



Nov. 13, 1941

George W. Coe, Pioneer Of New Mexico, Died Here At Eight O'clock This Morning

Survivor Of Lincoln County War Succumbs To Attack Of
Pneumonia At Age Of 85; Had Lived In State Since 1874
First Going To Lincoln Co. In 1876

George W. Coe, pioneer New Mexico rancher and farmer, died at St. Mary's hospital here at eight o'clock this morning from a pneumonia attack. He was 85 years old.

Mr. Coe was brought to the hospital here one week ago yesterday from his home at Glencoe where he lived many years. His two children, Will Coe and Mrs. Elza Perry of Glencoe, were with him at the time of his death.

Funeral services will be held Saturday afternoon at two o'clock at Mrs. Perry's home at Glencoe and burial will be made in the family cemetery beside his wife who died Jan. 29, 1940. The Ballard Funeral Home will be in charge.

In his younger days, George Coe became involved in the famous Lincoln County War between rival cattle factions, fighting with the McSween organization with which the noted desperado, William Bonney (Billy the Kid) was also aligned. A fine story of this bloody struggle was told by Mr. Coe in his autobiography, "Frontier Fighter," which was written several years ago by Miss Nan Hillary Harrison.

In writing a review of this book, the late Eugene Manlove Rhodes, noted New Mexico author, said: "Men who have known George Coe all his life know him to be truthful and honorable. When he speaks of what he saw we consider that word final."

In his book, Mr. Coe said: "After living through the contradictions of these days of terror, I am convinced that even the outlaws had their part to play in establishing our western civilization."

Mr. Coe was one of those men who were drawn into the cattle feud of whom Mr. Rhodes wrote: "These men were not fiends. Most of them were farmers—if we leave the leaders aside. Most of them owned cattle and all except the younger cowboys had farms on the Ruidoso, the Hondo or the Bonita. x x x Their plans and dreams were to make these mountain valleys the garden spot of New Mexico."

"But money making and successful farming were not our only ambitions," Mr. Coe said in his book. "We felt the responsibility of creating an honorable and lasting civilization."

George Coe was born July 13, 1856, at Brighton, Iowa. He came to New Mexico as a youth of 18, first settling in Colfax County in 1874 and going to the Ruidoso and Lincoln county area in 1876. He left there at the end of the Lincoln county war and returned in 1884 to make his home continuously at Glencoe, in the Ruidoso valley, 55 miles west of Roswell.

To Restore Old Blazer Mill

ALAMOGORDO, April 14. —(P) —The old Blazer Mill at Mes-calero, scene of one of the opening battles of the Lincoln County cattle war, is to be restored and a historic museum established there.

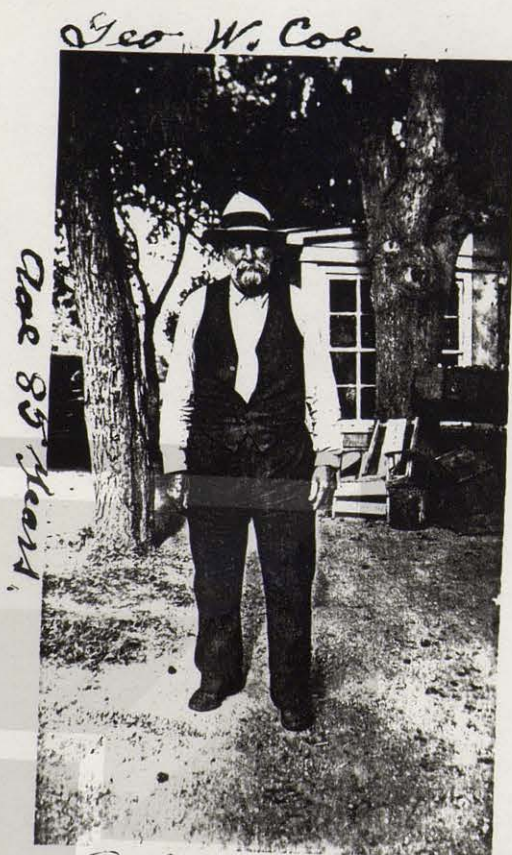
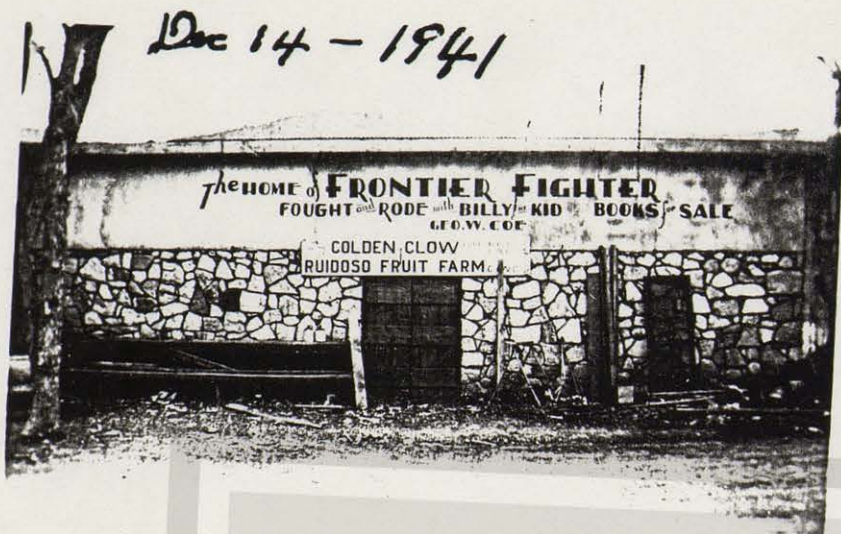
Cooperating in the project are the Alamogordo Chamber of Commerce, the Southwestern Association of Chambers of Commerce, the New Mexico Museum and the Indian Service.

It was in the Lincoln county cattle war that Billy the Kid, the Southwest's No. 1 gunman, played his part.

The land involved was a part of the old Blazer homestead, and now is owned by the Mescalero Indian tribe.

The project includes excavation of an old cannon known to have been located not far from the old mill and used in the campaign of 1846 when a group of Mexican soldiers were quartered nearby.

Through the years, the cannon has gradually been covered by mud and trash, but A. N. Blazer, who lived in the vicinity many years, knows its location and will supervise the excavation.



Oct 1941



Originals Transferred to Photographs

FOCUS ON THE FRONTIER

first in a series of

southwestern pioneer characters

The Last Great Chief

by J. Evetts Haley



THE FRONTIER stories have touched the imagination of men more poignantly and more profoundly than that of Quanah, the last great chief of the Comanches. He symbolized that tragic transition of a once proud and savagely passionate people from a life of uninhibited freedom on horseback to a pedestrian, alien existence as cooped-up wards of the federal government. With lofty courage he suffered loss of freedom without loss of character, and accepted the dispossessions of his land and ways of life with monumental dignity. He was a chief until the last, who, only in death, could suffer indignity.

The Comanches—those “superb savage horsemen,” to quote their great historian, Dr. R. N. Richardson—were an offshoot of the Shoshonean family whose superiority was suggested by their name Nim-ma, meaning “the people.” Possessed of the mighty vital force that reckons events and shapes history, they “left their country between the Yellowstone and Platte rivers in the late sixteen hundreds and moved into the South Plains.”

With healthy individualism, they split into many bands, and went their own ways under their own leaders to meet at times in council, somewhat suggestive of our federal principle, to discuss their problems or lay their strategy as dictated by common blood, interests and ideals.

Out of the Rockies above the headwaters of the Arkansas came the band to occupy their northern range, the Yamparikas or the Rooteaters. In the wide grassy land between there and the Southern Plains rode the sturdy Kotsotekas or Buffalo-eaters. Farther south, erratically from the wooded streams of central Texas westward, at times to the bee-caves of the Devil's River, were the Penatekas or Honey-eaters. In the breaks and upon the Staked Plains in between were such bands as the Nokoni—the Wanderers, and in warfare and resistance the most stubborn of them all—those who subsisted on the fleetest and the best wild meat known to Western man—the Antelope-eaters or the Kwahadis.

Quanah was a Kwahadi. His father Nokoni, was a chieftan of the Wanderers. His mother, Cynthia Ann Parker, was a white captive of the

Indians. Quanah, a word meaning fragrance or perfume and evidently bestowed from the fact that he was born upon the prairie among the wild flowers, grew up with the Antelope-eaters. He rode, fought, thought and looked like an Indian. No facial feature, physical attribute or psychological trait betrayed his origin. Half-white, he was all Indian.

Quanah's mother was one of five captives taken when the Comanches ravaged Parker's Fort, May 19, 1836, on the Navasota River, in deep central Texas. The dispersal of these captives was swift and complete. Within a few months one was ransomed by President Sam Houston from the Delaware Indians. In 1838, Indian traders recovered another far north of Santa Fe, the sad Rachel Plummer. Her son and Cynthia's brother, John Parker, were traded out of the hands of Indians hundreds of miles to the east in 1842, at Fort Gibson, near present Muskogee. But Cynthia Ann's uncle, John Parker, wore out the tragic years in dangerous and fruitless search for his blue-eyed niece.

But youth is pliant and the human species adaptable, and little Cynthia Ann—about nine years old at the time of her capture—matured into an Indian. Nokoni took her for one of his wives. She had two sons of rabbit-hunting age and was wildly riding with a babe beneath her buffalo robe when recaptured by Sul Ross' Texas Rangers, in a fight on Pease River late in December, 1860—twenty-four years after the fall of Parker's Fort. Her boys escaped.

At that time Quanah was possibly nine years old. His actual age still seems uncertain, though his tombstone bears the date of 1852. He grew up on those open lands of infinite distance and ever-present danger, the Staked Plains of Texas, though in their hunting and their raids the Comanches ranged from beyond the Arkansas to far below the Rio Grande.

For years it was the verdict of history, firmly believed by Governor Ross himself, that he had killed Nokoni, in hand-to-hand combat on the Pease. Charles Goodnight, ranger-scout at the same fight, and pioneer plainsman, finally set

the record straight. It was a case of mistaken identity, for Nokoni died years later while on a wild plum hunt along the Canadian.

Cynthia Ann was taken back to her people in the woods, among the settlements of Texas. Everything there was unnatural; everything disquieting and strange. She held her baby close and furtively, as a wild animal in a cage, stared into space—beyond the civilized walls that held her captive to an open land of wide expanse and brilliant light; to where her lean-loined sons in buckskin breech-clouts were riding with abandon; to where her somber men still rode in the light of the moon to kill and scalp the hated *Tejanos*.

Prairie Flower, her little baby, soon passed away, and Cynthia Ann sank with grief and loneliness and died in 1864, apparently with a broken heart—an expatriate among people of her own blood. Her tragic story is a part of the Texas tradition.

Quanah grew into a leading warrior with the Antelope-eaters as the Indian struggles of the Southern Plains moved into their final stages. In

Quanah Parker, in full regalia as Chief.



Seated is Topay, only surviving wife of Quanah Parker, with relatives during memorial rites on May 30, 1955.

the late sixties and early seventies the destruction of the great buffalo herds, chief source of the red man's shelter and larder, was under way by the hide hunters. Step by step the broad free grasslands of the Indians were being taken from them in war and negotiated from them in peace. For the wise old men in the Comanche tepees the end was in sight.

But not for Quanah and the Kwahadis. They spurned the treaty council of Medicine Lodge in 1867, and more and more sought refuge in that dreaded desert on the rim of Texas. There antelope were plentiful, but fugitive water in widely-scattered seeps and holes could be found only by the few who knew—by the wildest Indians of the Staked Plains. Out there Quanah Parker, in mounting fury, was riding in the lead of the Kwahadis.

Pressed on three sides by the buffalo hunters, the Texas Rangers and the cowmen, he was making the stand of the valiant. There in this vast open world, devoid of shelter except illimitable distance, his elusive warriors stubbornly fought and fled, with women, children and camp equipment, to disperse, to gather, to feint and fight again. Their struggle against the best the army could send went on for years. Other chieftans quit and straggled into the reservations. But through ruthless war, near starvation and bitter privation,



Topay, 91, the only surviving wife of Quanah, who had seven wives during his uninhibited tenure—before he was requested to settle for one.

Quanah, beaten back at times as before Adobe Walls, was never routed and never captured.

Yet Quanah too was wise. He read the signs written by horses' hoofs upon the land. He saw the meaning of the steady march of men and herds that, despite the bloodshed, never faltered along the frontiers of Texas. And there, just beyond this advancing line, a special deputation traveling under a flag of truce from Fort Sill, in Indian Territory, found him in the spring of 1875, in camp on Blanco Canyon.

There they treated in council and he took the hated hand of the whites in peace. Then, on June 2, 1875, with 100 warriors, 300 women and children and old men, and 1400 horses, he rode into the army post at Fort Sill. There he laid down his bull-hide shield and his arms, and accepted the bitter dictates of fate that moderate men characterized as destiny.

Without cavil and without doubt, he was the acknowledged leader of "the people" of the Great Plains, the chief of the Comanches. He folded his buffalo-hide tepees and built a spacious home, upon the roof of which he painted great white stars, one for each of his surviving wives. He turned to ranching; he became a friend of President Theodore Roosevelt; he negotiated with the government; he still defended the interests of "the people" as the cordon of settlement and authority



Standing before Quanah's tomb are three generations of his family. (LEFT TO RIGHT) Mrs. A. C. Birdsong, daughter of Quanah; six-year-old Donna Ann Parker, great granddaughter of the chief and her mother, Mrs. Don Wilkinson, granddaughter of Quanah and daughter of Mrs. Parker. (Photo made in 1936).

closed around him.

He adjudicated disputes among the Indians, arrested wrong-doers, delivered them to the white man's justice, and rose in stature in peace as his shield had shone terribly bright in war.

He even adopted the white man's clothing, but at times he found their ways difficult to fathom. When he and Yellow Bear stopped at the old Pickwick Hotel, in Fort Worth, to spend the night, they simply locked their door and blew out the gas light. By morning Yellow Bear was happily riding the celestial hunting grounds, and Quanah was pulled back only with difficulty.

But his thinking was as clear and logical as as the unrefracted sunlight of the High Plains. Having turned his people by honorable treaty to the ways of peace, he put a stop to their enlistment by the army at Fort Sill. He pointed out that white missionaries were now teaching them that it is wrong to go to war. Therefore, he reasoned, it was inconsistent for the whites to recruit them into an outfit "whose sole business was fighting."

As for himself, he held to the ritual and beliefs of his people, and is credited with introducing the Mexican Peyote into the Indian rites. His integrity was unassailable, his patience monumental and his wit unanswerable. In Washington once, tradition tells, Indian-office officials were pressing him with the view that a multitude of wives was bad, and that he must forsake the ways of polygamy in keeping with the white man's laws. A high official pressed the point.

"When you get back home, Quanah, pick out the wife you like best and tell the rest of them that they must get out."

Quanah listened, silent and inscrutable! But authority, backed by the voice of virtue, is loud and insistent, and the official reiterated his demand.

"Just pick out your favorite wife, and tell the others they've got to move."

"You tell 'em," Quanah replied.

In his late years he moved the remains of

his mother, Cynthia Ann Parker, from Texas, and reinterred them in the Indian country. A Texas county had been named for her family, a village for his father, and a substantial Texas town for him.

