



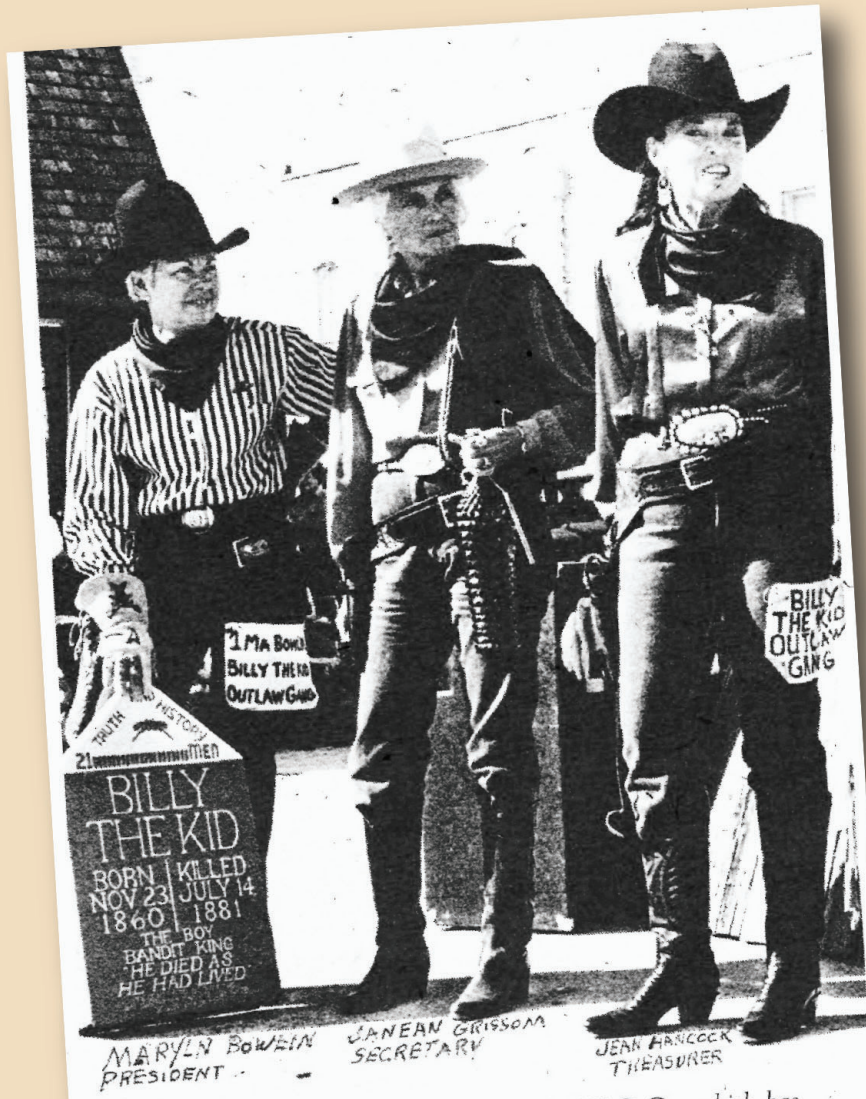
# OUTLAW GAZETTE

Vol. XXX - 2017

OLD FT. SUMNER  
**CEMETERY**  
SINCE 1862

**BILLY THE KID  
IS BURIED HERE**

30th Anniversary



The three original outlaws who became B.T.K.O.G., which has rocked the world.

**THE THREE WOMEN WHO REALLY ARE THE FOUNDATION OF THE BTKOG HISTORICAL SOCIETY:**

Maryln Bowlin, historian and wife of Joe Bowlin, and founder of the historical society, Billy the Kid Outlaw Gang. A New Mexico native, Maryln was raised on the Pecos River near Billy the Kid's grave. In business with her husband, and lists her occupation as "outlaw."

Janean Grissom: clerk of the district court, currently president of the BTKOG society. She and her husband, C. W. Grissom, own the ranch on which Stinking Springs is located, where Bill and his gang surrendered to Sheriff Pat Garrett in December, 1880. The arrests lead to Billy's death at the hands of Garrett in Fort Sumner, July 14, 1881. Janean is also the former secretary of BTKOG.

Jean Hancock is a rancher in the Fort Sumner community, and is a charter member of the BTKOG historical society. She acts as a advisor to historians on William Bonney's life, his associates, and his death and burial.



# OUTLAW GAZETTE

Volume XXX - 2017

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# DEDICATION



Bob McCubbin—Courtesy Linda Pardo

This year's Gazette is dedicated to a man who has been a friend of the Outlaw Gang long before I became president. Over the years Bob McCubbin has been generous with not only his collection of Old West memorabilia but his vast knowledge about the subject. Open up any Gazette in the past few years and you'll see a photo (or several) he's given us to use; and the book we published on Dick Brewer wouldn't have looked nearly as good without these photos. But it's not just photos he's generous with; it's time as well. He's always there to answer a random Billy-related question I have and his expertise in Old West photos is invaluable these days with so many "Billy" photos popping up.

Bob, you make my job as president and editor so much easier and I am forever grateful.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Li".



*While visiting Bob's library, notorious outlaw Linda Pardo tried to abscond with the very knife Billy had in his hand when he died. Bob had no choice but to stop her by any means necessary so he grabbed another weapon from his collection, the mallet that killed Ben "The Tall Texan" Kilpatrick, and successfully saved the knife.—Courtesy of Lori Ann Goodloe*

# BILLY THE KID AMONG THE DIME NOVELISTS

—Richard W. Etulain, BTKOG Member

From the opening of the Civil War to the early twentieth century, the U.S. was awash in dime novels. Millions of cheap, sensational, and usually quickly written novels were available for a nickel or a dime. New advances in inexpensive printing, an escalating interest in a Wild West, and the reading public's clear desire to flee from a horrendous Civil War and its divisive aftermath were major reasons for the rising fascination with this new form of popular literature.

Building on earlier interest in the Leatherstocking Tales of James Fenimore Cooper, the writings of other writers such as Emerson Bennett and Edward S. Ellis, and the "story papers" and "penny dreadfuls" of the U.S. and England, dime novelists ransacked a faraway, romantic frontier for fresh settings and storylines. Other dime novelists depicted detectives standing up to thieves and corrupt police. Still others like Edward L. Wheeler combined the two to send his hero Deadwood Dick and heroine Calamity Jane as detectives to ferret out and defeat evil-doers in the West.

In the three decades following the Civil War, several western demigods first appeared not in overnight biographies but in dime novels. For example, author Prentiss Ingraham churned out nearly 700 novels, about 200 of which dealt with his friend Buffalo Bill. Other dime novelists capitalized on widespread interest in Jesse James and Kit Carson for their quickly produced works.

Billy the Kid dime novels numbered much fewer than those about Buffalo Bill, Jesse James, and such imagined characters as Deadwood Dick and Old King Brady. In his provocative book *The Dime Novel Western* (1978), Daryl Jones suggests that the lesser number of Kid dime novels resulted from the widespread depictions of Billy as nothing but a "fiend incarnate" or "young monster." "Rather than introduce the persecution and revenge motif" to rationalize Billy's violent actions, as Wheeler had done in his very popular Deadwood Dick series, the Kid dime novels overflowed with his dastardly, repugnant behavior. "The public's refusal to condone unjustified violence," Jones adds, led to the limited number of Kid dime novels.

The first of what can be called a Billy the Kid dime novel was Thomas F. Daggett's *Billy LeRoy, the Colorado Bandit: or, the King of American Highwaymen*. This most curious of the nearly dozen or so available dime novels about Billy the Kid appeared in 1881, then with a slightly altered title in 1882, and was reprinted in 1883.

The unusual ingredient was the divergent content of the work. Said to be a "biography" of Billy LeRoy (Arthur Pond), an actual Colorado highwayman, the novel is also a fictionalized portrait of some of the life of New Mexico's Billy the Kid. After tracing the violent and mindless exploits of LeRoy's dramatic life in Indiana and Colorado, Daggett conflates LeRoy's career with that of the New Mexican Billy the Kid. Even more confusing, the Colorado outlaw is also known as Billy, or the Kid.

LeRoy is never identified as Billy Bonney, but he meets and travels with the New Mexico Kid's friends and participates in events in which Bonney took part. While in southern Colorado,

LeRoy encounters Tom O'Phallier (Tom O. Folliard), "one of the most notorious desperadoes in the West." and his fellow outlaw Dave Rudabaugh. In a cave ritual, LeRoy is initiated into the Phallier gang and soon proves himself as a highwayman in holding up a stagecoach and robbing a man of his considerable cash. LeRoy does so well that the outlaws call for his elevation to captain of the gang.

When things get too hot in Colorado, LeRoy rides south to New Mexico. He rustles cattle, is involved in a red-hot shootout in Lincoln, and his extralegal activities bring groups from Texas, White Oaks, and parts of Lincoln County in pursuit. He and his gang try to work out something with Governor Lew Wallace, but the New Mexico leader does not keep his promises.

