VOL. 1 JULY-AUGUST 1947 No. 4

JUNE ROUNDUP

"Billy" Dodson

Our June roundup was one of the highlights of the year when the whole evening was devoted to the cow country. Billy Dodson, one of our genuine old-time cowmen members, gave us a picture of the great staked plains of Texas (Llano Estacado) in the days when it was a cowman's paradise, and where men like Goodnight and Littlefield ran great spreads in the lush grass country. Billy was there—he has ridden after the doggies from Canada to Mexico and knows whereof he speaks. He had as his special guest of the evening an old-time cowboy, now turned poet, Bruce Kiskaddon. Bruce gave the meeting a first-hand recital of some of his classics. Many of Bruce's poems have appeared in book form and in the Western Livestock Journal. They were enthusiastically applauded by the gang, and added a realistic touch to the subject of the evening.

JULY ROUNDUP

Our first out-of-doors meeting held July 17th merits special recording. The posse met at 5:30 p.m. at the home of Sheriff H. E. Britzman and enjoyed the true western hospitality that couldn't help but emanate from such surroundings.

Britz has collected Charles Russell's artistry for many years, and seven years ago purchased the former home of the Russells known as "Trail's End." He has retained this name and even adopted it as his publishing corporation's name. Trail's End is a most inviting place. Its true western atmosphere provides the necessary balance to a thoroughly enjoyable barbecue.

And before the dinner!!! Posse members upon arrival were escorted to a bar, signs above which indicated no fancy drinks would be tolerated. Wrangler Noah Berry, Jr. in full western bar-keep costume dispensed the mellow wetness with aplomb and adroitness. A slot machine of early vintage kept the boys amused, each squandering his nickles until the jackpot was sprung. The machine couldn't take it after that. The boys had broken its spirit.

The posse spent much time among this western collector's art treasures and books before settling down to listen to Sheriff Britzman give the boys

Sheriff Britzman—Host
Noah Beery Jr.—Barkeeper

Jeff Milton Photo by Chambers

Gathering of Westerners

THE BRAND BOOK

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY AS THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS

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JULY ROUNDUP (Cont.)

the lowdown on Jeff Milton.

Among the interesting guests at this roundup was the ever colorful Frank King. His comments on Milton, his closest friend of many years, added spice to the fine job the Sheriff had done. Frank said Milton would never sit with his back to an open door or window. It was observed that Frank himself had followed this precaution and he admitted that there was but one time in his life when he regretted not having done so. When Frank asked Jeff why he hadn't written the story of his life, Jeff countered with "For the same reason you don't. If I had to write Jeff's life myself I might have to remember some things which I wouldn't want to see in print." Frank also was reminded of the story of Jeff's San Francisco visit when he was lured to a third floor on the pretext of being shown one of the right places. Jeff smelled a rat and at the right moment relieved his guide of his gun and his money and persuaded him of the necessity of coming along and spending his money in the right places that he knew.

MILTON BIBLIOGRAPHY

Sheriff Britzman wishes to thank those who helped him in the research and preparation of his paper on Jeff Milton, with especial thanks to Mildred Taitt Milton, Jeff Milton's pardner and widow, Frank M. King, associate editor of Western Livestock Journal, and a friend of Milton's since 1884, and J. Evetts Haley, eminent historian, and author of the forthcoming biography on Milton.

For those who are interested, Britzman gave as some of the published sources of references to Milton the following: *Camp Fires on Desert* and *Lava* by Dr. William T. Hornaday, *Border Patrol* by Mary Rak, *Triggernometry* by Eugene Cunningham, *Guns of the Frontier* by William McLeod Raine, *Helldorado* by William M. Breakenridge, *Tombstone's Yesterdays* by Lorenzo D. Walters, *Wranglin' the Past* and *Pioneer Western Empire Builders* by Frank M. King, *Out of the Desert* and *Them Was the Days* by Owen White and various magazines and newspapers including the Saturday Evening Post, Western Livestock Journal, Pacific Coast International Magazine, Florida Westarical Magazine, and the Tombstone Epitaph and various other Arizona, New Mexico and Texas newspapers.

MEMBERSHIP REPORT

Only three seats remain unfilled—50 resident membership limit—in the Los Angeles Posse of Westerners. The non-resident membership list stands at approximately 30, and since this class of membership is not limited, all members are urged to write their friends inviting them to become non-resident members.

The dues are only $3.00 per year which entitles them to receive the Brand Book, issued six times a year, and other privileges including the right to purchase copies of the annual Brand Book; the first yearly book is announced on the back cover of this issue. All new non-resident members should mail their dues to our Registrar of Marks and Brands—Bob Woods.

