

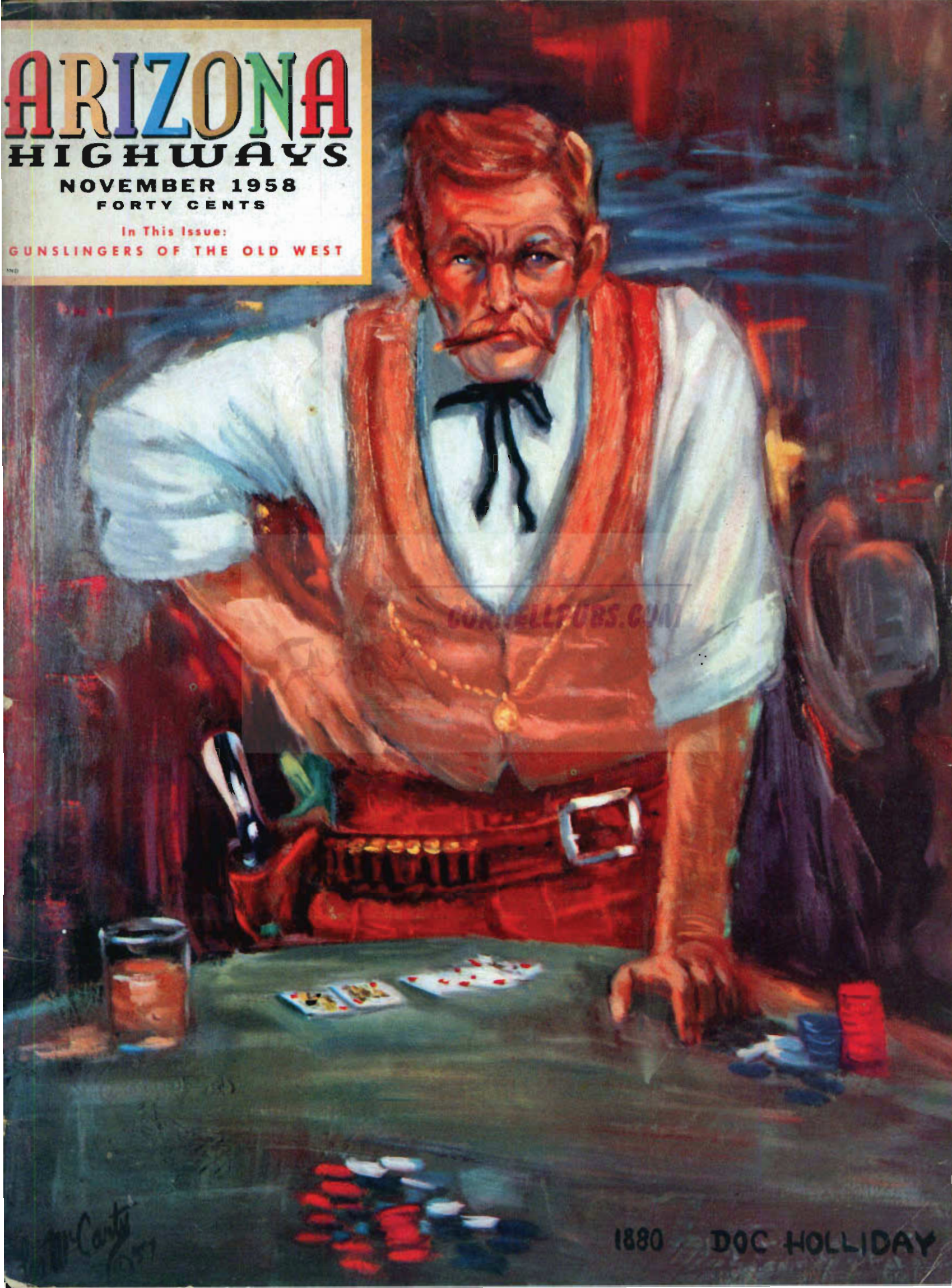
ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

NOVEMBER 1958
FORTY CENTS

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GUNSLINGERS OF THE OLD WEST

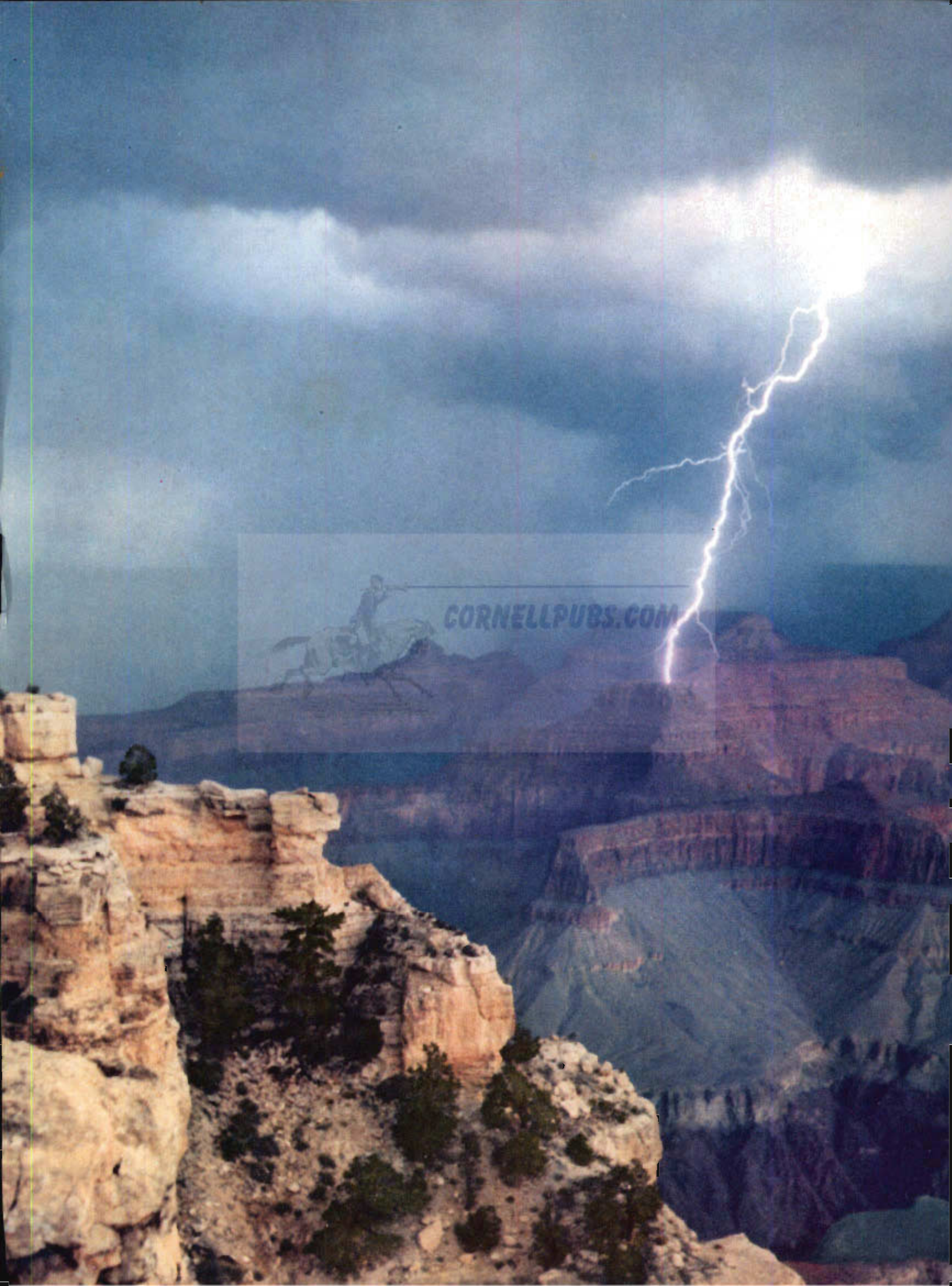
1958



GUNBELLSUBS.COM

1880 DOC HOLLIDAY

McCarty



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ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

VOL. XXXIV NO. 11

NOVEMBER 1958

RAYMOND CARLSON, Editor
 GEORGE M. AVEY, Art Editor
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WHEN THE WEST WAS YOUNG

LEGEND

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ERNEST W. McFARLAND

Governor of Arizona

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FRONT COVER

"DOC HOLLIDAY" from a painting by Lea Franklin McCarty. Mr. McCarty, noted Western artist, after years of intense study and research, has created portraits of famous characters of the Old West. Doc Holliday was a dentist, gunslinger, gambler, son of Confederate army major, victim of tuberculosis. A genuine killer of men, faster than sight with a nickel-plated .45, knife thrower, heavy drinker, artist with foul language, user of saved-off shotgun and savior of Wyatt Earp's life, blaster of men in OK Corral gun battle in Tombstone in 1882. He died in bed with his boots off of tuberculosis. Mr. McCarty's painting is 3/4 by 4 feet in dimension. The reproduction was made from a color photograph taken by William Harville of Santa Rosa, California. Of his photograph, Mr. Harville says: "I had to use a skylight in the artist's studio and then open-flash on Ektachrome at one second with two strobe lights, lens stopped down to f.8. A warm tone filter was used to correct the blue light."

OPPOSITE PAGE

"THUNDER AND LIGHTNING—GRAND CANYON," BY JOHN S. TURNER. Rolleiflex camera; Kodacolor; f.8 at 1/25th sec.; Tessar f.3.5 lens; August 25, 1957; dull overcast with summer thunder storm breaking over Grand Canyon; ASA rating 32. Photo taken at a point about one half mile west of Bright Angel Lodge on the South Rim of the Canyon at the first scenic lookout east of Maricopa Point. The limestone and trees showing in the picture are Maricopa Point. The photographer says: "At the time the picture was taken a storm was moving into the Canyon and my wife and niece had run for the car. My daughter insisted that we try to get a picture of lightning which I assured her was impossible. We took the picture, got in the car, and as we were pulling away—lightning nearly struck us. Of course, there was no damage other than tingling of feet. A severe hail storm followed."

The two decades after the War Between the States were turbulent decades for our country. There was no rest for the restless; no moments of placidity for the placid; no home for the homeless. Westward Ho toward the young and expending frontier became the destination for those, reckless of spirit and quick of trigger, who could find no solace from the turmoil that beset their time and their country. You lived by your wits and your nerve and you lived and died by your own ability to handle quickly and effectively your own revolver. If you were slow on the draw a nameless mound in Boothill would be your last resting place.

This was the Age of the Gunslinger. An over-publicized age it was, over-dramatized in both history and fiction. For instance, we have heard so much about the violent ones of our own Tombstone, but has anyone paid fitting tribute to the Very Reverend Endicott Peabody, who started the first church there, or the gentlewoman from Scotland who planted the rose at Rose Tree Inn, that grows today strong and hearty, perhaps the largest rose bush in the world.

Nevertheless, in these pages this month we are proud to honor all the Gunslingers of the Old West. We hope very much you'll enjoy the Lea McCarty paintings, reproduced herein, of some of the boldest and most valiant of them all, who lived by the gun and probably would have wanted to die by the gun (many of them did). We are grateful to Artist Leo McCarty for a distinguished feature.

And while we are in a Western mood, we think you'll like Ross Santee's account of the last of the wild horse herds to run free and proud over our hills. Ross was there and he knows what he is talking about.

In closing, may we say we think we have a grand Christmas issue coming up. Our lovely contributor, Esther Henderson, has given us a cover we like and we think you will, too. And Christmas-speaking, we are proud to announce Hallmark Cards, the best in the card business, have included a number of Ted DeGrazio cards in their Christmas line this year. They are lovely. We like them and you who have enjoyed Ted's work in these pages will like them as well. Hold off on your Christmas cards until you see Hallmark's Ted DeGrazio creations. Ted's the best, and Hallmark is the tops. (P.S. This is not an advertisement.) . . . R.C.

COLOR CLASSICS FROM ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

This Issue

GUNSLINGERS OF THE OLD WEST

Slide reproductions of historic Western paintings by the noted artist, Lea Franklin McCarty

AR-10 Doc Holliday, cov. 1; AR-11 Wyatt Earp, p. 7; AR-12 Billy The Kid, p. 8; AR-13 John Ringo, p. 8; AR-14 Curly Bill Brocius, p. 8; AR-15 Jesse James, p. 8; AR-16 The Clantons, p. 9; AR-17 Jesse Chisholm, p. 9; AR-18 Wild Bill Hickok, p. 9; AR-19 Bat Masterson, p. 9; AR-20 Pauline Cushman, p. 10.

SLIDES FROM PHOTO COLOR REPRODUCTIONS

GC-66 Thunder and Lightning, Grand Canyon, cov. 2; S-28 Sunset over Roosevelt Lake, cov. 3; DS-55 An Angry Desert Sky, cov. 4; L-43 Summer Afternoon—Mound's Park, p. 17; CM-18 Panorama—Chiricahua National Monument, center spread; L-44 Marshall Lake, p. 20; PE-39 On the Rim of the Painted Desert, p. 20.

SLIDES FROM ROSS SANTEE'S WATER COLORS

OF THE LAST OF THE WILD HORSE HERDS

RS-16 Upper p. 27; RS-17 Lower, p. 27; RS-18 Upper, p. 28-29; RS-19 Lower, p. 28-29; RS-20 Upper, p. 30; RS-21 Lower, p. 30.



Artist Lea Franklin McCarty



It all began, perhaps, with Jesse James, who raided the border states of Missouri in the '70's and whose relatives, the Youngers' helped him lay towns wide open and hold up the trains with rebel yells which came down from the lusty throat of Quantrill of Civil War days. One can not speak of gunfighting without admitting it was all tied together, with Jesse being a cousin of not only the Youngers but the Dal-

Lea Franklin McCarty

GUNSLING

STORY AND

tons as well, and John Ringo of Tombstone thrown in.

The gunfighter was a complex psychogenic from the backwash of the Civil War—one who would rub a sore to kick up a fight which might please the fast-draw complex or vanity. Thus we find Wes Hardia, a preacher's son, standing toe to toe with Wild Bill Hickok in Abilene and the surprised Hickok looking into the twin barrels of eternity.

No sir, you can't separate the gunfighters. They were a disunited brotherhood of blue-eyed killers. Wyatt Earp learned to handle a gun from Wild Bill Hickok, as did Bat Masterson, who sopped up private coaching. Earp made history in Arizona and gave us a little of Wild Bill's spirit.

