TOP GUNHAWK-MANNEN THE GREAT

REAL WEST

A Charlton Publication

May 35c

MASSACRE VALLEY AND THE SAVAGE SIOUX

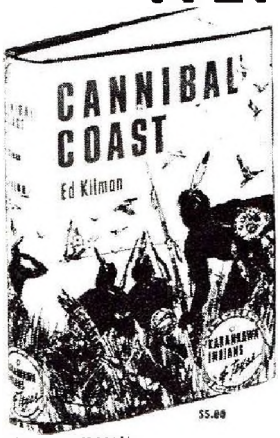
BLEEDING HILLS

FANTASTIC STORY OF THE BULLET THAT KILLED BILL HICKOK

"Medicine Man" Robert Stanley

Cannibal Indians! Stranger than Fiction!

WEIRD! INCREDIBLE!



$5.00

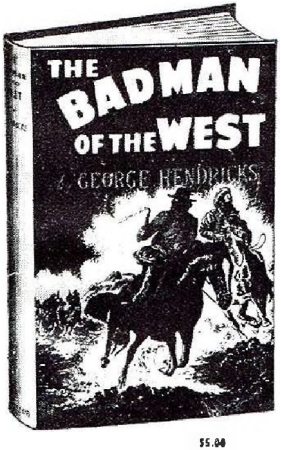
by ED KILMAN

Yet every word based on fact

HORRIBLE MAN-EATING GIANTS . . . ONCE THE SCOURGE OF OUR OWN SOUTHWEST

The blood-chilling true story of the treacherous Karankawa Indians who were once lords and masters of the Texas Gulf Coast region. **YOUR BLOOD WILL RUN COLD** when you read of their hideous rites and practices, their inhumane ceremonies and customs. *They actually ate the flesh of living victims!*

Learn how the deceitful savages became smirking sheep in wolves clothing, posing as Christian converts so they could win the trust of the white settlers who were to be their next victims. CANNIBAL COAST tells how the bloodthirsty savages fought to kill to the last man the white invaders of their hunting grounds. How white men became slaves of savage red tribes. Why the merciless giant cannibals brought about their own destruction and became extinct. Fascinating, exciting reading about an almost forgotten era in American history. *Not recommended for timid readers.*



$5.00

by GEORGE HENDRICKS

NOW! Read the TRUTH about the fabulous gun-toting BAD MAN of the WEST

How did he live? How did he die? What did he actually look like? Read about his peculiar code. *What made a "killing" different from a murder?*

You've seen them on TV. Now meet them face to face. Find out what really made them tick . . . those fast-drawing, ruthless bad men who made the West a legend. Intimate, personal stories, every word true. *Many never before told in print.* The notorious James Brothers, Billy the Kid . . . hundreds of others. Illustrated with numerous photographs of famous outlaws and lawmen. A genuine expose of the Old West. Add it to your collection of Western books today.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! Mail the coupon to us today, or drop us a letter telling us which of these good books you want to own. Keep your books for ten days, read them, examine them. If you are not fully satisfied, return the books within ten days and your money will be refunded in full.

These books are published by The Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas — nationally known for its hundreds of fine books of strong regional interest.

To:
REAL WEST BOOK DEPT. RW-1
Charlton Advertising Corp.
Charlton Building
Derby, Conn.

MORE GOOD BOOKS

By Leland Lovelace. Get this book for information on millions of dollars of hidden and lost treasure. A top-selling book. **$4.00**

By Oren Arnold. The Lost Dutchman Mine in Superstition Mountain near Phoenix — how and where to look for it. **$2.00**

By Everett Lloyd. The original manuscript, the Story of Judge Roy Bean, self-styled "Law West of the Pecos." **$2.00**

To:
REAL WEST BOOK DEPT. RW-9
Charlton Advertising Corp.
Charlton Building
Derby, Conn.

I accept your money-back guarantee offer. I enclose $.....
Please send me the books checked below. If I am not satisfied I will send the books back within ten days for a full refund of my purchase price.

Please send me (check the books wanted)

( ) CANNIBAL COAST by Ed Kilman, $5.00
( ) BAD MAN OF THE WEST by George Hendricks, $5.00
( ) LOST MINES AND HIDDEN TREASURES by Leland Lovelace, $4.00
( ) GHOST GOLD by Oren Arnold, $2.00
( ) LAW WEST OF THE PECOS by Everett Lloyd, $2.00

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE .....

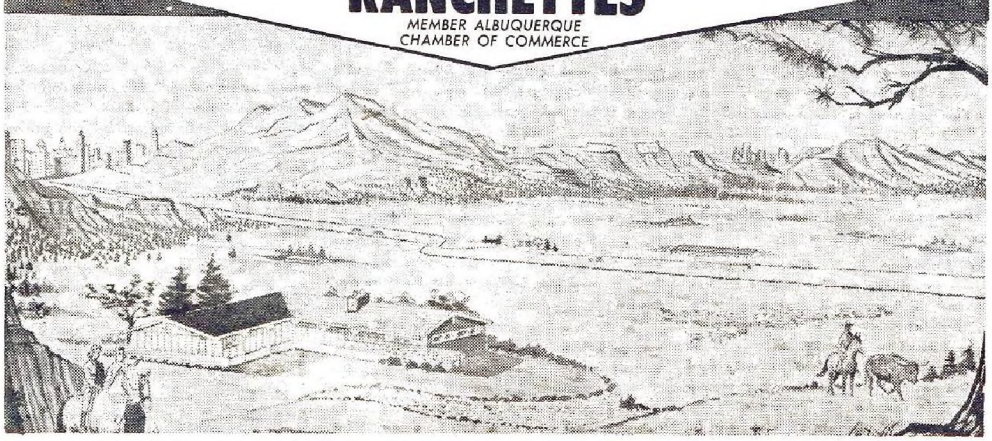
On U.S. Route 66 — Only 39 Miles from America's 7th Fastest Growing City

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO . . .

An Acre of Your Own in

THE VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES

MEMBER ALBUQUERQUE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



FULL ACRE FULL PRICE $395

ONLY $10 DOWN A MONTH

Suddenly — almost without warning — the land boom is on in New Mexico. All at once Americans have discovered the "Land of Enchantment"... and homes and ranchettes are springing up on lush verdant tracts which until now were enormous ranches.

And especially is this true of the lovely valleys surrounding **Albuquerque**, the queen of New Mexico. This exciting city is bursting at the seams and homes are spilling out in all directions. Albuquerque has become America's "7th fastest growing city" — and is picking up speed at an astounding tempo.

Astounding? Please consider: In 1940 Albuquerque had less than 36,000 people. By 1950 it had soared to 97,000. And in the last 10 years it has rocketed to more than 260,000!

There are so many reasons for this fantastic rate of growth. Nowhere in America is there land more beautiful than the rich valleys that rim Albuquerque. The climate is possibly without equal in all of America — a summertime of balmy sunny days* and bracing nights — blanket-sleeping nights; and in the winter equally sunny days* — shirt-sleeve weather. Health? This is a region whose mildness and purity of climate have given new life to people from all parts of our land — where, in respiratory ailments alone, thousands of cures have been miraculously achieved by the mild weather, the dry air, the abundant sunshine, the low humidity. In the words of the Encyclopedia Brittanica the Albuquerque region is **"a health resort"!** And what about **sports, entertainment, activities, opportunity?** In the lofty close-by mountains are fishing, swimming, hunting. Skiers wear shorts. Golf is played the year 'round. Albuquerque itself is crammed with magnificent shops, theatres, churches, schools — including the University of New Mexico with 7000 enrolled students, bright new college buildings and modern football stadium. Albuquerque has the 5th busiest airport in the United States. Its industry and employment potential are boundless. Its 3 television channels and 9 radio stations, its opportunities in land ownership, jobs, small business; its sunniness, its freshness and sparkle — all of these mark the personality of a great city.

The wonder is **not** that Albuquerque is growing so rapidly. The wonder is that one **can still buy a lovely piece of land close to the city at so low a price as $395 an acre!** All you have to do is to take a look at the six cities which in all of America have grown even faster than Albuquerque. **What would you have to pay for an acre of comparable land only 39 miles from their shops and theaters?**

(THESE FIGURES INCLUDE OUTSIDE CENTRAL CITY)

	Population	Rate of Rise 1950-1960	Cost Per Acre of Comparable Land 39 Miles from Downtown
1. San Jose, Calif.	639,615	120.1%	$2,500 — $ 5,000
2. Phoenix, Arizona	652,032	96.5	$3,500 — $ 7,000
3. Tucson, Arizona	262,139	85.6	$1,500 — $ 3,000
4. Miami, Florida	917,851	85.4	$5,000 — $10,000
5. Sacramento, Cal.	500,719	80.7	$2,000
6. San Diego, Cal.	1,003,522	80.2	$4,000 — $ 8,000
7. **Albuquerque, N. M.**	**260,318**	**78.7**	**$395 (Valley of The Estancia Ranchettes)**

* *Last year for exampir, there were only 8 days that were not sunny.*

These statistics are eye-openers, aren't they? **Yet real estate men are saying that the prices you have just read will soon apply to the Albuquerque region!**

And as lovely and luxuriant an area as Albuquerque can boast is **The Valley of the Estancia Ranchettes.** Rimmed by mountains, lying flush alongside the most important highway in the West, **Route 66,** and only 39 miles from Albuquerque, **The Valley of the Estancia Ranchettes** is the essence of the enchanting Southwest. Please read this carefully! **The Valley of the Estancia Ranchettes** are not barren desert tracts. They are **lush and green!** Water waits to be tapped. The soil is so fertile as to bear fruit trees and truck gardens. Our Route 66 neighbors frame the landscape with their low modern ranchettes, homes, motels. Our next door neighbor is the famed $200,000 Longhorn Museum of the Old West . . . Oh yes, this is a very lovely land.

As our headline says, an acre in our beautiful VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES costs $395 complete! And the terms are $10 down and $10 a month per acre. That's it — no extras, no hidden additional costs. You may reserve as many acres as you wish. AND YOU TAKE NO RISK IN SENDING YOUR $10 TO RESERVE YOUR ONE ACRE RANCHETTE SITE. Your $10 reserves an acre for you, but you have the unqualified right to change your mind. As soon as we receive your reservation we will send you your Purchase Agreement and Property Owner's Kit. The package will show you exactly where your property is and will include full maps, photographs and complete information about your property. Other maps will show you nearby Arizona — even old Mexico itself, 250 miles away. You may have a full 30 day period to go through this fascinating portfolio, check our references, talk it over with your family. If during that time you should wish to change your mind (and you don't have to give a reason either) your reservation deposit will be instantly refunded. (ALBUQUERQUE BANK REFERENCES).

Experienced realtors think that the Albuquerque area presents the most exciting acreage buy in America. On the outskirts of the city, land is now going for $5000 to $6000 an acre. One day soon the Valley of the Estancia Ranchettes could be a suburb of Albuquerque. Act now. You'll be forever grateful that you did.

VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES
Dept. LH-39
2316 CENTRAL S.E., ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

Gentlemen: I wish to reserve _____ acres in the VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES. I enclose a deposit of $_____. (Please send deposit of $10 for each $395 acre you reserve.) Please rush complete details, including my Purchaser's Agreement, Property Owner's Kit, maps, photographs, and all data. It is strictly understood that I may change my mind within 30 days for any reason and that my deposit will be fully and instantly refunded if I do.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

ASK YOUR QUESTIONS ???

Carelton Mays And Staff Of Real West Will Answer Questions.

HOW accurate was the old time six gun? We get many questions on this. The answer, if the record of the old time shooting matches and the gun fights are correct, is that the accuracy was good at two feet, fair at five feet, and beyond that the most so-called expert gunman would have difficulty hitting the side of a barn.

The Dragoon Colt, the percussion six gun common in the West before 1870, was a huge and awkward weapon, weighing close to five pounds, with a barrel so poorly rifled, if it could be called that, that nobody had any idea just where the slug was going after it left the barrel. Stories of gunmen cutting the throats of chickens at a hundred yards with a Dragoon Colt are pure fiction.

Others types of guns followed, but probably the most effective and successful was the Colt single action .45 caliber brought out in 1872. This weapon has been called "The Peacemaker," "The Equalizer," "The Frontier Six Gun," and the plain "Frontier Model." It was a vast improvement on the Dragoon Colt as it weighed only 2-1/2 pounds and could be handled with greater ease, yet its accuracy wasn't great if we judge what happened in certain famous gun fights.

Phil Coe, the Texan, supposed to be able to knock heads off nails at twenty yards — stood toe to toe with Wild Bill Hickok in their gun duel in Abilene. He fired twelve bullets and all missed Hickok. Hickok fired eleven of his bullets and the last one hit Coe in the groin.

So the marksmanship of the old time gunmen, with even the Peacemaker, wasn't anything remarkable.

Q: One reads that there were fifty saloons and dives in Little Texas, that area south of the railroad tracks in Abilene. Is this true? John Graham, St. Paul, Minnesota.

A: J.B. Edwards, who lived in Abilene during those wild days, later wrote that there were only four saloons and two dance halls in Little Texas. Since Little Texas covered less than two blocks, it would have been impossible to have had fifty saloons and dives.

Q: Who was Ben Daniels and what can you tell me about him? Robert Curry, Allen Military Academy, Dyon, Texas.

A: Ben Daniels was quite an outstanding character. He started out as a teenage buffalo hunter in the Texas Panhandle, now Lamb County. He was in the famous Indian battle at Yellow Houses in that same county. He went to Dodge City with Bat Masterson and served as a police officer. After that he wandered over the southwest serving as a peace officer, bartender, and any work he could get. He was a tall, handsome man, considered cool-headed with a gun. He enlisted with Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders, fought at San Juan Hill, and Teddy called him the bravest of the brave. Teddy made him United States Marshal for Arizona after the war.

Q: The man of mystery in the old West was Jack McCall, the killer of Wild Bill Hickcok. I have been unable to find anything about him. Do you have any information? Jake Smith, Kansas City, Kansas.

A: There are many stories about Jack McCall, but none have been accepted as the facts. McCall claimed at the time he killed Wild Bill that Wild Bill had shot his brother in the back, but at the time he was hung, a sister in Kentucky wrote the authorities saying that he was an only son. A nephew secretly wrote a magazine, saying that McCall was from Missouri and that he was never hung. Nobody seems to know much about this mystery character.

(Continued on Page 69)

These guns, used by Western characters, look impressive, but many of them were not always too effective in gun fights.

REAL WEST

Vol. 4 No. 17
May, 1961

Editor — Philip R. Rand
Executive Editor — Ernest H. Hart
Assistant Editor — Dan Conti
Art Director — Robert Savigni
Art Editor — Dan Dziubina

Contents

DOUBLE LENGTH FEATURE ★

TRUE WESTERN ADVENTURES ★

SPECIAL FEATURES ★

REAL WEST, published bimonthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC., Division St., Derby, Connecticut. Vol. 4, No. 17, May, 1961. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Derby, Connecticut. Second Class Postage Paid at Derby, Conn. Executive offices and offices of publication, Division St., Derby, Connecticut. Price 35c per copy, subscription $2.10 per year. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. All material must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Printed in the U.S.A. For advertising information contact Publishers Representatives, 1472 Broadway, N. Y. 36, N. Y.

COVER STORY

The great enigma of Indian life was the medicine man. The picture we get of this character from fiction and TV is of an evil, fat-faced villain whose weird control over the tribe and the Chiefs is all powerful. Quite the contrary is the truth. The medicine man was the family doctor to the tribe, a kindly counselor, and while some may have been evil, the great majority were not. We may laugh at his wierd rites and shenanagans, but they were based on ignorance, which can't be said about the white traveling medicine men, who were really the doctors for the white settlers.

The truth is those early day pioneers had far more faith in the curative powers of the Indian medicine man than they did in the white doctors. Behind the hocus-pocus of the Indian medicine man's tricks was a deep knowledge of the medical

qualities of roots and herbs, and even today some of our best known medicines were given us by the Indian medicine men. Besides treating the sick, the medicine man was the father confessor to all Indians, the man they respected and admired.

If you are interested in books on the Indian medicine man, why not take a try at exchanging whatever you have with some reader who has these books or pamphlets. Our Trading Post, starting with this issue, will be a good means for the exchange

TOSS YOUR BRICKBATS

Tell It To Real West, Charlton Bldg., Derby, Connecticut

THE number of letters we are getting from foreign countries would indicate there are many Western buffs outside this country. The majority of letters come from England and the writers complain they can't get enough Western material in their country. Mexico and Argentina are next, but letters also come from Australia, Greece, Austria, and Norway. Most of the letters are written in English, which must mean that a lot of people in those countries can read English. It can be added that their grasp of the essentials of the history of the West is remarkable.

We are indebted to Mrs. Jesse Edward James, wife of Jesse James, Jr., for this interesting letter, which should settle once and forever the question about her children.

My Dear Mr. Rand:

I would like to answer the question that was asked by Mr. Samuel K. Long ir November Real West about Jesse James' grandchildren. I am the mother of four of them, all living in Los Angeles, California. I married Jesse Edward James, sometimes referred to as Jesse James, Jr., in 1900. Jesse James left two children, Jesse six and a half, and Mary, three and half. Mary had three sons, all living in and near Kansas City, one daughter who died in infancy. My family of four daughters — four grandchildren — and three great-grandchildren, with two son-in-laws, three grandson-in-laws, are a very closely-knit family of seventeen. We have a wonderful family relationship and family gatherings.

My husband Jesse Edward passed away in March, 1951. He lies in beautiful Forest-Lawn Memorial Park. in Glendale, California. Mary James Barr passed away in 1935. She was buried in the old family cemetery in Kearney, Missouri. If there is anything more that Mr. Long would like to know about the Jesse James family I would be pleased to put him straight. I do appreciate people who seek the truth. There are so many pretenders. There have been eleven ghost-Jesse James come to life since I have been in the family. One fake, Jesse James the Third who is getting some publicity in Colorado Springs, Colorado. He would need to be the son of my husband Jesse Edward. We did not have a son.

Sincerely,
Stella James
(Mrs. Jesse James, Jr.)
4124 W. Slauson Street
Los Angeles 43, California

We are sure our readers will appreciate very much the information given in Mrs. James' letter.

AN ENGLISH READER

Dear Sir:

I have just bought a copy of your magazine Real West, Vol. 2, No. 8, 1959, from a news agent here in London. As I am really nuts on the Old West and its fabulou. characters, I think this is a gem of a magazine for a lover of the Old West.

It's a mighty shame we can't buy magazines regularly in England, as most people over here seem to be Western mad the way they keep on clamouring for new Westerns that are shown on the T.V. networks over here.

I have just been reading the Tragic story of Wild Bill Hickok by Jay Sandell in Vol. 2, No. 8, and I find it hard to believe what he writes. Wild Bill has been my Western hero for a long time, and will always be. I have read quite a few articles and short stories about the deadshot Marshal.

Here's wishing your magazine tremendous success.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
Harold M. Staples
63 Belgrade Road
State Newington
London N. 16
England

This is a sample of the letters we are getting from England.

FROM VENEZUELA

Dear Sirs:

For some time I have been a regular reader of "Real West" and have enjoyed greatly the interesting factual stories of the old west. However the Qualey story of Little "Dick the Terrible" was badly off on facts.

To begin with, in the story of the Coffeville raid by the Dalton Bros., the lame horse of Bill Doolin is accurate. Where Qualey really begins to stray badly is in his account of the battle of Ingalls. Little Dick West was, as I know, present at this battle. However the facts are that Marshals Speed and Houston were actually killed by "Arkansas Tom" from his vantage point in an upper story room of a hotel. I might add that an innocent bystander by name of Dal Simmons was also killed by the same person.

Tom, as recounted by Qualey, was captured and after serving a long prison term, went straight. Another glaring inaccuracy is the story of the "Rose of the Cimarron." True she was a nice girl who was caught in Ingalls on a visit to her boy friend, the outlaw "Bitter Creek." The story is thus: Bitter Creek's rifle was put out of action by a marshal's bullet which hit the magazine as he held it across in front of saddle mounted on his horse in street in front of Pierce House at start of battle.

The bullet deflected and went down his leg inflicting a more or less severe wound. The "Rose" heroic role was carrying him another rifle thru the heavy cross fire of marshal and outlaw. After death of Bitter Creek she married a prominent person, raised a family, etc. Her indentity was also kept a secret by Bill Tilghman.

Little Dick West may have been captured by the latter but not instantly killed as per Qualey, as I recall he was wounded and captured south of Elgin, Kansas in Indian Territory, loaded on a Santa Fe train at Elgin and later died in Oklahoma. He was also, according to attending physician Dr. Jeffries of

(Continued on Page 74)

"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence – handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation – also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home – in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, How to Gain a Command of Good English, *just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.*

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. E-1195, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MANNEN, the Great

Many writers have painted Mannen Clements as outlaw killer, but true facts picture him in a far different and heroic light.

By Carelton Mays

WRITERS give the date as August 14, 1874 and add that a cloud of fear and horror hung over the town of Wichita, Kansas. At the edge of the small settlement two hundred angry Texans, so the story goes, were marching with guns drawn to the center of town, boasting they would blow the place to hell.

Citizens are pictured as hiding behind doors and some in cellars. Against this horde of Texans was only one man, Wyatt Earp, who was called the marshal in Wichita. Alone and without fear he is supposed to have walked to meet the oncoming Texans, his hands on the butts of his six guns, ready to draw with lightning speed.

As he neared the mob, a tall and raw-boned Texan, Mannen Clements, who has been described as a bloodthirsty outlaw, stepped forward. Wyatt Earp said, "Mannen turn your men around or I'll blow you all to Kingdom come." The story goes on to say that this Mannen Clements, backed by two hundred armed Texans, paled

Mannen Clements learned the rough and tough life of the old West first as rider for a number of wagon trains.

with fear and frantically pleaded with his men to go back and not try to shoot up the town, the suggestion being that the cold eyes of Wyatt Earp had struck terror in the heart of Mannen Clements and the two hundred Texans.

A dramatic and touching story, one of the favorite western yerns. The only trouble is that there is not a grain of truth in it. In 1874 Wyatt Earp was not a marshal or an assistant marshal in Wichita. Nyle H. Miller, Secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society, and Joseph W. Snell, have compiled a remarkable work on the marshals of the Kansas cattle towns. They have gone through newspapers of all the Kansas cattle towns and have told the truth about many of the so-called heroes.

They show that the police force of Wichita in 1874 consisted of William Smith as marshal, his assistant was Dan Parks, and the policemen were James Cairn, John Behtens, and William Dobbs. In. June, Sam Botts was hired as an extra policeman. Earp is not mentioned as being on the force.

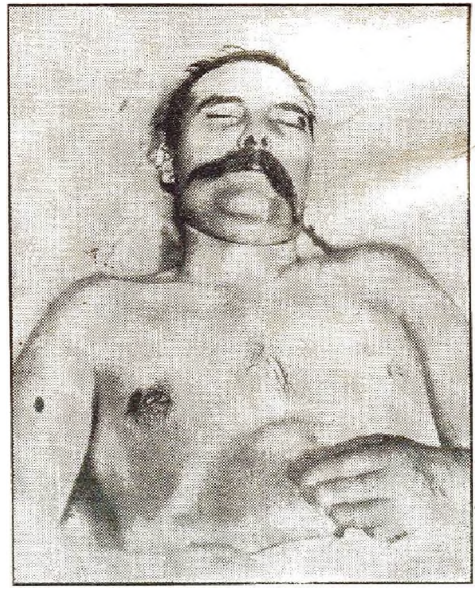
ON April 21, 1875 he was appointed as a policeman (not marshal or assistant) and his tenure of office, which was not outstanding, came to an abrupt end in April 1876 when he was discharged from the police force for disorderly conduct. Also, Miller and Snell unearthed an order dated May 10, 1876 by the city council to the marshal to enforce the vagrancy law against two Earps, one presumed to be Wyatt.

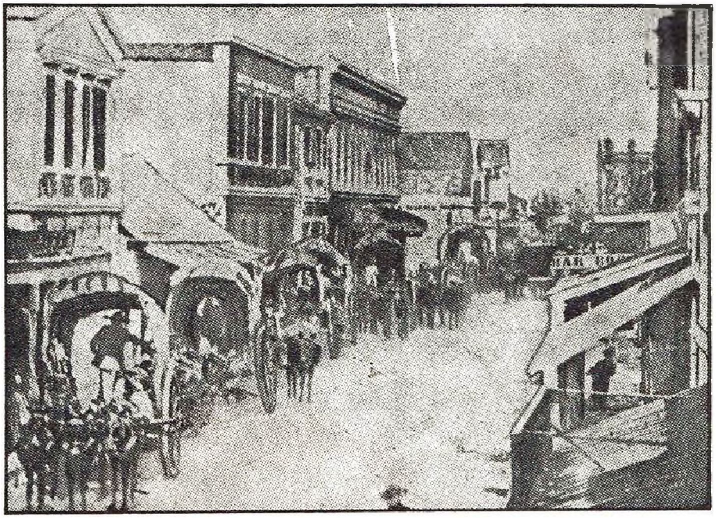
Not only is the part Wyatt Earp is claimed to have played in this great Western drama fiction, but Mannen Clements and the Texan's part is wrong. On the day Mannen Clements was said to have been in Wichita leading two hundred angry Texans, he was in Commanche County, Texas, trying to be of some help to his cousin, Wes Hardin, who had taken the outlaw trail. In a fight with Deputy Sheriff Charles Wedd, Hardin killed the deputy.

Hardin escaped, but his brother Joe Hardin and other members of the gang were lynched. The hanging of Joe Hardin was a tragic mistake. He was older than Wes, a respected citizen and a prominent lawyer in Commanche. He had tried without success to persuade his kid brother to give up crime. When he heard that Deputy Webb had been shot and a mob had formed to lynch his brother, he grabbed a shotgun and ran to help him. Instead of accomplishing this, he ran iinto the mob and got hung with the other outlaws, while Wes Hardin made his escape.

(Continued on next Page)

Wes Hardin, cousin of Mannen, was a burden to him.





After Mannen Clements had been tried for the shooting of Joe and Adolph Shadden, he went to San Antonio, but Wes Hardin didn't permit him to remain there long. When Mannen heard that his cousin had been falsely arrested through the treachery of a sheriff in east Texas, he rode to the town and freed Hardin from the jail.

MANNEN Clements would have probably met the same fate if he had arrived in time. As it was, he got there right after the hanging. Even then he raised enough furor over the hanging of Joe Hardin that he barely escaped the noose. The supporters of Wyatt Earp have painted Mannen Clements as an outlaw and the number one badman of Texas.

There is no evidence to back this up. Mannen Clements was never convicted of any major crime, or ever had a price on his head. He was tough and hard, able to take care of himself with fists or six guns. It was an era when only such men survived.

The fiction of Wyatt Earp forcing Mannen Clements to back down didn't appear until long after his death, and the death of those who knew him. This fairy tale must have caused many an old timer to turn over in his grave. No man or beast ever made Mannen, The Great, as he was called in those days, back down or run away from a fight.

Emanuel Clements, nicknamed Mannen, was born in 1830 near Round Lake, Texas, now called Smiley Lake. As a youth he rode for Columbus Carrol and Jack Johnson, and soon became known as one of the best trail drivers in Texas. Tall and powerful physically, with a trigger quick temper, he was a man few cared to face in either a fist fight or a gun duel. Yet he had a deep sense of fairness and was always ready to fight for the underdog, which often got him in trouble. He had a domineering way about him, never offensive, that caused men to turn to him and early in life he got the nickname, "Mannen, The Great."

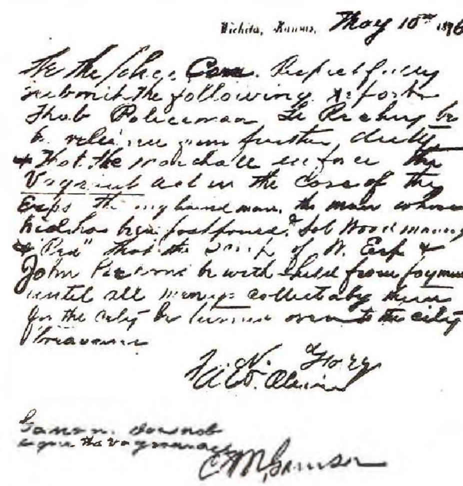
When young Joe McCoy, the ex-union soldier, came to Texas in 1867 and persuaded some of the Texas cattlemen to risk driving a herd North to Abilene, Mannen Clements was one of the first trail drivers. He got his herd through with fewer losses than any other trail driver.

HIS fame increased and every year saw him taking a herd north. Like most men in those rough days, he often faced trouble. He soon proved to all Texas that he could handle six guns with amazing speed and skill, but he always stayed within the law and often helped peace officers.

On the drive North in 1871 Joe and Adolph Shadden were two of his trail hands. There was some question about their reputation and it was believed that they planned to work with rustlers to have the herd stolen, one of the favorite tricks of rustlers used on herds going north. Planting a couple of men with the herd, made the theft that much easier.

Whether the Shadden brothers wanted to kill Mannen or not is disputed, but they did everything possible to anger him into a fight, figuring that two guns could

This letter, published by courtesy of Kansas State Historical Society, was written by the city officials of Wichita and ordered the Earps out of town for vagrancy.



Wichita, Kansas, May 16th 1876

[illegible]

Mannen Clements posed with his children in Austin.

silence one easily. The Shaddens were supposed to be top gunmen. On the night of April 28, 1871 Mannen Clements' herd was nearing the Kansas border on the Indian Territory side. They stopped near a small creek for the night. Joe Shadden, the older of the two, had been ribbing Mannen about his refusal to fight. As a trail driver, Mannen Clements always tried to stay out of trouble with his men.

But Joe Shadden kept ribbing Mannen and then suddenly jumped to his feet and yelled, "You God-dammed coward." He reached for his gun. His brother, Adolph, was behind him, near a wagon, and he went for his gun at the same time. Mannen Clements beat Joe Shadden to the draw and his bullet hit Shadden in the heart, and as his gun roared, Mannen Clements went down and the bullet from Adolph Shadden's gun zipped over his head. That was the last shot Adolph Shadden ever fired. A bullet from Mannen's six gun ploughed into his chest and he fell face forward dead.

IT became apparent that the Shadden brothers had outside help, probably men following the herd ready to attack as soon as Mannen Clements was dead. When the herd arrived in Abilene, news of the shooting had preceded it and Wild Bill Hickok, marshal at Abilene, arrested Mannen Clements and threw him in jail.

Wes Hardin was in Abilene and he went to Wild Bill Hickok. "Listen, Bill," Hardin said, "you made a mistake when you threw Mannen in jail. He's my cousin, but he's not like me. Mannen wouldn't kill a man unless it was a fair gun fight and he couldn't help it, and I'll vouch for that."

"The charge has been made against him," Hickcok answered. "I had to arrest him."

"Release him," Wes Hardin said.

"I can't do that," Hickcok answered.

"You can if they set bail and I put it up," Wes Hardin said. "I'll guarantee that Mannen stands trail. He has nothing to fear. The Shaddens tried to kill him."

Wes Hardin won his point and Mannen Clements was released from the Abilene jail. He went back to the Indian Territory where he was tried for the killing of the two Shadden brothers. Witnesses from his outfit appeared for him and the jury promptly found him not guilty.

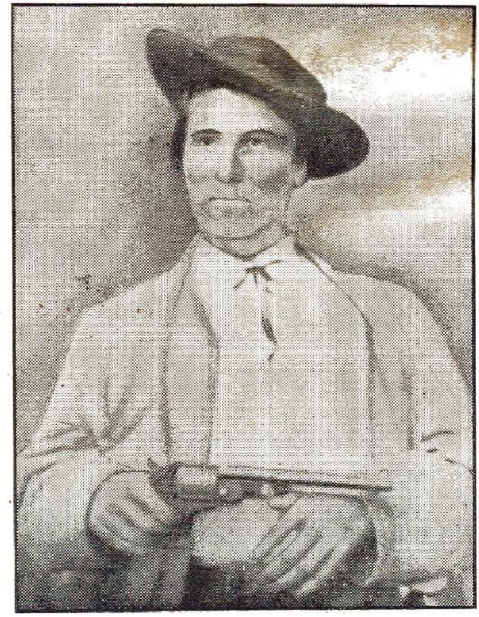
The part Wes Hardin played in helping Mannen Clements showed his complex character. Wes killed his first man at 15, shot him in the back, and today he would be called a homicidal juvenile delinquent. He was probably one of the most cold-blooded killers in the history of Texas, yet his background certainly should have made him a different man. His father was a Methodist preacher, and his great grandfather was Colonel Joseph Hardin of Tennessee. The Hardin family was one of the most respected and prominent in Texas in those years.

WITH Wes Hardin's homicidal complex, he had a deep sense of loyalty to friends and especially to his family. Clements mother was a Hardin. Wes Hardin never turned against a friend or a member of his family, and when any member was in trouble, he would risk everything to help them. He always had a deep affection for Mannen Clements and his act of getting him free from jail fitted into his strange personality.

Mannen Clements also had a sense of loyalty to the family, and while he never approved of Wes Hardin's killings and outlaw activities, he was always willing to help him. It wasn't long after Mannen Clements was freed of the charge of murder that the chance came for him to return Hardin's favor.

(Continued on Page 56)

Joe Clements was prominent cattle man and lawman.



WHERE THE DEAD CRY

The Crying Dead was only one of the mysteries of those ancient cities of the prehistoric Cliff Dwellers.

By Major George Fredericks

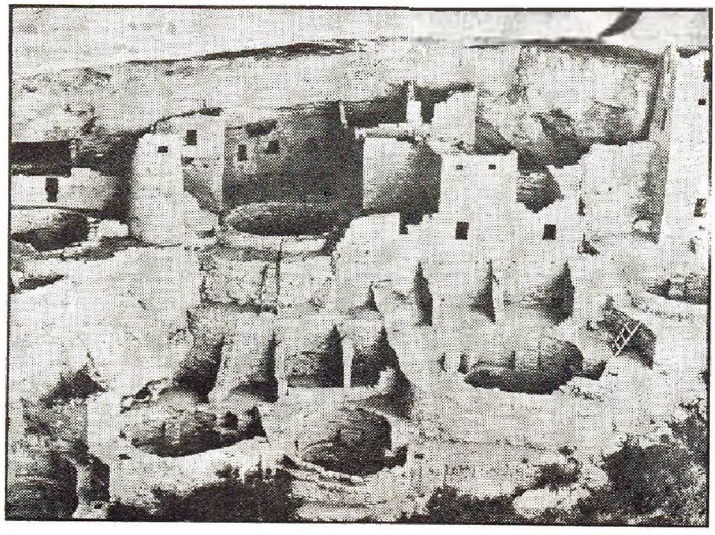
THE ghastly, terrifying scream of death echoed through the still air of those high cliffs, a wailing lamentation that seemed to penetrate every crevice and rock. It came from the Sun Temple at the top of the cliffs, and inside this Temple Indian priests danced and yelled and waved grotesque head gear and banners.

The victims of the bloody sacrifices, young men and girls, stood naked, waiting the death that was to come to them from the heavy rock tomahawks, wielded with amazing skill by their executioners.

This took place over a thousand years ago in that area of the northern Navajo country called the "Four Corners," because one standing there can see Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, and Colorado. The Spanish explorers called it "Mesa Verde" (Green mesa).

