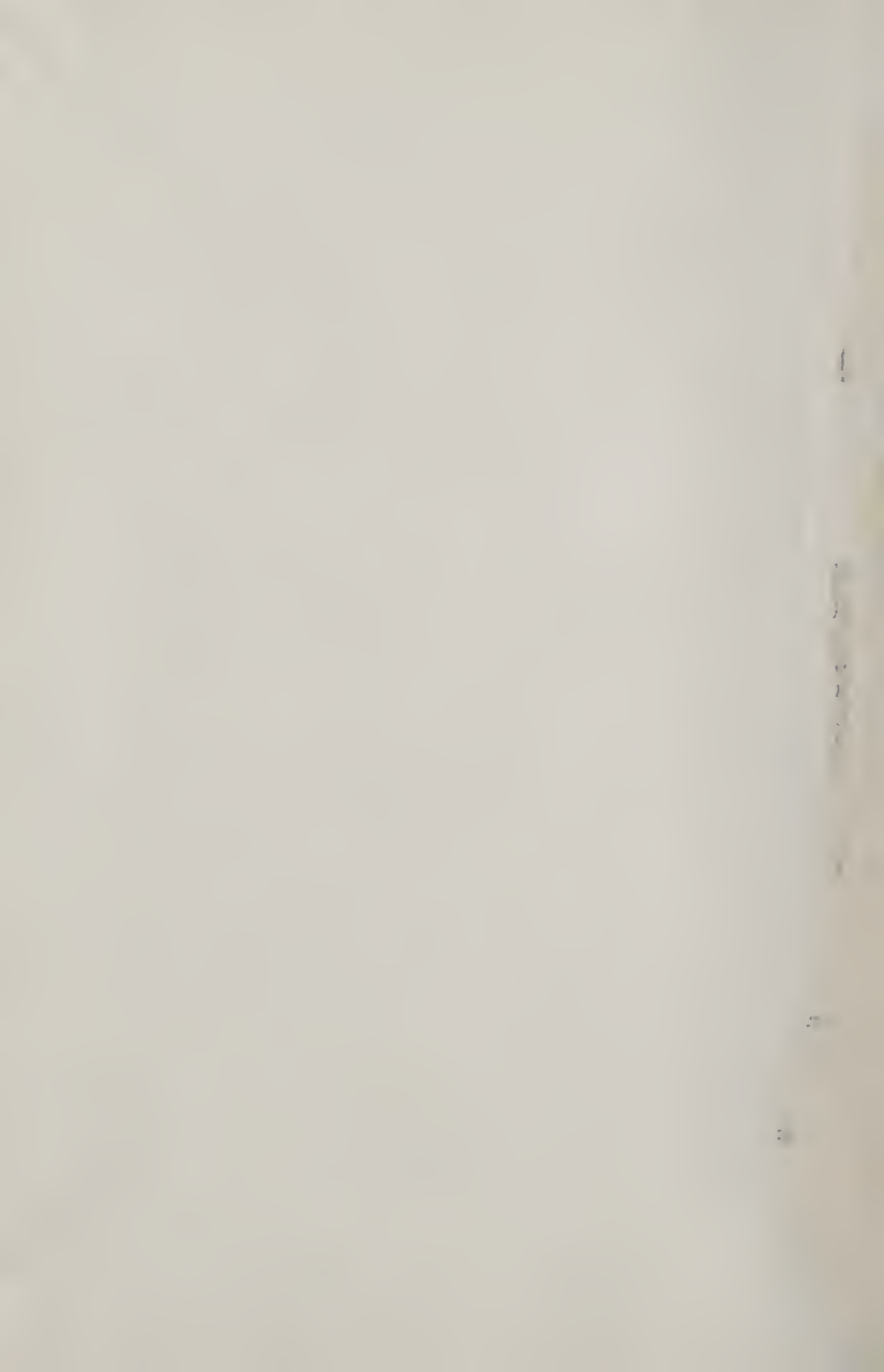


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1916



IRISH MAG

*"Her heart was gold,
if her eye was bold."*

THE RESURRECTION of SKINNY RAWLINS

CAPTAIN JACK

"Game to the end, and square."



