TRUE WEST

NON-FICTION

October, 1968 35¢

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

THE WEST'S MOST ECCENTRIC GUNMAN (CLAY ALLISON)

By J. FRANK DOBIE

MORMON MOUNTAIN'S SILVER MYSTERY

By MAURICE KILDARE

NEW TRACKS IN OLD TRAILS

By FRED HARMAN

Creator of "Red Ryder and Little Beaver"

SEE PAGE 6

LAST CATTLE CORNER OF THE WEST

TEDDY ROOSEVELT'S BELOVED RANGE...

CUSTER'S PRELUDE TO MASSACRE

THE BUTTERFIELD OVERLAND STAGE

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FRED HARMAN

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PANNING THE RIVER FOR A WINTER'S GRUB by Tom Bailey

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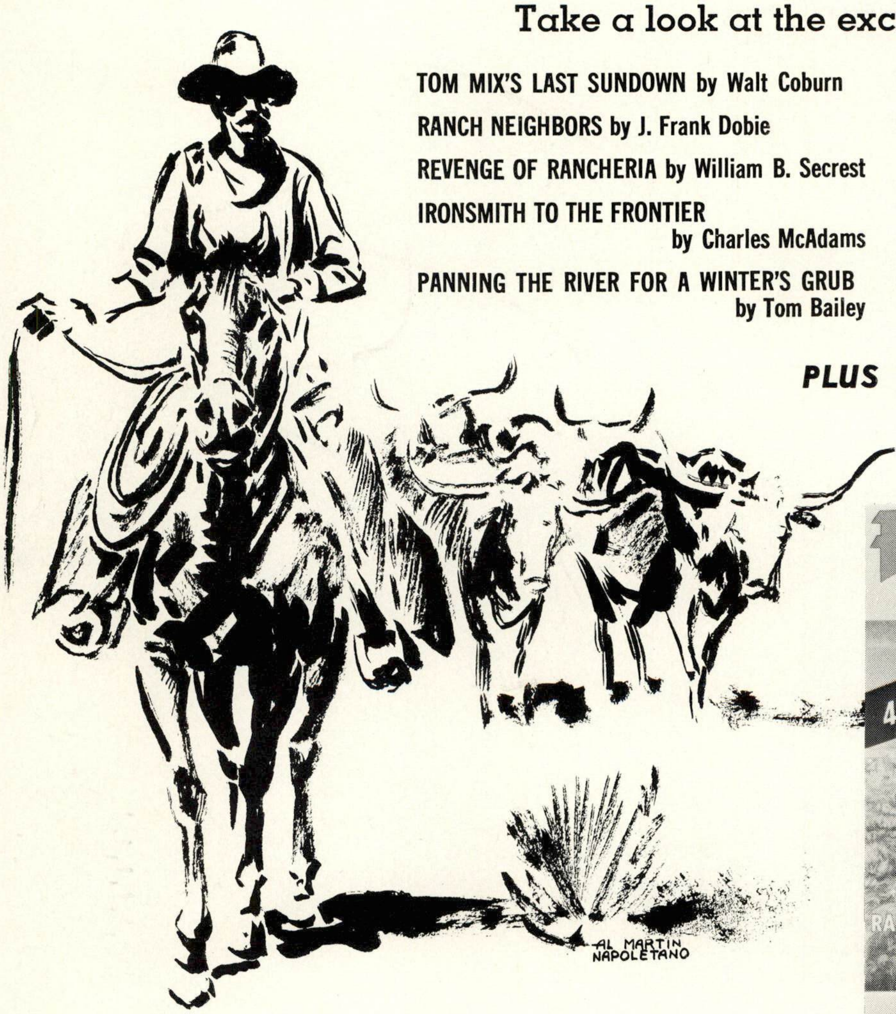

Cover by Joe Grandee

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REMEMBER!

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PICK FOR '68 FROM THE BEST IN FULL COLOR
WESTERN CHRISTMAS CARDS


T 842

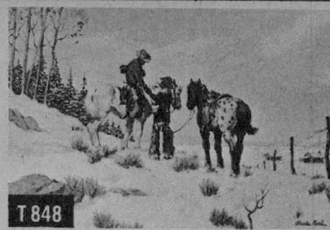
Christmas Day — May the Peace and Happiness of Christmas be with you all Year — **Lowdermilk**


T 844

A Good Day For Visiting — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **G. Harvey**


T 845

Christmas Eve Callers — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Bernard Thomas**


T 848

When Neighbors Meet — Best Wishes at Christmas, etc. from Our Outfit to Yours — **Paris**


T 749

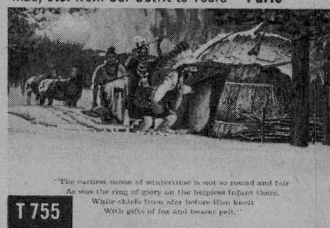
Forest Cathedral — May you have the Spirit of Christmas which is Peace, etc. — **Husberg**


T 850

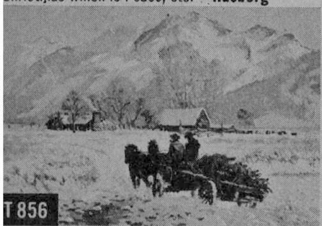
Stablemates — May the meaning of the Season be deeper . . . as Christmas comes, etc. — **Dick**


T 852

Frosted Steam — Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Howard Fogg**


T 755

An Indian Christmas Carol — May Christmas bring you gifts of Peace, Joy, etc. — **EchoHawk**


T 856

Tree Cutting Time — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Robert Meyers**


T 858

Through the Aspen — Greeting is an appropriate, merry and cheerful western verse — **McLean**

T 860

An Indian Pictograph — May Peace be your Gift at Christmas, etc. — **Brummett EchoHawk**


T 862

A Happy Pair — Christmas Greetings from the two of us, double Good Wishes, etc. — **FitzSimmons**


T 863

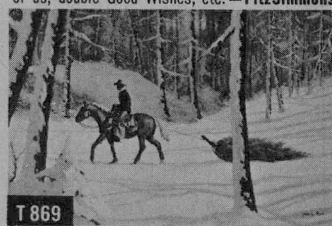
Chuckwagon Cheer — Greeting is friendly, appropriate verse by S. Omar Barker — **Walter Graham**


T 864

Cabin in the Pines — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you all the Year — **Warren**


T 865

The Gift of Light — May the Peace and Happiness of Christmas be with you all the Year — **Lenox**


T 869

A Tree for the Ranch — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Charles Paris**


T 871

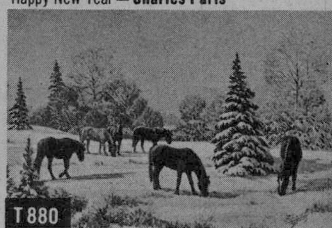
A Joyous Yule — Peace and Good Will at Christmas and through the New Year — **Kerswill**


T 872

Making Christmas Rounds — Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes for the Year — **FitzSimmons**


T 879

Friendship at Christmas — A friendly wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Lee**


T 880

Peaceful Morning — May you have the Spirit of Christmas which is Peace, etc. — **Thomas**

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	T 749	T 850	T 852	T 755
	T 856	T 858	T 860	T 862
	T 863	T 864	T 865	T 869
	T 871	T 872	T 879	T 880

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AND POSTAGE FREE FROM THE LEANIN' TREE . . . OUR 19th YEAR

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

September-October, 1
Volume 16, No. 1
Whole No. 89

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real Wes

PAT WAGNER, Editor — JOE AUSTELL SMALL, Publisher — ROBERT SMALL, Advertising

MARY SANDERS, Editorial Assistant — JOAN ROBERSON, Production — LESTER U. BEITZ, Art Director — MARILYN WHITE, Circulation

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

In This Issue—

Cover: Fred Harman
"Cowboy Chores"

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

Three weeks' advance notice and old address as well as new are required change of subscriber's address.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will be treated with care, but their saf while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped envelope with all subm sions. Please inquire before sending in original art.

Truly Western

"Snowshoe" and Brother Van

Dear Mr. Small:

There comes a time when one should put his house in order, and I thought you might enjoy having the lid from a box of "Snowshoe" brand cigars, which has been in our family since 1899, as it concerns Rev. William Van Orsdel, the well-known and much-loved "Brother Van" in Montana. The picture on the box lid is of the miners and boarding house operators of the old Snowshoe Mine near Libby, Montana, and Brother Van is standing at the extreme left wearing a Derby hat. This picture was taken in 1897 or 1898.

When in Libby Brother Van would walk out to the Snowshoe Mine where he was welcomed by all. My mother, Miss Mary Muffly, was a schoolteacher. She came from Pennsylvania to Virginia City, Montana in 1872. While she was teaching school in 1874 at a place known as Park City, the lovely girl, Jennie Johnson, whom Brother Van would have married had she lived, went to school to my mother. The first *decorated* Christmas tree presented in a schoolhouse in Montana was by my mother in Park City, and Brother Van was present.

I have been reading all of your publications since discovering them seven years ago, and have all the issues of OLD WEST. I found the rare book, *Life Among the Piutes* by Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins most interesting. How often I recall hearing my father say that the white man would someday pay, and dearly, for what he had done to the Indian. I have profound admiration for the late Mari Sandoz for her courage in presenting in her fine books the side of the Indian. Perhaps the Indian m yet have the last laugh.—Mrs. Elizabe C. Franks, W. 2020 Pacific, Spoka Washington

Wanted—A Home Place

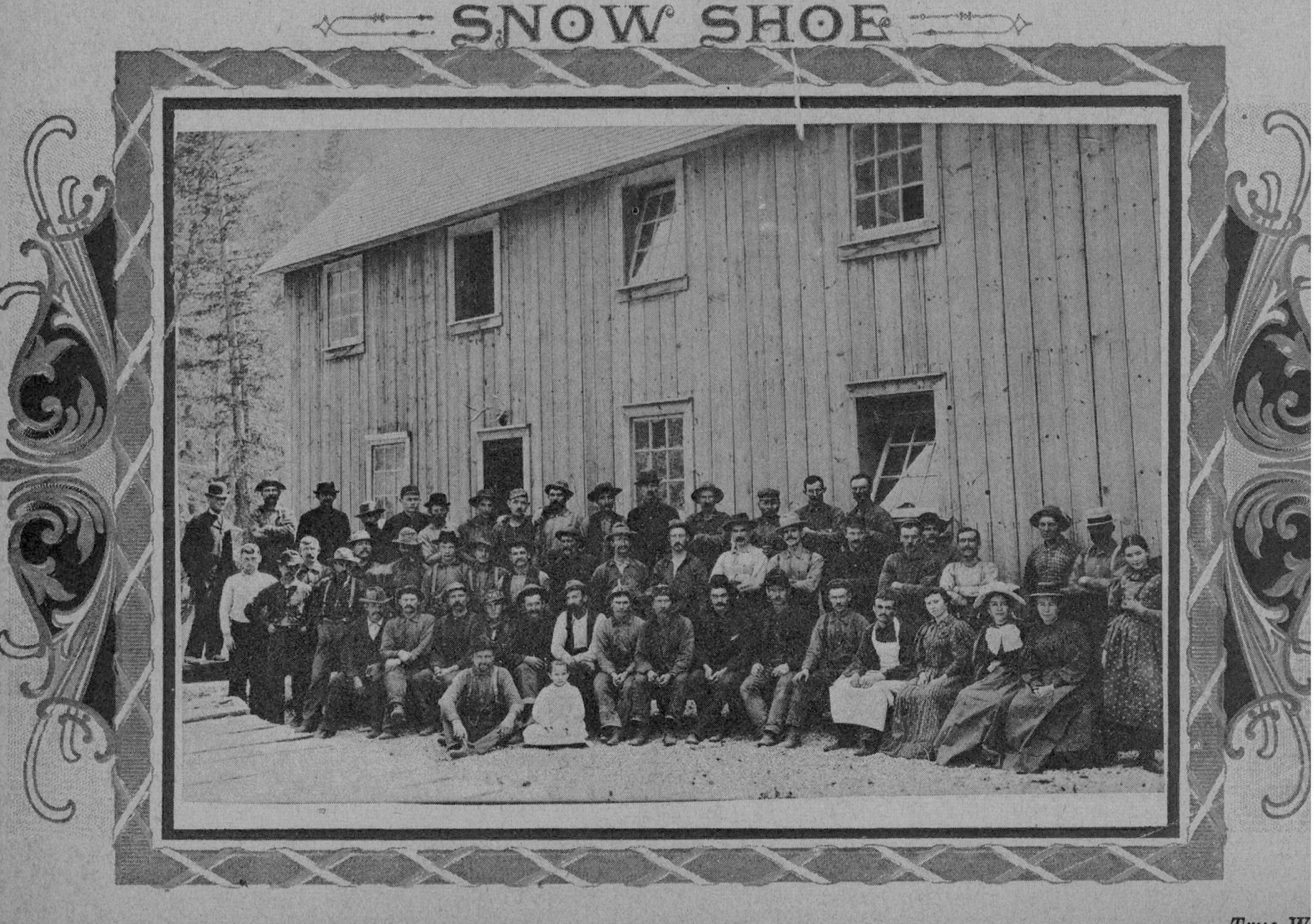
Dear Sirs:

Everybody wants a place in the s so maybe your readers can help us fi ours. We live in a big city and are ve unhappy living here. Since we used be country folks and know what a go life it is, we want to buy our home the country. Is there a place where i warm all year around and rains enou so we can have flowers, fruits, and veg tables most of the time? A place wh there are woods, streams, and wildlife place where people believe good beg good?

We like a small town just big enou for a school, churches, a movie and few good fishing spots nearby. We ha been west only once, but that is all takes to fall in love with its beauty, a the people are wonderful. They certai know how to make you feel at home. T West is huge, too huge for us to cover all, looking for a place to put down roo We are heading west the summer of ' We plan to make our first stop Arizo so we sure could use some leads.

Now last, but certainly not least, m I take this opportunity to tell you th you have our undying gratitude for chance to learn more about the West a for giving us a world of beauty to esca into when this one sometimes becon unbearable. Keep up the good work,

(Continued on page 52)



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Western Christmas Cards

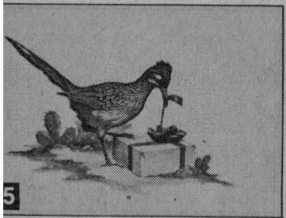
BY FAMOUS WESTERN ARTISTS ***IN FULL COLOR!*** OUR 24th SUCCESSFUL YEAR!

owboy's Christmas Prayer by Robert R. z — May the Peace and Good Will of tmas always be with You. Verse by S. Omar r.

Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours by **Robert R. Lorenz** — With Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through all the Coming Year.

Thinkin' of You at Christmas by **Robert R. Lorenz** — With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season.

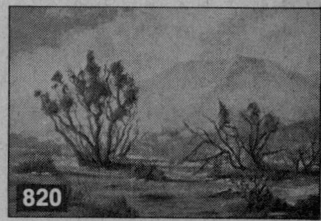
Frosty Fantasy by **H. Goodwine** — Wishing You a Bright and Gay Holiday.



nating Ribbon by Clark Bronson — With all Wishes for Christmas and the Coming Year.

Cowboy Carolers by **Harvey Johnson** — With Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Holiday Dinner by **Clark Bronson** — Greetings of the Season and Best Wishes for the New Year.



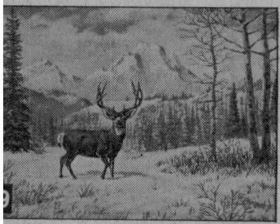
God's Garden by **Sid Cedargreen** — Greetings of the Season . . .

Christmas by Nick Eggenhofer — May the Christmas Abide with You . . .

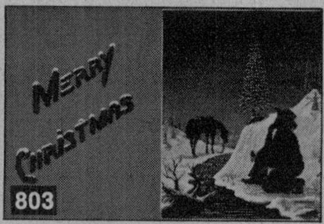
Cowboy Harmony by **Ted Long** — Wishing You a World of Happiness for Christmas . . .

Horse and Buggy Christmas by **Robert Lougheed** — With Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. **Verse by S. Omar Barker.**

The Sled Snitcher by **Fred Harman** — Best Wishes for a Real Old-Fashioned Christmas and a New Year filled with Cheer.



as Trail by Norman Miller — Christmas gs and Best Wishes for a Joyous New Year.

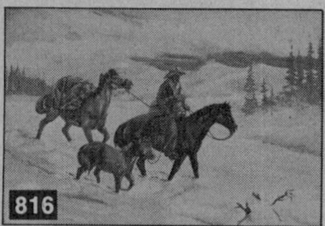


Merry Christmas by **Larry Smitherman** — Greetings and Good Wishes for the Season.

Heigh Ho! by **Roy Morrissey** — Holiday Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year.

Peace on Earth by **H. Goodwine** — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with You. Bible quote — "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest . . ."

ts of Three Wise Men by Paul Salisbury — ery Happiness be Yours at Christmas and hout the New Year. Quote from St. Mathew "And behold, the Star in the East went be- em."



A Gift for Christmas by **Ben Cooper** — Merry Christmas. May the Coming New Year bring You every Happiness.

Star Filled Night by **George D. Smith** — Bringing You every Good Wish for Happiness . . .

Winter Pasture by **Robert Lougheed** — Season's Greetings with all Good Wishes for Happiness. **Verse by S. Omar Barker.**

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NEW TRACKS IN OLD TRAILS

By FRED HARMAN

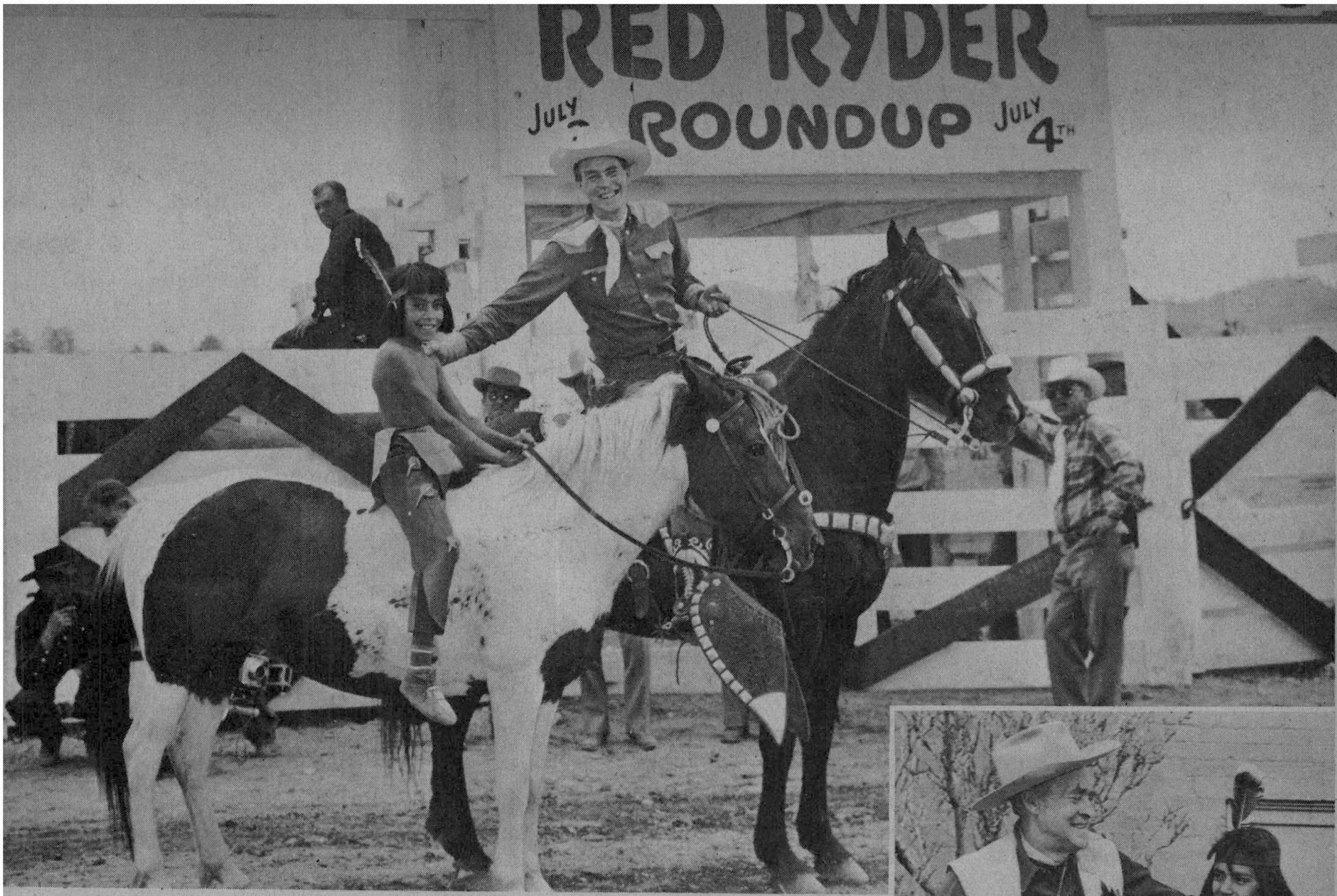
Photos Courtesy Author

MOST FRIENDS of an artist call him a genius or a "born" artist. I was born all right—with a husky pair of lungs and a liking for hair and rawhide. What ability I have comes from a heap of self-learning early stimulated by hand-drawn ads in mail order catalogs whose voluminous pages I would copy through to the saddle and harness section. Sitting in the family privy studying a catalog full of pretty pictures was most stimulating to a budding young artist.

My art was not a so-called born gift, but developed through hard work. With no formal art education, painting has not come easy, and it took many shapes and forms as well as experiences to lead to my present worn and whittled bench before my canvas. Frostbitten fingers clenched tight to reins leading down to a team pulling a bob loaded with hay at 30° below for a herd of hungry cattle didn't keep the hand limber for holding a paintbrush. However, a lifetime of recollections of the good and the bad is a mighty fine model etched on the memory-screen peeking over my easel.

Much has been written about me as the creator of the comic strip, "Red Ryder and Little Beaver." Some of it was true but in some cases my part the "living" Red Ryder in a rodeo ar was blown higher than a kite to ple millions of young hero-worshipp fans. In an effort to set the rec straight, I'll go back to and before weaning time.

My dad and his brother Kos ho steaded in Archuleta County, Colora during the 1890s. Their Uncle Bill St gill had walked there from Pickeri Missouri, after the Civil War. At t time, Pagosa Springs, an early cava post, was called Fort Lewis. Dad Uncle Kos took up claims a few m up the San Juan Mountains and



Little Beaver and Fred Harman at a rodeo in Pagosa Springs, Colorado.

Harman and "Little Beaver," Troy Vicenti.

ed Ryder and Little Beaver were an unbeatable ombination and rode many an inky trail in prac- ically every paper in the country. If you've ever een curious about this rangy cowboy and his little dian sidekick, here's how they happened to be . . .

adwaters of the San Juan River and South Fork of the Rio Grande.

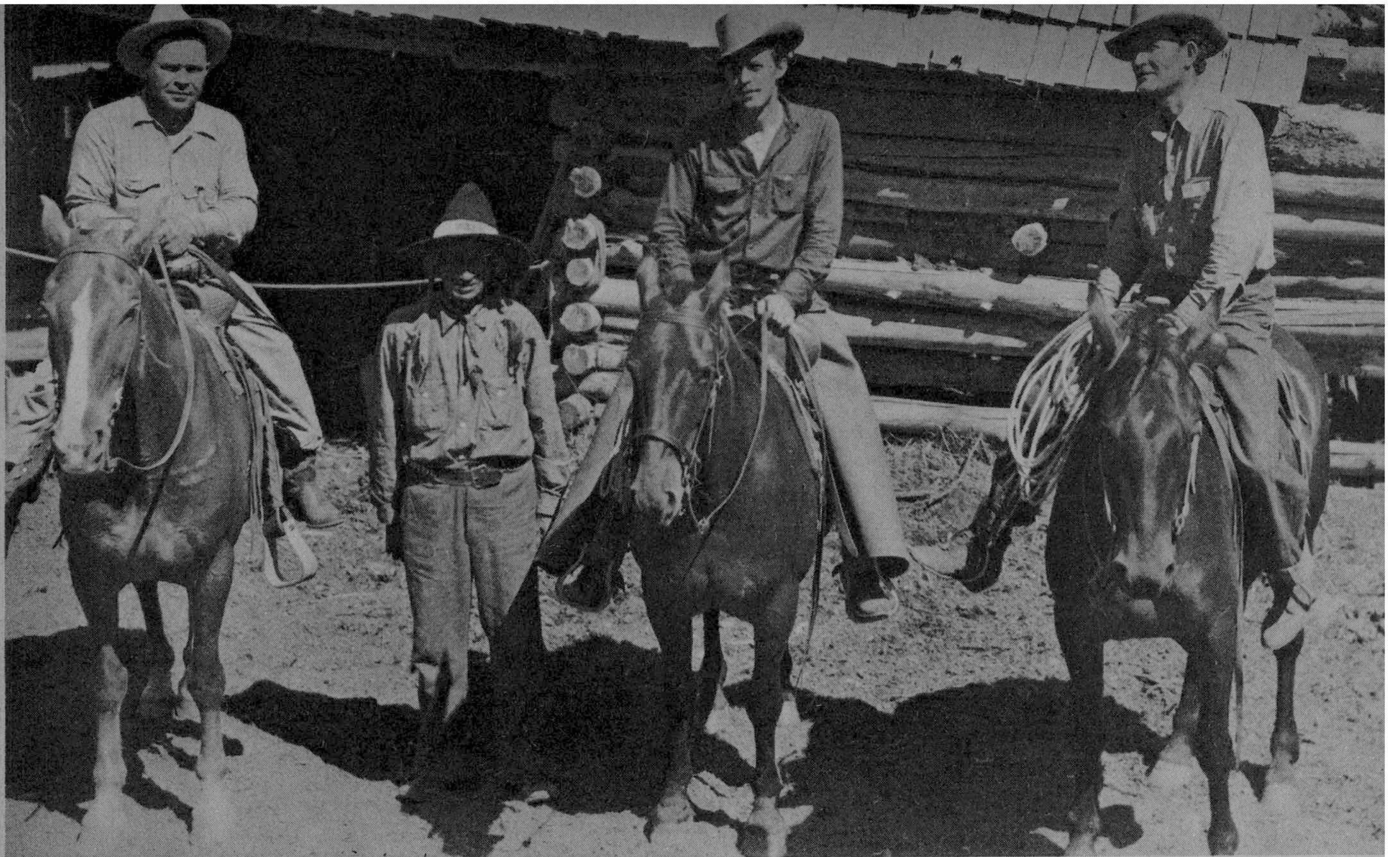
Dad had been a young Missouri farm y turned lawyer. In 1900 he returned st, met and married Birdie Olive lker from Ohio. Dad soon tired of y life and in April 1902 the yearning the homestead found us rattling over nsas and Nebraska on the old Bur- gton to Denver, connecting with the nver and Rio Grande south to the w Mexico border. The D&RG narrow uge spur line from Pagosa Junction ne to a stop amid the usual screech- of brakes and toots to let the local ks know the daily train had arrived h provisions, mail, and an occasional mmer along with a few other souls one reason or another. Into that sea snow and slush stepped my dad with his beautiful young wife, who had been painted by the famous Charles Dana Gibson, and a very damp and dis- gruntled two-month-old me.

The busy frontier town was filled with prospectors, lumberjacks, and ad- venturers looking for easy pickings. The floor of Jones Grocery was stacked high with cans of salmon, fruit, and other foods to supplement their sparse diet.

This was Indian country—Utes, Na- vajos, Jicarilla Apaches, along with a few Piutes from over Utah way. The white man was fast settling their favor- ite hunting grounds. It was with gen- uine terror that my mother kept me hidden when Apaches, en route to search for the elusive deer and elk, passed near our log cabin windows and peered in. During this colorful period, my two brothers, Hugh and Walker, were born.

MY RECOLLECTIONS from two months to six years is on the hazy side, but the fog sort of clears to find me bouncing back of Dad in the saddle with both hands clawing his suspenders as he yelled, "Hang on, Son!" He'd all but forget me while hazing an ornery milch cow hell bent to a brush hideout to calve. Those words I was to remem- ber all through my life when the going got rough. Even now when a painting is hard and discouraging, I recall, "Hang on, Son!" and start throwing more paint.

School was my biggest chore. I'd rather tag around with the ranch hands. Some kids thought I was "teacher's



Life-long friends, left to right: Bud Noble, an unidentified Apache, Fred Harman, and Bill Flaugh.

pet," but after I'd messed up a few books and blackboards with drawings of her, or had dunked Carmelita's black braids, dangling temptingly on my desk, into the inkwell, she soon got fed up with the feistiness and would send me on errands to get me out of the room.

Late one December, the teacher sent me to cut the school Christmas tree. I climbed up old Reservoir Hill in two feet of snow and cut a ten-foot blue spruce. After I'd dragged it over a mile and down the boardwalk of Main Street toward school, a fellow offered me two bits for it. He took the spruce and I hurried home, plumb full of ambition and with twenty-five cents in my pocket. At daybreak, after a worried sleep, I again waded the snow, cut a other tree, but this time hauled it the alley to the schoolhouse. The teach never learned my business career h started. In fact, I've seldom been c of a job since except for a few le times trailing a new one.

Long winter nights found me a my two little brothers at the rou dining table forever trying to draw p tures. Someone sent a drawing of mi to the St. Joseph, Missouri, *News-Pr* for a Saturday edition contest f young hopefuls. Mine was printed. S years old and I was on my way.

Kansas City became our home in 19 Due to my ranch experience, I so found a job driving a grocery wag before and after school. The groce man, old Mr. Hanson, felt lucky to g a kid who could harness and feed h nag.

When World War I came along wi Minute Men speakers and exciti drums beating, my patriotism was aroused I quit school to help wh Kaiser Bill. I was dying to get into t Navy, but they didn't cotton to a f teen-year-old in their outfit. A we later I joined the Missouri Home Gua which later became the 7th Regime National Guard. After many mont guarding pipes and reservoirs to sa Kansas City's precious water from t Germans, I was granted a furlough a hightailed it back to Colorado.

RANGE CATTLE and pack rats h long occupied Dad's log cabin, with trunk, blanket, and rifle I set housekeeping under a tall, shady pi tree. I had arrived with just three lo silver dollars, and my pantry was vo

Fred and his wife Lola. Fred met his comic strip deadlines even with a broken arm!

of everything but flour and a few staples. I had to hunt for meat. Wild game was scarce that season—or scared of a redheaded, hungry kid's .30-30. I'm not ashamed to say that robins and chipmunks tasted pretty good in stew. Rhubarb growing in our deserted garden provided a tasty side dish until about the third day, at which time I was hard to catch. I know darn good and well, rhubarb was the cause of some of the early trails in the San Juan Valley. I was that trail blazer! Mornings, I awakened with the first bird chirp, stirred up the ubiquitous pot of stew, and then started walking, walking, walking to find a job. Ranches were miles apart, and it was two months before this newly employed ranch hand sat down to his first home-cooked meal.

The wage was $30 per month and board. Money was not plentiful with my boss, and he convinced me I should own my own outfit, an unbroken horse, saddle, black angora shotgun chaps and a .30-30 carbine. And to cinch the deal, he threw in two young hogs. Later, when he found I was a glutton for work, he tossed in a Swiss-made gold watch which I stuck proudly in my vest. All this I worked out, and by December it was paid for. Then I lost most of it back to my boss in a poker game! Haven't been too fond of cards since.

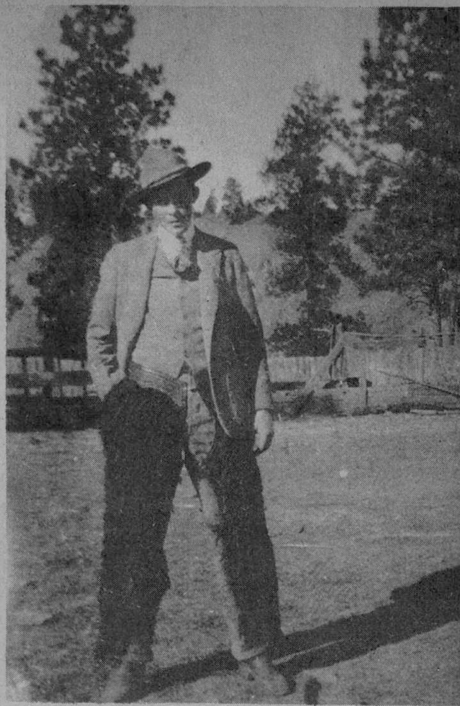
Much of the summer was spent in the saddle and doing other ranch work. With roundup and shipping over, I pondered the long winter ahead. Folks in town were wanting coal. Teaming paid eight dollars a day. I borrowed a team and wagon and bobsled. Splitting half with the team owner still left me good wages. In weather below zero at daybreak, I'd build a fire in a tub of sand in the bobsled. But it still was so cold that I would usually end up walking till the sun rose. It was a four-mile climb to the mine; then loaded with two tons, it was back down out of the snow. I would shovel the coal off onto a wagon and head another four miles on mud roads to town. Pretty soon I began to figure there must be a warmer future.

MY FOLKS sent me a new Montgomery Ward suit with pants so long I had to tuck them in my high-topped boots. I was going home for Christmas.

In Kansas City, I found work at the *Star* as a fly-boy (pressman's helper and clean-up man) at $2.50 per day. The fellows in the press room were a grand bunch, but tough as they come. A new recruit was initiated into the plant by being held down and having his "secrets" freely oiled by the company bully with an oil can. Losing my usual sense of humor, I started a helluva fight which was promptly stopped. Later it was properly resumed with referee and gloves when all the employes could gather down in the basement for the "show."

During the winter, between press runs, I would go up to the art department where for the first time I saw artists drawing for money. The *Star* had a fine art department. Back then they used no photos or halftones. Everything was hand-drawn with pen and ink. I was mighty impressed and swore that someday I would get that easy money but it would have to wait. I was too interested in cowboying. Spring again found me back on the range.

Harman with his son, then 7 years old, 1933.



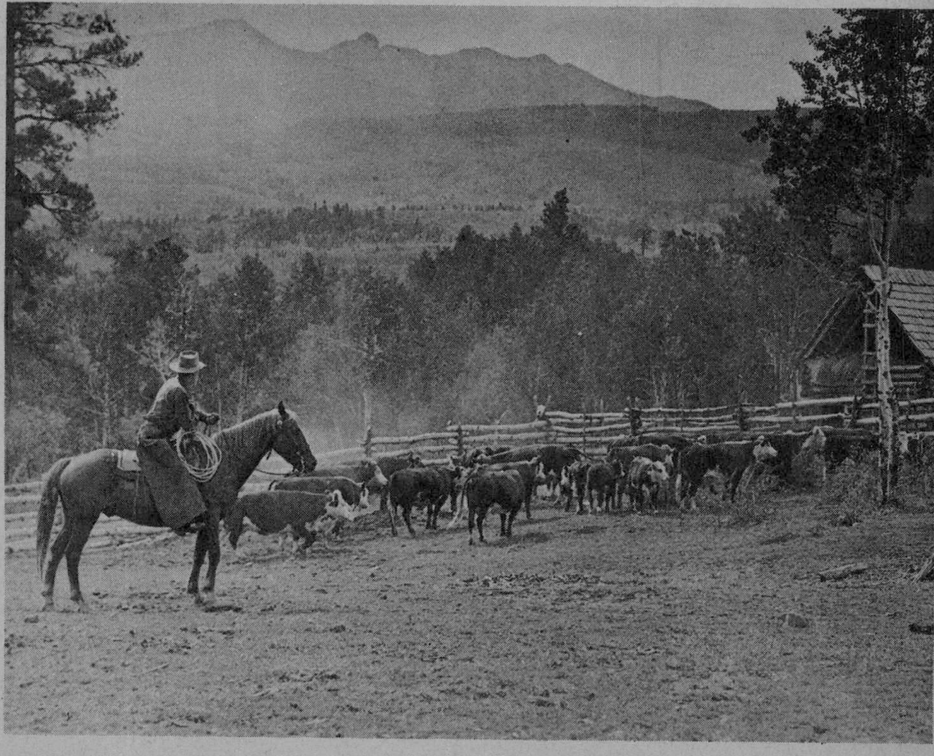
Fred Harman dressed up for town at age 15.

No sooner had I shaken off the train soot than I hired out to break up some newly cleared ground. Riding broncos was a cinch compared to riding that team-drawn disc on a hillside of scrub oak roots. I had to strap myself to the iron seat. A few days of that and I was convinced that plowing belonged to farmers and a saddle seat fit me better.

My old boss hired me again. His ranch was small, and a ranch hand did many things other than ride. It was to teach me a whole lot. Getting hurt was part of learning the hard way, but once learned you never forgot. I had to break horses both to saddle and harness, and sometimes busted up plenty of equipment for which I would usually blame the boss in giving me ornery critters to use.

Many ranches were to be my temporary stomping and bed grounds, but

Fred Harman and some of his Hereford cattle on the Red Ryder Ranch.



Harman and his Apache friends, frequent visitors at his ranch.

Montie Montana and his horse, "Rex," resting on the Red Ryder Ranch.

all that time the little art-bug in the back of my mind kept kicking around. Once I stretched out a long-legged red gelding I had been breaking and after a few miles I pulled him up to a patch of shade and a water pump on a country school ground. Old Red was lathered up, fighting his head, and I was tired of fighting him. Recollecting something told her, the young schoolmarm called me inside the one-room house. She had heard I could draw a picture and would I draw one on the blackboard for the pupils?

Wearing a tall brown beaver Stetson, spurred boot heels, and black angora chaps, I ambled to the front of the room. My hands were trembling from embarrassment. Not because she was pretty, but because I had to spit and was too ashamed to excuse myself. So I just swallowed the big wad of chewing tobacco crammed in my jaw and sketched "Happy Holligan" on the blackboard, then awkwardly rushed for the water pump. That was my first public art appearance and I sure enough left dusty trail as I flogged that bronc for the ranch and the seclusion of a bunkhouse I shared with a Mexican cowhand.