What took place in that Sun Temple where the victims were sacrificed to the Gods of the Cliff Dwellers has to be a matter of conjecture, yet enough has been learned from the legends handed down by the Indians believed to be the descendants of this ancient race — the Hopi, the Zuni, the Acona, the other Pueblo Indians — to know that these sacrifices did take place. Today these Indians claim that the ghostly cries of the dead can still be heard among the ruins of the one time fabulous cities in those cliffs.

WHO were these ancient cliff dwellers and where did they come from? The answer to these questions are lost in antiquity, but modern archaeologists, probing into the ruins they left, have come up with some in-



A study of this picture will show the excellent masonry of these prehistoric people and the mysterious shapes of their house. Archaeologists haven't yet figured out all the answers to why the houses were constructed in such a strange manner, but they are convinced that it had something to do with the underground world of the city. Burial crypts, remains of strange rituals and sacrifices indicate a good part of the life of the cliff cities was spent in the dark underground areas which went deep and stretched in all directions. The lighting system, made up of a series of torch niches, was unique in the way the lighted torches threw their rays into distance.

teresting information about the first known men in the West. The geological formation of that land, which made possible the cities of the Cliff Dwellers, has certain interesting angles.

Countless ages ago the earth crust exploded upward, leaving vast plateaus on top of red stone hills. Later these were subject to a wearing down process of erosion, and the climate of the Southwest, hot and dry, had much to do with the forming of the broad mesas, high walled canyons, and the desert areas. Rains washed the boulders and rocks leaving a deep layer of fertile soil on the tops of these cliffs.

Earth movements raised the hills and cliffs to the north to over 9,000 feet, while on the southern end, two hundred miles south, to an elevation of only 2500 feet, and in some cases much less. Pinyon and juniper trees grew in the top soil, as well as some plants and scrubs. Wild game lived on this vegetation when the first stone age man climbed those cliffs to find a soil where he could grow corn, squash and other food. How long ago this was is not known. Archaeologists digging into the ruins of the ancient cities have found that these cities were built on the ruins of more primitive and smaller cities. It is believed that these early ruins date back 10,000 years, which provides the interesting fact that man was on this continent at the same time as he appeared in the Middle East.

CONTRARY to the general belief that these early inhabitants built their cities high in the cliffs for protection from animals and enemies, archaeologists say today that these cliff sites were chosen for the simple reason they provided the only fertile soil to be found in that area, the lowlands being mostly desert. Also the rainfall at the higer elevation was greater than in the desert, making the high cliffs the only place where corn and crops could be grown successfully.

The early Spanish settlers were the first to discover the abandoned cities of the ancient Cliff Dwellers. On August 11, 1776, Father Escanlate, leading an expedition, camped at San Geronimo in the La Plata Mountains, near the present village of Hesperus. Ascending the cliffs he came on one of the abandoned villages. Fifty-four years later, on November 19, 1829, Antonio Armijo and his party camped at Mancos Creek at the southwest edge of the Mesa Verde and discovered two of the cities.

The Spanish left the cities intact, which cannot be said of some Americans who came later. The first American to discover the cities was Professor J. S. Newberry, who on September 9, 1859 climbed to the summit of Mesa Verde and saw a great city of white under the cliffs. The man who brought these cities to the attention of the country was the famous photographer, William H. Jackson. Hearing about these prehistoric ruins, he made an expedition to the Mesa Verde and found a cliff

(Continued on next Page)

Bodies were buried after Christian fashion facing east.

Two thousand years old basket equals modern skill.

dwelling in the Mancos Canyon, which he called "The Two Story Cliff House." His pictures of this dwelling were printed in papers over the country. The following year W. H. Holmes, leader of a government survey party, found another city in the cliffs. By this time a number of ranchers had settled in the Mancos Valley, as well as miners. When word spread about these ruins, cowboys and miners climbed the cliffs to loot the ruins of valuable relics which they were able to sell at a good price.

THE damage done to these ruins for future archaeologists is hard to estimate. Practically all the documented records were dug up and sold. Even the walls of the houses were torn down in the frantic search for anything that might bring a few dollars. It wasn't until 1907 that the government took over Mesa Verde and Hans Randolph was appointed the first Park Superintendent. His first job was to have his men clear the rubbish left by the looters and camping parties.

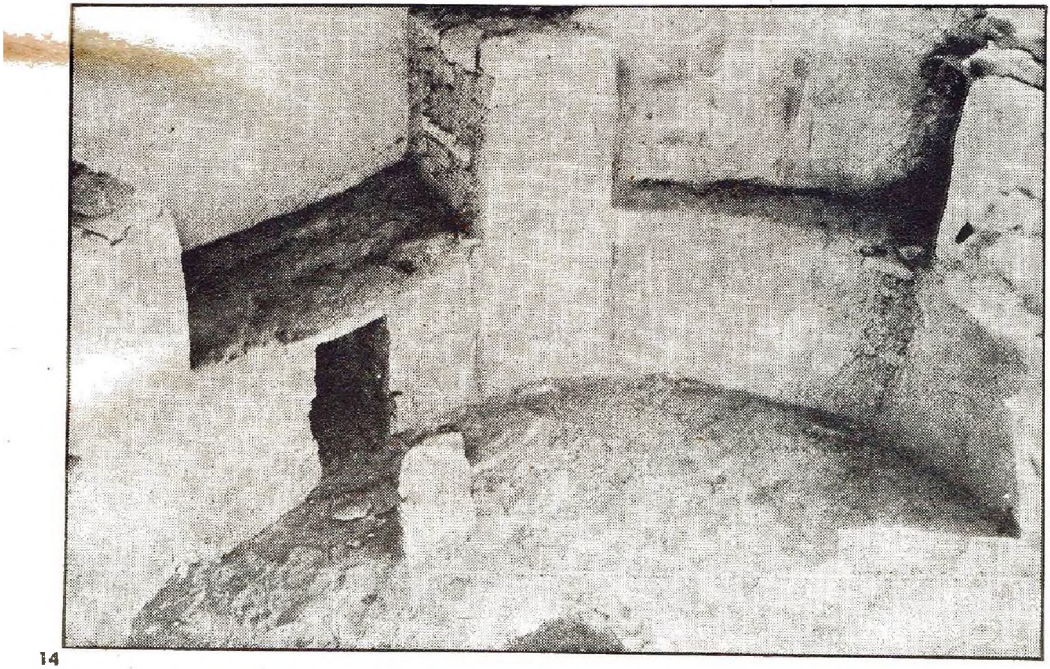
Rangers were stationed at the ruins to keep looters away. Many of the walls of the houses had been made unsafe by the looters and the first step was to shore them up.

It wasn't until 1920 that archaeologists started their real work on the ruins. They were handicapped by all the valuable things having been taken, and they had to dig in the ruins to find the clues of this lost civilization. They determined that these cities had been built about 2,000 years ago, over the ruins of another city. One of the unique ways of learning the age of the cities was through the development of the "Ring Dating Calender." On the semi-arid southwest the annual growth of the pinyon pine, yellow pine, and Douglas spruce depends on the rainfall, and the amount of rainfall each year can be determined by the width of the growth ring.

A master chart, which can only be interpreted by authorities gives, from cross sections of the beams in the building, the accurate date of the construction of that specific building. Scientific tests give the age of the pottery and baskets found. From this information the archaeologists have established that these cities were constructed about 2,000 years ago by a people called Basketmakers.

(Continued on Page 64)

This kiva was home of Cliff Dwellers, having fire place, air ventilator, and rock beds along the walls.



BILL WEST'S HEAD

Tom Starr and Bill West were brothers-in-law and companions in crime, but Bill's head was worth $2,000 and to old Tom this sum was much preferable to friendship or kinship.

By Don Engles

EVERYBODY at Younger's Bend in the old Indian Territory knew that some time Tom Starr and his brother-in-law, Bill West, would fight it out to death. Both were huge men physically, and powerful as giants, and both were ruthless killers and notorious outlaws.

Tom Starr stood six feet six in his bare feet, was the father of five bandits and the father-in-law of the ill famed Belle Starr. As a young man he had been disowned by the Cherokees and condemned as an undesirable and a price of $5,000 was put on his head by the Cherokee Tribal Council. This made little difference in the life of this horse thief, bandit, and murderer.

Bill West had no better reputation and there was $2,000 up for his capture by the Tribal Council. He had more physical power than Tom Starr or any man in the Indian Territory. A blow from his fist was as deadly as a rattlesnake bite or a bullet from a six gun. There is no record of how many died from such a blow, but the number was many.

Tom Starr and Bill West were partners in crime, but men like them had no respect for friendship or any individual. Whether the rewards on their heads was the cause of the famous fight between these two giants isn't known. When they started drinking, which was often, either would fight a buzz saw.

The rumor was that their fatal quarrel started over dividing loot from a robbery. Both were drunk and Bill West decided then and there to dispose of his companion in crime with one crashing blow to the head. Bill West lashed out at Tom Starr when he thought Starr wasn't looking, but the wily old Cherokee had eyes in the front, the back, and the sides of his head. He ducked the blow and the force of the blow sent Bill West whirling around, and as he did, arm flailing the air, old Tom Starr came up, his knife in his hand, and the steel blade was plunged into West's side, penetrating his heart.

HE went down with a gurgling groan and was dead when he hit the floor. Tom Starr stood up, wiped the blood from the knife on his trouser leg, and viewed his dead brother-in-law with casual interest. Then suddenly this interest increased. At that moment, despite the loot he had from a robbery, Tom Starr needed money badly. He stared down at the head of Bill West and saw a chance to pick up some ready cash, even if it did involve some risk to him with the higher price on his head.

(Continued on Page 47)

SLUMMOCK'S MYSTERY MINE

Three quarters of a century ago the gold of Slummock was a baffling mystery and even today no person, and hundreds have tried, has been able to solve this strange mystery.

By Sidney Allison

ON a crisp morning in the early spring of 1889, two officers of the British Columbia Provincial Police stood on a sandbar of the Frazer River, a few miles from the coastal town of New Westminster. They had just grapnelled a battered, waterlogged corpse from the raging stream. Gently turning the body over, they were shocked to see that it was a young Indian woman.

Searching the dead girl for identification, the officers found a small deerskin bag slung between her plump breasts. Pulling at the leather drawstring, one of the policemen spilled a dozen rough gold nuggets into his hand.

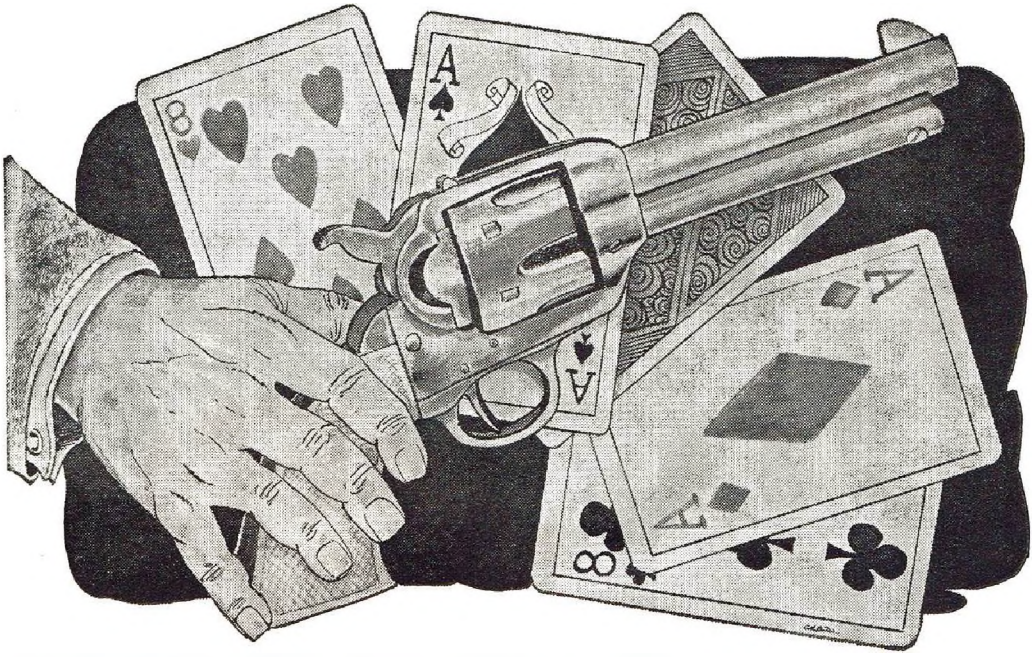
"See the reddish quartz?" the officer exclaimed, holding up a piece of the ore. "The gold Slummock is throwing around is streaked like that."

"Slummock's Gold!" In 1889 this gold was the greatest mystery of the northwest and in many other parts of the West. Nobody knew how many men it lured in the summer of 1888 when an Indian named Slummock arrived in New Westminster, ragged and emaciated from a prospecting trip. He promptly embarked on one of the most monumental "benders" that hard-drinking town had ever witnessed. Everyone was his guest and he paid the enormous bills with handfuls of raw gold nuggets.

HIS rawboned body had an insatiable lust for the soft-fleshed tarts who swarmed in the scores of cribs and bars of New Westminster. The girls were agreeably surprised to find that Slummock wasn't too fussy what they looked like. He never used the same one twice. As long as they were fairly young and didn't spend any time on conversation, he was happy to slake himself on any girl — and pay generously for her services.

Wily traders, prospectors and saloon-rats constantly plied Slummock with questions about the location of his gold strike. Harlots and honky-tonk girls were bribed to wheedle, flatter or cajole the big Indian into revealing the source of his wealth. Slummock laughed, danced and wenched. He was constantly surrounded by girls and greedily curious rogues, but he said nothing about where he had found his apparently inexhaustible cache of gold.

(Continued on Page 61)



WILD BILL'S FAMOUS BULLET

The bullet Captain Massey carried around in his arm can be called West's most famous bullet.

By Raymond W. Thorp

THE sneaky little man entered the front door of Carl Mann's No. 10 Saloon in Deadwood and slid over to the bar. He rested his elbows on the mahogany with his back to the mirror, looking across the room at four men who were seated, playing cards. The bartender glanced up from the glasses he was polishing, sniffed, and turned back to his work.

Several patrons moved along the bar, away from the little man, as if he were unclean. He was tawdry, unkempt; clearly a pariah. He was known to many as "Cross-eyed" Jack McCall, to others as "Buffalo Curley." He had been maligned; he was not cross-eyed, but wall-eyed; right eyeball rolled upward, as if he were inspecting the ceiling. He was a swamper — one who cleaned up the filth and debris of saloons, hence — particularly in this surrounding — he lacked importance. The man who had looked at him felt cheated, as he was not worth a passing glance.

But the foregoing was a matter of only a few seconds. The elbows of the little man, unworthy of a passing glance, were only momentarily on the bar. Like an alley-cat he slithered across the room to a position directly behind one of the card players. Smoothly he flicked open his coat, drew a revolver from his waistband, pointed it, and fired. The *bullet* passed through the skull of the victim and emerged from his right cheek. In that split second his life had flown. He fell forward in his chair, his head thumped the table-top.

He did not draw two revolvers and cock them as some writers have claimed. He did not spring to his feet and make a half-turn toward his assailant, as others have claimed. His death song did not leave one Shakespearean quotation for posterity, as have those of latter-day movie kings.

The only sound heard was the thumping of his "aquiline nose" striking the table. When a *bullet* traverses a

Raymond W. Thorp, as a young man of twenty, knew Captain Massey personally and heard the Captain often tell the story of the shooting of Wild Bill Hickok and how he (the Captain) got the famous bullet in his arm and how he was offered large sums for it. Thorp as a young man worked on the Mississippi river boats and is today one of the best authorities of that great and exciting era. He claims that the story of Wild Bill's death bullet is one of the strangest and most unusual stories of that time.

man's skull — any man's skull — he is post-mortem. Like the words of the old song, Wild Bill Hickok was "cold, stone dead in de market," if we may use license in thus describing a frontier saloon. We'll leave him there, as we are following the fortunes of the *bullet.*

SEATED directly across the table from Wild Bill when the fatal shot was fired was another famous personage — whose fame and adventures antedated those of the dead man —, Captain William Rodney Massie. The shooting occurred August 2, 1876, and on the following Dec. 6, this man testified at the trial of Jack McCall: "My left arm was resting on the table when the pistol was fired. I felt a shock and numbness in my left wrist . . . The *ball* was not found on examining my arm. *It* is there yet, I suppose."

It stayed there. This *bullet,* possibly the most controversial in American history, because no person living knows its caliber or the make and model of the gun from which it was fired, stayed with the greatest and most famous steamboat pilot who ever navigated the Missouri river. Since it was in his left forearm, and he was left-handed, it might be surmised that it caused him trouble at times, but if so, no one ever heard him complain. He had a much worse wound in his hip, caused by the presence of half a stone arrowhead. I knew Captain Massie, and after a steamboat career of my own, determined to follow him and the famous leaden *ball.*

This man whom I knew during my boyhood was born November 5, 1829, on the river bluffs in Franklin County, Missouri. The 600 acre farm was worked by slaves, who also cut and piled cordwood on the river bank for great woodenhulled, woodburning steamboats on their voyage to the mountains. His home in itself was a Missouri river landmark, well known to steamboat hands such as myself in the recent past — some 45 to 50 years ago. While a deckhand on steamboats, I used to see the eagles nesting in a huge cottonwood in Berger Bend, just below the plantation, and I am told that even today — when steamboats are no more — the grandsons of those birds still come there to nest in that tree.

(Continued on next Page)

Wild Bill Hickok sensed that death would come to him on that day in the saloon at Deadwood, South Dakota.

THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC: SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6

CAPT. MASSIE'S RIVER RECORD UNEQUALED

Hero of Many Old River Stories, Who Has Passed Away

Veteran Who Died Last Saturday Had Missouri's History at Fingers' Ends.

MANY EXCITING TRIPS

Stories of Life on Long Journeys in Early Days Were Thrilling.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM R. MASSIE

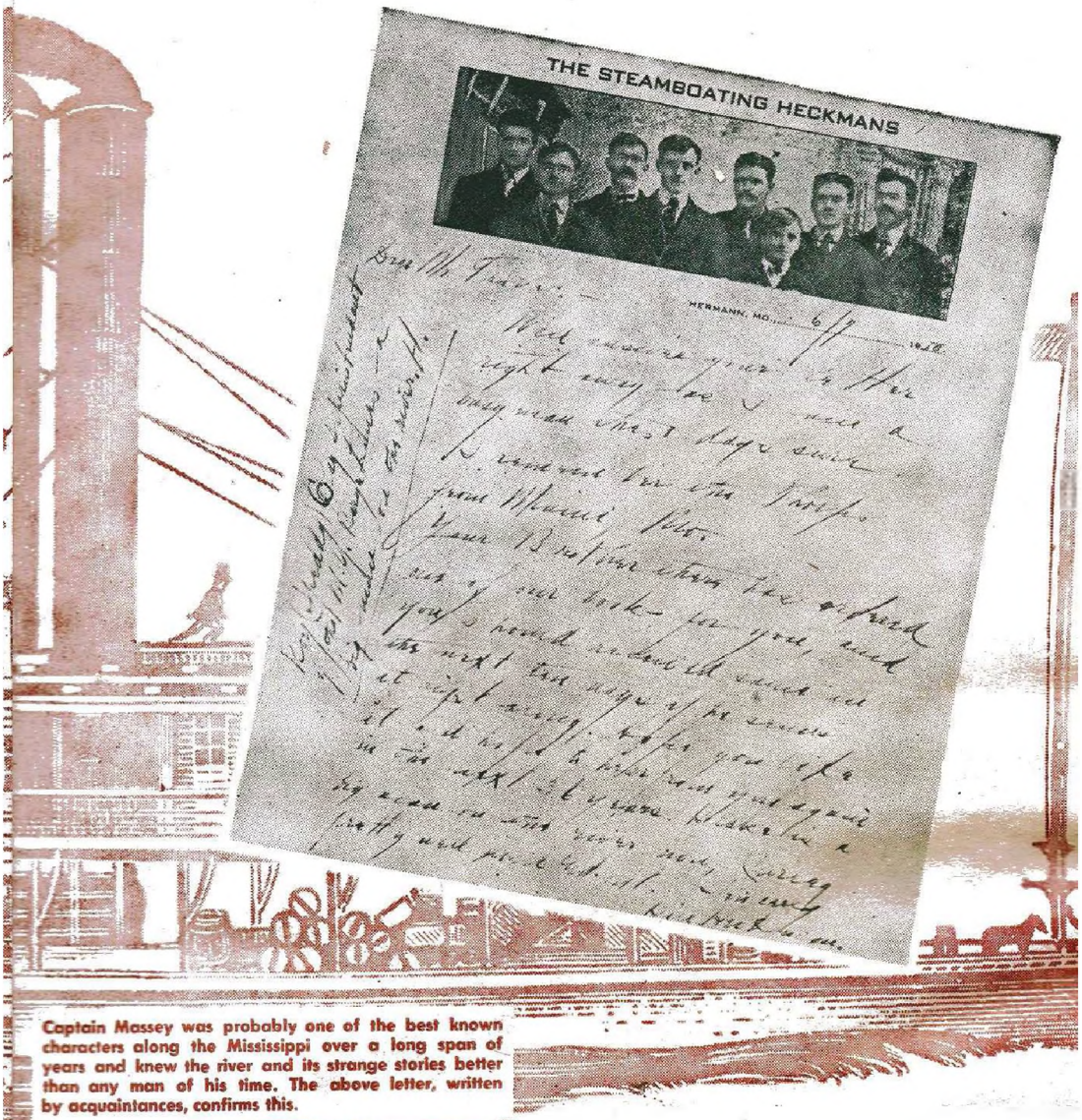
Newspaper story about Captain Massey with a picture of the Captain in latter years of his life.

CAPTAIN MASSIE was one of the greatest of the forerunners of civilization in the West. He was the highest paid captain and steamboat pilot who ever lived. At the age of 18 his salary was from $1800 to $2000 per month, more than a Mississippi river pilot earned in an entire year. In 1850 he established the head of navigation at Milk River, later advancing it to Fort Benton.

Steamboat owners vied for his services, and gold flowed into and out of his hands like water. His salary for one month in those days would build a three-story brick mansion on a choice lot in St. Louis, and furnish it throughout in splendor, with interiors of solid walnut and mahogany.

In the days before the Civil War, when the steamboat trade was in full flower, more than a hundred great packets cleared St. Louis for Fort Benton, of which he was always offered his choice. He carried more army men and supplies, and was shot at more times by Indians and bushwhackers than any other captain.

He it was who — after having been wounded himself, and having several of his pilots killed — instituted the placing of boiler-plate around the four sides of the pilot-houses.



Captain Massey was probably one of the best known characters along the Mississippi over a long span of years and knew the river and its strange stories better than any man of his time. The above letter, written by acquaintances, confirms this.

He was the acknowledged king of the Missouri. He trod the roofs of the great steamboats in sartorial splendor. With his high-topped, fancy boots over broadcloth trousers, white satin vest and cutaway coat, silk topper, and belt around his waist holding two of the latest model Colt six-shooters and a Bowie knife, he was ready for business. He cared nothing for St. Louis mansions, as he had other uses for his money. He was a great poker player, and he drank barrels of fine whiskey.

ONE little incident connected with the great captain's scorn for money concerns the steamer *Fannie Ogden*. The *Ogden* was one of 12 great packets owned by the famous Captain Joe Kinney, of Boonville, Missouri. Captain Kinney was the man responsible for stern-wheel boats on the Missouri. He said: "If a wheelbarrow can run on one wheel, so can a steamboat." In those days the naming of a steamboat was the whim of a moment. Captain Joe had a new boat nearing completion at Madison, Indiana, in 1861. Three young ladies were visiting Mrs. Kinney at Boonville, and she had them draw straws to learn from which of the trio the new boat would take its name. Miss Fannie Ogden, daughter of L. C. Ogden of St. Joseph, won the contest.

(Continued on Page 58)

Lost Child

The most terrifying cry in the Old West was "Child Lost" and when that cry was heard in Nebraska that summer day another story of a lost child was added to the list of such tragedies.

By Bernice Chrisman

THEY called them "The Sandhills of Death," those wild and impassable hills in Western Nebraska. They spread over the horizon like a sea of sand, a hundred miles in each direction, a desolate wilderness that held the bleached bones of hunters, traders, prospectors who ventured too far into them.

There was something weird about those hills. All looked alike and a traveler venturing in them was soon lost in this maze of similarity. Tough buffalo grass covered them, but the shifting sand covered this grass, in some place one day and the next day in another place, until there were no land marks to guide the unfortunate who tried to go through them. The hills were a terror and horror to homesteaders and cattlemen, who gave them a wide birth.

And among those bleached bones were small ones, the skeletons of children who had wandered in those hills never to be found. This was the greatest terror to the fathers and mothers living near the hills, the call of . . .

"Child Lost!"

On March 10, 1891 this terrifying message spread over the settlement of Thedford, the country seat of Thomas County, near the center of the Sandhills. It was a common cry of anguish, and what happened in this case was far too often repeated in the West.

IN March of that year a German family by the name of Haumann had settled near Thedford. The family consisted of the mother and father and their ten children. Poor, as were all the settlers, the older Haumann children had to work to provide food for the smaller ones. Hannah, the oldest girl, went to work for a Mr. and Mrs. Gilson, who lived about a mile and a half from the Haumann home.

Hannah made it a rule to return home on Sundays to help her mother and play with the other children. On Sunday, May 10, Hannah did not return home as usual. Her employer Mrs. Gilson wanted her to stay with her while Mr. Gilson made an unexpected trip to town. The other Haumann children, who looked forward with great pleasure to Hannah's week-end visit, were greatly unhappy when Hannah did not appear. Tillie, 8, and little Retta, 4, coaxed and teased their mother until she agreed to let them go over to the Gilson's to see Hannah. They were told to stay only an hour and then return home before evening.

The children arrived safely at Gilson's, had an enjoyable visit with their sister and, at 4 o'clock, Mrs. Gilson started them off down the trail for home. The Spring season is the only beautiful period of the year in the Sandhills. The two children started down the path to home but were soon engaged in picking the lovely wild flowers along the way for a bouquet for their mother.

As they laughed and played along the path, running farther and farther off the trail to pick a flower even more beautiful than the last, they became lost among the

identical hills and dunes of sand. Looking for the path, or for signs of the Gilson's buildings or the small buildings at their home, they saw only the great sea of sandhills stretching before them, wave upon wave.

Distraught, the eight-year-old Tillie ran this way and that, holding her four-year-old sister by the hand and pulling her along as fast as her little legs would travel. Night fell and the children failed to return home. By this time the worried parents sent out the alarm.

A lost child alarm in the West was responded to by every man and woman in a community like in no other crisis. Indian scares, horse thieves, bank robbers — none of these caused men to throw down their shovels and leave their plows, and ranchers to order all their men to report at once. Despite the lack of telephones, the news of a lost child spread rapidly and within two hours a hundred men, some on foot and some on horseback reported for the search.

Monday afternoon, 24 hours after the children left their home, trackers picked up the children's trail in the changing sands. That night a party of searchers camped on the trail, expecting to easily pick up the trail in the morning. By daybreak the trail was dim, forcing the trackers to sometmes crawl on hands and knees to detect the small footprints in the sand.

But the children were still together, their weariness and their wanderings written in the sand and grass along the way.

Here Tillie had carried Retta. Here they had walked side by side. Here they had sat and rested. Here, up and pushing along bravely to find their home.

Tuesday night the disappointed searchers camped again by the trail. Had they only known, they were but a short distance from where the children slept that night. Wednesday morning they found the imprints in the sand where Tillie and Retta had passed the night in each other's arms, lying close together to avoid the chill of the early spring morning.

Mrs. Bernice Chrisman, who wrote this article, was a very young child when her parents migrated to Nebraska. She says she grew up with the country and she has first hand information about the disappearance of the Hauman girls and the tragic death that came to one.

Retta Hauman & husband in latter yr.

WEDNESDAY morning a stiff breeze blew from the northwest and the sand drifted, blotting out the trail. Much time was lost. The women of Thedford were preparing food and coffee which was sent out to those on the trail. Every person in the whole sandhill area was contributing their utmost to the search for the lost children. Their distraught mother had to remain at home caring for the other small members of her brood. Near noon, on Wednesday, one searching party consisting of Mr. Haumann, the children's father, accompanied by Mr. Stacey, Mr. Maseburg and Dr. Edmunds, picked up a new trail and found little barefooted Retta carrying one shoe, its sole completely worn through. She was burned black by the sun and was cared for tenderly, her mind being somewhat affected temporarily by her terrible experience.

The search for Tillie continued. Gradually the reason for the children's separation was learned. Early Wednesday morning Tillie had told Retta to wait at the base of a high hill while she went to the top to see if there was a house in sight. Upon reaching the top the child must have seen another hill which, as all sandhill residents know, always appears higher than the hill you are on. While going to get a better view either Tillie became lost from little Retta or the younger child attempted to go around the hill to meet her sister. Anyway they were separated, never to meet again.

That afternoon a party of searchers from Dunning, Nebraska, about twenty-five miles east and south of Thedford, had formed a long line of men and women stretching across the hills and moving northwest to-

(Continued on Page 64)


Frederic Remington

WHEN RODEOS WERE ROUGH!

Old time rodeo performer gives us a vivid picture of the days when Rodeos were really rough, and the comparison makes the modern show, with all its color and flamboyance, seem tame.

By Robert J. Lindsey

WHENEVER I go to a Rodeo today, I think of my boyhood friend, Johnny Eagan, one of the greatest of all Rodeo performers, and the peculiar quirk of fate that made him the great rider he was. Fate was waiting there for me at the same time, but I wasn't a Johnny Eagan and my fame as a bronco buster never traveled very far.

How different was the Rodeo in those old days from the modern show. Then it was not a matter of riding a steer or bronco a few seconds; it was the strength and ability to ride him as long as he bucked. The stock we rode were usually the roughest, most dangerous animals in the wild herds. It was a challenge that enticed young men, for in those days, the man who could ride a bronco to submission was not only considered the hardest rider on the range, but was envied by all his pals.

In the throngs that watch the rodeos today, there is an occasional old cowpoke, "born to the saddle," who still favors an injured limb sustained in some rigorous roundup in which he took part before the mustangs were tamed and flank straps used to induce them to "pitch."

I'll never forget that day at the turn of the century when Johnny and I, 16 year old farm youths, sat on the top rail of the corral near the spreads of our parents forty five miles west of Halhart, Texas and thirty five miles south of Clayton, New Mexico. We were watching cowboys riding mustangs and not having any idea that this day was to be the start of Johnny's famous career.

The riding progressed for about an hour, when a cowpoke brought an old brown horse with a bridle into the corral. The fellow pulled a saddle off the fence, dropped the reins and saddled the nag which stood half asleep while the cowboy was tightening the cinch.

THEN he led him over to where Johnny and I were perched, and said, "I'll give either of you five dollars if you can ride him the length of the corral. Which one of you guys wants to make some easy money?"

Johnny and I looked at each other and then at the horse. When I looked back at Johnny he had a frown on his face, but I was certain anyone could ride that old skate, and I could sure use the five dollars the cowboy was waving in front of us.

"You go, said Johnny, pushing me off the fence.

I stepped into the saddle lightly and the cowboy handed me the reins. The old horse appeared to be taking a nap.

But the instant I kicked him in the ribs and started to pull him around, he blew a dust cloud with his nose almost touching the ground and his heels went higher than the top rail of the corral. Then he began spinning.

I guess it was on the third round that I hit the dust and heard the roaring and whistling.

"I figured there might be a catch to that," said Johnny when I crawled up beside him.

"And you shoved me right into it," I said sarcastically.

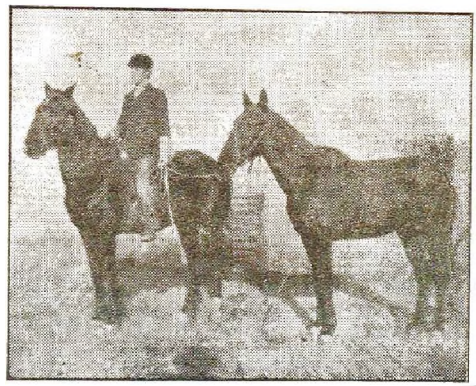
Johnny grinned and jumped to the ground. "I'll take your offer," he said to the cowboy who was leading the horse away.

"Think you can ride him, huh?" asked the cowboy. "Well, he's all your'n."

To my amazement and the cowboy's chagrin, Johnny

(Continued on next Page)

The author as a youth before he ran away from home with friend to try his hand at riding in the old time rodeo.



rode him until he was winded. Going home that evening Johnny displayed his five dollars with pride while I eased my bruised shoulder against the jolts of my trotting horse.

THAT was the beginning of our careers as rodeo performers, but compared to Johnny Eagan mine wasn't spectacular. Of course, we had a lot to learn, and we were cocky enough to have to take some pretty bad falls before we got the lesson. We were tricked into tackling outlaws. It took a lot of courage to mount a wild bronco which was roped, saddled and the rope slipped off over his head when you were seated, as was always the case when we began to compete with the professionals. But we never shied away from the wildest bronco.

One Sunday, a year later, when Johnny and I were

Today Robert Lindsey remembers that first experience whenever he watches present day rodeo riders perform.

coming home from Tom Wilkerson's ranch, he said, "Bob, let's you and me get up early Thursday morning and go to the Fourth of July roundup."

"What's the sense of that?" I asked. "We can go with our folks."

"Yeah, but I want to get there ahead of them. I'm entering the wild horse pitching contest. How 'bout you?"

"You're what?" I gasped. "You're fixing to get a trouncing. And if a horse don't do it your pa will."

"I may get thrown, but I'm going to try my luck," he said assuredly.

"Well, I ain't as good as you are," I admitted. "You tellin' your folks?"

"Heck, no!"

Johnny's plan was to come by my place at four-thirty Thursday morning, and we would go to the picnic grounds, make arrangements with the roundup manager to ride in the pitching contest, and keep it a secret from our folks when they arrived later in the day. I didn't like the idea very well, but Johnny was just like a brother to me.

THERE was a tap on my bedroom window that morning of the fourth. A dark silhouette showed in the pale moonlight. I eased out of bed and returned Johnny's tap to tell him I would be with him in a minute.

We got a big thrill stealing away without getting caught, but we were sure our folks would know where we had gone. For weeks we had talked about the roundup constantly, but why we had left so early might arouse their suspicions.

We did not have to ride hard to reach the Perico, where the roundup was to be held, long before anyone arrived for the day's festivities. Johnny had brought along two bacon sandwiches apiece which we ate on reaching the picnic grounds.

The Perico was an arroyo about ten miles north of our homesteads. At one place the channel had a hundred foot bluff of solid rock on one side. On the other, the torrents of flash floods had eaten into a sandy hill leaving a flat valley a quarter of a mile long and three hundred feet wide. The sloping sage-covered sand hill faced the bluff, and at one end of the valley a locust grove grew. It was a natural ampitheatre, except that there were no corrals to hold the stock, but that was not a necessity in those days.

While we were eating we saw a herd of cattle and horses being driven toward the picnic grounds by five men. We hurried to meet them and recognized Buck Williams, one of the largest ranchers on the range, and the man who owned the grounds where the roundup was to be held.

Johnny rode right up to him. "Mr. Williams," he said, "Are you gong to be in charge today?"

"Yeah," said the rancher.

"We want to enter some of the events. Any objections?"

"What events for instance?" asked Williams.