The New Mexico event treated most extensively is the shootout between Billy's gang and the White Oaks Posse at the Greathouse ranch. Some of the details are accurate, others are not, and Billy is singled out as the killer of Jim

Carlyle. Soon thereafter Billy rides into a Chisum cowcamp, quickly shoots three of the four cowboys, and sends the fourth off to John Chisum himself, warning that Billy will murder other cowboys because the cattle king has not paid Billy for "riding shotgun" in earlier conflicts.

Billy LeRoy, in Colorado and New Mexico, is depicted throughout as a vicious, driven killer. Without much cause, Billy whips out his pistol and shoots down many opponents; he seems immune to the bullets of others and always on target in his own shots. Assertive, desperate, his soul "dead to remorse," and never haunted by "the consequences of his deeds," Billy "stole, murdered, [and] ravished women" after arriving in New Mexico. Defiant to the end, Billy tells his gang of lynchers, "I am ready to meet the cashier. Go on with your cart," as he faces their rope.



Old King Brady and "Billy the Kid"—Author's Collection

This initial Billy the Kid dime novel features familiar facets of the genre. The West is a wild place, ruled by the strongest and most desperate characters, and without much law and order. Close families, farmers, and mushrooming cities are nearly nonexistent, with individualistic miners, outlaws, and cowboys dominating the scene. Women's virtue is protected even among bands of murderous outlaws. Indeed, sexual subjects, in the main, are taboo. Plot tricks, including fantastic disguises, false identities, and strings of dramatic action rule the scene. Dimes novels were meant to entertain, titillate, and perhaps inform (often with false facts), and this work was no exception. Excessively sensational, unbelievable, and contrived, the story of Billy LeRoy (and some of Billy Bonney) nonetheless evidently proved sufficiently entertaining and a good seller to be reprinted twice. It also helped launch the legendary life of New Mexico's Billy the Kid, albeit in an imagined, altered form.

Also in 1881, the *Las Vegas Daily Optic* published an eleven-part serial entitled "The Dead Desperado, Adventures of Billy, the Kid, as Narrated by Himself." This brief account, more dime novel than biography (although it claimed to be the latter), does not and does follow the life story of Billy. The nameless author opens the story in a Santa Fe gambling hangout where Billy threatens to kill a gambler who has tricked him in a card game. The narrator of the story, first called Charlie Fresh and then John Antrim, plays aimlessly with his names, but Billy takes a liking to him. They ride back to Billy's adobe castle to the south, where the Kid and his gang of a dozen or more outlaws hang out.

Billy then tells his history, of his birth in Ireland, the poverty of his family, the death of his father, and the migration of his mother, his two sisters, and himself to Canada. Soon thereafter, his mother marries "an old reprobate named Antrim," who is depicted as a drunken dictatorial step-father, and they move to Silver City. Quickly, Billy gets into trouble, although he defends himself in arguing that if he had "received proper treatment from others," he would not have embarked on a career of violence and murder. Billy steals two or three items, and when a Chinese man "rats on him," he sneaks up on him and cuts his throat. Captured and jailed, Billy escapes through the chimney and heads off to Arizona, where he falls into the clutches of bullying blacksmith. Unable to stand the blacksmith's behavior, Billy shoots him and dashes toward New Mexico. Then Billy kills the sheriff and a dozen others in the "tough tussle." All these stories are wrong historically.

Storyteller Billy zips through the last three years of his life in the eleventh and final installment of the series. His account spins a different version of the Lincoln jail breakout and the killing of two guards. The narrator, in the last four sentences, notes Billy's death but skips over the details.

Billy is depicted here as violent gunman always ready to take a life. But he is also painted as friendly, caring, and warm,

especially to the narrator. Probably, the writer's pedestrian style, his lifeless story, and the numerous vague details kept the series from being published, early on, in book form. Plus, publishers in the area already knew that the Pat Garret had completed a book on the Kid that would appear soon.

Neither of these two novels attracted much attention, nor did Don Jenardo's (John Woodruff Lewis) *The True Life of Billy the Kid* (1881), but it was reprinted several decades later and attracted attention as one of the few available Kid dime novels. Jenardo-Lewis combines fact and fiction throughout his plot. Billy comes from New York to New Mexico, lives for a space in Silver City and Arizona, and then spends most of his days in Lincoln County, New Mexico. Billy sides with John Chisum and Alex McSwain (McSween) and viciously opposes the Murphy-Dolan combine. He's involved in the killing of Sheriff Brady and Morton and Baker and heads up a gang of thieves and shooters, after the firing of Lincoln. Pat Garret [sic] apprehends Billy, but the gunman breaks out by shooting deputies Bell and Ohlinger [sic]. Garret catches up with Billy in Pete Maxwell's bedroom and shoots Billy—with Maxwell absent from the scene.

Most of these segments of Billy's story are mistakenly told or narrated from a different slant. Billy is a blood-thirsty killer, and John Chisum an equally barbaric cow thief. Murphy-Dolan, Sheriff Brady, and Pat Garret are all good guys, entirely. Santa Fe and Washington, D.C., governments play almost no roles, and Gov. Lew Wallace is portrayed as a weak-kneed, changeable, deeply flawed leader.

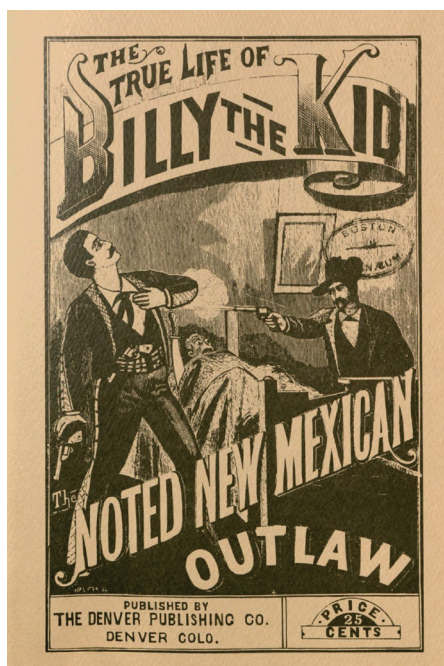
The largest divergence from fact is in the author's off-key treatment of Billy's character. His leading man is a total villain, with no positive qualities. A diminutive, pale-faced killer, he murders dozens of people, even dipping his finger into the blood of some he has gunned down. There's not a sympathetic or empathetic bone in his small body.

The other Billy dime novel reprinted in the twentieth century was Edmund Fable's *The True Life of Billy the Kid* (1881). In his

preface, Fable argues that eastern readers have been led astray about Billy the Kid. These writers have portrayed Billy as rich, living in a castle, and armed with elegant, gentlemanly manners. These wrong-headed accounts, Fable tells us, were "made up of whole cloth"; if eastern readers believed these stories about Billy, they understood as much about him "as a burro has of the beauties of Milton."

Fable states that William Bonny [sic] was born in New York in a "tenement house in the Fourth Ward of that city." After Billy's widowed mother failed in trying to make it on her own, she married Thomas [sic] Antrim and moved west. Nearly all of this is false or unconfirmed facts on names, place of marriage, and the role of William Antrim.

After being reared in Colorado, Billy sets off on his own and arrives in Silver City. On his first night there, he attends a



The True Life of Billy the Kid—Author's Collection

dance, gets drunk, is robbed, and ends up in jail on false charges. A tipping point occurs, the author tells us, when Billy, suffering in jail under this trumped-up penalty, decides that thereafter “I’ll hold my own with the best of them.”

Escaping up the chimney, young Billy happens into a freighter’s wagon and ends up in Lincoln County, New Mexico. Almost overnight, he kills a blacksmith threatening him and becomes embroiled in the Tontsill [sic] and Chisom [sic] side of the county civil war. When Chisom tries to cheat him, Billy kills Chisom riders, murders, the author says, that show Billy as a “heartless Kid” guilty of “cold-blooded murder.” The killings continue. Sometimes Billy thinks about his vicious actions but mostly gathers followers like Tom Phaller [sic] to help with rustling and killing.

None of the incidents Fable describes follow closely the actual events of the last years of Billy’s life. The killing of Sheriff Brady, the Lincoln shootout at the McSwain [sic] house, the gunfight at the Muscalero [sic] reservation, and finally Billy’s death at the hands of Pat Garrett are wide of the mark. Fable’s large promises of authenticity fail in nearly every aspect of the novel.

If readers expected to “get the facts” about Billy and the Lincoln Country War, and evidently some believed Fable’s claim that he was telling the truth, they should have been disappointed with the many distortions. Like nearly all the dime novels about the Kid, this one depicts Billy as a shoot-and-think-later murderer. Fable’s Billy lacks depth, warmth, or substance as a character; he enters numerous scenes in which he took no part; and he is kept from other events where he was a central figure. Those hungering and thirsting for a veracious, literary portrait of Billy the Kid would have to look elsewhere.

*The Cowboy’s Career; or, the Daredevil Deeds of Billy the Kid, the Noted New Mexico Desperado*, by “One of the Kids” (1881) exists with only three of its many chapters available to modern readers. It too presents the Kid as a merciless killer. He guns down McClusky [William McClosky], [William] Morton, and [Frank] Baker without hesitation. Quickly thereafter, Billy also murders Sheriff William Brady and George Hindman—but at a Chisum ranch rather than on Lincoln’s main street. The shootout in Lincoln in July 1878 is almost entirely off track. Here was another portrait of Billy as an unrepentant murderer, with little veracious history.

