

LINCOLN COUNTY LADIES

July, 2000

# TRUE WEST

NO BULL

SINCE 1953

truwestmagazine.com

# BILLY AND THE KIDS

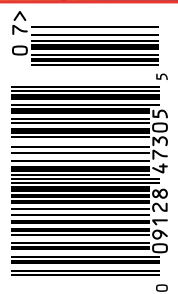


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# IN WINE THERE IS TRUTH



**Doc:** *In Vino veritas.*

**Ringo:** *Age quod agis.*

**Doc:** *Credat Judaeus Apella, non ego.*

**Ringo:** *Inventus stultorum magister.*

**Doc:** *In pace requiescat.*

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# TRUE WEST

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## Our Cover

Billy the Kid  
Courtesy Jerry Weddle

This page: "Cowboy Roundup"  
Courtesy R. G. McCubbin.

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# MAPPING THE PAST

There has been an ongoing joke around here for a few weeks now; it finally became a reality, much to the relief of our overworked production department. Until recently, the *True West* Map Division has been a dank storage room, with a whimsical sign on the door warning passersby to “Knock Before Entering.”

To put this tale in perspective, lets step back a few weeks, to the day Boze came running into the office, clutching a copy of the *Arizona Republic*. “Check out these maps...I want maps just like this...we need to start a map division.”

Diana and I rolled our eyes at each other. Between the two of us, it would be a lucky day indeed if we could fashion a competent map to the grocery store, much less the Great American West. Bob left the office, we jokingly stuck a sign on the closet door proclaiming it the “Map Division,” and went back to our duties.

After a few more weeks of slobbering over the colorful, precise maps in the *Republic*, the obvious finally kicked its way into the clouded heads of the editorial staff. If we wanted maps like that, why not just call the artist in charge at the newspaper? One phone call and one lunch meeting later (and a few failed mapping attempts by yours truly), Gus “The Mapinator” Walker joined our stable of slightly crazed and intensely-devoted contributors.

Gus debuts his first simple, yet highly effective map in this issue’s “Classic Gunfights” installment (in which we attempt to explain the Mescal-Iron Springs confusion), but it is in *Old West Journal* where Walker’s work really shines.

A western travel extravaganza, *Old West Journal* is destined to become famous not only for being a source for highway haunts and hideaways, but Gus Walker’s cool take on the American Road.

Welcome aboard, my man. Now we can take the sign off the closet door.

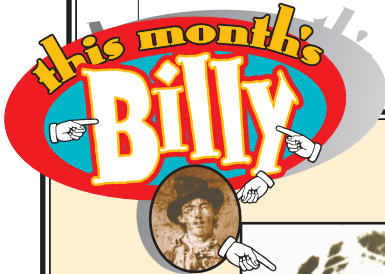


*Man*

Franklin Mint  
Full page here  
Films Sent to DPI

# DUCKING BULLETS

Sometimes great ideas go south. Case in point is this month's cover on **Billy the Kid's** kids. We came up with the brilliant (we thought at the time) concept of an old-time looking photograph of the Kid in his famous stance, but with his *querida* (girlfriend) and their "love children" gathered around. We got very excited and called **Mary Hartless**, the Phoenix photographer who uses original 1880s equipment (see May, 2000). Our deadline loomed, but Mary was on her way to a history encampment at Tubac State Park in southern Arizona. Heading south from Clantonville at four in the morn-



**COULD IT BE?**



**SOURCE**

Roger DeLashmutt, Portland, OR

**PROVENANCE**

Supposedly came from a Silver City, NM, family.

**SIMILARITIES**

ON A SCALE OF 1-10

Ears: 2 • Eyes: 5 • Nose: 3 • Chin: 10

**TOTAL SCORE**

20 (out of a possible 40)

**COMMENTS**

The image first surfaced in a 1936 issue of *Life* magazine, and hundreds of publications since.

ing, we brought along props (three hats, a vest, holster, and 1873 Winchester) and met her on the grounds at nine. Looking for volunteer models, we raced through the encampment and found a historically dressed baby, **Morgan Gaston**, 11 months; his mother, **Kelley Gaston**; a five-year-old boy in a Rough Rider outfit, **Jack Sparks**; and a chuckwagon cook, **Cody McGuire**, who would stand in for Billy. **Jennie Smith** happened by and said she had a sweater in the van. **Doc Ingalls** (ironically that's him in the t-shirt ad on the let-

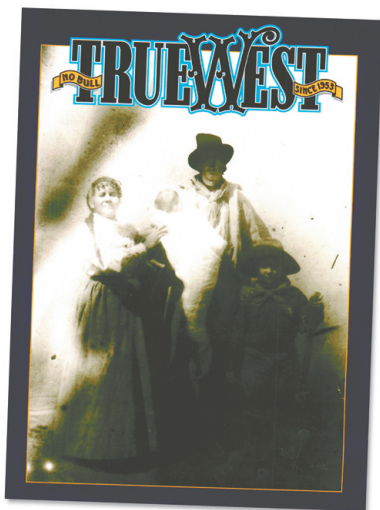


ters page) supplied a gunbelt like the Kid is wearing in the only known photo and a bibbed shirt, sans anchor and embroidery. Mary mixed up her chemicals (see photo, above) and we were in business. Two setups and eight, six second exposures, later, we wrapped and headed home to wait for the results. Two days later, Mary showed up with four authentic looking prints and we poured

We were just Kidding around.



over them trying to find a cover. Unfortunately, as we showed the photos around, we realized our Billy model didn't quite translate as the Kid. So we assigned our computer whiz, **Robert Ray** to graft the real Billy's head onto the Hartless photo and print it out with the cover logo for a test run. Almost everyone who saw it said the same thing: "Why would *True West* run a fake photo on the cover?" End of discussion, end of "brilliant" idea...



"I could've been a contender..."

...controversial author and Wyatt Earp researcher, **Glenn Boyer**, continues to make waves around here. When word got out we were asking his opinion about the alleged shooting of **Curly Bill** at Mescal Springs for our inaugural "Classic Gunfights" series (premiering in this issue), well, the footnotes hit the fan. Authors **Casey Tefertiller** and **Allen Barra**, both friends of ours, were livid to say the least. That we would even consider using Boyer after his best-selling book *I Married Wyatt Earp* was discovered to have been a historical hoax, was treason and worse. It was tantamount to asking **Clifford Irving** to comment about **Howard Hughes**. We feel the proper metaphor is more like asking **Pete Rose** about the designated hitter rule. In spite of Boyer's recent troubles (his best-selling *I Married Wyatt Earp* has been dropped from the **University of Arizona Press** stable and his entire library of work has come under a cloud of suspicion), we feel Boyer still has legitimately contributed to the Earp research and our readers deserve a wide range of opinion on the controversial subject. That's why we picked **Jeff Morey**, **Glenn Boyer** and **Steve Gatto**, three Earp researchers who rarely agree on much...



...speaking of **Steve Gatto**, his revised and expanded book, *The Real Wyatt Earp: A Documentary Biography* is out and portrays Earp in less than flattering terms...in fact, after pressing our collective memories, trying to remember the last book this critical of Earp, we could only think of **Frank Waters'** *The Earp Brothers of Tombstone* which came out in the early 1960s.

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## Big Pictures-You Pay!

I no longer care about your magazine. It was very good before you changed it. Too many large pictures and no reading material. I do not pay for big pictures.

AUGUST PIETILA  
REPUBLIC, MICHIGAN

## Big Ads-They Pay!

In the May issue there were ten full pages of ads and some other smaller ones. If this is what it takes—count me out!

NORMAN LAMBUT  
WHITE CLOUD, MICHIGAN

I will not be renewing my subscription. I cannot believe the nonsense it now contains instead of the true, factual material it formerly contained when it was one of my

favorite magazines. I can't believe how quickly it became all advertising and foolishness. I think Joe (Hosstail) Small would turn over in his grave if he could see this magazine now. I have the very first issue so I'm not a newcomer. I'm sorry to see a tradition destroyed in this manner.

RICHARD KROHN  
BEETOWN, WISCONSIN

## Studio 1854

I've been a subscriber since 1956. Do not care for the new "No Bull—Cool" format.

Please refund on the last few issues. I'll just read my old magazines, thank you.

WILLIAM R. VOIT  
BAKER CITY, OREGON

P.S. Hope the Disco Dudes enjoy the new wild west!

I've just finished reading the editorial in the May issue and I'd like to say the first thing I do when I sit down with your magazine is page through and look at the advertisements. *True West* has been my connection for many fine books published by small press or self-published that I otherwise would never have heard about. I really like the new look of the rest of the magazine too. Keep up the good work!!

RUSS FISH  
PARKDALE, OREGON

## This Here Rag

As a long time subscriber to *True West*—since Vol. 1, No. 1—I am exercising my rights as one of the first "sign-ups" to lodge a simple complaint.

But first; I completely enjoy the new format of *True West* including the articles on "SEX." Frankly, at my age, it's much easier on the blood pressure to read about, than

## THE OLD WEST HAS A NEW LOOK

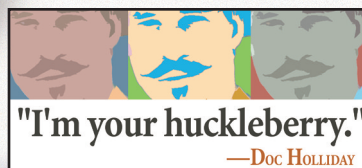


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do. It does keep the ticker ticking and the blood flowing, so what can be so bad? (I think Mr. Horner from Maxwell, Texas must be angry 'cause he can't.)

And now my complaint. Almost from day one, *True West* has been referred to, but not in a malicious way, as a "rag." Frankly, I don't pay these kinds of prices for rags. If each issue weighed four (4) oz., then a pound would run \$13 (that's four issues). I can buy dish cloths at my local market for a lot less. A whole lot less!

You can call *True West* many things—all good—but a rag it ain't!

BURT WAPNER  
PEORIA, ARIZONA

*Funny you should mention the "rag" issue. The executive editor and the editor had a spirited discussion about this very matter, but the editor decided to go with it because of his respect and admiration for our founder Joe Small, who used the term "rag" affectionately and incessantly.*

## Barbed Wire Bound

We wanted to let you know we heartily commend you for the improvement in your magazine. We are especially interested in the cost of advertising, particularly on the pages that you have the books covers and small blurbs on available books you offer.

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DEVIL'S THUMB PRESS  
TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA

## Author Redress

I am the author of the original manuscript of the story entitled, "Samuel Walker, Valiant Warrior" (May, 2000). Upon reading the story I found a number of editorial changes, additions, and deletions which were a surprise and in the author's opinion seriously damaged the credibility of the article. The most serious are as follows:

1. The several sentences on page 34, above the title, repeats a myth about Walker having buried a dime at the base of a flagpole while a prisoner at Perote castle. These were inserted without my knowledge; this could not have happened as Samuel Walker was, in fact, never a prisoner at Perote. Repeating this myth as fact, helps destroy the credibility of the entire article.

2. My statement that Walker was discharged from the last Ranger company some three months before Texas became the 28th state, was somehow changed on page 38 to read, *after* Texas became a state. Again a serious and mystifying editorial change.

3. A number of other editorial changes are noted that I believe stretch the veracity of the article including comments like the Mexican Army "beg(ged) for mercy," that Santa Anna's army did "run for their lives," that Walker's unit "utilized former Texas Rangers," not mentioning the many others and a false claim that Walker may have been "lanced to death," appear curious and were not written by me. In addition, several pages in the original text were omitted to substitute a depiction of Samuel Walker that I was never consulted about and incorrectly, I believe, portrays Sam Walker resembling a Mexican bandido. OK for a cover, by why again in the article if it cuts text.

I and most writers expect editorial corrections and cutting to fit the space in everything we write, but these are not those type of changes. For my part, I can only apologize to the readers for these and other false or misleading statements in my article. *True West* is a good and rapidly improving magazine and I look forward to a better tomorrow.

ALLEN G. HATLEY  
LAGRANGE, TEXAS

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We welcome your thoughts. Address all letters to *True West*, PO Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327, or e-mail us at [editor@truwestmagazine.com](mailto:editor@truwestmagazine.com). Please include your name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for content.

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----- ★ -----

[www.geocities.com/soHo/Den/3422](http://www.geocities.com/soHo/Den/3422)

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[www.wa.net/~djmoyer/cowboy.htm](http://www.wa.net/~djmoyer/cowboy.htm)

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AD HERE  
PICK UP  
FROM  
MAY 2000  
PAGE 12

# WESTERN ROUNDUP

Places to go, things to see and stuff to do associated with the history of the Old West.

**JULY**

## 81st Annual Cody Stampede

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Cody, WY  
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## Frontier Days

July 3-4  
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## Cody Antique Gun Show

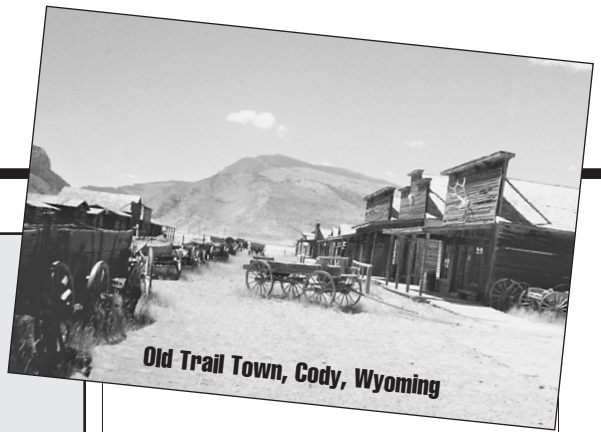
July 1-4  
Cody, Wyoming  
(612)866-1723

## Prescott Frontier Days & Rodeo

July 4-5  
Prescott, AZ  
520-445-3103

## North American Indian Days

July 6-9  
Browning, MT  
406-338-7276



Old Trail Town, Cody, Wyoming

## 3rd Annual Prescott Indian Art Market

July 8-9  
Prescott, AZ  
520-445-3122

## Fort Harker Days

July 7-8  
Kanopolis, KS  
785-472-3059

Frontier military history reenactments.



## Western Heritage Days

July 7-9  
Deer Lodge, MT  
406-846-3388

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## The Warren Earp Shooting, Willcox Remembers

July 8  
Willcox, AZ  
520-384-2272

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## West of the Pecos Rodeo

July 5-8  
Pecos, TX  
915-445-2406



## Wild Horse Stampede

July 5-8  
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*South Dakota*



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### Santee-Sioux Wacipi

July 14-16  
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### 18th Annual Frontier Festival

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Cody, WY  
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Custer, SD  
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### Cheyenne Frontier Days

July 21-30  
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included in our Calendar of Events, please send  
all information at least three months in advance.  
Send information, including photos to: Roundup,  
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### Lapeer City Sportsman Club Great Lakes

July 1-2  
Lapeer, MI  
248-628-7424

### Gunsmoke

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970-249-0628

### High Plains Regional "Hell on Wheels"

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307-778-6636

### Montana State Championship Shootout

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# Out of the Shadows...

## Women of Lincoln County

By Ann Buffington

**LINCOLN COUNTY LOOMS LARGE** in the history of the Old West with its War and its larger than life figures such as Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid. Life in old Lincoln was not all shooting, fighting, and young men galloping about on horseback, however. The women who were living in and around Lincoln before and during the midst of this turmoil have been, for the most part, rather shadowy minor figures on the fringes of the action. They deserve more attention.

Lincoln County in 1860 did not exist. It was carved out of the eastern half of Socorro County in 1869 and comprised a vast territory, roughly the southeastern quarter of the territory of New Mexico. Very little of it was inhabited except for the nomadic Mescalero Apaches. The exception was one tiny fertile spot in the foothills of the Sacramento Mountains which began attracting intrepid Hispanic settlers from the villages near the Rio Grande River as early as the late 1840s, but not until Fort Stanton was located nearby in 1855 by the U.S. Army did settlement become permanent. Small placitas, tiny settlements primarily of extended families, grew up along the banks of the Rio Bonito and down on the Rio Ruidoso. The largest of these, called La Placita del Rio Bonito, became the village and county seat of this entire area and was renamed Lincoln when it became a county.

The Lincoln County War exploded in 1878. Like most wars, it was about power and greed; in this case, who would have economic and political control over this vast, untapped region. The women who lived here in those early days, Hispanic and Anglo, poor and prosperous, had much in common. Isolated and remote, Lincoln County was a great leveler of class and culture. Self-sufficiency was a must. Almost every woman was affected by the violence that swept through the region in the turbulent decade of the 1870s. These, then, are their stories.

### LORENZITA HERRERA MIRANDA

The earliest woman of Lincoln of whom we have any detailed information was born Lorenzita Herrera in Lincoln in 1861. In 1939 she was interviewed by Edith Crawford for the WPA Writer's Project and again in 1953 when she was 92 years old and living in Las Cruces by Nan Boylan, then curator of the Courthouse Museum in Lincoln. Lorenzita's recollections from those interviews gives a rare and detailed picture of early Hispanic life in Lincoln.

Lorenzita's father, Gregorio Herrera, was killed only four days after her birth, "in a drunken row," she said. Her mother, Gerelda Torres, took the new baby and returned to Manzano, where most of her family had lived for several generations. They returned to Lincoln when she was two years old, where her uncle, Antonio Torres, lived in one of the small placitas which dotted the landscape along the Rio Bonito.

Despite hard physical labor and poverty, it was, in many ways, an almost idyllic life. The climate was moderate, the water and game plentiful, the soil rich. There was always, she said, "an abundance of food." Lorenzita may have been looking back with the glow of nostalgia when she described that life, but she paints a picture of a peaceful, tranquil Lincoln, untroubled as yet by conflict and violence. "The people were happy most of the time," she said. She described neighbors as closer than brothers and a world where everyone pitched in to help each other, one in which there was "no envy."

Lorenzita, like most of the girls around her, had little schooling, only six months. Not only did education seem unimportant for farm girls, but her parents were protective. "[The school] was a little far, and it was cold." Girls were married at very young ages, and Lorenzita was no exception, marrying José Miranda at 15 in an arranged marriage. "I didn't know my husband-to-be very well...Girls weren't allowed to go with boys or choose a husband."

José built a snug two room adobe house with a dirt floor for them to live in, typical of the early homes of the area. Cooking was done on the fireplace, on a small sheet of iron with legs, called a *tinamaiste*. "On these we could put our dishes, and I wouldn't even blacken my dishes...Food cooked this way was so good and tasty." The women of the placitas also ground their own corn and wheat on *metates*. Lorenzita gave birth to eight children. In addition to all the time-consuming tasks of raising children, providing food and clothing for the families, doing laundry, and gardening, these early Hispanic women, like frontier women everywhere, pitched in to do field work. They tended stock, cleared fields, planted fields, built and maintained the *acequias* (irrigation ditches), and were traditionally the plasterers, plastering their homes yearly with adobe mixed with a whitewash.

The Lincoln County War of 1878 raged around them during their early married life but touched them very little. "My husband didn't take part in the fighting...When Billy the Kid and others would go past our house...they would stop and talk to my husband. Billy the Kid never bothered my husband or any Spanish family. He was kind and good to us." She remembered the day the McSween house burned, though. "We were scared to death to stick our heads out of the house. We could also hear some of the shooting."

After the Lincoln County War, life continued its serene and uneventful pace. José Miranda died in 1928. When she was interviewed in 1939, Lorenzita was living with one of her grandsons on "my little farm, a half mile west of the town of Lincoln. I raise a few chickens and a small garden which helps to keep me busy." She lived on until 1958, attributing her long life to "eating green onions every day and drinking lots of water."

### AMELIA BOLTON CHURCH

One of her girlhood memories was of seeing Sheriff William Brady gunned down in the middle of Lincoln. Another was of spending the night in the Torrón (the round tower fort in Lincoln built for defense by the Hispanics) during an Indian scare. She thought Billy the Kid was "a buck-toothed delinquent." She was there when Alexander and Susan McSween arrived in Lincoln for the first time. And she lived to tell all about it.

Amelia Bolton was born in Wexford, Ireland, in 1862. Her father, John Bolton, involved in one of Ireland's endless revolutionary movements, was forced to flee from the country in 1864, leaving his wife Ellen and their three children. After arriving safely in the U.S. he enlisted in the U.S. Army and

**"Billy the Kid never bothered my husband or any Spanish family. He was kind and good to us."**

-LORENZITA HERRERA MIRANDA-



Caroline Fritz, later Mrs. James Dolan, witnessed both the worst of times and best of times in Lincoln.

-R.G. McCUBBIN COLLECTION-

**In the fall of 1877 a young fresh-faced Irish lad named "Kid" Antrim got into trouble, and landed in Lincoln's infamous underground jail. Ellen Bolton felt so sorry for the young man, being such a youngster, that she took tea and doughnuts to him.**

was sent west "to fight Indians." Seven years later, in 1871, now in charge of the commissary and quartermaster's supplies at Fort Stanton, he was finally able to send for his family.

For Amelia, now nine years old, it must have been an exciting trip. The Bolton children had never traveled outside the confines of Wexford. Now there was a 15-day sea voyage, a train ride across the vast United States from New York City to Kansas City, then a government convoy across the western plains to Fort Stanton. The Boltons lived there for one-and-a-half years, before moving to Lincoln in 1873, where John Bolton became Lincoln's first postmaster with a salary of \$5.00 per year. The Boltons were the first Anglo family to live in Lincoln. Their home was a four-room *jacal*, made of cedar posts placed vertically and plastered. Bolton added two more rooms, one for the post office.

Amelia said the population of this, the county seat of vast Lincoln County, could not have exceeded 100 people. District court was held twice a year, when the sleepy village came to life. In later years Amelia recalled those early days, which she, like Lorenzita, found "rich and full." Although anything imported from outside was extremely expensive, "the freight teams from Santa Fe brought us books, magazines, and the St. Louis and New York papers. And the mail, which came once a week by buckboard via Roswell, brought the *Seaside Magazine*, which contained contemporary fiction." Ellen had the only sewing machine in town. Dress patterns were highly valued and were passed from family to family "The women's dresses were usually all made from one or two patterns throughout the County."

The hospitable Hispanic people made the Bolton children feel welcome and invited them into their homes, where, in the way of children, they quickly became fluent in the Spanish language and acted as interpreters for their parents.

Amelia was a keen observer of Hispanic customs and in later life, she, too, left evocative descriptions of that "calm" period before the storm of the Lincoln County War. She remembered one night when the family slept with the Saturnino Baca family in the Torr on for fear of a rumored Apache raid. Worse was the time in 1873 when the Horrell brothers from Texas in a racially motivated rampage, shot up a *baile* in Lincoln that killed four Hispanic men, wounded three others, and the Boltons, along with the rest of the population, hid out in the Patr n and Murphy stores for the night.

The Boltons lived in Lincoln for two years before the next Anglo family moved in. This was Alexander and Susan McSween, arriving in an ox-drawn covered wagon. The two families became "warm friends," Amelia said. When the McSweens became major participants in one faction of the Lincoln County War three years later, the Boltons somehow managed to avoid being swept up in it on either side. In the fall of 1877 a young fresh-faced Irish lad named "Kid" Antrim, working as a ranch hand for John Tunstall, got into trouble, and landed in Lincoln's infamous underground jail. Ellen Bolton felt so sorry for the young man, being such a youngster, that she took tea and doughnuts to him.