Let us first say that Jesse James is the father of the gunfighter as we know him, the inventor, some say, of train robbery and bank stick-up and the wheat sack innovation to carry off the loot.

Whether he knew it or not, Wyatt Berry Stapp Earp gravitated toward Arizona in the 1860's by way of

LEA FRANKLIN MCCARTY —

Leo Franklin McCarty was born April 9, 1905. From his father, a native of Texas and a Methodist minister, he acquired a great love for the history and lore of the West. His mother, who had been an art teacher in Chicago, encouraged him to become a painter. He attended Chouinard Art School in Los Angeles, when that school was in its infancy, and also studied under several noted California artists. For a time he became interested in sculpture and is responsible for the statue of Jack London in Jack London Square, Oakland, for the bronzes of the San Francisco Bridge Commissioner, Jack Doyle, a bust of Robert Louis Stevenson, and the Wyatt Earp

plaque at Tombstone. He was placed in "Who's Who" in Western Art in 1956.

Portraiture became his specialty and after years of studying the history of the West, he decided to paint his Gunslingers series. He worked from old photographs and faded tintypes, and supplemented this with intense research as well as countless interviews with people all the way from Deadwood City to Tombstone and back.

Mr. McCarty says: "This is the procedure I have taken to paint the pictures. First, I get at the original photograph, as for instance, that of Billy the Kid standing in front of Smith's Saloon, in Fort Sumner, New Mexico.



ERS OF THE OLD WEST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LEA FRANKLIN McCARTY

Illinois when his Pa, who loved good stature books and had a hankering for the law, wanted to reach San Bernardino, California. Wyatt got law-and-order learning from his old man and learned to shoot straight when he hunted meat for the wagon train along the old Santa Fe, and he learned the art of pistoleering from Wild Bill Hickok when Wild Bill hunted buffalo for its hide along with Bat Masterson and other men who were to become famous. Wild Bill could put a bullet into a bumble-bee's flight or drop a winging sparrow with one of those pearl-handled Colts.

Wyatt quit his hunting in about '73 and began roaming through the roaring cowtowns of the Kansas frontier. In Ellsworth, he gained a reputation when the boisterous Texan, Ben Thompson, shot two loads of heavy buckshot into County Sheriff C. B. Whitney in the plaza and then strutted and swaggered with a mouthful of foul-sounding expletives, inviting anyone to come take him into custody. He had the town treed for sure. Wyatt Earp watched all this and told the mayor if he'd supply the

weapons he'd shut the Texan up. And he did. He walked out slung with two .45's and called to Ben to throw his shotgun into the road or he'd kill him. Somehow Ben had a powerful hunch and didn't want to die just then. This act of Ben backing down made Wyatt famous.

Wyatt soon lit out for Tombstone with a sickly fellow named Doc Holliday, because Doc had saved his life in a fight, and he was mighty beholden to this killer dentist. Later, he was joined by his two brothers, Morgan and Virgil Earp.

A. M. King, Wyatt's old deputy, who gave advice on the painting of these pictures of the gunfighters, said Wyatt never claimed to have ever been a U. S. Deputy Marshal. King goes on to say that S. A. Andretta, Assistant Attorney General of the Justice Department, has stated that the records do not disclose any official documents or papers indicating that Wyatt Earp ever held a regular commission as a United States Marshal or Deputy. King says many facts have become tangled in puzzling pages of literature.

ARTIST WITH A FLAIR FOR WESTERN HISTORY

Next, I make a careful documentary study of his clothing down to the most minute detail. Then I find somebody in Santa Rosa, California, where I live, who is his build and height, get them to pose while I paint the body, then go back to the old photograph of his head and point that in according to likeness, bone structure, teeth, etc. I was particularly fortunate to have the enthusiastic cooperation of the late Morvin Hunter of Bandera, Texas, who, with N. H. Rose, was co-author of the 'Album of Gunfighters,' and I had access to the Hunter-Rose collection at the Bandera Museum, the finest collection of Old West photographs in the world.

"The paintings here are my effort to set the gunfighters down accurately as they actually appeared and dressed, to set them down for the first time. Perhaps in my small way I will help get history straight and influence those who guide the big show."

It took him three years and three heart attacks to finish his monumental work. Lea McCarty's Gunslingers of the Old West is not only a notable contribution to the history of the West but is great art, something never before attempted.

Knott's Berry Farm in Los Angeles has acquired this Gunslingers series. We appreciate being given the privilege to reproduce part of the series herein. . . . R.C.

Anyhow, Wyatt did cradle a shotgun in his arm on the bullion stages and then was appointed a deputy sheriff of Tombstone by Charles Shihell. It seems that this fellow Wyatt Earp was a pivot in the history of Arizona gunfighters.

His deputyship was a powder keg in the fire, what with the horizon looming up with Old Man Clanton, who came recklessly mavericking and stealing along the border from Laredo, Texas, and getting wind of an Ed Schieffel-in's silver find in a place called Tombstone. The Old Man sold off the trail-weary stock at Fort Bowie and took this money to grease the palms of one Sheriff Behan and thus set the stage for the Earp-Clanton feud.

Wyatt was thirty-one years of age and had enough guts to run Curly Bill Brocius off the street when he found him drunk and standing in the blood of Tombstone's Marshal White. He buffaloeed Curly and hauled his limp form off to the calaboose.

Curly Bill was a six-foot gunman with a wrestler's build and had a sunny disposition which broke from seriousness into a wide, freckle-faced grin. He came up from Texas like the Clantons. He was soon to become the leader of all the rustlers around the Dragoon Mountains of Southern Arizona. Curly Bill is known to have slaughtered more than a dozen Mexicans who were bringing \$75,000 in gold on a burro train through Skeleton Canyon. He was victorious in numerous gun battles and had many slugs embedded in his big body. He said he could feel them on cold nights when he slept under the stars.

Curly was released from jail by the anti-Earp faction

who knew all the necessary legal claptrap to do so.

So the stage was set for real commotion, along with trouble from Tom and Frank McLowery, Ike and Billy Clanton and Billy Claibourne. Old Man Clanton managed to get himself ambushed by irate Mexicans while stealing cattle, and so now Curly Bill took command, which all gravitated to the one historic action in the O K Corral gun battle.

It is true that Luke Short, famed Fort Worth gambler, along with Bat Masterson, did deal monte for Wyatt at his Oriental Saloon, but they left Tombstone by the time the O K Corral shooting took place.

Luke had met Wyatt in Dodge and was known as "the undertaker's friend." He had gambled up in Leadville, Colorado, and had learned to unlimber when in a tight spot and showed this when he cut down Charlie Storms. Luke was a dandy and often wore a silk hat and loud trousers and sparkling vests. He became the owner of the famed Long Branch Saloon and was being forced out of business when he called for help from Wyatt and Bat, who came on the double by stagecoach. They soon had Luke back in business with their credentials—the .45 equalizer. Luke later went on to Fort Worth, where he got into a gun battle with famed Jim Courtright and blew off Courtright's thumb and then put a hole in him while Jim was trying to border shift. Luke died peacefully in bed in Kansas City in 1893. He was 39.

His friend and Wyatt's Deputy Bat Masterson first met Wyatt at the Salt Forks of the Arkansas River in 1872. He was in the famous Battle of Adobe Walls, in which nineteen hunters, including Masterson, stood off

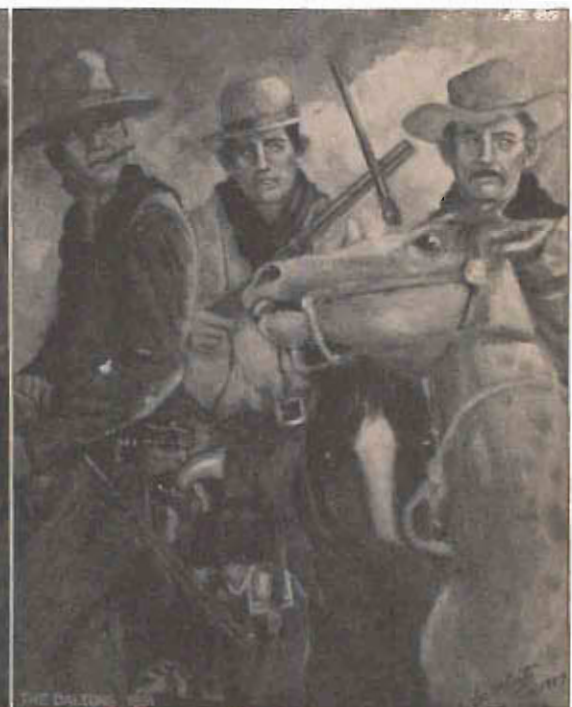
JOHN WESLEY HARDIN. Son of a Methodist preacher, the worst killer Texas ever produced. Shot to death by El Paso's John Selman.



THE YOUNGERS. Hard men, robbers, benchmen of Jesse James, his consins and related to the Daltons and John Ringo. Shot down and wounded at Northfield, where they tried to rob their last bank.



THE DALTONS. Marshals of Fort Smith, Arkansas, then bandits, train robbers, killers of the Oklahoma plains. Death in Coffeyville, Kansas, to Grat and Bob Dalton, prison for brother Emmett.



a thousand Comanche, Cheyenne, Kiowa and Arapahoe warriors. Bat followed the life of a peace officer along the Chisholm Trail cow towns. He became a Deputy U.S. Marshal in New York and worked on the New York *Morning Telegraph* as a sports reporter. He died in New York in 1921.

Doc Holliday came along to Tombstone with Wyatt and followed the deputy about. Doc had studied dentistry in a medical college in Baltimore. And because the tubercular bug was eating him up, he went to packing a nickel-plated .45 Colt and left dead men under gambling tables from Texas to Arizona. Doc had nothing at all to lose. He never felt good and would be thrown into fits of coughing and hacking. He loved Big-nosed Kate mostly when he felt in the pink, which was seldom. He almost worshipped Wyatt, which was about as close as he ever got to any religion. He was a magnificent tower of rage as is expressed when he grabbed the six-foot-two Ringo by the lapels and shouted into his face to come a-smokin' the next time he hit the street. This was because Ringo had challenged Farp to a duel in the street and Wyatt had to decline the challenge due to political reasons.

The artist had heard stated that the famed Texan Ben Thompson visited Arizona in the late '70's before he was killed at the Jack Harris Saloon in San Antonio, but there is nothing to substantiate this claim. Even if Ben did kill some thirty-eight men, Arizona had enough gun-fighters of this same class.

Clay Allison for another did wander down into Arizona for a spell, to gamble and perhaps shoot up a man or two. He had killed some twenty-six souls, and had

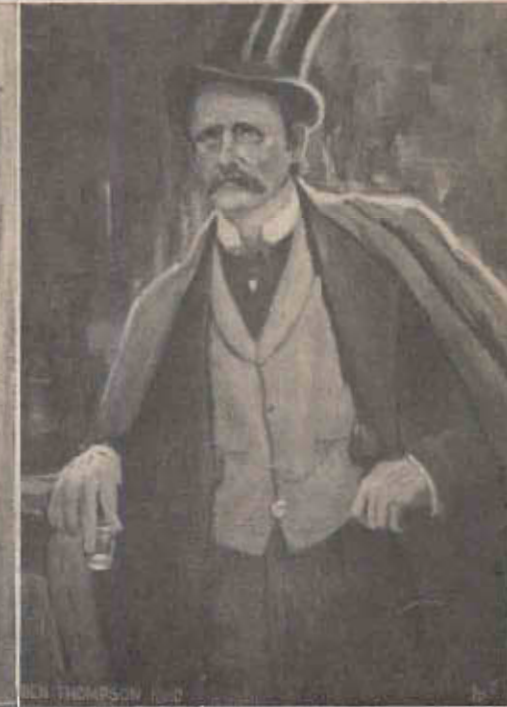
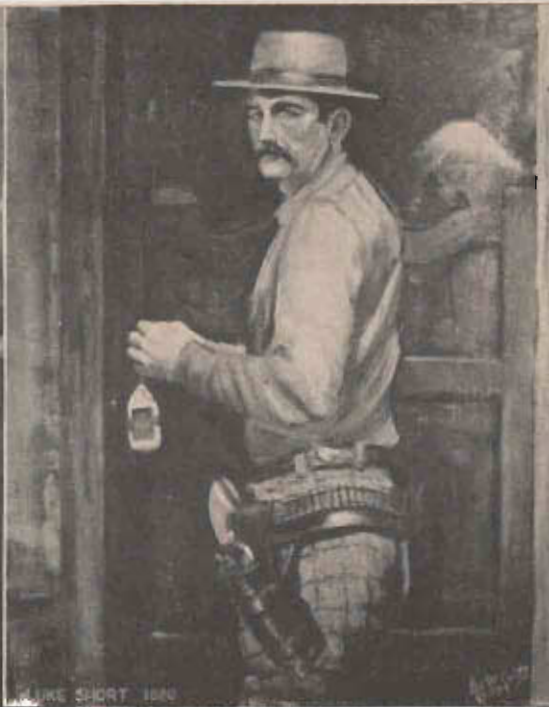
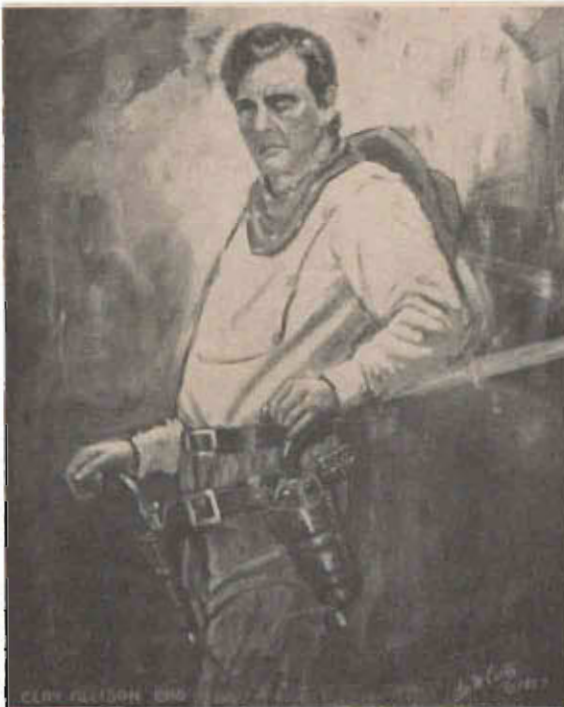


PEARL HART. Last of the stage robbers. Held up stage near Globe. Served time at Yuma penitentiary.