At his own request he was buried beside his mother, a proper place, remarked his old friend, Charles Goodnight, since he "at one time, had six wives and . . . could not easily be buried by the side of them all."

In keeping with Comanche custom, a spear-shaped cedar, pointing the way to heaven, was planted at the head of his grave. Upon his red



Large tombstone marks grave of Quanah, buried beside his mother, Cynthia Ann, in the hills of Comanche County, near Lawton, Oklahoma.

LAW WEST OF THE PECOS

The Story of Judge Roy Bean
BY EVERETT LLOYD

(CHAPTER IV CONTINUED)

That Roy Bean sensed his importance we know by the fact that he made an attempt at an autobiography, but he got no further than some random and undecipherable notes, prepared in such chaotic fashion that he himself could not read them once they were cold. However, he was in dead earnest; and, as in the case of the tramp sign painter who painted the laconic legends over the portals of his "Jersey Lily" saloon, he employed a biographer on the same basis, namely, his food and drink. But this fellow proved to be a better single-handed drinker than biographer and historian. Equipped with ample writing material he would start the day with a comfortable cargo of liquor, whereupon he would betake himself to some secluded spot to write "The Life and Times of Roy Bean." With the close of each day there were growing reports of the progress made.

Two weeks elapsed and Bean concluded that the biography should be completed. When ordered to submit his sketch the imposter quickly but quietly disappeared without even leaving his manuscript. After this experience Bean abandoned the idea of a biography, and while he liked to pose before the camera for newspapermen, he never again made any attempt to have it written. He read little, seldom wrote a letter or kept any record of his affairs.

Even his famous one-volume law library was so infrequently consulted that it was used more for display than for reference and utility.

Law Book Saved.

Speaking of Roy Bean's only law book, there have been as many absurd things written about it as there have been apochryphal stories related of Bean. It is true he had only one law book, a copy of the Revised Statutes of Texas, printed in 1879, as authorized by the Sixteenth Texas Legislature. The book is now the property of W. H. Dodd of Langtry, and was presented to him by Bean. Bean also gave Dodd his pistol, official seal and a large dirk found on a corpse over whom Bean was called to hold an inquest.

Personally, Roy Bean was not of the Adonis or Apollo type. He ran more to the embonpoint rather than to the sylph-like and classic figure of the hero of fable and fiction. He was five feet, ten inches in height, and weighed 190 pounds. His features were well rounded mouth chin and nose indicating poise and decision. Bean's peculiar grayish eyes were indicative of his shrewd character. In speech and manner he was blunt but friendly to the point of affability. Never too familiar, he was quick to size up a situation or gauge the mental plane of those about him.

"On With the Dance."

His motto was—"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."

Throughout his life Bean had a difficult time to maintain himself and pay his bills, and probably at no time during his career did he ever possess as much as \$500. Merchandise, whether liquor or what-not, was shipped to him C. O. D.; and when he died he left nothing of a tangible nature in the way of an estate. As to religion Old Roy was far from orthodox. All churches and all religions were the same to him. He believed in all but did not openly profess or belong to any. He was the friend of preachers, priests, gamblers and vagabonds, and to the extent of his ability contributed to any worthy cause. Selfishness was not a part of his nature; he had a downright contempt for thieves and cattle rustlers. Ostensibly, and for purposes of showing his authority. Old Roy was hard-boiled on the surface, but once get under his skin, and he would go to the limit to help those in distress.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

Law West of the Pecos

The Story of Judge Roy Bean
BY EVERETT LLOYD

(CHAPTER IV CONTINUED)

Roy Bean now sleeps in his modest tomb at Del Rio, little aware of the fame that has come to him. There is an unlimited number of alleged Roy Bean stories built around his courtroom trials and decisions, but it is possible to accurately catalog only about 20 printable ones. Some of the best are unprintable, at least one is—his famous "Rule in Texas" case which centered around the attempt of a lady from New York who wanted a divorce! Talk about Reno, Nev., for easy divorces! Old Roy had a system all his own in joining a couple in the holy bonds of matrimony, then with equal ease, but for a second fee, casting them asunder.

Fame Followed Death.

Bean died March 19, 1903, at the age of 78. Leaving Del Rio, where he had been for several days, he returned to Langtry, and was found the following morning in an unconscious condition in his saloon where he was also accustomed to sleep. He died without regaining consciousness. But as he was never a laggard in meeting destiny half way, he was probably ready for the end. His power had waned and he

had become an old man who still tried to keep up his show of being "Law West of the Pecos." He was now a tottering, jibbering, old man.

The newspapers of the time made little comment on Bean's death—His fame, as a wit, story teller, buffoon, unique character and maker of history, came after his death and has grown with the years.

Typical of His Times.

Stripped of all fictional embellishments which have gathered around the memory of Roy Bean, he is still a wonderfully colorful and picturesque figure from those wild-and-woolly days which seem to us so far away but which are yet so recent. We may smile at his decisions and question some of his actions, but he succeeded in winning respect for his homespun justice where more refined methods might have failed. The West was not won by weaklings; he understood his people and they understood him, and his name and deeds will be remembered long after those of a later day are forgotten.

A harmless and roughish buffoon was Roy Bean. A kind of clown without makeup, he was at heart a man with many good qualities, and so typical of his times and environ-

ment that he survives because he was able to drift with the current of pioneer history and take advantage of the limited opportunities as they came to him. His sphere of activity was limited. He was isolated, yet he became such an institution that the Southern Pacific trains halted at the water-tower station of Langtry to allow passengers time to visit his quaint establishment and personally see the man who will long be remembered as "Law West of the Pecos."

The End.

Famous Kiowa Chief Is Still Living

Big Tree, Now an Octogenarian, Was Powerful During the Days of Sherman, Custer and Sheridan

THIS ONCE FEARED LEADER OF THE INDIANS FOUGHT SIDE BY SIDE WITH LONE WOLF, KICKING BIRD, SATANTA AND SATANK—HE NOW LIVES THE LIFE OF A FARMER IN THE WASHITA VALLEY OF OKLAHOMA.

BY CARRIE J. CROUCH.

On the plains of Western Oklahoma, a few miles north of the Wichita Mountains, in the beautiful valley of the Washita, lives Big Tree, the last war chief of the Kiowa tribe. He is 82 years old. For more than half a century he has been a prominent character in the annals of Indian history, famous even to the white men, and to the 1,700 members of his tribe their greatest living hero. Big Tree's name was well chosen; he was a big chief, physically powerful, and his conflict and propinquity with Sheridan, Custer and Sherman made him renown. Historically, he has come down through the years as a great chief of the Southwest, rivaled only by Sitting Bull and Geronimo.

In the year that Texas became a State (1845) the vast expanse of Western Texas was vacant land. No deed or title or barbed wire made a mark on its millions of acres. It was State land, and while the big men at the capital had a faint hope that it would some day be developed, it was without even exploring consideration. No one questioned the right of the Indian to this territory.

On the broad plains roamed the Apaches, the Wichitas, the Comanches and the Kiowas and the game dear to their savage hearts. Beyond the Palo Duro Canyon, fringed by the cap rock and great trees, was the Canadian River and still greater trees. Indian villages moved here and there and even up and down the swift Canadian there were tepees of skin. Migratory, gregarious, always roving, were the red men. Under the largest tree in the country, a tree so large that it required the outstretched arms of seven warriors to span its trunk, a band of Kiowas camped early in 1845. Into this camp came a baby boy, a new warrior for the tribe. He was aptly called Adoette (great tree) after the Indian custom of giving a name with significance. Later he became Big Tree to the adventurers who dared to oppose the chiefs on their domain.

Big Tree grew up in an age when scalps were easy to take. Retaliation was a great principle in their code of living and many white men were venturing into the Western wilds. So where scalps had hitherto been taken from the tribes' latest enemy, they could now be removed from their common antagonists. The Indians let no opportunity pass of killing, stealing and terrorizing the white man as he advanced. Even with their "untutored mind," they realized their game was departing, that their country, where acts of valor and scenes of cherished battle took place, was being crowded with the hated pale face and furrowed with the plow.

The Bloody Spring of 1871.

In 1871 the long cordon of military posts in Texas was supposed to be fully adequate, but it would have required many more thou-

and Fast Bear. The men had seen the Indians approaching, had quickly arranged their wagons in a

a council of the prominent men of the country and received a clear conception of frontier conditions before departing for Fort Sill.

He Bragged About It.

A few days after Gen. Sherman arrived at the fort a number of Indians came into the commissary to draw rations. Among them were Satanta, Satank and Big Tree. Satanta told the popular Quaker agent, Lowerie Tatum, that he had been in a "big fight" and brought back "forty-one fine mules." In a swaggering manner he declared that he led the fight and that anyone else who claimed the honor was a liar. He motioned to Satank and Big Tree and said they were there, all right, but merely under his command. He said he wanted to see the big white chief, who, he heard, was visiting there (Gen. Sherman) and see if he was as big a warrior.

Satanta Backs Up.

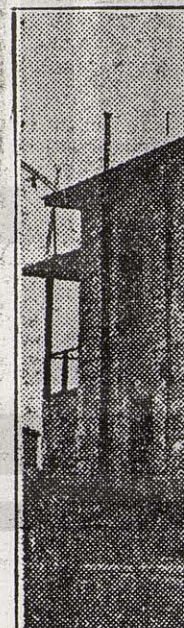
The agent reported the incident at once to Gen. Sherman and the three Indians were subsequently arrested and questioned. They acknowledged the raid into Texas, the fight and the theft of the mules. But when they realized the disapproval this brought forth they were prompt to turn State's evidence. Satanta said his young men had wanted to have a little fight and take a few scalps and he just went along, but he did not so much as blow his bugle. Anyway, the white men had killed three of his young braves and wounded several others, and he thought now they were square.

When Gen. Sherman informed them that he intended to confine them and send them back to Texas for trial they were wildly remonstrative. The entire reservation protested. Satank said he would rather be shot on the spot. Kicking Bird, one of the most influential and peaceful chiefs on the reserve at that time, interceded strongly. Excitement surged through the fort and orders fell fast. Chiefs and braves, armed with bows and arrows and carbines, came as near the prisoners as was allowed. Soldiers stood ready to fire. Lone Wolf dashing rode up, threw his blanket from his shoulders, fastened it around his waist and strolled toward the guardhouse with bow and arrow, two carbines and a six-shooter. Seeing two weaponless

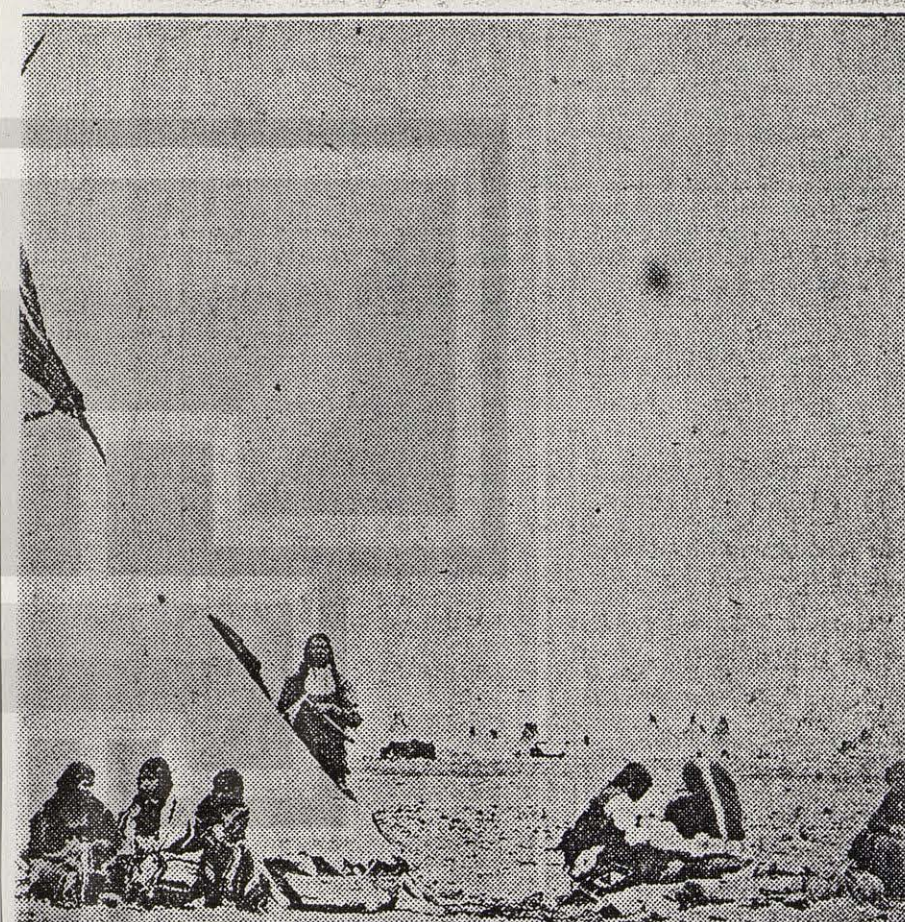
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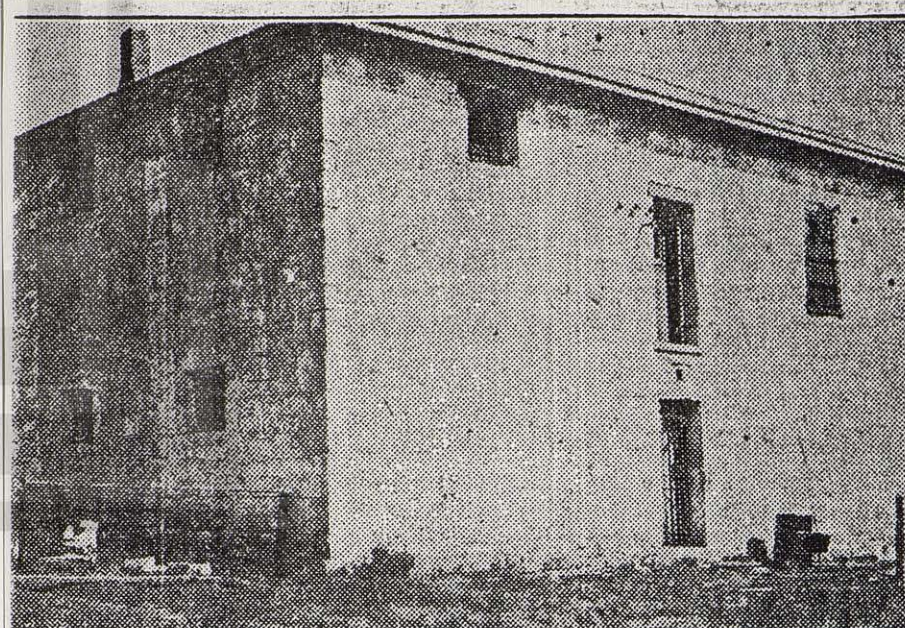
How the



The guardhouse



Kiowas used to live. A village scene taken in 1872 near old Fort Sill.



old Fort Sill, where the marauding Indians were held after their massacre of the wagon train.

the time the ank, who had before being ll expressions. followed the out of Fort turned back, messages to

trial progressed the jurors lost the novelty of the situation and whittled the benches and squirted tobacco juice at the cracks with customary sangfroid of everyday life. "This is a novel and important trial, and has perhaps no prece-

them. He had even been called a squaw because he was the friend of the white people. He said he was suffering from the deeds of Lone Wolf and Kicking Bird, Big Bow and Fast Bear, and if he were free he would kill the three lat-

with the verdict, and the ques- tion was asked the foreman, "Are they guilty, or not guilty?" there was the stillness of suspense, and the words of the old frontiersman sounded startlingly loud, "THEY ARE! WE FIGGER THEM GUILTY!"

