on the Custer Battlefield in June of this year [1926] at the 50th anniversary exercises and celebration of the Battle of the Little Big Horn. "But I haven't been out of the house since last December," writes the old trooper, "and I doubt very much if I will be able to go."

eno, who died in Washington, D.C., in 1889 is reburied with full military honors and ith his rank of brigadier general restored. Officers of the 163rd Armored Cavalry Regiment, Montana National Guard, served as pallbearers.

Courtesy C. G. Dewey

AN ORDER FROM LEE'S

By Nancy Fambro

IN 1903 we were living on a share crop farm, "the Frazier Place" near Cross Plains, Texas. This farm was sandy land covered with blackjacks, post oaks and live oaks everywhere except in the fields. There were two orchards and a well in the yard with an old oaken bucket.

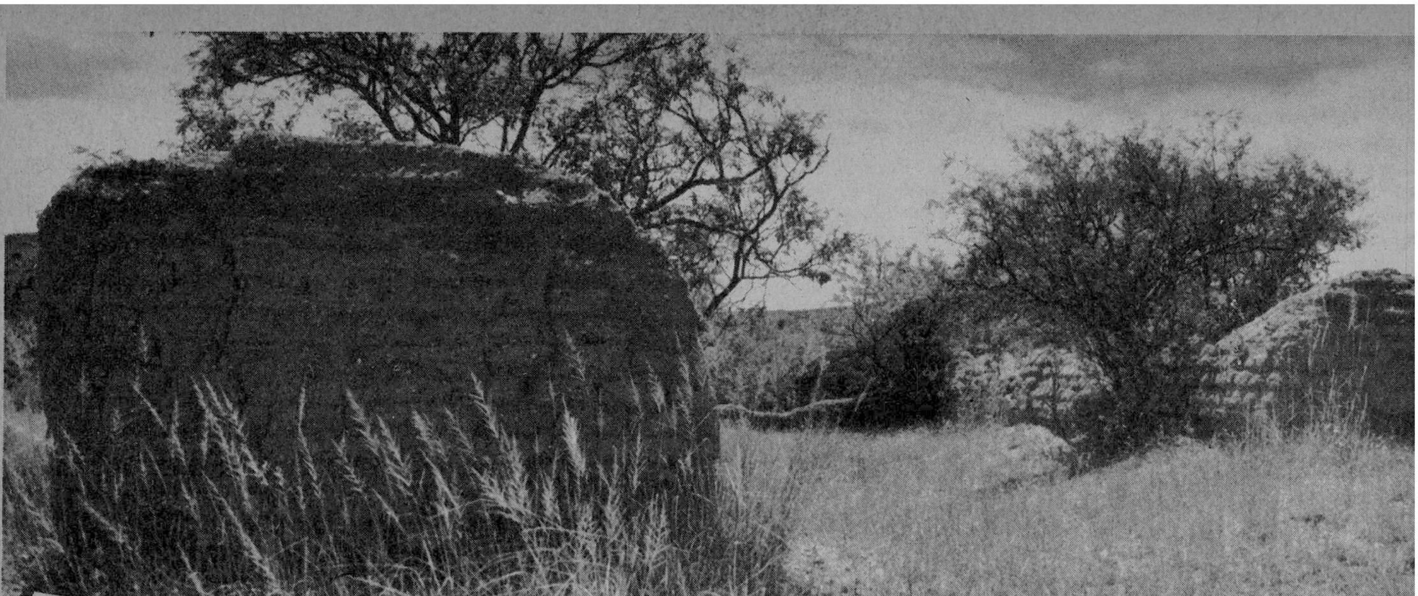
The house included two large rooms and a shed room on the first floor and a staircase leading to two bedrooms above. It was a nice house for those days; we had no bathroom, but the "Chic Sale" was out back hidden in the bushes and a No. 3 washtub was put in the kitchen for a bathtub every Saturday afternoon.

During the summer of 1903, Ma and my eldest sister, Mary, got hold of a Lee Dish Company catalogue and decided to get up an order. The catalogue showed beautiful dishes, glassware and cooking utensils, also household products such as baking powder, scouring soap and starch. The way the catalogue depicted these things was meant to—and did—entice ladies to order. A beautiful glass fruit bowl, a cake of scouring soap (we didn't have cleansing powders then), a can of K. C. baking powder and some other small item such as a box of toothpicks or a bar of toilet soap, would be grouped together and cost sixty to seventy cents. Another display would show a set of soup bowls with a box of washing soda, some scouring soap, etc., for forty cents. In those days those prices were a little high but Mary got on Old Daisy, a little pony Pa had bought for her to ride, and visited all the neighbors for miles around. She even rode into Cross Plains, where there was a post office and general store and several houses. An order of $10.00 would entitle her to a set of lovely dishes free.

In the back of the catalogue were pictured shiny, new dishes, cooking utensils, rugs, chairs and center tables (small tables about sixteen to twenty inches square and thirty inches high with four spindly legs). Lee also had big beautiful painted lamps in their premium list. But as we had no parlor and no center table, Mary chose the set of dishes when the order was complete and again she rode to Cross Plains to mail it to the Lee firm, which was back East somewhere.

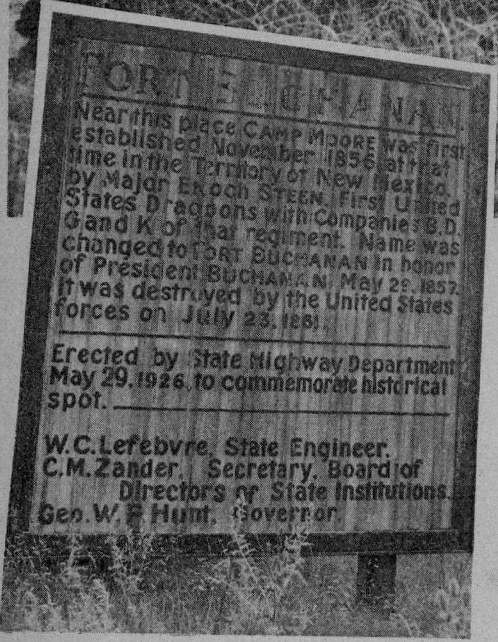
The barrel of dishes reached us several weeks later. Ma had to pay the freight on it—$2,50! I don't know where she got the money, probably from selling fruit, as we had had more than we needed that year, although Ma and Mary had canned a lot of it. She usually got a few pennies by selling eggs but that summer eggs went down to three cents per dozen and Pa said he wouldn't haul them to Cross Plains for that price. Every few days Ma would give us kids a bucket of eggs to carry away and pour into a badger hole to get rid of them. We had eggs cooked in every possible way but we tired of them. Ma had fifty or sixty hens and it seemed as if every one of them layed every day that summer.

(Continued on page 42)



Badly located, never adequately manned, Buchanan and Crittenden were expected to contain the Apaches—wishful thinking!

Adobe walls and mesquite trees mark the site of Fort Crittenden, once an importa Apache-hunting post.



FORT BUCHANAN
Near this place CAMP MOORE was first
established November 1856 at that
time in the Territory of New Mexico
by Major Enoch STEEN, First United
States Dragoons with Companies B.D.
G and K of that regiment. Name was
changed to FORT BUCHANAN in honor
of President BUCHANAN, May 29, 1857.
It was destroyed by the United States
forces on July 23, 1861.

Erected by State Highway Department
May 29, 1926, to commemorate historical
spot.

W.C. Lefebvre, State Engineer.
C.M. Zander, Secretary, Board of
Directors of State Institutions.
Geo. W. P. Hunt, Governor.

A TALE of TWO FORTS

By DAN L. THRAPP

Photos Courtesy Author

SLENDER, youthful Second Lieutenan Reid T. Stewart, a Pennsylvania barely out of West Point, plucked a piec of lint from his yellow-striped blu trousers as he listened to the corporal.

His ears were on the words of th veteran non-com, and his eyes restlessl swept the scattering of brown adob buildings which were Fort Crittenden but his thoughts were far, far away Sixty miles, to be exact, to the north— on Tucson, which held about all the lif and excitement one could find in thi God-forsaken territory.

"Yes, yes, Corporal," he interrupte at length. "I know all the arguments fo waiting until night. Apaches and all that But there is just one other little point."

Above, left: This peeling sign alongsid an abandoned highway affirms that For Buchanan was once a thriving militar post. Left: Fort Buchanan's solitary adob wall, reminder of the withdrawal of troop at the outset of the Civil War.

tewart smiled engagingly. "I want to et to Tucson."

Corporal Joseph P. G. Black shrugged. "Yes, sir," he conceded, no hint of xasperation in his voice. He had been p through Davidson Canyon between ere and Tucson hundreds of times carrying the mail. He'd been fighting Apaches or years. He knew how risky the trip y daylight was. He also knew that an nlisted man couldn't argue with an offier, even with a downy-cheeked second ieutenant. So be it.

Early on August 27, 1872, Lieutenant tewart and Corporal Black started orth for Tucson by a buckboard drawn y fresh and swift little mules.

They easily outdistanced their escort, orporal James Brown and four enlisted nen, who had two invalid soldiers and citizen with them in their wagon. By he time the escort had climbed the long, rassy swell toward the mouth of the anyon, Stewart was an hour ahead, still urrying to get to Tucson and its deights, such as they were.

Moving more slowly, Corporal Brown's scort reached the top of the pass, about vhere today's State Highway 83 crosses he Divide, and rounded a bend. The nules suddenly reared and pranced. The yes of the escort fell upon a scene of tter horror.

The nude body of Stewart lay beside he road, a bullet hole in the head. There vere other lesser wounds. His clothes, un, watch and West Point ring had been aken. The buckboard was upset a few ards farther along. The mules were nissing. So was Corporal Black. Tracks howed where the latter had leaped from he vehicle and run a short distance beore being overtaken.

Beyond the bend the little party found still more ghastly sight awaiting them. n a hillside above the road Black was ied to a dead and flaming tree. Even as hey watched he was being tortured to leath.

Brown's little group gallantly charged p the hill toward the frightful scene, ut they were outnumbered. When they aw fifteen more Indians bearing down rom one direction and three from nother, they turned and fought their vay back to their wagon, tumbled aboard nd lashed the frightened mules into a allop down the pass toward Tucson. Beind them they could hear Black's creams becoming fainter in the disance. The escort escaped.

When Black's body was recovered, coniderably later, it was found to have at east one hundred punctures from knives, ances and firebrands which had been lriven into him before he died.

FORT CRITTENDEN often heard such tales, even if its feeble garrison ever quite got used to them. It had been uilt within a mile of the site of an arlier camp, Fort Buchanan, whose mute uins also have their tales of blood and hunder.

Together these two forts, or their resent-day remains, grace a lightlyimbered bench above the junction of onoita Creek and an unnamed tributary, bout four miles west of the crossroads amlet of Sonoita.

A few years after the Gadsden Purchase, a detachment of the United States First Dragoons, planning to establish a fort in the new territory, selected this site and built what they called Camp Moore. In less than six months its name was changed to Fort Buchanan, in honor of the country's President, but its fortunes didn't improve.

For one thing, the site was not wisely chosen. Apaches could conceal themselves in the nearby bottoms and raid the camp almost at will. Everything not nailed down was stolen. Stock was run off. Nearby mines in the Santa Ritas and other mountains were raided. Slow-moving wagontrains were looted, and the garrison wasn't large enough to cope with the growing menace.

Yet supplies poured in to Fort Buchanan. It is said that an astonishing $1 million in equipment ultimately was stored there—some whispered because secessionist powers in Washington, sensing the approach of the Civil War, wanted to move as much materiel as possible to spots where it could be seized by forthcoming Confederate forces.

But there were other things on the minds of Fort Buchanan's commanders and garrison. In the autumn of 1860, Indians (presumably Apaches) had swooped down on a lonely Sonoita ranch and stolen a youngster, along with considerable livestock. The rancher, John Ward, hurried to Buchanan to report the loss of his foster son and animals, but it was not until late in January that the commander acted. Perhaps the fort was undermanned. It usually was. Whatever the reason, the delay gave the raiders plenty of time to get away with the boy and the cattle. John Ward never saw his foster son again.

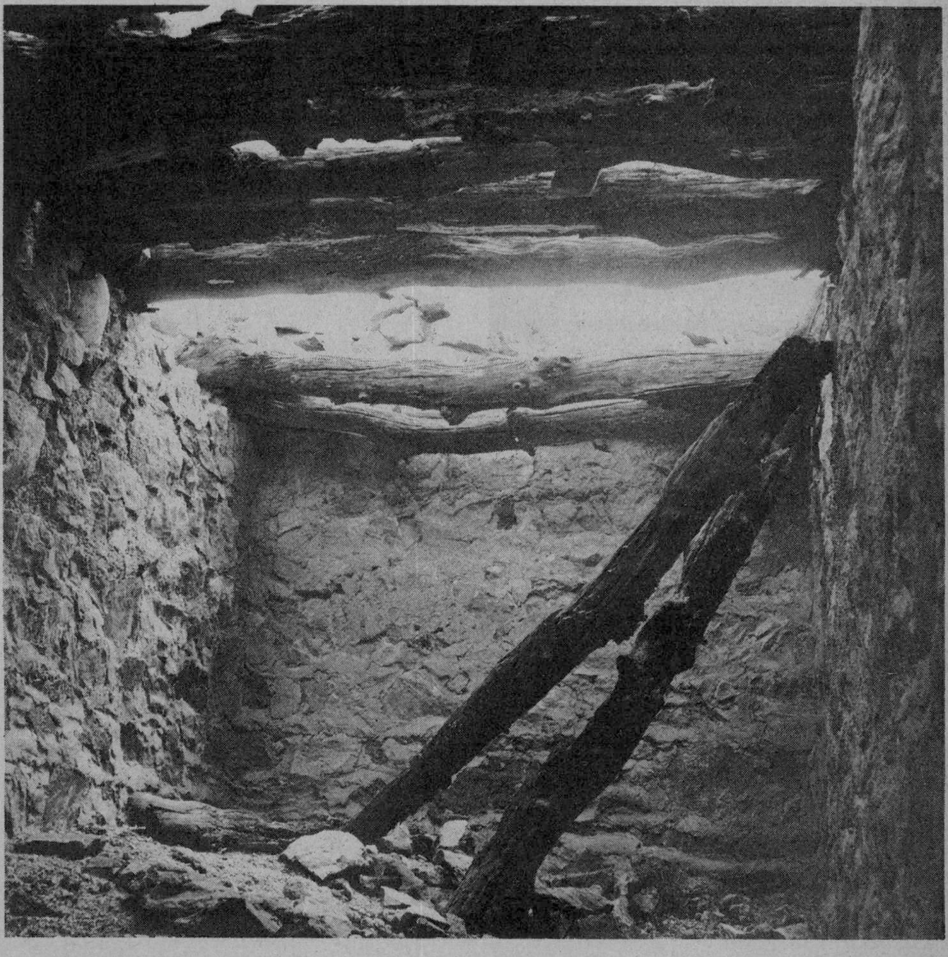
A column under Lieutenant George Bascom was sent eastward from Fort Buchanan in January and in Apache Pass accosted the noted Chiricahua chieftain, Cochise, from whom he demanded the return of the boy and the livestock. Cochise's Indians had not stolen either, but several Indians were seized and after a well-known series of ill-considered events, were hanged, precipitating a long and bloody war.

Fort Buchanan's defenders, however, were scarcely concerned. Word had come to burn the post and destroy those supplies impossible to remove. On July 21, 1861, thick black clouds of boiling smoke rose over the placid Arizona countryside as the garrison fulfilled its orders. From the hillsides Apaches watched, and up from Sonora swarmed border dwellers of mixed nationality to rummage through the charred ruins for anything of value which might have been overlooked.

Today only a ruined wall or two, shaded by mighty trees which have grown up in the century gone by, mark the site of Fort Buchanan. A peeling signboard tells its story. It is placed alongside an old highway, now abandoned, which once curled around the northern flanks of the ancient fort. A

(Continued on page 52)

Tumbled roofs and well-preserved walls are all that remain of Fort Crittenden.



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Left to right, sisters Nancy and Mary, 1912.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 39)

WHEN the barrel of dishes arrived, Pa took the wagon to town to bring them back. I think he had to go to Baird, if I remember correctly. We were thrilled over the beautiful dishes. The orders were wrapped in heavy paper and each had a number on it and the price. Mary took a copy of the order sheet and compared names and numbers. Our nearest neighbors were the Harlows, the Beelers, and Mrs. Pibus. They had all given orders.

Old Daisy was saddled again and Mary started out to deliver and collect. The packages were heavy and cumbersome, she could carry only three or four at one time and she couldn't ride faster than a walk for fear of breaking something.

The day she went to Cross Plains to make deliveries, I was allowed to go with her. I was six that year and going to town was a great treat for me. My sister Kate, who was eight, usually went with Mary, but this day I got to go. Ma dressed me in my new pink chambray dress which came nearly to my high button shoe tops.

Mary put Ma's long black riding skirt over her dress. It was so long it touched the floor and, when she sat in the side-saddle, it covered her legs and feet. That side-saddle was the most unpractical thing that was ever invented; to be able to stay on one while the horse was loping or running was really a feat. I sat astraddle behind Mary and we rode the three miles into Cross Plains.

One woman who had given Mary an order was displeased. She said her dish wasn't as big as the picture in the catalogue had indicated.

I think she was right, as the pictures did appear to be bigger, but the correct size of the dish was given and I guess she failed to read the description. Anyway, Mary just stood there and listened to her tirade and finally the woman got the forty cents and threw it on the bed. Mary picked it up and left.