EARL WAYLAND BOWMAN



Caldwell, Idaho
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No. 1.

To

The best pals any "Ramblin' Kid" can have

A True Woman

A Game Little Horse

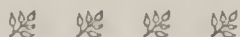
Irish Mag

*“Her heart was gold,
if her eye was bold.”*

*“She could look clean through a buckaroo
an’ make him lay right down—”*

Irish Mag

DID you ever know a galoot so low that *some-*
one didn't care—
Or hit a place where the human race
didn't stack up part-way square?
Now a man may sink till you would think
the whole blamed works was bad;
But woman stays, to the end of her days, *game*—
an' durned if I ain't glad!



Her hair was red as a burnt sand brick an' her eyes
were greenish brown,
An' she could look clean through a buckaroo an'
make him lay right down;
Her finger was quick to turn a trick or to pull a
Colt's an' shoot;
But her heart was gold if her eye was bold—an'
she a prostitute!

She was on her shift in Bonanza's place, a reg'lar
den of sin,
A peddlin' booze an' broad-horn news when th'
Cimmaron stage drove in;
When Cheyenne Bill had reined them still at th'
door of th' hellish dive,
There were only two he'd brought clean through on
th' long an' blisterin' drive.

They weren't good fer a man to see, as th' looks of
both would tell—

She was just a "Breed," an' she soon would need a
ticket plumb to hell;
An' 'twas plain to us th' ornery cuss she trailed
along behind,
Was the sort of brute you'd like to shoot—just th'
mangy coyote kind.

His eyes were shifty an' his face was bad an' he
didn't need a name—
You could someway feel he would lie an' steal, or
live by a woman's shame;
An' th' girl he brought would never be sought by a
man that wasn't drunk—
But she was too damned good for th' thing that
stood beneath a low-down skunk.

When they went inside to liquor their hide, th'
crowd just spread apart
From the brothel scum an' the thing that come—th'
"Breed" with a broken heart.
Mag gave one look an' her white hand shook, as she
set th' booze in place—
'Twas plain to most she'd seen a ghost when she
looked on his bloated face.

With a snarlin' oath he bought for both an' called
for red-eye straight—
Th' woman drunk, with th' human skunk, a toast
to her blackened fate;
But we could easy tell th' fires of hell were blazin'
in her soul,
For a look of hate she gave her mate, when he
pulled his greasy roll.

An' so they came to Chihuahua town an' started to
rustle trade;
But her stock was worn an' her beauty torn an'
blamed few sales she made!

An' the dirty Chinks or booze-crazed ginks were all
that came her way—
He raved an' swore 'cause she didn't get more an'
beat her every day!

Th' months slid by an' her sunken eye dulled with
a look of death,
An' the worthless cur that lived on her kept rot-gut
on his breath;
While every day she would hunt her prey—then
give him what she earned,
An' every night they'd quarrel an' fight, an' th'
hate she hid still burned.

Th' "Lazy S" had cleaned the range an' th' fall
beef hunt was done,
An' th' whole wild bunch had just one hunch—an'
that was town an' fun.
So we rambled in, a cravin' sin, an' th' play was
runnin' high;
We were blowin' rolls an' riskin' souls an' th'
limit was the sky!

Old Bonanza's joint was the common point sought
by the rampsin' kind;
Th' dance was goin' an' Albert showin' he played
like hell though blind.
Th' booze was streamin' an' eyes were gleamin'—
some a lot too bright—
For months th' boys'd been holdin' their noise to
turn it loose that night.

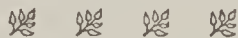
Th' "Breed" was tryin'—though almost dyin'—to
win a payin' look;
But we all were shy of her watery eye an' none
would grab th' hook.
An' the filthy beast she worked to feast was watch-
in' while she tried—

At last she turned, too often spurned, an' went to
his drunken side.