April 1, 1878, started out as a lovely spring day. Amelia, now sixteen years old, was kneeling in her front yard planting flower seeds. Suddenly, gunshots erupted. Startled, she looked up the street and saw two men fall to the ground. "...I ran in the house and Mother said I fainted." The Lincoln County War had officially arrived, right in the middle of Lincoln. Sheriff William Brady and Deputy George Hindman lay dead in the street, shot from ambush by a group of Regulators, among them Billy the Kid. Later in the day Amelia recalled that neighbor Juana Baca ran in crying, "Oh, look, look, look!" Running to the windows, they saw Kid Antrim on his white horse racing out of Lincoln, where he paused on a hilltop, jumped down and tipped his hat to Lincoln before racing over the hill and out of sight. That was Amelia's last look at Billy the Kid.

After that traumatic day she said she "fainted nearly every time a man was killed," which was a fairly regular occurrence. Her mother sent her sensitive daughter away from the action for the duration to a family they knew in the Jicarilla Mountains near White Oaks, 50 miles away. Perhaps it was here that she met John Forrest. They were married in 1882. The marriage was short-lived; her granddaughter said in an inter-

## A TOWN OF WIDOWS

In the 1880 census, twenty percent of the households were headed by women. Of the 39 recorded households, 33 were home to widows. These were not elderly women; more than half of them were in their twenties through forties. A sad legacy of the Lincoln County War, and a telling statistic on the effect of that conflict on families.

view that they lived together only about a month, during which Amelia suffered several beatings. Finally, after a severe beating, Amelia fled back to her parents. John Bolton was not a violent man, but he was also not one to tolerate such treatment of his beloved daughter. Forrest died of gunshot wounds in White Oaks on February 22, 1882. Everyone knew who the killer was; it was published in the White Oaks *Eagle* that John Bolton had shot and killed his son-in-law, yet no charges were ever filed. "Not one single soul offered a word of protest," said Amelia's granddaughter.

Two years later on March 24, 1884, the White Oaks *Golden Era* reported, "Charles Fritz and Mrs. Forrest of White Oaks had an accident on the road between Lincoln and Stanton...Mrs. Forrest was driving. She suffered bruises and a broken jaw. Fritz had injuries to his chest and shoulder and cuts on his head." Prosperous Lincoln rancher and widower Charles Fritz, age 53, was courting the 22-year-old widow. To the consternation of Fritz' grown children, the two were married on July 24, 1885. This marriage, too, was destined to be short-lived. Charles Fritz died of Bright's disease on December 3, 1885.

Once more a widow and still in her twenties, Amelia now went into business for herself in Lincoln, where she first opened a millinery shop and later a hotel. Six years later, in July of 1891, Amelia married Joshua Church, a leading citizen of Roswell, and moved to that growing town. After their marriage, they took over the Pauly Hotel in Roswell in 1891. The couple had three children.

Joshua was described as "a gregarious, progressive man who was constantly involved in schemes of both public and private nature." Among his other enterprises, he was a founder of the telephone company in Roswell. In an interview, granddaughter Mary Harrison Warren said, "his main occupation was the bar he owned and managed. His main failing was his excessive indulgence in the wares that he sold." Another venture was the ownership of a local house of ill repute.

"When Amelia found out about it, it nearly caused a divorce," said Mary. This house was a pleasant place, a pink two-story building with a large front porch where the residents would sit and greet passers-by in a friendly manner. This did not last too long. The place burned down. It was rumored that Amelia had it set afire. However difficult Josh may have been, this marriage did last, until his death in 1917.

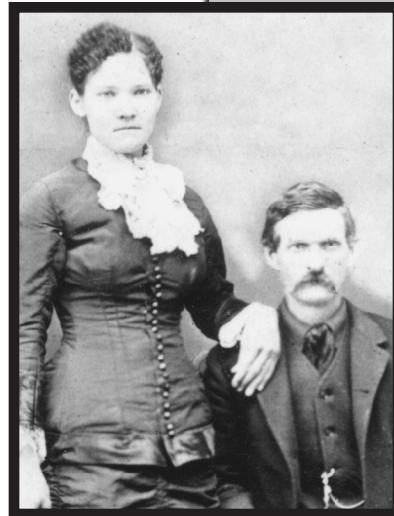
In her later years Amelia was active in civic affairs in Roswell. She was one of the first to dream of a museum for the town and was active in the Woman's Club, the Southwestern History Club, and the Chaves County Archeological and Historical Society. She was asked to be chairman of the project to restore Lincoln's Torr on in 1937, convincing the county commissioners that this was a worthwhile project. At that time nothing was left of the Torr on except the foundation. The restoration, done by the WPA, was done according to Amelia's specifications. She said it was "a true reproduction." Visitors to historic Lincoln today can thank Amelia Bolton Church for one of Lincoln County's historic landmarks. She was in demand to give talks on her recollections. Those recollections spanned a period of 86 years, from Lincoln County's frontier beginnings to the Atomic Age. She died in Roswell on March 22, 1957.

**SUSAN MCSWEEN BARBER**

Susan McSween Barber was the most well-known woman of early Lincoln County, one of whom much has been written. She is described as ambitious, scheming, proud, stubborn, spirited, courageous, pushy, vain, headstrong, and calculating. She could be very much a Victorian lady, elegant, refined, charming, but she could also be combative, confrontational, and aggressive. She was a strong and independent woman in an age when women were supposed to be passive, quiet, gentle, and most of all, obedient. She was, perhaps, the real life Western counterpart of Scarlett O'Hara. Seventy years after her death, periods of her life remain unknown despite the intense scrutiny of an army of researchers.

Probably author Frederick Nolan has pieced together her life more thoroughly than anyone

**The Boltons  
were the  
first Anglo  
family to live  
in Lincoln.  
Their home  
was a four-  
room jacal...**



**Dora and Billy Matthews.**  
As the wife of a lawyer,  
Dora undoubtedly shared  
the fear of other Lincoln  
County women: losing a  
husband to violence.

-R.G. McCUBBIN COLLECTION-

else. She was born Susanna Hummer on December 30, 1845, on a farm north of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania to Peter Hummer and Elizabeth Stauffer, one of eight children. After her mother's death in 1851, Peter Hummer married his wife's younger sister Lydia, and this couple added eight more children to the already large family. Susanna last appears in the census records of her hometown in Tyrone Township in 1860. Her life for the thirteen years between 1860 and 1873 is a mystery. In 1873 she surfaced in Eureka, Kansas, with her marriage to Alexander A. McSween on August 23, where he hung out his shingle as a practicing attorney. Alexander's early life, too, has proved impossible to trace conclusively. It is known that the McSweens left Eureka in the fall of 1874 rather suddenly, leaving behind unpaid debts and no forwarding address. They were traveling west. Along the way they met then U.S. Congressman Miguel Otero (later a territorial governor of New Mexico) who advised them to try Lincoln and gave them a letter of introduction to the firm of L.G. Murphy & Co.

They arrived in Lincoln on March 3, 1875, with hardly a penny to their name, the second Anglo family after the Boltons to settle in Lincoln. Amelia Bolton recalled that Susan said they had come to find their El Dorado. Some of the townspeople found young Susan McSween to be extremely attractive and elegantly dressed. Others described her as "putting on airs."

Throughout her life there was rarely any middle ground in how one felt about Susan McSween.

As there was no other attorney in Lincoln or within 150 miles in any direction, McSween's practice thrived and by 1877 the McSweens were building Lincoln's most imposing home, a U-shaped nine-room dwelling which they planned to share with Susan's sister Elizabeth Shields, her husband David, and their five children. David Shields was to become a partner of McSween in his law practice.

Relations with Murphy and Dolan soured with a conflict over McSween's efforts to settle an insurance claim from the estate of Emil Fritz, Murphy's partner, the Fritz heirs claiming that McSween had embezzled the proceeds. The wealthy young Englishman, John Tunstall arrived in Lincoln in the fall of 1876, eager to go into business. He and McSween became partners and opened a store, competing for business with the Murphy Dolan enterprise. Susan, more savvy than either of the two men, said, "I told Tunstall and McSween they would be murdered if they went into the store business." They should have listened.

The climax of the Lincoln County War occurred from July 14-19, 1878, in what became known as the Five Day Battle, a face-off between the two factions holed up in various places in the town of Lincoln itself. The headquarters of the McSween faction was the McSween's lovely new home. At that time, according to Taylor Ealy, the house was well furnished, with Brussels carpets, lace curtains, fine engravings, and a new piano. During the siege Susan, the pregnant Elizabeth, and the four children were all inside the house, along with Alexander and 12 Regulators, among them William Bonney. According to Lincoln historian Nora Henn, the elegant home was converted into a "dark, stifling fortress, filled with noise, dirt, and sweating men." David Shields was away in Santa Fe, unaware of what his family was about to endure. While the men barricaded windows, piled sand bags at doors, and drilled port-holes in the walls, Susan and Elizabeth busied themselves in the kitchen and prepared for a siege, while the children were kept busy carrying water.

One of the continuing mysteries of the Five Day Battle was whether or not Susan McSween played the piano as her house burned down around her, a story she consistently and hotly denied, saying, "God forbid that I could ever be so void of sentiment as to sit down and play on it under such grave moments." However, Yginio Salazar, one of the sur-

## ANOTHER LINCOLN LADY

In *Merchants, Guns, and Money*, author John Wilson reports on the scandalous affair of one Ella Murphy. In 1881 Ella was living in Lincoln where she was employed as a teacher. She confided a sad story to attorney Ira Leonard. She had previously been employed as a teacher at the Mescalero Agency nearby and was unjustly kicked off the reservation for being "incompetent, untruthful, lewd," and also twice drunk on the job, according to the Mescalero agent. Leonard, as protector of the wronged woman's reputation, wrote to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs denouncing the agent as "unfit to occupy a position of trust... a white demon."

The Indian Bureau in Washington sent out a special agent to investigate the matter, which resulted in Leonard being told that her behavior was such that the agent would have been justified in throwing her out much sooner and that Leonard was being "duped by a scheming woman." By this time Ella was having an affair with the county clerk, Ben Ellis, which was causing a scandal in Lincoln. She was now living in the same house as Leonard's family and stirring up trouble between Leonard and Ellis, who were business associates. The wrathful Leonard investigated Ellis' handling of moneys while county clerk and thought he found enough evidence of criminal conduct to send Ellis to the penitentiary. Ellis expediently disappeared but returned later in the year after things had died down. As for Ella Murphy, she skipped town, and was never heard from again.

vivors of the siege, remembered it differently. He recalled that tensions were eased and the children soothed by Susan playing the piano and Sebrian Bates, her servant, the fiddle.

Some historians claim the crucial factor in the Five Day Battle was the presence of the military from Fort Stanton, who marched into town on the morning of the fifth day under the command of Colonel Nathan Dudley, ostensibly to protect women and children. The Army stood by while the Dolan men prepared to set the McSween house on fire in an effort to rout the inhabitants. Ten-year-old Mimlie Shields spied the first fire and it was quickly put out. This child was then sent down the street to take a frantic note to the colonel. Colonel Dudley replied sarcastically to McSween's note. The indomitable Susan, seeing her beloved house about to go up in flames by the wood being openly piled against the house by Sheriff George Peppin's men, left the house and marched in full view down the street to Dudley's camp to beg him to spare her family and her home. Susan was defiant, Dudley insulting. Susan returned to her home, and she and her sister and the children were allowed to leave the house for refuge in the Patrón house down the street. During the attempted escape from the burning building that evening, McSween and four other men were killed.

With Alexander dead and everything she owned destroyed, Susan elected to stay on in Lincoln, despite threats on her life, and was given refuge by the Bolton family. Elizabeth Shields and the children joined David Shields in Las Vegas, where they began to build a new life in a more peaceful atmosphere. Four days after her husband's death Susan ventured out to see the ruins of her home, now a pile of ashes. As she poked in the ruins to see if there was anything worth salvaging, she was threatened by some of Dolan's men. The ever proud and defiant Susan, standing in the ruins of her home in the same dress she was wearing during the Five Day Battle, now the only clothing she owned in the world, stood her ground and replied, "Well, kill me! You've already taken away all that was precious to me...I'd just as soon you took my life." Her pride and her courage seem to have shamed the men, who left without another word. A few months later, however, she became frightened away and left for Las Vegas, where she stayed with the Shields for a time but was soon back in Lincoln, vowing vengeance on Colonel Dudley for his part in the Five Day Battle. Eventually a military Court of Inquiry exonerated Dudley. During the trial much damaging testimony was given regarding Susan's moral character. Saturnino Baca testified that she was "profane, lewd, and unreliable," and that he had heard she came from a brothel to Lincoln. He said he had heard her say that a woman with a pretty face and good appearance was a fool if she did not make money when she could. Peppin characterized her as "a common prostitute." It went on and on in this vein. Gossip abounded that she had openly had an affair with young Francisco Gomez. He swore under oath at the trial that he had had frequent sexual intercourse with her. Slandering a Victorian woman by accusing her of lewd sexual conduct was the surest way to destroy the character of any strong, independent, "uppity" female.

Susan was never down and out for long. She married another attorney, George Barber, on June 20, 1880, and together they bought a large ranch at Three Rivers, some 60 miles southwest of Lincoln. Susan finally achieved the position and the respect she longed, fought, and connived for. She divorced Barber in 1891, claiming he had never supported her during the eleven years of their marriage. She continued to run the ranch herself, so successfully that she became known as the Cattle Queen of New Mexico. After a trip to New York, a New York City newspaper printed a picture of her in an article that, even if exaggerated, shows a woman who had recovered quite triumphantly from the nightmare of the Lincoln County War.

In 1902 she sold the ranch to Monroe Harper, who later sold it to Albert Fall. She then moved to White Oaks, where she had invested in property, and lived simply and frugally in a small house. This house also burned down. Undeterred, she moved to another small house in the near ghost town of White Oaks, where she was still able to write to a friend in 1928 at the age of 78, "I am now living in this place and am very old, but supple." Here the writers came, one after the other, to get her version of the Lincoln County War. She became bitter at what

**The McSween  
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and men.**



Susan McSween became the victim of both tragedy and scandal while living in Lincoln.

-R.G. McCUBBIN COLLECTION-

**Some say Lily  
Klasner held  
Buck Guyse  
while her  
brother  
killed him.**



Lily Casey-Klasner, date unknown.

-TRUE WEST ARCHIVES-

she considered the distortions of the facts; she confused everyone by telling contradictory stories or refusing to tell anything at all. In 1929 she was still feisty enough to be miffed at the portrayal of her as “a middle-aged woman when I was much younger” in the first of the many Billy the Kid movies, starring Johnny Mack Brown.

She died January 3, 1931, at the age of 85, one of the last survivors of the Lincoln County War.

#### LILY CASEY KLASNER

One old-timer who knew her once said, “There’s only two things I’m really afraid of. One is rattlesnakes, and the other is Lily Klasner.” From all accounts Lily was one tough lady. She is also one of Lincoln County’s better known frontier women because of the book she wrote about her early life, *My Girlhood Among Outlaws*. Lily’s book is a colorful, vivid, observant, and opinionated account of her childhood, edited by historian Eve Ball.

She was born in 1862 in what she called “the perils and vicissitudes of the Texas frontier during the Civil War,” near Fort Mason, Texas, to Robert and Ellen Shellenbarger Casey, the third child of the Casey family. Robert Casey was away from home much of the time serving in the Home Guards.

In 1866 Robert Casey was gone for nearly a year on a trip to New Mexico accompanying a herd of cattle. When he returned, he had purchased a ranch and mill on the Rio Hondo and informed the family that they were moving to New Mexico. They left in the late fall of 1867 accompanied by 11 men and 1,800 head of cattle. A raid by Apaches resulted in the loss of most of the cattle and all the horses but no casualties. They finally reached their new home safely after the dangerous 800-mile journey.

The Casey ranch was about 16 miles east of Lincoln, still called La Placita at this time and the nearest settlement of any kind. The family’s first home was a two-room adobe with dirt floors and a flat roof of pine poles covered with straw, mud, and clay, a typical dwelling for that time and place. Lily said, “It was protection enough in wet weather and thick enough to afford insulation from the hot rays of the sun.”

Life was hazardous. Their Hispanic neighbors were peaceful, but outlaws passed by regularly. The Caseys knew them all. Murder was a common part of their experience. Personal tragedy hit as well when three of the Casey children, Johnny, five, Kathleen, three, and Mollie, one, all died within one terrible 24-hour period of diphtheria.

About 1873 Robert Casey, having made some money from all the family enterprises, decided to expand by opening a general store, there being none any closer than Lincoln. Merchandise consisted mainly of dry goods, hardware, groceries, and whiskey. Said Lily, “...whiskey...had as much a place in the stock of goods as did a sack of flour or a keg of nails, for that was a time when almost every person took a drink, the only noticeable difference between most people...being that some drank more constantly and heavily than others.” Lily, already fluent in Spanish, often served as interpreter and helped out in the store. By the time she was 12 years old, she knew how to keep books and write accounts in both Spanish and English. One of the clerks hired by Casey was Ash Upson, who was also hired to stay at the ranch and tutor the Casey children. This was the same hard-drinking, imaginative, highly literate former journalist who would go on to write Pat Garrett’s *Authentic Life of Billy the Kid*.

Then on August 1, 1875, tragedy struck. Robert Casey was perhaps too popular, too prosperous, too influential a figure in Lincoln. He was murdered in the village after a political convention by a former employee, William Wilson, under suspicious circumstances that may have involved L.G. Murphy. That was never proven, but suspicions persist. Wilson was brought to trial and hung in Lincoln’s infamous “double hanging.”

In 1877 John Tunstall purchased over 200 head of cattle at auction which had formerly belonged to Ellen Casey. Sheriff William Brady had attached them to settle a judgment against

her. The Caseys left for Texas that fall, deciding to take those cattle along with them, ignoring the fact that they now belonged to someone else. They were pursued by Tunstall's foreman, Dick Brewer, and the cattle returned. Lily does not mention this incident in her book. Even after a brief stay in Texas, during the high points of the Lincoln War, Lily could not escape the violent aftermath. Deputy Bob Olinger was shot and killed by Billy the Kid in his famous escape from the Lincoln County Courthouse in 1881. Some say Lily was engaged to him at the time, although she never mentions this interesting fact in the chapter she devotes to extolling Olinger in her book.

Unlike most of her contemporaries, Lily did not marry young. Instead she became a telegrapher along the Mexican border, where she met and married Joe Klasner. That marriage ended in divorce, unusual but not unheard of for that time in Lincoln County. Because of her fluency in Spanish and her excellent record as a student, she decided to become a teacher, attended Highlands University, and taught school in the Peñasco country near Mayhill, New Mexico.

In later years she was well known for the satchel she always carried with her, which local folklore claims was for carrying her six-shooter. People steered clear of the irascible Lily Klasner. In 1896 Lily and her brother Add got into a violent argument with a man named Buck Guyse over water rights. Guyse was shot dead under what historian Fred Nolan "circumstances less than straightforward." Some say that Lily held Buck Guyse while her brother killed him. Others say it was the other way around. Robert (Add) Casey was sentenced to the penitentiary; the case was appealed to the New Mexico Supreme Court, who sent it back to Lincoln County for a new trial, which was never held. The records of the trial are missing from both Lincoln County and state records.

Between 1925 and 1929 Lily wrote most of her manuscript and sought help from several people, including the highly respected historian, Maurice Garland Fulton, who found her impossible to deal with. (Not until long after her death, did Eve Ball find the manuscript in a trunk in an abandoned adobe house and have it published in 1968.) Lily Casey's account of her family's life may be purposely selective and slanted as to her family, but she gave an invaluable portrait of family life in Lincoln County, and her perceptive observations of people and events have made it a classic among Lincoln County history buffs.

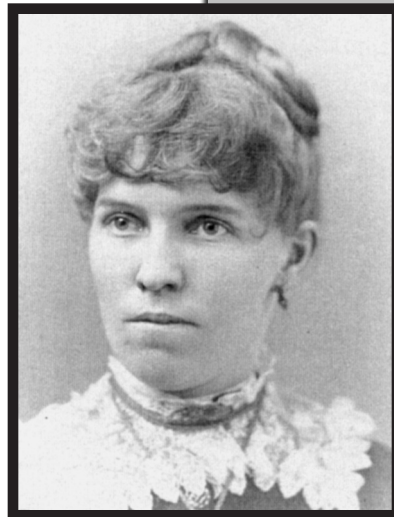
After she retired Lily lived for several years at San Patricio and at Tinnie, not far from where the Caseys had ranched during the frontier days. She died in Roswell in 1946. Her obituary stated, "She was truly a woman of the West...She was fearless and would think nothing of riding a horse all day and doing a man's work."

**MARIA BONIFACIA CHAVES BRADY**

Maria Bonifacia Chaves was born in Corrales, New Mexico, near Albuquerque, in 1838. In 1854 when she was 16 she married Juan Montoya, a teamster who worked for the military. He was killed by Indians while delivering supplies to one of the forts. The 24-year-old widow met Irish immigrant William Brady in Albuquerque and they married in Corrales in 1862. A few months later, Brady, then a U.S. Army lieutenant, was assigned to Fort Stanton as a temporary commander of a company of cavalry troops. The Civil War was raging. One of Brady's duties was to furnish military protection to the local communities. Bonifacia was left behind with her family in Corrales where she gave birth to their first child, William, Jr.

Like so many of the soldiers at Fort Stanton, Brady was taken with the lovely country. Besides, his friends L.G. Murphy and Emil Fritz were settling here as well. After his discharge from the Army in 1866, Brady decided to take up farming. On July 20, 1869, the same day he became a citizen of the U.S., he applied for a homestead four miles east of the new county seat of Lincoln. Before long the Bradys had built a home, planted an orchard and vineyards, and were irrigating about 80 acres of rich farmland.

**Bonifacia  
Brady did not  
like living in  
Lincoln; she  
was afraid  
her husband  
would be  
killed...**



Sophie Poe, wife of lawman John Poe, lived a nightmare as her husband chased Billy the Kid with Pat Garrett.

-R.G. McCUBBIN COLLECTION-

**Brady was shot and killed by the Regulators on April 1, 1878. Bonifacia was pregnant with her ninth child at the time.**

Marriage between Anglo men and Hispanic women in the country around Fort Stanton was common at that time. Often the wives of these marriages were treated as little more than servants, however. Brady, it is said, was an exception, bringing Bonifacia handsome gifts from Santa Fe and always appearing with her on his arm at social gatherings.

William Brady could not resist the lure of politics and as soon as he became a citizen, he was running for public office and had held several elected positions before being elected sheriff for the second time in November of 1876. Bonifacia was not happy with this. She did not like living in Lincoln; she was homesick for her family in northern New Mexico. Now she was afraid that her husband would be killed in the atmosphere of escalating violence.

One of the Brady's sons, Lorenzo, just ten years old, was allowed to go on a trip to the sheep camp with his older brother Guillermo and some other men. There was a confrontation with a band of Indians and the child was killed with a tomahawk. He was buried at the camp so that his mother would not see his crushed head. Bonifacia suffered a nervous breakdown.

The worst was yet to come, however, when Brady was shot and killed on the street in Lincoln by the Regulators on April 1, 1878. Bonifacia was pregnant with her ninth child at the time.

Like Ellen Casey, Bonifacia somehow managed to continue to operate the family farm, one of the most valuable in Lincoln, with just the help of her children, the oldest not quite 15 years old. In 1880 tragedy struck again when another son, Lawrence, was also killed by Indians, again while tending sheep in the mountains. In the next few years operating the farm became expensive and debts were mounting, with no relief in sight. She endured many hardships and humiliations. She was refused Brady's military pension. She requested assistance from the Lincoln County Commissioners, since her husband had been a county official killed in the line of duty. They, too, refused her request.