DOWN THE BOOK TRAIL

By Paul Galleher

PREVIEW OF A FEW ANNOUNCED FALL TITLES: . . . Westerners will be especially interested in three publications of our good friend and sheriff, H. E. Britzman, when his Trail's End Publishing Company releases: (a.) *Forty Pen and Ink Drawings* by Charles M. Russell. (August 15th, $3.50). These are probably the finest pen and inks of the great cowboy artist and will make a valuable companion volume to those which preceded it last fall. Russell collectors and lovers of the West will want these three volumes. (b.) Frank M. King's *Mavericks: The Comments of an Old Time Cowpuncher* (September 1, $3.75). It will include a full color painting by Charles M. Russell. The introduction is by Ramon Adams. The author, now in his 84th year, has been writing for various cattle journals and is the author of three books on range and cattle history. His comments are on everything from horses, cattle, ranches, rustlers, gun fights to politicians. (c.) *Firewater and Forked Tongues:* A Sioux Chief interprets U. S. history by M. I. McCreight. (September 1st, $3.50). Flying Hawk, a cousin of Sitting Bull and a warrior in the Custer Fight with Crazy Horse, dictates the Indian's version of U. S. History from Cortez and Columbus down through the massacre at Wounded Knee in 1890. A priceless document carefully recorded and compiled by M. I. McCreight who went West in the 80's and for 60 years followed their misfortunes and recorded the red man's indictments of the white man's treatment of the North American Indian . . . Fall books of the University of California Press include *1,000 California Place Names* by Erwin G. Gudde, (September 27, $1.00). It will include origin and meaning of some of the most interesting and important geographical names in the state. A more exhaustive work on the subject will be published in 1948. . . D. Mackenzie Brown's *China Trade Days in California* (October 25th, $3.00). The previously unpublished letters of the Thompson Family which pioneered the China Trade between Canton and California.

THE MEN OF EL LLANO ESTACADO

BY ROBERT A. "BILLY" DODSON

EL LLANO ESTACADO (or Staked Plains): a high level plateau spreading across the boundries of two states, Eastern New Mexico and Western Texas, including the Panhandle district; from the Canadian River on the north to the Texas and Pacific Railroad on the south and beyond; covered with a heavy turf of nutritious grasses. It has well been described as the most interesting and mysterious section on the American Continent, and the last to defy civilization. It was on this vast expanse that the buffalo and the American Indian made their last stand. Some of the first explorers described it as a worthless waste without a permanent source of water, virtually an ocean of grass that would never be inhabited. It is here that mirages produce optical illusions causing objects to appear many times their natural size and mythical lakes of water that play the "will of the wisp" with one's imagination and drive the thirsty traveler to frenzy.

In later years an old Puncher "low'd it was the most convenient country in which he'd ever lived; the wind drew the water and the cows chopped the wood." Another, not to be outdone, said in his section it wasn't so easy. "They climbed for water and dug for wood." Well, we did have to depend on cow chips and roots of the scrubby Mesquite for wood and windmills for water, but it wasn't always convenient.

Many theories have been advanced as how the Staked Plains acquired its name. I think the most plausible one was that some exploring parties upon entering this mysterious land realized the danger of becoming lost and set up stakes to guide their return. Old timers often became lost. On a certain occasion while we were following up the drift with a float wagon during a terrific snow storm, Joe Champion became separated from the outfit. Realizing that he was lost, he dismounted and knowing that he would have to keep moving or freeze, he began walking around his horse and then became lost from him. Two days later we found him dead tired and half starved but otherwise suffering no ill effects from his experience. Men had to be tough to survive on the Llano Estacado.

The cowmen came, and as Moses of old, they spied out the land. Some reported as a cow country it was useless because of the lack of water and that there were horned animals many times larger than the buffalo; but there were Joshuas and Calebs who said there was an abundance of grass and that if water could be procured it would become a cowman's paradise. There was no water, a problem that made many an old weather beaten cowman scratch his head. The western pioneer never side-stepped a challenge, but always met it face to face with a determination to conquer, which he usually did. This

THE MEN OF was no ordinary problem. He would have to dig for water. He would have to assemble the necessary equipment for the building of reservoirs, ranch houses, corrals and horse pastures such as; well drills, thousands of feet of heavy casing, pumps, windmills, lumber for derricks, posts and wire. All these materials had to be freighted long distances and there were no roads. It was a tremendous undertaking and a gamble. Only men of vision and great courage would undertake it. The men of the Llano Estacado accepted the challenge. They did it and it worked, but only after heart-breaking discouragements. In time the wheels began to turn and the life giving water began to spill into the reservoirs. Then great clouds of dust could be seen and lowing cattle and the lonesome song of the cowboy "Get along little dogies" could be heard. At long last the cattle were coming, by the hundreds, by the thousands and great herds of antelope raced across the prairie, wheeled and came back for a closer look.

