



OUTLAW GAZETTE

Vol. XXIX - 2016

preserve

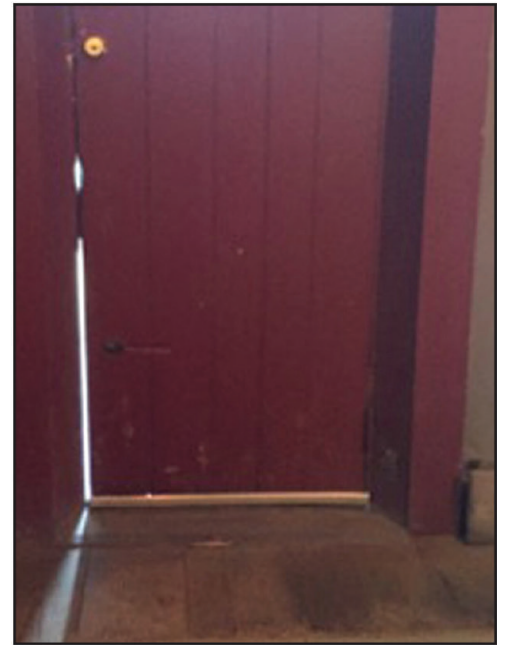
protect

promote



Preserve & Protect

To better understand the restoration needs facing Lincoln (not to mention Ft. Stanton) we asked Ginger Moore with the Friends of Lincoln to send photos she's taken around town of the damage. You'll find her photos scattered throughout this Gazette illustrating how many problems there are that need attention and help from those who don't want to see this town crumble to ruin.



The Tunstall Store

1. Exterior damage – Western Window
2. Exterior damage – Western Corner
3. Overloaded power strips – Front Desk
4. Weather damage and rot – Window Seat in Tunstall's Living Quarters
5. Broken windows – Interior Front
6. Gaps in door that let in weather – Tunstall's Living Quarters



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Dedication

Don McAlavy

On January 11, 2016 we lost a long-time member, supporter, and friend to not only the Billy the Kid Outlaw Gang, but to the State of New Mexico: Don McAlavy. Painter, writer, and historian, Don loved the Old West and worked tirelessly researching and recording the past so future generations would be able to learn and appreciate New Mexico's rich history.

Don served the BTKOG as president and editor of this Gazette for years—his issues were something your current editor tries hard to live up to.

When I attended my first campout in Ruidoso, just after joining the BTKOG, Don was one of the first members I met. I was just out of college and hadn't been researching Billy the Kid for too long. Don was so welcoming and excited to learn I was writing a book about Billy. He spent hours telling me Billy stories and describing all the correct locations of historic sites whose markers weren't necessarily in the right spot—thanks to him I've always known Tunstall and McSween aren't under their wooden crosses. And I still have the map Don drew me to the Tunstall kill site, sixteen years later. I will always appreciate the kindness he showed to me and all the other BTKOG members who were fortunate enough to know him.

New Mexico was lucky to have him and so were we.



Butch Blazer and Don McAlavy at Blazer's Mill 2002—Courtesy of Chris Jones

The Death of Alexander McSween

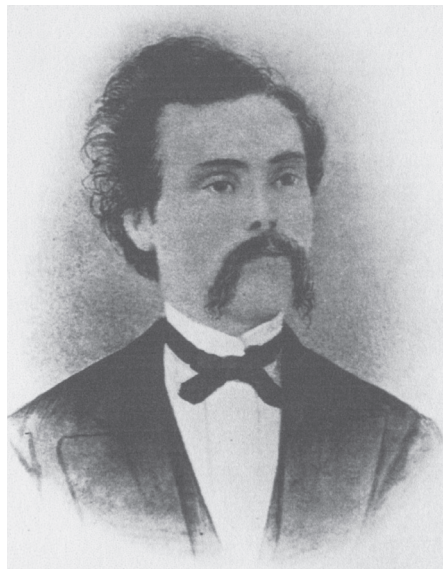
—Drew Gomber

There have always been questions regarding the Lincoln County War that will probably never be answered. However, sometimes, something comes to light that is at least plausible. Case in point: The death of Alexander McSween on the night of July 19, 1878. According to most history books, McSween, in a final attempt to escape the inferno that his home had become, ran to the chicken coop behind his house where he lost his nerve, stopped, and began screaming for someone to accept his surrender and protect him from a lynch mob.

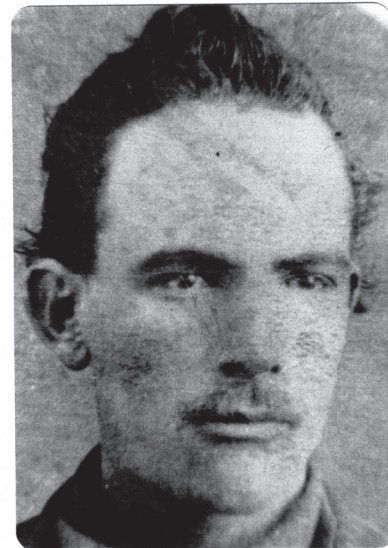
When 19-year-old Bob Beckwith, who had a Deputy U.S. Marshal's commission, stepped forward to comply, McSween suddenly screamed that he would "never surrender!", and all hell broke loose. It resulted in the deaths of McSween, Beckwith, and two others who were standing next to McSween. This has always been a problem for many who study the Lincoln County War. For McSween to say something like that would have been way, way out of character. Throughout the war, he had relied on others to do his killing, pompously carrying a Bible instead of a gun. Also, just minutes before McSween's death, the Kid took the reins of command. He grabbed McSween, who was quivering with fear on the floor, commanding the terrified lawyer to do as he was told. With that, the Kid proposed a desperate plan.

It was suicidal, but it was simple: Billy would lead a group of decoys to draw the fire of the opposition while McSween and the others remaining in the house might make a run for safety. But the lawyer's nerve failed him, and moments later, he was dead. The real question has always been, if McSween had not said he would "never surrender," then what caused virtually everyone to open fire?

Recently, I had the pleasure of meeting Lewis Ketring, a man who has researched the Lincoln County War for decades. And it was Ketring who finally gave me a plausible reason for what happened that night. The information had originally come from Maurice Fulton, whose research was early enough for him



Alexander McSween—Courtesy of R. G. McCubbin



Robert Beckwith—Courtesy of R. G. McCubbin

to have actually interviewed participants. What Fulton said was passed to Bob Mullin (another early researcher), who told Ketring, who told me.

According to Fulton, McSween did not scream that he would never surrender. McSween's nerve failed him as he stood in the shadows near his chicken coop, and Beckwith stepped forward, just as all the accounts claimed. But there, the similarity ends.

At this point, we must focus on events that had been unfolding in Seven Rivers for some time. The Jones and Beckwith families had been feuding about cattle, and it was beginning to get ugly. Threats had been made, and shots fired, but so far, there were no fatalities to either family.

It is important to remember, as always, that on the frontier, it was not about "good guys and bad guys" as Hollywood has been drilling into our heads for most of our lives. Nor should we forget that men on the frontier, if they threatened you, were most definitely not joking. Historian Maurice Fulton knew this as well as anyone, so when he announced to the Jones family that he intended to publish the following, he knew that when they threatened his life if he did, they were deadly serious.

Consequently, Fulton wisely did not publish the following account. Not wanting to lose the story entirely, he passed it on to Bob Mullin, who relayed it to Ketring, who gave it to me. As all of the Jones brothers from that period are long gone, it seems only right that the story finally be published – if for no other reason than to shed a little more light on the events of the night of July 19, 1878. So, here you have it:

As Beckwith drew close to the lawyer, one of the "Murphy men," standing a few yards away, and filled with adrenaline (and probably liquor), lost control. It was John Jones, a son of the legendary Barbara "Ma'am Jones of the Pecos."

John had fought on the side of Jimmy Dolan as a "Murphy man" throughout the war. But he and Billy the Kid were friends before, during, and after the war. Jones had just watched his pal escape through a hailstorm of bullets, none of which were fired by Jones himself, as he was shouting encouragement to the Kid throughout Billy's desperate flight to freedom.

But then, he found himself watching McSween from just a few yards away, and unlike Billy, John Jones had no reason to like McSween. As John stood there,

watching, what must have appeared to be an unbelievably opportune moment presented itself.

Bob Beckwith stepped forward, and John Jones, keyed up beyond imagination, impulsively raised his pistol and fired. His bullet found Beckwith, killing him instantly. No one knew who had fired that first shot, but tension was so high – to the breaking point—that virtually everyone opened fire. McSween and the other collapsed in a pile in less time than it took you to read this sentence.