CLAY ALLISON. A wizard with six-guns, pistoleering genius quick as magic; a Confederate gentleman rancher who hated all blue coat peace officers.

LUKE SHORT. Gambler, gunslinger. Shot and killed famed Jim Courtright, died in bed at 39 of tuberculosis.

BEN THOMPSON. Capable gun-fighter, once a Confederate soldier, a chief of police, a prison inmate, then gambler, saloon keeper. Died at 41 in gun fight in San Antonio, Tex.





Wild Bill Hickok

Old photograph was used by Artist McCarty in research for his painting of famous Westerner.



Billy the Kid

Photograph taken of Billy in New Mexico. The artist used photograph in making his painting.

that rare insane courage to challenge a man to fight to the death with knives down in a grave. And Governor Miguel Otero of New Mexico writes that Clay went naked when roaring drunk in a dance hall with guns strapped about his waist and hurred the town and then killed the sheriff blue-coat. Clay was a northern hater, but his life ended by falling off a wagon and having his backbone snapped. Wyatt Earp made him back away in a showdown.

There is also definite proof that Billy the Kid stayed for some time in Arizona. He was born Henry McCarty, according to the late biographer Frazier Flunt, was known as William Bonney and left home when only twelve years of age after having killed his first man. He breezed about Mexico, where he shot and killed a couple of gamblers in Chihuahua. He finally arrived in Fort Bowie, where he also cut down three ambitious Indians and then a negro and a white man over a doubtful game of monte in Tucson. He joined company with a noted killer, Jesse Evans, and the two renegades then left a trail of blood across Arizona along with a strange act of heroism by fending off an Indian raid on a solitary wagon and thus saving the family. Billy finally got mixed up in the famed Lincoln County War of the McSween-Chisum-Murphy factions and the Santa Fe ring and was hunted down by Sheriff Pat Garrett, who shot him in Pete Maxwell's bedroom in Fort Sumner. He died at twenty-one, said to have killed a man for each year that he lived.

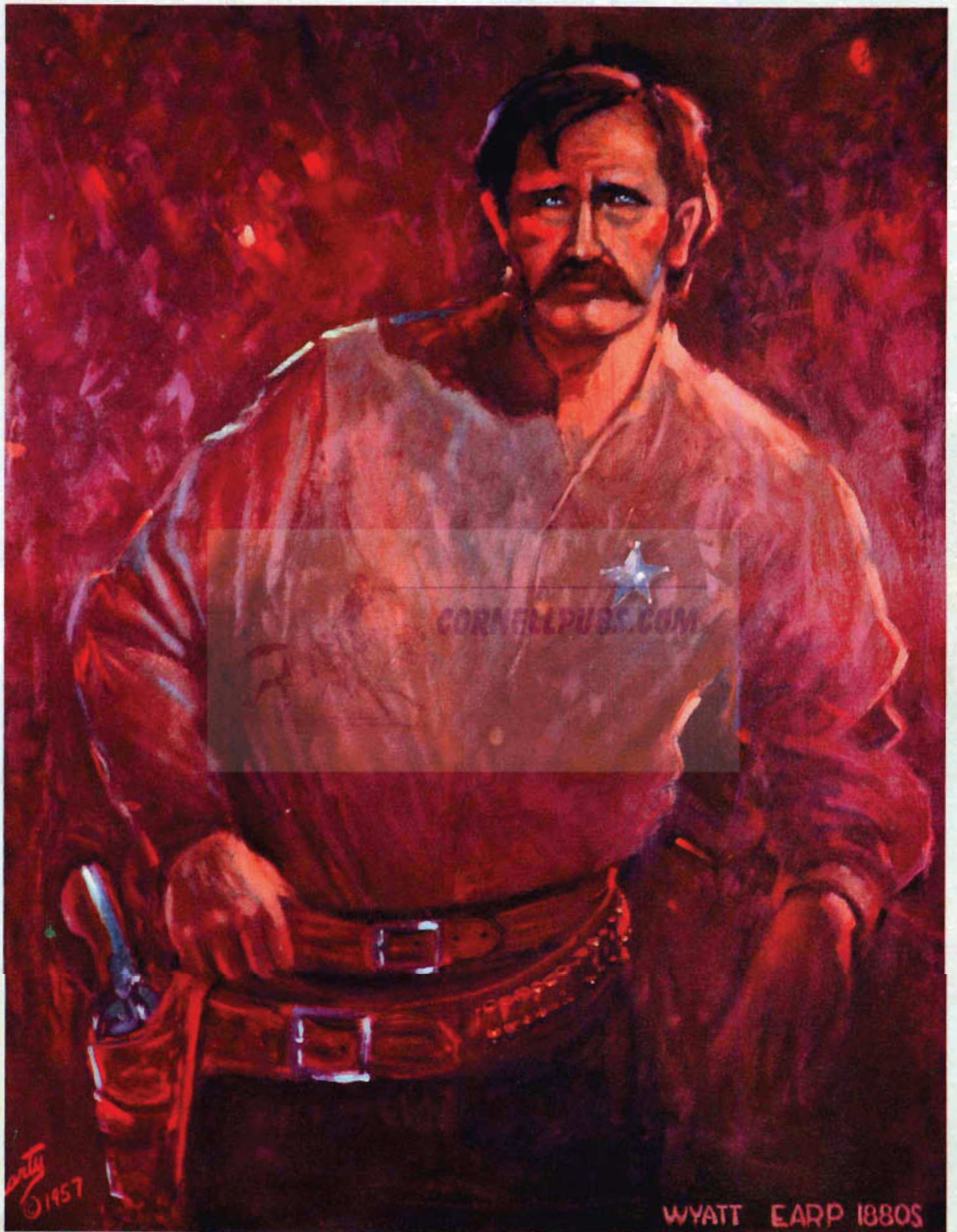
But to get back to Jesse James' kinfolks. As I have said, you cannot separate the gunfighters. John Ringo was Jesse's cousin and he swaggered about in Tombstone, the same type of action as was demonstrated by his cousins the Youngers and the Daltons yet to come.

Ringo was a brooding killer and a tragedian in his overt actions. He was handsome and came from the refined Ringold family of blue-blooded Kentucky stock. He drifted down through Missouri and Texas and finally into Arizona, where he made headquarters in Tombstone and fell under the lurid domination of Old Man Clanton. Ringo's grandfather, by the way, was Colonel Coleman Younger, who lived with John's three sisters in San Jose, California. Small world!

Ringo loved good books and culture. He often went to the old church in Tombstone. He was a ladies' man and a dandy dresser, and wore ladies' garters on his sleeves. He always wore two pistols on two separate gun belts, each of which was adjusted for fast action. He drank whiskey like Doc Holliday by the tumblerfull and often said he wanted to end his own miserable existence. He told Billy Breakenridge that his family were under the misconception that he was ranching along the San Pedro and in the Huachuclas.

Not only did Ringo take to the notorious Frank Leslie, killer of Tombstone fame, but the Clantons and McLowerys as well. He towered above other men, being six feet-two inches tall, and wore matched ivory-handled Colts. He invited trouble and looked dangerous as his portrait shows.

On one occasion he offered to exchange gunsmoke and lead with Wyatt but Mayor Thomas quickly stopped the trouble. On still another occasion he held Wyatt, Virg and Morgan at gunpoint from crossing the San Pedro River to take Curly Bill Brocius into custody. He told them to come on if they wanted to feel the bite of his gun and die on a bridge to the dirge of frogs.



WYATT EARP

WYATT EARP 1880S

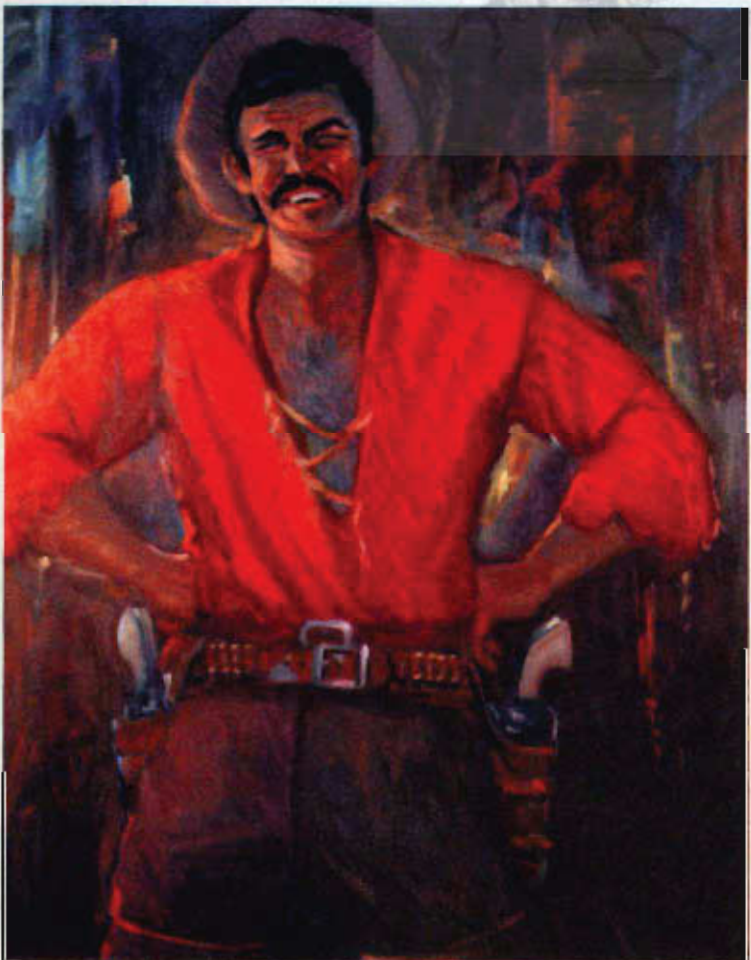


BILLY THE KID



JOHN RINGO

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CURLY BILL BROCIUS



JESSE JAMES



THE CLANTONS



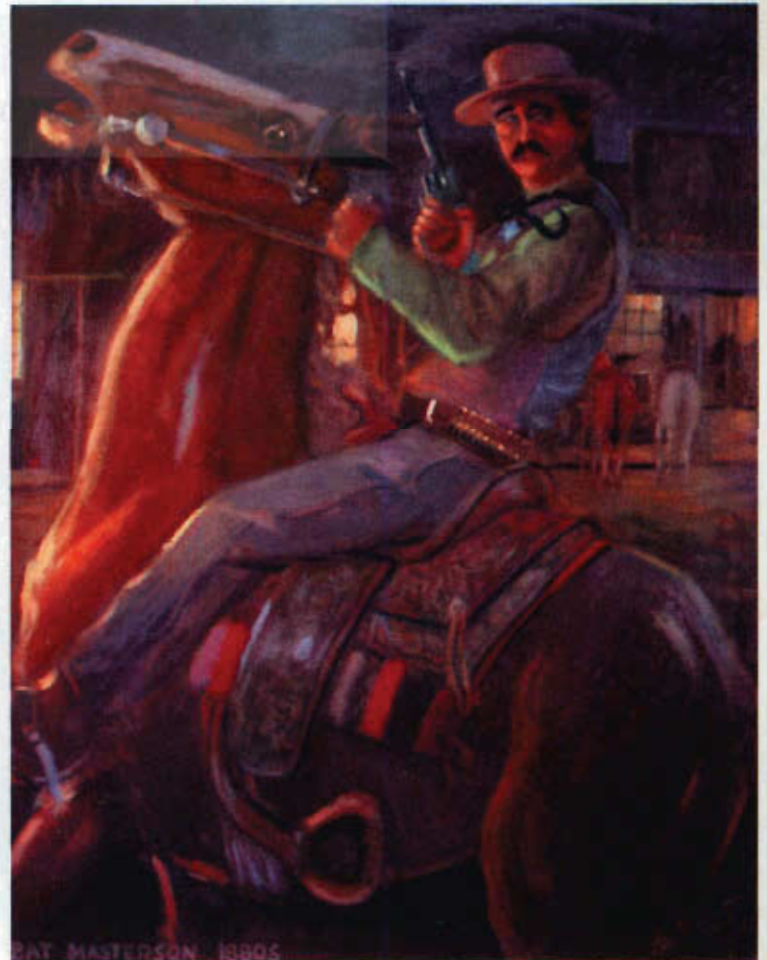
JESSE CHISHOLM

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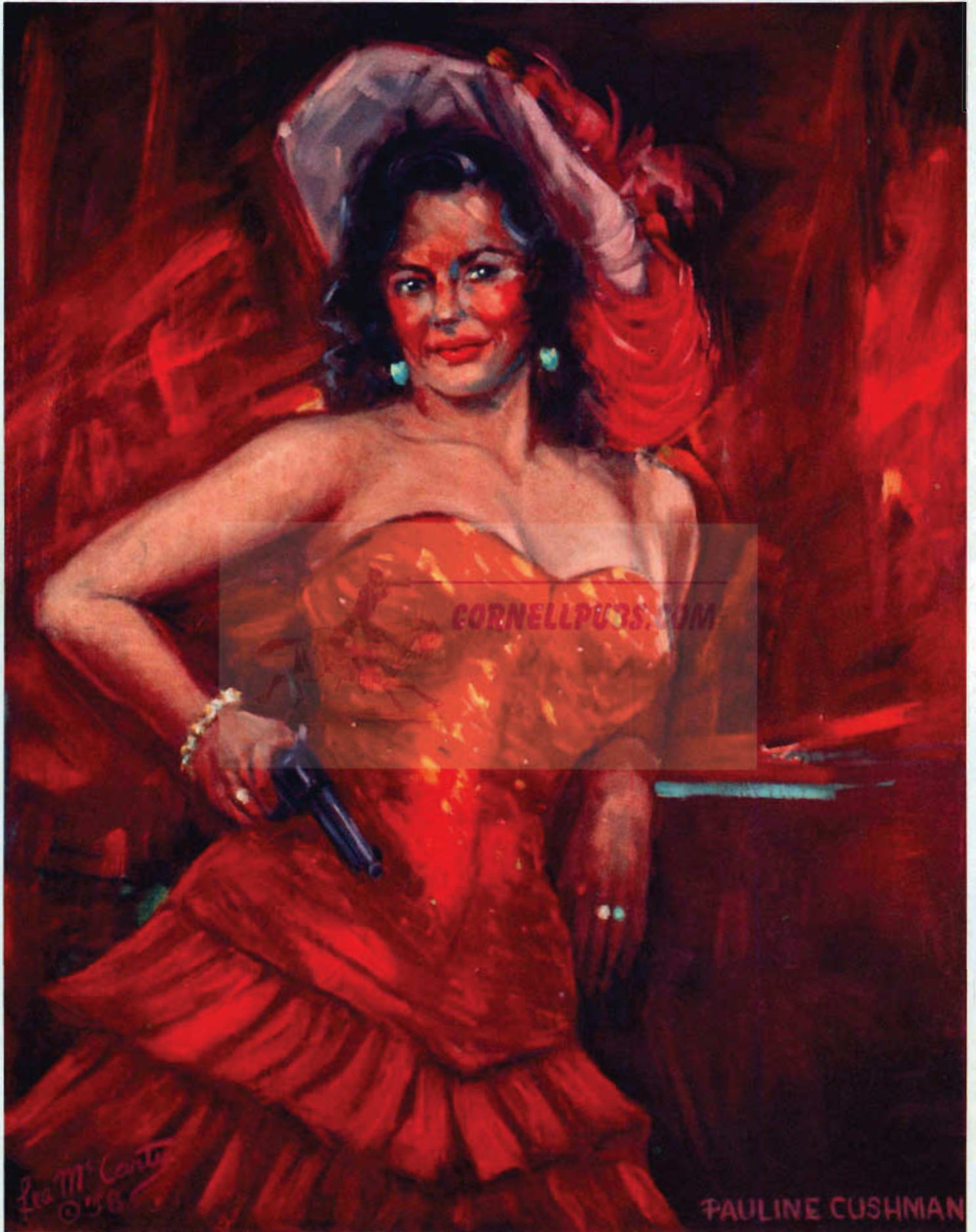
WILD BILL HICKOK 1876