"The bronco riding for one."

I would have bet my new lariat Williams was going to object, say we were too young and inexperienced, but my heart missed a beat when I heard what he said.

"Suits me. It's free for all. But remember, you're taking a pretty big risk. Them are all outlaws up yonder on the prairie."

Johnny's face was all aglow. The biggest day of his life had come. His one purpose in life at this age was to become a famous rider.

We made our acquaintance with the cowboys, and Johnny told them Williams had asked us to help hold the stock together. They looked rather skeptical about that remark, but said nothing.

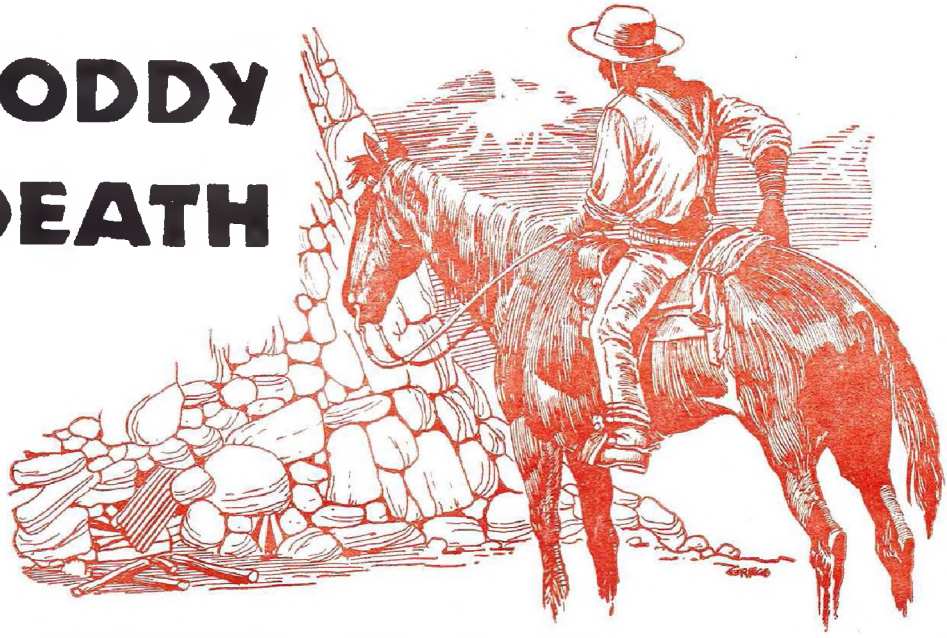
About ten o'clock, wagons, buggies, buckboards and riders began coming from all directions. We helped drive the herd down against the bluff and took positions to hold them.

The vehicles stopped on the sandy hill overlooking the canyon and the narrow valley. The horses were unhitched and tied to the wagon or buggy as the case might be. Each party brought a big picnic dinner and a cream can or barrel of water, for there was no windmill within miles of this remote location.

Buck Williams, being master of ceremonies, finally appeared on a jet-black horse. "Folks, please clear the arena," he shouted through a cardboard megaphone as he rode up and down the narrow valley covered with grama-grass.

(Continued on Page 66)

SODDY DEATH



More terrifying to the early settler than an Indian raid or a prairie fire was sudden death under a falling sod roof.

Mrs. Emery Birchfield

Editor's Note: Grandma Donnelly is 91 and lives with her daughter in Kansas City. As a child Grandma came West to the Plains country where she lived for fifty years. Her memory of those days is still vivid, and she dictated this story to her daughter, Mrs. Emery Birchfield.

★ ★ ★

It had rained for five days in our prairie community west of what is now Garden City, Kansas. On that fifth night the rain was still coming down. Luther Sonner and his family — wife and four young children — were sound asleep in their sod house five miles from ours.

There was a gushing sound, not loud enough to wake any of them, and then this gushing noise became a terrifying roar. Luther Sonner and his family never heard that roar as tons of mud and dirt crashed down on them, suffocating and killing them without their knowing what happened.

It wasn't until the next day that Jim Rhodes, riding past the Sonner sod house, saw the fallen roof and the tangled wreckage. He roused the community, which consisted of four families, within a radius of five miles. I was only eight then and I remember standing there and watching my father, Rhodes, and the other men, dig the bodies of the Sonner family out from under the debris of the fallen roof.

IN those days we called it "Soddy Death." We feared this more than we did Indians or disease, and there wasn't much anybody could do to prevent such tragedies. Not only were sod houses death traps, but living in them was one of the trials and tribulations facing the early settlers on the prairies.

The settlers who had stopped in the eastern part of Kansas had plenty of good timber to build log cabins and rocks to make stone houses, but once the settlers went further west and were on the prairies, the only woods were thin willows and cottonwoods, growing on the banks of the creeks which seldom had more than a trickle of water in them.

Willows and cottonwoods were too soft to be of any value. Those early settlers were an ingenious lot. They faced impossible problems and quickly solved them. The craving for a home and land of their own caused them to suffer the heat, the dust, and often mud — and haunting loneliness that cannot be described.

The first settlers on the prairies, finding no wood or stone for buildings, made the famous dugout. These were built in the side of a hill with a roof of sod. They were not satisfactory. When it rained, the home would be flooded, and it was always damp. The windows were small and there was little light. Prairie rats would dig into it to eat the food.

Who the first settler was to conceive of building a house out of sod is unknown, but whoever it was, possessed certain engineering knowledge. I remember well watching my father and brother build our sod house. They

(Continued on Page 74)


Here rest the Remains of
WILLIAM A. SAMSON
aged 22 years
And
ROBERT EDES BRADSHAW
aged 21 years
both of Charlestown, Massachusetts
They were cruelly murdered at the
Chilian Gulch, July 18, 1851,
by three Mexican assassins
for the sake of Gold.
This simple Memorial
to two beloved and worthy Sons,
is raised by their Parents
who in homes far distant,
mourn their sad
and untimely fate.

BILLY'S GOLDEN FROG

This town's stories of gold finds were wierd and fabulous, most of them unbelievable, but the most fantastic, and yet true, was the story of Bill's Golden Frog and the millions it brought to the one man smart enough to believe the wild myth.

By Jan Young

OCTOBER 10, 1855, waned as had other days inasmuch as John Huron Smith had a snootful when he staggered into Martha's saloon, conveniently located at Main & Jackson in Columbia, California.

John called for a bucket of suds, while dilating on his prowess as a tosspot. Martha slid the pitcher to John just as he expansively swung his arm in emphasis. The pitcher smashed to the caulk-scuffed floor. Martha, a graduate in rough labors gave John a curse-tinged haircut as she waddled from behind the bar. John blinked red eyes stupidly and mumbled his drunken apology. Martha didn't button up. John pushed her into a chair, announcing " . . nuff's 'nuff. Hic ." When Martha mouthed another four letter word, John replied with a cuff on the chops.

John Barclay, a gambler presently playing house with Martha, slithered through the rear door. He looked once, then spoke with his stubby derringer. John Huron Smith looked amazed, then sank to the floor, dead.

Now in the '50s, even a misguided wolf whistle was likely to be answered with buckshot, but Martha's reputation was as unsavory as her saloon. Barclay was one cut lower. The lynching spark was fanned by J. W. Coffroth, a rabble-rousing state senator. Coffroth ranted for pure, but prompt justice. In minutes, 3,000 Columbians milled to hear the stump-thumping peroration.

A noose mysteriously appeared, and Barclay was collared. The lust-inflamed crowd pushed Barclay down the Gold Hill road to where a water flume crossed 40 feet above. The torchlighted lynch jury convened, with Coffroth still imploring action.

"Guilty," the jury hysterically agreed.

The noose was slipped on Barclay, the rope was thrown to the flume beams. When the sheriff attempted to stop the lynching, he was knocked out and bound. Unnoticed, Barclay, who hadn't been tied, skinned up the rope and clung there far above the frenzied crowd. Miners above, tried unsuccessfully to shake him from the rope, as he pleaded for mercy. Lynchers tugged at the rope till Barclay was within reach, then took revolvers and smashed his grip. The Columbia Gazette summed it up next day:

". . . drawing up his legs, the prisoner gave a few convulsive kicks then hung straight in the red glare of the torches and bonfires . . ."

Barclay's lynching marked the blackest page in Columbia's history. But in a grass-roots-rich boom camp, the brutal, the brusque and burlesque are always admixed. All this because one of Dr. Thaddeus Hildreth's helpers was too lazy to wash his drawers!

Hildreth & Company had prospected in the reddish-brown hills for months. On March 6, 1850, they camped beside a sparkling mountain stream. Needing clean clothes, but too lazy to scrub them, one miner hung his long-johns from a stream-dipping willow branch. Retrieved next morning the drawers were practically gold-plated with flitters of yellow metal. Panning produced even richer values and the rush was on.

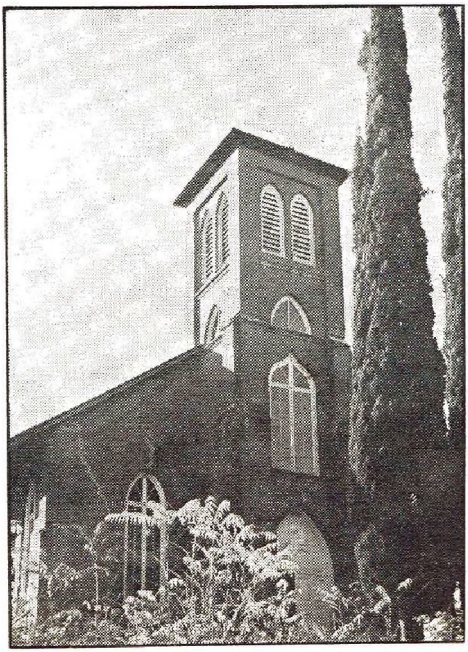
A patriotic group soon renamed "Hildreth's Diggings" to "Columbia, Gem of the Southern Mines," and history was satisfied. Fire, and water shortages vacillated Columbia's fortunes. But when the final bonanza scale was balanced, Wells Fargo alone had weighed out $55 million in gold dust. One chispa, about twice the size of a red building brick, toledoed at $8,000. But it was Pitch-Pine Billy who found the golden frog that grew.

BILLY, who head-toted pinewood for four bits a bundle, spotted a lump of free gold, startlingly resembling a crouching bullfrog. Weighing a troy pound, the frog represented more than a year's wages to Billy. But he refused all offers.

"Frog gonna grow. Then mebbe sellum," Billy proclaimed.

Accordingly, Billy weighed his frog daily in the Long

(Continued on next Page)



Murder, robbery, crooked gambling — everything went in Columbia, and standing in the midst of all the wanton lawlessness was this church, silent and deserted.

Tom saloon. For awhile miners laughed when Billy appeared each afternoon with his golden frog; for the daily stand-off at one pound. But Billy's confidence never wavered.

Still, Billy's eyes nearly popped out that day when the golden frog finally tilted the one pound weight. "Frog grow, frog grow," was all Billy could choke wildly. Miners crowded around the scales, and several tried the balance. Sure enough, the frog pulled the balance down.

Pitch-Pine Billy rushed out hysterically, leaving his pine bundle behind, but still clutching the miraculous golden frog in both hands. Someone else must have believed the miracle. He waylaid Billy with an axe. The frog was apparently melted down, for it disappeared too. But the murderer got no more than one pound of gold, about $250. For when the golden frog tipped the balances at the Long Tom, it wasn't because the frog had grown, but rather that a joke-loving gambler had secretly filed metal from the one pound weight.

LIKE Billy's frog, Columbia's fortunes fluctuated too. Fire was a vicissitude, but concomitantly responsible for many of the remaining buildings. After several devastating fires torched Columbia, brick replaced buildings of cloth and plank. It was fire's tepid teachings also that almost created an international incident. In 1857, King Kamehameha ordered a fire engine "Papette" from a Boston Company. The hand-pumper was shipped to San Francisco, but no vessel plying between Frisco and Hawaii could haul the vehicle and shipment was stalled. The King waxed hot, and sent brusque notes to the State Department demanding delivery. Diplomatic notes became red hot when the San Francisco Fire Department, deciding they wanted to get out from under, sold the pumper to a Columbia Committee looking for protection of their city. The shiny little engine fulfilled its promise many times, and is still on display. In Columbia leathern buckets have disappeared but buffalo hide hoses remain. What the King received is not known.

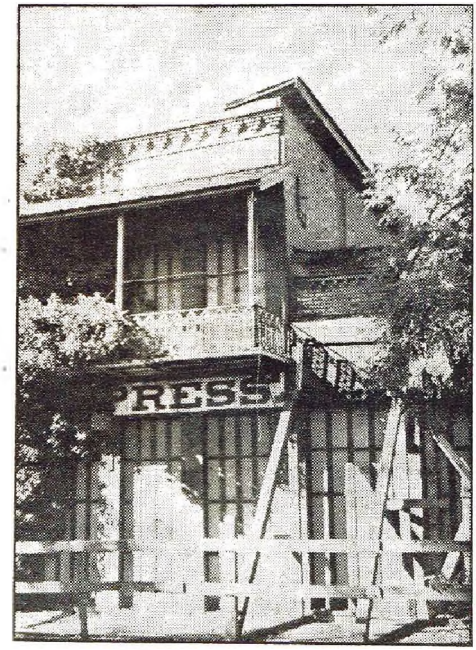
So frantic was the gold-grubbing, Father Slattery often stood armed guard to prevent greedy miners from undermining his beloved St. Ann's Church, perched atop Kennebec Hill, and erected through miners' donations. An additional $1500 was donated to purchase the sweet-toned bell from New York, which still tolls. The faithful Cypresses, planted by a grieving widow, stand vigil over a pioneer's grave near the entrance.

Old timers were certain St. Anne's had escaped the tunneling and washing which laid bare surrounding areas, but in 1910 the Church began to sag and buckle. When reconstruction plans were financed in 1920, engineers discovered Kennebec Hill was honeycombed with tunnels secretly driven by miners trying to avoid Father Slattery's earthly vengeance.

COLUMBIA still brims with tales, lurid and poignant, and the curious traveler on Highway 49, can hear many: The depredations of Murietta, Vasques, Three-Fingered Jack, and Black Bart are discussed as enthusiastically as current events; the pitiful story of Nate

(Continued on Page 46)

This building once housed the Wells Fargo office where over the years more than fifty-five million in gold dust was handled with only a fraction lost to the robbers



UGLY, but wonderful

If there was any beauty to this rough, coarse, and filthy mining camp, it was buried deep beneath murders and sin, and could only be found in the Midas wealth of the cold earth.

By James Hines

TWO copper miners on their way to work one morning about daybreak paused on the Anaconda Road overlooking the fabulous city of Butte, Montana, and one miner remarked: "Looky at 'er, Al. She's as ugly as hell now, jest comin' to life. Looks like some ole painted hag that's been up all night."

"Yep," Al said, looking down upon the sprawling town. "Butte's as ugly as sin all right, but she's shore got a big heart!"

Yes, as the miners put it. Butte, Montana — the greatest copper mining town in the world, is ugly on the surface, but underneath that surface there is beauty unsurpassed: big-hearted; spirited, and the people are unequaled as neighbors. Here you are likely to find a United States Senator strolling down the street, his arm linked with some bum, looking for a hand-out. The caste system is not known in Butte. One person is considered just as good as another. The girl from the red-light district is considered just as good as the lady from the best residential section. The miner does not look up to the banker, and the banker does not look down on the miner.

Butte, Montana! It has had many a hectic day. It has always been an exciting town. Basically, it is a huge mining camp on the richest hill in the world. One-third of all the copper mined in the United States comes from Butte!

The first white men known to have visited Butte were Judge C. E. Irvine and a party from Walla Walla, Washington Territory, in 1856.

They found an ancient hole, several feet deep, which became known as the Original Lode. Scattered around the edge of this hole were elk horns, which had been sharpened in the ends and looked as if they had been used as picks in searching for metal. Whether a white man had been here before is not known. Some believe that the elk horns belonged to the Indians.

THE discovery of gold was made by William Allison and G. O. Humphrey, on Butte Hill, in July, 1864. The famous placer-mining camps of Virginia City and Bannock were reaching their peaks at this time, all within several hundred miles of Butte.

(Continued on Page 18)

Get with it Partner!

REAL WEST'S

TRADING POST

is OPEN!

WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SWAP OR TRADE?

SOMEONE WANTS WHAT YOU DON'T WANT-AND THEY'LL SWAP YOU FOR SOMETHING YOU NEED!

Send your information to:

REAL WEST TRADING POST
CHARLTON BUILDING
DERBY, CONNECTICUT

RW *the brand that means the best of the Real West*

BLEEDING HILLS

It isn't only the red stone in those New Mexico hills that gave them name of Bleeding Hills but the blood that flowed there in old days.

By Monk Lofton

THEY named them well, those weird looking hills in the Pecos valley along the Pecos River in New Mexico. They were washed by the blood of countless dead. It was old Jim Boyd who first called them, "The Bleeding Hills."

On August 23, 1879 these hills were to witness the beginning of the strangest gun battle and double killing in their history. The cause of this fight had complications. In the background was Bob Ollinger, a would be badman, who let his hair grow long trying to ape Wild Bill Hickok, but Ollinger was no hero and his courage was nil. He had two favorite ways of disposing of an enemy — either shoot him in the back or get somebody else to kill him.

He worked for young John Beckwick and he hated Beckwick. Beckwick was no expert with a six gun, and Ollinger knew that Beckwick's men would cut him down if he tried to take advantage of his young boss's weakness. Since he had expressed his hatred for Beckwick in such a loud voice, he knew a noose would be around his neck if he shot Beckwick in the back.

So Ollinger used different tactics. He rode to the spread of old Frank Jones in the Guadalupe foothills. One of old man Jones' sons was Johnny Jones, a youngster with a quick temper and lightning speed with a six gun. Several months before he had delivered some cattle to Beckwick and there had been words between the two youngsters, but nothing very serious.

Ollinger knew Johnny's weakness and how to play on it. "Beckwick called you everything a brave man won't take without shooting," he told Johnny. "He's after you and says he's going to shoot it out on sight. And he's the best there is with a six gun. You haven't any chance against him."

JOHNNY'S pride in his ability to use a six gun was the weak point Ollinger played upon and he didn't have to talk long before Johnny was roaring mad and ready to face Beckwick, who Ollinger kept repeating was faster with a six gun than any other man in New Mexico. After Ollinger got Johnny steamed up to a fighting pitch and saying he was going to shoot it out with Beckwck, Ollinger returned to the Beckwick spread and told Beckwick Johnny Jones was coming after him with fire in his eyes and his six gun ready.

So on August 23rd Johnny Jones was riding along the Pecos River, leading into "The Bleeding Hills." Behind him were the foothills of the Guadalupes, blue of the distance, and the salt cedars that grew along the river's edge had turned from a dark green to almost crimson red.

There is a bend in the Pecos River, now bridged over with a small board structure, where Beckwick had his corrals and an old adobe bunk house. The bridge spans a narrow portion of the Pecos River just east of the

(Continued on Page 48)

Tragedy of the "TONQUIN"

When Captain Johnathan Thorn set sail with the Tonquin, he little dreamed of the strange fate awaiting him, his crew, and the ship, when attacked by headhunters of the Northwest.

By Bob and Jan Young

CAPTAIN Johnathan Thorn, pacing the quarterdeck, ordered acknowledgement of the "God speed" signal from the "Constitution" as she abandoned escort duty for the "Tonquin." Captain Thorn felt a sense of relief, despite that in September, 1810, there was a distinct danger of interception by British men-of-war roving off New York. Though he was an officer in the United States Navy and had distinguished himself in the Tripolitan War, Captain Thorn had a savage, uncompromising, independent spirit which rebelled at any exercise of authority, except his own.

The wind was fresh and fair from the southwest, giving no hint of the tragic consequences which the "Tonquin" would meet as she beat her way around the Horn into the Pacific Northwest. The 290 ton ship, armed with 10 guns, manned by a crew of twenty, was making the first serious effort to control the fur trade, opening a sea route from Oregon to the States. Also aboard the "Tonquin," stuffed to the rigging with barter goods, were four sub-partners of John Jacob Astor (sponsor of the voyage), in addition to clerks and French-Canadian voyageurs. As strange an admixture as ever set out to shape a nation's destiny.

Captain Thorn, openly contemptuous of his lubberly passengers, because of their lax discipline, their sea-sickness, their disregard for his authority as master, quickly unsheathed his stern, determined nature. He ordered all ship's lights extinguished at eight p.m. to the profound disgust of the high-living, independent fur trappers, and the partners who considered themselves equals of the haughty captain. Open rebellion flared when one of the partners, M'Dougal, threatened Thorn with death if he imprisoned anyone for infraction of his unwarranted regulation. A compromise was reached. With it the first crisis passed.

WITH a fair wind nudging at the sails' shoulders, Captain Thorn found time to conduct swooping, unannounced searches into the "lubbers' nests," cloaked as sanitation and health checks. He roused the green-faced, sea-sick voyageurs out of their bunks, forcing

(Continued on Page 72)

MASSACRE VALLEY

A monument has been erected in this valley to mark the spot of the bloodiest and most terrible battle of the Old West, a battle between the Sioux and Pawnees in Nebraska started by the most unique type of treachery practiced by the white man.

By Carl Uhlarik

THEY looked like they had fallen heir to all the sad indignities ever heaped on the Red Man by the White. The Pawnee brave hunched swaying on his bone-tired pony. He was one of the more fortunate ones. While mutilated in spirit, his body was untouched by wounds.

The squaw, broken arm dangling awkwardly at her side, a festering wound in her face, stoically trudged behind, dust-clouded, carrying their few salvaged camp belongings. Behind her naked children ranged, scolded along by a tottering old man.

They were part of the pitiful straggle returning to their village on the Loup River from the buffalo hunting grounds to the southwest where Sky Chief's band of 300 Pawnee warriors, 400 women, children and old men had been cut to pieces and all but annihilated.

But for once this was not the White Man's doing. It was the Pawnee's friendliness to the White Men that led to his final degradation. The disastrous defeat was suffered at the hands of the Pawnee's hereditary enemy, the Sioux. Annals of the West record it as the last great battle between Indians tribes. It took place in southwest Nebraska, in what is now Hitchcock County, on August 5, 1873.

Native to Nebraska, the Pawnee were essentially cultivators of the soil, but also were brave and cunning fighters and great hunters. The Sioux were wanderers, living by horse, tepee and the hunt. They swept into prehistoric Nebraska from the northeast, driving the Pawnee and other village tribes before them in their unceasing quest for hunting grounds. For hundreds of years the Sioux and Pawnee engaged in fierce tribal battles over territorial rights.

In 1857, the Pawnee, traditionally friendly to the White Man, signed the Treaty of Table Rock ceding all their lands which lay north of the Platte River to the government, holding only a tract along the Loup in central Nebraska where their reservation was established. The Sioux, in 1871, after 40 years of plundering and killing emigrants and settlers, were placed on the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies in northwest Nebraska. By government treaty, the Pawnee and Sioux were to continue their hunts for the migratory herds of buffalo in neighboring but restricted areas.

IN mid-July, 1872, Sky Chief and his people, accompained by 1,200 ponies and 1,000 dogs left their village on the Loup for the semi-annual hunt to replenish their meat supply.

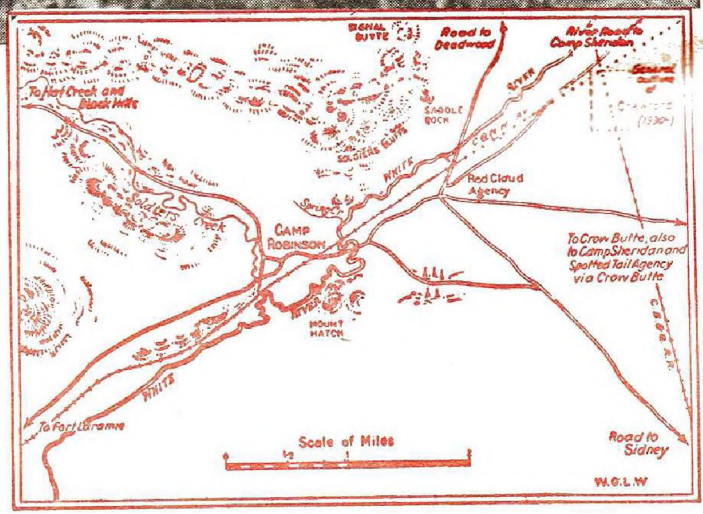
Fresh in their minds as they set out on the slow, 150 mile trek was the great hunt of the year before when the entire Chaui Pawnee tribe of 4,000, led by Ruling Chief Peta-Lah-Shar, had slaughtered more than 1,000 buffalo, giving them meat enough to fill out their fare of maize and squash for the next half year.

The time of the hunt was the time when the blood of young braves, turned sluggish with measly government handouts and the monotony of reservation life, stirred hot again. It was the time when old men recalled the former glories of the Pawnee people as they made coup on their enemies, the Sioux, Comanche and Cheyenne. It was the time when the wide sweep of land and sky would be theirs again as it had been before the White Man came.

Ay-oh! Peta-Lah-Shar's hunt had been a memorable one. Heading the long column were a dozen braves carrying ceremonial buffalo staves in honor of the Great Spirit upon whose will the success of the hunt would depend. Then followed Peta-Lah-Shar, surrounded by a guard of his bravest warriors, all mounted on the finest ponies.

Ahead, other braves had fanned out to scout from high hills for game or enemy even before the hunting

(Continued on next Page)



The schemes and weakness of a white man lured the Sioux and Pawnees into this valley to fight the bloodiest of all Indians battles, leaving behind hundreds of dead and the Squaws and children who escaped maimed and crippled. The Pawnees lost the battle and never recovered from the blow, losing their hunting grounds to the Sioux. But the Sioux were a long time recovering from the losses in this battle, which showed the ghastly brutality and cruelty of Indian against Indian.

Sioux who took part in the battle at the 50th anniversary of the massacre, photographed at Hitchcock, Nebraska. (Left to Right.) Julian Whistler, Chief White Cow, Chief Eagle Head, Charley Brave, Frank Good Lance, Chief Flying Hawk, Chief White Wolf, Chief Spotted Weasel, J.W. Williamson, Chief Two Lance, and American Eagle. The last five were survivors of the massacre. No Pawnees were at the celebration. Below, Sky Chief, Head Chief of the Pawnees who was killed at the battle in Massacre Valley, while leading Pawnees in a futile charge.

(Only the last five Sioux named are pictured due to damage to the photo)

grounds were neared. Trailing behind the leaders was the column, the hunters, squaws, children, old men and women, dogs and pack horses and horses dragging travois loaded with tepee skins, poles and camping gear. Squaws and children and those ancients who dared make another hunt, all walked. Riding was only for the braves.

After a march of 15 or 20 miles, completed by early afternoon, a campsite was found with plenty of wood and clear, running water. Squaws erected the lodges and lit campfires for the afternoon and evening meals. Though the fare was skimpy — fired bread, boiled prairie roots, berries and an occasional jackrabbit (even a dog when the need for meat became acute) — there was little complaining. Their feasting was to come.

FRESH also in the minds of Sky Chief and his people was the afternoon when the scouts sped back to camp on foam-flecked ponies shouting that a band of enemy, the hated Sioux, had been sighted. Warriors had stripped naked (wounds made through clothing were harder to heal), put on war paint, grabbed spears, bows and arrows, mounted their fastest horses and sped out in pursuit. Their disappointment had been cuttingly keen on finding their quarry gone.

And then came the day for which they had endured months of enervating reservation life! The column had been moving slowly along a creek flowing into the Republican when the outriders raced back to report a great herd in a broad, grassy valley ahead.

With shouts of excitement, 800 warriors stripped bare, crammed quivers with arrows, grabbed bows, mounted their best ponies and galloped off. Nearing the herd, they cautiously made the surround, a maneuver in which the hunters on the swiftest ponies raced to the front to turn the frightened cows and calves back into the milling bulls while other warriors ringed the herd from the sides and rear.

Then the killing began. The rawhide bridle knotted around the pony's lower jaw went slack and, urged by knee and heel, the steed, caught up in the frenzy of the chase, made for the buffalo. Approaching behind the beast, the hunter twanged the arrow back of the buffalo's ribs. In the killing shot, the arrowhead, made of White Man's scrap iron, ranged upward to piece heart and lungs. The chase was not without danger. Sometimes a wound-

ed bull would pivot on its front feet, whirl and gore horse and rider.

Only bow and arrow were used in the Pawnee hunts. They were primitive, but in the hands of skilled hunters, had tremendous power. Any Pawnee hunter could drive an arrow with killing force. Some of the strongest could send the arrow all the way through. The slaughter continued until the grass was dotted with bodies almost as far as eyes could discern. Beasts that escaped were left to stock the prairie for other years and other hunts. Unlike the White hide hunters, the Indian took only what he needed.

WHEN the squaws, children and old men reached the hunting ground with dogs and pack ponies, the women went to work skinning and butchering. It was a stinking, bloody business but a happy one amid yelping dogs and the distant yapping of waiting coyotes. That night, fires were kindled of dried buffalo chips for the grand gorging which was to last three days.

Chief Peta-Lah-Shar had ceremoniously signalled the feasting by cutting long ribs from calf halves which had been broiled to a turn and handing the meat, steaming with the savoriness of its own juices, to Sky Chief and other sub-chiefs.

Over their own fires, families reveled in calves' heads baked in glowing embers. Baked in embers, too, were the round bones from which delicious marrow was sucked out with happy gustatory sounds by toothless old men and women. The kawis of the buffalo bull was pot-boiled. Braves ate the boudins raw. And, so it had gone, the happiest time for all, including the dogs fed on tossed bones and scraps and stolen offal.

After the feasting had come squaws' work — skinning, peg stretching the bloody hides in the sod and later draping them on frames for drying. Hair was tanned off the summer hides which were unsuited for robes. On the reservation these hides would be fashioned into clothing, mocassins and tepee skins. All the meat — nothing was wasted — was cut into strips and laid out in the hot sun to cure. Tongues were dried whole. Once dried, the meat was packed in skin bundles for the return to the reservation. The grand hunt had provided meat enough to feed the tribe through the bleak and blizzardy Nebraska winter.

It proved to be the Pawnee's last successful hunt.

BEFORE Sky Chief set out on the ill-fated hunt the following year, the hunt which was to make history as the last great battle between Indian tribes, he had to secure permission from Indian agent William Burgess.

In 1869, because of scandals in the Indian Service which reached into high Washington circles, President U.S. Grant had turned the Indian Department over to the Quakers. Much headway had been made by cleaning out the thieving, dishonest rascals who had been shamelessly exploiting the wards of the government. But, countering this good work were mistakes in judgement made by the new Indian agents sent out from the east.

Burgess was a Quaker appointee. "Love your enemies," this kind and gentle man preached to the Pawnee. "Do not war against the Sioux and the Sioux will not war against you." The Great White Father, he promised, would not allow the Sioux to molest them.

With this assurance and with the assignment by Burgess of John Williamson as trail agent, Sky Chief and his people set out for the lush short-grass hunting grounds to the south and west. It was Williamson's duty to notify the few scattered settlers that they had nothing to fear from the friendly Pawnee who were on the hunt.

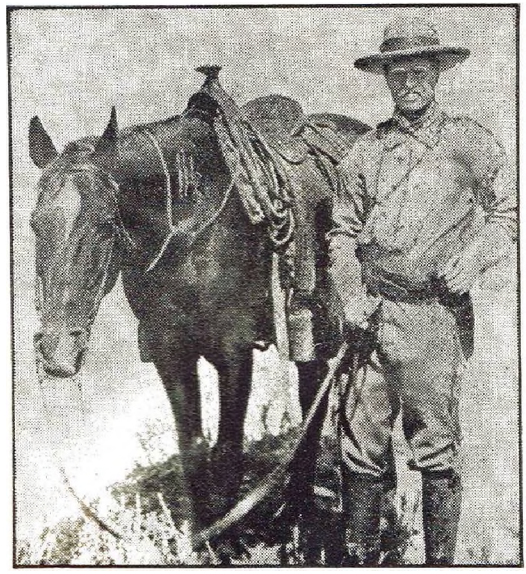
But, at the same time Burgess gave Sky Chief permission for the hunt, the Quaker agents at the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies gave the Sioux permission to hunt in the same country. Trail agent for the Sioux was Nick Janis and he, like Williamson, was to reassure the settlers. The Sioux hunt was made up of more than 1,000 warriors in addition to the squaws, children and the old ones. They were Ogallala and Brule Sioux.

THE hunt promised to be as memorable for the pawnee as the one in 1872. The country south of the Republican was said to be swarming with the shaggy, humpbacked beasts. When the Pawnee were about to

(Continued on Page 51)

Typical Pawnee village at time of battle where three hundred Pawnee lived before massacre and only forty after.

TEDDY'S BUFFALO



Teddy Roosevelt may have become a great hunter in later years, but killing his first buffalo was far from heroic and one of the jokes of West.

By William J. Rice

FOLLOWING the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad through North Dakota in December of 1881, many stock-minded Easterners, lured by the opening up of the vast tracts of grasslands in Dakota and Montana, due to the extermination of the buffalos and simultaneous conquering of the Sioux, journeyed to those two territories to seek fate and fortune.

The late Theodore Roosevelt, then a lad of only twenty-four, was one of these. Other than this writer, young Roosevelt was probably one of the greenest novices that ever set foot in the prairie lands. A tenderfoot just can't hide that fact, and young Roosevelt got a thorough initiation the second day he arrived.

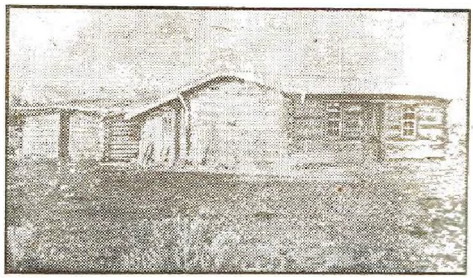
"If you wish to become a stockman, you must learn to ride," said one, and a horse was brought around for him. Some of these old-time horses will stand like some old plow-horse while being saddled. But when mounted and urged forward, all heck breaks loose. The ground was the only place he could land, and the young man from New York state landed there quickly and plenty hard. But did he quit? Indeed not — Roosevelt was a fighting man.

Again he was thrown on the hard dirt streets of Medora, and it wasn't funny. The bystanders expected him to give up now, but he didn't. He tried it the third time, and this time he stayed on, and much to the admiration of the crowd.

This was only the first part of an initiation for a tenderfoot. There was the matter of drinking, a test that showed, as they said in those days, how much hair a man had on his chest. Roosevelt stood up under this with flying colors, and astounded most of the men around him.

Then one of the men yelled that the tenderfoot had to dance. Guns came out and bullets hit the floor around Roosevelt's feet. He danced for a moment and then stopped. "This," he said, "is a little silly. What about a drink all around."

Teddy's ranch was not luxurious, but it was comfortable and rough, the way he wanted his life in the old West.



FOR a moment the men stared at this tenderfoot in amazement. None had ever shown such nerve. Then the crowd let out a wild cheer and crowded around the bar. Roosevelt paid for the drinks and this ended his initiation. He had proved himself, and from that day on the rough westerners had only the highest respect for Theodore Roosevelt.

He quickly acquired the name of Ted — later Teddy. For some time he made his home with a rancher by the name of Henry Britt who owned a bunch of cattle along the little Missouri River in Western North Dakota. Young Roosevelt had done some hunting in the East and it was not long before he was doing considerable in Dakota, and coyotes, antelopes and grouse fell before his unerring rifle.