All the others were pleased with the
orders and we had a short visit wi
each one and always heard, "Now yo
all come again soon," when we left.
took us most of the day to ride in ar
deliver the orders.

When we got ready to start hom
Mary stopped at the general store ar
bought five cents worth of stick cand
It was a treat for the whole family-
seven children and Ma and Pa.

When the $10.00 had been collecte
Ma bought a money order and sent it
the Lee Company. After paying th
freight and buying the money order, he
dishes had cost her nearly $3.00, besid
two or three weeks' work for Mary ar
Daisy. But oh! Ma was so proud of he
new dishes!

PIZEN SWITCH

By Kenneth H. Pritchard

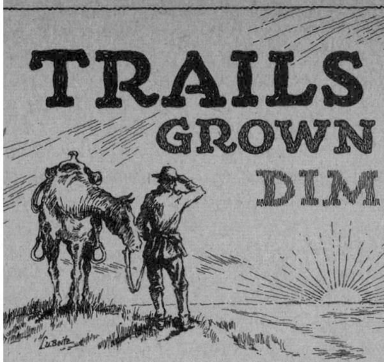
WHEN the settlement now known a
Yerington began to take shape i
Nevada's beautiful Mason Valley, Georg
Downey was proprietor of a saloo
which cowboys had nicknamed "The D
pot." His place became so popular tha
Downey—whose only claim to fame an
fortune was a full barrel of whiskey-
decided to build a bigger place. Soon
mud-walled hut, thatched with willo
switches, was open for business an
miners and cowboys in the area passe
the word around. Because of its roo
Downey's new bar became known a
"The Switch."

The Switch did a standing room onl
business and Downey's whiskey suppl
began to run low. Getting a new barr
was a difficult proposition, distance an
transportation being what they were,
the saloonkeeper availed himself of in
gredients at hand until a new shipmen
could arrive. Into his barrel went wate
and, for "flavoring," a dash of coal o
and a plug of chewing tobacco. Afte
sampling this concoction, his patrons de
cided it didn't deserve to be calle
whiskey so, in their clipped wester
lingo, they dubbed it "pizen."

Farther down the road, another saloon
keeper was dispensing an uncommo
brand of firewater in a place the cow
boys called "The Dump." The boy
amused themselves by racing their horse
from one drinking place to the other
taking a few shots of whatever was be
ing sold, then racing back. "Let's switc
off and get some pizen" became th
rallying cry of the race from The Dum
to Downey's emporium, and soon the ba
and the town growing up around it be
came known as Pizen Switch.

This was disgusting to the more edu
cated members of the community an
after three years a committee change
the name of the town to Greenfield.

In 1883, and again in 1884, fire de
stroyed Greenfield and ultimately, i
1893, the town was named Yeringto
after the magnate who controlled th
Virginia and Truckee Railroad, as a
inducement to get him to bring his lin
into the Mason Valley. He didn't do i
but his name stuck, and the town is stil
known as Yerington.



TRAILS GROWN DIM

If you have information concerning ersons referred to below, do not write us. Communicate directly with the tter writer.

Hooker

If anyone knows the whereabouts of rs. Mary M. Hooker whose last known ldress was 213 Caswell Building, Milaukee, Wisconsin, please write to the ditorial Dept., Western Publications, nc., Box 3668, Austin, Texas 78704.

Brookshier-Brookshire

Could any of your readers give me inormation on the town of Brookshire, exas, and its founders? I also would ke to correspond with anyone of ne Brookshier-Brookshire family.—Mrs. lenore Brookshier Cole, 216 West Wall, Ioweaqua, Illinois 62550.

Jay Woolston

I would appreciate any help that I ould get in tracing the Woolston fami- . My grandfather, Jay J. Woolston, as born in Farmingdale, New Jersey, 1849 or 1850. In 1882, my father, eorge Smith Woolston, was born in elle Fourche, South Dakota. At this me Jay Woolston was an attorney.

Besides my father, two other children, Iary and William, were born to Jay's rst wife. From his second marriage, ere were, I believe, four children: larence, Tom, James and a girl, but I ave very little knowledge of them.—ay E. Woolston, 2828 Brentwood Bouleard, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

James Madison Wright

My grandfather, James Madison Vright, grew up in Missouri (perhaps ear Springfield) with his sisters Jane nd Rachel and a brother, George. His ather died when he was a young man nd he had to work to help the rest of e family. He married and had two hildren, William Elmer and Lula. When is wife died, he took the children and is brothers and sisters west. After arrying Nora Maude Wheeler in 1898, e bought the Fromans Ferry in Canyon ounty, Idaho. He died in 1904 after beg kicked by a dray mare, leaving four ore children: Robert S., Neil M., Laura . and Nora Evelyn (my mother). My other was only five weeks old when he ed. I have a few pictures of him and y grandmother and have the history the ferry from the time he bought it ntil grandmother sold it, and I would ke to hear from someone who knew his amily or knew him.—Noreen Ryan, Box 5, Chester, California 96020.

Paramore

I am interested in any information concerning the Paramore (or Parramore) family, originally from Virginia and Maryland. Descendants of Nathaniel Paramore, a Revolutionary War veteran, settled in Ohio, Indiana, Kansas and other states. At his death about 1807 he left the following sons: Ezekiel, Thomas, John, Nathaniel, David, Jesse, William and James and also several daughters.

My mother, Ida Paramore Bard, was a descendant of John Paramore. With her husband, Frank I. Bard, she came to Texas in 1895 and lived in Galveston County many years.—W. E. Bard, 1132 Pinocchio Drive, Dallas, Texas 75229.

Knight-Carlson-Baird

I have always wondered what happened to my grandmother, Emma Knight (or Emma Carlson). She left my grandfather, James Grant Baird, in Topeka before the turn of the century, taking Everett Baird with her. She was believed to be part Cherokee but it is not known where she was born or died or who her parents were. Did she marry again or return to the Reservation?—Joseph Peter Giles, 17030 Melody Lane, Los Gatos, California.

J. L. Hill

I am trying to uncover some information on J. L. Hill, author of *The End of the Cattle Trail* and *The Passing of Indian and Buffalo*. Unfortunately the Moyle firm, which published these books, is now defunct. I am particularly interested in biographical data on Hill. —J. M. Skaggs, Department of History, Texas Technological College, Lubbock, Texas 79409.

William Coe

I read C. L. Packer's "Coe's Castle on the Carrizo—1867" in your August issue. My grandmother's name was Coe before she married. She had a cousin named William Coe who disappeared from his Texas home about the time the Captain William Coe of your article came to Robbers' Roost. My grandmother's cousin was the son of Peter Coe and apparently he went around with quite a rough gang of men. Would anyone know if the Captain William Coe in author Packer's article is related to me? —Barbara Barnett, 1709 Del Sur S. W., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87105.

San Saba Scotts

I am trying to get the geneology on the Scotts who settled in the San Saba, Texas, area back in the 1840s. They were my father, John Scott Lewis', grandparents.

I remember my dad telling me about their trip from the West Coast to Texas in a covered wagon, but from what part of the West Coast I do not know.

In the June, 1967, issue of TRUE WEST, I read the story "Printers in Gingham and Devils in Knickers." There were three names that have drawn my curiosity. Two sisters, Abigail Scott Duniway and Catherine Amanda Scott Coburn, were sisters of Harvey W. Scott. All of them lived in Oregon. If there is anyone in Oregon who knows anything about them, where they came from originally, or if any of their relatives did move to Texas, I would greatly appreciate it.—Bette Jeanne Lewis, c/o Mr. John Scott Lewis, 729 North Houston Street, Aransas Pass, Texas.

Sulzberger

My grandmother, Ella Graves, was born in Marysville, California, in 1859 or '60 to the John Graves family. She was three years old when the town was flooded and water lapped at the second-story floor. Her mother and two brothers caught pneumonia and died. Supposedly so did her father but this does not agree with the John Graves headstone in the old Masonic Cemetery in Marysville.

After the flood, the Masons took my grandmother and three older brothers, Charles, Frank and Link, and sent them back to relatives in Illinois, if I remember correctly.

The older brother, Charles, came back to Marysville and worked on the newspaper and eventually Grandmother came to live with him. She married a John Martin Sulzberger from Germany, a widower with two children. Mr. Sulzberger owned much land and was considered wealthy; he made pilgrimages back to Germany and brought gifts of beautiful material and jewelry. He even provided a Chinese houseboy for Grandmother for her personal servant.

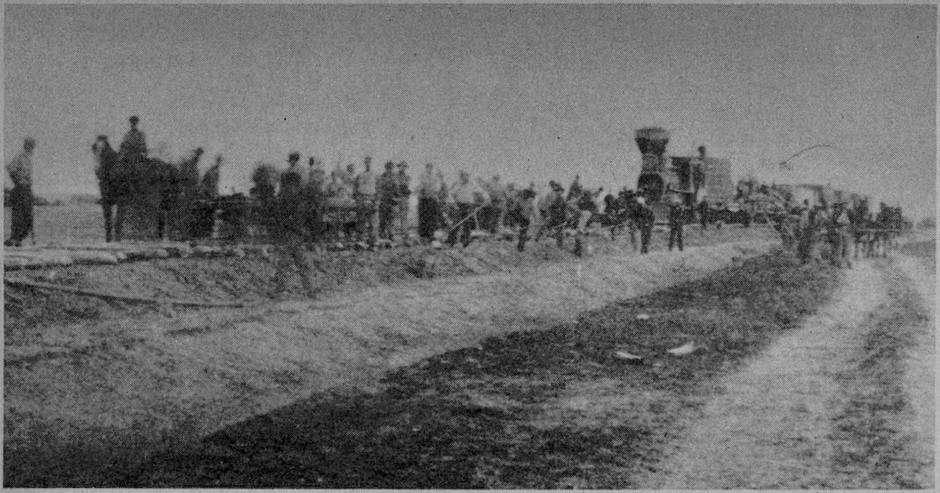
Their first child, a girl, died in infancy. Before my mother's birth, Mr. Sulzberger made another pilgrimage and my grandmother stopped back East to visit relatives. While there, she received a letter telling her that Mr. Sulzberger had returned to California with a woman and was selling off his land. Grandmother returned to file for a divorce.

The mystery begins here. Mr. Sulzberger supposedly left the area. My mother, Mabel Eva Sulzberger, was born along the banks of the Yuba River, where the old barn remains. Her Uncle Charles lived across the road and his house still stands. Eventually they all moved to Klamath Falls, Oregon, and from here we know of the family. But mother was never to know her father and at her death we were attempting to trace him.

A few months ago, I was visiting with the caretaker of the old cemetery in Marysville and learned that it contained a family plot of Sulzbergers from Germany. Is John Martin Sulzberger among them? The years correspond but were there more in the family than Mother knew of?

Mother's one picture of her dad shows him in a uniform: he was supposed to have been a captain in one of the first companies of militia in California. Her resemblance to him is almost exact. Having moved to Oregon as a child, then on to Phoenix, Arizona, she was never to have the chance to trace this part of her family until too late. She believed he had gone back to Germany.

I would greatly appreciate any information about these Sulzbergers.—Ella Beard, 1412 E. 21 Street, Oakland, California 94606. *(Continued on page 49)*



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Laying track east of Sheridan.

The Two-Year Blast at Sheridan

(Continued from page 33)

the Mexican trade was extremely valuable and it was feared by honest businessmen that the settlement would suffer. A commentator on the scene said that "the lives of all the roughs in Sheridan are not of any value when put in the scale against the Mexican trade." He added, "The Sheridan merchants are more powerful than the wolves and should protect the Mexican traders and their men, and we know they will do it. The trestleworks east of town are always available for hanging purposes."

It was this concern for business (and for the safety of decent citizens) which prompted the organization of a vigilance committee, styled along the usual Western lines. The end result of the vigilantes' action was usually what the above writer suggested—hanging from a railroad trestle. W. E. Webb said: "Judge Lynch was Justice's favorite official, and the railroad trestle the gallows tree which bore monthly and sometimes daily fruit. Passengers standing on the platforms of the cars have occasionally drawn back in affright as they beheld gazing up at them the distorted, grinning face of some Texas Jack or California Joe, swinging back and forth like a pendulum before the prairie gale." One of the victims of vigilantes is supposed to have taken the hanging philosophically but demanded in strong language that his captors remove his boots before stringing him up.

Ordinarily an object of vigilante concern was awakened in the middle of the night, told to dress quietly and offer no resistance unless he wished to be shot on the spot. The committee then moved outside of town, held a trial of sorts, pronounced sentence and proceeded to the trestle. Sometimes the offender was allowed to live if he agreed to implicate his unsavory associates and if he agreed to leave town immediately.

Sheridan had its share of odd characters during its short life. One was a New Yorker, dubbed "Neb" (for Nebuchadnezzar), the "devil's own." Neb was constantly in trouble and killed at least two men. One payday when Irish track workers were celebrating, Neb emerged from a hotel across the way from the party and emptied a Henry rifle into the crowd. He did not kill anybody but he was forced to flee on muleback, pursued by both people and bullets. A week later he was back in town, this time wearing handcuffs, for he had been charged with counterfeiting. It turned out that he had led a gang of counterfeiters who were operating out of a dugout near Sheridan. Within twenty-four hours he was dangling from a trestle.

Another celebrity was "Ascension Stephen," described as a "half-witted Millerite, who climbed the two buttes once or twice every month, with a saloon tablecloth in his pocket that might answer for a wrapper when the great trumpet should sound." On nice nights he sat quietly on the hill waiting for the world to end. One night after performing his vigil he decided to hurry home and came charging down the hill clad in his tablecloth, headed straight for a bunch of drunken Irishmen. The Irishmen thought a ghost was upon them and they scattered for home, sobering up as they ran. Stephen never made connections with the angels but he served effectivel albeit unwittingly, as a temperance work er, at least temporarily.

A very peculiar townsman was a dwar known as Jesso and his mind was a warped as his body. However, he wa fiercely protective of a young Mexica girl who had accompanied him to Sheri dan when he came as the boss of wagontrain. The girl was a foundling an Jesso had unofficially adopted her an given her a home of sorts. She was prett spoiled and headstrong and one mornin she turned up missing. Also gone wa one "Bunny," or "Bonny," a man wit whom Jesso had earlier argued over th girl.

The dwarf prowled Sheridan like wild animal that morning and befor noon disappeared. One of the locals sa him heading southwest along the wago road. Two weeks later a Mexican wagon train arrived at Sheridan and the wago master reported a scene of horror at th crossing of the Purgatory River in Colo rado Territory. Teamsters, while grazin their oxen, found a feed box set up as table with a corpse on either side—on a woman, the other a man. Their hand had been placed together covering Catholic missal. The murder of the gi had been crudely done, according to th men, and they speculated that the mu derer had been reluctant to finish hi task. It was a grisly marriage tablea and could have been arranged only by demented man seeking revenge.

More than a month passed before Jess returned alone to Sheridan and no ques tions were asked of him. Soon he wa drinking, gambling and fighting as h had done before.

THERE WAS a unique shoot-out i Sheridan which followed the tragi pattern of much of the town's life. Tw of the local bullies quarreled and eac armed himself with a pistol, picked up shovel, and with some friends starte for a spot outside town to fight a due They planned to dig graves for eac other, exchange places, and fight on th edges of the holes. But before the finished their work one insulted the othe and was promptly shot. The dead man' friends took care of the murderer—on of them broke his head with a spade— and so both duelists soon occupied th graves which they had dug, having take a little different route than they ha originally intended.

As was suggested earlier, not every one in Sheridan had criminal tendencie and one famous plainsman was often see

(Continued on page 48)

Engineer camp twelve miles beyond Sheridan.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topek

Truly Western

(*Continued from page 4*)

The Hills

ar Mr. Small:

I read all of your magazines and am ad I have them to read, as I live in a lley in the Cascade Mountains where dio reception is very poor and telesion is out altogether.

I am sixty-eight years old and was ised in the Turtle Mountains in northntral North Dakota about six miles om the Canadian border. There should some pretty good stories from that rt of the country.

I read a story in TRUE WEST, laryhill Castle," and I wonder if meone can tell me if the Sam Hill in e story is any relation to Jim Hill, the eat railroad builder who built the reat Northern Railroad all over the rthwest. I was not well acquainted th the Jim Hills, but have spoken with m Hill and Louie and Walter Hill at e time or another in the fall of 1914. was working in the Great Northern ilroad lunchroom in Devils Lake, orth Dakota. The Hills and some iends came there on their special train hunt geese, and they parked the train ght back of the restaurant. They got eir water from the restaurant and ice om the same icehouse that we did. It as up to me to show their servants here and how to get these things so I t well acquainted with the servants, t I do not remember any of their mes.

Walter Hill used to come in to the staurant now and then when he came rough with a cattle train from their nch in Montana. I remember the first ne I saw him, he came in the resurant with three other men. There was rule in the restaurant, railroad men t cheaper rates; there were signs all er the place telling them they must ow their credentials when ordering, herwise they would not be given the scount. Well, they all ordered and none them showed anything, so I tore the ps for the regular rate. One of them, tough talker, said, "You are charging e too much, kid!"

I said, "I am charging you what the enu says. You didn't show your crentials."

He said, "I don't have them with me. hat if I refuse to pay?"

"I guess I would have to call the lice."

Just then the man on the end put down five-dollar bill and said, "Forget it, I'll y the bill."

I took the bill and went to the till tc ake change and he walked over anc aned on the cigar case. I put his change the cigar case and he picked it up all t a dollar. He shoved it toward me and id, "Keep it."

Well, I had received a few small tips t nothing like that. I thanked him very uch and they all went out.