After a few box socials and all-night country dances, the schoolhouse episode was quite forgotten. I was grown up.

Another winter found me back in Kansas City and this time I was going to find that warm seat at a drawing board. Luck was with me as I soon hired out to the Kansas City Filmad Company at thirty dollars per week! Man, but I had hit the jackpot. I was in the money.

THREE of us were the artists and cartoonists—Ubbe Iwerks, Walt Disney and myself. The others were lettermen and showcard artists. Animated cartoons were made then by jointed figures moved by hand under the camera, therefore each cartoonist was his own cameraman. Illustrations were painted in black and white—only we worked in reverse. For instance, a black shadow would be painted with grey and white shading and a highlight on a man's nose would be a black dot. By doing this the film came out as a positive instead of a negative. It was a great and diversified art experience. The subjects drawn were cartoons or commercial illustrations of everything from beds to britches. And what ads! I remember one laundry ad whose caption read, "Don't kill your wife. Let us do the dirty work"; and a bedding company ad read, "Our salesman stands beside every bed we sell!"

After a year, Walt and I were good enough to command $40.00 per week. Our sights, however, were set for long-range money and fame. We secretly rented a studio, bought a used Universal movie camera and tripod and a second-hand Model T Ford coupe. When the first American Legion Convention was held in Kansas City, Walt and I were commissioned by Pathe News to film that great event from the air. They were to pay us one dollar per foot and the raw film cost but five cents. We could clean up. Sunday we were to

red Harman and his painting of the Navajo sacred healing dance, "Yei Bei Chai," now hanging in the Cowboy Hall of Fame, Oklahoma City.

o up over Nickells Field in two "Fly-g Jennies," Walt in one, and I in an-ther. Neither of us had flown before. he night before we had crawled rough the basement window and "bor-owed" one of the boss' cameras. Now as e stood waiting on the field, dressed ith puttees and bill caps turned back-ards, one of the pilots yelled for me hop in and we would look things over efore taking up the cameras.

I never had been any higher than a ll pine tree scouting for turkeys, and hen I was back on the ground I con-nced Walt that the assignment was st too risky. It was downright dan-erous. If one of the planes fell, we ight bust the boss' camera! Agreeing, e both hopped in the same cockpit ith only our own camera, leaving the oss' camera safe on the ground. We ok several hundred feet of film which ter turned out to be under-exposed. ur hopes for fast riches were wiped ut. However, the boss' camera was safely ck in his plant come Monday morn-g with no one the wiser.

Walt and I quit our jobs at the Film-l Company—probably the only time he er went broke. We had been working ry hard, traveling all around the eighboring towns in Missouri and ansas signing up movie theaters for filmads we hoped to make, but we just couldn't swing it. Our rent was due and finally the Ford was repossessed. Walt scared up train fare and headed for Hollywood with the camera. There he raised a little money and with his brother Roy developed what everyone knows now as the great Disney Enterprises. My brother Hugh had taken my old Filmad job and later joined Disney in California which led to his becoming associated with Rudolph Ising in Harman-Ising and creating the famous animated cartoons, "Merry Melodies" and "Happy Harmonies." My brother Walker joined them.

We three now were artists. But after a whirl at commercial art with printers and engravers in Kansas City, I was discouraged and the call of the open range found me once more in a Colorado saddle. Mother had died and Dad was in St. Louis. My only strings now were on the saddle holding my few possessions. Ranch jobs had become easier to find and, as a whole, more interesting. My experiences were later to be invaluable to me as a western painter.

DURING the fall of '24, with snow on the peaks and a nip in the air, my feet got restless. One frosty morning after getting the hump out of my bronc's back, I headed for town. Seldom did I get much mail, but what I got that day was to change my whole future.

I would stuff the mail in my shirt and as my pony jogged up the river road, I would pull out and read one piece at a time. This day a yellow envelope held a telegram. It was from my old artist friend, Sam McConnell, who had gone to St. Joe. He wired that I could have an illustrating job at the Artcrafts Engraving Company.

I had ridden only about four miles when this news hit me like a mule's kick. Wheeling my horse off the road, I forded the river, picked up old Bill Flaugh, a cowboy friend, and we tore out for the ranch where I had been batching. All my belongings were in a gunnysack we held between us as our horses loped to town. Luck found me a free all-night automobile ride to Denver. From the outskirts I took a streetcar to the railway station and caught the Burlington for St. Joe.

My Aunt Lillian answered my knock at her front door. She hardly recognized this rangy, unshaven cowboy in rough ranch clothes and worn boots. Not having had time to change into my city suit (which was now wrinkled and

(Continued on page 57)

By RENO "DAD" INGLES

Edited by RICHARD SUMMER

CREAM

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

In response to all those who have been wanting to read more about the Northwest logging days, we are mighty glad to tell you that such will be coming your way. No man knew this particular phase of the West any better than Dad Ingles, and he starts in this issue—a fourteen-year-old living with a neighbor in a wilderness country where you mostly "raised your own help" or did without . . .

EVERYBODY AGREED that Mr. and Mrs. Washburn stood out as the cooingest doves in all Washington County, Oregon. Those days in the eighties there was mighty little time for lovey-dovey stuff and new dresses and compliments.

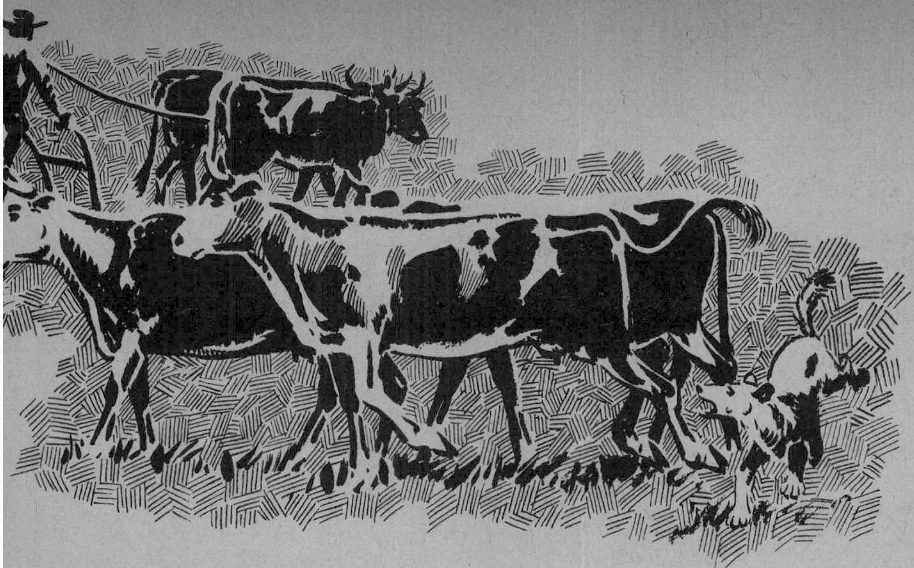
Before they was married the young people made the time for dances and courtships and buggy rides and sleigh rides even though they had to get along without much sleep after they got home. But married couples didn't have time for such nonsense. They was always busy, with the old man up and away before dawn and not back until after dark, and too tired to do much except go to bed. Except on dance nights—then they really cut capers, but on these nights mostly the men flirted with other wives, and the wives flirted with other husbands. Nothing to it, just harmless fun, pulling jokes on each other and drinking apple cider. The women always drank the fresh cider and the men the hard cider.

But the Washburns was different. I seen that almost as soon as I come to work for them. The first year I was to get my room and board and clothes and that was all, the second year the same plus twenty-five dollars, if I stayed on. I was twelve years old.

By modern standards my childhood hadn't been easy, but how was I to know that? My father was a blacksmith, kilt when I was ten, so like all widow women in them times, my mother 'prenticed out her oldest kids. Oldest sister went to work in a hotel in Forest Grove. Tw older brothers was 'prenticed to farmer at twenty dollars a year and keep. Mothe took me and the three youngest, a girls, and stayed on there at Greenvill as a housekeeper in the home of a sou old widower, name of Martin Manning who was good in his heart and a religiou man.

I stayed with Mother till I put o some age and weight. Worked part-tim for a carpenter named Meade and begu to learn to handle tools at the age of te Quit school, not quite finishing the fourt reader. I liked tools right off from th beginning. So next I was sent to Mr. an Mrs. Washburn to be the choreboy aroun the place.

THE WASHBURNS seemed afraid o something and yet happy at the sam time. He'd come in from the field whe he was blasting out stumps and burnin down trees, clearing off a new pastur and he'd catch hold of Mrs. Washbur and ask her if she was all right, an then they'd kiss and waste some tim and he'd go back to work. Four or fiv times a day he'd come in to see how sh was, and she'd hang onto him as thoug she could never let him go, and they' sort of whisper and kiss, and I neve did rightly catch what they was whi pering about. They didn't have any kid and they sure needed an extra han



By The Inch

ound that place, what with all they was ying to do, clear land and run a dairy, d Ted Washburn taking odd jobs once a while for extra money.

There was some mystery, too, about em coming to Washington County. The ssip got started that Ginny Washburn as some kind of lady in society somehere, and when her folks wouldn't let r marry this Ted Washburn, they'd n away and been married and come as rangers without any money to Washgton County and homesteaded, and ver once wrote home or let her folks ow where she was. Ginny Washburn s small and too skinny for the kind of rk that farm women had to do. Most the farm women thereabouts was avy and strong and didn't mind swing; an ax once in a while, if it become cessary. Ginny was too frail, with a ; bunch of black hair, coal black, on top her head to make her look taller, and e biggest black eyes I ever seen, and ry pretty.

Everybody helped out everybody else the early days. They had to. Especially en a new homesteader moved in and arted from scratch to clear land and ild hisself a farm. And I think the ks helped out the Washburns almost ore than any other young couple on acunt of the story about her having been h or something, on account of her being ail and weak looking and Ted not so ong looking hisself because he worked hard for his strength, but mostly account of them being such love birds, ich women kind of take to. Even ough they don't have it theirselves, ey kind of like others to have it, and ey like to help it along.

That's how Washington County got settled up. It was a funny thing to watch, so funny you could laugh about it. Young couple move in there and file on 640 acres of forest land. Man would get out there by hisself and clear a small patch of maybe an acre or two and build hisself a log cabin—or later on with the mill, a board cabin—always one room, kitchen, parlor, bedroom combined, with an old iron stove for cooking and for hot water and to keep the place warm.

About nine, ten months, a year later, this young homesteader would go to laying out the foundation for a second room, and everybody knew what was happening before it happened, and there'd be a log rolling bee that would clear off eight or ten more acres for planting or grazing. Pretty soon, nine, ten months, a year later, settler would start foundation for a third room. And everybody, knowing what was happening, would plan on another log rolling bee and clear off another ten, twelve acres for planting and pasture. About that time the couple would be able to afford a yoke of oxen, or maybe only one ox, and put a cow to team with the ox for plowing and harrowing and harvesting, and for dragging the stumps off after they was rooted or blasted out.

Some of them houses expanded through the years, till they was eight, nine, ten rooms big, and a worse clutter you never saw.

FOLKS COOPERATED in other ways too. Hog butchering, for instance. Every farmer would raise one litter of hogs for the year's pork. Generally the butchering would take place in the winter time when the weather turned cold, and there wasn't much else to do except the chores, and the hogs was eating dry feed. A farmer usually had six, eight, ten nearly full-growed hogs from his sow's litter. He'd send out notice to four or five neighbors and they'd all come flocking down on the day set and go to work.

Every man kept pretty busy, what with sticking hogs in the throat, bleeding them, getting them into boiling water and scraping off the bristles, keeping them moving so the hair wouldn't stick. Each of them hogs weighed two, three hundred pounds apiece and it took a couple of good men to handle each one. After they'd been gutted and hung up, each man would take home a heart or piece of liver for his breakfast, with the understanding he was to come back in two days to help finish the job, which was cutting them up for the smokehouse or for putting them down in brine. After that second job each would take home a large-sized piece of fresh pork. Then later on it was turnabout with one of the other farmers having his hogs butchered.

Barns was put up in the same way, for it took two-three dozen men to raise a barn. The farmer would cut and trim a bunch of poles or beams for his supports and his roof, and his floor joists and upper joists and rafters. He'd hire a young feller by the name of Snyder to hew out the sills with a broad ax, which is just like a hand-ax with a foot- or sixteen-inch blade on it instead of a smaller blade and with an offset to protect the knuckles in trimming down a log. After everything was ready, the farmer would send out word to twenty or thirty of his neighbors that there was to be a barn raising bee. They'd all come in their buggies and wagons and sleds, bringing their families, and the kids would play while the men worked, just like they did at a log rolling bee, and after the barn was raised and the framework finished, there'd be eats of all kinds for everybody and maybe some dancing later. With the frame up, the farmer finished his own barn hisself, putting on the siding and the roof boards and the shingles.

Almost two years after I started to work for the Washburns, Mr. Washburn set me to work digging near the house, and he begun to haul rock on a sled with his yoke of oxen. I kind of figured out what that meant, but he didn't look or act like a man who was going to be a father. He looked worried all the time, with a pucker between his eyes, and he didn't even cheer up when Jed Parker came by and told him the neighbors planned another log rolling for him and was his eight acres north of the cabin ready, and he said "yes" but it didn't seem to cheer him up any.

It made the time gallop for me, because it was my first log rolling bee, of which I've attended plenty since, and seemed better than the Fourth of July or Christmas coming along. I didn't even mind too much how the extra work got piled on me, because Mr. Washburn was hurrying the burning down of his trees

Courtesy Marshall Cartright

These California loggers wear similar work shirts with metal buttons, probably all sold at the company store. The log building in the background was a very common type. Having become too small, another room was simply added on.

for the occasion, and I had to help him do that as well as keep up with my regular chores.

THE FARMERS didn't chop down their trees the way the regular log fallers did later on in the timber. You drilled a hole slantwise into the trunk with a brace and long bit until you about hit center. You put a stick in this hole so you'd know the direction and depth, and below this slantwise hole you'd drill a straight hole till they met. You had to have the two holes for ventilation. Then you put hot coals into the hole and kept them burning with a hand bellows, till a fire was burning inside the tree, and you kept this fire going until you knowed the tree was coming down, and then you made fast tracks out of the way because with this kind of falling you never could be dead certain which direction the tree would take.

After it was down, you trimmed it, and was ready for the second burning. You burned the logs, not too long so they could be rolled into piles, in exactly the same way as you falled the tree, only when you got to the narrow end, you chopped it through.

We got that section all ready for the log rolling, and everybody come from miles around in their wagons and buggies and two-seaters, or maybe they come on horseback riding double—women and children as well as men.

It was quite a gathering. Right off, the men pitched in with their peaveys and crowbars and begun to roll the logs into big piles, and the women hustled about helping Mrs. Washburn or getting out their baskets of food and setting up tables and other places to eat. And there was plenty to eat around there—chicken and turkey and some venison and even bear meat that a farmer had shot; homemade bread and apple pies and fifty-gallon barrels of cider hauled in the wagons, and smoked Columbia River salmon.

The kids played around one way or another, the smaller kids fighting or teasing the girls or playing games, the older kids playing the way older kids play. I was up to the latter category now.

I'd just begun to take a interest in girls, and naturally by example and inclination, the proper approach to a girl seemed to be make their acquaintance and then give them a hug or a kiss as soon afterward as possible. I wasn't the bashful type as some were, having so many sisters around all the time, but it was some little while before I got down to brass tacks with a particular young lady. To me girls was curious animals, all ruffled in their dresses, which hung down to their shoe points. You could only catch a glimpse of their button shoes once in a while, and of their ankles only when they was swinging in a yard swing or getting on and off a horse. It was a rare sight, a lady's ankle. Them girls flittered around together like a bunch of frisky, man-shy colts, giggling like all get out, and sometimes whispering and pointing, so if you was at all bashful you felt like something the cat dragged in. I wasn't bashful, so I just figured they wasn't talking about me.

Oregon girls was pink-cheeked and healthy looking from living on farms and working hard, and not having a chance to stay out late at night too often. They didn't need no face paint to color them up.

I was held back a little on account of my age which, though I looked old for my years, some of them young ladies regarded as considerable shy of the required mark. And there was so many of them I hardly knowed how to go about picking just one. Seemed like such a shame to leave all the others out.

WELL, I and the other older bo[y] pitched in and helped with the wor[k] though we didn't try to do as much as t[he] men, of course. Early in the afternoon t[he] log rolling was pretty well finished, a[ll] hands with their peaveys and crowba[rs] and axes trimming them off and rollin[g] them into piles to be set fire to later b[y] me and Mr. Washburn.

Wasn't much else you could do with a[ll] that good lumber in that day and tim[e] because the mills was too far away [to] make it a profitable haul, and yo[u] couldn't burn near that much in you[r] fireplace and cookstove of a winter. [I] knowed one feller, old man Bean, wh[o] couldn't stand to see all that wood goin[g] to waste, so when he come around [to] building a new house on his place, he p[ut] a fireplace in every corner of ever[y] room. That house had sixteen fireplac[es] in it, and he kept them all going a[ll] winter long, but even then he couldn[']t burn up the wood fast enough fro[m] clearing off his land, and finally gi[ve] up trying to keep all them going at onc[e].

When the logs was pretty well pil[ed] up, the men pitched in and helped build the framework of Mr. Washburn['s] new room as long as the sun was up. W[e] boys and girls drifted off, and it wasn['t] long before I'd got pretty chummy wi[th] a gal by the name of Lydz Anderso[n]. She was cross between blond and brow[n] hair, sort of the color of corn shoc[ks] after they've weathered a bit, very cur[ly] hair. I think it was the curly hair th[at] caught my fancy. And the blue eyes.

I got her off into the willows near t[he] crick and I made her go wading wi[th] me, and I found out her name and whe[re] she lived and all, and that she didn['t] like school none.

"What's your chiefest ambition then[?"] I asked her.

"I aim to marry a millionaire," s[he] said, and she acted serious about it.

I laughed at her. "Where'd you fi[nd] any old millionaire around here?"

"I'll find him. Don't you worry," s[he] says. "Either that or I intend to go [on] the stage. What's your ambition?"

I thought awhile. I'd never had mu[ch] real ambition, but one thing I'd alwa[ys] aimed for. "Almost anything'd suit me," I tells her. "Just so I make enou[gh] money to live and have fun. But mo[st] I'd like to be a logger in the high timber."

It didn't matter that the pay was lo[w] and the risks great. Most big timber m[en] didn't live long lives. But ever' kid [in] ever' town and village had his mind s[et] to become a logger. One time or anoth[er] ever' kid had seen them striding alon[g] somewhere, usually in groups, big a[nd] boisterous men, calked boots, shagg[y] trousers, full beards, stocking ca[ps,] tough as nails and hardwood.

"Some ambition!" Lydz hooted at m[e]. When she stuck out her tongue she look[ed] cute as a trick.

I didn't see no use to pursue that co[n]versation further, so I says to her, [" I] want to kiss you and I'm going to."

"No, you're not," she yells and ru[ns] off, me chasing her.

She was not hard to catch; I grabb[ed] her halfway into the stream where she splashed. "I'll duck you if you don't [let] me."

Courtesy D. L. Ingles

Reno Ingles with his two older sisters, about 1900.

She squirmed around trying to cut ose. "Reno Ingles, I've never been ssed, and you're not going to kiss me! l slap your face! I'll kick! I'll—I'll l you!"

That made me laugh. "How old are u?"

"Fifteen."

"I'm sixteen," I lied. "It's about time— u fifteen—you got kissed. You don't ant to die a old maid."

So then I kissed her. Not much of a ss, I reckon, by later standards of ine. She was the first girl I'd ever ssed, Lydz was. She squirmed around me at first, but then stood quiet and me kiss her. She didn't slap my face nothing. Just stood there looking at e ground.

"You want to know something?" I says. aim to marry you when I'm old ough, millionaire or not."

She throwed her head back and laughed d run away to join the others out in e clearing.

Speaking of the subject, I've kissed so any women I lost count long ago. In ct, I started a principle right then which I have kept up ever since, even to the present day, which is to kiss a lady any time you got the chance, married or single. You can tell right off if they've got the inclination, and there's no harm to it.

Anyhow it got to be night-time, and some of the log-rollers drove off home and some stayed on to dance to the fiddle. This was the first time I danced and I seemed to catch on right quick to the steps, probably because I wasn't bashful. If a girl turned me down, I went on to the next till I found one who was willing to have a go with me. I didn't get but one dance with Lydz because the other fellers kept her too busy.

After they was all gone home, maybe two o'clock in the morning, Mr. and Mrs. Washburn did all the cleaning up of the mess. Mr. Washburn looked tired, but Mrs. Washburn looked worse than that; she looked dust-gray almost.

"You go to bed," Mr. Washburn told me.

"I'll stay up and lend a hand," I said. "That's about the best party I ever seen. Better than the Fourth of July and Christmas together." He grinned but the grin soured on him.

He took Mrs. Washburn in his arms. "Oh, honey, you have to go to bed."

"No."

"You have to."

I knowed something was running along underneath the surface with them, but I couldn't figure out what. It wasn't my business anyhow.

After things had been picked up and I was in bed, I overheard her crying and I heard him say, "Oh, dear Jesus, why did this have to happen to us?"

GINNY WASHBURN just wasn't born strong enough for the kind of work to be done on a farm in Oregon in the eighties. Since then I've realized we lived pretty primitive, probably pretty much like the earliest settlers, clearing land and getting along on what we could make or grow—every farmer somewhat of a carpenter and blacksmith and lumberjack and farmer combined. And you might add meat packer because we had all sorts of ways for handling meat that I will mention later. I would say that Oregon in them days was sort of the last frontier, more so than California or Arizona or Texas.

Anyhow, Ginny Washburn wasn't strong and wasn't brought up for that kind of life. Sometimes she'd get so tired she had to set down a spell, and she'd try to knit socks while she was resting but she was most too tired to knit.

One day along about the time I'd been with the Washburns a year, I come in from the pump with a couple of buckets of water for her, and there she was in the middle of the kitchen floor, passed out stone cold. I set down those buckets and bent over her, and felt her face and it was kind of cold and clammy and I thought she was dead.

I didn't know what to do. Mr. Washburn was clean over on the other side of the farm plowing and there wasn't a doctor nearer'n Forest Grove, eight-ten miles away. I sort of rubbed her face and hands and then I got a rag and dipped it in one of the buckets of water and mopped her face. Next I remembered she had some smelling salts in her bedroom, so I cheesed it to the bedroom for that blue bottle of smelling salts, and I held them up to her nose and she jumped like she'd been bit by a rattlesnake and come out of it fast.

I could of almost cried that she wasn't dead but only passed out.

"I must of fainted, Reno," she said.

"Guess so."

She noticed the smelling salts. "You're a smart boy, Reno. That was what I needed. It's happened before."

I helped her into the parlor and got her comfortable on the settee and brought her a blanket when she said she was cold. She patted my hand and thanked me very pretty.

It was late afternoon and the sun was just sneaking into that parlor, which was a big room with hand-cut beams, and out of the window you could see the long level cleared land and the thick pine forest on the ridge, undergrown with ferns and vines taller than a man, and

Courtesy D. L. Ingles

Steam yarder and logging crew in the high timber—every young Oregon boy's ambition.

still wet and silver from the morning rain.

She got all right after a while and says to me, "You must promise me something, Reno. You must promise me, cross your heart and hope to die, that you won't say a word about this to Mr. Washburn. He'd just worry hisself sick and want to stay near the house all the time."

"But maybe he ought to know, Mrs. Washburn. Maybe you ought to go to the doc in Forest Grove."

She touched my hand and her fingers was still cold like slivers of ice. "It wouldn't do any good." She was sniffing a little and dabbing her nose with a handkerchief. "I know I'm going to die before long. I just want Ted to get a good start, and then maybe he'll marry a strong girl and can have some children. Ted is so good looking and honest he ought to have some children."

"You won't die," I said.

"We can't have any children, Reno," she said.

I told her that sure she could.

"Anyway, you promise not to say anything to Ted."

"Sure I promise. I'd do most anything for you, Mrs. Washburn."

IT WAS quite a responsibility for me; I rustled around, helping her all I could. I even learned to cook some, a chore that has served me in good stead on more occasions than I can remember.

I kept thinking about that day as I went about my work the morning after the log rolling bee. My chores on the Washburn place was considerable, too much, really, when I first come there at the age of twelve. I used to get so tired at night that I couldn't sleep and would just lay awake staring at the blackness where the ceiling was. And I used to dream quite a bit, mostly about Pa and Ma and the Washburns. One night I dreamed that I'd died and gone to heaven and I hurt all over when I got to heaven because I'd been running all the way. And this angel laid her hand on my head, and rubbed my head a little, and said, "Don't be so restless, Reno. I know how you feel. You mustn't think about it, because you're in heaven now." And this angel looked just like Mrs. Washburn, with that pile of black hair on top of her head and her big shiny black eyes.

Next morning I picked up Mrs. Washburn's slipper from beside my bed and took it down to her and handed it to her. "Oh, yes," she said. "I must have dropped it in your room when I was making your bed." I still don't know how much of that was dream and how much wasn't.

Most of my job was milking the eleven cows, selling the cream, and making and selling the butter. We didn't have any fancy separators and fancy churns, just about everything was done by hand. We didn't even have a windmill. All the water was pumped by hand from the well out back, and the overflow went into a trough where the cattle sometimes watered and where I cooled and separated the cream.

Every morning all of us was up at five, summer and winter, sunshine or dark, cold or warm. That was the time we all got up, me and Mr. Washburn starting the chores and Mrs. Washburn lighting the stove and beginning breakfast, which was always a heavy meal with different kinds of meat or eggs or sometimes fish and potatoes and lots of times hot cakes or bacon, with homemade bread and skim milk. We ate breakfast about six. Then I went out and milked the cows that I'd sent Cleopatra after.

Cleo was the Washburns' shepherd dog and smart as they come, if not smarter. You could say to her, "Go fetch Nigger," and away she'd trot into the woods, and by and by in would come the only horse the Washburns owned, a black gelding, with Cleo trotting behind and nipping at her heels if she tried to keep from running into the corral. Or you'd sa "Go fetch the oxen," and it would be t same with the one yoke that the Was burns owned and used mostly for far work. Nigger was a saddle horse. I'd tell her, "Bring in the cows, Cleo and off she went to do the job. But she do better than that. If the cows got in the wrong stalls in the milk house, she fuss around them, barking and yippi until she had them in the proper arrang ment, changing one from one stall a another from another. She was almost good as a extra hand.

AFTER BREAKFAST I went out a milked all the cows. We had a on legged milking stool that fastened arou your waist with a strap so you didn have to keep moving and shifting After my fingers got strong enough, could finish those eleven cows in und an hour, even to squirting the big to cat full as he followed me around. knew the right time and would wa patient, then open his mouth and I'd gi him a squirt or two from each cow. so I could hit his mouth four to five fe away.

To cool the milk I had a big met container with glass at each end, whi I'd put in the big wooden overflo trough by the pump. Cream come to t top, skim milk settled to the botto where there was a spigot. I'd run t milk off into cans and then pour t cream from the top into buckets. We f the skim milk to the pigs and calves a sometimes to chickens we was fatteni for the table, and we drank the sk milk too. Cream we either sold dire to the creamery or I made it into butte

We stored the buckets of cream in t earth cellar on the wooden shelves, whe they stayed cool until the dairy wag picked them up or ripened till the crea was ready for churning, and I'd chur right there in the cellar.

I poured it into a hand churn a cranked until the butter formed in yell globs, and drank a cupful of the butte milk right out of the churn the way liked it best. No comparison to sto bought buttermilk. After I'd poured o the buttermilk, I begun to work the bu ter, salting and working it, using a lar wooden bowl and wooden paddles a plenty of salt. After I'd got the liqu worked out good, I shaped it up in circular two-pound hunks, putting a litt fancy decoration on the top with t edge of the paddle.

The feller who collected the crea come about every two days in his wag and gave a loud "halloo" out front. pour enough out of the buckets of fre cream for coffee, carry the rest out him and hand up the buckets. T wagon carried big tin containers. He open one of them, stick in his yard sti and take measure. Then he'd pour whatever cream I give him and measu again. We was paid by the inch, t cents an inch.

It was my job to take in what litt money the farm made and give it Mrs. Washburn. Like from the crea And every two, three days I made t trip in to Greenville on foot to sell wha

(Continued on page 49)

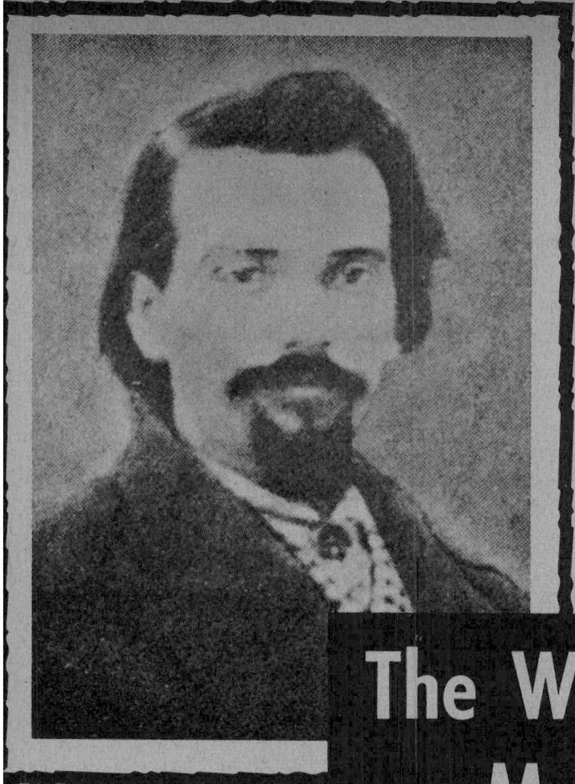


Photo Courtesy Texas Parade

Clay Allison

The WEST'S Most ECCENTRIC GUNMAN

Clay Allison was fastidious about how he killed and whom he killed—a little surprising considering his low opinon of his contemporaries!

By J. FRANK DOBIE

Taken from Houston Post
January 16, 1958

CLAY ALLISON—Clay Allison of the Washita, as he later was called—was born in Tennessee in 1840. He was a flaming Secessionist and fought through a good part of the Civil War under the beleaguered General Nathan Bedford Forrest. Some of the time he was a scout. He won the reputation of being deadly accurate with the Bowie knife, both by throwing and wielding it.

Not long after the Civil War ended, Clay Allison came west; he helped drive a herd of cattle from the Brazos to New Orleans. In 1866 he was in New Mexico. Before long he was ranching on his own hook. He trailed his own cattle into Colorado and Kansas. He remained an unreconstructed Rebel and made a reputation for accurate six-shooter shooting and for not tolerating Yankee soldiers, either white or colored.

With him everything was personal, especially when he had enough drinks to arouse his imagination. He never shot for gain, killed for glory, or hired his gunmanship to another, but his principles were sometimes fantastic and prejudiced. The nearest fire-eater to him that I can summon up is Benvolio in *Romeo and Juliet.*" "Why," says Mercutio to Benvolio, "thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reasons but because thou hast hazel (nut) eyes. . . . Thou has quarreled with a man for coughing in the street because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun."

One of Allison's most quixotic expeditions was to Dodge City, Kansas, in the 1870s to call the hand of Wyatt Earp who was city marshal and who, like Wild Bill Hickok, was positively disliked by most ex-Confederate trail drivers. Stuart N. Lake in his biography of Earp has Clay Allison and other Southerners backing down and out of town like so many scalded dogs. Clay Allison had more sense than to charge a battery of rifles and shotguns with nothing but a six-shooter, but his bravery has never been questioned.

When he went into town to celebrate, he rode a snow white or coal black horse. It has been said that he would not tie his black horse up but would leave him loose to pick grass about town. When he wanted the horse, he would give a high whistle through two fingers and the black would come racing to him.

At a certain stage of his celebrating mood, Allison would strip as naked as Lady Godiva, except for a cartridge belt that helped a red ribbon serve as breech cloth, and thus ride up and down the dirt streets of Cimarron, New Mexico, or Mobeetie, Texas, giving the Rebel yell and emptying his six-shooters into the air. He never had any success in persuading his horse to drink either beer or whiskey and water while he was refreshing himself between such rides.

He liked to keep a fiddler in his cow camp. While he was foreman of a grand jury, he arranged that all of the jurors be given all the whiskey they could drink—at the expense of the county. He was opposed to organizations by livestock men because, in his judgment, they intruded on private rights.

HE TOLD a reporter of the Las Vegas, New Mexico, *Optic* that he wished a portrait of his shepherd dog "which does not talk much but thinks a great deal" to appear along with pictures of cowmen in a publication supported by the Lincoln County Stock Association. A cowman himself, he took the part of farmer squatters against the strong-armed, organized ranchers. He could be depended on to support the underdog—and to accommodate any badman from Bitter Creek who wanted to gain fame by killing him. He seems to have killed several men, all of them incumbrances to the good earth.

Some sixty years ago, many stories about Clay Allison were in circulation around Pecos and other points in West Texas and New Mexico. One of these yarns related to a duel between Clay and another cowman over a waterhole. In Clay Allison's day, water wells were nonexistent in vast areas of West Texas and New Mexico. Grazing land without a dependable supply of water was useless.

Clay Allison and his neighboring rancher agreed on a plan to settle the controversy. In accordance with their agreement they met at the waterhole, each armed with a Bowie knife, a pick and a shovel. Working together, they dug a grave. When the grave was finished they got in it, clasped left hands, and at the count of three drew their

(Continued on page 42)

Courtesy Mrs. E. B. Custer Collection, Custer Battlefield Museum

General George Armstrong Custer dressed for the Washita Campaign. Over his buckskin trappings he wore the buffalo robe that is now on display at the Monroe Museum in Monroe, Michigan.

Courtesy Black Kettle Museum, Cheyenne, Oklahom

Black Kettle, chief of the Southern Cheyennes, was among th more than 100 Indians killed in the Battle of the Washita i which General George Custer led the Seventh Cavalry in dawn attack November 27, 1868, taking the camp by surprise The night before the attack, Black Kettle had returned fron a peace council at Fort Cobb. He was the first to fall th next day.

Photos Courtesy The Custer Album by Lawrence A. Frost, Superior Publishing Company, Seattle, Copyright 1964.

Story from Custer's First Massacre, The Battle of the Washita

HUMBUG GULCH PRESS

Prelude

FEW MEN are given a choice in their final destiny but on November 27, 1868, George A. Custer probably determined the manner of his death.

Black Kettle, respected leader of the Southern Cheyennes and a strong influence on other tribes including the Arapaho, Kiowa and Comanche, had for years sought a path of peace for his people. Kit Carson and William Bent knew and trusted him, as did General Harney.

"Our white brothers are pulling away from us the hand they gave us at Medicine Lodge but we will try to hold on to it. We hope that the Great White Father will take pity on us and let us have the guns and ammunitions that he promised us so we can go hunt buffalo to keep our families from starving."—Black Kettle, Peace Chief of the Cheyennes, to Col. E. W. Wynkoop, Indian agent at Fort Larned, July, 1868.

"I never knew an Indian chief to break his word. I have lived on this frontier fifty years and I have never yet known an instance in which war broke out with these tribes that the tribes were not in the right."—Gen. W. S. Harney, senior officer representing the government at Medicine Lodge Treaty council, October, 1867.

"The day that we reached here we crossed a fresh trail of a large war party going north. Had the Kansas volunteers been here, as we expected, my orders would have allowed me to follow the back trail of the war party right to their village and we would have found the latter in an unprotected state."—George A. Custer, letter to his wife from Camp Supply, November, 1867.

On November 26, 1868, Black Kettle returned to his village on the Washita after a visit with Gen. W. B. Hazen, Indian agent at Fort Cobb. Hazen had advised Black Kettle to move his people closer to Fort Cobb so they would not become involved in the campaign being mounted by Custer and Gen. Philip H. Sheridan.

Custer attacked the "unprotected" vil lage, which had seemed to be his prefer ence, on November 27, 1868, and the firs victim of his attack was Black Kettle.

Thus, the story of the Battle of th Washita must be the story of events be ginning with a peace council seven year earlier and ending with the death of Cus ter on the Little Big Horn, seven year later.

While the attention of most American was concentrated on the elections of 186 and other events which would lead to war between North and South, efforts t prevent a different kind of war were be ing made at Bent's Fort on the Arkansa River in southeastern Colorado.

Among the Indian leaders called in b the government to talk peace were Blac Kettle, chief of the Cheyennes, and Littl

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

George Custer's Seventh Cavalry, with guns blazing, charges straight into Black Kettle's camp to begin the Battle of the Washita, November 27, 1868. Engraving from Harper's Weekly of December 19, 1868.

When Custer spilled red man's blood in the Washita, he was spilling his own at a future date. It would come at another river—on another day— but, truly, it was inevitable...

o MASSACRE

By DON TURNER

Raven, orator-leader of the Arapahoes.

Black Kettle had earned his position of leadership during the Cheyennes' long warfare with the Pawnees. At the peace council, Black Kettle fought with equal determination.

The government wanted the Indians to give up some of their finest lands in return for a promise of peace. Black Kettle refused to sign the treaty he felt was unfair. If the people were to lose their lands, he said, the matter should be determined by all the tribe, not by just a few leaders. He emerged from the council at Bent's Fort as the peace spokesman of the Indians.

In the spring and summer of 1864 there was a crucial need for peace spokesmen. William Bent, who had become the trusted friend of the Cheyennes after opening trade with the Indians in eastern Colorado, was traveling along the Arkansas River near Fort Larned when he met a detachment of dragoons under Lt. George Eayre.