Th' lights were flashin', th' music crashin', an' few
there saw th' play;
But a sob we heard—like wounded bird—as th'
struck "Breed" reeled away!
She crouched an' pressed her hand to breast—stood
for a second still;
Then her blade swung high an' we heard her cry:
"You dog! At last! I kill!"

As th' "Breed's" swift knife sought th' coyote's life
Mag sprung between th' two!
It found her heart! We saw him start—in Mag's
eyes was a look brand new!
She murmured "Jim!"—just looked at him—slipped
from his arms an' fell!
Then we heard him say: "God! Good God! *It's*
May! It was me sent her to hell!"

A man should die, an' die just once, for a friend,
it says somewhere;
But to die for one who black dirt's was just left up
to her.
That's what Mag did, an' it can't be hid, though
she died in a house of sin,
An' I'm a hopin' some in Kingdom Come we'll find
that she slid in!



Her hair was red as a burnt sand brick an' her eyes
were greenish brown,
An' she could look clean through a buckaroo an'
make him lay right down;
Her finger was quick to turn a trick or to pull a
Colt's an' shoot;
But her heart was gold if her eye was bold—an'
she a prostitute!

The
Resurrection
of Skinny Rawlins

*“He forever was a sighin’ an’ was lonesome
through an’ through—”*

The Resurrection of Skinny Rawlins

D ID you ever get to feelin' like you didn't
give a cuss—
Just sort of get to tirin' of life's worry an'
its fuss?
Did you ever start to thinkin': "Well,
there ain't a bit of use—
Th' world is somehow slippin' an' its morals gettin'
loose?"

It's a feelin' that comes stealin' over us on certain
days—
It's a weariness that strikes us when we've made
some rotten plays;
It's a line of gloomy thinkin' that is hard to get
around,
But a feller's got to quit it or 'twill put him in th'
ground!

There was Puncher Skinny Rawlins who was al-
ways gettin' blue,
He forever was a sighin' an' was lonesome through
an' through—
Though th' grass was like a carpet an' th' ev'nin'
sky was red,
Yet th' pore deluded mortal kept a wishin' he was
dead!

Though th' range was wide an' breezy an' th' air
was like a wine—

Still Skinny kept on actin' as if th' sun would
never shine;
Like a steer that's fed on loco an' wanders off
alone,
Skinny kept appearin' as if his heart was made of
stone.

When we'd rampse into Chihuahua with a volley
an' a yell,
Skinny'd drag along behind us like he wasn't feelin'
well;
When he'd take a jolt of liquor that had ought to
raise th' dead,
Th' ornery cuss would splutter an' just sort of
shake his head!

He just couldn't seem to hanker for a bit of harm-
less fun,
An' if a man was ever joyless—well, Skinny, he
was one!
Why, Mag she used to josh him, with her clever
Irish wit—
He would get so blamed despondent we would have
to make her quit!

Th' boys would try to cheer him with all th' tricks
they knew,
But Skinny wouldn't jolly an' just kept a feelin'
blue;
We put sorghum in his saddle an' cactus in his bed,
But Skinny wouldn't snicker—just kept wishin'
he was dead!

An' it shore is some affliction to have to ride th'
range
An' wrangle long-horn cattle with a guy that acts
so strange!
Sometimes you want to kill him an' sometimes you
want to grin,

But still you'd probably slay him if it wasn't such
a sin!

When we rambled down to Rincon, to bury "Faro"
Jones,
Skinny seemed delighted just to hear th' widow's
groans—

As we we filled th' grave with 'dobe Skinny stood
where he could see,
He just stood there sort of whinin', "Oh, I wish
that it was me!"

Well, he kept on growin' sadder an' he he kept on
gettin' worse—

He seemed just plumb determin'd to go ridin' in a
hearse;

So one day, us boys, we figured that if nothin' else
would do,

We would count pore Skinny buried 'till he finished
bein' blue.

Then we sent right down to Vegas an' bought a
corpse's box—

We dug an excavation an' filled th' coffin full of
rocks;

We kept it hid from Skinny 'till th' arrangements
all were made,

Then we sprung it kind of sudden when our plans
were fully laid.