Of course, like everything else concerning the Lincoln County War, there was more to it. Jones was later killed by another Murphy man, Bob Olinger, in circumstances that were dubious at best. Olinger took Jones' hand in a friendly gesture, but then held onto it, so that Jones could not draw his own weapon. Olinger drew his pistol and killed Jones on the spot.

The Jones family was distraught, and John's innumerable brothers desperately wanted revenge. But the Kid stepped in, and reportedly told Barbara Jones to keep the rest of her boys out of it and safe. He told her that he, Billy, would see to Olinger.

And that was exactly what he did on April 28, 1881. Olinger was one of the guards assigned to guard the Kid prior to his hanging, scheduled for May 13th. Most people think that the Kid killed Olinger – jubilantly, by all accounts – because Olinger had taunted him while he was in custody. But there was much more to it than that. The Kid most definitely hated Olinger, but not just because of the taunting. There was also the matter of John Jones.

We all know the story. Billy's jailbreak was one of the most spectacular in U.S. history, but that, of course, is another story.

SOURCES:

The West of Billy the Kid by Frederick Nolan

A Documentary History of the Lincoln County War by Fredierick Nolan

A History of the Lincoln County War by Maurice Fulton

Author's personal files

Deluvina Maxwell

Fort Sumner, New Mexico

To J. Evetts Haley

June 24, 1927

(Deluvina Maxwell is a Navajo woman. She was brought to Fort Sumner by Lucian [sic] S. Maxwell as a slave and has been in the Maxwell family every [sic] since. She now lives with Mrs. M. Abreu at Old Fort Sumner, a daughter of Lucian Maxwell. JEH)

I came here after Lucian Maxwell was already here. He raised me as a child. I came here about 1879 and was here when Billy the Kid was killed. Billy the Kid was my compadre, my friend, poor Billy.

Billy danced with the good people of the town. They had dances every night. Pat Garrett wanted someone to call me to see if the Kid was dead, but no one came. Pete Maxwell had told Billy he had better go, as Pat Garrett was coming after him. Billy said he did not care, he was not afraid of Pat Garrett. The night he was killed Billy came in hungry, went down with a butcher knife and went into Maxwell's room where Garrett was and he shot him. The story is told that I was there and went in with a candle to see if Billy was dead. I did not do it. Pete took a candle and held it around in the window and Pat stood back in the dark where he could see into the room. When they saw that he was dead, they both went in.

Billy did not go to Maxwell's house often. He did not stay there. Most of the native people (Mexicans) who lived in town went to his funeral. Billy the Kid told me before he died that he was not so mean before he worked for Chisum. Chisum told him he would give him anything he wanted if he would go up and fight Murphy at Lincoln. After he had done this Chisum would not pay him a cent and that is what made him so mean.

Joe Grant came to Fort Sumner and claimed to be friendly to Billy the Kid. He got drunk one day and told Billy that he was going to kill him and that Chisum was paying him for it. Billy said: "I'll pay you," and pulled his pistol and shot him down.

Mr. Maxwell owned all the houses at the old Fort and if they had a dance they would come down to ask Mrs. Maxwell if they could use the hall, and Billy often came to ask her about it. One time he and Pete were riding down to town and began shooting in fun to see which was the best shot. They were shooting at the turkey's feet. Mrs. Maxwell came out and said: "Stop that shooting around here; I don't want to be scared to death." Billy said: "All right, Mother Maxwell, I won't shoot any more about here," and he did not. He could whirl his gun about on his finger and then shoot. A boy from Vegas tried to act like him once and shot and killed himself.

When Billy got away from the jail at Lincoln he came from one sheep camp to another up to Fort Sumner. Most of the natives liked him. Vicinte Otero came up and said that Billy was at his house. Billy came to Pete Maxwell's house and Maxwell sent one of his women servants, Antonio Malfino, into the room where Billy was. He hid behind the door and called her, when she screamed and said: "I thought you were dead." He said: "Well, I am not." I did not see Billy the night after he was killed, but I saw him the following morning.

We had nice dances in the early days, waltzes, quadrilles, cunas, cutillos. There was an old fiddler in Fort Sumner by the name of Augustine who played for the dances.

I began working for Pete Maxwell when about nine years old. Many men worked for Maxwell, among them four Navajo children. He was a good man to work for and people liked to work for him.

Tracking Down the Billy-the-Kid Jail in Santa Fe

—Bob Ross, BTKOG Member

In his short life Billy the Kid spent time in quite a large number of jails. His first jail was in (1) *Silver City*, where Sheriff Whitehill had placed him (for a “minor” theft) just to scare him—and from which jail he made his **FIRST ESCAPE**. He spent some brief time in the (2) *military jail at Camp Grant* in Arizona. He was in the (3) *dugout jail in Lincoln* a time or two. He was (perhaps) briefly held in the (4) *military lockup at Fort Stanton* when testifying at the Dudley hearings. He was held in the (5) *Patron House in Lincoln* for close to three months when under house arrest for Lew Wallace (to testify at the Chapman murder trial). He passed a single night in the (6) *San Miguel County Jail in Las Vegas* when being brought in by Garrett and posse from Stinking Springs. Then he spent fully three months in the (7) *Santa Fe County Jail on Water Street in Santa Fe* before being shipped to the (8) *Dona Ana County Jail in Old Mesilla* for his Brady murder trial. Finally he spent a week in the (9) *Lincoln County Courthouse* (in the old Murphy/Dolan store)—from which “jail” he made his **LAST ESCAPE** (remembered annually there in the Old Lincoln Days celebration). If I count correctly, that’s nine (9) jails of various shapes and sizes. (Eight of these incarcerations are solidly documented. The only dubious one is the possible lockup at Fort Stanton.) Turns out, however, that Billy spent the most time (three *whole* months) in the Santa Fe County Jail on Water Street. He was placed in that jail on December 27, 1880, and shipped by train to Old Mesilla on March 28, 1881.

I got interested in tracking down the jail that held the Kid in Santa Fe after I read Robert Utley’s book *Billy the Kid: A Short and Violent Life* around 1994. Even though I had lived in NM since 1973, I did not discover that Billy the Kid was even from NM till 1994. I carefully chose one book to read on the Kid, and I had the good beginner’s luck to choose Utley. From him I learned (among many other things) that the Kid had been held in a jail on Water Street in Santa Fe. Often when on or near that street I would ask people (parking lot attendants, clerks in stores, passersby, etc.) “where the jail was that held Billy the Kid?” No one knew. I must say this did surprise me.

After I retired in 2005 I set out to track down that jail in a more organized and sustained manner. The idea that Billy the Kid—this magical, shimmering, legendary character out of American folklore—had actually *been* in Santa Fe, and for a good while—not just passing through—intrigued me to no end. I wanted to know *exactly* where he had been so I could stand there and realize I was just feet or yards from where *Billy the Kid* had actually been. I will recount just a few of the more important inflection points in my full two-year search for the jail.

No one at the museums could help me, so I went to the present-day County Offices (on the corner of Grant and Palace Avenues). They had no records of old county jails or county offices on Water Street; but one young man working there told me he thought the Kid was jailed on San Francisco Street (which is adjacent to and runs parallel with Water) somewhere between Tia Sophia’s Restaurant and the Sleeping Dog Tavern. It turned out



Connie Ross at the Location of the Cell Block that Held Once Billy the Kid—
Courtesy of Bob Ross

there was a relevant plaque in that stretch of road; it hung on the Collected Works Bookstore which was in the Cornell Building. The plaque claimed the Cornell Building was the one-time home of the jail that held Billy the Kid. I was excited to find this plaque and thought perhaps my search was over. I went into the store and questioned the clerks. They said (to my astonishment) that they did *not* believe their store was the location of the jail. The stone-lined basement, they said, showed no signs (bars, chains—or anything else) that would indicate it had once been a jail. The signature on the plaque was of the businessman who had owned the building, Murray Cornell. With a little further digging I found that Cornell’s only evidence was hearsay, and an old newspaper article from 1880 which said the recently jail-deposited Kid was being held in a “dark, stone-lined cell.” Cornell put those pieces of information together and concluded that his stone-lined basement was likely the place. He put up a plaque, and no one objected. That plaque is still there. But I realized this was probably *not* the place. My search had to continue.