The counter was a horseshoe one, and railroad man who ate there quite often ad been sitting across on the other side. fter they left, he said, "Do you know ho that man was that paid you? It was alter Hill."

He came in a few times after that hen I was on duty and always talked ith me a little. My shift was from seven night until seven in the morning. I ad a pretty good job there for a seveneen-year-old kid, but when spring came just had to be out in the open so I quit e job and beat the Hills out of some more railroad fare, riding the blinds on some of their trains. Keep the good stories coming.—John J. Jones, P. O. Box 726, Cascadia, Oregon.

Coyotes—Pro and Con

Dear Sir:

Congratulations for the article in the April issue of TRUE WEST by Harold Sawley—"In Defense Of The Old-Time Coyote." I have always maintained that the coyote was the western rancher's best friend. I was raised in eastern Montana where coyotes were plentiful. It was a big sheep raising area at that time and while it is true that the coyote made off with a few lambs, they more than paid for them with the jackrabbits, gophers, mice, etc. that they preyed on.

In the early 1930s government trappers were brought in at the insistence of the sheepmen to trap the older coyotes and dig out the dens and kill the pups. As a result, gophers, jackrabbits and prairie dogs increased in a population explosion. The range that the prairie dogs alone despoiled was of far greater value than the lambs, chickens and turkeys that fell prey to the coyote.

I understand that in some parts of the West the senseless extermination of the coyote by poison, trap and hunting by plane has been stopped, as the ranchers have come to realize that the balance of nature has been upset.

In closing I would like to quote a little verse from one of J. R. Williams' cartoons.

Born to be a cattle killer
Thief and general all-round pest,
But I hate to kill you, partner,
Cause yore part o' our old West.
You an' me is sorta brothers
With our backs agin' the wall.
In a act that's nearly over
An' th' curtain's 'bout to fall.

Personally, I never heard of a coyote killing a calf or a cow unless the animal was too sick or crippled to protect itself, so I, for one, do not call him a cattle killer.—Ted M. King, 1860 J Street, Springfield, Oregon 97477.

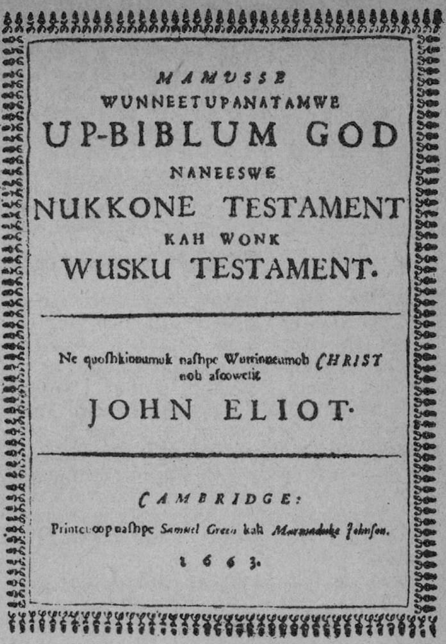
Dear Sir:

You've a good magazine. I bought the first edition printed. But why is it nowadays the villain gets so much defense? When a woman is attacked is it the woman who's guilty?

Harold Sawley comes to the defense of the coyote. At least he does admit they can get deer and calves. Around here we have city guys defending the coyote and he sounds just a notch short of the Lone Ranger (the coyote).

The low-down mangy coyote is no benefit to wild life's "balance of nature." Men balance nature as far as keeping down deer population, etc. Cattle and sheep herds are supposed to be for man's benefit.

The owl, fox and weasel do more to control rodents than the coyote and don't hurt much of anything else. Coyotes can wreck a sheep herd over night. I raise a few sheep and cattle, and I know.—J. C. Becker, New Salem, North Dakota 58563.



MAMUSSE
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UP-BIBLUM GOD
NANEESWE
NUKKONE TESTAMENT
KAH WONK
WUSKU TESTAMENT.

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noh aſoowesit
JOHN ELIOT.

CAMBRIDGE:
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1663.

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First North American Bible

Dear Editor:

I think your readers who like Indian stories would like to know that *Mamusse Wunneetupanatanwe U-Biblum God Naneeswe Nukkone Testament Kah Wonk Wusku Testament* . . . is on the title page of one of the rarest books in America today—the John Eliot Indian Bible. As much as $21,160 has been paid for a first edition of it at auction and almost $1,500 for a second edition.

The Reverend John Eliot translated the scriptures in 1663 and distributed his copies among members of the New England tribes. These were the first Bibles printed on North American presses, according to a Bible society press release. Another edition was printed twenty-two years later.—Walt Thayer, Wenatchee, Washington.

Link Tagert

Dear Friends:

Your story, "The Tragic Wards," interested me quite somewhat. J. L. Tagert, mentioned prominently in the story, was my brother. He was always called "Link" by the family. He was the oldest of eight children and at the time he left Leadville, Colorado, he was fourteen years old and had a paper route and a pinto pony.

Link has told me of his life with the Wards and of leaving Leadville with the wagon driven by Hattie Ward and Chas. Fox. Link said the first evening on the road, Ward joined their wagon. Ward had been riding some distance to one side of the road, as he did not wish to be seen by the sheriff. Seeing Fox on the wagon seat with Hat, he proceeded to eliminate Fox, which he did with his rifle.

Link afterwards worked on a spread over on Pieance Creek for ten or fifteen years, then was elected assessor of Rio Blanco County, holding this office about thirty years. He lived to be ninety-odd years old. I am Link's youngest brother.
—Frank G. Tagert, 157 Palo Verde St., Palm Springs, California.

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Hand-Picked Jury in Hell

(Continued from page 31)

Judge Seymour Waggoner of the Denver Probate Court, sensing serious trouble brewing, asked Harrison to refrain from any violence against Byers even though the *News* editor had been wrong in his facts of the killing.

The townspeople expected open warfare between Charley's friends and Byers. When they saw Harrison and Waggoner heading for the *News* office, they gathered around waiting for trouble. But the two men had gone to the newspaper office to explain the Stark killing. Byers listened to Harrison and several others who had witnessed the shooting. Waggoner asked Byers to print a public apology and retraction.

Byers, realizing the folly of his charges, readily agreed to make amends. He printed an apology containing the true facts of the shooting. Harrison was satisfied and returned to his bar and gaming tables.

Some of the bummers who hung around the Criterion, however, were determined to have a showdown. With or without Harrison, they were going after Byers' scalp.

Two of them, Carl Woods and George Steele, spent several days drinking and cursing the *News* editor. On the morning of July 31, they gathered at the Criterion and persuaded three other men, William Harvey, John Rooker, and James Innis, to accompany them.

They burst in and seized Byers at his desk. The newspaperman calmly inquired, "What can I do for you, gentlemen?" despite the cocked pistol at his ear.

Woods shoved a crumpled newspaper in Byers' face and shouted, "We're going to kill you for printing these damned lies about Charley Harrison!"

Byers shook himself free as he said, "Let's go see Charley Harrison and find out what he thinks about this whole thing."

Woods, caught off guard by Byers' coolness, aimed his gun at Byers' head, then lowered it. He nervously raised it and lowered it a second time. Finally he grabbed Byers' arm and snarled, "You're going with me."

Byers stepped back until he had Woods under a trap door. His printer, George Sanborn, sat above them with a shotgun aimed at the bummer. Byers then asked, "Where do you intend to take me?"

Woods saw the gun and backed off. "To see Harrison," he hedged.

Byers agreed to go with them, and made the two-block walk to the Criterion with Woods' Colt revolver covering him every step.

HARRISON was tending bar when the group burst in. He flushed angrily and demanded, "What in the devil do you mean by this?"

"We brought Byers for you to deal with," Woods stammered, "he called you a murderer."

Harrison quickly asked Byers to accompany him to the back room where he apologized and said he had no part in the "kidnapping." He gave Byers a pist and took him to the rear door.

"You'd better go back to your offi and barricade yourself against anoth attack," Charley advised the edito "Those bummers don't give up easily

Byers thanked Harrison and hurri back to his office. He immediately bro out rifles and shotguns for his printe and they prepared for the next attack.

The bummers took up positions acro from the *News* and waited. Inside, Bye and his men watched and waited. T editor gave orders not to fire unle fired upon.

Finally Steele grabbed Woods' whi horse and rode past the *News* office. H fired two quick shots through the wi dow, then galloped off.

The beseiged editor and printers r turned the fire. A load of bucksh caught Steele in the back. When h reached the house where his mistres lived, she helped him inside and se for a doctor.

One of the bummers brought wor that Woods had killed Byers. Steel didn't wait for the doctor but grabbe the horse and started back to the *Ne* office. At the corner of Blake and Streets, he came face to face wit Sheriff Tom Pollock. They exchange shots and Steele toppled to the stree part of his head blasted away by pellet from Pollock's shotgun. He died late that night.

In the confusion, Woods slipped awa He returned later that night for hi horse and was spotted entering his hous Although he managed to mount and rid away, a posse caught up with him, an he surrendered without a fight.

The next morning, the People's Cou met with lawyer Alexander Hunt, destined to become a governor of Colorad presiding. Byers and his staff presente their version of the attack.

The jury stood eleven to one for hanging on the first ballot, but Wood's lif was spared on the condition that he leav the Territory immediately. Woods returned to Missouri where he became leader of Confederate bushwhackers.

Harrison and Byers became goo friends. Both men were Masons an Charley presented his ring, of nativ gold with a Masonic emblem, to th editor as a token of esteem. Byers kep the ring for the rest of his life.

In December, 1860, Harrison added th twelfth man to his jury in hell by killing James Hill in a fight in the Criterion He was acquitted because of conflictin testimony by various eyewitnesses.

In August, 1861, Harrison and hi Southern friends had several skirmishe with the First Colorado Regiment, culminating in a seige of the Criterion Charley, realizing he couldn't win pitched battle, surrendered. He was trie for treason and banished from the Territory.

He returned to his native Arkansa and joined a band of Confederate irregulars, carrying the rank of lieutenant-colonel in Colonel Emmett MacDonald' Confederate Fourth Missouri Cavalry In May, 1864, Harrison persuaded hi commander to let him lead a compan into Colorado for a raid on the gol

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lds. On their way through Oklahoma marauding band of Indians wiped out e entire company.

Charley Harrison's handsome scalp d black beard were last seen hanging om the belt of an Osage brave.

Sad Sam

(Continued from page 25)

m till the whistle blew. And that was ghty hard to understand. It's common owledge among bronc peelers that a raight-away bucker is the easiest kind horse to ride. But as the bronc rider ck Laidley put it, "That old horse just ir and square beats a man to death in saddle."

The fans came to recognize and like e bay bronc. He was such a big old ugly, mical-acting horse to pack such a belly-d of dynamite. They liked the way he ve a rider every chance to get set in s tree before the show started, then ade a windmill out of him. Best of all, ey loved that remorseful look Sad Sam variably turned on a rider he'd just ished stacking up.

HE BUSTERS who rode Sad Sam, though—they felt different about it. l the affection they had for that bronc uldn't have made a great love story. e first time a man drew Sad Sam for ride, he'd try to bluff it out. Here was s chance, he'd say, to show the rest of e twisters how to take the starch out that old bay horse. But after that first ne, he'd swear at his luck and go off. He knew he wouldn't be in the prize money that day.

Pete Knight, who one time held the world championship for bronc riding, drew Sad Sam for a ride in New York, in Boston, and in Chicago. Pete was all man, big and strong as a bull. He'd bet you a $20 bill he could hook one forefinger over a door-sill and chin himself three times before his boots ever touched the floor. And he'd win your money. Pete sat a bucking saddle as if it had grown to the seat of his pants. But Pete wasn't man enough to draw money riding Sad Sam. Every time, Sad Sam put Pete to eating gravel before the whistle blew.

Year after year, Sad Sam made the circuits of the big shows—New York; Boston; Chicago; Blackfoot, Idaho; Kingman, Kansas; Salinas, California. Five years is a long time for a horse to last in a rodeo arena. Outlaws from the start, most of them kill or cripple themselves in the chutes, fighting to the last against the man creatures they've hated from the beginning. But Sad Sam never fought a man in the chutes or tried to hurt a rider after he had him on the ground. All he ever turned on a man was that fool look that made the spectators roar with laughter.

Among the best judges of good riding, it's generally accepted that a little dark-skinned Osage from Oklahoma came closest to making a ride on Sad Sam. He drew Sad Sam in Chicago, and that was a ride to make a spectator bite the tip end off his heart. When the chute men turned Sad Sam out, he bellowed his usual deafening roar, and his rider let out an ear-splitting panther scream to match it. Chief's silver-mounted spurs flashed in rhythm to the horse's leaps, back and forth, from shoulder to flank, raking hair every time. Once, twice, three times.

Sad Sam must have sensed that he was mounted by a real man this time. He warped his backbone, put all he had into making a whipcracker out of it. Yet for a while there, it looked as if the little Indian could take all the big bay horse had to dish out. For six or seven seconds the Osage was sitting pretty and Sad Sam's fans held their breath. Then suddenly something happened to the rhythm of those raking spurs. Chief swept them to the front for another rake at Sad Sam's hide and Sad Sam wasn't between them. The Osage was still squalling like a panther when he hit the dirt.

But age stacks up on a horse, same as on a man, and in 1930 Sad Sam got so he wouldn't buck at night. The floodlights seemed to baffle him. Any time a man mounted in daylight, understand, there was still hell to pay and no water hot. But more and more of the big shows were being held at night and that finished Sam for the big time. Johnston sold him, along with some other cut-back rodeo broncs.

Sad Sam ended up with the Heard cousins, Long Tom and Short Tom of Refugio, who hauled oil field equipment. Sad Sam never fought the work. He bucked with the harness a few times, then caught on. In charge of Dobe Lewis, a little black teamster who had horse savvy to spare, he worked to a fresno, gouging

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out slush pits for the new oil wells brought in. All the little Negro had to do was holler once, and Sad Sam would crawl up in that collar and dig in with his feet and grunt and heave till something moved. And then he'd fall asleep the moment little Dobe hollered "Whoa!"

It looked as if the old rodeo bronc's show days were done.

Then one evening when the fresno teams plodded in from work, here came Dobe driving his four-up team, sitting crossways on Sad Sam's back.

Long Tom Heard stepped out of his office and hollered at the little teamster. "Damn, Dobe!" he yelled, "Don't you know you can't ride that Sad Sam horse?"

"Yessir," Dobe said. "I know about that. But me'n old Sam, we've got us an understanding. I don't put no foot across old Sam's back and old Sam, he don't throw me!"

Watching Dobe ride Sad Sam into the barns set Long Tom to wondering how much fight was left in the old horse. That night he and Short Tom decided to put on a little hometown rodeo there in Refugio the following Sunday. That country was full of ranch-hand brush-poppers who'd mount any bronc just to see if they could ride it. If those old broncs could still pitch, a rodeo would furnish good entertainment for the oil-field workers and might make some money, to boot.

FROM both angles, that little two-bit rodeo was a success. Some of the broncs would still pitch and some wouldn't; but everybody had a rip-roaring good time. And every brush-popper who took a hot seat on Sad Sam hit the dirt—some inside the arena, some out. So the Heards put on little rodeos all over South Texas for several years. They'd work Sad Sam and his mates in harness all week, then throw them into a bronc-busting show of a Sunday.

And still nobody rode Sad Sam. He was getting old; he'd have to give it up sometime, but he wasn't through when an ambitious kid from Mathis, Texas, who had built himself up a pretty big reputation as a rider, tried to top him out in the Refugio arena. Nobody knew for sure just what went wrong. When they turned Sad Sam out of the chute the kid threw away his bucking rein, grabbed for the saddlehorn with both hands, and froze to it. That, coupled with the fact that he hooked his spurs in the saddle girth and tried to make a tight-legged ride of it, set him so rigidly in the saddle that there was no give to him anywhere. Which was a bad mistake on any hard pitching horse like Sad Sam. Right away, the kid's head began to flop back and forth like the popper on a bull whip. If the pick-up men hadn't been onto their jobs and dragged him off in a hurry, the chances are Sad Sam would have broken the kid's neck right there in the saddle.

In 1940, two years after Sad Sam had sent Buck West to the hospital for a week from that Refugio arena, Rocky Reagan put on a rodeo at Beeville and called on Long Tom Heard for the use of the old bay to fill out his bucking string. Sad Sam was twenty-three now; all ov him were patches of white hair a patches where there was no hair at a spur marks left by hundreds of ride none of whom had ever managed to ri him.

But shaggy and decrepit-looking as was, Reagan's riders didn't like the loo of him when they recognized hi Wouldn't a man feel a fool, they ask themselves, if that beat-up crowbait ju happened to unload him!

They cornered Reagan in his offic "Reagan," the spokesman said, "You either take that Sad Sam out of t bunch we ride or we'll take out on yo show!"

Well, they had Reagan up a tree. Y can't put on a bronc show without ride Sad Sam was taken out.

Long Tom Heard wouldn't put S Sam back in harness after that. figured that a horse twenty-three yea old who could still bluff out a bunch tough rodeo hands didn't deserve ha work. He loaded the old bronc into trailer and hauled him off to his Bercla Ranch on Blanco Creek where he turn Sad Sam out on the pasture.

There, where the grass grew ta where the water was good and sha handy, Sad Sam took his ease till t fall of 1944. Then one day Jack Harve a Negro ranch hand, rode in. "Well, Mi ter Tom," he said, "I guess the cowhan can rest easy now. Old Sad Sam, he passed on."

Jack said it looked as if the old bro had lain down in the bed of the cree to take a roll in that pretty white sa and had died when he turned over t first time.