The date for the execution of the Indians was set for Sept. 1, 1871, but immediately after adjournment of the court, Judge Soward sent a lengthy letter to Gov. Davis, and asked that the sentence be commuted to life imprisonment. Gen. Sherman, Col. Grierson and the Indian agent, Lowerie Tatum, were strongly opposed to the death verdict. Imprisonment was a far greater punishment to the Indians, and to take the lives of the chiefs would arouse the wildest hostilities among the Kiowas, Comanches and other tribes which bordered on the white settlements.

The Death Sentence Is Commuted.

On Aug. 2, Gov. Davis issued the proclamation commuting the sentences to life imprisonment, as the massacre could not legally be called murder, but was in fact an act of warfare. In November of that year, the two chiefs entered Huntsville, not as chiefs, but as Nos. 2107 and 2108.

While the men who were familiar with frontier conditions stoutly opposed the execution of the Indians, they were just as much opposed to their release. But the secretary of Indian affairs and Eastern people began at once to make efforts for their freedom. Two years later, on Aug. 19, 1873, an entry was made in the penitentiary records which read, "Set at liberty by Gov. Davis this day, upon the recommendation of the President of the United States, upon parole."

Mr. Tatum immediately resigned his position as Indian agent at Fort Sill, and said it was admitting weakness to release the Kiowas.

Free Once More.

Satanta and Big Tree were escorted to Fort Sill, and from that point they were once more free. Not many months later there was raiding again on the frontier of Texas, and the two chiefs were suspected once more on the warpath, or at least, inciting hostilities.

Gen. Sheridan, who was in command in the West, and in camp on the North Fork of the Canadian, ordered Satanta and Big Tree placed under arrest. They were detained at Fort Sill for a time, and Satanta sent back to Huntsville, while Big Tree was held for a while at the post and then given his freedom. A few years later, Oct. 11, 1878, Satanta ended his life by throwing himself from a balcony of the penitentiary.

Big Tree Is Chief.

Big Tree's adventure placed him at the head of the Kiowas, and though for many years he was under indictment, or arrest, or suspended sentence, those little affairs only added to his glory. His last conflict with the Government was in 1890, when the Kiowas made preparations for the old sun dance at Anadarko. This was forbidden by the United States Indian Commission, for it was considered only a forerunner, a prelude, to the warpath. The agent, however, had unauthoritatively given his consent when he was assured by the chiefs that the objectionable features would be omitted.

The place had been selected, the buffalo head secured and great expectation and excitement aroused.

stealthiness of the desperate red warriors. Ranking among the highest in the Kiowa tribe were Lone Wolf, Kicking Bird, Satanta, Satank and the young brave, Big Tree, whose future was the brightest, if the scalp held out! These chiefs and their tribes were confined to the Indian Territory by the treaty of Medicine Lodge in 1867, but the thing which made chiefs was overstepping the bounds of convention—daring to do what others had not dared to do. The Indians played tag with the settlers—darting down for a raid, hiding about during the chase—and the spring of 1871 found them more destructive than they had been in twenty-five years.

Reports, appeals and imploring messages from the border of Texas were sent to the State capital and to Washington. Many settlers withdrew to more populated districts, and those who dared to remain moved as small arsenals. Then the joyous news reached the frontier that Gen. Sherman was to make a personal survey of border conditions. Hope for protection was at once aroused, and it was a hope which had no disappointment, though one of the greatest frontier tragedies was enacted before it could be fulfilled.

Sherman Comes to Take Charge.

Gen. Sherman left New Orleans on a steamer for Galveston April 23, 1871, and reached San Antonio on the 28th. He was accompanied by Gen. Randolph B. Marcy, noted Government explorer. At San Antonio the party received an escort of seventeen men of the Tenth Infantry, and proceeded on their Western inspection trip. Through Fort McKavett, Fort Clark, Fort Concho and the old posts, Fort Chadborne and Fort Phantom Hill, and past the buffalo country and into Fort Griffin traveled the party. They studied conditions, made notes and interviewed the Government officials and settlers. On May 17, as they traveled toward Fort Richardson from Fort Belknap, they remarked upon the devastation of the country. Burned and ruined ranch homes were silent but impressive evidence of the marauding Indians, and Gen. Marcy stated that the country did not contain as many white people as it did when he was stationed there eighteen years before. Gen. Sherman was greatly impressed with the deplorable state of affairs, and could personally understand the heroic efforts required to make a home in "the glorious West."

Massacre of the Wagon Train.

The next morning, while the party was in Fort Richardson, Capt. Henry Warren started his wagon train with corn to Fort Griffin, in charge of Nathan Long. Late that afternoon a wounded young man, Thomas Bazale, rode into the fort with the news that the entire train had been burned by 100 Kiowas and all but himself massacred.

The fort and community were thrown into a turmoil of excitement and desire for revenge. Gen. Sherman immediately dispatched Gen. McKenzie with 150 cavalrymen to the scene, with thirty days' rations and pack horses and orders to pursue and punish the Indians. The wagon train had consisted of six wagons and their drivers, besides Nathan Long, and forty-one Missouri mules. The mules were splendid animals, the wagons and even the harness were new.

On Salt Creek prairie, on the military road, the teamsters were attacked by the Kiowas led by Satanta, Satank, Big Tree, Big Bow

best they could, and made their stand. But they were so overwhelmingly outnumbered that they could repulse the Indians only a short time. Thomas Bazale received severe wounds early in the conflict, but found an opportunity to dash from the scene, and miraculously succeeded in reaching Fort Richardson.

A Horrible Sight.

When Gen. McKenzie and his soldiers arrived all they found were the six bodies, horribly pierced with arrows, the six wagons were masses of burned timber and iron and the corn scattered for hundreds of yards. Not a mule was in sight. The terrifying atrocity which met the eyes of the soldiers and which became the inspiration for vengeance all along the border was the body of Samuel Elliott, chained between two wheels and burned almost beyond recognition!

Gen. Sherman spent several days in Fort Richardson and made a thorough investigation. He understood the gravity of the situation, the utter hopelessness of pioneers where such tragedies were likely to occur. He could visualize the long military trail, which he had passed over the day before; the bareness of the prairie, the seven white men on the freighting train, and then the wild, whooping Indians with lances a gleam. From such proximity he could see the heroic struggle, the last shot and the final dastardly deed. He called

supplied each with a weapon, and the one who took the bow immediately strung it. Lone Wolf seated himself on the steps and brazenly cocked his carbine. The soldiers were instantly ready to fire, but Satanta raised his arms and dramatically ordered, "No shoot! No shoot!"

A Battle Hangs by a Thread.

At that instant a shot rang out in the distance. Orders had been given that no one was to leave the reserve, and when an Indian attempted to do so he was killed on the spot. That shot by the sentinel almost brought to actual battle the tensely strung soldiers and Indians. Gen. Sherman prevented a foray and commanded the Indians away and the prisoners put in chains.

Gen. McKenzie arrived a few days later. He had pushed on to Fort Sill, as heavy rains had obliterated all tracks of the attacking party, and he had surmised they were from the Indian reserve. Preparations soon materialized for the return to Texas. The Indians called Gen. McKenzie No Thumb, because of the loss of one digit, but they respected and obeyed him more than they did the average officer.

A Strange Caravan.

It was a strange caravan which started south, wagons, each containing a prisoner and guard, and necessary supplies, calvarymen and numerous Indians trailing along for a last look and word with

people to take back the mules to Gen. Grierson, commander of Fort Sill, and not to commit any more depredations around the fort or in Texas. Satank said, "Tell my people that I am dead. I died the first day out of Fort Sill. My bones will be lying on the side of the road, and I wish my people to gather them up and take them home."

Satank Sings His Death Song.

Satank began his death song when the Indians had bidden their chiefs farewell and turned toward the fort. He had been searched twice, but had managed to conceal a butcher knife and, as he sang, he loosened the heavy iron handcuffs by gnawing and stripping the flesh from the bones. With the first second of freedom, he stabbed the guard by his side. The other guards jumped for safety, leaving their guns. These Satank instantly reached for. He made an attempt to fire, but a quick shot from a soldier gave Satank his desire and closed his combative career. He was taken back to Fort Sill, not by his people, but by the soldiers. There in the old military cemetery, in a grave with a slab plain and white, and marked "unknown," is the body of unconquered Satank.

The death of Satank had a most quieting effect on the two remaining chiefs. They were doubly guarded, and in the parlance of the time "shooed all around." But they were stoically indifferent to the hardships of the journey and contemptuous toward their captors.

Two Captured Eagles.

Fort Richardson, Jacksboro, and the surrounding country were curiously eager to welcome the party. The day was hot, the first of June with its burst of Texas summer heat. The prisoners had been placed on horses for their entry into town, and never was there a more impressive picture of fallen greatness than the two tired, dust-covered and bound Indians. As the cortege drew up before the little log courthouse, the citizens crowded near. But the chiefs sat as bronze equestrians. They appeared powerful in their nudity, only a breech-clout and blanket were around their loins; a single eagle feather was in their dusty, coarse hair and moccasins on their feet bound under their ponies. Their muscular arms, legs and hips were the comment of the day; and the only indication that they were even so much as aware of the spectators was an occasional flash of their black eyes.

Lanham Was District Attorney.

Judge Charles Soward, who was the judicial head of the district which embraced Jack and Young Counties, set the trial of the prisoners for the approaching term of court. On July 5, the memorable trial opened. The Hon. S. W. T. Lanham was the District Attorney, Thomas Ball and Joe Woodford served as counsel for the chiefs and Lowerie Tatum and Thomas Bazale, the only survivor of the massacre, were the principal witnesses.

The entire frontier showed a desire to hear the trial and swarmed to the little town of Jacksboro. Armed to its teeth, the entire crowd tried to get into the courthouse. As it could not be done, they jammed the courthouse lawn and the windows. With a strong guard and an interpreter from Fort Sill, the two chiefs, blanketed and clanking with chains, walked to the bar of justice. The jury was nervously conscious of its role in the drama. But as the

Hon. S. W. T. Lanham in opening the prosecution.

The address of Lanham has always been called "powerful." The words of condemnation poured on "the arch-foe of treachery and blood" and on the "tiger demon who has tasted blood and loves it for his food," as he described Satanta and Big Tree, were words which became rungs on the gubernatorial ladder. It was splendid, appealing oratory, but oratory in which there would be no question of disapproval. Applause was assumed and assured.

The Defense Does Its Best.

The defense opened with a "spread eagle speech" and referred to the chiefs as "my brothers." Wrongs, which had been thrust upon them, were enumerated, with stories of how they had been robbed by the white man of all they ever had, while pushed onward and westward.

Satanta made a sensational and spectacular plea for his life. He spoke in the Comanche language, which was the most commonly used by the Plains Indians. His speech was full of gestures, signals and the best of Indian oratory. With the heavy iron shackles, he raised his arms and began:

"I can not speak with these things on my wrists; I am a squaw—I have never been so near the Tehannas (Texans) before."

Satanta's Speech.

Then he told the court that, after seeing for the first time the white braves, squaws and paposes, he could never make war on them. That he had never made war on

down in Texas except to administer to the wounded braves. And, if he were permitted to go back to his people, he would keep them across the Red River and the white man could plow and drive the oxen wherever he wished. He closed: "But if you kill me, it will be a spark on the prairie—make a big fire—heap burn!"

Sentenced to Death.

The evidence was most direct against the Indians, but the defense counsel never gave up and made every effort to prove the innocence of their clients. They brought up considerable historical lore, discussed on Aztec history, described the wonders of the Montezumas and gave incidents of Indian heroism. At times the jury was keenly interested in the historical display and again they indifferently reduced the proportions of the jury benches with their sheath-knives. But when the defense daringly compared the "red brother" to the majestic eagle of national freedom, and urged that "the great chiefs be allowed to fly away as free and unhampered," they rested their knives and hitched their shooting irons within easy reach.

The defense counsel warmed with the subject and the July day, and made strenuous efforts for freedom, but there was no hope in the courtroom for other than the doom of the red man.

The jury was briefly charged, and was but briefly out. The consultation took place in the corner of the room where the head-shaking and nodding were visible. When the jury stood before Judge Soward

were highly indignant and wired, asking that the order be rescinded. But Washington would not agree. The Indians then declared they would hold it anyway. The alarmed agent sent a lengthy and hurried report to Government officials, and the reply was to "stop the dance if it took all the soldiers at Fort Sill."

Big Tree's Last Revolt.

Big Tree said he would fight. He called his tribe together with the determination for battle, and they withdrew up along the Washita River. A few hours later several hundred soldiers were in Anadarko. Big Tree was asked to surrender. Urged on by memories of past experiences, he did.

Big Tree's declining years are in contrast to his former glories. Like great men of the pale face tribe, he prefers seclusion and comforts to honors and conquests. So secluded and unobtrusive has he lived during the last twenty-five years that few Americans were aware that the old Kiowa chief, who plundered and scalped was still living. Unwarlike and docile, he has grown to an old man, and nothing so pleases him now as to be called "a good Indian." Almost all his life has been spent in sight of the Wichita Mountains. There he camped and roamed in the early days, and there he selected his Government home. One can not but think there is a bit of the artist in the old chief, for there is scenic grandeur in the valley of the Washita. The old happy hunting ground is still in sight, but progressive prosperity has drawn near.

Big Tree's Span of Life.

Big Tree has lived through the period of Indian evolution, and has seen the red man change from a crude savage to an educated farmer. He has watched the Indian's land produce a wealth of grain and oil, as it once produced the miles of grass on which roamed herds of buffaloes. His tribe has grown to love the luxuries of civilization, just as they loved and fought for their primitive home. In the historic valley of the Washita, the Indians are the dominating landowners. Their homes are modern and they are the owners of tractors, combines and registered stock. Once the Kiowas were the most predatory tribe on the edge of the bloody frontier, but today they surpass all tribes of the Southwest in civic life and attainment. The allotment of land by the Government in 1905 gave them the chance of individual development, and revealed in them qualities of industry previously unsuspected.

Big Tree's Home.

The home of Big Tree is a modern, well-kept cottage, surrounded by wheat fields. He calmly enjoys the love and comfort extended by his two daughters, and is greatly respected by the citizenry of the country. He has assumed the white man's way, discarded the Indian pipe for cigarettes, and wears short hair and store-bought clothes. He has not one memento of his former life. All his weapons and wardrobe were taken from him when he was captured, and he does not have so much as an arrow point to recall his days of exploit. Ah-pe-ah-tone is the ruling chief, but Big Tree is called in every council. Living near him is Frank Givens, the son of Satank. He is 74, and clearly remembers his father, for he made many raiding trips with him. He looks far more the typical Indian than Big Tree. And there is a bit of the unconquered Satank in his son, for in the yard of his gray cottage, surrounded by a modern fence, is a tepee, and he treasures the old

CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.