We paraded to th' graveyard an' took Skinny right
along—

Him not knowin' who th' corpse was or that any-
thing was wrong;

He just seemed to be contented to know that death
was there,

An' why or who it was we buried he didn't 'pear
to care!

Then th' boys begun a snufflin' an' actin' mighty
sad—
They shorely were pretendin' they were feelin'
awful bad;
“Pore Ol' Skinny had to leave us,” Charley Saun-
ders up an' said,
“I was shocked an' plumb astonished when I heard
that he was dead!”

“Yes, pore Skinny has departed,” while we wept
an' clawed our eyes,
“An' by now he is prob'ly herdin' with the angels
in th' skies!”
“It's just what he always wanted,” murmur'd Par-
ker sort of low,
“Still 'twas startlin' an' surprisin' how th' pore
cuss had to go!”

“Well, he's restin'” Charley whispered, “an' he's
planted clean an' nice,
An' I shorely am a hopin' that he ain't a needin'
ice!”
So we kept right on a mournin' as if Skinny wasn't
near,
An' we scribbled on a head-board: “Skinny's corpse
is lyin' here!”

Pore Old Skinny stood there list'nin', hardly knowin'
what to think—
Stood there watchin' all us mourners 'till we didn't
dare to wink;
Then he spoke up sort of husky, while his face
got awful red:
“What th' hell are you-all doin'? Do you think it's
me that's dead?”

Then we looked up kind of startled an' let out a
screechin' yell—

“Yeow! Skinny’s resurrected sudden—he has
busted out o’ hell!
Skinny’s dead an’ doesn’t know it an’ is rampsin’
’round some more!”
An’ we beat it for our horses while th’ “corpse”
just stood an’ swore!

Well, we headed for Bonanza’s, all a laughin’ fit
to kill—
Just a thinkin’ of Pore Skinny cussin’ out there on
th’ hill.
We’d just had one round of liquor an’ were havin’
lots of fun,
When Skinny batted in a snortin’ an’ wavin’ his
old gun!

He was shore somewhat excited an’ was strictly on
th’ fight,
An’ the durn fool started shootin’ without ever
takin’ sight!
He was laughin’ like a devil that is tickled quite
a lot—
As we went out through th’ windows—not want-
in’ to be shot!

“So I’m dead an’ nicely planted? Well, just watch
my forty-four!
You can’t bury Skinny Rawlins without him a get-
tin’ sore!”
He was shorely plumb distracted an’ was seein’
mighty red,
He was simply actin’ scand’lous for a guy that’s
figured dead!

Well, Mag she got him calmer, when he’d caved
around awhile,
Then us boys come back again—but it was Skinny
wore th’ smile!

Since then he's always grinnin', but he says he
laughed th' most,
When he "Saw a bunch of punchers just a fleein'
from a ghost!"

But at that I am contendin' th' ornery, grinnin'
cuss,
Would still have been a mopin' if it hadn't been
for us;
For it took a healthy funeral to bring Old Skinny
through—
An' we had to go an' plant him 'fore he'd quit his
bein' blue!

Captain Jack

"Game to the end, and square."

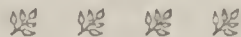
“Nothin’ but genuine horse wrapped up inside of his glistenin’ hide—”

Captain Jack

THIS ain't no story of a thoroughbred—
A prancin' around in a tan-bark ring,
With ribbons decoratin' his shapely head,
While 'lectric lights glimmer on ever'-
thing—

No indeedy! This ain't no story of a "horse show
hero,"

Nor Kentucky king of a turf-fringed track;
It's just about a little old bronch I used to know—
A little old bronch called "Captain Jack."



WHEN I think of that little old horse my eyes
get dim—

Let's see! It's mighty nigh thirty years
since I rode him

Th' first time that he ever was rode.

How old was he? Well, nobody knowed!

But he'd been bossin' his string of wild brood mares

A full half dozen years an' dodgin' the snares

Th' punchers had been layin' to get his head in
ropin' throw—

An' it seemed like th' game little devil would al-
ways know

When a human animal, his natural enemy, was any-
ways near,

An' he'd lead his bunch in th' get-away—they was
all as fleet as deer!