Ever since the advent of civilization, men have felt the need of statutory laws as a restraint for those who failed to respect the rights of others. In the land of Llano Estacado there was no law. Another challenge to the hardy pioneer. They rose to the occasion. The Law of the Range came into being. While it was never written, it was generally understood and approved. Everyone became obligated to see that it was respected, and I can assure you that it was very efficiently administered. I offer for your approval:

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF THE LAW OF THE OPEN RANGE

I. One may lock his past within the innermost chamber of his heart where only he and his Creator may look.

II. He elects to defend with his own life the virtue of all woman-kind, if need be.

III. He will at all times respect the established rights of his fellow-man.

IV. He subscribes to justice for all man-kind and will dispense it without fear or favor.

V. He will embrace the Spirit of the Good Samaritan and will never pass to the other side when his fellow is in need.

VI. Recognizing that the horse is indispensable, he will never unnecessarily abuse him.

VII. If the eating of beef means the eating of his own and not anothers, he will eat no beef.

VIII. If he is in doubt of the legal ownership of a certain animal on his own range, he will accept the responsibility and place his own iron there-on.

IX. To partake of one's hospitality and then refuse to assist with the dishes—He shall henceforth find the door closed to him.

X. Camp robbing is an unpardonable offense. The mere shooting of one, who is guilty of having fallen to the lowest states to which man can fall, is insufficient punishment but he *SHALL* be branded as a horse thief.

R. A. (Billy) Dodson

EL LLANO ESTACADO

The bad men and how we dealt with them. The fact is, we didn't have any bad men. The Llano was off Billy the Kid's range, however he did pay us a peaceful visit once in a while. Only once did he come on malicious business. That time he had a run-in with Bennett Howell, but retreated in disorder, minus horse, saddle and sixshooter. Tom Ketchum worked a couple seasons with the LFD outfit, but that was before he became the notorious Black Jack. Oh, we did have a few potential bad men, but we had a very effective method of handling them, and it was *not* the rope and low limb; they usually high-tailed it to Wyoming (apologies to Jack Rollinson) where they did have plenty of hanging timber.

The Llano Estacado was a Man's world. It was no place for a woman, and women were very scarce. For more than a year and a half, I never saw a woman, and I wasn't in jail either. The mysterious, desolate, never changing prairie oppressed the women. Months and months would pass without seeing one of her sex, though she was idolized by the men and they would ride miles just to see a woman's face once again and woe unto the one who offended her. Only a fast horse could save him from the wrath of his outraged fellows.

THE SOUTHERN SPANISH HORSE

I feel that this narrative would be incomplete without a tribute to the Southern Spanish horse. In doing so I realize what I am in for. Hackels are going to bristle on the backs of the necks of many of my Northern pals. O.K., old "Waddies," haven't I kept still while you on your home range literally ripped off my tough Texas hide whenever I raised my voice in praise of the Southern Spanish horse? But after I had ridden those pudding-footed mammals from Nebraska and those long-legged high-jumpers from Montana and those tangle-footed kangaroos from Idaho for several years, I got kinda used to them and began to wonder if after all I had not been a bit prejudiced against them, and maybe they were not so bad after all. Then I began to recall "Nig," "Brown Jug," "Fly," "Babe," "Red Boy" and a host of other old pets of mine. I was bothered. I felt like I was being a traitor to the old Spanish horse, whose merits I'd been proclaiming and taking a sound ribbing for. About that time in Montana, I was fired for roping an old "outlaw" steer and buggering him up a bit while on day herd, after being warned by my Swede boss to hold that old "skalawag" if I had to lose the rest of herd, and that old long-horn jerked my fourteen-hundred pound horse down twice in the melee. It was then that my Texas heart yearned for "Dixie." There I could ride horses that could hold anything that I tied to without laying down to do it and could stop and turn around in the horse pasture without letting the fence down on both sides. (My appologies to Jack). Months later I stepped astride a little brown horse that I'd broke and trained six years before and rode him into the herd and observed the ease and smoothness with which he worked. A few days later, I mounted "Babe," who never weighed over eight hundred

pounds, and dropped my line on a horse (half again as large as Babe) as he broke out of the Remudo and broke a brand new manila rope as big as my arm. Well, maybe that rope wasn't as big as my arm, but it was a 5/16th. I was happy again to be in an "honest to God" cow-country, where there were real cow horses. One night I headed old "Rat," the best dang night-horse that ever wore a grurier hide, toward the herd. To get my bearing, I looked for the North Star. Then I thought of my old Montana pals. No, I wasn't sore—not even resentful for the way they had ribbed me about those little ring-tailed cayuses of the Southland, rather, I was sorry for the old "rannies" who had rode in the land of cold blast until their hides had turned to leather and their hair to frost, and had never rode a real cow horse.