Today, none of the ranch hands want come right out and say that nobody ev rode Sad Sam. They know how mu truth there is in that old range saw:

"There ain't no man what can't be
throwed;
There ain't no hoss what can't be rode.

But they'll just be dogged if they ca recollect a man who every stayed wi Sad Sam till the whistle blowed!

The Two-Year Blast at Sherida

(Continued from page 44)

there. William Comstock, noted scou trader and Indian fighter, had a ranch what is now Wallace County. He wa not unaccustomed to violence or deadl weapons but his presence in town wa never cause for alarm.

While some Westerners found humo in Sheridan and tolerated the vice an strange goings on, many Kansa viewed the settlement with seriou misgivings, particularly before vigilan action began. On August 4, 1869, th Topeka *Commonwealth* carried an edi torial which called for strong measure "for the protection of well dispose people." The editor continued, "The scu of creation have there congregated an assumed control of municipal and socia affairs. Gamblers, pickpockets, thieve . . . and representatives of every othe class of the world's people, who ar ranked among the vicious, have take possession of the town and reign supreme

. Troops should be sent there to pro- t the innocent and respectable who ell there, and to render life safe and ng tolerable to strangers who wish tarry or locate among them."

he Union Pacific solved all of Sheri- 's problems when it built on to Kit rson, Colorado, early in 1870. That ished Sheridan as a town and its un- irables moved on to greener pastures. than Meeker had described the town "the most remarkable place in Ameri- or in the world," and another writer erved, facetiously, that it was a gay age which served as an oasis in the eat American Desert—an oasis which s not green. It was the Topeka editor o dubbed it "a questionable portion of d's bountiful heritage." However one wed it, it *was* a town for a little while d it was important despite its seamy .

Within a few weeks after the Union cific transferred its operations hardly y vestige remained of Sheridan. The eets were obliterated and the buildings ne. Empty cans, some discarded cloth- ; and the graves on boot hill marked spot but no property deeds had ever en recorded and official records of y kind were nonexistent. "The position any former block could not be found thout a new survey." Rip-roaring eridan disappeared as quickly as it gan.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 43)

Friend of Mangas Coloradas

Some years back I found Joseph C. ans' (Nino Dasoda Hae) address in ur magazines and wrote to him. He swered and told me quite a few in- resting things about Mangas Colora- s, Cochise, and other Apaches he knew. e written two or three times in the st few years but haven't received any rther answers. Has anyone been in ntact with him lately?—Mrs. Sandra Mendez, 155 Girard Avenue, Hart- d, Connecticut.

Old Montana Ranch

As a young man, my dad worked on ranch in Montana. His employer, ap- rently, was a Lester Hash of Reed, ntana. The two witnesses who signed Woodsmen's certificate were W. A. ore and August A. Payton. The ad- ss on top of the certificate was Grey- ff, Sweetgrass County, Montana.

My dad's name was George William gwell and I am trying to locate any rviving kin of his three brothers. They me from Los Angeles County, Cali- rnia. There were two Bagwell boys in uglas County, Washington, in the rly days but I can't find any references their whereabouts now. They were puty sheriffs, I believe.—Jerry Bag- ll, General Delivery, Chelan, Wash- gton 98816.

Uncle Samuel Goddard

My great-uncle Samuel Goddard was rn in 1830-32 in Marshall County, est Virginia. He came to Colorado and

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settled near Trinidad in the early days. I would like to get in touch with any of his descendants or anyone knowing them. This is very important to me.—Mrs. Tom Kinder, P. O. Box 709, Parker, Arizona 85344.

Margie Ellen Smith

My grandmother, Margie Ellen Smith (widow of Jacob G. Smith, Jr.), lived approximately six miles west of Denton, Texas. Between the years 1888 and 1895, she shot and killed a man through the door of her house. He was said to have been a friend of her brother, John Chronister. I would like to hear any stories that have been handed down through the years of the family of this man or anyone knowing my grandmother, who married C. C. McCommas of Denton. She lived at Howe, Ft. Worth, Dallas and Orlena, Texas, as well as places in Arkansas and Missouri.—LaVerne McMullin, 5923 NW 41st Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Victor Johnson

I highly recommend that anyone seeking information about their ancestors write to the Genealogical Society, 107 South Main, Salt Lake City, Utah, 84111. For a very nominal fee they will give you information on anyone if they have it.

I am seeking information about my late Grandfather Johnson's brother Victor, who left Wadena, Minnesota, in the early 1900s to become a cowboy in Montana. He was never heard of again. If he's alive, he's one of the last two Johnson children alive. Would anyone who may know of him please write me?—Mrs. Gerald A. Tibbetts, Box 294, Liberal, Kansas 67901.

Elijah Oscar Yoakum

My grandfather, Elijah Oscar Yoakum (known as "Bud" Yoakum), was born in Fannin County, Texas. He would be in his eighties now. I am sure that he is alive as there is no trace of his death. He was a horse trader in the early '20's, and I have been told that he had oil leases around Yoakum, Texas. Also he did mining in Nevada. He had five children, one of which was my father, Henry Howard Yoakum. Elijah Oscar was known throughout Texas. He is crippled in one foot; also, he was shot while at Lytton Springs, Texas, around 1957. His father, George Henry Yoakum, was an early settler in Fannin County in the 1880s.

Does anyone know of this man and his whereabouts? If so, please contact me at once.—Kenneth H. Yoakum, 1029 Alice Avenue, Ukiah, California 95482.

Bill Benson

I'm trying to locate anyone knowing anything about my grandfather. His name was Bill Benson, he cooked at the 101 Ranch for a while, and I think he passed away in Guthrie, Oklahoma, in 1937, 1938 or 1939. I've heard he used to take food and supplies to the Dalton brothers when they were in hiding. His family lives in Enid but they don't seem to know too much about his activities.
If anyone does know anything, ple
write me. Linda Moore, 832 East Mai
Enid, Oklahoma 73701.

Webbs from Mississippi

I would like information about
great-grandfather, William C. We
who was born in Tennessee in 1821,
son of Irish immigrants. He marr
Martha Cowan of Mississippi in 18
they had a daughter, Isobelle, and a s
Lemuel, both born in Mississippi. T
Webb family later settled in Anders
County, Texas (about 1850). Willi
may have a brother named James M.

My great-great-grandfather was Jo
Dorn of Mississippi. He came from
Dutch family, originally named Doorn
Holland. He married Martha Mull
and they had a son and a daught
Elizabeth Rebecca, who married Willia
Travis Reed.—Nell R. Webb, Box
Comanche, Texas 76442.

The Old Neglected Mine

(Continued from page 23)

But he never gave up hope of findi
his buried treasure. Hope is the o
thing that a treasure hunter never
linquishes. Each separate quest may e
in failure but always hope springs an
that some trivial occurrence may ma
the next trip a success and bring a gold
reward to compensate for all past d
appointments.

Until he died several years later, So
mers felt sure he would discover so
tell-tale indication that would lead h
to the rediscovery of his buried fortu
I accompanied him on one of these e
peditions and, although we did not fi
the gold, I had a grand outing.

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in value since Hank Sommers' tim
instead of $36,000 it would be wor
more than $60,000 today.

But what became of the natural mar
ings which Sommers so carefully note
Why couldn't he ever find them agai

To an experienced outdoorsman t
answer to these questions are logic
Sommers made his cache late in t

(Continued on page 52)

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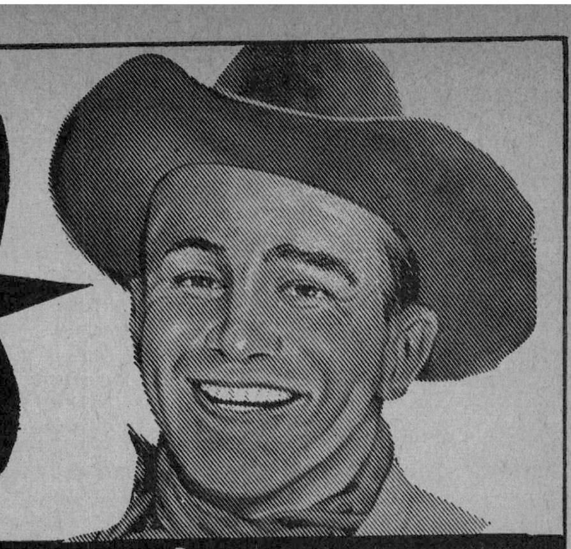

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autumn when most of the leaves had fallen from the trees, and when all the seasonal vegetation, such as grass and weeds, had matured and were no longer a ground covering. At such a time the landscape would look bare, and the whole country would stand out in bold outline.

When Sommers came back the following July, all vegetation was in full leaf, and this condition changed the surface appearance of the district to such an extent that it made the country look "filled up" to him. This condition became a confusing element, and his faulty observation of specific details in nature made it impossible for him to recognize any specific spot or group of trees under the altered conditions he found in mid-summer.

Heavy winter snows and the spring thaw and runoff were natural forces which destroyed his specific markings, or changed them beyond his recognition. The leaning tree which formed the hypotenuse of the triangle was probably dislodged by a winter storm and fell to the ground, perhaps breaking into several pieces in the process. The rock visible through the tip of the triangle could have been dislodged by some spring freshet and rolled down the stream bed some distance from its original position. The exposed root paralleling his cache, and almost covered over by an overhang of leafmold, perhaps became completely hidden by the overhang dropping down over it. So as nature had made the marks Sommers used to locate his cache, she also erased those same marks to conceal his golden hoard, and there it remains to this day.

But eventually, a fortunate traveler, possibly a deer hunter, passing by that spot may note a slight depression where the leafmold has settled along the trench in which Sommers buried his gold, and along the bottom of this depression the traveler will find small pieces of rich ore protruding which will be the "open sesame" to a buried treasure of $60,000 in virgin gold.

A Tale of Two Forts

(Continued from page 41)

similar sign was erected on the newer highway to the south.

BACK EAST the Civil War ran its bloody course. At its close the Federal Government could once more give thought to isolated and sadly neglected Arizona, where the Apache howled with his old ferocity. Settlers again were crowding its lonely trails, demanding protection by troopers.

On August 10, 1867, soldiers camped on a site to be established as Fort Crittenden, named for Major General Thomas Leonidas Crittenden, then military commander for southern Arizona.

He had ordered it constructed "in proximity" to old Fort Buchanan, because building materials there could be salvaged and reused in the new fort. There is some evidence that this was done.

The fort was designed to protect the settlers of such hamlets as Sonoita, Babacomari and Patagonia, but the towns
never amounted to much despite
beauty and promise of the open and
grasslands of that wondrous corner
Arizona. And Apache raiders
swirled and depredated through the
leys round about.

On September 30, 1872, a courier
loped a lathered horse up to the c
manding officer's adobe and shouted t
a raiding party was then attackin
ranch only two miles distant. A s
command was mounted and hurried
but found that the warriors had w
drawn a short distance from the ra
and were in too great strength to be
tacked.

The lieutenant sent Sergeant Geo
Stewart with five men to warn anot
nearby rancher. Stewart did so, and
his return to the fort was ambushed
approximately fifty Indians lying i
ravine "two feet deep and not more t
fifteen paces from the road; the pl
was very open and it would seem alm
impossible for them to have been c
cealed in such a place."

Opening fire, the Indians killed St
art and three of his little command.
private, fifty yards in the rear, whee
his mount and fled back the way he
come. The other, riding in the le
ducked his head and spurred his ho
through the ambush to report the trag
to the post—just four more names ad
to the long and bloody roll of the sl
in the white man's effort to wrest cont
of Arizona from the Indians. Fort C
tenden was too far distant to be very
fective against the home grounds of
warring tribes and on June 1, 1873,
was dismantled and abandoned.

Today you can see numerous ad
ruins of the famous old encampment j
a few hundred yards north of Arizo
State Highway 82. Within a very sh
distance are the still more ancient ru
of Fort Buchanan. Neither is protec
in any way from sun, wind and rain,
in time they will wholly disappear.

Black Hawk Rode With Manuel

(Continued from page 11)

joined him, and their combined grou
trailed the expeditionary force to
night camp on the rim of Tseghi C
yon. It was spread in a circle, the hor
inside a double ring of men. A f
guards were posted on the perimeter.

THE NAVAJOS' first wave moved
crawling on the ground with th
knives between clenched teeth. Reachi
their assigned positions, they waited u
til they heard an owl screech in t
nearby timber. Then they struck w
silent fury, killing the guards and in t
same motion leaping toward another v
tim. Bowmen and Navajos with fi
arms sped in to join the fighting.

At the height of the battle, Bla
Hawk led his lancers into the melee. O
charge drove the enemy Indians asund
Most were chased down and killed. O
the soldiers succeeded in making a sta
A few Indians rallied about them a
managing to get mounted, broke out.

The jubilant Navajos pursued th
onto Black Mountain, where the ene
vanished into thick timber. Black Ha

Courtesy Richard Van Valkenburg

ank Walker, Black Hawk's nephew, stands on the burial site of the massacre victims high in the Chuska Mountains.

rew off, considering it a waste of time hunt them down one by one.

By the time he had regained the bat- eground, Manuelito's men had com- leted robbing the encampment. Almost)0 enemy Indians lay dead. None of the ldiers had been killed, although sev- ral packed wounds back to New Mexico.

That was probably the greatest vic- ry Black Hawk and Manuelito achieved uring their long, stormy careers. More rofessional fighters were killed in this ngagement than in any other. Victory as accomplished with a mixture of one-age weapons and the white man's rearms. Until recent years, the skeletal emains of those slain littered acres of round around the rim of Tseghi Can- n a few miles above present-day honto. Most of the skulls were carried way long ago by whites as grisly uvenirs.

About 8,000 of the Navajo tribe sur- ndered and were taken to the prison eservation established at Bosque Re- ondo on the windy Pecos River flats. ut many other families did hide out in e far country. Periodically, New Mexi- n merceneries and a few troopers of e Volunteer Cavalry were sent after em, but only a few were captured or lled.

Black Hawk—with a remnant of his en and their families—continued to age a private hide-and-seek war. When rced to fight, he did so in the same old ashing, fierce way. Finally he joined rces with Manuelito and they went est to hide in the depths of the Grand anyon for awhile. Unable to take them, e U. S. Army sent emissaries to try arrange their peaceful surrender and t last, in October, 1866, Manuelito came ut of the wilderness and gave himself p. He was taken to Fort Sumner.

Soon horrified by the conditions there, he and a handful of bravos escaped the following year.

Black Hawk, meanwhile, roved Navajoland from the Grand Canyon north to the San Juan River. To obtain food and supplies, he led several raids across the big Colorado into southern Utah. Being only a few, as he later related, his men "sneaked in like coyotes." They struck, grabbed loot which included livestock, and fled. These hit-fast-and-run-faster attacks forced the Mormons to organize companies of militia to guard their frontier settlements but somehow the wily Black Hawk always found a means of avoiding them.

Promised bountiful rewards if they could kill or capture Black Hawk, a band of Utes crossed the San Juan near Mexican Hat. There they found a trail of two Navajo riders and followed it onto the gloomy escarpment of Black Mountain near Lolomi Point.

From the thick timber, Black Hawk's men emptied saddles with arrows and rifle balls. His half-starved bravos decimated the poor Utes. On the field after the survivors retreated, they recovered many rifles and then drove the Utes north across the river.

But the warring days of the Navajo were ending. No further fights or skirmishes of importance involved Black Hawk. The tribal leaders signed a peace treaty in 1868 and the Navajos returned to their ancient homeland.

When Chief Barboncito died in 1870, Manuelito became principal chief. At the request of the Fort Defiance Indian agent, he organized and led the first Navajo mounted police force. Shortly after, he fell from the agent's good graces and his police force faded into oblivion.

(Continued on next page)

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SEE BACK COVER FOR SPECIAL GIFT OFFER!

Old and broken, he retired to his hogan near Manuelito, named for him. There, in 1893, he succumbed to measles (aggravated by generous draughts of whiskey).

Black Hawk made himself scarce and by 1890 his past as a crafty raider had been forgotten. He managed to become a wealthy stockraiser and, buying a number of wagons, engaged in the freighting business. His hauls were from Gallup, New Mexico, to the Fort Defiance Agency. He was known to white men as "Black Jack." In slack times he freighted for Indian traders. One of his best customers was John Lorenzo Hubbell at Ganado.

Black Hawk's freighting business began to fade in 1909 and he moved near the trading post of J. H. McAdams and Hubert Richardson at Sunrise Springs. Too old and feeble to drive his wagons any longer, he retired to his home. The gallant old warrior chief died when well past ninety years of age and was buried in a secret grave by the post traders.

Aw, Hell!

(Continued from page 3)

print order (4 mags) is over 800,000 now.

But, you know—I was young in those days. I was brought up on the farm and knew what hardships were all about. Now I'm older, getting used to a *few* soft things and when the troubles pile on there are times when I still feel like pulling my hair, climbing a dead snag and shouting "Aw, hell!"—Hosstail.

A Lion Walking Among Rats

(Continued from page 19)

Aguirre Adobe one morning at nine o'clock. Twist was taking along the small cannon which usually decorated the town square, to blow up Powers' improvised fort. The posse was a noisy group and it was some time before the sheriff could quiet them down and get them lined up. He was just starting to take roll call when all hell broke loose.