To his friends in the West, Roosevelt was known as "Ted" and didn't get the nickname Teddy until some years later.

It was his hunting that caused Teddy to pull a boner that even to his death brought roaring laughter from him whenever he remembered it. At first his western friends weren't sure whether they were mad at him or only amazed. Teddy later said, "They should have strung me up. I thought I was a great hunter, but I was just a plain young fool."

ONE evening he came in carrying a big piece of buffalo meat rolled up in a buffalo hide behind the cantle of his saddle. As he rode up to the Britt shack, he called out: "Hey, Henry, come out here."

Britt, who had just started a fire in the old cookstove came to the door. "Look what we've got for supper." Teddy's eyes feasted upon the buffalo hide behind him.

A mingled expression of surprise and then disgust came over the face of Britt. He exclaimed, "Great god, Ted, what will you do next?"

Surprised and taken aback, Ted asked: "Why — what's wrong?"

"A lot's wrong, I'd say. You've killed the last dog-gone buffalo on the American continent."

For a moment, Teddy was speechless. Britt added: "I never thought to tell you. It's away over twenty-five miles down there. Guess I sort of figured you wouldn't get that far away. But what the countryside will say when they hear about this — well, I don't know."

"Well, I'm sure sorry — I just saw this one and, of course, I wanted it."

"This poor old renegade was the last of his kind, and there wasn't a white man nor an Indian who would have killed him, even on a bet. It was just the fate of the old monarch that some well-meaning tenderfoot would come along and lay him low."

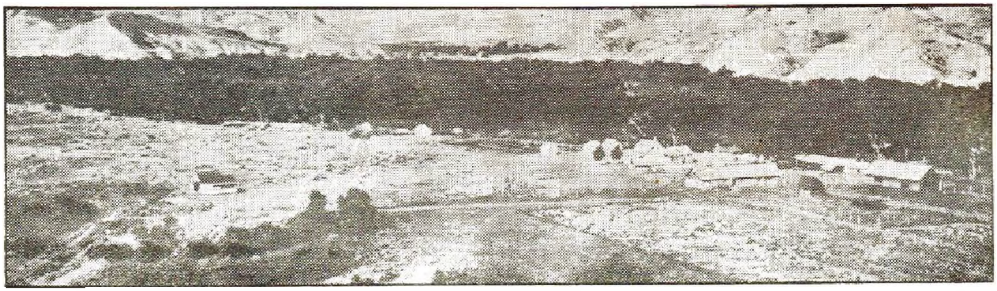
When one old-timer was told about it, he denounced the tenderfoot by declaring: "Why, that's the darndest, meanest man in the world."

"Oh," said another, "he was a tenderfoot; he didn't know."

"And that old buffalo was twenty-five, if a day, and one buffalo couldn't reproduce, you know."

(Continued on Page 55)

Peaceful Valley Ranch, Medora, North Dakota, now the headquarters of Theodore Roosevelt National Memorial Park.



TERRY, the terrible

Lawyer, judge, killer—they called him Terrible Terry. Any man or women between San Francisco and Denver, who had anything to do with him, was ready to admit he was well named.

By Bob Young

IN the curling, gray fingers of dawn on a marshy meadow near California's Lake Merced, two men, dressed identically in tight-fitting black suits and soft black hats, faced each other. Carefully observed by their seconds, they chose identical Belgian pistols from an opened case and moved into position.

One, David Terry, his handsome, delicate face tinged by a smile, moved quickly and confidently towards the assigned position 10 paces from his opponent.

In contrast, David Broderick moved slowly and massively, his face still suffused with rage over having been thoroughly searched by Terry's second to disclose the use of any protective shield. Even the tiny pistol seemed no more than a toy in his huge hand.

With both men located, one of the seconds stepped back from the line of fire and called, "Gentlemen, are you ready?"

"Ready," Terry snapped immediately.

Broderick simply nodded.

The ominous, fatal count began: "One . . . " Broderick's pistol flared. His shot thudded into the sod, missing Terry by several feet.

"Two . . ."

Terry aimed quickly, almost carelessly, then fired. At first it appeared his shot had also missed. Broderick still stood before him. Then the huge man dropped his pistol, swayed, then sank slowly to the ground.

"Too far to the right, I think," Terry remarked nonchalantly to a companion who had rushed up. "It is not a mortal wound." Arms folded, he stood for a moment watching those who attended his fallen opponent, then whirled and walked with equal nonchalance from the meadow.

TERRY'S estimate of his markmanship proved to be in error. Three days after the duel, September 16, 1895, David C. Broderick died of the wound received from Terry's pistol. Even in those tumultuous days of California history, marked by all too frequent gunfire and violence, it was regarded as a battle between two titans. Broderick, was a Northern sympathizer and California State Senator; Terry, a former State Supreme Court Justice and ardent Southerner. The duel had been born out of their bitter slavery and anti-slavery differences. But even though it would end in Terry's own sudden death some thirty years later, with Broderick's name still echoing in his ears, it is doubtful if David Terry, one of the West's first and most fabulous lawyers, considered it more than a minor highlight in his turbulent career.

If there is truth in the saying that "law came late to the West," it might well be because it took a peculiar kind of courage for a man to go into court in those wild days and defend a client. But from the day he first opened his law office in San Francisco, David Terry was known as a lawyer as quick to press a decision with a bowie knife or a pistol as he was with a lawbook.

DAVID S. Terry came by his aggressive, intense personality understandably. Born in Kentucky, March 8, 1823, to a family of fighting men, frontiersmen, and adventurers, he had few ancestors who had not met boots-on death. When young Terry was eleven the family moved to Texas in the vicinity of Houston. He played his part in the states' war for freedom from Mexico and later served as a member of the fabulous Texas Rangers in the Mexican War, coming unscathed through the vicious hand to hand fighting at Monterey.

There is little doubt Terry was completely at home in the vigorous, hard-drinking, bellicose frontier life of Texas which followed the war. Along with acquiring exceeding skill in the use of the bowie knife, he also began to read law in an uncle's office. Temporarily stinging from his rejection by a young beauty, Cordelia, Terry took off to join the massive, throbbing gold rush to California in 1849.

Though most mining disputes were settled with the gun or knife, there were a few that finally reached the courts. It was there Terry decided to pan his California gold. He opened offices at Stockton, then the principal distribution center for the southern mines. Like the other attorneys daring to practice in those days, Terry attended court well-armed, both with weapons and the courage to use them. Involved once against a rowdy litigant appropriately named Roadhouse, Terry delivered a particularly scathing address to the jurors.

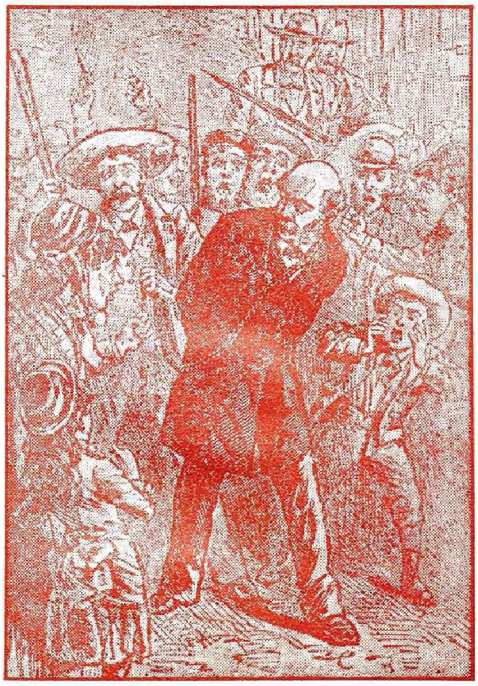
"You can't say that about me!" Roadhouse bounded from his seat.

The judge rapped for silence and fined Roadhouse $10 for contempt. After throwing down the required fine, Roadhouse added some extra money to the pile. "And that'll pay for what I'm going to say now to that lying lawyer, Terry." Whereupon he began to denounce Terry profanely, offering to fight him.

TERRY, grim-faced but unemotional, moved slowly toward Roadhouse, who towered over him in size. But Terry didn't offer to put up his fists.

"C'mon, goddam you, put up your hands," Roadhouse bellowed.

Terry continued to move lithely forward, then within



Casey being led to his hanging down the streets of San Francisco, one time friend of Terry, the Terrible.

distance whipped out a keen-edged bowie knife! Dodging a wild swing, he drove the knife into Roadhouse's shoulder. The wounded man was hurried away for treatment, and Terry was fined by the court for his precipitous action, though the minor size of the fine indicated that the court actually approved of the subduing of Roadhouse.

After that, Terry's terrible temper was frequently seen in the courtrooms, where violence in any form was not unusual. Terry soon found it necessary to bring a companion with him, also well armed, who would protect him from an attack from the rear while he was addressing the jury!

Some editors took public exception to Terry's conduct. One, J.H. Purdy, of a San Francisco newspaper, was particularly violent in his remarks. He published a particularly vicious anonymous attack.

Though Terry might have employed the laws of libel in righting these wrongs to his honor, he immediately charged into the editor's office and demanded a retraction. It was just as promptly refused. Terry raised his cane then broke it over Purdy's shoulder. When the editor still refused, Terry pulled out his bowie knife and pressed it to the editor's throat:

"Tell me who wrote that story, or you'll die," Terry threatened.

THE men were separated before the throat was slit, but not before Terry had reversed his knife and delivered the editor a stout whack on the skull. Terry paid a $300 fine for assault with the remark: "It was worth more."

Terry's career was long remembered by these sometimes outrageous outbursts. But in partnership with another lawyer, Duncan Perley, he did a thriving business and amassed considerable wealth. From the inception of his legal career, Terry had indulged in politics. He soon became a power in Democratic politics in California, which strangely favored southern causes. But finding their pro-slavery was not aggressive enough for his fiery tastes, Terry, who had been given the honorary title of Captain now, joined the Know-Nothing Party.

Through this party he became a Supreme Court Justice in 1855. Captain Terry was then 32 years of age, one of the youngest men ever to serve on the high California court. By now, Cordelia had relented and joined him in California, where they had a young son and the start of a family. Captain Terry seemed to have settled into a life which would be peaceful, prosperous, and uneventful. But Terry was not of that cut.

SAN FRANCISCO was in the throes of another crime wave, and a Second Vigilance Committee was formed. Their first action was to deal with Charles Cora, a gambler who had killed a United States marshal. Through the use of skillful lawyers, Cora had persuaded the jury to hang itself instead of him. While Cora's second trial was being arranged, a James Casey shot James King of William, editor of the San Francisco Bulletin.

When it seemed orderly justice again might fail, William T. Coleman was named to revive the vigilantes. Their lawlessness was scarcely expressed by the other scamps that roamed San Francisco's streets, but at least they were, organized, well-armed and determined.

Twenty-five hundred Vigilantes marched on the jail, took both Cora and Casey from their cells, then tried both men in typical drumhead tradition. Both were quickly found guilty. Hinged platforms were constructed outside of second story windows on Fort Gunnybags. When the funeral cortege of the murdered King of William passed, both men were put on the platform with a noose around their necks, and a white cap on their heads. A bell tolled slowly and an executioner cut the ropes. Two bodies dangled and swayed in the San Francisco breezes.

Not content with one victory, the Vigilantes decided to sit in judgement of other people whom they considered undesirables, punishing and deporting many. This went on for several weeks before Governor Johnson finally ordered them to disband.

Insolently they refused.

The Governor, lacking arms for a militia, called on federal forces. They refused aid, despite a state of insurrection declared by Johnson. The Vigilantes continued their high-handed ways.

THE Committee wanted a certain James Maloney to appear before them and sent Sterling Hopkins to

(Continued on Page 52)

COUGAR

supreme killer

Read this article on the cougar to learn things about this animal you never knew and which will probably be an eye opener — if wild animals and their habits interest you.

By Ferris Weddle

IN the old West all killers were not two legged gunmen or the savage redskin. While no exact figures are available, it is probable that more pioneers were killed by wild animal killers than humans. The animal kingdom gave to the world the grizzly bear, the rattlesnake, the wolf and — the cougar.

This cat killer was as much a controversial character in the West as Wyatt Earp, Wild Bill Hickok, or Billy the kid. Arguments even today wax violent among old timers when opinions are expressed about this giant feline's prowess with its natural enemies. Yet it is generally agreed that stories of the great cat killing humans has been greatly exaggerated.

Here are some of the opinions you hear during these arguments.

"I saw a bull elk 'count ten' on a lion once. The big cats won't attack unless they have the advantage."

"That Devil's spawn, the wolverine, can put a cougar up a tree real fast."

"A wild jack burro won't back from a puma — he'll attack if his harem is in danger."

"I won't say a catamount can't be bested, *sometimes*, by natural enemies. The big cats will by-pass a grizzly all right, which is being smart, not cowardly. Saw one whip a black bear once, and I saw one put a band of javelinas on the run."

Even the correct common name is a point of controversy in these vehement comments by woodsmen. Cougar, mountain lion, puma, catamount, panther, painter, Mexico lion — all refer to the big cats of the species Felis Concolor. Some thirty sub-species are generally recognized by biologists.

THE last speaker quoted was my father, a spare, six-foot four inch Texan who should have been born fifty years earlier so he could live like a "wild man" according to my mother.

Dad wasn't really alive unless he was on the trail of some game species with a rifle, a pack of hounds — or just plain "spying" with the keen interest of a frustrated naturalist. His restless feet took him all over the southwest and into the high mountains of Colorado. A spell-binding teller of campfire tales, the lion was one of his favorite topics. He had hunted them with dogs, trapped them, and observed them. He had known the peculiar sensation of being "stalked" by a lion that was merely curious.

And once he had seen a rare sight in nature — the duel between a black bear and a cougar.

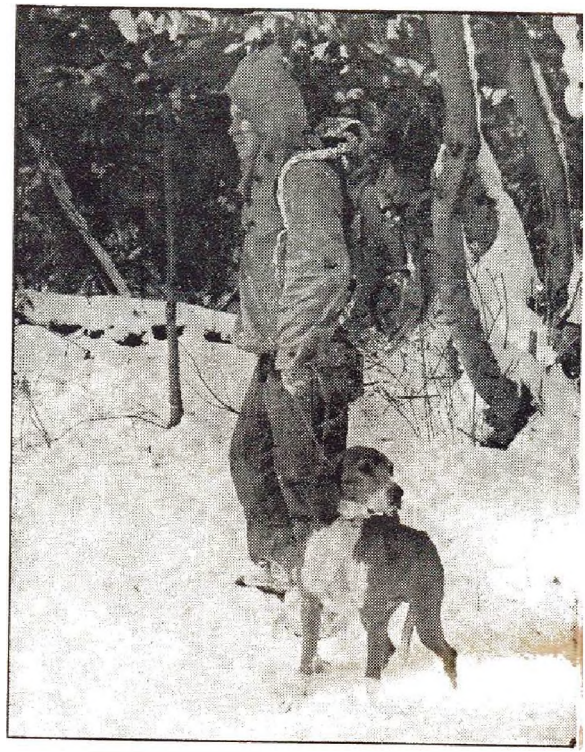
Hunting in a New Mexico wilderness country, he was returning to camp one late fall evening when the quietness was torn apart by hair-raising sounds.

His rifle ready, he crept to the top of a slight ridge that overlooked a clearing. Screams and snarls of fury filled the clearing as a black bear and a cougar rolled in a gory battle to the death.

Apparently, there had been several rounds, since both combatants were blood-stained. At the moment, the cat had its fangs — capable of slashing through an inch-thick rope — buried in the bear's throat. The heavily clawed hind feet were viciously ripping, pulling out fur, and digging deep gashes in the bear's underparts.

With a gurgling cry of pain, the bear flung itself forward, trying to crush the tawny cat with its heavy body. Then bruin rolled, slashing at its opponent with a ponderous paw. The blow partially stunned the cougar, and there was the crunch of broken bones. The cat, hissing and spitting, moved back.

(Continued on Page 57)



Lloyd Beebe, well known photographer for Disney, spends all spare time taking pictures of animals, and his animal pictures are among the best in the country, including this one above. Below, Beebe caught cougar in tree top, a spot this animal is supposed to prefer, not because he or she is afraid of dogs, but because instinct tells the cougar where there are dogs there are men and men really frighten him.

THE TRADING POST

IS OPEN FOR BUSINESS!

What do you have to swap or trade?

35 MM cameras, light meter, 22 rifle, ice scates, TV boosters, HO train cars, antique radio, TV and radio rotor & etc., for bugle, metal locator.

Thomas Rohland
RR 3
Martinsville, Indiana

HAVE
Fate Magazines, radio parts, transistors, tubes and other parts, Lois books, WANTED old strap type watch fobs, advertising farm and road building machinery, or what have you.

John Haynes
Doe Run
Mo.

TRADE Campaign buttons
John Hyland
226 West 14th
Anderson, Indiana

Will trade lower Mississippi Indian arrowheads for projectile points of other states. Majority of these above are average in size, worked from buff brown or shale. Will also swap white ganoid armored Garfish scales formerly used by Louisiana redmen for birdpoints hafted to arrow shafts. Have several academic books to swap on North American Indian Archeology and Ethnology.

Steve Watson
904 North Bengal Road
Cherokee Park, Metairie,
Louisiana

I have in my possession two books. One is the Pictorial Atlas of the Spanish American War, and the other is the Great Fire of Boston. Do you know if they are of any value, if so where could I find a purchased in the USA.? I have also a small pocket Library Commercial Almanac Blackie's 1846.

Mrs. May Murel
PO Box 588
Pestou, Nova Scotia
Canada

I have a real Damn Yankee Belt Buckle Serial no. 460. This Buckle is in three parts, consisting of buckle, brass with silver overlay, latch #460 and belt adjusting hook. This belt was worn by a fellow by the name of Hurd, of Fortscot Kansas. It was given to me by his son. I would like to trade it for a real Confederate buckle in as good shape as this one. I am not interested in anything but the real thing.

H. J. Berry
922 Tremont Avenue
Bristol, Tenn.

Largest collection of Historical Pictures of Dodge City and her citizens available to the public. Will trade for pictures, portraits and scenes of people and Dodge taken prior to 1910, or the privilege of copying them and returning the originals of not in my collection. All letters containing self addressed and stamped envelopes answered same day received.

Robert E. Egan
Box 856
Dodge City, Kansas

Will trade U.S. cavalry sabre, 1865, for Winchester, Henry Repeating Rifles or Civil War Pistols, or?

Dennis Paulson
6900 16th Ave. So.
Minneapolis 23, Minn.

Semi precious stones, ocean beach, moon stones and agate's Lopidary first grade polished Calf stones. Swap for old coins, etc. (small assortments each, of stones.)

James E. Swank
Box 577
Port Chicago, California

BILLY'S GOLDEN FROG

(Continued from Page 30)

Arnold, and the owl; of Diamond Bill, and his opinion of women, or even Nervi, the Hieroglyphographer. But the most persistent is how Columbia missed being capital of California in 1854. The legend did achieve its purpose as Columbia was capital-for-a-day July 15, 1945, when the entire Gold Road ghost town was incorporated into the State Park System.

Peter Nicholas and Captain John Parrott were both busy warding off the chill November winds. Inevitable as sex, the two drunks gravitated to the same saloon where a fight resulted. Nicholas fatally stabbed Parrott, a popular citizen. Nicholas, realizing he was in the fat, but good, hired D. C. Bulton, an early day Clarence Darrow, to defend him.

Fortunately, public resentment against Nicholas was ameliorated because of intense current interest in getting Columbia named state capital. Petition listing 10,000 signatures had been readied for consideration by the legislature, and success seemed imminent.

BULTON staged a brilliant defense for his client, but killing with a knife couldn't be condoned and Nicholas was found guilty. Columbia couldn't afford another lynching blot on its 'scutcheon, not while the city was being considered for the capital, so a legal execution was demanded. Nicholas was shipped to a distant prison for safety.

Bulton, who'd never lost a murder case, was still trying to figure a dodge to spring Nicholas, while he listened to the latest gossip about the capital situation. Someone unrolled the log-sized scroll containing the names petitioning for the capital.

"More'n 10,000 names," he told Bulton. "That ought to do the trick. And we're making sure that Sacramento gang don't get aholt of it either 'cause we're keeping it in the D. C. Mills bank."

Columbia buzzed a few days later when the bank's massive vault door was found blown askew. Bullion, coin and currency remained untouched; only the petitions were missing. The legislature selected Sacramento as capital; Columbia had neither petitions nor names to shore up its claims. Columbians were certain the theft was the work of those Sacramento varmints.

In the upset, no one noticed the Governor had issued a full pardon for

Peter Nicholas. "I submitted a personal plea," Bulton admitted, "along with other documents that seemed to convince the Governor."

Bulton didn't explain the plea was substantiated by a scroll listing 10,000 signatures, carefully altered to request the pardon of Columbia's respected citizen, Peter Nicholas.

THE END

RW

BILL WEST'S HEAD

(Continued from Page 15)

So, grabbing the dead body of Bill West by the hair, Tom Starr proceeded to cut the head from the shoulders. toss the bloody and gruesome object into a gunny sack, got on his horse and rode to the headquarters of the Cherokee Nation in Talequah.

Blue Moon, treasurer of the tribe looked up when he saw Tom Starr enter. He made no move to spread the word Tom Starr was there because Blue Moon had no desire at that moment to die.

He asked, "You come to see the Chief?"

Tom Starr grunted, "I came to collect $2,000 cash for the head of Bill West."

He dumped the bloody head of Bill West on a table. "Here is Bill's head. You knew Bill and you know it is his head. I want the $2,000."

Blue Moon shuddered at the sight of the grisly object, even though as an Indian he was supposed to be stolid in the face of death and mutilation. He had known Bill West and knew this was his head, but he also knew that Tom Starr had a $5,000 reward on his head.

Before he had a chance to call for help or make any move, Tom Starr pulled his six gun and said, "Give me $2,000 cash before I blow you to hell."

Blue Moon hesitated and then stammered, "We don't have $2,000 cash here."

"Open the money box," Tom Starr ordered.

Blue Moon did and the box was filled with bills. "Push it to me," Tom Starr ordered.

THE six gun looked like a cannon to Blue Moon and he pushed the box over to Tom Starr. Starr took $2,000 in bills. "I take what I earned," he said. "Only $2,000. Tell your Tribal Council that Tom Starr is an honest man."

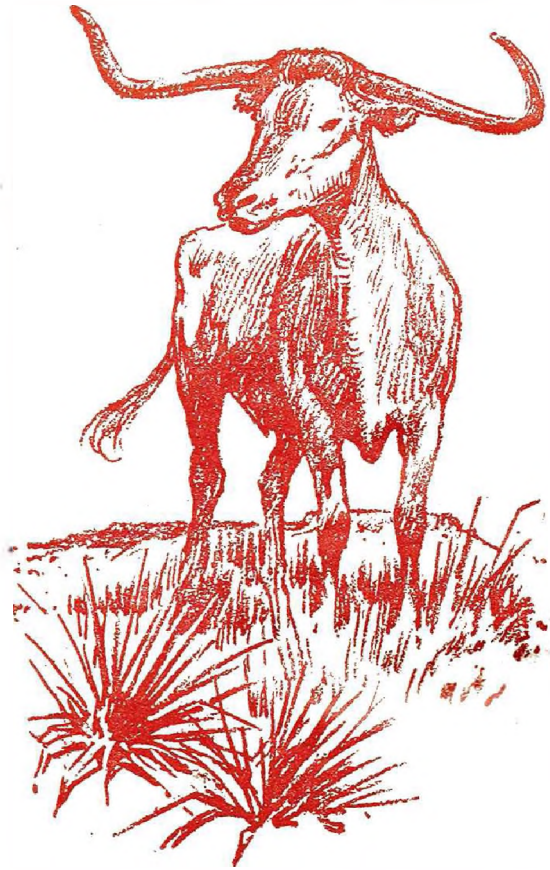
And with that Tom Starr backed out of the room, leaving the bloody head of his brother-in-law on the table and Blue Moon shaking like a leaf. The news of Tom Starr's trick spread rapidly over the Cherokee nation, and though he was a wanted member of that tribe, his stunt amused the Indians.

Tom Starr rode back to his hide-out at Younger's Bend and that night the outlaws in the hide-out celebrated with a feast and whiskey and some shooting. However, old Tom didn't have long to enjoy the fruits of his victory. The Federal Agents were on his trail, and the old hellion, who had committed about every crime in the books and had murdered with glee, was arrested for the minor crime of selling whiskey to the Indians.

He was tried and convicted and sent to the Federal prison in Detroit to spend a good part of the remainder of his evil life behind bars.

RW

THE MAVERICK NAME



INEVITABLY, some animals evaded the spring roundup and calves grew up and were separated from their mothers without a brand to tell who owned them. These calves were called "Mavericks."

This name dates back immediately following the Civil War. Texans returning from the war found their cattle scattered all over the ranges in thousands. By custom they were the property of anyone who could catch and put their brand on them. In the rush a man named John Maverick surpassed all others, so much so that Texans jokingly said that the absence of a brand was a sure sign of a "Maverick animal."

BLEEDING HILLS

(Continued from Page 33)

Bleeding Hills, now known as Pierce Canyon. The narrow place in the river was then known throughout the New Mexico Territory as "Outlaw Crossing."

It was near the corral where Beckwick, with a number of his wranglers, waited for John Jones to come riding down the river, just as Bob Ollinger had assured him would happen on that early morning of August 23rd.

Ollinger managed to be riding in from the Bleeding Hills, some two hundred yards away, when Johnny Jones, came riding into the horse camp of Outlaw Crossing.

Johnny Jones called to Beckwick, "Ollinger said you would be waiting for me."

"I wasn't hankerin' to have no trouble with you, Jones," Beckwick called back to him.

"You already got trouble with me, Beckwick. I'm a comin' riding out of this little brushy spot between here and your camp. I'm comin' out alone so you can make your play any time you get ready."

STILL riding high in the saddle, Johnny Jones approached the horse camp, deliberately, but with caution. Johnny Jones wasn't a killer. He had been brought up under the weight of a .44 and he had come to regard it as any other working tool used in his daily ranching activity. Motioning his men away from him, as he stood there in front of his horse camp waiting, Beckwick must have known the chances he was taking in agreeing to draw with one of the fastest guns in the territory; but converse to the way Bob Ollinger had told John Jones, Beckwick claimed no merit, whatsoever, for his skill with the six-shooter by which he lived and died.

His hand had scarcely reached his holster when Johnny Jones swiftly drew and fired twice, close enough to Beckwick for accuracy.

Beckwick's grave is located on the banks of the Pecos, not far from the spot where John Jones outdrew him.

Despite the rugged condition of the New Mexico Territory, word of a killing traveled fast in those days and as it traveled (not in the disguise of careless gossip as is the case in many instances today), instead of losing its factual value, the truth of the circumstances was most often personified with accuracy and courage.

Just how word got back to Johnny Jones that Beckwick's prowess with a six-shooter had been misrepresented to him by Ollinger is not clear, anymore than is it clear how the word was carried back to Bob Ollinger that Johnny Jones was coming after him.

It is a known fact, however, that Johnny Jones did tell his father, together with a number of his father's ranch hands, that Ollinger had lied to him about both Beckwick's brags and qualifications in the killing that had occurred at the Outlaw Crossing of the Bleeding Hills.

"I'm riding down to have a talk with Bob," Johnny told his father as he rode off the Jones ranch. "I won't be able to sleep a wink at night until I see sure that John Beckwick had an honorable burial."

THAT is the last record of any word that John Jones ever spoke to anyone. He left his father's ranch on Rocky Arroya just two days after he had shot and killed John Beckwick. The distance between the old Rocky Arroya headquarters and Outlaw Crossing on the Bleeding Hills is equivalent to about a good day's ride on horseback. What happened in those four days between the day Johnny Jones rode off his father's ranch and the day he arrived at the Outlaw Crossing near the Bleeding Hills is not known today.

Nonetheless, Bob Ollinger, who evidently had been warned of Johnny's wrath at having been tricked into killing Beckwick, was waiting for the Rocky Arroya cowboy. Ollinger was not waiting at the same place beside the corral that Beckwick had waited. He had hid himself in the salt cedars near the spot where Johnny Jones had called to Beckwick.

There, as Johnny Jones passed through the little clearing where he had first called to John Beckwick the week before, Bob Ollinger gunned him down from ambush.

The bullet passed through Johnny's back and opened up a hole in his chest for the life blood to pour through. All of this happened at the head of Pierce Canyon where the Bleeding Hills begin.

THE circumstances of the two violent deaths in one week of the two men of the Old West are: On the headstone of the one resting between the Bleeding Hills on the banks of the Pecos River near Outlaw Crossing, is this inscription:

John M. Beckwick
Born Jan. 4, 1855
Died Aug. 23rd, 1879;

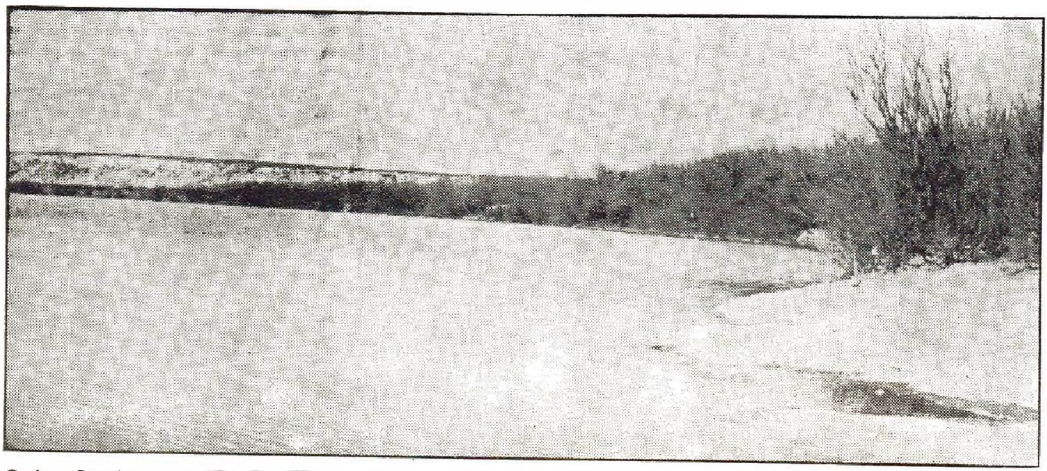
on the other, of the man who killed him, also located in the same country, but on the banks of Rocky Arroya between two high hills of the Guadalupes, is this inscription:

John A. Jones
Born Jan. 26, 1855
Died Aug. 30, 1879.

The oddity of these two graves is that two strong men of the Old West could have been put to so violent a difference by a coward when actually they were so very much alike.

Both men who poured out their life blood in the Bleeding Hills were named John. Both were born in January, 1855.

Graves of some of victims who met a bloody death in the Bleeding Hills.



Outlaw Crossing in the Bleeding Hills was the scene of several gunfights between Billy-the-Kid and the Jones Brothers.

There were only 22 days difference in their ages. Both met violent deaths near Outlaw Crossing in August, 1879, just six days and a few feet apart. One is buried in a lonely grave on the banks of the Pecos; the other, in a lonely grave on the banks of Rocky Arroya.

It is often said that the red hills, over the spot where the two gunmen met, still run red with blood from outlaws and cattle thieves killed in the early days of Outlaw Crossing. But the descendents of John Jones, who still live in the Rocky Arroya country, have this to say about the circumstances of the legend of the Bleeding Hills: "The hills are still bleeding for the needless injustice that two brave men suffered at the hand of a coward in their midst."

As for Ollinger, his cowardly life ended a short time later when Billy-the-Kid, who had a venemous hatred for him, blew most of his head off with a blast of buckshot when the Kid made his famous break from the Lincoln Country jail.

RW

UGLY BUT WONDERFUL

(Continued from Page 31)

Humphrey and Allison worked the dry gulches by hauling the gold-bearing dirt down to Silver Bow Creek and washing it.

The news of the gold strike spread like wildfire to the other camps, and miners poured in by the hundreds. Even miners from the Alder Gulch diggings came over and helped pan the gulches.

Several camps sprang up almost overnight: Silver Bow — named for Silver Bow Creek, Rocker, and Butte City. The gulches around these towns echoed with the scrape of the miners' tools, the swish of gravel in the pans, and the creaking of the crude hand-make rockers. Often gun-shots were heard up and down the gulches.

The miners lived in crude tents and shanties, anything that they could throw together. Labor began with the first streak of dawn over the jagged outlines of the Continental Divide. The men worked six days a week; but on the seventh they usually hit one of the little towns in the gulches and raised different kinds of hell, spending their hard-earned week's wages. These towns consisted mostly of saloons, and no man was safe without a brace of revolvers in his belt and a bowie-knife tucked in his bootleg.

By 1874, the placer diggings had petered out and the populations of the camps were only small handfuls compared to what they had been. Silver Bow was a ghost town, Rocker City was crumbling to decay and ruin, and Butte had a population of only about sixty people. Almost everyone thought the towns had gone.

BUT Butte was brought to life once more, pulsating, rip-roaring, more powerful than before, by a young Irish immigrant named Marcus Daly. Daly had come from Ireland when he was fifteen, without a red cent, and had learned mining the hard way in the California and Nevada mining camps. He had gained the backing of several Salt Lake bankers when he appeared in Butte as the manager of the Alice Silver Mine. He was very ambitious and was always on the lookout for new ventures. He became a partner with Michael Hickey, an ex-soldier of the Union Army, who had located a copper lead in 1882 on his location and had named it the Anaconda, which in due time became the largest copper mining, smelting, and fabricating organization in the world.

Presently, Daly, ever-ambitious, purchased the Anaconda Copper Mining Company from Hickey. Then the young Irish immigrant set to work exploring, pushing developments fast and [illegible] a three hundred foot level, struck luck struck. Instead of finding silver, he found copper! This was 1882, a great year in mining history. This discovery of copper resulted in making Butte the greatest mining camp on earth!

Three billion dollars in mineral wealth came from Butte in three quarters of a century. It is unbelievable that this town on the gray slopes of the Continental Divide, a mile above sea level in southwestern Montana, could produce such metal. No. Butte was not dead, as thought by many. No. Butte was just starting to live!

NEWS of the copper strike reached out and miners poured in. Some even brought families when they found out the truth of the strike. Butte prospered. Additional and larger mills and smelters were constructed on all sides, and the development of the mines expanded. Expert mining men from all over the world, attracted by Butte's favorable report, traveled there. The

(Continued on next Page)

ORIGINATOR OF WILD WEST

"WILD BILL" HICKOK

DID you know that "Buffalo Bill" Cody was not the originator of the Wild West Show as many people think? In 1870, thirteen years before Buffalo Bill opened his Wild West Show, Wild Bill Hickok opened a "Great Indian Show and Buffalo Hunt," at Niagara Falls, with six buffalo and several wild Indians. Hickok's show attracted large crowds, but was shown on the open prairie and more than half of the people did not pay any admission fee.

When Cody started his Wild West Show in 1883 everything was under control. He had his show located inside the County Fair Grounds at Omaha, Nebraska. Those grounds were surrounded with a high board fence, so no one could see the "attractions" without first paying an admission fee.

stage was set and the curtain pulled back for the greatest mining boom in history. One of the greatest booms the world has ever known.

By 1884, three hundred mines were in operation and more than four thousand claims were posted on the hills around the copper camp. The yield of silver and copper for that year was estimated by experts at $14,000,000. By the end of 1900, almost a quarter of the world's supply and seventy-two million fine ounces of gold and silver were being produced annually.

