

594

.A44

Copy 2

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 092 760 4 ●

F 594
.A44
Copy 2

CLAY ALLISON OF THE WASHITA

First a Cow Man and then an Extinguisher of Bad Men



RECOLLECTIONS

of

Colorado, New Mexico and the Texas Panhandle

Reminiscences of a '79er

To My Friends in the Enchanting East
To *Mis Compadres* in the Fascinating West



CLAY ALLISON
OF THE WASHITA

First a Cow Man and then an Extinguisher of Bad Men

RECOLLECTIONS
OF COLORADO, NEW MEXICO AND THE
TEXAS PANHANDLE

Reminiscences of a '70er

O. S. Clark
"

.....
e, e

To My Friends in the Enchanting East
To *Mis Compadres* in the Fascinating West

Copy 2

F594
.A44
Copy 2

Copyrighted 1922
by O. S. Clark



©Cl. A653928

OCT -6 1922

R

no 2

ms. w-19, Feb. 16, 1919



PEGGY HINER AND GRANDFADDA'

HOW I HAPPENED TO WRITE CLAY ALLISON OF THE WASHITA.

For a number of years there has been appearing in the Saturday Evening Post several interesting stories of Western happenings, written by some eminent authors. At last there appeared a particularly interesting number and one where the scenes were laid close to some of my old stamping grounds, where I was doing my very best to be a good and well behaved Cow Puncher, relating incidents and mentioning some characters that I had heard of and some men that I knew, while "on the range." It occurred to me that perhaps one or two of these writers might know of others that I had known, so, with some fear and trembling, I wrote some of them, asking if they knew certain fellows in the old "wooley, eat'em alive" days. I mentioned Clay Allison, whom I happened to know, and incidentally suggested that if they knew Clay, that they were the right ones to put in history the life of this "wooliest of the wooley," since he had so many weird and unique ways of killing his victims, some twelve or thirteen. It had been my privilege to be acquainted with this Masterful Man with the gun and I would like very much to see some of his exploits written by some men who knew him and knew how to write. I received some very kind and courteous letters from these writers and they answered that they did not know Allison, but since I knew him, that it would be advisable for me to gather such facts and all of the data possible and put it together in a sketch, and send it in, and that they thought they could dig out enough material to use for some future article in the Saturday Evening Post or some other magazine. I started this work, using odd times, and became very much interested, as the work enabled me to locate and renew many old acquaintances with whom I had not "fanned" for forty years and at the same time I have been gaining many new acquaintances "who were there" but whom I had not met. One man I dug up was Charley Seringo, now at Santa Fe. Charley was a frequenter of our country on the Palo Duro country of the Pan Handle, Texas, and knew and was associated with all of the big Cattle Men from the coast to Montana, as cow boy, as foreman of outfits, as Indian fighter, and as a chaser of all kinds of thieves, horse, cattle or otherwise, and of late years as a Wild West Detective, running down cattle rustlers, outlaws, and since which period has written several books. He told me of the sad fates of many I knew—some got in jail, some were hung—and he mentioned some who have crossed the Divide and how each left an enviable past. He mentioned one who was a prominent fighter at the Adobe Walls Battle, under Billie Dixon and Bat Masterson in 1874. He then calls my attention to his death "you knew him, he was a

wonderful Buffalo Hunter and an expert horse thief, his wife writes that he passed away last winter." I had forgotten this celebrity, hence I was pleased to learn that, now, the cow ponies would not all of them fall into the clutches, and mow of this expert thief. They used to say he could steal a horse corral full of ponies, with his eyes shut. Another interesting correspondence that was developed in the work was with Mrs. Olive Dixon, who was the widow of Billie Dixon, who, with Bat Masterson, whom everybody in this country knew, were the heroes with twenty-four others and a woman at the Adobe Walls Indian Battle in 1874, when these brave buffalo hunters stood off over eight hundred Hostile Indians, composed of all the Allied Tribes of the great southwest, and licked them to a stand still. Billie Dixon knew Clay Allison well and I think speaks of him in his Book of History. Mrs. Dixon told me the address of some others whom we knew on the Palo Duro. By the way our ranch was only about twenty-five miles from this famous battle field of the Adobe Walls. Billie Dixon, with Amos Chapman, who is still living and whom Charley Shideler knew and whom Seringo knew, after the Adobe Walls fight and four others, were trapped in the open and stood off a Hostile Band of Indians without any protection whatever. This was called the Buffalo Wallow Battle and was located about fifty miles from our ranch. Mrs. Dixon told me of the Cators. The reader will notice in the book how closely we were related to the Cators in our acquaintance. Seringo furnishes the skunk story, which I have quoted. He was also one of the stanch friends of the Cators. Seringo is a close friend of one of the writers I mention above and he knew him "back yonder" when he was running a newspaper at White Oaks, New Mexico. He also knew Pat Garrett and also helped Pat trail Billie, the Kid, the desporado, who was shooting up the country at about the time I was making a trip alone from Colorado to the Pan Handle. I had two horses and was riding light and mostly nights on Billie's account. My late friend Dr. George F. Butler, whom all Attica will remember, revere and respect as being the very efficient and able Medical Director at the Mudlavia Springs for several years, was a very close friend of one of these writers, Emerson Hough. A word to the friends the Doctor knew here in Attica so well, and also to the very eminent acquaintances and associates of his whom he had made all over the United States, will at this time not be unfitting. Dr. Butler was a giant in his profession, and under that apparent indifference was the frame of a Man, and under that cool, calculating exterior was the stone wall of honesty, and under the relaxation of sterner thoughts was the bulwark of a genius. Dr. Butler's niche will be long in filling. Not easy to approach, but once the ice was broken, he was the genial, generous, gentlemanly man of much influence and poise, and it was our honor to know him. His epitaph should be a simple one, but rich in sentiment, just this—"Our beloved Physician." The Doctor and myself, after our first acquaintanceship started, and we thawed out, (we were each of us naturally hard to get next to) and commenced, advisedly, to tell some of our early experiences. We discovered that we were both in the 'wild west at about the same time. He could "fan" on sheep and I

could "fan" on cattle—ordinarily in the rough, early days a cattle man would not speak to a sheep man. However, the Doctor and I got along fine together and never had any occasion to shoot up one another. His tales were always different from mine, hence the tales of each were interesting to the other.

I, of course, sent one of the little books to my friend, the Doctor, who was at that time the Medical Director of the North Shore Sanitarium, Winnetka. I cautioned him and hoped that the little thing, when he read it, would not serve him like the "old Jordan" whiskey in the Pan Handle, served the boys in my time. I told him that it was always the custom in those free and boisterous days to furnish a whisk broom with each drink. The reason for this was to enable the fellow, when he downed his poison, to immediately take the whisk broom and brush off a place on the floor and have a full sized fit. The Doctor answered back that he had always understood that the whiskey in the Pan Handle would kill rattlesnakes at forty rods, but it did not compare at all with the barbed wire variety they had in Kansas at that time. He said that whenever a fellow took a drink of that stuff in that country "he did not care a durn where he had his fit." You are privileged now to read some of the real facts connected with the History of Clay Allison who was a full sized man, and also a few reminiscences of my own experiences, which are mild and docile compared to some of the carrying ons of many that I knew in the Land of the Sunset.

Your humble servant,

O. S. CLARK.

CLAY ALLISON OF THE WASHITA.

The writer, together with two cow boy friends, Charley Shideler and Sam Hanna, had gone into New Mexico in the eighties at different times and had purchased cattle, and driven them to the Pan Handle of Texas.

Our principal stunt in the cattle trade was to take our outfit, generally enough cow ponies, a mess wagon and three or four riders, and go into New Mexico and buy mixed cattle, and drive them on the trail to Texas or Colorado. We most always had made previous arrangements with some big cattle outfit for employment for wages with the privilege of running so many head of our own cattle on the employers range. When we arrived with the herd, we turned them loose and after they had fattened some we usually sold them on the range to our Boss on our count. We bought cheap, had no expense, we could not lose.

On one of the trips to buy cattle we had gone into the Trimentena Creek country, some twenty or thirty miles from Las Vegas, where there had not been any rain to speak of for two years, and of course where the cattle were cheap and poor, but we decided to take a chance on being able to get them to the Pan Handle where the grass was good, so we helped the Mexican Vaqueros round-up and cut-out what we thought we could handle, and after the usual dickering and collective bargaining, we made the trade and invested our little wad and started on the trail.

We have in mind yet our first transaction and remember our deal was made through a Mr. Blanchard, in Las Vegas, New Mexico, who represented his mother-in-law, a Mexican lady by the name of Mrs. Del Desmarias.

The cattle were so poor the Vaqueros had to round up for several days before they were able to get enough for us to make our selection from. They were so emaciated we could not put our road brand on and for a while we were obliged to tail them up in the morning and shove them along the trail. The other day I ran across the Bill of Sale for a part of the herd we bought, issued to us before we started with the cattle on the trail. It is well preserved and reads as follows:

Trimintina Ranch, May 13, 1880.

This is to certify that we have this day sold to Clark, Shideler and Hanna, for value received (180) One Hundred & Eighty Dry Cows and (158) One Hundred and Fifty Eight yearling heifers branded A,E,S-B,J,G,NE, and we guarantee peaceable possession of the same.

Chas. Blanchard,
Mrs. Del Desmarias,

We did our banking business with the Reynolds Bros. and I have in my possession a receipt for the 1st or 2nd deposit of money we made. The Reynolds, I understand, are still in the banking trade at Las Vegas.

We started on the trail short-handed, short-grubbed and short-horsed, and after a day or two of driving hit the "Chas Les Goodnight Trail," as the natives called it. We'll never forgive him for locating it where he did. It was all right in shortening the distance from Mex to Tex, but otherwise it will shorten the span of every man's soul that ever drove cattle over that trail. After getting straightened out comfortably, and the cattle were doing fairly well, the two years of accumulative rain that had been coming to that country was dumped on us in about one week, but after many storms, stampedes and hardships, such as riding all day and night herding without relief, we finally struck our horn of plenty, God's Country, the Texas Pan Handle. While in camp one day at noon, you know at the noon hour with cattle on the trail the herd is turned loose to graze while the cow punchers get their dinner and catch up a little on sleep. On this particular day with wood and water running by, handy to our camp, we were busily engaged in trying to coax the wet cow chips to burn so that we could cook our dinner and prepare the succulent sow belly and the dainty sour dough bread, in the true cafeteria style. Has the reader ever had any experience with a cow-chip camp fire in a rainy time? We should judge not, and we want to say now that no heaven born man will ever reach that realm, that has ever had anything to do with that pesterin', pusillanimous kind of a cooking fire. It requires all of the juggling art of a Herrman, and all the blowing power of a Sampson, and all of the patience of a Job, to keep it alive. You may juggle it sidewise and length wise, and you may balance it under or over the Dutch Oven, skilletts, etc., and you may blow the last breath that is in you, and you may coax, and cuddle and pamper, but if it is in the proper mode it will calmly and coolly, and without passion, sputter its last breath on you, and then you will retire, and become the quiet, serene man that you should be—maybe. When dinner was ready and as usual one of the boys had expressed his wish that some of his rich relatives in the East could be present on that particular occasion and partake of that elegant lunch, which had all of the rich flavor that a real cow chip fire could give it, we noticed a lone horseman approaching. As he came nearer we noticed that he was well equipped with plenty of shooting irons and was riding a magnificent black gelding. When he got into the camp circle we invited him to light and have some dinner. He did so, and upon closer inspection we observed that he and his mount were completely covered with Winchester rifles, the regulation 45 Colts, and the conventional Bowie knives. As he sat down, he remarked that he was lost and inquired where we were. We stated that we were not certain, but thought that we were on the head waters of the Beaver—this afterwards proved true. He was a magnificent type of man, handsome, six feet or more tall, with a clear, keen, blue eye; well dressed and he had the absolute qualities of a gentleman, polite in the extreme. After we had all circled

the camp fire and sat down we tried to relieve his reticence somewhat, as he seemed rather quiet and observing, by one of the boys, who was tender in the feet, asking some most unusual and unbecoming questions. This boy violated all the rules and regulations and specifications of polite Texas society. He went contrary to all of the customs and traditions of that elite community, as every body should know, that all gentlemen residents of that country were expected to, at all times, taboo the delicate and touchy question of inquiring where you were from. The man realized at once that we were three very young and juicy Tenderfeet and he proceeded very slowly and deliberately to answer any pertinent or personal questions. After a few common place remarks had passed and he had let us lope our heads off and had allowed us to circle around some, and the rope "had tightened on our necks sufficient," he said, as the Virginian would express it, "in a casual like way," that he was from the Washita Country and was then on his way to New Mexico, where he had a brother living, and who was at that time in trouble. We boys again got very busy with our questions, as we had previously heard a great deal about a man by the name of Clay Allison who had considerable of a reputation and name as a brave and daring character, and who it was reported, had killed some twelve or thirteen men, and had some fancy, unique and unusual ways of killing his men, all however in self defense—it was always, also decided both by public opinion and by the courts that the fellow who usually got killed was always to blame for the row—and who we understood and had heard was from the Washita country. Blunderingly and ignorantly we bumped on more inquiries as to his associates and his associations, by asking him if he knew or had heard of Clay Allison in that country. Again he turned the subject and put the conversation on another tact, and taking his time, as old practiced cow punchers had a way of doing, he came back to the point in question, and said quietly, determinedly and with some emphasis, that he was CLAY ALLISON, "What are you going to do about it?" Well, we were suddenly struck with the drunken reels and some fancy knee shaking. We couldn't even get up off our haunches or fall over, we were so scared so we did our best to keep from swallowing our Adams Apple and choking to death. Finally suspecting that at that particular time he might be perfectly harmless we were determined to keep him that way if possible, and we at once became three of the best table waiters the banks of that old Beaver Creek had ever seen. It was Allison, or rather Mr. Allison, have some more meat (and meat was durn scarce too), and it was Clay, or rather Mr. Allison, take more of these elegant sour dough sinkers, and it was Mr. Allison take plenty of the Frijoles (and it was over sixty miles to more beans). We sure did keep his plate, side boards and all, well filled, and he did sure eat some, which fact verified his statement that he had been living on Jack Rabbits for two or three days and was some hungry. When the time arrived for the dessert, we of course apologized, as his coming at that time had found us unprepared, as the rich cream that we had been using had failed to whip, so that the best we could do was to offer him just plain prunes. We lied a little about the cream—we hadn't had any

since the fall before. He seemed to have a regular prune tooth, as he cleaned out that Prune Ranch in short order.

After having devoured the most of our lunch there was nothing more to say or do, so we all arose together, at one and the same time, that was another necessary and precautionary practice, due to the experience and mistakes that some of the former citizens and old timers had made, by remaining on the ground in a sitting position too long, so that the other fellow got the drop. When he expressed the notion that he "must pull his freight" one of us took special pains and pride in directing him on the right trail, and another helped him cinch his saddle and arrange his artillery, while the other filled his holsters and saddle bags with the balance of the grub that was in camp.

It was a pleasing and relieving sight to see Mr. Allison, with his magnificent array of preparedness disappear over the darkening horizon. It was always a source of gratitude to us that he did not, while visiting us and partaking of our hospitality get funny with his guns and shoot at our toes just to see us dance the highland fling and make our hair stand up pompadore like, but as I have said before he was considered a perfect gentleman, either in a fight or a visit. And thus we first knew Clay Allison.

As we watched him cut the divide we then, as usual, loaded the mess wagon and each one hid his plate and cup. That was necessary, because in every trail camp some one of the unscrupulous members might, if the plates and cups were all assembled in the box, be so unconventional as to pick out the nicest and cleanest licked plate for himself and leave the dirty ones for the rest. It was very seldom that the dishes got washed on account of the scarcity of water, both body and culinary. After we rounded up the cattle we silently, thoughtfully and reverently pointed the leaders down the long trail and dressed up the side lines and commenced to wallop the drags toward the cottonwoods and breaks of the Palo Duro country.

As I have mentioned before, Allison told us that he was going to his brother's place in New Mexico, as his brother was in trouble. We learned afterwards that it was on this particular trip of his, or one previously, that Clay got in a very close and dangerous situation, while engaged in a free for all fight against some of his own or his brother's old time enemies. The odds were terribly against him, so much so that he had to defend his life by shooting his way out. When the census was taken there were two dead and several wounded. I think that this occurred near Las Vegas, New Mexico.

On another occasion, after our first acquaintance, we met Allison in New Mexico, but by that time we had grown a little wild and wooly ourselves, so much so that our teeth did not chatter when we came in contact with noted men like Allison, and again we found him the perfect gentleman and the true knight of western valor and honor, and at the same time always ready to kill any one who needed it.

It's appropriate and fitting at this time to tell about the true character and the many fine qualities of this cleaner up of bad men. This comes from first hand and is told by one of

the boys who was with the party on the Beaver, previously spoken of, Sam Hanna, when Allison rode into our camp. This boy met Allison afterwards in the Palo Duro country and spent some days with him and had a good chance and opportunity to study his make-up. He says: "He lived in the Washita country not far from Mobeetie. I am not sure whether his ranch was in Wheeler county or Hemphill county. I remember him quite well and had a nice visit with him once at our ranch when you were not there. He was a quiet, unassuming man, with no element of the desperado about him. He never killed any one except in self defense, but he had about one dozen to his credit, all of whom needed killing for the good of society. The bad men were always hunting him and we expected he would eventually die with his boots on, but, strange to relate he had a most unusual and strange, not at all in keeping with his past, death. He died in bed from the result of an injury received in falling off a loaded wagon and the wagon running over his neck.

"He once told me that he was not a good shot at a mark, except when the mark was a bad man. He seemed to think that he had just been simply lucky."

One of the stories, which has been vouched for, was about his killing a bad Mexican desperado in the dining room of the hotel (I suppose the Wright Hotel) at Dodge City. The Mexican came in the room with his gun in his hand, expecting to catch Allison off his guard. Clay had heard that the fellow was looking for him and had said he was going to kill him. Allison had taken a seat in the rear of the dining room, facing the door, with his gun in his lap. When the Mexican entered the room with his gun drawn, Allison quickly pulled up and shot him in the center of the forehead, killing him instantly and proceeded to finish his meal without rising from his chair.

On another occasion, when he was living on the Washita, he went to Dodge City for supplies, with his guns on him as was his usual custom. At that time the authorities were trying to enforce an ordinance requiring every one to disarm on entering the town. One reason given for this was the fact that that thickly populated cemetery, Boot Hill, was becoming crowded. When the marshal demanded and ordered that Clay remove his pistols, Allison protested, stating that it would be as much as his life was worth to lay them off for even one hour. After a conference on the part of the officials they decided that he must be disarmed. When they gave Clay the ultimatum he said to them, "Gentlemen, when these pistols go off they will go off smoking." They knew they would have to kill him if they persisted in their action, this they did not want to do, so they reconsidered the matter and gave him the freedom of the city and it's told that he did not abuse the privilege in any way and left town in a decent and orderly manner.

Allison was on the first grand jury ever convened in Hemphill County, Texas, the foreman of which, "Uncle Dick Bussell, a veteran of the Adobe Walls Indian fight, still lives in Canadian, Texas. While Bussell was not exactly in the fight and is not mentioned by Billie Dixon, he was on his way, but arrived after it was all over. There was a preponderance of citizenship just like him on that grand jury, as they stayed a little tipsey so much that the Foreman could not get them to act on

any bills of indictment. He kept them together for twenty-eight days before he gave up trying to turn in some indictments to the court, and Clay was just as hilarious when turned loose as he was the first day that he served as a grand juror.

Getting to the ridiculous side of Allison we have it related that on one occasion he rode into town and stopped his horse at the top of what is known now as College Hill, (we think located at Canadian, Texas). He removed all of his clothes except his boots, which he left on. He then tied his clothes on behind his saddle and rode down through the town on the run, shooting and yelling, and so proceeded with the exhibition until he reached the outskirts of town. As he was a tall man of striking proportions this ride made something of a sensation, even in those days.

T. D. McCarthy who is very familiar with many of the old timers and also the border towns, in confirming the episode just related, describes College Hill in this way, and writes. "College Hill you speak of is at the head of Main St. in Canadian. This town is built on a fairly steep hill side, and on top of the hill, on a flat, is a big brick school house, hence the name—College Hill."

Probably the most dramatic and dramaturgy of all Allison's fights occurred at Las Animas, Colo., where one of the officers of the town had a fear and hatred for Allison, and had stated that if he ever got the drop on him, Allison, he would shoot to kill. On this fateful day Allison and his brother John went into a dance hall, when the marshal came in and ordered them not to go on the floor with their guns on their hips. Clay said, "You notice that the rest of the boys still have their guns on. Why do you order us to take our guns off when you don't the other fellow?" The officer went out and the two brothers separated, each going to opposite sides of the room. The officer came back and Clay was watching the door, as he always did on such occasions, and his brother was watching the dance. The Marshal pushed open the door and threw down a double barreled shot gun loaded with buckshot on the first of the boys he saw, not knowing exactly where the other of the brothers was. Clay yelled. "Look out" and as he yelled all three shot, at one and the same time. Clay and his brother both shot the marshal through the heart. It was impossible to tell which killed him. The buckshot splintered the right arm and penetrated the right side of John. Clay immediately demanded a doctor for his brother before he would consent to arrest. John Allison was taken to the army post and later recovered from his wounds. Clay then consented to be arrested, providing they would not put the chains on him. But when he was disarmed they took advantage of him and chained him to the wall of his cell. He was finally liberated on habeas corpus proceedings and before the court set the trial, all of the dance house girls, ditto gamblers, etc., had received transportation to New York, Palm Beach, and San Francisco, or some other and sundry places, and consequently there were no witnesses, hence the boys came clear. Ferd Davis' account of this battle comes nearer being authentic, since he knew the participants and was a partner of Clay Allison. He says:—

"There were two dance halls in Las Animas, they were

drinking some but were not making any disturbance. Charlie Faber was town marshal. He went to Clay and told him that he would have to give up his arms. Allison told him no, said he would give his pistol to his brother John, which he did. Charlie went out to get a shot gun, but while he (Charlie) was gone Clay gets his pistol from John, and when Charlie returned, he had Tom Russell open the door and he (Charlie) fires one barrel of his gun into John Allison, but the next barrel goes into the floor. Clay killed Faber instantly. I never knew Allison to give up his gun but once, and that was to Dick Wooton, Jr., former sheriff of Las Animas county. He knew Dick didn't want to murder him. Clay Allison fell off a wagon and was killed.

At the beginning of the civil war he was on his father's farm down in Tennessee, and he learned to fight during the civil war, and you know what General Sherman said war was. When sober he was pleasant and kind. So young man let whiskey alone. For "Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging, and he that is deceived thereby is not wise."

In Allison's early days on the Washita the usual epidemic of cattle rustling broke out in his neighborhood. Calves were seen with mysterious brands, and they were not Mavericks either. Steers and cows would have their brands changed, some so recent that the burnt flesh would indicate that it was the handiwork of the rustler. The situation got so tense that the decent cattle men called for a meeting of the cow men to be held at some central ranch. The meeting was at night and after a good deal of discussion as to who were doing the dirty work, and suggesting means of catching the thieves, and no practical indications for finding or catching the rustlers, Clay Allison arose from his chair, and in his cool and deliberate way addressed the meeting. He said, "Men do you want to know who these d—— cattle-thief rustlers are?" They said yes. Allison shouted, pointing his finger, "There they are. It's the A—— boys." As he pointed toward them he said, "And D—— you know it." There was an instant shifting of guns, and each individual looked for a point of vantage. After a moment of intense silence the strain was broken by the A—— boys pulling their guns and leaping for the open doorway. They dashed around the corner of the house toward an open window leading into the house, when some one noticed their actions and called to Allison, "Look out or they will shoot you through the window." With both pistols drawn he leaped to the corner of the room and yelled, "Come back here you calf stealing cattle rustlers." They slunk off in the darkness, knowing down in their dishonest hearts, that at the next meeting with Clay Allison their time would have arrived. He hated a sneak, he despised a thief, he loathed a cattle rustler. The A—— boys disappeared and went to a different climate for better or worse.

Allison naturally despised the cheap murdering Mexican desperado, and was most always in the mode to soak one if he needed killing. The following story illustrates how quickly and expeditiously he sent one to the bone hill. This Mexican had a big sombrero and was holding it in front of his stomach trying to hide the action of his right hand in reaching for his gun, after an altercation with Allison, and Allison shot him

through the heart before he could pull. The acting Sheriff did not have the nerve to place Allison under arrest, and he represented to a Captain of the military post that there was a notorious out-law resisting arrest and he would have to have some soldiers' help to make the arrest. The Captain and some soldiers went out to get Allison. When Allison found out what they wanted he asked the sheriff why he did not come out and call for him himself without bringing up the United States Army. As soon as the Captain heard this he said, "This is different, if that's the case you are at liberty to stay here and you do not have to go to town with me." Allison said to the Sheriff, "Did you ever try to arrest me?" "NO." "Did I ever refuse to be placed under arrest?" Again he answered "NO". "Well then why didn't you come out here like a white man and get me?" Finally the Captain remarked that he was going back, and Allison said he guessed he would also go back with him and clear the matter up. He was all prepared to go and told the Sheriff to ride about fifty yards in the rear "like a pup," because he, Allison, had some pride and didn't want people in town to see him riding in the same company as the sheriff. They came to a creek or water hole and were preparing to dismount for a short rest when Allison exclaimed, "Wait a minute. I don't want to desecrate good, honest ground while there is inferior dirt around"—meaning the sheriff. Then he made the officer of the law remove his little narrow brimmed, close fitting felt hat, which he filled with some sweet smelling water from an odoriferous water hole. He then commanded the sheriff to put on his hat, without spilling a drop or he would kill him, and he was to wear it clear into town, and riding behind all of the way. The sheriff was glad to follow instructions, though it must have been humiliating to a grandiose high sheriff.

One of the most interesting letters that I have received recently is from Jim East, Ex-Sheriff in the early days at Tascosa, and he, having a splendid memory, has told me a little more regarding Allison, although his story connected with Sheriff Rhinehart does not fit with the story as told above, either by Ferd Davis or W. W. Owen, both early partners of Clay Allison. Jim says:—"I am glad to get your letter of Nov. 2nd, 1921. I am always glad to hear from an old timer of the Pan Handle. In answer will say that I last saw Clay Allison of Mobettie, Tex., in June, 1882. I was on the round-up in charge of a Bar X wagon that year. Allison lived then on the Washita, north of Mobettie, but later moved to the Pecos Valley, New Mexico. There he met with an accident that caused his death, which I was sorry to hear. A freight wagon ran over his neck and killed him. (W. W. Owens tells the full account of his death, but does not mention where it occurred.) Allison was a strong character, true to his friends, but dangerous to his enemies. Clay was inclined to be unreasonable when drinking, but at other times a good friend and neighbor. His brother, John, had, I consider, better and cooler judgment in a fight than Clay. Not so ready to start a fight, but a "stayer". The Old Timers on the Cimmanon in Colfax County, New Mexico, used to relate some good stories of Allison—probably you remember some of them. On one occasion Clay went into a res-

tauran! in Cimmarron to get dinner. At the table was a mortal enemy, by the name of "Chalk", who it appears was looking for Clay, and had pulled one of his six shooters, and some say laid it by his plate. Clay however, was too quick for him. He shot and killed "Chalk" in his seat. After getting dinner Clay leisurely mounted his horse and rode out to his ranch. Some days later Sheriff Rinehart obtained a warrant for the arrest of Allison and rode out to the ranch to serve same, and bring in his prisoner. Clay asked the Sheriff to see the warrant which was handed him. Clay then tore it up, reached over and took the sheriff's hat off his head, took it to a water hole and filled it with dirty water and put it back on the Sheriff's head. After the Sheriff got the water out of his eyes he mounted his horse and rode back to town without his prisoner. When it suited Clay's convenience he rode into town voluntarily and appeared in court for trial. He was acquitted of course. I did not see the above occurrence but Jule Howard our old Postmaster at Tascosa related it to me and vouched for its truth.

By the way Jule Howard killed the first white man that was killed in Tascosa. This man's name was Bob Russell and a son-in-law of old Ex-Sheriff Rinehart, formerly of Cimmarron, New Mexico." Jim gives me more interesting information about Dave Berry and Henry Boice. We sold our last herd to these men. He writes as follows: "Dave Berry of the old 777 ranch (ours was a part of this ranch on the Palo Duro). died in Montana. Henry Boice (Henry was the Manager of the outfit) was his partner up there, but some time after that Boice was engaged in the cattle commission business in Kansas City. Then he came back to the Pan Handle and managed XIT ranch at Channing, Texas, just north of Tascosa. After closing up the company cattle business he came to Arizona and had interests in the Chitahua Cattle Co. Henry Boice died quite a wealthy man about three or four years ago, but was not shot and killed in Fort Worth, as you were informed."

As an illustration of Allison's devilish disposition and his boisterous ways, it is told that on one of his many trips to New Mexico, he seemed to shuttle back and forth from Tex to Mex pretty often. He hung up at Las Vegas and was taken with an attack of the toothache. He visited a dentist and the operator pulled what was thought to be the trouble maker. Allison left the office and sauntered down the street, between drinks. From some cause or another the whiskey did not have that quieting and soothing effect that most good whiskey was expected to have, and the pain returned. This time he decided to visit a different dentist. He did so and the operator told him that the first dentist had pulled the wrong tooth. Allison left the office and headed for the first one under full sail and all cylinders wide open. He arrived spitting blood, and fire in his eye. He grabbed the operator and at the same time snatched the forceps, threw the man down, and held him until he had pulled the most of his teeth out, then he released him and said, "Good day sir."

For forty years we have had a faint memory of a story that was told us about that many years ago with reference to one of Allison's most thrilling and unique manner of killing his vic-

tims, and of late we have made many endeavors to reach the facts connected with this particular episode, but after writing a great many letters, making or having made for me investigations, we had almost given it up and decided that it all must be a myth or fiction or else we had dreamed it, although we had remembered quite distinctly of passing close to the place where it had happened and no doubt the natives had told us about it at the time.

And I had also remembered of having read in the Kansas City Times an account of this particular encounter and killing. This must have been some thirty years ago. I had made a clipping of the story and gave it to my wife for safe keeping. As the years advanced I would occasionally ask her if in the annual "round up" of house cleaning she might be able to find this carefully stored away newspaper yarn. It was impossible, she said, to find it, so it finally became a yearly night mare and I think she got a little sore and said once that I never gave her any such thing, besides it was rough stuff anyway and ought to be lost. Well this spring we found it and the story of Allison's killing Chunk is verified. The writer of this article however is considerably off regarding Allison's habits in after life and some other statements, since Ferd Davis and others give us the true facts of his death and how it was caused. The Kansas City Times story is as follows:

The man who told the story between the puffs of his cigar was from Texas, says the Kansas City Times. "Clay Allison's life was a tragic romance," he began. "Clay Allison was a desperado. He lived in the Red River country, in the Pan Handle. His trigger finger was busiest in the early '80s. His record was twenty-one. He boasted of it. Twenty-one dead men, whose graves were scattered from Dodge City to Santa Fe. I myself saw him kill Bill Chunk, a bad man, who shot people just for fun of seeing them fall. The two men had no cause for quarrel. They were the prize killers of the same section of the country. It was a spirit of rivalry which made them swear to shoot each other on sight. Their friends bet on the result of their first chance reconotre. They met one night at a cross-road inn in New Mexico and sat down at tables opposite each other, with their drawn six-shooters resting on their laps beneath their napkins. A plate of oysters on the shell had just been set before Chunk, when he dropped his hand, in careless fashion, and sent a ball at Allison beneath the table. Quick as a leap of lightning Allison's gun replied. A tiny red spot between Chunk's eyes marked where the bullet entered. The dead man rolled over on the table and was still, with his face downward in the dish of oysters.

"Allison was a large cattle owner. He went on a drive to Kansas City once, and while here fell in love, married, and took the woman to his home in the west to live. A child was born to them—a child whose face was as beautiful as the face of a cherub, but whose poor little body was horribly deformed. Allison loved the child with the great love of his passionate nature. In the babe's misshapen and twisted form his superstitious mind read a meaning as significant as that of the message which the divine hand wrote on the palace walls of the king of old in Babylon. God, he thought, had visited a curse

upon him for his sins. He quit his wild ways. He drank no more. No man ever after the birth of his child fell before his deadly pistol. He was completely changed. In the new life which followed he devoted himself with absorbing energy to his business interests. He became rich in time. Ten thousand cattle on the Texas ranges bore his brand. A few years ago he was driving from his ranch in a heavy road wagon to town. The front wheels jolted down into a deep rut. Allison was pitched headforemost to the ground. His neck was broken. The team joggled on into the distance and left him lying there dead and alone upon the prairie.' ”

I never heard of the circumstances he mentions connecting Allison's life with the afflicted child, and I think the magnitude of his wealth is considerable exaggerated, as are some of the rest of the statements, but the story of Chunk's death corresponds very closely with Ferd Davis's account. I note that this writer says he was present at the fight, I very much doubt it, because usually on such occasions spectators were pretty scarce, in fact, as a rule, there were no printed or other kind of invitations issued.

Now we have also to announce that some one has just sent to our address a newspaper, of recent number, containing a full description, giving in detail all of the circumstances connected with same and the place where it occurred, which was at Clifton, New Mexico, and it agrees exactly with the story and location as it was told us forty years ago. This newspaper account, is the product of Ferd Davis of Sunflower Valley, Colo., who was one of the earliest partners of Allison, and to whom we had written, but not having received any reply we despaired of getting him to answer. I presume we are indebted to him for this newspaper copy and we thank him. He tells the story and also other stories, accurately and with effect as follows:

“Clay Allison was a native of Tennessee, was six foot, two inches tall, weight about 175, black hair and big blue eyes, high forehead, and chin whiskers. He was a cripple. He never was shot but once, he did that himself accidentally. It made him a cripple for life. This shot was in the instep of his right foot. It was difficult for him to walk any great distance. During the civil war he was in the southern army, was captured, tried and condemned as a spy, and was sentenced to be shot.

There are some of the old timers who will read this article know Clay Allison as well as myself. They know that he had a very small hand, more like a woman's than a man's. The evening before he was to be shot the next morning, he slipped off the hand cuffs, killed the guard and got away. This story was told me by his brother, Monroe Allison, and I do not question it.

In 1873 there was a desperado by the name of Chunk, who killed Walter Walled on the San Francisco between former Senator Barela's ranch and Trinidad. It was said that Chunk had killed 14 men. He went from here to New Mexico, saying that his next man would be Clay Allison. It was but a short time till the two men met at the “Old Clifton” house in Colfax County, New Mexico. Both of these had good horses, those big blue eyes were gazing on Chunk for the first time, and if there ever was a man could read a gun man's thoughts it was

Allison. The first thing to do of course was to take a drink, and the next thing another drink until both men were filled with the worst stuff that ever went down a man's whistle. One proposed a horse race, and they went down to the race track below Old Clifton and ran a race, then they took some more of that stuff that destroys the youth and business qualities of a young man.

"Chunk beat Clay in the horse race, and there was some words between the two men, Allison slapped Chunk in the face, finally Chunk pretended to apologize. He told Clay he was sorry any trouble had come between them, and that he (Chunk) would give a supper to show his sincerity. So Chunk ordered the supper, and it was to be served by an old Spanish-American woman and it was to be across the road from the Clifton House in a lonely cabin. By the time supper was ready it was necessary to have a lamp because it was dark. The two men's plates were put facing each other, and they sat down to supper as friends, but I don't think either of them enjoyed their meal or paid much attention to what was on the table. Both men must have had their pistols on their laps. Chunk made a desperate attempt to pull his gun, but struck the table with the barrel, then Allison drew his gun and shot him in the head, it was proven beyond a doubt that Chunk wanted the name of killing Allison."

"There was a man by the name of King at Crow Creek who had a vega, and King would dog his cattle a long ways over the country. Allison rode up to where King was digging a well and told him he must quit dogging his cattle, King became very abusive, had his shot gun leaning against the windlass of the well. Allison sprang like a lion between him and his gun, he cut King all to pieces with a knife. There was a man in the well, Allison pulled him out, got on his horse, went to Cimmaron City and sent out a doctor. King recovered.

"Allison's next trouble was caused by a preacher, I think he was a Methodist. Whatever church he belonged to ought to have his record, for he was a fearless preacher of early days. His name was Golby. He was murdered between Cimmaron City and Taos. It was thought at the time that some one hired him murdered. The murder had been committed sometime, and the murderer was still at large. There was another preacher (don't remember his name) went around to all of the cow camps in the country showing the bloody saddle that preacher, Goldby was riding when he was killed. He told the cow boys that he knew the man that committed the murder, and knew where he was. Allison and some very prominent cattlemen of that day started to hunt for the murderer, and took the preacher along to identify him. They caught him. The preacher says, "We will now turn him over to the authorities." Allison told him, "We are the authorities." The preacher says, "I want him to have justice." Allison says, "I will see that he gets justice, according to your testimony." A few days after Allison went to Cimmaron City. Pancho, who was town marshal hadn't been there but a short time. The two men had never met before. They went into Lambert' saloon, and took drinks together. Pancho asked Allison to step back in the corner of the saloon, as if he had something confidential to

say to him, and Lambert heard the report of a pistol, and looked back in the corner and saw Pancho dead. Pancho was known to have killed several men.

"There was a company of colored soldiers sent out from Santa Fe to arrest Allison. They surrounded I. W. Lacey's house where they found him. The captain demanded his surrender, Allison told him that he would go with him anywhere if he would allow him to keep his arms. The captain agreed to do so. Allison was taken to Cimmaron City and turned over to Sheriff Rinehart. The sheriff says, "what can I do with him." The captain told him to take as many soldiers as he needed, so he asked for ten men, and started with Clay Allison to Taos. On the way Allison pretended that he wanted to re-cinch his saddle. He jumped behind a big rock and told Rinehart he would have to take the other end of the road, which he did. One of the colored soldiers says: "If de sheriff don't want Mistah Allison, what use have we for him." So Allison was left behind the rock"

Cap Arrington, who is still living and enjoying the quietness and retirement that is due the old timer, and who was in his day a snappy and fearless officer of the law, and in command of a company of rangers, had the following experience with Allison. A friend now of Lipscomb, Tex., knew Cap. Arrington very well, he writes me and says, "I always called him Harrington, thinking that was his name. He belongs to old, and the good old type of Texas Rangers. This is a story told by Cap himself. The Captain was sent, with a detail to Roberts County to be present and to assist in holding down the lid a little, while the boys organized the county. He and his company stopped at Fort Elliott, and were entertained and detained and encanteened long enough so that the Captain learned the P—l was in the vicinity. The Cap was not hunting P—l particularly, but knew there was a warrant for him, so decided to go and get P—l and bring him into Elliott. P—l had his trial and was acquitted. He found Allison was present also, and had just bought P—l's cattle and had paid down a small amount, with the understanding that the contract would be completed in Mobettie. They all met at Elliott on their way to Mobettie, and Allison in his devilish, joking way slipped up behind the Captain and removed his pistol. Cap told him with a calm and firm voice to "put the gun back". He did so. While Allison was itching for a fuss, he very seldom started one. They drove the cattle on to Mobettie and Allison proceeded to pay over the balance of the purchase price to P—l. Arrington told him not to pay the money to P—l, as a prisoner could not receive money while under arrest. P—l consented to this, providing the Captain would give a receipt for the money. Allison immediately demanded a receipt from Arrington also. The latter refusing to issue two receipts Allison got hostile and commenced to shift for position but Arrington was a little quicker in this instance and Clay realized that he had best back up and retire, under the existing circumstances.