He was such a general an' worked so slick

To keep his herd of outlaws free from every trick
To box-canyon them, or ride them down by swift
relays,
That th' boys all knowed him an' 'count of his wise
old ways,
'Fore he ever had felt a man on his back,
They'd up an' christened him "*Old Captain Jack.*"

BERT LILLY, Charley Saunders an' me got him
to goin'
One day, up on th' East Mesa, without ever
knowin'
At th' time that some of Old Man Lilly's mares
were with Old Jack,
An' one of them fillies happened to be a handsome
black
That was raised on the ranch—gentle, was a kind
of pet—
If she hadn't been there I guess he'd have been a
wild horse yet!
All of our mounts were good an' fresh, nifty an'
keen,
An' th' minute Bert an' Charley an' me all seen
Th' tame young mare was with th' outlaw's bunch,
We just had a sort of three-cornered hunch
That if once we could get over th' mesa's rim,
Into th' canyon, th' filley—she was full of vim—
Might head for th' ranch an' we could cut them
into th' wing corral.
We got them down all right and sure enough th'
scheme worked swell—
Th' mare, runnin' a streak, swung up th' canyon
toward th' ranch!
Th' stallion stopped, for just a breath, where th'
trails both branch,
Then like a flash he was fannin' th' wind after th'
coal black mare—

Straight into th' corral! So that's the way we got
Old Jack there;
An' that just shows he wasn't much different from
a lot of men—
For he followed a female critter into a durn tight
pen!

CAPTAIN JACK wasn't no great shakes for
beauty nor stylish grace—
Just a strawberry roan with two stockin' feet
an' blaze-streaked face,
A dead black tail an' a mane to match, an' lots of
devil in his flashin' eye,
An' he wasn't so overly big, 'bout fourteen an'
maybe a half hands high—
But he was every inch horse, from his ear clean
to the ground,
An' his wind an' limb were smooth, an' his nerve
was strong an' sound.
You betcher life! There was nothin' but genuine
horse wrapped up inside of his glistenin' hide!
An' as he batted 'round th' wing corral, Bert 'lowed
he'd "Shore be lightnin' to hackamore, saddle
an' ride!"
Well, Charley he figured that he didn't want him—
nor neither did Bert—
"That he was too blamed ornery an' mean to be
worth more'n a worn-out quirt!"
But someway I felt sorry for th' game little cuss,
Smashin' 'round inside th' corral, makin' such a
fuss
To get outside an' again be free to run on the big
broad range—
An' I reckon that was nothin' so queer nor pow-
erful strange,
For I myself was a homeless runt an' called by the
bunch "Th' Ramblin' Kid"—
So, a feelin' that way I announced if they didn't

want him I shore did!
Just then Old Man Lilly come ridin' up an' he was
tickled to death 'cause we had got
Th' renegade stallion corralled at least—th' cow-
men wanted th' outlaws shot.
Th' wicked old brute whipped out his gun an'
started to pull a drop on Old Jack's head—
That made me crazy an' I yelled, as I drawed on
him: "Shoot that horse an' I'll kill you dead!"

WELL, me workin' at th' time for the brash
old man,
'Course that trick meant I'd lose my job
an' have to fan,
But I didn't care nor give two whoops, for th' range
was broad an' the world was big—
Anyway I wasn't th' kind of kid to back-trail nor
ever renig;
Besides I was plumb red mad from sombrero top
to spur—from outside hide to inside core—
For I never could see a horse brute 'bused by no
durned man without gettin' devilish sore!
Then a batty an' fool thing happened—something
naturally you'd hardly believe—
I just slid offen my mount, stripped th' saddle an'
hackamore gear an' with one big heave
Threwed th' whole outfit, blanket, bridle an' all,
over th' bars an' into th' wing corral,
Then climed up an' dropped down inside, on foot,
with just my rope an' faced that bronch that
was wild as hell!
For maybe a second Old Jack stopped, surprised—
th' boys outside just held their breath—
Thinkin' I'd shore went clean loco an' was flirtin'
with certain an' pronto death.
Then here he come! His mouth wide open! Ears
laid back! Eyes like coals! Strikin' feet—
an' lowered head!