My next big clue came from my father-in-law, Tony Gomez (he is now 89 years old) who grew up in Santa Fe and remembered from his boyhood a jail on Water Street. He showed me the location, which is now the parking lot on the west side of the Otra Vez Building (that stands at the corner of Water and Galisteo Streets—just a short walk off the historic Santa Fe Plaza). I was able to track down a photo of the jail my father-in-law remembered, but that jail was built in 1906. Billy was in Santa Fe in 1880/81. There was reference, however (in the photo’s caption), to an *earlier jail* on the same site. I set out to find that prior jail.

Keep in mind that I had no experience with historical research, so I did not think of doing obvious things. Eventually it did occur to me, however, that I could search at the state archives

for old maps. I did that, and was thrilled to find (on the Sanborn insurance maps) an earlier adobe jail that coincided with the location of the 1906 jail my father-in-law remembered. It was labeled as “County Offices” with “jail” wings attached. Voila! I felt I had found it. But I still needed to do more research to be sure there was not perhaps another jail located elsewhere in Santa Fe that might have held the Kid. Turned out there was not.

I took my data to the *Santa Fe New Mexican* and they jumped on it. Anything dealing with Billy the Kid gets jumped on. He is the most famous name, bar none, ever to come out of New Mexico. That certainly does not mean he is the greatest person associated with NM—Kit Carson better qualifies for that designation, I think—but his is the most recognizable name worldwide. My discovery came out on the front page of the SFNM of September 11, 1907.

But it was as if it all went in one ear and out the other of Santa Fe. Nothing happened. The plaque on San Francisco Street stayed put. Nothing went up in the new location. So I decided I would have to push the issue myself. I wrote up my data in an organized fashion and presented it to the Historic Santa Fe Foundation (HSFF), which puts up plaques on important historical buildings and sites in Santa Fe. I did not hear a peep from them for fully seven months. Then one day I got a two-sentence e-mail saying they thought I was right, but that they needed a confirmation from a top-notch historian “such as Mark Simmons.” I got ahold of our great New Mexico historian and he agreed to examine my data. Within one week he got back to me confirming that I had “done it;” and he wrote the HSFF to the same effect.

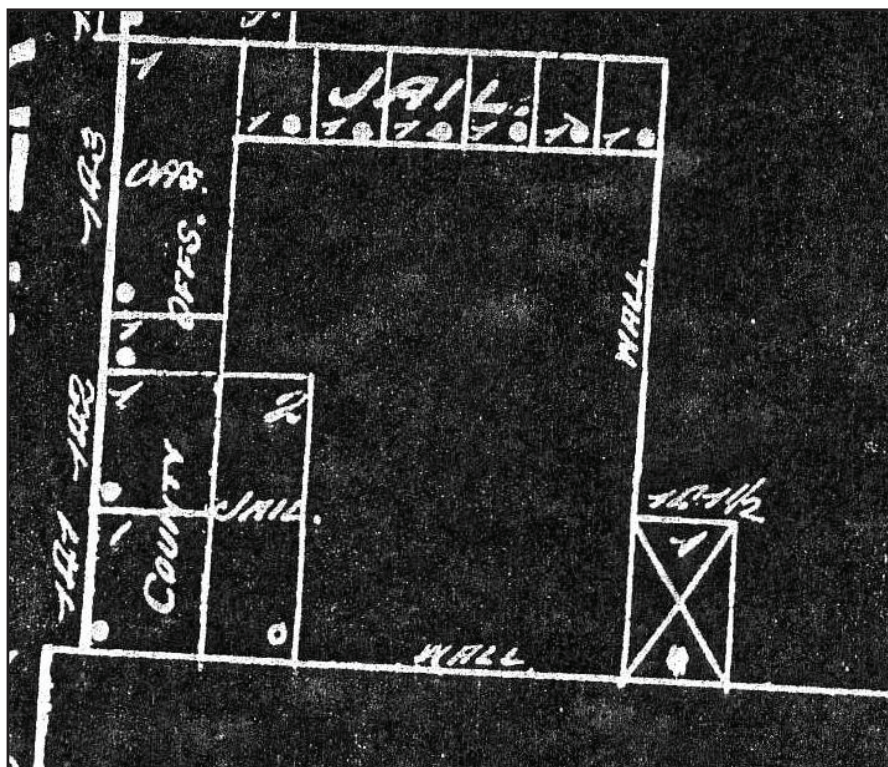
I talked with the management at the Otra Vez building and persuaded them they would benefit from people knowing their building sat right where Billy the Kid was once jailed. The jail itself was long gone (since 1906); but they sat right on that important site. They agreed to pay for, and the HSFF agreed to erect and endorse, the plaque. It went up in 2009 and still graces that special spot. I can stand there and think, “Billy the Kid was here, right here!”

In subsequent research carried out with the help of noted Billy-the-Kid historian Mike Pitel, we dug out more information on the Santa Fe County Jail that held the Kid. We discovered (primarily from old newspapers) that the adobe jail was becoming so dilapidated circa 1906 that jail escapees used “justifiable fear” (of the building falling down on them) as their excuse for flight. A new jail was commissioned (the one my father-in-law recalled) and began construction in 1906. Mike and I also found out that counterfeiter Billy Wilson—captured at and brought in with the Kid from Stinking Springs—managed to escape from the Santa Fe County Jail (in 1882) after the Kid was gone from there (and from the world, for that matter). Most importantly, we discovered that there was a *two-story part* of the jail that contained a *high-security, stone-lined, escape-proof, dark cell* intended for especially dangerous prisoners—and within which the inmates could even be shackled to the floor. A second-story guard room above that special cell had slits in the floor that allowed officers to eavesdrop on inmate talk. This was no doubt the “dark, stone-lined

cell” that Murray Cornell had wrongly identified as his basement. Eureka! We had found it, and it *was* on Water Street. Using maps and measurements we pinned down the exact location of that cell in the parking lot of the Otra Vez Building. You can stand *inside* the precise space that held the Kid.

There is an odd twist of events that I should mention. The bogus Cornell plaque was on the wall of The Collected Works Bookstore when that store was located in the Cornell Building at 208 W. San Francisco Street (just to the east side of Tia Sophia’s Restaurant). In 2009 the bookstore moved around the corner into a larger space in the Otra Vez Building on Water Street. Shortly thereafter, still in 2009, the new location sprouted its own Billy-the-Kid-jail plaque (based on my research and documented by the HSFF). The Collected Works just could not get away from Billy the Kid! The coffee shop in the bookstore’s new location sits *right where the regular cell block once stood*. If you have coffee there (which I strongly urge—and while there be sure explore the great book selection), you’ll be sitting virtually *inside* a jail space that once held Billy the Kid.

By the way, Billy and his cohorts did not remain in the high-security cell the whole time they were in Santa Fe. They were placed in a regular cell for part of their stay. (The regular cell block coincided with the coffee shop just mentioned.) The high-security cell block was a distinct two-story structure attached behind (south of) the County Offices (in what is now the parking lot of the Otra Vez Building). It can be inferred from the newspaper coverage that the Kid was placed in high-security upon arrival at the jail, and then again after making an escape attempt. Billy and his cellmates attempted to tunnel out of their regular cell, and nearly made it. Apparently a “snitch” informed on them, and their tunnel was uncovered just before they were about to make their break. So the Santa Fe County Jail is the site of the **LAST FAILED ESCAPE** of Billy the Kid.



Detail of the Sanborn Map 1883—Courtesy of Bob Ross

What Would Billy Say?

The Lincoln County War Continues

—Lynda A. Sánchez

Editor's Note: I originally asked Lynda to write this in August 2016. Since then a few of the positions have been filled but there are still plenty of issues and concerns that need addressing—this is an ongoing problem and isn't going to be fixed without our involvement.

Update: Lincoln, New Mexico

Billy might have indicated if interviewed: “Nothin’ new, even well after the end of the Lincoln County War! Them colas blancas are still running things and makin’ a mess too.”

Lew Wallace did say: “Politics as usual...Every calculation based on experience elsewhere fails in New Mexico!”

Pat Garrett might have said: “I did my job, but never got the support and respect that I should have had for doing the dirty work. Things never change.”

Susan McSween, when telling her version of history, might have also wished for future generations, that a more fair and balanced approach could have been taken by the military. “Watching the burning embers of what had once been a wonderful home, I wondered why this was happening now, and to us, we who tried to bring prosperity and a new way to old Lincoln town.”

Yginio Salazar, the youngest outlaw at age 15 and survivor of the five day battle, no doubt could have stated, “Tenia suerte durante la guerra! (I was lucky during the war!) Being so young I never understood it all, but now that I am older I am glad there is peace in our beautiful Bonito Valley once again. Today, the museums that tell the story are wonderful to have so our younger folks will understand better what happened here. We must protect and save such stories and places for the future, para nuestra herencia (for our heritage). And you know, sometimes I miss mi amigo Billy! I still hear his voice and his laugh.”