WILD BILL HICKOK



BAT MASTERSON 1880S

BAT MASTERSON



PAULINE CUSHMAN

One day Ringo and Buckskin Leslie went on a drinking spree which led their horses up through the saguaro and palo verde and chaparral, stopping at every ranch. The next thing reported about Ringo was that he had been found sitting at the base of a giant oak tree staring into eternity with a hole in his head. His boots and coat were gone as was his horse and money. His undershirt was torn to ribbons. The horse was found cropping gamma grass in a draw, near Turkey Creek, with the boots mysteriously tied to the saddle.

Many were accused of this killing. Some hinted that "Johnny Behind-the-Deuce" did it and others made allusions to Wyatt. But there is doubt as to Wyatt throwing lead unless riled and he did not operate in this fashion, as is vouched for in his cutting down Curly Bill with a shotgun, or a fair shoot-out with Indian Charlie, or when he killed his brother's assassin Charlie Stillwell in Tucson.

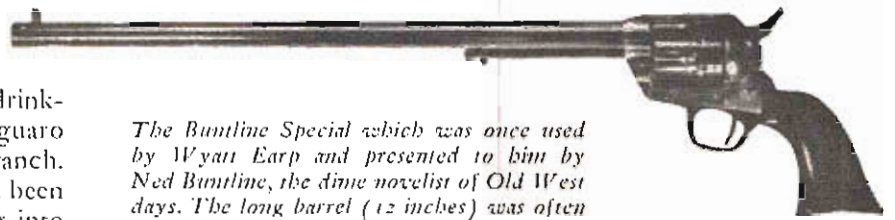
The artist's attention has been focused on the fact that Buckskin Frank Leslie turned up in Oakland, California, in 1924, an old man past 80, sweeping up pool tables and racking balls and mopping the floors. He slept in the back room on a little dirty cot and suddenly disappeared forever after having stolen a pistol from the owner of the pool room.

There are a lot of folks who tell me to keep the women out of this bit of Arizona history. That cannot be done. Although they were not really gunfighters, they wore enough courage to be placed along with the men.

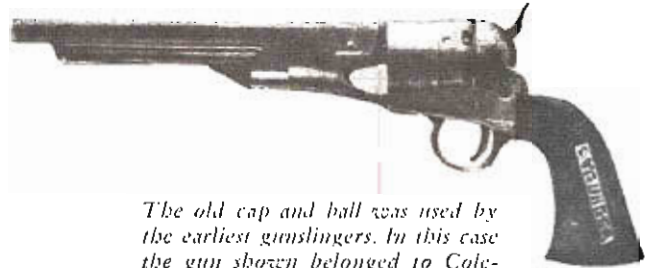
Pearl Hart, for instance, held up the last stage in America in the rutted roadbed just outside of Globe, dressed as a young man. She was really a pretty girl still in her 'teens with a .73 Winchester and bristling with pistols in her belt and a "get up and line up!" for the surprised stage driver, all for about \$450. Sheriff William Truman ran her down and slapped her into the Florence calaboose where a huge crowd gathered to have a look at this daring bandit wench. Anyhow, Yuma Penitentiary was her next jailing place and held her for about a year while she reveled in her newly won fame and even signed autographs through the bars. In 1924 she was last seen a broken old woman when she visited the Court House in Pima County to proudly tell the clerk that she was Pearl Hart in person.

As for Pauline Cushman, here we have a glorious woman who originally hailed from Tennessee and worked as a Union spy for a spell. She set the boys on their ears and then they shouted until raw-throated and fired off their six-shooters. She married and settled down in Casa Grande, Arizona, and often refereed gun battles in the street when someone had to drop a dainty handkerchief which sent at least one man to his death. She performed this rite also in the streets of Tombstone, they tell us. She was last seen alive in San Francisco, where she died. The Grand Old Army of the Republic gave her a decent burial and her funeral procession stretched for blocks.

Arizona is not proud of all the deeds of her gunfighters, nor their women, and yet what would her wild and turbulent history be without them? And strange, indeed, is the fact that so much pleasure now comes from books and from TV and the movies which reflect the proud and arrogant gunslingers almost nightly into millions of American homes, sometimes not following the actual facts but always reminding us of the gunfighter and his time, a tempestuous epoch in Western history.



The Buntline Special which was once used by Wyatt Earp and presented to him by Ned Buntline, the dime novelist of Old West days. The long barrel (12 inches) was often used as a club to "buffalo" a man.



The old cap and ball was used by the earliest gunslingers. In this case the gun shown belonged to Coleman Younger of the Jesse James gang.



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.45 Colt which was once owned by Billy the Kid. Note the filed off sight so that nothing would impede a lightning draw.



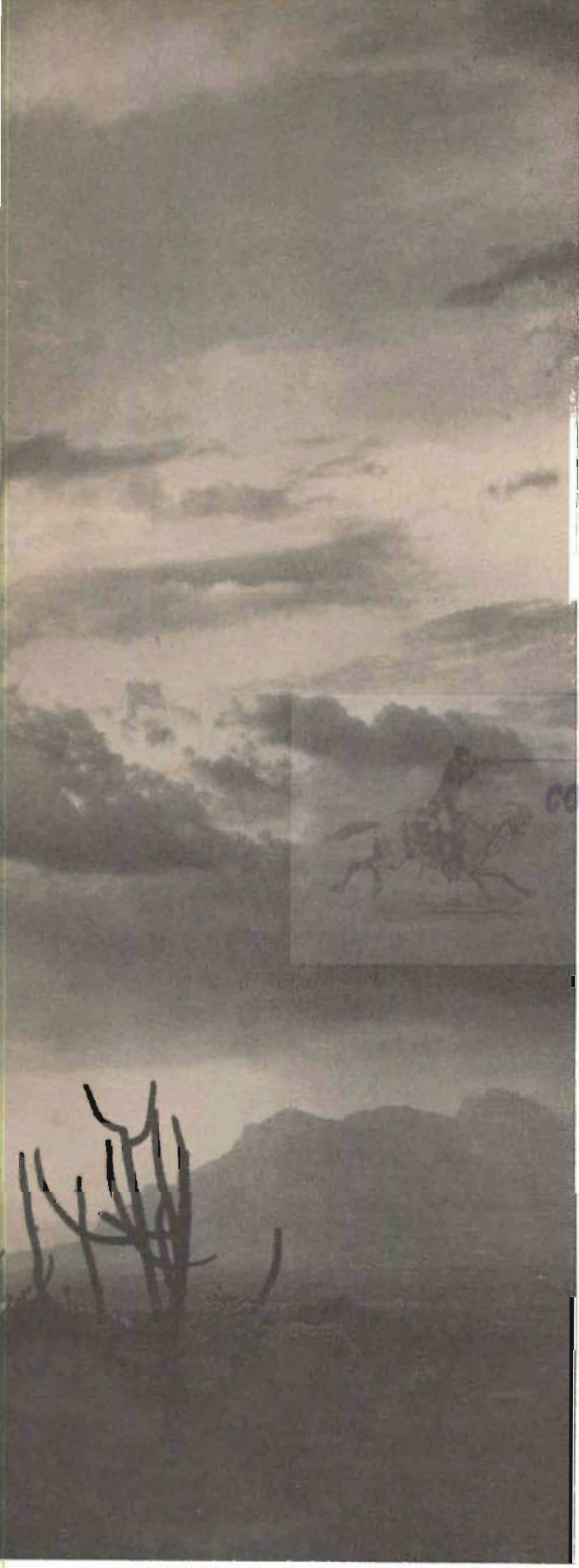
This gun was once owned by Jesse James. Some claim Jess to be the first of the Old West gunfighters.



Hammond Bulldog pistol which shot and killed Doc Holliday's girl friend, Big Nosed Kate.



“ . . . white galleons, moving with majesty, their billowing



Sky

Patterns

By Marvin Weese



Over the rim of the mountains summer clouds came sailing. Almost every day late in June came loose white puff-balls, the fair weather clouds with deep blue sky around them. A few days behind them came the huge white galleons, moving with majesty, their billowing sails spread before the wind, their flat bottoms seeming to float on a steady current of air. One after another they came until the sky was filled with great armadas.

We lay in the shade of yuccas and watched the clouds come sailing. They meant that rain was coming and soon there would be no need herding cattle into dry and thinning grass lands. Every day we made a new search for pasture. While the horses browsed on stubble we lay on our backs and watched the sky galleons—sailing from far horizons—wondering where they came from. Every wind that circles the globe from arctic seas and tropic oceans, from everywhere on earth, helps to bring a precious cycle of water.

Water vapor travels invisible, as clear as blue sky. Clouds form when mountains turn the winds upward, vapor cools and changes into droplets, very small droplets that shine with rays of sunlight. Reflecting every ray of light the clouds turn white as snowbanks. Every shade of gray is formed by deeper masses, shaded from the sun rays. The bases grow dark and heavy, stretching out in long flat bottoms. Rain streamers form and drop like curtains. Often they hang in mid air, their frayed ends trailing above the landscape, a dry layer of ground air absorbing every drop of water and no rain is falling.

Another day and new armadas join the battle. Thunder rolls and lightning flashes from cloud to cloud and from cloud to earth. Dust flies when a bolt makes ground contact. Evening brings the scarlet sunset, red lightning streaks from purple cloud ships and they disperse under cover of darkness.

The storm may carry over with cloud layers to screen a summer sunrise but often it will be clear and cloudless. Bright blue sky all morning and then by noon a line of cloud ships circles the valley, rising on the crest of the mountains, advancing in mass formation with all the sky arranged for battle. The flat bottoms stretching in long columns appear in stepped formation but some

DON WORTH

sails spread before the wind . . . ?



DON WÜRTH

"... one after another they came until the sky was filled with great armadas ..."

are near and some are far away and they all sail on the same flowing current.

Rain streamers form in different places, showers come and move onward. The big cloud ships go into action, the sky grows darker and a general downpour covers half the valley. An hour of rain will soak the earth, another may come an hour later. A rising current may carry raindrops upward and a new cloud moves under, the rising drops lose momentum and falling backward start a new downpour. The double broadside comes in torrents and the ground is covered with sheets of water.

The white faced calves leap and play like rabbits. The older cattle, gaunt and thin, smelling better pasture, toss their heads and try to gallop. Within days the land will be green and growing. Grass will spring up like magic and cattle start to fatten.

The ranchers hope for rainy summers. Spring will bring a short burst of pasture that soon turns dry and

yellow but the rains of summer bring the real growing season. Gramma grass and blue stem must grow tall before seeding. If summer rains should fail them the winter is a time of problems.

The Navajo people say the sky is a warp of yellow twilight, the rain god weaves a pattern of white and gray clouds. And the Navajo weavers draw from nature's patterns, they weave designs of clouds and rain and mountains, of sun and wind and lightning. Most Navajo blankets are made with sky patterns. A legend tells about the rain god and his way of hanging curtains to hide him from the westwind. It was an old trick and it seldom worked, for the sun and storm gods were soon annoyed with curtains. The storm god rolled his thunder drums and cracked his lightning whip, the sun burst out with fury and tore away the curtains. And from these battles came the flash floods running in the washes.

At school we had a special book, of clouds and wind

DON WORTHE



"... every wind that circles the globe ... helps to bring precious cycles of water ..."