The young officer told Bent he had just killed seventeen Indians in a fight with the Cheyennes on Ash Creek, and said he had orders to kill Cheyennes who were accused of stealing cattle belonging to a government contractor.

As the dragoons rode on to Fort Larned, Bent heard the Indian version of the battle. The Indians told Bent how a delegation had gone out to meet the dragoons. Leading the procession was Lean Bear, who in 1862 had been one of the chiefs who went to Washington as allies of the Great White Father. His gesture of peace was shattered by a hail of bullets.

The more than 500 warriors in the village answered the attack; Eayre's cannon cut down many but the 54 dragoons were badly outnumbered. As the troops fell back, Black Kettle rode among the Cheyennes, ordering them to stop fighting. He had no idea why the dragoons attacked, but he knew that killing them would only bring more attacks. He sought the aid of William Bent.

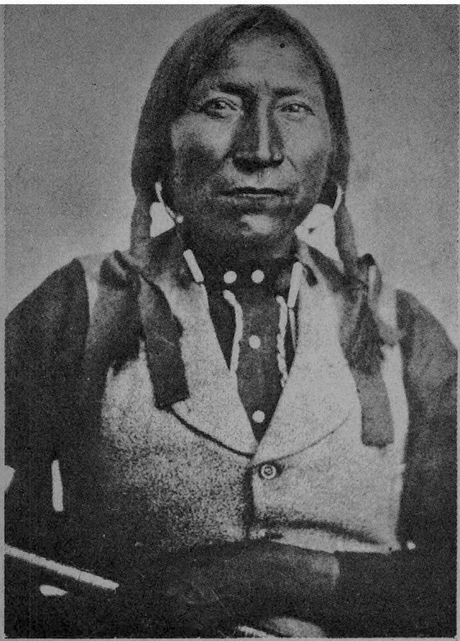
At Fort Lyon Bent told Col. J. M. Chivington, commander of the Colorado Volunteers, of the events at Ash Creek. Bent said he felt the Cheyennes could be convinced to remain at peace.

Chivington replied that regardless of Indian intentions, he had no authority to talk peace with the Indians. Bent later told a congressional investigating committee that he reminded Chivington if there were war with the Indians, the settlers would be placed in danger. The former Methodist elder replied that the settlers would have to take care of their own protection.

DISHEARTENED BY Chivington's comments, Bent rode back to his fort. Soon he received word that Gov. John Evans of Colorado Territory had issued a proclamation calling for the Indians to move to villages near Fort Larned and Fort Lyon. There, Evans said, they would be fed by the government and could avoid danger of conflict with troops hunting for hostiles.

Among the bands which went to Fort Larned in August to consider Evans' offer were the Kiowas led by Satanta and Left Hand's Arapahoes. When a sentry raised a rifle against Satanta, the fiery Kiowa put an arrow through the man's arm.

A council was called to keep the incident from worsening, but young Kiowas ran off the fort's herd of horses while the

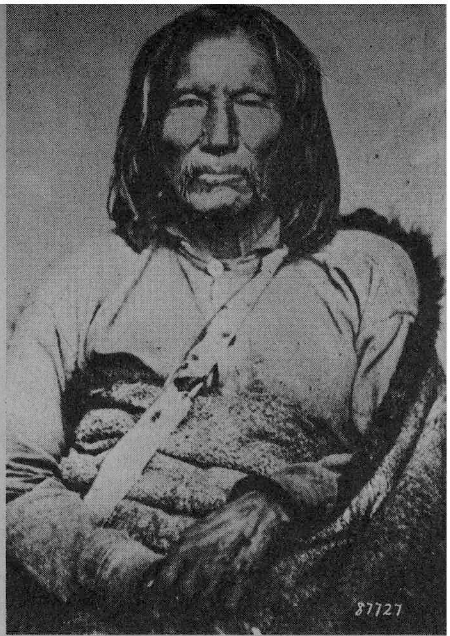


Courtesy National Archives

Lone Wolf, a Kiowa chief, led his Indians closer to Fort Cobb and safety following the Washita battle. Later, Lone Wolf was taken hostage and his band, to save their chief's life, was forced to surrender.

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Arapaho Chief Little Raven escaped the Washita fighting unharmed and soon led his band to the plains north of the Wichita Mountains. Later he returned to confer with Custer on terms of a possible peace settlement.



Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma

Satank (Sitting Bear), a Kiowa sub-chief participated in the Medicine Lodge Creek peace talks and also moved his tribe close to Fort Cobb for safety after hearing the awesome news of the Battle of the Washita

chiefs were talking peace. Left Hand and other Arapaho leaders went to the fort under a white flag to offer their help in recovering the horses. Nervous soldiers, fearing another trick, fired a cannon at the group.

No one was injured by the shot, but the Arapahoes were convinced the peace offer was false. The Indians headed for the Solomon River. From there the southern tribes joined the northern tribes in raids against wagontrains and settlers. An estimated 200 whites were killed.

Still hoping for peace talks, Bent sent a letter to Black Kettle and the other Cheyenne chiefs, asking them to make peace. On August 29, 1864, the Indians sent a message to Maj. E. W. Wynkoop, commanding officer at Fort Lyon, and S. E. Colley, Indian agent at the fort:

"We received a letter from Bent wishing us to make peace. We held Council in regard to it. All come to the conclusion to make peace with you, providing that you make peace with the Kiowas, Comanches, Arapahoes, Apaches and Sioux. We are going to send a messenger to the Kiowas and to the other nations about our going to make peace with you."

The letter also contained an offer to trade white prisoners held by the Indians for some Indians being held in Denver. It was signed by Black Kettle.

Wynkoop went to the Cheyenne camp at Smoky Hill to receive the prisoners and to arrange a council in Denver. A delegation of Indians returned to Denver with Wynkoop and a council was held with Evans, Chivington and other officials.

The Indians left feeling that the trouble which had started at Fort Larned was over. Several Arapaho bands, including Left Hand's group and numbering about 650, moved into Big Timbers where they were to be watched over by Maj. Scott J. Anthony, who had succeeded Wynkoop at Fort Lyon.

Cheyenne bands moved to Sand Creek about forty miles from Fort Lyon. Black Kettle and a delegation reported to Anthony, who told them he had not received

General George Custer in front of his tent near Fort Dodge stands behind his "eyes and ears" of the 1868 Washita Campaign, his Osage Indian scouts and interpreters. Custer's pet pelican poses in the foreground.

Courtesy Mrs. E. B. Custer Collection, Custer Battlefield Museum

Courtesy National Archives

Members of a peace commission gathered at Fort Laramie April 29, 1868, to negotiate with the Sioux are, from left, Generals A. H. Terry, W. S. Harney, and W. T. Sherman; a Sioux squaw, Indian Commissioner N. G. Taylor, S. F. Tappan, and General C. C. Augur. The parties reached an agreement to abandon Fort Phil Kearny.

instructions concerning them. He said they should return to their villages and wait. Anthony then sent a report to Chivington, giving the location of the village.

FROM his camp on Bijou Creek Chivington began a march to Fort Lyon through heavy snow. Leaving the fort on the evening of November 28, 1864, with Bent's son, Robert, ordered into service as scout, Chivington arrived at the village at dawn. The force of more than 700 men was stationed in a line along a bluff overlooking the village.

Early-rising squaws sounded the alarm. Black Kettle raised the American flag and a white flag. The estimated 500 squaws and 200 men in the village were in panic. The battle was short and furious. In the afternoon Chivington wrote in his report:

"Attacked a Cheyenne village... from nine hundred to a thousand warriors . . . We killed Chiefs Black Kettle, White Antelope and Little Robe and between four and five hundred other Indians."

He listed his own losses as nine killed and thirty-eight wounded. Chivington returned to a hero's welcome in Denver. The glory soon soured, however, as other information came to light. Black Kettle and Little Robe had not been killed although the casualties included such leaders and chiefs as White Antelope, Yellow Wolf, One-Eye and the Arapaho Left Hand, who had moved his band from Big Timbers.

Statements from Indians and from George Bent, one of two Bent sons visiting in the village at the time Robert was forced to guide Chivington, gave Indian casualties as 110 women and children and 53 men killed.

In his report of the battle, Robert Bent said: "I saw five squaws under a bank . . . the soldiers shot them all. . . . I saw one squaw, lying on a bank, whose leg had been broken by a shell. A soldier came up to her with drawn sabre. She raised her arm to protect herself when he struck, breaking her arm; she rolled over and raised her other arm when he struck, breaking it; then he left without killing her.... I saw quite a number of infants in arms killed with their mothers."

Even more damaging testimony was given by officers and men in Chivington's force and is included in the record, "Condition of Indian Tribes, 1867."

News of the attack spread among the Indian villages and each band sought revenge. Towns, settlements and travelers in Colorado, Kansas and Nebraska were terrorized. Stage stations were burned, women and children kidnaped. It was the settlers, as Bent had warned, who suffered for the army's actions.

Congress voted to investigate the massacre and general conditions of the Indians. Congressmen Doolittle, Ross and Foster took testimony at Fort Lyon in August, 1865. Among those called to testify were the Bents and Kit Carson, who was then stationed at Camp Nichols, a small post on the Cimarron branch of the Santa Fe Trail.

A major result of their testimony was a peace council on the Little Arkansas, with Black Kettle the first to sign the treaty which was drawn with Bent and Carson representing the government.

BLACK KETTLE'S band was the first to move south of the Arkansas to lands set aside for them in the treaty. Following them were other bands of Cheyennes and Arapahoes. The Kiowas, even those led by Satanta and Satank, were relatively peaceful except for raids into Texas. The only band of consequence still rampaging on the plains was the Dog Soldier Cheyennes, who had refused to sign the Little Arkansas Treaty.

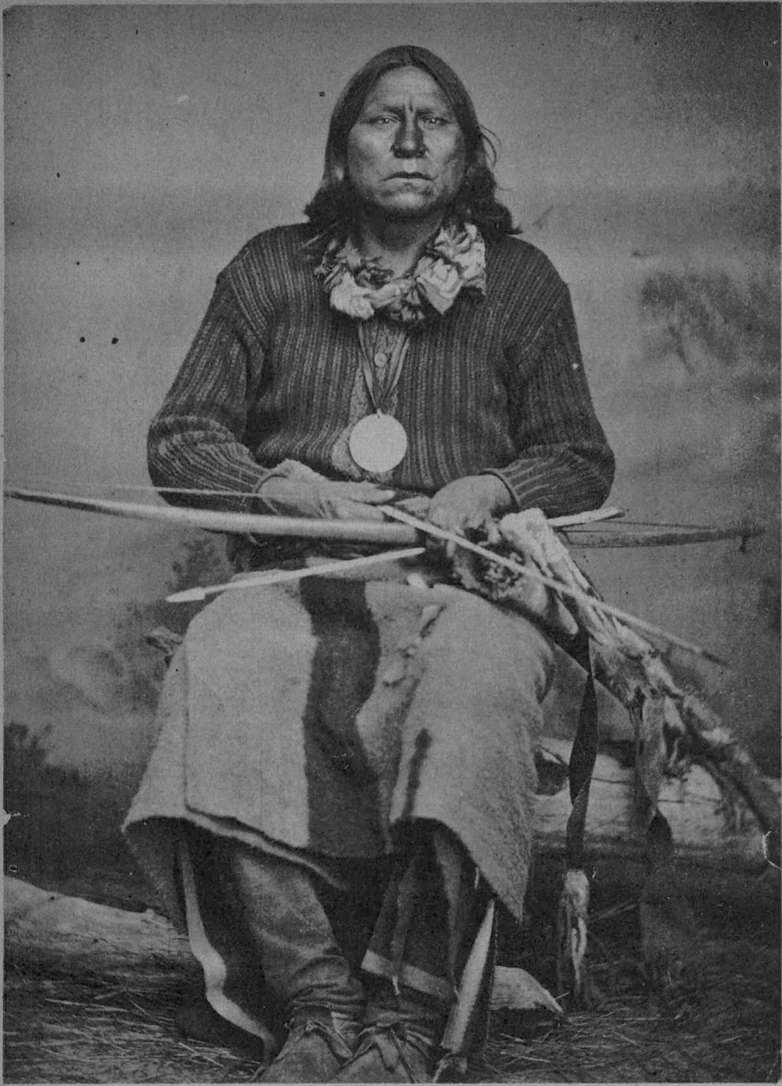
Things were not quiet with the army, however. Under a reorganization of federal troops, Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock became commander of the Department of the Missouri. George A. Custer entered the scene through a provision in the reorganization which permitted formation of four regiments of cavalry.

The board selecting officers for the Seventh Cavalry named Col. Andrew J. Smith as commander with Custer as lieutenant colonel. Other officers accepted for the regiment included Maj. Joel Elliott, Capt. Myles Keogh and Lt. Thomas W. Custer, brother of George.

In March, 1867, the Hancock expedition, including the Seventh Cavalry, seven companies of infantry and a battery of artillery, left Fort Riley, Kansas. At Fort Harker, Col. J. H. Leavenworth, the Indian agent there, argued in vain that the Indians now were at peace and the expedition would only create trouble. His protests were echoed at Fort Larned by Indian Agent E. W. Wynkoop, former commander at Fort Lyon.

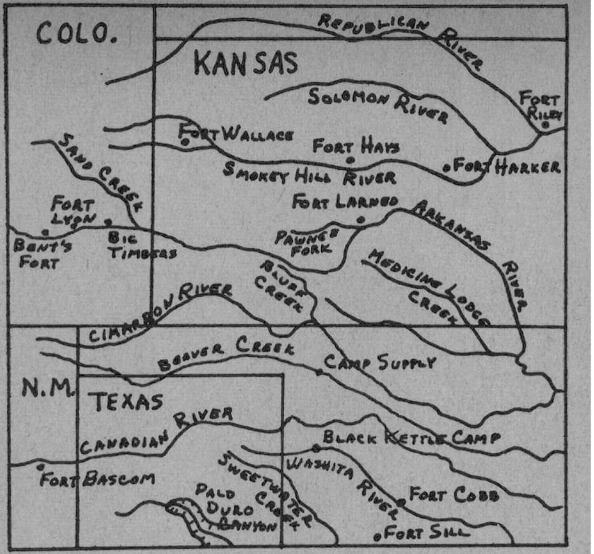
Hancock and Custer were not convinced, and told Wynkoop to call in the chiefs of a village of Cheyennes and Sioux on Pawnee Fork. Hancock insisted on a night meeting. He told the Indians they would have to return prisoners taken by Kiowas in Texas—prisoners they did not have. Was Hancock looking for an excuse to attack their village?

The next morning the expedition left Fort Larned, headed along the road up the Arkansas. At Pawnee Fork Hancock



Western Publications Photo File

Kiowa Chief Satanta, a veteran of the Battle of the Washita, once fired an arrow through the arm of a sentry at Fort Larned, where Satanta was reporting for peace talks, when the sentry raised his gun. Uneasy events following that misfortune soon led to the Sand Creek massacre. Satanta, with Lone Wolf, later was held hostage by General Custer to force the Indian bands into surrendering.



Portions of several states, as the map indicates, figured prominently in General George Custer's early career in the West.

left the main trail and turned toward the Indian village. Was this to be another Sand Creek?

A delegation of Indians waited on the trail. As the column of troops drew near, Custer's cavalry, which had been at the rear of the column, rushed to the front. The Indians, believing the attack was starting, sent word to abandon the village.

The chiefs and some warriors remained to talk with Hancock. When he was told the villagers had fled, he told the chiefs to gather their people and they would not be harmed. Hancock apparently thought the Indians were hiding in the village for he ordered Custer to surround the village as soon as possible under cover of darkness and then attack. Custer led a mighty charge into a camp of empty lodges.

In a letter written that night to his wife, Custer said: "The 7th Cavalry surrounded the village at 12 o'clock tonight. There were 250 lodges, but the bird has flown, leaving his lodges behind. . . . I am to pursue them at daylight. . . ."

By nightfall the cavalry had found none of the thousand or so Indians who had been in the camp. Hancock's expedition continued to campaign across the plains but it was mostly wasted effort.

There were other results. The Indians answered the attempted massacre of the Pawnee Fork village by attacking any place there were white men. Almost 300 whites were killed in the raids.

GEN. WILLIAM T. SHERMAN set up headquarters at Fort Sedgwick in northeastern Colorado. He sent Lieutenant Kidder, with ten troopers and a scout, with new orders for Custer. The detail was met by a band of Sioux and Cheyennes. Soon the soldiers were dead, riddled with arrows.

When Custer learned that Kidder had been sent out, he started searching for him. During the search, thirteen men, seven of them mounted, left camp. Custer sent a detail after them. When the deserters refused to halt, the troops opened fire. The mounted men escaped but one of those on foot was killed and two wounded. The other three surrendered.

When Custer arrived at Fort Wallace he decided to go to Fort Hays to see his wife. There he found she had gone to Fort Riley. He followed her, leaving his command at the other end of Kansas.

The court-martial of Lt. Col. George A. Custer opened at Fort Leavenworth in September, 1867. The charges alleged that Custer had been absent from his command without proper authority; had taken no action to rescue stragglers who had been attacked by Indians and made no effort to recover the bodies of two who had been killed; had issued orders which resulted in a suspected deserter being killed; had caused others to be wounded and refused medical care for them. There were other, less important, counts. Custer was convicted on all charges and suspended for one year.

The Hancock campaign was over. Four Indians had been killed, two of them by Kidder's men. The expedition had cost more than $9 million.

AFTER the Hancock campaign, Agents Leavenworth and Wynkoop were assigned to arrange a conference with the southern tribes. They contacted Black Kettle and through him a meeting was arranged on the Little Arkansas. There, in preliminary council they agreed to make peace talks at an old Kiowa medicine lodge on a stream which had come to be known as Medicine Lodge Creek, not far from Fort Larned.

By October the area along the creek was crowded with camps. Almost every band of the Southern Plains was represented, some in entirety.

On the commission, authorized by Congress and headed by Nathaniel G. Taylor, were Maj. Gen. William S. Harney, Maj. Gen. C. C. Augur, Maj. Gen. Alfred H. Terry, John B. Sanburn, Samuel F. Tappan and J. B. Henderson. Among advisers to the commission were Leavenworth, Wynkoop and George Bent. Major

Courtesy Mrs. E. B. Custer Collection, Custer Battlefield Museum

An "X" in the foreground indicates the spot where Major Joel H. Elliott (right) fell during early fighting in the Battle of Washita. In charge of three troops sent downstream from the main village, Elliott and his enlisted men quickly were ambushed and overrun by Indians arriving from nearby Little Raven's village. The arrow in the background marks a butte immediately above the main battlefield.

Courtesy Custer Battlefield Museum

Elliott led the escort.

Black Kettle headed the Cheyenne chiefs with Bull Bear, Little Bear and White Horse representing the Dog Soldier Cheyennes. Little Raven and Yellow Bear led the Arapaho delegation. Satank and Satanta were the chief delegates of the Kiowas while the Comanche representatives included Ten Bears and Iron Mountain.

Harney knew about the Indian wars first hand. In 1854 near Fort Laramie trouble had flared over a cow owned by an emigrant. A Sioux killed the cow and agreement could not be reached on payment. A detachment of thirty-two men, led by Lieutenant Grattan, left Fort Laramie determined to force the Sioux to pay the owner's price. The officer and his thirty-two men were killed.

An expedition was sent out, commanded by Harney, then a colonel. On the North Platte, at Ash Hollow, Harney attacked a Sioux village, killing eighty-six, many of them women and children. Taken as hostages were seventy women and children. Now Harney was among those who sought peace by treaty.

Two treaties were written at Medicine Lodge—one applying to the Cheyennes and Arapahoes and signed by their chiefs, the other applying to the Kiowas and Comanches and signed by them. In the main, the treaties were identical, differing only in special lands set aside for the tribes and other specific items.

The treaties outlined responsibility of the government in keeping others from trespassing on land given to the signing tribes, punishment of wrong-doing by any of the Indians, establishment of agency offices, and distribution of supplies needed by the Indians as they "walked the white man's road," approval of land for farming for any Indians wanting it and schools for children from age six to sixteen.

When the treaty was signed October 28, 1867, the Indians headed south of the Arkansas to their assigned lands. The government commission turned north to negotiate similar treaties with the Sioux, Northern Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Utes.

Congress did not act on the Medicine Lodge Treaty until July of 1868. During this time the Indians, not understanding white man's politics, waited for the supplies which had been promised. It was in this atmosphere of growing impatience that Gen. Philip Sheridan took command of the Department of the Missouri in March.

Disputes were reported between the Kaws, wards of the government, and the Cheyennes. The Superintendent of Indian Affairs ordered Wynkoop to withhold arms and ammunition, which were included in the supplies.

When the Indians gathered at Fort Larned in July for the first supplies under the treaty, Black Kettle told Wynkoop the Indians felt the white men were "pulling away" the hand that had been given them at Medicine Lodge.

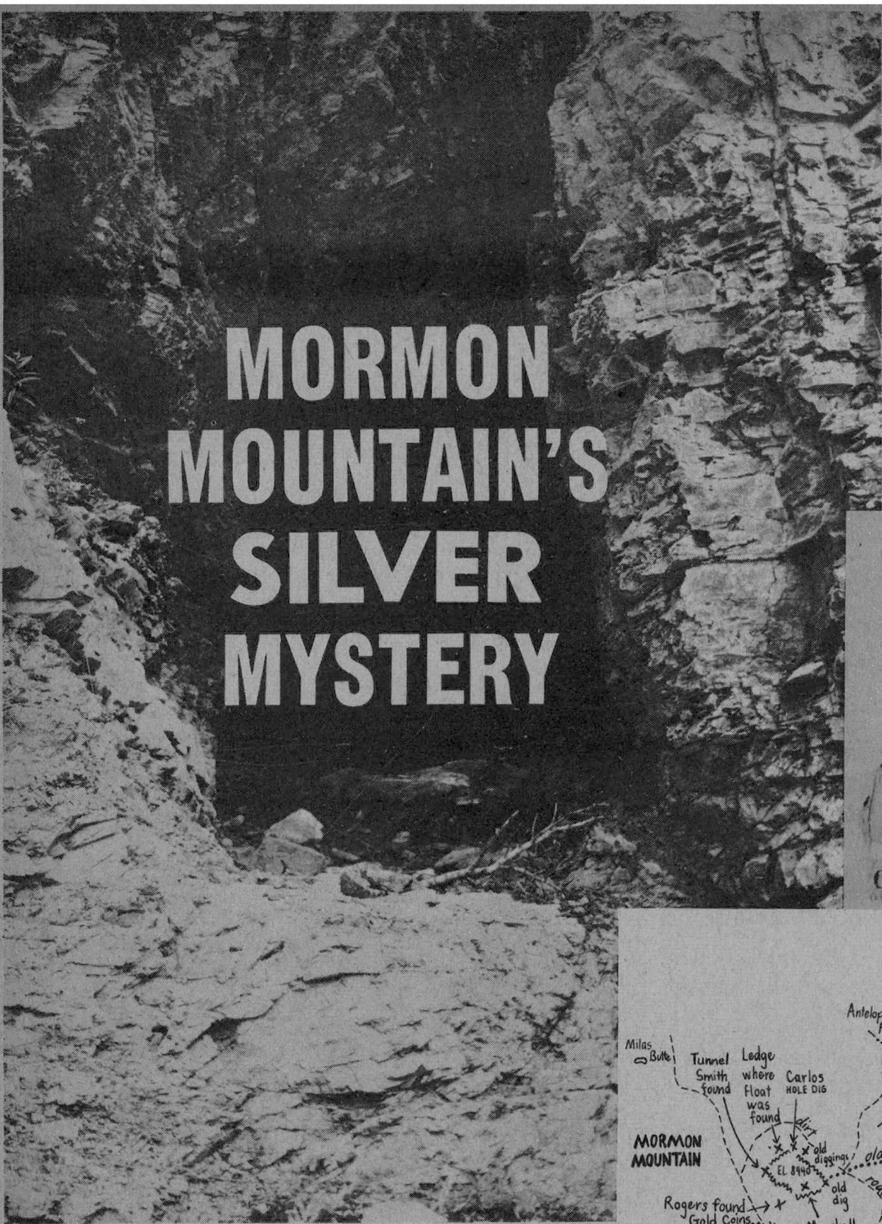
In his report to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Wynkoop said: "They felt much disappointment but gave no evidence of being angry . . . . I was cognizant of their having been treated badly by whites since the treaty . . . in no

(Continued on page 46)

A crude monument marks the site of the Washita battleground in this 1890 photo.

Courtesy Mrs. E. B. Custer Collection, Custer Battlefield Museum

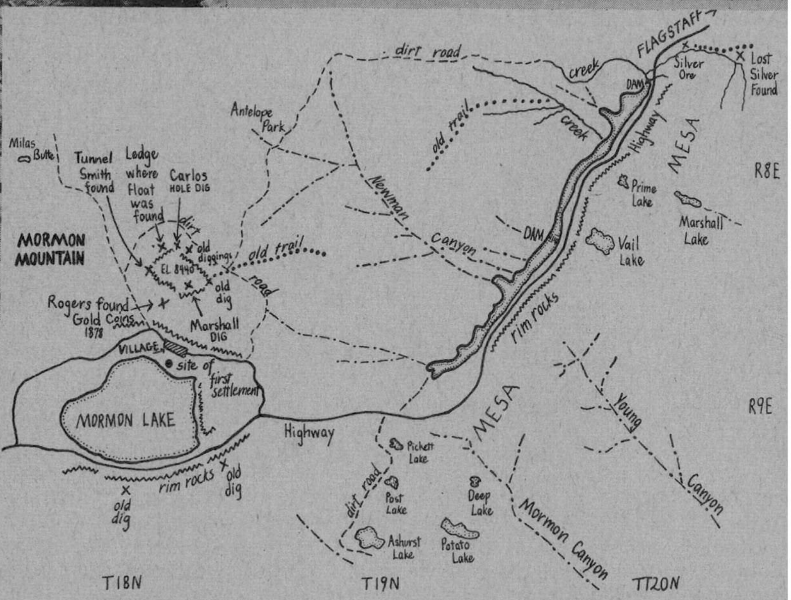
MORMON MOUNTAIN'S SILVER MYSTERY



The mine tunnel discovered by Ike Smith.

This mine is lost because a trail is lost— and the men who walked it are dead

Found recently by a prospector using a metal detector, this flat piece of silver from Mormon Mountain is $5^1/_2$ inches long and weighs 3 pounds, 7 ounces.



A rough sketch of the area of the lost silver, based on an official U.S. Forest Service map.

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

ARIZONA'S mystery mountain of silver stands menacingly dark and brooding twenty-six miles southeast of Flagstaff. Several men have vanished there or were murdered under unknown circumstances. So secret has been the search for the legendary metal that the names of only a handful were known. Most slipped in, lived like the wary coyote, and went their separate ways into nowhere.

There is no doubt of the silver's existence. At one time at least a hundred people in the mountain town owned one or more chunks of it. The problem has been to find the lode on the mountain and then successfully claim it. A few have brought out rich ore; others, failing, died because of the secret anyway.

Jim Taylor and Ike Roberts, who supposedly were first to find the silver, were looking for something else. That venture goes back to the Mormon colonizer Lot Smith, who set up a summer grazing camp on the west side of Mormon Lake in 1877. The following year he brought in settlers and a dairy herd. The place then became known as Mormon Dairy.

That same year, 1878, Lessa Rogers, a Mormon, wandering around between the base of the mountain and the lakeshore, found a cache of gold coins. It was a sheer accident. They totaled more than $6,000. Smith saw the hoard when Rogers packed it home.

"That's too much money for such as you," Smith declared and promptly appropriated it. Rogers did not protest, but in his anger talked to other people of the injustice done him.

Taylor and Roberts were in Flagstaff at this time. Seasoned prospectors, they had scoured southern and central Arizona and parts of the Grand Canyon. They had detailed knowledge of a stage holdup which had occurred east of Yuma in 1872.

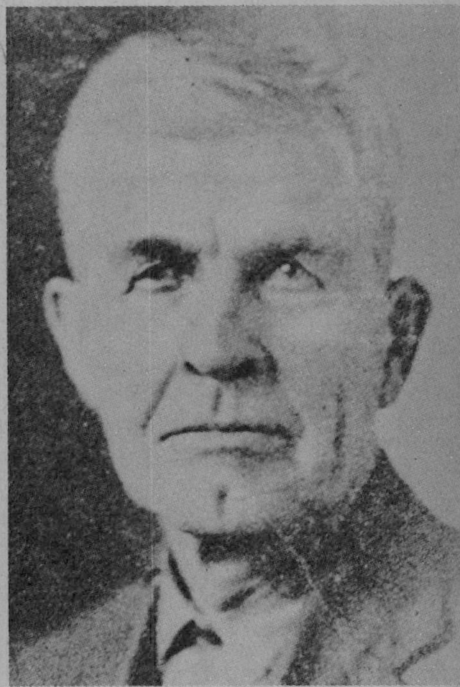
Two bandits had escaped with a rich haul in gold coins. Fleeing north and over the Mogollon Rim they planned to hide out in the wilderness area until lawmen forgot about the holdup. Soon

Courtesy Arizona Daily Sun

.eft, Jim Taylor, Ike Roberts, and sitting, C. E. (Pap) Williams in St. Johns, 1887.

The ancient trail, makers unknown, followed up this draw into the mountain and ran water only from melting snow, as in this photo.

'he Marshall dig was on the bench, upper left, and the one put down by an unknown man or men was on the bench in the upper right.



Courtesy Arizona Daily Sun

John Marshall, long-time seeker of silver.

.fter burying the loot for safekeeping hey were struck by a band of Mexican iorse thieves from St. Johns who mis- ook them for officers. One bandit was illed; the other managed to get on his iorse. He fled south to Camp Verde, .rriving in a delirious condition. Before lying from his wounds he babbled about aching the loot at the base of an un- iamed mountain. Taylor and Roberts mew all this, and something more im- ortant. The name of the mystery moun- ain was then Longfellow. They were onsiderably excited after hearing Rog- rs' story because they knew the loot vas three times what he found.

LEAVING Flagstaff in the night, Taylor and Roberts reached the nountain, skirting the Mormon settle- nent. Locating Rogers' shallow holes at the base they spent a week in futile dig- ging, then searched the mouth of a nearby canyon. Finally they climbed on up the mountain, by then called "Mor- mon" because of the settlement, and somewhere on it they found an outcrop- ping of silver ore. Within a few days they had uncovered an extensive lode, and had taken out more than 400 pounds of the richest chunks. Everything was covered up before, of necessity, they pulled out for Flagstaff. Their grub had run out.

A metallurgist in Flagstaff informed them that the silver content was low grade. It could run as high as $100, possibly $200 to the ton. Both men were extremely disappointed.

"It ain't worth freighting all the way to the Globe mill," Taylor declared bit- terly.

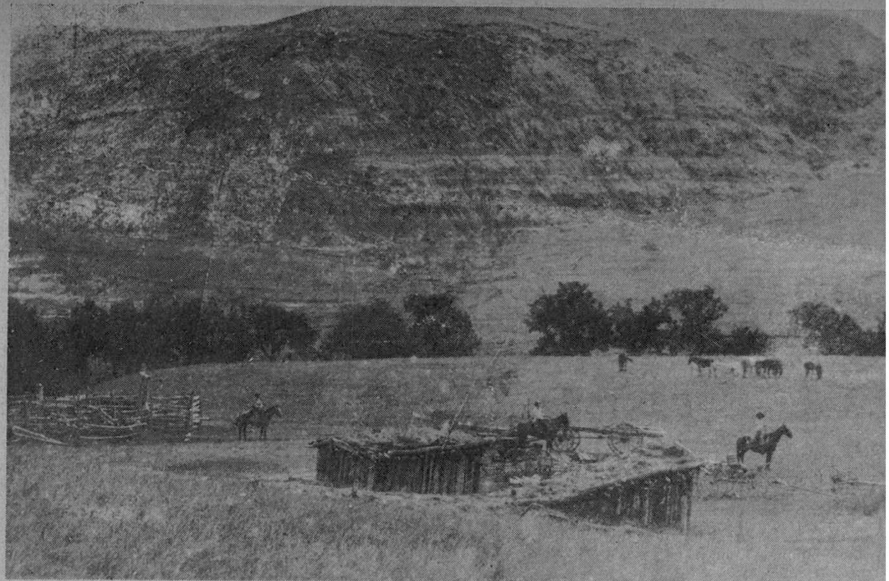
"The railroad is headed this way," Roberts reminded him. "When it goes through we can ship it cheap and make money. That damned mountain is all silver!"

They discussed their find around the saloons, especially with a gambler friend, C. E. (Pap) Williams, who of- fered to grubstake them. The silver mine would be opened after the railroad reached there.

Roberts and Taylor departed with their ore samples, and their tale was soon forgotten. It revived briefly when the Atlantic Pacific Railroad (now the Santa Fe) built through to California. A few who remembered the two pros- pectors wondered when they would re- turn. But they never showed up in Flag- staff.

(Continued on page 64)

Photo taken about 1910 shows corral, chicken house, and root cellar of ranch on Spring Creek.



LAST CATTLE

of the

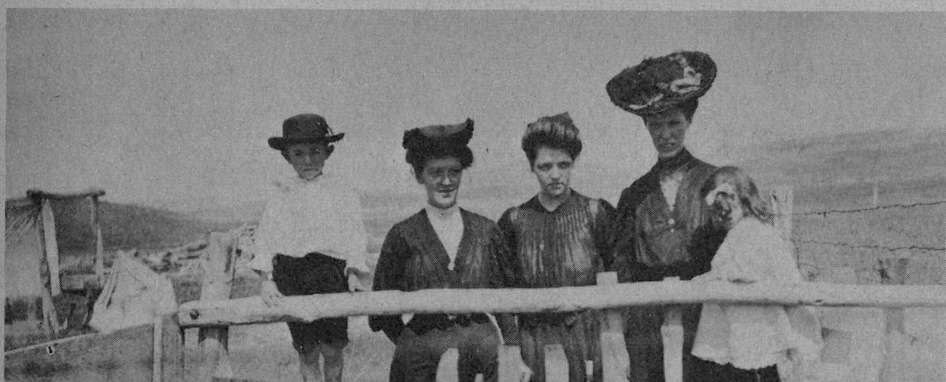
LONG AFTER California had become bustling and populous, and the Comanches and other tribes had been driven from the Texas plains, a little corner of the West was uninhabited. This area, to become McKenzie County, North Dakota, lay beneath the curve of the Little Missouri River and included many acres of potentially fine grazing land. Although General Sully and his troops had made a difficult passage through this country in the 1880s, it wasn't until Pierre Wibaux, a Frenchman with resources in the Old World, drove a large herd of cattle up from the south and built a ranch near the North Dakota - Montana line that the settlement of the area really began.

Wibaux's enterprise soon failed, however, and in 1894 he and his partner, a man named Greasy, split the herd. Wibaux rounded up his share—20,000 cows and 10,000 calves—and drove them to the Northern Pacific stockyards at the newly established community of Mingusville (now Wibaux), Montana. After he left, many of his riders stayed in the country and began ranching operations of their own.

One of the stories the old-timers tell concerns a cowboy called "Poker Jim" (he had no other name as far as anyone knew). He had come by his nickname because he was fascinated by the gaming tables; the only thing he liked better was whiskey. During the severe winter of '94, Jim and some companions were stationed at a line camp at the mouth of Hay Draw near the Little Missouri. By February their food supply had gotten so low they delegated Jim to ride to Glendive, at least sixty-five miles away. He never made it back and a week or so later some cowboys found his frozen body propped against a huge burnt rock beside a little frozen creek about ten miles from homebase. His horse was tied to a tree and had eaten all the bark from it; burned matches lying about the corpse gave evidence that Poker Jim had tried to build a fire.

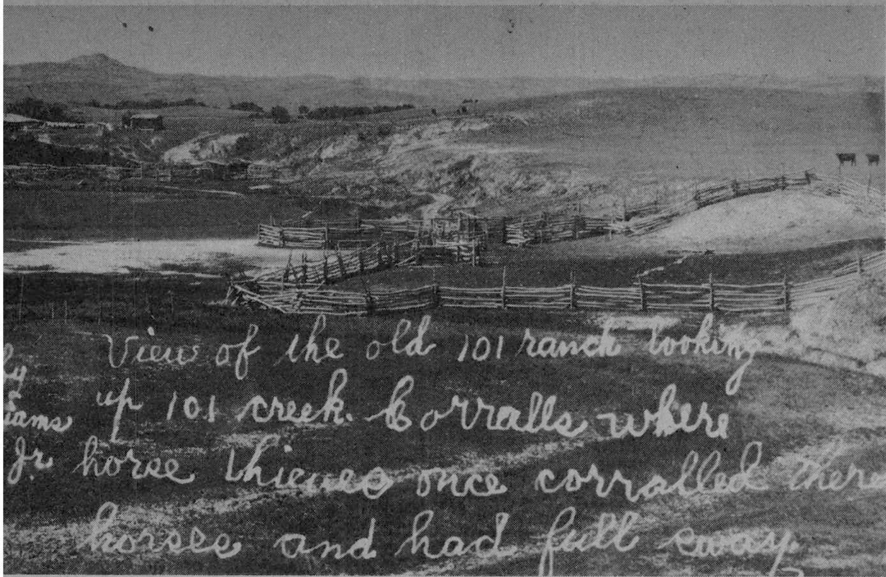
Harlowe (Tough) Bentley said Jim had seemed to be a little sick from drinking when he'd left the Smith Creel line camp that last morning. The poo fellow was buried at the W-Bar o a low hill, a site which became th burying ground for later pioneers. Th burnt rock beside which he sat ha been moved to the gravesite as marker.