Big Tree, chief of the Kiowas, as he looked in his prime when he was one of the most powerful braves of his tribe.



Big Tree, the last of the Kiowa war chieftains, as he looks today. Though he has adopted the dress and most of the habits of the pale faces, the old Indian leader still clings to a vestige of his former ways in the loin cloth that he wears tightly around his waist.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1931

THE JACKSBORO GAZETTE

VOLUME LII.

**Sixty Years Ago—Death Sentence
Changed to Life Imprisonment.**

Just sixty years ago, last Sunday, August 2, 1871, were the death sentences of Satanta and Big Tree, Kiowa Indian chiefs, commuted to imprisonment for life at hard labor in the State penitentiary, by Edwin J. Davis, governor of Texas.

These Indian chiefs were tried the previous July court, in 1871. Hon. Charles Soward was judge of the 13th judicial district of Texas, S. W. T. Lanham, district attorney 13th judicial district, J. R. Robinson district clerk, and Meihall McMillan, sheriff. The twelve jurors were T. W. Williams, S. Cooper, Peter Lynn, John Cameron, William Hensley, Peter Hart, Evert Johnson, W. B. Verner, John H. Brown, Daniel Brown, Lucas P. Bunch and James Cooley.

Thomas Ball and J. A. Walfolk were counsel for the Indians.

The court met June 26, 1871, the same being the fourth Monday. These chiefs were tried for murder (they having made a raid out from the Indian reservation at Fort Sill, Okla., and massacred at Salt Creek Prairie seven teamsters of Henry Warren's corn train), by the civil authorities under instructions of General W. T. Sherman, Com. General of the Army.

The jurors returned the following verdict: "We, the jury find the defendant, Big Tree, and defendant, Satanta, guilty of murder in the first degree and assess their punishment at death." Both were tried separately.

The court ordered, adjudged, and decreed "that the two be taken by the sheriff of Jack County and hanged, Sept. 1, 1871, until dead, dead, dead, and our Lord have mercy upon their souls, Amen."

As above stated, the governor, on Aug. 2, 1871, commuted their sentence to life imprisonment, as the latter would likely operate as a restraint upon the other Indians of the tribe, and furthermore the crime could hardly be called murder but an act of savage warfare.

These records are yet in the district clerk's office and the above was taken from copy of same.

There are books in Jacksboro now, giving full details which are very interesting of this raid, massacre, and arrest of the three chiefs and their trial at Jacksboro. One of the chiefs, Satank, was shot on the way to Jacksboro, leaving only two for trial. From the write up in these books it seems that several claim to be the one who killed this Indian chief, Satank.

FINE TRAITS OF SAM HOUSTON DESCRIBED BY HIS DAUGHTER IN ONLY INTERVIEW SHE EVER GAVE

1823
BY G. FISK,
Special Correspondent.

ABILENE, Oct. 14.—"A violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye."

Thus might be described an Abilene pioneer, who, in the sweet simplicity of her useful but unostentatious life, has never used for business, social or personal purposes, the fact that she comes from one of the most distinguished families of Texas. Although the daughter of one whose name is forever written into the history of State and Nation, Mrs. Mary Willie Houston Morrow reverences, but never boasts, the fact that General Sam Houston was her father. Perhaps the very greatness of Sam Houston's fame is what makes Mrs. Morrow shrink from publicity. But few there are with such just claim to distinction, as reserved—one might say retiring—as she. Cultured, poised and dignified, Mrs. Morrow is the true gentlewoman, a daughter of the South, with all its traditions.

First Recollection of Father.

But, although reticent about talking of herself, Mrs. Morrow will, in a quiet, almost wistful way, tell you if you insist, some of her early recollections of her father.

"The first thing I remember about him is his having lived a simple life," she says. "Perhaps this was due to the poverty of his early days. He never indulged in fine living, was always economical and very considerate of the poor."

"He was especially kind to his slaves. Being a Southerner, he, of course, owned slaves, but he provided well for them and enjoined kind treatment from his overseers."

"I remember, one time he brought home a negro boy about 12 years old. He had seen the child on a block to be sold, and the little fellow was crying bitterly about having to leave his mammy. The mother, too, was crying."

Negroes Take Houston's Name.

"My father was touched at the sight, and fearing that the boy might fall into bad hands, he decided to buy him himself, knowing that he would then have good care. The boy was always very devoted to my father after that, and remained with the family until emancipation."

"The negroes were always fond of father, and many of the descendants of his slaves are now quite progressive, school teachers, lawyers and so forth. They always remained loyal to the Houston family, and one of them took our name. His children and grandchildren are still called Houston."

Among other characteristics of Sam Houston which she recalls was his belief in strict obedience, especially from his children; respect for his elders, and his consideration for young folks.

"I remember, sometimes, he'd take us driving with him, and if we'd meet a ragged, barefoot boy, he'd raise his hat as respectfully as if he'd pass some prominent person. This was perhaps because he had been a poor boy himself."

"His parents went from Virginia to Tennessee when he was 6 years old. His father was a major in the National Army—militia, I believe they called it then. The father died in Tennessee and the mother remained with the children."

Friendly With Indians.

"According to an anecdote of my father's school days, he wanted to

declare he couldn't tackle such a bad person in his bare hands.

"Toward his foes and enemies he was always magnanimous. We never heard him speak unkindly of them or even discuss them. General Sherman was one of the bitterest enemies, but so little did the family know about it, that one day a sister of mine went with a friend to visit in the Sherman home, but not until she returned and mother told her did she know that an enmity existed between her host and her father."

Although a slave holder, Sam Houston was, as history teaches, a strong Union man. He was born in Virginia and devoted to the South, but didn't believe in the disruption of the Union.

"Father was Governor of Texas at the time secession, and although I was just a child, I remember they had a torchlight procession at Austin a feeling ran high."

Life Was in Danger.

"We didn't know then that father's life was in danger, but we learned afterward that President Lincoln had sent special messengers to my father offering to send troops to keep him in office. But he refused. The secessionists wanted him to resign, but he said they'd have to put him out of office."

"He told his cousin, William P. Rogers, rabid secessionist, who fell at the Battle of Corinth, that it would be a war of brothers. And Cousin Rogers said he'd as leave meet his brother in battle as any one else."

The war to Sam Houston was very bitter. Twice President of the Republic of Texas and Governor of the State, a Southerner by birth and sympathy, it was hard to be forced to the great decision he had to make.

"He had his death blow when he received the message:

"General, Texas has seceded," Mrs. Morrow said.

He died two years later, July 26, 1863.

"During his last days he had us read Rollin's Ancient History to him," Mrs. Morrow said. "It was stupid to us children, but interesting to him. He also loved to play chess, and we had a beautiful set in red and white ivory."

Believed in Family Prayer.

"He had an eventful life, a checkered career but retained honor through it all. He could have been worth millions, but he didn't care for wealth. He left his family in good circumstances, however, for his lands that would be invaluable today were at that time enough to provide his heirs a competence."

"His death was peaceful and his last words were my mother's name, 'Margaret,' then, 'Texas.'"

General Houston was converted under the preaching of George W. Sampson and joined the Baptist Church, with his wife, in Washington. He always tried to live as a Christian should, believed in family prayer and strict Sabbath observance.

He was married late in life and left eight children. Of the number three remain, Mrs. Nettie Binghurst of San Antonio, Col. A. J. Houston of La Porte and Mrs. Morrow.

A grandchild, Mrs. J. B. Heitchew, and a great-grandchild, Sam Houston Heitchew, both live in Abilene, the city in which they were born.

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Friendly With Indians.

"According to an anecdote of my father's school days, he wanted to study Greek, and when they would not let him he declared he'd never go to school again. Then they put him to work in a store, but he said he'd rather measure deer tracks than tape, and thus he began his life in the open. That little incident I have read in history."

"He made friends with the Indians and to the last of his life they came to consult him about their problems. They used to come to the house and we'd be frightened to death when we had to shake hands with them even though they were friendly Indians."

During the time when General Houston was a Senator at Washington, he'd be gone six months at a time and the children were always happy when he came home.

"The old stage coach would come rolling in and we'd go way down the road to meet him. We'd be so glad when he returned. He was dignified and reserved, but conversed freely, and loved to tell jokes and laugh. Irish jokes especially appealed to him. And he had a fine sense of humor."

Challenged to Fight Duel.

"For instance, one time he was challenged to a duel by a man named Button. His only reply was a note which said:

"Mr. Button, you are in the wrong hole."

"When he had an especially hard opponent to handle, his weapon was ridicule, instead of abuse. He would pull on a pair of gloves and

Lincoln had sent special messengers to my father offering to send troops to keep him in office. But he refused. The secessionists wanted him to resign, but he said they'd have to put him out of office."

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Mrs. Morrow was born in Huntsville.

Was Austin College Trustee.

"Our little home was down in the valley from the Sam Houston Normal College," Mrs. Morrow said. "It is a picturesque little place where the college is located. It used to be called Austin College and my father was one of the first trustees."

It was in 1886 when Mr. Morrow, with her husband, the late Sam Morrow, came to Abilene, attracted by the climate and opportunities. Three years after coming, in 1889, Mrs. Morrow was appointed postmistress here, retaining the office until 1911, a period of 22 years.

When asked how it seemed to be the daughter of a man so prominent, beloved and famous as the immortal General Houston, Mrs. Morrow said:

"It has always seemed strange. We realized, even as children, something of what he was, for we heard what others said about him. But, although he was so near to us, he seemed at the same time far away, but instead of belonging to us alone, he belonged to the State and Nation."

BANDMEN RICH

MATLOCK, F competing for when the and the ers.

LE'S 92 NOW

Murder Set Course for 'Pistol Pete'

PISTOL PETE, by Frank Eaton;
Little, Brown and Company,
Boston; \$4.

How often it is said of an elderly man, "there ought to be a book about his life." It is a sentiment growing out of conviction that posterity will be the loser unless the story is told while the subject is alive to tell it.

This is such a book. It is the story of a man now 92 years old who has lived from boyhood in the 1860s to the present in Kansas, Oklahoma (before and after its admittance to the union) and Texas.

Frank Eaton's destiny in the untamed Southwest frontier was set on its course by the murder of his father while the boy (8 years old) was standing in the same room. From that day forward, Frank's life was dedicated to avenging his father—a project that involved tracking down six desperados over a period of many years and over an area stretching from Kansas to Albuquerque.

By the time Frank was 15 he was making his own way as a cowboy and had become an expert with belt guns, as he calls them. At this time he made a visit to Fort Gibson, in Indian Territory near the Arkansas line. Here he spent a few days competing with the cavalry soldiers on the firing range, and outshot them with pistols. But they taught him some pointers with rifles.

The fort's commanding officer, Colonel Copinger, bestowed the nickname Pistol Pete on the lad, and it stuck.

Within two years afterward he had met and disposed of two of his father's murderers and had been commissioned as a deputy U. S. marshal, riding for Judge Isaac C. Parker's court at Fort Smith, Ark. This job he held for half a dozen years, during which time three more of the murderers were accounted for.

In later years, while he was still a very young man, Eaton worked as a cattlemen's association trouble-shooter, Indian scout, trail driver, horse breaker and range rider. This latter job carried him to Col. Charles Goodnight's ranch in the Texas Panhandle.

The book is a simply written, graphic story of an era that lives only in books and in the memories of a fast-disappearing band of veterans of the old Southwest.

It reflects a particularly fine job of editing and typography. The author has dedicated it to "the American cowboy," and he credits the idea of writing it to his "friend and partner, Eva Gillhouse . . . she did all the work. It's just the way I told it to her—it's all true—and I'll back her with both guns."—TRAVIS FOSTER.

FOLKLORE CORNER

By TED RAYNOR

TRAPPING A RUSTLING GANG

The Knight brothers were a band of horse and cattle thieves, bank and train robbers who operated in Texas in the 1890's. They set themselves up as horse and cattle buyers, traveling with a roundup outfit, drifting across the country, stealing a few horses and cattle here and there, changing brands, and then driving the stock to a distant part of the state to sell it.

At least two sheriffs of Kimble County, Texas, trapped part of the gang in two encounters with them. One of the four Knight brothers was killed in the last encounter.

Sheriff Noah H. Corder, father of B. T. Corder of Las Cruces, trapped and jailed five of the gang in Junction City in 1894.

Sheriff Corder received information that the gang was coming through Junction City. He stationed deputies on both sides of the street in buildings the rustlers were most likely to enter while in town. There were two deputies in the barbershop, deputies in a grocery store and a saloon. The gang came in driving a wagon, with two riders behind and a string of 15 or 20 horses. There were two of the Knights in the wagon. The sheriff, sitting on the court-

house steps, gave a prearranged signal as the brothers got down from the wagon.

As the Knights entered a saloon, a deputy on each side of the door threw a gun on the brothers. The same happened to the other two members of the gang who entered the grocery store. The sheriff covered the cook, who had stayed in the wagon.

The next day the oldest Knight brother drove into Junction City with a good buggy and team. He registered at the hotel, and then went to the sheriff's office. He said he was looking for stolen horses. Corder finally got Knight to describe the horses, and the description fitted that of the horses taken from the gang and corraled in town.

After the sheriff had arrested Knight, the latter tried to buy Corder off and let the rustling outfit go. Knight didn't get anywhere. He and the others stayed in jail for about 10 days until Longview officers came to return them for trial on charges there.

Three or four years later after the Knights had made another rustling raid, Sheriff John L. Jones learned the gang was in Kimble County. He organized a small posse, consisting of himself; Oscar Latta, a Texas Ranger, and two or three ranchmen,

including T. C. Taylor.

They overtook the rustlers about halfway between the Llano and San Saba Rivers, and decided to approach their camp after dark. They surrounded the camp at night and waited until daybreak before moving in on the gang.

At daybreak, one of the Knights, the first to get up, walked out from camp to get his staked horse so that he could bring in the hobbled horses. He virtually walked into one of the posse, a rancher who had the drop on the rustler. Knight squalled like a Comanche as a warning signal to the others, and then ran. He was finally killed by the Ranger. Another Knight brother was badly wounded and a third member of the gang was killed.

The wounded Knight brother was brought into Junction City and jailed. After he had recovered sufficiently to travel, Longview officers started back with him for trial on a bank robbery charge. On the way back Knight jumped out of a train window and disappeared.



A squirrel hunter yesterday was ordered away at gun point from a bullet-riddled car in the Trinity River lowlands in East Fort Worth, and the incident put officers back on the trail of two fugitives who Saturday night eluded officers from two counties in a 30-mile running gun battle. The hunter identified photographs of Floyd Hamilton and Ted Walters. Montague

County jailbreakers and wanted by the FBI for bank robbery and other crimes, as the fugitives. Upper left is the front view of the "big black sedan," in which the men fled from Dallas, Grand Prairie and Arlington officers. Upper right, M. C. Smith of 1528 Stella Street, left, who was ordered away from the parked car by the heavily-armed men, and H. R. Carlock, 600 Grafton

Street, who was hunting with Smith when the car was sighted. Carlock went to notify police while his companion watched the car. Lower center: The rear glass window which was shattered to allow the fugitives to fire at pursuing officers Saturday night. Lower right: First arrivals at the scene inspect the black sedan. Extreme left are Hamilton, top, and Walters.