An old time beef buyer for the government, first at Fort Dodge until about 1880, and then at Fort Elliotte, knew Clay Allison well, and at times Allison would stop at his place and

spend some days with him. Allison told him the details of his troubles and fight in New Mexico that have been referred to before, where it was mentioned that he was on his way to New Mexico to get his brother, John Allison, out of a scrape.

He also tells of a trip with Allison on horse back, and he had been told before starting, that if Allison ever asked him to take a drink, to be sure and drink, as Allison would in all probability kill him if he refused. After they had been on their way some time Clay pulled his bottle and passed it to him saying, "Take a drink" but he only smiled and thanked him, saying "he never drank." Allison took a regulation drink at that time but not another one on the entire trip. He also tells of an incident that occurred while Allison and he were on another trip. When they went into camp, Allison being pretty tight, found a certain species of what is called citron melon which grows wild in that section, and Allison in his maudlin condition mistook it for a water melon and made all kinds of frantic efforts to cut it open. That Citron could not have been opened with a buzz saw.

A very entertaining story is told of Clay Allison in "The Sunset Trail", written by Alfred Henry Lewis, and all credit is due the writer of this book for the vivid and true-to-life way he puts things that happened in the "bad man" age. However, there is some diverging opinions as to just the part that Bat Masterson took on this occasion and one of the boys who was present at this little pink tea, puts a different light on the facts from what Alfred Henry Lewis does. Charley Seringo, who has written me relating to his views of this fight or rather lack of a fight, is quite different, and does not give Bat quite as much Lime Light as Lewis does. Charley was one of the twenty-six Cow Boys who came all armed to the teeth and when Allison defied all of the Authorities, both city and county, and Bat being an officer, followed him around with his big buffalo rifle on cock, had he have even raised the gun, these twenty six boys would have annihilated the town and all of the officers therein. And when McNulta, a big cow man, finally put Allison to bed, Masterson and his gang were somewhat relieved, and loosened up their belts somewhat. McNulta had a brother and while I was at Doan's Crossing on the Red River they brought his body to the store. He had just been killed by one of his cow boys. There it was they prepared the body for removal to Dodge City. It is just announced in the daily papers that Bat Masterson was found dead, seated at his desk as sport reporter on some big paper in New York City. It is said that he had started to write a book on the West and some of us are curious to know what amount of red fire Bat will put on himself at this fight, the account of which follows by Lewis. There was one place however, that Bat showed up fine and that was at the Adobe Walls Indian Battle in 1874, when he and Billie Dixon shot out of the same window for two days and when they and twenty-four others stood off eight hundred hostile Indians. See Billie Dixon's full account of this remarkable battle at a later chapter of this book.

Quoting from Charley Seringo's book "A Lone Star Cow Boy" and describing one of his rides to Dodge City, "the toughest town on earth", he mentions that the first man he met on

the streets was Cape Willingham, who was sheriff of Tascosa and killed the first cow boy in Tascosa. Cape told him of many depredations committed by the Indians south of Dodge. Riding up the main street of Dodge he saw twenty-five mounted cow boys, holding rifles in their hands, facing one of the half dozen saloons, adjoining each other, on that side of the street. In passing this armed crowd one of them recognized Charley and calling him by name he said, "Fall in line quick, h—l is going to pop in a few minutes." He jerked his Winchester rifle from the scabbard and fell in line, "like most fool cow boys would have done." In a moment Clay Allison, the man killer, came out of one of the saloons, holding a pistol in his hand. With him was Mr. McNulta, (I mentioned Mr. McNulta's brother being brought into the store at Doans Crossing on the Red River, the day I was there by his cow boys, after one of them had killed him) owner of the large Pan Handle "Turkey Track" cattle outfit. Clay who was a little tight, remarked to the boys in line that none of the d— cowards were in that saloon, referring to the officers. Then a search was made in the next saloon for some of the policemen or the City Marshal (Bat Masterson and his deputies) so as to wipe them off the face of the earth, he said. His twenty-five cow boy friends had promised to help him clean up Dodge City and make it be good. After all the saloons had been searched Mr. McNulta succeeded in getting Clay to bed at Bob Wright's Hotel. Soon after the city law officers began to crowd out of their hiding places, and appear on the streets again. This account of Charley's, who was a participant, differs considerably from Alfred Henry Lewis' version and write up. It is really surmised by many, that Bat Masterson was the real author of that story and that Lewis polished it up and gave it the vernacular coloring. Bat was really painting himself in the red.

As we read Lewis' other stories, however, there is stirred in us the memories of those old scenes, and we feel the call to those wondrous, ever widening prairie lands and the weather-beaten breaks of the creeks and the rim rocked canyons and the wash of the water holes. The average man who has ever been there certainly feels the twangs of his heart strings, which are tuned like the plaintive harp to play that good old familiar song, "Somewhere A Voice Is Calling".

OLD PAL.

I wish that we could live the old days over,
Just once more.
I wish that we could hit the trail together,
Just once more.
Say, Ol' Pal, the years are slipping by,
With many a dream and many a sigh—
Let's chum together, you and I,
Just once more.

After a summary of how one Bennington Du Pont, just from the east, with a character not to the liking of any red blooded sport of those days, who from the beginning was nick named by Cimmarron Bill, "Ground Owl", because as he said, "the rattle snake don't kill 'em and no one knows wherefore,"

Lewis, the author starts his story thus:

"The Ground Owl's address was the Wright House. It was at this hostlery he received his earliest glimpse of Mr. Allison, and organized those insult-born differences.

"Mr. Allison's country was Las Animas and the region round about. He had been over in the Panhandle, and was spurring homeward by way of Dodge. Having put his weary pony in the corral, he sought his own refreshment at the Wright House.

"Mr. Allison was celebrated for force of character, and the democratic frankness of his sixshooters. His entrance into Las Animas' social circles had been managed with effect. That was seven years before, and Mr. Hixenbaugh told this of Mr. Allison's debut.

"Which I was in the Sound Asleep Saloon," explained Mr. Hixenbaugh, "tryin' to fill a club flush, when the music of fire-arms floats over from across the street. I goes to the door on the lope, bein' curious as to who's hit, an thar on t'other side I observes a sport who's sufferin' from one of them deformities called a clubfoot, and who's got a gun in each hand. He's jest caught Bill Gatling in the knee, an' is bein' harassed at with six-shooters by Gene Watkins an' Len Woodruff,* who's whangin' away at him from Crosby's door. I lands on the sidewalk in time to see him hive Gene with a bullet in the calf of his laig. Then Gene an' Bill an' Len, the first two bein' redooced to chawl on hands an' knees by virchoo of them bullets, takes refooge in Crosby's, an' surveys this club-foot party a heap respectful from a winder. As I crosses over to extend congratyoolations, he w'rls on me.

"'Be you too a hostile?' he asks, domineerin' at me with his guns.

"'Hostile nothin'!' I replies; 'I'm simply comin' over in a sperit of admiration. What's the trouble?'

"'Stranger,' he says, 'that question is beyond me. I've only been in your town four minutes, an' yet thar seems to be a kind o' prejewdyce ag'inst me in the minds of the ignorant few. But never mind,' he concloods; 'we're all cap'ble of mistakes. My name's Clay Allison, an' these folks'll know me better by an' by. When they do know me, an' have arrived at a complete onderstandin' of my pecouliarities, they'l lwalk 'round me like I was a swamp.' "

"Following this introduction, it would appear that Mr. Allison was taken into fellowship by Las Animas. The crippled foot and the consequent limp were lost sight of when he was in the saddle. When he was afoot they went verbally unnoticed, since it was his habit to use a Winchester for a crutch.

"After eight weeks in Las Animas, Mr. Allison felt as much at home as though he had founded the town. Also, he became nervously sensitive over the public well-being, and, mounted on a milk-white pony, which he called his "wah hoss," rode into open court, and urged that convention of justice, then sitting, to adjourn. Mr. Allison made the point that a too per-

* (Len Woodruff was the Bar Tender in Jim East's saloon and was the real hero in the Big Gun fight at Tascosa in 1886, when he killed King, Chilton and Valley. The story of this battle at Tascosa follows in a later chapter.)

sistent holding of court militated against a popular repose. Inasmuch as he accompanied his opinions with the crutch-Winchester aforesaid, their soundness was conceded by the presiding judge. The judge, as he ordered an adjournment, said that in the face of what practical arguments were presented by Mr. Allison he was driven to regard the whole theory of courts as at best but academic.

"Later, by two months, Mr. Allison was driven to slay the Las Animas marshal. In this adventure he again demonstrated the accurate workings of his mind. The marshal, just before he drifted into the infinite, had emptied the right barrel of a Greener 10-gauge into Mr. Allison's brother, John. A shotgun has two barrels, and the jury convoked in the premises, basing decision on that second barrel and arguing from all the circumstances that the late officer was gunning for the entire Allison family, gave a verdict of self-defence.

"Mr. Allison was honorably acquitted, and the acquittal much encouraged his belief in justice. It showed him too the tolerant spirit of Las Animas, and he displayed his appreciation thereof by engaging in that rugged Western pastime known as "Standing the Town on Its Head." Indeed, Mr. Allison made the bodily reversal of Las Animas a sacred duty to be performed twice a year; but since he invariably pitched upon Christmas and the Fourth of July for these pageantries, the public, so far from finding invidious fault, was inclined to join with him. In short, so much were Mr. Allison and Las Animas one in soul and sentiment, that the moment they had conquered the complete acquaintance of each other they—to employ a metaphor of the farms—"fell together like a shock of oats." Mr. Allison was proud of Las Animas, while Las Animas looked upon Mr. Allison as the chief jewel in its crown.

"On the breath of admiration some waif-word of the hardy deeds of Mr. Allison would now and again be wafted down the river to Dodge. Envious ones, who hated Dodge and resented its high repute as "a camp that was never treed," had been even heard to prophesy that Mr. Allison would one day devote a leisure hour to subjecting Dodge to those processes of inversion which Las Animas had enjoyed, and leave its hitherto unconquered heels where its head should be. These insolent anticipations would wring the heart of Cimarron Bill.

"You can hock spurs an' pony," he was wont to respond, 'that if Clay ever shakes up Dodge, he'll shake it in the smoke.'

"Mr. Masterson, when the threats of an Allison invasion were brought to his notice, would say nothing. He held it unbecoming his official character to resent a hypothesis, and base declarations of war on an assumption of what might be.

"'It's bad policy,' quoth Mr. Masterson, 'to ford a river before you reach it. It'll be time to settle what Dodge'll do with Clay, when Clay begins to do things to Dodge. He'll have to open a game, however, that no one's ever heard of, if Dodge don't get better than an even break.'

"'Shore!' coincided Cimarron Bill, confidently. 'The idee, because Clay can bluff 'round among them Las Animas tarra-pins without gettin' called, that he can go dictatin' to Dodge, is eediotic. He'd be too dead to skin in about a minute! That's straight; he wouldn't last as long as a drink of whiskey!'

"The Ground Owl was alone in the breakfast room of the Wright House when Mr. Allison limped in. All men have their delicate side, and it was Mr. Allison's to regard the open wearing of one's iron-mongery as bad form. Wherefore, he was accustomed to hide the Colt's pistols wherewith his hips were decked, beneath the tails of a clerical black coat. Inasmuch as he had left the Crutch-Winchester with his sombrero at the hatrack, even an alarmist like the Ground Owl could discover nothing appalling in his exterior. The halting gait and the black coat made for a harmless impression that went far to unlock the derision of the Ground Owl. He treated himself to an evil grin as Mr. Allison limped to a seat opposite; but Mr. Allison didn't catch the malicious gleam of it, the grin got by unchallenged.

"It was a breakfast custom of the Wright House to provide doughnuts as a fashion of a side-dish whereat a boarder might nibble while awaiting the baking-powder biscuit, 'salt hoss,' canned tomatoes, tinned potatoes, coffee and condensed milk that made up the lawful breakfast of the caravansary. Las Animas being devoid of doughnut example of the Ground Owl, he tasted that delicacy. The doughnut as an edible proved kindly to the palate of Mr. Allison, and upon experiment he desired more. The dish had been drawn over to the elbow of the Ground Owl, and was out of his reach. Perceiving this, Mr. Allison pointed with appealing finger.

" 'Pard,' said Mr. Allison, politely, 'please pass them fried holes.'

" 'Fried holes!' cried the Ground Owl, going off into derisive laughter. 'Fried holes! Say! you limp in your talk like you do in your walk! Fried holes-' and the Ground Owl again burst into uninstructed mirth.

"The Ground Owl's glee was frost-bitten in the bud. The frost that nipped it was induced by a Colt's pistol in the hand of Mr. Allison, the chilling muzzle not a foot from his scared face. The Ground Owl's veins ran ice; he choked and fell back in his helpless chair. Not less formidable than the Colt's pistol was the fury-twisted visage of Mr. Allison.

"Even in his terror the Ground Owl recalled the word of Mr. Masterson.

" 'Don't shoot,' he squeaked. 'I'm unarmed!'

"For one hideous moment Mr. Allison hesitated; it was in his mind to violate a precedent, and slaughter the gunless Ground Owl where he sat. But his instincts and his education made against it; he jammed his weapon back into its scabbard with the terse command:

" 'Go heel yourse'f, you bull-snake! Dodge'll have you or me to plant!'

"The Ground Owl groped his frightened way to the door. A moment later he was burrowing deep beneath a stack of alfalfa hay in Mr. Trask's corral, and it would have been necessary to set fire to the hay to find him. Mr. Allison sat glaring, awaiting the Ground Owl's return—which he never doubted. He no longer wanted breakfast, he wanted blood.

"Dodge knew nothing of these ferocious doings—the insult, the flight of the Ground Owl, and the vicious waiting of Mr. Allison. The first news of it that reached Dodge was when

Mr. Allison—rifle in its saddle-scabbard, six-shooters at his belt—came whooping and spurring, the sublimation of warlike defiance, into the town's main thoroughfare. He had saddled that bronco within twenty feet of the Ground Owl, shivering beneath the hay. The explosive monologue with which he had accompanied the saddling, and wherein he promised a host of bloody experiences to the Ground Owl, rendered that recreant as cold as a key and as limp as a rag.

"After a mad dash up and down the street, enlivened by divers war shouts, Mr. Allison pulled up in front of Mr. Webster's Alamo Saloon. Sitting in the saddle, he fiercely demanded the Ground Owl at the hands of the public, and threatened Dodge with extinction in case he was denied.

"Affairs stood thus when Jack turned Mr. Masterson out of his blankets. The soul of Jack was in arms. It would have broken his boy's heart had Mr. Allison flung forth his challenge in the open causeways of Dodge and departed, unaccommodated, unrebuked, to cheer Las Animas with a recount of his prowess.

"That's business!" exulted Jack, 'as the double cluck' of Mr. Masterson's buffalo gun broke charmingly upon his ear. 'Send daylight plumb through him! Don't let him go back to Las Animas with a yarn about how Dodge laid down to him!'

"It was the first impression of Mr. Masterson that Mr. Allison's purpose was to merely feed his self-love by a general defiance of Dodge. He would ride and shout and shoot and disport himself unlawfully. In this he would demonstrate the prostrate sort of the Dodgeian nerve.

"Mr. Masterson was clear that this contumely must be checked. It would never do to let word drift into Texas that Dodge had wilted. Were that to occur, when the boys with the Autumn herds came in, never a mirror in town would survive; the very air would sing and buzz with contemptuous bullets. Mr. Masterson, from his window, came carefully down on Mr. Allison with the buffalo gun; he would reprove that fatuous egotist, whose conceit it was to fancy that he could stand up Dodge.

"Mr. Masterson would have instantly shot Mr. Allison from the saddle, but was withstood by a detail. Mr. Allison's six-shooters were still in his belt; his Winchester was still in its scabbard beneath his leg. These innocuous conditions constrained Mr. Masterson to pause; he must, according to the rule in such case made and provided, wait until a weapon was in the overt hand of Mr. Allison.

"Mr. Masterson could make neither head nor tail of what Mr. Allison was saying. For the most it was curse, and threat, coupled with pictures of what terrific punishments—to cure it of its pride—Mr. Allison would presently inflict upon Dodge. This being all, however, Mr. Masterson could do no more than wait—being at pains, meanwhile, to see the oratorical Mr. Allison through both sights of the buffalo gun. When Mr. Allison snatched a pistol from his belt, that would be Mr. Masterson's cue; he would then drill him for the good of Dodge and the instruction of Las Animas.

"Having the business wholly in hand, it was next the

thought of Mr. Masterson to obviate interference. He turned to Jack:

"Skip out, and tell Kell and Short and Cimarron not to run in on Clay. Tell 'em I've got him covered and to keep away. If they closed in on him, they might blank my fire.'

"When Jack was gone, Mr. Masterson again settled to his aim, picking out a spot under the right shoulder of Mr. Allison wherein to plant the bullet.

"It's where I'd plug a buffalo bull,' ruminated Mr. Masterson, 'and it ought to do for Clay.'

"Mr. Allison maintained his verbal flow unchecked. He had elocutionary gifts, had Mr. Allison, and flaunted them. Mingling scorn with reproach, and casting defiance over all, he spake in unmeasured terms of Dodge and its inhabitants. But never once did he lay hand to gun; it was solely an exhibition of rhetoric.

"Mr. Masterson waxed weary. There were spaces when the mills of Mr. Allison's vituperation ran low; at such intervals Mr. Masterson would take the buffalo gun from his shoulder. Anon, Mr. Allison's choler would mount, his threats and maledictions against all things Dodgeian would soar. Thereupon, hope would relight its taper in the eye of Mr. Masterson; he would again cover Mr. Allison with his buffalo gun. Mr. Allison's energy would again dwindle, and the light of hope again sink low in the Masterson eye. The buffalo gun would be given another recess. First and last, by the later word of Mr. Masterson, Mr. Allison was covered and uncovered twenty times. It was exceedingly fatiguing to Mr. Masterson, who was losing respect for Mr. Allison, as one all talk and no shoot.

"While Mr. Allison vituperated, his glance roved up and down the street.

"What's the matter with him!' considered Mr. Masterson disgustedly. 'Why doesn't he throw himself loose!'

"Mr. Masterson's disgust became amazement when Mr. Allison turned in his saddle, and asked in tones wherein was more of complaint than challenge:

"Where's Bat Masterson? He's on the squar-' He won't let no cheap store clerk put it all over me, an' get away! Where's Bat?'

"As though seeking reply, Mr. Allison in a most pacific manner got down from the saddle, and limped away out of range into Mr. Webster's Alamo.

"Mr. Masterson pitched the buffalo gun into a corner, put on his more personal artillery, and repaired to the Alamo with the thought of investigating the phenomenon. In the Alamo he found Mr. Allison asking Mr. Webster—who looked a bit pale—to send for Mr. Masterson.

"Have somebody round Bat up," said Mr. Allison, peevishly. 'Which I want a talk with him about my injuries.'

"What's wrong, Clay?" asked Mr. Masterson—outwardly careless, inwardly as alert as a bobcat. 'What's gone wrong?'

"Is that you, Bat?" demanded Mr. Allison, facing around on his lame foot. 'Wherever have you been for the last half hour? I've hunted you all over camp.'

"Where have I been for a half hour? I've been seesawing on you with a Sharp's for the better part of it.'

" 'Is that so!' exclaimed Mr. Allison, while his face lighted up with a kind of pleased conviction. 'Thar, d'ye see now! While I was in that saddle I could feel I was covered every moment. It was the sperits tellin' me! They kept warnin' me that if I batted an eye or wagged an ear I was a goner. It was shore one of them prov'dential hunches which is told of by gospel sharps in pra'r-meetin's.'

"Mr. Masterson's indignation was extreme when he had heard the story of Mr. Allison's ill usage. And at that, his anger rested upon the wrongs of Dodge rather than upon those of Mr. Allison.

" 'One may now see,' said Mr. Masterson, 'the hole into which good people can be put by a cowardly outcast of the Ground Owl tpye. That disgusting Ground Owl might have been the means of killing a dozen men. Here he turns in an' stirs Clay up; and then, when he's got him keyed to concert pitch, he sneaks away and hides, and leaves us with Clay on our hands!'

"Cimarron Bill came into the Alamo; his brow turned dark with the scandal of those friendly relations between Mr. Masterson and Mr. Allison, which he saw and did not understand. Drawing aside, he stood moodily at the end of the bar, keeping a midnight eye the while on Mr. Allison, thirsting for an outbreak.

"Mr. Masterson approached him craftily—being diplomatic and having a mind to preserve the peace.

" 'There's something I want you to do, Cimarron,' said Mr. Masterson, easily. The other brightened. 'No, not that-' continued Mr. Masterson, intercepting a savage look which Cimarron bestowed upon Mr. Allison, 'not Clay.'

" 'Who then?' demanded Cimarron, greatly disappointed.

" 'The other one,' responded Mr. Masterson, 'Still I don't want you to overplay. You must use judgment, and while careful not to do too little, be equally careful not to do too much. This is the proposition: You are to go romancing 'round until you locate that miscreant Ground Owl. Once located, you are to softly, yet sufficiently, bend a gun over his head.'

" 'Leave the Ground Owl to me,' said Cimarron Bill, his buoyant nature beginning to collect itself. As he went forth upon his mission, he tossed this assurance over his shoulder: 'You gents'll hear a dog howl poco tempo, an' when you do you can gamble me an' that Ground Owl clerk has crossed up with one another.'

" 'That,' observed Mr. Short, who arrived in time to hear the commission give Cimarron Bill, 'that's what I call getti' action both ways from the jack. You split out Cimarron from Clay here; an' at the same time arrange to stampepe that malignant Ground Owl out o' camp. Which I always allowed you had a head for business, Bat.'

"Cimarron Bill was wrong. He did not cut the trail of the vermin Ground Owl—lying close beneath the alfalfa of Mr. Trask! Neither did any dog howl that day. But Dodge was victorious without. It was rid of the offensive Ground Owl; when the sun went down that craven one crept forth, and fled by cloak of night.

" 'Which it goes to show,' explained Cimarron Bill, judg-

matically, when a week later he was recovered from the gloom into which Mr. Allison's escape had plunged him, 'which it goes to show that every cloud has a silver lining' Clay saves himself; but that Ground Owl has to go. It's a stand-off. We lose on Clay; but we shore win on that Ground Owl man.' "

Either before or after this happening Charley Shideler and myself, had an experience in Dodge City which calls to my mind a character, but one who made good, similar to the Ground Owl as he is described. One early spring when we were East, there lived in Attica, Indiana, a young fellow by the name of Otis Green. He was well named as he was certainly some green. He was ambitious, however, and wanted to learn the cattle trade and insisted on going west with us. We discouraged him and told him that prairie dogs as big as calves would eat him up, besides we ourselves were regular hard boiled, well seasoned cow men and we had no use for a boy who was of that particular green hue. The day of departure came and Otis was at the train with his little Smith and Weston revolver and high top boots. We could not shake him. We all landed in Dodge at Bob Wright's Hotel. We were waiting for a way to get down to the Palo Duro, one hundred and sixty-five miles due south. While in town we found out that Otis was not afraid and had no yellow streak like the Ground Owl, but at the same time we felt that he would not look well in a cow camp, where we were going, so on the morning of our departure, we "causally like" slipped out of town and left Otis to the tender mercies of the town limits of this wicked cow town. The moral to this story, and the shame that came to us, was the successful career of this green lad, who after all had the stuff in him. He wanted work and hired to some big outfit in Clay Allison's country and in the spring round up Clay Allison was elected captain of the round-up, and Otis was detailed by Allison as horse wrangler for the entire round-up. He made good and afterwards did better than being a horse wrangler, and after getting his nerve in tune, his father, Dr. Green, moved to Florida. Otis's ambition was unquenched. He resolved to be a lawyer and he made a good one too. His goal was reached when he was elected Attorney General of his adopted state, Florida.

After considerable research for the facts and localities connected with Allison's numerous reported killings we are led to believe that his supposed record of twelve killings is somewhat exaggerated, and we now think, and can testify that he may have had as many as twelve or more fights, but it is quite doubtful if he killed a man every time he had a fight.

Men who are now living and who knew Allison well, relate, and their testimony shows that Allison was always well thought of, and was a man of considerable influence for the good things. Among such men is Levy Shick, now of Plainview, Texas, who says, "Allison was a fine man when sober, and a very intelligent man." He liked him very much and had no fear of him, but says, "Allison was by far the most fearless man on the plains and in that part of the country at any time in its history, barring none."

I have been fortunate in having a writing acquaintance, who sent an inquiry about my writing the history of Clay Allison, and he has proved so interesting, since he is a man of wide

experience and much travel in nearly all of the wildest parts of the west, and also has a very entertaining pen, that it is a pleasure to print one of the best stories which he furnishes of Clay Allison, that I have been able to obtain. Although it shows Clay in this instance as a vengeful man, a trait that I did not think he had; however, I suppose, after the beating he got, he felt so ashamed that he had to have revenge. He tells it in a splendid way and I think got the story from an old judge of the court, who used to hold court in Colfax county, New Mexico, in an early day and who knew Clay Allison well. He says, "An incident in Clay Allison's life, and there must be some truth in it, for I heard of it on more than one occasion. I even read it once, and that was, that three men beat him up unmercifully one time, laid him out and put him to bed, and that when he recovered, he started out to find them and followed them for months, trailed two of them into Montana and killed them in Musselshell or Judith Basin Country. It seems to me that he found one of them in Lewiston, which is in the Musselshell country. The two men he was hunting were not together at the time but were killed separately in the vicinity I speak of. If the beating up didn't take place in Trinidad, and I don't think it did, then it happened in Durango. Allison was certainly in and around Durango, and he was also in Rico, on the Dolores River, the wildest camp in Colorado. He ran, or was with, Ike Stockton for a while in that part of Colorado, Stockton was hanged in Durango, lynched I believe."

Mr. McCarthy, the gentleman spoken of before, has recently interviewed Ex-Sheriff Bill Hale, of Lipscomb County, Texas, who is an old Texas man, and a man who lived next door neighbor to Clay Allison's sister, and her husband for several years, in Texas. Hale stated that Allison's sister's married name was Haggert, and that she is now living in Missouri. Clay Allison visited a good deal with his brother, John, who had a ranch once on the Washita, a few miles below where Billy Dixon had the Buffalo Wallow fight. They all lived together one time, also, a few miles south of Higgins, Texas, in Hemphill County. (The reader will recall that in the fight, in the Dance House, at Las Animas, when the Allison's killed Charley Faber, the Marshal, who had said that he would kill Allison on sight, John was shot in the arm by Faber, but not killed. Jim East, in a comparison of Clay and John makes the statement of the fact that he considered John the cooler and of better judgment in a gun fight than Clay, and in addition was a stayer.)

Hale adds, that Clay Allison was about thirty-five years old in 1886, and might have weighed from 180 to 190 pounds. Was broad shouldered, round, full face, large prominent features, heavy black hair and mustache, six foot two, or thereabouts, and very active and quick in his movements, an Apollo. This description is from a man who knew him, dealt with, and bought hogs from him when the family lived below Higgins, but who knew little pertaining to his boisterous early history. (The above correct description of Allison and his appearance and peculiar movements, are very accurate and tally with our impressions of the man as we knew him and as we remember his many characteristics.

Clay Allison was born in Tennessee and commenced his early ranching in southern Colorado, near Animas. Soon he moved to the Washita and married there. It seems strange and almost unreasonable to know that a man of the disposition and type of Clay Allison, and knowing of the many chances he had of being killed in, what you might say, a fairly decent way, should at last, and in his prime, succumb and come to the insignificant manner of his death that is vouched for by W. W. Owen who was one of his early partners in the cattle business, and has the facts at hand. The circumstances connected with his taking off was as follows:— Mr. Owens states that when Allison left his section he went to New Mexico, but what point he was not certain. He says that Allison wrote him frequently up to the time he was killed, and the way he came about being killed was; Allison became angry at a cow boy of his who, for some reason or another, had done something which he did not approve of, so he got his gun and started for the place where the cow boy was. On the road Allison stopped at the home of an old freighter friend and was pretty typsey. The freighter soon learned what Allison was up to, so he persuaded him to stop and eat dinner with him, thinking that he could in the meantime divert his mind from committing the homicide. The freighter's wagon was loaded and with the teams hitched on, and Allison soon became possessed of the idea that he must show the freighter that he, Allison, was the best driver of a freighter that ever cracked a whip over the horses. So he climbed up on the wagon, gathered the lines, gave a yip and yell or two, and started in to show how to do some fancy driving. The team of course answered the yip, and the wagon struck a chuck hole and Allison fell off the tetering seat. He fell between the wheels of the wagon, and the rear wheel of the heavily loaded wagon ran over his back, breaking his back, and of course killing him.

The span of forty years has passed since we met Clay Allison, and since his unromantic death. After that time Dodge City, Caldwell, Tascosa, Mobettie, and other border towns, have washed the war paint off, the buffalo hunter has hung his big "Sharpe" on the pegs in the wall, the Indian and his squaw are fairly content on the reservation and the Cow Man has hid his 45. Now has come the railroad, the trolley, the automobile and nearly all of the early denizens, who are now living, are not at all averse to hitting the old Sante Fe, Jones, Plummer and Chisholm trails in the newer and faster ways. The Red Skin, particularly, now looks disdainfully on the lowly cayuse as he enjoys his oil wealth in his Packard, and with his Piano Player and his Victrola—what an evolution.

Some desultory and off hand stories have been told and published touching on the early life of such old Cow Towns as I have mentioned above, also, on some of the characters therein, but I have never been able to find any books written by any one who had "been there" during their most boisterious days. I am told that Bob Wright who was in Dodge, and was a part of its early history, has published his book and I am now endeavoring to locate one. Mr. E. M. Dearley of the Dallas News, a very forceful writer and a reporter who has a digging nose, has published some articles on those lines and has recently put out

a good description of the early days and present condition, describing the rise and fall of Tascosa and has promised to write up other towns, and with his permission I take the liberty of reprinting his story, from the fact that we knew the place and some of the high flyers in this Cosmopolitan Cow town, on the banks of the Canadian River the belligerent Tascosa.

One of the biggest Gun Fights ever pulled off in the West was at this same Tascosa, which we have referred to as being one of the wild border towns, and it is fitting to analyze the prime cause of some of these battles. It's most probable that women were the cause of most of them.

In the following article it will show that Lem Woodruff, the real hero, of the battle was at the outs with some woman, and she immediately took up with King, and urged King to get even with Woodruff by killing him. It is necessary at this time to cite the fact that of all the Gun Fights that Clay Allison was engaged in, it is not recorded that a single one of these battles were brought about by the presence, or at the instigation of women, and I feel safe in saying that while Allison was in appearance a very handsome man, in fact an Appolo, yet he did not appear to ever have been entangled in any Gun Fight over women.

A BIG GUN FIGHT

By Edward M. Dealey.

"In the golden days of the cattle industry, when fences were unknown and grass was free, the Panhandle cowboys on a tear used to mount the bar in old Tascosa, Texas, and sing out:

"I'm a wolf and this is my night to howl. I've got two rows of teeth—one for ransacking graveyards and one for devouring human beings."

"And they howled. For Tascosa in those days was the liveliest town in the Panhandle—a wide-open, red-hot coal of vitality, whose saloons, gambling palaces and dance halls never closed, day or night, except for funerals.

"It was an oasis in a dreary waste. For miles and miles around the cattle ranges stretched away in grassy monotony, and under the broiling sun a man could ride all day without meeting another human being.

"But in Tascosa itself all was different. Here was the Western cow-town de luxe. Scores of sleek horses stood tied day and night to the rails at the side of the main street. Bronzed cowpunchers with jingling spurs and broad-brimmed hats swung sturdily along on high-heeled boots. From the brilliantly-lighted saloons, lurid squares of light ascended to the skies through doors that were seldom closed. Women laughed to the accompaniment of the rattle of dice on mahogany bars. From Hogtown way, the strains of lively music floated in the air, Poker chips clinked and men swore loudly. Now and then, with a rush of hoofs, a little knot of cowpunchers swung down the main street in close and swiftly-moving formation—bound for the open prairie and the long ride back to headquarters. Occasionally a pistol shot rang out—the trigger pulled now in a mere spirit of fun and hilarity, now with more sinister intent.

"Dangerous days, but pleasant ones. An uncertain at-

mosphere where sudden death might be met just around the corner, but one in which the very elixir of life floated. The men of Tascosa were of the West—men cradled in violence who lived and died violently. None came here who was not prepared to accept it as it was. The calmness and peace of the older civilization, with its less poignant joys and sorrows, was purposely forsaken by these young and virile men of the frontier in order that whatever life held for them might be quaffed to the dregs in one swift drink—and forgotten.

“Such was Tascosa in the late '70s and early '80s and such was the spirit of its inhabitants.

“And today, what? Is Tascosa a sleepy little village that, with the passage of time, has become tamed? Do the same men that once made these streets resound with their good-natured ribaldry and their wholesome laughter still hang on to life in the old town—sober, sedate and dignified citizens?

“The answer is no. For Tascosa there was no such peaceful old age. True to the spirit of the times which gave her birth, she lived her life and died before the glory of those colorful days had quite departed.

“Today Tascosa is no more. The solid double lines of adobe saloons and stores have given way before the ravages of the wind and the rain. Only with difficulty can one trace through the tangled grass and underbrush the line of what was once the main street. In its palmy days a town of several hundred people, it is now deserted except for one old woman and her dog. Desolation reigns supreme. The birds of the air and the little rodents of the field now hold undisputed sway over what was once the second city of the Panhandle.

“After all, perhaps, it is fitting that it is so—fitting that Tascosa should pass into the discard along with the old-time cowboy and the longhorn steer—fitting that this old town which buried so many of the boys with their boots on should itself finally be ‘bumped off’ with its own boots on.

“Tascosa’s story has been hinted at here and there, but the tale as a whole has never been told. And yet it most richly deserves to be. At Tascosa, in the late 70’s and early 80’s the ‘wild and wooly’ West lived in epitome. At Tascosa it is that the famous Boot Hill Cemetery stands—the hill upon which are buried the bodies of some twenty-five or more men, all of whom ‘died with their boots on.’ At Tascosa it was, in the free grass days, that the old trail drivers often stopped for a few hours’ rest before making the long jump to Dodge City. Here it was, also, that the famous New Mexico bandit, Billy the Kid, sometimes sojourned between killings. Here it was, too, that Pat Garrett, the man who ‘got’ Billy the Kid, frequently stopped. And here it was, on March 21, 1886, that one of the most bloody gun battles of early Panhandle days took place—a battle in which four men were killed and two wounded, a battle that, in the matter of a successful fight against overwhelming odds, deserves to go down in frontier history as second only to the famous fight of ‘Wild Bill’ Hickok with the McCandlas gang—one man against ten—and to that of ‘Buckshot’ Roberts with the gang of Billy the Kid at Blazer’s Mill, one man against thirteen.

The Big Fight at Tascosa.

"There are several versions of this fight at Tascosa. Some say that it started in an argument about cattle. This report, however, probably owes its origin to the fact that three of the men killed were cowboys on the L. S. ranch. One knowing this, and not knowing the real bone of contention, would naturally ascribe the cause of the hostilities to some kind of a mixup about cattle—as this, indeed, was a most fertile soil for the production of feuds and battles in those early days. However, the real cause of the trouble, according to persons who were there at the time and who are yet living, was that which is responsible for most of man's troubles, the same as that which started the original difficulty of mankind in the Garden of Eden—woman.

"This is the tale of the fight. Len Woodruff, a Tascosa bartender and a former L X cowpuncher, had a sweetheart named Sally. Woodruff and Sally had a falling out, and the lady in the case began 'keeping company' with Ed King, an L S cowpuncher. Sally, still holding a grudge against her former lover, asked King to 'get' Woodruff for her. King, with the gallantry of the times, and perhaps also with a natural liking for a fight, proceeded to do his best to accommodate the lady. He made preparations to go gunning for Woodruff.

Breeding Trouble.

"A few nights previous to the fatal shooting—so the tale goes—Woodruff, in company with a lady friend and Captain Jinks, the owner of the 'Hogtown' dance hall, was sitting inside a building fronting on the main street of the town. Hoofbeats and yelling were heard outside. Woodruff walked to the window and looked out. Ed King, accompanied by two of his fellow-cowpunchers, Frank Valley and Fred Chilton, was riding past the house. King, who was pretty well 'tanked up,' was crying:

"'Where is that — — —, pretty Ed?'"

"'Pretty Ed' was a cognomen he had manufactured extemporaneously for the purpose of humiliating Woodruff. Woodruff, of course, knew that the epithet was meant for him. He came back from his position at the window and, sitting down again, burst into tears. He said he knew that King and Valley and Chilton were going to kill him.

"'But I would rather be killed like a dog and buried here in Tascosa,' he said, determinedly, 'rather than to have anyone say that those — — —s ran me out of town. D—d me if I leave!'"

The Fatal Night.

"A few nights later, on March 21, 1886, to be exact, Woodruff, who was tending bar at Martin Dunn's saloon, closed up shop about midnight and went out by the back door. It was a clear, moonlit night. The stars were shining overhead, and all was deathly quiet except that, from across the street, where two or three saloons were still open, there floated the sound of music, the clink of glasses, the rattle of poker chips and the monotonous undertone of men's voices.

"In his hip pocket Woodruff had a bottle of brandy which he was taking to 'Rocking Chair Emma,' a new sweetheart he had acquired in Hogtown, the underworld district of the town.

With Woodruff was a man named Charlie Emory.

"Emory and Woodruff walked from the rear door of the saloon to the street. To do this it was necessary for them to walk through a narrow passageway formed by the walls of two buildings. Naturally, in this passageway it was very dark and anyone on the street would be hard put to distinguish a man's form in the gloom. Hence, as Woodruff and Emory stepped onto the sidewalk of the street, they, to the surprise of all, came face to face with Ed King and a cowboy by the name of John Lang. Lang was a friend of King's.

King Is Killed.

"No one knows to this day what words passed between these four men at this unexpected meeting, or whether any words were passed at all. All that is known is that the shooting started right there. All four men were armed with sixshooters and all used them. When the smoke cleared away Ed King was lying on his face in the street, dead. Woodruff was shot through the groin and Emory was wounded in several places.

"John Lang, King's companion, the only man not hit in the shooting, took to his heels and ran into Jim East's saloon, where Frank Valley and Fred Chilton were playing poker. He rushed over to the card table and informed these men that Len Woodruff and his gang had killed Ed King and that Charlie Emory was shot to pieces.