Fast forward to 2016 and the Lincoln County War is still ongoing. Though not being fought with guns and incredible violence on both sides as it was then, the new Lincoln County War, and perhaps even a group some refer to as the new Santa Fe Ring, are fighting over money, power and how to control things within New Mexico's incredible Historic Sites system. This would include: Fort Sumner, Fort Selden, Fort Stanton, El Camino Real, Coronado, Jemez and Old Lincoln along with other intriguing architectural and historical gifts presented to the state to care for and interpret for future generations.

The bad news came on May 25th...Historic Site Managers were shown an organizational chart that was to bring a “new” way of managing these special gems. Employees were told the budget was tight, and the Department of Cultural Affairs had to cut somewhere. Managers would have to hang up their spurs and then reapply for fewer new positions as Regional Managers – the responsibilities would entail two sites per manager instead of the regular set up. That meant Managers who had been in the saddle for some time had the choice to retire, reapply as Rangers at much lower pay, or pit themselves, one against another, for the “regional” positions.

As a result of DCA attempting to “balance their budget” unfairly on the back of the Historic Sites, a major outcry came from

the communities that will be affected! Throughout New Mexico, citizens lent their voices to a movement to get the attention of DCA and State leaders about the lack of equity in these cuts. Others – retirees from DCA (even former Directors of NM Historic Sites), and friends of Lincoln throughout the United States – spoke against the reorganization and inequity of the plan. A very few stated that this new “plan” (which was not really a plan, but a reconstituted organizational chart) would be an improvement and save money too. However, the vast majority of people said this is incorrect...it may save a little (about 50-75 K) however, the upheaval and lack of expert planning will create numerous problems as well.

Additionally, in Lincoln alone, three staffers left within a two-month time frame leaving only two full time Rangers and a few dedicated volunteers to man the site with its many buildings and 7 museums. A similar situation was happening at nearby Fort Stanton and other Historic Sites.

Lincoln, which should have at least 7-8 filled positions, now only has two. Of course, it is promised that other vacancies will be filled soon and that a new Director for all sites would be on hand before the Old Lincoln Days celebrations. That was not the case. Six “helpers” were sent from other sites and Santa Fe for a temporary fix. Now, it is stated that the Director will be available by September 10? When speakers before the State Personnel Board and the Board of Regents in July suggested DCA wait and rethink the changes, or to delay the changes until after Labor Day, they were told, “No.” Hmmmmm! That day is fast approaching, so why couldn't the decision have waited, and been reviewed again under a new Director who could analyze the entire situation with more logical thinking and perhaps more reasonable solutions?

After all of that was digested, along with other cuts and changes to State Historic Sites, they still do not have a new Director - after almost a year - and morale is lower than floor level (and that is pretty low). Volunteers are outraged and naturally upset as more and more of the burden falls on their shoulders. To add further insult, eleven positions or more were being added in Santa Fe area museums. It seems DCA has forgotten that within our historic sites are also housed some pretty cool museums and invaluable architectural structures.

For decades New Mexico Historic Sites (aka Monuments) has been under the umbrella of the Museum of NM Board of Regents, but the Sites have been cast aside as a stepchild or orphan would be. After all, they are not in Santa Fe or Albuquerque! For years they have also been understaffed and underfunded, their buildings are crumbling and cracked, foundations (like at the San Juan Church in Lincoln) are in bad need of repair. The venerable Tunstall Store in Lincoln has one of its main walls leaning toward the Bonito and it will soon crash if some kind of support is not forthcoming. The Regents don't seem to consider these sites worthy of special fund raising activities by the foundation that supports the Museum of New Mexico - it could be done by special request (one would think). Or, as Regents are supposed to do, use their knowledge, expertise and influence to better shepherd these unique sites and care for them as they care for other museums and special places under their purview?



Ft. Stanton Hospital Building—Courtesy of Lori Ann Goodloe

Why is this so one might ask? It is a most frustrating lesson in government incompetence and lack of planning. Budget shortfalls happen all the time in New Mexico with the rise and fall of oil, yet a more than 6 billion dollar industry (Tourism) seems to be ignored (at least outside the Santa Fe/Albuquerque corridor). In other words, they are rewarding success (the last four years has had a significant rise in visitors at all sites and museums throughout NM) with failure of leadership to plan for the tough years when monies are less. New Mexico Historic Sites are part of that success, yet the brunt of the cuts have fallen on their backs!

During meetings in Santa Fe on July 21, many people in support of all of our historic sites traveled to plead with the DCA leadership and the Department of Personnel not to go through with this foolish plan. Numbers were crunched and presented to show that very little money was going to be saved, people spoke - and yet no one listened, or at least they did not act like they did. However, they had to have been moved by the number and expertise of presenters against this plan. Members of the personnel board informed the audience that they had never had so many letters (over 70 from folks all over the region and nation with numerous thoughtful and good points and/or ideas). They had never had so many attend their Board Meeting from points south either. Despite all of this information and passion, they approved the DCA changes —to emulate the National Park Service with their regional Superintendent’s groupings or consolidation. They did not acknowledge that the NPS happens to be structured and funded differently, and that the Regional Management approach hasn’t worked there either according to numerous NPS Superintendents and staffers. (And it was not mentioned that the NPS, at this point in time, has a major maintenance shortfall of almost 13 Billion dollars)!

Equity was requested. *Parity*...spreading the pain around...and a new way of viewing Historic Sites was requested. Testimony before the Legislative Finance Committee the following week in Ruidoso also had people telling the legislators these same messages. Senator John Arthur Smith reminded Secretary Gonzales that they had best see to minding the store, and when the good times roll that the wealth be spread around, and when it is time to cut, that too should be spread around equitably.

Did they hear? We don’t know. Things are still up in the air for now. Some of the former managers are now Rangers doing the work of a Ranger and a Manager with a 30 % cut in pay. Not a good scenario!

Those of you who wrote or called, we thank you for doing so. Those of you who continue to be frustrated and upset by this inept way of operating some of the finest gems in this colorful mosaic of sites, cultures and history; and those of you who wish to have a say, you’ll find some contact information below. If you have additional questions you may contact me (diamondjnl@pvt.net) or by phone, (575) 653-4821. Or Ginger Moore at (gemoore105@yahoo.com). Ginger is one of our dedicated volunteers and presenters.

If you wish to donate to the cause, please do so. If you do donate to the Museum Foundation please make sure it is designated FOR New Mexico Historic Sites.

If you are as outraged as the rest of us, make your voices heard. I continue to be appalled by all of this and am beginning to agree with some of those who claim that the “Santa Fe Ring” still operates and that in some places, the war, the Lincoln County War, Part II, continues to be fought. I think Billy would say the same.

Contact Information:

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(Moore is the new director and might be the best person to contact with our concerns.)

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Doing Their Part for History

—Lori Ann Goodloe, BTKOG Member

There are two very different but very notable organizations in Lincoln—both of which are doing their part to preserve, protect, and promote the history of the town and Billy the Kid.

Much like the BTKOG, the Friends of Lincoln is a non-profit organization whose main goal is to help support the preservation of Lincoln by actively participating in the restoration of buildings and the education of tourists. Last year the Friends began a commemorative brick program where supporters can purchase personalized bricks to be laid in front of the visitor center (several BTKOG members already got theirs). More recently they started an “adopt a museum” program where individuals and groups can sponsor a specific building in need of repair (something every building needs).

Friends sat down with the now-former manager of the Lincoln Monument, Gary Cozzens, and figured out that Lincoln would need \$2 million, in addition to what the State of New Mexico at the time had budgeted for the monument, to keep the historic buildings from crumbling into ruin. This was before the issues in Santa Fe began. If you’ve read Lynda Sánchez’s article on page 7, and seen the photos of deterioration throughout this Gazette, you know that after the State cuts funding it will be even more important for the town to rely on organizations like the Friends of Lincoln.