John Vidal, one of the assassins who had killed Tom Meehan, clattered around the corner from State Street, riding straight for the posse. With him were a Spaniard and another of Powers' men, known only as "Little Mickey." The three outlaws lashed their horses into the posse, scattering the startled lawmen. In the confusion, Little Mickey headed straight for the cannon and lassoed it, jerking it off its carriage. Although it was apparent that some of Powers' men were attacking them, the possemen had trouble finding targets in the disorder. Finally a rattle of gunfire crackled over the noise of prancing horses and shouting men. John Vidal was the first to drop from his saddle. Meanwhile the Spaniard rushed at Twist and plunged a dagger into his side just as the sheriff shot his assailant.

By this time Little Mickey was racing toward Arroyo Burro with several possemen in close pursuit. The running fight halted at a sycamore tree which marked the boundary of Powers' land. Reining up there, Twist called off the chase and
returned to Santa Barbara to have
wound dressed. Pablo de la Guerra,
mayor of the town, offered to hold
parley with Powers and rode into
outlaw stronghold alone.

POWERS fully realized the futility
his position. Most historians seem
think the attack on the town was
drunken spur-of-the-moment assault
Powers' henchmen. When de la Guer
told Jack he would not be punished if
would vacate Den's holdings, Powe
rubbed his chin thoughtfully. Then
mayor mentioned that Judge Ferna
was threatening to bring in Feder
troops and Jack smiled as if the wh
thing had been a joke. He and his m
would move out as soon as they could g
their gear together. The "battle" of A
royo Burro was over.

Nicolas Den and Pablo de la Guer
withdrew the bond of Sheriff Twist, th
removing him from duty while he co
valesced from his knife wound. Coron
Russell Heath succeeded Twist as sheri
until the next election. Subsequent even
were to prove that Heath was no mar
lackey.

John Vidal, one of the victims of t
Arroyo Burro affair, lingered near dea
for several weeks. Then, soon after Vid
had cashed in his chips, another
Powers' lieutenants set in motion a cha
of events which was to prove catastroph
to his chief. Pat Dunn staggered out
one of the Santa Barbara juice-join
one day in the spring of 1854. He h
drunk enough to be mean and as he ca
abreast of the de la Guerra adobe
noticed a stranger walking along t
street toward him. The newcomer ha
pened to be a passenger from a dock
steamship and he had wandered up Sta
Street to see the sights while his vess
loaded cargo. Dunn didn't have time
think up a first-class insult so
blurted out, "That's a damn good looki
hat you got on, stranger."

Stopping in front of Dunn, the steame
passenger replied, "I don't see where m
hat is any of your business."

"Yes, sir," went on Dunn, "I'd su
like to have that hat."

The visitor knew what was happenin
and hoped that the best defense was
good offense. "Take the hat if you thin
you're man enough!" As he spoke
brushed back his coat, revealing a Nav
Colt thrust in his belt.

The stranger was a tough Los Angele
gambler but he was no match for P
Dunn. The two men went for thei
weapons simultaneously but Dunn wa
the quicker. He shoved his pistol bac
into his belt and sneered at the ma
dying at his feet.

Dunn was arrested by Sheriff Heat
and a date was set for trial. Dunn,
course, pleaded self-defense but Doñ
Rosa Den and some of the de la Guerr
women had been eyewitnesses to the kil
ing. At first the women refused to test
fy, not daring to incur the enmity
Powers and his men. But finally, whe
the court promised them its protectio
the women became witnesses for th
prosecution.

During the course of Dunn's tria
the witnesses, the district attorney, th

dge and the sheriff received a barrage threatening notes. Heath let it be own that he would summarily execute unn if anything happened to any of e threatened parties. But apparently e threats served their purpose, for the ial ended in a hung jury. A change of nue to Los Angeles brought the same sult and Dunn was eventually reased. He returned to Santa Barbara, d it wasn't long before he was in ouble again.

UNN was described by one early historian as a peaceful citizen when ber, but the very devil himself when unk. Unfortunately he did a lot of inking and it led to his downfall. One ght he wandered into a saloon off the aza and began getting noisy and obxious. Tom Martin, one of Fremont's en who had married into a California mily, told him to shut up or get out. unn was surprised by this curt rebuff d, not being used to such treatment, uietly walked away.

A short time later he reappeared in e saloon and, striding quickly up to a onte game which was in progress, essed both barrels of a shotgun against artin's back. He pulled both triggers t miraculously the weapon missed fire. s he frantically tried to recock the gun, e bartender leaped from his counter d laid Dunn out with a bungstarter.

Jack Powers was out of town during is second escapade and returned to anta Barbara just after Dunn had been ntenced to several years at hard labor. he outlaw chief was furious that one his men had been arrested and concted. How could this happen? Where ere his friends in the city government? e was still ranting in a local saloon hen Sheriff Heath and several deputies nerged from the jail to take Pat Dunn the ship which would take him to lcatraz.

Clamping a cigar in his mouth, Jack rode from the saloon and mounted his orse. Followed by about thirty of his en, he silently trailed Heath's group, owly closing the gap between them. oth parties reached the beach at the me time. There the sheriff faced Jack, en shouted to his men, "If there is any ind of trouble, aim at Powers and shoot kill. If any of these men make a move, rget everyone else and shoot Powers."

The bandit chief watched helplessly as unn was led from his horse to the rowpat, not daring to do anything and oping that none of his followers started ouble. The showdown had come and ere was nothing he could do. It was e beginning of the end.

Early in July, 1856, a disreputable dge named Edward McGowan apeared in Santa Barbara. He was fleeing an Francisco and the Vigilante cleanp of that year, where he had been inicted by the grand jury as an accessory murder. The judge was recognized by Santa Barbaran who organized a mob run the fugitive down. The friendless an was ready to give up when Powers ashed up on one of his magnificent orses. He had heard of McGowan's preicament and led the judge up a series side streets to the adobe of a friend.

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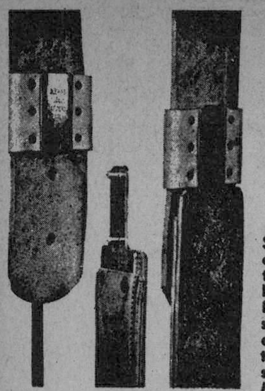

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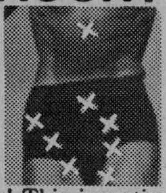

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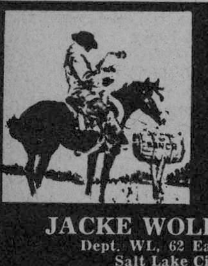

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McGowan was rolled up in some old carpeting while Powers ran outside and steered the mob in another direction. Later, when it was safe, Jack returned and spirited the judge out of town.

Although Jack engineered McGowan's escape, it seems to have been one of his last successful escapades. The showdown on the beach had marked a turning point in both his popularity with the public and his outlaw operations. Both Den and the sheriff had stood up to Jack and many townspeople had become tired of his open defiance of the law.

SOMETIME in the fall of 1856, Powers went to Los Angeles. Perhaps he was trying to bolster his ego among the scenes of his former triumphs; his power in Santa Barbara County had slipped considerably. Whatever the case, that winter he was arrested for being a member of the Flores gang, a group of self-proclaimed *insurrectos* who had ambushed and killed Sheriff Barton and several of his posse. Jack was released for lack of evidence but upon his return to Santa Barbara he was re-arrested, presumably on the same charge.

A lawyer named Eugene Lies was able to get Jack remanded to his custody. Lies asked Powers to wait for him in a small room while he went over the charges with the sheriff. When the counseler returned to the ante-room, his client had flown the coop. Since Powers had not been permitted to obtain bail, there was some fuss raised over the fact that Lies had obtained his custody. Accordingly, the lawyer ran an ad in the Santa Barbara *Gazette*, offering $250.00 reward for his erstwhile client. But, of course, Jack was gone.

He seems to have shown up in San Francisco about this time and again was arrested for a crime committed in Los Angeles. His lawyer secured his release on a writ of habeas corpus and Jack was permitted bail on the stipulation that he surrender himself to the Los Angeles sheriff on or before April 27, 1857. Powers and his attorney took the steamer *Senator* and returned to Los Angeles, where he was arraigned but discharged for lack of evidence. Jack lingered in Los Angeles for a time, but by the end of the summer was riding up the coast again with a cutthroat named Huero Rafael.

Powers took up headquarters in San Luis Obispo, some 100 miles northeast of his former home base, and gathered a group of men. Rallying to Powers' call were Pío Linares, José García, Eduviquez, Nieves Robles, Juan Oliveras and Huero Rafael. They lounged around the saloons and gambling halls of San Luis until Powers could line up some likely victims.

Toward the end of November, 1857, two Basque cattle buyers—Pedro and Graciano Obiesa—purchased some stock and headed north. One of their vaqueros, a man named Froilan, left their service while they were camped at Paso Robles and rode quickly to inform Powers that the two Basques not only had a fat purse but a nice herd of cattle as well.

On Saturday afternoon, November 28, Powers and his men gathered in a field outside San Luis and made their pla It was decided that Nieves Robles wo ride over to the cattlemen's camp a ask to accompany them to San Jose. (Monday he was to guide them to a p determined campground on the Nacimie to River. There he would await the o law band's signal and all were to co into camp, kill the Basques, rob the and drive the cattle to San Francisco.

Exhilarated by thoughts of the i pending deed, Powers and his men g gloriously drunk and broke up Albarell billiard room in San Luis Obispo. It w a glorious evening by outlaw standar but when Nieves Robles and Linar staggered out the door they discover someone had stolen their horses. Powe must have laughed himself hoarse think that someone had had the ner to steal the mounts of two of the mo savage bandits in California!

Linares promptly stole another hor and saddle and rode out to secure t other animals. When the two outla had new mounts, Linares returned t horse he had "borrowed" but kept i saddle. Robles left that night and aft a trip to Santa Margarita and Cayuc he rendezvoused with the two Basq cattlemen in Paso Robles. The expediti was underway, but things had gott off to a bad start.

ON SUNDAY, Powers and several his men rode to Santa Margarit about twelve miles north of San Lui Powers wanted to get in on the betti that would take place at the Paco hor race scheduled for Monday. The outla stayed at the home of Joaquin Estra and waited for Huero Rafael and P Linares to show up. The outlaws spe Monday at the races but neither Linar nor Rafael had put in an appearance nightfall. Powers was upset over th foul-up but decided to wait for his tw key men and hope for the best. As turned out, the two tardy bandits ha gotten drunk and didn't arrive unt dawn on Tuesday morning. Cursing th delay, Powers saddled up and heade north toward San Miguel and the Nac miento River.

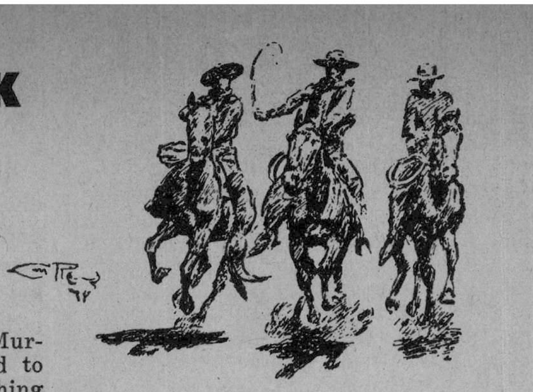
Robles stayed in the cattlemen's cam all of Monday night, waiting vainly fo the signal of his compatriots. At dawn was evident that something had gon wrong. Then fate intervened to delay th intended journey. It was discovered tha several horses were gone—strayed o stolen—and the men spent most of th day looking for their stock while Roble dashed about frantically trying to locat some sign of his compatriots.

Powers rode to San Miguel and the galloped along the Peach-tree road to spring and some good grass. Linares an Rafael had straggled behind, so Powers Eduviquez and Garcia decided to res their animals while the others caught u As they were lolling about a hillside the unfortunate Basque brothers appeared on the road, still searching fo their missing horses. Linares and Rafae spotted them and spurred toward th startled cattlemen. There was a shar echoing of pistol shots and the Obies brothers fell from their mounts.

(Continued on page 66)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos



JOAQUIN AND JUANITA

What really happened to Joaquin Mur- a's head? The question is asked to s day. Joaquin (Saga-West Publishing , $1.00) by William B. Secrest is the ry of the bloody bandit of the mother e and almost answers the question— not quite. This story is pieced to- her from gold rush newspapers, of- al legislative records, and the writ- accounts of people who played roles the various acts of the bloody drama. owledge of the crimes Joaquin Mur- a was or was not guilty of is incom- te. He was a Mexican who came to mining area in 1850 bringing his ng wife with him. He and most of other countrymen were the newly nigrated or defeated principals in the xican War. All Mexicans were bitter- persecuted by the miners. Joaquin ned to horse stealing, robbery and rder, scourging the entire mother lode trict. He was finally killed by a com- ny of California Rangers commanded Capt. Harry Love on July 25, 1853. crest's forty-page book is interesting d enlightening. It is illustrated with otos, drawings and reproduction of roster of the Ranger Company. In te of convincing evidence, many ru- rs and denials sprang up as to Mur- ta's fate. These rumors still persist ng with the question, "What really ppened to Joaquin's head?"

Juanita (Saga-West Publishing Co.), William B. Secrest is the story of only woman lynched in the gold sh days. This thirty-one page item is other of Secrest's gems about a West- n legend. The author again turns to ntemporary newspapers, court records, d accounts given by eye witnesses to nstruct his story. He presents his in- rmation in highly interesting and read- le style. Juanita, or Josepha, as she s more commonly called, murdered a pular miner named Cannon during a ated argument. That Juanita killed nnon, there was little doubt. To what tent Cannon needed killing was never issue at the trial, held kangaroo style. e simple fact was that Juanita was Mexican, Mexicans were generally ted by miners, so the culprit must ng. And so Downieville, California is ll referred to as the place where they nched a woman back in '51.

DEATH VALLEY

Newspaperman L. Burr Belden, of the n Bernardino *Sun-Telegram* has com- eted the fifth in his Death Valley series d this one is *Mines of Death Valley* iesta Press, Glendale, $1.95). A high- mineralized area, prospectors have rked Death Valley for 100 years and und gold, silver, lead, borax, talc and som salts. A few struck it rich but many never hit pay dirt. Mine developments come in for considerable treatment but other choice parts of the sixteen chapters deal with the unique characters who lived there which includes tattle about Death Valley Scotty and his prank that backfired; Charley Beyfogle who searched endless days for his lost mine and stumbled onto a pay load after losing his memory following a beating by Indian captors; "Shorty" Harris and the Bullfrog Mine; and Diamond Lil, queen of the Greenwater bordello. Thirty-one references are suggested as extra reading on the Death Valley locale. This is a good one for Southwesterniana fans.

HORSES!

Horsemen Through Civilization (The Western Horseman, Colorado Springs) by writer-artist-historian, Randy Steffen is a bargain at $2.00. In classic art style, Randy presents a pageantry of horsemen from the early historic period to Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders. Horses of conquest, beginning with those of the Pharoahs, Alexander The Great down to ones used in the Civil War and the Indian Wars, came in for major treatment. Warriors, gear and weapons are splendidly pictured. The American utility horse also gets fair play and is represented by those used by the California vaquero, Texas cowboy, mountain men and pony express riders. Special features are drawings of the original Moorish saddle, a prototype from which the Mexican vaquero fashioned the cowboy saddle with a solid horn for roping purposes.

OLD-TIMER TALES

Western Yesterdays, Vol. 5 (Boulder Publishing Co., $1.95) by Forest C. Crossen is another collection of twenty western stories as related to Crossen by old-timers. Crossen's storehouse of yarns seems inexhaustible, but the quality holds up. Some tales are on the grisly side (the cowboy who cut off his unfaithful sweetheart's ear and nose); others are humorous. There are yarns about cowboys, Indians, railroaders, stagecoaches, steamboats, gold miners and bandits. All are brief and to the point in Crossen's own pithy style. Volumes 1, 2, 3 and 4 are still available—Volume 1 is a second printing but the others seem to be first printings—all good.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE

Those interested in Americana should want a copy of *The Pioneer in the American Novel 1900-1950* by Nicholas J. Karolides (University of Oklahoma

(Continued on page 60)

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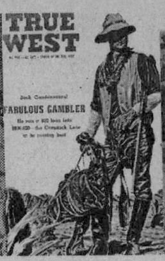
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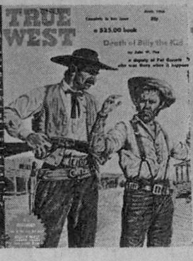
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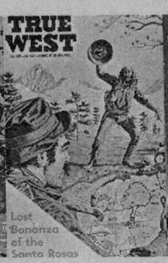
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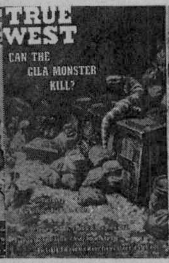
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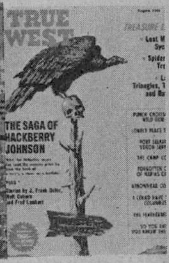
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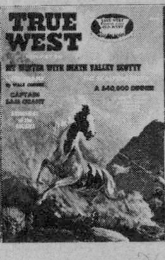
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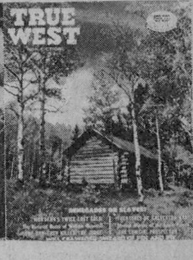
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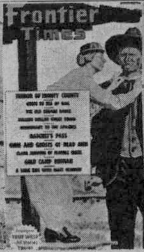
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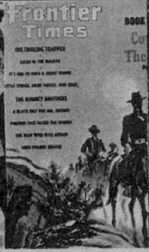
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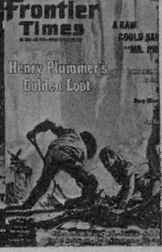
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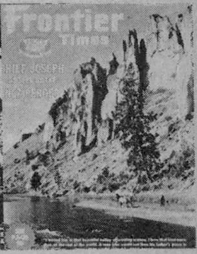
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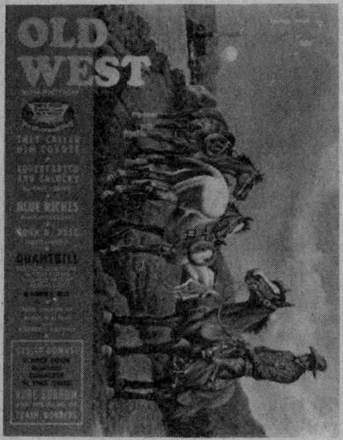

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Press, $5.95). The author reviewed an imposing list of over 200 books to obtain facts for the treatment of this subject. The role of the American frontier in shaping culture and the character is reflected in the review of the pioneer heroes of the first fifty years of this century. These pioneer hero stereotypes are loyal, courageous, and physically strong as Murfree Minnard in Boyd's *Long Hunt*, "whose shoulder blades were big and humped with muscle." Karolides drew over half his source material from the forest frontier, an area that intrigued his interest more than the West. We were surprised at the light emphasis on the major American folk hero, the cowboy. His cowboy references were limited largely to Wister's *Virginian*, and four items by Zane Grey, a lame source of material about the national folk hero compared with much better books by William McLeod Raine, Eugene Manlove Rhodes and Ross Santee. We recommend this book to those interested in the American scene via fiction. Anyone working through the reading in the immense bibliography would wind up with a large understanding of pioneer life.