"Meanwhile Woodruff had retreated to his sleeping-room, a little adobe square just at the rear of Dunn's saloon, while Emmory had managed to drag himself into the shelter of a near-by blacksmith shop.

King's Companions Seek Revenge

"Valley and Chilton, upon being informed by Lang of what had taken place, jumped from their chairs, and running to the bar, demanded their sixshooters from Button Griffith, the bartender. In accordance with the standing order of Sheriff Jim East,* they had turned in their guns at the bar when they entered the saloon. This was a necessary precaution in those days.

"Button Griffith, of course must have sensed that there was trouble in the air, and could perhaps have avoided further bloodshed had he refused to give these men their guns. Or perhaps by refusing he might have caused the letting of even

* Jim East could be a good sheriff and a square saloon keeper at the same time. I have recently received some letters from him, which of course touch on the historic times in and around Tascosa and other powder smoked cow towns. He cites the fact of our being on the Palo Duro while he was officiating as sheriff and trying to keep the lid on and at the same time loosening up enough so the boys could kill some cheap gambler occasionally. He tells me he remembers our outfit, known as the old Newell ranch, and says he knew well Berrv, the man whom we sold our cattle to, and who used this brand, 777. Henry Boice was his foreman. Jim says that Boice became a prosperous Commission Man in Kansas City, although we had heard that he was killed in the stock yards at Fort Worth by a Cow Puncher, who Henry had rebuked for abusing his horse. East refers to a noted character around Dodge who was called "Crophy". He had lost an ear and that fact caused the nick name. He is prosperous and active yet. During Roosevelt's administration he was appointed U. S. Marshall of some District in the West. Jim is now living at Douglas, Ariz., and is a prominent and influential citizen, enjoying a life of ease and comfort and awaits the long call to night herd.

more blood, including his own. Whatever his mental reflections might have been on this occasion, at any rate, he did not demur, but promptly handed Chilton and Valley their guns.

"Immediately the two men ran out and cut diagonally across the street, passing along the side of Dunn's saloon and making toward Woodruff's sleeping quarters.

Sheets Killed by Mistake.

"Meantime, a man by the name of Jesse Sheets, who conducted a little restaurant adjoining Dunn's saloon, heard the early shooting and pulling on his pants and shoes, had stepped out at the rear of his place of business to see what the rumpus was all about. As Valley and Chilton rounded the rear end of Dunn's saloon they "spotted" Sheets standing there in the dark. They took him to be Louis Bozeman, supposedly one of Woodruff's gang. Valley, therefore, at once stopped short, and, resting the gun along the rear wall of Dunn's saloon, fired. The bullet struck Sheets right between the eyes, killing him instantly. Valley cried to Chilton:

" 'I got one of them-'

"He then ran forward to join his partner, who was by this time nearing Woodruff's door.

"Woodruff, taking advantage of the few moments of respite that had elapsed since the killing of King, had barricaded himself inside his room. He had with him his sixshooter and a 45-70 Winchester rifle.

"Chilton and Valley, without hesitation ran up to the door of the little adobe building that served Woodruff as a house, and in rapid succession fired five times through the soft pine of the door.

"Woodruff realized at once that if he remained in the darkness of his room he would be killed like a rat in a trap. The bullets plowed through the door as easily as if it had been made of butter, and the sod walls of the house leaked like a sieve. He made a desperate resolve. Limping to the door, he threw it open.

"Within a few feet of him stood Valley and Chilton, guns in hand. Before they could recover from the surprise occasioned by the sudden and unexpected appearance of Woodruff, the latter fired point blank at Frank Valley. Valley fell in a heap with a bullet in the face. Chilton retreated, firing as he went. His objective was an old water well about fifteen yards distance from the house. Before he could get behind this cover, however, Woodruff drilled him through and through with his Winchester.

Woodruff Escapes.

"Not knowing how many more of King's friends might be after him, Woodruff then thought it best to try to escape from Tascosa. He was weak from loss of blood and suffering great pain from the wound in his groin. Using his rifle as a crutch he dragged himself down toward the creek and across. He then slowly made his way toward a ranch house in the distance. He still had the bottle of brandy in his pocket, and it now stood him in good stead. He was not ordinarily a drinking man—bartenders seldom are—but during the hours that followed, he kept up his strength by occasional sips of the fiery liquid. After several hours of painful crawling through the grass, he

managed to reach the ranch house of Theodore Briggs. This was about a mile and a half from Tascosa. Here he remained until morning. Briggs cared for him. Shortly after dawn, however, Briggs went to Tascosa and reported to Sheriff Jim East that Woodruff was present in his house. East thereupon came over and, placing Woodruff under arrest, brought him back to Tascosa.

"Woodruff was tried some time later at Mabeetie, and finally came off clear. He lived for some years afterward.

Buried on 'Boot Hill.'

"Ed King, Frank Valley, Fred Chilton and Jesse Sheets are all buried on Boot Hill. In the cemetery on Boot Hill may be seen the graves of the first three. Their graves are those marked with the limestone slabs, the only three stones of this character on the hill. These stones were no doubt put up by the L. S. ranch, for which the three cowboys worked. Jesse Sheets, the fourth victim of the tragedy, being only a poverty-stricken eating-house proprietor, whose family was not able to afford such a memorial, lies beneath the sod with only a wooden post to mark his last resting place.

"This is, as near as can be ascertained, the real history of this gun fight. There are some old inhabitants of Tascosa who claim that Valley and Chilton were not killed by Woodruff at all, but were shot by the Catfish Kid and Louis Bozeman, who were concealed in a woodpile near Woodruff's house. However, this story is hardly plausible, as, if this were the case, the five bullet-holes through Woodruff's door could not be explained. And those bullet-holes were actually there, and remained there until the house fell in.

"At any rate, however, there was sufficient suspicion directed against the Catfish Kid and Bozeman at the time to cause their arrest and imprisonment. They were later tried and acquitted.

'Hell About to Pop.'

"A. L. (Bud) Turner, who lived at Tascosa at the time of this shooting, and who now lives in the same house as that formerly occupied by Theodore Briggs (to which Woodruff crawled for refuge) says that on the night of the fight, he and Tobe Robison (later Sheriff) were at an L. S. camp on Rita Blanco. He states that he and Robison received orders to ride north and cut off the escape of Woodruff, Bozeman and the Catfish Kid. They rode as far north as the point where the city of Dalhart now stands, and then turned south toward Tascosa, arriving there about three o'clock the next afternoon.

"Mr. Turner says that at the time of his arrival the whole town was in a great state of tension. Cowboys from adjoining ranches had ridden in from all directions. On March 22, during the afternoon, he thinks that there were at least 400 or 500 men on the streets of Tascosa, all armed and all siding with one faction or the other. For a while it looked as if a regular war would break out, but, thanks to the strategy and cool nerve of Sheriff East, his Deputy, L. C. Pierce, and other leaders, further trouble was averted.

Ed King's Past.

"Ed King, the first man to be killed in this fight, had one notch on his gun, which means that, in his time he had killed

one man. Strictly speaking, he was not a 'bad man,' as the term in those days was generally understood. He was a hard-working cowboy, earning an honest living. But when 'tanked up' he was rather easy on the draw, as is illustrated by the following story told by Sam Dunn, now of Amarillo, but formerly a cowpuncher on the Frying Pan ranch near Tascosa.

"King according to Mr. Dunn, was the only man who ever 'threw a gun' on him. 'When this incident occurred,' says Mr. Dunn, 'King was standing at the bar of Captain Jink's saloon. He had a sixshooter that he called "old blue". He was leaning against the bar twirling the gun on his finger. As he rolled it, he would, at each revolution, cock it and let down the hammer. I was playing cards at some distance from the bar when I decided that I would like to have a drink of water. There was an old bucket with a rusty tin cup standing at the end of the bar beyond King. I walked over and dipped out a cup of water and started to drink. I had hardly taken a swallow when I heard King speaking to me.

" 'What the h—— do you want?' he said.

"I did not stop drinking, but I did cut my eyes down and saw that King had his gun poked into my ribs. I finished drinking, keeping my eyes on the gun all the while. Then, as I reached down for another cup of water, I replied:

" 'I just wanted to get a drink.'

"I drank the second cup. King kept his gun jammed unto my ribs all thetime. When I finished, I turned around and walked back to the poker table, and resumed my game. That was all there was to it.

"Mr. Dunn said that he supposes the reason why King threw his gun on him was because he did not like to have a stanger come so close to him.

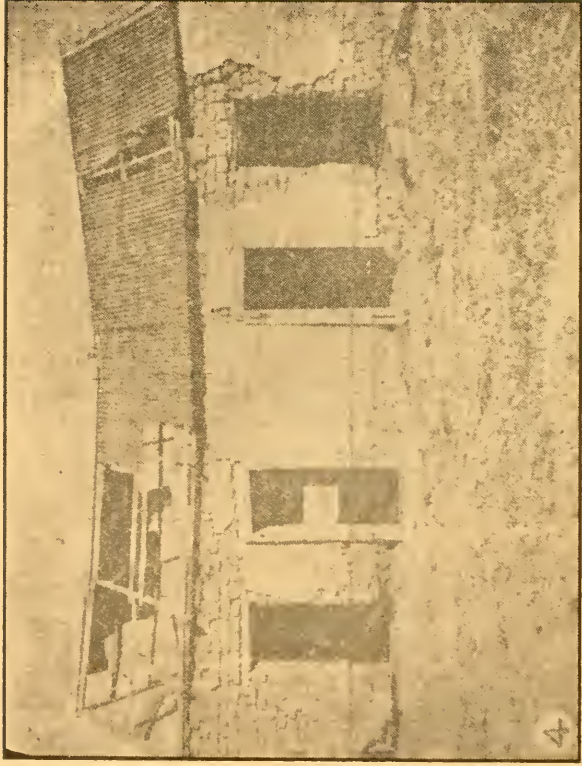
The 'Catfish Kid.'

"Another 'bad actor', who has been said, is supposed by some to have been mixed up in this battle, was the 'Catfish Kid.' The 'Catfish Kid' was of the type most despicable in frontier days. He was an imitation bad man—one who shot and killed for no reason whatsoever save for the pleasure of killing, and who usually shot when the other man was unarmed or at a disadvantage.

"Old Tascosaites say that at one time when the 'Catfish Kid' and Louis Bozeman were sleeping in a wagon yard at Tascosa, a poor, inoffensive German tramp came in and endeavored to take up his sleeping quarters in the same place. The Kid, who was a great bully, ordered the tramp to dance for him. The tramp either refused, or else did not dance to suit the Kid. At any rate, the Kid shot him dead in cold blood. For this murder he got sixteen years in the penitentiary. He died before the expiration of his term.

Tascosa's Inaccessibility.

"Tascosa, in its flourishing days, was the only town between Mobeetie, Texas, on the east, Springer, N. M., on the west, and Dodge City, Kan., on the north. Everything used in the town was freighted in wagons from Dodge City or Springer, the round trip requiring weeks and sometimes months. Whatever lumber was needed to build the town was brought in in this manner, as timber is a scarce article around Tascosa.



THE LAST ADOBE HOUSE IN TASCOSA

A Deserted Village.

"Tascosa, that lively little cowtown of the eighties, now boasts of a population of one old lady. But this old lady is as interesting as any 200 or 300 people would be in an ordinary town. She is Mrs. Mickie McCormack, and she has been living in Tascosa for forty years. She lived in the old town when it was the best town in the Panhandle—and the only one besides Mobeetie. She was present on the night of the big fight. She saw the funeral procession wending its way to Boot Hill the following afternoon. Today she still exists among the ruins, a bent and pathetic little figure. Her only companion is a dog.

"Mrs. McCormack refused to allow her picture to be taken, and was very reluctant to talk about herself. She was willing, however, to talk of the fight and of the early days of the town. She was asked if it was not rather lonesome in Tascosa now. She looked off toward the river a few moments and reflected. Then, haltingly, she said:

" 'Yes, it is. This used to be a real lively town, you know. But I don't like it much any more.' She sighed.

"Inasmuch as she is the only person living among these ruins her remark about not liking it much any more contains quite a lot of unconscious humor. But the pathos of that reply is even greater.

'Frenchy's History.'

"Mrs. McCormack is known to all the old-timers as Frenchy. Quite a lot of romantic stories are told about her past, but those in a position to know the real truth characterize these tales as "bunk." One story, for instance, is to the effect that she comes from a prominent and wealthy New Orleans family; that she ran away from home and got married against her parents' wishes, and that now she refuses to give out any information about herself because she does not want her people to know where she is, preferring rather to die in old Tascosa, the scene of her youth and of her happier days.

"This, of course, would make a nice story if it were true, but the more convincing evidence points the other way. Old inhabitants of Tascosa say that Frenchy was the wife of Mickie McCormack, a livery stable proprietor of Tascosa and 'as fine a little Irishman as ever drank a toddy.' Mickie McCormack died among the ruins of Tascosa a few years ago after his wife had spent practically the entire family wealth taking him on trips designed to bring back his lost health. After his death, which occurred only three days after his return to old Tascosa, his wife continued to live there with her dog. She has never left since—and perhaps never will.

How Tascosa Was Named.

"The story of how Tascosa got its name is itself an interesting one. The original application to the Postoffice Department was for the name 'Atascosa,' which, in Spanish, means 'muddy,' or 'boggy.' The low lands of the Canadian River are full of marshes and bogs, the river bed itself being very treacherous with its quicksands and shifting holes, and it was for this reason that the namers of the town thought Atascosa would be suitable. But it happened that there was already an Atascosa County in Texas and an Atascosa River, so that the postoffice authorities refused to allow the new town in the Panhandle to

have this name. Hence the 'a' was struck off and the town named Tascosa. One well-known writer on Western subjects, Emerson Hough, in one of his books, several times makes the mistake of referring to this old town as 'Atascosa.'

Fun in the Early Days.

"Quite a few humorous little anecdotes of early days in Tascosa are told by oldtimers who once lived in the town. Here is one:

"Before the courthouse was built the town authorities used to have some trouble in finding a place to lock up prisoners. At one time a certain worthless character drifted into town, and, after getting into all kinds of trouble, finally landed plump in the arms of the Sheriff. This latter gentleman was a man of resources. He chained his prisoner, for safekeeping, to a pillar supporting the cottonwood beam in the roof of one of the town's largest saloons. When the saloon was closed for the night a roaring fire was built in the grate, and the prisoner left to sleep on the floor at whatever spot he might choose within the radius of the length of his chain.

"But if the Sheriff was a man of resource, the prisoner was more so. During the night he decided he would like to have a drink. His chain was too short to admit of his getting as far as the bar. Therefore he tore up one of his blankets, and, weaving himself a lariat, tried his hand at roping bottles of brandy that stood on the floor at the corner of the bar. After several unsuccessful attempts he managed to 'ring' a bottle neck and drag the liquor over to him.

"This was encouraging, and when the first bottle gave out he persevered. When the 'cold, gray dawn' of the next morning broke the proprietor of the saloon, coming into his place of business, found this redoubtable booze fighter peacefully unconscious in the arms of Bacchus as an evidence of his prowess empty bottles lay about him in a complete circle. What the proprietor said or what the Sheriff did is not a part of the record.

Jack Ryan and the Jury.

"Another of the classics of old Tascosa centers around an old individual by the name of Jack Ryan. Ryan and Frank James (not the brother of the famous Jesse, but another man,) were the joint proprietors of a saloon in Tascosa in the 80's. Ryan was called from the duties of this business at one time to serve on a jury. When the jury went out to deliberate, eleven stood for acquittal and Ryan alone stood for conviction. He was obstinate. He insisted that the prisoner ought to have his neck stretched, and announced that he would see to it that this little operation was performed, or else he would force the jury to report itself as unable to agree. Ryan's fellow-jurors pleaded with him, argued with him and very nearly fought with him in an endeavor to win him over to their side of the fence. But Ryan refused to give in.

"Just at this juncture, Frank James climbed a ladder, stuck his head into the window of the juryroom and nodded excitedly to Ryan to come over. Ryan came. James whispered to him that the biggest and best poker game ever seen in Tascosa was at that very time in progress in their saloon, and asked Ryan for money. Ryan peeled three \$100 bills off his roll,

and gave them to James. Then he said:

"Hurry back! Don't let the game break up! Keep it going until I get there!"

"He then returned to the conference with his fellow-jurors and told them that, while he personally believed in the guilt of the prisoner, he was forced to admit that human judgment was fallible and that, inasmuch as all of them seemed to be firmly convinced that the accused ought to be set free, he was willing to waive his own convictions in the matter and acquiesce in their judgment.

"A verdict of acquittal was at once returned and Ryan* hurried over to the poker game.

"Jim East, Sheriff for four terms in Tascosa, has been mentioned before in this story. Just in passing, it will be of interest to remark that this same Jim East was one of the bunch that captured Billy the Kid and his gang at a little rock house near Stinking Spring. New Mexico, in 1881. East is the only survivor of the group that made this capture. He lives at present in Douglas, Ariz., where he is a well-to-do and much respected citizen.

Billy the Kid Visits Tascosa.

"Billy the Kid, perhaps the most famous desperado of frontier days, was probably in Tascosa several times. One visit of his to the town is known of definitely. In the fall of 1878 he came to Tascosa with his gang, consisting of Charlie Bowdre (later killed by Pat Garrett), Doc Skurlock, Tom O'Folliard or O'Phalliard (later killed by Pat Garrett), Henry Brown and others. This gang, just previous to their visit to Tascosa, had been engaged in a horsestealing expedition and had moved northeastward from New Mexico in disposing of their stolen property. They came to Tascosa and there got rid of the last of their stolen horses. They then spent a few days in the old town before returning to their stamping grounds in New Mexico.

"During this stay in Tascosa Billy the Kid and his gang went from ranch to ranch, 'visiting' and occasionally taking a meal. At one time they stopped for a day or so on the ranch of a certain Captain Torey, a retired ship captain even then along in years. When Captain Torey heard of it he gave orders to his foreman that Billy the Kid and his men were not to be fed any more at the ranch, as he did not want people to think that he was 'in cahoots' with this gang of cutthroats and robbers. This news came to the ears of the Kid.

"Forthwith he looked Captain Torey up. Meeting him one day in front of Jack Ryan's saloon on the main street of Tascosa, he asked him point-blank whether it was true or not that he had given his foreman these orders. Captain Torey said it was. Instantly the Kid drew his sixshooter and rammed it into the Captain's stomach, telling him that if he wanted to say any prayers he had better be quick about it, as he was going to fill him full of lead.

* Charley Shidler, when in Tascosa, used to room with Tom Monroe, who ran a wagon for the L. S. outfit, (The Bates & Beal Co.) This room was located just back of Ryan's saloon.

"Captain Torely,* believing that his life on this sphere was destined to end right then and there, broke down and said that he would take it all back. The Kid put up his gun. Later he told Charlie Siringo that he never did intend to shoot the Captain, but was merely giving him a good scare to teach him a lesson. Siringo tells of this incident in his book, 'A Lone Star Cowboy.'

Pat Garrett in Tascosa.

"Pat Garrett, one of the most famous, if not the most famous of all the peace officers of the Southwest, lived in and about Tascosa for about a year and a half, centering on the year 1884. Garrett was the man who killed Billy the Kid at Fort Summer on the Pecos in New Mexico. At the time of his death the Kid was just 21 years old and is said to have killed twenty-one men, one for each year of his life, and this was not counting Mexicans. Garrett in 1884 was in charge of a company of Texas Rangers operating in Wheeler County and made Tascosa his headquarters. C. B. ('Cape') Willingham, the first Sheriff of Oldham County, shot the first man ever killed on the streets of Tascosa. It happened in this wise: A group of drunken cowpunchers came riding into town from their camp, which was situated near by. As they galloped down the street they whooped and yelled and shot off their guns. One of the bunch, seeing a lady in her yard feeding a flock of ducks, took a shot at one of the birds. He drilled it dead center, all right, but at the same time frightened the lady to such an extent that she fainted.

"The cowboys rode on down the street, drew up in front of Jack Ryan's saloon and entered. Willingham, armed with a shotgun went to arrest them. The Sheriff ordered him to get down from his horse and surrender. Instead of doing this, the cowboy* reached for his gun. Before he could get it into action Sheriff Willingham planted a load of buckshot in his body.

"This was the first occupant of a plot on Boot Hill. He was a stranger in Tascosa, he and his companions being in charge of a herd of longhorn cattle that was being driven up the trail north.

"After this. killings in Tascosa came with such frequency that today no one knows the exact count of men killed 'with their boots on.'

* Captain Torey, after he had established his ranch, sent back east to Boston, I think, for his family. His ranch was just above Tascosa, on the Canadian River. His family consisted of two daughters and his wife. On their trip from Dodge City, on the stage, a distance of One Hundred Seventy-five miles, to Tascosa, Charley Shidler made the trip with them. He was sitting on the front seat with the driver. When a few hours out of Dodge City, a bunch of antelope jumped out in front of the stage, as antelope always do. He took a shot at them as they passed, and killed one the first shot. He could see from the dust that his bullet hit about thirty feet from them, glancing and making the fatal shot. Of course the party thought this a wonderful shot and he heard the Captain say to them that this was not an uncommon thing for the Cow Boys to do.

* Charley talked with the uncle of the boy. The uncle was in charge of the herd to which these Cow Boys belonged. He stated that the boy had never been away from home before and was of a peaceable disposition, but that he supposed the booze made him want to be a He-Man.

The Famous Boot Hill Cemetery.

"A few words about Boot Hill. In the days of Tascosa's prime, Dodge City, Kan., as has been said, was the nearest city of any consequence and the city to which the cowpunchers repaired to buy whatever equipment they needed or to have a good time. Now at Dodge City there was very early a Boot Hill Cemetery in which, before the town was a good year old, more than eighty men had been buried. What was more natural than that Tascosa should attempt to emulate the example of Dodge City in the upbuilding of their own little metropolis? When Tascosa began to come into prominence as a wild and woolly cow town it was but the logical consequence that it should imitate the older Dodge City by establishing its own special Boot Hill.

"The account of all these escapades and adventures, of course, sounds extremely wild and woolly. But it must be remembered that things were done in those times that today would be outlandish in the highest degree. In defense of these pioneers of the Panhandle frontier it must be said that the better class of the people got into the saddle and fashioned things to their own way of thinking just as soon as it was possible for them to do so. Prohibition was adopted in the Panhandle counties of this State long before it became law in other sections of the State. Today the Panhandle yields the palm to no other district of Texas in the matter of law enforcement and order.

"Tascosa was a Mexican settlement as far back as 1870. Perhaps the first man to settle there permanently was Henry M. Kimball, a carpenter and buffalo hunter, and later, at Channing, Texas, a blacksmith and wheelwright. Kimball first came to Tascosa on the fourth of July, 1876. During this year he planted a garden at Tascosa and hunted buffalo in the vicinity. He also did carpenter work in his spare moments for a Mexican there named Casimira Romero. In February, 1877, two men named Howard and Rinehart came to Tascosa from New Mexico and established a store there. They first rented a place from Romero, but later, in April, 1877, they built their own abode store. In 1878 the cattlemen of the region roundabout began to make Tascosa a kind of headquarters and from this time on its growth was rapid. In 1879 John Cone and a man named Duran opened another store in Tascosa and in the same year Rinehart, the former partner of Howard, opened a third store. This made three stores in 1880, and stores in those days meant a town.

Town Dependent on Ranches.

"Tascosa's growth and prosperity as before said, were almost entirely dependent upon the near-by cattle ranches. In fact, it was the presence of these cowboys that is really to account for Tascosa's existence as a white man's town rather than as a mere Mexican settlement. The old town never did have any business other than that of selling liquor and a few supplies to the cowpunchers living close at hand and those who came through on the trail.

"In 1879 and in subsequent years Tascosa was utilized as a kind of assembling point of the various outfits about to take part in the great annual roundup. There were no fences in

those days and the cattle ranged all over the Panhandle and into New Mexico, Colorado and Kansas. Hence in the roundup outfits from these distant points came to Tascosa to help make the liquor flow and the town liven up.

"Some of the ranches in the vicinity of Tascosa were the L. I. T., the L. S., the L. X. and other smaller ranches belonging to such old-time cowmen as Goodrich, Jim Kennedy and Nick Chaffin. Many of these ranches, of course, are today still in existence.

"In the early days of Tascosa there were no organized counties in Texas north of the Red River. Oldham County was organized in 1889.

Mingled Feelings.

"There is something sad and at the same time something uncanny about a deserted town. Where once this noisy little cow village stood, today there are no sounds to be heard save those made by hundreds of little birds in the cottonwoods. Where formerly the mainstreet of the town stretched its lurid way, today only a dim outline can be traced through the scrubby underbrush. Once along this street there were ranged two lines of solidly built adobe stores. Now only a single broken wall raises its jagged and crumbling outlines from the grass. Along that street forty years ago five saloons operated at full blast day and night, stopping only for funerals. Today the town is a mourning witness of its own funeral.

"Forty years ago many famous characters walked up and down the road that ran through this cottonwood grove. Today most of them are dead. A few old-timers are still left, but it has been along time since any of these has gazed on the site of old Tascosa, for the railroad runs south of the river and the old town can not be seen from the windows.

"At evening the wind stirs the dead leaves at the foot of the cottonwoods, the rays of the setting sun glance through the boughs, flecking the grass and creek water with light, shifting shadows, a few little birds cheep as they go to roost, and then a deathly silence throws its mantle over the scene.

"One can stand here and know intellectually that this place was once one of the wildest and wooliest and noisiest of all the towns of the frontier, but even that definite knowledge can not bring back in all their old-time richness the atmosphere and coloring the vivid pictures of the old town as it used to be in the days of its glory. The contrast of today with yesterday is too great.

It is a measure of some pride, pardon the boast, that we are the last, in this vicinity at least, now living, as we do, in a small industrious and thriving western Indiana town, who have had his little experiences and skirmishes with the Red Skins, who had his buffalo hunters friendships, who was acquainted with some of the bad men, and who was of the Cow Man type, on the broad plains of the Pan Handle, No Man's Land, and the old Indian Territory. Now we have 'lit', and will stand without hitching until such time as we hit that long trail from which no 'Cow Puncher' ever returns.

We are indebted to the courtesey of several men, who are still living and who were acquaintances and in some instances companions and partners of Clay Allison in the wild days, for

a part of the facts and stories connected with Allison and his boisterous, dare-devil ways. It's been difficult to get at most of the history of this man for the reason, as one of the residents of what was Allison's old stamping grounds says, "There are many pertinent facts connected with the gathering of early day history. In the first place, if you can get an old timer to sit on the sunny side of a building on a comfortable day with an appreciative audience and a good cigar at your expense, you can get him to talk at considerable length about what a bull moose he was in the early days. But when you get him pinned down to lines you will probably discover that he is repeating second-hand stuff and it all happened in the next county. Again when you find a man who really knows, he will spin tales by the hours, not boastingly, but in a matter-of-fact, truthful way. This same man will not write three lines however, pertaining to such subjects." The consensus of opinion, as we get it from those who know and are now living, bears out a former statement that Clay Allison was the best known man in the real pioneer days in the Pan Handle country, especially in the neighborhood of that thriving town of Canadian, Texas. As one of his old time companions tells it, "He was a whale of a good fellow, and considerate of his fellowmen, but throw a drink or two into him and he was a hell hound turned loose, rearin' for a chance to shoot—in self defense." We are indebted to Messers Bussell, Arrington, Owens and the editor of The Canadian Record, Mr. L. P. Loomis, all of Canadian, and also to Mr. Shick, of Amarillo, for the way they have "thawed out" and helped us in our feeble efforts to portray and describe the life of Clay Allison.

Jim East, Charley Seringo, D. F. McCarthy and others have helped me also. While Clay Allison has left a trail of blood, no man can say that he had a murderous heart or a sullen and sordid mind. He held the respect of the better cow men but was hated by the villaneous, murderous, cowardly gunman.



THE PICTURESQUE RIO GRANDE DEL NORTE.

One of the many beautiful scenic pictures along the Rio Grande River, leading up towards the Wagon Wheel Gap—a magnificent, glorious and continuous piece of grand views. Near Wagon Wheel Gap, where the solid granite walls are split, in order to let the rushing Rio Grande River through, was where John C. Fremont lost his wagons, on one of his exploring expeditions—hence the name, Wagon Wheel Gap.

RECOLLECTIONS OF COLORADO, NEW MEXICO, AND THE TEXAS PANHANDLE

Reminiscences of a '79er

I do not claim to have cut any figure or to have been necessary in any way to the development, history or advancement of the great West in the old days, but speaking in a measure of experiences we, my partners and I, have met many men and knew of many others, who were great characters and were essential in the carving of the Great Way; besides we were considerable travelers in a short space of time, ourselves. We have, all of us, camped on the head waters of the Red River, the Arkansas and the Rio Grande. We followed these wonderful rivers from their source to almost their joining of the great water ways. We have seen the rise and fall of many of the so called "end of the railroad town," along the right of way of the old pioneer, the Sante Fe railroad, where Brown, Manzaners & Co., the great merchant princes, would build and then move onto the next end of the railroad. We have seen this real developer, the Sante Fe, string its first ties along and upon the virgin soil, and we have noticed the old time Cow Man, who was possibly a galvanized greaser, which means a white man who has married a Mexican woman, come down to the "cars" with a look of resentment, and growl about trespassing on the cattle man's domain. We have heard the screech of the Ingin' in no-man's-land which would send the coyote scooting back to the foot hills, and have at last seen the cattle man considerably pacified, and the coyote, the wild cat and the antelope, stand curious while the trains pass. We have driven cattle over the old Sante Fe and the old Jones and Plummers Trails, where great furrows and ridges were worn by the cattle, for several rods across the trail and where the red dust and the alkali white would almost choke the fellows who had to keep up the drags, in a cattle herd on the trail.

We have seen Alamosa as an "end of the railroad town" when it was a better town than it is today, where the Bull Whacker and the Mule Skinner and the Cow Puncher and the Miner were all boon companions while they were taking a little recreation by playing those wiley, ensnaring and fascinating games of Stud Poker, Roulette, etc., and where the winsome Senorita Baca would twang her guitar and sing her love songs.

In those days the boys knew nothing of that home brew, the mild and insipid Raisin or Prune Whiskey, which is so common now. They always required something that would bite and scratch as it went down, just like barbed wire—no Sundaes or soft drinks went then. We have known Tom Tobin, who ended

his days in the willows on the Trinchera Creek, in the San Luis Valley, who was a famous scout and a partner and boon companion of the great Kit Carson. When the famous correspondent, William E. Curtis, was traveling over the U. S., some ten or fifteen years ago, stopping at different places long enough to write up local history, he related the following story connected with the life of Tom Tobin and Kit Carson. He said that in an early day some prominent Mexican had gone loco and was killing many people, he became such a desperate outlaw that the provisional governor decided to offer a reward for his head. Tobin and Carson started out with their guns and a gunny sack. After many days of scouting they got on his trail and finally arrived with the drop and killed him. They chopped off his head, placed it in the gunny sack and took it to Fort Garland and claimed the reward—that would be considered now days a matter of high finance.

While it is shown that Kit Carson was not with Tom Tobin, as some have thought, on the pursuit of Juan Espinoses and his desperate gang and was not with Tobin at the killing, yet history tells of his many thrilling adventures and puts him in the gratitude of this great nation, not only as a conqueror of many Indian Tribes, but as an acquirer and preserver of many leagues and domains of Territory for our use as a Nation.

It was during his fur trapping days that Carson's expedition took him into the northwest and he was one of the group of pioneers who saved Oregon for the United States, just as later he helped win California and the southwest from the Mexicans and again helped save these lands from the confederacy during the Civil War. Most biographers record all these events briefly. His guiding of John C. Fremont, the "Path Finder", on these expeditions in the west; his services in the Mexican War under Fremont and Gen. Stephen Kearney; his Indian Campaigns, including the defeat of the Navajos, and the great battle with the Kiowas and Comanches at Adobe Walls in 1864. (This battle was ten years previous to the battle at the same place, when Billie Dixon, Bat Masterson, Dutch Henry and about twenty others stood off over eight hundred Indians and killed a large number.) Later biographers record his appointment as Indian Agent; his trips to Washington as a member of the U. S. Commission; his services in the Civil War, which won him the rank of brevet brigadier general, and finally his retirement to his home, Taos, New Mexico, and his death at Fort Lyons, May 23, 1868.

While he was an implacable foe of the bad Indian he was respected and called friend by the good and great chiefs. He had their confidence and they believed in him. There is in the Historical Museum of Colorado, some relics belonging to Kit Carson. Among them is one of his Rifles which was hand made by Hawken, a gun maker of the first half of the nineteenth century. On this rifle there are nineteen notches. Each notch marks the death of an Indian, each of them, however, of the murderous, bad type. Kit had a good sized family and among the children were two boys, young Kit and Billie. I knew both Kit and Billie. The latter was a son-in-law of Tom Tobin and I worked with Kit Carson Jr. on the Dicky Bro. Cattle Ranch in the San Luis Valley. As an illustration of the force

of character and the sublime control that this great man had over Indians it has been told me that on one occasion, while he was stationed at Fort Garland and in the employment of the United States Army as a Scout, he was detailed on some expedition and he left the Fort with an ambulance, and mule team and took his boys, Billie and Kit, with him. After several hours travel he noticed a large body of Indians following him and as they drew nearer he noticed they had on all of their War insignia and were horribly decorated with the blood signs. They were on the War Path. He stopped the ambulance and left the two little boys behind and started towards the hostile band which was in battle array. As he approached them he held up his hands. They stopped and he called for a conference with the leading chiefs. He proposed they smoke the traditional pipe of peace. He then delivered an ultimatum of some sort, no one knows what he said or promised, but what ever it was, it inspired the spirit of confidence in those battling red skins, for at once they turned and went back from whence they came. Kit turned and walked slowly toward the ambulance and his two little boys, without even glancing backward. He, too had confidence that the Indians would keep faith. The little sketch that follows gives a very brief, but accurate history of this great and just man. Every citizen of this country should go to his or her library and get some authentic history of this pioneer and read the life of Kit Carson, the Scout, the Indian fighter, the Army Officer.

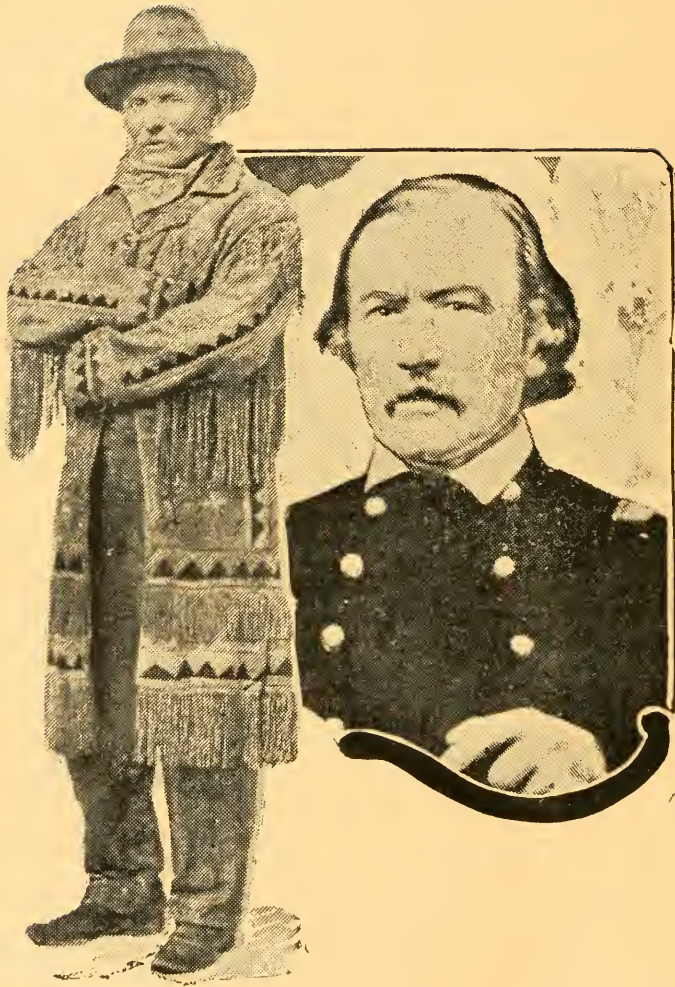
There is no other frontiersman who has figured in stories and in Western history as has Kit Carson. He was born in Kentucky Dec. 24, 1809, and removed with his parents when a child to Missouri. When 17 years old he joined a party going west, which brought him out into the practically unexplored wilderness of all this region west of the Missouri river, especially Colorado. For eight years he was a hunter for Bent's fort, and in the years that followed a guide for Fremont's two expeditions in Colorado; Indian fighter, trapper, scout, Union officer, friend of the Indians and on almost every page of Colorado history for many years his name was written.

Death of Scout.

Kit Carson was taken sick in Denver on his return from a trip to Washington on a peace mission with the Ute Indians. He recovered sufficiently to go, to Fort Lyon, in the San Luis valley, where he died May 24, 1868. He was buried in Boggsville, his old home near Las Animas, but later the body was removed to Taos and interred and a great monument erected to his memory.

Carson's name is linked with gaps, springs, trails and mountains in Colorado, and especially in the San Luis valley, where he lived for so many years.

It transpires that Curtis did not give a very accurate account of the capture and killing of this blood thirsty desperado. In the first place Kit Carson was not with Tobin, because he was in Texas when this happened in 1864. On a recent visit to the San Luis Valley in September 1921, I was able to learn some new history connected with the story of this outlaw. The McCarty boys, early residents with their old father near Ft. Garland and whom I met at Rifle on Apple Pie Day, told me the true story of how Juan Espinoses and his nephew were killed



THE TWO CARSONS, FATHER AND SON.

Brig. Gen., Kit Carson, Sr. and Kit Carson, Jr.
Young Kit was riding for the Dickey outfit while I was also working for the same company in 1878 and 1879. We were told that he was afterwards killed, but never got any particulars. The hunting coat that he is wearing was presented to his father by some big and distinguished Chief. Young Kit must have borrowed it for this picture. He looks much more distinguished than when I knew him.

by Tom Tobin, and they also described the place where they were killed, as being at a gulch off the LaVeta pass and not so very far from old Ft. Garland. Old man McCarty, old man Nolan, Tom Tobin and Kit Carson were the early day pioneers of this part of the West and helped subdue the desperate characters, be they either white man or red man. McCarty told his boys the story of Tobin's achievement as follows:— A Company of soldiers were detailed from Ft. Garland with Tobin, as guide, to run down Espinoses and his young nephew. Tobin knew about where they were hiding in the Sangre De Christi (Blood of Christ) Mountain Range. As the party approached the place where Tobin thought they were, early in the morning he excused himself to the officer in command and made some excuse for leaving camp alone. He explained afterwards that he knew the exact spot where these desperados were hiding and that he did not want any soldiers along, for the reason that the commanders in giving their orders in loud voices would frighten the outlaws and thus they would escape again. Tobin crawled up to their camp just at day break and waited for them to get through breakfast. Presently Juan arose from the camp fire and threw his arms in the air and stretched up his full length. It was his last stretch. Tobin killed him the first shot and he fell across the camp fire. The younger one made a dash but Tobin intercepted him. He plead for his life but Tobin killed him also. There is no disputing the fact that Tobin chopped Juan's head off and carried it to the Fort in a gunny sack, and placed it before the officers and demanded they take cognizance of the proof that the Espinoses were dead.