Dime novelists sometimes played tricks on readers by reprinting earlier works under new titles, hoping to attract additional buyers. Such was the case with J. C. Cowdrick, who first published *Silver-Mask, the Man of Mystery; or, the Cross of the Golden Keys* in 1884. Then, in 1890 the book was reprinted as *Billy the Kid from Texas; or, Silver Mask’s Clew* and also in the same year as *Billy, the Kid from Frisco*.

Most Billy the Kid dime novelists attempt to get parts of his actual biography and considerable historical context into their pages. But Cowdrick’s work breaks from that usual mold. It is decidedly an imagined mystery story overflowing with action, adventure, and entertainment, with little emphasis on place, historical events, or known characters. The author spins a tale of drama and frenetic action.

Billy the Kid, makes a few brief appearances. He is briefly on scene, entering first to capture the story’s heroine. In that episode

and those that follow, Billy is described as a “mighty chief,” but really “only a common cut-throat,” as one character says. Another adds that Billy is “a man of great nerve and daring,” and a third describes Billy as dressed like something a Mexican dandy.

On two different occasions, Billy escapes jailing even though closely guarded in a cabin. One of the desperado’s opponents explains that the Kid is too strong and supported by too many followers to remain locked up. He “has got more friends right here in this very town than ye’d ever dream of.” As predicted, Billy has busted out in a few hours. Later, he will again break out of a lock up.

In the final sequence of events, Billy the Kid and his riders are caught up in the search for a Lost City and its hidden treasure. A mysterious figure, Silver-Mask, helps capture the Kid. Again, Billy escapes. The final line, after the loose events of other strands of the narrative have been united, states: “How Billy, the Kid from ‘Frisco ended his days, is known to all.” Perhaps some readers understood this cryptic closing line. Most might have been puzzled since the novel never explains Billy’s origins, the development of his character, his personal life—or what ever happened to him. Indeed, the novel’s ending was but one more indication of how this Billy the Kid dime novel differs from others. Cowdrick had produced a mediocre dime novel that brought Billy the Kid on scene but only as a minor background figure—perhaps for interest’s sake. In the end, he produced an enigmatic, mysterious story.

One of the last of the Billy the Kid dime novels, Francis Doughty’s *Old King Brady and “Billy the Kid;”* (1890) was published about a decade after the Kid’s death in 1881. This work features a well-known New York detective, Old King Brady, pursuing Billy the Kid in a distant, lawless New Mexico.

Like so many other dime novels, this one intersperses episodes of dramatic, violent conflict with scenes of adventure and travel. Dime novel authors kept readers engaged with gunfights and other horrendous clashes and then followed with depictions of major characters traversing dramatic and almost placid landscapes of a mysterious and scenic West.

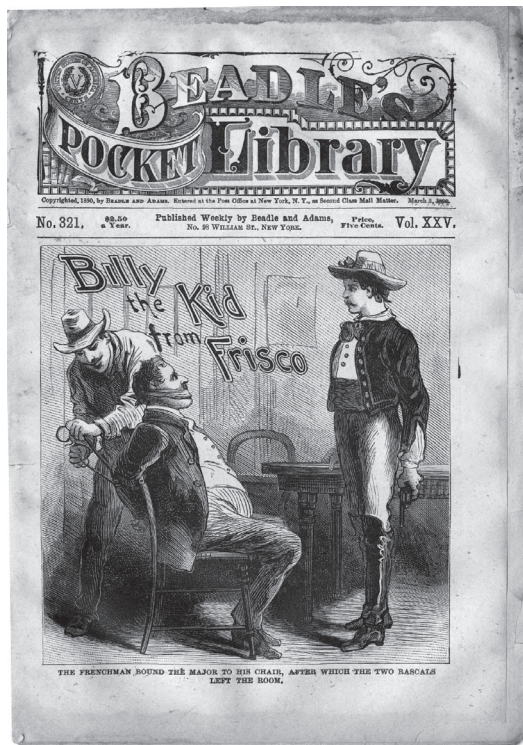
Most memorable in this novel is the skewed depiction of Billy the Kid. He is the worst of human beings, a brutal murderer. He leads violent attacks, viciously assaults opponents, and kills on a whim. Early on, Billy shoots down a pious minister, who does no more than to try to protect his virtuous daughter from the Kid’s rapacious actions. Later, Billy kills several others—again, without cause.

In the opening and closing scenes of the novel, Billy is described in the darkest of hues. As one acquaintance put it, Billy “is the blood thirstiest little cowpuncher whatever straddled a horse”; he “thinks he owns the earth.” In the final sentences, the narrator, taking to his pontificating pulpit, asserts that no one in New Mexico was “so vile a specimen as this bloodthirsty boy, whose chief delight was murder.”

Regrettable, the East Coast author understood little about Billy and New Mexico. The author of more than a 1,000 fictional works, including a series on Old King Brady, Doughty’s distorted comments undermine the authenticity of his fiction. Billy did not hang out in Ojo Caliente in northern New Mexico, and he did not live in a cabin surrounded by a lake and rushing river; once the Kid passed through the Silver City area in his flight to

Lincoln County in 1877, he did not return to stay there; and he and old John Chisum were not hand-in-glove in mutually leading a murderous civil war in eastern New Mexico.

What this dime novel illustrated is that by the early 1890s a satanic Billy dominated portraits of him in fiction and biography. Nearly all the dime novels about the Kid—at least a dozen and perhaps as many as seventeen—portrayed a villainous Billy. When the dime novel depictions were combined with the dark views of Billy in contemporary national and New Mexican newspapers, that meant a black-hearted Billy the Kid rode violently across fictional and biographical landscapes in the United States at the end of the nineteenth century—and for the next quarter of century as well.



Billy the Kid from Frisco—Author's Collection

Three conclusions, among several others, about Billy the Kid dime novels are in order. First, these works rarely revealed much correct information about Billy; most were imagined fiction rather than history or biography. Second, nearly all the authors knew little about the Kid, his bad-good character, his roles in the Lincoln County turmoil, or his strong contacts with Hispanics and romances with several young women. But, most important, in their excessively negative portrait of Billy they, along with newspaper stories coming to similar conclusions, sent the Kid up the legendary trail as a murderous desperado. These dime novels were the main ingredient of the satanic Billy who rode into history until the mid-1920s as killing rascal of the worst order.

*Richard W. Etulain, Professor Emeritus of History at the University of New Mexico, is the author or editor of more than 50 books. He is currently at work on a two-volume study of the life and legends of Billy the Kid.*

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8. *Billy the "Kid" and the Cowboys*. Morrison's Sensational Series, no. 23. New York: John W. Morrison, 1882.
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# BTK in the Census

—Daniel Conrad Jones, BTKOG Member

## THE FORT SUMNER CENSUS

Generations of scholars have tried to discover basic genealogical information about BTK: his birth name, date and place of birth, father, siblings, etc. They have few certainties to show for their efforts (e. g. Koop<sup>1</sup>, Rasch<sup>2</sup>). One of the most studied, and most perplexing, pieces of information is found in the 1880 census of Fort Sumner and nearby communities. Here's the way Bob Boze Bell describes it:

*The Kid gives his age as 25 and his place of birth as Missouri. Bonney says his occupation is "working in cattle." Billy adds that both his parents were born in Missouri.*<sup>3</sup>

Bell certainly has his facts right, as shown in this census page image<sup>4</sup> (see below). And the Kid pulling the census taker's leg with his "working in cattle" response fits with the jocular image we have of him.

But it might not have happened quite that way. To understand why, we need to compare the process of taking the 1880 census with today's process.

Nowadays, enumeration (as it is formally called) is mostly done through the mail. Enumerators start with a computerized list of addresses, and mail a form to each. If the form isn't returned, only then must an enumerator personally visit the address and determine who (if anyone) lives there. But in 1880, there was no such thing as a comprehensive list of United States addresses, so enumeration was a "boots on the ground" process. Enumerators traveled everywhere that they thought someone might live, and interviewed whoever answered the door.

Enumerator Lorenzo Labadie lived in Santa Rosa. He had a month to do the census in his district, which appears to have encompassed the communities along the Pecos between Santa Rosa and Fort Sumner. He started, naturally enough, in his hometown, which he completed in 2 days; by June 2, 1880. June 4 found him in Puerto de Luna. Those familiar with Puerto de Luna today will be surprised to learn that in 1880 it was by far the largest town in his district, with close to 600 residents. It took him until the 12th to finish it, and he wasn't really done.

He then proceeded south to Fort Sumner. He appeared to

be using it as a home base, venturing out to the surrounding communities during the day, and possibly staying in a hotel there at night. He stayed there until the 19th, visiting Rio Salado, La Cabra, Arenosa, Sunnyside, Cedar Springs, and Los Ojitos. He enumerated people whose names are familiar, such as Alejandro Segura, Sabal Gutierrez, Milnor and Charles Frederick Rudolph, Luz, Pete, Deluvina and Paulita Maxwell, Jose Silva, Antonio Sabedra, Lorenzo Jaramillo, Tom Yerby, Paco Anaya, Charley Bowdre, and Manuel Abreu, not to mention the Kid himself sometime between the 17th and 19th.