The adventurous miners lived a hard, rugged life. Drinking and fighting, the majority of them spent their money as they made it. "The hell with saving it!" one miner said. "When it's gone, there's always more on the Hill!"

Butte was a fabulous town all right. It boasted of saloons such as *The Beer Can, Bucket of Blood, The Water-Hole, Open-All-Night, Big Stope, Collar and Elbows, Graveyard, Saturday Night, They Are All Here, The Alley Cat, The Cesspool, Pay Day*, and suburbs of the towns were named Dogtown, Chicken Flats, Butcher Hill, Seldom Seen, Hungry Hill.

One saloon owner filled his bar bottles from one big liquor barrel and named them "Coming Off Shift Special," "Good Night Special," "All Day Special," and set aside some specially decorated bottles with liquor from the same barrel, entitled: "For wakes, weddin's, births and holidays."

"Order in this court!" Justice was dealt out first one way, then another. A judge fined one of the members of the bar for contempt of court, the lawyer having been pleading his case in a loud voice, which had awakened the judge from his afternoon nap. In this town one judge declared firmly that a miner was allowed to get drunk once a week and beat up his wife once a month. But for any more than that he would be thrown into jail.

Place: Butte; Year 1866; Scene: the notorious *Clipper Shades* dive, deep in the red-light district; Event: the first public barroom wedding took place, the marriage of Mollie De Murska, a woman of the red-light, and Jack Jolly, the town marshal.

DOMINIC FORESCO, an Italian, once advertised in one of the daily papers that he was in the market for a wife and that he would stand at the main intersection of the city, the corner of Park and Main Streets, for three hours each day wearing a white carnation on his coat lapel. The Italian was jailed for stopping the traffic, and a score of prospective brides stormed the jail, but only after word had leaked out that Foresco was worth twenty thousand dollars in government bonds.

A hellfire and brimstone preacher descended on Butte, setting up a huge tent and warning the people repent of their sins or be burned in a lake of fire and brimstone. A saloon was near the tent. The ambitious saloonkeeper had large painted banners erected and placed outside his saloon so the departing worshippers could not fail to see them, advertising that scoops of cold beer could be had at his place for five cents a-piece and that extra bartenders were put on during revival week.

The old *Atlantic Bar* in Butte was the longest bar in the world, a full block in length. It boasted that it had as many as fifteen bartenders always serving its customers and that twelve thousand beers were sold there on a Saturday night. Then there was the *Success Cafe* — so small that it was crowded with four customers.

ONCE a bum fell to the saloon floor, faint from hunger, after scores of big-hearted citizens had offered to buy him drinks, but not a single one a meal.

On many summer afternoons, during the old days, the girls from the red light district could be seen cantering through the downtown business district on blooded saddle horses and wearing the latest riding fashions.

At the turn of the century, Butte advertised that its copper mines had yielded almost two billion dollars and that it was the only western city the boothill of which had more dead than there were people living in the city.

Yes, Butte, Montana, ugly as sin, but big-hearted, has been and still is an exciting town. She is the largest town in Montana, on the west slope of the Continental Divide at an elevation of 5,755 feet. Butte is the county seat of Silver county. She is located on two Federal highways and is served by four transcontinental railroads and a fine airport. Formerly, fumes from the smelters killed all vegetation and the general appearance of the city was desolate indeed by day, though at night it was a beauty. Today most of the ore is treated in Anaconda and Great Falls or someplace else away from the city. The grass has reappeared and beautiful residential districts and parks have been developed. Butte is the principal railroad and business center of the Rocky Mountain northwest, the largest city between Minneapolis and Spokane north of Salt Lake. To the west of the city is Big Butte, a sharp conical peak from which the city derives its name. Yes, Butte has built a great reputation, a remarkable reputation that is known wherever adventurous men gather and talk.

RW

MASSACRE VALLEY

(Continued from Page 39)

cross the valley from the Beaver to the Republican, they met white hide hunters who warned that the Sioux were hunting on the divide between the Republican and the Frenchman.

Williamson refused to believe them. "You're just trying to buffalo the Pawnee out of their hunt. You danged hide hunters want the buffalo all to yourselves," he said.

"Not going to argue with you," a hunter shrugged. "But, sure as shootin' you're running into trouble up ahead. Can't say we didn't tell you."

Williamson signalled the Pawnee ahead with a sweeping wave of the arm. They crossed the Republican and, after the scouts reported sighting thousands of grazing buffalo, wound eight miles up a canyon leading from the north toward the divide above the grassy plain which held their winter's meat. As the head of the column neared the ridge, a small group of Sioux appeared on it, sitting their ponies as if their thin line could stop the oncoming Pawnee.

The trail agent called a halt. Taking with him Ralph Weeks, a young Pawnee who'd had White Man's schooling, he rode toward the Sioux to parley, confident that, like Burgess, the other Indian agents had succeeded in planting the gospel of peace. Instead, Williamson and Weeks were greeted by rifle fire which killed the agent's horse under him.

The Sioux had set the ambush well. The small band on the ridge had been the decoy. The main body had been concealed on both sides of the canyon waiting for the Pawnee to enter the trap. With a rattle of gun fire and a shower of arrows, the massacre was on.

BETRAYED by their trust in the White Man the Pawnee geared for a hopeless battle. They hurried their women and children into a ravine and rode out to meet the enemy with bow, arrow, knife, tomahawk and spear since only a few had firearms. Old men joined the young, leaving squaws formed in circles, chanting with uplifted arms an ancient tribal song, a prayer for victory or honorable death. The Pawnee held off the Sioux, despite their devastating fire from the canyon rims, for two hours until all the Pawnee arrows were spent.

The Pawnee gave way, got packs off horses and fought their way back down the canyon as the Sioux left the high ground in hot and bloody pursuit. Hand to hand the battle now raged, with Pawnee men, women and children overhelmed by the savagery of their ancient enemy.

A troop of the Third Cavalry from Ft. McPherson was scouting along the Republican on the day of the battle and, sighting them, the hapless Pawnee sent runners to ask their aid, still confident that their trust in the White Man had not been misplaced. But the soldiers sat their horses and watched impassively. They had no orders to interfere in quarrels between Indians. They were paid to protect settlers. If the Red Man was bent on exterminating himself, so much the better. This "no interference" policy was to have its counterpart among some law enforcement officials during latter day wars between gangs in the teeming cities of the east.

The Sioux, however, broke off the battle. They rounded up hundreds of loose Pawnee ponies and with yells of victory, shaking aloft bloody scalps, rode off to the north. They left behind them some 200 dead and dying Pawnee strewn along the canyon.

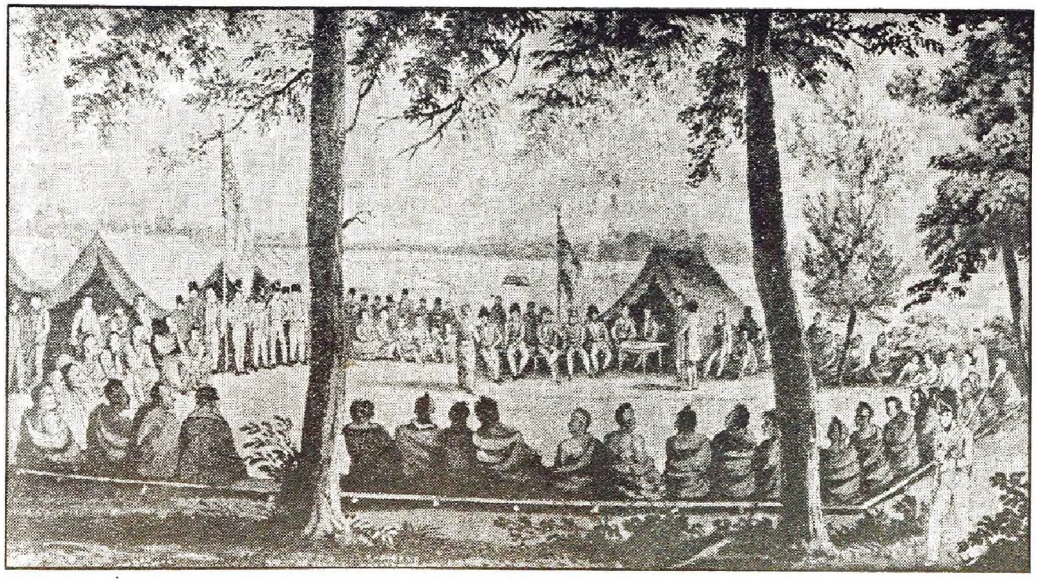
Sky Chief was dead, mutilated, as was Nick Koots, a noted Pawnee Scout, and Pawnee Mary, a white woman who had taken to Indian ways. But Williamson escaped unhurt after having thrown the saddle from his dead horse on an Indian pony. Ralph Weeks also survived to tell the story as did 14 year-old Rush Roberts (A-Re-Kah-Rard.)

MOST of the dead were squaws and children. Traveling Bear, the great trailer who had been awarded a government medal for bravery at the Battle of Summit Springs four years before, lost his entire family, wife and four children. Traveling Bear, himself, had been left for dead. Recovering consciousness, he saw a Sioux scalping a Pawnee near by. When the blood work was done and the Sioux bent over to take Traveling Bear's scalp, he threw an armlock around the Sioux's neck, wrenched the knife from his grasp and stabbed him dead. Despite his wounds, Traveling Bear walked more than 150 miles across country to reach the village on the Loup where he died soon after.

Even in this humiliating defeat, the Pawnee still looked to the White Man for help. William Z. Taylor, one of the founders of the new town of Culbertson, told the story.

"About noon, while we were building the first store in Culbertson, we saw about 30 Indians, dismounted and lined up on a hill about 300 yards to the northwest, making great effort to at-

(Continued on next Page)



Samuel Seymour, Pawnee Counsul, tried to breech the break between the Pawnees and the Sioux without much success.

tract our attention. Our party, six in number and well armed, formed a line in front of them. After some time they [illegible] that we wanted them to [illegible] one of us half way. It was done and he proved to be Pawnee. Then we motioned for them all to come down. In less than an hour, the survivors of the battle had gathered around us. There were squaws, many of them with papooses strapped to their backs, and old men and young men, all crying and pleading for protection, making a pitiful sight, indeed."

It was the next morning when Taylor and other settlers reached the shambles in the canyon. Dead Pawnee were scattered along the canyon for more than a mile. A narrow, dead end gorge was choked with bodies of Pawnee and their ponies. Seven bodies were piled in a pool of water. Six were found in a heap behind a small knoll on the canyon side where they had sought to hide. A child, about two years old, was found scalped, but alive.

While the settlers were appalled at the bloody work of the Sioux, they showed no compassion since the ruling attitude of the times was "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." The bodies were left lying in the hot sun for 20 days before a burial detail was sent out from McPherson.

Masked with bandanas against the stench, troopers lifted the bodies with long-hauled pitchforks, tied one end of a rope around a body, fastened the other end to the saddle horn, and dragged it to a common grave, a hole in one side of the canyon wall. The cadavers were buried by caving the bank in on them.

Sioux losses were never determined although their dead must have been few. And, the role of trail agent Nick Janis remains unsolved except for conjectures that the Sioux were beyond his control.

About one month after the battle, a hunting party from Culbertson camped overnight in the mouth of a canyon on the Frenchman about three miles west of the present town of Palisade. In the canyon were many large trees containing Sioux dead, wrapped in hides and laid on scaffolds. Examining the burial trees, the hunters discovered among the bodies six warriors who had been dead of wounds a comparatively short time. After following the Sioux trail from the burial trees to the battle ground, the hunters surmised the six were the only ones killed in the fight. The wounded had been carried away. Some may have died later.

As for the Pawnee, the tribe was broken. Dispirited, hungry, humiliated and wailing their dead, they had straggled back to their Loup River reservation never to visit their hunting grounds again.

On a knoll overlooking the fateful canyon near the town of Trenton stands a shaft of granite erected by the White Man to commemorate the last great battle between Indian tribes. On opposite sides of the shaft are carved the faces of two who survived: John Grass, Sioux, and Ruling-His-Sun, Pawnee. Ruling-His-Sun was more than 100 years old when he attended the dedication ceremonies. His leathery face furrowed deep, his hands palsied, his eyes grown dim, the old warrior was prevailed upon to smoke the pipe of peace with his former enemies.

RW

TERRY THE TERRIBLE

(Continued from Page 43)

bring him in. Hopkins located Maloney in the company of Terry, who now headed the Law & Order Party, newly formed to quiet the Vigilantes. Terry indignantly refused service.

"You have no authority here," Terry told Hopkins. "No one is legally required to answer a Vigilante summons."

Hopkins attempted to seize Maloney forcibly, and several joined in the scuffle which followed. Terry, Supreme Court member or not, was as quick to defend justice with a bowie as book. Men began to flail each other, then a wild shot was fired. Terry thought the

shot was fired at him. Whipping out his bowie, he plunged it into Hopkins' neck. Blood gushed from a gaping wound, and Hopkins fell to the floor. That ended the fight. Terry made no move to evade capture when the Vigilante Committee called on him shortly afterwards.

"You can't lawfully hold a supreme court judge," Terry protested. "You will answer for this."

"If Hopkins dies, we'll see who does the answering," one committeeman warned ominously. "We'll see."

And the death watch began.

APPARENTLY Terry had more confidence in himself than the Vigilantes had in their committee. What if Hopkins died? Could they hang a judge? It hadn't been so bad when gamblers or criminals had been involved. But a judge! Prayers for Hopkins' recovery were fervent on both sides because of the dilemma. Fortunately the man recovered from his wounds, and Terry was tried on simple assault and banished from the city.

Terry ignored the order, making it crystal clear he had no intention of leaving, or being put out by a gang of ruffians. The matter remained unresolved. The Vigilantes were disbanded before action was taken by either side. Terry seemed again well along the road to proving himself an able jurist, when the Broderick duel occurred over a political issue.

With the death of Broderick, who was immensely popular, Terry's fortunes changed momentarily. The opening of the Comstock Lode in Nevada was well underway, and Terry decided it might offer more opportunity than trying to rebuild his practice which had fallen into neglect because of his term as judge as well as the unsavory publicity surrounding the duel.

No matter what opportunities were available. Terry's fortunes fluctuated like a chip in a whirlpool. He spent a few years in Nevada, then returned south to fight in the Civil War as a colonel, became a cotton planter in Mexico, and finally returned to California. Taking a part in the state's affairs. Terry gradually became a respected citizen again. It wasn't until the middle 80s, after Cordelia had passed away, that Terry became notorious again.

As an accomplished lawyer Terry was asked to participate in the case of Hill vs Sharon.

SARAH Althea Hill was suing William Sharon for divorce, not too unusual an event even for those unenlightened days. But attention was drawn to the contest for two reasons. Sharon was a multi-millionaire and was believed to be a widower. While Miss Hill admitted the first, she contested the second, claiming that she and Sharon had been secretly married. All this little old gal wanted was a share of the loot which Sharon was known to have.

Sarah claimed that she had consulted Sharon about investing some of the money her parents had bequeathed her, when the cad had made suggestions which had nothing to do with investments. He had. Sarah admitted demurely, suggested that they have an extramarital arrangement which would beat her other investments all hollow. Indignantly, Sarah refused, then Sharon tacked to another course. He was just funning and really wanted to marry her, but his relatives might object to union between a 60 yeear old man and a girl scarcely half his age. So Sharon suggested they keep the marriage secret and, according to Sarah's claim, wrote out a contract which made her his wife.

With her virtue protected by a piece of paper, Sarah moved into San Francisco's Grand Hotel and took up housekeeping. The Grand was connected by a convenient covered passageway with the Palace Hotel, where Sharon lived. Sarah and Sharon's domestic bliss lasted about a year before he tried to evict her. When Sarah objected, Sharon had the carpets ripped from the floor and the doors removed from their hinges.

IT was then Sarah realized that all was not well, and sued for divorce charging adultery. Sharon reacted in the grand manner of a mulcted millionaire by denying everything except the fact that they had been intimate. He added, however, that he had enjoyed many such affairs, had paid his women money, and had also kept them from meeting his family.

The western press was gleeful with the details of such a case and it was reported at length, especially as the trial dragged on. Sarah did little to discourage this publicity. Not only was she a beautiful and striking woman, but as the trial progressed somewhat to her disfavor, she began to enliven the proceedings and delight the spectators with eccentric outbursts. On one occasion she even produced a gun in court and had to be forcibly disarmed.

As the trial proceeded it became evident Sarah had some right for concern. The press for some time had speculated on the source of Sarah's funds to continue such an expensive trial. It was finally disclosed that "Mammy" Pleasant, a well-known sorcerer of San Francisco, was not only bankrolling the suit but had helped with a little black magic in the introduction of Sarah to Sharon.

At first, Terry took little active part in the trial, though he assisted frequently with advice. However, he made the final argument for Plaintiff Sarah and was elated when Judge Sullivan held the marriage contract valid. Sarah was granted $2,500 a month alimony and the lawyers cut up an additional $60,000 melon.

DURING the trial Terry had done a little politicking, where he had successfully blocked the candidacy for president of Stephen J. Field. Unfortunately, this was to be the same Judge Field who would later review Sarah's case.

By now, Sharon had died. As Sarah's

(Continued on next Page)

Typical hoodlums on streets of San Francisco in Terry, the Terrible's time.

efforts to receive her widow's share of the fortune continued, she and Terry were drawn closer together. She began to view Terry as someone a bit dearer than just legal counsel. In turn, Terry responded gallantly by paying "unceasing" attention to his beautiful, demure client. Their legal conferences often took them out of town for the week end.

By the summer of 1885 Terry's legal zeal was spurred by burning desire to remove any blemish from the reputation of the woman he loved. He wasn't successful. The circuit court held that the marriage contract and various "Dear Wife" letters were spurious, and there had been no valid marriage at all. Hence, Sarah received no loot from Sharon's millions.

Undaunted, Sarah and Terry were married shortly thereafter. The marriage caused some comment, a part of which appeared in a local newspaper:

"After many months of severe struggling, unaided and alone, with the numerous minions of Mammon, Sarah at last decided to let her head rest upon the bosom of her stalwart legal friend and defender and henceforth protected by him . . . Terry has landed her in a safe harbor . . . "

It was a wonder that the uninhibited reporter was not given his lumps by the terrible-tempered Terry.

THE Terrys moved slowly through the various courts, fencing and parrying certain aspects of the complex case. It was finally submitted to the supreme court upon which bench Judge Field sat. It was he who handed down the final, unanimous opinion. Sarah Althea Hill Terry lost the case — her contracts and letters were forgeries.

"How much did you get for that decision?" Sarah leaped to her feet, eyes flashing.

"Remove that woman," Field thundered. "When I have finished with this present business, I will deal with her."

Sarah let out a piercing shriek. "No, I won't go! You can't put me out of this court until I have justice!"

As a marshal moved toward Sarah, Terry jumped between them. He smashed his fist into the officer's face. Sarah screamed, struggled, then mouthed a few opinions of the judge's heritage that no lady should ever question, publicly. The struggle was brief but spirited and both Terrys were finally ejected from the courtroom.

Terry and Sarah were separated in the hall due to the milling, confused crowd. But when she called to him, Terry bared a sheath knife and started towards her. Deputies grabbed him before any damage could be done, but Terry shouted:

"Let me go. I'll slice you open. Let me go."

A minor disturbance occurred when Sarah dropped her satchel, spilling out several pieces of jewelry. When deputies replaced the valuables, they also discovered a .41 Colt in the bag. Five of the six chambers were loaded.

TERRY and Sarah were promptly arrested and sentenced for contempt of court. He got six months, Sarah got 30 days, a period during which she suffered a miscarriage. Her attitude was one of increasing gloom, despondency, and erratic talk. In ill health when her term was over, she chose to remain on to finish Terry's with him.

TERRY tried several legal maneuvers to free himself but all failed. Chafing under the imprisonment, he was tormented by what he believed to be the exceedingly harsh sentence. Terry's target was Judge Field, and his outspoken remaks showed little restraint. With his eventual release, Terry continued to practice law. His offices were now located in Fresno, though much of his practice remained in San Francisco. It was this shuttling between cities which led to tragedy.

The trains from Los Angeles to San Francisco stopped at a way station called Lathrop to entrain passengers from Central California. The stop also provided time for all passengers to eat before resuming the trip to San Francisco. It was an unhappy coincidence that Judge Field, accompanied by a panamint plug-ugly marshal called Dave Neagle, and Terry, accompanied by Sarah, both decided to take the August 13th train to San Francisco.

FIELD and Neagle had already seated themselves in the Lathrop restaurant when Terry and Sarah entered. Terry didn't see Field, but once seated, Sarah spotted the hated judge and rushed from the dining room. Almost as if by design to create a fatal situation, the owner approached Terry.

"I hope your wife won't create a disturbance," he said.

"Why should she? Who's here that would make any difference?" Terry asked in complete surprise at the statement.

The owner then pointed to the judge and his bodyguard. The next seconds were all action and confusion.

Terry rose slowly and walked towards Field. He reached down and slapped the judge first with his open hand, then back hand. Neagle jumped to his feet.

"Stop that! Stop it!" he cried.

Terry raised his hand again for another blow or for a knife — whichever one wants to believe. But Neagle believed the latter and left-handedly drew a pistol and fired twice. With the second shot, some of the startled spectators later insisted they heard the marshal cry: "And this one is for Broderick!"

It is doubtful if Terry heard the words. The first shot tore away his ear, resulting in such a flow of blood that it was first thought he had been shot through the head. But the second shot went through his spine, killing him almost instantly.

Even before any attempt was made to seize Field or Neagle, the judge announced calmly: "I am a Supreme Court Justice. I was attacked and the deputy marshal shot to protect my life."

SECONDS later, Sarah rushed into the room where she threw herself sobbing onto her husband's body. Even after the judge and his marshal had been taken away to their train, Sarah remained: one moment throwing herself in a frenzy of grief on Terry's body; the next, jumping to her feet and screaming for the spectators to catch and lynch his assassins.

Field and Neagle were subsequently exonerated from any charge, though there was considerable public dissension as to the dismissal. In spite of his fiery outbursts and turbulent career, David Terry had many friends. The elaborate funeral had all the planned emotional scenes of a Hollywood burial, with Sarah again enlivening the proceeding with her fiery emotional outbursts and attempts to throw herself into the coffin.

If the death of David Terry was sudden and tragic, Sarah's was equally tragic. Following the funeral she returned to live with Mammy Pleasant, though she did reappear in court from time to time to continue her claims against the Sharon estate. Three years after Terry's death she made her final appearance before a judge. This time, her clothes disarrayed, her hair unkempt, her eyes glassy and staring, she was led away under the care of a physician for commitment to a Stockton hospital for the insane. Here, forty-five years later at the age of ninety, she finally died. Due to the final relenting kindness of one of Terry's grandchildren, her body was placed in the Terry family plot not far from that of Terry and his first wife, Cordelia.

RW

TEDDY'S BUFFALO
(Continued from Page 41)

"Yeah, that's right." Then he ventured: "Bet that there old bull was darned hard to kill."

"Yes, I think he did fire several shots at him."

"Yeah. I'll bet. Likely several dozen, if you could count 'em. Likely so much infernal lead in that there old carcass that some other fool tenderfoot will be comin' along and locatin' it fer a mineral claim."

HOWEVER, this was not the last buffalo, as was supposed. A couple of young half-breeds on the Flathead Reservation in Montana. Allard by name, and of French and Indian extraction had sensed the fate awaiting the buffalo herds, and had begun to propagate them. In 1904, it was said their herd numbered 110 head.

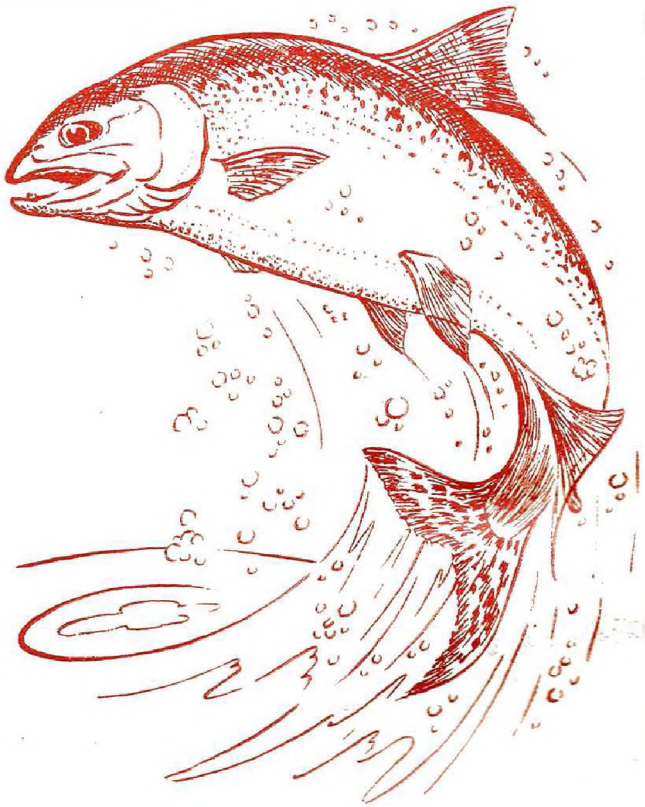
Later, a herd of some 200 buffaloes was discovered near Great Slave Lake in Canada, and has been preserved by the Canadian Goverment.

At the turn of the century, the author rode over these cattle ranges in North and South Dakota. There were still antelope everywhere one went. Like a goat or a sheep, the antelope is more likely to bear two lambs than one. But of the buffaloes, only the bleaching, almost snow-white bones and skulls remained. And, though mute, it was indeed a grim reminder of the days when countless numbers of the dusky bovines roamed those bunch-grass prairies until the tides of civilization, like a great wall, encompassed them and drove them to a state of near extinction.

It was indeed, a sad picture. But today, after more than half a century, things look different. Thanks to the good work of the Canadian Government, the half-breeds on the Flathead, Buffalo Jones, and others, for their determined efforts in preserving the species, the buffalo will not become extinct.

RW

AMERICA'S LAST FRONTIER



EXTRA! Extra! Gold discovered in Alaska. That was the newsboy's cry in the 90's .The gold rush turned Alaska from an "icebox" into a treasure chest. Gold alone yielded fifty times the cost of Alaska. Since 1900, copper valued for more than $200,000,000, has been dug. There are numerous coal and petroleum veins still yet untapped. There are deposits of tin, lead, gypsum, and many other deposits. Plump salmon and many other kinds of fish are abundant in the streams of Alaska. Salmon fishing and the factories that can and process the fish are huge Alaskan industries.

In the forests there are towering hemlocks, spruce and red cedars that will supply America with lumber for many years to come.

Alaska's farmland can feed ten million people, experts tell us. Yet only 70,000 live there, only one person to about every eight square miles. Some 65,000 square miles of arable land lies undeveloped, for the plow has touched only a few hundred miles.

The promised wealth of the fertile valleys awaits the brawn and sinew of settlers, whose pioneer spirit bids them to face the dangers and opportunities of this "last frontier."

MANNEN THE GREAT
(Continued from Page 11)

By 1872 Wes Hardin had a good price on his head and there were many in Texas who wanted to collect that reward, although Wes Hardin had many friends and supporters in that Lone Star State because of his fight against the reconstruction police. In East Texas four thugs way-laided Hardin in an attempt to kill him and collect the reward.

When the shooting was over, the four bushwhackers were dead, and Hardin, figuring he had only protected himself, allowed Sheriff Ben Holen to arrest him. Once in jail Hardin learned of his mistake. The sheriff turned him over to the State Police who were ready to put the noose around Hardin's neck.

Mannen Clements heard about what had happened, and believing Wes Hardin had been doublecrossed by the sheriff he trusted, rode to Gonzales where the State Police had taken Wes Hardin. With Mannen Clements were other members of the Clements family. Their jail break was a masterpiece of speed and daring, showing Mannen Clements as a man with a good tactical sense.

THERE was no preliminary skirmishing, no hesitation as Mannen and his men rode into the town. They went directly to the jail, which threw the State Police off guard, and before the State Police knew what was happening, the jail doors had been broken open and Wes Hardin was free. Mannen Clements had him safely out of town before the State Police gathered their wits to follow.

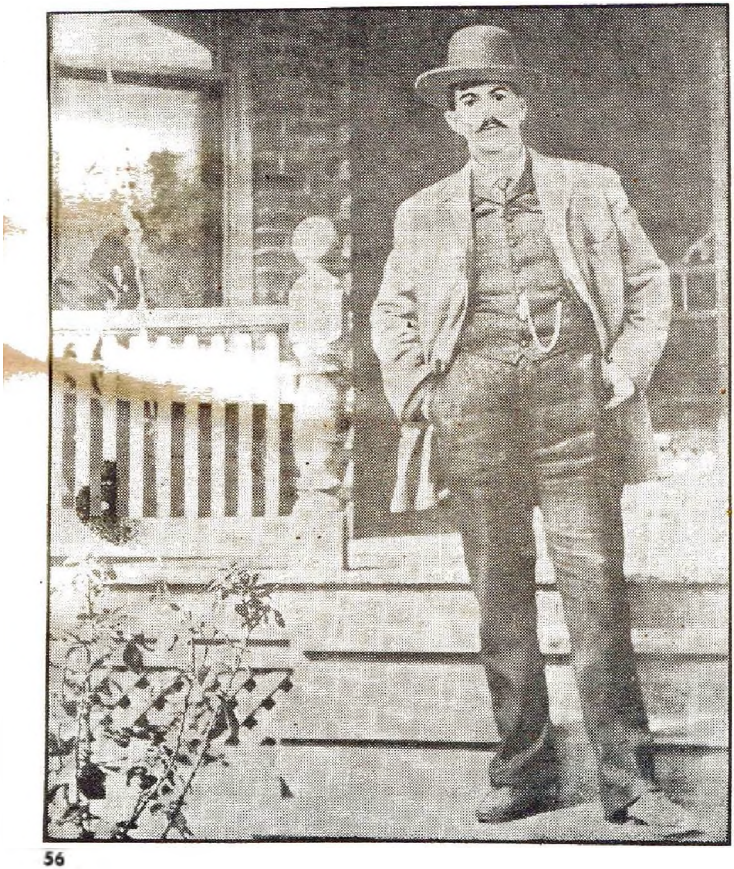
Five miles from Gonzales, Mannen Clements said to Wes Hardin, "You're on your own, Wes. Why not leave Texas and start new somewhere else? Stop this killing and think about what you are doing to the family."

Wes Hardin laughed. He always laughed when any of the family reproached him for his acts. "I only killed four bastards who tried to bushwhack me, Mannen. I'll try to reform, but don't depend on it."

By 1874 the big herds out of Texas had decreased. Mannen Clements used his savings to buy a ranch in San Saba County. He had four sons — Emanuel, Jr., called Manny, Joseph, James and John. In the newspapers of that time only two references can be found where Mannen Clements got mixed up with the law. On March 13, 1860 the Cuero *Star* reported the case of the "State against Mannen Clements," but the charge was not given. The case was dismissed. In September the *Star* reported another case against Mannen Clements, and this one, like the first, was dismissed.

This is the sum total of any cases against Mannen Clements and to describe him as a wanted criminal, as many writers who follow the Wyatt Earp line have done, is a little absurd. All four of his sons became either well known peace officers or successful cattlemen, and attempts to tab them as criminals is absurd when checked against the true facts.

Mannen Clements, Jr. was famous peace officer and killed December 29, 1908



AS a rancher Mannen Clements settled down to raising cattle, but Wes Hardin continued to be a problem for him. When Hardin was finally arrested and imprisoned, Mannen took Wes Hardin's wife and children to his ranch and cared for them. As a cattle man, Mannen prospered. He bought land in McCulloch and Runnels counties.

His quick temper still got him in trouble, but age and success had calmed him down. But he was still one of the best in Texas with his six guns and the law often called on him for help. The picture of Mannen Clements as the leader of a gang of rustlers is not in keeping with the truth. He fought rustlers and he and his sons chased one of the most successful gangs of rustlers out of Runnels County.

Owen P. White, who probably never knew Mannen Clements, gave the public this phony picture. When he asked Mannen how it felt to kill a man, he quotes Mannen Clements as replying, "Hell, kid, that don't amount to nothin. For three hundred dollars I'd cut anybody in two with a sawed off shotgun."

Texans have resented this false

picture of a man who contributed much to law and order in that state, but this inaccurate and wholly fictional interview has been accepted by thousands of Western fans

IN 1887 Mannen Clements entered politics and announced he was running for sheriff. Politics in Texas in those days was violent and often ended up with six guns roaring. The anti-Mannen Clements faction was led by Joe Townsend, city marshal in Ballinger. Townsend and Mannen met in the Senate Saloon in Ballinger on the night of March 27, 1887. The feeling between the two was bitter. Townsend wasn't a man to let anybody get the draw on him, even if he had to shoot him in the back.

An argument over politics started, and Townsend drew and fired at Mannen before he had a chance to reach for his gun. The bullet hit Mannen in the chest and one hour later he was dead.

The funeral for this strong character, whom all called Mannen, The Great, was attended by practically the whole county. The Dodds fellows conducted the services. For years Mannen Clements was considered one of the great Texans. Then came the first publication of the fictional story about Wyatt Earp causing Mannen to back down in Wichita, a story without one true fact. Other writers have copied it and today Mannen Clements is classed with Billy-the-Kid and other famous badmen of the West.

Such is the power of the printed word.

RW

COUGAR, SUPREME KILLER

(Continued from Page 45)

Had the bear followed through, the battle might have ended. Instead the bear headed for a small pine tree nearby.

The cat followed, and with a hair-raising screech, clawed the bear to the ground. Over and over the pair repeated their previous actions. Again, the bear tried to escape — and was pulled down by the badly wounded cougar.

BOTH animals were in bad shape, but it was obvious that the cougar would be the victor. It would not, however, survive. Favoring a broken leg, the big cat tottered over the bear, its fangs digging into the bear's throat. More than a little shaken, dad decided to end the gory affair with two well-placed shots from his rifle.

"The story doesn't prove a thing," dad always concluded. "I've heard stories when a bear won."

When it comes to cougars, or any wildlife species, there's always another story to prove or disprove a point of argument. This follows through in the case of the big cats' main courses on their menus — big game animals like deer, sheep, goats, and elk.

With the exception of elk bulls and moose, big game species have little chance of escape when pounced upon by a cougar that may weigh up to — and occasionally over — two hundred pounds. Their weight, with the force of a leap, or pounce of from ten to thirty feet, usually means a broken neck for the lion's prey.

There are cases of "happy endings", however, for big game. Like the case when a big buck was attacked in the Montana wilderness. The buck, sensing danger, had leaped just as the cougar pounced. Thus the cat missed the target — the base of the neck — and landed on the buck's rump.

The terrified deer began running with its clawing, snarling rider. In its panic, it leaped off a ledge, landing on top of the cougar. The cat was stunned. Any smart deer would have headed for the high timber — but this one was plenty mad and terrified. The sharp hooves of the deer and the powerful antlers began to gouge the groggy feline.

A bleeding, but triumphant buck, left a very dead cat!

A young bull elk, in Idaho's Primitive Area, had a similar adventure. In this case, the elk had tried to dislodge its attacker by smashing him against a tree. The blow stunned the cat, and the elk's hooves and antlers finished the job.