I have the past several months had a very pleasing correspondence with Mr. Elmo S. Watson, a Professor of Journalism at the Illinois University and a writer who is so much interested in Western History and who has written a great many Newspaper Syndicate Articles and sketches on Indian Scouts, Buffalo Hunters, and Outlaws of the old days. He has gotten together a good article and explains in detail many new facts and stories of the life of this particularly atrocious Juan Espinoses, and since the scenes are laid in lands that are so familiar and dear to me and since he describes the facts and particulars of the killing of Espinoses by Tom Tobin, whom we knew, we take this opportunity of printing the young man's able and entertaining article, although his story varies a little from that told by Tobin to McCarty and other old timers.

Before we use his story I wish to call the reader's attention to still another version of this occurrence as furnished me lately by an old time friend who was in Alamosa and now lives there, Doc Ball. We used to buy our Bull Durham of Doc in the '80s. Doc struck Alamosa in 1880 and has stuck ever since.

"I met Tom Tobin for the first time in 1880, and knew him well thereafter, until he died. My first recollection, and one of the many things that attracted my attention to him, was the incident of the Espinosa Brothers. (There is some difference of opinion as to whether they were brothers, some say Juan was the uncle of the younger man.) It seemed that these two desperados committed some depredations around or about Fort Garland, and the Government offered a liberal reward for their apprehension, dead or alive, so Tom took a

nephew, a small boy, and went hunting for the Espinosas. This he told me himself, that late in the afternoon, he spotted them away off in the Mountains near Mt. Blanca, by magpies circling over head, and settling down, being carnivorous birds, the Indian instinct of old Tom assured him that they were after meat food, and that meat was being fried by the Espinosas in camp, close by. So early the next morning he sneaked up on them, and shot them both before they ever had a chance of getting the drop on him. He then cut their heads off, put them in a gunny sack, and brought them in to the Fort and demanded the reward. Captain McCook, Lieut Gilta or which ever or who ever was in command, asked for evidence, whereupon he emptied the two heads on the floor at their feet. Imagine the consternation. This evidence not being sufficient, as the whole carcass was in demand, Tom never got the reward from the Government, but later, Senator William H. Adams (this was Billie Adams, his brother, Alva, ran a store in Alamosa in our time), had a bill passed by the State Legislature paying him \$1000.00 for this very purpose. This was just before he died."

"There were some rumors of family troubles between the Tobins and Carsons, but no one seems to be so very familiar regarding the causes, suffice it to say that in some altercation between Billy Carson and his father-in-law, Billy shot Tom, wounding him, as Billy claimed, in self defense; however that may be, Billy was cleared. Not long afterwards Billy was shot in the back of the neck with his boots on, and passed away suddenly. It was never known who did it, although there were some grave suspicions at the time, but no arrests made. Tomisito Tobin, Tom's son, was one of the finest men in the country and was well known. Afterwards he was appointed, through Billy Adams, one of the guards at the state penitentiary, and was killed while rounding up some escaped convicts. At one time when the Sherman girls were on a visit to Fort Garland with their father, Gen. Sherman, they took quite a fancy to Billy, especially as he was the son of the Old Scout Kit Carson, and besides was a very handsome boy. They took him to Washington and had him educated and showed him many favors and courtesies. Upon his return he was elected Sheriff of Conejos county and made a good officer."

WATSON'S STORY OF THE ESPINOSAS.

"Tourists today who drive to Canon City pass through a beautiful canon about 10 miles from Colorado Springs and there they see some of the most romantic and inviting spots along the highway connecting the two cities. But the average traveler, as he motors smoothly and swiftly along the graceful curves of the road, little imagines or realizes the sinister history of the region through which he is passing, for this canon is Dead Man's canon, and nearly 60 years ago it received its name with a baptism of blood.

"In the spring of 1863 an old man named Harkins was operating a sawmill on the little stream which winds through the canon. One day he went to his mill and never returned. A few days later his body was found with his head split open by an ax or hatchet, and a terrified whisper ran through the scattered settlements of the Pikes Peak region—"The 'Bloody Es-

pinoses' are here!" For the marks on the slain man were those made by Juan Espinosa, Mexican bandit, robber and assassin, on each of his victims and the killing of Old Man Harkins was one in a long series of murders by the original 'ax-man' of Colorado, unparalleled in the criminal history of the west, which created a veritable reign of terror in this state a century ago.

"From that day to this, the canon has been known as Dead Man's canon and firmly rooted in the minds of the early settlers of the surrounding region was the belief that since that day the ghost of the murdered man appears nightly in the canon, sometimes on foot, but more frequently mounted on a white horse. Persons of undoubted veracity assert that they have seen this phantom rider, and one person is said to have lost his reason after an adventure with this mysterious stranger one dark and stormy night in the canon. At any rate, before the advent of the road builder and the automobilist, lone travelers gave Dead Man's canon a wide berth at night and usually avoided it altogether by taking a circuitous route around it.

Bandits Spurs Here.

"Down in the county court house, in the exhibit cases of the El Paso County Pioneer association, hangs a pair of spurs, the sight of which recalls to old-timers the murder of Old Man Harkins and the reign of terror that followed, for they are the spurs once worn by the younger brother of Juan Espinosa, taken from the heels of the dead bandit after he had been shot by Joseph Lamb on Four Mile creek, about 20 miles south of Florissant and 15 miles west of Cripple Creek, in the summer of 1863. Lamb sold the spurs to Judge Castello of Florissant and they remained in the possession of his family until a few years ago when they were presented to the Pioneer association by John B. Castello, a son of the judge.

"The spurs are of hand-wrought Mexican manufacture and still have the broad straps which held them on the bandit's boots. The rowels are three inches in diameter with 12 long, sharp steel spikes, for the Espinosas were no kinder to the horses which they rode than they were to their fellow men, and in their vocabulary there was no such word as 'mercy.' On the spurs are steel chains which passed under the boot just in front of the heel and hanging from each shank are two little iron pendants whose tinkling sound was a concession to the vanity of the bandit as he strode about among his fellow desperadoes. The Espinosas were men who 'died with their boots on' and these spurs, taken from the boots of one of them, remain as silent witnesses to the story of the infamous bandit gang, a story of mad fanaticism and wanton cruelty, of ruthless pillage and cowardly assassination, of unprovoked and cold-blooded murder, a red page in Colorado history.

Don Juan Espinosa.

"At the time of the acquisition of New Mexico by the United States, Juan Espinosa was a wealthy landowner, residing upon his ancestral hacienda in a sort of barbaric luxury with a host of peons to do his bidding. He owned vast herds of cattle and sheep and was one of the many self-styled aristocrats of the southwest who boasted of their Castilian blue blood, claiming descent from the nobles of Cortez's army. With

him lived his brother and sister, the latter a beautiful señorita of 17 years. Into this semibarbaric household came a young American between whom and Espinosa a strong bond of friendship was established. The young American fell in love with the Espinosa girl, according to tradition, and she reciprocated his affection.

"The American had with him a large sum of money which Espinosa coveted. One night the Mexican stole into his guest's room but in withdrawing the money from beneath the American's pillow, he awoke the boy and the American, supposing him to be an ordinary thief, shot at him. Espinosa stabbed him to the heart. The report of the shot aroused the household and the sister, rushing into the room and seeing her brother with a bloody dagger in his hand and her lover dead before him, was stricken with insanity, from which she never recovered. With her curses ringing in his ears, Juan Espinosa, accompanied by his younger brother, fled to the mountains and established his headquarters in the Sangre de Cristo mountains in the San Luis valley, where he gathered about him a gang of other murderers, thieves and desperadoes.

Beginnings of Bandit Gang.

"Then began the operations of this gang which soon terrorized the whole country about them. They robbed indiscriminately the overland coaches to Santa Fe, the wagon trains of traders and the government, the ranches of Mexicans and anyone else within the radius of their operations. Of this gang, Juan Espinosa was the archfiend and in addition to his robbing tendencies he seems to have become imbued with the idea that he had been selected by some power on high as an avenging angel whose special commission was to kill all Americans who came into his power. With this idea in mind he set about the career which made him infamous and before it ended with his death he had killed 32 Americans without provocation, shooting them from ambush in the daytime or creeping upon them at night and dispatching them with dagger or an ax, his favorite method.

"The deeds of Espinosa began to fill men's minds and with the increasing number of settlers in the country through which he raided, decisive measures were taken to put an end to his murderous career. A systematic man hunt began. Espinosa was driven out of the San Luis valley. Repeated repulses of his attacks on wagon trains decimated his band until it was broken up and Espinosa and his brother fled north. Their visit to the Pikes Peak region was signalized by the murder of Old Man Harkins in Dead Man's canon. They passed on into what is now Park county, killing one man near the site of Lake George on the Colorado Midland railroad and four at the present town of Fairplay.

Murders in Park County.

"Two of the latter were well known prospectors named Lyman and Seyga, citizens of California Gulch, now Leadville. and when the news of their murder reached that mining camp, a posse headed by Captain John McCannon and Joseph Lamb left California Gulch with the grim determination of ending the career of the "Bloody Espinosas" for all time. The posse trailed the bandits from Red Hill in Park county to Four Mile creek

and, following the trail down this stream, the miners came upon the Espinosas' camp in a little side-canon about 20 miles north of Canon City. In the battle that followed the younger Espinosa was shot by Joseph Lamb, but Juan Espinosa escaped. Lamb took from the boots of the dead bandit as a trophy of the man hunt, the spurs which now are in the collections of the Pioneer association here and the posse returned to California Gulch, believing that its mission had been accomplished. But they did not realize that the master murderer had eluded them once more.

"He returned to his old haunts and in 1864 induced his nephew to join him in renewed depredations. Their return was signalized by more murders and rewards aggregating \$1,500 were offered for the capture, dead or alive, of the Espinosa. Espinosa next captured an American but, instead of killing him, decided to hold him for ransom. However, the man escaped and went immediately to Fort Garland where he demanded that Espinosa be caught and punished. A troop of cavalry was dispatched in pursuit of the bandits but it returned empty handed for the fugitives had little difficulty in eluding such a large force.

"When the soldiers returned, Tom Tobin, a famous old mountaineer and one of Kit Carson's closest friends, was sent for and went out alone to "get" the Espinosa. He trailed them into the Sangre de Christi mountains and at last one evening found them encamped under the shelter of a shelving rock above a small stream. Stalking his quarry as he would wild animals, Tobin crept closer and closer until he was near enough to make sure that he would not miss. The two men were crouched over a tiny fire warming their hands, but in the dim light they presented a poor target even for a marksman of Tobin's ability. At last Juan Espinosa, withdrawing his hands from the flame, rose slowly to his feet and stretched both arms wide, forming with his body a perfect cross and presenting a target which loomed up clearly in the fading light.

End of the Espinosas.

"Tobin fired and Juan Espinosa fell forward across his campfire. The nephew whirled about and scrambled to his feet. The mountaineer fired again and the last of the Espinosas dropped dead. Tobin is said to have cut off the head of Juan Espinosa and to have carried it back to Fort Garland, where he claimed the reward. The head is reported to have been preserved in alcohol and afterward taken to Pueblo, where it is now said to occupy a place in a collection of skulls of noted murderers."

JOHN EVANS ASSISTS IN THE EXTERMINATION

John Evans, Governor, an early resident of Attica, Ind., assists in the extermination.

We had always understood that the reward that was offered for this bad man was very liberal and one account makes the statement that it was \$2000.00 for his body dead or alive, since Tobin only produced the head, which was only a part of his body, we suppose technically he was not awarded the full amount, because you know, the jowl of a hog, likened to Espinoses, never did bring full price. (This is verified somewhat in Ball's account.) This reward was offered by John



TOM TOBIN, THE OLDEST SCOUT.

Tom Tobin, Scout, Indian Fighter, and boon companion and neighbor of Kit Carson, when they lived near old Ft. Garland. Note the pose, even in the picture he is apparently looking and listening for Indian signs. It was a habit of the old scouts to be ever on their guard and continually turning their heads, looking for Indians, and other "Varments."

Evans, provisional Governor of Colorado. It's remarkable and fitting at this time to recall and exploit the life of this great Governor. John Evans was in the very earliest times associated with the life of Attica, Ind., my native home, in making her first history, and who was also instrumental in the death of Espinoses by putting the instrument, the reward, into the hands of Tom Tobin to kill him with. Tobin I met near the scene of this blood thirsty encounter. I get many facts related by J. Wesley Whickcar, of Attica, on this great man, John Evans, and many other characters in this, our home, vicinity. The very first history of Evans discloses the fact that he came from Ohio, Waynesboro I think, as a young doctor, with a young wife, to the new and untried west, of which Attica was the center of a new world. Shortly afterwards, an itinerate young preacher, a companion and great friend of John Evans in the home of their youth in Ohio, also cast his lot in pioneer preaching with the settlers of this wonderful new country. Henry Benson was this preacher man's name and he has left many of his progeny of that name and many men and women of much influence, many of affluence, and all of respectability. Some old citizens say that he preached alternately at Bethel and Attica and was of the old fashioned Methodist faith. Naturally he and Evans were associated together, and they enjoyed and renewed their comradeship and became closer bound in their companionship. These were the days when the saloon and the whiskey questions were momentous ones and Benson was energetically opposed to them and he undertook a series of revivals both at Bethel and at Attica, with the paramount subject and text showing strong prejudices against the whiskey and its entanglements. It's told that while campaigning at Bethel he boarded with Tom Campbell's grandfather, an old resident of Attica, Jonathan Campbell. Evans of course attended these meetings and took some interest. Finally Benson "spiked" him to join the church on the plea that he needed Evans to use his influence and help him fight the liquor demon. Evans consented and was of some help during these revivals and showed that he had lots of stuff in him suitable for the making and uplifting of this wild west and woolly metropolis. Time went on and he achieved fame as a physician. He established his office on the corner of what is now a vacant lot adjoining Horace Brant's store on the east. His wife died after they moved to Chicago and she was buried in what we call the old cemetery at Attica and her grave was properly marked by a substantial tombstone and the same is standing today, with the letters in good preservation and the same can be read clearly and distinctly as follows: "Hannah R. Evans, wife of Dr. John Evans, born at Lebanon, Ohio, June 9, 1813, died in Chicago, Ill., October 1850." There are three sons buried in the same lot. These must have died in Attica and their names are marked, "Joseph C., David, and John," And it is recalled that the body of Mrs. Evans was brought overland in a wagon, from Chicago. Evans left Attica for the reason that Chicago was coming to the fore and on some of his trips with parties delivering products to the city by wagon, he realized that the field was about the right size for his dreams, since his friends at home called him a dreamer. One day when the spirit of

prophecy was upon him, he disclosed to a group of his friends that before he died he intended to build a city, found a college, be governor of a State, go to the United States Senate, make himself famous and amass a fortune—he did more. He established the State Hospital for the Insane at Indianapolis and was its first Superintendent, and remained as such until 1848, then retired to move to Chicago and accept a chair in Rush Medical College. He cast about for an opening for the building of a city and became impressed with the beauties and practicality of the North Shore, twelve miles from the Chicago River. He purchased a large body of land, and builded a city and called it Evanston. He made a fortune in this and other enterprises and with part of it he established the Northwestern University, in Evanston, and endowed two chairs with \$50,000.00 each. He was an ardent and loyal supporter of Lincoln in the Convention that nominated Lincoln for the Presidency. After Lincoln was elected President he wanted Evans to be a member of his Cabinet, but he declined, saying there were many others better fitted for that place than he. Lincoln then asked him to be provincial governor for some Western State and suggested that Evans visit the different Western States and make the selection of the state that he liked best. He choose Colorado, and moved to Denver. This was when his history linked itself with the history of Tom Tobin, of the Trinchera, and also with some other rugged characters of that time. He established the University of Denver, giving towards the erection \$200,000, he builded a Railroad in Colorado, and practically erected the Grace Methodist Church in Denver, and aided many educational institutions and churches throughout the States. He died in Denver July 3, 1897, and was buried there far from the modest little plot where rests the ashes and dust of his first wife, Hannah, and his three sons. J. Wesley Whickcar says in the conclusion of his article on this famous man, "Judged by his achievements Dr. John Evans is undoubtedly the greatest man who ever made his home in Attica."

THE MEDINO RANCH, SAN LOUIS VALLEY

The Dicky Brothers were extensive cattle owners of that day, having herds in the Indian Territory, Montana and Colorado. One of the best friends that we ever had, east or west, Charles Plowman, was the foreman of the herd in the Territory at a time when it took nerves of steel and a man of iron will to handle the Indian situation. He could do this because he was a diplomat, square and fearless. When we first joined the Dickey forces, in Colo., there was a man by the name of Wild Bill—not the Hickok Wild Bill. I really never knew his correct name—have learned since it was Coleman—but at that time he was cooking for the outfit, afterwards becoming the foreman of the Montana herd, he did not fancy the culinary department, and asked me to take his place. I consented as I had had my fill of stacking hay, so I undertook the task of cooking for about fifteen or twenty of the most hecklin', complainin' and critical bunch of husky Cow Punchers and Hay Restlers that was ever unloaded on a pilgrim cook. But with all that handicap I became famous as a cook, pardon the thought. My famous piece de resistance was what is known in the east as, the lowly and despised dried apple pie. I used a peculiar and

fetchy way in baking this pie. For instance I would heap up great gobs of apples for the filling and over the top I would place some fantastic strips of dough, with cunning little designs thereon, and then on the rind I would affix emblamatical little cupids, and then I would throw a God's quantity of sugar inside. This was done so that if any one had a sweet tooth they would have no difficulty in downing it. This pie became so famous that the Mexicans would ride for many miles to the ranch and inquire of me if I had "any pies este dios Senor." They just loved those artful and wonderful pies, and they thought so well of me as a chef that they got to calling me "Compadre." That must have had some deifical significance, as no doubt the Virgin Mary was a good cook also.

Probably thirty years ago I cut from a Chicago paper the following clipping announcing the death of Will Dickey, who was one of the Brothers for whom we worked, on their big ranch in the San Luis valley, Colo. We have been told that Will in making his will, gave to some of the boys quite a sum of money. He remembered his foremen especially, so that Theo. Worthington, Ed Creighton, and Wild Bill Coleman no doubt came into their share. We of course had not been with the outfit long enough to be entitled to any bequest.

BEGAN LIFE AS A COWBOY.

Sudden Death of W. W. Dickey, the Millionaire Ranchman.

"W. W. Dickey, president of the Dickey Cattle company of Chicago, died at Wichita Falls, Texas, Thursday afternoon of injuries received from a fall while attending to duties on the company's ranch in Texas. Mr. Dickey has been a resident of Chicago for five years. He was a prominent member of the Chicago club; also of the Washington Park club. He lived with his brother, Valentine B. Dickey, at 370 Dearborn avenue.

"W. W. Dickey was born in Dayton, Ohio, in 1853—the son of R. R. Dickey, a prominent business man of Ohio. He was educated in Dayton and entered Princeton college in 1873. The following spring he and his younger brother, Valentine, went to Colorado and engaged in the service of a Denver capitalist as cowboys. A year later they received aid from their grandfather and engaged in the cattle business themselves. Their first venture proved a failure, and a second time they borrowed money from their grandfather and located a ranch at Colorado Springs. This effort proved a success. They tripled their capital and extended their herds into Indian territory and Montana. For ten years the young men lived in the saddle, selling their cattle through a Chicago commission man. In 1881 they established headquarters in this city, forming the Dickey Cattle company, with a capital of \$1,000,000. They were pioneers in crossing with shorthorns, then with Angus and other approved English and Scotch blood.

"At the time President Cleveland issued the order for cattlemen to vacate Indian territory Mr. Dickey had a lease from the Indians of 100,000 acres of land on which were 60,000 head of cattle. The moving of the stock at the late season and the forfeiture of the lease cost the firm \$400,000.00. Mr. Dickey was able to find only a temporary place for the herds, and at

the time of his death he was seeking permanent grazing fields.

"W. W. Dickey was 33 years old. In thirteen years the brothers had amassed \$2,500,000. They had cattle in Texas, Colorado, and Montana.

A word of description of the Sunny San Luis Valley. The cattle man, that was the principal class of citizen in there at our time, did not appreciate the wonderful virtues it had as a cow country, and hooted at any possibility of its ever developing into anything but a place to run cattle, and he reluctantly admitted that it was a fairly good Valley for harboring and grazing of cattle, and as for water there was a plenty, since the scenic Rio Grande River cut the Valley in the middle. They also granted that protection was ample, since this high saucer was entirely surrounded by The Sange De Christe and other ranges of Mountains, topped by old Sierrie Blanca, one of the highest peaks in Colorado, but as an offset to any complimentary statements, they hollered their heads off about the D—— Mosquitos and the prevailing high winds. Little did they appreciate or show much interest in the many phenomenon or historic and picturesque things connected with this, one of the greatest and largest valleys in the west. Their vision was dimmed if there was mentioned the two oldest passes, the Costilla and the LaVeta, with their many box canons, now the more prominent ones are the Marshal and Tennessee, leading to the city of Leadville and the Cochetopa, where the government has built a beautiful National Park and put boulevards over the Mountains. John C. Fremont and Kit Carson, the Path Finders, and whose spirits of expeditions are still felt, tramped these passes and trailed the Valley in every little by-path. No mention was made of the many remarkable health giving hot and medicinal springs, which the red man utilized by bringing his ailing squaw or his fighting buck for medical treatment. The mud bath was known then as well as now.

No thought was given to that wonderful, strange sight, the Sand Dunes, but on the other hand they were cussed as being a nuisance and conclusively they had no expectation of any possibility of the watering of this desert and its blossoming into a Garden of Eden, and which now is the champion Spud center of the world and a wonderful yielder of all small grains, and the big herds have become the little dairy mites, and early peas are making the Berkshire and the Poland China curl their tails. We knew how the boys felt and the thoughts they thought. It was ride all day and stand night herd all night, counting the days until we would get to town and then —— He'd race over the shifting sands, breasting the sage brush clumps, kicking the despised grease wood, and skirting the great Medino Lakes, then for the night herd in hugh alkali beds—happy, carefree, independent, uncomplaining, quick to resent an insult, free with his tobacco, proud of his pony and a crank for a Stetson Sombrero. His like never was, and never again his like will be. No moving picture can portray him as he was and no actor can play him. Bill Hart, the master that he is, does not know him. Here's what he used to do when he lived in his saddle and slept in his saddle blankets:—

All day long on the prairie I ride,
 Not even a dog to trot by my side,
 My fire I kindle with chips gathered round,
 And I boil my coffee without being ground.
 My bread like unleaven, I bake a pot,
 I sleep on the ground for want of a cot,
 I wash in a puddle, wipe on a sack,
 And carry my wardrobe all on my back.
 The skies are my ceiling, my carpet the grass,
 My music the lowing herds as they pass,
 My books are the brook, and my sermons the stones,
 My parson a wolf; on a pulpit of bones,
 But now if my cooking ain't complete,
 Hygienists can't blame me for living to eat,
 And where is the man who sleeps more profound
 Than a puncher who stretches himself on the ground.
 My books teach me consistency ever to prize,
 My sermons that small things I should not despise,
 My parson remarks from his pulpit of bones,
 The Lord favors those who look out for their own.

AN INTERVIEW OF MANY YEARS AGO

Our old beloved editor friend, Al Peacock, a good many years ago took advantage of us one evening and succeeded in having us give him, unconsciously on our part, an interview covering a small part of our lives in the San Luis Valley. The same was published in his paper and the following is a copy:

"A congenial party were gathered on an inviting lawn, on Monday evening, cooling off from the day's perspiration and giving bits of experiences that wore off the effect of the heated hours of business. The desultory talk switched around to the Attica emigration to the San Luis valley in Colorado, to the number of people that had followed the leadership of "Dad" Ahrens.

" 'That's a great climate,' said O. S. Clark, as he tilted his chair and relighted his cigar—an indication that the man of few words was going to open up and tell something worth hearing. 'I was there 'twenty-nine years ago when the San Luis valley had nothing but cattle and cowboys and a climate that, in a measure, made up for its lonesomeness. Monte Vista, and Center, and Pagosa Springs and LaJara and other towns, were unheard of and the big town in the valley was Alamosa, which was the end of the railroad. Charles Shideler and I herded cattle all over that valley. Never knew we were cow-punchers? Why, we were in the "perfesh" six or eight years in that valley and in the Texas Panhandle, long enough to get past the degree of "tenderfoot" and to be recognized as members in good standing of the order of Quick Trigger Cowboys. I remember our farewell to San Luis valley as though it were yesterday. Charley and I had concluded that the pot of gold was in the Panhandle and we sold our cattle and started for the fortune. We concluded to say good-bye after a roundup of the sights at Alamosa, which was then a typical western town. The place was over-crowded with cowboys who had come in for their weekly revelry and Charley and I were perfectly contented in beds constructed in a livery stable stall. We had expected to

put in a few days recreating. We put in one night and on the following morning we went down inside of our leather belts, hauled out our cash and counted it. We had spent \$50 in one night in seeing just a few of the minor sights. Neither of us said a word; as each made for his horse and threw on the saddle. Words were useless at such a time. The leather pouch silently told of our finish if we remained in that rapid town. It was no place for us.

“Charley was to go out of the way to see about the purchase of some calves and it was agreed that I should take the pack horse and go down the trail, to meet in the canon, thirty or forty miles away. I met with a mishap in packing and had to remain another night in Alamosa. I secured a room in a log hotel and retired early, to keep away from the ‘sights’ that ate up money like an electric sausage-grinder chews meat. All went well until the cowboy gang opened up business in the bar room, which was directly under where I was trying to sleep. The shooting in that bar room began at 10 o’clock and continued, with intervals of rest, until 4 o’clock the following morning. I knew that when the cowboys shot just to let the natives know they were in town their aim was usually at the chandeliers and the ceiling, so you can imagine how comfortable I felt. I perched on the headboard of the bed, then climbed on the washstand, then rolled the bed to the farthest corner, expecting every minute to have my body as full of holes as a sieve. The cowboys were not the only busy people that night. I was just as busy dodging imaginary bullets as they were in firing real ones. The next morning I started down the canon and had gone about twenty miles when the pack-horse got to bucking because the bundles were chafing him. When he got through, the trail for miles was strewn with clothes, and grub and cooking utensils. I was so discouraged that I left the animal and proceeded without the outfit. Shortly after midnight my pony was picking his way along the mountain side when I heard the click of a rifle. I stopped and a short distance ahead I saw the outline of a man crawling towards me with a rifle in front of him. “Don’t shoot!” I yelled. “Halt then, and tell your business,” came back the reply. And by this time he had advanced until I could look into the barrel of his gun. “Take that gun down, please,” I pleaded, “I’ve lost my way—that’s all.” He came up and looked me over, like I was a prize hog at a county fair, and concluded to let me pass. He was a sentinel watching for cattle thieves who had committed many depredations in the valley, and I firmly believe that if I had not spoken first he would have fired on me, for little warning was ever given night marauders.

“I know of no recreation that would give me so much pleasure as to spend a month in San Luis valley, every inch of which I knew when a boy and none of which I have seen since the memorable trip out of Alamosa and away from the cowboys’ guns. It is all changed now, of course, but I think I can find some spots where danger lurked and where the woolly way of doing things were so impressed upon my memory as to never be effaced. Charley and I are going to renew our youth in the San Luis valley next year, (the next year came in September 1921,) and it will be the greatest trip of our lives. Gee whiz!



A SAMPLE OF THE WILD WEST SPORTS.
Stampede Day at Monte Vista, Colorado.

It's 11 o'clock. Goodnight.' And the mild-mannered ex-cow puncher departed, while the host gathered up half a box of burned matches that had been used in keeping the cigar going while the interesting narrative was being given."

THE OLD AND THE NEW

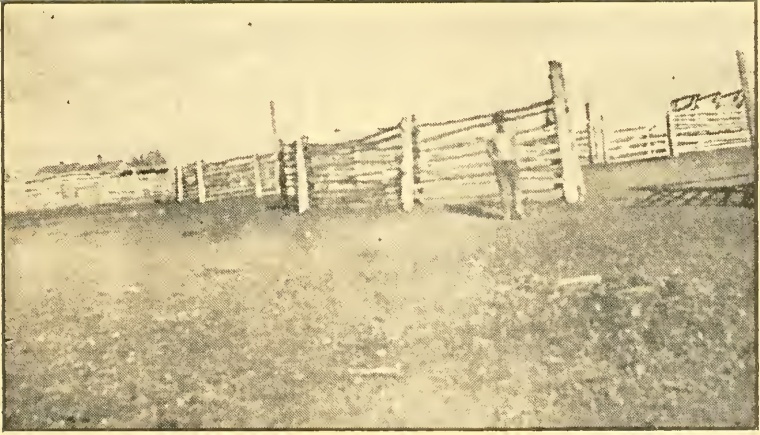
O. S. Clark, our fellow townsman, recently returned from a three weeks trip to the San Luis Valley, and the intervening territory over which he cow punched and broncho busted for several years during the late 70's and the early 80's. As he went along in this trip over the grounds of his youth, he jotted down some of the observations and experiences of those thrilling days, as they were brought back to his memory by the few old landmarks which still stand somewhat as they did then. By his permission we publish his story which is as follows:

The writer for a number of years has been attending the Rifle, Colorado, rodeos and this year as usual we have been anticipating this event, marked for September 1 and 2, and we were all set on the eve before when according to Nature's own blessings, the flood gates and the irrigation ditches turned loose and considerably interfered with the ridin', ropin' and broncho bustin'.

"After endeavoring to dig up a little excitement of some sort out of the general disappointment occasioned by the rain, we gave it up and commenced to make some observations and also comparisons with the old time buster and the new fancy bustin'. This comparison has a span of forty years and our earliest recollection is of the affairs that were held in Alamosa, Dodge City, Caldwell and other cow towns in the late 70's and early 80's. Alamosa was the end of the railroad then and after the round-ups the boys just had to blow off steam and go to town—the mule skinner, the bull whacker and the miner would be there to help along with the fun while at the same time Senorita Baca would sing her love songs and several New York dressed "chickens" would of course be at the Long Branch dance hall. The cow punchers from all over the San Luis valley would of course be on hand, the boys from the Adee and Durkee outfit (Mr. Durkee was a son of the famous Durkee salad dressing manufacturer in the east) and from the Dicky Bros. outfit were always present. We are not naming any names or giving anything away, but Theo Worthington, Ed. Creighton, Kit Carson Jr., George Craig, Hank Hocker and several other fellows whom we knew were there, yes, and Wild Bill Coleman and Charley Shideler of Rifle were included.

"The writer, of course, was not an active participant, owing to his inborn, modest disposition, besides we never had as much money to blow in as those other rich fellows who thought they were millionaires, temporarily, maybe. It was discovered that we could play the piano a little back east where it was tolerated and one night the boys urged us to play a little gallop or something at the Long Branch. I happened to be close to the piano and I glanced up and saw suspended over the piano a good sized sign printed in large letters with the following, "Do not shoot the pianist, he is doing his best," I declined playing as I always had a hunch that I would not like to be shot in the back.

Since we are showing a good picture of the old corral at

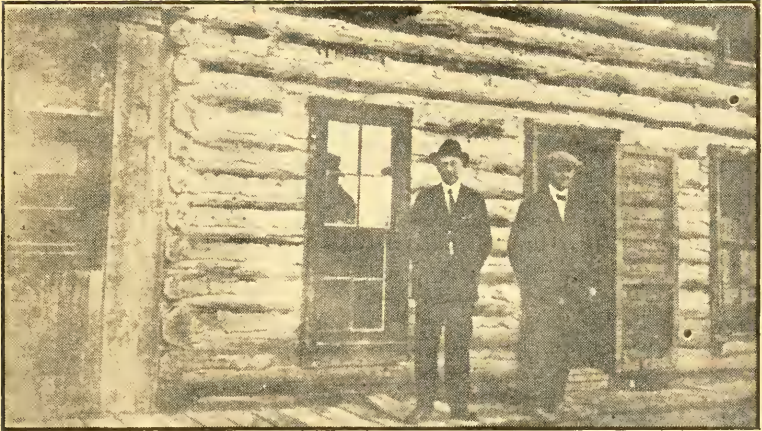


THE OLD CORRAL, MEDINO RANCH.

The old corral, south of the Dickey Ranch House. Our first work was helping to build this corral. Inside it was where Vol Dicky was bucked off the yearling calf he was branding. The big post in the fore part of the picture, was where the wild bulls hit it broadside and spilt me and the beans, coming from the Zapato, and described elsewhere.

the Dickey brothers' ranch on the Medino, it will be fitting to mention the fact that the first work that these work-finding brothers got out of Charley and I was to place the large cottonwood poles on the top layers of this ungainly looking corral, assisted by some humbres. The Mexicans did the work and we did the grunting. After the corral was completed and I got a promotion to the culinary department, we were ordered one day to this corral and told to pilot a freshly yoked pair of Oxen over to the Zapata, the Adee and Durkea Ranch and get some supplies. The boys took special pains to advise me that these particular two bulls were perfectly docile and gentle and counseled me as to just how I should proceed, since it was new business to me. I became, however, an old hand at the business in about twenty minutes from the flag pole. When they let down the bars and we cleared the corral, headed for the prairie I found myself in the front end of the wagon with nothing to hold to but a courageous spirit and a strong resolve. We hit broadside every clump of sage brush there was on that prairie and the alkali dust resembled a dust storm. Those bulls had a most friendly disposition for other cattle and every herd that they saw they disposed to run down and visit them a while and there was no way to stop them or start them on the road again. After some balking, much bucking and a reasonable amount of swearing we reached our destination, loaded up and pointed Mushaway and Buck homeward where some disgruntled cow punchers were awaiting for the cook to come back. We negotiated all of the sage brush clumps, sand hills and alkali beds and passed the time of day with all visiting herd of cattle on our return as we had on our going over. We were in sight of the corral at dusk and as soon as those bulls saw the old corral they made a run and jump for the opening. Their calculations were bad and their eyesight was worse. We struck one of the posts broadside and in a second the wagon was turned upside down and I was underneath, mussing around with the bacon and lard and my whiskers frosted with the flour. I yelled for assistance, but the average cow puncher is an unfeeling cuss and a hard hearted wretch. I eventually crawled out and noticed the bulls nonchallantly chewing their cud and any observing man could see that these particular oxen, from their present appearance were perfectly docile and always innocently inclined and never ran off, under any circumstance.

My one vivid recollection of my early days working on a cow ranch brings to my mind when I hired to Vol Dicky of the Dicky Bros., on the Medano. My profession at that time was as cook and as such I was hired. They asked me one day to go to the corral and help brand calves. I did so and my duty after the calf was roped and thrown was to put my foot behind the calf's under leg and then hold the upper leg with my hands and all my might. The roper brought out a big frisky calf and we got into position. Vol was doing the branding and contrary to the rules he straddled the calf and commenced to burn him with the iron. Immediately the calf gave a bellow, pulled away from me and got on his feet with Vol and his iron on his back. He commenced to buck and circled the corral, Vol doing his best to get off. The calf finally gave a big buck



THE OLD RANCH HOUSE ON THE MEDINO.

The Dickey Bros. Ranch House on the Medino, where we did some fancy and decorative cooking in 1878. The window on the left leads into the kitchen, and off the kitchen was the Commissary where the Store Keeper sold us Star Plug Tobacco at double prices and took it out of our wages. On the right is Charley Shideler, Rifle Colo., and O. S. Clark, Attica, Ind., on the left. Picture taken in 1921.

and Vol cleared the hurricane deck. When Vol lit, I was unfortunately close by and what he said to me was quite awful and for 43 years I have been endeavoring to forget his harsh and unbecoming mode of address. I slinked off to the cook camp and put on a pot of frijoles—I was not hired to brand calves anyway.

Of course the old fashioned cow town was always painted in tints of red and was always ready and willing for any rough stuff and a little accidental shooting that might take place. This is where the real comparison is noticeable. Why, these new boys couldn't eat sage bush and cook with a cow chip fire like every old rough "puncher" in the old days and on the old ranges had to. We notice now when the late and so called up-to-date one comes in, he breaks for the barber shop and gets all dolled up—the first thing the old fellow used to do was get a drink. They had no use for a dude, especially one that was a little tender in the feet.

Paddy Welsh was the Boss Cook on the big round-ups, and he could sting the lead mule on a four mule Mess Wagon with his black snake to a ricety. He could get his cooking outfit to camp the quickest and have the meals ready the most promptly, and sing the loudest of any chef in the West. It was from him that I got my few brief lessons in cookery, peace to his pies, and may his spirit never return with any of his rock ribbed, sour dough biscuits that would sink to the bottom of your stomach like a chunk of lead. Paddy was averse to anything in the Dude line. By some circumstance one of this species drifted into the cow camp, and one day Paddy was mixing a batch of bread and in order to introduce the boy to the rough ways of a well regulated cow camp, and while the boy was actively watching Paddy mix the bread, he spit in the Dutch Oven in which he was going to bake the bread, and immediately slapped the batch in the oven and went off whistling. The boy at supper that night "went around the bread," and it was apparent that he did not care for any sour dough "pan" that had been doctored like that was. He remarked to some of the cow punchers one day that he liked the cattle business pretty well, except that he did not like to "set up with the cows", he meant night herding.

He was standing close to the mess wagon one day, trying to manipulate a fresh cigarette, and Paddy espied him, he turned in disgust, and muttered to himself, "look at 'im smokin' them D— paper cigars, he'll be atin' custard pie and hash nixt."

On the present trip it has been my privilege to visit the San Luis valley with my side partner, Charles Shideler, and his estimable wife and we have hunted and located the ranches where we worked and have endeavored to find some of the boys who worked with us in the old days. We located Dr. Ball and Myron Wilkins at Alamosa, and some others. We found the old Dicky ranch on the Medano, but of course greatly enlarged and now operated by the Lingers. The old Adee and Durkee ranch is practically as it was 40 years ago. While at Alamosa we heard about most of the boys, but do not find many of the 78'ers there. John Gergason has recently retired from business. We bought our overalls and red shirts from him. It

has been difficult to find the location of some of the famous places but we found the site of the old hotel and the only building remaining is the livery barn a little below the San Luis hotel. This barn was operated by Myron Wilkins who is still running it. This place was always a meeting and visiting place for the boys—it was lodging room by night and sandwich rooms by day. One night after a thoroughly enjoyable evening, Charley and I became separated and he went to bed first. When I arrived at the Hotel de Horse the outer vestibule was closed, and the night clerk had retired. I looked for a means to get in and found a board off on the east side of the barn and I stepped in—down I went into the well, which was uncovered. Despite my yells for help, those old case-hardened and unfeeling cow punchers would not take enough interest to even look down the well. I got out, however, and went to my stall and slept till morning. I have made a kodak picture of this historic hostelry, as in all probability my children should in time know how dad was hard boiled and could snuff alkali off his whiskers like a greaser. We have just driven around the Big Lakes in the Medano country and remember the old Indian tradition, when a certain tribe was passing through the valley and 40 of their best bucks rode into the lake and disappeared. No Indians were ever seen in that vicinity thereafter. Their superstition taught them that the spirits of their departed brothers was associated with the lake and that they should not be disturbed. We also noticed that Dead Man's gulch is still gulching and that the Sand Dunes are still duneing, but there does not seem to be any effort to dig out, resuscitate or resurrect the traditional 1500 sheep and their herders that were buried by these rolling and tumbling mountains of sand.