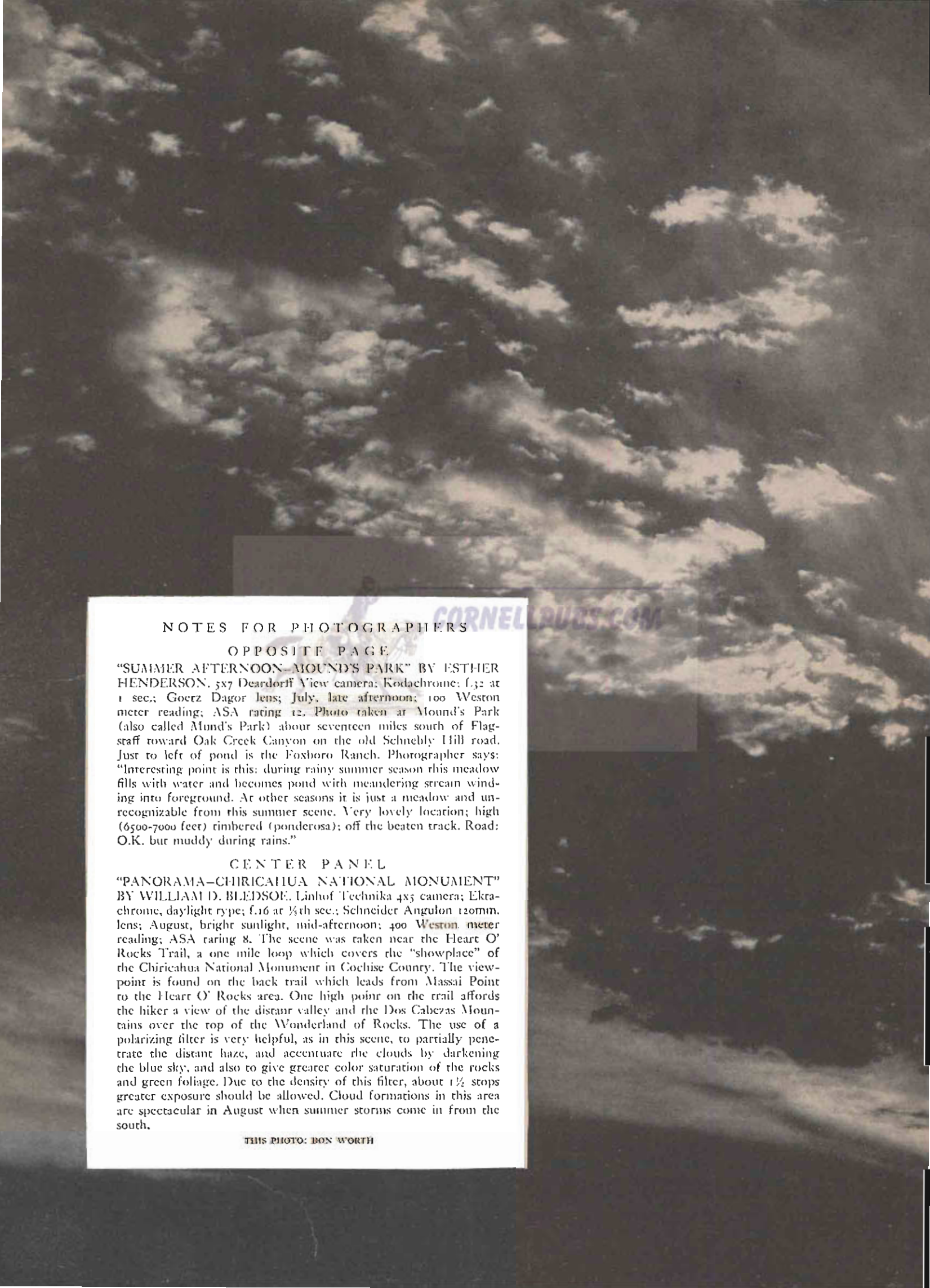
and weather. In this book of science we learned that summer clouds are cumulus—the ones that we called galleons. The low layered clouds are stratus and the high flying feather clouds are called cirrus. The cloud from which rain is falling is nimbus. These are soon multiplied into a broad field of combinations but these are the basic patterns from which all skies are painted. An endless change of patterns can be woven with a few threads of cotton. A few chunks of water vapor and a warp of west-wind.

The cumulus are the heaped-up, wool-pack clouds. A mass of warm air slowly rises and, growing colder, starts condensing. The temperature inside the cloud is warmer than the air outside and the air-lift rolls gently upward, molding the cloud into rounded puff-ball patterns. The winds sculpture it into many forms and figures. The bottoms form at condensation level. On hot days the clouds boil up from mountain tops like active volcanoes

and the ranchers call them thunderheads. Warm air holds more vapor, cold air but little. Millions of droplets form a raindrop when cooling air reaches the point of saturation, the cloud turns to nimbus. Cumulus grow miles high, may reach an altitude of freezing temperature, droplets change to crystals, a million forming a snowflake. When the crest is round and smoothly edged the cloud holds water droplets, but if the edge is fraying, like the ravel of a piece of cotton, snowflakes are flying. These may form in summer, melt in falling and reach the earth as raindrops.

The stratus are the layered clouds, hanging in the sky like ribbons. They appear to drop low on the far horizon but in the sky near us they seem to reach upward toward the zenith. Stratus in the western sky may screen the sun before sunset, producing both upward rays and those that flow downward.

The cirrus clouds are thin and waving, flying in the



NOTES FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

OPPOSITE PAGE

"SUMMER AFTERNOON—MOUND'S PARK" BY ESTHER HENDERSON. 5x7 Deardorff View camera; Kodachrome; f.32 at 1 sec.; Goetz Dagor lens; July, late afternoon; 100 Weston meter reading; ASA rating 12. Photo taken at Mound's Park (also called Mound's Park) about seventeen miles south of Flagstaff toward Oak Creek Canyon on the old Schnebly Hill road. Just to left of pond is the Foxboro Ranch. Photographer says: "Interesting point is this: during rainy summer season this meadow fills with water and becomes pond with meandering stream winding into foreground. At other seasons it is just a meadow and unrecognizable from this summer scene. Very lovely location; high (6500-7000 feet) timbered (ponderosa); off the beaten track. Road: O.K. but muddy during rains."

CENTER PANEL

"PANORAMA—CHIRICAHUA NATIONAL MONUMENT" BY WILLIAM D. BLEDSOE. Linhof Technika 4x5 camera; Ektachrome, daylight type; f.16 at 1/4th sec.; Schneider Angulon 120mm. lens; August, bright sunlight, mid-afternoon; 400 Weston meter reading; ASA rating 8. The scene was taken near the Heart O' Rocks Trail, a one mile loop which covers the "showplace" of the Chiricahua National Monument in Cochise County. The viewpoint is found on the back trail which leads from Massai Point to the Heart O' Rocks area. One high point on the trail affords the hiker a view of the distant valley and the Dos Cabezas Mountains over the top of the Wonderland of Rocks. The use of a polarizing filter is very helpful, as in this scene, to partially penetrate the distant haze, and accentuate the clouds by darkening the blue sky, and also to give greater color saturation of the rocks and green foliage. Due to the density of this filter, about 1 1/2 stops greater exposure should be allowed. Cloud formations in this area are spectacular in August when summer storms come in from the south.

THIS PHOTO: BON WORTH



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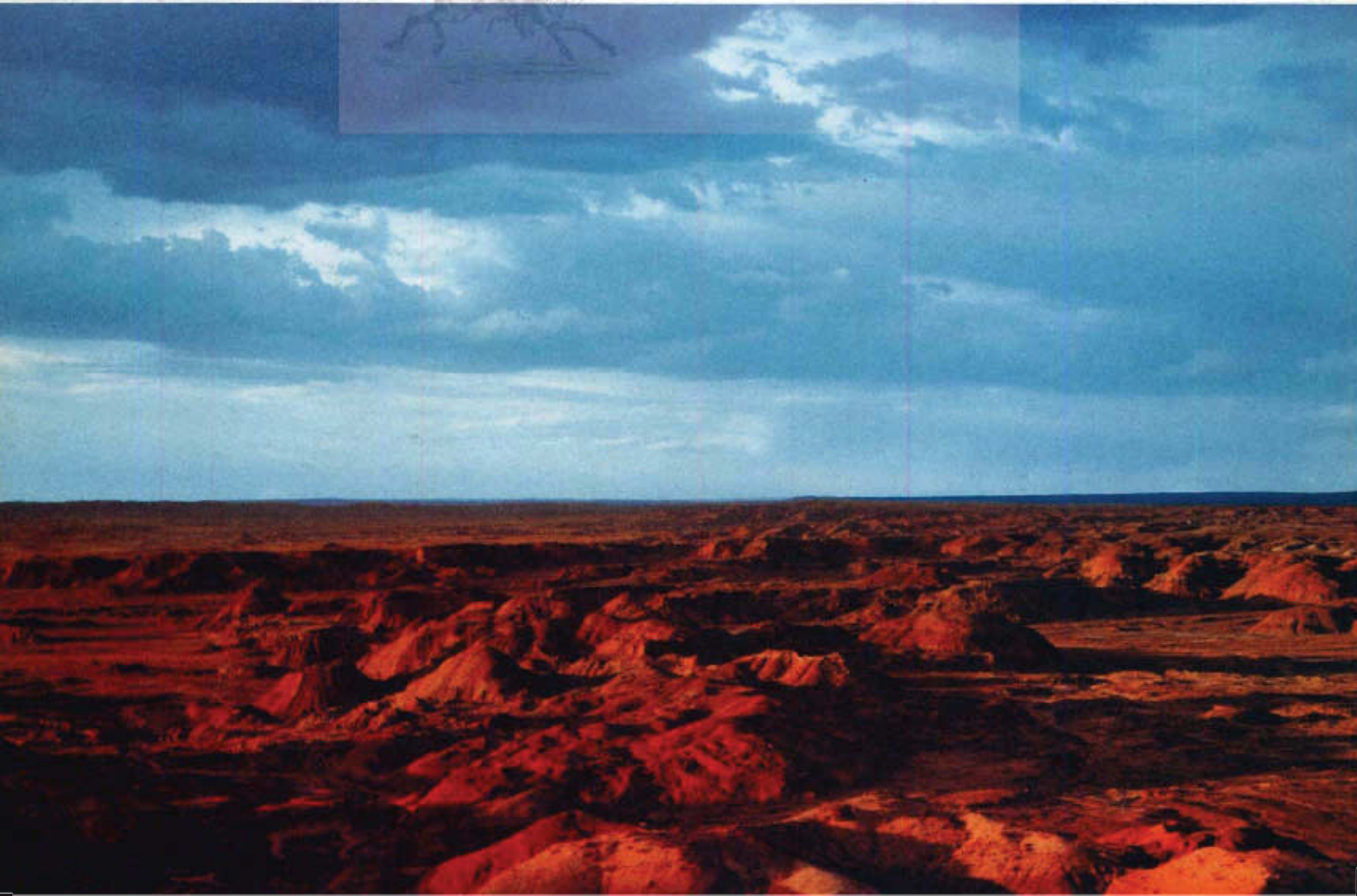
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"Marshall Lake"
"On the Rim of the Painted Desert" ESTHER HENDERSON



OPPOSITE PAGE

"MARSHALL LAKE" BY ESTHER HENDERSON. 5x7 Deardorff View camera; Kodachrome; f.32 at 1/2 sec.; Ektar lens; mid-July; bright sunny afternoon with scattered clouds; 200 Weston meter reading; ASA rating 12. This is Marshall Lake—more duck pond than lake, but shown as lake on map, three miles off the Lake Mary road about eight miles southeast of Flagstaff. The photographer says: "Albeit not a very 'lakey' lake, thought it would be good for ducks in fall. Some years later arrived here in early October and a cloud of mallards arose from water as we approached. In the words of TV script: *Don't* have gun but *Will* travel! This time no gun—only camera—but hundreds of ducks. Maybe thousands."

"ON THE RIM OF THE PAINTED DESERT" BY ESTHER HENDERSON. 5x7 Deardorff View camera; Kodachrome; f.29 at 1/8th sec.; Goerz Dagor lens; July; stormy sunset about 6 P.M.; 400 Weston meter reading; ASA rating 12. Taken from rim of Painted Desert some twenty miles east of Holbrook. The photographer explains: "We camped at this spot on the rim for five days waiting for clouds and rain. No rain—some clouds—not as dramatic as we would wish. Nights cool and lovely; days dad-blasted hot. Shade condition: *None* unless you can sit under the bottom branch of a scrub juniper tree! Finally on the fourth day in afternoon this effect—a promise of rain, coolness, picture. Development: No rain, some coolness, some picture. Not as interesting as wished for but after such a long wait, a *must*. A vast and lonely expanse. Tourists stop by on U.S. 66, jump out of car, look, jump back in—hurry away. Day after day—only our family remains! Felt as permanent as a petrified log myself! One time wind blew so hard thought we were going to be blown into valley but no!—still here!"

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A. D. MESSERIE

“ . . . on hot days the clouds . . .

high wind like veils of lace. They are the highest clouds and are always made of ice crystals. In the upper atmosphere they form the haloes we see around the sun and moon.

Sometimes a banner cloud will form on the leeward side of a mountain peak, a streamer flying in the wind. Often it is a streamlined oval that seemingly defies the wind. It evaporates in dry air at the trailing end and is constantly renewed by vapor from the windward side. In a similar way the top of a cumulus may rise to colder regions and the high wind along the crest will carry away a flying plume of crystals.

Sun power and water vapor cause all our weather, all that happens in our atmosphere. The steady flow of sun power has a mighty force—a square mile of earth surface receives sun power equal to the energy of Hoover Dam. Some of this sun power warms the earth and some

warms our atmosphere but almost half of it is turned away unused. If all of it were captured the world might well operate on this constant flow of power.

Falling rain releases energy and thunderstorms develop huge amounts of power. This is sun energy changing the temperature of air and water. The steam train that streaks across the valley—drawing a long line of coaches—derives its power from the same principle of changing temperature. The force of a thunderstorm may be imagined when we compare its over-all dimensions with the boiler of the locomotive. This great force expends itself in the roll of thunder and flash of lightning but not quite all is lost. Instead it sends a flood of nitrogen from the sky to earth with falling raindrops. The energy is transformed to plants, and grass shoots up by inches.

The day begins with sky patterns. First comes a faint glow of yellow twilight. The starlight curtain rises



... boil up from mountain tops ..."

and morning brings a prelude to the changing scene. Sometimes the clouds are opal-fringed with tinted haloes. Once before sunrise we saw a flock of fleecy little clouds trailing from horizon to the zenith and they were white and sparkling. Lighred by the sun that was still below the skyline they were marching like so many sheep on their eager way to pasture.

The day may bring the thunderheads but storms usually move from west to east, and by evening when the west is breaking clear the eastern sky may be full of raindrops. Then is the time to look for rainbows. The sun is now behind you and the long slanting rays strike the crystal raindrops, being transformed there like magic and reflected in a blending arc of color. The rainbow has the red outside and runs through yellow and green to blue-violet. The arc is always the same and is almost hut not quite a half circle, for the center of the circle

is as far below the skyline as the sun is above it. Sometimes the rays are reflected twice and a second bow forms a larger arc with the colors reversed from red inside to blue-violet outside and the bow is always fainter.