But for every incident of this type of miraculous escape by big game animals, scores do not escape. They are freak happenings in Nature's grim story of survival and death.

The real test of a mammal's prowess is in its encounters with natural enemies which may compete for food.

Certainly the cougar, and that scourge of the North, the wolverine, occasionally compete for food. There have been a few meager reports of such encounters. Nature, according to Northwoods dwellers, has produced no creature as vicious as the wolverine — or *carcajou*. Believed to posses supernatural powers by Northern Indians, the wolverine is usually the undisputed king of its lonely domain.

In the wilds of British Columbia a trapper found a badly murilated cougar near death. The snow-covered ground revealed that a terrific battle had ensued. The only tracks leading away from the scene were those of a wolverine

Due to its extensve range from the frozen North to the tropics of South

(Continued on next Page)

Cougar cubs are easily captured in traps and specially constructed sacks

America, the cougar must pit its cunning and strength against a tremendous variety of enemies.

In the tropics and semi-tropics there is the jaguar. Although usually heavier, the jaguar is more often than not conquered by the cougar.

ANOTHER potential enemy, and a major food item in the warmer climes, is the javelina. While these relatives of domestic pigs are midgets compared to domestic swine and the European wild pigs, they are fearless battlers. Running in bands, the javelinas use teamwork and their extremely sharp tusks to good advantage. Nevertheless, Mr. and Mrs. Cougar manage to have wild pork on the menu quite frequently!

In the early days of the West, horse ranching was often a difficult undertaking because of predators like the big cats. The felines seemed to acquire a taste for horsemeat, especially colts, and many horse ranchers were completely wiped out by marauding cats. Even grown horses were felled by cougars.

Surprisingly enough, however, the small, rawhide-tough burros were frequently able to make a cougar slink away. This was especially true of the vicious-tempered male, or jack, burros.

So it can be settled — the cougar is the king, or queen, of its wildlife domain? Not at all. Just *sometimes.*

"In Nature's world," my father once said thoughtfully, "as in man's world, there is always a bigger or a luckier opponent, or one that is more cunning."

Cougars have one natural enemy that they can never conquer. Knowing this, with their chances of survival in doubt, the big cats move deeper and deeper into rugger wilderness areas. *Man is the cougar's only dangerous enemy.* And the spread of civilization.

RW

WILD BILL'S FAMOUS BULLET

(Continued from Page 21)

Captain Joe had always said: "The more money I pay a pilot, the more money he makes for me," so he signed on Massie to take the boat on her maiden trip in the following year to Fort Benton and back, for the sum of $7500. Captain Massie broke all records for speed in order to get back to St. Louis, and once there, the gold was counted out to him by the steamboat clerk one day at 9 a.m. The king of the river took the bag of gold, went up on Third Street to the finest saloon in St. Louis, got into a poker game and was broke by 4:30 p.m. Splendiferously the mighty man went outside, stood on the sidewalk, and searched through his pockets, finding a dime.

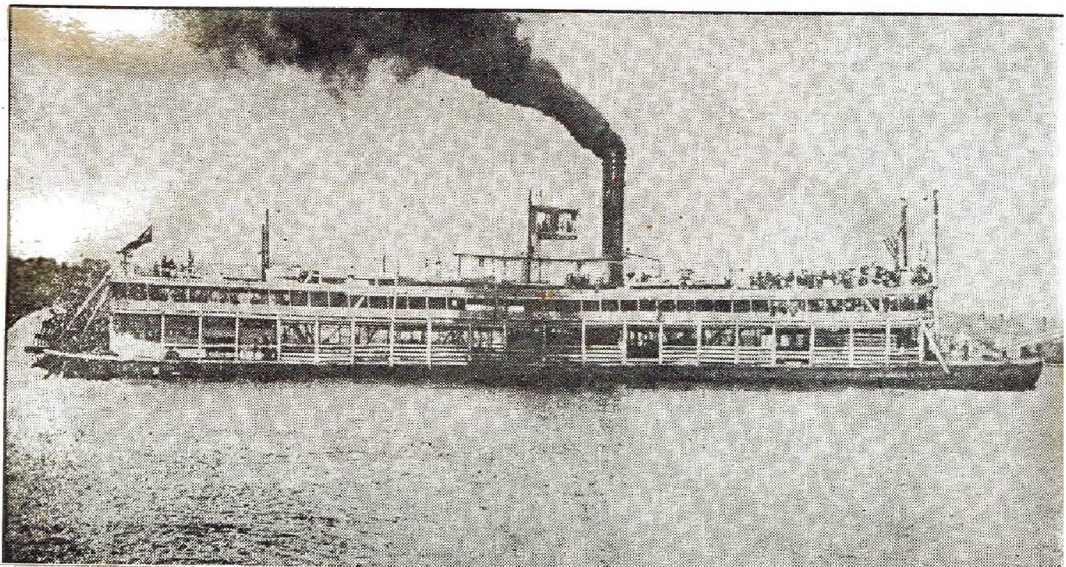
He was elated, but undecided whether he should buy whiskey or coffee with the money before returning to the river. Finally he decided to flip the coin to decide the issue. The dime spun in the air, struck the brick sidewalk and rolled through a grating. Although he could easily have commanded another fortune by stepping onto another steamboat, the captain was not one to be beaten by a whim of Fate.

He worked for hours to retrieve the dime, and as twilight came apace a crowd had gathered, no doubt wondering why a man who seemed to be royalty was fooling with a St. Louis grating. Some among them, admiring his spunk, decided to help, and with their assistance — and a split stick — the coin was retrieved, and Massie walked triumphantly back into the saloon.

WE now skip eleven years of similar escapades and adventures, and find ourselves back at Deadwood, and in company with the *bullet*. Captain Massie, who had come overland from the steamboat town of Pierre with a wagon-train, decided to go back. He had heard of fabulous fortunes to be made in the Black Hills, but upon arrival had learned that everything in a twenty-mile square had been staked.

"Doctor" Hill, one of the "horse-doctors" at Deadwood, told him that he could extract the *bullet*, but since *it* was lodged in the muscles, it would be a difficult job with the tools at hand. Massie said: *"It* doesn't bother me at all; I'll just leave *it* there. I'll go back to Pierre, as I am slated to take the *Red Cloud* to the Yellowstone. Just as soon as Bill is buried, I'll leave."

The Wyoming (above) was one of the famous luxury river boats in 1880 and captained by Massey early in his career.



Massie was with the *Red Cloud* also in the following year. His record states: "Arrived with *Red Cloud* at Fort Benton from Bismarck May 31. Arrived again with *Red Cloud* June 22. Again with *Red Cloud* July 11. Again with *Red Cloud* July 28".

The *bullet* was still there when he brought the giant new stern-wheel steamer *Dakotah* all the way from Pittsburgh to Fort Benton, arriving June 6, 1881. (The name was spelled thus because the owners considered it "bad luck" for a steamboat to have a six-letter name.) On this trip the *Dakotah* carried 1050 tons of freight from Pittsburgh to St. Louis. On the trip to Fort Benton, (among other freight) the steamer delivered 163 thoroughbred rams to Paris Gibson, the man who later founded Great Falls, Montana.

Traveling with Massie in 1885, the famous leaden *ball* was heralded by the *Democratic Leader* of Cheyenne on July 30, as copied from the Bismarck *Tribune*:

THE BALL THAT KILLED WILD BILL

"The *ball* that killed Wild Bill arrived in the city yesterday. It is in the wrist of Bill Massey, an oldtime steamboat pilot, who arrived from below yesterday. Massey is well known to all Bismarckers, and those who have read the history of Wild Bill are familiar with his name. He was playing cards with Bill in Deadwood when the latter was shot; the *ball* passed through Wild Bill's head, lodging in Massey's wrist where it now remains."

In all the bars along the rivers from Pittsburgh on the Ohio and New Orleans on the Mississippi to Fort Benton on the Missouri, the great captain threw his gold to the winds and roared the friendly greeting to the hangers-on: "Shake the hand that holds the *ball* that killed Wild Bill!" But no one ever seems to have asked him the question the answer to which could have settled a thousand arguments in later years: "What's the caliber of the *bullet*, Captain, and from what type of gun was it fired?"

THE *bullet* was still there when the great *Montana* struck the St. Charles bridge and sank, with 680 tons aboard.

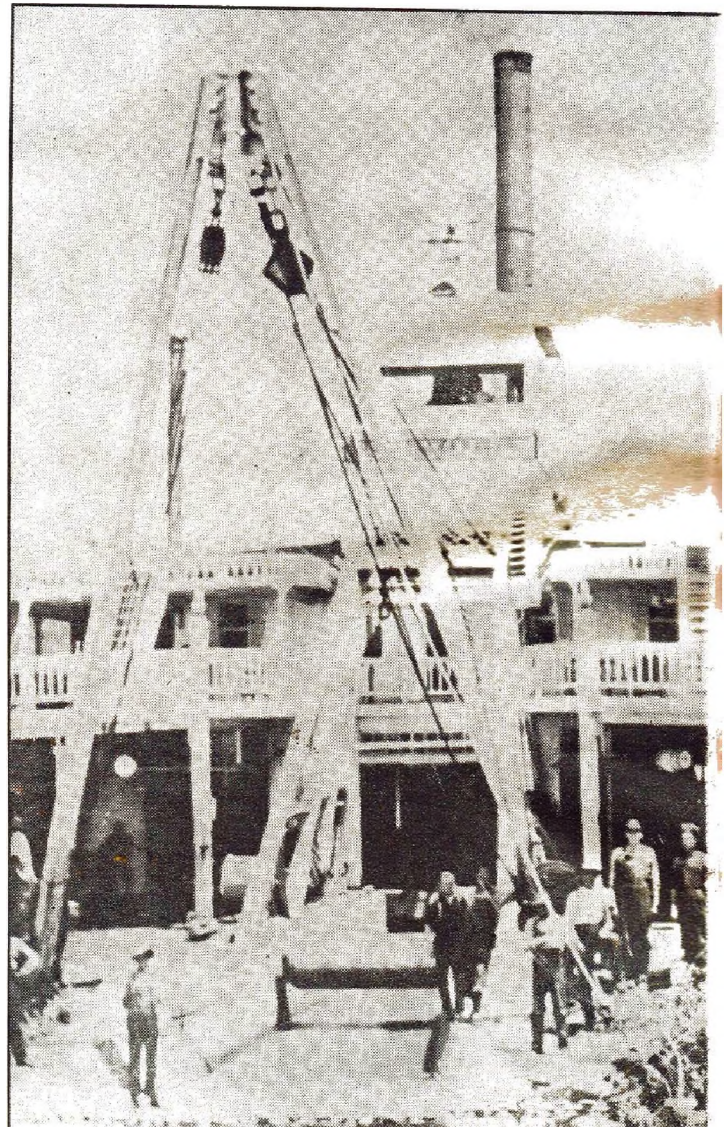
It was there when the *Wyoming* was dismantled at Kansas City in 1888. *It* didn't seem to bother him much when he was requisitioned at Jefferson City to take over from the regular pilot on the excursion-packet *Electra*, taking her to Kansas City and back to the mouth of the river. This was in 1905, and when the boat stopped on her downstream trip to pick up wheat at Miami, a nine-year old boy looked with open-mouthed admiration at the splendor above, and the sweat below.

At Miami the small boy (myself) had watched as great steamers loaded and unloaded, since he was "knee high to a duck." Miami had been a famous steamboat stop before Kansas City was platted, and was on all of their itineraries. There were three landings: Thorp's Landing, below; the Middle or Main Landing (leading directly up the steep bluff to the town) and the Upper or Bell's Landing, where a giant eddy held the big boats for "short" landings.

At Thorp's Landing, in the early days, my father had a brick kiln: here, burned out grate bars from the wood-burning boats were thrown ashore, new ones affixed, and bricks used to rebuild the fireboxes. On each side of the Main Landing, where the *Electra* choked the ringbolts set in great boulders, were large brick warehouses, the only such buildings between St. Louis and Fort Benton.

(Continued on next Page)

This Snag boat near Wild Horse Creek is clearing way for other boats.



TO me, at the time, captains and pilots were unimportant members of a steamboat crew. From far above, the sacked grain was thrown onto long wooden chutes 150 feet in length. Whizzing down the slide, the wheat came to the lower deck, where coal-black giants, naked to their waists, seized and carried and stacked it. Standing in their midst, shouting orders and curses, with a long blacksnake whip in hand, stood my candidate for heroism, the first mate.

The black men (the sweat below) hummed as they worked, in rhythm with the band on the promenade deck where excursionists danced (the splendor above).

I was the only lad at the river landing. Other young fry cared little for the river; most were out stealing melons, or apples, or peaches. Old Captain Alvin Ruxton, former master-pilot and once co-owner of a line of steamboats, was in charge of the warehouses. He came out of one of them from the far side, and walked down to keep an eye on the chutes, twisting his eight-inch mustaches. Captain Al liked me; he knew that steamboat blood raced in my veins. He came and stood by me and said: "Here comes Captain Bill Massie."

I craned my neck to see, as I had heard many tales of this fabulous man. The only person I could see heading our way was an old man. He was a big man, and stood as straight as an arrow, but I had visualized him with high, shiny boots, frock coat, tall silk hat, and six-shooters belted round his waist. This old man appeared seedy, and his vest was stained, but Captain Al said: "That's Bill Massie, the greatest pilot who has ever stepped onto a steamboat."

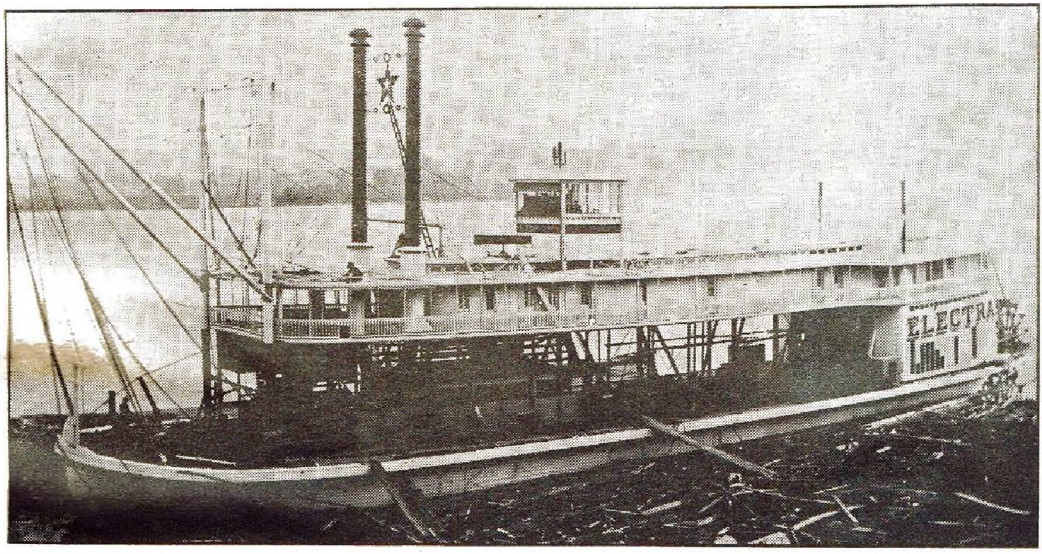
The old man walked up to us, shook hands with Ruxton, grinned at me, and spat on the ground. I shouldn't have been so finicky about his clothing; I was only a dirty, barefoot brat, and the cost of all my wearables — straw hat, shirt and overalls — totalled only 75c when new.

THE two old men held a conversation, while I kicked dirt with one big toe and considered the sad state of affairs. I was gazing at royalty, but my peanut brain didn't realize it. Captain Al had never told me about the *bullet*, and I wouldn't have believed him had he done so. I knew all about Wild Bill.

In the back part of our henhouse I had a tremendous stack of five and ten cent novels; if I hadn't had, in those days, I would hardly have been worth my salt as a boy. I owned a dozen of them concerning Wild Bill, including the cream of the crop, Beadle's Dime: "Wild Bill, The Pistol Deadshot, or Dagger Don's Double." How could I, even in a wild dream, connect this seedy old man with such a prince among men? I knew that he was in charge of this handsome steamboat, but that still didn't reach high enough.

Captain Al said: "Bill, here is a boy who likes steamboats; he is the only lad hereabouts that does, and he swears he will some day be a steamboat man." The old man turned his keen gray eyes on me. Then he placed the hand that held the *ball* that killed Wild Bill on my shoulder, patted me a couple of times, and growled: "The steamboat days are gone, boy. You came along a little too late."

When the wheat was all aboard, and the chutes were unhooked, the old man went back aboard. I watched him go up the companionway to the roof, and toward the pilot-house. He saw me watching him, and raised the hand that held the *bullet* and waved at me. As soon as the boat had warped away from the landing, and stood out into the river, I shucked my clothing in three swift motions. Then I leaped into the river and swam out to ride the billows churned up by the sternwheel.



Of all the boats Captain Massey piloted, he prefered the Electra, an excursion packet, fast and steady.

I saw him many times thereafter, but on occasion I lacked the company and moral support of Captain Al, and was afraid to brace up to him. I saw him when he commanded the *Tennessee*, the last big packet on the river, of which my old friend Doc Trail was the cub pilot. The *Tennessee* sank at Little Blue Bend, below Kansas City, in the summer of 1908, and the snagboat *Missouri*, my first haven as a steamboat man, came along and held her up until she was unloaded.

I often thought of what he had said to me after I left the old snagboat and entered service on the fast steamer *A. M. Scott*, the first oilburning, screw propelled towboat west of the Alleghenies. The *A. M. Scott*, under the captaincy of W. D. "Curly" Young, broke all records in steamboating on the lower river. Old Captain George Young, Curly's father, who was "clean-up man" aboard the *Scott*, exemplified the race to which Massie belonged.

He, too, had "made a barrel of gold" taking boats to the mountains, gambled it away and "drank it up." I knew many others in the class, and came to know the meaning of Captain Massie when he said: "The steamboat days are gone." He was speaking of the era of color, and pioneering, and freedom, and gold, with Death lurking around every bend in the river.

I thought of Massie when, in 1916, (my last year on the river) the *A. M. Scott* made the longest (time in relation to miles) and most terrible trip a steamboat ever made on the Missouri. Especially did he come to mind at that time when the river "run dry," and for the first time since they had gone down we saw the wasted skeletons of mountain steamboats, rising from the river's bottom in Bellefontaine Bend like ghosts of the past. On the Texas of many of these boats he had stood in all his splendor until the last moment, and then had written off boat and cargo. Here were other mementoes left by him: steamboats with boilerplate around the pilot-houses, placed there to fend off bullets and arrows.

Captain William Rodney Massie, the greatest navigating genius ever on American rivers, had been in on the very beginning of the settlement of the Far Northwest, and persisted long after mountain steamboating had ceased. His last work, one year before he died, was piloting two steam yachts from Memphis to New Orleans.

The year that the old man died marked his 64th in steamboating. When he first entered a pilot-house Wild Bill was a lad only nine years of age, as I was when the old man patted me on the back and uttered scornful words of "modern" steamboating. When Captain Massie passed away at St. Louis January 29, 1910, Hickok had been moldering in his grave exactly 34 years, yet riding in the casket with him was the *thing* that had put a period to Wild Bill's career.

Many of his comrades of the days of woodenhulled, woodburning steamboats watched as Massie's coffin was lowered six feet into the earth at Bellefontaine Cemetery. The oblong mound was shaped by their hands into the form of a steamboat, and at the last one grizzled old pilot stepped forward and placed two small pieces of pipe as smoke-stacks. When he was finished and stepped back, the minister commenced his sermon . . . "His soul has departed long ago. In this grave there lies only the material shell, his body and his bones . . ."

His body is now ashes, and in the musty outlines of his wooden coffin are brittle bones, which, if touched, will crumble into dust. But there are two things therein which are imperishable. One is half of a flint arrowhead, and the other is the bullet that killed Wild Bill. What is its caliber: and from what make and model of gun was it fired? Only Massie knows.

RW

SLUMMOCK'S MYSTERY MINE

(Continued from Page 17)

On the fourth, and final night of his merrymaking marathon, Slummock mumbled to a bedmate that he had to go back "for more gold up at the end of the river."

The next day, the girl's confederates searched for Slummock to press him for further details, but the prospector had disappeared up the Pitt River long before dawn.

His would-be followers realized then that he had been fully aware of their intention and had slipped away into the desolate wilderness of the coastal mountains — a barren waste of narrow valleys and roaring rivers swollen by icy water from the snowclad peaks.

For an inexperienced man to enter this treacherous territory was to court almost certain death. So the saloon hangers-on sadly shook their aching heads and gave up Slummock's gold for lost.

Later that winter, as the loggers, miners, pimps and gamblers met at bar, poker table and hash-house, a rumor began to circulate among them. Like most rumors, its origin was unknown but it soon became accepted as the truth.

IT was whispered that Slummock had found no mine but had stolen the gold from a cabin and was returning from another robbery when he was struck down by cold and hunger in the mountains beyond the Pitt.

This sequence of events occupied the minds of the two policemen riding into New Westminster.

They reached town to find, to their surprise, that Slummock had just returned from the wilds. With him was another load of gold and a veritable harem of four Indian girls. He paid a months rent in advance for a cabin at the end of London Road. There he had installed his buckskinned bevy, beat up all four squaws with impartial affection and set off on another ringtailed booze-up.

The officers quickly located the prospector in the biggest saloon in town, well away on his gold-slinging spree. Refusing the lavish offer of a magnum of champagne, the police began to question the Indian. They asked him about the woman whose body they had found that morning.

Slummock casually admitted that he had known her — she had cooked for him all last winter. It was too bad about the accident. She had been swept away when their raft overturned in the swift-flowing river. He identified the gold as some he gave to the dead girl and coolly claimed it back.

His questions were not satisfied. How was it that Slummock had not lost his own gold in the wreck? Why had he not reported the accident to the police? How come he was still wearing heavy boots after his escape from drowning?

THE Indian shrugged. He had salvaged his gold poke. He would have reported the death in time, he said, but he needed a few drinks first. The boots were spares he had kept hidden away.

It was obvious to the policemen that Slummock's story was highly suspect and they decided to keep a close check on the activities of this prospector addicted to the most dangerous combination on earth — whisky, women and gold.

When Slummock left with his provisions later that year, there were over forty men strung out behind him, following as he made his way to the Pitt River, believed to be the source of his gold strike. The Indian led the way deep into some of the most grim and savage territory in the entire coastal range — then, suddenly, he disappeared vanishing as swiftly as though he had fallen into one of the innumerable canyons that had claimed the lives of so many pioneers.

The followers searched for almost a month, vainly casting about for a sign of the Indian or his hoard of gold. Then the disgruntled men straggled back to New Westminster, reviling the selfishness of the missing man and hoping fervently that he had frozen to death in his golden river.

(Continued on next Page)

RISE OF THE COWBOY

WHEN the pioneer came to the Great Plains, he found out that he could not do as he had done on the Eastern woodland frontier. On the woodland frontier he had no use for the horse except for work; he usually traveled by boat.

Out on the plains the horse was the only means of travel. The horse being a grass eating animal, found the plains a natural home, well suited and adaptable as an environment.

The horse was running wild on the plains when the pioneer arrived. Those wild herds of horses called "mustangs" were direct descendants of the Spanish horses. They were left there by the early Spanish explorer Francisco Coronado, who led an expedition through what is now our western states.

The pioneer learned to use the horse from the plains Indians, who virtually lived on horseback. They hunted buffalo and other big game on horseback; they fought on horseback. The settler on the woodland frontier had never had to deal with mounted Indians.

To learn how to use the horse, the pioneer borrowed some methods from the Indians and the Spaniards. On the woodland frontier all the horses that the settlers had ever seen were tame horses brought from England. They could be ridden with a smooth bit and a flat-seated saddle, something like the army saddle of today, or similar to the hornless saddle found in riding stables.

To handle the wild mustang of the plains, the pioneer had to borrow the severe curb bit, the Mexican saddle, which gave the rider a firm seat on a bucking horse, and the Spanish spur. Most of these the pioneer designed to suit his own particular taste. They made the saddle light and more graceful, and the bit and the spur less cruel.

It was in Texas, Arizona and California that the American pioneer took over the plains horses and developed the plainsmen's method of riding them. This was the rise and the beginning of the picturesque, traditional, American cowboy.

Then, in the spring, the citizens of New Westminster were astonished to see Slummock even more well-heeled, thirsty and woman-hungry than before.

Once again, it was bartender's benefit week — but this time the celebrations were cut short by the discovery of the body of a Haida Indian girl floating in the Strait of Georgia.

The body had obviously been swept out to sea from a river mouth. It was brought ashore by a fishing tug. The girl had been stabbed to death. Three wounds were found in her and, the murder weapon still embedded in her stomach. The skinning knife was recognized as one bought by Slummock the previous year.

On this evidence and on the testimony of a hunter who had seen the Indian prospector with the girl shortly before her death, Slummock was arrested. Detention quickly brought him out of his drunken stupor and he eventually confessed to the murder.

He told the police that the girl knew the location of his gold strike and he killed her to ensure the secret was kept. Under further questioning, Slummock confessed to four such crimes in the past few years, including the other girl who had been found.

THE Indian was tried, convicted and sentenced to death. It was expected that, while in the shadow of the noose, the fanatical goldhunter would pass on his secret, but the day of his execution drew near without any sign of his leaving a legacy of gold to anyone. Even the storekeepers who had grubstaked him in his early prospecting days, were given no information when they visited him in the death cell. It looked as though Slummock's secret was to die with him. And so it proved. At nine o'clock on the morning of November 10th, 1891, Slummock went to the gallows. He died with his precious secret — a secret that had cost five lives to preserve.

The next spring, prospectors from all parts of the Northwest poured into New Westminster, drawn by the lure of the already legendary Lost Creek.

Loggers trekked in from Washington, Montana cowboys arrived each day on the Cariboo stage, the Black Ball ships from Alaska carried hundreds of grizzled sourdoughs, eager for a new strike. English clerks came across from Vancouver Island and Canadian voyageurs poled their flatboats down-river. Thousands hurried to be the first to locate the treasure beyond the Pitt.

And in the wake of these men came the girls. Sinuous half-breed Metis from the prairies, big-brested Scot girls deserted from the coastal salmon can-

neries, brassy waterfront broads sailed up from seattle and even sloe-eyed Russian girls from Kamchatka and Vladivostok. All of them drawn like perfumed flies to this golden honeypot of gold-rich suckers.

AS in all gold rushes, the storekeepers were the first to strike it rich in this stampede for wealth. In fact, they proved to be the only moneymakers. All the gold seekers failed in their quest, many quit long before they reached the northern canyons of the Pitt range. Tattered, hungry, their skins festering from the bites of huge mosquitoes and tiny vicious blackflies, their provisions gone, they stumbled back to the settlement, hopelessly beaten by the implacable mountains.

Such mass failure soon had the girls on the move. By late Fall, most of the camp-followers had left New Westminster, disgusted with the slim pickings. Tent saloons and new clapboard joy-houses were deserted, the streets thronged with dejected prospectors.

It is not known how many men failed to return from that frantic, futile goldrush, but among those who had to enter the overcrowded New Westminster hospital was an American named Jack Jackson, once a hardrock miner in California.

Jackson, always a close-mouthed man, would say nothing of his recent adventures while in the hospital. He only spoke to insist that his canvas pack be always kept under his bed. Returning to San Francisco after his recovery, Jackson opened his pack and banked enough gold to net him twelve thousand dollars. He was the sole successful member of the stampede.

But he did not use the gold to buy himself the traditional spree of chippies and champagne along the Barbary Coast. The strength-sapping trek through the Pitt Mountains had permanently ruined Jackson's health. He entered a sanitorium, suffering from malnutrition and tortured by a lung ailment.

Realizing that death was near, Jackson wrote to a boyhood friend, Wes Shotwell, and for the first time, passed on the story of his search.

HE had hired two Indians from the tribe of Slummock's last "bride." The braves had guided him into a canyon north-east of Pitt Lake, then had refused to go further. Jackson pushed on alone, leaving the Indians to guard the mules and provisions at the base camp. The guides assured him that no stranger would plunder the supplies. Then they promptly loaded all stores onto the mules and deserted back to their village.

Meanwhile, Jackson was carefully examining the canyon streams. For miles he found nothing but faint colors of gold deposits washed from the hills. Just as he realized that he was lost and that his food was running out, his fickle luck led him straight to Slummock's hoard.

He blundered into a shallow, rock floored river where nuggets gleamed clearly through the icy water. In his letter, Jackson wrote of "standing ankle-deep in gold gravel."

Staking his life on getting outside in time Jackson dumped most of his food near the ashes of a fire and filled his pack with gold.

The journey back must have been a terrible ordeal, but Jackson wrote little about this. He stressed that anyone who braved such a journey would be rewarded beyond the dreams of avarice.

Urging Wes Shotwell to go north and make himself rich, Jackson enclosed a rough map that gave directions to Lost Creek. By the time the letter had reached Shotwell, Jackson had died.

NOW the story of Lost Creek had all the elements of a classic treasure hunt — unexplored country, multiple murder, hanging, and finally the last romantic touch of a map drawn by a dying man.

Wes Shotwell was a prudent man. In the light of the terrible experiences of earlier searchers, he decided that selling the map would be the most certain path to wealth.

Two years after Jackson's death, Shotwell was approached by an unknown mystery man, believed to be a Cornish miner who had worked in Canadian lead mines. This man paid one thousand dollars cash to Shotwell in exchange for the map and all rights to any gold found.

The Cornishman had no more luck than the others. For two seasons he ranged the peaks and rivers in the Pitt area indicated on the crude map. Finally he decided to cut his losses before his life was added to the already large cost of his search.

For years after, Lost Creek remained nothing but a legend, interest in it being confined to bunkhouse talk in the winter evenings. It became accepted that Slummock's hoard was lost forever.

Then, in 1912, word spread along the waterfront of New Westminster that the search was on again. This time, it was not a haphazard attempt by one man, but a well-planned expedition to be undertaken by experts.

The treasure map was now in the hands of two hardheaded businessmen from Seattle. After careful investigation of the Slummock story, they were confident enough to invest eleven thousand dollars in an organized treasure hunt.

The two Americans offered a high salary to Hugh Murray, a frontiersman who knew the area better than most, to act as leader of the party. Well financed and equipped, Murray hired four trustworthy mountain men to go with him on the trip which was planned to last two seasons.

Testing a theory that the compass directions on the map were inaccurate, the party set out towards territory slightly northwest of the Pitt River. This tangle of rivers, streams and tributaries lies in a trackless mountain range east of the Squamish River in an area which is now part of the Garibaldi Provincial Park.

Aiming for the center of this rugged stretch of massive peaks and long, serpentine ridges, the veteran woodsmen established a series of base camps with food caches before starting the search.

They split up into small parties, each to comb a bank of the Elaho River and other Squamish tributaries. Then they retraced their steps and struck out at random into arroyos, valleys and dried-out stream beds. They found campfire ashes on three riverbanks and, from the last abandoned camp, tracks led away to a band of wandering Indians.

The only information that the Indians could contribute was that there was a legend in their tribe of a "golden river," somewhere in the nearby hills to the east.

The expedition continued the search without any success. At length they returned, exhausted and empty-handed to their sponsors in New Westminster. This extensive and widespread search was the last official hunt for Slummock's wealth.

During the last years of the depression, rumors of a strike were heard. At this time, the area was swarming with men working on government relief projects. But there is nothing to confirm these rumors and it is locally accepted that the golden canyon of Lost Creek still lies undisturbed.

As recently as September, 1955, the legendary hoard claimed another victim. An English lawyer and amateur explorer named John Ewing disappeared while prospecting Lost Creek in the mountains west of Princeton, B.C. When he failed to return, a widespread search was made by aircraft and the B.C. Provincial Police. No trace of him was found and two months after his disappearance he was officially presumed dead.

LOST CHILD
(Continued from Page 23)

ward where the children had last been reported. Three days they had been walking, searching under every soapweed, every clump of sage, every bunch of wild flowers, every "blowout" along the tops of the sandhills. On Sunday, May 17th, the cry was sent all along the line of searchers, "Hold up, hold up! We've found her!"

The weary searchers converged on the discovery spot, at the base of a large sandhill. There was utter silence among them at the sad sight that met their eyes.

Tillie had taken off her apron, draped it over a wild rose bush and crept beneath it. There she had died.

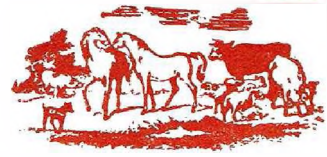
Tears filled the eyes of the weather-beaten men who carried the small body to the railroad, where it was placed on a section man's handcar, and returned to Thedford.

The funeral was one of the largest ever held in that part of Nebraska; each attending family hoping that their presence might, in some way, console the grief-stricken parents and family.

As the health of little Retta improved in the days that followed, the searchers found some consolation of their own in the knowledge that their efforts had cheated the sandhills of at least one victim.

Today, the sandhills — once considered as being almost useless — fatten thousands of purebred cattle on lush wild grass. The soil, once shifted continually by the restless winds, is now stabilized by a rich carpet of green. Modern homes dot the landscape, now bisected by good roads. But the inhabitants of these modern homes have never forgotten, through tales handed down from their pioneer ancestors, that this pleasant country was once the fearsome waste-lands.

RW



WHERE THE DEAD CRY
(Continued from Page 14)

Archaeologist digging deep in the ruins are unfolding an amazing and fantastic story of prehistoric man in the Southwest. Perfectly worked spear points have been uncovered with the skeletons of the prehistoric bison, huge ground sloths, and other animals living in the Southwest 20,000 years ago. Who these humans were that made those spears and roamed the deserts with the mammoth beasts has not been determined as yet.

AT Mesa Verde the archaeologists have been able to trace the progress of the stone age culture from the primitive spears to the throwing stick or the atatl, and then the bow and arrow. Fragments of pottery show the advance from the crude and primitive forms to the artistic products of the dwellers of the cliff cities. Agriculture progressed until the cliff cities fed themselves with fields of corn, squash and vegetables.

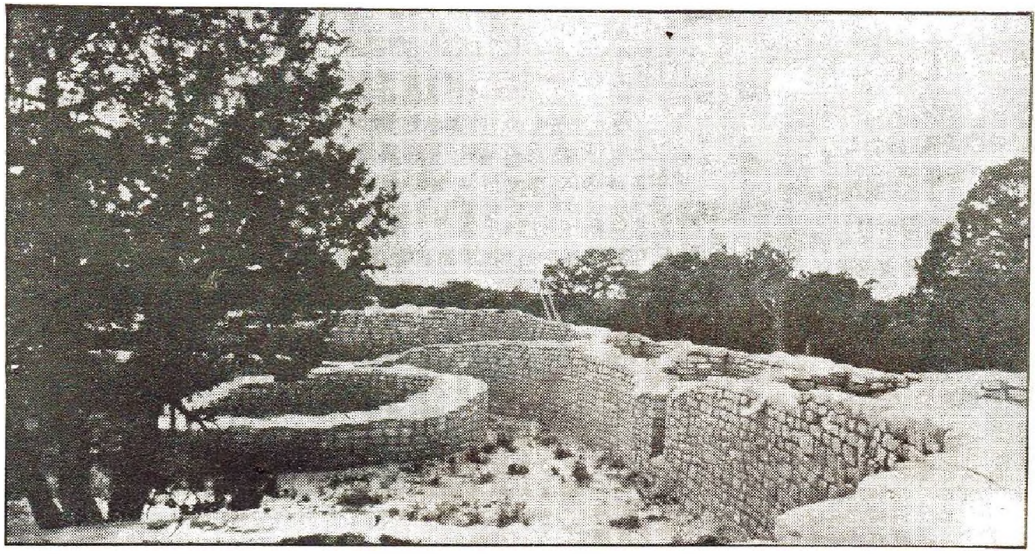
Traces of cotton cloth and remains of vertical looms indicate that this mystery race knew the art of weaving cotton into robes and clothes, and unlike the American Indians that followed, did not have to depend on skins for garments. The sandals they wore were made from the tough fiber of the yucca plants, stone awls found explain the workmanship of the seamstresses. However, the greatest skill of these mystery people was their ability to weave baskets, a skill that has never been equalled in modern times and for which they have been given the name, "The Basket-makers."