NAVAHO BOYHOODS

Miracle Hill, the Story of a Navaho Boy (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) was written by Emerson Blackhorse Mitchell with the editorial assistance of Mrs. Terry Allen, instructor in creative writing in the Institute of American Indian Arts in Santa Fe. Comparison of this fine book with the *Son of Old Man Hat* is inevitable. Having read both within the period of a week your reviewer refuses to take sides—the two Navaho boys tell about completely different eras of life on the reservation. To be sure, customs of the Navaho change slowly but they do change. Broneco of *Miracle Hill* wrote his own story while Left-Handed of the *Son of Old Man Hat* told his story to Walter Dyk who edited it for publication. The time element alone accounts for many of the differences in the two accounts—Left-Handed was born in 1868 and Broneco in 1945. For the Navaho, however, there was and is always the common tie of sheep. *Miracle Hill* deserves many readers, and the editor and publisher deserve our thanks for letting Broneco loose to tell how it is with "The People" today. Highly recommended.

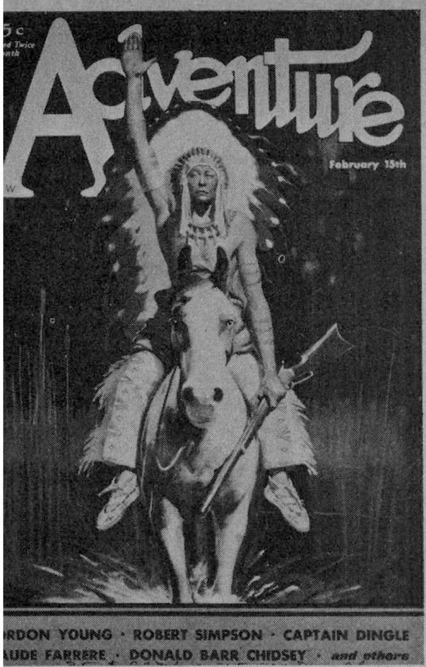
Son of Old Man Hat, A Navaho Biography (Bison Books, $1.65), recorded by Walter Dyk and with a foreword by Edward Sapir, is one of the great Indian stories related by an Indian. It is the intimate account of the day-to-day growing up processes of a little boy, beginning with Left-Handed's birth in the spring of 1868 and ending with his marriage when he was twenty years old. The boy's relationships with his real and foster parents reveal the cohesiveness of the Navaho clan. The loneliness of a small boy following sheep, seeking other Indian children to play with, enduring pain of childhood bruises, and witnessing the quarrels and fights of his parents is poignantly clear. Left-Handed's aware-
ness of girls and how he learns al
them is realistic and human. If any
thinks Indian children react differe
to the events of growing up than
other children, they should read
book. As an entertaining and absorb
story about Indian life, the book is
cellent.

BOWIE'S KNIFE

A famous item of native Ameri
craftsmanship has received its deser
recognition in the new book *Cla*
Bowie Knives (Robert Abels, Inc.,
tique Firearms, 157 E. 64th Street, N
York, $7.50). Originated by Col. R
Plesant Bowie, father of the Ala
Texas hero, Jim Bowie, this pioneer
plement served as a butcher's clea
hunting knife, a carving and table kn
a dagger, and bayonet. At the battle
San Jacinto, Texas, patriots had
bayonets but each carried a bowie kn
which helped them destroy the invad
Mexican Army. The book is largely
display of 150 photographs with desc
tive legends of different bowie kni
in the author's personal collect
Americana collectors will be amazed
the variety in style and design of kni
in this huge assemblage. Highly rec
mended.

MORE FACT THAN FICTION

How the tragedies of warfare affec
both whites and Indians during
mortal conflict between these races
the Great Plains in the nineteenth c
tury is aptly accounted for by Lewis
Patten in his *Bones of the Buff*
(Doubleday, $3.95). This historical nc
is built around the story of Cheye
Chief, Dull Knife, who jumped the
dian Reservation at Fort Reno, Ok
homa, and led his starving tribe of
people through U. S. military defen
all the way to Nebraska where soldi
captured the ragged band and inc
cerated it in Ft. Robinson barrac
Captain Wessells, a military man w
operated by book rules, tried to sta
the Cheyennes and force their agreem
to return to Oklahoma. The rebelli
tribe broke jail, 68 members were kil
and the survivors were settled on
Pine Ridge Indian Reservation. T
pathetic life of the conquered Indians
told through the experiences of Will
a young Cheyenne mother, who surviv
both the Sand Creek and Washita Mas
cres, but was killed on the sandsto
bluffs as she escaped jail at Ft. Rob
son. The harrowing life of white pione
is reflected by the lot of Morgan C
a young cattleman whose horses a
cattle were stolen, and his wife a
children killed by Dull Knife raid
seeking food and horses to feed and mo
lize the fleeing but hungry and poo
mounted Cheyennes. Colorado Congre
man Ben Terborg came as an observer
seek U.S. Cavalry help to prot
threatened Colorado settlers against t
Dull Knife raid. He stayed to see t
sufferings of white settlers and India
through neutral eyes and decried t
hollow U. S. military victory. A w
told Western story about an amazi
historical incident.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AUDE FARRERE · DONALD BARR CHIDSEY · and others

rly *Adventure* cover by Delano is typi- example of his craft during a long career as a leading "pulp" illustrator.

Gerard Curtis Delano

(Continued from page 27)

r had been solely with the idea of self- vancement. Now I felt it was important change my point of view to that of ndering a service to and for God. My oughts changed from getting to giving. d had given me a talent with which create beauty, and this was what He nted me to do."

SLOGAN of the Navajo, "Walk with Beauty," became the guidepost to his dedicated efforts in the field of art. rough the years, in blossom and in lt, the principal theme of Delano's nvases consistently centered around e Indian and the horse. (The excellent inting of Sioux chosen for this nth's TRUE WEST cover is represen- tive of dozens of similar stirring com- sitions he has created.)

Delano made a trip into Navajo coun- y and came to know something of the stoms and rich heritage of that re- arkable tribe. He was impressed with e stoic dignity of their cultural pur- its, their quiet grace. The vibrant and amatic color of the Arizona sky and thedral-like canyons served as perfect ttings for these romantic, brightly-clad omads of the Desert.

Since 1940, when he painted "Navajo hepherdess," Gerard Curtis Delano has come *the* Painter of the Navajo. Dur- g the past twenty-five years, he has oduced hundreds of masterful por- ayals in oils and water color—all diating with spectacular effect the auty that is Navajo and Navajoland.

Leading galleries throughout the coun- y eagerly await periodic delivery of w "Delano's" from the Denver studio; eir stock of subjects diminishes as pidly as the dedicated artist can turn em out. Some of these works, major deavors, are valued in the $10,000 acket and as sales increase, so does the gratitude and tithing of the man who produces them.

Visitors to his studio sometimes ask, "Mr. Delano, do you paint on order or on speculation?"

"Neither," he replies. "I paint on faith. I love my work and am completely at peace in doing it. I am happy in knowing that whatever I do, I am able to do because God's hand is on my shoulder. And that is the truth, for I have a deep feeling that each finished painting will give real pleasure to most of those who see it, that someone will love it enough to buy it, and that God will supply me with all material needs."

This, in essence, is what goes to make up the heart and soul of this towering American artist. He is gifted with rare skill in the handling of his pigment and brush; he has a keenness of insight to the character, mood and spirit of his chosen subject; and even more important than these two essential qualifications, he has a third powerful force working in his behalf. He has Faith.

Bitterroot Characters

(Continued from page 37)

lucky to have all those rocks! You need them to ripen the fruit, but we can haul them to other places where there are no rocks."

Then to one of his hired hands he said, "Get the team and wagon. Move these rocks to another tract. They have none over there to ripen their fruit."

"Mr. Moody, I will keep the rocks," the buyer told him hurriedly.

One morning, in the fall of 1894, a young Indian showed me a very rich sample of copper ore.

"Where did you get this?" I asked.

"Another Indian found it while hunting goats on a high mountain," he answered.

The next morning he brought the discoverer with him, and said this Indian wanted to talk to me about locating it and letting him in on it as a partner. I asked his name. The interpreter said, "Sam Resurrection."

Sam described his great discovery at length. He outlined the whole thing in so real a manner that I believed every word he said. He wanted no money or grub—just wanted to be included on the claim. Under those conditions, I agreed to go with him.

We set the time. Suddenly Sam discovered that his family was very short of grub and asked me to get it for him. He had a list of groceries: three hams, three sides of bacon, two sacks of flour, coffee, sugar, canned goods, vegetables, and other items which I estimated would run more than $100. Right there I let Sam know that I would not do more than I promised. I would only pay the expense of the trip both ways. The interpreter said that was all right with Sam.

We went to Missoula first, then to Deer Lodge on horseback. By the time we got to Deer Lodge, Sam—amazingly—could talk English as well as I could. He wanted me to get two quarts of whiskey, bologna, rye bread and other articles of food, and stay out there overnight. Instead, I told him that we would

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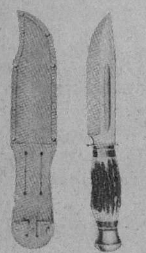

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stay in Deer Lodge all night and go out in the morning. I got him his dinner and a place to sleep.

Soon Sam was back, complaining of terrible pains. He said the doctor had told him to always drink some whiskey. Sam put on such a spectacular show of distress that I was convinced. I went to a bar and got a small bottle of whiskey and gave it to him.

It was but a short time until Sam was back with more pain. He had had very bad luck. He had gone into the little house in the back and his bottle had fallen down the hole. Since he couldn't get down to get it, he begged me to buy him another little bottle, all the time putting on a show of extreme agony.

I didn't go for it this time, and Sam got no more whiskey. He didn't seem to suffer any more pain either.

The next morning, I got two saddle horses from the livery barn and a lunch from the restaurant. Sam and I rode to the top of Mount Powell, Sam directing the way.

When we got there, he showed me a small excavation in the ground. There was no ore. I asked, "But where did you get the ore that you showed me before we came out here?"

"Right here," he answered.

"No, Sam. If you had gotten it here, there would be more of it!"

Sam shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe white man come gettum."

There was not the slightest showing of any kind of ore, just barren rock. When I got back to Deer Lodge, I was told that Sam made frequent trips to this place with people like myself who were foolish enough to be taken in. Sam died only a few years ago.

AFTER this episode, my brother and I bought and managed a hotel at Stevensville. It was 1907, an exciting time for young fellows in their prime. Mines were being scooped out of the hills everywhere. The smell of fortune was in the nostrils of men. My bread and butter was the hotel, but mining fever was in me, never to leave.

In the midst of all this mining and hotel managing, one day I was smitten by the charm, beauty and dry wit of Hazel Reynolds, the schoolmarm. This was the girl who was to be a real partner in my life and we were married in 1910.

The hotel was a success, but success palls when your heart isn't in it. Selling the hotel, Clem and I went into the lumber business. In 1918, I bought the first Caterpillar tractor that ever skidded logs in Montana. When it proved to be a workable device, four woodsmen belonging to the I.W.W. organization tried to burn it up. I caught them in the act and ran them out of our camp.

Word got around quickly. Loggers came from far and near to see that Cat perform. They all bought Cats.

Tractors weren't the only new, exciting invention to come to the West, however. The electric light was turned on too. When the first electric lights were installed in Missoula, a farmer from the Bitterroot Valley came to town and got a room at a hotel. He undressed to go to bed, and blew at the lights. T wouldn't go out. Time and again he b Still the lights burned. He could not to sleep. He got up and put one of socks over the globe. Still the li shone, so he put on the other sock. T dimmed it. He then wrapped his pa around the whole darned thing and them on with his shoelaces. All dark. The Bitterrooter went to slee

He was still alseep the next morn when the chambermaid opened his d to make the beds. She discovered method of putting out the lights. W she came around again she showed how to do it. He said he would remem if he ever came back to the hotel, wh he doubted if he would do.

Things were to change swiftly the after. The old, colorful, pioneer way life was about over. I always welco progress, and tried to keep abreast the times, but learned early that stuff which makes up a rich life is li everyday events, neighbor to neigh I've seen the tide of men's lives chan just by a ripple, the strong rising w the current, the weak going under.

Angela Gonzales' Change of Hea

(*Continued from page 29*)

an advance engine of scouts clearing way. There were many stops and dela

At Torreon they again had to le the train. By this time they were alm out of money, but were too far fr home to attempt to return. Once m they found a hovel in which to sleep a made fruitless trips to the railway s tion. One day they found a few *peo* huddled in a corner, obviously frig ened by the presence of a uniform officer seated upon a bench oppos them. Suddenly the weary looking of cer choked. He struggled to expel food which had lodged in his windpi His face got purple and he writhed agony. As he attempted to stand, he f face forward to the floor.

Angela ran to him and beat him on back, but got no results. Then she tempted to give artificial respirat while Josepha ran for water. Nobo came to help. The man was apparen dead when Josepha returned and Ang dashed the water into his face.

With a convulsive effort the offi expelled the offending wad of food a began breathing. When he regain consciousness the two helped him to bench. Meanwhile the train had left t station.

The man introduced himself as Coro Moran. "I owe my life to you," he sa "and it is at your disposal, Señoras."

"You owe us nothing," replied Ange "We would have done as much for ar one."

"But I am not just anyone. I a Coronel Moran, and I pay my debts."

"There is nothing you can do," Ange assured him. Josepha pulled her *rebo* over her face and said nothing.

He asked their names, their destin tion, and their reason for traveling du ing wartime. Angela told him. He sho his head.

"Have you *salvo conductos?*" the o ficer asked.

She did not understand. Moran e

ained that a *salvo conducto* is a paper gned by one in authority, giving the eason for its holder's journey, and re- uiring the officer and conductor in harge to render aid and protection to e holder. And he added that he would rovide one for Angela and her com- anion, but that it must be signed by official of higher rank, and procur- g it might be a matter of several days.

Moran told a soldier to escort them to heir lodging, and added that each morn- g food would be sent, and when the ecessary paper arrived the soldier ould escort them to the station to re- eive it. Meanwhile they were not to be een on the street, but must remain uietly in their refuge.

WHEN at last they were conducted back to the station the Coronel anded Angela a long envelope sealed ith wax and ribbon. She opened it and ead orders that Señora Moran, wife of oronel Moran, and her party were to ave a compartment on the outgoing ain and must be given every courtesy y conductor and officer.

Angela handed it back. "What kind f person do you think I am to pass yself off as some man's wife when I n not?"

The weary man smiled. "I know exact- what kind of person you are. Other- ise I would not have bothered with his. If you had finished reading you'd ave found that I shall not be aboard e train. I said also that your mother as reported dying, and that I regretted eing unable to accompany you. If you not wish to be executed upon reach- g Chihuahua, take good care of this aper."

Moran bowed and walked away.

A soldier approached them, picked p their bundles, and led them to a oach. There the conductor asked for heir *salvo conducto*, read it, bowed, and d them to a compartment. There were ur women in it, obviously a mother nd daughters. They were dressed as *ones* and obeyed meekly when the con- ctor ordered them to leave the com- artment of Coronel Moran's lady. An- ela asked that they be permitted to ay. He reluctantly agreed, but told her at he did not go farther and that the nductor replacing him would surely rn them out.

There were, Angela noticed, an upper nd a lower berth on each side—ample om for six women if two of the small es occupied one berth. As she turned look at the women more closely she oticed that their hands showed no sign work, and that though their clothes ere obviously worn, their shoes were ot.

The new conductor appeared, looked her papers, and asked the number in r party. "Six," replied Angela, "in- uding myself. This lady," she said, s my aunt, and these her daughters."

When he had gone the older woman aughtily demanded to know why she ad claimed relationship to the Lady endoza. Lady Mendoza! *Ricos* in dis- uise! Angela's hereditary enemies de- vered into her hands! Truly the mills God grind slowly.