A thunderstorm in daytime is always thrilling and a thunderstorm at night has suspense and mystery, but when lightning flashes in a sunset sky there is a striking beauty. The mauve and purple clouds grow slowly darker. The orange flashes bring a sudden brightness and the rain curtain is rent again and again by sharp bursts of lightning. For an interval the dark shapes of mountains show clearly on the skyline. The storm drifts far away and the flashes light a wide backdrop. Thunder fades to faint echoes. Blue-white lightning is close at hand, a mile away it is yellow. A long way off it has an orange flicker and in the farthest distance there will be no flash at all but only a waving glow of purple.



"... nature never lacks imagination ..."

Lightning itself is a sort of chain reaction that starts with something small and simple as a splitting raindrop. Each raindrop has a small charge of current, a billion build up to something very complex and release tremendous power. The flash may cover a great distance, branch and waver for one brief moment and then it is gone. The flash is white hot and the air it touches expands violently with heat. Concussion waves from near and far strike upon the eardrums, thunder claps and rolls away, reverberates across the wide curtain of the sky.

At sunset the sky becomes a color palette. If the evening is cloudless the sky may be a flowing tone from orange skyline to purple zenith. A cloudscape is just the opposite. The top of the tall thunderhead will hold the slanting rays long after the sun has left the mesa. It will show a yellow tint on the rounded crest grading downward through tones of pink to lavender.

But when the sky is full of clouds of many forms and patterns the rays will bring a symphony of colors. The cumulus will turn to red and gold, the stratus interwoven bands of orange and purple. The flying cirrus will show in flaming tones of lace.

Once we saw a cloud of stratus flying like a giant eagle with its fluted red wings spread wide across the mountain. Once a tumbled mass of cumulus seemed to

roll with pink and gold horses drawing a pink and gold chariot over red hot embers.

There are no limitations to the fantasy of a sunset, nature never lacks imagination. Her paints are flowing rays of light and every form and color has dynamic rhythm. Night comes quickly in a cloudless sky but in a cloudscape the afterglow is lingering.

Sun and cloud and star dust are elements of weather. The air most always carries microscopic dust, some of it has earth origin and some of it comes from outer space, literally star dust. Water vapor condenses on dust particles as dew will form on cooler solids. Every raindrop then and every snowflake is born by seeding with microscopic dust.

Every wind brings weather. And history goes the way of weather. Man has often been its beneficiary and sometimes its victim, for seldom has the weather been ideal. But the drum and the rain dance have been discarded. At long last we read the patterns in the sky, but there we have much to know and there is man's great challenge. The atmosphere is a world-wide river, it must be understood and be controlled. A cloudscape is not just a world of fancy. The rain god must not weave a whimsy pattern. The river in the cloudscape will show the way that life must follow on the land.



Echo Cliffs

Look out! . . . Ye ancient, ruddy, gripping forms
The Maurader is coming!
The geiger stick there in his hand
A price for you is summing.
And now how will the echo ring
Against your sullen height?
So different from the ancient drums
Once called across the night.

"The children of your shadow beg
For food, for peace, for rain
God of all the God's look down
And rob our nest of pain!
Deep within the mother-pouch
Some by-gone yesterday
Our fathers rose and moved about
Thus moulded from your clay.
A fire, feathered by our gift,
To Pachamama's hand
Returns his blood to earth again
No redder than the sand."

The fire lies in cold array
Upon a floorless cave
As tick-tick-tick, the geiger stick
Ascends toward the grave.
A cairn now rises here to claim
This trampled ancient mound
Once altar stones . . . they are the same
The mountain God's look down!

Katie Lee



THE LAST RUN

BY ROSS SANTEE



The cattle had begun to filter into the holdup at the mouth of the brushy canyon when the wild horses came out of the dust. They came with the drumming of hoofs, and there was the snap and the popping of brush. I don't know how many mares were in the bunch for I saw only the stud. Stark terror had almost given him wings. His red nostrils flared as he fought for his breath that came in a great sobbing sound. His long mane and tail streamed in the wind. His neck, his withers, his flanks were dark with sweat that stained his buckskin hide. A split second, and he was gone. To watch wild horses in full flight always gave me a thrill, and the picture of the buckskin still comes back to me after more than forty years.

At that time the Bar F Bar outfit ran most of their cattle on the San Carlos Apache Indian Reservation. It was estimated there were more wild horses than cattle on the range and the outfit ran around five thousand head of cattle. The wild horses belonged to the Apaches and the range itself was rough, the earth strewn with boulders, rocks and malpais. There was cat claw, mesquite and buck brush, cholla and prickly pear; manzanita, juniper and pine covered the higher slopes. Without a brush jacket and leather leggin's (chaps) a cowboy on the drive wouldn't have had enough clothes left on him to wad a scatter gun or pad a homemade crutch when he got into camp at night.

There were wide and rocky mesas that shimmered under the sun. There were dark and brooding canyons. Haunted Canyon was aptly named as was the RS pasture, an abbreviation for rough s.o.b. That pasture stood on end. Except at droughty times it was a range where both cattle and horses thrived until the wild horses met their tragic and terrifying end.

The wild ones ran in bands, each stud having his own band of mares. It depended on how much of a fighter he was as to how many mares he held. They were never the beautiful creatures posing on some high point that

are so commonly seen in movies and on the TV screen. Unkempt and undersized, it was seldom a wild one weighed nine hundred pounds; the old studs were always battle-scarred. Yet there was one thing that set them apart, these horses were wild and free.

In color the wild ones were not unlike the ponies in the remuda although they ran to more varied shades. There were chestnuts, sorrels, duns and buckskins, the blue roans, and the reds and greys of many hues, and there was an occasional paint. I never saw a pure white or a solid black. The bays and browns ranged from light to dark and there were smokies in every band. It was not unusual to see a stud with no colts that carried his color; as a late arrival he had whipped off the former leader and simply taken over.

Some of these fights for supremacy were deadly affairs. But usually the stud simply quit the band and quit it quick after he was whipped. Hunting saddle horses on Mescal I witnessed one affair. I had the wind on the bunch, it brought me all the sounds of battle and through the glasses it was like a ringside seat.

The old stud was a bay with a sizable bunch of mares and colts. The challenger was a buckskin with four mares and two little colts in his band, and the buckskin meant business. Tossing his dark mane and tail he trumpeted his challenge as he moved up the mesa, and the old bay answered in kind. Quitting his band he moved out to meet the buckskin and answer the young stud's challenge. Both studs trotted in half circles, arching their necks and tossing their manes, squealing and trumpeting as the distance narrowed between them. Then the old bay struck and the buckskin went to his knees, but he was on his feet in a flash. They feinted and blocked like boxers as they snapped at each other's throat, then wheeled away and planted well placed kicks. There was no excitement among the mares, they seemed bored with the affair. Yet when a little colt became curious a mare put him in his place.

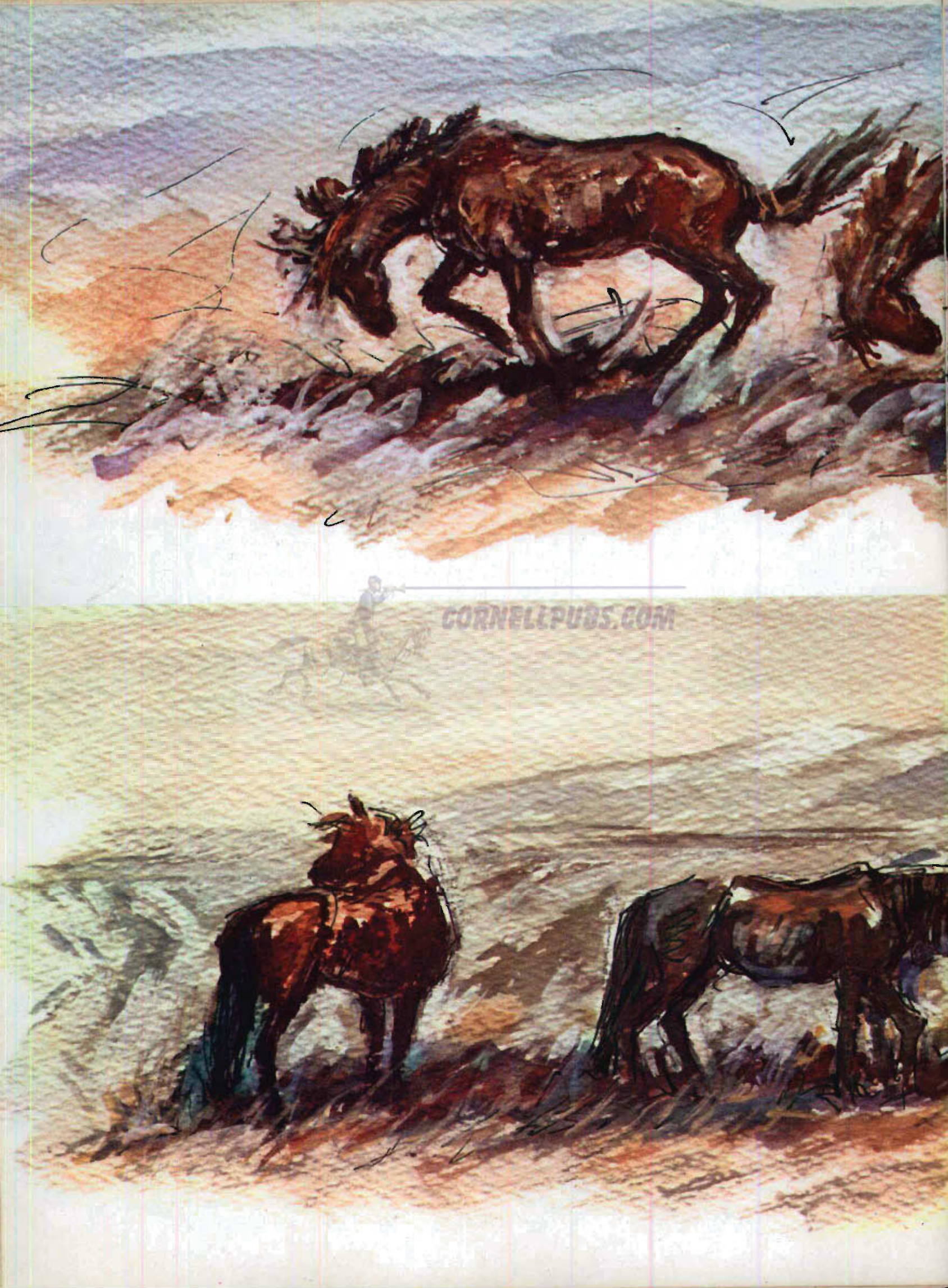
As the battle wore on the studs no longer trumpeted, there were only squeals of rage. As they snapped and



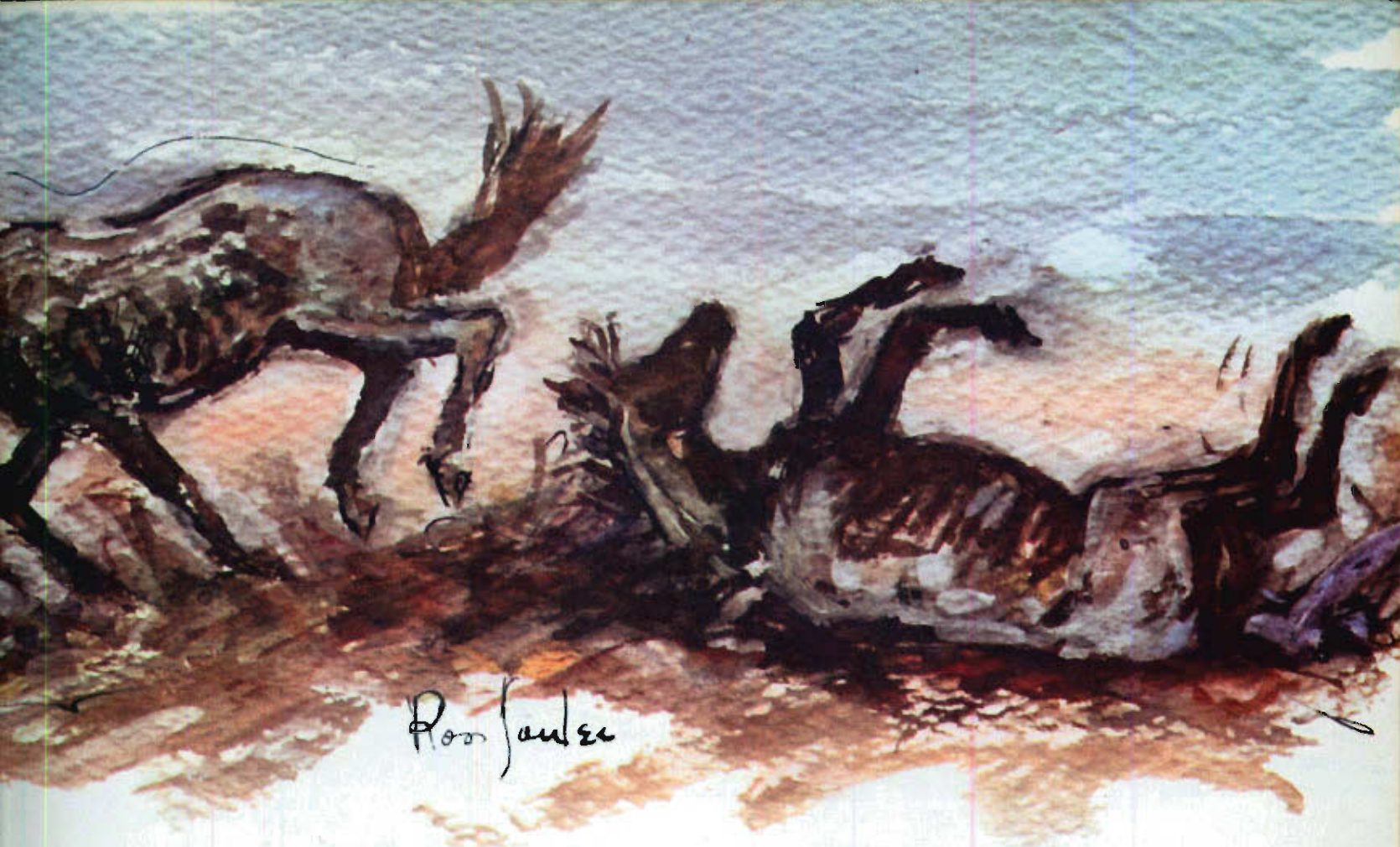
Don M. S.