Dinner time at McArthur's sheep ranch. Mrs. McArthur is third from left.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT, later t become President of the Unite States, added glamor to the ranching in dustry of North Dakota when he cam west in 1883 to hunt buffalo, and staye to make it his home. He was fascinate with the scenery of the Badlands an selected a beautiful spot near the rive surrounded by tall cottonwood trees t build his Elk Horn Ranch home in 1884 It is recorded that he rode on th roundups as any other cowboy and wa popular with the other ranchers. Th Elk Horn is situated in the area between the North and South units o the Theodore Roosevelt National Memorial Park, named for him in late years. Except for pieces of the foundation and an old well, nothing remain of the ranch today and the site is almost inaccessible.

The Marquis de Mores, a Frenchma of large ideas but small finances, wa another early rancher who settled th little town of Medora, which had bee named after his wife. Besides a larg cattle ranch, he built a meat packing plant (parts of which are still standing) and an immense home, now a tourist attraction furnished with many o the Marquis' possessions. His wife neve enjoyed her stay in the Badlands, how-



By LAURA TROWBRIDGE

Photos Courtesy Author

At left, a corner of the old 101 Ranch. Photo was taken in 1904. Steve Douglass worked here for 33 years.

CORNER
WEST

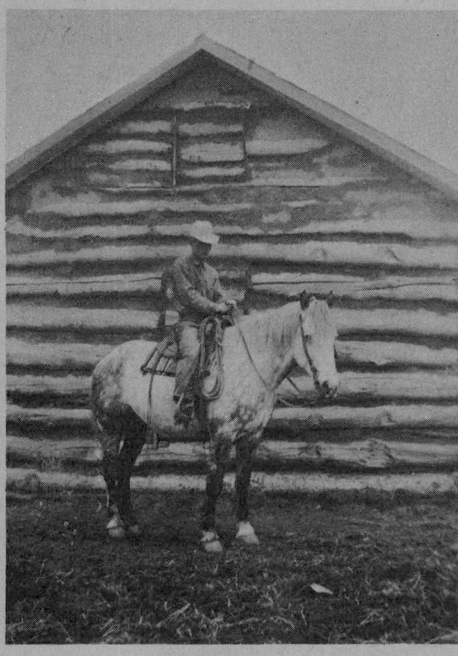
Teddy Roosevelt once spoke of this area as the place where "the romance of my life began."

ever, and in a short while went back to her home in the East. The Marquis was a controversial figure among his contemporaries in the ranching business. He never became friends with the men around him and did not understand the ways of the West, which traits contributed to his eventual failure. The Marquis and Roosevelt, however, got along well although they were dissimilar in many ways.

AFTER 1900, many small cattle- and horse-ranchers came to the country, or stayed and settled after having been employed by some of the large outfits. Most of these newcomers were from Texas, Oklahoma and South Dakota. Most of the horsemen came from South Dakota, including the noted Scott Gore, who settled in partnership with his father and brother on the east bank of the Little Missouri around 1901. His home is now owned and operated by the world famous and world-champion rodeo rider, Alvin Nelson.

My father, Archie McIntyre, came to the country from the Cannonball ranching area south of Bismarck, North Dakota in 1902. He homesteaded near the mouth of Redwing Creek, very near the west bank of the Little Missouri and, in partnership with a man by

Above, south side of home where author (shown at far right) resided for four years. Below left, Fred McIntyre, one of Leakey's riders. Old news clip shows John Goodall, already a cowboy of reputation, when he became foreman of the Marquis de Mores' ranch in 1883.



the name of Wiley Marten, ran cattle for the United States Government. These cattle supplied meat for the Indians on the Standing Rock Reservation south of Bismarck. A queer thing happened when they took their first herd by trail to the Reservation. On the last night, they made camp near Fort Yates, their destination, and when father awoke in the morning, Mr. Marten had disappeared. He was never seen again in those parts. My father had never asked him anything about his past life but assumed that for some reason he was afraid to be seen at the fort.

Among those who stayed in the country after working for Mr. Wibaux were Lem Burns, John Leakey, Tough Bentley, "Lucky" George Burgoyne, and a questionable character by name of McPeak. McKenzie County had been organized in 1889 and covered nearly all the land between the Little Missouri and the Yellowstone Rivers except a small part on the east side of the Yellowstone which belonged to Montana. The 101 Ranch was built near the line on the North Dakota side and was run by Lige Mulkey, an upright man. Suspicions that a rustling outfit was operating on Mulkey's ranch grew when bedrolls were discovered hidden in the tops of trees in several coulees nearby.

A deputy sheriff from Dickinson, seventy-five miles to the southeast, came

Montana ranchmen, left to right are: Jim Stevenson, horse rancher; Leigton Trotter, rancher; Neil (Tut) Stevenson, cowboy; and Jep Clark, noted bronc rider of early 1900s. Below, roundup wagon near Killdeer Mountains, western North Dakota.

Sunday afternoon at one of the ranch homes.

and organized a posse among the cattlemen. They closed in on the 101 and found a rope corral with some stock in it. They laid in waiting until the rustlers, led by McPeak, arrived, then the sheriff yelled for them to put up their hands. The shouting frightened the bronc which McPeak was riding and when he made an attempt to turn the horse, it fell on him. Some shooting followed; McPeak and another young man were fatally wounded. Before he died, McPeak declared that if he only could have reached his gun, there would have been some dead deputies. Many of the old-timers agreed that some of the deputies would have deserved it, as they had pretty shady reputations themselves.

Other men at the ranch suspected of belonging to the rustling ring were taken to jail. John Leakey was proved innocent and released. Another man escaped but was recaptured later and sent to prison.

Lucky George built a small ranch in Jud Gap, a few miles east of the old 101, and there he shot a man on his doorstep in self-defense. Lucky is also buried in the W-Bar cemetary. McPeak was interred on Boot Hill, but there is a small creek in the neighborhood of the 101 named after him.

When my father came to the country in 1902, he found John Leakey settled on the Little Missouri, very successfully running 18,000 head of cattle. He and my father had become acquainted while they were riding the Sweetgrass country in Montana several years before. They remained good friends through the years. Leakey's ranch was only about ten miles north of Roosevelt's famous Elk Horn. Tough Bentley settled a few miles from us and was very successful, owning and leasing much land. At one time he and Leakey had over eighty-four sections of land under their control. Bentley was a small man, but rugged, as his nickname would indicate. His wife had been the first lady teacher in Wibaux, having been sent from Iowa because the big boys in the Wibaux school had run off every male teacher who had been hired. Mrs. Bentley, however, had had no difficulty with them: after knowing her, it was easy to understand why. The drift fence ran between our place and their land, and I saw her and her daughter riding along the fence every summer, repairing it as capably as any man could.

LEM BURNS settled in the Sheep Buttes area about the time of the 101 incident, and planned to write a book about his ranching experiences until he was threatened with a lawsuit by some of the surviving members of the gang and relatives of the others who still lived in the country. However, John Leakey, after retiring from his ranching business and returning to his childhood home at Uvalde, Texas, had his memoirs written and they included an eye-witness account of the affair. My information was supplied by the late Steve Douglas, foreman of the 101 ranch in 1900 and a good friend of my family.

There did not seem to be much trouble with sheepmen coming into the country, although some did appear in 1903. A Mr. McArthur and his partner, Mr. Jordan, were running at least 8,000 head in the Bennepierre vicinity by 1904. Hoping to become a large operation, they sent to Scotland for expert herders. John Sutherland and John McRae came to work for McArthur. During the winter of 1905, there was so much snow and the weather was so severe that the sheep died by the hundreds. Sutherland's band of 5,000 head, being grazed in the Sheep Buttes area, were caught in a sleet storm and half of the band was lost.

McArthur's venture was anything but a success. However, an interesting incident took place at his home ranch. A young hired man of McArthur asked his sweetheart back East to come to North Dakota and they would be married, inferring he had a large "spread" of his own. She came, and the ceremony was performed. The bride became disillusioned after giving several orders to the mistress of the house, Mrs. McArthur, who became suspicious and forced the young man to confront his bride with the truth. The girl did not follow her first inclination and leave him on the spot, but stayed to help, and soon the couple had their own home and spent many happy years together. He became a prominent man and had a fine reputation.

The Little Missouri River country is still a thriving ranch area with some third-generation owners operating on a small scale. This probably is the last perfectly natural setting for ranching in North Dakota. Outside of Mr. Roosevelt and de Mores, few of the early settlers here have ever been accorded mention, even in our own state archives; nevertheless, they made a contribution to the cattleman's last frontier.

Army scout—prospector—whiskey runner—trader—
businessman—Good Samaritan—trusted friend—
dangerous enemy—

Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

Joseph Kipp, known as Kipah or Raven Quiver to the Blackfeet. Few men in the "Treasure State" could top his contributions to the history of Montana.

By ROBERT J. EGE
Photos Courtesy Author

Joe Kipp Ruled the Upper MISSOURI

Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

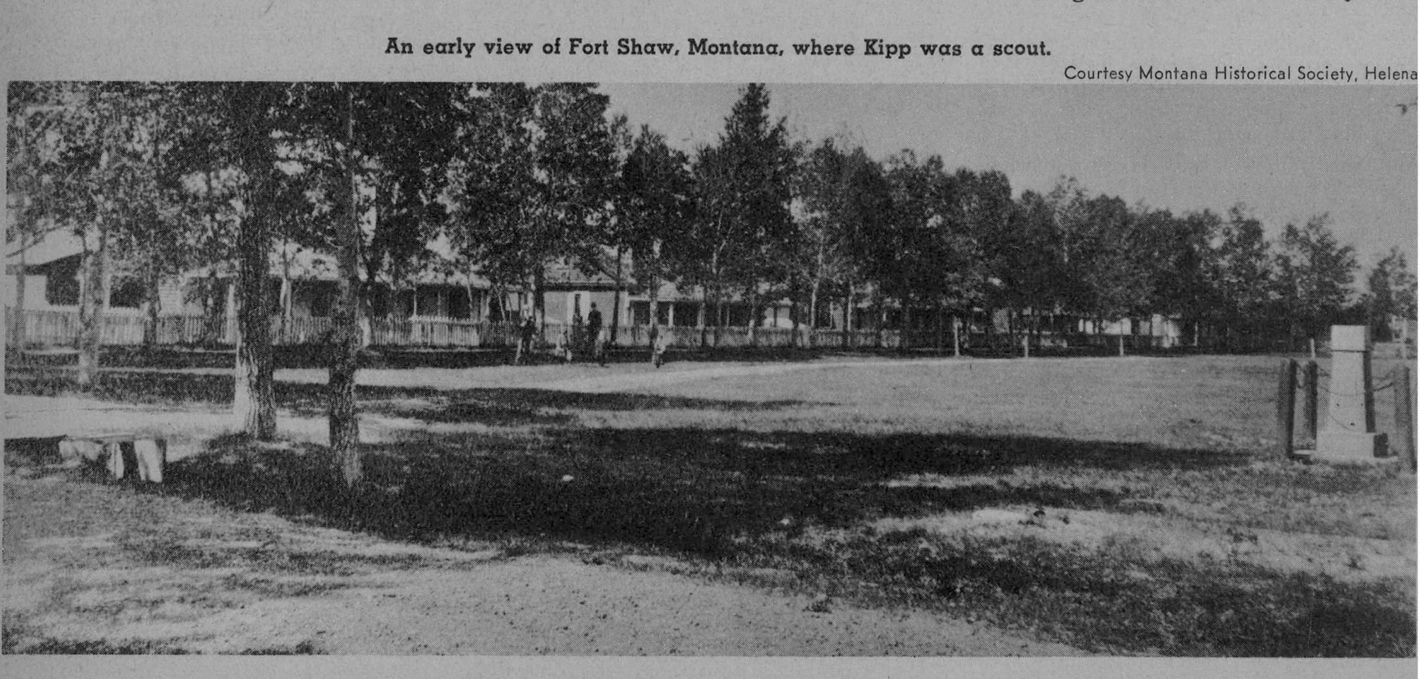
At 22 years of age, Kipp was a guide and interpreter for the 13th Infantry then garrisoned at Fort Shaw, M.T. Note the army trousers.

THE OPPRESSIVE DARKNESS of the moonless night gave way slightly to the stars. Stealthily as any stalking warrior, the youth crept closer to the silent Indian camp. His hazardous route, past outlying wickiups and other obstacles, was clearly defined in his mind. Charted from keen observations from a safe distance in the hour before dusk, the mental map was serving the intruder well.

Young Joe Kipp, or Kipah, as he was known to the Piegans, moved with ever-increasing caution toward his objective.

An early view of Fort Shaw, Montana, where Kipp was a scout.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena



Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

Tepees of the Blackfeet Indians. It was from a similar camp that Kipp stole back the prize black stallion. From *Sport Among the Rockies*.

His advance was so hushed that even the multitude of camp dogs were not aroused. Amid the lodges of the slumbering Blackfeet, Kipp had no difficulty in identifying the tepee of White Antelope.

His final move was accomplished with great speed. Discarding all caution, the boy leaped to his feet and covered in seconds the remaining few yards which separated him from White Antelope's shelter. As he reached his goal, he drew a knife from his belt and severed, with a single slash, the picket rope of a large black stallion which was tethered there. Scarcely a second had elapsed before he was mounted and riding wildly back over the trail, clinging to his horse's mane.

The sudden and unexpected commotion stirred the camp life. White Antelope and several others, after losing precious time in securing ponies, set out after the diminishing hoofbeats of the big charger. They fired several shots in Kipp's direction, but by the time dawn's faint light allowed them any advantage, the big black had far outdistanced them. In one of his few acts of aggression against the people he came to know and love so well, Joe Kipp was home free.

JAMES KIPP, father of Joe, was a Montreal-born Scotsman. At twenty-four, in 1822, he migrated to the United States and in 1828 entered the service of the American Fur Company and became a trusted lieutenant of famed pioneer-trader Kenneth McKenzie. James Kipp was later to build Fort Union at the mouth of the Yellowstone River. The Upper Missouri River country at that time was the bailiwick of such mountain giants as Bridger, Sublette, Fitzpatrick and the legendary Jedediah Smith. The great American Fur Company had been founded by John Jacob Astor in 1808 and later became the holdings of Ramsay Crooks and the Pratte-Chouteau Company. Kipp was the company's mainstay in what is now Montana.

Several smaller forts and posts were established to facilitate fur gathering and were supervised by James Kipp. In 1831, and following in the footsteps of many other stalwarts who opened this vast frontier, he married the daughter of an Indian chief. Kipp's bride was the daughter of the great Mandan, "Man-to-to-pah" or Four Bears. Her name was "Sah-kwi-ah-ki" or Earth Woman. Their son Joseph was born at Fort Union in 1847.

Between the years 1847-1860 when the elder Kipp retired from an active role in the fur trade, young Joe learned much about self-preservation in a hostile land from his illustrious father. He was soon to put this knowledge to good use. During the gradual decline of the fur trade, James Kipp was to purchase a large farming property in Missouri where he would spend most of his time. Joseph and his mother were to remain in their home near Fort Benton, M. T.

In 1865 George Steel and Matt Carroll purchased the American Fur Company's holdings in Fort Benton. Exhibiting business acumen far beyond his years, young Joe Kipp was hired to clerk in the store. An additional duty, and one in which he took a special pride, was the care and grooming of George Steel's prize black stallion. If Mr. Steel and the young groom appreciated the finer points of the beautiful animal, let it be said that the Blackfeet (long and properly recognized for their incomparable ability at horse thievery), who were frequently at the fort to trade, secretly coveted the beast as a welcome addition to their own herds. Exhibiting a choice piece of horseflesh before the tribesmen was akin to tantalizing a hungry child with a handful of candy. Something was bound to happen.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

Major General Comte Phillip Regis DeTrobriand, commanding officer at Fort Shaw. From *Life and Memoirs of General DeTrobriand* by Marie Caroline Post.

Arriving at work one morning, young Joe discovered the corral gate open and the padlock torn from the stable door. Mr. Steel's big black charger was gone. Completely dismayed, the boy pleaded with Steel to be allowed to search the numerous nearby Blackfeet villages. Steel, prudent and somewhat fearful of Joe's safety, refused to give his permission.

In the days that followed, an old Indian "hanger-on" at the trading post constantly chided Kipp about the loss of

Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

Lt. Col. E. M. Baker, ninth from left, at Fort Ellis, M.T., 1871.

the horse. Seeking information, Joe managed to sneak a pint of whiskey to the old man and shortly his whiskey-loosened tongue was boasting that his nephew, White Antelope, "had the best buffalo horse in the country—a big, black, swift horse." He also disclosed that White Antelope and his followers were currently camped on the not-too-distant Teton River. Thus evolved Joe's midnight invasion of the sanctity of the Blackfeet village and the daring recovery of Steel's horse.

Although sworn to revenge, White Antelope, several days later and upon a chance meeting with Kipp outside the settlement, was backed down and sent on his way by an icy stare and a cocked rifle in the boy's hands.

FOR HIS guile and devotion, George Steel rewarded Kipp with a year's schooling at the St. Ignatius Mission School at St. Joseph, Missouri. In 1868 following his only session with formal education, Kipp declined reemployment at Fort Benton and, with cronies Charlie Thomas and John Wrenn, set out on a gold prospecting trip along the eastern slope of the Rockies. Their quest took them as far north as Edmonton in the Alberta Province of Canada. The excursion was a financial bust and their welcome at Edmonton, long a stronghold of the Hudson's Bay Company, was less than cordial.

Joe Kipp's store in the town of Robare was the last remaining building in the nearly forgotten town on Birch Creek, Pondera County, Montana. Nothing is visible today to indicate the location.

Courtesy Robert J. Ege Historical Collection

(On their way north, the trio stopped near a creek to shoe some of their horses. During the process they lost a pair of pincers. Kipp, upon discovering the loss, returned several miles over the trail to the creek-bank to recover them. Today, this little stream, about forty miles north of Cardston, Alberta still bears the name, Pincer Creek.)

Joe Kipp was back in Montana land early in 1869. This Upper Missouri real estate was now the scene of considerable whiskey-inspired turbulence. A condition verging on war existed between the Blackfeet and the ever-increasing white settlers. The surge of trade whiskey which was flooding the Whoop-Up Trail was rapidly becoming tinged with blood. This infamous road, running northward from Fort Benton on the Missouri to Fort McLeod, Canada, meandered directly through the heart of the Blackfeet country, and the days of colored beads and other trifles were gone. Competition for the Indians' hides and plews, even in the dwindling market, was keen and the tribesmen wanted whiskey.

The Indians held a geographical advantage. If they couldn't trade to their liking at the posts south of the border, the Hudson's Bay Company (or the H. B. C., commonly referred to as "Here Before Christ") was their welcome host north of the line. Whiskey and warpaint didn't mix and Montana settlers suffered greatly as a result.

General Phillip DeTrobriand, a much more accomplished historian than he was a soldier, fell heir to the mess. In spite of his doing his level best to keep the peace, the roaming redskins could not be controlled. DeTrobriand, seeking out those who knew the Indians best,

Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

Under the command of Colonel E. M. Baker, soldiers from Fort Ellis (above) slaughtered the Piegan Indian village of Chief Heavy Runner.

hired Joe Kipp as scout and guide for the 13th Infantry then stationed at Fort Shaw, M.T. This assignment, which Joe assumed with pride at the onset, was to culminate in the blackest episode in his life.

EARLY in the fall of 1869, the murder by Indians of rancher and ex-fur trader Malcolm Clarke, elevated from embers to holocaust the long-smouldering fires which were to be extinguished so hideously for 173 Blackfeet on the Marias River on January 23, 1870.

Years later Joe Kipp gave the following statement to the Blackfeet Agent in an effort to right some wrongs and perhaps straighten out some military liability matters. The deposition, made several months before his sudden death in 1913, is plainly an attempt to aid several friends and persons who had become related to him through marriage and adoption. They had sought restitution for losses incurred by their predecessors at the time of the Marias Massacre. Colonel E. M. Baker's premature attack on the friendly Chief Heavy Runner's village and the resultant losses in life and property precipitated the claims.

The Blackfeet Indian Agency
Browning, Montana
February 8, 1913

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I was employed at Fort Shaw, Montana as guide and interpreter in 1869-70. At that time there was not a very friendly feeling existing between the Whites and the Indians owing to the killing of one Malcolm Clark. The Whites took offense and the Indians became aggressive, and the matter ran a long time without definite action being taken against Pete Owl Child (Indian), the murderer of Clark. The Civil Authorities and the United States Marshal were powerless. Col. Wheeler consulted me in regard to bringing Pete Owl Child to trial. I heard it said that Pete Owl Child had stated that he would never be taken alive. Thus matters drifted along. I made several trips to Pete's camp to try to locate him but could not do so because nobody would give me any information as to his whereabouts. I returned to the Fort [Fort Shaw] each time and made my report that I could not locate the man, Pete Owl Child. I could see no other way than for the Military to arrest Pete and so recommended. I was consulted several times as to what course to pursue to effect the arrest of Pete Owl Child. I told the Commanding Officer at Fort Shaw, Gen. De Tri Briand, that the best way to arrest Pete Owl Child was to employ the Military force. General Canby was sent out from Washington, D. C. to try to ascertain the best way to effect this arrest without fighting. My recollection is that after several days consultation, the United States Marshal ordered the soldiers to go to the camp of Pete Owl Child and demand his surrender, and, if the Indians refused to give him up, and he refused to submit to arrest, to take him forcibly, and if the Indians opened fire to return their fire. These soldiers were under the command of Col. E. M. Baker of Fort Ellis.

An Indian Chief, employed by the Government to try to effect the arrest of Pete Owl Child peaceably, Heavy

(Continued on page 42)

Group of Piegan Indians.

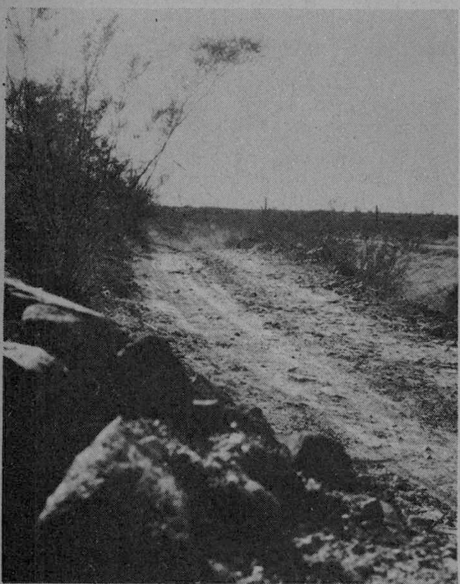
Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

Tracing the road today is an adventure bounded by sand and rock. For the imaginative, Indians still dot the horizon; for the realist, there's the wonderment of why anyone could want to get someplace badly enough to take

The BUTTERFIELD OVERLAND STAGE

By ARIZONA BOB KUBISTA

Photos Courtesy Author

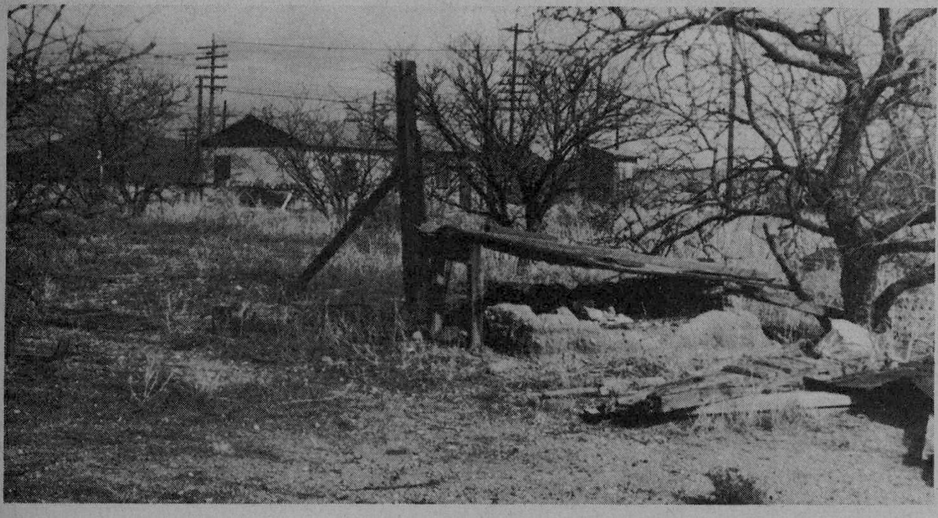


At Point of Mountain, the original stage route hugs the rocky hillside before racing on to Rillito, Arizona.

ON A sunny day on the outskirts of Tucson, Arizona I knelt in the dust with my youngest son to touch the shallow ruts of an old wagon trail which once was the Butterfield Stage route. Across a shallow gully and beyond a field of cactus, cars were speeding toward the West on a concrete slab called U. S. 80 while here at our feet was evidence of an earlier mode of travel that was fortunate to average eight miles an hour! The contrast gave a feeling of unreality to the warm afternoon.

The old trail is faint; still, it can be traced for long miles where it crossed Southern Arizona on the Southern Overland route to the Pacific Coast. My boy and I were near Vail, a junction to the southeast of Tucson where many people turn off the main highway to enter the city from the east side. A graded road skirts the Rincon Mountains, turns around the corner of the Davis-Monthan Air Force Base and enters town on the "Old Spanish Trail." What is not generally known is that this same road crosses the original Butterfield Overland Stage route which ran this way for three years, between 1858 and 1861.

Only an old post office stands near the original Butterfield route as it passes through Vail.

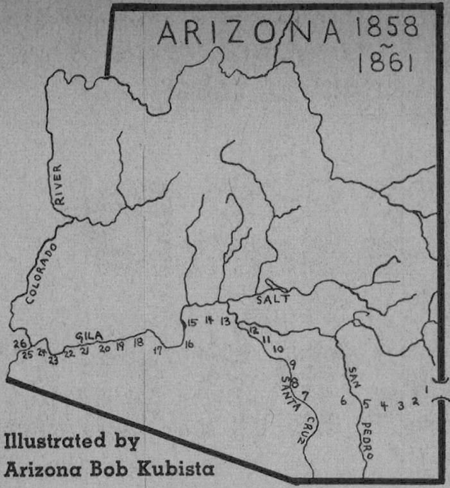


Over a century has gone by since the passing of the original "John Butterfield Overland Mail Company." It is remarkable that any traces of its colorful history remain. The stage route is difficult to follow, but it can be done even today because the gentle climate has been kind to the land. To follow the road cross-country one needs patience, a supply of old maps or modern topographic maps in the largest scale obtainable, a four-wheeled-drive vehicle, and a healthy imagination. The best time to trace the route is early in the morning or late in the afternoon when the long shadows thrown by the sun reveal the ruts left by passing Concord coaches one hundred years ago.

The Butterfield Overland Stage ran from St. Louis, Missouri, to San Francisco, California, covering almost 2,800 miles and passing through Tucson and Los Angeles on the way. Passengers and mail made the trip twice weekly and never spent more than twenty-five days on the road. The line began actual operations in September 1858 when it began to replace the makeshift San Antonio & San Diego Mail instituted on August 7 of the previous year.

The Butterfield Line was known by many names and was sometimes called the "Overland Mail" and the "32nd Parallel Line" because it crossed southern Arizona at about thirty-two degrees latitude. The route itself was officially known as "Mail Route 12587." To this day railroads, highways, and underground pipelines follow the same general route. The original scouts and surveyors had a fine feel for the land and chose roads which made the best possible use of easy terrain and available water—at the same time avoiding Indian areas whenever they could. Sometimes they were not successful and tragedies followed.

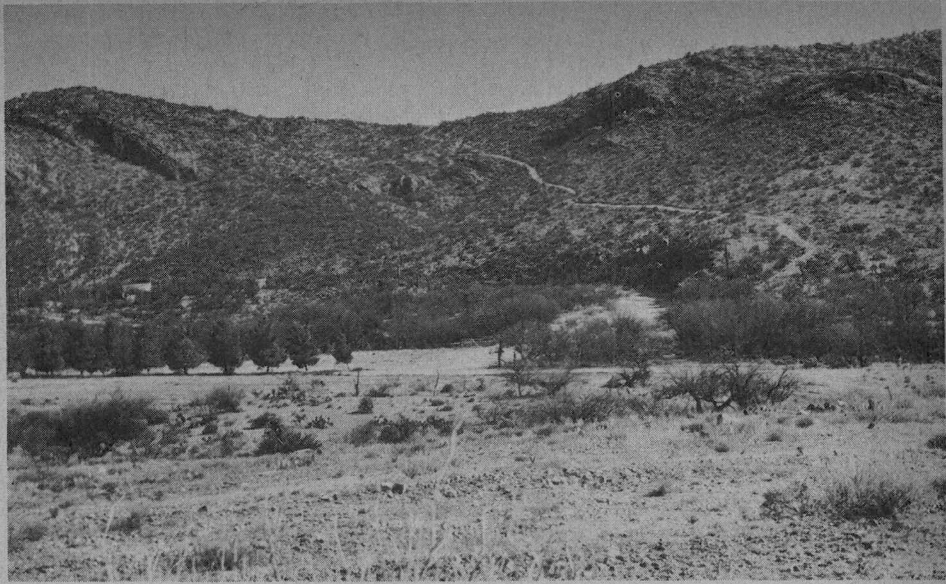
THEIR ROUTE crossed Coronado's Trail east of Tucson and several times that of the Mormon Battalion which had gone this way in 1847. In operation from September 1858 until March 1861, when



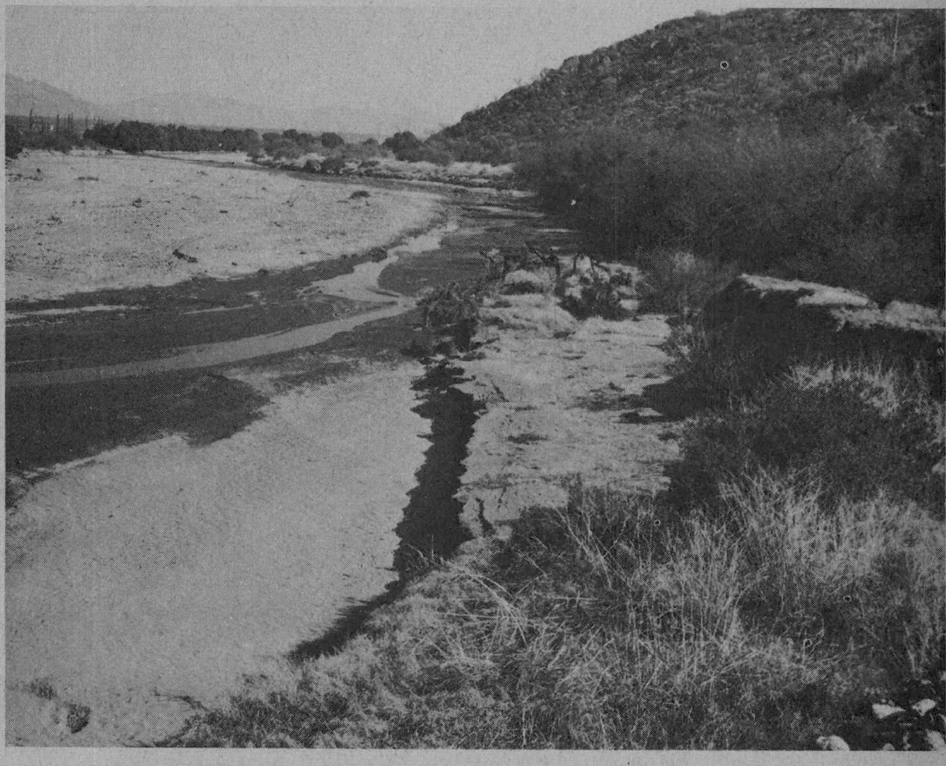
Illustrated by
Arizona Bob Kubista

The map shows the John Butterfield Overland Mail Company route, westbound across southern Arizona, a total of 438 miles.

1. San Simon
2. Apache Pass
3. Ewell's Springs
4. Dragoon Springs
5. San Pedro Station
6. La Cienega
7. Tucson
8. Point of Mountain
9. Picacho Pass
10. Blue Water
11. Oneida Station
12. Sacaton
13. Casa Blanca
14. Maricopa Wells
15. Deserts
16. Gila Ranch
17. Murderer's Grave
18. Oatman Flat
19. Burke's Camp
20. Stanwix or Grinnell's
21. Peterman's or Mohawk
22. Antelope
23. Filibuster Camp
24. Mission Camp
25. Jacob Snively's
26. Yuma



The stage route west of Benson, Arizona, wends its way down saguaro-covered slopes on the way to Vail, close to Pantano Wash.



North of Tucson the Butterfield Overland route has been almost completely washed away by flash floods racing down the Santa Cruz River.

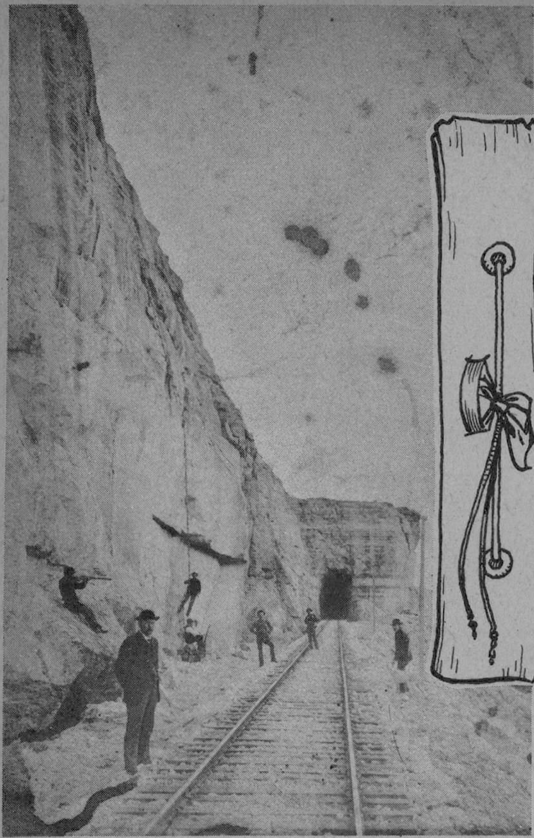
the Civil War began, it did a creditable job of moving men and mail during its short life. As far as Arizona Territory was concerned, the stagecoaches entered the present state on the New Mexico border near "Stein's." It went west from there through Apache Pass and by old Fort Bowie, crossed the San Pedro River north of Benson, continued toward Tucson and turned north there. From Tucson it went roughly to Maricopa Wells where it turned west again, going to Yuma. West of Yuma it crossed the sand dunes to eventually reach the Pacific Coast at Los Angeles. Inside Arizona there were at least twenty-six known stations, not all of which may have been in operation at one time.

The actual names of the various stations are exciting in themselves and bring back a flood of stories that are part of the Old West. Stations were sometimes known by their official names, sometimes by the names of the towns or settlements they were in or near. They were spread across the arid land at varying distances — sometimes eight, sometimes thirty miles apart. The governing factor was having horses ready when the oncoming team was getting tired. In rough, mountainous country stations were closer together. In open grama grass country stations were farther apart. Usually each one was near a source of water or a natural river crossing.

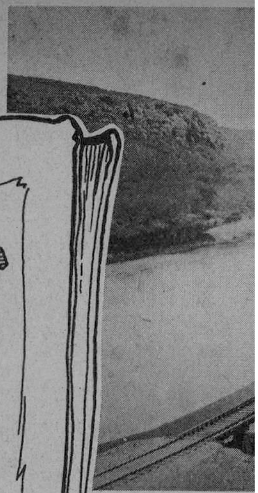
A century ago the Southwest was different from today. Many of the rivers ran regularly and fording was often done, especially after a desert storm. In other places the desert stretched out for miles, and water was not to be had except where a shallow well had been dug. The lives of horses and men depended absolutely upon reaching those wells and all too often they were not reached in time. Indians, accidents and the dry, hot climate all took their toll. Traveling the Butterfield route was a dirty, tiresome experience, but there was no other way. Travel in 1858 meant plain hard work.