The Last Escape of Billy the Kid Pageant also does its part in promoting the history of Billy the Kid in Lincoln. We wrote about the 75th Anniversary of the pageant in the 2015 issue of the Outlaw Gazette but the information bears repeating. Every year during Old Lincoln Days, when hundreds of people flood into Lincoln, the folks in town put on the pageant to entertain and educate people on the significance of Billy and the Lincoln County War to the area. All of the participants in the pageant are volunteers and perform year after year because they love what they do. All proceeds for tickets sales go back into the pageant—for repairs to the sets, costumes, insurance and ammunition (since 9/11 the cost of insurance has risen from \$600 to \$1,400 and ammunition costs have gone from \$400 to \$1,200 per year). Unfortunately, this past year the Saturday night performance, the biggest of the weekend, was rained out and the show had to be canceled for the first time in 76 years. The pageant lost quite a bit in refunded tickets which will make it more difficult for them to put on next year’s show. Crumbling buildings aren’t the only things in Lincoln that could use extra support right now.

The Friends of Lincoln have been working hard to preserve the history of Lincoln and Billy the Kid and the volunteers who put on the pageant have been working equally hard to preserve the memory. Billy the Kid is the reason tourists come to Lincoln; the Lincoln County War and Billy’s infamous escape from the courthouse is what keeps this amazing little town on the map.

If the State of New Mexico can’t or won’t recognize the importance of Lincoln (along with the other state monuments) then it’s up to us to make a difference and show the folks in the capital that there is more to New Mexico than just Santa Fe. Find out more about how you can help both of these organizations on their websites.

oldlincolntown.org

billythekidpageant.com



Billy (played by Mitchell Harper) shoots Olinger (played by Colt McInnes) in this Year’s Pageant—Courtesy of Lori Ann Goodloe



Lincoln Needs Our Help

Preserving Lincoln

A big part of what the BTKOG stands for is the preservation of Billy the Kid sites in New Mexico. Judging by these photos we have our work cut out for us. Lincoln County especially needs our help saving these buildings for generations of Billy the Kid fanatics to come.



Damaged Visitor Center Sign—Courtesy of Ginger Moore



Crumbling San Juan Church Foundation—Courtesy of Ginger Moore



Cracked Exterior of Tunstall Museum—Courtesy of Ginger Moore



Exposed Adobe and Cracked Walls in Tunstall's Bedroom—Courtesy of Lori Ann Goodloe



South Side of Courthouse—Courtesy of Ginger Moore



Close-up of Exposed Door frame in the Photo to the Left—Courtesy of Ginger Moore



Cracked Interior Walls of the Courthouse—Courtesy of Lori Ann Goodloe



Close-up of Interior Courthouse Wall—Courtesy of Ginger Moore

Old Lincoln Days

August, 2016 - Lincoln, NM



Lori Goodloe, Shelly Buffalo Calf, Steven and Sarah Kretschmer, Linda Pardo, and Connie Ross—Courtesy of Bob Ross



Sarah and Steven Kretschmer, Shelly Buffalo Calf, Lori Goodloe, Linda Pardo, and Bob and Connie Ross—Courtesy of Bob Ross



Connie Ross with Billy the Kid and the Marrowbone Springs Gunfighters Group in Front of the Dolan House—Courtesy of Bob Ross



Fort Stanton Soldier vs. Gunslinger—Courtesy of Ann Lori Goodloe



Linda Pardo, Kent McInnea, Shelly Buffalo Calf, Micky Huey, and Lori Goodloe after the Pageant—Courtesy of Lori Ann Goodloe



Shelly Buffalo Calf and Linda Pardo—Courtesy of Bob Ross

"The First Arrests of the Regulators"

An excerpt from the novel *The Kid* by Ron Hansen published by Scribner in October, 2016.

—Ron Hansen, BTKOG Member

The first arrests of the Regulators came in March 1878 when Brewer, Middleton, Bowdre, Scurlock, and Kid Bonney found Frank Baker and William "Buck" Morton watering their horses on the far side of the Rio Peñasco. Baker was raised in an educated and cultured family in Syracuse, New York, but took a wrong turning and found sick pleasure in several homicides even before he signed on with Sheriff Brady's posse to hunt down John Tunstall. Twenty-one-year-old Buck Morton grew up on a tobacco plantation in Virginia, clerked in a hotel in Denver, slit the throat of his gold-mining partner in Arizona, and was a sixty-dollar-a-month foreman on Jimmy Dolan's cattle ranch on Black River when he joined the sheriff's posse and shot Tunstall in cold blood. They both rode with The Boys at times and were high-tailing it to Texas when their means of locomotion got thirsty.

Wide-eyed at seeing the Regulators, the culprits fired at the five from a crouch, and in a wild panic hopped on their horses and spurred them eastward. The Regulators crashed their own horses across a pretty fly-fishing river and gave chase through open country, the pursued in a hot gallop and twisting in their jolting saddles to shoot backward, hitting nothing but earth and sky, then having to frantically reload on the run. The Regulators sent a fusillade of gunfire at them, too, but the leaps and lunges of their horses also jostled their aims into ever-miss. But their five animals were fresher and Morton's and Baker's were hard-used and playing out, heaving for air and lathering up and stumbling with weakness until one just halted in a head-shaking statement of I shall go no farther and then the other horse joined him in sharing their exhaustion.

There was nothing for the murderers to do but jump down and hide in some tall, crackling, tules in cold marsh water. Reeds nodded whenever they shifted position and guns could find their sloshing noise even when they couldn't be seen.

"Fish in a farrow," Bowdre said.

The Kid corrected him: "Barrel."

Constable Brewer shouted, "We could set fire to these weeds and burn you out! So surrender and we won't harm you!"

The Regulators could hear the hissing of whispered discussion and then, "Okay, we give up. Don't shoot."

One fell in the high reeds, making a commotion, and his partner criticized him, and then both sodden men showed themselves with their hands held high overhead but seeming skeptical about their futures.

Brewer said, "We'd rather have shot you both and had it done with, but as it is I guess you're under arrest."

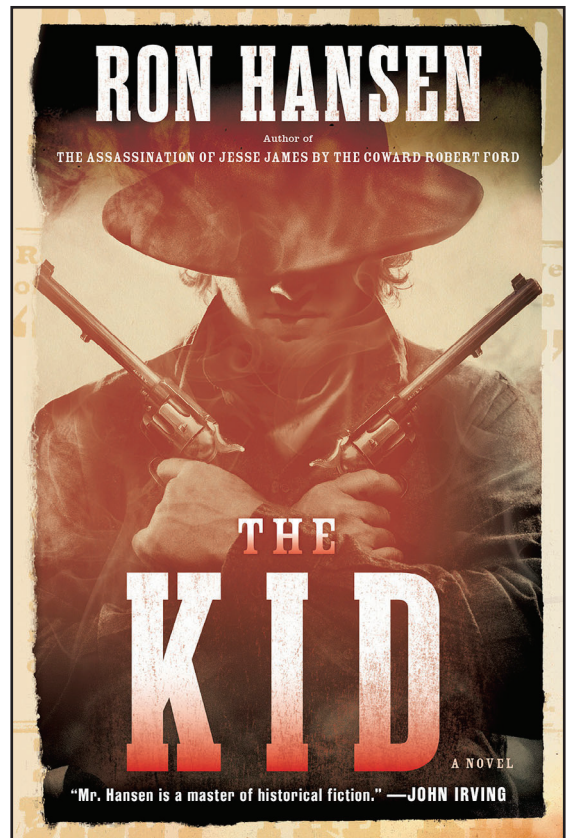
Wet Buck Morton said, "We never did anything wrong. It was all justifiable."

And the Kid told Brewer, "Let's kill em now."

"We can't. We caught em."

The Kid protested, "We take them back to Sheriff Brady or Judge Bristol and they'll just set them loose."

Brewer ignored him and got off his horse to take their guns



and tie their hands behind their backs. And then the seven of them rode to John Chisum's fine hacienda on his South Spring River ranch, headquarters of the Jinglebob Land & Cattle Company.

Sallie Chisum, the old man's niece, walked onto the front veranda in a high-collared teal dress to greet the party when they rode up. She said she was alone there with the Mexican cook and a Navajo servant and it was nice to have men around. She was a half-year older than Billy and pretty and blonde and welcoming enough that she at once made any men she encountered lovesick and overeager. Even the prisoners Baker and Morton whom she'd note in her diary were "nice looking chaps with unmistakable marks of culture," forgot the jail they were headed for and gave her a spark, as was said then. Billy Bonney she thought of as an affable, funny, and very occasional friend but nothing more, so he was vying for Sallie while the sole object of her own flirtatious attentions, the strong, august, and dashing Dick Brewer — she alone called him Richard — avoided the contest for Sallie but still seemed to be winning it.

She relished having the crowded surround of seven sentimental, admiring men at the candle-lit dinner table, Baker and Morton joining the Regulators for porterhouse steaks and roasted red potatoes but without utensils and with their gun hands tied to the stiles of their chairs so that they were forced to gnash the meat off the bone like dogs.