In 1887 Bonifacia deeded the farm to Brady's old friend and ally Jimmy Dolan. In return Dolan paid the Brady family's debts and transferred 120 acres of cultivated land with a ranch house and barn on the Rio Ruidoso near the village of San Patricio, several miles away, to her. She managed the farm herself for almost five years, then turning it over to her children. She died in 1898.

#### MARIA JUANA CHAVEZ BACA

Information about early Hispanic women in Lincoln County is scarce and difficult to come by. Birth, baptism, marriage, death—just the bare facts are available, but little to flesh out the details of these women's lives. Certainly one of the most prominent women in early Lincoln was Maria Juana Chavez Baca, wife of Saturnino Baca, "The Father of Lincoln County." Even here facts about her life are sketchy, although her husband was one of the most visible of public figures.

She was born in Valencia County about 1842. Nothing is known of her life until her marriage on September 15, 1855, at the very early age of 12 or 13 to Saturnino Baca, from Cebolleta in Valencia County. Baca, 25-years old, was well educated and his passion seems to have been for politics, although he was a highly successful farmer as well.

Saturnino enlisted as a private in the New Mexico Volunteers to fight for the Union in the Civil War. By 1865 the couple had three children, Bonifacio, Isadora, and Roman, and the family was living at Fort Stanton. During the near half century of their lives together, seven more children would be born: Josefa, Carlota, Saturnina, Sara, Juan, José, and Arcadio.

Saturnino was discharged from the service in September of 1866, and the family, now consisting of five children, moved to Rancho Torres, west of La Placita, where his old friends Murphy, Fritz, and Brady helped him to establish a farm. By 1870 the Baca's real estate holdings

#### AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY

On the second day of the Five Day Battle in Lincoln, with a great deal of gunfire and noise going on, Mary Ealy recalled that Dr. Ealy was called to see a man who was dying. "It was some time before the Doctor came home," she said. "The man was very low and died before morning." She went on to recount that "in a short time the widow and two children came and stayed until sometime the next day. She couldn't talk English, so it was hard for us to talk to her. We all sat up as it would have been impossible to sleep. The shooting, yelling, and screaming were distressing."

The dead man was Daniel Huff, a carpenter hired to do repairs on the Tunstall Store. Because of the battle going on all around them, not a lot of attention was spared for this death. Huff was buried hastily, and no one had the time to investigate the exact cause of death. The story goes around Lincoln that Huff was poisoned by his wife, who took advantage of all the turmoil and saw her perfect window of opportunity to do away with Mr. Huff. Since Mrs. Huff apparently disappeared from the scene immediately, never to be heard from again, the mystery has never been solved.

were valued at \$6,000 and their personal worth was \$800, a substantial sum at that time.

In 1868 Baca was elected to the legislature from Socorro County. In 1869 it was he who introduced the bill to the legislature creating Lincoln County out of the eastern part of Socorro County. For this action he has been known ever since as "The Father of Lincoln County." He also held other public office before the Lincoln County War, including probate judge and sheriff before William Brady.

The Bacas were soon to become embroiled in the Lincoln County War. When violence broke out, they were living in a house east of the Torr on, which they rented from Alexander McSween. Although most of the Hispanic population were supporters of the McSween faction, some, and most notably Baca, were naturally allied with his old friends and backers, Murphy and Dolan.

After Alexander McSween was forced into hiding, during one incident a posse discovered him and his Regulators, and a fight ensued. A distraught Susan McSween, never one to shrink from a confrontation, accosted Baca and accused him of sending men to kill her husband. She made the reckless mistake of threatening to have him and his entire family killed, thus earning the undying enmity of Juana Baca, a force to be reckoned with herself.

During the Five Day Battle, with some of the Dolan sympathizers holed up in the Torr on next door, the Bacas were caught in the crossfire. Juana's eighth child, Juan, had arrived just three days before the firing began. It was impossible to flee. To add to their woes, during the battle McSween sent an eviction letter to Baca because of his allies' presence in the Torr on, which McSween also owned. The frantic husband and father appealed to Colonel Dudley, commander at Fort Stanton to come to Lincoln to protect his family, a factor in Dudley's eventual decision to bring his troops into Lincoln.

After the Five Day Battle some of the defeated McSween men blamed Baca for Dudley's intervention, which they felt changed the course of the battle and caused their defeat, and threatened him. Dudley offered to give the family protection at the fort, but Juana stoutly refused to go until after the family had taken care of the crops. Only then did they accept Dudley's invitation and stayed at the fort until they felt it was safe to return to Lincoln once more. The Bacas evened the score with Susan McSween by casting pointed aspersions as to her moral character in the Dudley Court of Inquiry.

By the mid-1880s the violence of the previous decade was nothing but a bad memory, and Senora Juana Baca was the social lioness of the now prosperous and peaceful county seat. Her daughters, commonly spoken of as "the Baca girls," were among the prettiest se oritas to be found in New Mexico.

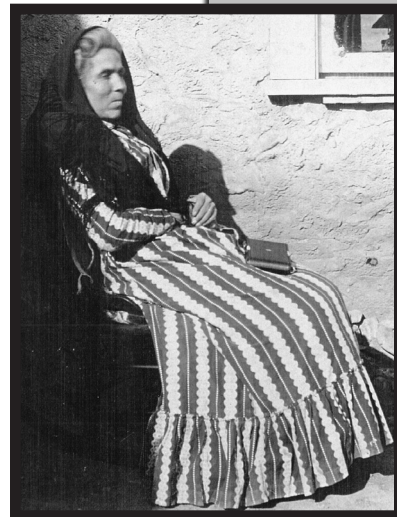
In 1884 the new Catholic church in Lincoln, San Juan, was crowned with a bell named "Maria Juana" after Juana Baca, who acted as the bell's godmother and was one of the biggest contributors to its purchase. Saturnino continued to be active in the political life of the territory until after the first of the century. Juana died on August 14, 1914. Saturnino lived on until 1924, dying at the age of 94.

**MARY RAMSEY EALY**

Yet another family caught in the tumult of the Five Day Battle were the Ealys. Mary and Taylor Ealy, Presbyterian missionaries, their two small daughters, and another woman, Susan Gates, arrived in 1878, a most unfortunate year to settle in Lincoln. They came at the request of Alexander McSween to start a church and school in the community. After an exhausting and grueling five day journey by horse and wagon from Trinidad, Colorado, they had the bad luck to arrive in Lincoln the day after John Tunstall was killed, and the Lincoln County War was about to begin in earnest.

Mary Elizabeth Ramsey was born in 1850 at East Waterford, Pennsylvania, one of four children of a prominent family. She met Taylor Ealy while studying to be a teacher at a seminary in Western Pennsylvania. Shortly after he graduated from the University of Pennsylvania

**Susan  
McSween  
accosted Baca  
and accused  
him of  
sending men  
to kill her  
husband.**



Mrs. Saturnino Baca.  
-R.G. McCUBBIN COLLECTION-

**Little Pearl  
took her  
dolls down  
out of the  
line of fire  
and played  
with them on  
the floor.**



Sallie Chisum, shown here in later years, was once the object of Billy the Kid's affection.

-FRED NOLAN COLLECTION-

Medical School, he asked her to marry him. They were married October 1, 1874. Shortly after their marriage they were sent west to Fort Arbuckle in Oklahoma's Chickasaw Territory. Here Mary had her first child, Pearl, born September 3, 1875. In the summer of 1877 she gave birth to her second child, another daughter named Ruth. After Ruth's birth the family moved back to Bedford Springs, Pennsylvania for a time to visit family and home and look for another opportunity. They were assigned to Lincoln, New Mexico after responding to an ad for medical missionaries in the *Rocky Mountain Presbyterian*.

When the Five Day Battle arrived, the Ealys were living in Tunstall's old quarters in his abandoned store. The household got its water from the river behind their corral. Because of all the shooting, they were afraid to venture outside and the children were beginning to suffer from thirst when Susan Gates announced, "I am going to the river for water; if we don't get water we will die anyway."

The gunfire grew worse. The Ealys barricaded their windows with their trunks and laid their beds on the floor. Little Pearl took her dolls down out of the line of fire and played with them on the floor. Some of the Regulators managed to make their way from the Ellis house to ask for the doctor's help; Ben Ellis had been shot and wounded. The doctor went with them, but because of the heavy gunfire, he was unable to get to the house. The next morning, in surely one of the most extraordinary moments of the War, Dr. Ealy again came out of the house, this time accompanied by Mary, carrying the baby, and leading his other daughter. Thus accompanied by his family, who acted as shields, the family walked all the way down the street, probably half a mile, to tend to Ben Ellis. The Code of the West held true. One did not fire at women and children.

Worried that the Tunstall Store, too, would be set afire along with the McSween house, Ealy sent a note to Colonel Dudley requesting help, carried by the ever courageous Susan Gates. Dudley sent a wagon for the Ealys, and they were taken to comparative safety at the Patrón house along with Susan McSween and the Shields family.

"The yelling and the shooting were terrific," Mary recalled. "We couldn't see what it looked like toward our home as we were cautioned to keep low. It must have been about ten o'clock when the McSween party tried to escape from the house...We soon learned that McSween was among the killed...None of us went to see the terrible scene except Miss Gates; she described it as being so horrible I stayed away."

The Ealys had had enough of life in Lincoln. The day after the battle they accepted Colonel Dudley's offer to take them to Fort Stanton, and from there they went on to Las Vegas. Mary never returned to Lincoln until many years

later. Their situation after the killing of McSween was tenuous. They now had no source of income as missionaries. A month later they were offered \$1,200 and a home to teach at the Zuni reservation in northwestern New Mexico, and by October of that year they had arrived at the place that would be their home for the next three years. Mary Ealy kept a daily diary of her life at Zuni, which included the birth and death of a little boy, Albert. By 1881, with Mary and Taylor both ill, they pulled up stakes and moved back to Pennsylvania, taking with them four Zuni children whom they had adopted, according to their grandson Lawrence Ealy.

Dr. Ealy died at the age of 66 in 1915. Mary then moved to Pittsburgh to live with her daughter Ruth. She traveled extensively, visited New Mexico several times, and kept up a friendship with Susan McSween Barber, who she visited in 1927. Mary died in 1935 at the age of 85.

**Ann Buffington** is a Lincoln County War, and territorial New Mexico researcher, living in Carizozo, NM. She is currently working on a full-length combined biography dealing with the forgotten women of Lincoln County. This is her first story for *True West*.

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# UNLIKELY HEROES

## THE YOUNGER BROTHERS PROVE THEY WEREN'T ALL BAD

The story of the Younger Brothers has been well documented over the years. From surviving the slaughter of their father and the ambush of their older brother John by the Pinkerton Detective Agency, the Youngers set out on a life of crime that will always be a part of American folklore. Their luck ran out, along with Frank and Jesse James, in a small Minnesota town called Northfield, in 1876. With the Youngers capture and subsequent placement behind the walls of the Stillwater prison, it seemed as though their story was over, but it was just beginning.

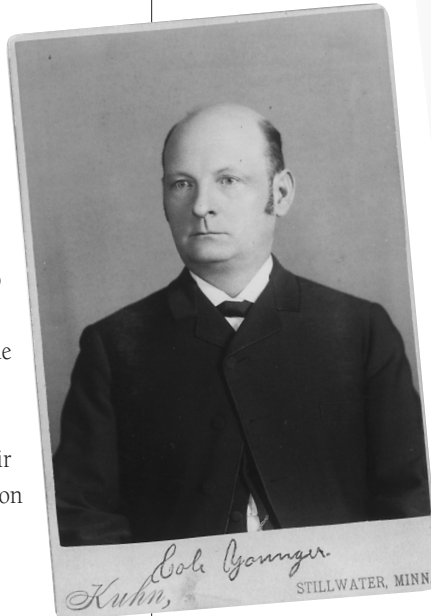
Once behind bars, the Youngers conformed to prison discipline and became model prisoners. So much so that the warden, deputy warden, and even the guards considered the Youngers to be very trustworthy and men of their word. This trust was tested on the evening of January 25, 1884, when the prison was engulfed in flames.

Actually, there were two fires at the prison that month. The first, on January 7, broke out in the Northwestern Car Company shops inside the prison. The buildings that caught fire, which were only fifty feet away from the prison cell blocks, included pattern shops, hardwood and softwood shops, and the engine room. Gus Lindahl, a night watchman,

discovered the blaze but was unable to extinguish the fire. After the fire department arrived and the fire was finally put out, about 300 had men lost

twenty-five of the most trusted prisoners and arm them so that they could help escort the other convicts out to safety. Among these twenty five were Bob, Cole, and Jim Younger.

Cole Younger, in his autobiography, *The Story of Cole Younger by Himself*, related the story of the fire:



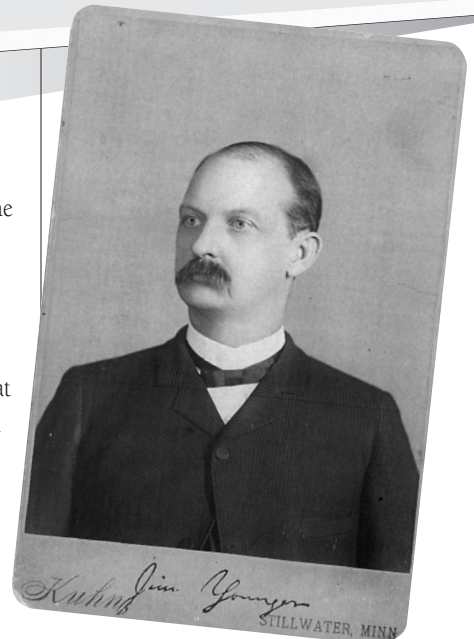
Jan. 25, 1884, when we had been in the prison something over seven years, the main prison building was destroyed by fire at night. George P. Dodd, who was then connected with the prison, while his wife was matron, said of our behavior that night: "I was obliged to take the female convicts from their cells and place them in a small room that could not be locked. The Youngers were passing and Cole, asked if they could be of any service. I said 'Yes, Cole. Will you three boys take care of Mrs. Dodd and the women?' Cole answered: 'Yes, we will, and if you ever had any confidence in us place it in us now.' I told him I had the utmost confidence and I slipped a pistol to Cole as I had two. Jim, I think, had an ax handle and Bob a little pinch bar. The boys stood before the door of the little room for hours and even took the blankets they had brought with them from their cells and gave them to the women to try and keep them comfortable as it was very cold. When I could take charge of the women and the boys were relieved, Cole returned my revolver."

their jobs. The damage was

estimated at nearly \$300,000.

The fire that occurred on January 25 reached into the cell blocks, and although not as much damage would occur, the threat of the loss of lives loomed larger than it did before. This is where the Youngers' trust would be tested.

As the fire was raging that night, Warden John A. Reed told his deputy to gather



BY BRENT T. PETERSON



This original stereocard illustrates the damage done to the Stillwater prison during the 1884 fire.

COURTESY WASHINGTON COUNTY  
[MNI] HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Cole also related this story in *Convict Life at the Minnesota State Prison*, but added that “I can say without fear of contradiction that had it been in our

minds to do so we could have escaped from the prison that night, but we had determined to pay the penalty that had been exacted, and if we were ever to return to liberty it

would be with the consent and approval of the authorities and the public.”

The next morning, Company K, Stillwater Militia, entered the prison and helped relieve the guards and assist with the cleanup. Additional help came from

the Companies C & H of the St. Paul Militia.

Newspaper stories developed after the fire, claiming the blaze was intentionally set to help free the Youngers, and that in fact, the Youngers had escaped. Rumors like these were put to rest when the Youngers, along with other convicts, were transferred to the Washington County jail while the cell blocks were being repaired. This four-week period was the only time during their incarceration that the Younger Brothers were allowed outside the prison walls.

Both Cole and Jim gave high praise to the deputy wardens in an interview with the Stillwater *Daily Sun*. The Youngers were sorry to hear that Deputy Warden



The front entrance to the Minnesota State Prison, Stillwater MN.  
COURTESY WASHINGTON COUNTY  
[MNI] HISTORICAL SOCIETY

# UNLIKELY HEROES

...to be procurable about the ...

New Orleans Insurance	1,000
Concordia, Milwaukee	1,500
Providence, Washington	2,000
Iverson, Fire and Marine	2,500
German, Pittsburgh	1,000
Huffman, New York	1,200
Manufacturing & Builders	2,500
Hells, Madison	2,500
German of Freeport	2,500
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$19,250</b>
Frank Joy, Billwater	\$3,450
Paul Fire and Marine	3,850
Fire Association of Philadelphia	1,925
Fire Association of Toronto	3,850
Western Assurance of Philadelphia	3,850
American Fire of Philadelphia	1,925
Traders of Chicago	1,925
Oriental of Hartford	1,925
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$19,250</b>
W. C. Whiting & Son	\$3,500
Buffalo, N. Y., on	
Buildings and Block	2,500
German Fire of Pittsburgh	2,500
and Block	2,500
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$8,000</b>

The St. Paul fire department responded to an appeal for help, and sent over at two o'clock, a steamer and a crew. Their services were not required, however.

The signal for company K to turn out was given by the Florence mill whistle at 11:30 o'clock and about twenty-five of the boys turned out, and reported at the prison.

David Bronson, ex-chief of the fire department, gave substantial assistance, and aided very materially in directing a portion of the men engaged in handling the hose last night.

Under the circumstances the Sox does not pretend to present to-day, a full list of insurance. A complete report in that direction, while impossible to obtain to-day, will, it is hoped, be forthcoming to-morrow.

JAMES O'DONNAN, \$1,000

Mechanics and Trades

...A grand ... will be ... House next ... ing, Jan. ... the ... YOUNG LAD ... In 'conn' ... grand Co ...

...A grand ... will be ... House next ... ing, Jan. ... the ... YOUNG LAD ... In 'conn' ... grand Co ...

This map of the penitentiary was published in the local newspapers, showing where the fire started and where the prisoners gathered in the smoke and confusion.

COURTESY WASHINGTON COUNTY [MN] HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Dodd and his wife lost everything in the fire. "I think," said Jim, "that the state ought to make good the loss sustained by these noble people." "People," added Cole, "little know how hard these fellows worked. I think that the deeds done by Deputy Hall and the guards were of a heroic nature, for which they deserve great

credit, while George Dodd and W. Hall did one of the bravest acts I ever saw in taking 200 from the suffocating fate that awaited him."

"On Saturday," said Cole, "when we were taken up to this place [the Washington County Jail] it was seven years and three months since we saw the outside of the prison walls. Of course we could govern our feelings as men, but if it had been a child, and it had been confined that length of time, he would have screamed for joy, on beholding the

This contemporary illustration depicts the aftermath of the 1884 fire at Stillwater.

COURTESY WASHINGTON COUNTY [MN] HISTORICAL SOCIETY

open space of the streets and the crowd of people standing around. The deputy placed no little confidence in us and drove us up without shackles. He, [the deputy] sat in my lap all the way up," Cole said with a smile, "and I felt highly honored."

The Youngers spent four weeks at the county jail. At the end of their stay, Cole presented Washington



An "inside" view of the damage done to the interior of the prison during the 1884 fire.

COURTESY WASHINGTON COUNTY  
IMNJ HISTORICAL SOCIETY

County Deputy Sheriff Adam Marty with "a cane of his own make, as mark of esteem of Adam's courtesy during his stay."

Although the fire was a catastrophe, Cole continued to maintain his unique sense of humor. Several days after the fire, the St. Paul Sunday *Morning Herald* reprinted an encounter between one of the St. Paul militiamen that came over to help and Cole Younger during the night of the fire. "The boys were stationed at different parts of the guard house and a detachment placed around the noted Younger brothers. Cole sized up the guard and with a grunt expectorated a decoction of tobacco juice over the polished boots of the Dayton Bluff soldier above mentioned. 'Lieutenant, this man spit on my boot, shall I shoot him?' cried the injured militiaman. 'I'll ask Gov. Hubbard by telephone,' replied the lieutenant, who didn't know whether the offense was

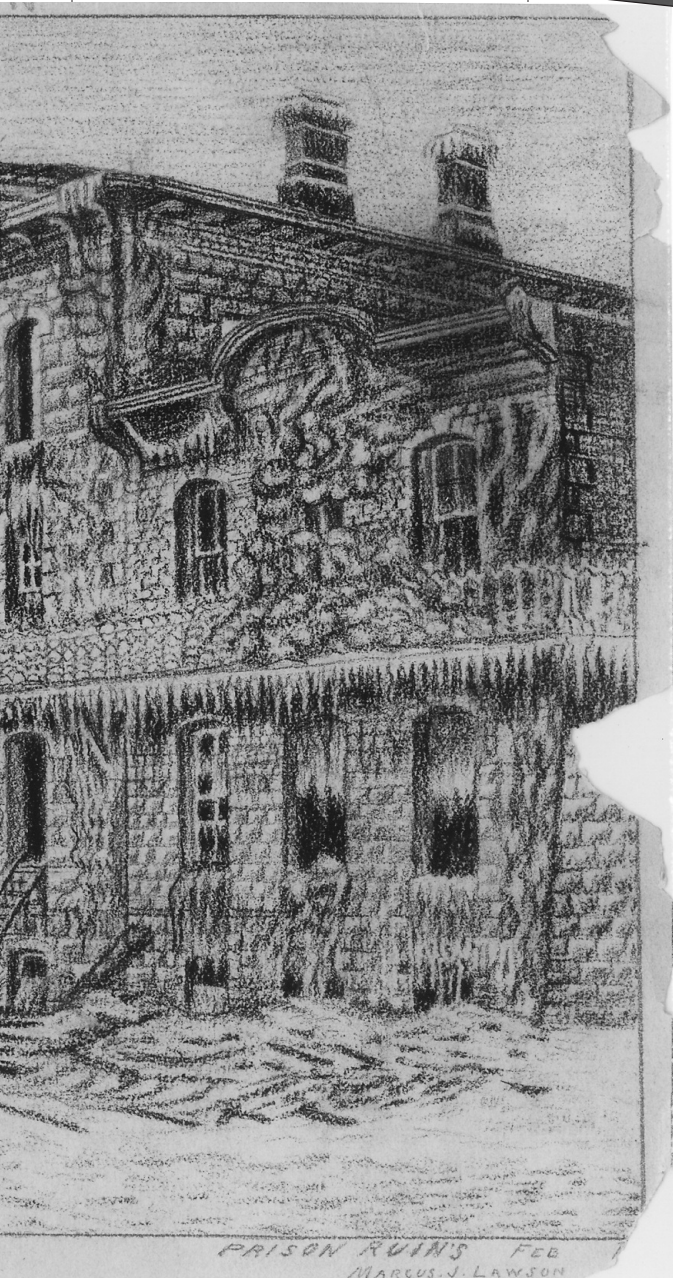
punishable by instant death or states prison for eternity."

After the fire was extinguished and the convicts counted, only one did not answer the call. A search of the cell block uncovered convict Henry Lempke dead of suffocation in his cell. Lempke was known to have "periodical fits of insanity" and was found on the floor of his cell with the door open. The German prisoner was buried in Stillwater's Fairview Cemetery in Stillwater.

The Younger Brothers turned from taking human life to fighting to preserve it. As their stay in the Stillwater prison continued, they became instrumental in organizing the prison newspaper, the *Prison Mirror*, in 1887. Bob Younger completed his life sentence in 1889 when he died of consumption; his brothers were paroled in 1901.