I side stepped! Th' rope went true! A quick run
to th' snubbin' post—a single half-hitch—I'd
thrown him dead!

Like a flash he hit his feet! Whirled! Give a
maddened squeal an' come straight back!

I run with th' rope, side windin' once more—yank-
in' my best to get th' slack!

That time when he went down—well, what's th'
difference? I won—was safe on deck when
they let us outside,

An' 'fore we stopped at th' "Hundred an' One,"
Captain Jack an' me had made a ninety mile
ride!

Then I knowed I'd found, at last, th' one true an'
game little hoss—

An' Jack knowed th' Kid he carried was his *friend*
as well as his boss!

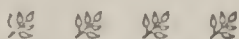
CAPTAIN JACK an' me worked th' whole
blamed range from th' Raton Hills to
No-Man's Land;

We ramped around from th' Purgatory
clean down to th' mean old Rio Grande
An' them shore were life's most joyous an' happy
years,

But now they're gone—th' Little Old Horse—th'
virgin plains—th' broad-horn steers—

'Long with th' smell an' moan of th' herd—th' night
watch calm 'neath starry skies—

(Shucks! This fool smoke keeps tormentin' my
dim old eyes!)



Jack an' me were punchin'—straight—with th' Cir-
cle Bar an' Lazy S—

Trailin' a bunch of restless Texans—'bout six
thousand head I guess,

From down on th' Lower Pecos, 'long th' line to th'
Upper Cimmaron.
Th' herd was down for th' night. Dave an' me
were on th' grave-yard watch, alone.
When Parker, th' night boss, shook me out to take
my turn I hadn't intended to ride Old Jack—
Aimin' to rest him an' take a sorrel that was in
my string, but he whinneyed an' I turned
back
An' took him—'cause, somehow—well, I was lone-
some, I reckon, an' anyway I had a kind of
hunch
To take him, for there was an uneasy feel to th'
air an' a tenseness out there among th'
bunch
Of wild Texas brutes that made me want to be
shore of th' horse I rode—
An' do you know that someway, I've always felt
like Jack himself knowed
I was goin' to need just him that night more than
ever before in all th' years
We'd been ramblin' 'round together—(It's that
durned smoke botherin'—them ain't tears!)
An' I believe, too, th' game Old Boy had a notion
we were startin' to make our last hard ride—
So I took him! An' Old Jack did his best—to save
my life that Little Old Bronch gave his—an'
died!

WE had swung around the herd just once.
They were bedded down in a sort
of horse-shoe shape;
Had passed Dave—was back in th' bend of th' band.
A thundercap hung a shadow, like crape,
Over th' crest of Old Eagle Tail. Out to th' east
there was a sickly glare
From th' risin' moon. There was a kind of dead,
sullen hush to th' midnight air—

A sort of silent threat. Then from th' west there
came a rumble an' one bright streamin' flash,
Like a cloud of death them Texans were up—an'
gone! Straight to th' south in their insane
dash!

An' Jack an' me were caught! Caught fast! No
chance but to run! To run—run like a
hound from hell!

To run with th' fear crazed brutes—in that sea of
horns—an' God help us both if Old Jack fell!

A pair of shots from my forty-four showed Dave I
was pinched tight in th' heart of th' wild
stampede—

He didn't dare to try millin' th' herd with me in
there—all he could do was follow at his
bronch's best speed!

I just leaned over on Old Jack's neck an' talked to
him soft an' low:

“Game Old Horse! Good Old Pal! They can't
get us! Run Old Sport! Now! Get down
an' go!”

They were crowdin' us—crowdin' us hard; Th' roar
of th' tramplin' feet was like th' thunder of
a storm-mad sea!

Th' lightnin' was blazin' over there to th' west—
th' press was fierce—but Jack was runnin'
strong an' free!

Then a big wild brute just ahead stumbled—hit a
badger hole—Old Jack tried to clear th'
horns—

Th' imp of hell throwed up his head! One keen
point drove deep into Old Jack's breast—
they were sharp as thorns!