We found the ever persistant Medano Creek, still trickling through the Big Sand Dunes, still fighting for its very existence.

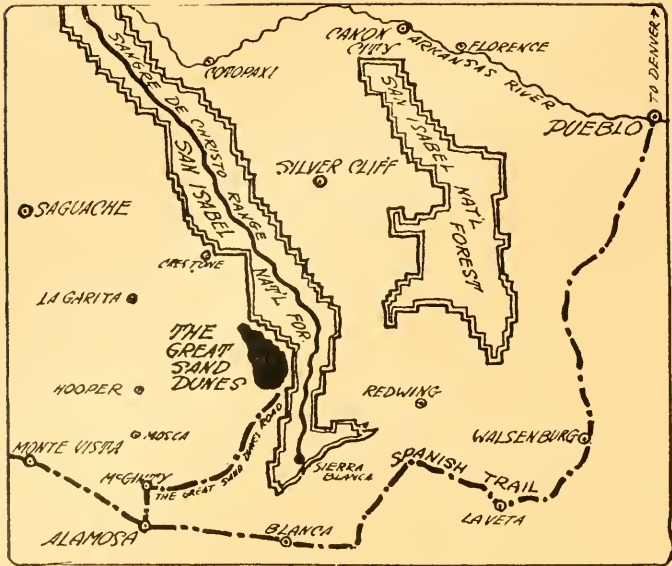
These Sands have threatened for hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of years to choke the source and obliterate this charming little stream, by their rolling and tumbling, hissing particles.

After some search among the Sand Hills we located the familiar Dickey Bros. Horse Ranch, through which the classic stream flows, the Medano, and where Claude Lindley, as Boss, and myself held a bunch of cattle during a part of the summer, while Charley Shideler and the other boys threw the cattle in to us from off the round-up.

All of the old timers in the Valley knew Lindley, but none knew where he is now, although the McCarty boys, who used to be on the Trinchers, and whom we met at Apple Pie Day in Rifle told me that he was in Pueblo.

The McCarty boys and their old father lived near Fort Garland and the old gentleman, Kit Carson, Tom Tobin, and old man Nolen were all boon companions and were the real Indian Fighters for that part of the west in very early days.

One of the happiest parts of our trip occurred at Alamosa while my partner, Charley Shideler, and myself were browsing around hunting China Pete's old location. Pete was a woman, As we turned the corner at the Victoria hotel we bumped into Sam Hannah, his wife and her sister, whom we did not know were any place but Howard, Kans. Mr. Hannah was in the



SAN LUIS.

A good miniature map of the eastern slope of the San Luis Valley, showing a prominent point of the Sange De Christi Range, Mount Sierra Blanca, one of the highest Peaks in the Western country. Just north of this peak is the Zapato Creek, where, in the foot hills nestled the old Adee and Durkea Ranch, where we first worked. Between Hooper and the Sand Dunes ran the Medino creek, on which was located the old Dickey Bros. Home Ranch, (a picture of the house is shown elsewhere). Claude Lindley and I held a herd of cattle on this creek, a part of one summer, while the cow punchers threw the cattle in to us from off the round-ups. The Great Sand Dunes are of special interest, and a description of them appears elsewhere. Blanca South and near it was Fort Garland, all historic ground, since Kit Carson, Tom Tobin, and others, together with John C. Fremont, the Path Finder, made this country safe for incoming expeditions, that were headed by Fremont. In a gulch, on the La Veta Pass, not far from Blanca, marks the place where Tom Tobin killed the Espinosas boys.

valley two years before we were, so we had a three-handed game of famnin' and hunting recollections of the old red and woolly days. We took a day to drive over to Wagon Wheel Gap, where Charley and I took a bath in 1878, and haven't taken one since.

Society in the early days in the Valley was not so slow, either, if you please. At Alamosa especially we used to have our swell dances, of course there were no Clubs or Pink Teas, however.

One of the young ladies just out from the east was quite active, both as a fashionable dresser and as a participant in all of the social functions. She had not been out from the east long and was considerably proud of her ancestry and rich relatives back there.

It was noticed that she was continually shopping and inquiring for expensive goods and clothing, and her penchant and desire, and specially was silk underwear—so she said, well Johnny Gergeson had everything in his store except silk underwear, and she was generally apparently disappointed that she was unable to procure just what she wanted in such a small town like Alamosa.

A big dance was announced and as usual the young lady, all bedecked and bedolled was in fine fettle and was going to show us old hard boils how they did things in the east. The dance warmed up and was going at a fast and furious rate, and as Charley Siringo, an old time Cow Puncher in the Texas Pan Handle, now of Sante Fe, recites in one of his songs,

Saloot yer lovely critters;
Now swing and let 'em go;
Climb the grapevine round 'em;
Now all hands do-ce-do?
You maverick, jine the roundup,
Jes skip the waterfall,"
Huh? hit was getting active,
The Cow Boy's Christmas Ball.

Finally in order to create one lasting impression she took out on the floor a particularly energetic and swell dancing Cow Boy, but in some unaccountable way things did not break just right and owing to the splinters in the floor being a little rough she ungracefully tripped and fell, accidentally her clothing became a little disarranged and on some parts of the exposed petticoats, could be read in bold type "The Pride of Denver," this was a popular brand of flour, in those days, which was packed in cotton sacks.

At Alamosa, the old cow town, there was a famous and well known boarding house keeper of the Irish persuasion. When one would go to her table the invariable question from the lady waiter would be "Tay or Coffee?" If you said "Tay", she would say, "Well, you'll take coffee, we have no Tay."

With most of the kick taken out of the ancient rodeo, we still have a hankering to mingle with the boys and listen to their talk it harks me back to when we were not particular as to our looks and when the boys took everything rough and the bronchos bucked harder and when the long horns could run faster and when the cow man took it straight—no sundaes or soda water then,

Every two years Charley Shideler sends me a little sprig of sage brush and upon receipt of same I silently and quickly pack my grip and go to him where he sings me new songs and tells me new stories. The end of the trail is approaching and should there be a place in Heaven for such as we, we pray God to temper his mercy and let up pass to the great eternal range of eternal good grass.

And then the lonely traveler,
When passing to his grave,
Will shed a farewell tear
Over the bravest of the brave;
And he'll go no more a ranging,
The savage to affright;
He has heard his last war whoop
And fought his last fight.

GEORGE ADAMS

We have borrowed baking powder from George Adams at his ranch north of the Star Ranch in the San Luis valley. Adams was one of the first men to take up the fancy breeding of pure Herefords in the west, and who has since built a hotel and I think a theater under his name in the city of Denver, Colorado.

NOT AFRAID

I have stood up, straight too, in front of a big Winchester rifle, with a barrel twenty feet long, at least it looked that long, with a determined man, a keen eye, and a nervous trigger finger behind it—and its a funny feeling too. You don't know whether to blubber or bluff. In this case my hands went up faster than an air plane, and I bellowed lustily "not to shoot." After explaining and re-explaining and explaining again that I was lost and was peaceably inclined and only hunting Ute Creek they released the tension somewhat by allowing me to depart. After I got some little ways away from that troublesome and irritating scene I noticed that my boots were almost full of cold sweat so that I had to take them off and empty them. This distressing and horribly unfortunate misunderstanding took place at the Government Corral, connected with old Fort Garland—they were expecting horse thieves that eve and I suppose that I looked the part.

JOHN CHIZUM OF THE PECOS

Among some of the big characters that my partner has met was John Chizum, of the Pecos country New Mexico. My partner has told me that in meeting this man he always made you feel as if you were his long lost brother. He was said to have been one of the most enterprising and thrifty cow men of his time. He also had the born instincts in all of the angles and twists of that business. I remember some ten or fifteen years ago to have read in the Saturday Evening Post, an article written by some one who was describing the instincts of certain men, and as an illustration of how some men worked out their instincts to practical uses, related the following story—a true one, he claimed, of John's prowess. This is as I remember it:

"It was in the fall of the year when the round-ups were gathering the beef cattle and grazing them along the trail towards the loading stations to be shipped to market. One of

John's beef herds, composed of 1000 head of those clean limbed, wild-eyed, long-horned steers, ready for a fight or a run, started off with one of his best outfits. After they had been out two or three days the herd became very nervous, scarey and jumpy and would stampede every night, and after the foreman, his horses and men became worn out the boss sent one of the boys back to the ranch to report the condition of things and to request that John come out to the herd. John cranked up his one cylindered Bu (i)ck Board and hitched a couple of buck skin cayuses to it, and away he went across the plains, jumping the arroyos and hitting the hills in the high places. When he reached the herd in the evening he told them to bed the cattle down and directed the horse wrangler to bring in some horses. He saddled one and called for the foreman to follow. They rode around the herd, through it and across it. Nothing looked wrong. Finally John stopped in front of a steer and looked him in the eye. He seemed to have a suspicious look to John and seemed to assume the attitude that he was a perfectly innocent and law abiding steer, and was playin' as though he hadn't done nothin'. John rode around him and again faced the steer and caught his eye and at once decided that that steer was not the quiet and peaceful individual that he pretended to be. He then called his foreman and said to him. "Get that steer up and run him out of the herd and keep him out." This was done and the rest of the drive was made in peace. John's instinct was too much for a troublesome, trouble-making, long-horned steer."

John Chizum was the very biggest cattle fiend in all of the Pecos Country. He owned thousands of cattle and was not particular whether they had his brand on or not. He ran big outfits and made big deals. Charley Seringo, now of Sante Fe, speaks of him in his Lone Star Cow Boy Book. He tells of the plans for the usual spring round-up and says:—

"We laid up for a week to wait for John to organize the spring round-up on his 'Jingle Bob' range, containing sixty thousand cattle. During this time we attended dances on Pumpkin Row, where a bunch of Texan's had settled a few miles south of what is now Roswell City. At his home ranch, on south Spring River, Jno. had built a new frame dwelling, under which flowed a sparkling irrigation stream, to water the young orchard just planted. On the front of this new house we used to sit for hours talking to cattle King John Chizum. His whole heart seemed to be wrapped up in this large, young orchard. It is now the home of Herbert J. Hagerman hence Mr. Chizum planted the orchard and developed it for others to enjoy, as he died a few years later."

John claimed to be the first man that ever crossed the staked plains with a herd of cattle. This was a stretch of desert ninety miles wide from the Pan Handle to the Pecos River, without water. He started from the East side of it with 3400 cattle and a fine outfit of fifteen or twenty cow boys, mess wagons a plenty, and many extra horses in the rumuda. This Trail required at least four dry camps and he figured that it would take about four days to drive it, during which time the cattle would not have a drop of water. In order that the riding ponies and cow boys could have water to drink he rigged a

barrel on the front wheels of a wagon and filled it up when they started. The second day out the team that was pulling the rig ran away and upset the water, the third day the Cow Punchers and horses, almost crazed for the want of water, began to desert him and as they each left the herd they remarked, "they were going to water." They all left him except one. The cattle were also getting in a desperate condition, becoming weary, blear eyed, and their tongues swollen, John and the one boy trying to control them. The fourth day some of the cow boys returned to the herd and said they could find some water holes in an arroyo, towards the river (Pecos). They pointed the leaders in the direction the cow boys indicated. As the herd approached the anticipated region, the cattle all at once threw up their heads and commenced to run, they smelled the water, not however, the water in the arroyos, but the water in the Pecos river, miles and miles distant. The riders could hardly keep up with their tired and worn out horses. The herd finally reached the River banks, which were high, and John and his punchers had lost all control of these 3400 head of maddened cattle. They commenced to plunge off the high banks into the water, it being but a moment until there were mountains of cattle in places and hundreds were drowned. When he got the survivors across and counted them he found he had lost seventeen hundred head.

The Llano Estacado or Staked Plains, is described, briefly by some one who can paint descriptions well as follows:—

"The breaks of the plains, corresponding to second valley prairie, incrustated with pure white gypsum, and mica, assuming many dazzling shapes, remind one of the battlements of an old fort or castle, or the profile of a large city with its cathedral walls and varied habitations of the humble and princely of a hugh Metropolis. Romance lingers on the summit of these horizontal, fancifully shaped bluffs of the Llano Estacado, so called, and the dreamer or romancer would never exhaust his genius in painting vivid pictures of the imagination."

We Sell Out.

We concluded to sell the modest herd of cattle we owned in the San Luis valley and go to the Pan Handle of Texas, where we could flop our wings and have a little more room. Having done so, I took two of our best horses and started alone for that, the best cattle country that was known at that time. It was fool-hardy to undertake such a trip, but as they say it takes a fool for luck, I was fortunate enough not to be molested or detained, although I went through some places where they might have taken my horses away from me, called me a horse thief and strung me up to a large, tall and always handy cottonwood. I went through Costilla Pass and along the Vermejo River, Both sections looked particularly menacing. I followed the Cimmaron river where it was out of its banks and was overflowing nearly all the country tributary to it. Dead cattle and horses were floating in it and drinking water was mighty scarce. I had nothing much to eat for two or three days, but had plenty of cigarettes to smoke. After leaving the Cimmaron my horses and I were pretty lonesome but grateful that we had not come into contact with Billy the Kid, who at that time was shooting everything up in New Mexico. When we

left the breaks of the Cimmaron and struck east across the staked plains we met with many deceptive marages, making us believe that we were about to meet a horseman or some outfit perhaps, and making us see beautiful cities and wonderful castles, and magnificent bodies of water, lakes and rivers. This latter delusion was particularly distressing because water in the reality was very scarce. It would be forty or fifty miles from one water hole to another. We of course did not have many comforts at night, but with all that there was one mitigating circumstance and that was the fact that there were no tiresome people around to keep us awake. We finally reached the mesa and from there the breaks of the Palo Duro without any serious mishaps, but considerably gaunted.

Before we reached the Cimmaron River I had stopped at a little hamlet where there was but one store. The name of this place was Maxwell. Like a New Jersey Philosopher I provided for future wants by buying a dimes worth of cheese and crackers at this place.. The man in the store warned me against being run into and possibly captured by Billy the Kid, a notorious and wantom Killer, who might appear at any moment. Billy had some time before killed his two guards while a prisoner at Cimmaron, New Mexico, and was again on the rampage. Maxwell was about thirty-five or forty miles north of Ft. Sumner, where finally, eventually and effectively Pat Garratt, John W. Poe and "Kip" McKinney put Billy out of business. This Maxwell Village was named after the great Maxwell Grant, since it was located near the center of it. The Maxwell Grant was one of the most extensive Grants in the west and was owned by Pete Maxwell, who married it, by getting a Spanish wife. It was at Maxwell's "Feudal Castle" that Garrett shot and killed Billy the Kid. The following description of the Maxwell family and their grant appeared in the newspapers several years ago and is very interesting, reading as follows:—

"This little mountain town of a few hundred inhabitants was once the headquarters of one of the greatest estates that ever belonged to one man in America—the famous Maxwell ranch—and the remains of the baronial dwelling from which it was administered, still stands here.

"In old books you can find facts about the Maxwell ranch, and from old-timers hereabouts you can learn a good deal more. Indeed, there are few persons in this vicinity who can not tell you something either from hearsay or from first-hand knowledge about Maxwell and his doings.

"But to the world at large he and his great estate are forgotten.

"And this is to be regretted, for it would be hard to find a more significant and dramatic passage in early southwestern history than the story of this bit of land.

"Maxwell was really an absolute monarch, ruling over a domain larger than many of the states of the union, and several times as large as some European states that have flags and crowns.

"Furthermore, he was evidently a born ruler and organizer. He was one of the first men to gather and hold land in the great southwestern wilderness, to organize and to make other men work for his profit.

"In a word he was one of the first American capitalists in the west. The establishment of his little kingdom marked the beginning of the transition from the pioneer days, when everything was free to everybody, to the system of private ownership upon which industrial America was built.

"That whole transition was fought out; bloodily on this bit of soil.

Missouri "Showed" 'Em.

"Maxwell was a penniless and adventurous young man from Missouri who joined the Fremont expedition to the west. He was discharged and paid off at Taos, New Mexico, together with a number of others, one of whom was Kit Carson, the famous scout and Indian fighter.

"Maxwell and Carson were friends as long as they both lived.

"In Taos lived some old Spanish families who owned wide lands granted them by the Spanish king. They did little or nothing with these lands and had only the vaguest idea how much they owned.

"In addition to their lands these Mexican dons had large families, including beautiful daughters.

"Nearly all of the discharged members of the Fremont expedition, Carson and Maxwell among them, promptly fell in love with señoritas, and both of these young adventurers were soon married.

"Here the difference between them asserted itself. Carson, a born fighter and wanderer, deposited his wife and family in an adobe house and left them there, while he went out to make a place for himself in history as an Indian fighter and explorer.

"He never gathered enough property to hamper his movements. But Maxwell took his bride, who was Luz Baubien before he married her, went across the mountains, and settled here on the Cimarron, which was within the Baubien and Miranda grant.

"The Spanish owners had done little with this great piece of land. It was a rugged wilderness filled with wild Indians; they preferred to stay in Taos.

"But their Yankee son-in-law from Missouri proceeded to do much with it. He built a house, he brought in sheep and cattle, he planted corn and wheat.

"He did not heroically fight the savages, either; he made friends with them. Thus he displayed one of the first principles of capitalism which is never to compete when you can co-operate.

A Stroke Of Genius.

"His greatest stroke of commercial genius came later when New Mexico was being surveyed by a government surveyor-general. The deputy surveyors were paid by the mile of line they ran.

"It was therefore to their advantage to survey as many miles as possible. The boundaries of the Baubien and Miranda grant, of which Maxwell had now by purchase and inheritance become sole owner, were vaguely defined by natural landmarks.

"The surveyors were easily persuaded to choose landmarks

which allowed for a very liberal grant, in fact, astonishingly liberal. Most of the Spanish grants were about 100,000 acres each, and there seems to have been some Spanish law limiting them to that extent.

"Maxwell managed to have included within the boundaries of his grant about 2,000,000 acres, and his right to this enormous territory was confirmed by congress.

"Thus he came into possession of an estate about sixty miles long and thirty miles wide, including some of the best cattle range in the state, several fine arable valleys, and a section of high mountain range where were gold, coal and other minerals, and fine forests of pine and spruce.

"Game abounded, and the streams swarmed with trout. Here, truly, was a domain worth owning.

"Maxwell was at the height of his glory as a land baron about the year 1867. He had a great house which must have contained about forty rooms, for less than half of it stands now, and that part contains nineteen rooms.

"And this was no crude pioneer dwelling. The walls were tastefully papered, and it is said, elaborately furnished. Maxwell had 500 men working for him. He had thousands of sheep, cattle and horses, a flour mill and a sawmill. He was Indian agent for several tribes, and this gave him the right to have a troop of cavalry on his place, so that he may be said to have had a standing army.

Money To Burn.

"He kept a free dining room where anyone might come and eat, but none was allowed to pay. In fact, he dispensed a practically unlimited hospitality.

"Once a young Englishman passing through the country inquired of a man sitting on the front porch of the ranch house where he would find Maxwell, so that he might pay for his breakfast. This man was a rough-looking fellow, dressed in dirty breeches and riding boots and a bright red shirt which was open at the neck to display a flourishing growth of coal black hair, of which its owner was evidently very proud. The man had long black mustaches and smoked a short cuddy pipe.

"This uncouth individual responded, to the amazement of the visitor, that he was Maxwell, but that no one paid him for meals.

"The young Englishman insisted on paying, and Maxwell steadily refused. Finally, however, he yielded to the importunities of the stranger and said that the price of the breakfast was \$25.

"Now the Englishman backed water. He would pay no such price for a meal. Maxwell let a whoop and a large red-haired cowboy, about six feet four inches tall, appeared on the scene.

"Rope this son-of-a-gun and choke him till he gives up twenty-five bucks," ordered the King of Cimarron.

The next moment the young Englishman felt a strand of rawhide close about his neck and at the same time he dived into his pocket and brought forth the desired amount in bills, which he chokingly tendered to his host.

"With a gesture of incomparable grandeur, Maxwell touched a match to the money and lit his pipe at the flames, then

tossed the charred remains away. The incident was closed.

"Such was one of America's earliest plutocrats."

Billy the Kid was such an atrocious and uncompromising, cowardly murderer that it affords one a great deal of pleasure to print the account of his being killed and one can at last realize that he is dead enough to stay dead. John W. Poe, now of Roswell, New Mexico, a banker, tells his story to E. M. Dealy, of the Dallas News, who wrote it up and published it.

I have a recent letter from Mr. Poe which verifies the story of the killing in all respects. He writes as follows:—
Roswell, New Mexico.

Dated Dec. 28, 1921, and addressed, O. S. Clark, Attica, Ind., quoting it as follows:—

"Yes, I knew Clay Allison very well, first in the Pan Handle country when he was ranching near Mobettie and later here in New Mexico after his marriage. If I had the time I could tell you a few stories about him that would be more or less interesting. Allison was a very brave man with many fine qualities as well as some that were not altogether admirable.

"He was accidentally killed about one hundred miles south of here in 1884 or 1885.

"I note that you have read Mr. Dealy's account of the killing of "Billy the Kid", practically all of the data for which was furnished him by me, and which I wrote at the solicitation of friends some five years ago.

"I came to New Mexico early in 1881, and consequently did not know many characters who came to the Pan Handle after that date. However I knew most of those who were about old Tascosa during the years 1879 and 1880, as I had occasion to go there at numerous times, my head quarters then being at Mobettie. (Mr. Poe was an officer of some kind at that time.) If you ever have occasion to come to these parts and will call on me, I will be glad to give you any information I can about any of these old time characters that I knew. John W. Poe."

His account of the killing was a thriller and is herewith printed as it was authentically published in the papers a number of years ago, Mr. Poe tells the Story as follows:—

"I was somewhat skeptical as to the correctness of this information as it seemed almost unbelievable that the Kid, after nearly three months had elapsed from the time of his escape, with a price on his head and under sentence of death, would still be lingering in the country. However, in view of the fact that the Kid had many friends and sympathizers who looked upon him as a hero and who would probably shelter and protect him, I came to the conclusion that there was possibly truth in the story which had been told me and immediately went to the county seat where I laid the matter before the Sheriff as it had been told me.

"The Sheriff was much more skeptical as to the truth of the story than I was; said he could not believe there was any truth in what the Whiteoaks individual had told me, but finally said that if I desired it he and I would go to Roswell where we would find one of his deputies named McKinney and from there the three of us would go to Fort Sumner with the determination of unearthing the Kid if he was there. This was agreed upon and the following day we went to Roswell, where we found Mc-

Kinney, who expressed his disbelief in the Whiteoaks story but willingly joined in with us for the expedition to Fort Sumner, which place is some eighty miles distant from Roswell.

The Man Hunt.

"After a few hours spent in Roswell in arranging for the trip we started about sundown, riding out of town in a different direction from that which we intended to travel later, as it was absolutely necessary to keep the public in ignorance of our plans if anything was to be accomplished. After we were well out of the settlements we changed our course and rode in the direction of Fort Sumner until about midnight, when we stopped, picketed our horses and slept on our saddle blankets for the remainder of the night. The next day we rode some fifty or fifty-five miles, halting late in the evening at a point in the sand hills some five or six miles out from Fort Sumner, where we again picketed our horses and slept until morning.

"It was here agreed that, inasmuch as I was not known in Fort Sumner, while the other two men were, Garrett having a year or two previous resided there, that I should ride into the place with the object of reconnoitering the ground and getting such information as was possible that might aid us in our purpose, while the other two men were to remain out of sight in the sand hills for the day and in case of my failing to return to them before night, were to meet me after darkness came on at a certain point agreed on, some four miles out from Fort Sumner. In pursuance of this plan I next morning left my companions and rode into town, where I arrived about 10 o'clock.

Fort Sumner in 1881.

"Fort Sumner at that time had a population of only some two or three hundred people, nearly all of whom were natives or Mexicans, there being perhaps not more than one or two dozen Americans in the place, a majority of whom were tough or undesirable characters. A majority of the entire population were in sympathy with the Kid, while the remainder were in terror of him.

"When I entered the town I noticed I was being watched from every side, and soon after I had stopped and hitched my horse in front of a store which had a saloon annex a number of men gathered around me and began to question me as to where I was from, whither I was bound, etc. I answered with as plausible a yarn as I was able, telling them that I was from Whiteoaks, where I had been engaged in mining, and was on my way to the Panhandle, where I had formerly lived. This story seemed to allay their suspicions to some extent and I was invited to join in a social drink at the saloon, which I did, being very careful that I absorbed only a very small quantity of the liquor. This operation was repeated several times, as was the custom in those days, after which I went to a near-by restaurant for something to eat, as I was by this time beginning to realize that I was getting hungry, having been on very short rations for several days.

Suspicious of Poe.

"After I had gotten a square meal I loitered about the village for some hours, chatting casually with the people I met in hope of learning something definite as to whether or not the Kid was there or had recently been there, but was unable to

learn anything further than that the people with whom I conversed were still suspicious of me and that it was plain that many of them were on the alert, expecting something to happen. In fact, there was a very tense situation in Fort Sumner that day, as the Kid was at that time hiding in one of the native houses there, and if the object of my visit had become known I would have stood no chance for my life whatever.

"It was understood when I left my companions in the morning that in case of my being unable to secure definite information in Fort Sumner as to the object of our visit I was to go to the ranch of a Mr. Rudolph (an acquaintance and friend of Garrett's), whose ranch was located some seven miles north of Sumner at a place called 'Sunnyside,' with the purpose of securing from him, if possible, some information as to the whereabouts of the man we were after.

"Mr. Poe spent the afternoon with Mr. Rudolph but was unable to secure any information from him as to the whereabouts of the Kid. About dark, therefore, he saddled up and rode directly to the point where he had agreed to meet Garrett and McKinney.

"We here held a consultation," continues Mr. Poe, "as to what further course we should pursue. I had spent the day in endeavoring to hear something definite of the whereabouts of the man we wanted, without success, except from the actions of the people I met at Fort Sumner. I was more firmly convinced than before that our man was in that vicinity.

In Wait for the Outlaw.

"Mr. Garrett seemed to have but little confidence in our being able to accomplish the object of our trip but said that he knew the location of a certain house occupied by a woman in Fort Sumner which the Kid had formerly frequented; that if he was in or about Fort Sumner he would most likely be found entering or leaving this house sometime during the night, and proposed that we go into a grove of trees near the town, conceal our horses, then station ourselves in the peach orchard at the rear of the house in question and then keep watch on who might come or go. This course was agreed upon and we entered the peach orchard at about 9 o'clock that night, stationing ourselves in the gloom or shadow of the peach trees, as the moon was shining brightly.

"We kept up a fruitless watch here until some time after 11 o'clock, when Mr. Garrett stated that he believed we were on a cold trail; that he had very little faith in our being able to accomplish anything when we started on the trip, and proposed that we leave the town without letting the people know that we had been there in search of the Kid. I proposed that, before leaving we should go to the residence of Peter Maxwell, a man who, up to that time, I had never seen, but who, by reputation, I knew to be a man of considerable wealth and influence, and who, by reason of his being a leading citizen and having large property intertests should, according to my reasoning, aid us in ridding the country of a man who was looked upon as a scourge and a curse by all law-abiding people.

Search at Maxwell's House.

"Garrett agreed to this and thereupon led us from the orchard by circuitous by-paths to Maxwell's residence, which

was a building formerly used as officers' quarters during the days when a garrison of troops had been maintained at the Fort.

"Upon our arrival at the residence (a very long, one-story adobe building standing end to end and flush with the street, having a porch on the south side which was the direction from which we approached, the premises all being inclosed by a paling fence, one side of which ran parallel to and along the edge of the street up to and across the end of the porch to the corner of the building) Garrett said to me: 'This is Maxwell's room in the corner; you fellows wait here while I go in and talk with him.' and thereupon he stepped onto the porch and entered Maxwell's room through the open door (left open on account of extremely warm weather), while the other two of us stopped on the outside, McKinney squatting on the outside of the paling fence and I sitting on the edge of the porch in the small, open gateway leading from the street onto the porch.

Billy the Kid Appears.

"It should be mentioned here that, up to this moment, I had never seen either Billy the Kid or Maxwell, which fact, in view of the events transpiring immediately afterward, placed me at an extreme disadvantage. It was probably not more than thirty seconds after Garrett had entered Maxwell's room when my attention was attracted from where I sat in the little gateway to a man approaching me on the inside of and along the fence some forty or fifty steps away. I noticed that he was only partially dressed, was both bareheaded and barefooted, or rather had nothing but sox on his feet, and, as it seemed to me, was fastening his trousers as he came toward me in a very brisk walk.

"Quien Es?"

"As Maxwell's was the one place in Fort Sumner that I had considered above suspicion of harboring the Kid, I was entirely off my guard, the thought that came to my mind being that the man approaching was either Maxwell himself or some guest of his who had occasion to go to the rear of the premises during the night. He came on until he was almost within arm's length of where I sat before he saw me, as I was partially concealed from his view by the post of the gate. Upon his seeing me, he, as quick as lightning, covered me with his six-shooter, sprang onto the porch and called out in Spanish, 'Quien es' (Who is it?), and backing away from me toward the door through which Garrett only a few moments before had passed, repeating his query, 'Who is it?' several times in Spanish.

Shots Inside the Room.

"At this I stood up from where I had been seated, stepped onto the porch and advanced toward him, telling him not to be alarmed—that he should not be hurt, still without the least suspicion that this was the man we were looking for. As I moved toward him, trying to reassure him, he backed up into the doorway of Maxwell's room, where he halted for a moment, his body concealed by the thick adobe wall at the side of the doorway, put his head out and asked in Spanish for the fourth or fifth time who I was. I was within a few feet of him when he disappeared into the room. After this until after the shooting I was unable to see what took place on account of the dark-

ness of the room but plainly heard what was said on the inside.

"An instant after this man left the door I heard a voice inquire in a sharp tone, 'Pete, who are those fellows on the outside' An instant later a shot was fired in the room followed immediately by what everyone within hearing thought was two other shots. However, there were only two shots fired, the third report, as we learned afterward, being caused by the rebound of the second, bullet which had struck the adobe wall and rebounded against the headboard of the wooden bedstead.

The Kid Is Killed.

"I heard a groan and one or two gasps as of someone dying in the room. An instant later Garrett came out, brushing against me as he passed, stood by me close to the wall at the side of the door and said to me. 'That was the Kid that came in there onto me and I think I've got him.' I said, 'Pat, the Kid would not come to this place. You have shot the wrong man.' Upon my saying this Garrett seemed for a moment to be in doubt himself as to whom he had shot, but quickly spoke up and said, 'I am sure that was him for I know his voice too well to be mistaken.' This remark of Garrett's relieved me of considerable apprehension, as I had felt almost certain that someone whom we did not want had been killed.

"A moment after Garrett came out of the door Pete Maxwell rushed squarely onto me in a frantic effort to get out of the room and I certainly would have shot him but for Garrett striking my gun down, saying, 'Don't shoot Maxwell!'

"I have ever since felt grateful that I did not shoot Maxwell, for, as I learned afterward, he was at heart a well meaning, inoffensive and very timid man. We afterward learned that the Kid had frequently been at this house after his escape from Lincoln but Maxwell stood in such terror of him that he did not dare inform against him.

End of a Bloody Desperado.

"By this time all was quiet within the room and as on account of the darkness we were unable to see what the conditions were inside or what the result of the shooting had been, we, after some rather forceful persuasion, induced Maxwell to procure a light, which he finally did by bringing an old-fashioned tallow candle from his mother's room at the further end of the building, passing by the rear end, where the shooting occurred, and placing the candle on the window sill from the outside. This enabled us to get a view of the inside where we saw a man lying stretched upon his back dead in the middle of the room with a six-shooter lying at his right hand and a butcher knife at his left. Upon our examining the body we found it to be that of Billy the Kid. Garrett's first shot had penetrated his breast just above the heart, thus ending the career of a desperado who, while only about 23 years of age at the time of his death, had killed a greater number of men than any of the many desperadoes and killers I have known or heard of during the forty-five years I have been in the Southwest.

"Within a very short time after the shooting quite a number of the native people had gathered around, some of them bewailing the death of their friend, while several of the women pleaded for permission to take charge of the body, which we allowed them to do, they carrying it across the yard to a car-

penter shop, where it was laid out on a work bench, the women placing burning candles around it, according to their ideas of properly conducting a wake for the dead.

What Happened in Maxwell's Room.

"All that occurred after the Kid came into view in the yard up to the time he was killed happened in much less time than it takes to tell it, not more than thirty seconds intervening between the time I first saw him and the time he was shot. From Garrett's statement of what took place in the room after he entered it, appears that, leaving his Winchester standing by the side of the door, he approached the bed where Maxwell was sleeping, arousing him and sitting down on the edge of the bed near the head. A moment later after he had taken this position for a talk with Maxwell, he heard voices on the porch and sat quietly listening when a man came into the doorway and a moment later ran up to Maxwell's bed saying, 'Pete, who are those fellows outside?' It being dark in the room he had not up to now seen Garrett sitting at the head of the bed. When he spoke to Maxwell Garrett recognized the voice and made a move to draw his six-shooter. This movement attracted the Kid's attention, who, seeing that a man was sitting there, instantly covered him with his six-shooter, backing away and demanding several times in Spanish to know who it was. Garrett made no reply and, without rising from where he was sitting, fired with the result stated. This occurred on the night of July 14, 1881, about midnight.

"We spent the remainder of the night on the Maxwell premises, keeping constantly on our guard, as we were expecting to be attacked by the friends of the man killed. Nothing of the kind occurred, however. The next morning we sent for a Justice of the Peace, who held an inquest over the body, the verdict of the jury being such as to justify the killing, and later on the same day the body was buried in the old military burying ground at Fort Sumner.

Many Wild Stories.

"There have been many wild and untrue stories told of this affair, one of which was that we had in some way learned in advance that the Kid would come to Maxwell's residence that night and had concealed ourselves there with the purpose of waylaying and killing him. Another was that we had cut off his fingers and carried them away as trophies or souvenirs, and of later years it has been said many times that the Kid was not dead at all, but had been seen alive and well in various places. The actual facts, however, are exactly as herein stated and while we no doubt would under the circumstances, have laid in wait for him at the Maxwell premises if there had been the slightest reason for our believing that he would come there, the fact that he would come there, the fact that he came was a complete surprise to us, absolutely unexpected and unlooked for so far as we three were concerned. The story that we had cut off and carried away his fingers was even more absurd, as the thought of such never entered our minds, and besides, we were not that kind of people.

"The killing of the Kid created a great sensation throughout the Southwest and many of the law abiding citizens of New Mexico and the Panhandle contributed spontaneously and liber-

ally toward a reward for the officers whose work had finally rid the country of a man who was nothing less than a scourge.

"The taking off of the Kid had a very salutary effect in New Mexico and the Panhandle, most of his remaining followers leaving the country for the time being, at least, and a great many people who had sympathized with or had been terrorized by him completely changed their attitudes toward the enforcement of the law.

Why Didn't the Outlaw Shoot?

"The events which transpired at Maxwell's residence on the night of that 14th of July to this day seem to me strange and mysterious, as the Kid was certainly a killer, was absolutely desperate and had 'the drop' first on me and then on Garrett. Why did he not use it? Possibly he thought that he was in the house of friends and had no suspicion that the officers of the law would ever come to that place searching for him. From what we learned afterward there was some reason for believing that we had been seen leaving the peach orchard by one of his friends, who ran to the house where he was stopping for the night, warning him of our presence and upon thinking that by reason of the standing of the Maxwell family he would not be sought for there. However this may be, it is still, in view of his character and the condition he was in, a mystery.

"I have been in many close places and through many trying experiences, both before and after this occurrence, but never one where I was so forcibly impressed with the idea that a higher power controls and rules the destinies of men. To me it seemed that what occurred in Fort Sumner on that night had actually been foreordained."

Career of John W. Poe.

John W. Poe was born in Mason County, Ky., on the 17th of October, 1850. He came west to Kansas City in 1869 and to Texas in 1872.

For several years after his arrival in Texas he lived near old Fort Griffin, serving part of that time as City Marshal of Fort Griffin. The remainder of the time he worked with cattle and hunted buffaloes.

In 1879 he moved to Mobeetie, then the only town in the Panhandle of Texas with the exception of Tascosa, and there served as Deputy United States Marshal and Deputy Sheriff until the spring of 1881.

In 1881 he was employed by the Canadian River Cattle Association to go to New Mexico and hunt cattle thieves. It was while in this service that he assisted in "getting" Billy the Kid, as has been recounted in the foregoing paragraphs.

In 1882 he was elected Sheriff of Lincoln County, N. M., and served in this capacity until 1886. At the expiration of his second term as Sheriff he settled at Roswell, where he has ever since been engaged in the banking business. In 1900 and 1901 Mr. Poe served as a member of the Territorial Board of Equalization and in 1915-16 he served as a member of the State Tax Commission. During the World War he acted as Federal Fuel Administrator for New Mexico. He has a host of friends in New Mexico, Texas and all over the West.

OUR NEW LOCATION

We located our modest dobe shack, on the Palo Duro, 165 miles from the railroad or Dodge City, in what is known as Hansford county, about thirty or forty miles south of what was called the Rifle Pits—so called from the fact that in the Indian war of '74 and '75 the soldiers made a stand at this place and dug-in. We were about fifty miles from Tascosa, where it was a poor Saturday if some cow puncher or bad man was not killed. We were also about twenty-five miles from the Adobe Walls where the famous Indian battle of '74 was fought and about the same distance from the battlefield of Buffalo Wallow where Billie Dixon also saved the day. During that year and a year previously the Indian outbreak was so acute and serious that it was apparent that it would be impossible for the soldiers to handle it alone so it was decided to enlist the services of the cow men and buffalo hunters. They organized and broke for the Adobe Walls where they made a stand and were immediately besieged by the Red Skins. When the Indians had surrounded the fort they tried every way to get a foot-hold but the boys waited their opportunity and with plenty of cannon and rifles gave them several broadsides. It was said that they literally piled them up like cord-wood. This battle stopped any further uprisings.

ADDENDUM TO THE LIFE OF BILLY DIXON.

Without presuming that we could improve upon or add any particular historical facts, we have taken the liberty to write an additional preface or rather something that might be of some interest to readers of the life of Billy Dixon. These few comments, if of any interest or value, can be attached to or placed in the book containing the historical life of this pioneer, Billy Dixon.