The Youngers were, to almost everyone but those who knew them best, the most unlikely of heroes that cold, but fiery night in 1884.

**Brent Peterson** is a freelance writer from Stillwater, Minnesota. This is his first *True West* article.



TRUE WEST  
EXCLUSIVE

CLASSIC  
GUNFIGHTS



# SHOOT-OUT AT MESCAL SPRINGS

WYATT EARP VS.  
CURLY BILL  
BROCIUS

## Two Versions of The Fight

*You Pays Your Money  
and You Takes  
Your Choice*

✠ COW-BOY CHIEFTAIN SLAIN? ✠

BY BOB BOZE BELL & MARCUS HUFF

*Maps by Gus Walker*

LETTERING BY BOB STEINHILBER



### March 24, 1882

Since the murder of his brother Morgan on March 19, Wyatt Earp has slipped outside the law, and along with his "posse" of six men, has killed Frank Stillwell in Tucson, and Florentino Cruz at South Pass east of Tombstone. The very next day, Earp's avenging angels are within thirty yards of Mescal Springs...

Sensing danger, Wyatt Earp dismounts, with bridle rein in hand. He grips his shotgun and steps forward into the clearing. "Up from behind a bank rose nine men." Wyatt remembered in later years. "Every man had a rifle at his shoulder, and every rifle blazed."

Wyatt immediately recognizes outlaw chieftain Curly Bill as one of the men firing at him. Earp levels his shotgun.

"Each one of my shotgun shells was loaded with nine buckshot. Both charges struck him [Curly Bill] full in the breast."

As the years went by, Wyatt claimed he could name all nine of the Cow-boys...

Texas Jack's horse was killed in the volley of Cow-boy fire, and all of Wyatt's men fled, leaving him alone on the field of battle.

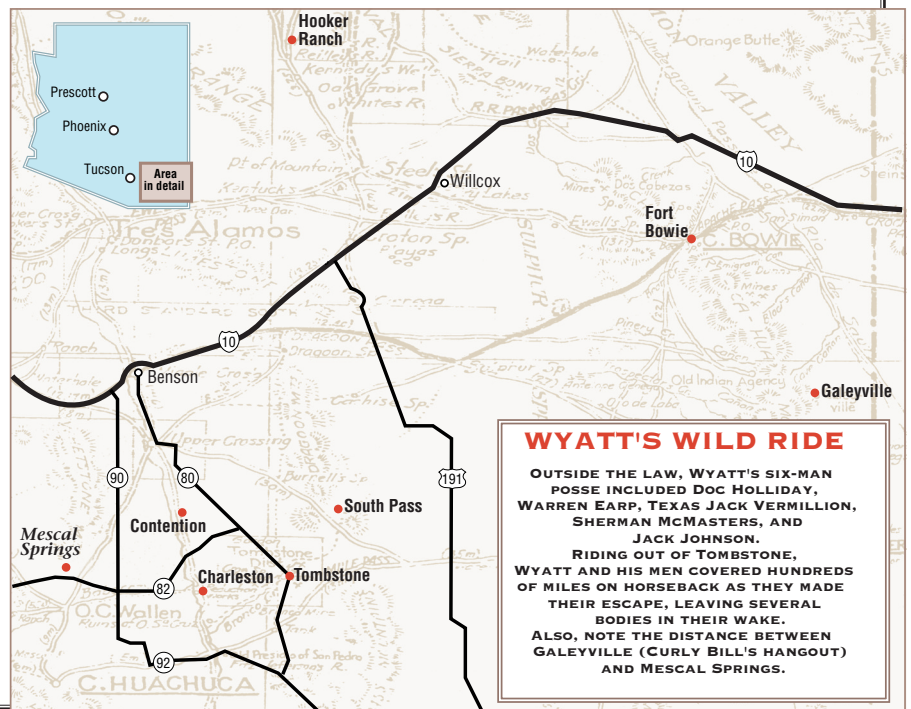
Wyatt remembered, "...my pommel was shot away...my hat had five bullet holes in it, two in the crown, and three in the brim [in the Lake version the hat count goes to eight, with five holes in the crown and three through the brim]. Bullets had ripped ragged rents up and down the legs of my pants. The bottom of my coat on both sides, where it had been held out by the holster and the handles of my six-shooters, had been torn into strings and shreds. But, as by a miracle, I had not received a scratch."

The Cow-boy version differs thus: There were only four cowboys at the spring; Wyatt fired once hitting no one; and Curly Bill wasn't there.

Either way, as Walter Noble Burns noted, "soft shadows of legend fell about Curly Bill," and he utterly vanished.

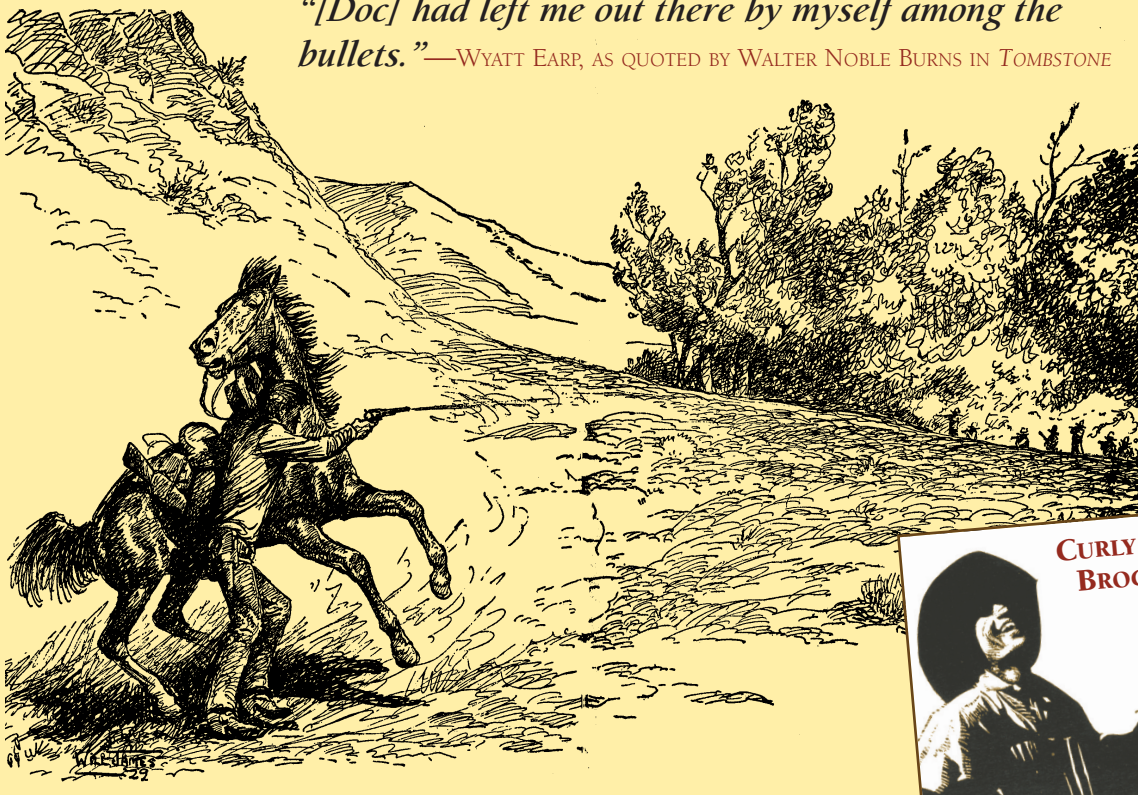


For over a century, writers have been locating Wyatt's shootout with the cowboys at Iron Springs, with later writers adding the addendum that modern maps changed the moniker to Mescal Springs. According to Sands Ranch manager Les Shannon, there are two springs very close together: Mescal Springs and Iron Springs (see above and at right). So rather than a name change there are actually two separate springs. Shannon, a lifelong cowboy from the area, says he would camp at the lower springs (Mescal), "better feed and level ground," and he feels that's where the fight took place. At right is a photo of Mescal Springs, taken in March of 1981. Unlike the description given by Wyatt, in Burns' and Lake's books, there are no Cottonwoods, no willows, and no fifteen-foot bank.



**WYATT'S WILD RIDE**  
OUTSIDE THE LAW, WYATT'S SIX-MAN POSSE INCLUDED DOC HOLLIDAY, WARREN EARP, TEXAS JACK VERRILLION, SHERMAN MCMASTERS, AND JACK JOHNSON.  
RIDING OUT OF TOMBSTONE, WYATT AND HIS MEN COVERED HUNDREDS OF MILES ON HORSEBACK AS THEY MADE THEIR ESCAPE, LEAVING SEVERAL BODIES IN THEIR WAKE.  
ALSO, NOTE THE DISTANCE BETWEEN GALEYVILLE (CURLY BILL'S HANGOUT) AND MESCAL SPRINGS.

*"[Doc] had left me out there by myself among the bullets."*—WYATT EARP, AS QUOTED BY WALTER NOBLE BURNS IN *TOMBSTONE*



Legendary Western artist Will James takes a shot at capturing Wyatt Earp as he fires into the "willows" at Mescal Springs. This pen and ink appeared in Walter Noble Burns' *Tombstone*, published in 1929.

*"I had two six-shooters at my belt, a double-barrelled shotgun, looped to my pommel, hung under my left leg, and a Winchester was hanging in a scabbard on the right side of my horse."*—WYATT EARP

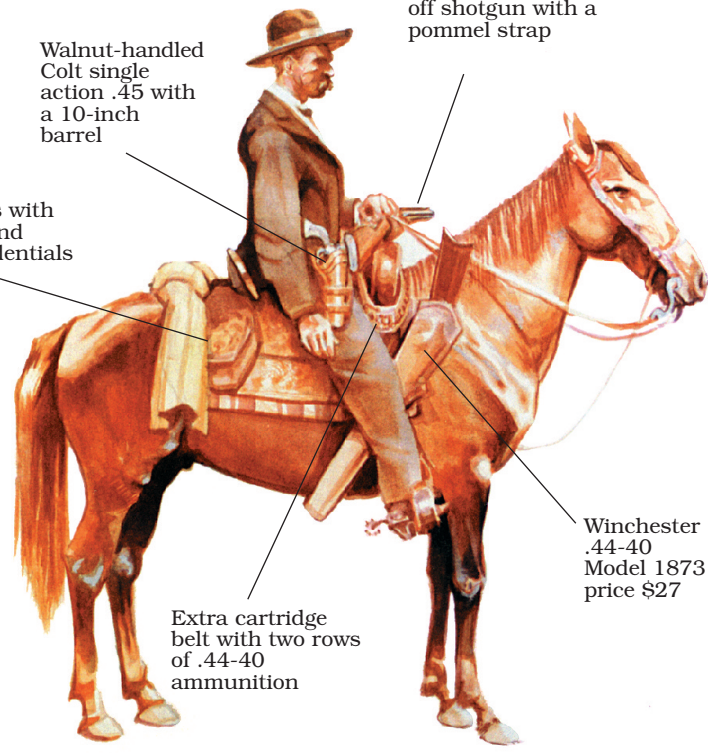


**CURLY BILL BROCIUS**

Walnut-handled Colt single action .45 with a 10-inch barrel

12-gauge Remington sawed-off shotgun with a pommel strap

Saddlebags with warrants and official credentials



Winchester .44-40 Model 1873 price \$27

Extra cartridge belt with two rows of .44-40 ammunition

A good-humored cattle-trail hellion from Texas or Missouri, Curly Bill Brocius (alias Graham among others) was drawn to Arizona's wide, open spaces and wide-open towns. Headquartered in Galeyville, Arizona, and Shakespeare, New Mexico, Bill and his Cow-boy cronies ran Mexican mavericks into Arizona for quick resale and had no noticeable problems with pulling pistols on man or beast. Taking his share of abuse, Bill was shot in the jaw, was buffaloed for killing Fred White, and if you believe Wyatt Earp, got his guts blown out at Mescal Springs. As mysterious in life as he was in death, Curly Bill left no known photograph or trail.

**WYATT EARP'S ARSENAL**

## Wyatt Earp's Mescal Springs confrontation is a confusing mess.

Here's why:

**Sources:** Contemporary reports from the Tombstone *Epitaph* & *Nugget* newspapers; *Hellorado*, by former Cochise County Deputy Sheriff William Breakenridge; *Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal*, by Stuart Lake; *Tombstone: Illiad of the Southwest*, by Walter Noble Burns; *Wyatt Earp: The Life Behind the Legend*, by Casey Tefertiller; and *The Real Wyatt Earp: A Documentary Biography*, by Steve Gatto.

**EPITAPH    NUGGET    BREAKENRIDGE    LAKE    BURNS    TEFERTILLER    GATTO**

### Mescal Springs is...

Called "Burleigh Springs"	Unnamed location	"Mescal Spring, in the Mustang Mountains"	"Iron Springs was hidden by an eroded bank, possibly fifteen-feet high..."	"Tall cotton-woods... pool of water, smooth as glistening glass..."	"...the little mudhole of Iron Springs"	Mescal Spring
No physical description.	No physical description.					No physical description.

### The combatants were...

At "close range"	Thirty yards apart and began firing "at about the same time..."	"Wyatt rode up rather close to them...and returned the fire..."	"less than ten yards away..."	"...with-in thirty feet"	No mention of distance.	Quotes Nugget & Epitaph for comparison.
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### Cow-boys at the Springs...

9	4	4	9	9	9	9
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### Curly Bill was...

<b>Killed.</b>	<b>Not Killed.</b>	<b>Not at the Springs.</b>	<b>Killed.</b>	<b>Killed.</b>	<b>Killed.</b>	<b>Long gone from Arizona and not in the vicinity.</b>
Several other cowboys may have been seriously wounded.	Unable to say for sure what happened.		Shot in the stomach, "well-nigh cutting his body in two."	"...both charges struck him full in the breast."	"his chest was torn open by the big charge of buck-shot..."	

**Source: Wyatt    Unnamed    Cow-boys    Wyatt    Wyatt    Wyatt    Oldtimers**

### Earp Party Casualties:

Texas Jack's horse killed.	McMasters' side grazed, binoculars shot off.  Earp's saddle horn blown off.  Texas Jack's horse killed.	Earp shot in chest (saved by steel vest).  Earp's saddle horn shot off.  Texas Jack's horse killed.	Earp's hat (8 holes), pants and jacket shredded; horse nicked 3 times.  Earp's saddle horn blown off.  Texas Jack's horse killed.	Earp's hat (5 holes), pants and jacket shredded.  Earp's saddle horn blown off.  Texas Jack's horse killed.	Earp's jacket shredded, heel of boot hit.  Earp's saddle horn blown off.  One horse killed (unspecified).	Earp's saddle horn shot off, coat shot to pieces.  Texas Jack's horse killed.
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We asked three of the most passionate (read that: opinionated) researchers in the Earp field to weigh in on the Mescal Springs Shootout. Did Wyatt Earp kill Curly Bill? And Why?

#### Glenn Boyer:

"Absolutely. Beyond a shadow of a doubt. Anybody who doesn't think so is motivated by the anti-hero approach. Wyatt was capable of lying, mostly by omission, but I don't think he was lying about the killing of Curly Bill."

#### Jeff Morey:

"I believe Wyatt killed Curly Bill. If he hadn't, there's no way Curly Bill would have kept quiet. And besides, Wyatt's description of himself, trying to remount with his gunbelt around his thighs doesn't sound like a story he would concoct to be heroic."

#### Steve Gatto:

"No, I don't believe Wyatt killed him. I believe Curly Bill left Arizona in December of 1881 as reported at the time. He had been indicted on December 2, 1881, and a warrant had been issued for his arrest. He knew it was time to get out of the state and he did."



#### PARTING THOUGHT:

Could this have been the genesis of Curly Bill's alias? Every cowboy had one...



# The PRIVILEGE Life of

## The Scourge of New Mexico...

Literally millions of words have been written about Billy the Kid. Yet although nearly every aspect of his life has been subjected to the most intense scrutiny, we still know very little about him as a person.

Did he read books? Dime novels and *Police Gazettes*, we are told, but that can't have been all. Mightn't he also have tried Jules Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under The Sea* or *Around The World in 80 Days* (both published in 1873), R.D. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone* (1874) or Mark Twain's 1876 best-seller *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*?

"Turkey in the Straw" was his favorite song, they say. Fine for "swinging them high" at a *baile*, perhaps, but there were a lot better ones. Wouldn't he have sometimes hummed "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Beautiful Dreamer," "Lorena," or "Aura Lee?" Didn't someone say he was singing "La Golondrina" as he rode out of Lincoln, that April evening after he killed J.W. Bell and Robert Olinger?

What did he do to relax? He didn't drink or smoke much, apparently. Cards, of course, but mostly that was business. If you believed George or Frank Coe you'd think he did nothing but practice shooting, but

not even Billy the Kid spends all his spare time firing off a .45. So what else did he do? The answer would seem to be that whenever the opportunity presented itself he sparked a pretty girl. And it appears there were times when he wasn't too choosy whose pretty girl it was, which was no way to make friends in those days.

Some writers have suggested the reason Billy—or Henry Antrim as he was known at the time—committed his first killing was because he was fooling around with another man's woman, in this case the companion of a blustering Fort Grant, Arizona, civilian blacksmith named Frank "Windy" Cahill. On August 17, 1877, the two of them were in Atkins' *cantina* on the edge of the military reservation. An argument flared up in the course of which Cahill called Henry a pimp, and Henry retorted that Cahill was a son-of-a-bitch. In the fight that

ensued Henry pulled a gun and put a fatal bullet into Cahill's belly.

Then in the late fall of the same year, soon after he arrived in the Seven Rivers area, Billy got into more woman trouble. Hard man Billy Morton, foreman of the L.G. Murphy-J.J. Dolan cattle camp at Black River, was sweet on a local girl (possibly one of rancher Hugh Beckwith's daughters—Josephine, perhaps, who was 19, or Ellen, a blossoming sixteen year-old). "She was a beauty in every way," Lily Casey Klasner remembered, "she was called the 'Bell[e]' of the Pecos Valley. And the Kid got to meddling in, and Morton, although a fine man in many ways, yet he was very jealous-hearted, he just could not take good naturedly the Kid's trying to cut in on him."

Morton came down hard on the Kid, she said, "telling him to leave, that he could not hang around any of his cow camps any longer. The Kid Poor boy...had to take the 'cussin out' but told [my] brother Will 'Never you mind. It's a long lane that has no

## The Bandit King...Father?

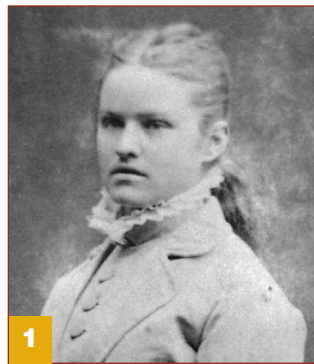
# Billy the Kid

by frederick nolan

turn[.] I'll just lay for that guy and you see if I don't get him in the end." And he kept his promise. On March 6 of the following year, Billy Morton was shot to death with his sidekick Frank Baker on a remote road by the self-styled Regulators, one of whom was the Kid.

Quite probably it was just a few days before that event, when the Regulators brought Billy Morton and Frank Baker to the Chisum South Springs ranch near Roswell as prisoners, that the Kid met John Chisum's niece Sallie for the first time. Described by a contemporary as "a pretty, fair-haired girl, full of life and ready for any kind of sport" (although existing photos show a somewhat lumpen, sulky-looking young woman), Sallie had arrived in New Mexico at the end of 1877 and moved into her uncle John's ranch. In his book, *Frontier Fighter*, George Coe says the Kid "fell hard for Miss Sallie's charms." If he did, their romance was of necessity brief and inconclusive; it's unlikely he saw her again until the early part of July when the Regulators hid out at South Springs.

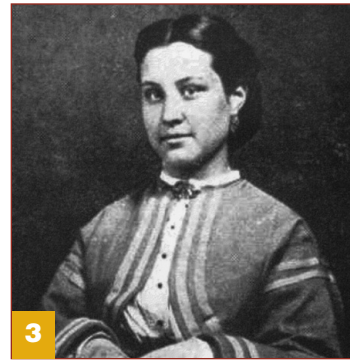
"Many a gallop across country Billy the Kid and I took together," Sallie claimed in later years, "and many a pleasant evening we sat talking for hours on the front gallery." Without wishing to call the lady a liar, one can't help wondering when, within the timescale and bearing in mind that the Lincoln County War was going on full blast between Sallie's arrival in December 1877 and her departure from South Springs in August, 1878, she and Billy would ever have had the opportunity to enjoy such innocent pleasures.



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**SMITTEN WITH BILLY.** (1) Sallie Chisum, c.1880. Sallie's porch was a regular stop for the Regulators. (2) Carlota Baca Brent with her son Joshua, c.1888. Forbidden to associate with the outlaw, Carlota found Billy quite appealing. (3) Paulita Maxwell, known to history as Billy the Kid's true love (previously unpublished).

**ALL THE WORLD LOVES A LOVER.** Jim East, shown here in a previously unpublished, circa-1880s photo with his wife, Nettie, witnessed Billy's loving embrace with Paulita Maxwell in December 1880. The lawman had to pry the lovers away from one another so the Kid could be transported to jail.



-WESTBY FAMILY COLLECTION-

# The Kid & The Trail

BY LYNDA A. SANCHEZ

Nevertheless, there was obviously an attraction. Billy certainly wrote her letters (one of them mailed, it appears, on the morning of the day of what became known as The Big Killing—what a letter that would be to find!) and later also gave her little gifts: “Indian tobacco sack presented to me on the 13th of August, 1878 [just a day after the murder of Morris Bernstein at the Mescalero Agency] by William Bonny,” Sallie wrote in her little notebook. A week or so later she made another entry: “Two candi hearts given me by William Bonny on the 22nd of August.” But in context they become less significant. Sallie was a list-maker, remember: these entries appear among a dozen or so little gifts from various admirers listed without further comment as “Presents.”

On September 11 of that same year, Sallie recorded that the James and Pitzer Chisum caravan, fleeing the anarchy raging in Lincoln County, had camped at a lake 15 miles northeast of Fort Sumner and that “William Bonny and [Mortimer B.] Smith stayed with us that night.” It doesn’t sound as if she was particularly excited about it, but even if she was she could hardly have had much further contact with the Kid, because the following November, she and her brother were sent away to school in Anton Chico and two months later Sallie was married there to bookkeeper William Robert.

Sallie Chisum apart, it appears that the Kid—like many of his contemporaries—preferred and actively sought the company of nubile native New Mexican girls, the daughters of the farmers and sheepherders who lived in every valley. “He was a Lady’s Man,” said Frank Coe, who rode with Billy, “the Mex girls were crazy about him. He spoke their language well. He was a fine dancer, could go all their gates [gaits] and was one of them.”

Coe wasn’t alone in this judgment. Paulita Maxwell, who would have known better than most, said “Billy the Kid, I may tell you, fascinated many women. Like a sailor, he had a sweetheart in every port of call.” Yes, indeed, confirmed Lily Casey Klasner (who was about the Kid’s age). “He had a laughing blue eye, always smiling and laughing, quick and more than accomidating [sic] very good hearted, had an innocent timid look—all this took with the girls at once. He even as young as he was, had a girl in every town that he staid in any length of time.” Her brother Robert “Ad” Casey agreed. “He had more sweethearts on the creek than a little.”