Then he headed for home, traveling north and picking up people he had missed in Nietos, Puerto de Luna, and Galisteo along the way. He arrived back in Santa Rosa around the 30th. One wonders why it took him so long to get home. He enumerated 65 people per day between the 1st and the 16th, only 38 between the 17th and the 30th. Perhaps his wife wondered about that too!

Labadie was a frugal man. He was given census forms which had space for 50 names, and he was determined to fill them up, even though each page had only one space at the top for the location in which the 50 people lived. This frugality had the unfortunate consequence that we don't know whether he enumerated the Kid in Fort Sumner, Cedar Springs, or Los Ojitos, though other evidence suggests the former.

Who answered when he knocked on the door where the Kid was living? According to the census page shown, that household had 5 people: the Kid, Charlie Bowdre, his wife Manuela, A. B. Bennet, and Wilis Pruitt. It was probably the middle of the day, so the men would likely have been out "working in cattle". Cattle rustlers weren't home much. They were out stealing, driving, and selling cattle for days or weeks at a time. Thus, Manuela would likely have been the only one home.

If this had been Census 2010, Manuela would have received a form in the mail, and would have had at least a week to wait for the boys to come home and answer questions about themselves. But, in 1880, Census policy was to ask whoever answers the door to give information about everyone who lives there. So Manuela might have been forced on the spot to guess the age and birthplace of a man she knew but slightly.

| In this household |              | The names of each person whose name is written in this family | Sex | Color | Place of Birth | Age at last birthday before June 1st, 1880 | If born within the Census year, give the month. | Relation to head of family | Married during Census year | Married during Census year | Married during Census year | Occupation     | Health | Education | Nativity   |
|-------------------|--------------|---|-----|-------|----------------|--|---|----------------------------|----------------------------|----------------------------|----------------------------|----------------|--------|-----------|------------|
| Name of Street    | House Number |   |     |       |                |  |   |                            |                            |                            |                            |                |        |           |            |
| 1                 | 2            |   |     |       |                |  |   |                            |                            |                            |                            |                |        |           |            |
| 246               | 245          | Bowdre Charles  | M   | W     | Missouri       | 32   |   |                            |                            |                            |                            | Work on Cattle |        |           | Missouri   |
|                   |              | Manuela   | F   | W     | New Mexico     | 25   |   |                            |                            |                            |                            | Keeping horses |        |           | New Mexico |
| 246               | 246          | Bonney Billy  | M   | W     | Missouri       | 25   |   |                            |                            |                            |                            | Work on Cattle |        |           | Missouri   |
| 246               | 247          | Bennet A. B.  | M   | W     | Missouri       | 38   |   |                            |                            |                            |                            | Stock raising  |        |           | Illinois   |
| 246               | 248          | Bowdre Wilis  | M   | W     | Missouri       | 24   |   |                            |                            |                            |                            | Work on Cattle |        |           | Illinois   |

## THE GEORGETOWN CENSUS

There's a little-known fact about the Kid in the 1880 census. He was counted twice! Between the 7th and 9th of June, 1880, in Georgetown, NM (a now-vanished town east of Silver City), J. M. Wilson enumerated a young man named William McCarty<sup>5</sup> (see below). His age is shown as 21, his birthplace as Illinois, his occupation as "dairyman", and his parents' birthplaces as Ireland. There can be no doubt that this is BTK, as he is shown as living next door to his childhood caregiver Ed Moulton. But did the Kid answer Wilson's questions himself, or did Moulton answer for him?

Several clues are contained in the census record. BTK is shown as living alone in dwelling number 193, whereas Moulton is shown in a different family in dwelling number 194. This contrasts with Ft. Sumner, where he is shown as living in the same dwelling with the "family" of the Bowdres et al. He hadn't been living in the Silver City area for years, so it's unlikely that Moulton would have taken it upon himself to answer for him if he wasn't actually there when Wilson knocked.

Also, the Georgetown answers fit better with what we believe based on other evidence. The age of 21 is closer to what is generally believed than the Ft. Sumner age of 25. And it's generally believed that his mother was born in Ireland. Supporting this notion is Louis Abraham, who knew the Antrim family personally in Silver City:

*Mrs. Bill Antrim was a jolly Irish lady...*<sup>6</sup> (emphasis mine)

No one to my knowledge believes that she was born in Missouri, as stated in the Ft. Sumner census.

Why would the Kid have gone to Georgetown? Well, possibly to visit his brother Joseph, who was still presumably living in the area with his stepfather Antrim, although they do not show up in the census.

Could it be that BTK actually was in both places? According to the Bell chronology<sup>7</sup>, the Kid's whereabouts are unknown between May 19 and June 17, so it is possible that he was in Georgetown. The distance between Georgetown and Ft. Sumner is 362 miles, measured using roads shown on a contemporary map.<sup>8</sup> J. F. Meline made an amusing comment about long-distance horseback riding:

*You gentlemen of the city think it quite an equestrian performance to ride out some six miles and back. Why, your legs are hardly stretched! Rise at three in the morning, clean and feed your horse, get your own breakfast, ride forty miles without stopping, except to water, and then let us hear from you.*<sup>9</sup>

Garrett provides another example of 19th century New Mexico horseback travel when he details his final pursuit of BTK:

*We three went to Roswell, and started up the Rio Pecos from there on the night of July 10th. We rode mostly in the night, followed no roads, but taking unfrequented routes, and arrived at the mouth of Tayban [sic] Arroyo, five miles south of Fort Sumner, one hour after dark, on the night of the 13th.*<sup>10</sup>

They went about 80 miles in 3 days, or 27 miles per day. No doubt they were slowed by their stealth, but we may nevertheless infer that to make the Georgetown-Ft. Sumner trip in the 8-10 days between enumerators' visits in 1880 would have been a grueling horseback ride. And what about the significant differences between the two sets of census answers? Psychologically speaking, the same person tends to repeat the same answers to the same questions, whether those answers are true or false.

In general, the evidence supports taking the Georgetown census information more seriously than that from Ft. Sumner, although this is the opposite of what researchers have done over the years. So, I decided to see what could be found in Illinois.

| House No. | Family No. | Name       | Race | Gender | Age | Relationship to Head of Household | Occupation    | Birthplace | Father's Birthplace | Mother's Birthplace |
|-----------|------------|------------|------|--------|-----|-----------------------------------|---------------|------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| 193       | 174        | Wm McCarty | W    | M      | 21  | Boarder                           | Dairyman      | Illinois   | Ireland             | Ireland             |
| 194       | 175        | Ed Moulton | W    | M      | 32  | Proprietor                        | Farmer        | Illinois   | Ireland             | Ireland             |
|           |            | Suzanne    | W    | F      | 25  | Daughter                          | Keeping house | Illinois   | Ireland             | Ireland             |

Georgetown Census 1880—Author's Collection



## THE BLOOMINGTON CENSUS

The 1860 census for Bloomington, Illinois, shows a Patrick McCarty, 30, heading a household which included Catherine, 30, "Danl" [sic], 5, and William, 3<sup>11</sup> (see following page). Catherine's age at her death was given as 45<sup>12</sup> years, which means she would have been around 31 in 1860. The Kid's age would have been around 1 in 1860, if we believe the 1880 Georgetown census. Patrick and Catherine were both born in Ireland, Daniel in New York, and William in Illinois. So far so good.

But there are problems, the most obvious of which is Daniel. Although BTK had a brother, his name is always to my knowledge given as Joseph, Joe, or Josie, never Daniel. Since it isn't known which brother was the elder, we can hypothesize that Joseph wasn't born yet in 1860. But then, what happened to Daniel? Also, Catherine at least once evidently described herself as the widow of *Michael* McCarty.<sup>13</sup> If this is true, Patrick may be a problem also.

Page No. 195  
**SCHEDULE 1.—Free Inhabitants in 2<sup>nd</sup> Ward Bloomington in the County of Madison State**  
 of Linton enumerated by me, on the 1 day of July 1860. Ed. Atty Ass't Marshal.  
 Post Office Bloomington

| 1    | 2    | 3                 | 4   |     |       | 7       | 5                    |                          | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
|------|------|-------------------|-----|-----|-------|---------|----------------------|--------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
|      |      |                   | Age | Sex | Color |         | Value of Real Estate | Value of Personal Estate |    |    |    |    |    |
| 1567 | 1372 | Patrick Mc Carthy | 30  | M   |       |         |                      |                          |    |    |    |    |    |
|      |      | Catherine         | 30  | F   |       |         |                      |                          |    |    |    |    |    |
|      |      | David             | 5   | M   |       |         |                      |                          |    |    |    |    |    |
|      |      | William           | 3   | M   |       |         |                      |                          |    |    |    |    |    |
|      |      | John Ryan         | 22  | M   |       | Laborer |                      |                          |    |    |    |    |    |
| 1568 | 1373 | David             | 55  | M   |       |         |                      |                          |    |    |    |    |    |

Bloomington Census 1860—Author's Collection

**THE NEW YORK CITY CENSUS**

The 1860 census for New York City, 1st Division 1st Ward, shows a Patrick McCarthy, 30, heading a household which included "Cathn" (sic), 29, Bridget, 7, and Henry, 1<sup>4</sup> (see below). Patrick and Catherine were both born in Ireland, Bridget and Henry in New York. This family probably comes closer than any other to being accepted as the Kid's. Why? Because the birth year and place match *Authentic Life's*:

*William H. Bonney...was born in the city of New York, November 23d, 1859...In 1862 the family, consisting of the father, mother and two boys, of whom Billy was the eldest, emigrated to Coffeyville, Kansas. Soon after settling there the father died, and the mother, with her two boys, removed to Colorado, where she married a man named Antrim, who is said to be now living at, or near, Georgetown, in Grant county, New Mexico, and is the only survivor of the family of four, who removed to Santa Fe, N. M., shortly after the marriage. Billy was then four or five years of age.*<sup>15</sup>

But there are problems with this account. Ash Upson (Garrett's ghostwriter) suspiciously also had a birth month and day of November 23. There is no other evidence to my knowledge that the family ever lived in Coffeyville. There now can be little doubt that Catherine married Antrim in Santa Fé, not Colorado, on March 1, 1873.<sup>16</sup> BTK, if he was born in 1859, would have been around 14, not 4 or 5. And in 1882 his brother Joseph was very much alive, and remained so until 1930.