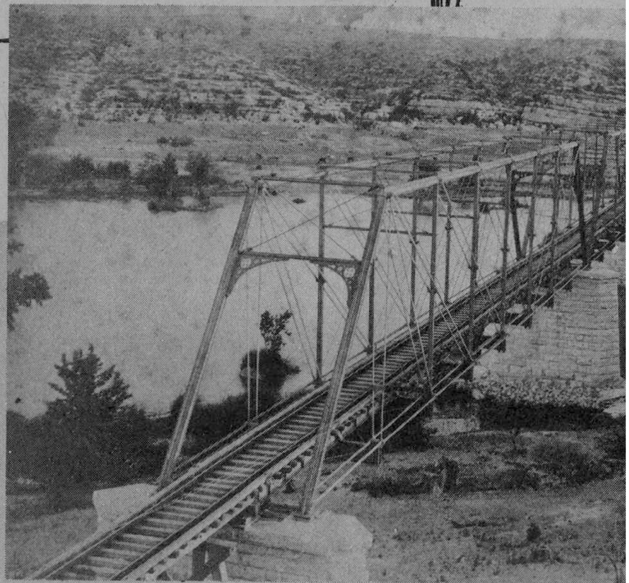
Way-stations were usually simple adobe buildings and did not resemble in the slightest the stage depots which existed in the few towns along the route. They served no purpose other than sustaining the stage line. Towns rarely grew from

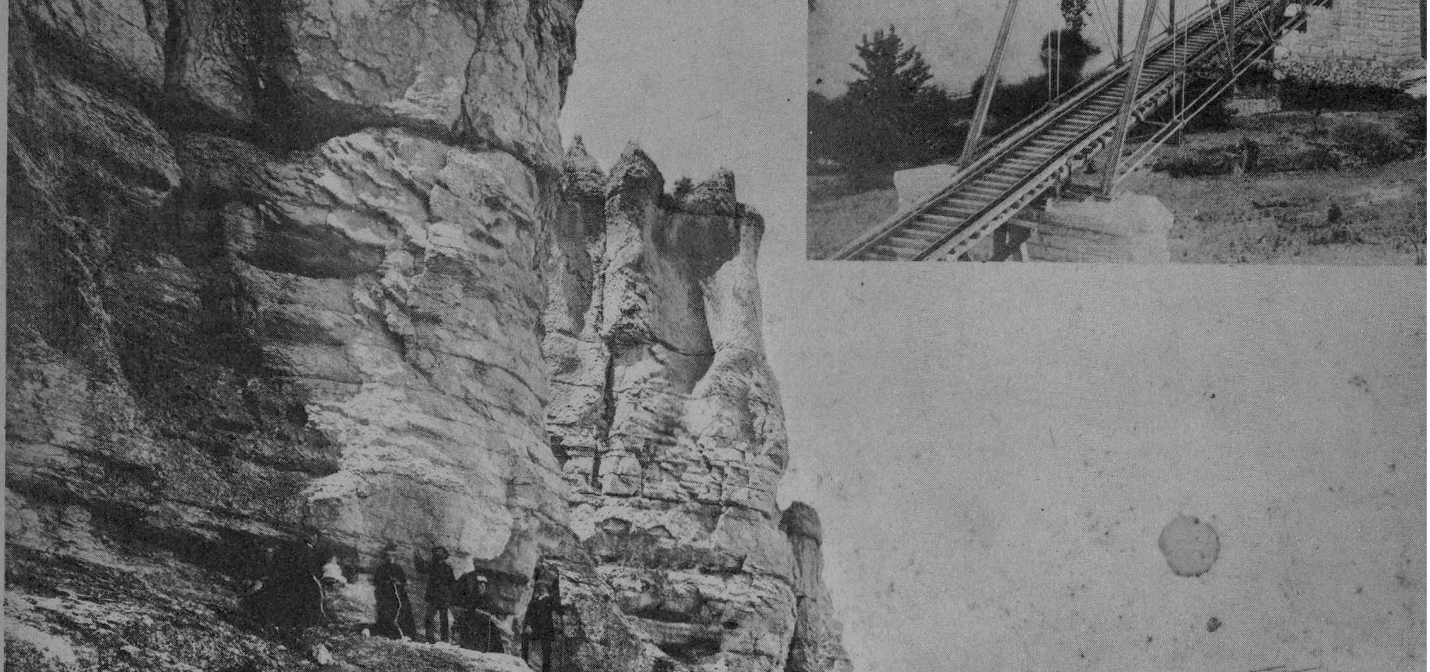
(Continued on page 54)

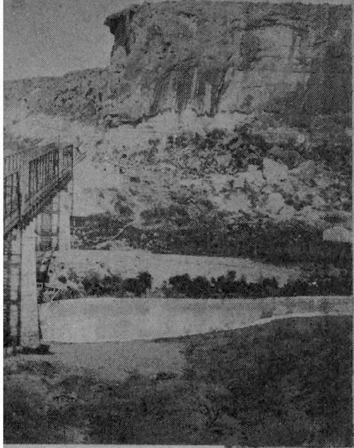


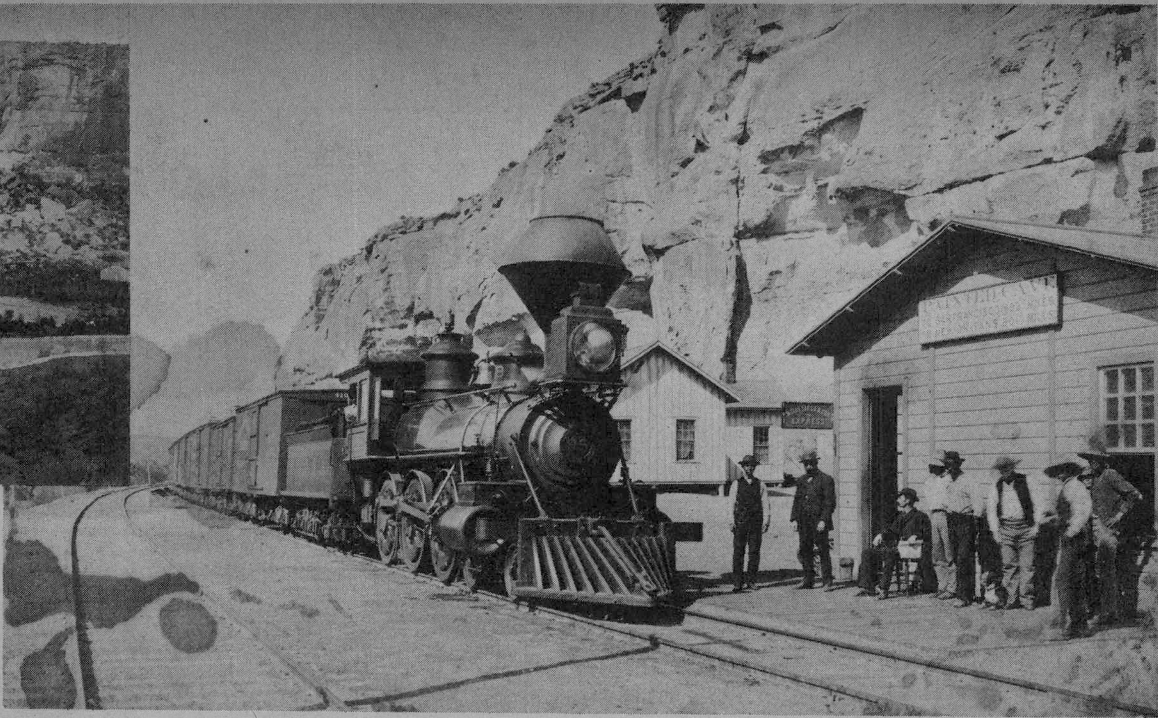
TRUE WEST Scrapbook









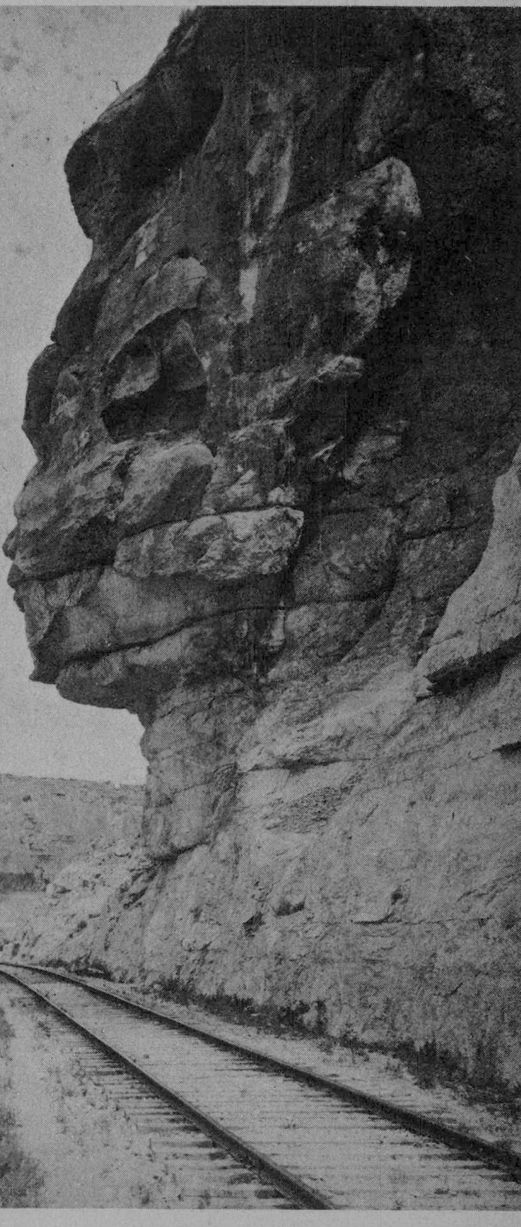


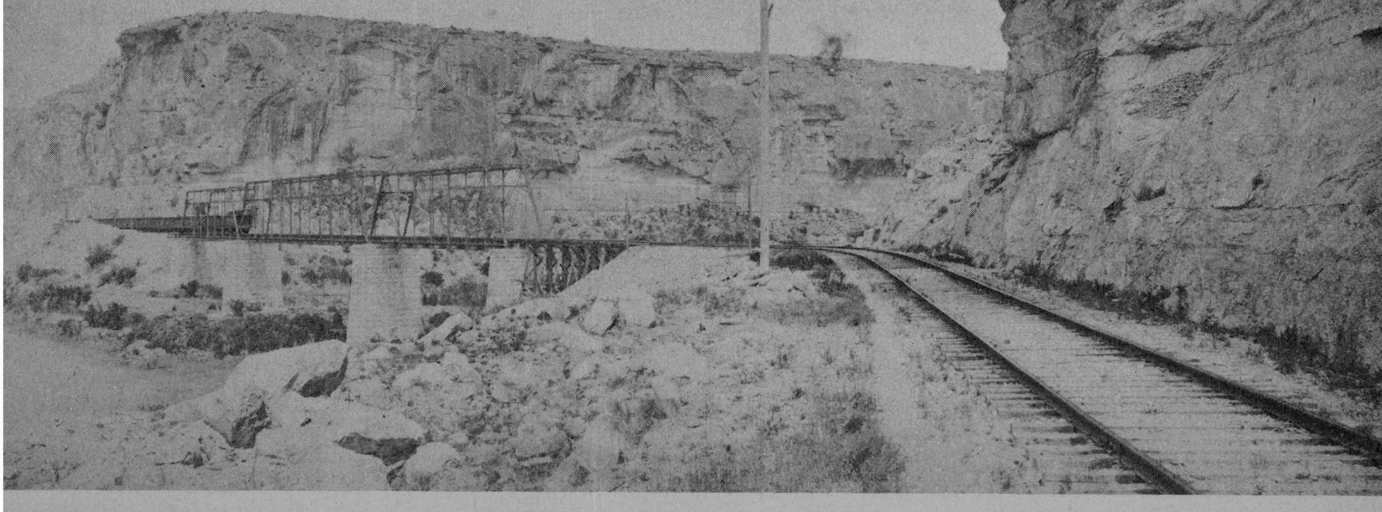
Photos Courtesy M. D. Griffith

These pictures were found in some old furniture stored in a barn in San Antonio, Texas. There is nothing to identify them except the depot sign. The photographer's name on the backs is listed as P. Fassold, Landscape Photographer, Del Rio, Texas.

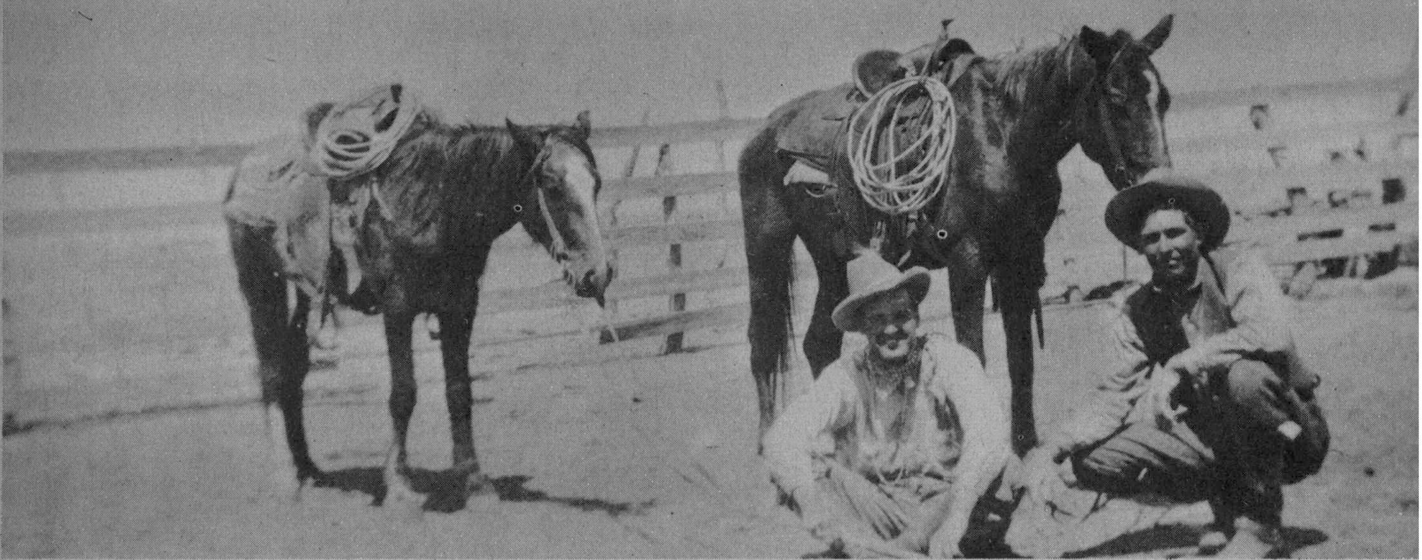
We believe these pictures were shots of the Southern Pacific line from New Orleans to San Francisco, taken after 1881 when Huntington bought out the Texas and New Orleans.

On a circa 1870 map we found "Painted Caves"—just a landmark. It was fifteen miles from Del Rio (which used to be called by another name) and four miles from Devil's River. The Painted Caves depot doesn't seem to exist now. If any of our readers can add to the identification, please let us know.





TROUBLE RODE OUT OF CHIHUAHUA



Cowboys Bill Massey and Otis Roberson at Frank Stidham's U-Bar Ranch corral, about 1914.

By MAGGIE S. ROBERSON

Photos Courtesy Author

FORTY-FIVE years have made a few changes around the border country of New Mexico—Cloverdale, Animas, Hachita, and the ranches; Culberson, High Lonesome, Grey, Lang, Alamo Hueco, Dog Springs, and the Corner.

The Indians had moved out long before we moved to Dog Springs in the early twenties, but since our Chihuahua neighbors to the south were still active and restless, I wasn't one bit unhappy that the old ranch house was strong and solid. Three-foot walls of adobe were rather comforting when my Mormon neighbors filled me in on the killing of three or four (maybe more—it's been a long time) cowboys at the Corner Ranch while they were branding calves in the corral.

There were no survivors so the ranchers and neighbors had to guess at what must have taken place. The boys' rifles were found leaning inside the corral. Of course, most of them also wore six-guns. But the Mexicans only rode to the border gate—according to the horse tracks, there must have been a bunch of them. They probably asked directions or acted in such a friendly manner that the unsuspecting cowboys moved away from the protection of the corral and their rifles. Those who were not shot down at once were roped and dragged to death. Parts of the bodies were found just a short way below our Dog Springs corral four miles up the valley from the Corner Ranch. Karl Peterson, now of Nogales, lost a brother in this bunch.

I was only about nineteen at this time and had heard about, even seen, a few outlaws around Christoval, Eldorado, Sonora, and San Angelo, Texas, where I was born in Tom Green County, but I had never been this near the action before.

The old adobe house at Dog Springs had been built for protection from the Indians first and Mexicans later—three big bedrooms across the front, with two rooms leading back in a wing on the north side, leaving a south ell. At that time, part of the adobe corral was used to pen their saddle horses close enough at night to keep the Indians from setting the old boys afoot. It was connected to the ell corners of the house at the back, and is still standing. There were no baseboards in the house, and we found out that rattlesnakes liked to den up under the floor.

We usually ate our noon meal around 2 or 2:30 p.m., as my husband, Otis, rode the range early and had a big one to cover. There were no pickups or horse trailers to haul horses where he wanted to start his ride. He had to start from the home ranch and cover as much ground as he could in one direction, and in the afternoon double back and pick up uncovered range in another direction. That way all our range was about covered every three or four days. It was always a long wait between eats and sometimes, according to what you ran into in the way of work, no eats till dark.

WHEN my mother, Ivy Sims, came for a visit we put a bed in the combination dining room and kitchen so that she could be near us at night. She, too, [illegible] a little jittery so close to the border. [illegible] table was a drop-leaf affair and [illegible] back of my husband's chair was to [illegible] bed. One day, he had just settled d[illegible] and piled his plate with food and he [illegible] my mother were eating. I was stand[illegible] at the table, pouring milk and co[illegible] before sitting down. Suddenly I f[illegible] (in July). My first thought was "c[illegible] then in a flash, I bent to see what [illegible] brushed my foot because our cat was [illegible] that gentle. The biggest, fattest, lo[illegible] est rattlesnake I ever saw was mov[illegible] slowly from under the table to the sa[illegible] of the crack where the baseboards sho[illegible] have been.

When I yelled, "Snake!" Otis [illegible] Mama didn't wait to ask where. [illegible] simply heaved himself backward [illegible] my clean bed, boots, spurs, and all, [illegible] my mother landed right up in the [illegible] with him. His gun was hanging on [illegible] foot of the bedpost, and he grabbe[illegible] and shot the snake just as it was ab[illegible] one-third out of the room. We w[illegible] pretty sure he had killed the snake e[illegible] though it squeezed on down, becaus[illegible] left quite a bit of blood on the floo[illegible] always heard that rattlesnakes tra[illegible] in pairs, and where you see one, [illegible] other one is usually pretty close b[illegible]

Since our baby Lorraine, was [illegible] about four months old at the time, [illegible] even though the Alamo Hueco cowb[illegible] had made her a little crib with legs [illegible] twenty-eight inches high, I could [illegible] imagine a snake crawling up into [illegible] with her. All afternoon we watched [illegible] listened for him, but as night came [illegible] and Otis walked over the floor w[illegible] spurs jingling, and still no action, [illegible] decided the rattler was dead.

Sleep was restless, nights uneasy on the border. With the signal fires of Red Flaggers lighting up the hills, Anglo settlers brooded about their horses—and their own vulnerable throats!

We had only oil or kerosene lamps, d since there were plenty of shadowy ices in the bedroom, I selected the top the trunk to remove my clothes and ppers. My husband was sitting on the e of the bed, grinning at my being so npy, when he dropped his first boot the floor and all Hades broke loose. at old snake sang out and sounded e he was right under Otis' feet. He lled the baby's bed over by the side ours and I stepped from the top of trunk to the bed and let the darn np burn all night.

Otis rose a little later next morning, . It was fairly bright in the room m daylight when he checked under the l and looked all around before put- g his feet to the floor. He was already essed. We had slept with our clothes the bed, and that is where we dressed. ile I fixed breakfast, he moved the ls and tore up some boards until he ated the rattlesnake coiled on a ledge rock just under the floor. He killed but this one had never been shot be- e, so Otis had evidently made good the one he hit the day before.

By 8:30 he was on his way to Alamo ieco for lumber to put in baseboards, d he brought back one of the ranch ys, Jack Missal, to help him. That was w I got my first "home improvement."

Even though snakes never got into the nt part of the house again, one of the rooms at the back was still favored their presence. We hung our beef and red canned goods, potatoes, and other getables out there. The potatoes were t in a bin under a window that iched almost to the floor. Otis had gone jingle horses one morning and I had ne into the storeroom to get some atoes. As I crossed to the window, I v him coming with the saddle horses, l I was watching them trot down the g slope to the corral as I reached out the potatoes. Suddenly something d me to check where I was putting hand. When I looked down, a snake l his old rusty head and about eight hes of his body stretched up over that k, his beady eyes watching, and ck tongue going ninety miles an hour.

I ran and yelled to Otis that there was rattlesnake in the potatoes. He was ddling his day horse and barely inced my way as he yelled back, "Kill " and kept right on with the business the day. So there was me or the snake back down. It is surprising how much nfidence a bullet can give to one and v much silence it can give to another. iad potatoes for lunch.

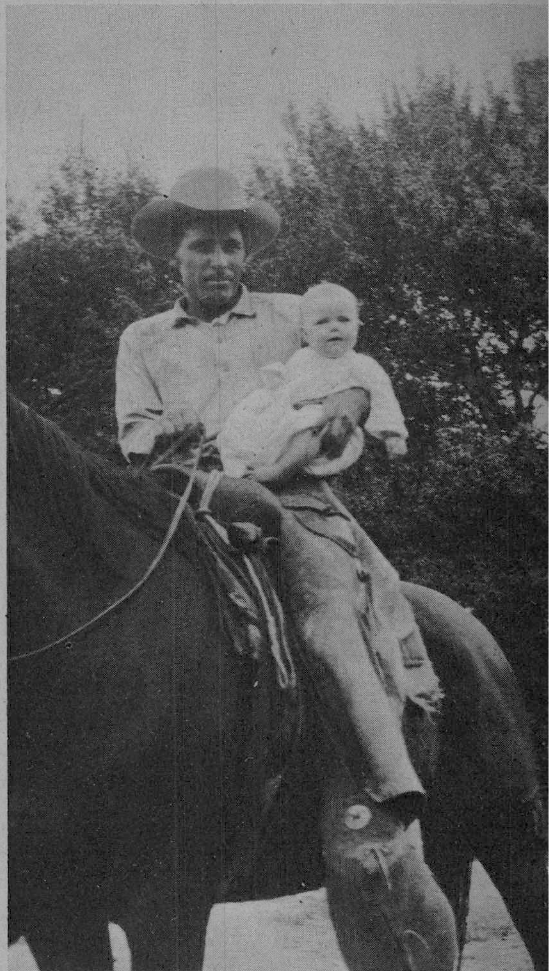
I DIDN'T come out so well with the Mexican situation. They scared me crazy a half dozen times or more. The road from Old Mexico into the States passed through "Ojo Perro," Dog Springs corral, below the spring down in front of our house. Huge fig trees, mixed with cottonwoods, grew all around a tank from the spring of cold water. Most of the travel through this road was made by the little farmers who watered their teams and spent the night at Ojo Perro before going on to Hachita for supplies. These Mexicans were usually very poor, and Hachita was closer to them than a town in Old Mexico, so they came across the line, traded, and went back into Mexico, giving very little trouble.

The ones we had to watch were the "proscriptos" (outlaws) or "red flaggers," as we called those who used Chihuahua as their headquarters. Sonora was never as full of these characters as Chihuahua. It was nothing for us to sit on our front porch in the twilight and watch signal fires, one after another as many as five or six at one time, light up on the hilltops of Old Mexico. And we never knew if the signals meant they were moving to devilment on the U.S. side or on business of their own.

One morning after a particularly busy evening of signal fires (probably had no connection, but I was jittery anyway), Otis had left to check the water and cattle at Conejo, a windmill about fourteen or fifteen miles from Ojo Perro. I was doing my dishes in the kitchen while I waited for the baby to wake up for her bath. I had a big Airedale dog, "Gompers," that one of the Pierce boys had given me soon after we moved to the ranch, and Otis always called him up onto the front screened porch and locked him in before leaving. The house was high in front, requiring six or eight steps to reach the high front porch.

Gompers was a good watchdog. We knew any Mexican would have to kill him to get into the house (they made good later on). All at once, Gompers started running up and down the porch, barking his head off. I hadn't heard a sound but, of course, the corral and spring were all down below the house at the end of a sharp slope. Yet I knew someone was around. The closest neighbors on our side of the line were ten or twelve miles horseback, longer around a road—and there were not many of those. I knew no neighbor would be coming by that early since no works were going on at the time.

I slipped into the middle bedroom where the baby was. We always kept a



Otis Roberson holds his baby daughter at Dog Springs, New Mexico, 1922.

.30-30 leaning in a corner by the window. The window was waist high and the walls three feet thick, but when I counted seven big Mexican hats moving along by the porch toward the steps, I wished the window could have been up to my eyes. I kept still, waiting to see what they were up to. Three of them climbed the steps, and as one of them had two *bandoleers*, one hanging from his shoulder, and was a little meaner looking than the others, I gathered he was their leader.

At any rate, they were all trying to figure out how to get the screen open with Gompers lunging against it as fast as he could hit the floor and bounce back. I was afraid he was going to break it down for them. When I saw one of them pull a skinning knife and say something to the leader, I pushed the

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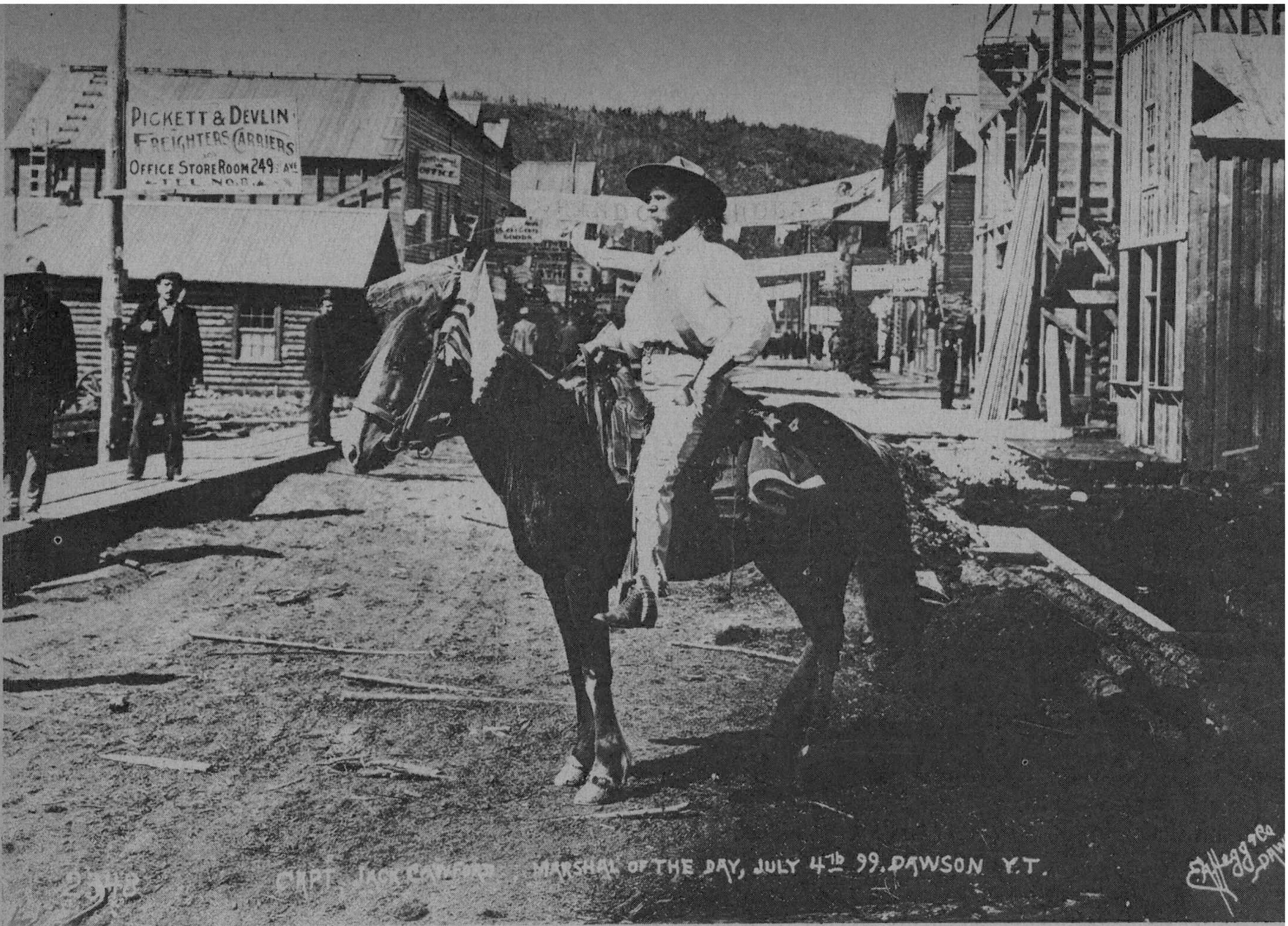

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Captain Jack Crawford at the time he was trying to find gold in the Yukon.

Wild Old Days!

CAPTAIN JACK: LAST OF THE SCOUTS

By Paul T. Nolan

IN JANUARY, 1917, William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody died. Could John Wallace (Captain Jack) Crawford now be considered the greatest of the Indian scouts? Crawford has been working for that position for over forty years, but his public who read the *Literary Digest* for March 24, 1917, would not have guessed his ambition.

"So Bill Cody has gone!" said Captain Jack [when informed of Buffalo Bill's death]. "I guess they will be sounding taps over me pretty soon. Well, when we meet Tall Bull and that tough old codger, Sitting Bull, and say, 'How, Kola!' there will be much to talk about!"

Within two months of Cody's death, Crawford was dead, too; and if the leading dramatic figures of the Indian wars of 1876 did meet, did say, "How, Kola!" there probably was a lot to talk about.

From 1876 until his death, Captain Jack labored valiantly to replace Buffalo Bill as the "Representative Man of the West." Crawford, who was born in Ireland in 1848, arrived in the United States just in time to enlist as an underaged, undersized private in the Civil War. Surviving that conflict after being twice wounded, he married and settled down in Pennsylvania for a few years. In the 1870s, the pioneer movement into the Dakotas started, and Crawford went west—looking for fame, glory, and a steady income.

He found some of all three in the Black Hills—and established himself as "The Poet Scout," writing of the joys of nature, the heroism of Cody and Custer, and the villainy of the Indians.

In 1876—after he received national newspaper attention for a 300-mile ride he made through Indian territory—he

As soon as Captain Jack recovered wrote a play, *Fonda; or The Trapp Dream*, and wrote to Buffalo Bill money to take the play to Austra Cody promised him the money but ne sent it, and Captain Jack's stage ca ended for a time. Crawford returned scouting, this time with the army New Mexico.

Throughout his career in the Sou west, Crawford continued to chase phantom "Reputation." He wrote a cou more plays—*The Mighty Truth*, ab joined Buffalo Bill as an actor i play called *Life on the Border*. The lowing year, while the two were p forming in Virginia City, Nevada, C tain Jack was wounded in a stage fi He later said that Buffalo Bill stabbed him (or shot him) "through drunkeness" and "left me on my bac stranger and penniless. . . ." This n understanding, however, did not their relationship immediately.

s scouting experiences in the Dakotas, ıd *Colonel Bob*, about his days in New exico; and he toured the country, reaching against the evils of drink and nging the praises of the West.

He made it clear that if justice were ne him, the name of Captain Jack, he Poet Scout, would be writ large in e history of the frontier.

N 1894, he wrote to Buffalo Bill after Cody had claimed sole possession the title of "Scout." "Now," wrote aptain Jack, "why should you claim fter Texas Jack [Omohundro] died that ou were the only one left and *King of em all.* And yet you know that Texas ack never was a Scout, never saw a hosle and never fought Indians, except ith you on the mimic stage." In that me letter, Crawford put the matter raight, as he saw it: "I saw more actual dian fighting and took more desperate ances than you ever did. . . . Of course do not refer to the Indian fighting you d on the stage and in the Wild West ow in the last twenty-five years."

Crawford had a large following among urch groups, YMCA groups and tent vival participants, but his audiences ere more concerned with his attacks the dime novel, cigarettes and booze an in his accounts of his days of glory. ne of his favorite stories concerned lly the Kid. He met Billy shortly bere the young desperado's death, he id, and the Kid told him that he could ace his ruin from dime novels to garettes to wild women to wine to a fe of crime. Crawford obviously liked e role of the natural moral philosopher, t it did not pay well—at least not as ell as Cody was doing with audiences ss opposed to the sins of the flesh. ith every opportunity, Captain Jack veled his charge that Cody was "libelg our glorious West" with "your blood d thunder 'red right hand' dime novel possibilities . . . ."

The general opinion that Crawford was scribbling imitation of Buffalo Bill ntinued throughout his life. In reportg Captain Jack's death, the New York *mes* could only offer this feeble subad: "Scout was friend of Buffalo Bill."

Do ghosts ever gnash their teeth?

RANDMA PUT HER FOOT DOWN

By Victor A. Croley

HE FIRST settlers in the Ozarks were hunters. Black bear were plenful in the hills and provided a cash op. Their heavy pelts found a ready arket; the hams were salted for food; d bear grease, a staple commodity in ew Orleans, was used for cooking, lubcation, medicines and even pomades d cosmetics.

At first there was little interest in wnership of the vast public lands. A an simply found a site that pleased m and built a rough log shelter for mself and his dogs. If the hunting were ood, and other conditions favored it, e married hunters would bring their milies and plan a permanent settleent. But the pioneer wife knew her man and knew that a permanent home was unlikely. Often she would just get her lilac bush planted by the doorstep, a little garden patch worked up for corn, beans and pumpkins, when the man of the house would decide the bears had been killed off or the neighbors were getting too close. Better times lay beyond the mountain, and there was nothing to do but follow. She was the chattel of her lord and master, raised on Bible teachings, and could say with Ruth, "Whither thou goest, I will go."

By the time of the second and third generations, their sons and grandsons were farmers first and hunters second. Game still made up a large part of the diet, and no man considered life complete without a pack of hound dogs. Still, small towns had been established and lands were now bought and surveyed and deeds registered with the government. Much of the good bottomland had been taken up and farming was a profitable occupation.

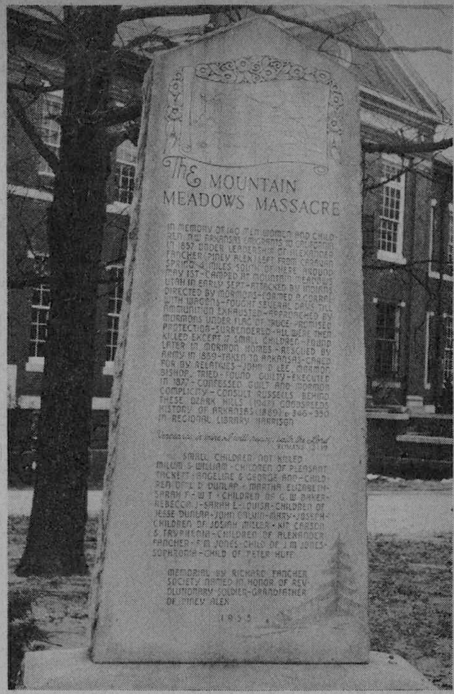
The good wife was still duty-bound to follow her man, but had more possessions to tie them down. She couldn't bundle up everything on a pack horse, put a lead rope on the family cow, and traipse off into the next county. There were farm tools and equipment, household furniture, bedsteads and cupboards and cabinets. After moving became a major operation, there was more thought and discussion about such an undertaking.

Ozark men had inherited a thirst for adventure as well as the wanderlust of their fathers and grandfathers, in spite of the hoe and the plow. The West was unknown Indian territory and a man just naturally had a hankering to learn what was beyond the distant skyline. There were plenty of rumors and wild tales and when word arrived of the discovery of gold in California, there was no holding back the adventurous. Half a dozen men from northwest Arkansas made the long overland journey to the Coast to spy out the country. They reported back not only a land flowing with milk and honey, but criss-crossed by streams rolling with gold nuggets. Nothing would do but they and their neighbors must sell out and form a great caravan for the journey west.

Their enthusiasm was contagious and soon everyone was for it. Everyone except Grandma Baker. As a girl she had made the long and difficult trek over the hills from Tennessee, and the hardships of that journey were enough for one lifetime. Besides, at her age, she didn't know what she would do with a lot of gold if she had it.

"Arkansas is plenty good enough for me, and Arkansas is where I am going to stay," she declared. And when Grandma laid down the law, that was it. Grandpa knew right then that he was going to have to travel without her.

THE PARTY was all winter long getting ready for they were not footloose and shiftless border drifters but well-to-do farmers and it was no easy task to sell their land and other property they couldn't take with them. Their wagons and equipment were of the best. Their livestock included the finest on the frontier, among them a big stallion valued at $2,000.



Monument to the victims of the Mountain Meadows Massacre, Courthouse square, Harrison, Arkansas.

All told, nearly 150 people assembled at the big spring on Crooked Creek, about four miles south of Harrison. Captain Alexander Fancher, affectionately known at "Piney Alex," was chosen as their leader and he set the starting day for the caravan as May 1, 1857.

At the last minute, John S. Baker came down with erysipelas and was too sick to travel, so they started off without him and hoped he and his small party might catch up later. There was hardly a dry eye at the parting, and Grandma Baker felt an awful emptiness inside. Somehow she knew the train was headed for disaster—that she would never see her loved ones again—but she bravely held back her fears and forebodings and waved them out of sight. A few days later when John's party set out, it was just about more than she could take. He was still weak and pale from his ailment, but grimly determined to drive as hard as possible, hoping to join up with the larger party before they reached the dangerous Indian country. Grandma wouldn't let him go without one last gift. She made John go into the root cellar and fetch out her sovereign remedy for weakness and ill health, a ten-gallon keg of her famous peach brandy.

There were only three wagons in this second party. Besides John Baker, his wife and two small children, there was John's uncle, Dal Weaver, and Dal's brother, Pink. There were also three young men named Smith, who were traveling with their aged mother.

The little group drove hard and put in long hours each day, but the caravan

(Continued on page 43)

The West's Most Eccentric Gunman

(Continued from page 17)

knives. Clay won the battle, whereupon, according to agreement, he climbed out of the grave, filled it up, rounded it off nicely, bowed his head in a word of prayer for the deceased, then mounted his horse and went on his way. That was Clay Allison's story, according to the old-timers around Pecos, and as he was the only witness and was not around to question the testifiers, there was no one to dispute the story.

Another legend purports to relate the facts about the effort of a sheriff at Las Vegas, New Mexico, to arrest Clay on a warrant charging some infraction of the law. According to the story, the sheriff, with the warrant in his pocket, got in his buggy and drove out from Las Vegas to a place where Clay Allison was camped. Clay evidently saw him coming, for he rode toward him on his horse. The sheriff sat in his buggy and read the warrant to Clay, who listened attentively.

When the sheriff told him he was under arrest, Clay said, "Okay," and started riding along at a slow place, the sheriff following him in his buggy. A mile or two before they reached Las Vegas, a skunk crossed the road in front of Clay. He pulled his gun and killed it, got off his horse, picked up the dead skunk, walked to the buggy and disarmed the sheriff.