Th' tough little devil just barely flinched from th'
deadly crash,

An' I leaned lower, slipped my hand under his neck,
an' felt th' gash—

Then I knowed my Pal was done to death for th'
blood was spurtin' in a steady stream;

But th' game Old Sport never checked a bit—just lunged right on with still more steam!

WELL, when I felt that ragged wound an' Old Jack's blood gushin' out so fast an' hot, I just went locoed crazy an' wished every long-horn steer in th' world was shot! Then started pumpin' my forty-four—every time th' old gun popped, One of them snortin' murderin' broad-horns just crumbled up an' dropped! I knowed they were bound to get Old Jack an' me, But 'fore they did I just wanted to see How many of th' devils I could kill— An' I shot quick an' straight an' with a wicked will! So I emptied my gun an' emptied my belt—when she snapped on th' last empty shell, Eighteen Lazy S steers had felt my bullets—I'd counted the brutes as each one fell!

THEN I throwed th' gun an' just lopped down on Old Jack's neck an' put my hand over that terrible hole— Foolishly thinkin' I'd hold in th' streamin' blood that was drenchin' with agony my boyish soul! An' so we rode! All around th' fear-mad steers struggled in a race that was run with death; An' my heart was torn with a stabbin' pain as I could hear th' whistle of Old Jack's breath! Straight away over th' plain toward th' south where waited th' Arroya Grande—deep an' wide an' dark— Around us th' roar of th' rushin' herd—th' moon, up now, ghostly gray—an' once in a while a spark From Dave's gun as he followed, doin' his an' his broncho's level best

Page Twenty-eight

To cheer me up, with th' flash of his iron, in that
killin' supreme test!

Fightin' for breath Old Jack plunged on, me low
on his neck, blind with rage an' grief an'
sobbin'—

"It's all right, Old Pal! You're holdin' 'em down!—
damn 'em!—damn 'em!" (I could feel his
body throbbin'!)

"Game Old Jack! Good Old Pard! If they get
you—I'm with you, Pal!"—an' Old Jack just
must have heard—

Just must have heard an' understood, even in all
that rumble—every tremblin' word,

For though he was weakenin' from loss of blood an'
terrible shudders shook his frame,

An' his wind was comin' in sickenin' gasps—he'd
pick right up when I'd whisper his name!

On an' on without a check! God! What a race
for life for a Kid an' Little Old Horse
to run—

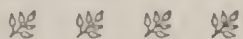
Then—Old Jack stopped! For barely a second! I
felt him crouch—he stiffened—I thought we
both were done!—

My God! What a leap! Out an' out! It seemed
like we would never stop—

Th' earth just faded away—just faded away—in
a straight down drop!

We were free! We were free of th' wild stam-
pede! Old Jack had jumped the Arroya
Grande!

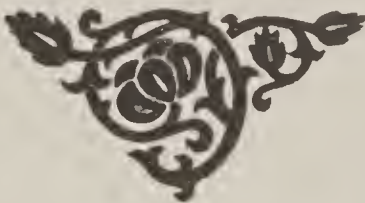
He had jumped that gap in the earth a twenty-
foot bridge would have barely spanned!



HE went to his knees—staggered a reelin' step
or two—tried to go on—stopped—an'
fell!

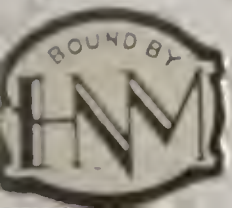
That was the end of our last hard ride—I wasn't

hurt—there ain't much more I care to tell.
Th' roar grew less an' less, th' herd swerved east—
up the Arroya—finally drifted away.
Th' boys found us there—me layin' with my head
on Old Jack's neck—sobbin'—just at th'
break of day.
We buried him—deep—no snarlin' wolf should gnaw
his bones! An' I—well, I quit th' range,
but my heart's still there—
Where I left Little Old Captain Jack, that wasn't
no "horse show hero"—but was *game to th'
end an' square!*



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