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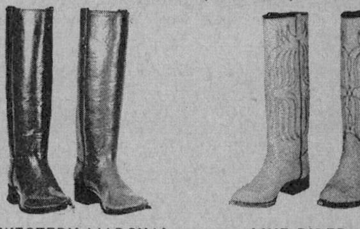

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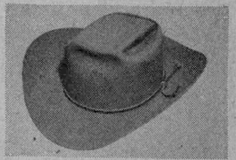

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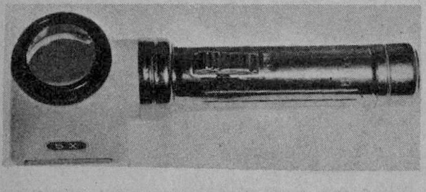

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When the train stopped midway between the towns, the patrician woman became frightened. She informed Angela that three of her sons were aboard. Each was of military age, and if caught would surely be executed. Their only hope was attempting to escape before they reached the city of Chihuahua. It was there that the greatest danger lay. Angela ignored her.

As the train began to move slowly the sound of gunfire was unmistakable. Lady Mendoza moaned and began saying her rosary. All that long, agonizing day, the train stopped at intervals and twice more, shots were fired. The Mendoza women cowered in their seats and wept.

When the commanding officer appeared he apologized for disturbing the Coronel's lady; he had come to tell her that they should reach Chihuahua before dawn, possibly by three or four o'clock, and that he was giving orders that she and her party were not to be disturbed. If it became necessary to check their compartment, he would not send *soldados* but would come and count the occupants himself. There were six, yes?

"Six," replied Angela, and she thanked him for his courtesy. He left.

"My sons," moaned Lady Mendoza. "Why didn't you include them in your party?"

"I did not know of their existence. You'd better wonder why I included you."

ALL of the pent-up hatred of the centuries burned in Angela's heart. She would turn them over to the officer, she told herself, but there was plenty of time before they reached Chihuahua. Her ancestors would be avenged against this cruel family who had despoiled not only her country but its people. *Ricos!*

Josepha occupied the berth above Angela, and the Mendozas were across the aisle two to a bed. Angela could not sleep. Late in the night she heard the beads as they slipped through nervous fingers, and the sound of whispers came to her as prayers were recited. If only they would be quiet—be quiet and let her sleep.

When the officer came he spoke softly, and Angela handed him her *salvo conducto*. He nodded, returned the paper, and left.

The train began to slow. Chihuahua? No—no lights. Again they had stopped between stations. Lady Mendoza sat up in bed. When the train started, no sound of shots was heard, and she lay down. But it was not long before guards went through the coaches. Those who had no papers were dragged into one car. They heard shrieks, prayers, scuffling.

The time had come. Angela had only to open the door and summon the guard. He would take care of the Mendozas. Let it be soon.

Lights moved slowly by and the train slid to a stop. Guards were dragging frightened, protesting people from the cars and leaving them on the platform with rifles trained on them. Angela heard the order to again search the train for any who might have been concealed. It was a long time before an officer halted at her door and asked if the were any refugees in her compartme

She could not speak.

Again came the question. And t time, though she did not know why, s replied that there were not.

Lady Mendoza knelt in the aisle a thanked Angela. But the girl made reply. She lay in her berth, shaki uncontrollably. The train remained Chihuahua for a long time—a long, lo time. It was not yet too late. She h only to summon a guard. She had be taught to love her enemies; the Bless Lord had said it—but he was not Indian. And Angela realized that de within, when times of stress came, was the old religion, not the new, th the Tarascans obeyed. The new was b a cover which was cast aside. It was n too late—not too late.

Yet, Angela did not betray these hel less ones whom she hated. Were th responsible for what their ancestors h done to hers hundreds of years ago? N Was it hate she felt, or contempt a pity? Angela wept with relief when t train began to move—and she no long had to make a decision.

As it pulled out of the station the came the rat-tat-tat of machine guns

TODAY Angela Ruiz Gonzales ow and operates a ranch on the Ruido in Lincoln County, New Mexico. H home is near the famous Bonnell Ranc She has lived there almost a half-ce tury. During that time she has becor expert in working cattle. She is al skillful in caring for her apple orcha from which she sells big crops of fi fruit.

When Angela reached the border saf ly so many years ago, she came to t Ruidoso with a family from El Paso a found employment with Mrs. Bert Bo nell, eldest daughter of Frank Coe. T Bonnell home was a stopping point f trans-continental travelers. Passenge took dinner at the ranch, and not i frequently broke the monotony of the trips by spending the night.

"Mrs. Bonnell never treated me as servant," said Angela. "She was courteous and considerate of me though I had been a member of the fa ily. She was a truly great lady, and loved her. For that matter, so did ever body else."

It was while working for Mrs. Bo nell that Angela Ruiz met and marri the son of one of the best Spanish fa ilies in Lincoln County. Her father-i law approved of the marriage, gave t young couple his blessing and a ranc Angela's learning to rope and ride, a to work cattle skillfully pleased h father-in-law as much as did her sk in homemaking. When his wife died chose to make his home with his favori daughter-in-law.

Much as she craved to be an Americ citizen, and much as she had risked achieve that goal, Angela for some tin had no idea that her marriage had co ferred the coveted reward upon her.

To this little Tarascan—so far fro the land of her birth—it is the *sal conducto* to the future.

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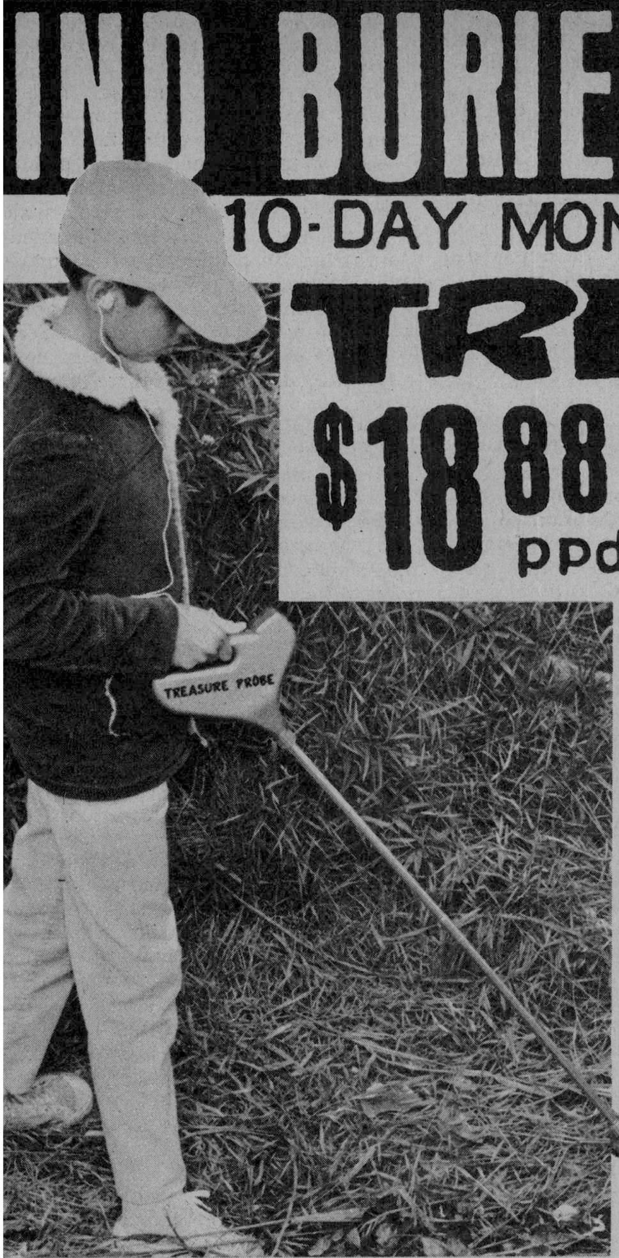

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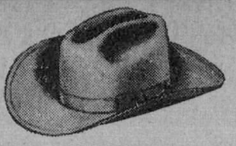

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A Lion Walking Among Rats

(Continued from page 56)

Shortly after the double murder, Powers made contact with Robles and divided $3,500 among his men. Powers and Rafael drove the cattle to San Francisco and the others dispersed, Linares and Robles returning to San Luis Obispo while Jose García rode down to Santa Barbara. The incident was a closed book to Powers and his companions, no different from dozens of other robbery-murders. But many things had gone wrong this time and the organized precision of Powers' former operations seemed to be lacking.

On the 20th of December, one of the Basques was found and identified. The next day Nieves Robles was taken from the gambling table of a San Luis saloon and thrown into jail (it isn't recorded just what evidence was held against him). Pío Linaries fled to San Francisco to warn Powers but the bandit chief, far from being panicked, took a steamer to San Luis and visited his henchmen in jail. He wasn't allowed to talk to Robles alone, but brought him a bottle of liquor and assured him of acquittal.

Powers knew that most juries in San Luis Obispo were made up of Californians and that they usually found an excuse to release their countrymen. Already a story was being planted that the Basque brothers had been herding stolen cattle and had deserved to be killed. Frenchmen, Basques, Americans—what was the difference? They were all intruders who would lynch a Californian on the slightest pretext but very seldom meted out punishment to their own kind.

Robles was tried and acquitted as predicted. A vigilante later stated that "the proof was light. The jury, a packed California one. One of the jurors was, at the time, a fugitive from justice and another was an accomplice in the very crime for which Robles was tried. . . ."

POWERS returned to San Francisco with plenty of gold. He drank, gambled and caroused, but deep inside was a gnawing hunger. He had been a big man in California but somehow his standing seemed to be on the wane. To re-establish his popularity, Powers decided on another grandstand play. He laid a bet of $5,000 that he could ride continuously for a distance of 150 miles, mounted on unbroken California horses, in a period of 8 hours. The race was held on May 2, 1858, at the Pioneer Race Course in San Francisco, and twenty-five uncurried, untrained California mustangs were secured for the purpose. In a truly remarkable performance, Powers made the ride in six hours and forty-three minutes, taking only two rest periods of seven minutes each. Heuro Rafael collected their winnings while Powers rode an extra mile just to prove how fresh he was. The feat did little to enhance Powers' waning popularity, but it proved he was one of the most skillful horsemen in California history.

On the morning of May 11, 1858, eight men rode into the Rancho San Juan Capistrano, located some forty-five miles from San Luis Obispo. The Rancho had
just been purchased by two French
a man named Baratie and another n
Borel. Mrs. Baratie and two Calif
servants comprised the rest of the h
hold. The eight riders asked to
food but the Frenchmen insisted on
ing it to them. The riders claimed
horse-runners; after spending the
on the ranch, they departed.

On May 12 the eight horse-ru
returned to the ranch and murdere
two Frenchmen. The servants, M
and Silvas, were led some distance
the house, but after some discussio
outlaws agreed to spare their lives.
Baratie was taken away by one o
men.

After rifling the house and div
$2,700 which they found, the bandits
toward the small farm of John Gi
with whom they had spent the pre
night. Gilkey was hoeing his field
the desperadoes rode up. Huero R
dismounted and engaged him in co
sation while Desidero Grijalva rod
from behind and shot him in the

Pío Linares had originally led the
to the Frenchmen's ranch but whe
companions wouldn't agree to killin
of the inhabitants, Linares rode ba
San Luis without being seen. Li
knew, as did Powers, that killing all
nesses was the only safe way to ope
The San Juan Capistrano murders
a departure from this rule and sp
the end of Jack Powers' reign of te

MORILLO and Silvas made their
to the nearby Mallagh rancho
with Captain Mallagh, rode into
Luis Obispo. Silvas told his story
John Doe warrants were sworn out.
lagh, Silvas and the sheriff then to
walk through the local saloons in h
that one or more of the killers m
have returned to town. In one of
gambling halls, Silvas stopped sudd
and pointed to a monte table. "T
one of the gang who murdered my
ployers!"

Mallagh and the sheriff seized Sa
Peralta and hustled him off to jail
denied his guilt but his alibi was pr
false and some of the Frenchm
possessions were found on his perso
group of citizens entered the jail
night and lynched Peralta, quietly
without ceremony.

Between Silvas and Peralta, mos
the gang had been identified and
sheriff and fifteen men rode out to
Linares' *ranchito*, where it had
rumored the bandits were hiding.
murderers fled with the posse in pur
The gang was well-mounted, as alw
and they eluded the lawmen despi
week of intensive searching.

Joaquin Valenzuela, however, kn
murderer and bandit though not dir
connected with this latest crime,
captured and taken to San Luis, w
he was hanged by vigilantes in full
of the whole town. He died acknowl
ing his guilt; his last letter and will
still be seen in the San Luis Obispo C
ty Museum.

The Vigilantes saddled up agai
search for the bandit who had taken
Baratie away. He was captured, bro
to town, and hanged after making a

ession. Mrs. Baratie was brought to ı to help identify the criminals.

:E Vigilantes knew they had to have the help and cooperation of the native ılation and they appealed to State ıtor Pacheco and Judge Muñoz for . These two men stated that their own s and animals were at the Vigilantes' osal, but they did not imagine that r Californians would help hunt down r own countrymen and, in some cases, r own kin.

n June 6, a posse returned from San- Barbara with Jose García, who had ı implicated in the murder of the Basque cattlemen in December, 1857. cia made a complete confession of the ıe, naming Powers, Linares, Rafael the others as associates. The Vigilan- after hanging García, set out to his confederates and located the out- ; in some woods ten miles from San ;. After a sharp battle, during which of the posse was killed and two nded, Pío Linares was shot through head and Miguel Blanco and Desidero alva were captured. They were ged in the presence of the entire city June 14, 1858. Five of the San Juan istrano killers were dead, but Rafael, ıs Valenzuela and Froilan were still large. Of the Nacimiento killers, ael, Eduviquez, Nieves Robles and : Powers were still free.

he confessions of Blanca and Grijal- incited many native Californians to n a posse under the leadership of ıtor Pacheco, who was commissioned eputy sheriff. The Californians and Americans, finally acting in unison, ged, shot or ran out of the country rest of the outlaws who had terror- the southern coast of California for ɔng.

or Jack Powers the end had come. ter Murray, one of the vigilantes, te his epitaph so far as southern fornia was concerned. "Our town is t again. Rumors are afloat every- re in regard to the whereabouts of : Powers—most of them started by friends in order to favor his escape. en I say 'friends,' it is with no respect them as none but assassins or thieves now cloak this criminal. . . . No est man can now favor or hide him, he stands revealed in all his de- nity—a murderer for gain. . . . No ı with a spark of humanity in his ɔm can longer uphold him. He has eited the sympathy of even American klegs and rowdies. He has associated inually with the lowest outcasts of Spanish race. He has eaten and drunk ı them, gambled, spreed, and traveled ı them, and stolen cattle with them. All this is proven on him. Can white ı shield him longer from his merited ishment?"

owers now had his back to the wall. was a grandstander to the last, ıgh, and he started a rumor that he ld go to San Luis Obispo to confront accusers on the first steamer headed :h. The steamer *Senator* docked at Luis in early June but Jack wasn't it, much to the disappointment of a ting band of vigilantes. Powers hid San Francisco while he made plans,

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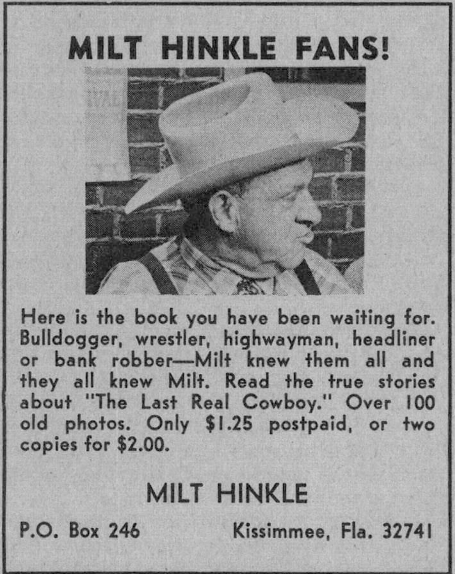
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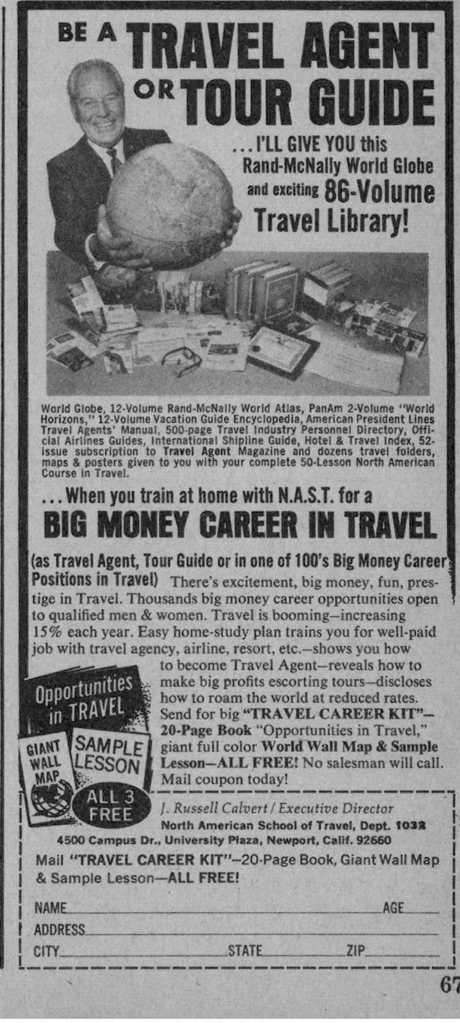
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perhaps hoping that things would blow over. By August he knew he could not stay in the state any longer and he and Huero Rafael boarded a boat for Mexico. The *San Francisco Alta*, in its issue of August 26, 1858, noted that Powers had arrived in Guaymas. Word filtered back that he had purchased a sheep ranch in the desolate country east of Hermosillo. Probably the ranch was intended as a haven for stolen cattle and horses, but little is known of Powers' activities in Mexico. For over two years there was no word of the once-feared bandit chief, and when news of his death reached California, there was more than one version of how it happened.