—Star-Telegram Photos.

Finding the vehicle again started the hunt for the men who Saturday night outdistanced officers from two counties at the eastern edge of the city after a 30-mile gun battle. Officers expressed the belief that the abandoned machine, found between the Sycamore Creek bridge and the Trinity about a mile north of the 2300 block on East Lancaster Avenue, was the one which figured in the chase through Dallas, Grand Prairie and Arlington, and that the widely sought Hamilton and his companion were the two who shattered pursuing officers' windshields.

No Cues to Women.

More than 45 minutes elapsed between the time Smith saw the pair and arrival of police. Nash and Hodges, after picking up Smith, were called back to East Lancaster Avenue to meet detectives.

"If we could have gone right on to the spot I believe we could have picked up their trail," Patrolman Hodges said.

No clues were found of the two women who were reported sighted in the car by officers Saturday night.

A suitcase and box filled with men's clothing were found in the car. Two broad-brimmed hats were in the back seat.

A .38-caliber pistol, empty pistol and rifle shells and many shotgun shells were also found. Blood stains on the front seat indicated that an officer's bullet found its mark in the Saturday night chase.

Smith said that one of the fugitives was a large, heavy set man wearing a white shirt. He said the other was slender and wore a blue shirt.

Two pairs of Missouri license plates, one on the car and the other in the back seat, led local officers to believe the fugitives were the ones wanted in Kennett, Mo., for highway robbery. The car, a large, black 1934 model sedan, fit the description of the one driven by the Missouri fugitives.

Detectives pointed out that only someone familiar with the road could have found the spot where the car was parked. The location is known

(TURN TO PAGE 2, COLUMN 2.)

BOLT KILLS 3 ON CROWDED BEACH

NEW YORK, Aug. 7 (P).—A bolt of lightning raced 300 feet along Jacob Riis Park beach, crowded with 20,000 people today, and felled 17 persons, killing three.

The strewn injured lay unconscious on the beach several hours as more than 50 police emergency squad men and ambulance surgeons worked desperately to resuscitate them.

All the victims were from Brooklyn and nearby communities.

"There were a few rumblings of thunder, but it seemed so far away that nobody paid any attention," said one of the injured, Ruth Melun, 20.

"Suddenly there was a blinding flash and a smell of electrified air. People all around me began toppling over like ten-pins and I felt myself falling too."

Heavy rain followed immediately and some of the rescue workers held tarpaulins over the unconscious forms as other workers applied artificial respiration.

The dead were Cesare Ceto, 36, Peter Coba, 28, and his wife, Mary, 24, all of Brooklyn.

The Weather

Aug. 8—Sun rises here today at 5:47 a. m., sets at 7:22 p. m.; maximum temperature this date, 103 degrees in 1936, minimum 70 in 1904; maximum precipitation this date, .20 of an inch in 1909; maximum temperature yesterday, 97 degrees, minimum 76 (Airport Weather Bureau). Forecast for Fort Worth and vicinity today, partly cloudy.

Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma—Partly cloudy Monday and Tuesday.

Louisiana—Partly cloudy, local thundershowers in east portion Monday; Tuesday partly cloudy, local thundershowers in southeast portion.

Mrs. G. W. Brock Killed, Husband Hurt in Car Crash

Mrs. G. W. Brock, a resident of Fort Worth three months of each year, was killed, and her husband critically injured yesterday when their automobile left the highway 45 miles east of Grand Coulee Dam, Wash.

Brock, an auditor for Armour and Company, spends three months out of each year at the Fort Worth plant. His business takes him to other plants during the remainder of the year and he has no permanent residence.

A tire blowout was believed responsible for the accident. Brock was taken to a Mason City Hospital, suffering from a broken pelvis and possible internal injuries.

Mr. and Mrs. Brock were on their vacation.

Seven Hurt Here in Two Accidents.

Seven persons were sent to hospitals here last night with injuries received in two automobile accidents in and near the city. Two were seriously hurt.

T. E. Davis, 63, and his wife, 60, were injured when their automobile collided with another machine at Bessie and Loney Streets as they were returning from services at Morgan Memorial Baptist Church where they had been baptized a few minutes earlier.

Davis received a head injury and a crushed left hand. Mrs. Davis sustained a side injury. They live at 1805 East Tucker Street. Joe D. Howell, 40, of 1620 Stella Street, who was riding with them, received a severe cut on his forehead. All were taken to St. Joseph's Hospital in Shannon ambulances.

A. Chilton of 4211 South Henderson Street, driver of the other machine, was not injured.

The Davises had been attending

(TURN TO PAGE 2, COLUMN 5.)

CROWD RECORD DUE AT DALHART

BY FRANK REEVES SR.

Staff Correspondent.

DALHART, Aug. 7.—Early arrivals for the third annual XIT reunion, which opens here tomorrow, indicate that last year's large attendance will be equalled or exceeded.

A. B. Blocker of Bigwells, who delivered the first herd of cattle to the XIT Ranch and helped to design the brand, is here for the reunion. Blocker is 81 and very active for a man of that age. He was one of the outstanding trail drivers when cattle were being driven overland from Texas north.

The XIT brand can be made with one straight iron. It is regarded as one of the most difficult brands to change. However, much has been told and written about the brand being changed on some animals to make it star cross. That was possible only when the top of the letter T was put on in a slanting manner.

The XIT Ranch originally consisted of 3,000,000 acres in 10 Texas counties along the New Mexico line. XIT is said to mean "Ten in Texas." In 1875 the Texas Constitutional Convention set aside 3,000,000 acres of land to build a new capitol. Nothing was done about it until the old capitol burned in 1881. Then a deal was made with Charles B. and John V. Farwell of Chicago to build a \$3,000,000 capitol for Texas at Austin and to accept the 3,000,000 acres of land for pay.

The first herd of cattle reached the ranch in 1885 and went on north to the division headquarters at Buffalo Springs, 32 miles north of Dalhart.

The ranch had at one time 150,000 cattle and hundreds of cowboys. The first XIT reunion was held at Fort Worth two years ago and last year a delegation of Fort Worth

(TURN TO PAGE 2, COLUMN 1.)

Chemist Refuses Raise in Salary, It's Adequate Now

JACKSON, Miss., Aug. 7 (P).—Dr. W. F. Hand, veteran state chemist, belongs in a very select group among public (or private) jobholders.

Several legislators drafted a bill to increase his salary \$1,200 a year. Dr. Hand said he would accept no more pay.

Reason: "I receive adequate compensation for my work already."

CROWD RECORD DUE AT DALHART

Early Arrivals Indicate Big
XIT Reunion Attendance
of 1937 to Be Surpassed.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.)

business men came to Dalhart for the convention. And the Dalhart people are looking forward to the arrival of the Fort Worth group this year. John M. Hendrix of the Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show, and Hugh Davis of the Blackstone Hotel, arrived today ahead of the special group from Fort Worth.

Potter on Hand.

Col. Jack Potter of Clayton, N. M., president of the Trail Drivers Association of the Southwest, arrived Sunday to complete arrangements for the meetings of that association, which will be held in Dalhart during the reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bugbee of Clarendon arrived today. Bugbee is an artist who specializes in Western ranch scenes. He did a number of sketches being used to advertise the reunion this year.

County Attorney John Honts will deliver the address of welcome at the first business meeting of the association at 10 a. m. tomorrow.

President J. D. Hamlin of Farwell is scheduled to preside.

The XIT reunion parade will get under way at 11 a. m. It will be colorful and is expected to be one of the features of the reunion this year.

The first rodeo performance will be held at 2 p. m. tomorrow. Purses totaling \$680 are guaranteed, with day and average money in addition. Rodeo events will include bronc and steer riding, calf roping, trick roping and riding. An extra feature is the "empty saddle" episode honoring XIT and pioneer dead.

Pageant a Feature.

The XIT historical pageant, "Cavalcade of Time" will show in 14 vivid scenes the colorful and eventful history of the West from the arrival of Coronado on his eventful march through West Texas, New Mexico and Arizona to the present time. Miss Nickie Allred will be crowned queen of the XIT.

The pageant will be held tomorrow and Tuesday nights. The colorful regalia of the businessmen of Dalhart has attracted the attention of many tourists and some are staying over to witness the celebration. To encourage the wearing of colorful shirts a committee has been dipping those who neglected to wear them in a water trough.

Governors Allred of Texas, Tingley of New Mexico, Ammons of Colorado and Huxman of Kansas, have accepted invitations to be present during the reunion.

An old-time street square dance will be held each day from 6:30 to 8 p. m. and several modern dances are scheduled each night after the pageant.

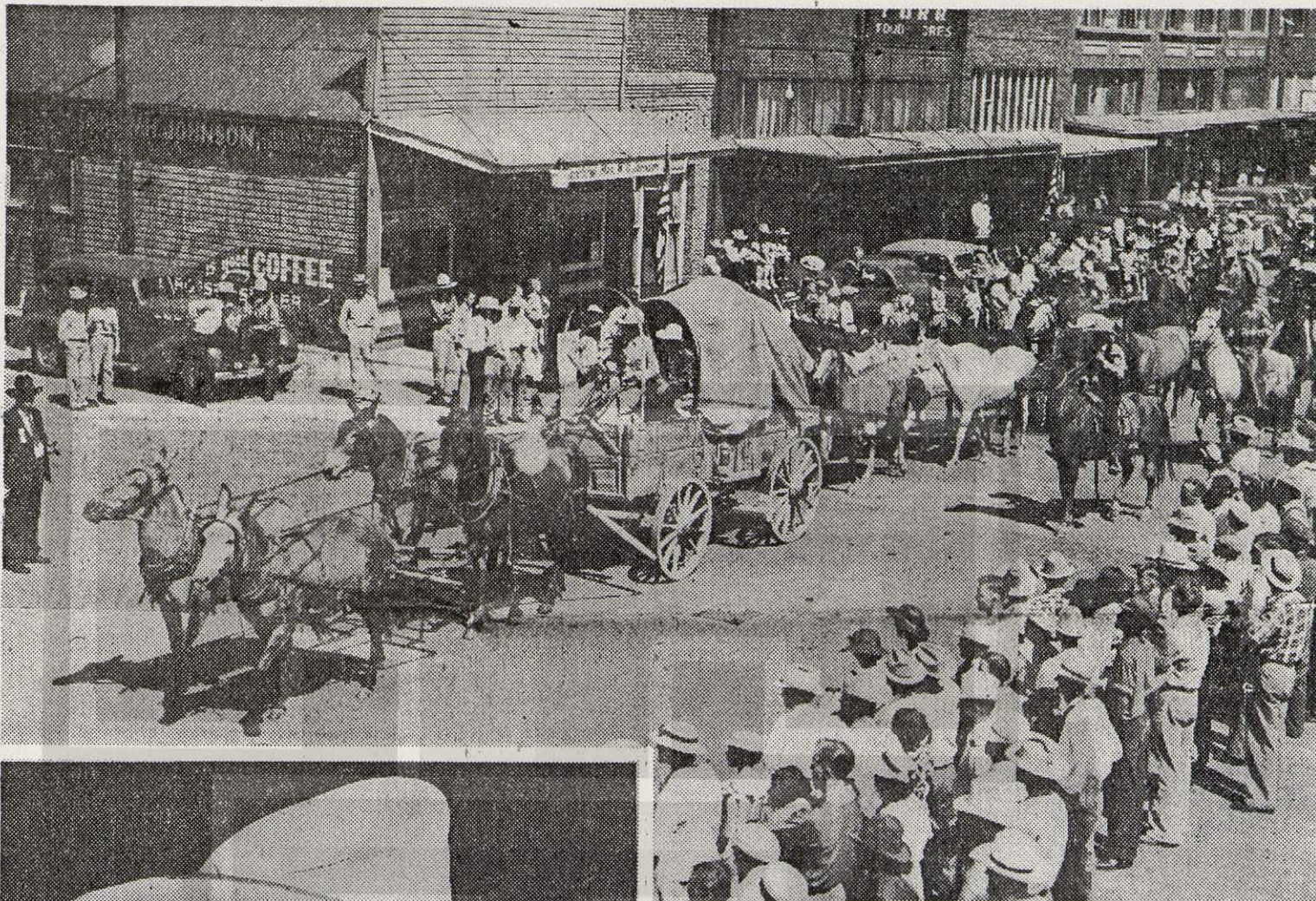
Officials of the third annual XIT reunion include:

General Committee—John O. Colquitt, chairman; C. E. Coombes, R. S. Chatelain, Frank B. Farwell and Allen Finch. Finance: Frank B. Farwell, chairman; Dan Spencer and Chatelain. Rodeo: Allyn Finch, chairman; Sol Skidmore and Farwell.

Other Officials.

Pageant—John Honts, chairman; Robert Martin, Cecil Johnson and O. E. Duggins. Gate: Coombes, chairman; Earl Damron, Robert Martin, Dan Spencer, Herbert Peeples, F. B. Farwell Jr., and Mrs. Dave Childers. Entertainment: Mrs. R. L. Duke, chairman; Arch Sneed, Harvey Foust, Joe Langhorn, Robert Dycke and Peeples. Concessions: John Tilerson, chairman, and Henry Rhoades. Public relations: Chatelain, chairman; Duggins and F. L. Jolley.

Scenes Like This Will Enliven XIT Reunion Today



Pioneer day scenes will be repeated at Dalhart today and tomorrow, at the third annual XIT reunion. The parade picture was made last year at the second reunion. This year there will be two parades, with at least half a dozen bands and more oldtime outfits. A center of interest at the reunion will

be A. B. Blocker, 81, of Bigwells (lower left) who arrived in Dalhart Friday. As Tom Green County trail driver in 1885 he delivered the first cattle to the owners of the XIT Ranch at Buffalo Springs, 32 miles from where Dalhart was founded in 1901. He also suggested the XIT brand.

O'DANIEL'S AIM 'TO SELL TEXAS'

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.)

author of the "Listen, World" column which appears in The Star-Telegram and hundreds of newspapers throughout the country, are due in Fort Worth this morning to gather material on O'Daniel for a forthcoming article by Miss Robinson.

If O'Daniel has his way, he said, the article will be more about Texas and less about him.

"Few people realize what Texas really is and has," O'Daniel declared. "Nations have gone to war in an effort to gain a single outlet to the sea, but right here in Texas alone we have seven primary ports. In fact, we have a combination of natural resources within the borders of this great State that few nations can boast of."

O'Daniel visited the ports of Houston, Galveston, Beaumont and Port Arthur while on his vacation.

Supports Dam Project.

At Beaumont he gave his indorsement to the proposed Rockland Dam project on the Neches River by which leaders of the Beaumont Forward Movement hope to assure that section of the State of an adequate supply of fresh water.

The project dovetails perfectly with his industrialization program, O'Daniel stated. Several industrial plants have expressed a desire to locate in that section, but have hesitated because of the fresh water supply, O'Daniel was told in Beaumont.

MISS HOLT IS CASA QUEEN

Casa Manana inaugurated a series of Queen's Nights last night by honoring a local beauty, Miss Elizabeth Holt, who is at home on vacation from a Paramount picture contract.