Still, Buck Morton fought for Sallie's notice against John Middleton and Billy Bonney. Sweet glances and winking, tee-heeing and tickling only soured the meal for the married men Scurlock and Bowdre, and Doc chose to darken the mood by reciting to the accused, "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, old time is still a-flying; and this same flower that smiles today tomorrow will be dying."

"Heck that could be a poem," John Middleton said.

And Doc Scurlock said, "Is."

The Kid sneered at their captives and drew a finger from ear to ear in a cut-throat warning. Then he heard knocking at the front door, opened it, and was grieved to see William McCloskey there. He was a scoundrel when drinking and a wheedler when not and he'd fashioned a shoddy career of hiring on at Jinglebob round-ups and branding times and otherwise handling janitorial work for the likes of Jimmy Dolan. "Saw the lights from the trail," McCloskey said. "Sallie here?"

"Yes."

"Wondered if the Chisums would let me stable Old Paint and rest my weary bones."

With dismay Sallie allowed it, and soon McCloskey was hunkering in the dining room with Brewer and hot coffee, flattering him and trafficking in gossip as he sought to join the Regulators whom he'd heard were getting handsomely paid.

Sallie allowed the murderers to stay under guard in her frilly pink bedroom that night, chosen by Richard because it lacked windows. And when she saw the Regulators had laid out their bedrolls on the floor of the dining room and parlor, Sallie said she was too excited by the company to sleep, seeming to hope that Brewer would invite her on a moonlight stroll. Instead it was the Kid who escorted Sallie outside into the darkness where she said with fresh wonderment, "There are so many thousands and thousands of stars here. Ever so much more than in Texas. They're like a spill of sugar."

"Supposed to snow," Billy said, and then chided himself, Weather, when she was being romantic.

Uncle John Chisum grazed upwards of eighty thousand cattle on rangeland that extended north one hundred miles, but only fifty or so were close enough to see beyond the fences, all watching Sallie with their sad and beautiful faces as she showed Billy the starry W of the constellation Cassiopeia.

Words were lost for the Kid. He tried to fetch a joke now and then but was so tardy in doing so that she just looked at him quizzically with no idea of his references. She stood still, hugging her overcoat and just stared silently into the night, as though waiting for a train. She wants me to kiss her, he thought, but he hesitated and failed to touch her and finally Sallie said, "Brrr. That cold old wind cuts right through you, doesn't it?"

"The hawk is talking," he said.

She squinched her face at the boy oddity beside her.

"Old expression," he said. "Because a hawk's beak is sharp. Like a cold wind." Each further explanation made him feel stupider.

She considered him for a while and then she quoted, "We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep."

"So you're going to bed now?"

"That's what I was implying, yes."

Billy just watched Sallie walk back to the house alone, thinking, Could've said you love her, Kid.

An hour before sunup he tramped through fresh fallen snow with his tack and petted the left side of a fourteen-hand roan called "Tabasco" that Alex McSween loaned to him. He swatted the black saddle pad to free it a little of reddish hair and flew it up over the horse's withers, then hooked the stirrups over the horn and flipped up the cinch before hefting the saddle onto the horse's back.

Dick Brewer was drinking coffee from a tin cup as he humped his own tack to his stallion. "Up and at em early, Kid."

"I figure I'll sleep when I'm dead." He inserted and inserted again the leather latigo through the D ring at the end of the cinch and then necktied it.

Brewer put his tin cup on a fence post and steam twisted from it. Catching up with his saddling, he said, "McCloskey tells me Jimmy Dolan already heard we caught Buck and Frank. Some pards of theirs saw the chase. Jimmy'll have lookouts posted east of Lincoln, so I figure we'll go north and around the Capitán Mountains and ride in from the west at night."

Sallie called from the front porch, "Richard? Shall I refresh your coffee?"

"I'm fine!"

"I'd like some," the Kid called back, but she was heading inside again. In his frustration he yanked Tabasco's flank billet too taut, then apologized to the horse as he loosened it.

Brewer stared over his saddle at the Kid. "McCloskey also heard Mister Chisum is going to pay each Regulator five dollars a day."

A stolen calf fetched five dollars then. Rooms rented for that by the month. "Seem likely?"

"Well, this isn't a job, it's a duty."

The Regulators were genial as they ate breakfast in the dining room, but the criminals seemed to be fasting. Frank Baker theatrically presented Sallie with a fine gold Waltham pocket watch, a horsehair bridle he'd plaited himself, and a farewell letter to be mailed to his sweetheart. William Scott Morton only spoke to insist that he wanted a fair trial.

Soon the Regulators and the accused, with their hands tied in front of them, were riding through the main gate. Wondering if Sallie watched from the front porch, the Kid turned in his creaking saddle and she was. He waved his sombrero in a haymaker goodbye and she smiled and waved back.

Some time later William McCloskey asked him, "Why are you grinning?"

The Kid ignored him and jabbed Tabasco with his bootheels and trotted forward.

Could be that some skulking Apaches saw them; but otherwise no one spied the party until a Mexican shepherd with a flock of merinos viewed them from a hillside as they turned into Agua Negra Canyon.

Night began to lower its curtain with the party strung out for two hundred yards fore to aft, the Kid and Brewer riding drag far behind the straggled Bowdre, Middleton, and Scurlock and overlooking the central three of McCloskey, Morton, and Baker. The trio were old gambling buddies yacking about electric dice and marked decks of cards you could buy for two dollars, when Morton suddenly jerked McCloskey's six-shooter from its scabbard with his tied hands. And when McCloskey shied from the outreached barrel, Morton shot him under his jaw and upward. Alive one second, dead the next, McCloskey fell from his horse like furniture off a wagon.

Both the former captives then thundered off, ducking low and heading for a fort of high rocks, with Morton holding the only gun and crazily firing at the men who gave chase. The Kid counted five more shots so the gun was used up as the still-tired horses of Sheriff Brady's possemen wore out and the avenging hunters caught up. And then it was nothing more than an execution as the Regulators thoroughly killed the fleeing Frank Baker with five shots in the back and William S. Morton with nine.

It was a collective thing and he may not have fired his gun at all, but only Kid Bonney got accused of the murders.

John Chisum

—Eddie Taylor, BTKOG Member

With Excerpts from *John Simpson Chisum, Jinglebob King of the Pecos* by Mary Whatley Clarke

Before leaving Denton County, Texas with his herds to New Mexico, John Chisum had to say goodbye to Jennie, a mulatto slave girl who had two young daughters by John. Chisum had purchased Jennie for \$1400 from a family traveling to California. The oldest daughter, Harriet, later married and soon disappeared. The youngest, Meady, also married later and moved to Tarrant County, Texas. Today there are large numbers of Chisum family members still living in the Southwest

John Chisum was born in Madison County, Tennessee on August 14, 1824. His father Claiborne was of Scottish ancestry. His mother Lucinda was of German extraction. His grandfather, James, was a Tennessee State Senator. John helped his father build the first courthouse in Paris, Texas. He was also elected a County Clerk. According to cowmen Chisum was “burned and wrinkled by the sun and wind”. He was rather small in stature but well-built with grey eyes and black hair and mustache. Chisum was one of the first cowmen to drive his herd from Texas into New Mexico Territory. He followed two prominent cowmen, Charles Goodnight and Oliver Loving. Chisum’s Jinglebob mark on his cows caused the ear to split causing one section to hang and bob, thus the name. The cut made the animal look as though it had four ears instead of two. He claimed two hundred miles up and down the Pecos River grazed by 80,0000 cattle.

Chisum, besides being a very good fiddle player, was also an excellent cobbler who made his own boots and those of his cowboys. He did not fight in the Civil War but was designated a beef supplier to troops in the Confederacy. Indian raids on his cattle became so prevalent that he took an armed band of his men and killed 175 in one of their Indian villages. John Chisum made two major decisions in 1875. He moved his ranch headquarters to South Spring River, only five miles from the budding town of Roswell. In his second decision, and after thirty years in ranching, he transferred the majority of his stock to Hunter Evans and Company, the well-known St. Louis, Missouri commission firm. Chisum once watched as his cowmen hanged a local killer instead of contacting the law miles away in Vegas.

Another time all of the cowboys on the Chisum ranch struck for higher wages except Beaver Smith, the cook. Angry at Beaver for not striking, the cowboys branded him on his ribs and even attempted to cut the Jinglebob on his ear but failed, leaving it scarred and bloody. Beaver later died in Las Cruces with the brand still visible on his ribs. Gus Gilden worked on the Chisum ranch in 1876. He remembered Billy the Kid from Billy’s earlier years in Camp Grand, Arizona.