He cut off a piece of saddle string and tied one end of it around the animal's neck and the other to its feet, and hung it around the sheriff's neck. Under Clay's orders, the sheriff drove around the square with Clay following behind, shouting, "Look, fellows, the sheriff's got me under arrest!" After circling the square, Clay waved to the spectators, put the steel to his horse, and loped out of town.

Joe Kipp Ruled the Upper Missouri

(Continued from page 33)

Runner by name, had a camp something like six or eight miles distant from the camp of Pete Owl Child. When the soldiers reached the camp of Chief Heavy Runner, this Chief went toward them as if to tell them who he was and explain his mission there, but the soldiers opened fire and I myself counted two hundred and seventeen dead bodies after the firing,—Chief Heavy Runner was shot and killed during this firing. The able-bodied Indians at that time were out hunting and those who were killed were the Chief and such Indians as could not hunt, being the old men, women and children. The Indians did not return the fire of the soldiers. Only one shot was fired by any of the Indians, and this was after the general firing had ceased when one of the soldiers rode through the camp and shot everything and every person that was alive if he saw they had been injured. The soldier opened the flap of one of the tents and after shooting inside started to ride away when an Indian inside the tent drew his gun on this soldier and shot him in the back of the head or neck and knocked him from his horse. This was the only shot fired by any of the Indians.

After the firing was over, the soldiers gathered up the bedding, clothing and subsistence, and piled them up with a lot of wood and set fire to the pile and burned everything up.

The soldiers then rounded up something like five thousand head of horses belonging to the Indians, among which were some four or five hundred head of horses belonging to Chief Heavy Runner, and drove these horses off.

Pete Owl Child got away from his camp, and the soldiers returned to Fort Shaw without making his arrest.

At the time Chief Heavy Runner was shot and killed I was distant from him, probably fifty or sixty yards. After the Chief fell, some of the soldiers came to his body and went through his pockets, taking papers of recommendation, etcetera. At that time, the manner of burial among the Indians was to place the dead bodies in trees. The soldiers, however, on reading the papers taken from the dead body of Chief Heavy Runner, dug a grave and he was buried in the ground.

(Signed) JOSEPH KIPP.

BAKER'S butchery of the Piegans on the Marias River far surpassed the demonstration by the military at Sand Creek or Wounded Knee. Joe Kipp didn't relate in this 1913 statement the condition of Baker relative to sobriety, nor did he mention the indisputable fact that from the very onset of the cam paign, Kipp tried in vain to convince Baker that he was attacking the wrong village. Baker became so impatient with Kipp's insistence that he assigned two troopers to ride directly behind the scout and shoot to kill if Kipp made any attempt to warn Heavy Runner's camp. The whole truth of the Baker episode is not a pretty tale and is indeed a disgrace in our military history.

There is a marked discrepancy in the number of horses involved. The military report made by Baker indicates that the pony herd was captured but places the number of horses at 300; and about half of these, frenzied from the gunfire, escaped. Kipp's estimate of 5,000 head of horses appears quite unusual for a settlement of not more than 300 Indians.

Following the regrettable incident on the Marias, young Joe returned to Fort Shaw and immediately resigned his position as scout and interpreter. Nevertheless, it was several years before he regained the trust of the Blackfeet people because of his part, innocent as it was, in the slaughter of Heavy Runner's band. Later, Joe Kipp was to adopt two of the Chief's orphaned children and rear them as his own.

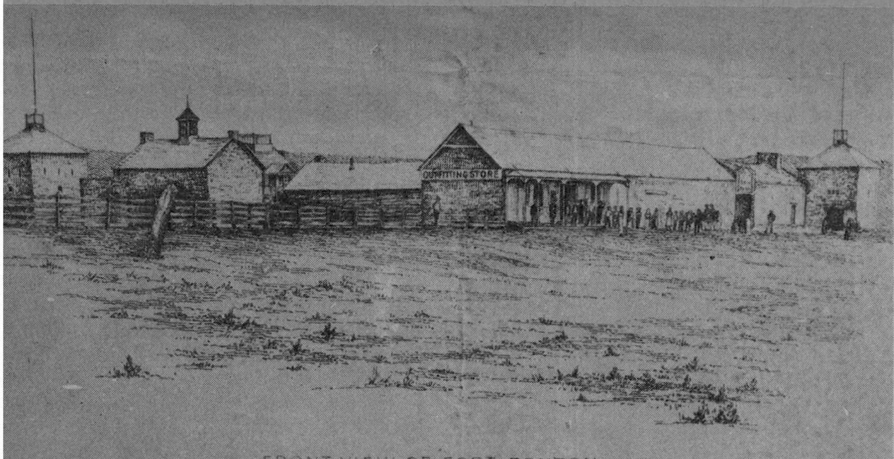
Shortly after the Marias incident Kipp again teamed up with Charley Thomas. The two enterprising young men decided to go into business for themselves. It is quite apparent that neither had any misgivings about trading whiskey for furs. A trader operating without a supply of red-eye brought in few hides. Joe's idea was to set u a post which would attract the Black feet and Assiniboines to a place in cen tral Montana near the Canadian line- preferably just a bit north of the vagu border. That way he and Charley cou circumvent the United States Terr torial Law which forbade barterin with the Indians with whiskey as th stock-in-trade. Up until the time of th Baker affair, this law was taken ligh ly; afterward, and following acts of ag gression against the settlers, Marsh Harding was instructed to enforce th laws of the Territory at all costs.

This presented a problem for th young partners. It was absolutely nece sary to obtain an initial supply of re eye and there was no Canadian sourc Kipp formulated a plan to bring sever hogsheads from Helena, M. T. Joe mad the purchase in the busy mining cent and loaded it on a raft. The plan was float the illicit cargo downriver on th Missouri to the mouth of Sun Rive Here Charley Thomas would meet hi and transport the barrels northward the proposed site of the post by wag and team.

SHORTLY AFTER Joe left Helen U. S. Marshal Harding got word the out-sized purchase and set out confiscate the load. It was nip and tuc Joe had fair sailing down the smoot flowing river and the marshal pursue on horseback a few miles behind. Th lawman began to close the gap. It b came necessary for Joe to beach th raft in a large stand of brush on th ranch of a friend. The rancher soon w approached by the representative of th law. Harding asked if he had seen J Kipp go by with a load of whiskey. Th rancher truthfully replied that Kip had not gone past. Perplexed, Marsh Harding figured that Joe had elude him, and departed for Fort Benton. H again took to the trail. As soon as th coast was clear, Joe continued on to h meeting with Thomas and they bega the 100-mile northward journey to th boundary.

In some manner, Marshal Hardin discovered he had been duped and on again picked up Joe's trail. After hou of hard riding the lawman overtook th slower moving wagon and halted th suspects. A verbal battle between th officers and Joe ensued. The marsh was determined to make an arrest an Joe insisted that the entourage wa halted several hundred yards north the boundary and that the marshal h no authority on Canadian soil. Kip finally convinced the officer, who r turned homeward. It was later dete mined that the halting place was we inside the United States.

Kipp, wanting to be sure his new e terprise was on safe ground, move several miles to the north before buil ing his post. In honor of his victo over the marshal, the little post w christened Fort Stand-Off. The co munity of Stand Off, Alberta, just few miles south and west of presen day Lethbridge on the Belly River built at the site of the old trading pos



FRONT VIEW OF FORT BENTON

pp and Thomas prospered and Fort and-Off was the first of several re- te stores established by the new firm.
In 1878 Kipp purchased Fort Conrad m the firm of Isaac G. Baker of Fort nton. The fort, primarily a trading st, was described as being two rows sturdy log cabins connected and ned across the west end by stables a horse corral. It was located at the d near the juncture of the Dry Fork the Marias and the mainstream of t river.

Famed author and Indian historian, nes Willard Schultz, was employed as clerk in the Fort Conrad store, and and Kipp developed a strong friend- p which was to last until Joe's last y on earth. Schultz's great admiration Kipp is manifested in passages in eral of his books about the Blackfeet tion. Today, nothing remains of Fort nrad. Kipp sold the post to the firm Connelly and McDevitt in 1880.

There were many other Joe Kipp en- prises and he prospered. He built a ding store at the almost forgotten n of Robare on Birch Creek in what now Pondera County, Montana. He a store on Lower Badger Creek and the summer of 1880 built a trading t thirty miles above the mouth of Musselshell River about eighty miles t of present day Lewistown, Mon- a. From this post he operated sev- l portable trading camps which ld be moved from place to place to ow the rovings of the Indian hunt- . Accommodating, you can bet your rt—but it was Joe Kipp who was king off the choice furs and hides for pment to the East. In his later years pp was to own a hotel, general store l sawmill in Browning, Montana.

UE TO lack of transcontinental transportation in Canada it was dif- lt for the Crown to get the payroll ney to soldiers and employes of the rrisons in Alberta. The situation was nedied by sending the money from Louis to Fort Benton by river steam- From there to the remote outposts rth of the boundary, it was Joe Kipp, ing alone, who delivered the Cana- n payrolls. Although he made the p countless times over a period of eral years, Joe was never molested nor was he ever a dollar short.

A hilarious incident occurred during the furnishing of Joe Kipp's Browning store. It was an absolute necessity for any trading post or fort to have, in good working condition, a grinding wheel which the Indian hunters and traders could use to sharpen their knives, scrapers and hatchets. The tribesmen had learned to expect this courtesy along with the free pipe of tobacco and half-cup of whiskey when they came to barter. For some reason, while Kipp was setting up the store, the grindstone (going price about $3) was overlooked. In addition, more supplies were needed and Joe was too busy to leave. He decided to kill two birds and add a grindstone.

After preparing a list of the necessary items he selected a friend and associate, Hi Upham, to make the river journey to St. Louis to obtain the stock. Kipp provided Upham with a $10,000 letter of credit and impressed upon him the importance of the $3 wheel. Now Hi Upham was a young man of the frontier—honest and usually dependable—but he had never been to the "big city." Evidently it was quite an experience. The trip was of several weeks' duration and an anxious Joe Kipp was waiting on the dock at Fort Benton when Hi's steamer pulled ashore. Standing on the deck, smiling broadly and pointing to a shiny new grinder, was Hi. As the cargo was unloaded Kipp was dismayed to discover that there was nothing for him. Questioning young Upham, Kipp determined that the lad had completely forgotten the merchandise order, the letter of credit, and everything else except the all-important wheel. The trip had cost Joe several hundred dollars—for a $3 piece of equipment. Competitors and friends alike came to the Browning store to laugh and to see Joe Kipp's $10,000 grinding wheel.

Kipp later sold the Browning store to W. C. "Bill" Broadwater and after a long and varied career began to slow down. He was everyone's friend. The large house at his ranch south of Blackfoot, Montana was seldom used except when entertaining guests. The yard around the structure was constantly filled with the tepees and skin lodges of his friends and those he was supporting. At his sawmill operation, employes were fed "on the boss" and were summoned to the noon meal by the ringing of a large bell. The clamor it created served to inform others that food was ready, and it is said that the workers' chow-line contained nearly ten times as many men as were on the payroll. Yet none ever went away hungry.

There is little doubt that between 1890 and 1913, Joe Kipp, Kipah, or as some of the Blackfeet called him, "Raven Quiver," was the true chief of the Blackfeet Nation. The blood chiefs and the tribal council consulted him on all matters of importance and he guided them well. The major portion of the fortune he had accumulated went to benefit his Indian friends. All through his life Kipp retained a great pride in his heritage. He was profoundly proud of his Indian blood and any desultory remarks made in his presence regarding "breed" or halfbreed would rapidly fire his Scotch and Indian temper.

Joseph Kipp, after a brief and sudden illness, died of pneumonia at Browning, Montana, on December 12, 1913 at the age of sixty-six. His passing to the "Sand Hills" was mourned by hundreds.

Today, there is a Montana State Park in the Charles M. Russell National Wildlife Refuge north of Lewistown, Montana which commemorates his father's name. The Canadian towns of Kipp and Stand Off in Alberta are a tribute to Joe's memory. A lake near his Blackfoot, Montana home also bears his name.

"The Merchant Prince of the Upper Missouri" was quite a man.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 41)

ahead was also pushing as hard as it could. Piney Alex knew the dangers and knew the importance of speed. He had no fear of Indians or outlaws with a party as strong as his, but he did know the terrible story of the Donner party which had been trapped in the snows of the Sierra some years before. He did not want to risk a similar fate.

The John Baker party was unable to close the gap, although on several occasions they found the camping places of the party ahead, with the ashes of their fires still warm. When word of the slaughter of their friends and relatives in the infamous Mountain Meadows Massacre reached them, John was just two days behind. Failure to catch up had saved his and his family's lives for the moment, but they were still in grave danger. They tried to turn aside and avoid the valley of death, but it was too late. A war party of Indians found them and before the wagons could be turned into a defensive corral, shots rang out and a shower of arrows fell. It isn't known whether these were Indians who had taken part in the massacre, or whether it was an entirely new band.

AT THE first volley, Dal Weaver and one of his sisters were killed. One of the Smith brothers leaped on a saddle horse and tried to dash off for help but the Indians lassoed him and dragged him to death. In the excitement one of the teams got frightened and ran away with a wagon. The Indians took after it, sure of their ability to return and slaughter the emigrants at will. But when the runaways were finally stopped and the wagon stripped, it was found to be the one carrying Grandma's keg of peach brandy—enough to make the entire band of Indians drunk.

In a silly stupor, they still tried to close in on the surviving emigrants but just as they were about to do so, the men ripped open all the feather beds they had and threw the feathers into the faces of the Indians. Before the flustered and intoxicated attackers could figure out what was happening, the adults had gathered up the small children and sprinted for the shelter of a nearby thicket. The two surviving Smith brothers made a cross-cradle of hands and wrists and, with their old mother seated between them, they carried her to safety. The Indians were too drunk by then to follow or to care and contented themselves with pillaging and burning the wagons.

Pink Weaver hurried ahead down the trail as fast as he could go looking for help. He finally found some of the soldiers who were going to Utah Territory.

When these soldiers reached the terrified survivors most of them were so weak from fright and their exertions they could hardly walk another step. They were eventually taken to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where they were cared for until they were strong enough to return to Arkansas.

For a long time afterward, Grandma Baker thought these few survivors were the only family she had left, but a few years later Captain James Lynch and some of his men, sent to investigate the massacre, disguised themselves and won the confidence of Mormon families. They learned that seventeen children, ranging in age from a few months to seven years at the time of the slaughter, had been spared and were being cared for in Mormon homes. He was able to recover these children and return them to Arkansas. Among them were the three youngest children of George Baker—Grandma's grandchildren!

BANK ROBBERY—CALIFORNIA STYLE

By Rudell Murray Norris

SWEAT ROLLED down the face of James McCarthy as he dug holes on the hillside and thought about robbing a bank—plans which were the start of one of the most ludicrous episodes in Ventura County history.

The balmy Southern California weather in early April, 1889, was just made for camping out under the big oaks which dotted the hills a few miles east of the sleepy village of Ventura. But it was hot when you were digging holes. McCarthy paused a moment, wiped his brow, and went over his strategy for holding up the Collins and Sons Bank on Ventura's Main Street.

It was here under these sheltering trees that he was stashing his supplies so he could hide out while the posse was looking for him. He still had to go to town, buy a gun, and rent a fast horse that would keep him ahead of Sheriff A. J. Snodgrass and his posse.

McCarthy knew that J. E. Collins went to lunch each day at noon, leaving only the teller in the bank. This would be the best time for a robbery.

On April 25, McCarthy, mounted on his rented horse, cantered slowly down Main Street to the intersection of California Street. He estimated it was shortly after noon, and dismounted. Someone had left a horse and rig standing in front of the bank's hitching rack, so McCarthy merely tied his horse to the rear wheel of the wagon. He wasn't going to be gone very long.

Inside the bank, McCarthy could see the teller, Jack Morrison, counting coins into a tray. A stack of folding money was piled in front of it. There was no one else in sight.

McCarthy stepped up to the teller and set a neatly wrapped package on the counter.

"There's dynamite in this," he announced as forcefully as he could.

Morrison acted as though he didn't hear and kept on counting his money. McCarthy became a bit flustered. He pulled out his gun and pointed it at the teller.

"I am hungry, penniless and desperate, and I have been contemplating suicide. Give me that money," demanded McCarthy.

Morrison didn't look up. He continued to count his money for a moment, then dropped to the floor and scurried along behind the counter and dashed out the back door.

The bewildered McCarthy felt there was nothing to do but put his package of dynamite in his pocket, pick up the folding money, put it on the tray and walk out to his horse. It was almost too easy as he left the bank with the tray in one hand, the gun in the other.

IN THE MEANTIME, Morrison had reached the alley through the back door of the bank and had dashed through the rear of Dr. Miller's drugstore and then back to Main Street in time to meet McCarthy coming out of the bank.

"He robbed the bank! Arrest him, somebody!" shouted Morrison, jumping up and down.

No one moved. In fact, there was no one on the street except the teller and the bank robber.

It was McCarthy's turn to ignore Morrison as he walked over to his horse. He knew about barking dogs and if the teller had any bite in him, he would have done something before now.

Then McCarthy met his first unexpected problem. Gun in one hand, balancing the money tray in the other, he needed a third hand to untie his horse from the wagon wheel. He didn't have a third hand. He struggled to get close enough to pull the reins loose with his teeth, but Morrison's shouts caused the team to back up. The reins that had been on top of the wheel suddenly were on the bottom, half buried in the dust of the street.

The movement of the wagon frig ened the rented horse and it lurch against McCarthy, spilling the mon The robber dropped to his knees a groped in the dirt for the loot.

Morrison's screams finally interrupt a shopkeeper's lunch long enough for man to walk to the front door of shop and look out. He listened to M rison for a moment, then returned ins to rummage through his wares for a g At last he found a gun of uncert vintage and returned outside to find M Carthy still on his hands and knees the dirt, scooping up the money. M rison was still excitedly yelling for bandit's arrest.

Now the shopkeeper had a gun, but was not quite sure how to use it, or e what to do with it. The hysterical M rison offered no help to the storem but continued his marathon of jumpi and screaming at the top of his voic

At this very moment, Sheriff Sn grass had completed his lunch and w strolling down Main Street on his w back to the jail. He took in the scene front of the bank, but he knew somethi the others didn't. The bank robber ha gun, the shopkeeper had a gun, but sheriff did not. Crime was so rare Ventura he had never imagined that would run into a bank robbery duri his lunch hour.

AT THE SIGHT of the sheriff, shopkeeper rushed up to the lawm waving the revolver and demanding sheriff do something. The sheriff did. grabbed the gun from the shopkee and promptly demanded McCarthy's s render.

From his crouched position in dusty street, McCarthy looked up at gun. The proximity expanded the size the barrel until it looked like a sm cannon. In pure frustration, McCart threw the tray of money, scattering coins again in the dust. He tossed gun after it.

"I give up," he sighed. The sher bundled the bungling bandit off to jai

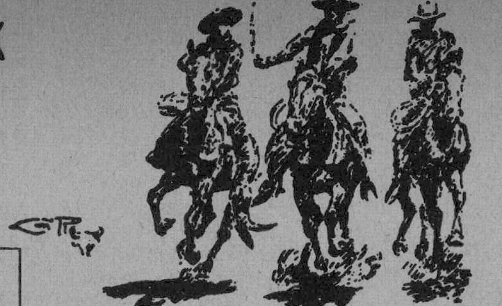
The town's newspaper, the *Ventu Democrat*, called McCarthy a "BO BAD MAN" in headlines the next d But in the jail, the holdup man was t ing to convince everyone he was cra He beat his head against the walls a howled like a dog. He talked jibberish anyone who would listen. He mumb constantly. He even took newspapers a pretended to try to read them ups down. Within two weeks, the *Democ* decided he had "gone out of his min

McCarthy's two attorneys told judge he was insane and the jud agreed. The prisoner was sent to the lo asylum where he promptly ceased be ing his head against walls, didn't ho talked normally, and read everythi right side up.

His keepers couldn't understand w anyone felt he was unbalanced, so af they got tired of feeding him they turn him loose to roam among the oak-studd hills where he had dug those holes or spring day not so many months befor

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos



ATTENTION

e do not handle the books reviewed elow. If interested in purchasing, lease check your local bookstore, or ldress your order to the individual ublisher in care of this office and e will be glad to forward.

A GREAT WESTERN ARTIST

Clarence Arthur Ellsworth, Artist of Old West, 1885-1964 was a labor of e by the author, Otha D. Wearin, Iowa rmer, Western buff and collector, rmer member of Congress, author and lsworth's benefactor. It can be bought ectly from Otha, at the Nisha Vale op, Hastings, Iowa 51590 for $15.00 or, you're lucky enough to have a book-ler who handles Western art books, m him. Ellsworth was born in Nebra- and lived his first forty-five years the Great Plains of the U.S. and nada. He moved to California in 1929 l was for some years connected with rious movie studios. Ellsworth was f-taught though he was quick to knowledge the help of other artists—rticularly that of the staff artists on various newspapers for which he rked in Denver and elsewhere. The thor met Ellsworth in California and ited him to spend a summer in the est cottage on the Nisha Vale Farm Iowa. Ellsworth became practically a mber of the family and returned again l again. He never married and the earins and the Oscar (Iron Eyes) dys of movie and TV fame were his nilies. Otha got most of the material the text of this book directly from rence while he was at Nisha Vale. sworth was a long-time member of Los Angeles Corral of The Western- and contributed illustrations to a nber of the annual Brand Books. His tures and drawings were used in other ks and magazines. The author in-ded a bibliographic check list of books strated by Ellsworth by Old Booka- Jeff Dykes. There is a photo of Clar-e as the frontispiece and numerous er photos of him plus reproductions of ny of his paintings (six in full color the text plus one on the dust wrap-), drawings, Christmas cards, illus-ted letters, etc. There is an index l the binding is handsome. This is a rthy memorial to a worthy artist-strator of the West. Highly recom-nded and don't wait—there are only numbered and signed copies.

KENTON AND TECUMSEH

he Frontiersman (Little Brown and , $8.95) by William W. Eckert is a rative portraying the lives of two n. Simon Kenton was the hero of the tes during the opening of the North-west Territory—that vast frontier of the Ohio River Valley. His life and exploits surpassed that of Daniel Boone. Tecumseh, a brilliant Chief of the Shawnee, came close to thwarting the white man's effort to push westward beyond the Colonies. This is a big book depicting the American frontier and the Indians at their best. It is the first book in a series by Eckert entitled "The Winning of America." Previous books of the author include *The Great Auk, The Silent Sky,* and *Wild Season.*

A FIGHTING RANGER

I'm Frank Hamer—The Life of a Texas Peace Officer (The Pemberton Press, $7.50) by H. Gordon Frost and John H. Jenkins is a monumental tribute to one of the greatest peace officers of all times and also presents "the true story of Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker." Hamer, who participated in nearly 100 gunfights with outlaws, is credited with killing 53 men in the line of duty, was wounded 17 times, and left for dead 4 times. He was described by the press as "a giant of a man . . . and as talkative as an oyster." Hamer, a cowboy, became a horseback Texas Ranger in 1906. He soon gained a wide reputation for his quiet and gentlemanly manners, his complete lack of fear, and his ability to bring the toughest assignments to successful conclusions. Although he often left active duty as a Texas Ranger to fill special assignments, Hamer retained his commission in the Rangers and completed over twenty-six years of active duty, rising to the position of Senior Captain in Austin, the State Capital. In addition he served as peace officer in Navasota, with oil companies, and with a partner in a private security guard association in Houston. He was a bridge between the era of the horseback Ranger and the modern detective backed with scientific tools and procedures. The climax to Hamer's career came when he planned and completed the job of stopping the murderous pair—Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker. It took him just 102 days as a special agent for Col. Lee Simmons, head of the Texas Prison System, to track down the killers, lay the final trap, and close out the lives of two of the most cold-blooded killers of all time. Hamer was always reticent about his deeds. He was cooperative but quiet. His friend and confidant, Walter Prescott Webb, said of Hamer in his famous book, *The Texas Rangers,* "If all criminals in Texas were asked to name the man that they would most dread to have on their trail, they would probably name Captain Frank Hamer without hesitation." The authors

Courtesy Mrs. E. B. Custer Collection, Custer Batlefield Mus

Sioux captives taken at the Battle of the Washita stand within the walls of Fort Dodge, Kansas. The Seventh Cavalry scout at left unidentified.

had detailed interviews with Mrs. Frank Hamer, her sons, and many of Frank's friends and associates as well as doing intensive research of legal and public records for a period of three years. The book is a fitting record of a man who during his life refused to talk of his experiences or participate in any tribute or testimonial to his courageous public service. Many interesting photographs, detailed annotations, and an index support the narrative. Highly recommended.

Prelude to Massacre

(Continued from page 23)

instance have they retaliated."

Wynkoop urged that arms and ammunition be issued but the decision in August allowing Wynkoop to use his judgment on supplies came too late. A band of Cheyennes and Arapahoes, feeling the treaty had been broken by the government, had decided to go north and war against their traditional enemies, the Pawnees.

When a group of them approached a settlement for supplies, two Indians carried away a white woman. Other Indians in the camp made them return her but the damage had been done. Wynkoop, when he learned of the incident, called in Little Rock and reminded him that under the Medicine Lodge Treaty the Indians had to deliver the two for trial.

Before Little Rock's warriors could locate the band a group of vigilantes did. Now the Indians were convinced the treaty had been scrapped. By October, after other groups of whites and Indians had joined the conflict, an estimated 100 whites had been killed.

Gen. Alfred A. Sully, with several troops of the Seventh Cavalry and detachments of the Third Infantry, began a campaign to drive the hostile bands out of Kansas.

He overtook the Indians along the Cimarron and, in two days of skirmishing, lost one man killed, one wounded and one captured. At Beaver Creek Sully turned back. The Indians followed until he made camp on Bluff Creek.

Such was the climate of emotion on the Southern Plains as Black Kettle, Little Raven and other chiefs moved their bands into winter camp along the Washita and Generals Sherman and Sheridan prepared a campaign to subjugate the Indians.

THE MAIN expedition of the campaign was to be under the command of Sheridan and would include a regiment of Kansas Volunteers and the Seventh Cavalry. The Kansas Volunteers officially were the 19th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry, authorized in mid-October to serve six months.

Sheridan wanted Custer to command the Seventh Cavalry but Custer was under suspension. Sherman and Sheridan appealed to Washington to lift the suspension. They also notified Custer, on September 28, 1868, at his home in Monroe, Michigan. Custer was on a train west on the 29th.

Within a few hours after he reported to his command on Bluff Creek, some of the Indians who had followed Sully to the area attacked the camp. Although hundreds of shots were fired, no Indian casualties were claimed by Custer in his memoirs.

During the next two weeks Custer trained his troops, awaiting orders to move out. A site for a supply camp had been chosen at the juncture of Beaver Creek and Wolf Creek, which became Camp Supply. Custer made an uneventful march to the camp, crossing one Indian trail but seeing no sign of the enemy.

Two companies of Kansas Volunteers escorted Sheridan's staff to Camp Supply while the other ten companies, under Col. S. J. Crawford, who resigned as governor of Kansas to accept the command, were to go to Camp Supply from Topeka. Crawford's column was met at the Cimarron by an early blizzard. Eventually the Kansans reached Camp Supply but not without hardship.

In the autumn of 1868 Black Kettle moved his band into winter camp at a bend in the Washita. He placed his lodge at the western edge of the village. Two miles downstream was the camp of Little Raven's Arapahoes. Farther below were the Cheyenne band of Little Rock, the Medicine Arrow Cheyennes and a few Apaches and Comanches.

ON THE NIGHT of November Black Kettle made plans to move band farther downstream. Reports t a new army was being formed in Kan brought memories of Sand Creek.

That day Black Kettle had retur to the camp after visiting with G William Babcock Hazen, the Ind agent at Fort Cobb, who had become trusted friend of the Indians along Washita. Hazen had told Black Ke that a campaign was being organi by Sheridan to punish the Indians the raids in Kansas.

Hazen assured Black Kettle that would do what he could to protect Indians along the Washita but poin out he had no power to make peace this new campaign.

Snow was falling when Black Ket left Fort Cobb and became heavier as and his Cheyennes traveled the eig miles to their village. It was near nig fall when Black Kettle called the lead to his lodge to tell them they must m downstream the next morning to nearer the other Indians. Soon the ent camp had heard the advice from Gene Hazen. Fires burned late that night families prepared for an early start next day.

On November 22, Crawford's vol teers still had not arrived. Custer ceived orders from Sheridan to leave next day on a thirty-day scout. Lat according to Sheridan's plan, when Kansas units had arrived and were rea to travel again, Sheridan would foll meeting Custer in the Fort Cobb area

The next morning snow was knee de and still falling as Custer left Ca Supply. Following a course along W Creek to a point north of Antelope Hi the troops battled the deep drifts in creek valley for three days before rea ing the point where they were to tu south and cross the Canadian River.

While the supply wagons were bei worked across the broad channel of Canadian, Custer sent Major Elliott with a scouting party. An Indian tr was found twelve miles upstream, le ing in a southwesterly direction. Si it seemed fresh, Elliott notified Cust who sent back orders to follow the tr Custer, with his main force, would south to intercept it.

Leaving a guard with the wagons, ıster headed for the rendezvous. When reached the trail, the tracks showed lliott already had passed. Finally Cus- r overtook Elliott where the scouting ırty had camped to await the main lumn.

Custer decided to move forward and, possible, find the destination of the dians that night. After several hours e scouts heard the barking of dogs. ıree scouts were sent out and deter- ined the location of the village.

Now the battle plan was set. Custer ould surround the village before day- eak. At a signal, the lines of troops ould converge on the Indians. Elliott as sent with three troops (G, H and M) a point downstream from the village. hen he had his men in position, Elliott d some dismount while others were pt mounted to chase down any Indians no made it through the walking line.

Colonel Thompson led two troops (B d F) upstream from the village, ossed the Washita and swung in to tack from behind. Between Custer's rce, attacking from the northwest, and ompson's units were two troops (E d I) commanded by Colonel Myers, no crossed the stream with Thompson t pulled up along the riverbank.

Four troops (A, C, D and K), Col. W. . Cook's forty sharpshooters, and nite and Osage scouts made up Custer's rce.

N THE Indian village, Black Kettle was among the early risers. The quiet the valley was broken by the scream a squaw who had spotted the advanc- g soldiers.

According to Indian reports, Black ettle fired one shot to awaken the late eepers. Almost at that instant a bugle unded in the timber across the river d a band started playing. Custer, al- ays the showman, had brought the gimental band with him. Now it ayed "Garry Owen."

As Black Kettle and his squaw swung the back of his pony and headed for e river, Custer's cavalry, with Custer the lead, burst out of the timber only few yards away on the other bank of e Washita.

Two shots hit Black Kettle and he d into the icy waters of the river. ıe survivor of Sand Creek and leader Medicine Lodge Creek was the first ctim of the Battle of the Washita. His uaw fell dead a few feet away.

Custer's men raced across the ford. w of the Indians had time to grab eir weapons. Flight was their only pe.

Casualties suffered by the Custer rce do not bear out his claim that the tack was met by a spirited resistance. the attack on the village the only sses were Capt. L. M. Hamilton killed d eleven men wounded. (Captain amilton's only wound was in his back. ıe grandson of Alexander Hamilton as riding next to Custer and fell in the itial charge, before the Indians really arted returning the fire.)

As to the Indian casualties, Custer re- rned to Camp Supply with fifty-three isoners, all women and children. Reports indicate eleven of them were wounded. Custer reported 103 warriors slain. An Indian report to the Secretary of the Interior later showed thirteen men (including two chiefs, Black Kettle and Little Rock), sixteen women and nine children killed, a total of thirty-eight Indians slain.

The initial victory over Black Kettle's village was only part of the action that day. Elliott's troops were moving through the brush toward the village when Elliott and a few of his mounted men gave chase to a group of Indians escaping from the main force. Young warriors in the group ran for a ridge. Leaving Sgt. Maj. Walter Kennedy to guard the captured women and children, Elliott led the others after the youths and killed them.

Kennedy probably was the first to see the warriors arriving from Little Raven's village—and the first to be killed by them. When Elliott turned back toward the stream he likely saw Kennedy being pulled from his horse and slain.

Other warriors were coming along both sides of the Washita. Some rode out to meet Elliott and his seventeen men, according to later Indian reports. Elliott led his men to a bend in what was to become Sergeant Major Creek, named for Kennedy, and prepared to make a stand. It did not last long, for more and more warriors arrived from the other villages.

While Elliott and his men were fighting their fatal battle, Custer was searching the village for arms, ammunition and provisions, and rounding up squaws and children hiding in the lodges.

Then Custer was under attack, warriors appearing on the ridges around the village where only a few hours earlier the Seventh Cavalry had waited for its charge into the camp. By noon, which would coincide with Indian reports as the time of the final assault on Elliott's position, the horde of warriors had increased to a point where the troops were being harassed continually from all sides. Custer was surrounded.

From the prisoners he learned the source of the warriors and realized the nature of his position. Adding to Custer's problems was diminished ammunition, which had been used indiscriminately during the attack. Most of the soldiers had few of the 100 rounds they had taken into battle that morning.

Fortune, however, was with Custer. A wagon and cavalry guard came into the village, following the route Custer had taken in the initial attack. Quartermaster Bell, after getting the supply wagons across the Canadian, had loaded a wagon with ammunition and, with twenty-five troopers, had set out along Custer's trail. Bell's wild dash through the circle of warriors brought the wagon in before the startled Indians could fire on it.

Custer returned to the destruction of the village and the shooting of 875 Indian ponies. After all the Indian provisions had been burned, Custer began reorganizing his force.

Reports later indicated Custer had intended to move against the other villages but had been persuaded to abandon the plan by Ben Clark, identified by many as chief scout although Custer in his memoirs gave that title to California Joe. Since the troops and horses were exhausted, it was decided to make temporary camp in the village and fight off the attacking warriors.

At dusk the bugle sounded. The column formed and moved out downstream, then reversed direction and began the retreat to Camp Supply. The ruse worked. Apparently the Indians from the other villages, seeing the troops moving downstream, had rushed back to set about defending or abandoning their own lodges.

Custer kept moving until morning, when the column met the wagontrain. After a brief rest, the march was resumed.

When the attack on the village had started, the cavalrymen had left their overcoats piled where they had waited for dawn. Arapaho warriors had found the coats, and the white men made the long march with little protection against the cold.

As the column neared Camp Supply, Custer sent messengers ahead, suggesting that Sheridan and his staff grant the triumphant Seventh Cavalry the honor of a formal review.

With his Osage scouts in fresh warpaint and the band playing, Custer's tired troops passed in review on December 2, just nine days after they had left on what was to have been a thirty-day scout.

WHILE the prisoners were being settled and the troops pitched camp, Custer reported to Sheridan to expand on the written report he had dispatched after the battle.

The report had stated, "Two officers, Major Elliott and Captain Hamilton, were killed, and 19 enlisted men." Custer had returned with only the body of Hamilton. Sheridan's inquiries as to Elliott brought an acknowledgment from Custer that he had no definite information on Elliott's fate.

Custer said one of the scouts had reported seeing Elliott and several soldiers chasing some Indians below the village. Custer said he had sent parties to search for Elliott but after going nearly two miles downstream (which would have taken them to Little Raven's village) they had found no sign of Elliott. Sheridan then decided to begin a search for Elliott as soon as Custer's men were rested.

It was at this time that Custer began his relationship with Monahseetah, daughter of Little Rock. The Indian girl ostensibly was an interpreter, although Custer in his memoirs indicated he had a passable knowledge of Cheyenne, and Monahseetah apparently did not speak English. Monahseetah was not returned to the other prisoners in the Fort Hays stockade until the spring of 1869 when Mrs. Custer joined her husband. Several sources, including the prisoners, tell of the birth of a son to Monahseetah during the summer. She called the blonde papoose "Yellow Swallow."

Custer and Sheridan had set out to clear the Washita of hostiles. Now, while Custer's men rested at Camp Sup[p] the goal virtually was reached.

Satank, Satanta and Lone Wolf [de]cided to move their Kiowas to the F[ort] Cobb area where they would have [the] protection of Agent Hazen and his fo[rce] of one company of infantry and [a] troop of cavalry. With these Kio[was] went some Arapahoes and Comanches

Other Kiowas, under Kicking B[ird] and Woman's Heart, decided to move [to] the Wichita Mountains where they wo[uld] have better positions if Custer return[ed]. Arrow Point's Comanches joined then

Heading for the plains north of [the] Wichitas were Arapaho bands led [by] Little Raven, Yellow Bear, Powder F[ace] and Left Hand, and Cheyennes led [by] Little Robe and the Medicine Ar[row] band.

WHEN Custer and Sheridan reac[hed] the scene of the Washita fig[ht], parties were sent out to find any cl[ue] to Elliott's fate. The first body fo[und] was that of Kennedy. Farther along [the] creek they located the spot where Ell[iott] had made his stand. The bodies of Ell[iott] and his men bristled with arrows.

The enlisted men were buried on [the] north side of the Washita with a sin[gle] marker. The body of Elliott was sent [to] Fort Arbuckle.

Custer and Sheridan resumed [the] march down the Washita, finding o[nly] empty village sites. Finally the colu[mn], which included the Seventh Caval[ry], scouts, 10 companies of Kansas Vol[un]teers and 300 wagons hauling supp[lies] for the 2,000 men, reached Fort Co[bb]. There Custer and Sheridan talked w[ith] Hazen and with Satanta and Lone W[olf] who had been seized as hostages. A[s a] result, two bands of Kiowas surrender[ed] at the bidding of their prisoner chie[fs].

The other tribes had had enough [of] trying to walk the white man's ro[ad]. Sheridan selected a site for a base su[it]able for the long campaign he expect[ed]. Just east of the Wichita Mountains [on] Cache Creek, work was started on F[ort] Sill. Cavalry and infantry units co[m]manded by Col. A. W. Evans, who [had] left Fort Bascom in New Mexico to j[oin] Sheridan's campaign, arrived at [the] site of the new fort.