So, why should we believe Upson about the birth year and place?

Fred Nolan has his doubts about the NYC family:

*Quite apart from the misspelled surname,...what happened to Bridget? Why is Catherine's age given incorrectly? And what happened to the father?*<sup>17</sup>

**SCHEDULE 1.—Free Inhabitants in 1<sup>st</sup> Division 1<sup>st</sup> Ward City of New York in the County of New York State**  
 of New York enumerated by me, on the 26<sup>th</sup> day of June 1860. Edward Hogan Ass't Marshal.  
 Post Office New York City

| 1    | 2 | 3                 | 4   |     |       | 7           | 5                    |                          | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
|------|---|-------------------|-----|-----|-------|-------------|----------------------|--------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
|      |   |                   | Age | Sex | Color |             | Value of Real Estate | Value of Personal Estate |    |    |    |    |    |
| 1567 |   | Patrick Mc Carthy | 30  | M   |       | Day laborer |                      |                          |    |    |    |    |    |
|      |   | Cathn             | 29  | F   |       |             |                      |                          |    |    |    |    |    |
|      |   | Bridget           | 7   | F   |       |             |                      |                          |    |    |    |    |    |
|      |   | Henry             | 1   | M   |       |             |                      |                          |    |    |    |    |    |
|      |   | David             | 55  | M   |       |             |                      |                          |    |    |    |    |    |

New York Census 1860—Author's Collection

## THE INACCURACY OF CENSUS DATA

Nolan is a bit optimistic in his expectations of census data. When attempting to trace someone through censuses, names vary, due to such factors as marriage, use of nicknames and abbreviated names, misreading enumerators' handwriting, and enumerators' misspellings (note that Labadie spelled BTK's surname "Bonny"). One might expect that age would reliably increase by 10 years every new census, but experience shows otherwise, due to the "informant" problem (when one person answers for another). Death certificate forms ask for the informant's name (since the deceased is *never* answering for himself), but census forms do not.

I ran across these problems when attempting to trace Pedro Antonio Lucero for my article on the BTK inquest report.<sup>18</sup> The records from the 1850-1910 censuses contain given names Pedro, Pedro A., P. Anto. (which an indexer spelled "Panto"), and Pedro Anto.; calculated birth years between 1834 and 1837; locations La Cuesta, El Gusano, Hatch's Ranch, the 10th precinct of San Miguel County, Santa Rosa, and Alamo; and occupations farmer, farm laborer, carpenter, and herder. I never did find him in the 1900 census, though I did find his nephew Cruz L. Sanchez, with whom he was living in 1910. Is this the same guy? I think so, because of the similarities, but can't be certain.

A more persuasive example concerns my own father. At first,

I couldn't find him in the 1940 census by searching the index. Since I knew where he was living, I was able to find him by scanning the appropriate census images.<sup>19</sup> An indexer had entered his surname as "Gones", a misread of enumerator Irene Morris' handwriting, although she had spelled it clearly and correctly. However, Morris didn't quite get his given name correct, spelling it "Lenard" (see below).

My father was born on Nov. 14, 1901, so on April 19, 1940 (when Morris came by), he would have been 38, but is shown as 36. His sister Nola Angeline Jones Estes was living with him. She was born on Feb. 14, 1905, so she would have been 35, but is shown as 34. Her daughter Janice Gail (shown as "Gayle") Estes was born Dec. 23, 1933, so she would have been 6, but is shown as 7. These results aren't entirely consistent with Nola having been the informant, although hers and Gail's ages are closer to correct than my father's.

There was one more person living with my father: James J. O'Leary, shown as 54, born in Ohio, and had lived in Washington, DC. Using this info, I found a World War I draft registration card for one James Joseph O'Leary, born Jan. 2, 1886, living in Washington, DC in 1917-1918. Other records I found suggest that this is the right man, and his age is right, so he could have been the informant. In any case, for reasons that aren't perfectly clear, none of my three relatives' ages was given correctly.

| Order visited | Own or rent | Value of house | Name                   | Relationship to Head of Household | Gender | Race | Age | Marital Status | Highest Grade | Birthplace | Prior Residence | Occupation      | Industry    |                  |
|---------------|-------------|----------------|------------------------|-----------------------------------|--------|------|-----|----------------|---------------|------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------------|------------------|
| 109 0 1935    | Wa          |                | Walters, Francis C. D. | head                              | M      | W    | 32  | W              | 70            | 11         | Texas           | Cleveland, Ohio | Owner       | Photo Shop       |
| 109 0 1935    | ho          |                | Gones, Lenard D.       | head                              | M      | W    | 36  | S              | 70            | 24         | Kentucky        | Mallup          | Lawyer      | Private practice |
|               |             |                | Estes, Nola            | sister                            | F      | W    | 34  | D              | 70            | 22         | Kentucky        | E. P. Burnett   |             |                  |
|               |             |                | Gayle                  | niece                             | F      | W    | 7   | S              | 70            | 1          | Kentucky        | E. P. Burnett   |             |                  |
|               |             |                | O'Leary, James J.      | lodger                            | M      | W    | 54  | S              | 70            | 24         | Ohio            | Washington      | Post Lawyer | Private practice |
|               |             |                |                        |                                   | M      | W    | 31  | M              | 70            | 5          | Memphis         | Wash. D.C.      | Post Lawyer | Private practice |

Espanola Census 1940—Author's Collection

## CONCLUSIONS

There is a better chance that the Georgetown data came straight from BTK's mouth than the Fort Sumner data. And the Georgetown data point us to Illinois as the Kid's birthplace, a possibility that to my knowledge has never been explored. The inaccuracies (if indeed they are such) in the ages of the Bloomington family are not a disqualification; they are typical of census data.

But, more proof is needed if this family is to be accepted as BTK's. For example, a death record for Patrick or Daniel, or a birth record for Joseph would be helpful. In working through the McLean County Genealogical Society, I have so far been unable to find such. I am hoping that someone with better genealogical skills than me will read this and take up the challenge.

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2. Rasch, Philip J., and Robert K. DeArment. *Trailing Billy the Kid*. Laramie, Wyo: National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History, 1995.
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4. "United States Census, 1880," database with images, *FamilySearch*

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5. "United States Census, 1880," database with images, *FamilySearch* (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:MZTV-C3C>: 15 July 2016), Wm Mccarty, Georgetown, Grant, New Mexico, United States; citing enumeration district ED 17, sheet 379A.

Notes continued on page 22

# The Fatal Meeting of Huston Chapman and Billy Campbell

– Drew Gomber

Lew Wallace claimed, right up until the day he died, that Billy Campbell was really an alias for none other than Jesse James! Well, Lew was never exactly known for his grasp of frontier personalities, and his assessment of Billy Campbell, to say nothing of his feelings about Billy the Kid, are good examples.

It seems that pulling himself away from writing the final chapters of his book *Ben Hur* was just too much of a chore for New Mexico Territorial Governor Lew Wallace back in 1879. That darned, annoying Lincoln County War, and all of its accompanying chaos, had been raging to the south of the Governor's Palace at Santa Fe. Even though the climactic battle had been fought in July of 1878, violence had continued relentlessly on, assuming a life of its own. And, despite all Lew's attempts to ignore the hostilities, the body count had rather insistently escalated, ultimately demanding the attention he preferred to focus exclusively on the book.

In the end, Wallace finally went down to Lincoln, where he interviewed many of the citizens, including the Kid himself. In fact, the Kid was downright handy for the Governor. Wallace needed a witness to the murder of a man named Huston Chapman, and the Kid had been on the scene. In return for his testimony against the killers, Billy was promised a pardon by the Governor.

At the time, in letters to friends back east, Wallace referred to the Kid in a disparaging fashion, calling him a "precious specimen". He marveled at the fact that the "local minstrels serenaded the fellow in his prison," the obvious significance of which eluded him entirely. Many years later, Wallace would describe a much more romantic sounding meeting with the famous outlaw, but at the time, he clearly held nothing but contempt for the youthful desperado.