From where I stand I think we lost a real heritage when we lost the Spanish horse and cow. Sitting here on the top rail of the corral observing the experts judge a lot of hunks of taller that they toot as being the last word in beef steers, I get kinda disgusted looking at them little short-legged runts 'bout waist high. I try to visualize one of them old long-horns, sixteen hands high and as long as a fence rail, all tallered up with his hair frizzled and his hoofs manicured. Gosh! If they had mor'n one, they would have to enlarge the corral and them judges wouldn't be tickling them in their flanks either. Well, I recon we old-timers have just lived too long.

OWNERS AND MANAGERS: MEN OF THE PLAINS

The majority of the owners and managers of the outfits on the Staked Plains were thorough cowmen, who had come up on a cow ranch and had worked with cattle from the time they were old enough to ride. These owners selected from their crews, men of like character, for their bosses, reps, and regular punchers.

During the round-up season it was necessary to increase the crews by hiring floating "happy-go-lucky" punchers who were at home wherever their bed rolls were spread, or young fellows of the adventurous type who drifted into the range country to be cowboys. These, we dubbed as "buttons," "lents," etc. Some of them had what it takes and made good. Others failed. They didn't have the spirit which drives men on to do or die. The work was hard with long hours. Sixteen hours a day, seven days a week, in the saddle is tiring even to the old-timer, but to the "button" it was murder. Then there was the absence of mail, loneliness and home sickness which overwhelmed them. Generally, they didn't come back the next spring.

The outfit that I was with for a number of years was located in New Mexico, but our nearest shipping and trading point was at Midland, on the Texas and Pacific Railroad, a distance of one hundred and forty-five miles. Midland was also our most convenient Post Office. Old Jim Harrall, a giant of an old fellow well up in his eighties with a six mule team and a trail wagon, did our freighting. In good weather he would make the round trip in twenty-five days, but in bad weather it would take a month or more. We

 depended on him for mail, but when we were on the round-up we would only be at the headquarter ranch once or twice during the year. When we did receive news from the outside world, it was so old it was of little interest. One fall just before we started on the beef round-up, we got word that an election was going to be held at the LUC outfit over in Texas. A bunch of us packed our bed rolls and rode the sixty miles. Along the way, punchers from other outfits fell in with us and when we arrived, we were numbered more than thirty men from New Mexico. I cast my first vote at the ripe old age of fifteen in a state in which I was not a citizen. About six months later, we learned that a man by the name of Cleveland was elected President of the United States. We practically lived in a world of our own and the happenings of the outside world was of little interest to us. Late one fall when I arrived at the ranch, I found thirty letters waiting for me, more than six months old, from a young lady whose sister was very ill. Thinking that I would be interested in her welfare, she wrote me every day. I never heard, but she was probably married to some other 'onery hombre by that time.

Many of the larger outfits allowed their regular men to own cattle and run them on their ranges without charge, even though they were drawing their regular wages. Usually after they had accumulated several hundred head of cattle, they would put down a well of their own outside of the outfit for which they worked. Many of them became large ranch owners and wealthy men. I too was one of the privileged ones, however, I never became wealthy for I was afflicted with itchy feet.

I wont say much about the foreign-owned outfits, as I fear what I would say wouldn't be very complimentary. I attribute the decline of the cattle industry in the West to the advent of foreign capital and the short loan system adopted by our banks, who carried most of the cattle paper.

MEN OF EL LLANO ESTACADO

In paying my tribute to the men of El Llano Estacado there are a few illusions that I would like to clear up. I am convinced that many have been misinformed as to the real character of the old-time cowman. Because of the mis-representation by the Screen and the Pulp magazines, many have been led to believe that the old timers were ignorant, uncouth, and ready to shoot at the drop of the hat; that they were all cow thieves and, in general, a depraved lot, that decent society should shun. Well, maybe some of our boys were not well versed in the finer arts (science and literature) and had not been exposed too much to the school room and high society, but they were *not ignorant*. We had college men and high school graduates, but they didn't hang their sheep skins on the chuck box. The owner of more than sixty-thousand cattle, for whom I worked, could only write his name, but he was not ignorant. The men of the Llano Estacado spoke the language of the Range, which was unique and humorous. In the presence of

ladies, the old cowman was genteel, never vulgar or suggestive, and never used the cuss words that we too commonly hear today. Shy and unaccustomed as he was in meeting ladies, he was always a gentleman.

The man of the open range was not a killer, in the sense that the word implies. He was always ready to defend his honor or the honor of his family. In the land of the Llano Estacado those things were usually settled between the individuals themselves. If it couldn't be settled peacefully, they used the weapon at hand, the sixshooter.