It seems almost like a dream to see in print a description of the scenes that we had the privilege of visiting and being associated with, and also reading of the character and exploits of some of the men we knew so well and others that we had heard of, and who were so necessary and essential to the development and history of the early days of Pan Handle life. Of course Billy Dixon was an "older timer" than we were and yet the scenes and some of the "Way Backs" were still there when we were residents of thereabouts. Throughout, the country had commenced to take on a transitory period, gone were the large buffalo herds, and gone was the buffalo hunter's occupation, and in their stead, the Cow Man, both little and big, was beginning to stock the ranges with the long horns from Old Mexico and from the Coast Country of Texas. Now comes the small farmer and stock man, and all the power under God's dome will not be able to move or displace this persistent and "stick tight" little "Nester".

I sing to thee, O pioneer,
Whose manly strength without fear,
And purpose firm in heaven's sight,
Gives thee a place by crested knight,
Or feuded lord o'er country side.
Thou art the nation's honest pride!

Ó noble, noble pioneer!
We give thee honor now and here,
In this, our middle west, a part,
Thanks comes to thee from every heart,
In words of love and hope and cheer,
All hail Our noble pioneer!

There were a few scattering small bunches of buffalo at that time, in 1880, and we had the privilege and honor, and not much honor at that, of helping to slaughter the last small herd of buffalo that was ever seen in the Texas Pan Handle. This occurred at a stopping place on the Cimaron River, in No Man's Land. This place was run by two old Buffalo Hunters by the names of Rob Ray and — Crawford. The latter had at some time had his toes frozen off, but he could sure shoot some just the same. There were eleven in the herd and they got them all. We hauled the meat to Dodge City. I was a little disappointed in reading the description of the Adobe Walls' fight not to have seen the names of these two intrepid Buffalo hunters mentioned as they were no doubt in that part of the country at the time of the battle and were a part of the Buffalo History of that section and would have been a help to the little band who were besieged.

One of our partners, Sam Hannah, now of Howard, Kan., was fortunate enough to meet and become acquainted with Billy Dixon at Canadian, Tex., although there is no definite statement of the year.

He tells us that his recollections of Billy Dixon showed that he was greatly impressed by his make-up as a man, who was a famous buffalo hunter, an uncanny scout and soldier, a sagacious Indian fighter, and a resourceful Cow Man, a quiet, unassuming character, which trait is always indicative of a brave and honorable man.

We can not help but have a sort of a relationship feeling for such characters as Billy Dixon as we read his history, for the reason, of course, that we have lived and trailed and rode and camped in all the rim rocks and on all of the mesa's, and on all of this hallowed ground that this man practically made safe for the inevitable coming of the new civilization.

We notice, of course, that he was a prototype, and a worthy follower, and a man as brave and true as the wonderful Buffalo Bill, and it is fitting at this time to say that we also have the same close feeling towards this true Knight of the western plains from the fact that my father and his father before him were among the thousands of eager and hopeful travelers who were reaching out for that Star of the Western Empire, and seeking the golden glows on the American Fork in '49 and '50. This period was a little ahead of Buffalo Bill's time, but shortly afterward he too made it safe for these gold fever stricken adventurers who were going to Pike's Peak or "bust". My father's father was one of the many who returned from this land of promise empty handed.

In traveling over and along the present Union Pacific railroad, it's understood that this iron trail marks the old California trail. It's with a feeling of awe and reverence that we pass over this prehistoric ground and realize that we, my father

and his father, had passed along that old trail from the Missouri River, through the beautiful Platte River Valley, Julesburg, Fort Laramie, Salt Lake City and on to the placers of California. We have a letter written by one of that party, posted at Fort Laramie, which expresses their buoyant feelings in the highest degree. It says, "We are safe so far, and we are ever traveling westward full of hope and expectancy. There are thousands ahead of us and tens of thousands behind us." But alas, there were some in this party who never reached the banks of the Wabash again.

When we had reached the Palo Duro (hardwood), one hundred and sixty-five miles from the railroad, and a good ways for a tender foot to be from civilization, the most of the big cattle fellows had established their ranges and ranches, and the little fellows were taking the leavings (we were of this class). We knew, or had heard, of the the most of the big fellows, such as Charles Goodnight, on the Canadian (the Mexicans call him Char Les Goodnightie), Doc Day on the Wolf Creek, Col. Slaughter on Cold Water, Col. Littlefield, Jack Hardesty and others; and we must mention Clay Allison of the Washita, who was first a Cow Man and then a killer of bad men, a true knight, a brave man and one that was necessary to rid the country of many undesirables.

We note with a great deal of interest Billy Dixon's description of Buffalo Springs. On one of our trips, my partner, Charley Shideler, and I left the Palo Duro with some saddle horses and struck for the San Luis Valley of Colorado where we had a small bunch of cattle to be rounded up and sold or driven to the Pan Handle. We passed through what Billy calls the Buffalo Springs (we knew it then as Buffalo Gap), and it was a veritable Gap, because as one came out of the broken and rough country back in New Mexico, this Gap seemed to be the place for entering the broad prairies, the staked plains of north Texas. His description covers this scene nicely with one exception, and after forty years has elapsed, my mind pictures a one roomed, good sized stone building, a substantial and well preserved structure, a description of which he has omitted. This house served as a good defense in case of an Indian attack and no doubt was built by Buffalo Hunters, either Mexican or Americans, as the surrounding grounds, dotted here and there with many water holes, were completely covered with buffalo bones.

Billy's history of the fight at the Adobe Wall must of course be true, but he does not enlarge or give any inside history, of the conditions and causes for the buffalo hunters and cow men having to take such a prominent part in subduing the Red Skins at that period. We fellows had understood that really the soldiers, at that time, and previously, had endeavored to put down these Indian raids but had failed and realized that the Reds were a little too much for them, so that the authorities finally called out the buffalo hunters and cow men to assist them.

Just north of our ranch, on the main freight and mail trail from Dodge, was a place called Rifle Pits. These were pits placed there by the soldiers, where they "dug in", but we never learned of there being much of a fight at that point.

To my mind Billy's description of the Buffalo Wallow fight was the most thrilling and showed more of a desperate condition of affairs than the battle of Adobe Walls. At this place they were literally trapped in open ground, and had to take it in the open until they were able to get a little bit of cover in a wallow. There were less men and he had nearly as many wounded and killed to take care of, so that he was short-handed, but like all of the resourceful fellows of the time he and his little band were victorious.

We were greatly pleased to read Dixon's tribute to the Cator Boys, sturdy English men, Bob and Jim. The Cators lived just south of us on the adjoining ranch, and on the Palo Duro. We were neighbors and friends, staunch and true. Of late years we have made frequent inquiry concerning the location and later history of these indomitable and necessary people to the taming and future development of the great way, but were always unable to locate them.

In conclusion I will coincide and agree with Billy in his comments concerning the feelings of some who have had their experiences in the West, and who have afterwards "gone back" by shunning and forgetting their old stamping grounds. (He refers to Bat Masterson.)

I may be a little bit sentimental myself, but when that peculiar western brash breaks out on me, and I hear the call of those broad billowy prairies, and feel the beckon of those sheltering crags in the grand old snow capped and timber lined mountains and catch the aromatic scent of the scraggly sage brush I silently, secretly and reverently pack my grip and sneak out with my face westward Ho, and when I shall have reached the "home ranch", I revel with the Cow Man, as he teaches me new tricks in cow punching, tells me new stories, and sings me new songs. When I have reached the stage that the little boy at the public Thanksgiving Day dinner table did when he was asked to have more turkey, and replied. "No more, mister, I can chew but I can't swallow," then I will have had my little satisfying rest and vacation, and I will be perfectly willing to come back to that place which the Easterner calls the true civilization and still continue to make a modest living selling money through the grill of a bank window.

Across the world the ceaseless march of men

Has been through smouldering fires, left by the bold,
Who first beyond the guarded outposts ran

And saw with wondering eyes, new lands unrolled,
Who built the hut in which the home began

And around a camp-fire's ashes broke the mold.

Meredith Nicholson.

It will be interesting to the readers to have Billy Dixon's detailed account of this battle and with the permission of his wife, Mrs. Olive Dixon, I am privileged to use it. It's told by Billie before he died.

THE ADOBE WALLS BATTLE JUNE, 1874.

By Billy Dixon.

"The night was sultry and we sat with open doors. In all that vast wilderness, ours were the only lights save the stars that glittered above us. There was just a handful of us out

there on the Plains, each bound to the other by the common tie of standing together in the face of any danger that threatened us. It was a simple code, but about the best I know of. Outside could be heard at intervals the muffled sounds of the stock moving and stumbling around, or a picketed horse shaking himself as he paused in his hunt for the young grass. In the timber along Adobe Walls Creek to the east owls were hooting. We paid no attention to these things, however, and in our fancied security against all foes frolicked and had a general good time. Hanrahan saloon did a thriving trade.

"On that memorable night, June 26, 1874, there were 28 men and one woman at the Walls. The woman was the wife of William Olds. She had come from Dodge City with her husband to open a restaurant in the rear of Rath & Wright's (Bob Wright—we knew Bob at Dodge in 1880) store. Only eight or nine of the men lived at the Walls, the others being buffalo-hunters who by chance happened to be there. There was not the slightest feeling of impending danger.

"As was the custom in the buffalo country, most of the men made their beds outside on the ground. I spread my blankets near the blacksmith's shop, close to my wagon, I placed my gun by my side between my blankets, as usual, to protect it from dew and rain. A man's gun and his horse were his two most valuable possessions, next to life, in that country in those days.

"Every door was left wide open, such a thing as locking a door being unheard of at the Walls. One by one the lights were turned out, the tired buffalo-hunters fell asleep, and the Walls were soon wrapped in the stillness of night.

"Late that evening I had gone down on the creek and caught my saddle horse—a better one could not be found—and tied him with a long picket rope to a stake pin near my wagon.

"About 2 o'clock in the morning Shepherd and Mike Welch were awakened by a report that sounded like the crack of a rifle. They sprang up and discovered that the noise was caused by the big cottonwood ridge pole.

"This ridge pole sustained the weight of the dirt roof, and if the pole should break the roof would collapse and fall in, to the injury or death of those inside. Welch and Shepherd woke up a number of their companions to help them repair the roof. Some climbed on top and began throwing off the dirt, while others went down to the creek to cut a prop for the ridge pole.

"This commotion woke up others, and in a little while about fifteen men were helping repair the roof. Providential things usually are mysterious; there has always been something mysterious to me in the loud report that came from that ridge pole in Hanrahan's saloon. It seems strange that it should have happened at the very time it did, instead of at noon or some other hour, and, above all, that it should have been loud enough to wake men who were fast asleep. Twenty-eight men and one woman would have been slaughtered if the ridge pole in Hanrahan's saloon had not cracked like a rifle shot.

"By the time we had put the prop in place, the sky was growing red in the east, and Hanrahan asked me if I did not think we might as well stay up and get an early start. I agreed, and he sent Billy Ogg down on the creek to get the horses. Some of the men, however, crawled back into bed. The

horses were grazing southeast of the buildings, along Adobe Walls Creek, a quarter of a mile off.

"Turning to my bed, I rolled it up and threw it on the front of my wagon. As I turned to pick up my gun, which lay on the ground, I looked in the direction of our horses. They were in sight. Something else caught my eye. Just beyond the horses, at the edge of some timber, was a large body of objects advancing vaguely in the dusky dawn toward our stock and in the direction of Adobe Walls. Though keen of vision, I could not make out what the objects were, even by straining my eyes.

"Then I was thunderstruck. The black body of moving objects suddenly spread out like a fan, and from it went up one single, solid yell—a warwhoop that seemed to shake the very air of the early morning. Then came the thudding roar of running horses, and the hideous cries of the individual warriors, each embarked in the onslaught. I could see that hundreds of Indians were coming. Had it not been for the ridge pole, all of us would have been asleep.

"In such desperate emergencies, men exert themselves almost automatically to do the needful thing. There is no time to make conscious effort, and if a man lose his head, he shakes hands with death.

"I made a dash for my saddle horse, my first thought being to save him. I never thought for an instant that the oncoming Indians were intending an attack upon the buildings, their purpose being, as I thought, to run off our stock, which they could easily have done by driving it ahead of them. I overlooked the number of Indians, however, or else I might have formed a different opinion.

"The first mighty warwhoop had frightened my horse until he was frantic. He was running and lunging on his rope so violently that in one more run he would have pulled up the stake pin and gone to the land of stampeded horses. I managed to grab the rope, and tie my horse to my wagon.

"I then rushed for my gun, and turned to get a few good shots before the Indians could turn to run away. I started to run forward a few steps. Indians running away! They were coming as straight as a bullet toward the buildings, whipping their horses at every jump.

"There was never a more splendidly barbaric sight. In after years I was glad that I had seen it. Hundreds of warriors, the flower of the fighting men of the southwestern Plains tribes, mounted upon their finest horses, armed with guns and lances, and carrying heavy shields of thick buffalo hide, were coming like the wind. Over all was splashed the rich colors of red, vermillion and ochre, on the bodies of the men, on the bodies of the running horses. Scalps dangled from bridles, gorgeous war-bonnets fluttered their plumes, bright feathers dangled from the tails and manes of the horses, and the bronzed, half-naked bodies of the riders glittered with ornaments of silver and brass. Behind this head-long charging host stretched the Plains, on whose horizon the rising sun was lifting its morning fires. The warriors seemed to emerge from this glowing background.

"I must confess, however, that the landscape possessed little interest for me when I saw that the Indians were coming

to attack us, and that they would be at hand in a few moments. War-whooping had a very appreciable effect upon the roots of a man's hair.

"I fired one shot, but had no desire to wait and see where the bullet went. I turned and ran as quickly as possible to the nearest building, which happened to be Hanrahan's saloon. I found it closed. I certainly felt lonesome. The alarm had spread and the boys were preparing to defend themselves. I shouted to them to let me in. An age seemed to pass before they opened the door and I sprang inside. Bullets were whistling and knocking up the dust all around me. Just as the door was opened for me, Billy Ogg ran up and fell inside, so exhausted that he could no longer stand. I am confident that if Billy had been timed, his would have been forever the world's record. Bill had made a desperate race, and that he should escape seemed incredible.

"We were scarcely inside before the Indians had surrounded all the buildings and shot out every window pane. When our men saw the Indians coming, they broke for the nearest building at hand, and in this way split up into three parties. They were gathered in the different buildings, as follows:

"Hanrahan's Saloon—James Hanrahan, 'Bat' Masterson, Mike Welch, Shepherd, Hiram Watson, Billy Ogg, James McKinley, 'Bermula' Carlisle, and William Dixon.

"Myers & Yeonard's Store—Fred Leonard, James Campbell, Edward Trevor, Frank Brown, Harry Armitage, 'Dutch Henry,' Billy Tyler, Old Man Keeler, Mike McCabe, Henry Lease, and 'Frenchy.' (Myers was evidently the W. C. Myers we speak of elsewhere in the book.)

"Rath & Wright's Store—James Longton, George Eddy, Thomas O'Keefe, William Olds and his wife; Sam Smith, and Andy Johnson. (Dutch Henry was the famous expert and practiced horse thief.)

"Some of the men were still undressed, but nobody wasted any time hunting their clothes, and many of them fought for their lives all that summer day barefoot and in their night clothes.

"The men in Hanrahan's saloon had a little the best of the others because of the fact that they were awake and up when the alarm was given. In the other buildings some of the boys were sound asleep and it took time for them to barricade the doors and windows before they began fighting. Barricades were built by piling up sacks of flour and grain, at which some of the men worked while others seized their guns and began shooting at the Indians.

"The number of Indians in this attack has been variously estimated at from 700 to 1,000. I believe that 700 would be a safe guess. The warriors were mostly Kiowas, Cheyennes and Comanches. The latter were led by their chief Quannah, whose mother was a white woman, Cynthia Ann Parker, captured during a raid by the Comanches in Texas. Big Bow was another formidable Comanche chieftain; Lone Wolf was a leader of the Kiowas, and Little Robe and White Shield, of the Cheyennes.

For the first half hour the Indians were reckless and daring enough to ride up and strike the doors with the butts of their guns. Finally, the buffalo-hunters all got straightened out

and were firing with deadly effect. The Indians stood up against this for awhile, but gradually began falling back, as we were emptying buckskin saddles entirely too fast for Indian safety. Our guns had longer range than theirs. Furthermore, the hostiles were having little success—they had killed only two of our men, the Shadler brothers who were caught asleep in their wagon. Both were scalped. Their big Newfoundland dog, which always slept at their feet, evidently showed fight, as the Indians killed him, and “scalped” him by cutting a piece of hide off his side. The Indians ransacked the wagon and took all the provisions. The Shadlers were freighters.

“At our first volleys, a good many of the Indians jumped off their horses and prepared for a fight on foot. They soon abandoned this plan; and for good reason. They were the targets of expert rough-and-ready marksmen, and for the Indians to stand in the open meant death. They fell back.

“The Indians exhibited one of their characteristic traits. Numbers of them fell, dead or wounded, close to the buildings. In almost every instance a determined effort was made to rescue the bodies, at the imminent risk of the life of every warrior that attempted this feat in front of the booming buffalo-guns. An Indian in those days would quickly endanger his own life to carry a dead or helpless comrade beyond reach of the enemy. I have been told that their zeal was due to some religious belief concerning the scalp-lock—that if a warrior should lose his scalp-lock his spirit would fail to reach the happy hunting grounds. Perhaps for the same reason the Indian always tried to scalp his fallen enemy.

“Time and again, with the fury of a whirlwind, the Indians charged upon the building, only to sustain greater losses than they were able to inflict. This was a losing game, and if the Indians kept it up we stood a fair chance of killing most of them. I am sure that we surprised the Indians as badly as they surprised us. They expected to find us asleep, unprepared for an attack. Their “medicine” man had told them that all they would have to do would be to come to Adobe Walls and knock us on the head with sticks, and that our bullets would not be strong enough to break an Indian’s skin. The old man was a bad prophet.

“Almost at the beginning of the attack, we were surprised at the sound of a bugle. This bugler was with the Indians, and could blow the different calls as cleverly as the bugler on the parade ground at Fort Dodge. The story was told that he was a negro deserter from the Tenth Cavalry, which I never believed. It is more probable that he was a captive halfbreed Mexican that was known to be living among the Kiowas and Comanches in the 60’s. He had been captured in his boyhood when these Indians were raiding in the Rio Grande country, and grew up among them, as savage and cruel as any of their warriors. How he learned to blow the bugle is unknown. A frontiersman who went with an expedition to the Kiowas in 1866 tells of having found a bugler among them at that time. The Kiowas, he said, were able to maneuver to the sound of the bugle. This bugler never approached the white men closely enough to be recognized.

“In the fight at Adobe Walls, the fact was discovered that

the Indian warriors were charging to the sound of the bugle. In this they "tipped" their hand, for the calls were understood, and the buffalo-hunters were "loaded for bear" by the time the Indians were within range. 'Bat' Masterson, recalling this incident long after the fight, said:

" ' We had in the building I was in (Hanrahan's saloon), two men who had served in the United States army, and understood all the bugle calls. The first call blown was a rally, which our men instantly understood. The next was a charge, and that also was understood, and immediately the Indians come rushing forward to a fresh attack. Every bugle call he blew was understood by the ex-soldiers and were carried out to the letter by the Indians, showing that the bugler had the Indians thoroughly drilled.

" ' The bugler was killed late in the afternoon of the first day's fighting as he was running away from a wagon owned by the Shadler brothers, both of whom were killed in this same wagon. The bugler had his bugle with him at the time he was shot by Harry Armitage. Also he was carrying a tin can filled with sugar and another filled with ground coffee, one under each arm. Armitage shot him through the back with a 50-caliber Sharp's rifle, as he was making his escape.'

"Billy Tyler and Fred Leonard went into the stockade, but were compelled to retreat, the Indians firing at them through the openings between the stockade pickets. Just as Tyler was entering the door of the adobe store, he turned to fire, and was struck by a bullet that penetrated his lungs. He lived about half an hour after he was dragged into the store.

"The Indians were not without military tactics in trying to recover their dead and wounded. While one band would pour a hot fire into the buildings, other Indians on horseback would run forward under the protection of this fusillade. They succeeded in dragging away a good many of the fallen.

"Once during a charge I noticed an Indian riding a white horse toward where another Indian had gone down in the tall grass. The latter jumped up behind the Indian on the horse, and both started at full speed for safety. A rifle cracked and a bullet struck the horse, breaking one of its hind legs. We could see the blood streaming down the horse's leg. Both Indians began whipping the poor brute and, lurching and staggering on three legs, he carried them away.

"By noon the Indians had ceased charging and had stationed themselves in groups in different places, maintaining a more less steady fire all day on the buildings. Sometimes the Indians would fire especially heavy volleys, whereupon wounded Indians would leap from the grass and run as far as they could and then drop down in the grass again. In this manner a number escaped.

"Along about 10 o'clock, the Indians having fallen back at a safer distance from the buffalo-guns, some of us noticed a pony standing near the corner of a big stack of buffalo hides at the rear of Rath's building. We could see that an Indian behind the hides was holding the pony by the bridle, so we shot the pony and it fell dead. The pony was gaily decorated with red calico plaited in its mane.

"The falling of the pony left the Indian somewhat exposed

to our fire, and the boys at Hanrahan's and Rath's opened upon him full blast. They certainly 'fogged' him. No Indian ever danced a livelier jig. We kept him jumping like a flea back and forth behind the pile of hides.

"I had got possession of a big '50' gun early in the fight, and was making considerable noise with it. I sized up what was going on behind the pile of buffalo hides, and took careful aim at the place where I thought the Indian was crouched. I shot through one corner of the hides. It looked to me as if that Indian jumped six feet straight up into the air, howling with pain. Evidently I had hit him. He ran zig-zag fashion for thirty or forty yards, howling at every jump, and dropped down in the tall grass. Indians commonly ran in this manner when under fire, to prevent our getting a bead on them.

"I managed to get hold of the '50' gun in this manner. The ammunition for mine was in Rath's store, which none of us was in the habit of visiting at that particular moment. I had noticed that Shepher, Hanrahan's bartender was banging around with Hanrahan's big '50', but not making much use of it, as he was badly excited.

"'Here, Jim,' I said to Hanrahan, 'I see you are without a gun; take this one.'

"I gave him mine. I then told 'Shep' to give me the '50'. He was so glad to turn loose of it, and handed it to me so quickly that he almost dropped it. I had the reputation of being a good shot and it was rather to the interest of all of us that I should have a powerful gun.

"We had no way of telling what was happening to the men in the other buildings, and they were equally ignorant of what was happening to us. Not a man in our building had been hit. I could never see how we escaped, for at times the bullets poured in like hail and made us hug the sod walls like gophers when a hawk was swooping past.

By this time there were a large number of wounded horses standing near the buildings. A horse gives up quickly when in pain, and these made no effort to get away. Even those that were at a considerable distance from the buildings when they received their wounds came to us, as if seeking our help and sympathy. It was a pitiable sight, and touched our hearts, for the boys loved their horses. I noticed that horses that had been wounded while grazing in the valley also came to the buildings, where they stood helpless and bleeding or dropped down and died.

"We had been pouring a pile of bullets from our stronghold, and about noon were running short of ammunition. Hanrahan and I decided that it was time to replenish our supply, and that we would have to make a run for Rath's store, where there were thousands of rounds which had been brought from Dodge City for the buffalo-hunters.

"We peered cautiously outside to see if any Indians were ambushed where they could get a pot shot at us. The coast looked clear, so we crawled out of a window and hit the ground running, running like jack-rabbits, and made it to Rath's in the fastest kind of time. The Indians saw us, however, before the boys could open the door, and opened at long range. The door framed a good target. I have no idea how many guns

were cracking away at us, but I do know that bullets rattled round us like hail. Providence seemed to be looking after the boys at Adobe Walls that day, and we got inside without a scratch, though badly winded.

"We found everybody at Rath's in good shape. We remained here some time. Naturally, Hanrahan wanted to return to his own building, and he proposed that we try to make our way back. There were fewer men at Rath's than at any other place, and their anxiety was increased by the presence of a woman, Mrs. Olds. If the latter fact should be learned by the Indians there was no telling what they might attempt, and a determined attack by the Indians would have meant death for everybody in the store, for none would have suffered themselves to be taken alive nor permitted Mrs. Olds to be captured.

"The boys begged me to stay with them. Hanrahan finally said that he was going back to his own place, telling me that I could do as I thought best. Putting most of his ammunition into a sack, we opened the door quickly for him, and away he went, doing his level best all the way to his saloon, which he reached without mishap.

"In the restaurant part of Rath's store, a transom had been cut over the west door; this transom was open, as no glass had even been put in. This door had been strongly barricaded with sacks of flour and grain, one of the best breastworks imaginable, the Indians having no guns that could shoot through it.

"Climbing to the top of this barricade, to take a good look over the ground west of the building, I saw an object crawling along in the edge of the tall grass. Levelling my gun, and taking aim with my body resting on one knee, I fired. The recoil was so great that I lost my balance and tumbled backward from the top of the barricade. As I went down I struck and dislodged a washtub and a bushel or two of cooking utensils which made a terrific crash as they struck the floor around me. I fell heavily myself, and the tumbling down of my big '50' did not lessen the uproar. The commotion startled everybody. The boys rushed forward believing that I had been shot, even killed. I found it quite difficult to convince them that I had not been shot, and that most of the noise had been caused by the tub and the tin pans.

"I was greatly interested in the object I had shot at, so I crawled up on the sacks again. By looking closely, I was able to see the object move. I now fired a second time, and was provoked at seeing the bullet kick up the dirt just beyond the object. I tried the third time and made a center shot.

"By 2 o'clock the Indians had fallen back to the foot of the hills and were firing only at intervals. They had divided their force, putting part on the west side and part on the east side of the buildings. Warriors were riding more or less constantly across the valley from one side to the other, which exposed them to our fire. So we began picking them off. They were soon riding in a much bigger circle, and out of range.

"This lull in the fighting was filled with a kind of disturbing uncertainty. Since early morning, we had been able to hold the enemy at bay. We were confident that we could continue to do so as long as we had ammunition. We thanked our stars that we were behind thick adobe walls, instead of thin

pine boards. We could not have saved ourselves had the buildings been frame, such as were commonly built in frontier towns in those days. Still, there was no telling how desperate the Indians might become, rather than abandon the fight; it was easily possible for them to overwhelm us with the brute force of superior numbers by pressing the attack until they had broken down the doors, and which probably would have been attempted, however great the individual sacrifice, had the enemy been white men. Luckily, it was impossible to set the adobes on fire, or else we should have been burned alive.

"About 4 o'clock in the afternoon a young fellow at Hanrahan's 'Bermuda' Carlisle, ventured out to pick up an Indian trinket which he could see from the window. As he was not shot at, he went out a second time, whereupon others began going out, all eager to find relics. For the first time, we now heard of the death of Billy Tyler at Leonard & Myer's. Tyler had been killed at the beginning of the fight, as had the Shadlers.

"When I saw that it was possible to leave the buildings with reasonable safety, I determined to satisfy my curiosity about three things.

"An iron-gray horse had been standing for hours not far from the south window of Hanrahan's saloon. I could not understand what had held him so long, before he was finally shot by the Indians themselves. When I reached the carcass, the mystery was clear—there lay a dead warrior who had fallen in such a way as to make fast the rope that held the horse. The horse wore a silver-mounted bridle. With a buffalo bone I pried open the stiffened jaws and removed the bridle, also taking the rawhide lariat.

"On one of the reins, about ten inches from the bit, was fastened a scalp, which evidently had been taken from the head of a white woman, the hair being dark brown in color and about fifteen inches in length. The scalp was lined with cloth and edged with beads. Several other scalps were found that day. One was on a war shield.

"My attention likewise had been attracted by an object at the rear of the little sod house west of Rath's store. We had fired at it over and over until we had cut a gap in the corner of the sod house. The object finally had disappeared from sight. For a considerable time we had seen feathers whipping round the corner in the wind, and had thought that probably three or four Indians were concealed there. Every time I had turned loose my big '50' I had torn out a chunk of sod.

"When I reached the sod house, I was startled at what I saw. There sat a painted and feathered warrior in a perfectly upright position with his legs crossed and his head turned to one side in the most natural way imaginable. His neck was broken and he was as dead as they ever made 'em. I am bound to admit that I jumped back, fearful that he was alive and would bore me through and through before I could pull down on him.

"What we had been shooting at so frequently was the dead warrior's lance, which was covered with webbing and adorned with black feathers at intervals of every five or six inches. The lance had been stuck upright in the ground, and had been shot

in two, which caused the feathers to disappear—the upper part had doubled over across the dead Indian's legs. I added the lance to my 'prizes of war.'

"The object that I had seen crawling along the edge of the tall grass was the third that demanded my attention. I found a dead Indian lying flat on his stomach. He was naked, save for a white cloth wrapped round his hips. His six-shooter was in his belt. The Indian had been shot through the body, and one knee had been shattered. I could plainly see the trail he had made by the blood on the grass. A short distance away lay a shot pouch and a powder horn; these were about fifteen army cartridges in the pouch. A few steps further, was his 50-caliber needle gun, an army Springfield. Next, were his bow and his quiver. I confiscated the whole outfit.

"There were several dogs at the Walls, but all of them cut for tall timber when the fighting began and did not show up for several days. All our horses were killed or run off. The five horses that had been left in the stockade were quickly shot down, the Indians poking their guns between the cottonwood pickets. Four head tied to a wagon near Rath's were cruelly killed. I saw the Indians when they first rode up and tried to cut the rope with a butcher knife. One was a gray mare that was notorious for her vicious kicking. She would not let the Indians approach her, so all were shot. My own saddle horse, which I had owned for years and highly prized, was among the first to be shot, and still lay tied to the wagon when I found him.

"The Indians were not without military strategy. They had planned to put every man of us afoot, thereby leaving us without means of escape and powerless to send for aid save as some messenger might steal away in the darkness, to traverse on foot the weary distance and the dangerous and inhospitable region that lay between us and Dodge City. By holding us constantly at bay and keeping fresh detachments of warriors rallying to the attack they probably thought it possible to exhaust our strength, and then overwhelm us. It should be remembered that Adobe Walls was scarcely more than a lone island in the vast sea of the Plains, a solitary refuge uncharted and practically unknown. For the time we were at the end of the world, our desperate extremity pressing heavily upon us, and our friends and comrades to the north ignorant of what was taking place.

"Despite the utmost efforts of our savage foes to carry away their dead and wounded, thirteen dead Indians were left on the ground near the buildings, so closely under the muzzles of our guns that it would have been suicide for their comrades to have attempted their recovery. By the time we had buried our three comrades, darkness had come, and we abandoned further outside work and returned to the protection of the buildings, completely exhausted by the strain and excitement of the day's fighting.

"What we had experienced ate into a man's nerves. I doubt if any of us slept soundly that June night. Somewhere out there in the darkness our enemies were watching to see that nobody escaped from the beleaguered adobe buildings. Inasmuch as Indians rarely, if ever, attack at night, preferring the

shadows of early morning when sleep is soundest, and when there is less chance of their being ambushed, we felt reasonably certain of not being attacked before daybreak. As for myself I dreamed all night, the bloody scenes of the day passing in endless procession through my mind—I could see the Indians charging across the valley, hear the roar of the guns and the blood-curdling war-whoops, until everything was a bewildering swirl of fantastic colors and movements.

"All my comrades at Adobe Walls that day showed much courage. It is with pride that I can recall its many incidents without the feeling that there was the slightest inclination on the part of any man to show the 'white feather.' To be nervous or fearful of death is no sign of weakness—sticking at one's post and doing the thing that is to be done is what counts.

"'Bat' Masterson should be remembered for the valor that marked his conduct. He was a good shot, and not afraid. He has worked his way up in the world, and has long been a successful writer for a New York newspaper. He was sheriff of Ford county, Kansas, at Dodge City, in 1876-77. It has always seemed strange to me that finally he should prefer life in a big city, after having lived in the west. I have been told that he has said that he had no wish again to live over those old days, that they no longer appealed to him, but I never believed it. Such a thing is contrary to human nature. ('Bat' died in New York, October, 1921.)

"Our situation looked rather gloomy. With every horse dead or captured, we felt pretty sore all round. The Indians were somewhere close at hand, watching our every movement. We were depressed with the melancholy feeling that probably all the hunters out in the camps had been killed. Late that afternoon our spirits leaped up when we saw a team coming up the valley from the direction of the Canadian. This outfit belonged to George Bellfield, a German who had been a soldier in the Civil War.

"A black flag was flying from one of the buildings, and when Bellfield and his companions saw it they thought we were playing some kind of joke on them. In broken English Bellfield remarked to his men, 'Dem fellers tink day's damn smart, alretty.' But when he drew nearer and began seeing the dead horses, he put the whip to his team and came in at a dead run.

"When asked if they had been attacked by Indians, Bellfield and his men said that they had not seen a sign of one. That same day Jim and Bob Cator came in from their camp north of Adobe Walls. (We knew the Cators. Jim Cator is still living at his old ranch, on the Palo Duro, about twenty miles from Spearman in the Pan Handle, 1921.)

"On the third day a party of about fifteen Indians appeared on the side of the bluff, east of Adobe Walls Creek, and some of the boys suggested that I try my big '50' on them. The distance was not far from three-fourths of a mile. A number of exaggerated accounts have been written about this incident. I took careful aim and pulled the trigger. We saw an Indian fall from his horse. The others dashed out of sight behind a clump of timber. A few moments later two Indians ran quickly on foot to where the dead Indian lay, seized his body and

scurried to cover. They had risked their lives, as we had frequently observed, to rescue a comrade who, might be not only wounded but dead. I was admittedly a good marksman, yet this was what might be called a 'scratch' shot.

"More hunters came in on the third day, and as news of the Indian outbreak spread from camp to camp the boys were soon coming in like blackbirds from all directions—and they lost no time making the trip. By the sixth day there were fully a hundred men at the Walls, which may have given rise to the statement so frequently made in after years that all these men were in the fight.

"The lone woman who was at Adobe Walls, Mrs. Olds, was as brave as the bravest. She knew only too well how horrible her fate would be if she should fall into the hands of the Indians, and under such circumstances it would have caused no surprise had she gone into the wildest hysterics. But all that first day, when the hand of death seemed to be reaching from every direction, this pioneer woman was cool and composed and lent a helping hand in every emergency.

"By the fifth day enough hunters had arrived to make us feel comparatively safe, yet it was expedient that we should protect ourselves as fully as possible, so the men began fortifying the buildings. None of them had been finished, nor had any port-holes been cut in the walls. Our shooting was done from the windows and transoms. With portholes we could have killed many more Indians. A little inclosure with sod walls was now built on top of Rath's store, and another on top of Myer's for lookouts. A ladder led from the inside to these lookouts.

"On the fifth day William Olds was stationed in the lookout on Rath's store, to watch for Indians while the other men were at work. The lookout on the other buildings shouted that Indians were coming, and all of us ran for our guns and for shelter inside the buildings. Just as I entered Rath's store I saw Olds coming down the ladder with his gun in his hand. A moment later his gun went off accidentally, tearing off the top of Olds' head. At the same instant Mrs. Olds rushed from an adjoining room—in time to see the body of her husband roll from the ladder and crumple at her feet, a torrent of blood gushing from the terrible wound. Olds died instantly. Gladly would I have faced all the Indians from the Cimarron to Red River, rather than have witnessed this terrible scene. It seemed to me that it would have been better for any other man there to have been taken than the husband of the only woman among us. Her grief was intense and pitiable. A rough lot of men, such as we were, did not know how to comfort a woman in such distress. We did the best we could, and if we did it awkwardly, it should not be set down against us. Had we been called upon to fight for her, we would not have asked about the odds, but would have sailed in, tooth and toe-nail. When we tried to speak to her we just choked up and stood still. We buried Olds that same evening, about sixty feet from the spot where he was killed, just southeast of Rath's store.

"The Indians that had caused the alarm numbered between twenty-five and thirty, and were up the valley of Adobe Walls Creek headed east. Finally, they disappeared, and we did not

see them again. They may not have belonged to the attacking party, and were merely passing through the country.

"I always regretted that I did not keep the relics I picked up at Adobe Walls. Mrs. Olds asked me for the lance when I returned to the building, and I gave it to her. The other relics I took to Dodge City, and gave them away to first one person and then another."

BUFFALO WALLOW FIGHT.

By Billy Dixon.

"The most perilous adventure of my life occurred September 12, 1874, in what was known as the Buffalo Wallow Fight. My escape from death was miraculous. The year 1874, as the reader doubtless may have observed, brought me full measure of things I had dreamed of doing when a boy. I came in contact with hostile Indians as frequently as the most devoted warrior might wish, and found that it was serious business.

"On September 10, 1874, General Nelson A. Miles, in command of the troops campaigning against the Indians in the Southwest, was on McClellan Creek, in the Panhandle, when he ordered Amos Chapman and myself, scouts, and four enlisted men to carry dispatches to Fort Supply. The enlisted men were Sergeant Z. T. Woodhull, Troop I; Private Peter Rath, Troop A.; Private John Harrington, Troop H; and Private George W. Smith, Troop M, Sixth Cavalry. When General Miles handed us the dispatches, he told us that we could have all the soldiers we thought necessary. His command was short of rations. We preferred the smallest possible number.

(Charley Seringo says he knows Amos Chapman who is still living. He says, "I have known Amos Chapman since 1877, the man who lost a leg in the Buffalo Wallow fight." (I have a letter from Mrs. Olive Dixon, the widow of Billy Dixon, in which she states that Chapman is the only survivor of that battle and she and others interested, are this fall, 1921, endeavoring to get Amos over from Oklahoma, with the view of having him point out the exact location of that battle, as they want to mark it with a monument.) Seringo continues: "He told me all about the scrap and I often hear of him. A few years ago one of his half breed daughters committed suicide by jumping in the river because her father wouldn't let her marry an Indian Buck." Charley Shideler also knew Chapman and writes me, "This Amos Chapman spoken of, I recollect was a Squaw Man (a white man who marries an Indian woman), and lived near Fort Cantonment, and through his right as a squaw man, the Dickey Brothers were permitted to put their herd in the Indian Territory." (The Dickey outfit was the company that Charley and I worked for in the San Luis Valley, Colorado, and Charley Plowman was their Foreman in the Indian Territory.) Charley continues and says, "I think it was in the spring of '79, the year after the Sioux Indians were taken to the territory. They kept trying to go back and word came that thirty or forty of them started and were determined to return to their old reservation. Chapman, with a squad of soldiers, was detailed to bring them back. The second day out Chapman heard of them six or eight miles off the trail, about forty of them with one squaw, doing the death dance and circling

around the squaw. He rode up and marched them back to the Fort without the aid of a single soldier." It is said that Chapman married the daughter of one of the chiefs who attacked and came near wiping out Chapman and Billy Dixon and the others at the Buffalo Wallow fight.)

(Amos Chapman is still living November 15, 1921. Charley Shideler knew him, he was a squaw man—he married into one of the Tribe that staged this fight.)