A short time later Custer learned t[hat] many of the Arapahoes and Cheyen[nes] had moved to the Palo Duro area of [the] Texas Panhandle.

Little Robe of the Cheyennes and Li[ttle] Raven of the Arapahoes sent word t[hey] wanted to negotiate. Little Robe a[nd] Yellow Bear, representing Little Rav[en], came in to talk. They agreed to t[ake] Custer and a detachment to Li[ttle] Raven's village on Mulberry Creek. T[he] Arapahoes, agreeing to make peace, [set] out toward Fort Sill. Custer stayed [at] the site while Little Robe rode fart[her] west to tell his Cheyennes to come [in]. Custer waited in vain and returned [to] Fort Sill empty-handed.

Work had progressed on the new f[ort] and in February the Tenth Cavalry[, a] Negro unit organized in 1866 at the sa[me] time as the Seventh Cavalry, was [as]signed to the garrison.

On March 2, 1869, Custer set out w[ith] his cavalry and the Kansans to find ians in the Texas Panhandle. Time, ather and campaigning had been hard the mounts and now all that were viceable were assigned to the Seventh, Volunteers being converted to in- try.

fter two weeks Custer sent the foot- Kansas units to the Black Kettle on the Washita to rest while the enth continued the search. A week r Custer found Little Robe's Chey- es camped on Sweetwater Creek. er negotiations, which included Cus- s taking the Sacred Arrow vow in edge of peace, he seized four hostages l old men. The chiefs he had sought ped the trap.

ailing to get the Indians to sur- der, Custer returned to Camp Supply. cavalry had covered many miles but bat was only a matter of hours. The sas Volunteers were mustered out. campaign was over.

n June 25, 1876, the Indians found r revenge along the Little Big Horn.

uthor's note: The Cheyenne and Ara- o country of western Oklahoma was ned to white settlement April 19, 2. On that day the town of Cheyenne born. The new white settlers found arker a few miles from Cheyenne. vas a native stone, the carving crude.

"7th Cav. Nov. 27, 1868"

he new town of Cheyenne became wn as "the site of the Battle of the shita." The marker was left at the inal location until 1920 when it was ght into town for safekeeping and odic display.

In January of 1958 work was started on the Black Kettle Museum where the stone marker and other relics of the battle could be preserved and displayed. The museum was opened March 15, 1959.

On display, in addition to the historic stone, are cavalry bits and mess kettles and other items found at the battle site.

Besides articles picked up with the skeleton of Black Kettle when it was found many years after the battle, there are twenty exhibits of Cheyenne relics including a bed protector, ceremonial fan, dress, saddle, moccasins, knife case, arrows and many examples of beadwork.

Two rifles on display are of special interest. One is a Spencer carbine which was used by the cavalry in the Battle of the Washita. The other is a Springfield carbine used by a trooper at the Little Big Horn. Also on display is the Regimental Roster of the Seventh Cavalry for the months of November and December of 1868 and January, February and March of 1869—the period of Custer's campaign on the Washita.

Adding to the items directly relating to the Battle of the Washita is a fine display of frontier relics. A recent addition to the museum is a diorama of the battle by H. W. Klippell.

At a three-acre monument site overlooking the river valley where the battle was fought there is a large stone marker which gives a brief account of the battle and bears the likenesses of Black Kettle and Custer. A plaque designates the site as a National Historic Landmark.

Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall visited the site in October of 1965 a week after the designation ceremonies to consider possible national park status for the battlefield. The museum is operated by the Oklahoma Industrial Development and Park Department.

Cream by the Inch

(Continued from page 16)

ever we had extra, and say hello to my mother. (Always walked in those days for short trips of two, three, four miles.) Sometimes we had surplus eggs because we was a small family. Most folks had enough mouths that they ate up all the eggs their hens laid, and if the hens laid too many they begun to kill off the old hens, as well as the young roosters, for eating purposes. Often we had extra butter I sold to Mr. McNemeer, and once in a while a cowhide which he resold to the tannery at Yam Hill. He paid nine, ten up to twenty cents a pound for the butter, and bought eggs at anywhere from five to eleven cents a dozen—fifty cents for the hide.

I had other chores to do—clean the barn every day, help in the garden, weeding or hoeing or planting, help to pick berries and cherries and apples when they turned ripe, collect eggs, keep the wood box full, drive the yoke of oxen when Mr. Washburn was clearing off land, and help some in harvesting, haying and butchering. We was always making or repairing something—another shed, or patching the barn, or enlarging the smokehouse, or building a sled. I learned about carpentry right there on that place, and about taking care of tools. It always served me in good stead.

THERE WAS plenty to do around the kitchen. Like putting up berries. In berry season all hands would lay off whatever wasn't absolutely necessary and go out into the woods to pick berries. It was a kind of lark that everybody enjoyed and them woods was just full of most every kind of blackberries, raspberries, huckleberries, salmon berries, thimble berries. We'd come home with washtubfuls in the back of the wagon. Then they had to be cleaned and put up in jars and laid away in the storage cellar, which was just dirt with shelves, where butter, milk, eggs, cheese and such was stored.

Vegetables mostly was kept out-of-doors. Folks had a mighty good way for preserving vegetables. First you sprinkled several inches of straw along the ground, maybe twenty-thirty feet long and three feet wide, smaller or larger area depending on the size family you was taking account of. Usually this storage place was built convenient to the kitchen door, not many feet behind the house.

On top of the straw you laid first the potatoes, then cabbages and apples, and other vegetables like beets and carrots. Then another layer of straw on top of the vegetables. Along each side you dug a trench, which was both for drainage and for the dirt you dug up, which you heaped on the top layer of straw. When you got through, it looked like just a big ridge of dirt maybe three feet high. Over all this you built a shed of rafters and siding to shed the rain. Stored this way those vegetables kept just fine all winter. You started in eating by digging out one end, and kept right on through till you'd eat to the other end.

Everybody had kegs of cider and barrels of sauerkraut. Cider you made in hand presses—throw in apples, run a crank to cut them up, then press them down to squeeze out the juice, and put into fifty-gallon kegs and store in your storage cellar. Sauerkraut you made by cutting up cabbage and salting it in barrels.

There was all sorts of ways of keeping meat, and farmers practiced all of them. Most had a smokehouse, where meat was really smoked, not just fixed with a little artificial flavoring the way it is now. You hung your meat up in your smokehouse, beef or pork or salmon mostly, and you built a fire of green hardwood right on the ground and kept it going twenty-four hours a day for maybe a couple of weeks.

Dry-salting was used a lot. Cut up your meat and cover it layer by layer with salt in a box and just leave it there till you was ready to use it. Pork was pickled in barrels and kept in the storage cellar. You put enough water in a barrel, and then add rock salt until you got it strong enough to float an egg. You cut up your pork and put it in the barrel and that's all there was to it, simple as that. It'd keep as long as smoked meat. I've eaten salt pork over a year old and perfectly good meat.

Some made corn beef. You put your beef into brine about the same as s pork, only with saltpeter added to g the meat its red color. After about month you take the meat out and b it to render out the fat, cut it into sm pieces, and put it down in new brine.

Nobody ever heard of store-boug bread, always home-made once or tw a week. Farmers bought flour by hundred-pound sack if they didn't ra their own wheat. But most raised th own wheat. When it was harvested th might sell some, but mostly they k it for their own use, driving to the gr mill about six miles from Greenvi The machinery was turned by a wheel in the river. The miller would never ask money. He ground the wh into flour and kept out a certain amo as toll. Farmers never had much mon but somehow they didn't need mu money in them days.

MRS. PEARSON, the midwife, w usually the only one that officia at births, and I could hear Mrs. Wa burn screaming. It was awful. Th wouldn't let me into the room, of cour and all I could do was moon around barn or the kitchen. Ted Washbu walked back and forth. His skin was color of wet clay, his hands trembli

It was near dark, and I had j lighted the lamp in the kitchen and w wondering if I oughtn't to cook so thing, but I didn't know what to c or who would want to eat anyhow.

Ted sat down in a kitchen chair, his elbow on the table, and massa his hair in a way you would h thought he was trying to pull it out.

Finally he says to me, "Reno, afraid she might die. I can't leave, she's got to have a doctor."

I knowed what he wanted. "I'll go him," I said. "I can do it all right."

"You bring him. I don't care what costs. You bring Dr. Large, even if y got to kidnap him."

"I'll bring him," I says.

I went outside to the corral. We had let Nigger out into the pasture yet didn't bother with a saddle, but j put on the bridle and a old blan fastened on with a cinch strap, and lit out for Forest Grove, nine mi away.

That was one of the longest ride ever made; it was dark—dark w clouds and no moon or stars, so I h to ride mostly by guesswork, but y can pretty much trust a good horse them situations, you don't try to c trol him too much. Lucky for me, roads was fairly dried out.

I pulled up at Dr. Large's house Forest Grove, tied the bridle to hitching ring, and run up and hamme on the door. It was maybe nine, ten clock and the house all dark. I knoc a long time, and finally an upstairs w dow opened and Dr. Large put his he out.

"Who's there?"

I says, "Reno Ingles."

He calls out a second time, "Who it? What is it?" The old doc was a lit hard of hearing.

I shouts, "Reno Ingles!"

Well, he still didn't hear me, so he l

window and by and by he come put-ng down the stairs and opens the t door and looks me over.

Maybe you don't know me," I tells , "but you was to my house once in enville. My name is Reno Ingles."

e didn't seem to remember but he led, and then I tell him about Mrs. hburn having a baby and that she ying. I have to shout it close to his

What's she dying of? The baby? I t know the Washburns. Let me see." riffled his fingers through his beard. was about crazy with him stalling nd. "You got to come, Doc. She very strong, and—"

Of course I'll come," he says. "You n close, young man. You go to ning's Livery Stable and have him h up my usual team to a two-seater. get dressed and go around to my e to get some instruments and some roform. I'll meet you in front of the e."

KNEW WHERE Manning's livery table was, and got on Nigger once e and rode down there, about three- blocks. John Manning was inside, ing a horse. I told him, "John, is team old Doc Large usually drives good?"

Slow," he says, hammering a nail, the lantern on a stool close by. w and gentle."

t's nine miles," I told him. "And Washburn is maybe dying. I want et there fast. I want to drive them drive them hard and know I won't them."

e looked me over. I wasn't so tall, I was husky and broad and looked r than fourteen, I looked maybe six- . And kids when they was sixteen regarded as growed men. "I've got am here," he says, " a high-powered . But Doc won't ride in a buggy them. He thinks they're outlaws. not afraid to trust you with them, o—you been around horses all your but Doc won't ride with you."

Ain't he nearsighted?"

Sure. But once the lamps is lit, he'd gnize their rumps, even near-ted."

Hitch them up," I says.

he got out this pair of grays from stalls and hitched them up, and d the lamps with kerosene but didn't them. "You better light up after get out a-ways. It's powerful dark," ays to me.

eaving Nigger there, I drove the around to Doc Large's office, and tepped in with his bag, and I lit out, g the buggy whip. That was a high-ered pair of horses. We bumped and ced and pitched, and I drove high-d with my legs braced, and the doc hung on for dear life, gripping his k bag between his ankles and using hands. It was pitch dark.

Hadn't you better light the lamps?" houts.

ut I don't pay no attention.

What team is this?"

till I didn't say nothing, but just e for all that team was worth.

fter about three miles out, I stopped

and lit the lamps. You couldn't see much with them. Mostly they was to warn anybody else who might be on the road so you wouldn't have a pile-up. Mostly you drove by feel and instinct.

When Doc recognized the team, he says, "They are outlaws!"

I told him they was a good team, fast, but not outlaws at all.

"Well," he says, "I reckon if you can drive them I can ride with them."

We arrived in double-quick time, and while the doc went upstairs I unhitched the team and bedded them down for the night, with some grain for each animal. And then I went into the house and hung around downstairs moping and not eating, not feeling like eating, and nobody come down to eat. By and by Mrs. Washburn's screams stopped, but I could hear low-pitched voices coming from upstairs.

I must of gone to sleep because next thing I knowed I was laying half across the kitchen table, my arms stretched out, and about froze stiff so it took me a lot of jumping and banging to thaw out while I was getting the fire to going and starting breakfast.

By and by, Doc come down. I didn't want to ask him, but I had to know. He hadn't said anything, just set down with his chin in his hands and his eyes faraway and bloodshot from being up all night. Finally he said, "God giveth and God taketh away," and with that he pitched into breakfast like he hadn't eat for a week.

I said, "She's—"

He just nodded. After a while he said, "It wasn't the baby. She had a weak heart, lad. Always had. From fever when she was a child. That was the main reason why her family didn't want her to marry Ted Washburn, but they couldn't very well tell her. From what Mr. Washburn said, I reckon she realized that baby would kill her."

"Is — — is the baby dead, too?"

He nodded and kept on eating.

I WENT OUTSIDE to hitch up his team. I wasn't crying any. If you was fourteen, you wasn't supposed to cry any. Only girls cried. I had the team waiting when the doc come out, and I was setting there ready to drive him back. He shoved me out of the buggy.

"I guess if a youngun like you can drive that team, I can. The postman can bring your horse back, lad."

I got out and he picked up the reins. "Here," he said, and he held out two silver dollars to me. "That's for coming in and driving me last night."

"Thanks," I said. Maybe you figure I shouldn't of took the money. But I learned early if it gives folks pleasure to give you money, you better take pleasure in taking it. I knowed he'd got from Mr. Washburn the regular fee of two dollars a mile for country calls, standard in them days, out of which eighteen dollars he'd give me two, and the team would cost him eight or ten, not leaving him much for his night's work.

He drove off. After a while I went up to Mr. Washburn and I handed him the two dollars and said, "Maybe this will help pay for the coffin." He took the money, but I don't think he e heard what I was saying.

After the coffin come that day was put up in the parlor, Mr. W burn set hisself down for the wake, setting there, looking at her face holding her dead hand for two days two nights. I'm morally certain he n slept a wink in all that time.

When the funeral was over I sta on with him for a while, but it wa drooping around that house that I n couldn't stand it, with Mr. Washb going around like he was half alive didn't know what was going on.

When the chance for the job at mill come, I hooked onto it in a hu

Mr. Washburn never did remarry. stayed right on that place and afte while he hired a woman to keep h and look after the kitchen chores, later on another hired hand to help with the work. He stayed right on t and lived out his life and never did marry and have the children that Gi Washburn wanted him to have.

The ladies of Greenville said it w pity, because Mrs. Washburn was good and pretty and frail to live any and Mr. Washburn ought to have a and children. But he never did.

This episode marked the end of Re boyhood. The next time you read a him he'll be a man— and getting all the trouble that a frontier envi ment and his particular talents c generate.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

there must be many others like us. the benefit of the readers who would to write and advise us, our race is w our religion is Baptist, our childre boy, thirteen, and a girl, eleven. All ters are welcome and will be answere Mr. & Mrs. J. Michelli, 931 North H lin, Chicago, Illinois 60651

John McCaffrey House

Dear Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed Tom Barkd narrative of his "rediscovery" of the t of Zonia, Arizona. I hope Mr. Bark will not be offended if I ask a ques concerning one of the photos. In the of the John McCaffrey house, it l as if the roof is covered with corrug GI sheeting. There is also a very "n looking stovepipe protruding just a the stone wall section. Has someone m the town his permanent home?

Your magazines have made my here in 'Nam a little more bearable I want to thank you very much. Our s a "number 10" variety of magazines the Vietnamese say about something t doesn't appeal to them), but yours w up about every other month. They n't last long!

My family and I will be back to our tle and relic hunting trips this sumr and we intend to visit a couple of es I've read about in your magazines. e always obtain permission before dertaking any excavating.) I'm espelly interested in articles about my na- Pacific Northwest but also enjoy all er areas as they were in the days of "Old West."—Richard Dixon, Pacific chitects & Engineers, 121st Assault licopter Co., AML Box 52, APO San ncisco 96296

ar Mr. Dixon:

First let me say that you're very obvant to have noted the roof and vepipe on the McCaffrey house, and not at all offended. I wish that all ders were that intensely interested. e question certainly deserves an aner, and I think you'll agree that it's nost a story in itself.

At many of the old townsites in the uthwest I find that one of the builds has been reroofed and repaired for as a line camp. This was true in the es of Spencer Spring and Tip Top, the work on the McCaffrey house s a different and more fascinating dertaking.

first drove into Zonia in the early ing as related in the True West article. that occasion I explored the townsite and took several pictures, including one of the stone house which shows the corrugated metal roof, but no stovepipe. As I returned on various trips during that summer (once when I met Charlie Brown) I snapped other shots but seemed to invariably get an overexposure of the stone house due to a bounce off the ground in front and off the front wall. You'll notice this even in the picture published, but it was the best one.

On the trip that I took the picture you have asked about, I found some changes had taken place: a 1938 Chevy was parked under the oaks, a child's swing had been hung from one of the trees, a stovepipe had appeared in the front wall, and the stone fireplace which is in the rear of the house had been completely repaired!

I unpacked my lunch under the trees and had just begun to enjoy the peace and quiet when McCaffrey's front door opened and out came a woman of about thirty-five with a little boy of perhaps eight tagging behind her. This came as a complete surprise because I knew that the townsite had been bought by McAlester Fuel Co., McAlester, Oklahoma, for copper exploration work, and mining companies are particular regarding trespassers. The lady was most pleasant and introduced herself as Ruth. As we chatted I heard her story which I later confirmed through McAlester employes.

Ruth had come from Ohio with a small widow's pension, looking for a place to resign from the world, at the same time escaping the skyrocketing living costs of civilization. She had bumped around the back country until she happened onto Zonia. Then she proceeded to rebuild the fireplace by herself, installed the stovepipe all alone, renovated the house and moved in as a classic squatter. Later, when I was retained by McAlester to do their mineral survey for patent proceedings, I asked why they had no objection to her remaining in the old house. Their reply was that she was a perfect watchman for the premises, and that they were even giving her a few bucks to help her along as it was their belief that they'd have one whale of a time having her evicted anyway.

I have been back to Zonia recently since the mining company has built a plant, offices, testing lab, etc. They had trained Ruth well enough in running tests on ore samples that she was their lab man on the graveyard shift. She was writing a book about which she was very secretive, besides teaching her boy regular lessons four hours every day (the school authorities had not bothered her, probably because of the remoteness of her "home"). My wife and I have become friends of Ruth and drop in on her whenever we're in that part of the back country. As you've undoubtedly gathered, she's quite a gal.

And so, Richard, we can call that THE BIRTH OF A FIREPLACE (or something). The roof must remain a mystery. It's impossible to tag an age on it, as corrugated metal is found in abundance on every ancient street in the West. One more detail: Hassayampa Joe's house had collapsed flat as a tortilla, right on top

of its brood of wine bottles when I returned to find Ruth moved in, and when I took the most acceptable picture of the stone house. To the best of my knowledge Ruth is still firmly ensconced in her Castle on French Creek, and when you return to the States if you would like to visit her, we'll make it a double-family affair in my Land Rover. We can also show you purple bottles, pack saddles, miners' lamps and all kinds of western memorabilia and relics at our cabin seven miles above Prescott, Arizona, where the closest neighbor is three miles away, the coffee is always on, and the talk is easy, warm and westerny.—Tom Barkdull

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The Butterfield Overland Stage

(Continued from page 35)

these isolated habitations, and hundreds of small way-stations have completely passed from the scene, remembered only by name or legend. At each one there was only a single main building of adobe, it windowless. If anyone wanted more light, he had to step outside!

A small brush corral was just outside and water could be procured from a shallow well or nearby creek. The lonely desert stretched for miles in all directions. A stout door closed off the only entrance to each adobe building and there were small holes cut into each wall for defense against marauding Indians, of which there were too many. Renegade whites and Indians were a constant menace right after the Mexican War and shortly after the Gadsden Purchase in 1854.

THAT MEN could be hired to live under such lonely circumstances and in such obvious daily danger is something at which to marvel. Their single function was to be ready when the stage came through and to care for the mules or horses between changes. Early stages were pulled by six mules; later runs were made twice daily with six horses pulling the coaches. On top of the Concord rode the driver and sometimes his heavily armed guard. Behind them, and also hung on the back, were boxes, trunks and very often one or two extra wheels. It was hoped that eventually spare wheels would be kept at every station so that this extra weight would not have to be carried.

The remote and primitive way-stations have largely disappeared. Although a rare few have been located and photographed, most of these are on private land and permission must be secured to explore their meager ruins. Generally, the stations still existing were part of the ten stone forts or buildings constructed to protect travelers in areas where Indian attacks were most vicious.

A few of the larger way-stations, more favorably located, later grew to be regular ranch sites. One was located at Maricopa Wells and another at Stanwix, both of which were between Tucson and Yuma.

Before going out onto the open range to look for remnants of these early rest stops, one must learn something about the stage companies themselves. The Butterfield Overland Mail Company is the best known, but it was neither the first nor the last to travel over the same eral route. Before it came the San tonio & San Diego Mail, better know the "S.A. & S.D." By November 1, this company was operating from Diego and was ready to serve the h traveler who dared or had to make trip to San Antonio, Texas. But this line was not the first to travel t roads, for surely single travelers or wagontrains of sorts had already tured west.

Each wagon driver picked the which looked best to him and aft while many of these random roads gan to mingle and run together. naturally, the S.A. & S.D. made us this blazed trail wherever it could stopped at whatever lonely ranch h was near the chosen route. Graduall mutual needs of traveler and se brought them closer together.

When the Butterfield Overland Company began operating over the route in the fall of 1858, it used mo the crude facilities of the S.A. & and continued to do so for the next years. When the Civil War eru troops were largely pulled out of is now Arizona and the Indians were to roam as they wished. In the sp of 1861 all of the Butterfield sta were closed and freight wagons run across the desert, gathering up mo their supplies. Several thousand and horses were rounded up also driven to nearby towns to be sol ranchers. Mining communities had be more numerous and many small ra had made their appearance.

Smaller, short-run stage lines sp up then to serve communities in nort and central Arizona. Stage lines briefly between Phoenix and Pre and from Ehrenberg to Prescott. Fr hauling was done on an irregular between most towns and mining c in Arizona, utilizing the remains o Butterfield stations where possible.

WITH the end of the Civil War West really opened up and a line was inaugurated in 1867 along southern route. By 1875 the Texas California Stage Company had b daily service from Fort Worth to Diego. Within a year most of the sta were restocked and the stage line giving regular daily mail service! did much to encourage the move west and greatly helped to esta hundreds of mining camps by delive heavy equipment to them. At the time, countless other freight lines lowed the same routes, most of w names have long been lost. Somet the same adobe buildings were used, in some instances the old ones were down and the materials moved or re to build larger structures.

Most important for the present searcher is to remember that the a route shifted and moved many time is not always possible to say the Bu field Overland Mail Company st passed over some exact spot. River c ings had to be changed because of f floods; gullies were deepened by d storms and the road had to go an way; ranchers were burned out, and ch buildings went up in a more con-ient spot. Even so, it is possible to ate definitely some of the original ruts de by the Concord coaches of the 0s.

n following the mail route, it is wise compare old and new maps and to con-er the meanings of various place nes. Some of them were in Mexican Indian word-forms. *Picacho* means k and *Lago Del Rio* means lake by the er, while *La Cienega* refers to a mar- place. In contrast, *Sinagua* sounds ost like *Cienega*, but means a "place hout water." Some stations took the ne of the ranch they were on or had er designations because of their loca-, past history or appearance. Mari-a Wells, Mission Camp or Oatman ts are prime examples of these.

he trail can be picked up at the Ari-a border just north of U.S. Highway 86 near the ruins of Stein's, New xico. It was from here that the first stern run of the Butterfield Overland il Company entered Arizona at 6:00 m. on October 1, 1858, arriving at son one day later. Stagecoaches were ced to go through this pass in the ter of the Peloncillo Mountains, after ssing Alkali Flats. This was the only y west from El Paso, Texas, and even ay railroads, highway, and telephone s all go through the same tight pas-e. Only one hundred yards north of highway right-of-way can be seen the nolished town of Stein's. About two en wrecked buildings remain and the road, passing through town, is visible m the highway. Above Stein's can be n several tailing dumps from small e operations which have long been sed down. From here the wagon ruts p down into the San Simon River lley.

HE FIRST of Arizona's twenty-six stations was on the east bank of the Simon River where an earthen reser-r was built to contain the infrequent ns. From San Simon Station the route southwest to the Dos Cabezas Moun-ns, entering them at Apache Pass. ache Pass was the highest point in the est Division," with an elevation of 15 feet, and was the scene of many ian attacks. The route ran through a p gorge about four miles long, known be the most dangerous stretch in Ari-a. In June, 1862 Fort Bowie was es-lished nearby to protect the important ings which were in the pass. Puerto Dado Springs were defended by the rison for nearly twenty years between 7 and 1886 when the full complement troops was withdrawn. The dirt road ich runs today from San Simon to the tern entrance to the pass is the same used by the coaches in 1858.

The third station west was at Captain hard Stoddard Ewell's, about five es southwest of Dos Cabezas, the untain with "Two Heads." From ell's Springs the mail route continued to the southwest, passing below the lcox dry lake until it reached Dragoon rings. This station was about two es southeast of the present post office Dragoon. After leaving Dragoon rings, the route went west through

Ceurca Pass and followed along Dragoon Wash until it neared Benson. This section is very close to the tracks of the Southern Pacific Railroad, although the main highway is two miles farther north and goes through Texas Canyon.

San Pedro Station was on the east bank of the river about one mile downstream from Benson. There are two dirt roads north of the railway bridge, either one of which could have been used in the past for fording the river. The one at B.M. 3528 is probably the correct one because there is a matching road on the other side of the San Pedro River. Continuing on to Tucson, the route went gradually uphill through the very small town of Mescal and dropped down to the sixth station at La Cienega. La Cienega Station was the scene of several bloody fights and was two and one half miles downhill from Pantano. Its site is now beneath the tracks of the Southern Pacific Railroad and was probably on the north side of the wash, directly across from its junction with Davidson Canyon.

From there the run on to Tucson was much easier because it was all open ground, paralleling Pantano Wash after going through Vail. At Vail the stagecoaches turned abruptly to the northwest, passing the present site of an old cemetery, some gravel pits, and then entering what is now the Davis-Monthan Air Force Base. By comparing old maps with modern air photos, the actual dirt road can be traced west from Benson almost to the Blue Water Station. The Butterfield route entered Davis-Monthan A.F.B. near Rankin's place, went on northwest past the flight line and parking areas where sleek B-47 jet bombers are in storage, cut close to Vandenberg Village and left the base at East 29th Street and Alvernon Way. In Tucson itself, there was a regular staging station at Pennington and Pearl, now the center of the downtown section of the city.

BEYOND TUCSON, the stage route went north on the east bank of the Santa Cruz River until it reached Jayne's Station, where the river was forded and the coaches pressed on to Point of Mountain, Station Eight. Point of Mountain Station was about one mile south of Rillito. Here the mountains were left behind and the route went on to Picacho Pass where the buildings and corrals were approximately one mile southeast of the present Wynola siding of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Some maps show the stages crossing the Santa Cruz near downtown Tucson and following the river to the northwest along a road now called Silverbell. Most likely both roads were used, depending upon the amount of water in the river, which used to have a steady flow. Either route would have taken them across the river before it was joined by Rillito Creek and Canada Del Oro Wash.

Near Picacho Pass the Santa Cruz disappeared into the sands and the next station was at Blue Water, some forty-five miles northwest of Tucson. This station has completely disappeared as has any trace of an old road in this area. Truck farming and irrigation is extensively practiced here and nothing remains.

The Blue Water Station is believed t about three miles east of Toltec and the *only* water around for miles.

Between Blue Water and Sacaton Station Eleven, a very small ou known as Oneida. This was just one northeast of Casa Grande and not remains of it, either. Sacaton Sta also is no more, and even Maricopa W has largely vanished. Only a few cr ling walls and a hole in the groun main to show where a well once There once was a Station Thir known as Casa Blanca, and it was way between Sacaton and Mari Wells. This was a very temporary at the home of Mr. Ammi Mit White, the first steam miller in Ariz

To the west of Maricopa W used to be a stop known as erts. This is not to be confused Desert Wells near Tucson or with D Station near Vicksburg, Arizona. De was in a pass in the Maricopa Mount but the exact location has not yet found. I believe it was on the dirt very close to the Indian village of trella. Beyond Deserts the next st was Gila Ranch on the south bank o meandering Gila River. Gila Ranch Gila Bend, is one of the few sta which developed into a thriving cit

Going west from Station Sixteen, passes a string of stations, the first being Murderer's Grave. This place a number of names including Kiny in honor of Marcus Kinyon, and Kenyon's after Mr. Charles Kenyon. stop had a lurid past filled with a do murder, a lynching and several c killings. Travelers were always anx to leave for the next stop, Oatman seventeen miles farther west. At station the Oatman family had slaughtered but it was known as qu lively stop. Beyond it was Burke's C a haying station constantly plague Indian attacks and ambushes.

Station Twenty had at least four ferent names at different times, and can take his choice. Stanwix or Flap Ranch was also a haying station a seven miles west of the town of Sent Around it were bountiful fields of g with a vegetable garden which su contributed to its reputation for meals. The same station or one very by was called either Griswell's or G nell's. There is some duplication in na here and it is most likely that all names apply to the same place bec the postmaster at Stanwix officiall listed as Henry Grinnell, the man ransomed Olive Oatman from her In captivity in 1856.

THIS STRIP is the land of the A Hills. It is land as empty and d late as you can find, with extensive fields all around. Death due to enti natural causes was right at hand w out adding the extra peril of veng Indians. Approaching Peterman's Ra ero or Mohawk Pass there was a grade of which the waiting braves perfectly willing to take advant Stages in this area had to be consta on the alert and this particular sta was subjected, also, to a long serie accidents, shootings, and assorted tr

s. Apparently, it was first located at *ranchero* right on the Gila River, but er its demolishment by a particularly l flash-flood, the route must have been ved to the more difficult, but more manent, way over Mohawk Pass.

Motorists today can stop at the very of Mohawk Pass and see the sad re- ins of the ruined buildings. Most of area is littered with trash, old auto- bile bodies, and the debris of a defunct station, but the old Butterfield road still discernible in spots on the south e of the highway below. When driv- up the pass, if you carefully look k to the east you can see faint signs the route as it approaches the Mo- wk Mountains. It then runs unevenly se to the highway, threading its ginal way over rocks and through dry gullies. Beyond the pass, the ge road dropped down to Station enty-Two at Antelope and then went to Filibuster's Camp, forty-four miles t of Yuma, Arizona.

With only a few stops left to go before ching Yuma, the stages changed ses at Mission Camp and then raced to Swiveller's Ranch on the bend of Gila River. The correct spelling uld be Jacob Snively's, a station which er grew to be the first boom mining n in all of Arizona in 1858. Under its v name, Gila City prospered until it s swept away by a flood in 1862.

The last stop in Arizona was at Yuma the Colorado River. First known as lorado City, it changed its name to izona City in 1858 and eventually be- ne Yuma. Fort Yuma was on the lifornia side of the river and travel- went on beyond there on muleback oss the sand hills west. They passed ough San Bernardino to reach the cific Coast at Los Angeles. Those und for San Francisco followed on ough San Joaquin Valley.

And now the dust has settled. The loud ce of the stage driver urging his ses on and the rattle of wagon wheels l never again echo from the hills of Southwest. The stagecoach is gone. vertheless, an adventurous and im- native searcher can still find traces the route if he looks hard enough. I w they are still there, because I have lked along them for miles with my . It's worth all the trouble just to e in the past for a short while.

I would suggest that you don't post- ne your search indefinitely, however, t the flash-flood of today—"progress" erase the last vestige of John Butter- ld's exciting road west.

New Tracks in Old Trails

(Continued from page 11)

dded in the gunnysack hanging from shoulders), I was a pretty unwelcome ht. However, soap, water, and a hot n did wonders. The next morning nd me employed by Artcrafts as one six artists. I was to be their illus- tor for three years with few vaca- ns back to the ranch.

Having been a cowboy and teamster me up big with the owner of the graving company because I knew har- s. He had landed the catalog job of

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a big harness manufacturing firm. For weeks the art department was draped with harness as I made the drawings. I would draw the harness direct on a large photo blowup of a team. I did the saddles as well, and my boss was delighted that I was familiar with the different rigs—double rigged, three quarter, center fire, etc. Another job the company threw my way which was down my alley was the Olathe Boot Company catalog.

Artcrafts was on the fifth floor of the Jenkins Music Building. On the first floor was a pretty lass and musician, Lola Andrews. I bought so much sheet music as an excuse to see her that common sense told me marriage was cheaper. In six months we had set up housekeeping. For spare money I'd buy paint and canvas and work many hours at night. That first Christmas was nip and tuck with furniture payments, rent, and coal bills stacking up. Then a $200 check from Lothrop, Lee and Shephard, publishers, eased the pressure. I had done the illustrations and cover jacket for a book on the Pony Express, *The Youngest Rider* by Louise Platt Hauck.

My pay at the engraving firm had been $35 a week, but it soon jumped to $75. With overtime I usually made more than a hundred dollars, which was good pay in the twenties.

The day Lindbergh arrived in Paris, May 27, 1927, our son Fred III was born. Money was still short so I sold my boss, Bill Guenther, a large cowboy oil painting for the exact amount to get my wife and "Fritz," as we called him, out of the Missouri Methodist Hospital.

THREE YEARS had slipped by happily but rather slowly, I thought. Sitting back of a drawing board was a long "whoop and holler" from the ever-changing mountain trails I had followed with a good horse under me. In art work, painting intrigued me most, but with a family and money obligations there was need to be practical. Too, a Bohemian life had little appeal. St. Joe was a nice city, but not large enough for high salaries.

Walt had written for me to join him in Hollywood so I took a short vacation and grabbed the Santa Fe to California. My two brothers were with him in his first, fast-growing studio. It was nice to see Walt and my brothers, but the future as an animated cartoonist just wasn't what I was cut out for. After a few visits to Universal and other movie art departments, I hurried home with other ideas.

One of my letters of inquiry brought an offer from Buckbee-Mears, a very large St. Paul, Minnesota, firm. They needed an illustrator and liked the samples of my work. In a new Whippet automobile, which had little more space in it than a couple of saddle bags, I headed north that December in the worst blizzard I ever saw. Plowing through snow-covered and deserted roads, I felt thankful that Lola and the baby were following by train. We got settled quickly in a two-room apart-

ment and then I hurried downtown hock a cheap diamond ring for fift bucks. I had paid all my bills bef leaving St. Joe so the wallet was pre thin until the first pay check at the of the week.

Buckbee-Mears' art department the largest in the Northwest and learned much from its many fine diversified artists. However, restle ness still gnawed at me and resul in my forming a partnership with McGinnis, a great advertising man an old friend. Our first guarantee an income was from my art end of business. Buckbee-Mears did not repl me, but preferred free-lancing th illustrating over to me. It usually $1,000 a month which I tossed into own company. Harmon-McGinnis very well until 1932 and the great pression. That stopped our saving the ranch Lola and I had hoped to h some day out in my old Colorado sto ing grounds. Too, commercial illust ing—drawing chickens and underw ads—was boring me and bored, I j didn't function. I decided I would into western art work or bust.

I had been painting some western to which I put stories and contrac with the Des Moines *Register-Trib* for syndication in the Sunday r gravure section. Full of faith in t new venture, I sold out my interest the advertising company, built a tra to haul our keepsakes, and with family headed west over that high bri in St. Paul.

IT WAS spring of '33. We plowed m and late snow for days before ar ing at Dad's ranch where he was liv with his lovely new wife, Mary. We rived just as six-year-old Fritz was c ing down with measles.

My first chore was to build a cab It was to be our home until fort smiled and we could buy our own ran (I didn't dream that we would have wait seven long years.) With team a ax, I tackled the pine trees and sna them up to my cleared cabin site u timbered canyon and far from the ro All my past experience with horses a lumber camps came to use as the c louses on my hands thickened.

It was Lola's first experience rough country. She enjoyed the l with occasional pack trips to high mountain lakes for fishing. Spring a summer passed quickly. Anxious to h our own quarters, we moved into incompleted cabin. Noisy pack rats, vestigating the new tenants, alarm my wife so I suspended our beds fr the rafters. Each night I would lea the lantern turned low and fall asle with a rifle pointed toward the chinked log walls.

All through spring and summer had been waiting impatiently for order from the newspaper syndicate I could begin painting, but the ord never came and we were desperate an income. Lola was tired of washi clothes in the river and I had neglec my art. I made a bunch of pen and i cowboy drawings and took off for Hol ıd to seek employment, leaving Lola Fritz in the doorless cabin to fend the inquisitive mountain varmints best they could.

ıtendahl Galleries on Wilshire dis- yed my drawings in a one-man show, no job showed up. When it was e to put our boy in school, I rented apartment, sold my car, and sent Lola ney for train fare. We kept the nge groves in business for some time. anges then were cheap—all I could ck on my lean withers for two-bits.

The boys at my brother's studio pped in to finance me in a syndicate ture to get my newly created cow- strip on the market. It was called ronc Peeler and Little Beaver," fore- ner of Red Ryder and Little Beaver. at was 1934 and we struggled along h me drawing the strip, writing it, ing the engravings made and mats t to the newspapers, as well as trav- g all over the country to sell the ip to editors. It was a losing battle debts piled higher than a feed-lot g heap. I had to bury my western nic strip.

URING the five years in Hollywood, many life-long friends were made in out of the movie studios. Gene Au- was just starting and we would en gab about our futures. Later he s to make a Red Ryder movie for me. are still friends after more than rty years.