Chisum once spent several days in bed with smallpox. His pretty niece, Sallie Chisum, wrote of Billy the Kid’s visit to the South Spring Ranch in March, 1878. Billy fished with Sallie’s brother Will at the eastern dam, a hundred yards from

the ranch. Sallie described Billy as a perfect gentleman around the ladies. Chisum was arrested in Las Vegas on orders carried by Thomas Catron. He was to be tried on a promissory note matter, a cattle deal several years back with Charles Goodnight and questionable packing house notes. He served eight weeks in jail. John Chisum was in St. Louis receiving treatment for an old leg injury when Alexander McSween was killed in the five-day siege of Lincoln Town. Enemies of Chisum once planned an attack on John’s brother Pittser by branding him with the Long Rail and giving him a jinglebob ear mark, but the effort failed. Sallie was a hostess to her uncle’s ranch, admired by all the cowmen, and was labeled “Queen of the Jinglebob Ranch”. She married the bookkeeper of her uncle’s ranch, William Robert. It was rumored around the cow camps that Chisum had proposed to his great friend, Susan McSween. He had given Mrs. McSween 200 jinglebob heifers. Sallie thought that her uncle John had fallen in love with Susan McSween. She related, “I remember that my uncle put on his best bib and tucker when driving the cattle to Mrs. McSween’s home. He wore his best handmade boots and Stetson hat”. Sophie Poe, author of *Buckboard Days*, once received a beautiful pair of gold bracelets which Chisum had ordered from the East. Maurice Garland Fulton wrote in his book, *The Lincoln County War*, that Billy the Kid met Chisum in Fort Sumner and demanded \$500 for services to the Tunstall-McSween-Chisum party’s interest. After not receiving payment, Billy was quoted as saying, “I’ll steal from your cattle until I get it.” In Tascosa, Billy met Doctor Henry Hoyt, who served later as Surgeon General of the United States Army in the Philippines.

A growth appeared on Chisum’s neck in 1883. Except for smallpox in 1877, he had never been sick in his life. He was operated on by local doctor. Could that doctor have been Dr. Hoyt, his old friend in Tascosa?

Chisum did not improve after the operation, and although ill and lacking strength, he attended cattlemen’s meetings and represented Lincoln County at the New Mexico Cattle Raisers Association in Santa Fe.

Chisum underwent surgery in Kansas City, Missouri on July 7, 1884. However, his health steadily worsened. He then went to Eureka Springs, Arkansas hoping the baths would help him. The baths seemed to bring some relief but he continued to fail and death came on December 22, 1884. John Chisum is buried next to his parents on West Washington Street in Paris, Texas.



FAVORITE BILLY STORY

There's a reason the legend of Billy the Kid has endured for so many years: his is a great story. Billy seemed to have one adventure after another so we asked our members to tell us their favorites.

A. G. Steyn

Ah—Billito. How could one possibly chose a fave tale from our little rascal's short but rich life?

So many episodes spring to mind...and only the shadow knows how many other priceless happenings went unnoticed, unreported and unrecorded by the historians. All those little bits and pieces that we would love to death - if only we knew about them. If there only was a time machine...a TV set we could set at a certain time and place, and then just lean back and watch history unfold before our very eyes. Would I ever love to see everyday life at Tunstall's ranch or in Lincoln during those wild days.

As for me, I somehow always enjoyed the little "human interest" stories more than the big events in Billy's life—like his break from the Lincoln County courthouse ex-Murphy-Dolan-DarkSideoftheForce-place.

But then, a lot of these bits and pieces may or may not have happened.... Were people like Ma'am Jones or Dr. Henry Hoyt always truthful? Can one trust what Paulita Maxwell told Walter Noble Burns—and did he faithfully report verbatim what she really said...or add a bit here and leave out a bit there—or maybe forgot things or remembered them incorrectly? Leave alone people like the Coe cousins or Lily Casey-Klasner, who were chronically cavalier about timelines and happenings. And heaven forbid the tall—probably alcohol enhanced—tales of Uncle Ash....

So, what is my fave episode? There is one hint in a newspaper that tells of a constable (educated guess: Dick Brewer) and a sixteen year old boy

(Billy???) riding into Lincoln and being held up by Brady and six of his henchmen. Upon which the constable and the boy draw their Winchesters—and send "the Magnificent Seven" running for cover. Well done, boys. Well done!

Or how about the one where (this comes from Paulita) Garrett is shooting at a rabbit hopping about on the parade grounds in Sumner. Bang! Bang!

Bang! Nothing. Along comes the Kid, a-grinnin' like a possum eatin' 'simmons. He stops, looks at Garrett—then at the bunny—then back at Garrett...pulls a gun, and in walking on, picks that rabbit off with one shot. The likes of: "Forget it, old woman—you can't cut the mustard anymore!" Try for a second to imagine the expression on Garrett's face, and you'll be smirking just like the Kid.

And I love the one about "El Medico Colorado" Dr. Henry Hoyt and Billy having a little race in Tascosa. Hoyt throwing anchor just in time before reaching the door to Don Romero's house. The Kid, faster than a bullet, overtaking him on the last two or three yards, catches his heel on the doorstep, falls flat on his snoot and sails on his belly right into the middle of the dancehall, bobsled-style. And all his fighting buddies surround him in a second, guns

drawn (silently stating "Lay hands on our nestling outlaw and regret it, stranger"). Guns they weren't even supposed to bring into Don Romero's house. Which in turn results in the Regulators getting kicked out of the house for good. Much to Billito's never ending chagrin.

True? Maybe, maybe not—but one helluva story anyway.

OK, my fave story of Billy never came to happen...the one where he gets away scot free, and, after a few years in hiding, joins Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show and becomes the world's first Singing Cowboy—predecessor of every Cactus Caruso to come... Autry, Ritter, Rogers, Allen.... I bet Billy would have LOVED this. Performing in front of an audience in Chicago, New York, London, Paris, Berlin. Ah, those possibilities...all those love-starved ladies out there just waiting for him to sing them to sleep. Kiddo—you missed a great chance!

Humberto Martinez

The story of Billy's first kill paraphrased from Michael Wallis' book *Billy the Kid: The Endless Ride*

Francis P. Cahill, otherwise known as "Windy", was a survivor of the Irish famine who enlisted in the Army at New York in 1868, when he was twenty-two. He served most of his three-years in Arizona at Camp Crittenden, working as a blacksmith. After he was discharged in 1871, Cahill continued to work as a civilian blacksmith for the Army at old Camp Grant and later at the new camp when it was established below Mount Graham.

Justice of the Peace/notary public Miles Wood and Gus Gildea, a Texas cowboy, were two of the many onlookers the night of August 17, 1877 when Kid Antrim came into Atkin's saloon and joined a poker game where Cahill was already playing. There was already a history between Cahill and Henry as Cahill was the one who'd shackled Henry earlier that year after he was caught stealing horses. According to Gildea, "Shortly after the Kid came to Fort Grant, Windy started abusing him. He would throw Billy to the floor, ruffle his hair, slap his face and humiliate him before the men in the saloon. Yes, the Kid was rather slender.... The blacksmith was a large man, with a gruff voice and blustering manner."

In his account of their last fight, Wood said, "Cahill was larger and stouter than the Kid and threw him down three times which made the Kid mad." In his own retelling of the fight, Gildea said that Cahill "pinned Henry's arms down with his knees and started slapping his face. 'You are hurting me. Let me up!' cried the Kid. 'I want to hurt you. That's why I got you down,' was the reply from Cahill."

But Henry managed to get an arm free and got hold of his gun. "The blacksmith evidently felt the pistol against his side," said Gildea, "for he straightened slightly. Then there was a deafening roar. Windy slumped to the side as the Kid squirmed free."

Henry immediately got up and ran outside where he stole a horse belonging to John Murphey, which was known for being the fastest horse in the valley. A week later a stranger showed up with the horse explaining that Henry had asked him to return it to Murphey. This act of “borrowing” horses is how Henry made it back to New Mexico, just southwest of Silver City. Here he stayed for two weeks with the family of his old friend, Anthony Connor. Anthony’s mother, Sara Connor Knight, gave Henry food and clothes and told him to pick any horse he wanted from the corral. It’s said that he picked the “scrubbiest” horse and rode off.