It was Elizabeth Holt, Night at the show and Wayne King stepped from the band platform to give her an introduction as "One of Texas' Own."

Miss Holt saw the show from a ringside table with her father, mother, grandmother, and escort, Woodrow Lipscomb. She wore a corsage of gardenias, wired to her with congratulations by Everett Crosby (Bing's brother) who is her agent in Hollywood.

As the intermission dance session came to an end, Wayne King's orchestra played a fanfare and King stepped forward to invite her on to the stage.

"I want to take this opportunity," King said, "to thank you on behalf of myself and my orchestra for the wonderful hospitality you have shown us in the week we have been here."

"It is easy to understand why the hospitality of Texas is famous all over the country. Tonight, we have in the audience a charming young lady who is one of you. She is a young player who is under contract to Paramount Studios and is at home for a vacation with her own people. I want this little lady to come to the stage and take a bow. Miss Elizabeth Holt."

As Miss Holt took her bow, an usher delivered a giant bouquet of pink gladiolas. They were from Mr.

BLOOD STAINED AUTO IS FOUND BIG BEND HAS SPIRIT OF WEST

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.)

as the old stripping grounds, where stolen cars were formerly taken to be dismantled.

Officers said that one of the men wanted in connection with the Missouri robbery was a fugitive from the Texas penitentiary and formerly resided at Abilene.

The fugitives were first sighted Saturday night by Dallas City Policemen Earl Mowat and W. E. Lassetter. When they attempted to stop the car it sped away. When they gave chase, a volley of fire smashed the windshield of the police car. The Dallas officers phoned Chief of Police Cribb at Arlington, who

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.)

leaves one feeling a little faint and strangely moved," he said.

As stirring, but in a different way, is the experience of watching the firefall of Yosemite, the park authority said. Wood is burned to embers late in the afternoon and as night falls these glowing logs are pushed over Glacier Point to come to earth some 1,400 feet below.

"You people seem pretty well worked up over your Big Bend idea, and that's the spirit which puts a project over," Demaray said. "I feel sure that you will accomplish your aim and that we will see a

O. E. Duggins, Gate: Coombes, chairman; Earl Damron, Robert Martin, Dan Spencer, Herbert Peeples, F. B. Farwell Jr., and Mrs. Dave Childers. Entertainment: Mrs. R. L. Duke, chairman; Arch Sneed, Harvey Foust, Joe Langhorn, Robert Dycke and Peeples. Concessions: John Tilerson, chairman, and Henry Rhoades. Public relations: Chate-lain, chairman; Duggins and F. L. Jolley.

Parade—Dr. G. E. Ewbank, chairman; Mrs. Burton Hanbury, Victor L. Stewart, Honts, W. E. Perry and J. C. Parker. AAU boxing: Damron, chairman; George Walker, W. F. Kline, W. R. Clark, W. N. Brickey and J. E. Jones. Dance: Roy Taf-finder, chairman; Mrs. J. C. Ham-mack and Frank Stubbs. Exhibits: Mrs. Harry Miller, chairman; Mrs. Duggins, Mrs. Charles Mauldin, Mrs. H. Coon, Mrs. Carl Hogg and Mrs. L. D. Betty. Music: Dr. E. U. Johnson, chairman; Elmer D. Elliott, Dick Stout and M. Ervin. Publicity: Ed Bishop, chairman; Albert Law, S. E. Brown and Cecil Johnson. In-vitation: Law, chairman; Milt Rein-hold, Mrs. Joe Scaling and Horace Schloss. Rodeo officials include Al-lyn Finch, manager; Lynn Beutler, arena director and C. A. Tyler, an-nouncer.

Fort Worth to Be Well Represented.

Fort Worth will be well represented today in Dalhart as the annual two-day XIT Ranch Reunion opens at 11 a. m. with a downtown parade of cowhand and old trail drivers.

A delegation left at 10:30 p. m. yesterday from the Texas and Pacific Station to join others from Fort Worth who have been in Marfa attending the Highland Hereford Association meeting.

Included in the group of Fort Worth representatives who will take part in the reunion festivities are J. A. Olson, W. L. Pier, W. H. Wallerich, John W. Gilbert, E. W. Nicodemus, John Hendrix, Hugh Davis, Marvin Nichols, Glenn Williamson and T. M. Presley.

Stolen Truck Recovered.

Within 20 minutes after a truck was taken last night from the Bill Acers Sign Company, 444 North Main Street, a Mexican, 19, was arrested in the machine by Radio Patrolmen Moorman and Wood at Northwest Twelfth and North Commerce Streets. A passerby saw the Mexican drive off in the truck.

Officers said that one of the men wanted in connection with the Missouri robbery was a fugitive from the Texas penitentiary and formerly resided at Abilene.

The fugitives were first sighted Saturday night by Dallas City Policemen Earl Mowat and W. E. Lase-ter. When they attempted to stop the car it sped away. When they gave chase, a volley of fire smashed the windshield of the police car.

The Dallas officers phoned Chief of Police Cribb at Arlington who picked up the chase. Bullets from the speeding car also demolished the windshield of his car.

In Grand Prairie, Police Chief Perry Nash and Policeman W. E. Davis attempted to stop the car for speeding and they, too, lost the windshield of their automobile.

Pursuing officers lost the black sedan in the 4500 block of East Lancaster in heavy traffic about 10 p. m. Local officers believed the fugitives turned off to their hiding spot shortly after eluding their followers.

O'Daniel May Lead Labor Day Parade

W. Lee O'Daniel, Democratic gubernatorial nominee, will be invited to occupy the honor car with Mayor Harrell in Fort Worth's Labor Day parade as a result of a unanimous vote by members of the Labor Day celebration committee, representing 20 organizations, yesterday at the Labor Temple.

L. S. Lane, a committeeman, said that if plans materialize, O'Daniel and Harrell will occupy the lead automobile in the parade which is scheduled to start at 9:30 a. m. on Labor Day.

Word was received yesterday from the Dallas Central Labor Council that that organization will send a delegation in 200 automobiles for the celebration, headed by C. L. Tate, council president.

Invitations to send similar delegations have been sent to Waco, Wichita Falls, Austin, Denton and many other towns and cities in this section of the state, Lane said.

Burglary Suspects Seized.

Two men and a woman, 29, were arrested here yesterday by City Detectives Cobb and Smith for Grandfield, Okla., authorities. The men allegedly burglarized a hotel room in Grandfield. Deputy Sheriff Frank Tisdale of Grandfield left with the suspects last night.

way, is the experience of watching the firefall of Yosemite, the park authority said. Wood is burned to embers late in the afternoon and as night falls these glowing logs are pushed over Glacier Point to come to earth some 1,400 feet below.

"You people seem pretty well worked up over your Big Bend idea, and that's the spirit which puts a project over," Demaray said. "I feel sure that you will accomplish your aim and that we will see a suitable monument to the true spirit of the Texas people," he added.

Demaray paused briefly in Fort Worth yesterday en route to Lake Murray State Park, near Ardmore, and Platt National Park, near Sulphur, Okla.

He was met in Fort Worth by William E. Branch, superintendent of Platt Park, and L. M. Watkins, Oklahoma City, inspector of National Park Service, who motored down to meet him.

Corrigan 'Hurt' by Building Height

NEW YORK, Aug. 7 (AP).—A slight altitude of 1,200 feet made Douglas Corrigan complain "my ears hurt" when he visited the observation tower of the Empire State Building, tallest in the world, today.

He poked a finger into each ear despite a friend's reminder he wasn't as high as when he flew his 9-year-old \$900 air crate from Brooklyn to Ireland in one hop.

After becoming accustomed to the height, however, the California aviator admired the view from the 102-story structure.

Later Corrigan visited Fort Hamilton, the Brooklyn navy yard and Roosevelt and Mitchel flying fields, where at each place his autographing hand was worked overtime.

In a press conference he said his chest, injured in Manhattan's tumultuous welcome Friday, still bothered him "a little."

He also said he expected soon to take a position in either the manufacturing or maintenance branch of the aviation industry, but denied he would abandon active flying.

"You fly a little in both games," he said, "but as a pilot the best you can get is a big ship, whereas in the other jobs you get a chance to use your brains once in a while."

Corrigan said he would go to Boston tomorrow, where an official civic reception was planned.

project on the Neches River by which leaders of the Beaumont Forward Movement hope to assure that section of the State of an adequate supply of fresh water.

The project dovetails perfectly with his industrialization program, O'Daniel stated. Several industrial plants have expressed a desire to locate in that section, but have hesitated because of the fresh water supply, O'Daniel was told in Beaumont.

O'Daniel also expressed interest in the water conservation problem of the Lower Rio Grande Valley, which he visited during his primary campaign.

Referring to the recent Colorado River flood, O'Daniel said it "certainly is a very serious matter, and more disastrous than many people realize, but it may offer the solution of one of the State's biggest problems."

This big problem, O'Daniel said, is the determination of the real purpose for which dams are built.

Questions Power Plan.

"There is no doubt but what we need dams for soil and water conservation and the control of floods," O'Daniel said, "but there is a question in my mind whether they can be used for these purposes and also for the generation of power."

As for the argument that power sales are necessary to repay costs of the dams, O'Daniel said the power angle might make the costs of the projects "too dear to pay."

Some of the counties along the Colorado have asked that the forthcoming Democratic State Convention go on record as favoring dams for flood control only, with the lakes so formed kept only partially filled and therefore able to retain flood waters when they come.

O'Daniel was interested in reports of the convention of County Judges and Commissioners Association here last Friday, where a heated debate occurred on the proposed refinancing of county and district bonds in the State at lower rates of interest.

Now the subject of a survey being made by a New York firm of finance statisticians, the question of bond refinancing is expected to be a major issue at the next session of the Legislature.

Opinion in the County Judges and Commissioners Association is sharply divided on the question. O'Daniel withheld comment on the subject until he has had an opportunity to study all phases of the controversy.

hospitality of Texas is famous all over the country. Tonight, we have in the audience a charming young lady who is one of you. She is a young player who is under contract to Paramount Studios and is at home for a vacation with her own people.

"I want this little lady to come to the stage and take a bow. Miss Elizabeth Holt."

As Miss Holt took her bow, an usher delivered a giant bouquet of pink gladiolas. They were from Mr. and Mrs. Jack Fenton, friends of the Holt family, who occupied an adjacent table.

Beginning this week, Casa Manana will honor the queens of other Texas towns each night in the week except Fridays and Saturdays.

The week's schedule:

Tonight—Longview.

Tuesday—Slaton.

Wednesday—Wichita Falls.

Thursday—Texarkana.

Mrs. Edwin T. Phillips will be hostess and chaperone to the visiting queens. Most of the towns will send delegations to accompany their honor beauties.

Killed in Crash

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

services at the church for the past two weeks, Rev. G. C. Crittenden pastor, said. The pastor baptized them.

Joe Cross, 28, and his wife, Mrs. Frances Cross, 22, of 2415 Prospect Avenue, received severe cuts and bruises when their light truck and a larger one collided on Highway 121, four miles northeast of Birdville.

T. J. Spurlock, 24, of Greenville operating the large Greenville truck line machine, was injured critically. He received a probable skull fracture and probable fractures of several ribs. G. A. Gregory, 42, also of Greenville, riding with Spurlock, received probable internal injuries face cuts and a bruised hip.

Lucas ambulances brought the injured from the highway accident to All Saints Hospital.

ASK WOMEN DEMOCRATS TO CHALLENGE RUMORS

WASHINGTON, Aug. 7 (AP).—Mrs. Thomas F. McAllister, director of the women's division of the Democratic National Committee, advised Democratic women today to get acquainted with as many voters as possible and to challenge false statements about the New Deal.

REUNION LURES XIT VETERANS

DALHART, Aug. 5.—Ab Blocker, 82, of Big Wells, near San Antonio, who delivered the first cattle to the XIT ranch in 1885 and who originated the XIT brand and burned it on the first cow, arrived in Dalhart this afternoon for the third annual XIT reunion Monday and Tuesday.

As Blocker, then a Tom Green County trail driver, rolled his herd northward, Joe Collins was ahead of him. The night before they were due at Buffalo Springs Blocker kept his herd ready to move, and when the moon came up he circled Collins, and so delivered the first cattle to the giant new ranch, he recalled today with a chuckle.

Col. B. H. (Barbecue) Campbell, first general manager of the XIT, was waiting for Blocker, trying at the same time to decide on a brand. He wanted one of three letters that could be run with a straight iron. "Finally," said Blocker, "I got impatient and with my boot heel I traced out XIT and said 'How does that suit you, Colonel Campbell?' The old colonel said: 'Get to brandin'.'"

Other veterans arriving today included Col. Jack Potter, Clayton, N. M., president of the Old Trail Drivers of the Southwest, who will meet here during the reunion. Potter blazed the Potter and Bacon trail from Albany, Texas, to Wyoming in 1883 and knew Blocker more than a half century ago.

Another veteran is Albert (Montana Bill) Roberts, who went to the Montana range of the XIT in 1902 and was with the XIT till it sold that land. He saw Dalhart today for the first time since 1906.

With him came Mrs. John Marsh, widow of another XIT Montana veteran. Both are of Miles City, Mont., 1,223 miles from Dalhart.

Jess Jenkins, who was in Old Tascosa more than 50 years ago and who now lives at Corona, N. M., arrived today. He is famous in the Panhandle for the steel dust colored horses he raises.

®

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1938.

PIONEER TRAIL DAYS RECALLED

J. B. Downs Tells Story of
How XIT Ranch Brand
Originated Years Ago.

Trail driving days when the course was set by the sun, the moon and the stars were recalled here yesterday by J. B. Downs of Plainview, who will join his former pals and associates at the XIT Reunion at Dalhart, Aug. 8-9.

Born near Waco 75 years ago and reared on the Old Chisholm Trail, Downs can tell some hair-raising stories of his experiences while working as a cowboy for some of the leading cattlemen of Texas.

There were no roads in those days, and usually a man would ride ahead and then come back to the herd before the cattle were driven over a trail. This way, hilly lands and bad river crossings could be avoided, Downs explained.

Start in Spring.

"They'd start out in the southern part of the State early in the Spring and by the time they would get to Waco the herds would be in fairly good shape. There some of the boys in my county would join the drive and stay with the cattle until they had crossed the Middle Bosque, North Bosque and Brazos Rivers.

"Some of the boys would stay with the herds until they had reached Kansas, but most of them returned to their homes in the farming lands around Waco."

Each year there would be from one to ten herds of cattle crossing Texas. Each herd would have between 1,000 and 5,000 head of cattle. They grazed through the country and by the time they reached their destination they were sleek and fat, Downs said.

Exciting Night.

Most exciting experience Downs ever had while driving cattle was during a hail storm at night. An occasional flash of lightning was the only source of visibility. The cattle stampeded and the cowboys lived through a wild night, the old trail driver related.

Daylight revealed no injured horses but several of the cattle had broken necks and legs, Downs said.

"I remember all the Blocker family well. They worked for the founders of the XIT Ranch. Especially do I remember Macon Blocker, a fine fellow whose brand was the deuce of hearts. I was just a kid and he was good to me."

"It was Macon who put the T on the brand," relates the old trail driver in giving what he believes is the true version of the origin of the famous brand.

Mark in Dirt.