The masonry used in the construction of the building of the cities demonstrates engineering skill. All cities followed the same pattern. Each had a "tower," a three or four story structure, either square or round. At the base of the "tower" were a number of one story structures. The kivas were constructed in a circle, and were undoubtedly living quarters. A typical one had a fire pit, a deflector, an air vent shaft, wall niches, and six pillars supporting the roof beams. Each kiva had a sipapj, an entrance to the area under the kivas.

The mystery of the strange carving on this stone has never been solved.

THE purpose of these underground passages, which honeycombed the whole city, is still something of a mystery. Little evidence has been found that they were used for living quarters, yet they are far too extensive as a hiding place against enemies. That these underground dungeons were used for sacrificial rituals is suspected. A number of headless mummies have been found with skeletons of young girls and boys with their skulls broken.

Graves of men and women who died naturally are there, and an interesting note about these is that all were buried with their knees drawn up against their chests and facing the east as were the giant skeletons of prehistoric Indians found in the graveyard near Salina, Kansas. For centuries it has been the belief that burying the dead facing the east was a Christian custom, but the



The Sun Temple where hundreds were sacrificed to the unknown God was on a high cliff far abovethe Cliff cities.

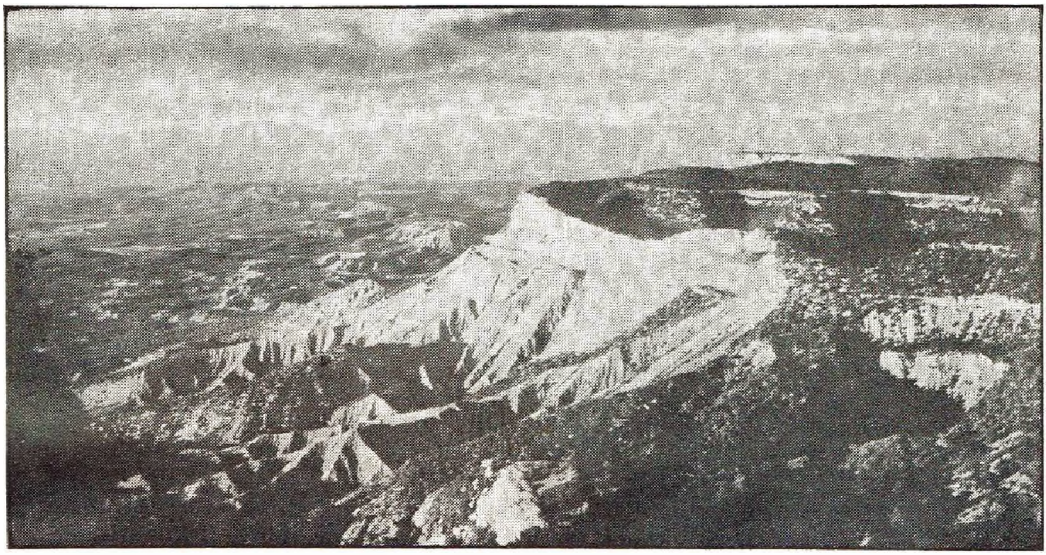
practice of these ancient inhabitants of the cliffs raises the question whether or not it had been the custom since the beginning of time.

While it is probable that certain of the sacrificial rites of the cliff dwellers were performed in the underground dungeons, archaeologists have found evidence that the Sun Temples, built on the top of cliffs, were the scenes of the greatest human sacrifice. The tree rings of the beams place the date of the construction of the Sun Temples in the year 1278, the second year of the great drought of 1276-98 which marked the end of the inhabitants of these mystery cities.

It is probable the victims in the Sun Temple were killed to intice the gods to bring rain. Little is known about these deadly rites, but the skeletons of the victims, young boys and girls, show they died from heavy blows to the head. Among the Hopi Indians, supposed to be descendents of the Cliff Dwellers, the legend of those sacri-

(Continued on next Page)

Archaeologists are amazed at the perfect masonry of the houses under the cliffs, all built without a beam or a nail.



Mesa Verde is in these wild mountains at the corner of Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado, and is almost inaccessible.

fices and the wailing screams of the dead are still repeated. The Hopi describe these ancient cities as the place where the dead cry, and no Hopi will go within miles of the ruins.

There are many unanswered questions about the Cliff Dwellers. What happened to these people? Is the theory of the archaeologists correct that the drought of 1276-98 caused them to flee the cities? If they did, where did they go? Another theory is that the modern American Indian, the nomad of the plains whose civilization was far below that of the Cliff Dwellers, invaded the Southwest and killed off the Cliff Dwellers, who had been weakened by the drought.

In time these questions may be answered, and the mystery of the first inhabitants of the old West will be solved.

RW

WHEN RODEOS WERE ROUGH

(Continued from Page 26)

THE crowd surged back up the hill, and spread themselves comfortably on the yellow sand. A group of musicians on the stage played my favorite tune, Red Wing. Sixty head of cattle, horses and burros were getting uneasy.

"Friends and neighbors!" said Buck through his megaphone when the musicians finished playing. "First we'll have a tussle on horses."

He unholstered his six-gun and emptied it over his head.

Twelve men on horses, six to a team, came dashing toward each other from opposite sides of the arena. When they met there was a wild scramble. Each team of six tried to dismount the opposite team; thus preventing them from getting through to the other end. It was a football game on horses, wicked, rough and dangerous.

The participants were scarcely off the arena when another shot rang out, and a quarter mile race was on between eight horses. It only lasted a few seconds.

Soon mounted cowboys, with lariats stretched from one to the other, were on three sides of the arena. More were sitting their horses inside the semicircle.

Buck yelled, "Here we go again!" Then he fired one shot. Down by the bluff there was a blast of gunfire. A group of cowboys, including Johnny and I, shouting and whistling sent the herd of steers into the arena. Twenty-five head of frightened, terrified white-faces with bulging, black eyes made a dash for freedom.

Fear gripped the crowd with only a loose rope between them and the oncoming herd. They left their sandy seats and hurried toward the protection of their vehicles farther up the hill.

AS the herd entered the arena I looked for Johnny, but he was gone. Presently I saw him riding a steer. Men were springing from their saddles like panthers onto the backs of the animals.

The guards who had been forming a rope corral with their lariats now had them coiled. I spurred my horse and rushed to help Johnny if he should need me. The arena was in a wild confusion. Cattle and riders were going in all directions. Men were yelling and steers were bawling as riders hit their backs sinking sharp rowels into their flanks. Some of the riders missed, mounted their horses and tried again.

When I discovered Johnny he was bouncing off a steer, but horses and cattle were so congested I immediately lost track of him. A pitching steer charged my horse. He jumped, started to run, but collided with a loose horse. Another pitching steer struck him from the other side. He screamed, reared and began prancing in circles.

Men were on the ground dodging frightened cattle and horses. Some sprang onto another steer when the original rider came off, and others mounted a loose saddle horse to keep from being trampled.

ALL around the arena riders were circling the cattle and horses. There

must have been fifty. Every time an animal tried to escape through their line they flailed him with a coiled lariat or caught him in a loop.

I was still looking for Johnny when I saw him hit the ground hard. He lay perfectly still. In the stampede of hammering hooves he could be trampled in a second.

I spurred my horse wickedly, but he charged into a frightened steer that bawled and headed through a narrow opening directly toward Johnny.

"Johnny!" I screamed. "Look out!"

The steer went on, jumped the boy, and I brought my horse to a sliding stop just in time to divert a loose horse that was dancing out of the way of a pitching steer, from trampling Johnny.

I leaped from the saddle and lifted my pal by his shoulders. "You hurt?" I yelled in an ear.

"Naw," he said shaking his head and getting on his feet. "Struck my head a little hard is all."

"Let's get out of here," I said. "Get in my saddle. Hurry!"

He did and I jumped on behind him. We made it to the musicians' stand safely.

"Where's my horse?" he asked.

"I don't know, but you stay here and I'll find him."

I located his horse on the far side of the arena, and by the time I reached the stage Buck was coming out of the grove.

"Let's drive 'em back into the channel, fellows," he said through his megaphone.

Johnny and I helped hold the steers while the riders sought out their horses.

THE crowd settled down, but not as close to the arena as before. The ladies were skeptical, and remained well back on the hillside.

"Bob, you reckon my folks saw me take that spill?" Johnny asked when we were back in the channel.

"I doubt it," I said. "I don't see how they could recognize anyone in that melee. You're not getting any more events today, are you?"

"Sure. I'm not hurt. I've already picked the bronco I'm going to ride in the pitching contest."

"You're crazy!"

Johnny didn't answer me, so I knew it was useless to object further. He was in the height of his glory. The rougher it got the better he liked it. There was another race, some fancy rope twirling and an educated horse who did some tricks.

WHILE these events were taking place a group of cowboys in the channel were roping and saddling bron-

(Continued on next Page)

cos. If you wanted to try your luck, all you had to do was ask them to catch you one. They even assisted you in saddling the mustang.

Johnny had been trying to persuade me to enter the riding contest. "Come on, Bob. Try one. You haven't anything to lose but a hard spill, and you're used to that."

I picked a small, bay mare with a star in her forehead. Johnny got a buckskin gelding. Buck fired another shot. "No pullin' leather," he yelled.

Fourteen riders mounted their outlaw broncos with ample assistance from twice that many helpers. As soon as a horse was mounted the rope was slipped off over his head. A wicked slap on the rump with a coiled lariat sent him toward the arena.

Buck Williams had not misjudged the ability of those horses when he called them "outlaws." With shaggy manes and bushy tails, it was plain they were nobody's pets.

Johnny and I started off at the same time. I had a glimpse of him as his buckskin cut in ahead of my bay. He was high in the air and headed toward the canyon.

That was the last I saw of Johnny for a while. My horse went at it a little slower. Apparently she wanted to add to the attraction of the day by getting me into the center of the arena before she really went to work. She pitched straight ahead until she was in sight of all the spectators. Then she began "swallowing her tail" as we called it. Every time she went up she was headed in a different direction when she came down. I got all mixed up, and rolled off on the fourth or fifth round.

A cowboy roped her, and I made a dash for the locust grove. Jumping up on the musicians' stand I looked for Johnny. Out in the center of the arena he was still sticking to his buckskin.

I was real proud of him and shouted, "Atta boy! Stay with him, Johnny."

LOOKING around, I could see three more riders. The rest were on foot hurrying to the side lines. In a second another hit the ground, and a man's horse broke into a run. He was soon caught in a loop.

Johnny and one cowboy were sticking to their mustangs like ticks on a dog. The crowd began to roar, but the cowboys were silent. They scratched their heads and rubbed their chins.

"Gosh!" said one of the fiddlers. "That Eagan kid is giving Bronco Brown, the best rider on the range, a close call for his title."

That remark heightened my encouragement. "Whoopee!" I shouted. "Stay with him, Johnny."

About that time Bronco Brown's horse stopped pitching. He was completely winded. Johnny's horse made one last effort to dump his rider, and then made a run for the spectator's hill.

THE mounted cowboys had become so engrossed in the contest their ropes were dangling, and they let Johnny's buckskin get half way up the incline before they caught him.

Buck rode into the arena. "Did you ever see anything like that?" he shouted through his megaphone. "Bronco Brown, the hardest rider on the range, sure has a close competitor in that farm boy, Johnny Eagan."

The canyon rocked with the applause. Even the silent cowboys whistled and shouted. Next was a burro race for the youngsters, and then came the terrible mixup. More shouts and shots down near the bluff sent all the frightened mustangs charging into the arena. The guards closed in fast. Lariats flew in all directions as mounted horsemen roped the terrified horses. Behind them were more cowboys on foot carrying their saddles.

When a bronco was caught, a man came with his saddle. Immediately they became partners who worked together to saddle the horse. As soon as the bronco buster was seated, and the horse turned loose, it was the duty of his partner to assist in any way possible. If the rider was thrown his partner helped him out of the arena. If the rider succeeded in riding his horse down, his partner must be on hand to catch the mustang.

AFTER several attempts I roped Johnny an iron-gray. He came running with his sa' 'le. Just as the rope tightened, a pitching horse and rider went under it. The man came off and hit the ground hard. His partner rushed up, helped him on his horse and they hurried away.

I snubbed the gray's head up close to my saddle horn while Johnny threw on his saddle. To our surprise the gray stood remarkably well, only snorting once or twice.

Johnny worked fast. When he had the cinch tightened he swung up and I pulled my loop off the gray's head. Instantly he went to work and I reined my horse out of the way squarely into the path of a pitching mustang and rider. The impact threw me out of the saddle. I hit the ground on my back, and saw Johnny's gray in the air heading toward me. Scrambling to my feet I got out of the way just in time and then discovered my horse was gone.

The arena was in a mad confusion. Everywhere pitching broncos were going in circles. Other riders were trying to stay close to their partners who were in uncertain seats. Save your man and let the horse go was their definite instructions. Every time a man was thrown his partner rushed to his rescue and other riders roped his horse.

But it was dangerous despite their precautions, and a few were injured. I saw a thrown rider knocked down by a pitching horse and a man on foot was trampled.

From all sides either a frightened or pitching bronco was headed my way. There was no way to escape.

SUDDENLY I was swept off my feet by the strong arm of a cowboy, hoisted up and carried to the side lines and dropped. I didn't even have time to thank the guy before he was gone.

Looking around I saw my horse roped by another rider.

"Thanks," I said, stepping up when he came by. "I have a pal in that mixup somewhere."

As soon as I mounted I saw Johnny and rode to him. He was in bad shape. Still in the saddle on the iron-gray's back, Johnny's nose was bleeding a stream. Blood was all over his face, shirt and in his hair.

I rode along beside him, and when the gray hit the ground on all fours, I threw an arm around Johnny and pulled him out of the saddle. He clung to me like a leech while I took him to the musicians' stand. But as we got there a pitching horse knocked the temporary platform askew, dumping the musicians and their instruments on the ground.

They scattered like prairie chickens, and I took Johnny to the sidelines at the foot of the sand hill.

"Go catch that gray!" he ordered. "Don't let him get away."

I left in a lope going around the sideline next to the sand hill. Suddenly the gray passed me kicking as high as a horse's head and going straight toward the spectators. No one was following him.

I uncoiled my rope, but soon saw that it was useless. The gray's head was between his front legs most of the time and his course was indirect. There was no telling where he might charge into the crowd on the hill, giving them a slim chance to escape his zigzag progress toward them.

I had to do something fast. While in the arena the gray had pitched in circles. It struck me that if I was on his back he would spin again, giving the spectators time to reach their vehicles.

But landing in the saddle strapped to a pitching horse is not an easy task. Every time I rode along beside him he was spinning like a cart wheel, and getting closer and closer to the crowd that was trying to scatter, but had no

idea which direction the infuriated horse would turn next.

Apparently all the riders in the arena were busily engaged in their duties and no one noticed the gray overtaking the frightened, screaming crowd. Women clutching their babies fell over sage and soapweed clusters. Two men tried to attract the gray's attention by running in and slapping him on the head and neck with their hats. They were both knocked flat as the horse changed ends.

Finally I saw my chance and sprang into the saddle when he checked his mad rage for a split second. I saw a loop miss his head as he commenced pitching again.

I immediately discovered what Johnny had experienced. The bay I had previously ridden was a rocking chair as compared to this beast. The first time he went up and came down, I bit off the end of my tongue. But he was circling. I threw the rules away and pulled leather for all I was worth. Even then I was out of the saddle half the time. My eyes felt as though they were popping out of their sockets and all my joints snapped. But I had to stay with that bronco until the women and children reached their vehicles.

My nose began bleeding, and every time the horse came down in a stiff-legged stop blood filled my eyes. I lost all track of the times he went around. The crowd, the bluff and channel were all around me in a dizzy confusion, and I was crazy with pain.

The next thing I knew I heard a woman's scream that sounded like the time Ma stepped on a rattlesnake. A loop fell neatly over the horse's head, and he was being snubbed short to a saddle horn.

"You all right?" Johnny asked.

"Yeah, I guess so," I answered hazily.

The riding was all over by the time we reached the arena. The last of the mustangs were being driven toward the bluff. As we came in Buck rode up. I sprang to the ground, staggered and fell. A cowboy helped me up, and another one brought my horse.

"You two wait a minute," said Buck. Raising the megaphone to his mouth he shouted, "Folks, these two farm boys are the heroes of the day. We can all be thankful that horse was stopped before he injured someone in the crowd. That's all, folks. See you next year."

Stretched out on maize fodder in the wagon box on the way home, I decided, with my parent's assistance, that I was a much better farmer than a fourth of July picnic roundup rider. But Johnny Eagan went on to become one of the best riders on our range.

RW

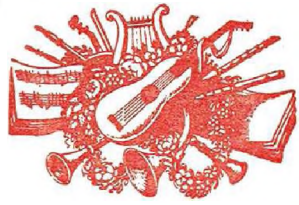
ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

(Continued from Page 4)

Q: What was Skeleton Cliff and was it only a legend? Mrs. Charles R. Robinson, Mission, Kansas.

A: No, it was not a legend. It was located on a hill overlooking the present city of [illegible]lings, Montana. Many years ago the River Crow Indians lived near the cliff and one of their warriors was stricken with a sickness that raised spots over his body (probably small pox). Others were stricken and died and their bodies were wrapped in blankets and hung to the pines on the cliff. Finally only 16 members of the tribe were alive. They blindfolded their ponies and rode over the cliff to their death, leaving the bodies hanging to the pine trees to rot away into bleached skeletons to remind all of the sacrifice of the 16.

Q: Was there a Sweet Betsy from Pike, Missouri? John Laphman, Flushing, New York.



A: Probably not, but it is a nice legend. Sweet Betsy accompanied her lover to the gold fields, and her droll humor was the basis for the famous Western ballad, "Sweet Betsy from Pike."

Q: Did cowboys eat like animals on the roundup or were rules and etiquette observed? Edward Jones Carlos, Austin, Texas.

A: There were strict rules and any cowboy disobeying them was in for trouble. None ever ventured near the bean pot until the signal for grub was announced. Then went quickly, and if the wind was blowing he would go on the lee side so no dust would fly into another's plate. He never took the last piece unless he was sure everybody was through eating. Leaving food on a plate was a serious breach of etiquette. He was supposed to scrape his plate and rake the remaining food in the fire to prevent flies. To tie a pony to the

(Continued on next Page)

chuck wagon was forbidden as no one liked horsehair in their beans. Violations of any of these rules would bring quick punishment to the guilty cowboy.

Q: Is it true that acorns from oak trees were food for animals in the old West? Arthur Maylin, Toledo, Ohio.

A: Acorns were called the "Mast Crop." They were used to fatten longhorns and hogs and were very effective as a food. In California the Spanish made bread from acorns and the old time buckaroo adopted this bread.

Q: What did the word "dofunny" mean on the range? Carlton Brudashire, London, England.

A: It was the cowboy's expression for any useless object.

Q: We see much about Wichita (or Wichita Town) Kansas on TV and in Western stories. I live in Kansas and I never knew that Wichita was much of a cattle town in the old days. Peter Orback, Newton, Kansas.

A: Wichita was never considered a large cattle town in the old days. The Texas herds were driven through to Abilene, but never stopped there as there was no railroad. When the Santa Fe was extended to Newton, the herds were shipped from there. Later Dodge City was the popular shipping center for Texas cattle as it could be reached easier from the Panhandle. No town in Kansas was an important cattle center unless the cattle were shipped from there as this meant money to be spent.

Q: What were "fuzzy tails?" Billy Harden, Hartford, Conn.

A: They were more often called "fuzzies," and were wild or range horses.

Q: Was Bud Newman a well known outlaw in Texas? C.L. Jones, Macon, Georgia.

A: He would be classed as a second rater. He was with the Taylor gang when they held up the train at Coleman Junction, Texas, June 9, 1898. Newman was captured on the Taylor ranch with Taylor. The authorities gave Newman the chance to arrest Taylor. He was shot and killed in the attempt on the Llano River.

Q: What was meant in the roundup when a longhorn "rolled" his tail? Jimmy Taber, Bonneville, Missouri.

A: It meant the longhorn was frightened and to the cowboy it was always the danger signal for the beginning of a stampede. When a longhorn did this, the tail was humped up at the thick end.

Q: I have a small pocket-sized gun with a stub trigger guard and a small round butt. It is a funny looking gun and it has the date 1875 on it and is a .22 caliber. It doesn't give the name of the maker and I wonder if you could tell me what make it is. Jeff Hasby, St. Louis, Missouri.

A: It is difficult without seeing the gun to give you the information you wish, but from your description I would say that it is a .22 caliber Colt, 1875, Line Pocket Model. If it is that, it is a seven shot, single action rim fire. This gun was manufactured to compete with the Smith and Wesson pocket gun. Neither proved too successful and were discontinued. If this is the gun you have, it is rare and worth some money.

Q: When the Indians scalped a victim, how much of his hair did they take and did they always scalp dead men? Eddie Stearnes, Peoria, Illinois.

A: It all depended on how big a head of hair the victim had. If it was only average, the Indian would carve out a scalp the size of a half dollar, but if the victim had a heavy beard, the Indian might take all the scalp and the beard. It made little difference to the Indians if the man to be scalped was dead or alive. There are cases on record where white men were scalped and lived.

Q: What part did Ike Rogers have in the capture of Cherokee Bill and what happened to Rogers? James R. Randall, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

A: Cherokee Bill was lured to the home of Ike Rogers on January 29, 1895. With Rogers was Clint Scales and a Tom Bates. When Cherokee Bill leaned over to tie his shoe, Rogers hit him over the head with a club. It didn't knock Cherokee Bill out completely

and he and Scales, who was almost a midget, fought and Scales overpowered him. Rogers was a deputy under Marshal Crum. He was killed at Fort Gibson in 1897 by a brother of Cherokee Bill in a revenge killing.

Q: We read where a horse was so many hands high. How high was that? John Morton, Pasadena, California.

A: The "hand" measurement equaled four inches, and a horse was measured at the shoulder level.

Q: Is it true that Little Crow, the Santee Sioux Chief, responsible for the bloodiest massacre in the history of the Indian Wars, was a Christian and once a friend of the white man? Dike Hagen. Corpus Christie, Texas.

A: Little Crow was a sincere friend of the white man and a Christian convert, a devout member of the church at Fort Ridgely. But when the white men brutally disregarded the Mendita Treaty of 1851, Little Crow rose against them and before he was conquered had killed over 2,000 white settlers and soldiers.

Q: Here in England we are puzzled about water dogs, which we find mentioned in Western fiction. What kind of animals are they? Caroline Thumborn, Liverpool, England.

A: The water dog is a small reptile, a cross between a lizard and a frog. They have a smooth and slimy skin, and are found near rivers and swamps in the Southwest. After a hard rain a cowboy might wake up to find several of them snuggling in his blanket. They have other names — hell-benders, mud puppies, or water puppies.

Q: When and how did Hickok get the nickname, "Wild Bill"? Carl Bright, Detroit, Michigan.

A: There is a dispute about this, as there is about many phases of Wild Bill Hickok's career. Some say that he got it in Independence, Missouri when a woman yelled at him, "Hey, Wild Bill." Others contend that Nichols, whose phony story about the killings at Rock Creek made Hickok a hero, was the first to use the name. "Wild Bill" was a common name in the West and every community had a Wild Bill.

Q: Why did so many men in the old West wear their hair long? Bill Stern, Baltimore, Maryland.

A: For the simple reason haircuts were expensive and wearing hair long made a visit to the barber unnecessary. However, there was probably a better reason. Long hair gave warmth in the winter to the neck and shoulders and in the summer was protection against the heat and dust.

RW

TRAGEDY OF THE TONQUIN
(Continued from Page 35)

them to wash and air their belongings. With this job completed, Thorn set up a schedule of strenuous exercises. While this was no more than any sailor would expect, these free-spirited men had never been subject to a martinet. Daily the friction grew between captain, crew, and passengers.

Captain Thorn's regimen worked too well. Concomitant with the healthier conditions upon which Thorn insisted, appetites of these husky outdoorsmen soared. Then the Captain insisted upon rationing of food, else they starve before they reached Oregon! It was indeed a Pyrrhic victory.

New York was three months astern when Thorn ordered anchorage in the Falkland Islands for water. M'Dougall and M'Kay, two of the partners, took a ship's boat to explore the islands. Thorn issued a stern warning not to delay departure of the Tonquin. The anchorage proved unsafe and water difficult to procure. The captain stood out to sea, making repeated signals for return of the longboat. At nine that night the men came aboard, offering no explanation for their delay. An adverse wind held the Tonquin again the next day, and the partners set off early the next morning.

WHEN the wind hauled fair, signals were set for their return, but eager in pursuit of wild geese and sea wolves, the partners ignored the command. In a half hour, after Captain Thorn watched the shore party through his glass, he ordered the Tonquin to sea without M'Dougall and M'Kay. They noticed the ship's departure, and launched the shore boat.

The Tonquin was eight miles at sea before they overhauled her. Two days later, December 7th, when another supply stop was made, the incident was repeated. Captain Thorn stormed, then ordered the anchor weighed. Again the chase was undertaken, with the Tonquin outdistancing the shore boat. Finally a younger partner, realizing the men would be abandoned, held a gun at Thorn's head demanding he come about and rescue them.

Rounding the Horn without incident, the Tonquin put into Hawaii to re-supply before setting sail for the Northwest. The four partners distributed weapons amongst the shore parties, ostensibly for trade and protection

while dealing with the Sandwich Islands natives. Captain Thorn considered the act as indication of mutiny, and tightened the already taut discipline. Despite his fears, no open rebellion erupted. Captain Thorn's warped mind readily suspected treachery and persecution when neither threatened.

It was mid-March, 1811, when the Tonquin finally dropped anchor in turbulent seas near the mouth of the Columbia River. A long boat was ordered ashore for exploration, but peevishly vindictive Captain Thorn refused to man the boat with his seamen, only the the land-lubberly fur traders. Mountainous waves enveloped the boat as they stroked toward shore: they were never seen again.

A second unsuccessful attempt was made to beach a craft in the thundering breakers. Then the Tonquin slipped anchor and drifted toward shore, lowering a third boat to attempt landing. In all, eight lives were lost trying to beach a craft, which did nothing to ameliorate the gap between the Bligh-like captain and crew.

Surprisingly, captain and passengers agreed upon a safer anchorage up-river and an outpost was established, named Astoria in honor of their sponsor.

For three months the Tonquin stood offshore lightening cargo needed to erect the fort and barter with the natives. Captain Thorn, anxious to complete his voyage, hull-down with valuable furs, ordered the Tonquin out of the bay to scout the coast.

It was the beginning of a voyage of no return.

Tacking north towards Vancouver Island, Captain Thorn, ignoring warnings of his Indian interpreter about trading with the natives, dropped anchor. His appearance was rewarded with a horde of canoes, heavily laden with sea-otter skins, punting out from shore. A brisk trading session began. M'Kay even ventured ashore to stay overnight with Wicanish, chief of the tribe. However, six natives were held aboard the Tonquin to insure his safe return.

NEXT day, even before M'Kay returned, swarms of Indian canoes bobbed alongside the Tonquin. Captain Thorn, anxious to begin trading, ordered barter goods spread on the deck. Nookamis, the sub-chief, set the pattern for his followers by asking for more than double the usual trading price.

Captain Thorn was incensed, and as their requests went higher, reduced his barter trade offers. The Indians hissed and catcalled as the barter stalled. Captain Thorn paced the deck irritably, with Nookamis following, mimicking, repeatedly thrusting a fur in his face. At first Thorn took no offense at this umbrage, but his patience dissolved when Nookamis laid hands on him. Thorn snatched the fur, rubbed it on the Indian's face, then bodily pitched him overboard. The Indians were stunned into inaction until Shewish, a sub-chief, shepherded the Indians into the canoes, taking the fuming Nookamis with them.

Lookouts were set, feeling there might be retaliation; but when the day passed without incident Thorn retired without taking additional precautions.

At daybreak a canoe with twenty Indians came alongside, holding up otter skins, indicating a desire to trade. The officer of the watch suspecting nothing, allowed them aboard. Shewish, leader of the boarding party, signalled other canoes. One after another followed in quick succession, until the Tonquin's deck thronged with Indians. Trading was begun, a skin for one of the shiny, wide-bladed knives displayed on the blankets. Captain Thorn and M'Kay were awakened. Both immediately sensing danger, ordered the Tonquin to set sail. Seven men were ordered aloft to unfurl the sails. Captain Thorn ordered the anchor weighed and the ship cleared. This was the pre-arranged signal for the Indians and they whirled on the white invaders.

MR. LEWIS, ship's clerk, was first to fall. Leaning over a bale of blankets, he was skewered by the Indians.

M'Kay, seated on the taffrail, jumped into the fight, but a war club knocked him overboard where he was dispatched by the squaws waiting in canoes.

Shewish had singled Captain Thorn out as his particular victim. Thorn unsheathed a clasp knife, nearly decapitating the savage with one slash. Several other Indians attacked him. The sturdy, resolute captain strewed the quarterdeck with dead and dying Indians. Thorn tried to fight his way toward his cabin where firearms were stored. But he was surrounded, covered with wounds, weak from loss of blood. Momentarily he rested against the tiller wheel when a war club decked him. Thorn was disemboweled, and thrown overboard.

Four of the seven sailors sent aloft survived the deck carnage, making their way between decks where they found Mr. Lewis still alive, though desperately wounded. The five of them barricaded a cabin, and their rifle fire soon cleared the deck.

NATIVE canoes continued warily to circle the ship, though no boarding attempt was made. When the moonless night closed over the death ship, the four able seamen silently lowered a boat, stroking toward shore. Mr. Lewis was left aboard the Tonquin: disabled. Lewis refused to be a burden to his shipmates, insisting he'd rather die aboard ship than face Indian torture.

Lewis watched the Indians circle the deserted Tonquin as the morning sun slithered over the mountains. The bay was sliced by wakes of canoes heading for the ship, lying idle, sails flapping uselessly. A few Indians boarded cautiously, followed by more when it appeared safe. When the deck was crowded, Lewis struck a flint into a powder train. The fire spluttered, sparked into the ship's magazines.

The Tonquin disappeared in a flash of smoke and fire. The Tonquin's boiling foam was dotted with heads, arms, legs, and mutilated bits of Indians. Canoes were swamped, sucked down in the vortex. A few, scant few, survivors clung to the wreckage, all that remained of two hundred boarders.

The four sailors were captured and tortured to death. A lone survivor, an Indian interpreter, escaped his captors and related events to Fort Astoria.

Tyrannical Captain Thorn had not died in vain. The inauspicious American foothold at Astoria which he founded proved to be the wedge for annexation of Oregon and other Northwest territory which fleshed out the western skeleton of the United States.

SODDY DEATH

(Continued from Page 27)

were made without mortar, square, plumb, or money. All that was needed was a good eye and strong arms. Most of the measuring was done at night with the North Star as a guide.

MY father and brother dug heavy slabs of sod. The roots of the blue stem grass were so thin and heavy that they bound the sod as tight as if it were a rock. These sod bricks were about three feet long and a foot or so thick. The first layer, placed along the foundations, was double. Space was left for a door. All soddy houses were square, like a box. After the sod bricks were layed one on another to make the wall, it was the job of the children to fill the cracks with mud and grass mixed together. When this dried it gave fairly good protection for the cracks, but it had to be renewed every year or two as the rains would wash it out.

As the sod layers were placed for the walls, the joints were broken like brick laying. Every third layer was placed cross-wise to bind them together. The walls were never much higher than six and a half feet. Holes were left for window frames. These were made out of the lumber from the wagon that brought the settlers West. The space around the windows was packed with the mud and grass mixture.

When the wall was up, the roof came next. This was the problem. The gables were of sod unless the settler had enough spare lumber. A cottonwood pole with a fork at the end was used to hold up the ridge pole, which was usually a cottonwood log. Cottonwood trees grew tall and large, but the wood was so soft that these ridge poles often had to be supported with pillars.

After this was done, the construction of the roof got underway. The roof never slanted any more than was necessary to drain water and many of the sod houses looked like they had flat roofs. Pole rafters were placed across the gables and then brush was placed over the poles. The sod for the roof was cut thinner than for the walls and sod bricks were laid grass down. A mixture of grass and mud was stuffed between the cracks.

THESE roofs soon became things of wonder. Sun flowers would grow five feet tall on the roof, and grass would rise several inches from the sod. These roofs looked like gardens on the top of the house.

When completed, the Soddy was a drab, square structure with no beauty about it. Yet it did have several good points for the prairie. It could withstand wind and rain. There was no danger of a fire, even with a fireplace, if one was built in the wall. It was warm in the winter and cool in the summer.

But there were far more bad points than good ones. A family was sleeping under hundreds of pounds of dirt, and when the rains came, this load doubled and sometimes tripled The rafter poles would bend with the load, and at night there was no way for the occupants of the sod house to see anything.

It all came so quickly that they were buried under this load without knowing what had happened. Sometimes large posts would be carted from a distance to support the roof, but these did little good, as they could not support all the roof.

The falling roofs of sod houses killed more settlers than the Indians. Why did we live under such a danger? We had no choice in those days. It was the only home we had and when it rained, we would go to bed with prayers on our lips.

Aside from this ever present danger, the sod house added to the discomfort of our life in many ways. This type of house was a curse to any good housewife. It was utterly impossible to keep the place clean. Dirt would keep falling from the roof and the roof always leaked when it rained. I remember well my mother trying to cook on the old wood range — we used buffalo chips for fuel — we brought west with us. She would have me hold an umbrella over the stove to keep the rain out of the pots and pans.

Wasps and bees seemed to love those sod houses, and when we were not fighting dust and rain, we were fighting wasps and bees. And today when I look back to those days, all I seem to remember is that sod home and it's discomforts and fears.

The falling roof was the greatest terror that faced us in those days. So deeply is it ingrained in my consciousness that even today when I go to bed, I have that gnawing fear that the roof may come down on me.

RW

TOSS YOUR BRICKBATS

(Continued from Page 6)

Elgin, suffering at time of capture from locomotor ataxia.

As a school boy in Cedarvale, Kansas, I knew Bill Tilghman when he traveled with his movie "Passing of the Oklahoma Outlaws." I also refer to his book of same title as to authenticity of above accounts of Ingalls Battle.

In closing I will also add that I recall the death of Mr. Tilghman during the Cromwell, Oklahoma oil boom. He was assassinated by a rat killer named Wiley Lynn who was at the time a federal prohibition agent, cause of the trouble between the two — Tilghman had closed down a house of ill fame belonging to Lynn's girl friend. Not long after the vile assination of Tilghman, Wiley met his inevitable end in a gun fight in drug store at Medill, Oklahoma, where not only he and his adversary but also three innocent bystanders were slain in the exchange of

pistol shots. I might also add that Lynn would be a fitting candidate for role in a modern television program along with other fighting members of "The second oldest profession," such as Johnny Ringo, Bat Masterson, Doc Holliday and Wyatt Earp.