Legend, tradition, call it what you will, has linked the names of half a dozen pretty *señoritas* with the Kid, and in some cases gone so far as to say there were children from their liaisons. But who were these legendary ladies and how true are the stories?

One of them may have been Angelita Sedillo of San Patricio. Back in 1989, Kid researcher Philip J. Rasch heard that a fellow student at Harbor Community College in California had claimed that her aunt, Angelita Sedillo, had not only been Billy the Kid’s sweetheart, but that she had borne two of his children, both girls. When Rasch tracked the woman down, however, she flatly denied the story. Neither the 1870 or 1880 censuses for San Patricio include a Sedillo household with a daughter, Angela. However, in the 1900 census an Angela, daughter of Polonio Sedillo, is living in Precinct 5, which was the Roswell area. Lincoln historian Nora Henn believes this

TOE-TAPPING fiddle and guitar music drifted upward into the rugged hills from several cantinas in San Patricio and Arabella. Even tiny Escondido had a *baile* every Saturday. Despite some tough *hombres* and tough times, Billy the Kid and the Regulators found it hard to resist the local dances and especially the shy, dark-haired Hispanic girls with laughing eyes flashing as they danced the popular waltz or *varsoviana* (put your little foot). There were also *schotisches* and *cuadrillas*.

these cowboys, and a short time when it came to the fun filled dances that took them, for a while at least, away from the cares of everyday routine and sometimes, violence.

Legend suggests that Billy the Kid was adored and respected by the local Hispanic population. Even the *duenas* let their guards down a bit when the young man rode down the trail and into town. He attended their



The James Dolan home today. The trail to San Patricio starts to the left of the house.

-AUTHOR'S PHOTO-

Its girls were enticing, yet the *duenas*, the local matrons, guarded them well. The aunts and *abuelas* knew that those gringos would wreak havoc with their charges if they were not protected.

Often times, the men so out-numbered the women that they had to take numbers, and dance first with the oldest woman, and then wait until their number was called again. But they did not mind the wait. A four hour ride was just the beginning for

dances and was always welcome, for he was polite and he spoke their language. Few other Anglos knew the beautiful, Spanish spoken everywhere in the Bonito and Hondo valleys during that time. And because of that and his boyish charm, he was also welcomed into their homes, and allowed to court their women with less “official” care taken.

# Billy's Trail

When Billy arrived after the long ride from Lincoln over steep, rock strewn trails, a new excitement and aura appeared to take on a life of its own at the dances in San Patricio. Some people nick named the trail taken as the "lovelorn trail." Female companionship was on the

wedding celebrations.

Buggies and horses lined the streets, especially when District Court was in session. Dances were always a part of that bustling time of year and the Montano and Baca families vied for position as the favored and most hospitable of hosts for local dances. Lonely cowboys cared less about the court being in session; They braved the rough



Below these rocks was the village of Arabella. The trail to the local dances looks much the same as it did in 1878.

-AUTHOR'S PHOTO-

other side of those steep hills lining the valley, and come "hell or high water," they were determined to get to the *baile*.

Old Lincoln town also had some mighty fine dances, as described by Sophie Poe, but that was before and after the bloody days of the Lincoln County War. Men came from San Patricio and points north and south, across the rugged trails and down into Lincoln, even as so many also went the other way, depending on the Saints' Days or

trail and hard ride for the social gatherings.

Several pueblos claimed to have the "best fiestas", but most of the Regulators favored San Patricio. This is where the Kid had at least one or two *novias* (sweethearts) and where it was rumored that he spent many a night. Years later, it was also admitted, in secret conversations, that "*los hijos de Billy todavia viven en San Patricio*" (the sons of Billy still lived in San Patricio). Undoubtedly, if this be true, they were the result of long, lonely rides along the lovelorn trail.



**THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE.** Charles Bowdre and wife Manuela, c. 1880. Although Charlie and Billy rode through many scrapes during the War, their friendship still couldn't stop Manuela Bowdre from sparking Billy's eye, to upset and make Charlie jealous.

-R.G. McCUBBIN COLLECTION-

could well be the same Angelita Sedillo who had formerly lived in San Patricio.

Add to this a declaration made by Mrs. Josephine Randolph Sanches of Lincoln County before a Notary Public in February 1990 (seeking to authenticate the claims of Kid claimant Brushy Bill Roberts, but no less valid for that) to the effect that her grandfather, Frank Randolph, "was a personal friend of Billie the Kid, and ran around with him, that her Grandfather dated a girl in Hondo, N.M., and Billie the Kid dated a girl across the river from San Patricio" and you wind up with at least a possibility: that Angelita Sedillo (who lived across the river from San Patricio) might very well have been one of the Kid's *queridas* and had Billy's child. Later, so the story goes, she married and moved to Roswell, where the descendants of that child still live. Proof of all this is, of course, impossible to come by, and it should be noted that no children are listed in that 1900 census.

And then there is the Eve Ball story. Renowned as one of the very few white women ever to win the trust of the Mescalero Apaches, Mrs. Ball for many years acted as *chauffeuse* for historian Colonel Maurice Garland Fulton, who could not drive; during their many long journeys together she had ample opportunity to immerse herself in the story of Billy the Kid.

In 1968 she told author and historian Leon Metz, then researching his biography of Pat Garrett, and in 1971 at her home near Ruidoso she reaffirmed to this writer, that not only had the Kid had a local sweetheart, but that there had also

been a son, who had died some years previously. Out of respect for the man's family, however, Mrs. Ball declined to reveal the man's name; she took that secret to the grave, along with many others.

However, it may well be that the individual she was referring to was Alexander, the only son of Juana Montoya, born in 1879 at Lincoln. Fulton later recorded that Juana was a woman of easy virtue known as "La Tullida," which means the "lame one" or "crippled one" (she had a withered hand or arm). She is said to have changed her real name in order not to embarrass her sister, a member of a highly respectable local family (Lincoln's Juan Patrón's is mentioned). She bore Billy's first, and only child, Fulton said, who was called Alexander in honor of Alexander McSween.

Whether the tale is truth or gossip (both Juana and Alexander appear in the 1880 census for Lincoln), we may anyway safely take leave to doubt Billy found time for many dalliances while the Lincoln County War was at its height, (although reading between the lines of Frank Coe's remarks, it appears Charlie Bowdre's wife Manuela found the Kid sufficiently charming to make Charlie jealous, and even though she was in the opposite camp, as it were, Saturnino Baca's daughter Carlota confessed in later years that she had been "smitten" by Billy). But once the fighting was over he doubtless stepped out more than somewhat, and by the time he moved up to the Fort Sumner region in the Fall of 1879, he could pretty much have his pick of the local girls.

"Billy the Kid, I may tell you, fascinated many women," Paulita Maxwell told Walter Noble Burns. "His record as a heart-breaker was quite as formidable, you might say, as his record as a man-killer. Like a sailor, he had a sweetheart in every port of call. In every *placita* on the Pecos some little *señorita* was proud to be known as his *querida*."

But who were these "little *señorita*"? Claims that Billy had a romance with Frederika DeOliveira, wife of Portuguese-born rancher Juan DeOliveira, who divorced Frederika in 1881 because she was "associating with known outlaws," have been proven unfounded: a six-page divorce document recently discovered by the family indicates the men involved were small time cattle thieves named Fred Weston and Alfred Starks. Discounting Frederika narrows the field down some, but only a little.

In 1988 James Abercrombie, grandson of the man who founded the town's 100 year-old general store, opened a door of possibility by averring "Billy had two or three girl friends in Anton Chico, but he did have one, anyway, that he used to come here and see." Alas, Mr. Abercrombie doesn't seem to have been asked to name her so we are none the wiser.

"Three girls at least in Fort Sumner were mad about him," Paulita Maxwell told Burns, carefully writing herself out of the scenario. "One is now a respected matron of Las Vegas. Another, who died long ago, had a daughter who lived to be 8 years old, whose striking resemblance to the famous outlaw filled her mother's heart with pride. The third was his *inamorata* when he was killed."

A little detective work quickly offers some clues as to who the trio might have been. The "respectable matron of Las Vegas" was almost certainly Nasaria Yerby, the wife of Tom

Yerby, whose ranch at the head of Arroyo Las Cañaditas, northeast of Fort Sumner, was a regular haunt of the Kid and his gang. At first glance Nasaria looks like a good candidate because the family tradition is that the Kid gave her a copy of the famous tintype (which someone "borrowed" and never returned). Such facts as are available, however, suggest otherwise.

Nasaria, who died in 1931, had two children: a daughter, Florentina, born in 1878, and a son, Juan, born 11 months later. Florentina is said to have claimed in later years that her father was the Kid, but the timescale puts her out of contention: as far as can be ascertained, the Kid was not in Fort



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CRITICS & FANS. (1) Lily Casey Klasner thought Billy was a scruffy punk, but admitted that the girls loved him. (2) The night the Kid was killed, Deluvina Maxwell slapped at Pat Garrett, calling him a "pisspot...son-ofabitch!" (3) Dr. Henry Hoyt, Billy's most respectable friend.



3

(1) R.G. McCUBBIN COLLECTION (2 & 3) AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

Sumner late in 1877 or early in 1878. It should also be recorded that Florentina's son, Lauro Flores of Albuquerque, told author and journalist Howard Bryan in 1994 that his mother never resembled Billy in any way at all. "She looked like a Yerby," he insisted.

Then what about the second sweetheart, the one whose daughter bore such a strong resemblance to Billy? This is the lady to whom Edwin Corle gave the name "Abrana Garcia" in his 1953 novel *Billy the Kid*. In an afterword, Corle revealed he got most of his information on Billy's love life from Fort Sumner old-timer Charles Foor in the mid-1930s. "He gave me a description of the character of both Abrana and Manuel Garcia," Corle wrote, carefully neglecting to tell his readers that in fact, the real name of the woman Foor had told him about was Serina Garcia, the wife of Yginio Garcia, a much older man.

When Maurice G. Fulton interviewed him a few years later, Foor told much the same tale. The Kid, he said, "accompanied by a young sheep herder employed by Maxwell, rode from camp into Fort Sumner to attend a *baile* at the Garcia house the evening he was killed." Serina, he affirmed, "was the Kid's woman." She had two children, both girls, one born after his death. They died aged 6 and 8 of diphtheria.

The problem with this is that a few years later, Foor and the other Fort Sumner old timers as readily named Celsa

Gutierrez the mother of the Kid's two children as they had earlier avowed it was Serina Garcia. Maybe they were belatedly showing some respect for the tender feelings of other locals, but whatever their reasons, they convinced historian Robert N. Mullin. He in turn stated categorically in a 1953 letter that "Charlie Foor and the old men who lived in Fort Sumner in the '80s are pretty well agreed that the Kid was the father of two children who died of diptheria, the mother being Mrs. Saval, whose maiden name was Celsa Gutierrez."

But was she? Thanks to her uncommon name, we have been able to learn a little more about Celsa than some of the others. From the 1870 census we know she was born in Puerto de Luna in 1857, the daughter of Jose D. Gutierrez, a farm laborer, and his wife Feliciana. Celsa's sister, Apolonaria, born 1860, would later become the second Mrs. Pat Garrett. Celsa, said to have been a blonde, had an illegitimate son, Candido, born prior to 1875. At the time of the Kid's death, she was living at Fort Sumner with her husband Saval Gutierrez, her son Candido, and her mother; it was from her home Billy went to his death that July night in 1881.

Talking to Walter Noble Burns in 1923, Paulita Maxwell clearly identified Celsa as the woman the Kid was in love with. "Pat Garrett ought to have known who she was because he was connected with her," she said, "and not very distantly, by marriage." She could hardly have been more specific: Garrett was married to Celsa's sister. Which (unless Billy was doing some serious two-timing) would seem to write Serina Garcia out of the picture.

As late as 1991 Stella Abreu Miller, daughter of Paulita's sister Odile, was still keeping the water muddy by insisting to interviewer Jerry Weddle that Celsa had been the Kid's girl friend. "I keep thinking of Nasaria," she said, "but it was Celsa who cooked for him and had a child, a little girl, by him. She [the child] died very young."

Just as her aunt had done 68 years earlier, Mrs. Miller was clearly hewing to a line the Maxwell family had early decided to take and stick to—as does her grandson today—perhaps taking their cue from Alfred Lord Tennyson:

"... A LIE WHICH IS ALL A LIE  
MAY BE MET AND FOUGHT WITH OUTRIGHT  
BUT A LIE WHICH IS PART A TRUTH  
IS A HARDER MATTER TO FIGHT."

"They used to say that my Aunt Pablita was Billy's girl-friend, but she denied it," said Mrs. Miller. "She didn't like that story. She was a married woman with children and she didn't like people saying she was Billy's girl-friend."

So Celsa, *la rubia*, in whose house Billy spent the last hours of his life, who may have had two children between 1870 and 1880 of whom no record exists, whose husband would have had to be deaf and blind not to know what was going on (and who, ironically, was one of the coroner's jurymen who praised Pat Garrett for killing the Kid and recommended he be rewarded) became the prime suspect.



**GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.** Paulita and Jose Feliz Jaramillo on their wedding day, January 1882. It could have easily been William Bonney in that chair, and might have been, had he lived.

-AUTHOR'S COLLECTION-

But she was not. In spite of all these half truths, there seems no reason to doubt that at the time of his sudden death, and for the best part of the year preceding it, the love of Billy the Kid's life was Paulita Maxwell. Walter Noble Burns, for one, was certain of it. "I was unable to write it frankly," he wrote to lawman Jim East in 1926, "because my publishers were afraid any such statement might lay them open to a libel suit. So I had to soft-pedal my chapter called 'A Belle of Old Fort Sumner' [and] let Paulita, now Mrs. Jaramillo, deny it. I was sorry I had to do this but the publishers insisted and there was no way out of it."

Unlike Serina and Celsa and all the others, however, in Paulita Maxwell's case we have something closer to evidence. Jim East, who was there, testified to the touching farewell Paulita gave Billy when Pat Garrett's posse was leaving Fort Sumner for Las Vegas on December 24, 1880. At this time Billy was chained to the burly, bearded and malodorous Dave Rudabaugh.

"When we brought the prisoners in," East wrote to Burns, "Mrs. Maxwell sent the old Navajo woman [Deluvina] over with a request to Capt. Garrett to allow Billy to be sent over to her house—so that her daughter Paulita and she could bid him goodbye. The mother asked Lee [Hall] and I to unshackle Billy from Dave and let Paulita go in another room with him for an affectionate farewell—but of course we had to refuse, although all the world loves a lover."

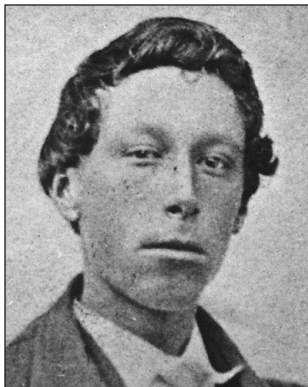
That Paulita was the Kid's girl is further confirmed by Dr. Henry Hoyt, who told Charlie Siringo in 1921 how he had "won in a poker game a very nice ladies gold watch that Billy wanted to buy very much to give to that sister of Pete Maxwell that he was crazy after. I refused to sell it, cowboy like, but made him a present of it and he promised to give it to her with my compliments, I having met her when I saw her brother the year before. She was quite pretty and as I remem-

ber was about 15 or 16 years old [then].”

Further corroboration, as if it were needed, comes in the form of a 1920 letter from James Southwick to author and historian Earl A. Brininstool. Southwick, who was Sheriff of Doña Ana County at the time of the Kid’s trial, told Brininstool he wrote to Pat Garrett shortly after the Kid’s famous escape from Lincoln to inform him that “while [the Kid] was in jail at La Mesilla awaiting trial, he showed me a letter from his Girl, a Miss Maxwell, and [I told Garrett] that she was very much struck on Billy and thought if he would keep a close look out Billy would be visiting his girl.”

In that surmise, as we know, he was entirely correct, and Garrett took it under advisement. But what was it that caused the family to so completely alter its attitude toward the Kid? What happened between Christmas 1880, when Paulita’s mother stood watching fondly as her daughter embraced Billy and gave him, in Jim East’s words “one of those soul kisses the novelists tell us about,” and July 1881, when Paulita’s brother Pete—who by telling a single lie could have prevented it—may well have actively participated in bringing about the Kid’s death?

In the very act of denying there was any schism, Paulita actually reveals what the reason for it might have been. “There was a story,” she told Burns, “that Billy the Kid and I had laid our plans to elope to old Mexico and had fixed the date for the night just after that on which he was killed.” If



**A COINCIDENCE, NOTHING MORE.** Paulita Maxwell’s son, Telesfor Jaramillo. Although the boy bears a startling resemblance to Billy the Kid’s only authenticated photograph, he was born years after the Kid’s death.

-AUTHOR’S COLLECTION-

this were true, we might hypothesize that someone—remember practically everyone in Fort Sumner depended upon Pete Maxwell for their livelihood—told Pete about the plan (he may even have suspected Paulita was pregnant) and Pete got word to Garrett that the Kid was at Fort Sumner, indicating that if Garrett came up secretly, the Kid could be dispatched without too much danger to any of the parties involved.

It isn’t too difficult to imagine a strategy being hastily formulated whereby Garrett and a couple of deputies (note that for the very first time in his pursuit of the Kid, Garrett did not raise a posse, but took along only two men, men he could trust to keep their mouths shut) would hide in the peach orchard at Fort Sumner until around midnight. When the

## Paulita’s Photo...

This photo, measuring only one-inch square, was found tucked inside Paulita Maxwell’s photo album, now owned by her great-great-granddaughter, Luz Jaramillo. Could it be Billy the Kid? *Quein Sabe?*

The only problem is the neckwear and collar are indicative of the turn of the century, however, if anyone would have had a photo of Billy, it would have been Paulita.



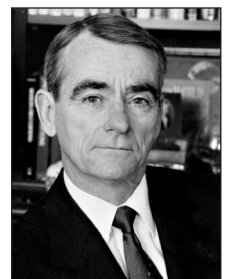
unsuspecting Kid came to see Paulita, as he was sure to do, it would be a relatively simple matter to intercept and kill him. Maxwell would get what he wanted: with Paulita’s reputation saved, she could be married off swiftly and safely (as indeed she was, the following January). And Garrett, who knew the Kid would never let himself be taken alive, would get what he wanted: a chance to take Billy down without endangering his own life. Which is exactly what happened.

Whether the Kid and Paulita were indeed planning to elope, and whether she was pregnant with Billy’s child we will of course never know. If there ever was a baby, or more probably a “miscarriage,” the Maxwells were more than rich and powerful enough to expunge its existence from the records. Census entries for the year 1900 indicate that Paulita’s first child, Adelina, was born in January, 1884, another daughter Luz in November, 1890, and a son, Telesfor three years later. His startling resemblance to Billy the Kid would appear to be nothing more than coincidence. Sadly Paulita’s marriage was an unhappy one; her husband turned out to be a drunk who abandoned her for another woman, leaving her to raise their three children with the help of the Abreu family. She died in 1929.

Although throughout downplaying them, Paulita Maxwell Jaramillo did make one last, and very revealing confession of her feelings about the Kid in that 1923 interview with Walter Noble Burns. “If I had loved the Kid and he had loved me,” she said, “I will say that I would not have hesitated to marry him and follow him through danger, poverty, or hardship to the ends of the earth, in spite of anything he had ever done or what the world might have been pleased to think of me. That is the way of Spanish girls when they are in love.”

*Es verdad.* And I, for one, believe her.

**Frederick Nolan** began his Billy the Kid odyssey at the tender age of 15, when the young Englishman first discovered Walter Noble Burns’ *Saga of Billy the Kid*. By age 19, Nolan had written the benchmark *John Henry Tunstall*. To date, Nolan has authored, edited, or annotated a dozen books dealing with William H. Bonney and the Lincoln County War.



# The Legendary Baby

## REFLECTIONS FROM HER SCRAPBOOKS

The mere mention of Baby Doe Tabor evokes romance, gossip, wonder, and delightful scandal in a bygone era ruled by Victorian prudence.

Born Elizabeth Nellis McCourt in September of 1854, later nicknamed "Baby Doe," her "rags to riches to rags," story is one of the most intriguing and long-lasting in the annals of Western Americana. The attractive blonde divorcee captures the interest of Colorado's richest Silver King, H.A.W. Tabor, who is also the lieutenant governor, and a married man. Tabor leaves his wife of twenty-six years, Augusta, and a nasty divorce follows. Senator Tabor and Baby Doe are subsequently married in the most extravagant wedding ceremony Washington D.C. had ever witnessed, with President Chester A. Arthur attending, among other dignitaries.

Returning to Denver, Colorado, the couple enjoy a fabulous lifestyle. Their two-story brick Welton Street mansion is graced with fountains and peacocks on the pruned lawns. Later, the Tabors will purchase a prestigious mansion in Denver's fashionable Capitol Hill neighborhood.

Their firstborn daughter, Lily, enjoys her baptismal christening dressed in a gown

made entirely of lace, at the cost of \$15,000. The second daughter, named Rose Mary Echo Silver Dollar Tabor, makes a glorious reception at her birth. Proud father, Horace, passes out pure silver dollar coins etched with the child's name. A third child, a son, is born in 1888, but lives only a few hours.

Almost overnight, the fairy tale life the Tabors have enjoyed, comes to a crashing end. The repeal of the Sherman Silver Purchase Act of 1893 causes a huge blow to silver mining. Tabor's investments are liquidated, and mortgages are foreclosed. The once rich Tabor family walks out of their glorious Denver mansion destitute, homeless, and broken in spirit.

When Horace Tabor dies in 1899, Baby Doe is devastated. Further tragedy is heaped upon the grieving widow. In time, Baby Doe returns to Leadville, that magical silver town where her beloved Horace gained his riches. She moves into the miners' shack of the once rich Matchless Mine, the only property he retained, remembering Horace's supposedly dying words, "Hang onto the Matchless. It will make millions again." She is determined to prove Horace was right. It is here where she makes her home for the remainder of her life, which in itself gives the



*Elizabeth Bonduel McCourt Doe Tabor,  
the legendary Baby Doe.*

LINDA WOMMACK COLLECTION

Baby Doe throws lavish parties at her home, despite the fact that Denver's high society snubs her. Tabor is often absent on business trips, yet writes frequently, and eloquently speaks of his love for his wife and children.

lie to the popular notion of Baby Doe being a "hussy," and only after Tabor's money. A recluse above a mountain ghost town, she refuses charity, wards off intruders with a shotgun, and walks the near two-mile trek to town in burlap wraps and gunnysack clothing.

# Doe Tabor

BY LINDA JONES AND LINDA WOMMACK

In early December of 1932, Warner Brothers' film, *Silver Dollar, The Story of the Infamous Tabor Saga*, debuted in Denver, at the prestigious Denver Theater. The surviving main character in this true-life story, Baby Doe Tabor, refused all offers to attend the premier, choosing instead to remain in Leadville, continuing her lonely vigil over the once gloriously prosperous Matchless Mine.

"The world paid a modern tribute to the 'fabulous' Tabors last night," reported the December 2, 1932, *Rocky Mountain News*. "But the last of the vaunted family, Baby Doe, proud in her isolated poverty, refused to attend the show. 'I wouldn't dare leave the mine,' she said. A Leadville cab driver offered to take her to the premier. 'The Tabors never accept charity,' was Baby Doe's response.