Cow thieves? That depends as to how one may look at it. We did brand a few mavericks, strays (or drys as we sometimes called them), and occasionally a sleeper. Then there were times when great herds would drift down on our ranges from the Canadian country to the North of us and eat our grass for a long period of time, we felt that we were entitled to some of the increase and we put our iron on a few of them, but that wasn't stealing. Under the Law of the Range we were entitled to put our iron on all mavericks, strays, and sleepers, etc. found on our range. This we did openly. Of course, there were exceptions, but when these men of the "wide loop" were discovered, their days in the Land of the Llano Estacado were numbered. I, myself, have been the recipient of many mavericks and strays by the generosity of some old cowman when we were working his range.

I shall always cherish the memory of the men and the lonely women, who had a smile and a pleasant greeting for old "punchers" who had long been deprived of the society of woman-kind. As I back-track over the long Trail, I can think of nothing that would give me more pleasure than to ride stirrup to stirrup again with the men of The Llano Estacado.

Calf branding on the open range

In the early Eighties

Cowboy funeral in the Panhandle 1893

Photo by Smithers—El Paso, Texas

JEFF MILTON

BY H. E. BRITZMAN

HERE IS A SUBJECT SO POWERFUL that I have been unable to give it a sub-title. Nor does it need one, for Jeff Milton, in my humble opinion, was one of the greatest unsung giants of the Old Southwest. I started to say heros, but that sounded tin-horn for as Jeff modestly, and he was extremely modest, admitted that he had never known fear.

Now that in itself is unique, and stamps Jeff Milton as a man apart. Perhaps it was his blood, or maybe the rigors of his boyhood. He was born on the plantation of his father (Sylvania) near Marianna, Florida on November 7, 1861. His ancestry was English, direct decendent from Sir Christopher Milton, brother of the poet John Milton. His great-great grandfather immigrated to Virginia in 1730. His father became governor of Florida at the outbreak of the war between the North and South, and Jeff was named Jefferson Davis after his father's friend. Sylvania, prior to the Civil War, was a plantation of 7126 acres and his father owned 52 slaves. The fortunes of war ruined the family financially and his father died when Jeff was a lad of four. One of the most dramatic and interesting documents I have ever read hung on the living room wall of Jeff's Tucson home—it was an appeal from Governor John Milton to the deserting troops asking them to return and save the honor of the South—but it was a lost cause.

Jeff Milton was of good stock—he grew to manhood gifted with a handsome physic—6 feet plus in height and nearly 200 pounds in weight. His eyes were brown with a piercing quality, though when I knew him he had frequently to close them in pain—pain that few men could have endured.

A TEXAS RANGER

The ugly backwash of reconstruction after the war resulted in the burning of the family home. At the age of 16 Jeff went to Texas to join his sister Fanny who had married a Confederate Veteran by the name of Colonel Yarborough—this was in 1877. He rode the range, punching cattle and herding horses on the plains of Texas, for a brief period, and then in 1880, stretching his age by several years, he joined Capt. Nevill's Company "E" Texas Rangers.

One of the assignments that fell to Jeff as a Ranger was at Colorado, Mitchell County, Texas, which was at that time a rip-roaring cow-town, with a Dodge City complex. The citizens of Colorado had asked the governor for protection against the roistering,

drinking cowboys who were paintin' the town right regular. There was one man by the name of Patterson who had been shooting up the town at his pleasure, and this he proceeded to do regardless of the coming of the Rangers. When the smoke cleared, Jeff, having been faster on the draw than his fellow rangers, had drilled Patterson through the heart. Patterson had shot first, but not well.

Now the cowmen took this shooting as an infringement on their rights, and the three Rangers were arraigned for murder. It was a tight spot for it was almost certain death for them to go to court unarmed—yet they had to give up their guns for the arraignment in court. Jeff knew that they'd never come out of that packed room alive with the feeling against them so strong. The friends of Patterson were sure to shoot them down if they went unarmed. Jeff suggested a way out—a legal way. With two friends standing between them and wearing their guns for them, the three Rangers lined up against the wall facing the judge. Jeff's right hand hung dangerously close to his own 45 Colts worn by his friend—likewise the other Rangers were able to reach for their guns, carried by proxy, if trouble started. When the hearing opened the gun-toters filled the room, but seeing the setup they soon lost interest in the proceedings which resulted in instant acquittal.

One little incident of Jeff's early ranger days will demonstrate his markmanship which was of the highest order. A train was stalled by a washout. Capt. John R. Hughes of the Rangers was aboard. The passengers were out walking when a young lady spied some mistletoe in the top of a big cottonwood tree. No man was gallant enough or foolhardy enough to climb the tree. Jeff told the young lady he'd be right proud to shoot it down but he didn't have his 45. Another passenger, thinking he'd catch the young braggart, offered Jeff a regulation 45 Colts. Jeff clipped the mistletoe with one shot and handed the gun back to the stranger, who said, "My name's Hughes of the Texas Rangers and we need men like you." "Forget it," replied Jeff, "my name's Milton, and I've already joined."