"Ab Blocker, one of the foremen, and one of the Farwells were standing talking about it. Ab marked XI in the smooth dirt and meant it to stand for the 11 counties comprising the property of the owners, the Farwells.

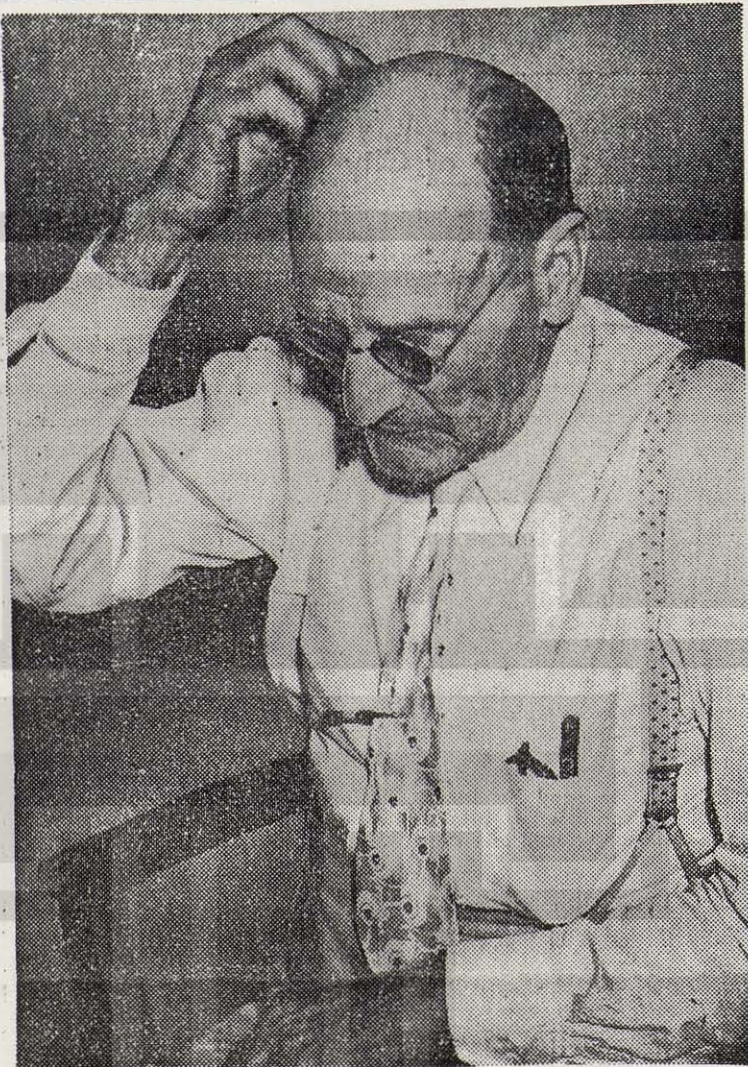
"That's it," said Macon, and Ab added the T.

"Some people say that it couldn't be burned or picked by cattle rustlers, but those fellows could change any brand," Downs declared.

"Cowboys fought them then as fiercely as G-Men fight the bandits of today."

After seven years as a rider of the range, Downs went into the real estate business. His home now is in Plainview, but he spends much time here visiting his stepson, Ryan Speegle, 3626 Crestline Road.

To Attend XIT Reunion



—Star-Telegram Photo.

"Yes, sir, that was back in 1885," recalls J. B. Downs, 75. A former trail driver, he will attend the XIT Reunion in Dalhart Aug. 8 and 9. Stampedes, treacherous river crossing and stormy

nights were some of the dangers he experienced as a young cowboy on the Old Chisholm Trail.

WPA FUNDS TO EMPLOY 14,600 IN AREA GRANTED

Sufficient funds to employ 14,600 persons on Works Progress Administration projects in this territory during August have been granted the Fort Worth office, Karl Wallace, administrative officer, announced yesterday.

The August budget figures make it possible to hire 1,500 additional persons in the counties administered from the local office, provided a sufficient number of suitable projects are sponsored by the governmental agencies, Wallace stated.

The administrative officer urged that cities and counties take full advantage of the opportunity to furnish jobs for the unemployed.

"Budgets have been allotted on the basis of existing need and we hope local officials will provide enough projects of integrity to supply jobs for all those who need them in the Fort Worth territory," Wallace said.

Park Budget Sent To City Manager

Park Department's budget for the fiscal year starting Oct. 1 was approved yesterday by the Park Board, and forwarded to City Manager Lewis.

The new budget totals \$176,043.50, which is \$5,323 less than was allowed last fiscal year.

Of the department's total request, \$3,628 is for interest and retirement of park bonds, and \$172,415 for park maintenance and improvements.

FUNERAL SET TODAY

Mrs. Charles Howard Williams Sr., 53, who died Monday at her home, 319 Hemphill Street, will be buried in Rose Hill Burial Park today after funeral services have been conducted at 2:30 p. m. by Rev. Wilbur McDaniel at Harveson and Cole Chapel.

YOUR TRAVEL BARGAIN COUNTER

RAILROAD
AND
PULLMAN
TICKET

CHUCK WAGON GOSSIP



BY FRANK REEVES

Some interesting facts are given by David T. Beals, vice president of the Inter-State National Bank of Kansas City, in a recent letter to patrons in the Southwest.

Calling attention to the reduction in total numbers of cattle in the United States, which he gives as 65,930,000 as of Jan. 1, 1938, and 66,448,000 as of Jan. 1, 1937, Beals remarks that probably we are at the low number in the population cycle. This is a reduction in the year of 518,000 cattle, or eight-tenths of 1 per cent as against the reduction of almost two-tenths for 1936. He says further that cattle on feed Jan. 1 were 15 per cent more than a year previous, but he thinks the number not excessive, as 1937 figures were 33 per cent less than those for Jan. 1, 1936.

The banker sees some encouragement in the fact that stocks of frozen and cured beef were only 60,800,000 pounds on Jan. 1 this year compared with 193,600,000 a year previous and with a 10-year average of 112,500,000 pounds. Beals continues:

"The feed unit per animal is near normal. After the extremely high beef market caused by active business and small supplies in the late Summer of 1937, buyers' resistance, as evidenced by the Kosher strike and the Detroit meat strike with industrial let down, broke the market about 50 per cent. The stocker and feeder market held better because of the almost normal corn and feed crops. The beef went too low and the excellent "Eat More Meat" campaign corrected opinion and the feed increased quality with the resulting better market in the past six weeks. Beef, which was 50 per cent higher than pork or lamb last Fall, is now about in balance. The larger number of fed cattle may be offset by the different pasture situation. The 4-year-old steer of 1938 was born in 1934, a year of drouth and greatest cattle reduction. The 3-year-old steer of 1938 was from the calf crop of 1935, which was small after the 1934 drouth.

"The import situation should be improved this year, with the lower prices and less Canadian cattle and disturbed Mexico. In 1937 we imported 94,700,000 pounds of beef against 87,803,000 pounds in 1936 with a previous high year 1929 with 79,898,000 pounds. Exports were 12,666,000 pounds in 1937 and 14,392,000 pounds in 1936. There seems at this time very little hope of higher tariffs. Crop conditions throughout 1938 will be important."

Beals thinks the sheep situation does not present as favorable a picture as do the cattle because of the wool. He recites that the census shows little change with 46,797,000 in the United States on Jan. 1 this year, compared with 47,051,000 a year previous; but he finds there were 11 per cent more lambs on feed Jan. 1 than a year ago—which

1938 total is the second largest on record. On March 1 there were 970,000 lambs in the Northern Colorado, Arkansas Valley, Scottsbluff area or 20 per cent above 1937. The early Spring lamb crop will be 15 per cent larger but the total lambing will be slightly smaller. There will be a much smaller run of fat yearlings from Texas.

On April 1 wool stocks were larger than any time since 1935. Stocks in the five principal producing countries of the Southern Hemisphere as of Feb. 1 were 23 per cent larger than 1937 and 5 per cent larger than 1935, which was a year of large supply. Prices are about 40 per cent below a year ago with very few buyers. The consumption in January was 50 per cent less than 1937 and the smallest since September, 1934. Large stocks of woolen goods were accumulated during the first half of 1937 and have been slowly consumed until they may be normal by late Spring. Imports so far in 1938 are negligible as against large imports in 1937. It must be remembered that our normal consumption is far below domestic production. The large carry-over of 1937 wool is a threat and a loss but it is hoped the Commodity Credit Corporation loan plan will stabilize prices. The 1938 clip will be only slightly less than 1937.

The hog cycle is turning up, Beals continues. The near normal 1937 corn crop increased the Fall pig crop and increased holding for weight as Jan. 1, 1938, shows 44,418,000 hogs against 42,774,000 in 1937, but is still below any year in the 30 years before 1935. The Spring pig crop will be larger. With generally lower prices in 1937 there was no incentive to store pork so we see stocks on March 1, 1938, 582,000,000 pounds against 782,000,000 pounds in 1937. The increase in stocks from Nov. 1 to March 1, 1938, was 100,000,000 pounds less than in 1937; as of Jan. 1, 1938, 465,000,000 pounds; Jan. 1, 1937, 698,000,000 pounds; five-year average 648,000,000 pounds.

The foreign business may show a reduction in imports for 1938, although 1937 showed imports 75,000,000 pounds; 1936, 42,000,000 pounds. Exports for 1937 were 63,000,000 pounds as against 67,000,000 pounds in 1936.

As last Fall, we still believe the future will be a picture of purchasing power and general business, as the statistical position of livestock is not bad, as shown by less cattle and sheep, more but still comparatively few hogs. Storage stocks except the wool are small. Total all meats, Jan. 1, 1938, 529,000,000 pounds; Jan. 1, 1937, 1,030,000,000 pounds; five-year average 766,000,000 pounds.

Beals concludes his letter about livestock with the admonition: "Please do not lose an opportunity to help the 'Eat More Meat' campaign sponsored by the Institute of American Meat Packers and Meat Board."

FLOOD CONTROL O. K. IS SOUGHT

Congressional Approval of
Half - Billion-Dollar Pro-
gram Is Main Objective.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22 (AP).—Flood control and waterway improvement advocates sought today prompt congressional approval of a half billion dollar program and rejection of long-range regional planning.

Senator Miller of Arkansas said Congress would be asked to authorize immediate construction of 89 navigation and flood control projects at a cost of \$573,910,345 as recommended by the National Rivers and Harbors Congress.

The organization also urged House and Senate committees to approve as quickly as possible the \$800,000,000 flood control program recommended a year ago by army engineers, but held up on request of President Roosevelt.

Miller is chairman of the projects committee which submitted the 89 projects to the Rivers and Harbors Congress at the annual convention yesterday.

A supplementary report objected to long-time regional planning because of "the limitations imposed upon our knowledge by the constant changes resulting from a rapidly developing political economy and mechanical civilization."

The Congress recommended: Separation of flood control reservoirs from power development; federal purchase of property rights for flood control reservoirs; defeat of the Pettingill bill to permit railroads to charge lower rates for long hauls than for short distances, and that funds for all waterway works be specifically appropriated by Congress.

Besides indorsing 89 projects for immediate construction, the convention classified a list including the following as meritorious and in line for full approval later:

Gulf of Mexico Division: Upper Colorado River Authority irrigation and reclamation project, Texas; Lower Colorado River, navigation project, Texas; three small reservoirs, Hord Creek Dam, Home Creek Dam, Jim Ned Creek Dam, Coleman, Texas; intercoastal canal, Arroyo Colorado and from mouth of Arroyo Colorado to Port Isabel to Port Brownsville, Louisiana and Texas; Sabine Neches Conservation District, Texas; Nueces River Conservation and Reclamation District, Texas; Brazos River Conservation and Reclamation District, Texas; San Bernard River navigation project, Texas.

South Pacific Division: Flood control and watershed protection of the Gila River and its tributaries above the San Carlos diversion dam, Arizona and New Mexico; west breakwater and dredging Fort Allen, Kauai, Hawaii.

16 YEARS OF FREEDOM IS ENDED FOR CONVICT

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 22 (AP).—More than 16 years of freedom from a California prisoners' road gang, from which he escaped in 1921, has ended for Frank D. Sanborn because of the suspicions of two Milwaukee detectives.

After Sanborn was picked up on suspicion, his fingerprints were circulated to police officials, and word came back from Folsom prison, California, that he had escaped from the convict gang in August, 1921, while serving a five-year term for pandering. He will be returned.

DENISON VOTE ASKED ON SCHOOL BUILDING

DENISON, Jan. 22.—School board members have requested city officials to submit for a vote here a proposal to issue \$175,000 in bonds for a contemplated public school expansion.

Included would be a junior high school costing about \$100,000 and additions to elementary schools not made during the building campaign to schools two years ago. No requests for assistance from federal agencies is contemplated.

Fisheries Folk Eat 29 Courses of Digestive TNT

BY EDDY GILMORE.
WASHINGTON, Jan. 22 (AP).—This reporter ate fish for four solid hours last night and became so hook-shy he won't even hang his hat on one.

The occasion was the 29-course piscatorial repast spread before 200 guests by the Commerce Department's fisheries advisory committee. It began with a whiff of aromatic essence of guppy and ended with a batch of burnished bloaters and a toast to the cow and the lobster by Senator Royal S. Copeland.

Poised with pint bottles of milk, a delegation of fishery folks drank to the Senator's toast and went off home to show that milk and fish will mix.

"We salute the cow," said the Senator, "as the bulwark of our youth, and acclaim the lobster as the crowning glory of a happy maturity."

The secret, they said, of downing what has long been considered as digestive dynamite, lies in having the fish and milk fresh and the fish well cooked.

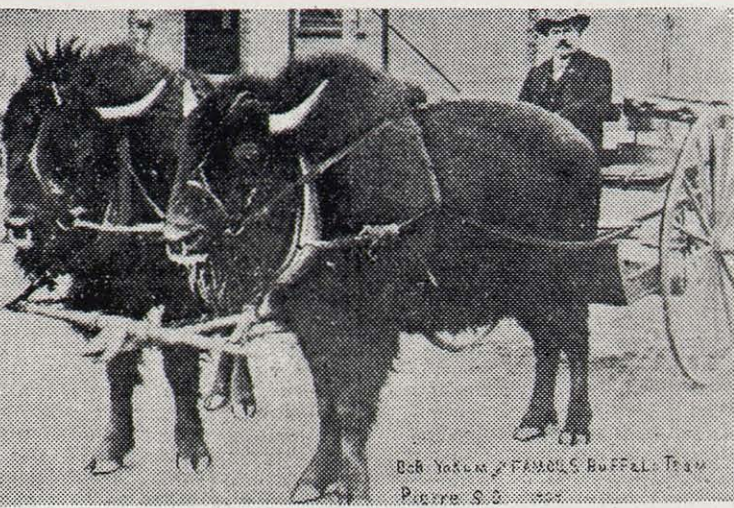
Senator Copeland, incidentally, is Dr. Copeland.

It was an evening for an epicurean.

Five bells—(10.30 o'clock)—and the feast ended.

A whale of a meal . . . catch on?