"We learn from Mr. R. O. Cossett, who passed here on the Overland mail stage today, that the notorious Jack Powers was murdered on his ranch, a little south of Tubac, Arizona, by his Mexican peons. He had some seven or eight hundred head of stock on his ranch when he was murdered," went one newspaper report.

Later more violent stories filtered through. Powers and Rafael had quarreled—some said it was over a girl—and relations between the two men had become quite bitter. Those who claimed a girl had caused the trouble said Powers had her in his arms when Rafael saw them through a window. Bare feet make no sound on hard-baked ground; in a moment the flashing dagger had snuffed out the life of John A. Power.

Digging a grave in the sun-blistered Sonoran soil is a very hard task and Huero Rafael had an aversion to work of any kind. A trail of blood led from the small adobe to the stockyards in the rear. They say the girl helped Rafael hoist Powers over the fence and into the pen of half-wild Mexican pigs. They also say there was very little left of the corpse when the crime was discovered a few days later.

He Lost His Youth In the Deer Lodge Pen

(Continued from page 15)

backed 'breed!" It was none other than Charlie Summers, coming to my rescue.

It gave me a chance to grab the wagon spoke. One swing was all a man needed. It made a dull thudding sound as the blow landed on the back of Antoine's skull and he went down like a beef steer knocked between the horns by a ten-pound sledge. He lay there in the dust like he was dead enough to bury, and right now I didn't give a damn as I stood straddle of his big carcass ready to finish the job if he was playing 'possum and came alive.

"Take it easy, Walt," Charlie Summers said, taking the wagon spoke from my grip. "You done beefed him. If he kicks the bucket you're in the clear, with a dozen eyewitnesses to prove it was self-defense."

Somebody threw a bucket of water on Antoine's head. He groaned and moved a little, then managed to get on his hands and knees, and commenced puking.

Reaction had set in and I had a bad case of the shakes, but I managed a sickly grin as Charlie Summers spoke quietly. "Let's get these wagons rolling. I'll drive the 'breed's team." And that's what we proceeded to do, haul freight. And that's how come Charlie Summers, after several long years in the Deer Lodge pen, came back to hire out to the Circle C.

By that time we were running a few bands of sheep along with the cattle, in self-defense against the sheep outfits that were crowding in on all sides. Will and Bob Coburn, my two older half-brothers, had a strong dislike for sheep and had moved to Arizona to run cattle on the San Carlos Apache Indian Reservation near Globe. In a few months Charlie Summers and Franke Howe, Tom Gordon, Joe Holt, and Pete Olsen, other Circle C cowhands, went to Arizona to join them.

In 1916, when the Circle C in Montana sold out lock, stock and barrel to the Matador Land & Cattle Company, I sacked my saddle, rolled up my bed and headed for Arizona, too. I was sorry to leave the Circle C that was my home range, but glad to be rid of the sheep stink.

By that time Charlie Summers was an old hand in the Arizona rough country, where you tied your ketch rope instead of taking your dallies. Where the roundup consisted of pack outfits because the country was too rough to run a roundup wagon. When I arrived in Arizona Charlie Summers was boss of the upper outfit near Fort Apache in the White Mountains, formerly the old Cross Up range which my brothers had bought along with the lower outfit, the Cross S, near the San Carlos Agency.

THE FIRST move I made to adjust to the southwest Arizona way of handling cattle in mountainous country that stood on end, was to trade in my three-quarter rig Garcia saddle at Charlie Collins' Saddle Shop in Globe, for one of his double-rigged saddles, with a breast strap to hold the saddle in place when roping or going up and down the steep slants, and I wore blunt-nosed *tapaderos*, as all riders did, to protect boots from thorny mesquite and catclaw brush.

Collins' Saddle Shop was a hangout for cowpunchers in town, and it was from him I learned about the first time Charlie Summers sampled the sporting life of Globe. The combination mining and cow town was wide open and a gambling man who craved action could find it without much trouble.

The Sanders brothers, Arch, Lon and Red, owned a big cattle spread near Globe. They were also professional gamblers. Zee Hayes owned a cow outfit and he, too, was a high stake gambler.

Charlie Summers had close to a thousand dollars in his bankroll when he hit Globe, and before he headed for the Cross Up ranch, he got in an all-night poker session in the back room of Ribs Henderson's Office Saloon. The whiskey was free, the jackpots big, and the sky the limit.

Those gamblers, knowing nothing about Charlie Summers beyond the fact that he came from Montana and was hired out to the Coburns, and was headed for the Cross Up ranch tomorrow, figured they would take him to a trimming in s order. They were wrong.

At sunrise when the game broke Summers was ahead. Zee Hayes w him out a check to the tune of a $1,200 to pay off his I.O.Us. There been considerable drinking during all-night poker game, and Zee Hayes drunk more than his share, while S mers, although he drank too, gambler enough to keep a clear head

When Charlie Summers presented Hayes' check at the bank the next m ing, he learned that Zee had stop payment. Summers went into Ribs H derson's Office Saloon and found H lined up at the bar drinking with cronies.

"Where I come from," Summers sp in a toneless voice, "a gamblin' man p his debts. A man that don't honor check is a sorry s—o—b in my bo With that he pulled the automatic Lu he carried in an inside holster on flank that looped into his suspender tons. It was a point blank ten foot ra the gun barrel pointed at Zee Hayes' when he squeezed the trigger. But n ing happened. For some unknown rea the safety worked by Summers' th got fouled up and stuck.

By that time Arch Sanders, who w a deputy sheriff's badge, grabbed Luger and twisted it from the Mont cowpuncher's hand. Lon Sanders others intervened and talked the i Summers out of the notion of tromp Zee Hayes to death. After several rou of drinks Zee Hayes went to the b cashed the check and handed the mo over to Summers. The windup of ruckus was that Summers and Zee H shook hands, and from then on they w good friends. That was the way th were when I got to Globe a few y later.

"If Zee Hayes hadn't been cr drunk," Charlie Collins summed it "and under the mistaken notion Summers had been cold-deckin' him, never in the world have stopped paym on that check. Ol' Zee ain't no welsh The grizzled saddle maker shook head in a puzzled manner and grin faintly.

"Like the sayin' goes, there's s kind of special luck that protects dru Zee Hayes is tough as a boot. He packin' a six-shooter and knew how use it that mornin' Summers called hand. Another strange thing about gunplay. When Summers got his back he looked it over. There wasn damn thing wrong with that Germ made Luger automatic when Summ worked it later, just for the hell of There was no reason why the safety ton stuck that mornin' when Summ had it made to kill Zee Hayes. He hung-over and had murder in his h when he pulled his gun.

"If Summers had killed Zee Ha that mornin' in Ribs Henderson's saloo the saddle maker continued, "he'd ne have lived to tell about it. Ribs or of the Sanders would have shot down before the smoke cleared from barrel of his pistol. If the Luger ha fouled up for some unknown reason, good men would have been shot do bbe a gun feud between the Coburns l the Sanders boys would have reted. There would have been hell to pay around."

The saddle maker, with his shock of n gray hair and the sage wisdom a philosopher, neither drank nor mbled nor packed a gun. Yet he had a badminded tolerance for men who got unk and gambled and got into shoot- scrapes.

Big Jim Thornhill from Montana, one ne pardner of the outlaw Kid Curry their ranch in the Little Rockies, who l moved to Arizona and bought a ranch ar Globe, had known Charlie Summers Montana long before he went to the n. According to what Jim Thornhill l me in Globe, Charlie Summers had wild streak in his nature. In his unger years it was a toss up whether 'd travel the Outlaw Trail. But that etch in the Deer Lodge pen had anged him. He'd lost his reckless uth, and had come out of the pen man. A man who could be dangerous bothered enough, one of the quiet kind o kept his thoughts to himself. Sober, mmers was easy to get along with. unk, he was unpredictable. Booze made n thin-skinned, edgy, his pride easily rt by some careless remark where no sult was intended. Thornhill blamed it that stretch in the pen, and old Jimr spoke with the wisdom of the long ars of association with Kid Curry and ner outlaws who rode the dim trails.

WAS just getting to where I was making a hand as a wild Arizona ush popper cowpuncher when the first orld War broke out and I enlisted as flying cadet with the air branch of the gnal corps. While I was in the army e two outfits at Globe were sold and e Coburn Cattle Company had bought e Horseshoe Ranch in Bloody Basin ar Prescott, Arizona.

I was discharged April 1, 1919. On ay 1st I was back in Arizona punching ws in the rough country of the Bloody asin, where Charlie Summers was undup boss. The first day out I busted kneecap in a pileup with a maverick ll I had roped, about fifteen miles om the Horseshoe ranch house. We gured my knee was just out of joint I lay on the ground while Attorney f Favour of Prescott, who was spend- a few days at the ranch, held me der the arms and Will Coburn pulled the leg to try to snap it back in place, t gave it up as a bad job.

It was my left leg that was stiff, so I d to use the right, the Injun side, to awl into the saddle. Even the most ntle broke cow horse was apt to shy f and spook if mounted from the right le, and that jughead green-broke horse is snuffy about it. On the ride back the ranch house that jughead kept lling the white of an eye at my ff leg that stuck out where it ouldn't be, or he jumped or fought his ad. After I'd been pitched off a few nes, I had Alf tie my ketch rope around e fool horse's neck and snub him to s saddle horn, and from then on it was sier going.

(Continued on page 72)

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He Lost His Youth In the Deer Lodge Pen

(Continued from page 69)

By the time we reached the house I looked like something a pot-hound had drug up from the garbage dump and fetched home. And that's how I looked when Charlie Summers greeted me with "When a horse breaks a leg we shoot him," and gave me a left-handed grin. Then he lifted me off my horse at the house and set me in the shade and fetched the water bucket and dipper. The two of us sat there and smoked and talked, while we watched Pete Olsen pump up the tires he had repaired on the old Buick automobile. Then Charlie helped me into the back seat of the car and we said so long, and Alf Favour drove me into Prescott.

That was the last time I ever saw Charlie Summers. The X-rays showed that I had a broken kneecap and the doctor told me that my days as a brush-popper cowhand were over and done with, and I took his word for it. I went back to San Diego, California, and when I shed my crutches I got a civilian job at Rockwell Field, North Island.

It was in the cards that I was destined to come back to Prescott about 1927, nearly eight years later, married and writing stories for pulp paper western magazines, to make a better living than punching cows for forty a month and beans.

Will and Bob Coburn no longer owned their outfit in Bloody Basin. Bob was dead and Will had a cow outfit on the Mexican border near Nogales. Things had sure changed during those eight years, and my way of life had changed along with the passing of that rather brief interval of time.

I had heard a few years before that Charlie Summers had been shot and killed in Prescott, so I dug up the coroner's report of the killing and read the court records and old newspapers, to get the true facts.

ACCORDING to these reports, Charles Summers had been killed on December 23, 1920, on the Ash Fork Road, seven miles from Prescott, at about 7 P.M. by a gunshot wound in the head inflicted by one John Lohlein, a saddler employed at Frank Olzer's Saddle Shop.

When John Lohlein was arrested, on a tipoff from Frank Olzer, he was drunk and was packing a large roll of money. Bloodstains were found on his overcoat and trousers and he had in his possession a .32 automatic, believed to be the gun that killed Summers. It was further alleged that Lohlein had taken Summers in his Overland car out on the Ash Fork Road, killed him and dragged his body 100 feet from the road and left him there, returning to town. On examination of the car, bloodstains were found on the front seat cushion and on the running board, and there was a bullet hole in the top of the outer side opposite the driver's seat. The law officers took Lohlein's shoes out to the scene of the murder and the shoes fitted the tracks in the snow.

Summers was lying on his back, fully clothed, his overcoat and coat and vest unbuttoned and thrown back, his pockets turned inside out. There was a pearl-handled knife lying on his stomach. He had been shot through the cheek, the bullet coming out the back of his head.

John Lohlein was tried for murder in the second degree on February 19, 1921. He was found guilty and sentenced by Judge H. Sweeny to serve not less than twenty and not more than thirty years in the State Penitentiary at Florence, Arizona.

W. M. Coburn, well known cattleman in Arizona, employer of Charles Summers for many years, testified at the trial that Summers had worked for him as foreman, was trusted and bore a good reputation, and was recently employed as cattle inspector by the cattle sanitary board. He said that Summers has been raised in Wyoming and had worked for him in Montana prior to coming to Arizona. That he was not a quarrelsome man—that he drank only occasionally—that he was about fifty-one or fifty-two years old and single.

John Lohlein at his trial offered testimony to show that from a continuous use of intoxicating liquors his mind had become weakened and he was suffering at the time of the murder from delirium tremens, therefore was not responsible for his act.

According to evidence presented before the coroner's jury at the conclusion of the inquest, jealousy and anger over a derogatory remark Summers was supposed to have made about a woman Loh
knew, was the motive for the shoot
Later Lohlein made the statement
the insulting remark was made by so
one other than the man he had ki
and that he had shot the wrong man

Almost half a century has passed s
then, and for those who knew Cha
Summers and called him friend, t
cowpunchers who had worked with hi
Montana and Arizona, there was ple
to read into the gaps between the pri
black newspaper lines. The story o
cowpuncher's loyalty, his big-hea
generosity, and his proven courage.
those friends knew that had Summ
been given a fair chance to draw
gun that day, the outcome would h
been totally different. Why he never
that chance is a moot question.

Charlie Summers, top cowhand
gambler, was a man who lived up
the code of the Old West and its
range cow country. Lived up to that c
of honor until the hour of his tr
death. Let it be his epitaph written
the black wind of night, as it whis
its dark secrets to the dead in the
abandoned "Citizens" cemetery at P
cott, Arizona. There Charles Summ
and his cowpuncher friend Tom Wag
who died a natural death, rest side
side on their last campground.

J. FRANK NORFLEET

On October 15, 1967, one of th
West's most colorful men die
in Hale Center, Texas. He ha
passed the century mark by severa
years in spite of a rugged life a
rancher and manhunter. It was th
latter role which made him famous
In 1919 a mule buyer in For
Worth, with the help of five confederates, swindled Norfleet out o
$30,000. The rancher, singlehandedly and with no previous experience in trailing crooks, set out o
a chase that took him from California to Florida and points in between. Norfleet captured five o
the swindlers; the other one die
before the one-man posse could locate him. J. Frank Norfleet left his
mark on the plains country. We'l
miss him.

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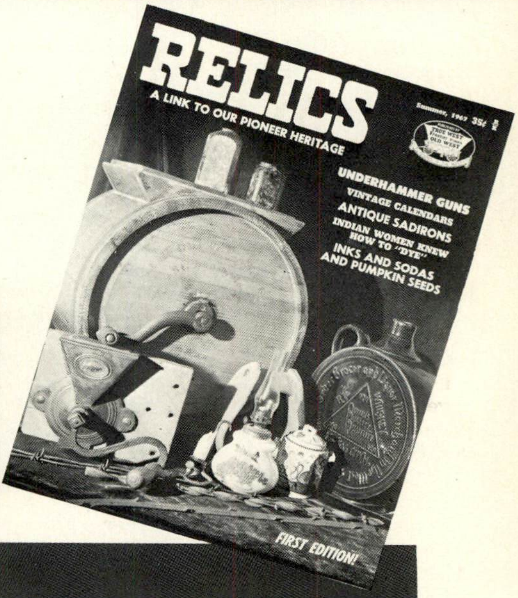
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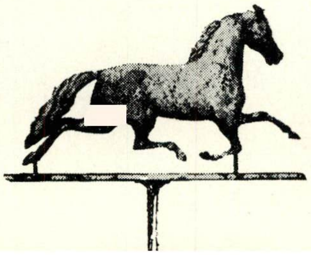

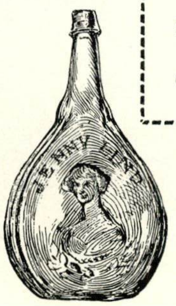

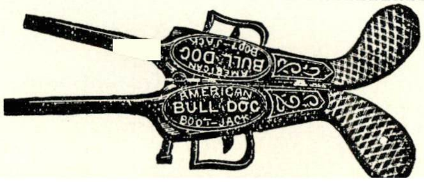
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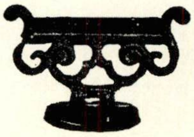

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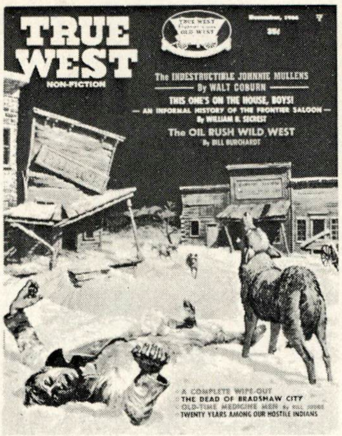

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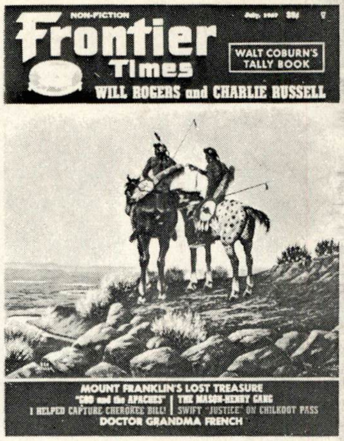

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