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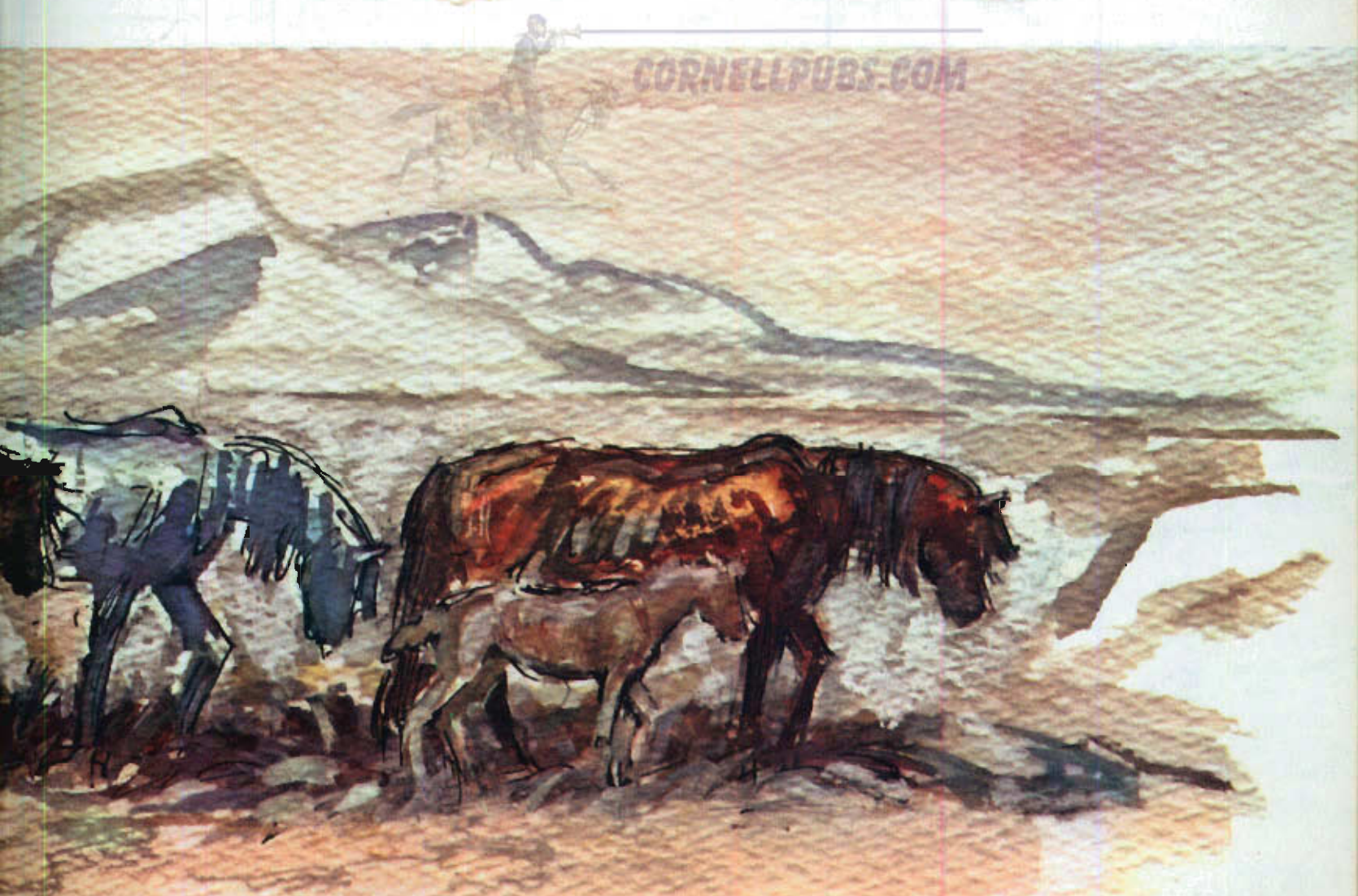
Don Santos



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Bozo Janice



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Don Sauter

struck for each other's throat their popping teeth cracked like pistol shots. While the old bay knew every trick it was obvious that he was tiring as the buckskin, the younger and stronger stud, kept pressing the attack. Then suddenly it was over. The old bay stud broke and ran. While the buckskin did not follow he trumpeted long and loud, then rounding up both bands he headed them towards the water, nipping the flank of any mare he thought was a trifle too slow. At intervals he wheeled and tossed his head and the wind brought me his challenge.

When the old bay turned and ran he did not appear to be seriously hurt. It was a day or so later when another rider and myself rode onto the old bay's carcass less than a half mile from the scene of the fight. The death wound was in the throat. His neck, his withers, even his flanks were covered with scars that told of his battles over the years. It was obvious from the great scar that covered his breast that he had at one time crashed a wire fence. The signs showed too where blow flies had laid their eggs and added their torture to the wound. Blow flies laying eggs in a sore not only meant torture but often death to both cattle and horses on the range unless the wounds were doctored. Yet in some miraculous manner the great wound in his breast had healed.

We could only guess at his age. From the sockets above his eyes, his teeth and the white hairs in what had once been a black muzzle my pardner reckoned he might be from twelve to fourteen years, give or take a little. He wore no brand. In all probability he had never been touched by human hands, and he had more than earned his freedom.

It was not always the bigger and stronger stud who won the fight and took over his opponent's band. The outfit owned a brown stud that would go eleven hundred and fifty pounds; he ran with a band of picked mares up in the RS pasture. On riding the pasture one of the boys found the big brown stud alone and he had been thoroughly whipped. The stud was brought to the ranch where his wounds were doctored and a few days later the boys found his band of mares. The stud that had taken over was a knot-headed little thing that weighed no more than seven hundred and fifty pounds. He had not only given the big brown almost four hundred pounds in weight, he had whipped him to a standstill.

Barbed wire always took its toll with the wild horses on the range. Wrangling the big pasture one morning in the half-light I could hear the wild ones coming down the main ridge long before they came in sight. My pardner had jumped them out. The stud had moved into the lead as they often did when the wild ones were crowded and in full flight. It was a sizable band and I caught a fleeting glimpse of one of our pack mules. It was two years before the outfit got him back. They were out of sight when they crashed the back pasture fence and I heard a wild one scream. She was still struggling, torn and bleeding on the wire, when my pardner and I rode up. He put a merciful slug between her eyes. Apaches running the wild ones had run them over the fence and into the pasture.

In the fall while the Apache squaws gathered acorns to be ground into flour the bucks ran wild horses, usually for little purpose that I could see except for the sport itself. I witnessed many of these sashays.

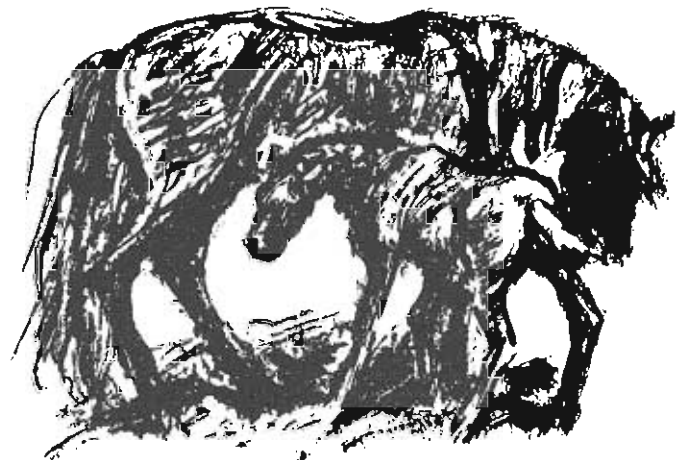
Holding the remuda on the water at Mud Springs at

noon one bright fall day I heard the drumming of hoofs. When I rode to the rise to investigate I could see the wild bunch coming and they veered sharply at sight of me. There were probably thirty in the band and the stud, a dark brown with a long mane and heavy tail, was at the rear urging his band to greater speed. Then six Apache riders hove in sight at least a quarter of a mile behind, and the riders were strung out for all of a hundred yards. I knew they had already lost their race as the wild ones were disappearing into the canyon below. But the riders kept coming on although their ponies were dinked, some had begun to weave; yet each rider beat a tattoo against his pony's paunch as he worked him over and under with the double of his rope. Each Apache yelped as he flayed his mount, the sound was not unlike the short, sharp bark of his brother, the coyote.

Occasionally the Apaches put on a big drive with as many as forty or fifty riders in attendance. They would meet at designated places. The holdup was usually at one of the natural corrals. But the Apache, always an individualist, acted on his own. It was not unusual to have a big bunch of wild ones trapped when one lone individual fouled the works. An old buck, in pursuit of one that caught his eye, yelping for all he was worth, came into the holdup on the dead run. In less time than it takes to write it down the wild ones would be scattered like a great covey of quail with each Apache in pursuit of a pony he wanted.

Any wild ones caught seldom if ever went to the wild bunch again, for the Apache had his own way of breaking a horse. A favored method in those days was to tie the wild one to a stout mesquite or tree for several days, giving him no water. Then the wild one would be led to the creek and allowed to drink his fill. With the pony's paunch full of water almost to the bursting point the Apache would saddle and step across. What with a paunch full of water, in sand halfway to his knees, the pony couldn't even crow hop. After a few such treatments he wasn't wild any more. It wouldn't be long until the squaw and kids would be riding and packing the pony.

With the exception of a few Spanish mare mules all the saddle horses and pack stock in the remuda were geldings. A gentle saddle horse or mule on going to the wild bunch became as wild as any wild one in the band.





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Though the stud kept him whipped out of the inner circle the saddle horse would hang on the outskirts. Through the glasses I often observed a gentle old saddle horse giving affection to a little spindly-legged wild colt. All geldings seemed to love a little colt, following them about, fussing over them to a greater extent than the colt's mammy, who was always matter-of-fact. And when the outfit moved camp two punchers were sent ahead to run the wild ones out of that particular part of the country. It was only by running the wild ones out that we could hold our saddle horses at night.

At Soda Canyon two little colts came in with the remuda one morning. A mockey (wild mare) will seldom go back after a colt that has been left behind in their wild flight. The colts had found our saddle horses in the night and Rat, the cook's horse, had already taken over. He fought every horse in the remuda that came near the colts until old Slocum became conscious of their presence. Only then did Rat quit his charges for old Slocum was not only the leader of the remuda he was always boss as well.

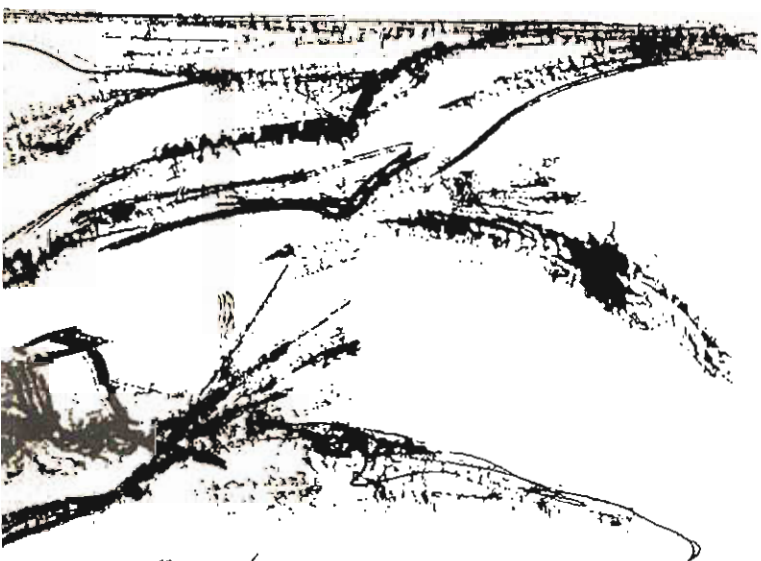
The colts were too small to graze, they could only lap at water. Martin Woods was a cowboy on that work. "If we could only get 'em to my place my kids would raise them little fellers." But Martin lived at El Capitan, many rough miles from our camp. Martin knew there was no way of getting the colts to his place and they were shot. It was far more merciful than to let the little

fellows starve or be pulled down by the coyotes.

These little colts left behind were not an unusual thing on the range. Many cowboy chores were unpleasant but killing a colt was one of the sorriest I recall. For a colt is nothing but a horse in miniature. Trusting, he'd look at a horse and rider with shining eyes as if he had found a friend.

As horse wrangler I had much time to mess around on my own. It was customary for most wranglers to carry a greasy deck of cards and play solitaire. While the wrangler's duties were from sun to sun I was never bored. I ran the wild ones at every opportunity and to less purpose than most Apaches. I had acquired a pair of German field glasses in a poker game at Camp Bowie, Texas. The glasses saved a lot of horse flesh when I was hunting lost ponies and they brought me closeups of many things I might otherwise have missed.

At various places the wild studs left their droppings in huge piles; aside from the lack of straw or bedding they might easily have been mistaken for the manure pile behind any Iowa horse barn. I never saw a mare at one of these piles, it was always the different studs. In talking to George England, who was a mighty hunter of panther an' bear and a wolfer of local renown, he said the loafers, the lobos, had certain designated places where the dog wolves urinated. George surmised that the droppings had their own potent meaning to the studs and while he had often seen these piles he had never given it



Doug Jantzen



CORNELL UNIVERSITY

any thought until I called his attention to it.

It was a mare who led when the band went in to water, the stud standing guard until they watered out. Yet on two different occasions I saw the same mare stand guard while the stud and his band preceded her; not until the band had watered out did the mare go on the water. It was the stud who usually stood guard while the band was grazing, yet on several occasions it was my observation that it was a mare who alerted the band. And in one instance it was one of our gentle pack mules, gone to the wild bunch. Yer when one of the boys on a top horse roped him out of the band after a long, hard race he quickly became his usual docile self.

Cowboys often talked about creasing a wild horse. On one work there was an old pony in my mount that had been creased at one time though none of the cowboys knew any details. It called for a shot in the neck below the mane yet missing the spinal cord. While I witnessed many attempts I only saw one wild one creased, a wild mule and not a horse. The mule went down at the crack of the gun but it was only seconds until she had regained her feet and raced away, apparently unharmed. It was a small target at best when a horse was standing and with a wild one running at breakneck speed it was almost impossible. Of course, I was working with ordinary cowboys, the working stiffs of the range, and not the fast-draw specialists who crowd the screens today.