"Meanwhile, Denver will be gossiping today over the brilliant social event that took place without the guest of honor last night."

Author David Karsner, who wrote the first biography of the Tabors, entitled *Silver Dollar: The Story of the Tabors*, adapted his work to the screen for the much heralded Hollywood movie. The author visited Baby Doe a few months before the premier. She met him graciously, but told him nothing. Many dignitaries of Leadville pleaded with Baby Doe to attend, yet she held steadfast to her convictions.

Included in the premier audience were Mr. and Mrs. Nelson of the Tabor Hotel in Leadville; Henry C. Butler, editor of the Leadville *Herold-Democrat*; and Edward A. Abbott, an old friend of Mr. Tabor's. Also in attendance were Denver's leading ladies: Mrs. M. Davis McGrath, Mrs. Mary Butler Brown, and former Governor and

Mrs. Jesse F. McDonald. Meanwhile, in Leadville, a winter wind blew fierce and cold over the shaft house of the Matchless Mine that Baby Doe now called home. Once known as the most beautiful woman in Colorado, and undoubtedly the richest, Baby Doe, now a recluse, reduced to poverty, huddled near her pot-bellied stove, dressed in old flannel clothing for added warmth.

She had been lucky to find two cast-off *Saturday Evening Posts* to use for her latest scrapbook. *That author Karsner got it all wrong! And he had asked her to attend the premier! Who was he? And they had asked her to come to the premier! Of course she couldn't. Her clothes now were rags, not fit for a movie premier, not at all like she used to wear, back when Horace was worth over nine million dollars.* As she began pasting the account of this new movie and the serialization of Karsner's book into the *Posts*, transforming the magazine into her new scrap book, her thoughts wandered....

From the first moment their eyes met, Lizzie and Horace knew that a very special bond would be forged between them. She loved the adventure and boldness in his eyes—he was so much more man than timid mama's-boy Harvey Doe had ever been. Here was a man to match her ambition.

It was rumored that he lived apart from his wife. Lizzie had seen a picture of Augusta Tabor in a newspaper once and could see why her husband might move out. *Why, Augusta looked positively forbidding! Horace told her that*

*first night they met—when they had talked 'til almost dawn—about his disappointing marriage, how Augusta was a good, hardworking woman, but impossible to please or even live with. After trying for years to please her, he had found the courage to move out in 1880, even though he was Lieutenant Governor of Colorado.* Baby had noticed the coincidence immediately, for 1880 was the year she had finally divorced that pathetic Harvey.



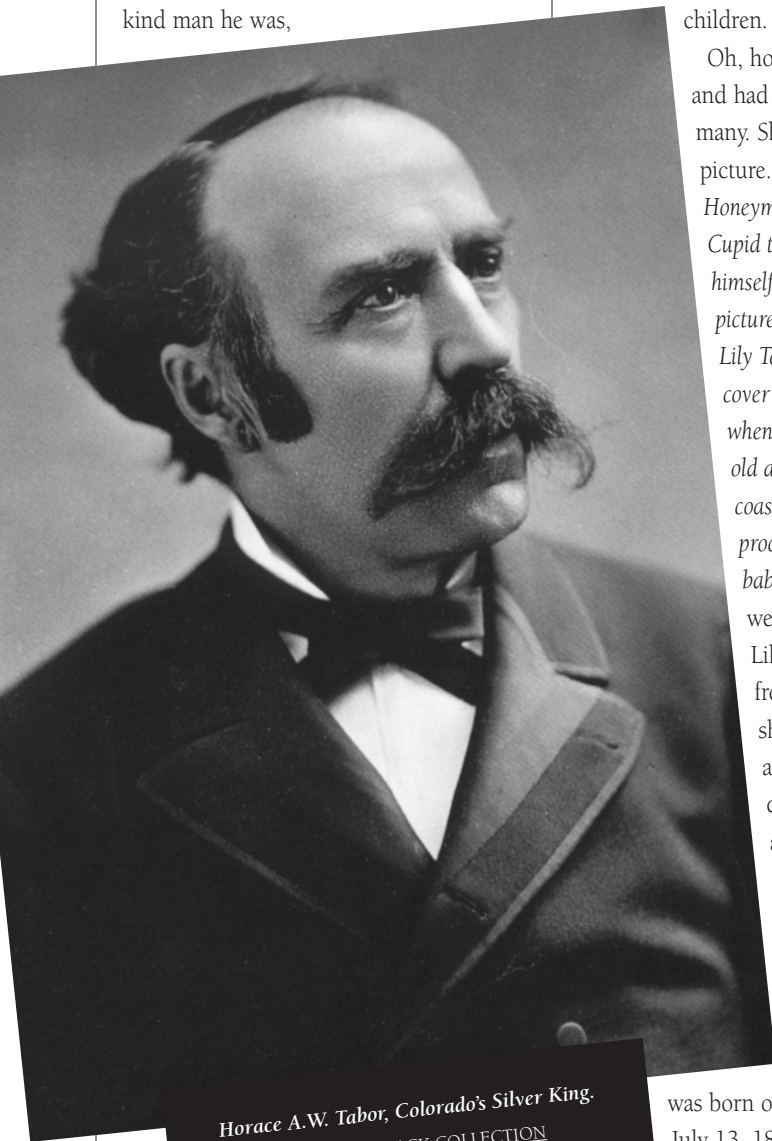
Augusta Tabor, Horace Tabor's first wife.  
DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY

Babe, as Horace liked to call her, agreed quickly to be his mistress but she reminded him that it would hurt him politically. He huskily proclaimed she was what he had always

## The Legendary Baby Doe Tabor

wanted. He asked her why shouldn't the richest man in Colorado have the most beautiful woman in the world on his arm?

She studied Horace's picture as she pasted. It was one of her favorites. What a kind man he was,



Horace A.W. Tabor, Colorado's Silver King.  
LINDA WOMMACK COLLECTION

always a soft touch for friends or even strangers, swiftly stuffing money into a proffered hand, or investing in a rocky business or mine.

Smiling as she pasted the *Denver Post* photo of herself taken fifty years ago, she had to admit it was an elegant picture. *The actress playing her—imagine playing her*

*life, like this woman even knew her!—looked too hard and unfeeling, she thought.* Babe had always cared for people and her feelings ran deep. She, too, had been known as a soft touch, particularly with children.

Oh, how she loved children and had prayed to God for many. She gazed at Silver's picture. *Such a pretty girl Honeymaid was! And little Cupid too! Why, Thomas Nast himself had drawn Cupid's picture and Elizabeth Bonduel Lily Tabor had been on the cover of Harper's Bazaar when she was only two years old and Americans from coast to coast had proclaimed her the prettiest baby in America!* But they were both gone now. Lily wrote her letters from Wisconsin, but she never came to visit, and Silver Dollar had died in a horrible accident in Chicago in 1925. It seemed ironic to Lizzie that she had borne four children yet was alone. *And the coincidences! Lily*

was born on the very same date, July 13, 1884, as her first stillborn son, the one she bore

Harvey, just five years earlier. It was probably better that first son had died, for Harvey was lazy and self-centered and drank too much, and if that son had lived, she would have had to stay with his father. It was hard to believe she had considered Harvey the best catch in Oshkosh when they were both young, but he was the mayor's son. Living with

Harvey in Central City had certainly educated her. She smiled remembering how the miners, mostly Cornish in those parts, were so superstitious about a woman in a mine. She had to work in their Fourth of July mine, or there would have been no food on the table or money for the rent. *Funny, she'd never regretted leaving Harvey and suing him for divorce one single moment, but look, the Denver Post called her Baby Doe Tabor, as if Harvey's name deserved some prominence.*

Losing Horace's son hurt the most. Again a coincidence—that boy was born on October 17, 1888, and Silver Dollar had been born on the 17th of December the next year. *Rose Mary Echo Silver Dollar Tabor was so healthy that Horace had nicknamed her Honeymaid. Why were her sons so weak? The whole world took notice when Lily's diapers were pinned with a solitaire diamond.* But Silver Dollar was always her secret favorite, quick-witted and easygoing. And now Silver Dollar was gone too, dead in Chicago from scalding herself. But she, Lizzie, would never admit to anyone her beloved daughter had been in such a shameful situation in Chicago. *No, she would always insist Silver was in a convent and still wrote her regularly, as Lily did!*

Babe's concern for children was remembered vividly by Josie Pearl in her old age. The Tabors had invited fourteen-year old Josie to dances and for sleigh rides in Leadville. Horace had once given her a silver nugget. When Josie was very homesick, Babe had offered to give her money to return home, and when Josie chose to stay in the silver city, Babe offered to pay for a room for the financially impoverished girl. Lizzie's concern for her own girls shines through in a note she wrote in 1894:

*...all I can bequeath on my little ones is my honor, my fidelity as a daughter-*

sister-mother-and wife. As such I have tried to be as near perfect as we poor mortals can be. I have made myself alone what I am but all my good work is forgotten but Lord thy will be done.

As she pasted in the picture of the Baroness Carla Jessen, Lizzie thought that the striking woman (a spy, according to the photo caption), looked like someone she would like to know. Babe really preferred men to women, always had and that's why she spent much of her girlhood helping clerk in her father's tailor shop in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. She rationalized that her father needed help with fourteen children born to him and

his wife. As Lizzie had matured into an attractive woman, many females had considered her unfair competition and gossiped endlessly, confirming her preference for males. Babe

suspected her life, like the Baroness spy, was rather unconventional, beginning with changing her middle name in her teens from Nellis to Bonduel and continuing with working in the mine in Central City and clerking in Jake's store. My, she hadn't thought of Jacob Sandelowsky in years. When she and Harvey had lived in Central City and Black Hawk, Jake was their closest friend. If Jake had not generously employed her in his store, the Does would have gone hungry. Jake was also handsome and reckless, and Baby had admitted in previous scrapbooks she was proud of Jake's infatuation with her. It was Jake who paid the doctor when Baby lost her first-born. Harvey had no money; in fact, Harvey was drinking in some saloon and had to be sent for by Jake. Those years in the Richest Square Mile

on Earth had been hard ones for her, but she still remembered the thrill of actually living in these magnificent Rocky Mountains for the first time. Horace had always been equally passionate about these Colorado Mountains!

Actually, she mused, her life in the 1890s had been equally tough, in a different way. Horace had often been out of the state managing investments in Arizona and Mexico, and while he was gone, he put her in full charge of his business affairs. He had often complimented her on her business acumen, too, but she worried about their increasing debt and mortgages. After the terrible Silver Crash of 1893, Baby's worst fears were realized.



Baby Doe was obviously intrigued by the "Baroness Spy" story in a Denver paper, as she kept it in her scrapbook.  
LINDA WOMMACK-LINDA JONES COLLECTION



Thousands crowded the streets of Denver on the opening night of "Silver Dollar, The Story of the Tabors."  
DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY

# The Legendary Baby Doe Tabor

Their imposing mansion in Denver was foreclosed and they moved to little houses, first in Golden, then Denver, Leadville, Colorado Springs, and Cripple Creek as Horace mined or worked the mine dumps for



Baby Does Leadville friends at the premiere of "Silver Dollar."

WOMMACK-JONES COLLECTION

minerals missed during the original strikes. When Horace was appointed postmaster of Denver in early 1898, they once again lived in the Windsor Hotel, once a major investment of his. Life was comfortable again, until April 10, 1899—oh, what an

One of the last photos taken of Baby Doe. This one was taken outside her shack at the Matchless Mine in Leadville, 1934.

LINDA WOMMACK COLLECTION

awful day!—when Horace had died of appendicitis. At least, he had converted to Catholicism before his death; that was a comfort to her. His body lay in state in the Capitol, which assured her that Colorado recognized what a rare leader had graced the state.

After just a few years, she had moved here, to his "star" investment, the Matchless Mine. Life here was hard, particularly for Lily. Silver had actually considered their primitive state a great adventure. In fact, bless her, Silver had given the good women of Leadville many gossip sessions with her wild ways. Whereas Lily had left for the comfort of Lizzie's family in Wisconsin, Silver had stayed for several years. There were no conveniences in the simple shaft house; water and the privy were both a long walk away. But leaving the Matchless was not an option for Lizzie. She would stay here for Horace. With

her head for business, she'd get it producing again and surprise them all. The next time her picture was in the paper, it would be because the Matchless was amazing the world again with its incredible silver production.

But that wasn't to be. Babe died in late February or early March in 1935, frozen to death in her rags. A neighbor noticed that there was no smoke coming from Baby's chimney and

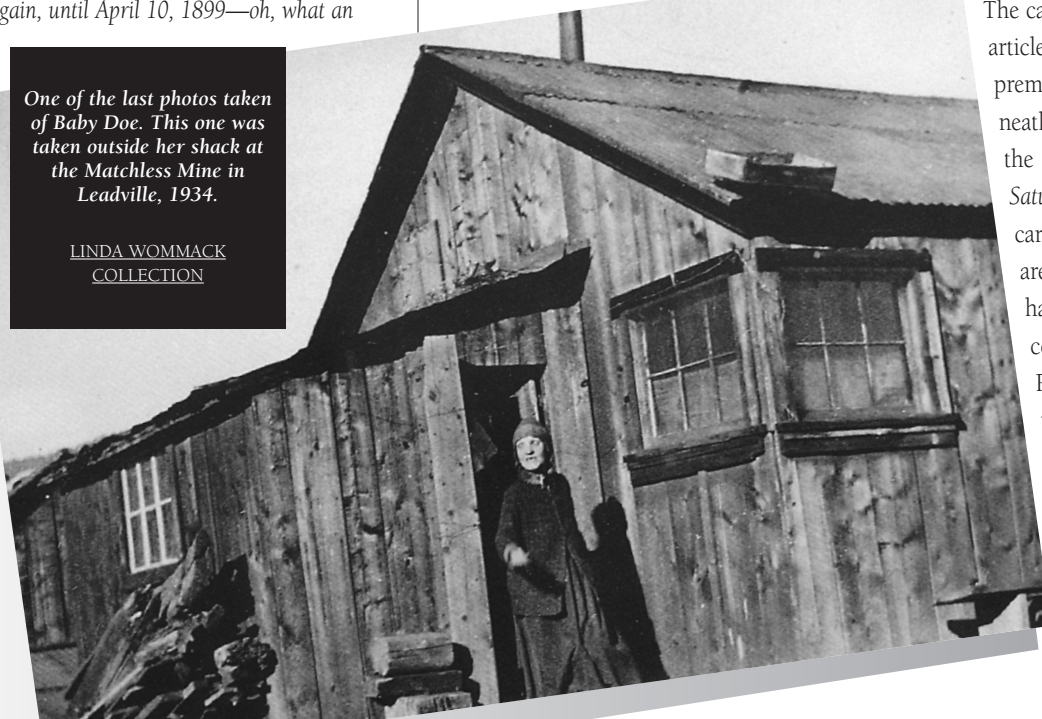


Carefully inserted into the scrapbook, are the photos of Baby Doe's old friends.

WOMMACK-JONES COLLECTION

checked on her. She found the eighty-five year old woman with her legs wrapped in newspaper to keep them warm and her body stretched out on the floor in the shape of a crucifix.

The scrapbook, found in 1996, and in the possession of author Linda Jones, shows a meticulous Baby Doe. The carefully-cut newspaper articles covering the event of the premier movie *Silver Dollar*, are neatly placed over the pages of the 1931 editions of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Baby's careful hand and loving touch are evident. She seems to have taken particular care in composing this scrapbook. Perhaps because her life was being dramatized on screen, or because she had a full account of her life, correct or not, in print, she was able to compile



a "visual" history into her beloved scrapbooks.

Throughout her life, beginning in her childhood, Baby Doe made a hobby of keeping scrapbooks. Her entire life can be seen through her eyes in these many books; her struggles, her triumphs, the happy times, and the sad. After her death in 1935, her scrapbooks, personal items, mementos and writings, were found in her little cabin in Leadville and in storage at Leadville's St. Vincent Hospital, as well as several



Baby Doe's carefully-pasted mementos from the film "Silver Dollar."

WOMMACK-JONES COLLECTION



The first page of Baby Doe's scrapbook shows a series of Denver Post articles chronicling the Tabor story.

WOMMACK-JONES COLLECTION



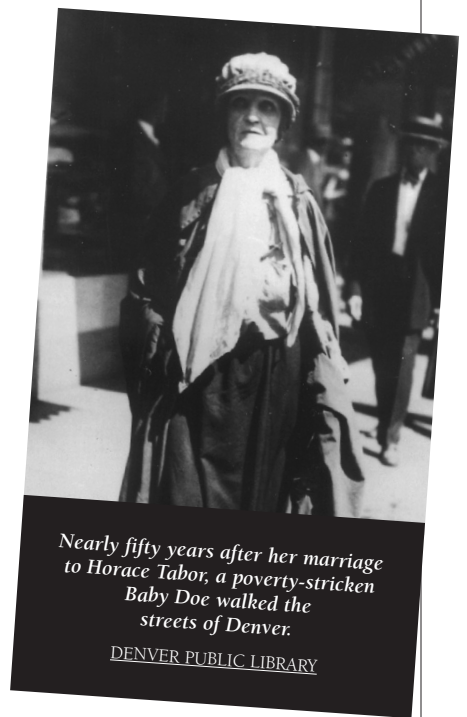
Baby Doe in full Ermine coat, shortly after her wedding to Horace Tabor.

COLORADO HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Horace and Baby Doe bought this mansion near downtown Denver. Horace and daughter Lily are shown in the carriage.

DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY



Nearly fifty years after her marriage to Horace Tabor, a poverty-stricken Baby Doe walked the streets of Denver.

DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY

Denver warehouses. In all, over twelve thousand pieces exist.

Yet it is her scrapbooks, carefully pieced together by her own hands and well preserved, that give us an intimate, firsthand look; a sense and understanding

to the beloved Baby Doe Tabor. For through her life story, tediously woven together in these scrapbooks, emerges the real Baby Doe. Forever pasted in immortality.

Linda Wommack & Linda Jones are freelance writers from Colorado. Wommack is the author of *A History of Gambling*, and *From the Grave*. Jones first debuted in *True West* in the February 2000 issue.

# ANAHEIM

A LESSON IN WESTERN HISTORY

BY SUNNY NASH



**A**naheim is a thread in an old blanket, woven when the King of Spain claimed California. Had royal dictum lasted, the claim may have included Disneyland and The Angels. However, Spanish rule ended before Anaheim's plan was conceived in a San Francisco hotel and well before one of the city's most notorious love triangles tore families apart and destroyed lives in the 1870s.

To protect its interests and provide a self-sustaining, productive colonial society, Spain expelled Jesuits from

Baja California preparing to move up to Southern California, then sent soldiers to conquer and Franciscans to convert gentle people who roamed Upper California's magnificent beaches and rocky coasts. After Mission San Diego, Spanish Viceroy Bucareli authorized Father Junipero Serra, president of missions, and Don Fernando Rivera, military commander, to establish two more missions at San Luis Rey and San Juan Capistrano, near a locale that Captain Don Gaspar De Portola passed through in 1769. Of the area near Capistrano, he wrote, "This is a most inviting valley. It has trees and lots of water. It has so many wild grapevines that it looks like a

vineyard!" Capistrano grapevine legacy is pertinent to Anaheim history. A portion of that property became Rancho San Juan Cajon de Santa Ana, a rancho subsequently sold to investors who created Anaheim, a scientifically engineered, wine producing community in the far western United States.

Arriving in Capistrano to find thousands of people speaking different dialects, military guards escorted families from village to mission to live, learn Spanish, worship and work under priests' supervision. Children of converts and mission-born spoke Spanish and had a sec-

ondary knowledge of their parents' dialects, if any. This religious movement accounts for millions of Spanish-speaking people worldwide with negligible Spanish blood and no notion of their original language, tribal names, or culture.

From San Diego to San Francisco, twenty-one missions spanned the coast. Spanish law recognized missions as caretakers of original people's land, which would be returned to them after they were educated and self-supporting. Instead, conversion deteriorated into military conquest, enslaving and bringing extinction to many indigenous Southern Californians. Daily, the fathers ordered adults and children to load stones in wagons, drag boulders with chains, and haul nets filled with rocks to build Capistrano Church—back and forth on a four-mile trail from mission to quarry. On typical days, women wove apparel and blanket cloth, rendered tallow, fashioned candles, scraped hides, crushed grapes and olives, ground wheat, and made soap. Men cut hides for leather, made bricks and tiles, and loaded carts. All hours in the kitchen, men carried huge hunks of slaughtered meat and emptied baskets of grain and vegetables into tubs and pots. Eventually, Capistrano and other mission captives were freed but the law, considered them minors in society and left them to scrape out a living.

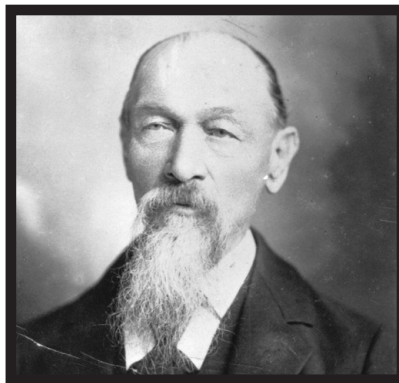
By contrast, former Spanish aristocracy comprised Mexico's ruling class, jealous of the Franciscan's 300 years of wealth and power over captive native labor. As opportunities arose, Mexicans secularized Capistrano and transformed freedmen into a new, cheap work force. Secularization decreed that former mission subjects receive sizable portions of church holdings. Like past Spanish orders, the Mexican decree, in most cases, deprived or swindled Mission Indians out of property and left them with nothing. Instead of distribution, authorities closed missions and transferred land from church to temporal ownership. Juan Bandini confessed to the failure of the administrator system and emancipation plan on January 2, 1842, in Los Angeles.

When Franciscans lost much of Capistrano property in 1834, retired Spanish officer, Juan Patricio Ontiveros,



An early southern California pioneer family.

-COURTESY ANTIQUE GALLERY, SEAL BEACH-



Theodore Schmidt

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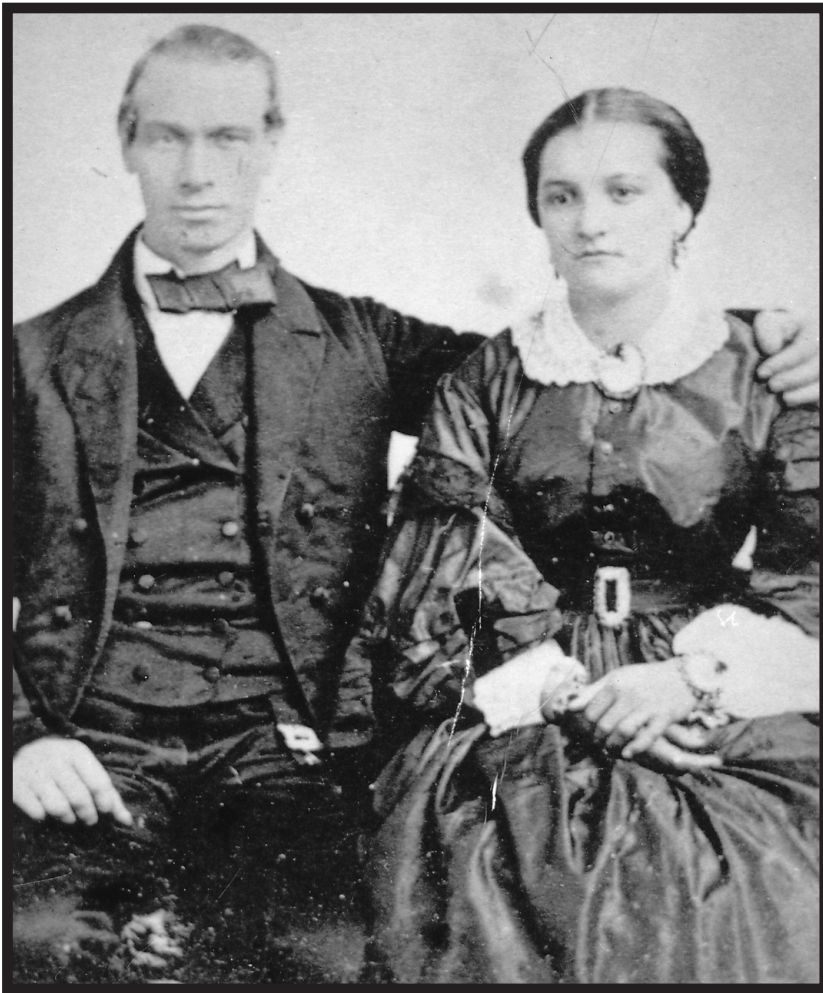
Clementina Schmidt

-COURTESY ANAHEIM PUBLIC LIBRARY-



Early Chinese settlers of Anaheim.