In 1883 Jeff resigned from the rangers and after working at Ft. Davis and serving as a deputy in the rollicking town of Alpine, Texas, he went to New Mexico where he combined cowpunching, homesteading and prospecting with jobs as deputy-sheriff of Socorro County and as stock inspector for the Central New Mexico Stock Association, concerned mainly with cattle rustling activities.

One incident of Jeff's service under Charles Russell, Sheriff of Socorro County, New Mexico, illustrates the nature of the man. One morning when Jeff reported to the office Russell handed Jeff a letter and a warrant for the arrest of a fugitive from Texas reported heading that way. The White Sands of New Mexico lay between Socorro and the Texas line, and it was a common route for fugitives. Jeff took one look at the warrant and recognizing the wanted man as an old friend, said, "Well, Sheriff, I guess you didn't know I'd resigned this morning, did you?" "What in hell you talking about?" queried Russell. "Well anyway here's my badge" was Jeff's rejoinder. When it finally dawned on the Sheriff that Jeff wasn't interested in tracking down a friend, the Sheriff asked Jeff to

JEFF MILTON take a vacation and look up his friend and maybe take a fresh mount along in case of need. This incident in Jeff's life is indicative of one of his beliefs. He told me that he always felt that a man who made a false step wasn't necessarily all bad or "broncho" as he expressed it—and that any normal man (himself included) might make a mistake.

One time in the mountains of New Mexico Jeff knocked a grizzly down with his rifle and, believing the bear dead, Jeff laid his rifle down to use his knife. The bear was only stunned and wiped his paw across Jeff's stomach—nearly disemboweling him. Jeff started for a tree, but took one shot with his six-gun drilling the bear's brain. Jeff noticed his partner Dick Steele, white as a sheet and so told him. "Hell Jeff," answered Dick, "you ought to take a look at yourself!" He carried those scars to the grave.

Jeff and Jim Hammil were out in the New Mexico mountains, a two day pack trip from his homestead at Crow Springs near the Illinois Cattle Company Ranch, when shots from the brush killed Jeff's horse and a bullet went through his leg. There was a brief battle and all was quiet in the brush. Jeff plugged the wound with a rag and made the two day ride back home. There he poured turpentine on the wound for days until able to report to Sheriff Russell, who it seems had been looking for Jeff to send him to investigate a report about there being three dead Mexicans in the mountains. Jeff was able to make an on-the-spot report.

U. S. CUSTOMS AGENT AND DEPUTY U. S. MARSHALL

In 1887 Jeff entered the U. S. Customs Service assigned to patrol the border west of Tucson—a vast arid, mountainous region where a man had to know every water hole to survive. The U. S. is now spending millions to put up anti-smuggling fences along the route Jeff patrolled in those days.

In 1894, El Paso was a lawless border town but the citizens elected a reform ticket and wanted the gambling and lawless element curbed. Among the many so-called bad men there at the time were John Selman and John Wesley Hardin, the latter had served time in the Texas penitentiary and was credited with from 27 to 36 victims.

Jeff, then 32 years of age and with a reputation for fearlessness, was hired as Chief of Police under the reform administration. He announced that come midnight every gambling place was to close and stay closed. When it became obvious that no one took the order seriously, Jeff walked into the leading gambling emporium of the city and told the gamblers, "You'll close down, or you'll be in jail, or I'll be dead." They closed.

When the city administration changed at the next election, Jeff resigned and became Deputy U. S. Marshall in El Paso under Marshall Dick Ware, who had been sergeant of Jeff's old Texas Ranger Company. There was a very much wanted man over in Juarez, Mexico, who had successfully evaded the U. S. officers. One night this man—M'Rose—agreed to meet Deputy Marshall George Scarborough on the Mexican Central Railroad

bridge over the Rio Grande River. Fearing a trap Scarborough had Jeff and Frank McMahan staked out on the American end of the bridge. When M'Rose took a shot at Scarborough, Jeff calmly drilled him through the heart with his 45.

Now it seems that John Wesley Hardin was sweet on the blond wife of M'Rose who lived on the El Paso side of the line. Hardin, who was given to loose talk, made the statement that he'd hired the Deputy U. S. Marshall, to do the job. Jeff heard about this talk and walked into a saloon and confronted Hardin. Jeff called him a damned liar. Hardin pleaded that he was unarmed, which was untrue. Jeff said, "Again, Hardin, you're a damned liar, you are armed and I know it. And you either tell these men you lied when you made that statement or start shooting pronto." Hardin, the killer, knew he'd run his string out, and meekly announced, "Gentlemen, I lied when I made that statement."