But it was Billito's testimony that Wallace needed. The widow Susan McSween had been fussing and carrying on relentlessly about the murder of the lawyer (Chapman) she had hired to prosecute Jimmy Dolan and Colonel Nathan Dudley. Susan held these men responsible for the death of her husband, Alexander McSween, also an attorney, the previous July.

Dudley, she felt (with much justification), had stood idly by as her husband and others had been murdered by men in the employ of Jimmy Dolan. Susan knew that a conviction for murder would be extremely unlikely, so she went after them for arson. No one could deny the fact that her home had been burned to the ground. Susan had employed lawyer Huston Chapman from Colorado in the hopes that he would legally smite her enemies.

Huston Chapman had only one arm, but he was a dynamo of energy and made up for it in spades. From his first moments in Lincoln, Chapman had made himself a thorn in the side of Jimmy Dolan, a dangerous proposition at best. Dolan had gone more or less broke financing the Lincoln County War, and was, understandably, a tad peeved about the whole financial situation. A volatile personality to begin with, Jimmy's patience with those who disagreed with him on well, just about any subject at this point in time, had pretty much run out. Frequently painted as the villain of the Lincoln County War, Dolan deserves better treatment from history. His feeling that A.A. McSween was largely responsible for the violence in the first place was not unjustified. By the middle of February 1879, Dolan had taken to musing aloud—in front of his hired guns—about how much more pleasant things in Lincoln would be if that pesky lawyer Chapman would just go away...which brings us to the night of February 18, 1879.

## HUSTON CHAPMAN

On the night of February 18th, Huston Chapman had just finished putting up his horse and buggy and had just gone down to the Tunstall Store for some bread to make a poultice. He had a toothache that would, in a very brief time, become the least of his problems.

It had been one year to the day since the murder of John Tunstall and the beginning of the hostilities that became known as the Lincoln County War. Despite the bloodthirsty reputation that many have attempted to pin on him, Billy the Kid was tired of fighting. He had put out peace feelers, and earlier in the evening of February 18th, the Kid and several other Regulators had a tense meeting in the street with Jimmy Dolan and others of the Murphy/Dolan faction. The end result was a 6-point peace treaty, one point of which was that anyone testifying against any of the others for any crimes was to be killed on sight by the other parties. (Golly, even amateur legalese is confusing!) Let me try to make that a little less muddy: If any of the men agreeing to the peace treaty were to squeal on any of the others, then all of the remaining men involved would hunt down the squealers and well, you get the picture.... That particular point was to become a matter of some concern for the Kid later.

After making their treaty, the new friends elected to go on a tour of the numerous drinking establishments that Lincoln had to offer. Talk about a bad idea...

Most of them (the Kid was more or less of a teetotaler) were extremely drunk when they spied Huston Chapman coming east on the street toward them. Chapman was a brave man. It may have been possible that he could have crossed to the other side of the street, but he elected to keep on, and in so doing sealed his own Fate. Brave, but terribly foolish.

When he came face to face with the drunken revelers at a point a few yards east of the Torreón, Huston Chapman found himself facing a very drunk Billy Campbell (remember him?).

## BILLY CAMPBELL

History has not paid much attention to Billy Campbell, but he was certainly well known in the Lincoln County of the late 1870s. George Coe related a rather chilling story about Campbell's behavior a few years prior to the Lincoln County War. It seems that, at a dance one night, Campbell was dancing with a young lady when an older man named Thomas King came up and jabbed his thumbs into the lady's sides, causing her to make an un-lady-like exclamation and embarrassing her in the process. Infuriated, Campbell was restrained from attacking King, who was older than most, having been a 49er. He was described by Coe as an "interesting old freak."

But it wasn't over.

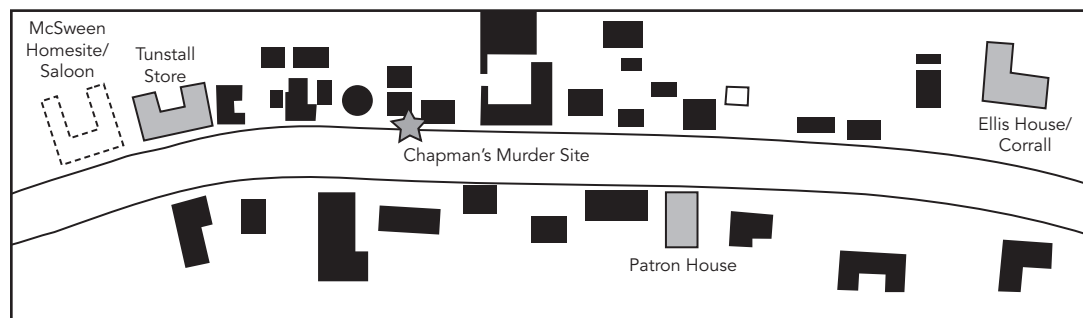
King was in the employ of George Coe at his ranch at modern-day Glencoe and both men were working in the fields a day or so after the dance when Billy Campbell rode up. Coe inquired as to Campbell's business, and Campbell, clearly in no mood for discussion, fingered his pistol and asked Coe if he "wanted any." Coe rather emphatically assured Campbell that he most definitely did not "want any" and without further ado, Campbell rode over and shot Tom King dead.

In the Lincoln County of the late 1870s, most residents would have sworn that horses were hippos if they thought that it would keep Billy Campbell from becoming cross with them.

## THE CONFRONTATION

Huston Chapman stared levelly into the murderous eyes of a very drunk Billy Campbell. “Who are you and where are you going?” demanded the drunken desperado. Chapman knew none of these men. Despite the fact that he had been pursuing Jimmy Dolan legally, he had no idea that Dolan was one of the men now confronting him. “My name is Chapman and I am attending to my business,” he calmly replied. “Then you dance,” snarled Campbell as he rammed his fully-cocked revolver into Chapman’s midsection. Chapman apparently never fully realized the extent of the danger that he was in. “I don’t propose to dance for a drunken mob. You can’t scare me, boys. I know you, and it’s no use. You’ve tried that before. Am I talking to Mr. Dolan?” asked the courageous-to-the-point-of-being-insane lawyer. At this point, the equally scary outlaw Jesse Evans spoke up. “No,” he drawled, “but you’re talking to a damned good friend of his.”

And that was where the conversation ended. It ended because, in the back of the group, someone, possibly Dolan himself, fired his weapon into the ground. No one expected a shot to come from back there and it startled them. More specifically, it startled Billy Campbell, whose trigger finger reflexively tightened. The two reports sounded almost as one.



Chapman, exclaiming, “My god, I am killed!” slumped to the ground. He was right. His lifeless body lay on the north side of the street, in front of the house where he and Susan McSween had been staying, his clothes ablaze. “I promised my God and General Dudley I’d kill him and I’ve done it!” crowed the triumphant Campbell as he holstered his pistol and led the group to the next saloon on their agenda, located, perhaps ironically, on the site of the original McSween home.

Man has been blaming countless murders on God since the beginning of time, but Campbell’s mention of Dudley is interesting—to say the very least. We can only imagine Susan McSween’s outrage when she heard of it. In her mind, it undoubtedly proved, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that Dudley had been involved as more than just a spectator in the murder of her husband.

After a few more drinks, Jimmy Dolan began to search for a volunteer to place a gun on the still-smoldering body of Huston Chapman for the sake of the authorities. As you can imagine, this was a job that no one was overly anxious to take when Billy the Kid suddenly announced that he would do it. Taking the gun from Dolan, the Kid left and, going directly to his horse, got out of town just as quickly as he could. Billy was no fool. (Incidentally, at no time during the Lincoln County War was he known as Billy the Kid—it was either “Kid Antrim” or simply “Kid”. It was not until later that he acquired his more famous sobriquet.)

## WALLACE

And it was the killing of Huston Chapman that finally brought Lew Wallace down to war-torn Lincoln County. Wallace found exactly what he was looking for in the Kid: An eyewitness to the killing who was willing to risk his life to clear his name. It is difficult not to notice how cynically Wallace used the trusting young outlaw. Telling Billy what he wanted to hear, namely that he would be cleared and be permitted to go on with his life (Billy and fellow Regulator Fred Waite had planned on ranching together before the hostilities broke out), Wallace placidly allowed the young man to risk his life trying to keep his part of a bargain that the Governor may—or may not—have intended to honor.

In the end, the Kid realized his foolishness in trusting the Governor. A little more jaded than before, he left Lincoln to embark on his brief life of crime, which ended with his death on the night of July 14, 1881. His life may have ended, but his legend lives on.

Susan McSween, tough as nails to the end, eventually recovered financially and went on to become “The Cattle Queen of New Mexico”. A few years later, she remarried yet another lawyer named George Barber. It is tempting to wonder exactly how George felt about this, considering Susan’s past history

concerning attorneys, which is to say they kept dying in sad and extremely sudden circumstances. By all accounts, when the couple divorced, he did feel that he had experienced a narrow escape.

And Billy Campbell, the killer popular history has forgotten? Campbell, correctly realizing that his welcome in Lincoln

County had entirely worn out, drifted over to the new boomtown in Arizona called Tombstone. And it was in Arizona that he finally pushed his luck too far. He was run to ground by vigilantes and lynched for still more depredations—a fitting end if ever there was one.