I've said that a wild mare seldom went back after a

colt that had been left behind in the wild flight and I know of only one instance. In the big brown stud's band of picked mares that ran in the RS pasture none of the mares had ever been touched by human hand since the day they had been branded. While they had been hazed at times they were too wild to be driven, and they were wild enough when we hazed them across the big mesa into the big corral where the colts were branded out.

The mountain lions had already taken their toll; out of about thirty mares there were only a dozen colts. With the idea of keeping a lion away from a colt all of the colts were belled as they were branded. When a colt was roped two cowboys took him off the line, he was thrown and held down by hand while he was branded and belled. Most of the colts were terrified, but one little fellow fought. When Milo Van Winkle went down the line to take him off, the little fellow not only charged Milo, with his teeth he tore a sizable piece right out of the cowboy's brush jacket. And the cowboy paid him tribute, "Look at that little ol' thing," said Milo, "won't he make some cowboy ride when he gets a few years on him!"

The branding finished, we made a holdup just outside the corral with the idea of letting a mare get together with her colt before we turned them loose. We tried to ease them through the big gate, a couple of mares and colts at a time. When horses or cattle jammed a gate it was easy for an animal to get a hip knocked down or otherwise be hurt. The mares and colts got through the gate all right, then they broke through the holdup leaving a little colt behind. Bewildered, he moved from one saddle horse to another as he searched for the one he wanted. "Oh, oh," said a cowboy who sat his horse beside me. "Here's one colt that I won't have to put to sleep, my pistol's in my bed." Even as he spoke we saw the mare returning for her colt and she was coming at speed. She raced to the group of riders; it was only when she saw her colt that she finally braked to a stop. For an instant she nuzzled him. He got her smell. I can't describe the low sound she made but it was something he understood; wheeling with the colt at her side they raced away together.

We had orders not to catch the wild ones but for the most part that was ignored. Knowing the country a rider on a good horse had every advantage. He'd simply wait along one of the long ridges while another rider jumped the wild ones out and ran the horses past him. On a good horse a good roper usually got a throw at the one he wanted. For excitement it was tops.

Any Apache who owned a brand on the Reservation could give a bill of sale and the procedure was simple. First catch the horse and then contact an Indian. The cowboy would describe the horse he wanted—of course, he didn't know whether he could catch him or not but he'd take a chance if the bill of sale was reasonable. Often a bill of sale was as low as two dollars and never over ten. But one thing was certain, the cowboy always had the horse in hand before any money crossed the Apache's palm.

Ed Hill, a wise old cowboy, said that running wild horses had much the same effect on a cowboy as marijuana on a Mexican or locoweed on a horse. And running wild horses often became an obsession. There was one cowboy in the outfit we'll call Steve, who would quit the drive at any time to hang it on a wild one. Steve never bothered with a bill of sale; as a matter of fact Steve



caught and led out so many wild ones he was banned from the Reservation for a time. But fortunately for Steve in those days Indian agents came and went.

At the holdup one morning with Steve the wild horses fouled up the drive. Cattle coming down turned back and tried to rim out as the wild horses went racing through them, and there were several bands. The cattle had begun to filter into the holdup when I missed Steve. The boys on the outside circle were in before he showed up. That we had lost half the cattle didn't bother my friend in the least. Steve had caught and tied down a wild horse that later proved to be loosed.

I was throwing the ponies together on the edge of the big mesa one evening when three wild ones came in and mixed with the saddle band. It wasn't long until Steve appeared, his pony dinked and weaving on his feet. "There's one good one," he said; "le'me ketch a fresh horse!"

We eased the ponies together so as not to disturb the wild ones. The remuda was held against a bluff, then Steve led out a big buckskin that was a top horse in the rep's mount who was riding for a neighboring ranch. "Not him," I said, "if ———, the owner, ever learned any-one ran mockeys on that horse he'd shoot the pair of us."

"Caught the proudest steppin' one in the bunch," said Steve as he saddled the big horse. "Any time ya steal a horse always pick a good one."

"You picked a good one, but let him break a leg an' we'll both have to quit the country."

"Think nothin' of it," said my friend as he swung aboard; "always look on the brighter side. Now ease them wild ones out an' watch me hang it on him."

Steve cocked his loop. I eased the wild ones out and the buckskin ran over two of them but not the one Steve wanted. That wild one could really run. After a quarter

he was still going away and Steve finally called it quits. And now the real problem arose. While the buckskin hadn't broken a sweat he was wet from the saddle blankets and he was blowing hard. What complicated the matter was the fact that the rep was feeding grain; he'd hang a nose bag on each pony in his mount when we got into camp. He couldn't miss the fact that the buckskin had been ridden.

We rubbed him down but he was still blowing hard. I threw the remuda together after Steve caught another horse, one from his own mount. It was now dark and we were long overdue. "This damn buckskin," said Steve, "is blowin' harder'n ever. Tell ya what le's do, le's take the remuda in on the run an' get 'em all to blowin', then the rep won't be suspicious. What's more they'll figger we been again' a Mason jar an' both of us is drunk."

There were about ninety head in the remuda and we brought them in on the run. Coming off the steep hillside that led to camp remuda bells were jangling as we squalled long an' loud. There was only one conclusion as far as the outfit went, Steve and I were drunk. The rep hung the nosebags on his ponies without suspecting anything. The wranglers had taken the ponies out when Steve looked at me and laughed.

"Now what the hell!" said Lin Mayes, the little foreman. "Why not cut us in on the deal? For two fellers as drunk as you was ya sobered up mighty quick."

Steve brought me paper and pencil. As best I could I sketched the race, a cowboy on a big stout horse in pursuit of what was admittedly a wild one. When Steve took the sketch and added a touch I thought he'd overplayed his hand for Steve put the brand on the big horse, the one that he had ridden. That Steve had stolen a horse from the rep's mount to run a wild one was perfectly obvious now. Only the rep didn't tumble. He was a good

cowboy, too. By the half-light from the fire he obviously didn't look at the brand too closely and it was probably just as well.

History tells us that Cortes brought the first horses to this continent in 1519. There were eleven stallions and five mares of Arabian strain. When DeSoto was shipwrecked off the coast of Florida he had horses aboard, and Columbus brought horses on his second voyage. Many others were to follow. Cuba, San Domingo and the other islands were a great breeding ground not only for horses but other livestock as well. As early as 1700 the Southwestern plains were teeming with wild horses.

In his great book, "The Mustangs," J. Frank Dobie records it all. He not only tells the story of the horse on this continent but the lore and legend as well. He tells the legends of the wild stallions. There were legendary riders, too, as wild as the mustangs themselves.

I have only tried to put down what I saw and learned firsthand. To the stockmen the wild horses were always a problem. With the best blood of the range cut out, most of the wild horses had no commercial value except as fertilizer, dog and chicken feed. Every excuse was made to get rid of them. Stockmen said the wild horses ate too much grass, drank too much water.

On the Reservation dourine, a horse disease, was the excuse and they were exterminated. Over ten thousand

wild horses were shot and killed on the Reservation in the early '30's. A tragic and terrifying end. Old saddle horses and pack mules from the white outfits, gone to the wild bunch, were exterminated too. The government paid so much a head for each branded animal killed. The coyotes and carrion birds never fared so well.

A friend, a horse lover, saw the last of the wild ones killed. It was at Ash Flat. For days, weeks and months the killing had gone on. There were less than a dozen in the bunch, they were gaunted for water and half-starved; that they could even track was amazing. But when the hunters jumped them out that morning they came running down across the big flats. Then one after another they were shot down. Underfed, undersized, in many instances their hoofs were gone. But there was nothing wrong with their hearts. Some had made their last run on bloody, spongy stumps.

To me the wild horses were as much a part of that rough and rugged land as the Apaches. Many old cowboy friends who have long since made their crossing were a part of that range, too. Its wide and rocky mesas still shimmer under the sun. Nor have its dark and brooding canyons changed, yet something has gone from the land. Nor will it ever be the same again to anyone who knew that range when the wild horses were a part of it, and they were wild and free.





Yours sincerely

THE ULSTER COUNTY GAZETTE:

... I was interested to note the reference in Ed Ellinger's story on Hubbell's Trading Post (August issue) to the Ulster County Gazette of January 4, 1860, preserved as a rare newspaper at the post.

There is not once chance in 1,000 that the newspaper so carefully framed and cared for at Hubbell's is authentic. In fact, there is only one known authentic copy of the January 4, 1860, issue carrying the news of George Washington's death. It is filed in the Library of Congress.

But there are literally thousands of counterfeits. There are two, at least, right here in Santa Paula. And in many other communities I have come across them carefully preserved as a rare historic newspaper—in attics, trunks, and framed upon the wall.

Experts in the field have found, I believe, about 20 points of difference between the counterfeit and the original in the Library of Congress. The face copies, however, were printed so much like the original (by whom I do not know) that only an expert can tell them apart. This particular issue of the Ulster County Gazette, a New York publication, is one of the most famous counterfeits in publishing history—yet none of the thousands of Americans who treasure a copy seems to have ever heard of the fraud. I know it should prove of interest to Mrs. Roman Hubbell, Don Lorenzo's daughter-in-law.

Wally Smith
Santa Paula, California

• And of interest, indeed, to other readers of these pages. Thanks, Mr. Smith.

BROWN-STANTON RIVER TRIP:

... I have heard from a friend that the June issue of your magazine has a list of "... Important River Runs" and lists the Brown-Stanton party as having gone only to the lower end of Marble Canyon on the Colorado.

President Brown was drowned a month after entering on the river and my father, Robert Brewster Stanton, Chief Engineer, went back to Denver, re-organized the party and with new boats went back and continued the survey to the Gulf of California, reaching Yuma on April 29, 1860.

Mrs. Lewis S. Burchard
New York, New York

• Glad to make the correction.

AT HOME OVERSEAS:

... Thank you for the back issues of ARIZONA HIGHWAYS. These have been forwarded to Bonn along with the blow-ups and reprints of other magazine covers, and will assuredly be used to good advantage.

You will be interested to know that rear sheets from your publication are used by all of the Agency's offices in preparing exhibits and window displays. Many times the mounted pictures are presented to institutions, important personages, host country officials and individuals who request them. Almost invariably requests for scenic color pictures of the United States state "like ARIZONA HIGHWAYS." One such recent request, from the Agency's Lisbon office, stated that an exhibit Arizona had been prepared entirely by using pictures from ARIZONA HIGHWAYS.

Your cooperation with our exhibits program is most appreciated.

Juanita Williams
Exhibits Division
U. S. Information Agency
Washington, D.C.

• We are proud to cooperate with such nice people who are doing such good work for our country. Long Live America! Long Live Our Friends Beyond the Seas!



OPPOSITE PAGE

"SUNSET OVER ROOSEVELT LAKE" BY JOSEF MUENCH. 4x5 Linhof camera; daylight Ektachrome; f.16 at 1/2 sec.; 5" Xenar lens; April; sunset, early evening. Roosevelt Lake, behind Roosevelt Dam, is along the Apache Trail, State Route 88. The quiet waters of the desert lake were tinted by the setting sun with the Four Peaks Mountains forming a background when the photograph was taken.

BACK COVER

"AN ANGRY DESERT SKY" BY KOYO LOPEZ. Rolleiflex camera; Ektachrome; f.16 at 1/50th sec.; f.3.5 Schneider Xenar lens; late August; late afternoon, camera facing sun, clouds backlit; approximately 300 meter reading; ASA rating 32. This photograph was taken east of Tucson on the Freeman Road, which borders Saguaro National Monument. Location was about a mile north of the entrance to the Monument. The photographer says: "Was wandering around in the vicinity of Saguaro National Monument, looking for subjects to photograph, when I noticed the sun was concealing itself behind an interesting cloud formation and casting dramatic rays of light that radiated out from behind the cloud. I hunted frantically for a suitable cactus with which to frame the picture, and had just time enough to take a meter reading and make several exposures before the sun emerged below the clouds. The picture was taken looking west at about an hour or more before sunset. I think the picture is especially interesting because of its monochromatic blue color. It proves that a sunset doesn't have to be red to be interesting."

SPOTLIGHT ON WINTER

The spotlight focuses, a roving, lean
And hungry moon, each ray steel-blue and
cold . . .
Curtains of cloud wipe out the autumn scene,
Hiding its torn and tarnished cloth of gold
The amber sunser cools as night is filled
With wailing silence, rustling leaves are stilled.
Her ermine cloak snow-white, her step snow-
light
Queen of the Seasons, Winter stars tonight!
—MAUDE RUBIN

MANNA

A lonely old man sprinkled crumbs on the
ground,
And the winter-starved birds chirped and
circled around;
But I knew by his smile and the tilt of his head,
It wasn't the pigeons alone that he fed.
—MAURINE BARCAL

A TIME WHEN

After living here for years, in the Southwest,
Lines from books and readings from the sky—
The love of sunshine and the yearning for rain—
Blur in the congealing mind to form a loose
volume
Of plates and impressions, footnotes and fables;
Until feeling, not nimble recollection,
Becomes a state of intelligence that will not
again be broken down
To dates and titles and first memories of
sunsets,
Or who came third, fourth, or fifth, tight in
Spanish leather,
To these wind-loose shores.
A time when, closer to dying, we become
What once we strove to (memorizing) learn;
Men buried too deep in living to set themselves
Apart from history, for having drawn it,
meaning by meaning,
Into the attitude-like posture of the heart.
—REEVE SPENCER KELLEY

TALE OF THE OLD WEST

"He died in his boots," was the story that came.
We said he was brave, and we honored his
name.
"He died as he danced," came a still later word.
We thought him quite dashing, and gay as a
bird.
A man from those parts heard the tale and
said, "Nope—
He died as he danced at the end of a rope."
—GEORGE L. KRESS

THESE AUTUMN LEAVES

These Autumn leaves that spill in golden
showers
And flirt and drift along my wooded path
Have tongues. They speak in gentle tones which
tell
Of beauty of maturity and life
Fulfilled; of faithful days through storm of
wind
And rain; of garnered hopes and happiness.
But more they speak with mystic prophecy
Of Spring, and greening trees and homing
wings;
Of Love's heart-song, and small birds in their
nests
In an ordered world held in the Hand of God
Where birds and leaves are numbered for His
use . . .
These Autumn leaves, that whisper as they fall!
—LENORE McLAUGHLIN LINK



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