Truly yours,
Mont Land
Hotel Avila
Caracas, Venezuela

We take it that Mr. Land is an American and a former westerner.

BOZEMAN'S POTATOES

Dear Sirs:

In your November issue of Real West I happened to notice a little mistake you made probably in printing. In the article "John Bozeman's Load of Potatoes," you have a picture of Capt. James F. Cook. I have before me a book written by Cook himself, "Fifty years on the Old Frontier", and it contains the same picture of Cook only it is a lot more clear. What I was getting at is that Cook's middle initial, according to the book, is H. not F. Also I noticed part of the gun's stock is missing on your picture.

I enjoy your magazine very much and will continue to buy it as long as it is on the market. But one thing I do wish is that you wouldn't have to "touch up" the pictures in your magazine. Actually they are what holds my interest most.

Yours very truly,
Lynnette Cady
Highbridge, Wisconsin

Your suggestion about not retouching pictures is good.

ABOUT JOHN RENO

Sir:

Your January, 1961 issue of *Real West* was quite interesting. However, on the story "The Terrible Renos," it is mentioned on page 57 that John Reno disappeared. This is not so. The local newspaper here gives the following account of John Reno's death. The account reads as follows:

The First Train Robber
Death of John Reno, the Notorious
Retired Criminal of Indiana

Columbus, Indiana, February 2, 1895

John Reno is dead. He was one of the first train robbers in the United States and was a daring individual. In September, 1886 the Adams Express Company's car on the Pennsylvania line south of Indianapolis was robbed of express valued at $90,000.

Reno never forgave the men who, by force, ended the existence of his brothers' lives, who were hanged for train robbery.

As an additional note, here is a news account of a member of the Reno gang:

Last of Reno Gang Caught
Shelbyville, Indiana, November 16, 1886

The police of this city have captured a burglar named "Walk" Hammond, who proves to be the last member of the Reno gang of express robbers.

John Reno was released from the Indiana State Prison, August 28, 1888.

The date usually given for James Younger's death is October 19, 1901. He died October 19, 1902.

Yours truly,
James Lorentz
1223 Catherine
Muskegon, Michigan

If you reread the story, you will find that it said John Reno disappeared for a period of years.

MORE ABOUT CARRIE NATION

Dear Sirs:

I read your story about Carrie Nation and the comments by readers in the following issues.

I hope this letter doesn't stir up another controversy like the Wyatt Earp or Jessie James argument that has gone on for so long, but I had the pleasure, or displeasure (depending on how you look at it) of meeting the lady once and had the opportunity to see her in full action. It happened in the little town of Bergman, Arkansas in the year of 1906 when I was 19 years old. A northbound train had to lay over for an hour or so while a wreck of a southbound train was being cleared away. In a town of 200 people in the Ozark Hills there was little to get excited about on Sunday except to go down to

(Continued on next Page)

the depot and watch the trains come in or slip out into the brush and play poker and that cost money, something most of us wouldn't have known about.

On this individual day quite a few of us were at the depot when the train pulled in. The weather was real hot and the passengers all had the windows up and as one of the local citizens walked down the side of the train he lit a cigarette he had just rolled and just as he did a hand shot out of a window of one of the coaches and knocked the cigarette out of his mouth and then the damndest looking old hag stuck her head out of the window and in a voice that sounded more like the snarl of a Tom cat than that of a female woman, shouted, "Young man, don't you know your soul will burn in hell if you don't quit smoking those hohrible cigarettes?"

The fellow was so taken aback he was speechless for a minute but finally found his voice, then asked her who the hell she was? "I am Carrie Nation, that's who I am, and I aim to make it impossible for you and others like you to get cigarettes or booze." The guy had courage enough to talk back to her and told her he thought she had a mistaken and abnormal itch for meddling in other people's business. The argument kept up for an hour till the train pulled out and she had to pull out with it.

Meeting Carrie Nation recalled a meeting I had with another Temperance Union lecturer 10 years before when I was only 9 years old. My parents took me to hear Miss Frances E. Willard talk. It seems impossible that two women who were counseling for the same cause could be so different in every way as they were.

Miss Willard was a highly educated woman and was an educator in her own right. She was not a beautiful woman, nor was she ugly as was Carrie Nation. Her voice was vibrant and as musical as a well tuned harp and every word she spoke reflected the warmth and generosity of her personality. She never crusaded against the use of alcohol for the sake of saving a lost soul, but for the maintenance of the dignity of the American home. She lectured all over the world and was loved by all who knew her. She had friends among Kings and Queens and prostitutes and tramps. She was not afraid to walk into a saloon. Not to wreck the place but to talk to those present. She had a sense of humor and a wit that could cut like sulphuric acid if she wanted to use it.

Miss Willard died in 1898 in Chicago and according to newspaper reports more than 250,000 people attended her funeral and thousands of letters of condolence were sent from all over the world, from Europe, Asia and South America. I am sure Carrie Nation never had that many friends.

Yours,
Z. W. Fain
2414 1st Avenue
Seattle 1, Washington

Frances Willard could hardly be put in the same class as Carrie Nation.

MURRIETTA'S HATE

Dear Editor:

Since I came across your very fine magazine on a news stand a couple of years ago, I have become one of your most avid readers. I feel that Real West fills the gap with short stories on the West that can not be found elsewhere. Although I check books out of the city library, I find that your Real West satisfies a hunger in me that other books do not. Keep up the good work!

I was rather amused with the story on Murrietta's Insane Hate, by L. A. Olmstead. Don't you think the year 1841 was a wee bit early for law and order in California? Besides, the Mexican War was not fought until 1845, and California was not acquired until the Mexican secession of 1848. It came into the Union as the 31st state in September 1850. I am sure there were no Deputy Sheriffs in San Jose until after California was admitted to the Union.

Joaquin Murrietta was the first of the early day California bandits. His exploits are now legendary. His main hide-out was on the west side of Fresno County, near the present towns of Coalinga and Cantua Creek. His lookout, overlooking the San Jouquin Valley, is now known as Murrietta Rocks. Such items as pistols, handcuffs, bottles etc., have been found there. There is about a five miles hike from a good road up to them.

I have a picture of his "home" near Saw Mill Flat, just a few miles from Columbia State Park. It is no longer standing. You can still see the old building foundations that made up this Mexican settlement. Murphy's Camp, Vallecito, and Douglas Flat, which are all across the Stanislaus River from Columbia State Park had a large Mexican population. It was in this general area where the hanging of Murrietta's brother took place and also his whipping.

I might point out that most of the early day miners in this area were Mexican. Sonorian Camp (Sonora) was all Mexican until the Americans ran them out and jumped their claims. And too, there was the foreign miner's tax that was levied on anyone that was not American. Even the Californians (native) were not exempt. Finally, the Mexicans moved south and founded the town of Hornitos (Little Ovens). Hornitos became a favorite haunt of Murrietta. Near here the California Rangers were organized that finally tracked him down, near Cantua Creek. Murrietta's head was amputated and brought to Hornitos. It was pickled in alcohol and put on exhibit in San Francisco. The head was lost in the great San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906.

A point of information for Mr. Lloyd Godfrey, 425 West Palm Street, Exeter, California. I see you are interested in getting some information on "Bill Drew". You might find something in a book about him, written by "Pistol Pete". The title is "Pistol Pete", which can be found in the county library; if not the state. I have read it, but do not remember anything about "Bill Drew".

And Mr. Chip Walker, 2172 Magnolia Drive, Simi, California. You can get some eye-witness accounts of the Coffeyville Raid by the Dalton Gang if you will write to the Dalton Museum Coffeyville, Kansas. I purchased a copy of the Coffeyville Journal that has complete coverage of the raid. Also, there are pictures of the participants. There is a "paperback" book written by David Stewart Elliot, Editor of Coffeyville Journal, that gives all the particulars leading up to and including the raid. If you will send a check for about $2.00 the attendant will send you what you want. The Dalton Museum is housed upstairs over the Condon and Condon Bank they tried to rob.

My wife had a great uncle by the name of Charles Moore who threw a "big loop" in his day. He is reputed to have done his cattle rustling down in Texas. He went by the name of "John Singleterry". Later in life he ran a saloon near Galena, Kansas. The saloon was practically on the Kansas Missouri line. He was known as "Cimmarron". I would like to know if any of Real West's readers know anything about him. If anyone does, please forward the information on to me. It will be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,
James R. C. Parks
2302 E. Rialto Ave.
Fresno 26, California

(Continued on next Page)

FACTS ABOUT GERONIMO

Gentlemen:

On the cover of your last issue you picture Geronimo and on page 5 give a short story about him. Your information is far from correct.

He was a medicine man and prophet of the Chiricahua Apache. He was born at the headwaters of the Gila River (pronounced Hila) near old Fort Tulerosa, somewhere about 1834.

His father was Taklishim, which in English, means 'Gray One'. The Chiricahua were removed from Mexico to near San Carlos Reservation. Geronimo and some others didn't like the confinement and fled. He was arrested at Ojo Caliente, N. M., and then settled down to a plain farmer. The GREAT WHITE FATHER wouldn't let them have water for any irrigation so, despite the fact he had the best farm in the San Carlos, and because the GREAT WHITE MAN didn't want 'red devils' making tiswin, a real good likker, our friend Geronimo organized some other restless souls and started out to show the white man who was whom.

I was born on the Cheyenne Reservation in (now) Oklahoma. Geronimo was a prisoner at Fort Sill. He was badly treated. His bones were dug up and taken back to his homeland in the past decade.

Sincerely,
H. R. Antle
(Howling Wolf)
8764 Corinne Drive
Orangevale, California

P.S. Geronimo died the year I was born, 1909. How many of you Yanks ever been west of the Connecticut River?

The editor of the magazine was born and raised in Oklahoma.

THE PONY EXPRESS

Dear Sir:

Regarding your November article, pointing to the Pony Express as a tragedy, let me express my own view on the subject.

As your article so very ably pointed out, a great deal of political and business rivalry existed at top echelons of the Pony Express Company. This rivalry became more heated, as the national leaders became more aware of the approaching Civil War.

Nevertheless, the experiment served a most vital role in communication, and in keeping the Far West in the Union. It tended to cement east and west at the most crucial point in American history, and informed the pioneers of the election of Abraham Lincoln. The outstanding courage and horsemanship of the pony express riders through every sort of obstacle is without parallel in the history of the United States. The Piute Indians caused considerable trouble to the Pony Express in Nevada, in much the same manner as the Butterfield Stages encountered with the Apaches in Arizona. The first cross country ride of the Pony Express, electrified the nation in much the same way that a successful space shot to the Moon, Venus or Mars would today in our modern civilization.

Sincerely,
H. W. Tewes
6206 E. 17th Street
Tucson, Arizona

REQUEST FROM ENGLAND

Dear Sir,

I read your magazine whenever I can get it. I don't know if I have written to the right place but I thought you might be able to help me. I am very interested in Indians and would like to get some colored pictures of totem poles, if there are any books available with good colored reproductions. I would also like to know where I could purchase a peace pipe. I will be most grateful if you can help me.

Yours sincerely,
Frank Porter
147 Lynmouth Road
Walthamstow, E. 17
London, England

Can any reader help Mr. Porter?

LITTLE DICK

Sirs:

I have just finished reading "Little Dick the Terrible" in the November issue of Real West. The writer Mr. Qualey did not do proper research. First he mentions Guthrie, Oklahoma as being in the Indian Territory. Guthrie was never in any territory except Oklahoma.

Little Dick West was killed at Hermon Arnet's place, just three miles north of my father's homestead, where I was raised. Mrs. Hart was the one who informed her husband of a suspicious character at Arners. Bill Tighman took a posse of several men and approached the house. Among the posse was Frank Rhinehart, Sheriff of Logan County. West saw or heard the posse and started to run. As he was trying to get thru a barb-wire fence, every man in the posse shot at him and he was mortally wounded. After consultation the officers decided that as Frank Rhinehart was the local peace officer that he should be given credit for killing West. The records of the Guthrie Cemetery shows outlaw West killed by Sheriff Rhinehart. Bill Tighman beating him to the draw is all bosh. Tighman's own book gives Rhinehart credit for the killing.

Another error was the "fish" wagon at Ingalls. The officers rode into the town in a covered wagon, known as a prairie schooner. A covered wagon was a common sight, but a fish wagon would have been as conspicuous as a band wagon.

As to officers being in cahoots with the outlaws, Ed Nicks, U. S. Marshal, was accused of taking a bribe, but it was never proven, but he was forced out of office on account of it.

Yours for truth and accuracy,
George O. Cooper
Box 363
Escalon, California

This is another angle to the death of Little Dick.

ABOUT HANK TRACY

Dear Editor:

I've just finished reading the November issue of REAL WEST and enjoyed it thoroughly, as usual. . . . I especially liked the article by Carl Breihan: "HANK TRACY, THE WEST'S MAD KILLER." I have done much research of the badman and Breihan's account is one of the best magazine articles I've run across on Harry (Hank) Tracy.

My occupation is a Country and Western singer and I have written and recorded a song entitled: THE MANHUNT FOR HARRY TRACY, which tells of the dramatic two-month chase across Oregon and Washington for Tracy (June 9th to August 6, 1902). I have also visited most of the sites that figured in this story, including the Vanhorn Home, across the street from Woodland Park, in Freemont, Washington, where Tracy gunned down two of his would-be captors. I also had the privilege of spending an afternoon

scouring around the scene of his last battle at the Eddy Ranch — which is located about 12 miles Southeast of Creston, Washington. I've also been working on a manuscript, which includes a chapter on Harry Tracy, which I hope to have published soon. So, as you can see, Tracy is one of my "Pet Hardcases"; and once again my congratulations to Carl Breihan for his fine story, and to REAL WEST for bringing it to us.

You fellows at REAL WEST are doing a terrific job. I know there are many thousands like me that appreciate and look forward to each new issue of REAL WEST. Keep up the good work. Thanks.

Very sincerely,
Gary Williams
c/o K. P. E. G. Radio Station
Spokane, Washington

MORE ABOUT TRACY

Gentlemen:

I have been reading your REAL WEST for a long time and like it fine. I want to thank you for your good story on Hank Tracy. We came West to Chehalis in 1905 and have been working in logging camps here ever since. As a baby I heard a lot of true facts how Tracy killed Merrill a few miles south of Chehalis. I have been to the spot where it happened many times.

It seems that when Merrill was a boy he got into some minor trouble and they sent him to the reform school. He was farmed out to a man living south of Forest. Tracy went to see him. Merrill had made some friends around while he was working on that farm and he had a brother employed in the livery barn in Chehalis. According to the people, an Ira Johnson fed and hid Tracy and Merrill in the livery barn at Forest. From what the people around here said Merrill wanted to look up his brother.

Tracy got the idea Merrill would get them arrested. So he killed him in a fake duel. People wouldn't believe it when Tracy said he killed Merrill. A lady and her 12 year old boy found Merrill's body. Tracy had thrown Merrill's rifle behind a log and told people where they would find the rifle. Mrs. Lena Goff and a friend found the gun. Merrill's brother said he would kill Tracy. How Tracy got over the mountain where he was killed was a mystery to everybody. An old man said Tracy told him he crawled there like a rabbit.

Tracy never made friends. He would threaten to kill whole families if they told the police they had seen him. People believed this. Thanks for the good story on Harry Tracy.

Ora Pinning
322 North Street
Centralia, Washington

ALSO LIKES TRACY STORY

Dear Editor:

I've just bought your latest issue of "Real West." I enjoyed the stories in it, especially one titled Little Hank Tracy, the West's Mad Killer. This one is really good. Like to see more. I've been a regular reader of Real West for sometime now, and I like what you print. I know there are a few readers who are ready to start criticizing the author, but I wasn't living back then and don't know anything about those Western badmen. So I just read 'em and send in my comment. I'm from Alabama, but I don't go around crowing about it. I think the whole darn Nation is wonderful. Anywhere I go I see beauty. Thanks for a wonderful magazine.

Sincerely,
J. C. Glazener
2404 McCroskey
Knoxville 17, Tennessee

These three are only a part of the letters we received praising the Tracy story.

HAS INTERESTING BOOK

Sir:

I have a book "The Annual Report of the Secretary of War for the Year 1886." It is 825 pages of facts, figures and data of the old West and the U. S. Army of that year.

Page 155 — Report of Lt. Marion Maus, 1st inf., of the attack by Mexican Troops on 11, Jan. '86. Tom Horn was scout for Maus. His report of same attack.

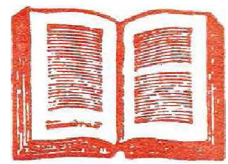
Page 176 — Report of Capt. Lawton, 4th Cav., to Gen. Miles, Dept. of Arizona, of operations against Geronimo and Natchez.

The book is full of such reports, enough to keep a writer busy for a long time.

In the back of the book (West Point Section) is a copy of the entrance exams to West Point 1886. A story within itself.

I am,
M/Sgt. Lewis B. Carter, U.S.A. Ret.
2842 Washington Road
Augusta, Georgia

We are sure some of our readers will be interested in this book.



DEFENDS BILLY-THE-KID

Dear Editor:

I have just read your good article in REAL WEST called "ANGEL FROM HELL," I just want to let you know that it was one of the best articles that I have ever read.

Of all the stories I have read, there has never been anything about Nell Pickett until this article came out in the January 1961 REAL WEST.

The story was an interesting one, but I am sorry to say not too true about the killing of Billy-the-Kid on that July night in 1881 in Fort Sumner, N. M. The real name of Billy-the-Kid was William (Bill) "Brushy" Roberts.

The Kid was born in Buffalo Gap, Texas, on December 31, 1859. When he was three years old he was taken to Silver City to live with his mother's half sister, who was Mrs. Bonney, later Mrs. Antrim. This is where the Kid got the aliases from, no' other than his Aunt.

Now, who was this man who was killed by Sheriff Pat Garret in the Maxwell's home that night? It was Billy Barlow. Barlow had come to the area less than a year before in 1880. Barlow was connected someway with one of the families of the area around Fort Sumner whose name was Clements. Now that is something too, about the Kid asking a question first then getting killed afterwards. The Kid never asked a question first, or would he ever go for his gun.

The Kid was the scapegoat of his day. Whenever there was a killing, "The Kid" did it. He was held reponsible for shooting a gun and killing a man when he was really miles and miles away from the incident at the time.

There are those who will always say that the Kid was killed on the night of July 14, 1881. There are also some who asked the question: "How could any-

(Continued on next Page)

one know for sure that Billy killed sheriff Brady?"

The Kid, I know, was one of five men shooting in the dark, from behind a rock wall at the sheriff. No ballistics tests were made of the bullets. It was impossible to tell from what gun, and at whose gun hand, the fatal bullet came.

On November 29, 1950, Governor Mabry had promised the Kid a pardon for the killing of Sheriff Brady. Governor Mabry with a Lawyer by the name of Morrison, met the Kid when he arrived that day. The Governor told the Kid that he was taking no action. "Now or ever," that would earn the Kid a pardon from him, so he never did get a pardon from Governor Mabry.

Thanks for giving me your time, and keep up the good work.

Adios Amigas,
Jack Wallace
Rt. 2, Box 140
Redlands, California

Most humans have some good points and this probably was true of the Kid.

FATHER WAS ROUGH RIDER

Dear Sirs:

In regard to your January issue of Real West of John A. Bruno's article of "Teddy's Army of Bronco Busters." No mention was made of the men who rode the horses for the first time.

My father, Joseph Lee Rainville, and friend, now deceased, born June 22, 1876 at Freewater, Oregon and his lifelong friend Amos Whitworth (when my father was 20 to 21 years old) broke horses for the Spanish-American War, seven days a week for a solid year. 8 head a piece a day — rode them a mile a piece a day.

He (my father) was a professional horse breaker, rider and roper. Have seen him demonstrate the method of roping used while breaking horses for Spanish-American War. We have newspaper clippings of his riding ability as anyone who saw him ride or rope would never forget it.

He named his first boy Teddy.

I enjoy your magazine very much, keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
James L. Rainville
Rt. 1, Box 364
Bandon, Oregon

These unsung heroes should be given credit.

DEFENDERS OF ALAMO

Gentlemen:

I enjoy your magazine "Real West." In the "Toss Your Brickbats" department, you printed a letter from Elizabeth Ann Higgins of Dallas, Texas. She states: "Seems to me that all you Yankees are interested in, is trying to ridicule everything we Americans believe in."

Now let's go to the Alamo, just for Higgins' special benefit. How many Texans were in the Alamo? Dave Crockett was there with 25 fighting men from Tennessee. Robert Moore was from Virginia. In the ranks were 14 from England, and about that many from Scotland, Ireland, Wales and Germany. Many of the men came to Texas from southern states. This will come as a shock to Higgins. There were brave, fighting men at the Alamo from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and other northern states. Would Higgins list these Yankees who helped save her Texas as un-American? Capt. Almaron Dickerson was there with 26 men from Tennessee. Travis and Bonham were from South Carolina. There were others from other states. Just how many Texans were in The Battle of the Alamo?

I was born in Pennsylvania of Dutch-Irish parents. I was raised in Tennessee. Here is a truly fine state, and the people are Americans. I have been in Texas and enjoyed it. I met some fine people there.

A Solid Yankee American,
W. H. Stone
1293 Edwards Avenue
Lakewood 7, Ohio

Texas, like all other states, is made up of people from everywhere.

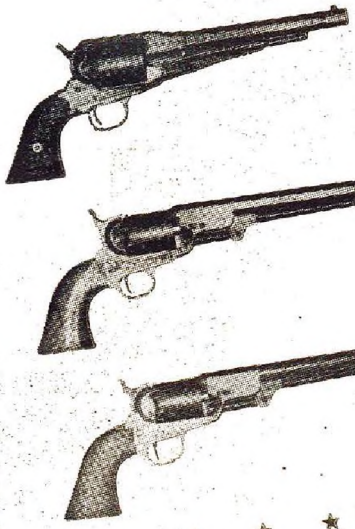
RW

* shooting replicas that bring back the old West

WANTED!

BY EVERY BLACK POWDER SHOOTER AND COLLECTOR . .

REMINGTON MODEL 1863, 58 Cal. Rifle
The original model of this rifle saw service of the Civil War and was acknowledged to be the most accurate military rifle of its day. In the hands of many a Civil War veteran it helped open the West and furnish necessary food and protection. With its walnut stock, blued barrel, brass fittings, and case hardened lock it is the most colorful rifle of its day.
Price $125.00



New Model ARMY REVOLVER
A gallant veteran of the Civil War and favored by many frontiersmen as the most reliable heavy duty 44 Cal. percussion revolver made. With its top strap and rugged frame these guns are ideally suited for the heavy charges used in the 44 Revolver.
Price $89.95

New Model NAVY REVOLVER
The most popular revolver of the Civil War and the fastest percussion gun in the West. The 36 Cal. Navy favored by many frontiersmen, due to its light recoil and lightening fast action is still selected by many quick draw artists as the fastest single action revolver in the world.
PRICE $89.95

The "REB" ARMY PISTOL
The faithful reproductions of the Confederate Griswold & Grier based on the same action as the 1851 Navy. This gun with its brass frame and dragoon-type barrel is the most colorful gun used in the Old West.
PRICE $89.95

BULLET MOULDS — exact copy of original moulds for both Army & Navy Revolvers. Casts round & conical bullets — brass body with iron sprue cutter ..... 9.95 ea.

POWDER FLASKS — exact copies, designed to throw proper charge for each pistol. Copper body with brass fittings. Either 44 cal. Remington or 36 cal. Colt ..... 20.00 ea.
In sterling silver ..... 90.00 ea.

HOLSTERS — top grain heavy leather · exact copys of original issue holsters.
Black Navy Holster ..... 9.95 ea.
Russet Reb Holster ..... 7.50 ea.

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOG

REAL WEST GUN DEPT. RW-1, CHARLTON BLDG., DERBY, CONN.

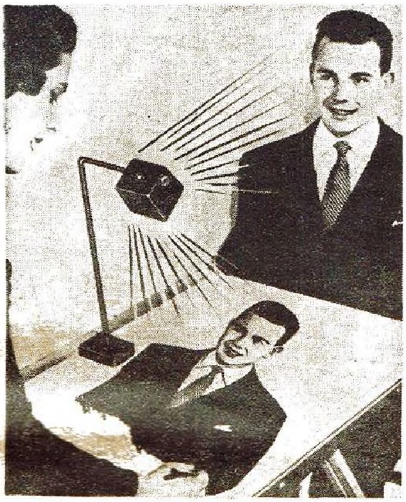
An Amazing Invention—"Magic Art Reproducer"

DRAW ANY PERSON IN ONE MINUTE!

NO TALENT! NO LESSONS!

You Can Draw Your Family, Friends, Anything From REAL LIFE— Like An Artist . . . Even If You CAN'T DRAW A Straight Line!

Anyone Can Draw With This Amazing New Invention—Instantly!



Complete for only $1.98 De Luxe Model—with extra high power, extra clear and sharp "reproducer" unit

A New Hobby Gives You a Brand New Interest!

Yes, anyone from 5 to 80 can draw or sketch or paint anything now ... the very first time you use the "Magic Art Reproducer" Like a professional artist—no matter how "hopeless" you think you are. An unlimited variety and amount of drawings can be made. Art is admired and respected by everyone. Most hobbies are expensive, but drawing costs very little, just some inexpensive paper, pencils, crayons, or paint. No costly upkeep, nothing to wear out, no parts to replace. It automatically reproduces anything you want to draw on any sheet of paper. Then easily and quickly follow the lines of the "picture image" with your pencil ... and you have an accurate original drawing that anyone would think an artist had done. No guesswork, no judging sizes and shapes! Reproduces black and white and actual colors for paintings. *Also makes drawing larger or smaller as you wish.* Anyone can use it on any desk, table, board, etc.—indoors or outdoors! Light and compact to be taken wherever you wish. No other lessons or practice or talent needed! You'll be proud to frame your original drawings for a more distinctive touch to your home. Give them to friends as gifts that are "different," appreciated.

Have fun! Be popular! Everyone will ask you to draw them. You'll be in demand! After a short time, you may find you can draw well without the "Magic Art Reproducer" because you have developed a "knack" and feeling artists have—which may lead to a good paying art career.

FREE! "Simple Secrets of Art Tricks of the Trade"

This valuable illustrated guide is yours FREE with order of "Magic Art Reproducer." Easy ABC art tricks that anyone can follow on different techniques, effects, proportions, perspectives, shading, color, animated cartoons, human figures to use with "Magic Art Reproducer" for added touches to your drawings.

SEND NO MONEY!

Free 10-Day Trial!

Just send name and address. Pay postman on delivery $1.98 plus postage. Or send only $1.98 with order and we pay postage. You must be convinced that you can draw anything like an artist, or return merchandise after 10-day trial and your money will be refunded.

NORTON PRODUCTS, Dept. 520, 296 B'way, N.Y.C. 7.

ALSO EXCELLENT FOR EVERY OTHER TYPE OF DRAWING AND HOBBY!

Create Thousands of Your Own Designs for All Hobbies.

Outdoor Scenes, Landscapes, Buildings.

Wonderful for Making Your Own Clothes and Designing Fashions.

Copy Photos, other Pictures, Portraits, Fashions, etc.

Aids Interior Decorating—Before buying.

Still Life, Vases, Bowls of Fruit, Lamps, Furniture, all objects.

Draw Pets and All Animals.

Create Your Own Personal Original Greeting Cards and Letterheads.

Copy All Comic and Adventure Heroes.

Copy Sport and Movie Stars, celebrities, etc.

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON!

NORTON PRODUCTS, Dept. 520
296 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

Rush my "Magic Art Reproducer" plus FREE illustrated guide Simple Secrets of Art Tricks of the Trade. I will pay postman on delivery only $1.98 plus postage. I must be convinced that I can draw anything like an artist, or I can return merchandise after 10-day trial and get my money back.

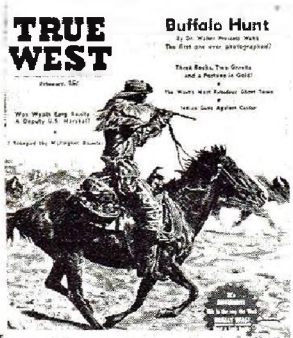
Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City & Zone ____________ State ________

☐ Check here if you wish to save postage by sending only $1.98 with coupon. Same Money Back Guarantee!

MAN, WHAT A BARGAIN!



TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and "A GALLERY OF WESTERN BADMEN"

For two measly bucks!

We ate some loco weed, pulled off our bridles and are RUNNING WILD! Just to introduce you to our magazines, we're turning our heads so you can steal us blind!

TRUE WEST is published bimonthly (6 issues per year) — 25c per copy, 12 issues for $3.00
FRONTIER TIMES is published quarterly (4 issues per year) — 25c per copy, 12 issues for $3.00

TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are *authentic* magazines crammed with articles and photos on badmen, range wars, Indian fights, gold rushes, ghost towns, lost mines, buried treasures, outlaws, trail drives, frontier sagas, cowboy and ranch life —they portray the REAL THING — they stick to the FACTS!

Where can you buy the smell of wet sage after a shower, the roar of ten thousand hoofs in a buffalo stampede, the war cry of charging Apaches, the acrid smell of caliche dust as a herd of long-since-vanished longhorns move up the Chisholm Trail?

Where can you buy so much of the very HEART of the Old West — AS IT REALLY WAS — for *ten times* the price?

"A Gallery of Western Badmen" FREE with each subscription

This is a book of factual accounts on the lives and deaths of 21 notorious gunslingers and lawmen of the Old West such as Wyatt Earp, Billy the Kid, Wes Hardin, John Ringo, Jesse James, Bill Longley, Doc Holliday, Wild Bill Hickok, Clay Allison, Ben Thompson and 11 others! There are 26 authentic photographs in this book.

SPECIAL! We're making you a "see-what-we've got" offer of a *full year's* subscription to BOTH magazines for two germ-laden bucks — and throwing in a copy of the BADMEN book FREE — just to get you on the prod! It's our last printing on the BADMEN book, so DO IT NOW while they last! Send $2.00 in bills, check or M.O. by hi-lifed giraffe RIGHT NOW. If you do not wish to cut magazine, just send name and address.

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS
Box 5008-RW, Austin 31, Texas

Please send me one year's subscription to TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES. A copy of "A Gallery of Western Badmen" will be sent me FREE. Enclosed is $2.00.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

NOW THRILL TO THE GREATEST WESTERN ADVENTURES EVER WRITTEN

—In magnificent, matched volumes you'll be proud to own

ALL 3 of these exciting WESTERN STORIES by ZANE GREY

Yours for Only $2.29

A $6.87 VALUE

To Introduce You to
The Collected Works of ZANE GREY.
In Luxurious Matched Volumes of Red, Tan, Blue.
Stamped in Genuine Gold.

Now Ready!

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE

The raw beauty and vast stillness of the Plains, the whole colorful epoch of the pioneer! Against this backdrop a mysterious rider and the girl he loves *gamble their lives in the dimming of the West!*

As you read this great adventure, you'll see why it's the most popular Western ever written! Read by over 2 MILLION. Made into 4 thrilling motion pictures!

THE LONE STAR RANGER

"The Rangers mean law and order for Texas," Buck Duane's uncle tells him. "Kill a man and you're ruined. If you resist arrest, they'll shootyou. Ifyousubmit, you'll mebbe *hang!*"

But Buck *has* to kill Cal Bain. So he rides away toward the Rio Grande to find refuge in that wild borderland country that is still untamed.

CAPTIVES OF THE DESERT

"Hmm, you're crazy . . . ridin' after them thievin' varmints *without a gun!*" Hush-Lo told John Curry. His words died on his lips. Standing before them were the very two gunslingers Curry had sworn to run out of the territory! "Ride one step closer," they warned, "and you'll be feelin' some *hot lead!*"

YOUR FIRST 3 VOLUMES

All the Glory of the Old West — Its Sweeping Action, Color and Romance — Recaptured in Beautiful Volumes Your Family Will Be Proud to Own

IMAGINE! ALL 3 Western thrillers described above are yours *for only* $2.29 — to introduce you to the magnificent matched library series of Zane Grey "Golden West De Luxe Editions."

You'll be swept away by the colorful action, the breathtaking thrills, the blood-tingling excitement! You'll come face-to-face with heroic men and women . . . ruthless desperadoes and outlaws . . . the roar of blazing six-guns!

Here are the other riproaring Zane Grey Westerns in this magnificent library series:

THE THUNDERING HERD. The glorious days of the fearless Texas hide-hunters.

WILDFIRE. A wild stallion, a fiery girl — and a man who tamed them both.

ARIZONA AMES. His blazing six-shooter spread terror among the toughest badmen.

SHADOW ON THE TRAIL. Quick-shooting Wade Holden fights with rawhide-tough rustlers.

ROGUE RIVER FEUD. Violence and death on Rogue River, where men stopped at nothing.

DESERT GOLD. Spine-tingling adventures of men and women crazed by the lure of riches.

WEST OF THE PECOS. This hard-riding straight-shooting young man turned out to be a girl!

THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS. Mighty epic of warfare on the border, throbbing with riproaring excitement!

ALL OF THE CANYON. Smashing drama of death and danger!

30,000 ON THE HOOF. Pioneer Hash outlaws screaming Indians and lawless rustlers.

Other great volumes include: WILL HORSEMESA; THE VANISHING AMERICAN; FIGHTING MAN; THE HASH KNIFE OUTFIT; THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER; TWIN SOMBREROS; THE HEritage OF THE DESERT; WESTERN UNION; THE TONTO RIM ROBBERS' ROOST; SHEPHERD OF GUADALOUPE; THE NEBER MOUNTAIN; TO THE LAST MAN; THE MAN OF THE FOREST. All complete — not a thrilling word is cut.

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail RESERVATION CERTIFICATE to examine your first THREE volumes, shown and described above. With them will come an introductory invoice for only $2.29 plus few cents mailing charge as payment IN FULL for ALL THREE books, and instructions on how to get your other beautiful volumes. If not fully satisfied you may return all three introductory books, or any later volume in the series, you may cancel your reservation at any time.

There are positively no other charges. No fees; no "deposit" in advance. First come, first served. Send Reservation Certificate NOW to WALTER J. BLACK, INC., Roslyn, L.I., N. Y.

READER'S RESERVATION CERTIFICATE

UE

WALTER J. BLACK, Inc.
Roslyn, L.I., New York

Please reserve in my name the books listed in your generous offer to readers of this magazine — the 3 Introductory Volumes of Golden West De Luxe Editions of Zane Grey. Send me at once my three introductory volumes, RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE, THE LONE STAR RANGER and CAPTIVES OF THE DESERT. I ENCLOSE NO MONEY IN ADVANCE, but within one week I will send you only $2.29 (plus a few cents mailing charge) as complete payment for ALL THREE books — and I will be entitled to receive each following handsome De Luxe volume as it comes from the press, at the low $2.25 price plus a few cents for handling, sending you money in advance. If not completely satisfied, I may return all three introductory books, or any book which follows, within one week of receipt. I may cancel my reservation at any time. Books shipped to U.S.A. only.

Name .....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address .....

City .....Zone.... State .....