"Leaving camp, we traveled mostly at night, resting in secluded places during the day. War parties were moving in every direction, and there was danger of attack at every turn. On the second day, just as the sun was rising, we were nearing a divide between the Washita River and Gageby Creek. Riding to the top of a little knoll, we found ourselves almost face to face with a large band of Kiowa and Comanche warriors. The Indians saw us at the same instant and, circling quickly, surrounded us. We were in a trap. We knew that the best thing to do was to make a stand and fight for our lives, as there would be great danger of our becoming separated in the excitement of a running fight, after which the Indians could the more easily kill us one by one. We also realized that we could do better work on foot, so we dismounted and placed our horses in the care of George Smith. In a moment or two poor Smith was shot down, and the horses stampeded.

"When Smith was shot, he fell flat on his stomach, and his gun fell from his hand, far beyond his reach. But no Indian was ever able to capture that gun; if one ventured near Smith, we never failed to bring him down. We thought Smith was dead when he fell, but he survived until about 11 o'clock that night.

"I realized at once that I was in closer quarters than I had ever been in my life, and I have always felt that I did some good work that day. I was fortunate enough not to become disabled at any stage of the fight, which left me free to do my best under the circumstances. I received one wound—a bullet in the calf of my leg. I was wearing a thin cashmere shirt, slightly bloused. This shirt was literally riddled with bullets. How a man could be shot at so many times at close range and not be hit I could never understand. The Indians seemed to feel absolutely sure of getting us, so sure, in fact, that they delayed riding us down and killing us at once, which they could easily have done, and prolonged the early stages of the fight merely to satisfy their desire to toy with an enemy at bay, as a cat would play with a mouse before taking its life.

"We saw that there was no show for us to survive on this little hillside, and decided that our best fighting ground was a small mesquite flat several hundred yards distant. Before we undertook to shift our position a bullet struck Amos Chapman. I was looking at him when he was shot. Amos said, 'Billy, I am hit at last,' and eased himself down. The fight was so hot that I did not have time to ask him how badly he was hurt. Every man, save Rath and myself, had been wounded. Our situation was growing more desperate every minute. I knew that something had to be done, and quickly, or else all of us in a short while would be dead or in the hands of the Indians,

who would torture us in the most inhuman manner before taking our lives.

"I could see where the buffaloes had pawed and wallowed a depression, commonly called a buffalo 'wallow,' and I ran for it at top speed. It seemed as if a bullet whizzed past me at every jump, but I got through unharmed. The wallow was about ten feet in diameter. I found that its depth, though slight, afforded some protection. I shouted to my comrades to try to come to me, which all of them save Smith and Chapman, commenced trying to do. As each man reached the wallow, he drew his butcher knife and began digging desperately with knife and hands to throw up the dirt round the sides. The land happened to be sandy, and we made good headway, though constantly interrupted by the necessity of firing at the Indians as they dashed within range.

"It was probably about noon before we reached the wallow. Many times that terrible day did I think that my last moment was at hand. Once, when the Indians were crowding us awfully hard, one of the boys raised up and yelled, 'No use, boys, no use; we might as well give it up.' We answered by shouting to him to lie down. At that moment a bullet struck in the soft bank near him and completely filled his mouth with dirt. I was so amused that I laughed, though in a rather sickly way, for none of us felt much like laughing.

"By this time, however, I had recovered from the first excitement of battle, and was perfectly cool, as were the rest of the men. We were keenly aware that the only thing to do was to sell our lives as dearly as possible. We fired deliberately, taking good aim, and were picking off an Indian at almost every round. The wounded men conducted themselves admirably, and greatly assisted in concealing our crippled condition by sitting upright, as if unhurt, after they reached the wallow. This made it impossible for the Indians accurately to guess what plight we were in. Had they known so many of us were wounded undoubtedly they would have rode in and finished us.

"After all had reached the wallow, with the exception of Chapman and Smith, all of us thinking that Smith was dead, somebody called to Chapman to come on in. We now learned for the first time that Chapman's leg was broken. He called back that he could not walk, as his left knee was shattered.

"I made several efforts to reach him before I succeeded. Every time the Indians saw me start, they would fire such a volley that I was forced to retreat, until finally I made a run and got to Chapman. I told him to climb on my back, my plan being to carry him as I would a little child. Drawing both his legs in front of me, and laying the broken one over the sound one, to support it, I carried him to the wallow, though not without difficulty, as he was a larger man than myself, and his body a dead weight. It taxed my strength to carry him.

"We were now all in the wallow, except Smith, and we felt that it would be foolish and useless to risk our lives in attempting to bring in his dead body. We had not seen him move since the moment he went down. We began digging like gophers with our hands and knives to make our little wall of earth higher, and shortly had heaped up quite a little wall of dirt a-

round us. Its protection was quickly felt, even though our danger was hardly lessened.

When I look back and recall our situation, I always find myself thinking of how my wounded companions never complained nor faltered, but fought as bravely as if a bullet had not touched them. Sometimes the Indians would ride towards us at headlong speed with lances uplifted and poised, undoubtedly bent upon spearing us. Such moments made a man brace himself and grip his gun. Fortunately, we were able to keep our heads and to bring down or disable the leader. Such charges proved highly dangerous to the Indians and gradually grew less frequent.

"Thus, all that long, hot September day the Indians circled around us or dashed past, yelling and cutting all kinds of capers. All morning we had been without water, and the wounded were sorely in need of it. In the stress and excitement of such an encounter, even a man who has not been hurt grows painfully thirsty, and his tongue and lips are soon as dry as a whetstone. Ours was the courage of despair. We knew what would befall us if we should be captured alive—we had seen too many naked and mangled bodies of white men who had been spread-eagled and tortured with steel and fire to forget what our own fate would be. So we were determined to fight to the end, not unmindful of the fact that every once in a while there was another dead or wounded Indian.

"About 3 o'clock a black cloud came up in the west, and in a short time the sky shook and blazed with thunder and lightning. Rain fell in blinding sheets, drenching us to the skin. Water gathered quickly in the buffalo wallow, and our wounded men eagerly bent forward and drank from the muddy pool. It was more than muddy—that water was red with their own blood that had flowed from their wounds and lay clotting and dry in the hot September sun.

"The storm and the rain proved our salvation. The wind had shifted to the north and was now drearily chilling us to the bone. An Indian dislikes rain, especially a cold rain, and these Kiowas and Comanches were no exception to the rule. We could see them in groups out of rifle range sitting on their horses with their blankets drawn tightly around them. The Plains country beats the world for quick changes in weather, and in less than an hour after the rain had fallen, the wind was bitterly cold. Not a man in our crowd had a coat, and our thin shirts were scant protection. Our coats were tied behind our saddles when our horses stampeded, and were lost beyond recovery. I was heart-sick over the loss of my coat, for in the inside pocket was my dearest treasure, my mother's picture, which my father had given me shortly before his death. I was never able to recover it.

"The water was gathering rapidly in the wallow and soon had reached a depth of two inches. Not a man murmured. Not one thought of surrender. The wounded were shivering as if they had ague.

"We now found that our ammunition was running low. This fact rather appalled us, as bullets, and plenty of them, were our only protection. At the fight at the Walls, not only was there plenty of ammunition, but the buildings themselves

gave confidence. Necessity compelled us to save every cartridge as long as possible, and not to fire at an Indian unless we could see that he meant business and was coming right into us.

"Late in the afternoon somebody suggested that we go out and get Smith's belt and six-shooter, as he had been shot early in the fight and his belt undoubtedly was loaded with cartridges.

"Rath offered to go, and soon returned and said that Smith was still alive, which astonished us greatly, as well as causing us to regret that we had not known it earlier in the day. Rath and I at once got ready to bring Smith to the buffalo wallow. By supporting the poor wounded fellow between us, he managed to walk. We could see that there was no chance for him. He was shot through the left lung and when he breathed the wind sobbed out of his back under the shoulder blade. Near the wallow an Indian had dropped a stout willow switch with which he had been whipping his pony. With this switch a silk handkerchief was stuffed into the gaping bullet hole in Smith's back.

"Night was approaching, and it looked blacker to me than any night I had ever seen. Ours was a forlorn and disheartening situation. The Indians were still all around us. The nearest relief was seventy-five miles away. Of the six men in the wallow, four were badly wounded, and without anything to relieve their suffering. We were cold and hungry, with nothing to eat, and without a blanket, coat or hat to protect us from the rain and the biting wind. It was impossible to rest or sleep in the two inches of water in the wallow.

"I remember that I threw my hat, a wide-brimmed sombrero, as far from me as I could when our horses stampeded—the hat was in my way and too good a target for the Indians to shoot at.

"We were unable to get grass for bedding, as the whole country had been burnt off by the Indians. It was absolutely necessary, however, that the men should have some kind of bed to keep them off the cold, damp ground. Rath and I solved the problem by gathering tumble-weeds which in that country the wind would drive for miles and miles, until the weeds lodged and became fast. Many of them were bigger than a bushel basket, and their twigs so tough that the weeds had the 'spring' of a wire mattress. We crushed the weeds, and lay down on them for the night, though not a man dared close his eyes in sleep.

"By the time heavy darkness had fallen every Indian had disappeared. Happily, they did not return to molest us during the night. There was a new moon, but so small and slender that in the clouded sky there was little light. While there was still light, I took the willow switch and sat down on the bank and carefully cleaned every gun.

"While I was cleaning the guns, we held a consultation to decide what would be best for us to do. We agreed that somebody should go for help. No journey could have been beset with greater danger. Rath and I both offered to go. The task was squarely up to us, as all the other men were injured. I insisted that I should go, as I knew the country, and felt con-

fident that I could find the trail that led to Camp Supply. I was sure that we were not far from this trail.

"My insistence at once caused protest from the wounded. They were willing that Rath should go, but would not listen to my leaving them. Once I put my hand on my gun with the intention of going anyway, then yielded to their wishes against my better judgment, and decided to remain through the night. The wounded men relied greatly upon my skill as a marksman.

"Bidding us goodbye, Rath disappeared in the darkness. After he had been gone about two hours he came back, saying that he could not find the trail.

"By this time Smith had grown much worse and was begging us in piteous tones to shoot him and put an end to his terrible sufferings. We found it necessary to watch him closely to prevent his committing suicide.

"There was not a man among us who had not thought of that same melancholy fate. When the fight was at its worst, with the Indians closing in on all sides, and when it seemed that every minute would be our last, I was strongly tempted to take my butcher knife, which I kept at razor edge, and cut off my hair. In those days my hair was black and heavy and brushed my shoulders. As a matter of fact, I was rather proud of my hair. Its luxuriance would have tempted any Indian to scalp me at the first opportunity. I had a further and final plan—to save my last bullet for self destruction.

"Poor Smith endured his agony like a brave soldier. Our hearts ached but we could do nothing to relieve his pain. About 10 o'clock that night he fell asleep and we were glad of it, for in sleep he could forget his sufferings. Later in the night one of the boys felt of him, to see how he was getting along. He was cold in death. Men commonly think of death as something to be shunned. There are times, however, when its hand falls as tenderly as the touch of a mother's hand, and when its coming is welcomed by those to whom hopeless suffering has brought the last bitter dregs of life. We lifted the body of our dead comrade and gently laid it outside the buffalo wallow on the mesquite grass, covering the white face with a silk handkerchief.

"Then the rest of us huddled together on the damp ground, and thought of the morrow. That night is indelibly stamped in my memory; many a time have its perils filled my dreams, until I awoke startled and thrilled by a feeling of imminent danger. Every night the same stars are shining way out there in the Panhandle, the winds sigh as mournfully as they did then, and I often wonder if a single settler who passes the lonely spot knows how desperately six men once battled for their lives where now may be plowed fields, and safety and the comforts of civilization.

"Like everything else, the long night finally came to an end, and the sun rose clear and warm next morning. By this time all the men were willing that I should go for help, and I at once started. Daylight exposed me to many dangers from which the night shielded me. By moving cautiously at night, it was possible to avoid the enemy, but if surprised, to stand a good chance of escape. In the daytime, however, the enemy could lie in hiding and scan the country in every direction. On

the Plains, especially in the fall when the grass is brown, the smallest moving object may be perceived by the trained eye at an astonishingly long distance. I knew that I must proceed with utmost caution, lest I fall into an ambush or be attacked in the open by superior numbers.

"I had traveled scarcely more than half a mile when I struck the plain trail leading to Camp Supply. Hurrying along as rapidly as possible and keeping a constant lookout for Indians, I checked myself at the sudden sight of an outfit that seemed to cover about an acre of ground, two miles or so to the northwest. The outfit at first did not appear to be moving and I could not tell whether it was made up of white men or Indians. I skulled to a growth of tall grass and hid for a while. My nerves were too keen to endure hiding and waiting, so I stole back and took another look. The outfit was moving toward me. Shortly I was able to see that they were troops—Indians always traveled strung out in a line, while these were traveling abreast.

"I never felt happier in my life. I whanged loose with my old '50' to attract the attention of the soldiers, and saw the whole command come to a halt. I fired my gun a second time, which brought two soldiers to me. I told them of our condition, and they rode rapidly back to the command and reported. The commanding officer was Major Price, with a troop, accompanying General Miles' supply train which was on its way with supplies from Fort Supply to field headquarters.

"The same Indians that we had been fighting had been holding this supply train corralled for four days near the Washita River. Major Price, luckily for the outfit, happened along and raised the siege. The Indians had just given up the attack when we ran into them.

"Major Price rode over to where I was waiting, bringing his army surgeon with him. I described the condition of my comrades, after which Major Price sent the surgeon and two soldiers to see what could be done for the wounded. I pointed out the place, which was about a mile distant, and asked the surgeon if he thought he could find it without my going along, as Major Price wanted me to tell him about the fight. The surgeon said that he could and rode away.

"I was describing in detail all that had happened when I looked up and saw that the relief party was bearing too far south. I fired my gun to attract their attention, and then waved it in the direction which they were to go. By this time they were within gunshot of my comrades in the buffalo wallow. To my utter astonishment, I heard the roar of a gun and saw a puff of smoke rise from the wallow—one of the men had fired at the approaching strangers, killing a horse ridden by one of the soldiers.

"I ran forward as rapidly as possible, not knowing what the men would do next. They were soon able to recognize me, and lowered their guns. When we got to them the men said that they had heard shooting—the shots I had fired to attract the attention of the troops—and supposed that the Indians had killed me and were coming for them. They were determined to take no chances, and shot at the surgeon and the two soldiers the moment they got within range.

"Despite the sad plight of the wounded men, about all the surgeon did was to examine their injuries. The soldiers turned over a few pieces of hardtack and some dried beef, which happened to be tied behind their saddles. Major Price refused to leave any men with us. For this he was afterwards severely censured, and justly. He would not even provide us with firearms. Our own ammunition was exhausted and the soldiers carried guns of different make and caliber from ours. However, they said they would let General Miles know of our condition. We were sure that help would come the moment General Miles heard the news. At the time we were glad just to have seen these men and did not think much about how they treated us.

"We watched and waited until midnight of the second day after the troops had passed before help came. A long way off in the dark we heard the faint sound of a bugle. It made us swallow a big lump in our throats and bite our lips. Nearer and clearer came the bugle notes. Our nerves were getting 'jumpy,' so strong was our emotion. We fired our guns, to let them know where we were, and soon the soldiers came riding out of the darkness.

"As soon as the wounded could be turned over to the surgeon, we placed the body of our dead comrade in the wallow where we had all fought and suffered together, and covered it with the dirt which we had ridged up with our hands and butcher knives for breastworks. Then we went down on the creek where the soldiers had built a big fire and cooked a meal for us.

"Next day the wounded were sent to Camp Supply where they were given humane and careful treatment. Amos Chapman's leg was amputated above the knee. Amos was as tough as second growth hickory and was soon out of the hospital and in the saddle. All the men recovered and went right on with the army. Chapman could handle a gun and ride as well as ever, the only difference being that he had to mount his horse from the right side, Indian fashion.

"I should like once more to meet the men with whom I fought in the Buffalo Wallow Fight, but I seldom hear from them. When I last heard of Amos Chapman he was living at Seiling, Oklahoma. My last letter from Sergeant Woodhull was dated Fort Wingate, New Mexico, 1883. This was shortly after Colonel Dodge had published his book, "Our Wild Indians," in which he attempted to give a circumstantial account of the Buffalo Wallow Fight. Sergeant Woodhull was displeased with the statement of facts, and resented the inaccuracies.

Billy Dixon, in relating his history, mentions a man by the name of A. C. Myers whom he met in Dodge City in 1874, where the buffalo hunters were wintering and discussing the increasing scarcity of the buffalo. He says that Myers was at that time engaged in the general merchandise business and had once been a buffalo hunter and had built a smoke house on Pawnee Creek where he cured buffalo hams for the eastern markets. The meat was prepared for smoking by taking the two hind quarters and dividing each into three chunks, which made six pieces of boneless meat, about the size of an ordinary

ham of pork. Myers sugar cured each piece, smoked it, and sewed it in canvas. This kind of buffalo meat was of the choicest and commended a high price in the eastern market. Only a few dealers cured their meat this way. When Sam Hanna, Charley Shideler and I decided to try our luck in the cattle business and locate in the Pan Handle, Charley and Sam went in advance from Colorado by wagon, to locate or take up ranch and range. They got as far as the Palo Duro and were in camp and that night they lost their horses and they had to lay up to find them. One day Charley came to a man's camp on the head of the Palo Duro. The man was alone and he asked Charley his business, Charley answered that he was hunting his horses. The man inquired what further business he had in that vicinity, Charley replied that he and his partner were hunting a place to run some cattle. The man offered to help find the horses, and saddled two ponies and started out. On the way, he told Charley there was a good location further down on the Palo Duro at the Newell ranch. (This was where we finally squated and Newell was the man who killed the young buffalo hunter for his horses and money.)

The man inquired where Charley's partner was. He told him back on the trail in camp. After a day's riding they found the horses and returned to camp. Charley started on towards camp where the wagon was when the man called him back and said, "Dog gone it, go and get your outfit and move up close to my camp and stay a few days, I'm awful lonesome." They did so and remained several days. This man was A. C. Myers, the buffalo hunter and merchant. Hannah has just recently written me of his experiences with this man, and his opinion of the character of this pioneer and pathfinder, he writes in a letter November 20, 1921, as follows:—

"The A. C. Myers, that Billy Dixon speaks of in his book, is the same man that Charley and I met on the head of the Palo Duro. He lived on the ranch that Tyler afterwards owned. (Tyler, Joe Arnold, Charley Shidler and I made the drive on the trail with a herd of cattle from the Trimintina in New Mexico in 1880 or 1881). He was a prince of a good fellow and a rare character in every respect. Myers built the trading post at Adobe Walls. At that time he was in business in Dodge. The troops that followed up the Indians after the Adobe Walls fight destroyed all of Myers' goods and buildings and it broke him financially, so that he had his creditors take the Dodge store and he settled on the Palo Duro, and never went back to Dodge to live. All of the cattle men were his friends and one of the outfits let him have fifty good heifers and two bulls for a start. I think they gave them to him, and with good care he was able to sell out for a nice little stake, and went to Durango, where he became a prosperous citizen. One time I saw him kill eleven buffalo at one stand. We rode together and he told me that he killed as many as fifty buffalos at one stand."

OUR LOCATION ON THE PALO DURO

Our ranch was known in the buffalo times as the Newell Ranch or Place and was not of the ordinary kind. For instance the house was not of the dug-out variety but was built with fanciful and fantastic designs in mud and with a window

and a perfectly tight dirt roof. It was truly well arranged and had all of the conveniences of the modern bungalow. For example we had the flour bin under the parlor table, so that we could easily unscramble the harness and saddles when we required flour to bake a batch of bread. What few horse hairs and pieces of saddle blankets that happened to remain in the flour did not affect the appetites of the fellows when the "pan" (bread) was taken from the dutch oven and reached the table. We were very proud of, and in fact were the only ones on the creek who could afford to have a carpet. It was composed of gunny sacks laid on the dirt floor and of varying layers. When the layers got too thick it was the duty of the boss housekeeper to peel off the top layer, take it to the prairie and shake out the "dust of ages." Our plumbing and water system was the talk of the country. We did not belong to that improvident class who were compelled and seemed to be contented to drink from the odorous water hole. We had a well and a pump with a handle and a spout and the water would splash on the ground from the spout just like it would on the prairies of Indiana. It's true enough the water was so alkali that one's stomach would double up so that you would expect your belly band to split any time of the day or night.

Most of the resident houses were of the dug-out type, and we want to say some of them were truly works of design. They had the advantage, if modesty and retirement was intended and desired, in not being seen, as usually they were built in side a steep bank, close to a water hole, there was difficulty in even discovering the entrance. Paddy O'Neil, a neighbor, had things so near at hand that he could sleep with his feet in the fire place and his head in the flour bag.

This Newell Ranch had a very unsavory reputation given it by the man who established it and developed it as a buffalo hunting headquarters and who was a murderous outlaw and used buffalo hunting as a blind. His name was Newell. Charley Seringo has written me recently and gives me a very graphic account of one of this man's dastardly deeds. He says: "In '77 I put up with Newell, who had just killed a young hunter by the name of Cartright, to get his money and ponies, so I was told. He later drove the horses to Colorado and sold them. Newell told me that he killed Cartright because he insulted his pretty little Spanish wife. I saw Cartright's fresh grave in a clump of hackberry trees between Newells and Cators." (We never saw this grave.) Not until two years ago (1919) when Jim East wrote me the facts, did I know that Cartright's old mother lived for ten years in Tascosa and died of a broken heart, trying to find out where her son was buried. She had been told in Dodge City that he was killed in the Pan Handle. I could have told her all about the matter had I known of it."

We have known all of the cattle men of those times, in that section—Doc Day on Wolf Creek, Slaughter on Coldwater, Charles Goodnight on the Palo Duro creek, Col. Littlefield, Jack Hardesty, Clay Allison, and many of the Buffalo Hunters among which were the Cator brothers, just over from England and good sports. Their ranch was just above us on the Palo Duro. One of the bright and relieving experiences during the

winter on that classic stream was the Christmas box sent from ol' Indiana, from whence everything in the food line has that peculiar and familiar taste that all Hoosiers appreciate. This box was filled to the brim with those wonderful fruit cakes, those splendid jars of jam, and those big cans of marmalade, which Aunt Cordelia (Charley's mother) and my mother knew, by their mother's love and instinct would just please the "boys out yonder." After the arrival of said box there was a general invitation extended to all of the friends on the creek. Among the guests on that beautiful Christmas celebration were the Cator boys, Bob and Jim, and their sister—the sister was the only woman in that country outside of the Canadian country and she sure did have a good time all the time, as the cow punchers would ride for many miles in order to make their calls and win a little feminine favor. She became a proficient horse woman and she and her "Pinto Caballo" were familiar sights up and down the Palo Duro creek country.

An old time cow puncher who knew Miss Cator and her Irish maid writes me this little history and incident connected with their first experience in a wild Cow Country, the Pan Handle, on the Palo Duro. He says, "It does me good to hear from Miss Cator." (I had written him previously that I had gotten in communication with her, and we had developed an interesting correspondence, she living then at Bentonville, Ark.) "Here is a piece of unwritten history about her:—A few weeks after her arrival from England in the Pan Handle, in the late winter of '77 or the spring of '78, I stopped at the Cator Ranch over night. We were seated at the table eating supper when two pretty young women ran into the dining room all excited, having just come in from a long ride horse back. One was Miss Cator and the other was the Irish lassie, whom Bob Cator or Jim Cator married afterwards. They both smelled to Heaven with the odor of skunk perfume. The Irish maid said, 'Oh, say! We saw the prettiest little striped animal and tried to catch him. It stunk all over us.'"

We had occasion to go into Dodge once and it happened that a rig drove up to the ranch one day and it proved to be a buck board to which was hitched a team of mules and was in charge of two of Col. Littlefield's Cow Punchers. They, also, were bound for Dodge. They invited me to join them. I did so and we all piled in and headed north. On our last stage before we reached Dodge we camped on Mulberry creek. This place was always considered the last drive on the trail and it was a magnificent cattle park, where all herds were held for a few days in order to condition them, "slick them up a little," and gentle them preparatory to entraining them for the great Metropolis.

We of course turned our mules loose that night, expecting that good mules like they were supposed to be would stay close to camp, but in the morning they were gone, and the next day they were gone and the day following they were gone and finally we abandoned the search and the camp and caught a ride into Dodge. I have often wondered whether or not the Col. ever got his mules.

The most amusing and the man that could furnish more good stories than all of the cattle men was Jack Hardesty. After

forty years I call to mind the following: Jack had a cook on one of the round-ups whose ways of cooking did not suit the epicurean tastes of Jack, besides he despised him on general principles. Realizing that he could not lick him himself he hired one of the biggest cow punchers he had to undertake the job. The arrangements were made and opportunity was only wanting. One day at dinner while the cook was stooped over fixing the Dutch Oven full of dough the hired fighter came into camp and walked up to the Dutch Oven and kicked it over, and said, "What the H—— you got there." The cook raised up with his trusty club, which he always seemed to have near, and said, "Bread you cayote," and then and there knocked him down. As Jack edged up to see the outcome of the fight the cook pulled his gun and ran Jack behind a big cottonwood tree. After that the vittals seemed unusually good to Jackie, and he just loved the chef.

We have seen the killing, or rather the slaughter, of the last herd of buffalo that was ever in the Pan Handle of Texas. This occurred at the crossing of the Cimmaron river, in No Man's Land, where we stayed all night at a "stopping place" run by Rob Ray and a man by the name of Crawford, who had a part of his feet frozen off—both expert hunters; where the squirrel whiskey would make you pitch some, and the sow belly would sear your throat as it went down, and the bread would sour a swill barrel, and where the imbibitory cow boys would assemble, and gargle a few slugs from that old bottle behind the bar, the contents and composition of which no man knew whereof he drank, but could plainly see on the label "Old Jordan," consequently it was all right, and where he would play a little stud poker, and then as a parting night cap would hilariously shoot out the lights and depart, leaving the ever ringing yip as a parting memory.

In the early morning they called to us that there was a herd of buffalo off some four or five miles and to follow them, not too close. They soon got within range and opened-up with their big guns, killing eleven full grown buffalo. We skinned them, stretched the hides and Ray took the meat to Dodge and sold it.

DODGE—AS SHE WAS

We have seen Dodge City when everything was wide open and the boys were allowed as many guns on their persons as they thought they needed. And, we have been there after the authorities would disarm the boys when they got within the city limits, and it seemed to an observing man that the killings did not seem to diminish much, as you know if a cow man makes up his mind to "get his man" there is no stopping him. I have visited Boot Hill, a cemetery at the edge of the city, where there were twenty-six men buried with their boots on, and no one knew just how many were buried there with their boots off. We have been in the city when it was no uncommon sight in the early morning twilight to see two or three "undesirables" strung along the girders of the old wooden bridge across the Arkansas River. We have seen the Red Star Dance House shine for an indefinite period. We have been present when some big, lumbering gambler would get "his all", and some of the "swops" would drag the body out to the side

walk and then go "on with the dance," and let "joy be unconfined."

We have been in Dodge when the great Earps, Bat Masterson, Doc Holliday and many other boisterous characters held forth, and at times would either clear the muddy waters or rile same. We have been at Keley's Place, on Whiskey Row, where he had a big Cinnamon Bear chained to a post in front of his saloon, and I have seen the boys buy the beer in order to have the bear sit on his haunches, drink from a bottle, and act and behave just like any other human being would by getting tipsey and quarrelsome.

I don't know that Kelly was any more of a Bandit Saloon keeper than some of the rest of them, but the main idea was in those days to get the cow boys' money away from him as quickly as possible, either by overcharging him for his drinks, short changing him or gambling, and sometimes by plain and broad day robbery. The reason for this, aside from the gain, was to put the boys Hors de Combat as quickly as possible and get him out of town post haste. He might kill some one. A story which was going the rounds, might be applicable to Kelly and some of the other bandit saloonists in Dodge at that time and it can be related as taking place in Kelley's joint as well as any other. A young Irish lad, a Cow Boy, from some where, threw a dollar on the counter and called for whiskey. Kelley set out the bottle, put the dollar in the drawer and threw a quarter in change on the bar. The boy took his two-bits and walked out. Presently he came back and walked up to Kelley and said, "Pat, do you want to buy a horse?" Pat looked at him curious and replied, "No! What the devil would I do wid a horse." The boy, with a twinkle in his eye, said, "Jesse James had a horse."

If the reader should care to be familiar with or would be at all interested in some of the carrying ons, as pulled off at Dodge in the halcyon days, I would recommend that they read the "Log Of A Cow Boy," by Andy Adams, the "Sunset Trails," by Alfred Henry Lewis, which is a truthful and fascinating portrayal of the old days on the trail, the local times and in towns like Dodge, Caldwell and other cow towns.

THE BATH AGE

On our way to the Wagon Wheel Gap in Colorado to take a bath in '78, Charley and I stopped at Del Norte and stayed all night with Charley's uncle, Gabriel Shideler. We also had the opportunity of meeting U. S. Sen. Tom Bowen, who had just come into his own by selling his mine called the "Little Annie" for a large sum of money and by reason of his newly acquired affluence was elected Senator for the short term, while Tabor was elected for the long term. Bowen up to that time had had many rocky roads to travel but when he got rich he was truly grateful to all of his friends, who had supported him and kept trials and tribulations from his door. About the time we were there he was beginning to pay back the boys whom he recollected that he owed. One night he gave a party and as the most of them were hilariously inclined things were moving along humorously and decorously. All at once Tom grabbed one of the boys and threw him on the floor and seemed to be fumbling at the fellows head. When he arose the fellow had a \$100.00 bill stuffed in his ear. Tom took them one



PUBLIC SQUARE, DEL NORTE, COLORADO.

In the Public Square of the beautiful little city of Del Norte, for the convenience of any thirsty visitor is this picturesque and artistic Well House. Inside it are two deep artesian wells, each impregnated with different minerals, salts and tastes, and both of high medicinal properties. In this picture, taken September, 1921, reading right to left, Mrs. Sam Hanna and Sam Hanna, of Howard, Kan., Charles Shideler of Rifle, Colo., O. S. Clark, Attica, Ind., Mrs. Chas. Shideler, and Miss Ruth Scott.

at a time and went through the same performance, one fellow receiving a \$1,000.00 bill in his ear. There was not a single disappointed person—Tom owed 'em all.

We remember a thrilling incident, at this place, in the bath age, 11 '78. Time was going a little slow and we ran across a herd of burros down on the river which needed riding, we thought. Charley and I each selected a good one and mounted for a little ride. They did not buck, strange, since everything in that country does buck, even the hunter with his first deer gets buck ague. These ancient steeds, with their biblical names and apparent religious disposition, started down the trail uncomparasoned and unbedecked with any saddlery or bridlery raiment, and we riders were unarmed except with a good size cotton wood club as a prode. The Rio Grande River at that place was quite wide and Mr. Burro thought they just had to cross the river in its widest place. We thought so, also, we couldn't do otherwise. When we arrived at the middle and the water commenced to reach our belly band, our even minded and calm dispoositioned mounts stopped and looked at the scenery, which was really charming to an observant burro. I pride myself on my persuasion powers and at once commenced the practice of this art and culture, for the principle reason that daylight was disappearing quite fast, the burros were immovable, however, and held themselves like a marble statue, when lo! our clubs came in action. The whacks echoed up the the gulchs and the welts were raised on their hurricane decks, but not an inch did they give. After great effort and an occasional spell of persuasion and alternately a spell of whacks and bad temper we commenced to yell help! Praise be a lone Cow Puncher shows up and with great speed and a true eye he threw his lasso over the neck of Charley's charming steed and literally pulls burro and Charley out to dry land. The same process got me to "the beautiful shore" and we could truly sing "what a gathering there will be."

OUR EXPERIENCES WITH THE CATTLE RUSTLERS

Somewhere in New Mexico the trail led into a most beautiful vega, where the green grass was still virgin and uncropped. The cattle being skin poor, it was impossible to drive them through it without their continually stopping to feed, so we decided to turn them loose and let them fill up. The boys all went under the mess wagon for a little sleep and I went on the wagon to keep an eye on the scattering herd. We had all of us composed ourselves and were taking things easy and having dreams and inspirations of happier days, when I noticed a tiny speck of a dust cloud approaching. When it had arrived it surrounded an old crippled wagon, hitched to two pinto cayuses, with an angry, red faced, galvanized greaser in the front seat. He was promiscuously, and unreliably, and nervously pointing a big Winchester in my direction. He shouted, in what I thought was a very commanding and audacious voice, "Get off my land." Being in favor of the League of Nations, and of a neutral disposition, I, of course, endeavored to calm him with some soft voiced explanations, but he became quite unruly and so boisterous that one of the boys (Charley Shideler) was aroused, and crawling from under the wagon, he arose, half asleep, with a gun in each hand, and shouted, "Get out of

here you d——, trifling greaser.” He got, going down the vega, with his gun rattling in the front end of the wagon, his hat off and larraping the caballos with an old black snake. We at once realized that we too had better “pull our freight”, and had best hit the trail again.

After a hard drive the balance of the afternoon we reached a very rough country through which the trail led, and being late in selecting a camp site, we drove until almost dark. While the cattle were strung out we noticed a slight commotion in a part of the herd and upon investigating we found that five or six of them were missing. We figured that some fellow, with help, had slipped into the herd and cut out five or six head and the same had completely disappeared. We could do nothing that night in a strange country, so we held up the herd the next day and rode the country in every direction, but we could not even get a trail on them. The cattle rustler was running true to form, and our “humbre” of the vegas was richer by five or six steers.

A LITTLE RECREATION IN LAS VEGAS, NEW MEX.

After our purchase of cattle on the Trimintena, and we had started them on the trail, a couple of the boys could not resist the temptation of going into Vegas for the last and best highball, etc. The rest of us took the herd on, with their agreement to come out to the herd sometime during the night. As was the custom, they were disarmed by the authorities as they entered the city limits of that chaste and at that time supposed to be, docile city. The boys found what liquor they thought they could hide and about midnight called for their horses and their guns. They mounted and hit the main street on the run. In passing the hotel Joe’s hat blew off and one of the guests of the hotel seeing it on the ground decided to curry a little favor with a real cow boy, and started to pick it up and present it to the rider. Joe sized him up quickly and saw at once that he was evidently a dude and a choice specimen of the tender-foot class. Joe yelled, “Lay off the hat you d——, soft boiled tender-foot.” He, the dude, with trembling legs and some active footracing, ran up on the steps of the hotel, and Joe, who was of the bon ton when it came to riding, started away back of the hat and put the spurs to his horse and came down the street like a whirlwind. When near the hat he dropped and picked it up on the full run. Charley and Joe then put the spurs to their horses and made a run out of town, shooting and yelling. They finally reached the herd and succeeded in creating a small stampede with the cattle, but finally lit and retired. We stood double guard that night, and had not participated in any of the frolics either.

A description of a wild and unusual scene some miles from Buffalo Gap as partly described in Billy Dixon’s book:—

The trail, somewhere in the Pan Handle had been leading up a very slight and almost imperceptible incline for some days and in the darkening twilight we reached the line where the circling horizon touched the pale blue skyline. We tipped over the edge. LOOK! Our eyes met the vista of thousands and tens of thousands of leagues—an empire, a world, primitive and wild, untouched by man, except the Indian and the buffalo hunter. This magnificent and awfully huge panorama

and moving picture was shaped and had the resemblance and appearance of a world-sized saucer. The colorings started from the outer rim, resembling the lighter shades of green and darkening to the center, where there was reposing a tiny, bright, dazzling and shimmering lake. We started down quickly and reaching the edge soon, we noticed the water completely covered with wild geese and ducks, so thick it was impossible to even throw a stone in the water without hitting one. On the other side of the water was a band of Antelope, twenty-five or thirty, who had evidently just come in for water. Our larder was empty. One of the boys, claiming to be the best shot, took the Winchester and fired. He knocked one down, but looking around in astonishment he said, "H——, I did not shoot at that one." We as friends did not care so much for the one he shot at, but were more interested in the one he had hit. More pictures were to come. Away off in the gloaming there appeared a band of wild horses, led by a big, black, majestic stallion, and breaking in a wild drive for the outer edge of this huge saucer, LOOK AGAIN! In the opposite direction in the scintillating, western light, silhouetted against the shimmering sun waves, appears a good sized herd of buffalo, led by the bull who is preparing to give the signal for the ineffable stampede. They too are off and away. Now comes the bands of range cattle, in herds of tens and hundreds, seeking, apparently, to tame and temper this primeval scene. They too, get the signal, and with a snort are off to other pastures, where man may not disturb and throw the fears of capture into them. This scene, taken as a whole, certainly was as wild as one could wish and needed but the Indian and the buffalo hunter to take their places in the flys and thus complete the stage setting.

OKLAHOMA

We made the first run to the first opening in Oklahoma in April 1889. We arrived on the line at three o'clock in the morning at a squaw man's place, expecting to make the run in our own wagons. We immediately discovered that the other fellows had race horses and cow ponies. We cut our horses out of the harness and at noon when the soldiers fired the signal to run, we pulled out bare backed. It's thirty years since, and I am just beginning to get over the effects of that ride. It was weeks before I could eat off a table. We rode for the town site of Kingfisher. The lots we got were left for safe keeping in the hands of a good and true Knights of Pythias brother, who was to keep all "jumpers" off. We had not reached the city limits, which was on the first day a place of 3000 inhabitants, until our brother had jumped them. We redeemed them and again left them in charge of a good honest man, and they were jumped by the custodian. We realized that it would keep us on the road too long to chase the jumpers off so we sold our equity. I presume today those lots have elegant sky-scrapers built on them.

CHANGE OF LOCATION

Finally on another trip to the San Luis valley my partner and I decided to go a little further west for a location. We crossed the mountains and stopped at and around Durango. It was arranged there, however, that he should go still further west toward the setting sun, as he expressed it, the older coun-

tries seemed to be getting more crowded all the time and the new civilization was cramping and disturbing to an old cow man veteran. He went into Utah, and I and one of the other boys faced about, left Durango and back-tracked towards Alamosa. As we passed through Pagosa Springs, a most wonderful and unusual hot water resort, there was brought into town a man who had just been killed by a bear. It was surprising to us, that as soon as we reached the outskirts of the town, how many bear tracks we could see and all fresh too. After traveling a day or two along a most beautiful tumbling turbulent mountain stream, where the bright spotted trout would flip their tails at you and say "ta ta", and the hills were completely covered by cedars and pines, from which the green never comes off, summer or winter, and the grass sparkled and shown through the early morning sun and frost. We came to an open park studded here and there with big pines, and shortly we heard a great bombardment of shooting and as we got closer we realized that we were within the target line of some two or three hundred Indians, to whom Uncle Sam had just issued a lot of new rifles, and child like the Indians had to immediately try them out in our presence, and proximity in order to see just how close they could come to hitting us without actually puncturing our hides.