Lew Wallace went to his grave convinced that Billy Campbell was Jesse James. The fact is, Jesse James, when compared to the murderous Billy Campbell, comes out looking like a veritable choirboy.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank, from the bottom of my heart, the two people I consider to be the leading authorities on Billy the Kid and the Lincoln County War: Frederick Nolan and Nora Henn. Without my two limitlessly patient friends to help direct my energies and answer my endless questions, I would probably have never written a word about the Old West or embarked on what has become, for me, an adventure, an odyssey in time.

### SOURCES:

*The West of Billy the Kid and A Documentary History of the Lincoln County War* – Frederick Nolan  
*The Lincoln County War* – Maurice Fulton  
*High Noon in Lincoln* – Robert Utley  
*Lincoln County and its Wars* – Nora True Henn

*Editor’s Note: This article first appeared in the 2002-2003 Gazette but due to formatting issues it was difficult to read. I decided it was worth reprinting in our anniversary issue and asked Drew to make an necessary updates to the story.*

# UPDATE LINCOLN

—Lori Ann Goodloe, BTKOG Member

In our last Gazette we included an article that laid out the issues involved with the State of New Mexico cutting funding to the historical sites—most notably for us Lincoln and Ft. Stanton. Staffing changes were in limbo and locals were frustrated, to say the least, about the future of our monuments.

It's been a year since the uproar and I'm happy to say that things are getting better. The vacant ranger positions have been filled and Lincoln/Ft. Stanton has a new site manager, Tim Roberts. I've been able to visit Lincoln a lot since he took over. Each time I heard nothing but good things about him from the locals—everyone seems hopeful for the future of the sites under his direction.

When they found out the BTKOG would be celebrating our 30th anniversary in Lincoln, Tim and the rangers were so helpful and accommodating to us and helped make Billy the Kid Days a success. Since that initial meeting in July, I've been able to talk to Tim about what's been happening in the past year and he invited me up for a tour so he could show me what progress has been made and what still needs work.

## LINCOLN:

**Visitors Center** – For as long as I've been going to Lincoln things have pretty much remained the same. Not much changed in way of exhibits and it got to the point



*Paintings awaiting their new home in the Luna Gallery  
—Author's Photograph*

where when I visited, I no longer felt the need to go into the museums (except maybe to run upstairs in the courthouse and see Billy's window) because I'd already seen everything dozens of times. But that's changed now—the exhibits are starting to change.

For years, paintings of the Lincoln County War participants hung on the walls in one of the main rooms in the visitors center museum. While there's nothing wrong with having paintings in a museum, they never really fit in with the rest of the artifacts. Now these painting will be moved, freeing up space for a more in-depth exhibit of the Lincoln County War. Their new home, across the lawn from the visitors center, will be the Luna House. Formally used to store the archives, the Luna House will now serve as an art gallery for Lincoln. There's artwork in both the visitors center and the courthouse that will find new life in the gallery where it can be showcased rather than overshadowed by other exhibits.

**Montaño Store** – The visitors center isn't the only site being revamped. I was surprised during my tour with Tim to walk into the Montaño Store and find a vignette set up on the eastern end of the building. This room is where Lew Wallace was staying when Billy was under house arrest next door at the Patron House. This was a fact I had only learned a year before after taking a tour with historian Drew Gomber. Before then, regardless of how many times I'd been to Lincoln, this wasn't something I knew or ever really thought about. But now the scene is set—showing visitors what it could have looked like when Lew Wallace stayed there.



*Wallace's Room in the Montaño Store —Author's Photograph*

The interior of the Montaño Store isn't the only thing getting attention. The roof was replaced last year and they're testing out different patches for the adobe: a traditional technique and another using modern materials.



*Adobe patch on the exterior of the Montaño Store —Author's Photograph*

**Convento** – Another building I hadn't been in lately is the Convento. The original courthouse (where Brady was probably headed the day he was ambushed) was also a saloon at one time. There are plans to create a saloon exhibit with bottles and artifacts already in the archives in Lincoln.

**Tunstall Store** – Anyone who read last year's Gazette will already know that the Tunstall Store is one of the buildings that needs pretty extensive help. We showed photos last year of the floor sinking in the northeast corner. During my tour, Tim

explained that this had a lot to do with the roof. Back in Tunstall’s day, when the building was built, it had a flat roof (as did all of the buildings except the Murphy/Dolan store). The mud used for the roof, while heavy, evenly distributed the weight throughout the building and served to hold everything in place. But when the flat roof was replaced with a peaked roof in 1886 it compromised the integrity of the building so that things started to separate. It also didn’t help matters when they tried to fix the building by pouring concrete up against it—possibly in an attempt to stabilize it. These “improvements” were done decades ago, long before people knew (or cared about) proper techniques of preservation. They did the best they could back then, and while it can be fixed properly now, the cost will be enormous. Tim assured me the building will stand for years and years as it is, but the sooner repairs are made the better.

As for the interior exhibits of the Tunstall Store, plans are underway to show the two sides of its history. Right now what you see on the shelves mostly relates to what it was like when the Penfield family operated it from 1914 to 1957 (when they sold it to the State). That part of the exhibit will likely remain in the west wing of the store while the east side, the side where Tunstall’s living quarters are, will be geared more to what it was like when he owned the store—displays of rope and bullets and things needed in an Old West town (rather than the finery sold during the Penfield era). Tim also mentioned that he’d like to remove the track lighting in Tunstall’s bedroom in order to showcase the canvas ceiling—another feature I had never noticed. How often do you look up and take notice of a ceiling? But apparently that’s the way Tunstall would have had it and it’s an interesting feature.

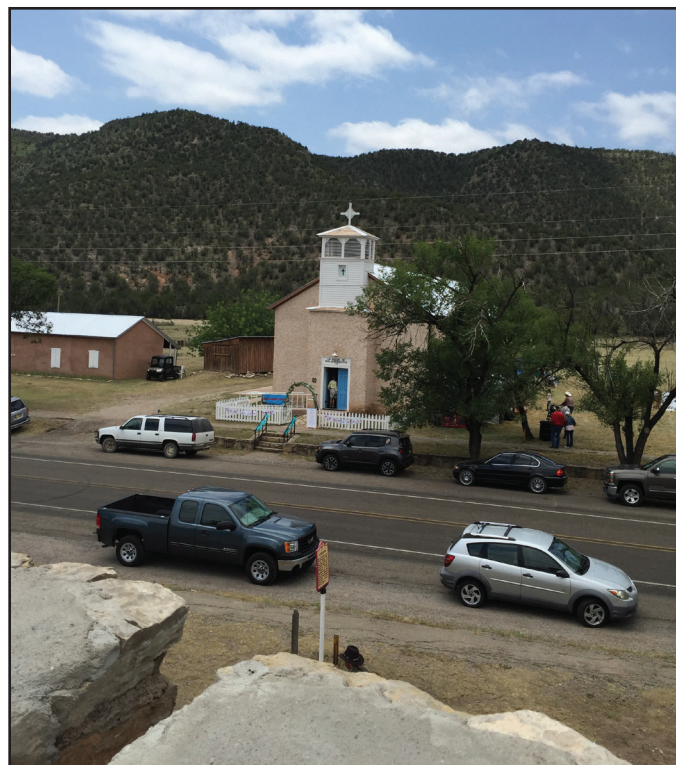
**Torréon** – Back in June, when Lincoln held San Juan Days, fellow BTKOG member Linda Pardo sent me a photo taken from atop the Torréron. At first I thought she had somehow sneaked up there but it turned out one of the preservation projects that had been completed was renovating the roof. Add this to the lists of things I didn’t know about Lincoln: the Torréron has a roof. Until recently the door leading inside the Torreón was always locked—I didn’t even know there was a second floor much less roof access. I had always assumed when the Murphy/Dolan men were holed up in the Torréron during the Five Day Battle they were shooting out of the small holes in the walls. But no, they were on the roof as well—which makes so much more sense. And now, tourists can get a better idea of how the Torréron was used as a defensive position during Apache attacks or during the Lincoln County War.

**Courthouse** – One of the biggest buildings in Lincoln is the Courthouse/Murphy Dolan Store. Fortunately it’s not in too bad of shape and work has started on repairing what can be repaired. Unfortunately it suffers from some of the same types of misguided preservation attempts as the Tunstall Store. The most obvious improvement made so far is the windows on the back of the building. Last year we published photos illustrating what a rough shape the exterior doors and windows were in. This past spring, a preservation company came in and renovated all the doors and windows on the south side of the building (where the sun damage was the greatest). Broken, damaged wood was repaired, windows were resealed/caulked, and special historic replica hardware was installed (inside and out).

The interior issues are more of a challenge. In several areas the walls have been patched using improper methods. The photo on page 15 illustrates what’s been done throughout the building. The original adobe has been covered with plaster which was patched with both modern drywall mud and concrete stucco.



*Improper foundation work at the Tunstall Store—Author’s Photograph*



*The view from the newly restored roof of the Torréron—Courtesy of Linda Pardo*



The term “best practice” (*a procedure that has been shown by research and experience to produce optimal results and that is established or proposed as a standard suitable for widespread adoption*—Merriam-Webster) was brought up a lot during my tour with Tim. This is *not* an example of best practices. And again, back when they made these repairs they didn’t know any better, but fixing the mistakes of the past won’t be easy.