Wells Fargo in the 1890's hauled a lot of valuable express—the coin of the realm was the favored medium of exchange; for most business, gambling and payrolls were on a gold basis. They hired the early-day stage-coach counterparts of shot-gun messengers to ride their richest rail routes, and one of these was the branch rail line that ran from Guymas, Mexico, to Fairbank (Tombstone) and Benson, Arizona, where it connected with the main line of the Southern Pacific. This route hauled lots of bullion because of the Mexican cattle and mining trade and the U. S. payrolls for the border forts. Jeff was hired to ride herd on the Wells Fargo express on this short line. He still carried a U. S. Marshall's badge.

There was a gang of robbers and murderers who had given the Wells Fargo and the railroads a bad time for too long. In 1898 Special Agent John Thacker of the S. P. asked Jeff to take a leave of absence and select all the men he wanted to track down Broncho Bill, Crack Shot Johnson and Red Pipkin. Jeff said he only wanted one man and that was George Scarborough, a fellow U. S. Deputy Marshall in the days of his El Paso service. Jeff was given every assistance, special locomotives and stock cars for his horses and equipment. He trailed the gang for long months from Chiricuchua Mountains on the Mexican border through New Mexico into northern Arizona, finally trapping them in the White Mountains of Arizona.

It couldn't exactly be called a trap for that mountain fastness covered 2000 square miles of the wildest part of the United States. About all it had ever been good for was for the renegade Apaches to hide in. It was like hunting the proverbial needle in a thousand hay stacks. Broncho Bill felt secure. He boastfully sent out word by a cowboy, "any damn fool posse coming in after us, bring plenty of warm blankets and some good horses. We can use them."

Bill got so bold he went to a ranch dance at Geronimo on the Gila River and posting his partners as guards at the door tried to get the girls to dance with him. He shot up the hall when no girl would dance with him. This foolishness cost him dearly for Jeff was notified at Holbrook from where his men, horses and equipment was quickly entrained to Ft. Thomas where Jeff picked up the trail. Weary weeks later the men lead by Jeff

JEFF MILTON worked over onto the Double Circle range on the Black River. Trailing these outlaws was tough for they could not shoot game and fires had to be carefully screened. Jeff loved to fish and early one morning while indulging in his favorite sport he spied three men coming down the mountaineous trail. A shot rang out and the battle was on. Broncho Bill was shot off his horse. Red Pipkin's horse was shot from under him and he took to the brush; Johnson jumped from his horse to fight it out behind a rock. With a carefully aimed bullet Jeff mortally wounded Johnson. The fight was over—Johnson died in agony and Broncho Bill was expected to die. Jeff sent his young helper to Clifton with instructions to wire headquarters, "Send doctor and one coffin." That message told the story as Jeff saw it!

Jeff went back to his regular run on the Benson Guymas line. A gang headed by two silent partners Burt Alvord, deputy sheriff of Cochise County, and Billy Styles, constable, planned to hold up the train at Fairbank, a few miles southwest of Tombstone. They selected a day when Jeff was supposed to lay over in Nogales and the Fort Hauchucha payroll was due in. But Jeff was aboard that day, February 15, 1900, due to the other messenger being suddenly taken ill. As the train chugged to a stop at Fairbank, Jeff slid open the doors of the express car. Five men ordered him to throw up his hands. When he didn't comply 38.55 high powered rifles spat lead and Jeff reached for his sawed-off double-barrelled shotgun as he yelled, "If there's anything in here you want, come and get it!" Jeff's hat was shot off and a bullet shattered the bones of his left arm—he received other wounds. Jeff's pistol was on the desk in the car but he pumped buckshot into one of the gang with his one good arm and down went Three Fingered Jack Dunlap. The other barrel warmed the seat of the pants of Bravo Juan who never stopped until he crossed the Mexican border 60 miles to the south. As Jeff shut the express car door and threw the safe keys into the corner the three remaining bandits pumped bullets into the car until they were sure Jeff was dead. He was nearly. He had fainted from loss of blood and fallen between some trunks with his faithful dog whimpering over him.

The bandits forced the train crew to enter the express car in case Jeff was still alive. They thought he was dead and not being able to unlock the safe they loaded their wounded companion on horse and hit for the hills.

Jeff was gravely wounded, and while they rushed him by special train to the hospital at Tuscon, a posse pressed into the Dragoons on the trail of the train robbers. In the foothills at Buckshot Springs they found Three-Fingered Jack Dunlap, abandoned by his pals to die. He begged to be put out of his misery but the posse wanted him to talk. He lived for several days after they took him to Tombstone—long enough to name the gang—the two Owens boys, Bob Brown, Bravo Juan and the two absentee pardners Alvord and Styles. All eventually served time except Styles who turned state's evidence.