Fortunately we dodged all of the bullets that came our way, but as we undertook to cut their acquaintance and get out of their careless and unprecautious endeavors, all at once, in squads of twenty-five or thirty they came pounding down the hard road, with one big buck, who had a face like a buffalo bull and a voice like a seven year old bull frog, in the lead, shouting, what sounded to us like, "show up your ponies." That demand took the most of the heart beats away from me, as I thought they were going to take our horses from us and set us afoot, but my companion, Joe Shock, an old timer who could swear forty proof and then some, lit into them and after considerable of a row we discovered that they really meant "swap your ponies" instead of the first expression. As we were not, just at that moment keen or capable of doing ourself justice in a horse trade, we planned to get away in as becoming a manner as possible, and noticing that some of them had venison tied on behind them, we conceived the notion that we must at once buy some meat. We purchased a good sized saddle of deer and did not haggle over the price either. We departed in what seemed to us a calm, casual and becoming manner, expecting any time to change our attitude, and our pretended unconcern to one of precipitousness and make a run for it.

Since this experience we have heard many thrilling bear stories and the following will appeal to many of the old timers and perhaps to some of the young fellows who have hoped, some time in their life, to become real for sure Bear Hunters. This little story, like most bear stories, might be true, and no doubt will take its little niche on the great bear statue, as a truthful and reliable bear story. It was told by an old hunter. Teddy Roosevelt you know was a bear hunter.

Two hunters were in camp one day, when whoff! a big bear jumped into the circle. One of the fellows landed in a tree and went up it like a coon. The other could not climb a tree

in time, so it was a race around a big cedar. Around they went, the gravel hitting the bark and his coat tails extended. The fellow in the tree yelled, "Run d— it run." With redoubled efforts the fellow dug in and tried to out-foot the bear and just as he was about to blow up and the bear swished around the tree again, the fellow in the tree again yelled, "Run d— you run." The fellow could barely get breath enough to yell back at him, as he started on another lap, and with a despairing look and with weak voice, he choked out the words:— "Hell! do you think I'm throwin' this race?"

Another of the same kind of truthful bear stories comes to my mind. It was told to me by Bear John of Mamm Creek, Garfield County, Colorado. John had all of the truthful characteristics and instincts there was in that county, in fact he learned this virtue from Teddy Roosevelt when he took Teddy up on Divide Creek, close to the Little Blue Hen Church and showed him how to kill a real, for sure bear, in the year 1908, near Charley's ranch. John absorbed all the truthful and authentic bear stories from Teddy that there was and that left Teddy pumped dry. John said that one time two fellows were going across a field and a bull took after them. The nimbler one reached safety in a tree. The other one looked around for a place to light for protection. He noticed a good sized hole in a hill. He made for that confidently and swiftly, the bull at his heels. He plunged in to the cavern and immediately plunged out, with fear on his face. The bull again charged him. Again he jumped into the cave, when lo! out he came again. This performance lasted some little time. The man shuffled back and forth on high, with the bull and his engine racin'. At last the fellow up the tree yelled, "You idiot! Why don't you stay in the hole?" The chase, with fear in his voice, and a trembling in his legs, yelled back, "You d— fool. there's a Bear in the hole." There's a place here for a little moralizing. Some times we criticise when people do not respond and many times fail to help in some charitable way with donations or they fail to pay their assessments for the preachers upkeep, resent patronizing the church suppers, etc. Did you ever stop to think that there might be a "bear in the hole." They may be poor in their homes and have many afflictions, sickness, helpless cripples or ill dependents. Let's be kind and charitable to them and not press them into something that is a physical impossibility for them to provide. Be more charitable ourselves, until it hurts.

THE BULL WHACKER

Has the reader ever had the extreme pleasure and serene satisfaction of driving and working with a bull-headed, strong-minded team of oxen?? If you say no, please do not endanger any religious sentiment that you may have by learning the art of whacking bulls—we have had our little experience and know when we have enough.

Somewhere in the Apache country of New Mexico, while on the trail with a herd of cattle, we were short of horses and bought a couple of Mushaways to be driven to the mess wagon, which would release a couple of saddle ponies of which we were badly in need.

At once the other boys decided that I, being of a patient and

unruffled disposition, should be chief chariot driver and the grandiose bull whacker, and I accepted the job with a full understanding with myself as to just how I was going to do it.

I had observed that in order to get full duty and efficiency out of an ox team you had to "treat 'em rough." After a day or two I noticed Sam, one of my partners, was inclined to be a little cynical, and he commenced to criticise the manner and mode of my handling the bulls, intimating that my policy of rough treatment was inhuman and brutal.

On that particular day, as usual, we turned the herd loose and unhitched the oxen, while the noon day lunch was preparing. After dinner Sam made the announcement he would drive the oxen and that Charley and I could take the herd, remarking he would certainly show us how "by treating 'em kind, and using gentle persuasion instead of clubs and the long handled whip, bulls like they were could be taught to lie down and get up just like a trained dog. Charley and I rounded up the herd and started them on the trail, glancing back once in a while. We could hear some soft chattering and persuasions as he confidently placed the yoke on his shoulders and called to Mushaway and Buck to get under. They hesitated as they noticed a strange driver. Finally, Presto, and they are yoked. Now comes the artful science of hitching the team to the wagon tongue. Sam drives them up to the wagon with gentle caution and some fear—they break way—again he almost gets them to the wagon, and then once more they are gone. Sam has altered his disposition and his mode somewhat, and we hear a little something that sounds like swear words. Presently he commences the chase in deadly earnest and with menacing gestures and, lo, he has a club. This time the bulls break for the timber and crash through the undergrowth and are soon out of sight. Sam is prostrate and full of heat and hate. Had we been close enough to have touched his flaming face we would have gotten a seventy-five kilowatt shock. He was speechless with hate and silent with chagrin. He dropped to the ground and commenced vigorously to pull grass. We took another glance backward as we went on and called back to him, "Treat 'em kind Sam and they'll come back." That night there was a different man came into camp. The new driver, with fire in his eye, was perched on the spring seat, with his black snake and his clubs and his prods close by and he wasn't treating 'em kind either.

My partner afterwards returned to Colorado on the White river. He has stayed with his trade ever since and gotten rich. I came east and have been making a living ever since selling a little money through the grill of a bank window. About every two years he sends me a little sprig of sage brush from Rifle, Colo., and by the way this Rifle town has a Winchester Hotel, and I presume that it is in Cannon county, I know there are lots of "Colts" there because it is somewhat of a horse country; and I quietly sneak my grip from under the bed and go to him. I arrange to arrive about the time they pull off their annual rodeo, which is Apple Pie Day. They of course have wild horse riding, the Broncho Bustin', the ropin' and the racin', but to an old timer the riding and the roping does not seem to be as good as in the old days. It may be

however, that the horses are not so wild and the cattle not so peppy as they were forty years back.

The writer's Grandfather, Samuel B. Clark, almost a century ago was one of the earliest settlers of Warren County, Indiana. At the first election held in the county he was elected as Associate Judge. After his term had expired, he probably, naturally, took up the duties of a Justice of the Peace, also becoming the counselor and advisor of his friends, and assisted in preparing legal papers, contracts, making out notes, etc.

The writer has in his possession a specimen note in the form that was used in those early days. He starts with the date and fills in the words "One year after date I promise to pay to John Smith, ON MY HONOR," etc.

Billy Myers of Conejos County, Colo., had promised to pay to Sam Hannah and Charley Plowman, "on his honor," so many cows and their increase on a certain date. Billy was one of the big men and became prominent in his state, as also did Alva Adams, respectively Lieut. Governor and Governor of Colorado.

Billy, at this particular time, had moved to New Mexico and had notified the boys that he was ready to make delivery and liquidate the debt.

On a trip with our own cattle it was arranged that we branch off the main trail and go past the Myers ranch and pick up the cattle and then proceed to the Pan Handle. One day when we all thought that we were in close proximity to the ranch, Sam offered to take the mess wagon and proceed to Billy's place and there wait for us, and have supper ready when we arrived. We punched the cattle along leisurely until late in the afternoon when we could see the outlines of the corrals and buildings. We arrived at the corral about dusk with the cattle and we had difficulty in getting them in. We were a little anxious, too, for the reason that we were all worn out with the loss of sleep and expected to have a good night's sleep if we could corral the cattle. Finally we succeeded in getting them all in but some three or four, and they became unruly and mad and wild. After some strenuous riding and chasing we got them back close to the corral and they at once saw Sam and his camp close to the corral fence.

Sam had been promising us for several days some syrup made from sugar which he had been frugally saving for some time, and this was the night when he had a nice can of it prepared.

The mad cows made for Sam and the camp. He made no attempt to dissuade the nasty things to stay out and not disturb a nice orderly camp like that, but he at once took flight and hopped for the top pole on the corral fence. When we came charging down he was looking down on a somewhat disorganized camp and sadly spilled supper. He being of rather a swearing disposition, we have endeavored all of these years to forget just what all he called us, as it was awful. We recall however the pathetic and the plaintive tone of voice that he used after the explosion was over and when his flaming temper had gotten all of the blankity, blankity D— words out, he directed our attention to the camp and whispered "Now, you d— fools, look at them nice molasses,.' A mad cow had

spilled the "lasses", and gotten Sam all "het" up.

We were assisted in rounding up the cattle to be delivered on Billie Myers' contract by John Frazier, an old time Cow Man from the San Luis Valley, and who was running some cattle with Myers on the share, in New Mexico. We are not sure just where that was, but think it was near the little town marked on the map as Springer. Frazier afterwards drifted to Kansas and Sam Hanna tells me he was killed in Howard County, Kansas. He, together, with others had brought up from Texas some native cattle and they arrived before the quarantine was out, consequently many of the herds in that country were infected with the Texas tick and there were great losses from the dreaded Texas fever. Cattle owners became enraged at John and threatened his life. He asked Sam what he had better do. Sam asked him if he was armed. He said, "No". Sam told him to at once get some guns. John said he guessed there was no danger and went home. That night he was killed. They found twenty or twenty-five knife wounds on him. Billie Myers at this place had the ideal cattle ranch. He was blessed with many sheltering gulches, splendid grass and an abundance of water. By building a stone fence across the neck of a vast scope of country he could enclose thousands of acres of land and thus keep his cattle at home without much riding. Billie Myers was an educated gentleman and while we were accepting of his hospitality on this trip, hundreds of miles from habitation, we noticed his library contained many works of a scientific nature and many high class books of literature. We are told that he is still living and is at present located near Ft. Garland, San Luis Valley.

SAM BASS, A VERY EARLY BANDIT

Sam Bass seemed to be one of the most popular and deserving outlaws that there was in the west and since he was a native of Indiana, we must boost him along a little by quoting a very popular Cow Boy song with Sam as the hero. We never met Sam although he was born at Mitchell, Ind. Here is the song.

"Sam Bass was born in Indiana
It was called his Native Home,
And at the age of seventeen,
Young Sam began to roam.
He first went out to Texas,
A Cow Boy for to be;
And a kinder hearted fellow
You'd scarcely ever see."

"Sam left the Collin's ranch in the merry month of May,
With a herd of Texas cattle the Black Hills for to see,
Sold out in Custer City and then got on a spree,
A harder set of cow boys you seldom ever see.

"On their way back to Texas they robbed the U. P. train,
And then split up in couples and started out again,
Joe Collins and his partner were overtaken soon,
With all their hard-earned money they had to meet
their doom.

"Sam made it back to Texas all right side up with care;
Rode into the town of Denton with all his friends to
share,

Sam's life was short in Texas; three robberies did he do, He robbed all the passenger, mail and express cars too."

THE HYROPHOBIA DANGER

Thomas Bugsby, with his young wife, had his home ranch near Adobe Walls and there was born to them a girl baby—the only white child in that part of the country. Seringo states that she was called the "White Papoose" by the Indians. When about eight years old she was bitten by an Hydrophobia skunk. We knew of this case and remember that Mr. Bugsby had cut a hole in the bottom of the outside door in order to give the pet cat, belonging to his only child, ingress and egress to the house. During the night the skunk came through the hole and bit the little girl. After lingering several days she died a horrible death. There were no doctors short of Dodge City, 175 mile away. Of all of the dangers from being bitten or stung by insects we always feared the hydrophobia skunk, which seemed plentiful in the Pan Handle, and New Mexico. The prime danger was while sleeping on the plains at night, as we always feared they might bite while sleeping in camp on the ground. We never thought much of the dangers of the Taarantula, Centipedes or other big spiders, although there were some fatalities from the bite of these pests. Rattle snakes we would kick out of our way, but the smell of a skunk sure made us scringe and cover up tight while in camp.

THE GUN FIGHTER VS THE GUN MAN

In all cattle countries the pioneer buffalo hunter, Indian fighter, and cow man was a Cosmopolitan cuss and the Pan Handle Country was no exception, where we were acquainted and associated with many and had heard of all of the different characters of what so ever disposition and reputation. Nearly every one had killed his man. Not all of this class, however, were murderers in any sense of the word. There was a vast difference between the "Gun Fighter" and the murderous "Gun Man". Some men we came in contact with had murder in their hearts for gain, and had robbed their victims. The honest "Gun Fighter" was usually picked on and taken advantage of and in many instances his adversary got the drop on him so that he had to shoot his way out. The true knight, a gallant Gun Fighter was almost a chivalrous individual, and often times would go so far, in a fight, as to let his adversary, if not so expert, to get some little advantage. Of course the most common killing was among the cow boys and the booze was the direct responsible factor. One of these boys would get loaded and draw his pistol and shoot at some one in the outfit, his best friend perhaps, claiming some fancied offense, and of course the other boy, in order to protect himself, would have to return the shots. As an illustration of the true knighthood of chivalry and showing how this feature was instilled and even taught in the young lads on the plains, it is told in a story in "A Lone Star Cow Boy" how, during a certain feud, where many on both sides of the factions had been killed, one of the leaders was riding along the road on a skittish horse. On the ground near by was sitting a twelve year old boy, eating his noon day lunch. Near by grazed his small band of sheep which he was herding. The boy's dog ran out and scared this feudists skittish horse. Then he

drew his pistol and killed the dog. Now the boy sprang to his feet and, pulling his powder and ball pistol, opened fire on the killer of his dog, who at once began shooting at the boy. But his horse jumping around made his aim bad and untrue. The man emptied his pistol and shot his wad, while the boy with wisdom had only shot twice, and was taking aim for the third shot. Here the man threw up his hand, which held the pistol and said, "Don't shoot, I'm empty." The boy replied: "All right, load up." Then the boy squatted down on the ground, and taking his powder horn from his shoulder proceeded to load the two empty chambers of his six shooter. The man replied as he rode away. "No I've got enough." He was wounded in the left hand by one of the boy's shots. Later the man rewarded the boy for his cool bravery. As we have defined the difference between the cool, brave and chivalrous Gun Fighter and the skulking, cowardly Gun Man for gain, we will mention some men of both classes, whom we either knew or had heard of in the Pan Handle. In the first class were such men as Clay Allison, a holy terror, but never the less a fearless man, and Lem Woodruff, who we think was more imposed on than an aggressor. He was the principle actor in the big gun fight at Tascosa in 1886. Of Bat Masterson it can be said that he may never have taken advantage of another in a gun fight, although he was not liked by the cow boys, as they classed him as belonging to the gamblers gang. Bat was naturally prejudiced against the cow boys from the fact that his brother, while Marshal at Dodge was trying to disarm some cow boys, when one of them killed him. We do not think, however, that Bat was of the murderous, killing disposition. It was reported that he had killed twenty-eight men, which was a greatly exaggerated story.

Of the other class who never killed only with murder in their heart and gain in their mind was the arch fiend, W. C. Moore, the foreman of the L. S. Outfit. In a few cases it used to be thought by some big outfits that it was necessary to hire "Man Killers" as cow boy riders, but we do not think that Messers Bates and Beal had this in mind when they hired Moore. This man was considered the greatest Cow Man in the country and many of the boys said they learned more about the cow business from him than under the directions and instructions of any other man, and yet he was a villianious and heartless murderer for gain. He betrayed his employers, wherever he worked. He first killed his brother-in-law in California and made his get-away to Wyoming; killed another and drifted to the Pan Handle on an old broken down pinto pony, hired to the L. S. outfit and immediately commenced to steal cattle from his benefactors and friends. He started his own herd from these stealings on the Cold Water, where we have camped many times. He sold his ranch and cattle, quit the L. S. and started another herd, in New Mex. His stay was short there as he shot and killed two men, supposedly for the reason that he wanted the range belonging to them. Charley Seringo ran across him in Alaska afterwards, where he was peddling whiskey under an assumed name. Charley recognized him readily because he had worked for him in the Pan Handle. Another villianious Gun Man, with murderous heart, was Newell, who killed the young buffalo hunter for his money and horses.

Newell was the man that had the ranch on which we located. I have mentioned this man in another part of the book. Of course the most uncompromising and reckless man killer in all the west was Billy the Kid. He did it wantonly and without excuse. His murders, many of them, were for gain also, as he was a horse thief and a cattle rustler and depended on selling them for gain. The reader will note the chapter giving full account of his death and the end of his career, by Pat Garrett and John W. Poe, in another part of the book.

A FELLOW COW PUNCHER

Speaking more particularly of Claude Lindley, a boy I rode with a great deal; my partner, Charley Shideler has recently told me something of his character and what became of him. In the summer of eighty, we, Charley and I, made the trip from the Palo Duro, Texas, country to the San Luis Valley, Colo., to close out a remnant of cattle we still had there. We sold the cattle and decided to return to the Pan Handle. In the fall we met Claude Lindley at Ft. Garland, or to be exact, on Ute Creek. (This was where I parted with Charley and took two horses, "Old Baldy" and a grey horse, and made the trip alone, expecting to meet him some time later on the Palo Duro, in Texas.) Charley asked Lindley, after I had left them, to make the trip with him to Texas. He agreed and after finishing a contract for putting up hay for the Post they started. During the putting up of the hay Lindley had a bad fight with Juan Iguar. Claude was then about twenty years old, a quarter breed Indian, big, powerful, raw boned, long arms and big hands, and with a height of full six feet. He could speak Mexican better than he could his own language, he had a fine personality and the officers at the Post took quite an interest in him and trained him to be very proficient with the boxing gloves. Iguar started the fuss, and jumped off the high hay stack and made for Claude like a wild bull. Claude braced himself, and told Juan that he was going to lick him. Juan said in Mexican "imbuckity," meaning "pitch in". When the Mexican advanced Lindley let him have one between the eyes. He lit on his head and the blood spurted as he lay on the ground, knocked out. Then eight or ten Mexicans jumped off the fence and came running over. Charley started to stand them off with a pitch fork. Claude jumped in front of him and told them he could lick the whole D— bunch, and that stopped them. They washed Juan up and that night went down to the Fort to a "fandango", and met Tomisito Tobin and Billie Carson. (Tomisito was a son of Tom Tobin and Billie a son of Kit Carson, the great scout.) After they had danced a while they heard a shot outside and Tomisito and Charley went out to see what was up. Carson was standing a bunch of Mexicans off with a gun. Charley went back to call Lindley and found him in the corner, knocking the Mexicans down as fast as they came up. When Charley told him of the trouble outside, he knocked his way through the whole crowd, and they got on their horses and went home without a scratch. They started on their trip and had to go through some bad Mexican country and got into some trouble by Claude killing some Greaser's dog and after they had left the Plaza and camped, three Greasers came into their camp. Claude commenced to talk to them in Mexi-

can. One of the fellows called Charley out to one side and asked him if the other fellow wasn't a "Coyate" (that meant half breed.) Charley told him yes. He replied, he knew his "sangre per undi cure", meaning that he knew his own blood where ever he saw it. The Mexicans finally left without starting anything. In some of the Mexican settlements the people were very menacing, and they found afterwards that they were lucky to escape some of the bad settlements. They went through Taos, New Mexico, and were directed from there to a short cut to Ft. Summer. (Near this Fort was where Pat Garrett and John W. Poe killed Billie the Kid.) They were met by a bunch of Indians who had never seen a spring seated wagon, and the Squaws took turn about in riding on the seat and having a good time, laughing and giggling. The Indians treated them civilly and directed them correctly on their way to the Pan Handle, where we all finally met again.

Mr. D. F. McCarty, of Lipscomb, Texas, my writing friend, and who is generally producing something from a deft pen, and who has had a wide experience in almost all of the wildernesses of the great west, however not as a cow man, but as an expert miner, and who loves every castle crag, and gilded gulch therein, has written a most beautiful historic story of an Indian tragedy, not a fiction, but one in which he is familiar with the location and in knowing friends of some of the participants. He, in his generosity, offers this story to his friends for publication, and in his modest way does not ask for any credit or gain. I have advised him that he has, in this story, a most wonderful foundation for what could be made a beautiful and interesting historical novel, and that he has a splendid opportunity to show his touch as an author, and that he is the capable writer to produce the story of "The Harringtons."

"MISS HARRINGTON,"

In the early settlement of the San Pedro Valley in Arizona, at that time a hostile Indian country, there was established for the protection of the white settlers, then planning to move into that valley to make homes, a military post known as Camp Grant, the policy of the government being to subdue the Indians and place them on a reservation, where they would be issued rations and otherwise provided for. In all they numbered about 200, and were ruled over by a notorious Apache Chief named Eskimezene, and were part of an outlaw band that formerly overran the whole San Pedro Valley country. The reservation as finally set aside for them, included a broad expanse of river bottom covered here and there with groves of cottonwood trees, and was one of the most beautiful spots along the course of the San Pedro River for many miles, and extended from the military post down the east side of the valley for six or eight miles. Since the Indians were now confined to this reservation, the Government extended them the liberty of going beyond it wherever they choose, so they did not interfere with the settlers, with the arrival of the whites, who shortly began to move into the country. Camp Grant was abandoned and the soldiers removed. In the days I speak of and sometime after the departure of the soldiers, the Indians, who in the meantime had quieted down considerably, were ever ready to sweep the valley if molested, and as their presence remained

more or less of a menace to the white settlers, the Government was asked to remove them, but refused instead, and in an effort to appease their fears, the Government ordered the whites throughout the lower San Pedro to be supplied with arms and ammunition, believing they were now in sufficient numbers to protect themselves. As a result of this order, a wagon load of 50 caliber Springfield rifles, that had gone through the Civil War, but discarded by the Government for the more improved 45 caliber type of Springfield rifle, and several thousand rounds of ammunition, were distributed to the different settlers, and in every ranch house stood a stack of these rifles in the corner of some room, loaded in many instances, and ready for immediate use. Tried and true was the 50 caliber Springfield up to 300 yards, while at close range it was the most deadly rifle ever made, up to that time. The space between the lower end of the Indian villages and where the San Pedro empties into the Gila River, was about twelve miles long, and was occupied with various ranches, and a combination store, post office and saloon, called Dudleyville. The country contiguous to the San Pedro River, became an important cattle range for fifty miles above its junction with the Gila, and there being no water on the range either side of it, cattle were forced to come in there every day or two to drink, and were thus easily taken care of. Heifers matured there and became mothers when only 18 months old, and cattlemen soon grew rich. Among the more prosperous cattlemen there at that time was Dudley Harrington, after whom the post office was named. Mr. Harrington, with his wife and family had traveled across the Texas plains to the San Pedro in wagons, and being well off when he arrived there, was not long in getting settled and building up a fine ranch, which was beautifully situated, in that the San Pedro river flowed through it. The house was built of adobe, and large, with loop holes in the walls for rifle fire, as was customary those days in the Indian country, and contained 8 or 10 rooms, with a wide covered passage way running through its center, and stood in a grove of cottonwood trees. Among Mr. Harrington's family at this time, was a daughter about 16 years old, a remarkably fearless girl, and a good rider, who spent much of her time in the saddle looking after her father's cattle. She was slight build, and a blonde, and might weigh 120 pounds, and was one of the best known and most admired girls in that valley. Across the river, a few hundred yards from the Harrington ranch, was the store and post office, where there always gathered on mail day, which came once a week, prospectors, miners, cow men and others, to the number of 15 or 20, from the outlying sections, and was the only store within fifty miles of there. The Indians all traded there and more or less of them, with their squaws and children, were at the store every day and usually came down the east side of the valley, where the villages were located and crossed the river at the Harrington ranch, where, except in very high water there was always a foot bridge to cross on for those who came afoot. The comparatively few settlers who lived there, realizing how exposed they were to an Indian attack, should anything occur to arouse the Indians, carefully avoided giving cause for any such trouble, and to that end the Indians hid their natural re-

sentment towards the whites and remained at peace. It was under such conditions as these, that there happened one afternoon, in the Harrington home, a tragedy that threatened, not only the peace of the whole white settlement, but its destruction as well. Among the Indians who frequently came to the store, and who never failed to call in at the Harrington ranch, was a big powerful Indian, with a bad reputation in his own tribe and a known murderer of his own people. He carried a deep scar across his face, extending from below the ear to almost the chin, made apparently with a large knife in the hands of some Indian, who evidently tried to kill him. When he got drunk, as he occasionally did, the scar reddened perceptibly, and that, coupled with the drunken expression he bore, gave him a savage look—a hard proposition for Miss Harrington to battle with alone, but that is exactly what happened.

This mail day that made the girl famous throughout Arizona, found her at home that afternoon doing the ironing. The room she occupied had but one doorway, and setting back from the entrance some distance and crosswise of it, was a long table, behind which she was ironing, while behind her in the corner, stood a stack of these 50 caliber rifles, all loaded. Presently and unexpectedly the Indian with the big scar, drunk and smiling, stood in the covered passage way looking in at her. She never heard him, only saw him, and it terrified her, but she kept her nerve and presence of mind. She was alone at the ranch that afternoon, and knew it, and the Indian knew it also. Dreading the outcome, that she now felt was in store for her, unless she could escape, and that seemed a forlorn hope since the Indian was in the doorway. She ordered him away, thinking he might move to one side and let her by, but he only laughed at her and started to come in.

As he entered the room, and had almost reached the table, she picked up the hot iron she was using and threw it at him, a heavy and unwieldy weapon for a young girl to hurl with much force, but it, nevertheless, stopped him, and stopped him long enough to enable her to reach one of the big rifles, throw it down on him and shoot him through the heart before he could close in on her. The Indian staggered back a few steps, then fell face down, across the doorway but within the room. She stepped lightly over his body and fled to the store where she found ten or twelve men, who were still there, and some Indians, and telling them what she had done, led them back to the ranch. When they viewed the dead Indian and were made acquainted with the circumstances that brought about his death, the gravity of the situation dawned on them, and couriers were dispatched up and down the valley to arouse the whites. The Indians who followed the crowd over, viewed their dead tribesman, and then hurriedly left the villages to notify the chief. The excitement among the settlers that afternoon became tense and expectant, and war, with possible extermination in the back ground, seemed close at hand. When the news reached "Skimezene," he called his warriors together, and with a big band of them, hurried down to the Harrington ranch, arrived there, and leaving all but a few of his Indians in the river bottom among the cottonwoods, he strode into the dooryard of the ranch house, and addressing those who were there, told

them that if the dead Indian had been shot face to face with the girl, he would commend her for her bravery and proclaim it to the whole tribe, but if he had been shot in the back it would mean war. To that end, he approached the house and entered the room where the dead Indian lay, and found him just as he had fallen.—The girl, cool and self-possessed, stood there also, and in Indian speech, which she knew well, told him how the tragedy had occurred.

He examined the jagged wound and torn flesh left by the bullet as it passed through the Indian's back, and then turning the body over, face up, and finding the wound over the heart no larger than the bullet that made it, he was satisfied. He then faced the girl, and in his Indian tongue, praised her, told her that it was well, and that she was brave.

Into a little wagon that evening, drawn by two Indian ponies, the dead Indian was placed, and followed by the warriors, who had come there to avenge his death, and who, in suspense, awaited the decision of their chief, upon whose findings, that afternoon, hung the fate of the white settlers, they moved away and returned to the villages, where, as became the Indian custom to their dead, and as a fitting close to that afternoon's tragedy, there could be heard throughout all that night, to the beat of the tom-toms, the mournful death song of the Indians.

Donald F. McCarthy.

A SOLEMN, DESOLATE WASTE.

We have lately been fortunate enough in having a friend send us some beautiful pictures of the wonderful phenomenon of these moving mountains of sand and accompanying same was a splendid article describing accurately and vividly, the grandeur of the great Sand Dunes lying at the foot of the Sanges De Christi Range of Mountains on the east side of the San Luis Valley. The gentleman who writes the article gives his name as Frank J. McEniry.

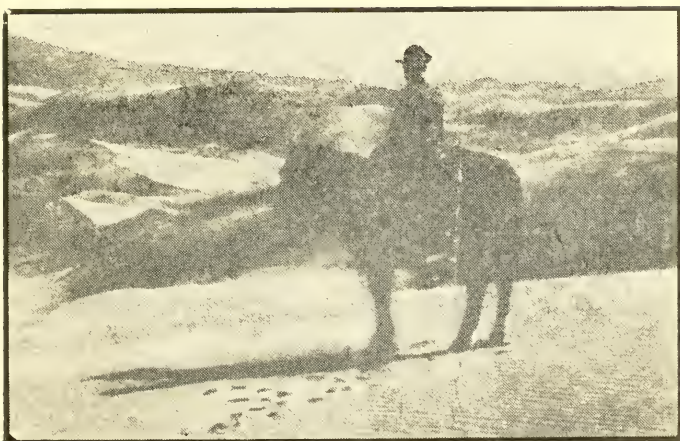
I do not know the writer but take this means of giving him full credit for his excellent description and his writing talent.

HISSING SANDS OF COLORADO'S "SAHARA" ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SCENIC WONDERS.

"Shielded from the outside world by an almost insurmountable barrier of towering snow-capped sentinels and low-lying, timber-clad mountain slopes to the north and east, and hugging the eastern border of the rich agricultural lands in the San Luis valley, beyond the Sangre de Cristo mountain range in southwestern Colorado, may be found the Sahara of Colorado, better described by the early pioneers and gold seekers of the West as the "hissing sands."

"This bit of Colorado, destined to become a world famous wonder and scenic attraction of the great West, in some respects even more spectacular than the great Sahara itself, is said to represent the largest inland shifting sand dune tract in the world.

"Even to the untrained eye these sand dunes, awe inspiring and virtually expressionless, invariably present a vari-colored bit mysterious shifting scenery, continually changing with the lights and shadows. Their surface even, resembles a series of water effect ripples. In winter, when covered with just a little snow, they present a most unique setting, combined



A SOLEMN, DESOLATE WASTE.
The Sand Dunes, of the San Luis Valley, Colorado.

with variable wreaths to lend a panorama unexcelled. Perhaps the first impulse would prompt the observer to scan the horizon in search of a camel train or an Arab's shelter tent.

"A trip when made to these dunes in the early morning with the sun at one's back affords a general shimmering effect over the surface of the sand dunes, caused by the sun rays breaking thru the clouds of fine white sand as they are driven over the tract.

"The strange hissing of the sand particles resulting from the swift but sometimes gentle breezes is indeed more than melancholy noise to the understanding listener.

"Depending on the changing direction and force of the winds, these dunes, which in some cases rise more than 1,500 feet above the floor of the valley, are torn down and rebuilt, remodeled or shifted to a lower or higher area of the tract. Thru exposure to certain strong winds, these dunes are constantly changing their general topography, and frequently resemble, in their billowy formations, scenes common to the ocean voyager during rough weather at sea. Naturalists and scientists willingly acknowledge their amazement at the rapid rate with which these dunes persistently climb and rebuild over their older and more turbulent formations. Even more astonishing, these same dunes have encroached upon the adjacent mountain slopes, in some sections to a considerable extent, thus burying century old trees and other interesting objects in their march toward pinnacles almost lost in the azure sea overhead.

"To be caught in one of the brushing winds during a severe storm is something to be religiously avoided. Due to the comparative lowness of nearby mountain passes east and south of the dunes, occasional three-sided sand mountains are formed on the tract. Medano creek, which plays at the very edge of the mammoth sand pile area, is continually changing its course by reason of the sliding of large tracts of sand down into the creek bed below. Aften times loud crashes may be heard as these bulky sand tracts are swept down to a less elevated position. These crashes may frequently be heard night or day and sometimes a considerable distance away.

"A few months have but to pass, when this same sand has again been lifted many hundreds of feet from the creek bed to the top of the dunes proper by the gigantic force of the winds. A truck load of sand is on the crest of the dunes today and at the bottom, or on the creek bed tomorrow, or vice versa. During hot summer months the stream sinks out of sight a short distance below the sand tract. Residents and ranchers of the Wet Mountain valley on the opposite side of the Sangre de Cristo range, have frequently complained, it is said, of sand storms—heavy winds, which carry fine sand particles up and over the dividing range. These said particles are swept across this lofty range, which in most places reaches a point well above 'timber-line.' The vast sand dune tract itself is in the very shadow of the Siera Blanca, the southernmost tower of the Sangre de Cristo range and the fifth highest mountain peak in the entire United States.

"Plant life, incidentally, is the next thing to an impossibility on this bit of mysterious shifting loyalty. True it is, the nature worshiper here would miss the sarcastic chatter of the

chipmunks and magpies, both of which are well known to all Coloradoans.

"De Zulddiver, who with a party or cavalry crossed the Sangre de Cristo range from the San Luis valley in 1598, traveling northward to a point at which Denver now is located, is said to have been the first white man to visit these dunes. They also mark the spot where Zebulon Pike was taken prisoner by the earlier stage turnpikes, constructed through Mosca pass to the north, under a charter grant of November 12, 1873. This original cross-country route has since been entirely obliterated by the severe winter weather of that section. The dunes themselves are to be found a few miles north of the little town of Blanca, toward the upper bowl of the valley.

"Pike with his small party of followers, ventured across the Greenhorn mountain range, southwest of Canon City, to the present site of Rosita, in January, 1807. He was later forced to abandon two of his party at the latter point, but continuing his journey to a point a trifle north of the dunes, he is accredited with there raising the American flag for the first time in Colorado. He subsequently was forced to haul it down, however, by the dominating Spaniards who caused his arrest and removal to the present site of Santa Fe, N. M."

In closing we feel that the relating of a little story which was an actual occurrence will be appropriate and will describe fittingly the feeling of one who, at least should think of the hereafter that is to come. The story happened not so long ago, and in our town, and shows the quick and sparkling wit of the true Irish lad. One of the older citizens had been ill for a number of weeks and a good many inquiries had been made of Pat, who lived across the street from the sick man, as to the state of the sick man's health. Finally on the fateful day one of the town's people was passing Pat's house and as usual asked Pat how Frank was, he replied, "Be God I think he is worse, I see the undertaker there."

The time will come soon when we will reach that awful "worse" stage, and we can no longer hear the clarion call of the wild west, and can no longer carry the memory of the familiar scenes, and we will have to leave to the younger generation the thoughts of our early associations, our experiences and skirmishes with the Red Skins, our friendships with buffalo hunters, our acquaintance with the bad men, and our love for the Cow Man. May our genealogy please, be as devoted as we have been, and keep green these thoughts and memories, is the wish of a tottering father and grandfather.

Finally with all of the experiences that I have had, and all of the information that I have gained, and the pleasure of meeting and associating with these old rugged, true and tested Plain's People, I have no regrets, but I do have an unmistakable longing for the great wide ways and the wild days, and at times I feel that I must satisfy that western streak that is in me and take my horse and go to those broad open prairies and mesas, and in the even tide when the Night Star comes up over the horizon and the gentle breeze waves the big headed gramma grass, then I must make down my bed with my saddle blankets and with no one in my presence but my horse and my God, sleep the just sleep of peace and contentment, and then when the

Morning Star breaks over the divide and the old battle scarred prairie dog sentinel shall commence his discordant signal barking, and the whirring owl shall go to his rest and the deadly rattle snake shall take his morning siesta, then I will have had my little satisfying outing and be prepared to return to the true and more civilized ways again.

With a never forgetful admiration for all of the experiences that I have had and with an everlasting feeling of awe and reverence, as I go down the Mountain Slope, I still revere those long, wide, billowy prairies, and may they roll on to times eternity. Here's to those grand old snow capped, timber lined castles and battlements. May their magnificence never fade, and finally here's to that old seared Cow Man, when he shall have reached that which is richer than riches and more precious than jasper and feldspar, and when he shall take that long trail from which no Cow Man ever returns, and he shall reach the end of his journey, and he shall meet his Maker and his God, and he shall say to Him, "Here I am, with all my faults and sins, take me and I pray thee give me Mercy, Peace, Comfort."

"Out where the hand clasps a little stronger;
Out where a smile dwells a little longer;
That's where the West begins;
Out where the sun is a little brighter;
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter;
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit lighter;
That's where the West begins.
"Out where the skies are a trifle bluer;
Out where friendship's a little truer;
That's where the West begins.
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing;
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing;
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing;
That's where the West begins.
"Out where the world is in the making;
Where fewer hearts with despair are aching;
That's where the West begins.
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing;
Where there's more of giving and less of buying;
And a man makes friends without trying;
That's where the West begins."

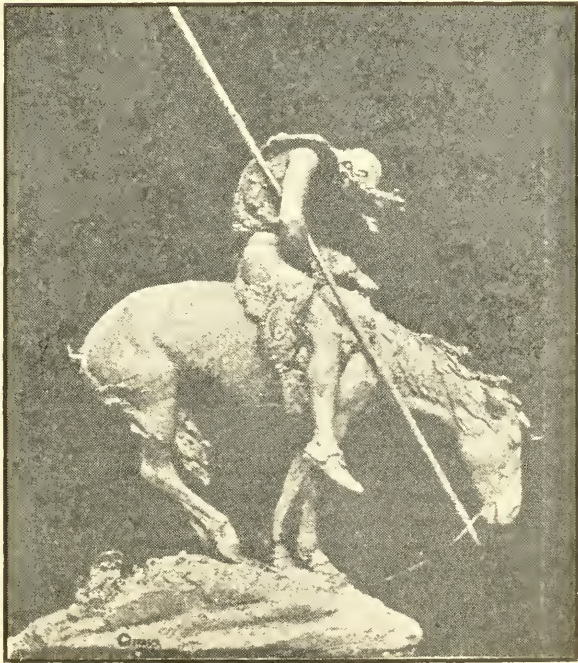
Chapman.

And now the finis and in conclusion—we of course realize that this little book will be of no particular interest to a general reading public, and perhaps our own personal friends and immediate family relations, to whom we will expect to offer one, may pass it up, but withall, that will not make us feel sad or resentful or hurt, because some one may know and I will feel that I have had my little pleasures in writing it, and will have had my little satisfactions in putting it together, and I will have had those little delightful memories brought up from the stirring scenes related herein.

And finally when the curiosity and novelty has worn off and the little thing is scuffed about, trampled on, battered around, and shoved behind the clock, and from there to the old garret, where all of the old literary gems are often stored, then

eventually it will reach the woodhouse ready for the junk pile. About this time it may happen that our little granddaughters, Peegy Hina', and Ruth Ellen, in their dear sweet childish way, will be looking, some day, for something to play with—they may dig the little thing out from the bottom of an old barrel. It may have the back torn off, there may be some leaves missing, it may be disheveled and dirty; let's hope and wish that some little word or some short phrase may hold their attention to the end, and then perhaps they will realize and be able to tell their little playmates and companions what a whale of a feller Gran-fadda' was since Eighteen Hundred and Seventy Eight.

Adios
and
Buenos Noches



THE END OF THE TRAIL



NOV 26 1922

NOV 26 1922

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 092 760 4