-COURTESY ANAHEIM PUBLIC LIBRARY-



August & Clementina Langenburger.

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California Native Americans after the emancipation of Mission Indians.

-COURTESY HOLDEN-WILLIAMS COLLECTION, LONG BEACH-

who had a long association with Capistrano Church, having served as church *mayordomo* as early as 1814, petitioned for mission acreage. In 1837, after Ontiveros' death, Governor Juan B. Alvarado, granted to Ontiveros' son and daughter-in-law, Juan Pacifico and Martina Osuna Ontiveros, a 1,165-acre portion of the former Capistrano property, which was named Rancho San Juan Cajon de Santa Ana. This land became Anaheim, California, in present-day Orange County.

By 1845 Governor Pio Pico had evicted Franciscans and their wards from Capistrano and auctioned away church and belongings. Between 1830 and 1846, eight million acres passed to less than 800 non-Native California grantees.

Enormous, unfenced tracts supported thousands of cattle, horses, and sheep with marginal expense. Grass grew quickly during wet seasons and covered valleys and foothills. Hot summer sun cured grass in weeks. Animals fed on natural hay in fall and winter.

In 1850, Pacifico and Martina Ontiveros' daughter, Petra, married a German drifter, August Langenberger, born in 1824 in Schaumburg-Lippe, Germany. He settled in New Orleans before catching gold fever and moving to California in 1848, where he mined for a year. Just as the majority of '49ers arrived, Langenberger left to open a store at Mission of San Gabriel.

After Langenberger's in-laws built his and Petra's home on their rancho, he bought cattle and helped his father-in-law with business. In addition to prestige and access to land when he married into the Ontiveros clan, Langenberger gained influence, his father-in-law's support, and family loyalty. Ontiveros, a devoted family man and husband, placed nothing above his wife and children and never stayed away from home overnight. Even at age 70, for an appearance in a Los Angeles court, he rode horseback from home near Anaheim and returned the same evening.

The absence of European females in Southern California before the mid-1800s caused Langenberger and other Europeans to marry wealthy Mexican women of Spanish descent. These women—nearly European—were, nev-

ertheless, known as California ladies due to their Mexican culture and traces of non-European blood. “A very small percentage were pure-blooded Spaniard, although few were ready to admit they were anything else...Making a great fuss about their pure Spanish blood and pure Castilian speech.” In spite of pretension, however, identifying California ladies as Mexican became so common that they were not considered white. Anaheim acknowledged white women when German Amalie Hammes, later Mrs. John Frohling, described herself in 1859 as among the first white women to arrive in Anaheim.

Abel Stearns—turned Mexican ranchero—changed his title to Don when he married California lady Arcadia Bandini, daughter of Juan Bandini, landowner, politician and shady dealer. Bandini and Stearns were close friends of Father Zalvidea at San Juan Capistrano Church. Later, Stearns gave Rancho Guajume to his sister-in-law, Ysidora Bandini, and her groom, U.S. Army Lieutenant Cave Johnson Coutts. The couple built a twenty-room mansion and lived in luxury. In marrying California ladies—usually with eyes on Spanish land grants—Americans adopted the outward forms of Spanish culture. With the appearance of American women on the scene after 1846, however, the willingness of Americans to become pseudo-Spaniards came to an abrupt end. Victory over Mexico and easy conquest of California bred American contempt for all things Mexican.

By the 1850s, strong racial loathing in Southern California led to lynching Mexicans as an outdoor sport, although no such reports surfaced in Anaheim. A San Francisco newspaper reported, “There is in Anaheim no magistrate, no constable, no police, nor any other superfluous official. The peaceful Germans happily stimulate virtue.” Anaheim’s earliest residents—German intellectuals and cultural artists—were more interested in making music than inflicting violence. Two professional musicians—Charles Kohler, a violinist and orchestra conductor, and flutist, John Frohling—founded the city. Partners in wine manufacture, Frohling operated their Los Angeles vineyards and winery while Kohler managed mar-



August Langenburger's first store in Anaheim, where he lived with Petra.

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August & Clementina Langenburger's home.

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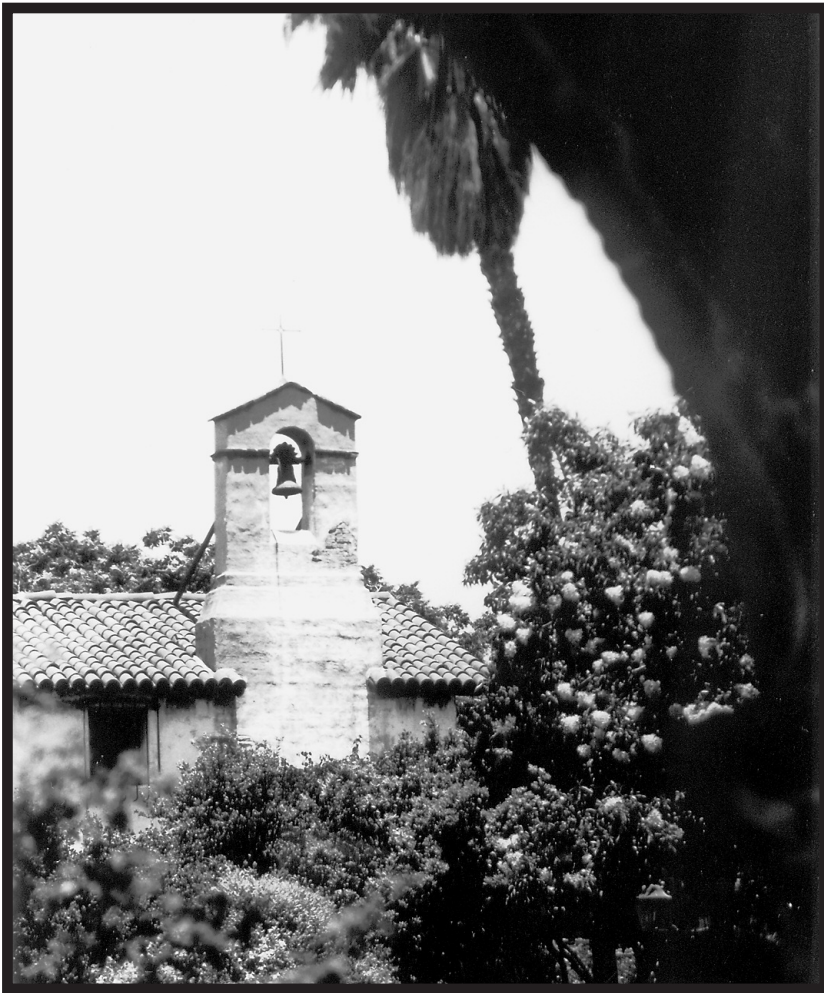
August Langenburger's "new" business building.

-COURTESY ANAHEIM PUBLIC LIBRARY-



Center Street, Anaheim, circa 1873.

-COURTESY ANAHEIM PUBLIC LIBRARY-



Bell Tower, Mission San Juan Capistrano.

-AUTHOR'S PHOTO-



The bells of San Juan Capistrano.

-AUTHOR'S PHOTO-

keting facilities in San Francisco.

Expanding business caused an unstable wine supply and the conception of an idea to form a German colony of vintners who would sell them wine and brandy. The first general assembly of the Los Angeles Vineyard Society met at the John Lutgens' hotel in San Francisco on February 24, 1857. Austrian civil engineer, George Hansen, who had come to California in 1853 and become Los Angeles Deputy Surveyor, spoke to Germans about the profitability and advisability of grape culture in Southern California. German language and professional skill prompted Frohling to contact Hansen to locate suitable land, get prices, and furnish maps and legal papers. Later, known as the father of Anaheim, Hansen was hired for \$200 a month to superintend the planned community.

Hansen's choice, Rancho Santa Gertrudes near present Downey, was in ownership battle. Second, Don Matteo Keller's property was too expensive. Least desired was Rancho San Juan Cajon de Santa Ana, near the Santa Ana River, capable of flooding one year and trickling the next. Hansen met Ontiveros years before when he surveyed the rancho during a Land Commission ownership struggle. Hansen also knew Ontiveros' son-in-law, Langenberger, whom some say helped persuade his father-in-law to accept Hansen's deal on behalf of the Los Angeles Vineyard Society. Others speculated that Langenberger had caused the loss of the rancho to the Society by borrowing against the land. However, Ontiveros' decision to sell his rancho for two dollars an acre may have been due to a two-year drought, short-lived inflation of cattle prices during the Gold Rush, better San Joaquin Valley beef that caused plummeting prices in Southern California, and roaming bandits. When Ontiveros moved to Santa Barbara, Langenberger took Petra to Anaheim, built a general store with apartments, signed on as Wells, Fargo agent, and manufactured wine and brandy on seventy acres, becoming Anaheim's first merchant.

While Mexican, Native American, and Chinese labor built fences, houses, storage, public buildings, and canals from the river, Hansen oversaw the

planting of fruit trees and 400,000 grapevines. By 1859 one in twenty had died. By 1861, there were enough grapes for 75,000 gallons of wine. Anaheim suffered a two-year drought in '63 and '64 but managed to survive by bringing in vaqueros to keep cattle out of the vineyards. In 1864, residents built Alamitos Bay pier and warehouse, which the San Gabriel River flooded in 1867. Again, Anaheim did not prosper in 1878 due to drought. Langenberger reported that the water shortage injured trees, vines, and crops permanently. Somehow, by 1884, the yield rose to 1,250,000 gallons of wine.

Before residents entered, the planned community was complete, and named Anaheim. Contrary to romantic belief, Anaheim was not named for a girl. Anaheim means "home by the river" and the German word *heim* for "home."

In 1859, the steamer *Senator*, loaded with visitors to Anaheim, stopped three miles out in the ocean. A smaller steamer came to take the party nearer, then a boat rowed them with trouble through breakers. "Then came an Indian for each person, grabbed us and placed us on his shoulder and waded through the water to terra firma," reported Amalie Hammes. "Mr. August Langenberger greeted us in his little store. Mrs. Langenberger [Petra] gave us a cheery welcome. Her four children at that time were very small. This store was the town's principal place of meeting, Post Office, and Wells, Fargo Express. The steamer arrived only every two weeks.

"More pioneers were always expected and that brought us great rejoicing. They came and went or returned disgusted to San Francisco. The land around Anaheim did not suit them. The desert life was to a city gentleman distasteful. Some sold-out...People did not like the life of a hermit, hard work with desolation and no pleasure."

Theodore Schmidt, another early Anaheim resident, married Clementina Zimmerman of New Orleans on June 25, 1859, in San Francisco. Their first two children, T. Edward "Eddie" and Clementine, were born in March 1860, and February 1861, in San Francisco. According to church records, their last three children, Frances Emily, Rose Amanda, and William Frederick were

born in Anaheim. The most attractive in the region, Schmidt's Poplar Row nursery was reported as one of the most practical and scientific horticultural businesses in the country. His two vineyards produced in abundance.

After Petra died in 1867, Langenberger named a street in his Anaheim tract for Clementina Schmidt. The infatuation disturbed Clementina's husband, Theodore, "a kindly man, [who] seemed helpless to cope." A thoughtful man, a planner and disciplinarian, Schmidt transferred to his wife his interest in their vineyards and buildings on November 10, 1870. On October 30, 1871, he gave power of attorney to Langenberger, left Anaheim, settled in New York and opened a wholesale wine business. Their eldest son, Eddie, grieved for his father.

Clementina was divorced February 2, 1874. On February 8, 1874, Eddie was killed. Some say he committed suicide. Others reported the shooting as accidental. Shortly afterward, Eddie's brother, William, joined their father in New York where he, too, died

Three months later, Clementina married Langenberger, who after fathering twins with her, disowned his sons with Petra. "They have brought disgrace to my honest name and have caused me untold misery." Gossip and domestic problems did not hurt Langenberger's business or personal life. He moved his flourishing operations from the old adobe to a two-story brick building and relocated his current family to a lavish new home.

Langenberger died in 1895.

Schmidt returned six years later, perhaps to recapture his beloved Anaheim once more, or maybe to win back his cherished Clementina before he died in 1912. Clementina died the following year, joining most of the original players in the founding of Anaheim—which, of course, lives on.

**Sunny Nash** is a freelance writer from Long Beach, CA, specializing in early California history.



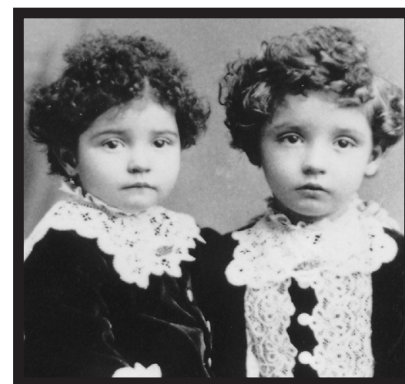
George Hanson, father of Anaheim, California.

-COURTESY ANAHEIM MUSEUM-



Clementine & Eddie Langenburger, circa 1867.

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The Langenburger Twins.

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## When Six-Guns Ruled: Outlaw Tales of the West

By Marc Simmons. (Ancient City Press, P.O. Box 5401, Santa Fe, NM 87502. 130 pages. Photos and maps \$12.95.)

★★

Rounding up over two dozen of his newspaper columns featuring the Hades-raising shenanigans of New Mexican Badmen and Tin Stars, Marc Simmons takes the reader on a bullet-spattered trip ranging from Mountain Man Jim Kirker's scalp-hunting spree of the 1830s to the last train robbery in 1938.

*When Six-Guns Ruled* is a concise version of such New Mexican Outlaw Histories as Father Stanley Crocciola's *Desperadoes of New Mexico* and Ed Bartholomew's *Kill or be Killed*, both now out of print. But it has a feature those books couldn't match—it's jam-packed with photos of Hardcases and Lawmen as well as such outlaw hangouts as Shakespeare, White Oaks, and even the sinister main street of an 1880 Albuquerque.

Photos of dreaded outlaw Vicente Silva and the unfortunate Sheriff William Brady make a curious contrast. While Silva looks at the reader with the benign gaze of some Sunday school teacher, poor Brady, soon to be gunned down by Billy the Kid, has the speculative stare of a robber chieftan mulling over his next raid.

Among this book's tales of such Pistoleros none can be more fascinating than that of the man who rode with one long and one short



stirrup. Clay Allison came from Texas in 1870, but before he left he tangled with another cattleman over a water hole. When the scrap, conducted with bowie knives, was through, Allison was left with a permanently shortened leg. But it was his skill with a six-gun that made him feared and respected through the Southwest. Yet after marrying and finally settling down, Lady Luck turned her back and the fastest man with a pistol in New Mexico died when his own wagon rolled over him in a freak accident.

Other notorious figures had their own day in the sun including Black Jack Ketchum (until he kept his date with the hangman), Good Badman Pat Garrett, Milt Yarbber (another peace officer gone bad) and the Apache Kid. But masters of the fast buck were almost as numerous as practitioners of the fast gun. One of the most notorious was the incredible Baron of Arizona, James Addison Reavis. He made this book's list of rogues by claiming a twelve-million-acre Spanish land grant. He bit the dust in the courts and did hard time in the New Mexican pen.

While the James gang and Butch Cassidy's inimitable Wild Bunch grabbed off most of the headlines, New Mexico produced its share of locomotive bandidos. The largest and most tragic began in November of 1883 as the Southern Pacific was chuffing along fifteen miles west of Deming when the fireman spotted a torn out rail. At that moment a hail of bullets riddled cab and fireman. When the gunsmoke cleared away, so had the bandits with loot grabbed from passengers and express car. With a \$17,500.00 reward dogging them, the five robbers were captured and slammed into the Silver City pokey. If they'd stayed put they might have lived longer but they overpowered the jailers on March 14, 1884 and hit for the high timber but were nabbed by a posse two miles from town. Two were killed, two

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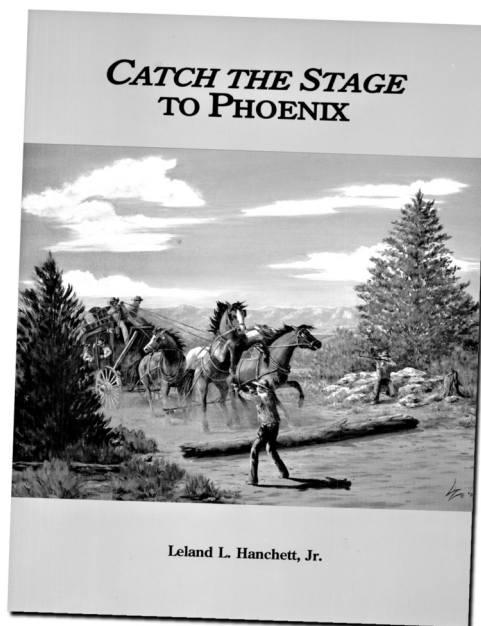
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## Collector's Armory Ad Here

pick up from  
June 2000  
page 11

siezed, and one escaped. The unlucky duo went to the gallows while Kit Joy, the last man, was soon grabbed up minus a leg from a bullet hole. He lived but spent the rest of his life hobbling around behind bars.

The last New Mexican train robbery in 1938 was even more bungled when two young drugstore cowboys came west and bought tickets to Las Cruces on the southbound limited, The Apache. Along the way they brandished pistols and began to clean out the passengers. But the passengers fought back and one was killed. The two modern-day desperadoes, Henry Lorenz and Harry Dwyer, went before the judge and took their 75-year sentence with nothing like a stiff lip.

Set in all sections of New Mexico, this book trails the reader along a vanishing frontier and is well worth the travel.

Bill Garwood

### **A History of the Mesilla Valley**

By Maude M. Bloom. (Yucca Tree Press, 2130 Hixon Drive, Las Cruces, NM 88005-3305) *illus., map, index.* 104 pp. \$8.95.)

★★★

Certain areas of the Old West have been "written to death"—Tombstone, Lincoln County, Dodge City. Whereas other areas have hardly had their historical surfaces scarified. Take Mesilla Valley, for instance, home now of boutiques and restaurants; but once the site of an isolated Spanish colony, Doña Ana, the only one between El Paso and Socorro. With their *acequias*, irrigation ditches, the early settlers made this neigh-

borhood of the *Jornada del Muerto* into a garden.

During the Mexican War, the battle for El Paso was fought by Doniphan's Regiment way up here, at Brazito. The Valley's key location then triggered the Gadsden Purchase in 1854, to give the U.S. a warm-weather railroad route along the line of the Butterfield Overland Mail stages.

During the Civil War, Mesilla, itself, saw a feeble attack by Major Isaac Lynde's Union force, then his panicky abandonment of Fort Fillmore and disgraceful surrender to an outnumbered army of Texans under Colonel Baylor. The latter made Mesilla the capital of the Confederates' Territory of Arizona, but the Colorado Volunteers and California Column ran the Confederates out of the valley.

Pat Garrett was one of the Doña Ana county sheriffs, and Billy the Kid was a sojourner in 1881—in the jail on the Mesilla plaza.

The book is small, but jampacked with information on the Rio Grande, land-grants, towns, forts, the mines in the Organ Mountains, and a pretty good-sized cast of characters, including Tom Catron and Albert Fountain. There is especially good detail on the Battle of Brazito and the Union surrender.

Richard H. Dillon

### **Reminiscences of a Ranger: Early Times in Southern California**

By Horace Bell. (University of Oklahoma Press, 4100 28th Avenue N.W., Norman, OK 73069-8218. 528pp. *Illustrations and maps.* \$27.95, cloth.)

★★★

The University of Oklahoma Press has just cut another notch on its counting stick of volumes from its

popular Western Frontier Library. *Reminiscences of a Ranger: Early Times in Southern California* (volume 65 in this series) was penned in the early 1880s by a lawyer and journalist named Horace Bell.

Bell, a young Hoosier, lit in Los Angeles in 1852 to begin a life fully as colorful as any cardboard hero of the then current yellowback novels. His *Reminiscences*, actually the first hardcover book published in Southern California, galloped along so vigorously it was reprinted five times, with the 1999 edition being its latest lease on life. Now enlivened with photos of such Californios as the hard-riding, straight-shooting Los Angeles Sheriff Thomas Sanches; General Adres Pico, whose California Lancers made pincushions of the Yanks at the Battle of San Pascual - holding down the place of rather dubious honor, and the bandido's Bandido, Joaquin Murrieta.

In a way Bell epitomized the restless, bursting-at-the-seams America of his time. Always on the go and, generally, in the right place at the proper time, he immediately joined a hard-bitten mounted police force, the Los Angeles Rangers. When not swapping shots with the boisterous badmen of America's then most dangerous village the fledgling writer kept a keen eye out for the foibles and follies of that troubled community.

But sudden raids upon local Robbers' Roosts wasn't enough for Bell, and having got wind of the filibustering forays of William Walker, he sailed to join that half-mad adventurer in Nicaragua. Proving to be adept at battling without getting his hide perforated, Bell rose to the rank of major before returning to the dangers of Los Angeles.

Keeping the resounding title of major the rest of his life he soon proceeded to Mexico and joined the revolutionary army of Benito Juarez, only leaving that hot spot to volunteer for the Union Army at the start of the Civil War. Though acting as a scout in the 24th Indiana Infantry, his service gets small mention, being engulfed in the torrent

of activity swirling through the near-500 pages of this picturesque portrait of California in its rowdy, golden youth.

By 1866, he was back in his adopted Los Angeles as a more settled, married man and soon became a lawyer and journalist. By 1882 he owned and edited a newspaper, the *Porcupine*. Here his reminiscences first appeared filled with characters that might have burst from the pages of Gil Blas or the *Thousand and One Nights*, including such outlandish figures as Crooked Nose Smith, Cherokee Bob and Dangerous Jack Powers. And riding the midnight trails—Joaquin Murrieta and John Glanton and his Chihuahua Scalp Hunters.

Bell's *Reminiscences* are a worthy addition to the Western Frontier Library with its kaliedoscopic mix of biographies, histories and autobiographies each complete in sturdy, little volumes stuffed with plentiful pages and jampacked with enough action to satisfy the most ardent armchair adventurer.