Lori Ann Goodloe

Like others, I have a hard time choosing my favorite Billy story. I love the image of him escaping the fiery McSween house, a gun in each hand. And there’s the story where after the shooting of Brady, Billy ran up the hill behind the McSween store where he then doffed his hat and bowed to the men shooting at him before escaping.

But my ultimate favorite comes from Annie Lesnett, a resident of Lincoln during Billy’s day. She was friendly with the Kid and told her story to an interviewer in 1938. And the end of interview she said, “The next time I saw [Billy] he was a prisoner, guarded by Bell and Olinger. Olinger, knowing that I liked the Kid, invited me to the hanging. I turned my head and blinked fast to keep back the tears. Suddenly the Kid turned to me and said, ‘Mrs. Lesnett, they can’t hang me if I’m not there, can they?’”

He just knew he’d find a way to escape.

WHY BILLY PART 2

In last year’s Gazette we also asked our members to tell us why they became interested in Billy the Kid. We received a couple more replies after publication. Keep sending in your stories—we love to read them!

A. G. Steyn

When I was a small kid, we were pretty much bombarded with U.S. western series here in Germany. Union Pacific, Gunsmoke, Bronco, Bonanza...then later on The Virginian, Big Valley, Hondo...and all that jazz. Even the children serials were set in a western milieu—like Fury and Spin & Marty (which also happened to feature one of my fave composers, Stan Jones, playing the mostly silent foreman). And in the evenings it was a seemingly never-ending stream of big screen westerns...with Jimmy Stewart, The Duke, and countless others. So I was weaned on oaters!

As a kid, I took a lot of what I saw for granted. The Wild West was what Hollywood dished out. Period! But with age came a deeper interest. Something told me that these horse operas were probably just as “real” as the science fiction serials of the time (Time Tunnel, Star Trek etc.). And since Mom and Dad were usually very dissatisfied (to put it mildly) with movies about the II WW and always claimed that they were so far removed from reality, it hurt—I decided that for sure the old-timers of pioneer America would feel the same about the screen west...and so I abandoned the Reel West and started my search for the REAL West. Brother, was I in for a surprise.

Before Amazon, it was difficult to find enough good books to read on the subject, but things started to look up after I began traveling to the U.S. and somehow managed to find what I was looking for in local bookstores. Now, I never cared much for mountain men, settlers, gamblers, gold miners (still can’t stand that bunch), or the railroad builders. For me, it was cowboys and cowboy outlaws. Always. From day one on.

Long before I ever got to read the books of such noted authors as Nolan, Rasch, Keleher, Fulton/Mullins etc., back when I was still pining for readable material on the Old West, I stumbled upon a novel by one Amelia Bean: Time for Outrage. It is essentially the story of the 5-day battle of Lincoln, and it is a bit cavalier when it comes to separating historic facts from fiction. Billy actually plays only a minor role in it—he appears as a side dish to a fancy menu. But I absolutely loved the way she portrayed Billy, making him a person with feelings...to let him cry helplessly at the death of Tunstall or have him (wrong, of course, but soo cute) lie under the floor of the Tunstall store, wounded, feverish...trying so hard not to holler in pain. Geez—yeah, sounds mushy. But it kindled my interest in the Lincoln County War in general and Billito in particular. And maybe it was that a teenage girl (I was about 12 when I read the book) was more attracted to people closer to her own age, and the Kid fit the bill.

I had other hobbies/interests as well, but the Old West and Billito were always there...lurking somewhere in the back of my cobwebbed mind. Not content with just sitting in an armchair and thumbing through books, I traveled and tried to find localities where the famous/infamous characters of the Old West once hung out. And I started herding cows at various working ranches that took in guests. Not that I ever became a top hand, but I know now what it feels like to go brushpoppin’ in the Arizona chaparral, spend a full day in the saddle driving a herd across the Pecos plains, and sleep in a cowboy bedroll under the stars. And I more often than not found myself arguing and pleading like a Philadelphia lawyer to make people still believing that Billy was an insane, bloodthirsty killing machine understand what he was really like—and what part he played in the LCW. Often tiresome, but at times also rewarding and fun.

Guess I’m stuck with my flawed little almost-hero. With Billy, it’s just like with horses...once this bug bites you, you will never get rid of that “fever” for the rest of your days.

James Bradham

While growing up in southern Illinois, my primary historical interests centered on the American Civil War and Abraham Lincoln. Like most people, I had heard about Billy and other western legends.

I became interested in Billy about 5 years ago when the “Dedrick tintype” was sold for \$2.3 million. With my curiosity aroused, two questions presented themselves: First, why would an old dirty tintype sell for that amount? And second, who was this teenaged, goofy-looking outlaw?

I started my initial foray by searching the internet for answers. Given today’s technology, one has to be careful when reading the material that is presented on some websites. Luckily for me, I came across two great resources: BTKOG and ABTK. Both sites helped me to expand my limited knowledge of Billy and his environment. These resources combined with informative email responses from Lori Goodloe, Marcelle Brothers, and John Aragon made me a “Billy Fan”.

As a consequence I joined BTKOG, bought and read many books and articles and watched the 2012 American Experience Billy the Kid episode. Along the way I have discovered the following interesting facts:

1. Contrary to long held beliefs, Billy was right handed.
2. Billy has more aliases than most outlaws.
3. Billy had four confirmed kills and not the generally accredited twenty-one.
4. Even today some people confuse our Billy the Kid with lesser known outlaws.
5. His burial place is unknown due to the later floods.

After several months of researching and reading everything I can find about Billy, I have reached one definite conclusion: that Billy the Kid’s life and death had more twists and turns than are in an Agatha Christie mystery novel.

How Much Do We Know About Billy?

—James Bradham, BTKOG Member

When Pat Garrett killed Billy on that July night 135 years ago, regretfully one chapter of Billy’s life was closed forever. Shortly after his death, a new chapter was created, mostly by Garrett and the popular press.

There are numerous lingering questions that have gone unanswered, although not for the lack of trying. We are still no closer solving many mysteries that surround Billy. At least there are two questions that have been solved. Billy was right handed and Brushy Bill Roberts was a fake.

The following questions have been puzzling researchers over the years:

1. First, where and when was Billy born?
2. Second, who was his biological father?
3. Third, what was the relationship between Billy and Joe McCarthy? Brother or half-brother?
4. Fourth, are there any legitimate relatives living today?
5. Fifth, where is Billy’s final resting place?
6. Sixth, was “Bonney” a family name or an invented one?

I have one final thought. I can hardly wait for what new exciting answers for the millions of Billy fans will be revealed. Only time will tell!



Grave adventure



BTKOG member Brian Otto has a favorite pastime of grave hunting whenever he and his wife, Dot, go on vacation. Thankfully, Brian has been kind enough to share his latest finds. Thanks, Brian!



1. Fred Waite - Old Cemetery in Pauls Valley, OK
2. Henry Brown - Caldwell Cemetery in Caldwell, KS
3. Billy Mathews and His Wife Dora - South Park Cemetery in Roswell, NM
4. George Coe - Coe Family Cemetery in Glencoe, NM
5. William Rynerson - Masonic Cemetery in Las Cruces, NM
6. Sallie Roberts (née Chisum) - South Park Cemetery in Roswell, NM

Billy the Kid Days

July, 2016 – Cimarron, NM



The Billy the Kid Outlaw Gang at the Villa Philmonte at the Philmont Scout Ranch —Courtesy of Lori Ann Goodloe

This year the BTKOG went to Cimarron, New Mexico for Billy the Kid Days. This quiet little town wasn't much of a stomping ground for Billy but Lucien Maxwell had a big part to play in its existence. Over the weekend, the Gang was treated with a tour from Jared Chatterly at Legends by Lantern Light Tours, a visit to the Philmont Scout Ranch and a presentation of Cimarron's past from historian Steve Zimmer. Thanks to everyone who made it this year—we hope to see you all again for the next Billy the Kid Days!



Jared Chatterly and the Gang at Dusk in Cimarron—Courtesy of Linda Pardo



Historian Steve Zimmer Presents the History of Cimarron—Courtesy of Chris Jones



(Clockwise) 7. Sloping floor – Tunstall’s Living Quarters 8. Broken display cabinets – Interior Front 9. Display artifacts that haven’t been cleaned in at least three years – Interior Front 10. Cracks and moisture damage – Main Room 11. Sloping floor – Tunstall’s Living Quarters (Declared Off-Limits to Visitors)

The Billy the Kid Outlaw Gang is a non-profit organization whose purpose is to preserve, protect, and promote the history of Billy the Kid in New Mexico.