Early West Texas Figures



Two West Texas pioneers, who were born in a California Forty-niner family, and a famous harness buffalo team. Bottom is Mrs. Jennie Yokum Harrell, Fort Worth. Her brother, the late Bob Yokum, former deputy United States marshal, is shown with his driving team of buffalo. Yokum, a resident of Fort Worth for a number of years, died last Christmas Day in Kirby, Wyo.

Persons having photographs that depict early days in West Texas are asked to send them to the Pioneer Editor. Those suitable will be published and all will be returned to their owners.



Mrs. Jennie Harrell Born in '49er Family

Born into a "Forty-niner" family, near Chico, Cal., Mrs. Jennie Yokum Harrell, who lives at 4616 Birchman Avenue, had plenty of pioneering experiences during the first half of her 82 years. Sixty-seven of those years she has spent in West Texas, and she rates Jacksboro, in the early seventies, as perhaps the most exciting frontier town she knew.

Her father, Dennis Yokum, came to Texas in 1847 from Missouri to fight in the Mexican War. He was 17 when he enlisted in Captain Clarkson's Third Missouri Mounted Regiment, according to the records of the War Department. After the war was over Dennis Yokum returned to Missouri, and married Dollie West, late in 1848. The next year the adventuresome young man, who had gone west from Tennessee into Missouri before his turn at soldiering in Texas, joined the gold rush to California. He left his wife and a small baby in Missouri, but returned for them in 1850, and the family lived in California until 1869, when the mother died.

Went Back by Rail. Dennis Yokum went back to Missouri, with his family. The trip east was made by rail, quite a luxurious contrast to the one he had made in 1850 when he took his family to California by ox train. The trip west required six months.

Mrs. Harrell was 15 when the family left California. She and her brothers remained with relatives in Missouri a year, while her father went to Texas prospecting. The Texas cattle and land booms by then were about as exciting as the California gold fields.

Dennis Yokum married Miss Lou Routh of Fannin County in 1870, and acquired a herd of cattle which he drove to Missouri to market. His bride went with him on the drive, and they gathered in the Yokum children and brought them to Texas. Jennie went to Carlton College in Bonham her first year in Texas, then went to Jacksboro, where her father had established himself in the sheep business.

Was Frontier Town. Jacksboro in 1872 was just about everything a fiction writer could ask for in a frontier town, Mrs. Harrell says. There was a big boom on. Ranchers used the town as a trading center. There were always lots of soldiers around, from Fort Richardson, and the Indians were very bold.

"Killings were common," Mrs. Harrell says. "I don't mean Indian killings, though there were plenty of them, but there were fights among the soldiers. And then there were the usual frontier differences. The fort was there to protect settlers against the Indians, but every now and then the Indians would go raiding, killing people, and often torturing and mutilating them before they killed them."

"One of the worst raids I remember took place about the time I married in 1873. We drove to Mr. Harrell's home in Lamar County by wagon, for our wedding trip and when we started out we heard a party of Indians had killed some settlers, after torturing them. But we went on."

Started in Cattle Business. Her husband, William Harrell, was working in a general merchandise store in Jacksboro when they

were married. Soon afterward he bought some cattle, and they remained in Jack County in the cattle business. "until the drouth of 1886 drove us out," Mrs. Harrell says. Then they went to the Panhandle. They were on the 22 Ranch in Crosby County for several years, then went to Hutchinson County. Much of the time Mrs. Harrell lived in Amarillo because of school advantages for her children.

"Our experiences were the usual ones in the cattle business in West Texas," Mrs. Harrell says, "good years and bad years, and moving on for more land and grass every now and then."

Her husband, who died several years ago, served for many years as secretary of the Panhandle and Southwestern Stockmen's Association, which was merged some time ago with the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers Association. Mr. Harrell served with headquarters in Amarillo and El Paso. He died in Arizona.

Brothers Deputy Marshals. Two of Mrs. Harrell's brothers, Bob L. and Dave E. served as deputy United States Marshals of the Northern District of Texas in the Eighties. Both lived in Fort Worth at the time, but moved to South Dakota in 1903. Bob Yokum died at Kirby, Wyo., Dec. 25, 1937. Some time before his death he had written some of his experiences for the West Texas Pioneer column and had sent a picture of his famous buffalo team, which he had broken to harness for exhibition purposes in 1904.

He recounted how the late Theodore Roosevelt, whom he knew during his hunting expeditions in the West, "Buffalo Bill" Cody and other sportsmen versed in the West told him he could never train a buffalo because their brains are too small." He however, made show animals of his buffalo team, which he bought for \$500 and later sold for \$3,000, after touring the United States, Alaska and Mexico.

Mrs. Harrell makes her home with a son, Watts W. Harrell. Her oldest son, J. W. Harrell, lives in South Dakota. Another son, W. E. Harrell, lives in Kansas.

MERTZON STOCK SHOW WILL BE HELD MARCH 2

MERTZON, Jan. 22.—The date for the ninth annual fat stock show, in which the FFA and 4-H Club boys of Mertzton and Sherwood will show their animals, has been set for March 2.

One hundred fat lambs, 15 registered lambs and five calves are among the animals to be shown. R. M. Milhollin of the Soil Conservation Service of San Angelo will judge the stock. Premiums will be awarded by the business men and ranchmen of Mertzton.

Many of the animals to be shown here will be entered in the San Angelo and Fort Worth shows.

BANK PRESIDENT NAMED

ELECTRA, Jan. 22.—N. M. Clifford, active vice president and manager of the Electra State Bank since it was organized in 1932, has been elected president of the institution. A. T. McDannald will retain the position of chairman of the board of directors.

ARE YOU A WEST TEXAS PIONEER?

NAME
I settled in West Texas in at
(Date) (Place)
Birthplace Date
Present address
(Fill out and mail this coupon to Pioneer Editor, The Star-Telegram, Fort Worth along with a brief account of your experiences and facts about your section of West Texas. Photographs also appreciated.)

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1938.

TEXAS STARTS RODEO SEASON

Stock Shows and Tanbark Games Are Scheduled in Several Cities of State.

By Associated Press.

Thousands of youths groomed fine animals and the world's best cowboys trekked in for the opening this week of the Texas livestock show and rodeo season.

Supervised by county agents and vocational agriculture teachers, boys and girls have been feeding calves, lambs and pigs all Winter and showing them at community exhibits where the best were selected for the big-money events at the larger regional expositions.

The regional shows are held primarily for the future leaders in Western Texas' greatest industry, although their elders also will enter animals for show and sale. The prize-winning animals are auctioned, usually for premium prices.

Leading shows include those at Fort Worth, Houston, San Angelo, El Paso, Abilene, San Antonio, Amarillo and Lubbock.

Civic organizations have arranged prize money and conducted good will trips to spread invitations throughout their trade areas.

Rich purses have been posted to lure the professional performers who follow a transcontinental rodeo trail that seasonally zigzags from California through Texas to New York

Packsaddle Survivor Revisits Old Scenes

92-Year-Old Frontiersman Is Only Man Left Who Was in Battle.

Special to The Star-Telegram.

LLANO, Feb. 19.—E. D. Harrington, 92, frontiersman, now of Pantano, Ariz., is visiting his old Texas haunts after an absence of more than 50 years.

He is the only survivor of the historic Packsaddle Mountain fight, staged in Llano County Aug. 3, 1873. Captain Moss and a few frontiersmen overtook a plundering bunch of Indians on the southwest side of the mountain and there followed a gunfight of several hours that left three of the Texans badly wounded and the Indians in flight. The chief and several braves were killed.

Harrington confirms history's account of the battle in saying that except for strategy in killing the chief, who repeatedly led his warriors against the Texans, the white men would have been wiped out by the Apaches.

"Bill Moss, Pink Aires and Eli Loyd," he relates, "were suffering from their wounds and out of the fight and we did not follow up the Indians when they showed their heels to us. But we did take the scalps of the chief and several warriors, and we captured about 25 of their horses.

"Our men who had been shot were taken to Parson Duncan's home

Recalls Youth



E. D. HARRINGTON.

at the foot of the mountain, and they all recovered. But they are all dead now except me."

Harrington also was in the Indian fights at Round Mountain and Spring Valley.

He has been spending the last few days with relatives and old friends in Llano County and other sections of Southwest Texas.

Despite his years, he is normally active.

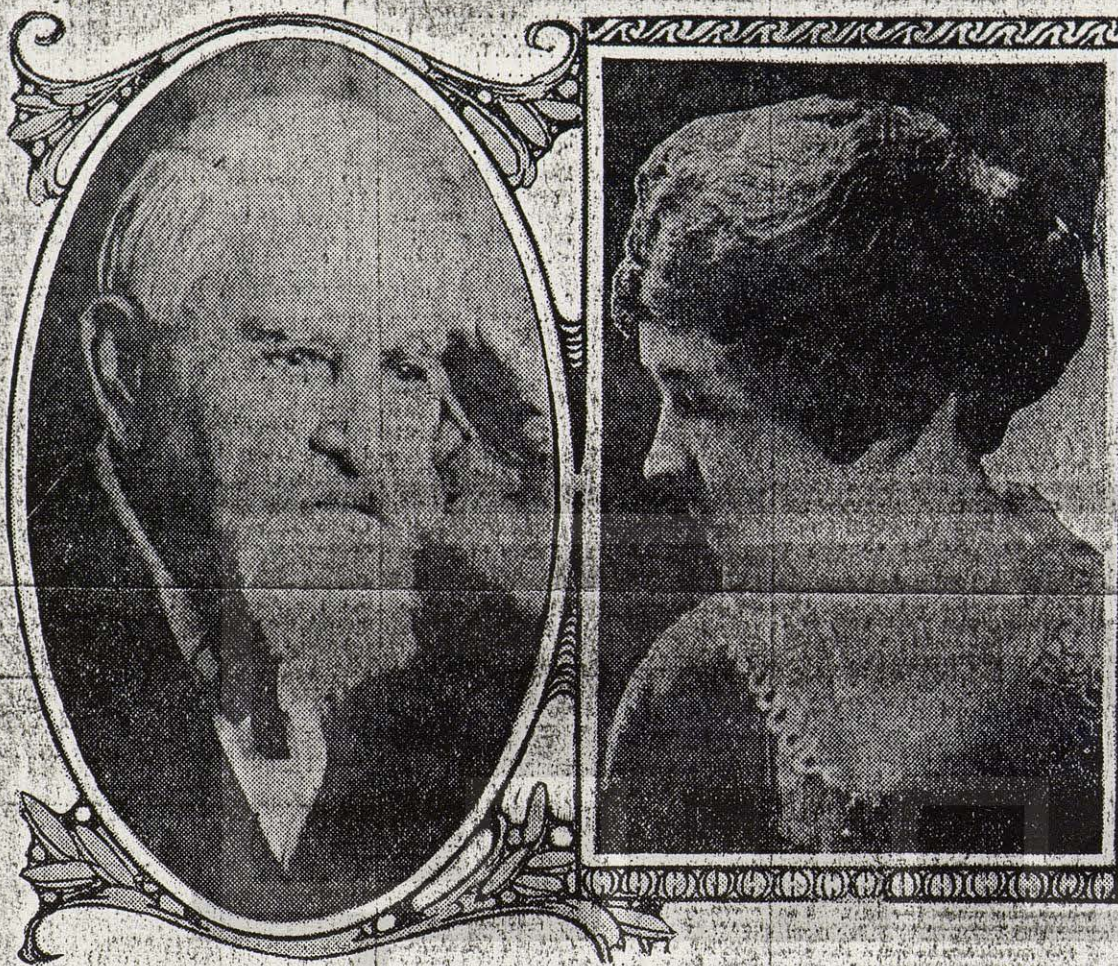
Pioneers With Different Ideas



Two men who helped make the glamorous history of the West, but in far different ways, met recently in surroundings much more peaceful than either was accustomed to 40 years ago when both were young and exceedingly active in their chosen work.

Capt. Thomas Rynning (right), famous law enforcement officer of the early days, is shown in a reminiscent mood with Emmett Dalton, last of the notorious Dalton gang of outlaws. They met when both were guests at a Los Angeles social affair.

Veteran Trail Blazer of Southwest and Bride



Col. Charles Goodnight, famous frontiersman, who Saturday celebrated his ninety-first birthday by marrying Miss Corrine Goodnight, 26, who came from Butte, Mont., several months ago to be his companion.

Col. Goodnight Weds

PIONEER AND GIRL, 26, MARRIED

91 on Day of Ceremony

Special to The Star-Telegram.

CLARENDON, March 5.—Col. Charles Goodnight, rugged pioneer of the great Southwest, was married here Saturday. It was his ninety-first birthday. He took as his bride Miss Corinne Goodnight, 26, of Butte, Mont. For five months she has been the colonel's constant companion.

Moving from his old ranch home at Goodnight last fall to this city, the veteran trail blazer had settled down to private life where he might be surrounded by a few relatives and old acquaintances of the cow country.

Then came Miss Corinne Goodnight from her home in Montana to care for the distinguished plainsman. There is no relationship between the pair. She came at the request of the colonel, with whom she had become acquainted a few years ago when Miss Goodnight wrote him from Butte after having read a history of his life on the Plains.

Left Alone on Ranch.

Upon the death of the former Mrs. Goodnight a year ago the aged frontiersman was left alone on the ranch except for his foster son, Cleo Hubbard, now active manager of the old Goodnight estate. Several months later the colonel wrote for Miss Goodnight to pay him a visit. Since her arrival she has been devoted to household duties and has escorted the pioneer to and from the old ranch and has driven him by automobile along the old trails so familiar to him in his early life and experience.

Miss Goodnight is a native of Colorado. She moved to Montana several years ago and was left an orphan with a younger brother at the age of 17. She became a telegraph operator and has since been in the employ of the Northern Pacific Railway with headquarters at Butte.

Educated Brother.

During this time she has educated her younger brother, sending him through high school and the Montana

State University. She has subsequently traveled throughout a large part of America, having spent vacations in California and Florida and working constantly at telegraphy.

Col. Charles Goodnight is perhaps the most picturesque cowman living in the Southwest today, if not in the whole of America. He settled on the old Goodnight Ranch in 1876, but long before that he had roughed it on the Texas frontier as an adventurer and successful youth.

During the Civil War he patrolled the Mexican border and acted as scout over a vast stretch of territory. After that he began blazing cow trails throughout the Southwest and established the Goodnight trail of 1880, which extended from Fort Worth to Fort Laramie, Wyo. He built numerous ranches in Texas, New Mexico and Colorado. The famous J. A. Ranch was established under his direction as a joint interest with John A. Adair.

Had 100,000 Head Cattle.

At one time Goodnight had under his control and supervision more than 2,000,000 acres of land and nearly 100,000 head of cattle.

Col. Charles Goodnight was a worthy contemporary of Kit Carson, Captain Brannan, Joseph McCoy and John Chisum. He is particularly famous for the preservation of the Goodnight buffalo herd and the building of Goodnight College.

The wedding ceremony was performed at the home of his nephew, H. W. Taylor, mayor of this city, by Rev. J. T. Griswold at 9:30 Saturday morning. Only relatives and close acquaintances were present.

At 91 years of age Colonel Goodnight is still hale, hearty and wonderfully preserved.

One Dead in Auto Crash.

GREENVILLE, March 5.—Ben O. Johnson, 21, Lone Oak, was killed and L. E. Weedon of Greenville was seriously injured in an automobile accident Friday night near here.