Naturally most of my acquaintances re horse-minded. Will James would ne by my studio to shoot windies. I s made an honorary member of the ıckwagon Trailers, a batch of old *nbres* who had punched cows prior to 5. Herbert (Andy) Anderson, fa- us woodcarver and former Colorado vboy, was a member and close friend il his death a few years ago. I got know many men who were big names cattle and law—as well as outlaws: mett, the last of the Daltons; and Jennings, the old train robber; Wm. Hart and many other actors were t of the scene. George Russell, cham- n rodeo rider turned movie cowboy, s another Westerner who enriched influenced my career as a painter. rge was a Montana cowboy and hew of the famous artist, Charles ssell. George and I have been very e during all these years and he has of the best collections in the coun- of my paintings and Andy's wood- vings. Montie Montana, another ntana cowboy trick rider, and his nily were regular visitors at our ch. Montie is considered dean of k riders and ropers. These people, ng with many old Pagosa characters, e been my life. Without them I ıld have neither their friendship nor much knowledge of the Old West to passed on through my brush.

Curley Fletcher, cowboy-turned-writer known as the Cowboys' Poet and hor of "The Strawberry Roan," mped into my studio one day and we k a quick liking to each other—and e I was off on another money-losing ture. A third partner, a promoter with a police record, offered to put up the money to match our talents, so Curley and I started a slick western magazine. Not being able to afford help, Curley and I wrote and illustrated the entire magazine. *Ride* lasted three issues and we folded up, thousands of dollars in the red. Reckon we were a little ahead of our time with a good magazine. However we had no big market and worst of all no money. The promoter's money turned out to be a pipe dream.

Meanwhile, I had illustrated a Big Little book, *Cowboy Lingo*, for Sam Lowe, president of Whitman Publishing Company of Racine, Wisconsin, and New York. Mr. Lowe was a fine gentleman and his interest in my western work led to what I'll call Fame and Glory and the turning point after years of struggle. Mr. Lowe talked a New York agent, Stephen Slesinger, into representing me. Before I knew it, he had mailed expenses for our trip East to do a large illustrated book on cowboys and Indians. Much of the work I already had finished when Lola and I dropped off eleven-year-old Fritz with my Dad and Mary in Colorado while we traveled on to New York.

Leaving Lola in the lobby of a hotel next to Grand Central Station, I paid a visit to the Slesinger office which I found was just around the corner on Park Avenue. As I entered, a pretty secretary ogled my tight britches and boots and immediately called Mr. Slesinger at his Connecticut estate. Two hours later, Lola and I were met by his chauffeur and whisked twenty miles through beautiful green country to Redding Ridge where he and Sam Lowe awaited us.

The magnificence of the place overwhelmed us. However, the ice was soon broken and we were on a first-name basis. Steve, Sam, and I began a long, profitable and exciting friendship which lasted through their lifetimes. I was thirty-six years old then, and with twenty-two of them filled with hard work, the feeling that success had somehow shied clear had haunted me. But thirty more years of cows, horses, art, movies, world travel, rodeos, and painting lay just beyond this eastern door through which I had stumbled.

DURING the first six months I illustrated many books for children, but still had that western strip in mind. One afternoon while Slesinger was in California, Fred Ferguson, president of Scripps Howard's NEA newspaper syndicate, came in the office inquiring about a Fred Harman he had heard about who drew a Little Beaver cartoon. When I stuck out my eager paw and said, "Howdy, I'm Fred Harman," he dang near lost his voice in surprise.

I quickly drew up a Sunday page similar to the one I had flunked out on in Hollywood, but changed the name to Red Ryder and Little Beaver. I called Steve long distance and he rushed back to New York. We three signed the first ten-year contract for dailies and Sunday. The first Red Ryder strip appeared Sunday, December 8, on the front page of the comic section of the first is[sue] of Marshall Field's Chicago *Sun*. [Al]most overnight Red Ryder and Li[ttle] Beaver were a success. With the tw[en]tieth paper, front page of the Los A[n]geles *Times*, Republic Pictures bou[ght] the movie rights for a series; and [...] years of three half-hour radio sho[ws] weekly over national networks follow[ed]. Forty by-products used the name, [in]cluding Daisy Manufacturing Co. w[ith] their popular Red Ryder Carbine [...] rifle. Red and his sidekick were s[oon] galloping through the pages of [...] newspapers. Shortly the strip was bei[ng] seen and read all over the world [in] many different languages.

The first fine artist I met in N[ew] York was Russell Patterson, famo[us] since *College Humor* days for his dra[w]ings of the beautiful "Patterson Girl[s]." Russ took this country boy under [his] wing. He, along with Arthur Willi[am] Brown, noted old *Saturday Even[ing] Post* illustrator, put me up for memb[er]ship in the Society of Illustrators. So[me] of the greats of the art, literary, a[nd] show world, as well as people in pub[lic] life, enjoyed the club house on 63 Street. Joseph P. Kennedy, father [of] the late President, has been an honora[ry] member of the Society for many yea[rs]. Our annual charity show alwa[ys] brought out imposing lists of celebriti[es]. I liked to "ham it up" and enjoyed [...]ing on programs with Fred Wari[ng], Bob Hope, Jerry Colonna and ma[ny] others.

On another charity show in Brookl[yn] I appeared on the stage with Steve [A]llen and Jack Dempsey. Jack was fr[om] Manassa, Colorado over the range fr[om] my home country. Backstage we got talking about our early years. Ja[ck] made a remark I will never forg[et]: "Fred, it takes a hungry scrapper [to] win a fight!"

In the summer of 1940 Lola and [I] had found a spot on the side of Squa[re] Top Mountain with a magnificent vi[ew] of the San Juan Range, a part of [the] Continental Divide. All that winter [in] my New York studio, I counted the da[ys] until we could return to Colorado a[nd] start building a cabin. We had dream[ed] of a hideaway, but the news me[dia] picked up the story and named it [the] Red Ryder Ranch. It wasn't long bef[ore] we were deluged with tourists.

Thinking I would have privacy [...] the daily deadlines on my comic str[ip], I built a studio high up on a steep r[...] behind the cabin, making the climb ea[ch] day by horseback. However nothing [de]terred the visitors. Sometimes even [el]derly folks on crutches made the t[rip] that found my pony blowing for air [at] the 8,500-foot altitude.

OVER THE YEARS, I've had ma[ny] Little Beavers. Since the ranch w[as] only some thirty-five miles from the [Ji]carilla Reservation, it was often fr[om] these Indian friends that I would fi[nd] a real-life Little Beaver for rodeo a[nd] public appearances. A youngster had [to] be fairly at ease in a crowd, photoge[nic] and able to ride. Usually a boy wou[ld] outgrow the part in three years. Tr[...]

nti, now serving with the Marines ietnam, was with me the longest.

ot only did I have many amusing riences with the Little Beavers, but with the public. One time back at stables at the Spanish Trails Fiesta urango, Colorado, a couple from the introduced themselves and asked o pull their grandson's tooth. I was pergasted, but they insisted they made the long trip for that express ose. Montie Montana, standing be- me, about blew his Stetson and bed his camera. I tried to get out hat dangerous chore; I was afraid nfection around a stable, but egged y a quick-forming crowd, I yanked the tooth with a pair of Montie's s. It developed that the old folks d to get the kid on Gary Moore's Got a Secret" with "Red Ryder d my tooth!"

matter what happened, the daily Sunday newspaper strips had to be he mail. I have been boogered up rope burns and broken bones, but how always met my deadlines even steel braces and splints. On trips nd the country with Little Beaver my horses, I would have to sit up ts in hotels and tourist courts to those newspaper deadlines.

e Second World War added a few ands on folks in art and show busi- , but it was a rewarding experience eling around to stimulate War Bond for the Treasury Department. The artment of Defense also called on us nake trips all over Europe, Japan Korea to entertain the Armed es. During the war, the Little Bea- bombers fought in the European ater while another group, the Little er Navy Destroyers, distinguished f under the command of Arleigh A. e who became famous as "31 Knot Burke" and later CNO of the Navy under President Eisenhower.

Doing a western comic strip was good training for the biggest saddle I ever rode. Crowding painting into my busy schedule was increasingly impossible. Our son had married the lovely girl next door, Blanche Dobson, made us grandparents of a mighty fine boy, Fred IV, and was well established back East with CBS Television so with the trail growing shorter, I decided to get on with the oil painting. Red Ryder had reached great heights, but I wanted to get some of the life I had lived and the people I had known on canvas.

The buyers of my paintings are from all walks of life and from all over the country. Their friendship is very re- warding. Occasionally a good customer joins us in a trip to the Indian country. Lola and I often grocery-up our large truck camper and hie to the back coun- try for fresh ideas. It was on just such a trip among my Navajo friends that I sketched the weird "Yei Bei Chai" sacred healing dance, the oil rendition of which is now hanging in the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City.

The Government recently made a TV color film of me for a series of "Ameri- cans at Work." I have had many and various awards and feel very grateful living in a land such as ours where a country boy can go so far on his own initiative.

If old Bill Flaugh were alive to read this, he would say, "That old Hereford face has shore got diarrhea of the mouth!" Mebbe, but I find it exciting, and each morning arise at daybreak in my home studio in Albuquerque, pour a cup of coffee, and dash to that unfin- ished canvas while pulling on my pants.

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Mormon Mountain's Silver Mystery
(Continued from page 25)

Not until after Mormon Dairy was abandoned and the settlers had moved elsewhere did anyone try finding the silver mountain. Men who had failed to make a strike in the Grand Canyon country came in as the Mormons straggled out. Smith remained for some time afterwards, running his Circle S brand.

Several of the earlier searchers dug tunnels and made diggings in the mountain canyons and on top. At least two put down shafts across the lake on the east rim. Their failures caused the lost silver to become regarded as a myth, somebody's whiskey talk.

JOHN MARSHALL and his son, Charley, prospected on the Colorado River near La Paz and at Ehrenberg. On coming to Flagstaff they heard the story of a lost mountain of silver. Marshall took up a homestead and prowled the country around Mormon Lake. Nearby Marshall Lake was named for him.

Their dryland farming wasn't much of a go. Eventually father and son took employment in town. During 1891 they prospected all over Mormon Mountain. The next year they were still at it with high hopes, as reported by the *Arizona Champion* (Flagstaff) October 5, 1892:

John Marshall and son Charley returned this week after spending more than a month around Mormon Mountain. They searched the region for traces of a lost silver lode supposed to have been found there by settlers, when they first arrived at Mormon Lake to make their homes.

John says that assays of ore found in the lost mine assayed $600 to $800 a ton. Two prospectors, Jim Taylor and Ike Roberts, located the silver bearing body in 1878, after hearing about it from local residents. Not being valuable enough to warrant freighting out to a mill, they covered it, to await a better opportunity to dispose of it.

Arrival of the railroad through Flagstaff in 1883 made it possible to ship to a mill, but Taylor and Roberts were no longer in the country.

Friend Johnny says that he knows where the lost silver mine is, in a general area, and proposes to locate and file on it in the spring.

However, "friend Johnny," who had upped the silver's value from the wild tales he'd been told, did not find the lost mine the next spring or any other. But he and Charley continued hunting for it until the elder Marshall's death.

Ed Strom and Mike La Salla also did some prospecting in 1892. At the very beginning of their search they traced out an ancient trail whose original makers were never identified. It either began or ended close to Flagstaff on the south, no one ever knew which. Perhaps it started as a wild game and Indian trail, and became more defined by use after white men entered the country.

This trace, which can still be found, rounded a mesa point and Walnut yon northwest of and just above Mary. The lake-to-be was known as Clark Valley, after John Clark ranched and operated a sawmill t It became a lake in 1903 when the zona Timber and Lumber Com dammed the narrow lower end, the ginning of Walnut Canyon.

The old trail struck off south the mesa point and crossed the wagon road to Mormon Lake. It is t able for about three miles before va ing under erosion and timber gr It reappears between two unn creeks emptying into Lake Mary. ning on south some distance, it sw southeast, only to vanish again. A five miles on, below Newman Ca it shows up once more.

Climbing onto the mountain and Strom and La Salla followed the to the old military road running tween Fort Apache and Camp V Their theory was that the silver known and worked long before T and Roberts found it. Perhaps eve Spaniards were its first discovere

These two prospectors spent the ter on the mountain's south slopes w the snow did not stay long. Then S returned to Flagstaff alone in A 1893, a badly shaken man. He bro in four panniers filled with silver and put his and La Salla's stock in bitt Brothers' livery barn, run George Peterson.

His story was that they found a of silver-bearing rock where it ap Being low grade, they followed do making test holes. Finally, accordi Strom's account, they began a fifty shaft to reach the silver-filled body ing in solid rock no timbering wa quired.

On hitting the lode they extr almost pure silver. Each took a below while the other manned a windlass. La Salla was down one ing when Strom drew up a bucke ore. He turned away to dump it i pile close to the shaft. Suddenly he knocked off his feet, and a roaring crackling filled the air. The earth s so badly he could not stand, and thr the din he heard a grinding of strata.

At last when he could stand and earth tremors had lessened, he covered the windlass was gone and shaft had been completely filled by earth slide. La Salla had undoub been killed instantly under the he mass.

After shipping the silver to a mi Denver, Strom hung around waiting the check. Most of the time he st drunk in J. J. Donohue's Mineral saloon. The tragedy of losing his ner seemed to hit him hardest whi his cups. He would moan and state and over, "There's only death there on that damned mountain of ver!"

Finally when Strom's money cam sobered up. He still stood by his re to have nothing more to do with mon Mountain's silver. Then he "But I will dig Mike out of that put him away properly." Strom left gstaff never to be seen again.

E SMITH was a jackass prospector. 'hat fall he decided to follow Strom's ing sign to Mormon Mountain. Load- his two burros with tools and grub passed down the old trail and onto mountain. On a southwest point he nd a ledge along which float was ewn. Working from there he searched gently for the filled shaft which om and La Salla reportedly put yn.

'ailing in this quest, Smith poked ut the extreme south part of the untain. In a narrow defile he came uptly onto the open mouth of a dark, rsome tunnel recently worked. On ground outside and leading in were gnawed bones of a man and torn aps of rotted clothing. Twenty feet ide the tunnel a mass of broken rock cked further passage. It was obvious- a cave-in. Next to this mass lay the itening skull of a man who had been t in the back of the head. Smith ied the bones in a shallow hole in the yon.

)n returning to Flagstaff that fall, ing found no silver, he stated a be- that the slain man had been Strom. brought out four curiously figured nze shirt buttons. Strom had been aring ones very much like them. ith also figured that Strom had lied ut putting down a shaft, but did so order to protect their find. Instead, partners had drilled a tunnel into solid rock wall. La Salla lay under slide that had collapsed the head. om had gone back, was murdered by other prospector and his stock and ipment taken away.

A. L. (Al) Sims, a big, genial, hand- ne man who had many friends, built abin on the low rim overlooking the ergence of Walnut Canyon an eighth- e below present lower Lake Mary n. In 1899 he preempted a 160-acre nestead, but never proved up on it.

Jnfortunate circumstances began to broil Sims thick and fast. It started day while walking down the old il. He wandered off under the mesa nt. In a grassy glade he came onto stark scene out of the past. Chalk- ite bones on the ground and pieces of ong rope still adhering to trees wed where a horse and four mules l been tied. Something had happened their owner and the animals had rved. Wood of the saddles, scraps of ck hard leather, and rusted metal gs and buckles lay around in the ass and weeds.

Near where the mules died Sims in- tigated curious heaps of black rocks, ne larger than his fist. He carried a nber to his cabin. A little later a ospector friend told him the rocks re silver. Elated, Sims returned and hered up all he could find. After pping the samples to a mill, he re- led his discovery.

Excitement struck Flagstaff. People hed to the scene in hordes. Similar ks were found readily in masses of d vegetation or under a thin cover of dirt. For many years afterwards the finders kept these souvenirs for display or as doorstops.

The ore Sims shipped ran 1,200 ounces to the ton, but he didn't discover that much. Malicious individuals skulked on his trail. They were convinced he had found some definite clue to the whereabouts of the silver mine — perhaps a map in a tin can that escaped destruction during the many years since the stock starved to death.

But Sims did not know any more about the silver mountain than those who were watching him. Finally the eager hopefuls came to believe that Sims had a streak of cussedness, refusing to go to the mine. Angry and resentful men fired at him several times during the summer of 1900.

Defending himself one night in a saloon from a gun-wielding, drunken attacker, Sims killed the man with a knife. He was tried on a murder charge in 1902. When the jury found him not guilty, Sims quit the country.

AMONG those known to have actively hunted the lost silver for years was Walter Durham, who ran cattle in the area; Hiram Stone, John Clark, and E. S. Carlos. All of them put down shafts or drilled tunnels somewhere on the mountain. They had silver-bearing ore laying around in their camps but it had been picked up away from their diggings.

A mystery prospector was believed to have hunted the silver before 1885 and definitely spent three decades searching. He was John Pouchie, called "Poochey" because few men could pronounce his name correctly. A secretive Frenchman, he appeared in Flagstaff always with his clothing tattered and encrusted with the kind of dirt associated with working underground. After buying supplies, he would immediately disappear into the heavy forest surrounding Mormon Mountain. His exact destination was never discovered. Men followed him but he always shook them from his trail.

Poochey definitely found silver ore, but whether or not he took it out in paying quantity was not known. The Marshalls discovered he had some. In July of 1900 they found him unconscious on the trail off the mountain. Gathering up his equipment which lay scattered around a dry camp, they loaded him onto his burro and took him to Dr. E. S. Miller in town.

Among his battered and almost worthless possessions were a dozen flat hunks of silver ore. Charley Marshall described it as being deep blue, almost black in color, and with a greenish tinge. The breaks were sharp and rough-edged, having been broken from larger slabs.

As soon as Poochey recovered, he packed grub on the burro and returned to his secret haunts.

The Marshalls made their final search for the lost silver in 1915, 1916 and 1917. During those years they used the ancient trail as a base. Charley alone picked up a total of six large chunks. Each was found separately beside the old trail markings. He believed they had been lost from mule p while being taken off the mount But no evidence came to light as to might have been transporting them

Poochey quit coming to Flagstaff grub. Too many men tried following to his lair. His food purchases th after were made below the Mogo Rim at Camp Verde. For the decade prospected, his grubstake source mained a puzzle—unless the story true that he took several burro-load rich ore to the Jerome copper mine sold it. Poochey must have been gon long time before curious Camp V people began wondering why he longer came around.

Carlos, a Flagstaff Spaniard, be hunting the lost silver soon after 1 He, too, was a mystery man. Lister to others spouting off about the mine, he never made a comment of own.

Carlos always came off Mor Mountain about snow-fly time. In he brought a skull to Flagstaff which a miner's pick had been dri Indeed, when he found it, the ru pick, wooden handle rotted out, mained in the skull. Because of curi ly jutting upper front teeth and sharply sloped forehead, the skull believed to be that of Poochey. Who the dead man was, he had probably b slain in connection with the lost silv

Carlos spent several summers driv a tunnel under a great ledge near wh the skull was found. He was still a or at least hunting, according to August 28, 1908, issue of the local w ly newspaper, the *Coconino Sun:*

> **E. S. Carlos has been hunting f lost silver mine in the vicinity of M mon Mountain the past ten days. a good many years a story has b in circulation to the effect that a silver mine was discovered there early settlers, but owing to unset conditions of the country and inab to handle the ore at that time, it covered up and left.**
>
> **Rich specimens running $800 to ton have been found, or claimed to h been found in that section of the co try, but so far no one has been abl locate mineral rich enough to supp the theory that a mine really exist that vicinity.**

AFTER the appearance of this n item, Carlos faded from the pict In 1910 Stone created the last exc ment in Flagstaff about whether mine had been found. Obtaining bl legal forms from the county recor he consulted an attorney on min laws. To both he stated positively t he had found the long lost silver. exhibited a report from the High Gr Assayers, Clarkdale, to prove it. cording to this slip of paper the sil ran 1,400 ounces to the ton, a very r find indeed.

The recorder and attorney did not veal their information until Stone town, ostensibly to post claim notic ɿhin hours the road to Mormon Lake the mountain thronged with excited ı. It turned into the only real minl stampede Flagstaff ever had. Not n the mercury stampede to the nted Desert above Cameron in 1931 aled it. Out there truckloads of amur, get-rich-quick prospectors staked million acres the first twenty-four ırs.

Riders, pack outfits, buckboards, wag- and even a few automobiles hauled Flagstaff stampeders to Mormon untain. But gradually as the weeks ised, the weary, deflated hopefuls ɒped back into town.

None of them ran across Stone. He s not seen on Mormon Mountain, or where else—ever. Like a good many ers he did not return to file a claim the lost mine.

The story of Mormon Mountain's sil- has received the least circulation of "lost mine." Consequently the area never been invaded by scores of nters from "outside." Those few lo- s in the know who still search, close tighter than a bank on a holiday en asked any questions.

The old-time prospector and his crude thods of "peck and see" have been laced by men using the latest metal ectors. They have found isolated ces of ore, but nothing unlocking the secret. The mountain continues to ard it well.

The few modern hunters still search- are hampered by the same questions ich plagued the old-time prospector. begin with, it is quite obvious that scattered chunks of silver found re not all float, as the earlier hunt- imagined. Since pieces were found so many places several men must ve packed ore off the mountain. The nniers were so heavily stuffed that se pieces fell out. Of this much all are tain.

But who were they and where did y go? Those killed on and around the untain must have been murdered by er prospectors who believed they re guarding their own wealth. No lians lived in the vicinity and the only ding Apaches to come near were rhauled by soldiers at the Battle of Dry Wash in 1882.

The old workings have filled and wn over with timber and brush. Not can be located today. But many were ʒ, and if the mountain contained as ch silver as Roberts said, how could of them miss it? There is no answer that, nor yet to *where* Poochey, Taylor l Roberts, Strom and La Salla, and bably Stone, got their silver. It had come off the mountain somewhere.

Not the least of the unanswerable estions is who made the old trail? d what was it used for in the begin- ıg? Other old trails in northern Ari- ıa were known about—including who de them and why.

If any of these questions could be swered, claim present-day hunters, re would be no difficulty finding the t silver. Written history is completely nk about the ancient trace over the untain.

Whatever the facts, the mystic mountain guards its treasure even from scientific instruments.

Trouble Rode Out of Chihuahua

(Continued from page 39)

.30-30 through the window and asked what they wanted.

"Where is the *patron* (boss)?" he asked.

I didn't want them to think I was alone for the day, and if he did want to see Otis about something, I didn't want him to wait so I said, "He rode out to look at some cattle," and pointed over to the west. Otis had gone east. I told him Otis might be just a little while, or might be gone quite some time; I didn't know. He started pushing on the screen door again, and even with the dog hitting the screen every time he touched it, the Mexican kept trying to get it open. The baby was awake by this time, adding her little bit to the general confusion, and I was getting too nervous for comfort so I told him to hit the road. He just stood there, and all of them were grinning at me.

I then decided if his eyes were not so good, I would try his hearing. I threw a shell into the rifle. His smile faded, and all three backed down the steps. My heart settled to a slower pace as I saw the other four move out from the side of the house and join these three, and I hoped they were all leaving. I watched until they passed down under the fig trees by the spring and were hidden from view. Baby missed her bath that morning. She was lucky to have me check her at all—I was too intent on the outside of the house for the next several hours.

ALONG ABOUT 12 or 1 o'clock, I ran out of cool water. In those days—on the ranches, at least—if you wanted a cool drink, you took Mother Nature's way of providing it from a cold spring and packed it to the house in buckets. I took the water bucket, called the dog, unlatched the screen door, and went down the steps. I couldn't see any saddle horses in the corral so I was sure they had gone. I was about halfway to the corral and spring when I saw a pair of legs coming down out of a big fig tree.

I stopped, and Gompers' hackles were standing straight up. The dog had stopped directly in front of me. His growls, warning me to get for the house, were wholly unnecessary. As I whirled around, I couldn't miss seeing at least four more pairs of legs coming down. I have never figured to this day why I set my little bucket down, but I made a record sprint back to those safe, thick walls. As Gompers and I reached the porch and I was relocking the screen, I located their saddle horses. The Mexicans had moved them into a big rock corral we used for branding. It was horse high and all I could see were the big flat horns on their saddles as the horses moved around. Then I knew they had planned something.

My clothesline was on the north side of the house and away from the corrals and Mexico. Otis had told me if there was ever anything wrong at the ho to hang a sheet or tablecloth on clothesline. From some directions, could be seen for miles. I did this r then eased the door closed and too seat by the east window to watch him. Soon I saw the dust on the trai Conejo; Otis was coming in a high l for home. Before long, I saw the c suddenly slacken—he had seen my ta cloth and pulled his horse in. He cir and came in behind the house from north instead of from the east.

When I explained that Mexicans been there all day and had moved th horses into the rock corral so he woul see them, he told me to stay in house and keep the doors locked. He t his rifle off the saddle, got extra sh from the shelf in the kitchen, and step out on the front porch. All was qu Gompers was asleep in the sun, but Otis walked to the other end of porch to see better, I listened for crack of rifles. I just knew they wo shoot him down as soon as they saw there.

EVERYTHING was too quiet—t were gone. Otis came rushing b into the house and told me to take baby and sleep in the attic if he wa back by bedtime, and to pull the lad up after me. The "door" in the ceil was a small hole maybe 16" x 16", it was dark and hot up there. But it a little hotter down below with him g so I just took my little peck on the ch as I asked where he was going.

"Those damned thieves are gone, they've got my saddle horses. I'm ing after them."

I begged him to get help from he quarters. Old man Will Drace was f man at Alamo Hueco at the time an better man never hit the saddle, but said there wasn't time to get help didn't think either that the Mexic could have gone far since the last tim had seen them in the corral.

It was getting late, and I was scar I had never spent a night alone th so near the border, but I knew how felt. Most of his saddle horses he raised himself and sold to the U-Ba His pet rope horse, Bullet, was in t bunch in the pasture which the Mexic had to go through to get back to Mex People had lost horses to the red fl gers before, and even though they covered most of them, the animals w never very good if the Mexicans w allowed to keep them any length of ti They usually rode them to death.

When the sound of Otis' loping ho faded into silence (and that *is* sile when you are alone with a little b and your husband is leaving on a ti horse ridden all day, to be ridden telling how much longer), I just ga ered up diapers and flashlight, and the ladder for the attic. I don't kn if it was good dark outside, but it s was inside. It's a lucky thing I had ways been a good climber or I'd ne have made it that night. It's a m different, though, with a wriggling ba under one arm and a bundle of clot in the other. There was already bott

er, canned food, and a bedroll up
re for me. As I slid the .30-30 up to
loft, I just hoped I'd never have to
the thing—I hoped also that this
e move would be only for one night.

BOUT 3 a.m. Gompers let me know
someone was coming. I'll never, if I
to be a hundred (and I don't have
much hope on that, either), forget
my heart was pumping as I felt
und in the dark for that darned .30-
Just as I found it and froze to listen,
ould hear quick footsteps, and as
npers had quit barking I was pretty
e it was Otis. But I didn't make a
nd or move until he hit the door and
ed my name to let me know it was
"right guy." Boy! did I tumble out
that attic! I was tempted not to wait
the ladder.

tis was almost asleep before he got
led in bed so about all I got in answer
my question of "Did you find them?"
a grunt of satisfaction. He was
er strong on details and when he
lly said he got back all of the horses
ept one and that he took them while
Mexicans were asleep, I didn't ask
he sleep was permanent or just for
night.

Though my husband was a fair shot,
en Mexicans were pretty high odds,
I decided he probably did slip up on
m and steal his horses back—eight
of nine. The one he missed was not
let, or Otis probably would have still
n hunting those Mexicans a month
r.

Each summer for three years straight,
friend, Lola Bentley (now Brazzell,
ng in Phoenix), had spent her vaca-
s with us. Her home was in El Paso.
were real anxious that nothing would
wrong while she was there.

One night just before dark we were
ting on the front porch when we
rd an old "tin Lizzie" coming out of
xico. We just supposed it was some
the Mexican farmers coming out to
chita (about fifty miles north of us)
supplies. Soon we heard children
ghing and talking, so we knew they
camped near the spring for the
ht.

We had planned to go to Hachita also
the next morning were almost ready
leave when one of the men came to
house and asked Otis if he would
p them get their car started. Otis went
vn and soon had the old car purring
in. We were peeved at the delay; our
was also an old Model T, and we
re anxious to get started. We would
ve been more than peeved as we drove
ay and left them, still stalling around
car, just waiting for us to get out
sight, had we known what they were
lly after. We didn't get back home
il the next day late in the afternoon.
en we walked into the house, we
ew the people in the car had paid us
k for Otis' help in fixing their car by
eaning house."

They took everything they could pile
the old car, and didn't miss Otis'
ddle, bridle, chaps, and spurs hanging
the fence at the corral. In fact, they
n took from Lola's suitcase some fancy silk shirts which she was planning to dazzle the cowboys with when they took her horseback riding. She was really furious as they had never been worn. I was moaning over my missing fig preserves and a nice new handmade quilt. Of course, Otis was lost without his saddle and other rigging, and the dog Gompers couldn't be found. We knew he was dead or they would never have gotten into the house.

It was almost a week later, after we had looked everyplace for him, that Otis found his body. They had taken the dead dog with them and dumped him out after shooting him three times (at the house, we are sure, since we found blood beside the front steps).

Otis knew a Mexican slightly who had worked on the Alamo Hueco cutting hay for a few days a couple of years before. He lived near the line, so Otis sent him word as to what had happened, thinking this Mexican had probably put the others up to stealing from us in the first place. He told the Mexican there would be no more odd jobs for him on this side of the line unless every article was returned before the month was out. He should have put a week's time limit on it.

Before the month was out, the Mexican brought most of the things to us, but Lola's bright silk shirts were now black ones. The man said one of the Mexicans was wearing the striped shirt, and he had had a hard time getting it back. Actually his effort was wasted as the shirt just made a little bigger blaze when we burned my pretty quilt, too. It was slick and filthy. Otis' saddle, bridle, and things taken from the corral were about all that were still usable. The Mexican swore to high heaven he had nothing to do with the deal and said he had told the culprits that they had better never come out of Mexico by way of Ojo Perro again or the *gringos* would kill them.

Every time I missed old Gompers (and that was plenty), there was one *gringo*, you can be sure, who was sorely tempted, but we never saw any of that particular bunch again.

Soon we moved from the Dog Springs line camp to headquarters at Alamo Hueco where my husband was made foreman with as nice a bunch of cowboys as you will ever meet—Jack Missal, Lee Pruitt, Jack Hardin, Gentry (Slick) Rutherford, and later Alex Alexander and Ed Rozell, with Ralph Gatlin dropping by and filling in when needed. We also had a young kid, my sister's brother-in-law, Weldon Lynch, to jingle horses, milk, and see that the woodboxes were full. He also helped with the cattle and fences, as he was real anxious to make a cowhand.

I wonder where all the old waddies are today? That's been a few miles back down the road, and some, I've heard, are no longer swinging ropes or checking strays. The gate is getting closer to all of us from those days and times. But me, I'm going to dodge it as long as I'm able to stay on the sunny side of the mountain. I still can and do jump when I hear a rattlesnake, but I'm no longer afraid of the Mexicans—I don't live near Chihuahua anymore.

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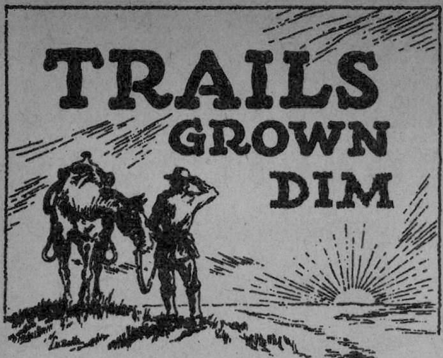

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"The Forgotten Ones"

I belong to a newly organized group in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Five other ladies and I would like the assistance of anyone who would be interested in helping us canvass old forgotten cemeteries. We took this on as a project to help people locate their dead ancestors' graves. Most generally, the old forgotten ones have no records. If any of you would be interested, you might take this on as doing a good deed. We would give you credit and also send a copy to your state historical library. The directions of how we do this are very simple. We give the location of the cemetery, and we usually do it in sections and rows. We number them so that when people are searching, the graves are more easily found. A lot of old tombstones are covered with moss so be sure you take something along to wipe them off. And wear boots or shoes. as the grass will be growing high and you might step on something. Take a tablet and be sure to print each name and write the dates correctly. If part of the name is gone, write what is there. If a stone is broken, put that down also. I know we can depend on your doing a good job. When you have completed the cemetery, send it to me and I will type up the information and send one copy with your name and address on it to your state historical society. I am sure you will get some reward for this—perhaps not material, but a sort of spiritual feeling inside you for thinking of the dead, someone long forgotten. If you would like to do this, and when you have completed your list, send it to "Project Cemetery,"—Mrs. Gerald Followwill, 125 S. E. 57th, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73129

Phillips

We would like to hear from anyone tracing their branch of Phillips back to Tennessee. We want information on a William Phillips who was a courier in the War of 1812, and it is related that he carried the news of Congress declaring war on England in June of 1812 from Washington D. C., to New Orleans in twenty days. I was born in Slaton, Texas, 1923. My father, Carroll Phillips, was born in pioneer (Eastland County) Texas, June 1885. His father was born in Collinsville, Alabama, May 1863.—Carroll Phillips, Jr., Box 545, Fairbanks, Alaska 99701.

Waggs

I would like to contact anyone named Waggs, Wagy, Wagie, Waggis or Wagge. Please include all known direct ancestors and birth and death dates of same.—Mrs. William E. Hill, Route 2, Osawatomie, Kansas 66064.

Lee Akin

I have a .44 caliber percussion revolver made by E. Remington and Sons, at Ilion, New York. This revolver was obtained in Rockford, Illinois. In front of the cylinder on both sides and on the butt plate the name, Lee Akin, is stamped. I would appreciate receiving any information on this name.—Gene M. Bullington, P. O. Box 892, North Hollywood, California 91601.

McCormick

I would like information about Charlie McCormick, my brother-in-law from whom I have not heard in forty years. The last time I heard of him he was in Oklahoma, but seeing that he originated from Texas, I feel he may have returned there.—Mrs. Mary McCormick, 738 E. 77th Street, Los Angeles, California

Dart

I need information about my great-grandfather, George Dart. He was born in or around Augusta, Maine and married Lettia (Tish) Carr in Missouri in 1878 or 1879. At the time of their separation they had one son, Thomas Spen Dart, born June 27, 1880 and were pecting another child who was my gra father, Frank Robert Dart, born J 10, 1883 in Alma, Arkansas, where great-grandma Carr's parents lived. later married a Roberson.—Clay D Box 475, Center Point, Texas 78010.

Walker

I would like to get in touch w Robert Lee Walker, any of his desce ents, or acquaintances. He is, or w my great-uncle, brother to my gra father, Marion Avant Walker, and of John David Walker and Ru Em Avent. Robert Lee Walker was born fore 1894 in New Mexico or Texas left his parents' home (ranch) loca out of Capitan, New Mexico about 19 24 and has never been heard of sinc understand he was handy in mak things grow as the family orchard garden flourished under his "gr thumb."—Mrs. Charlene Walker Fra Hoodcourse Acres Mobile Estates, W me, Oregon 97067.

Gray-Lloyd

I need information about John Gr born 1780. He was known to be an dian fighter. He and three of his c dren died with malaria within twen one days and were buried in Attica, diana. His widow and son, James Gr born 1804, moved to Darke Coun Ohio. Also, Margaret Darby, born 18 Delaware State, married James Gr January 1, 1832. Also, Lavina Barba Lloyd, wife of Silas R. Hiatt, of De ware County, Indiana. Was told made a wagontrain trip to Iowa. A information of the following famili Dillon, White, Barber and Rebecc (Stokes, Strope, or Stokely) would appreciated. Rebeccah married Willi Henry Cumpton in Fayette Coun Washington Court House, Ohio. Tha you.—Janet Gray Montgomery, 2 East 26th Street, Muncie, Indiana 473

Griffin

Will Angelina Virginia Griffin, b April 10, 1919 last known address, D las, contact Mrs. Alda Jones, 1624 Street, Sacramento, California 95814, a matter concerning your family histo —Pearl Stanford, Box 64, Canadi Texas 79014.

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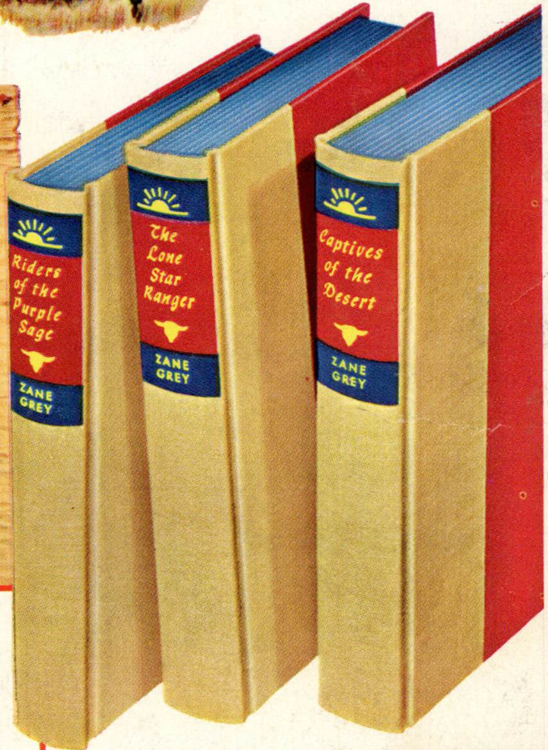

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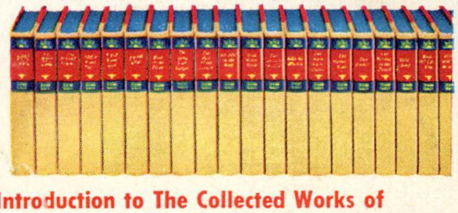

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