John Boessenecker who wrote the current, insightful introduction is the author of *Badge and Buckshot: Lawlessness in Old California* and *Lawman: The Life and Times of Harry Morse*, also published by the University of Oklahoma Press.

Bill Garwood

### Mary Donoho: New First Lady of the Santa Fe Trail

By Marian Meyer (Ancient City Press, P.O. Box 5401, Santa Fe, NM 87502. 150pp. Photos and maps, \$12.95 Paper.)

★★

It has been thought that Susan Magoffin was the first iron-willed Anglo woman to travel the perilous Santa Fe Trail when she and her family followed General Kearny's troops into Santa Fe in 1846.

Mary Donoho: *New First Lady of the*

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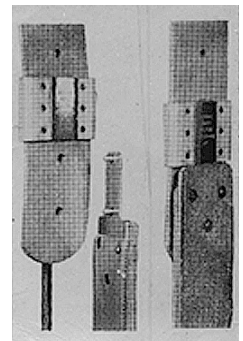
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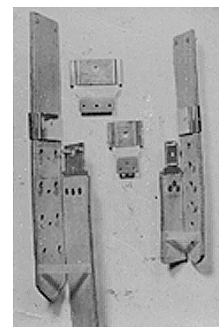


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**Billy the Kid Outlaw Gang**  
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*Santa Fe Trail*, by Santa Fe historian Meyer has brought to center stage another feisty Woman of the West, Mary Donoho, who arrived at the Old Spanish Capital 13 years earlier.

Born Mary Dodson in 1807, she was one of a sturdy, pioneer brood of ten that moved with their parents from Tennessee to Missouri in 1827. It was there during the first waves of the growing western movement that the 27-year-old Mary Dodson exchanged marriage vows with an aspiring, young businessman named William Donoho.

Many were the glowing tales of the rewards to be found in the great Southwest, and by the spring of 1833 the Donohos were ready.

Packing all portable possessions as well as a good stock of trade goods, they trekked from Columbia, Missouri to join a lumbering caravan of 328 persons, both civilian and military, west of Independence. But the Donohos were a bit different for they also toted along a nine-month-old daughter, Mary Ann, the first white child to make the trip to Santa Fe.

All day long the caravan rattled southwestward, the men, lone sun-bonneted women, and blue-coated horsemen trudged and rode toward their individual destinies. As they neared Santa Fe on that August of 1833 each eyed that Mecca of the Missourians differently. One saw it as little more than a town of sprawling brick kilns in its starkness. Another viewed it as a beautiful valley with its scattering of flat-roofed houses all sparkling white amidst green groves of trees and banded by lush yellow corn and wheat fields.

Upon arriving the Donohos had ample time to look at the actual city filled with its original Mexican

inhabitants, soldiers, traders, trappers and mountain men as well as crowds of mules, burros, pigs, and goats.

Then after settling in as they went about their business of establishing a Mesone, or hotel on the downtown plaza. While William was off trading at Taos and other villages the red-haired Mary ran the small hostelry, *The United States*. She also tended to a growing family, for another daughter, Harriet, was born in January 1835 and a son, James, came along sixteen months later. Yet it was not all peaceful commerce. William, while on his travels, was able to negotiate the release of at least three captive women held by the Comanche, Sarah Horn, Rachel Plummer and a Mrs. Harris.

But the semi-peaceful pursuit of running a first-class hotel on the edge of nowhere was violently interrupted by a first-class revolution of the native populace against an overbearing local governor. That ended the Donohos' three-year stay and they pulled up stakes and went back home.

Thirty years old when she left Santa Fe, within three years Mary was again helping her husband run a hotel in Clarksville, Texas. At the age of forty she was a widow and doing it alone. That she was a lady of grit and superb business sense is evident from the fact that the Donoho House was renowned from one end of Texas to the other.

But when she died in 1880 her fondest memories had been of those long, hard days on the trail to Santa Fe the Golden.

*Bill Garwood*



BY MARSHALL TRIMBLE

**Q** Are Iron Springs and Mescal Springs the same place?

—Tom Gaumer  
Phoenix, Arizona

**A** Funny you should ask. The site of the Wyatt Earp-Curly Bill shootout has been shrouded in confusion for over a century. Last September (1999) some of my Old West cronies, we loosely call ourselves The Renegades, hiked up to the remote site west of Tombstone. When they got back to the ranch house, the manager, Les Shannon gave them the skinny. Finally, and in this issue (on page 28) the matter is cleared up. Iron Springs and Mescal Springs are very close together, but they exist separately.



*Renegades at Mescal Springs*



*Cowboy Chow*

**Q** What kind of food did cowboys eat on trail drives? I know that cowboys would routinely kill a young steer for food on the ranch, but what else did they eat?

—Bruce Kennedy  
El Paso, Texas

**A** On most long trail drives cowboys lived on a steady diet of bacon, beef, dutch oven biscuits, canned fruit pies and strong Arbuckles coffee. Around the ranch house the fare was somewhat more exotic (depending of

course on the talents of the cook), including canned oysters, mountain oysters and sardines. And don't forget pinto beans, refried beans, navy beans, lima beans, red beans and, of course, whistle berries.

**Q** Is it true that Custer's men got snowed on before the Battle of the Little Bighorn?

—Pete Tumolo  
Rockville Center, New York

**A** Despite the season, the Seventh Cavalry and the other troops on the Custer expedition were hit by a freak snowstorm on June 1, 1876! Two inches of the white stuff delayed the march for two days.

**Q** When I read about the Billy the Kid story, his boss, the Englishman, J.H. Tunstall stayed in San Francisco at the Palace Hotel. How fancy was it?

Anita Bertz  
Oakland, California

**A** Opening in 1875, The Palace had 755 rooms, more than 300 were equipped with private baths (indoor plumbing!). And it cost six million dollars to build!



**Marshall Trimble** is Arizona's Official Historian. His books include *Arizona: A Calvacade of of History*, *A Roadside History of Arizona*, and

*Never Give A Heifer A Bum Steer.*

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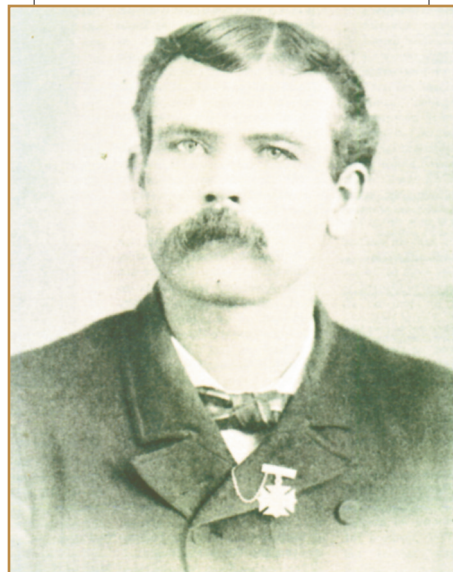
Ask the Marshall,  
PO Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327.

Up and coming author and researcher, **Timothy Fattig**, 23, late of Tombstone, has hit paydirt. For years, fans and historians have wondered what Tombstone City Marshal **Fred White** looked like and we don't have to wonder any longer. Fattig unearthed a wonderful bust shot of the young Tombstone marshal who lost his life trying to disarm, and arrest **Curly Bill** on the night of October 28, 1880. Published for the first time in the **National Outlaw-Lawmen Quarterly** (April-June, 2000), the image shows a bright, young, clear-eyed visage. Where did Timothy find it? From the family, in New York. Fattig is working on his own Wyatt Earp tome, *Wyatt Earp: A Turbulent Life*, which he

hopes to have ready by the fall and out by next year...

...a **Butterfield & Butterfield** auction last February saw a bidding war on a Concord stage once featured in the movie *How The West Was Won*. The stage, which was not totally restored, was estimated at 40 to 50K but finally went for the eye-popping price of "over \$500,000!"

...an **Annie Oakley** lever action Marlin, 1889 went for \$150,000 at the same auction... **Jemison Beshears**, of Butterfield & Butterfield, also told us one pair of **Monty Montana's** boots went for \$5,000..the trick roper and actor's entire estate went on the block, including 20 of his



**A Face to a Name: Fred White**  
-COURTESY TIMOTHY FATTIG-

show outfits which each sold in the \$1,000 to \$2,000 range...

...a copy of the famous **Wild Bunch** group photo taken in Fort Worth, Texas has sold through **Swann Galleries** for \$75,000 (and with the premium, the total reaches \$85,000)...numerous lots of other **Pinkerton** photos from the **James Horan** collection were withdrawn before the auction. One collector speculates perhaps Pinkerton, Inc. was questioning ownership of the images....

...shrewd collector (and *True West* owner) **Bob McCubbin**, of El Paso, but soon to be of Santa Fe, bought an exquisite **Tiburcio Vasquez** image to match the other exquisite image of the California bandito he already owns. The consummate collector would not divulge the price he paid because he says he doesn't trust us.

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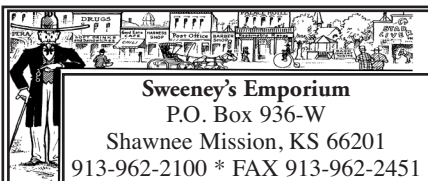
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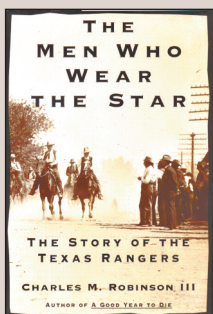


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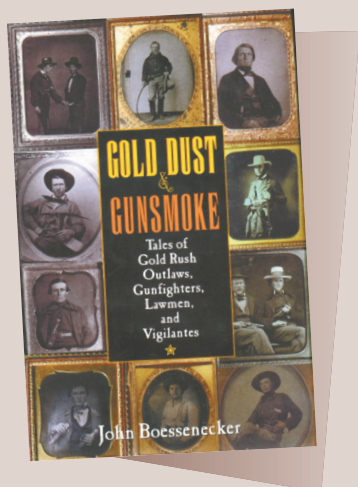


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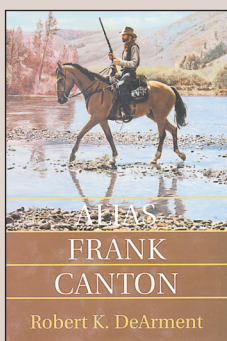


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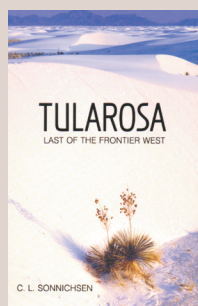


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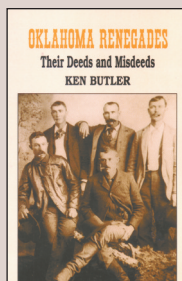


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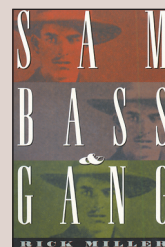


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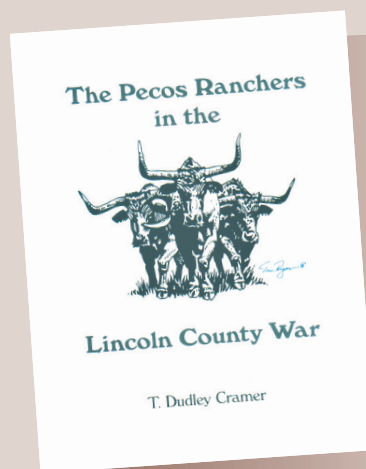


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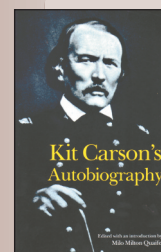


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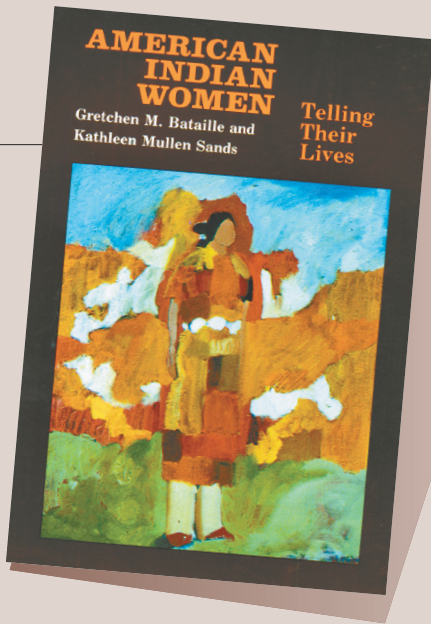
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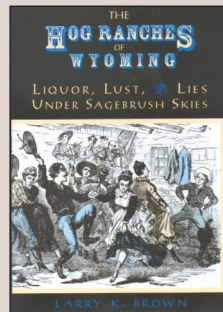
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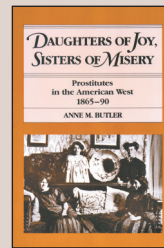


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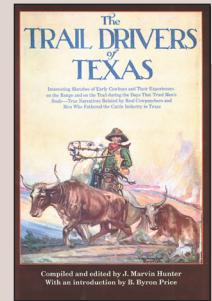


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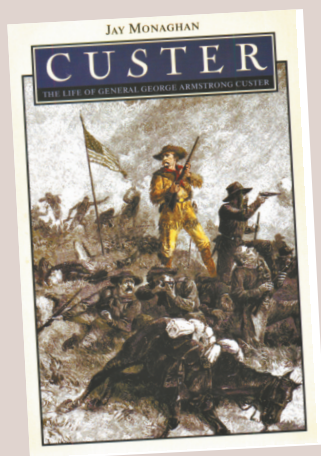


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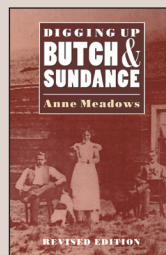


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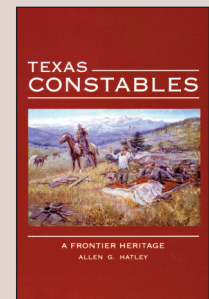


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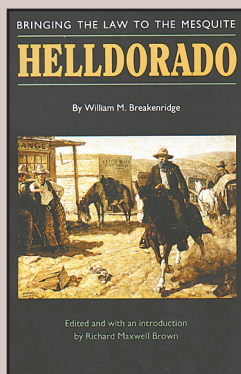
Tracing the history of the Lone Star constables, from inception in 1823 to the Texas Public Safety Commission, Allen Hatley expertly aligns the adventures of such notables as John Selman, Thomas Hickman, and Gus Krempkau. 300p. Texas Tech University Press.

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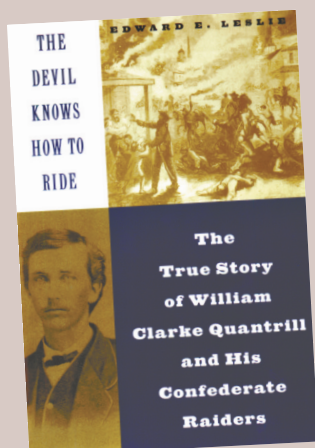


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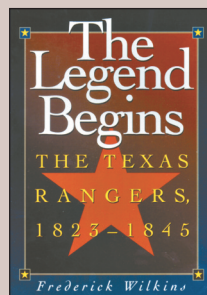


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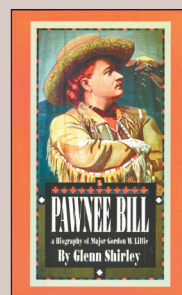


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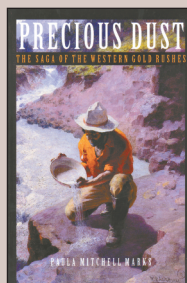


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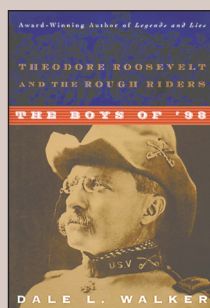


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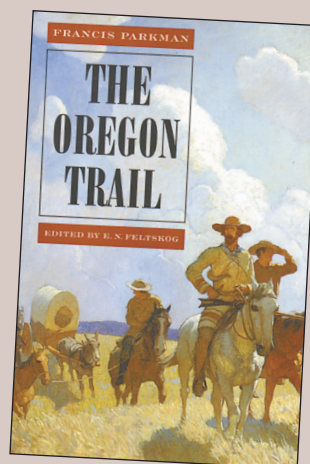


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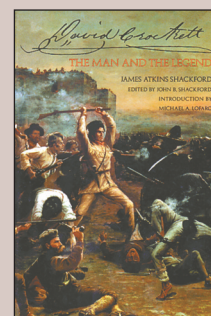


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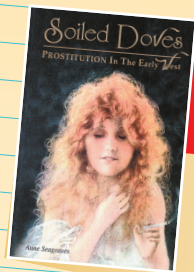
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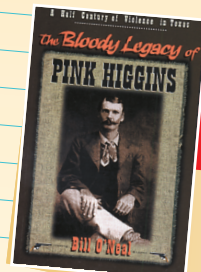
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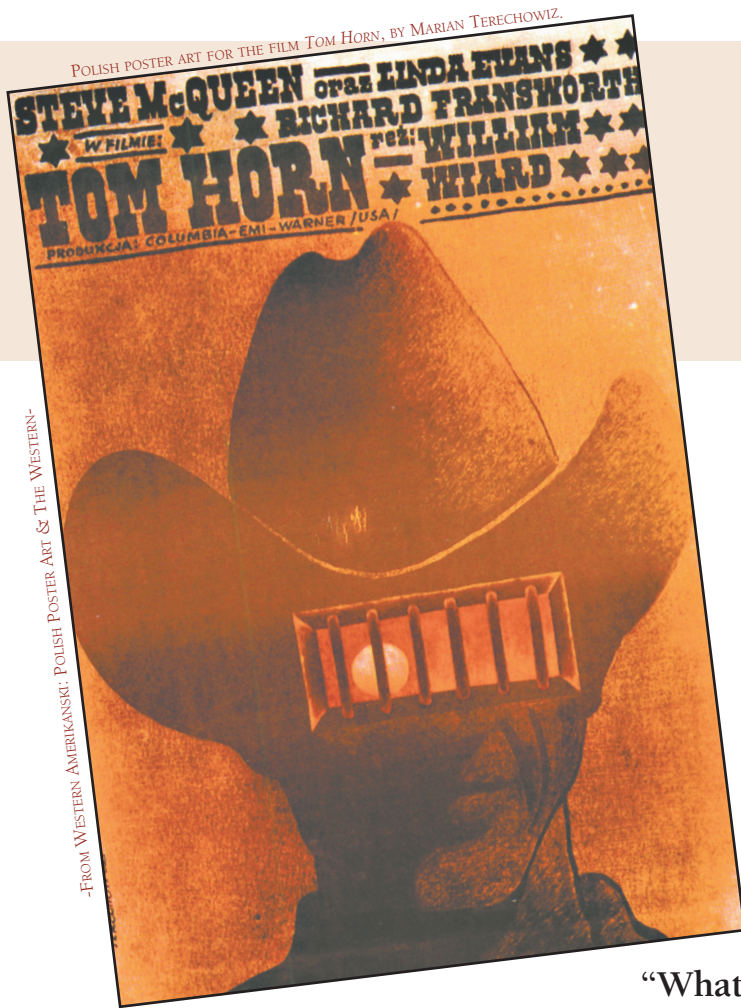
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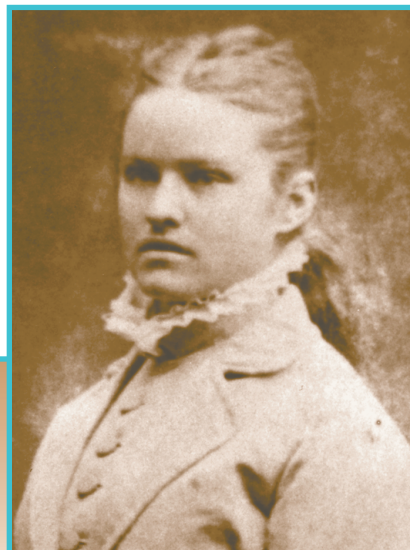
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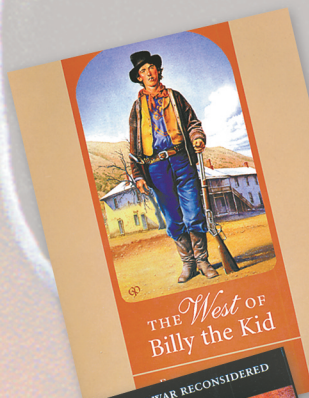
SALLIE CHISUM, belated Billy lover.



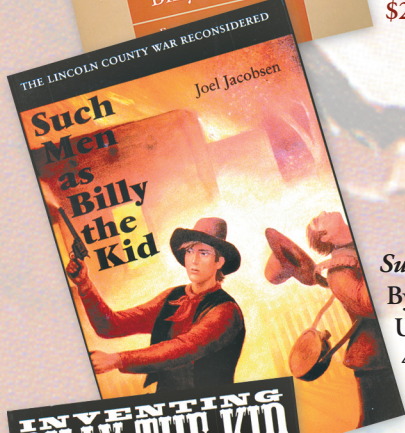
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The Best of

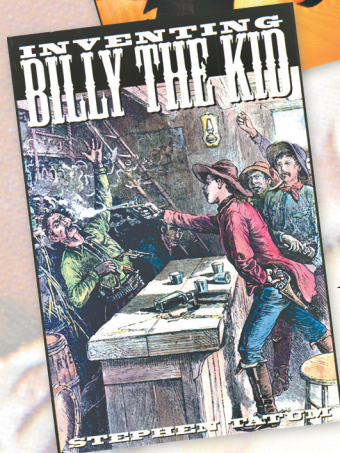
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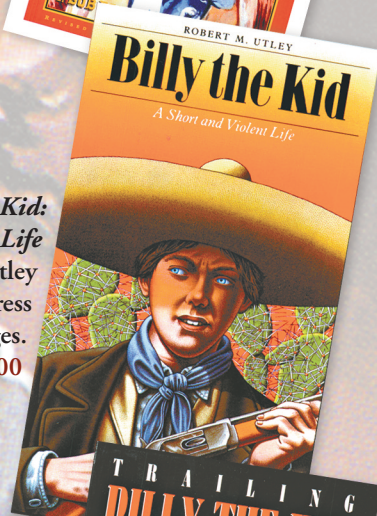
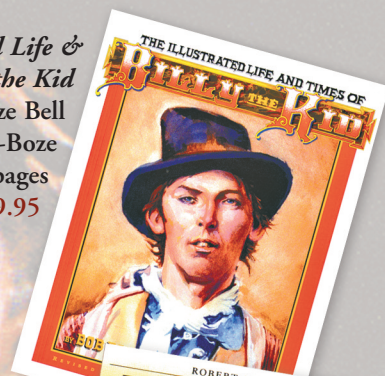


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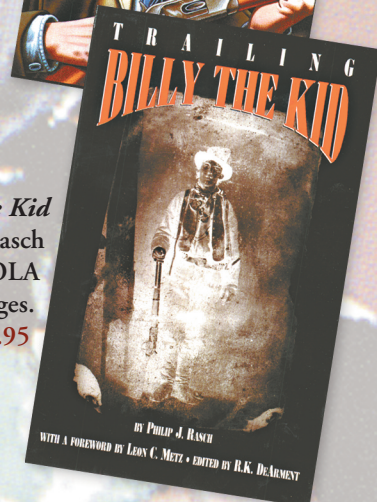


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