Jeff's fight to save his arm, which the doctors in Tuscon and San Francisco wanted to amputate, is a saga in itself. He kept his 45 Colts under his pillow and announced that no one was going to do that while he had one good arm and his six-gun handy. When they

JEFF MILTON persisted after eight long months in the hospital, he ordered his clothes brought to him and walked out with a worthless dangling piece of flesh for an arm. But he kept that arm for 46 years and exercised it daily with a bag of buckshot tied to his wrist to prevent its becoming useless.

Alvord was gunning for Jeff when he came back to Tuscon. Jeff was warned, but decided to have it out with the ex-deputy sheriff. Catching up with him in the old Windsor Hotel bar, Jeff cornered him. When Alvord protested he was unarmed, Jeff ripped open his coat with his only good arm and took out Alvord's gun; then in contempt handed it to him daring him to use it. Alvord was badly cowed but took the worst tongue-lashing of his life. Jeff's friends urged him to kill the coward, but Jeff refused. To cap the insult Jeff took Alvord to Buehman's photo gallery and had his picture taken. "So that the law will know him when they start looking for him some day," was Jeff's explanation.

TWENTY EIGHT YEARS IN THE IMMIGRATION SERVICE

Resigning with honor from Wells Fargo service Jeff tried his hand at prospecting for oil in Texas and Lower California, and engaging in other pursuits, but the lure of the life of an officer of the law was too strong, and in February 1904 he was appointed Chinese Inspector on the Mexican Border by the U. S. Immigration Bureau. He headquartered in Tombstone, Ajo, and Fairbank, Arizona but his line-riding duties covered the border—a trackless desert region hundreds of miles across. He was retired in 1932 at the age of 71 years.

A sizeable book could no doubt be written about Jeff's 28 years of service with the Immigration Service. Mention should be made of several distinguished assignments and honors that were earned by Jeff. In 1919 he was sent to Russia to guard the deportees headed by Emma Goldman. In 1936 the U. S. Immigration and Naturalization christened a boat "Jeff D. Milton" in his honor, and Governor Stanford of Arizona, on December 21, 1937, commissioned Jeff the only Colonel of Militia ever so honored by the state of Arizona.

In conclusion, I would like to say that to have known Jeff Milton, who passed away May 7, 1947, was a high-light of my life. It has been said of him that he had eyes in the back of his head, but I like his own little summation, "I never killed a man who didn't need killing, and I never killed an animal except for meat." And be it recorded that he always gave the hunted man a chance to surrender. If the choice was a fight Jeff could play that game too! If this presentation seems riddled with gunfire, let it be recalled that here was one of the great frontier peace officers who helped tame the Old Southwest—and that that part of the U. S. needed a lot of taming from 1877 down through 1900.

The scope of this paper will not permit of much of the great human gentleness, the fine sense of humor and the innate greatness of the man to become apparent, but I like to quote what Jeff said to his wife when she was reading an obituary of an old-time friend and peace officer, "I hope when I go, they'll have something better to say of me than to tell about the men I killed."

THE HOLDUP AT FAIRBANK, ARIZ. FEB. 1900

Drawing by Clarence Ellsworth

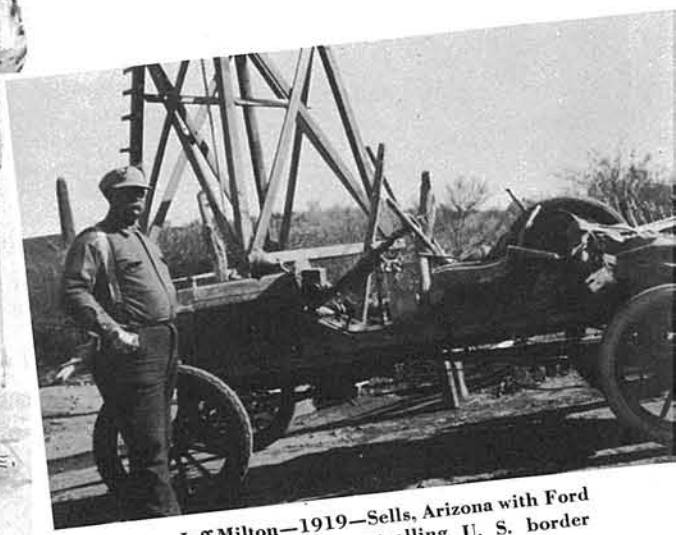
← JEFF MILTON when he was Chief of Police at El Paso, Texas (Age 33)

Photo by Buenman

JEFF MILTON, Dec. 21, 1937→ at Tombstone, Arizona

Photo by Geo. Chambers

Armed by proxy at Colorado, Texas
Drawing by Clarence Ellsworth



Jeff Milton—1919—Sells, Arizona with Ford used by him in patrolling U. S. border
Photo by Mrs. Milton

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