What will be easier is revamping the exhibits. For example, the current exhibit in the sheriff’s room downstairs will be rearranged into a more logical display and Drew Gomber will be writing new bios for each sheriff. Meanwhile, upstairs in Billy’s room, a bed and card table (hand-built by ranger Larry Pope) were added to reflect what the records show he had when he was a prisoner. There are plans to recreate Garrett’s office as well. Little vignettes like this, and Lew Wallace’s room in the Montano Store, will be popping up more and more in Lincoln and Ft. Stanton. A lot of the furniture is already in storage in Lincoln and the Department of Cultural Affairs in Santa Fe has offered to send artifacts from their collections.

**Aragon Store** – Next to the Wortley Hotel are the ruins of what was once the Aragon Store and White Elephant Saloon (among other things). Another new bit of information I learned was that not all of the ruins are actually authentic. It seems that the Hubbards started to rebuild parts



*Parts of the original stone and adobe walls of the Aragon Store —Author’s Photograph*

of the walls in the 2000s and for whatever reason their project was abandoned. This is an instance where preservation isn’t necessary—at least for parts of the wall. In the photo above, you can see the original rock wall and a small hunk of original adobe (close to the Wortley) which will be preserved and protected. Parts of the modern wall will be removed for safety reasons.

**Archives** – Tim also let me tour through the new home of the archives. Previously stored in the Luna House, the archives have since been moved to the Dr. Wood’s Annex which has climate control that the Luna House didn’t. Things are still being organized and searched through but progress is definitely being made and soon any noteworthy finds will be incorporated into the museums.



*Improper plastering on the interior courthouse wall—Author’s Photograph*



*South Side of Courthouse—Courtesy of Ginger Moore*



*The same door after the renovations—Author’s Photograph*

## FT STANTON:

Unlike Lincoln, which has remained pretty much the same for the past 100+ years, Ft. Stanton, is a whole different beast. Originally an army fort, Ft. Stanton has also been a tuberculosis hospital, a state hospital, a German internment camp, and a women's corrections facility. When looking at preserving the fort's history, each of these iterations should be addressed; this creates unique challenges. But, much like Lincoln, Ft. Stanton also suffers from misguided attempts at preservation.

**Barracks** – On the exterior of this building a non-masonry paint was used instead of white-washing it. Because of this, the stone underneath hasn't been able to breathe resulting in water damage.

Visual interpretations of what life was like during each stage of the fort has been a main goal for Tim and the other rangers. The first one completed was the barracks. Now visitors can see firsthand how the building was used (which is much more effective than just hearing about it during a tour).

As you can see from the photos this part of the building is still very much in progress. Fortunately the building itself is in good shape. But because the fort was so many things long before it was a historic site, each occupant didn't care much about preservation; their additions/changes were meant to be functional. For example, in here the original windows were removed and reshaped using ordinary concrete. This isn't something that can easily be reverted back to the original state when it was used as a fort but it's still historic in its own way since this addition was done when it was a hospital. Therefore, this particular building will showcase that era. Right now a new floor is being installed, the ceiling beams have been repaired, and the kitchen (which still contains a lot of its '30s features) will be cleaned up.

**Hospital** – This in another building that has issues with the exterior paint. But, rather than non-masonry paint, latex paint was used. It's not as damaging as the paint on the barracks but it's not correct either. In order to do it correctly the latex paint will have to be removed which takes money, but for now they're letting Mother Nature take care of that. It may look shabby but it's not being neglected.



*Damage due to non-masonry paint—Author's Photograph*



*Recent installation in the barracks building—Author's Photograph*



*Here you can see the work being done on the floor of the barracks as well as the concrete casing around the windows—Author's Photograph*



*This wall in the barracks shows the original 1855 stone work, plaster from the 1880s and 1900 hospital era, and tin walls from the 1930s—Author's Photograph*

**Community House** – In 1939 a German Luxury Liner called the S.S. Columbus was spotted by a British ship near the coast of Virginia. Rather than let the British take the ship, it was scuttled and the passengers and crew were rescued by an American ship. The German nationals were sent to Ft. Stanton as “distressed seamen”. After the U.S. joined the War, the fort became an internment camp for Germans and some Japanese prisoners of war.

Virtually nothing is left at the fort from its days as a Civilian Conservation Corps. (CCC) work camp and German Internment camp. However, artifacts still remain from the Columbus, many of which are at Ft. Stanton. And luckily there was a German photographer named Rheinhold Schreiber on board the Columbus. While at the fort, Schreiber befriended a border patrol agent named Melvin Miller. Recently, Miller’s son Mark donated many of Schreiber’s photographs to Ft. Stanton and the old Community House is now dedicated to that era of the fort.

**Presbyterian Chapel** – Like the other buildings, this one had several lives. Originally it served as the laundry for the fort and eventually an addition was built on the back that served as a church. On the exterior of the building you can see where the original stone building ends and the slightly more modern concrete building begins. Plans for this building include renovating the tin ceiling (which was damaged by raccoons) and restoring it to its 1930s condition.



*Tin roof on the Presbyterian Chapel—  
Author’s Photograph*

**Commanding Officer Quarters** – This is another building at the fort that went through a lot of changes over the years which presents a challenge in how to showcase it. Originally used as the Commanding Officer’s Quarters, the front half (which is now covered in 1990s wallpaper) will be renovated to reflect its original function. Many of the floors have already been stripped back to the original wood planks; next the wallpaper will come down and tests will be done on the paint to find out what color the trim was originally.

In the 1930s the building was also the home of the chief surgeon. In the back half of the building there’s a room with a beautiful Art Deco fireplace. Rather than remove the fireplace to make it blend into the fort era, plans are to restore this half of the building back to the ‘30s—creating a sort of time warp from one room to another.



*Art Deco fireplace in the Chief Surgeon’s  
home—Author’s Photograph*

**FUNDING:**

As it was last year, funding for these projects is probably the biggest obstacle facing these sites. Fortunately funding was freed up for a few of these projects; \$50,000 went towards repairing the roof of the Torreón and another \$10,000 was used to restore the windows on the courthouse. But if a new roof on something as small as the Torreón costs that much, one can only imagine the astronomical cost of repairing and restoring the sinking Tunstall Store. As for the work being done on the Barracks and Commanding Officer’s Quarters, the State paid for the materials and staff time but the rangers have also been working on their days off with other volunteers to get the work done. The paint on the hospital building and barracks at Ft. Stanton could be removed rather than letting it peel off naturally but it would take an expert in restoration to do it the right way without

damaging the buildings. Experts cost money and there’s only so much the State can part with.

Luckily outside money has been coming in, too. The Daughters of the Revolution donated \$20,000 to repair the tin ceiling on the Presbyterian Church at Ft. Stanton and grant money is also being applied for. The rangers have recently begun hosting Lincoln After Dark tours, giving visitors a look at the darker, more dangerous side of Lincoln’s history. They’ve also teamed with local historians Drew and Elise Gomber. Drew’s tours of Lincoln are not to be missed—I don’t know anyone in that town who knows more about Lincoln and can answer just about any question you may have. Elise, a historian and actress, researched and wrote a one-woman play about the life of Carolina Dolan. She’s been performing her play, *Our Mothers Before Us*, during special events this summer and it’s been such a hit there’s talk about her writing other plays about other women who lived during Lincoln’s heyday. The Friends of Lincoln group has also been a huge supporter of the historic site (see the article on page 18).



*Elise Gomber in Our Mothers Before Us—  
Courtesy of Tiffanie Owen*

It’s clear to see that things are definitely not as dire as it seemed last year. Progress is being made and will continue with our help. Everyone can do their part. Visit Lincoln and Ft. Stanton—take a tour and see a play. Join the Friends of Lincoln. If you live close by, volunteer your time. Donate (it’s tax deductible). Every little bit helps and together we can keep these historic sites standing for the coming generations.

# Friends of Lincoln

An update on Lincoln wouldn't be complete without mentioning what our friends at the Friends of Historic Lincoln have been up to. As we've mentioned before in previous Gazettes and Newsletters, the Friends of Historic Lincoln was founded to support the restoration and preservation of the Lincoln Historic Site. Since their founding in 2013, they have raised over \$25,000 in donations that have gone towards assisting the New Mexico Department of Cultural Affairs in their efforts to preserve Lincoln.

Through their membership dues, donations, and sales of bricks, maps, posters, and license plates, the Friends of Historic Lincoln have been able to assist in projects where State funding has been lacking. The list of contributions they've made over the past few years is long but it includes:

- A marker at the site of Sheriff Brady's murder
- Uniforms for the volunteers who staff the buildings and museums
- A range for the Watson House
- The restoration of the clock in the Tunstall Store
- Steps for the pulpit and locking hardware for the newly restored windows in the San Juan Church
- Professional library books
- Repairs to the utility trailer used but the Site
- Continuing education for the rangers through the American Association of Art and History
- Curtains for the Gallegos House and Dr. Wood's House
- Donations to the Museum of New Mexico Foundation
- Metal door grates for every building
- Antique hardware for the recently repaired windows in the Courthouse
- Secure Donation box in the Dolan House

The Friends are currently focusing on the Tunstall Store—possibly the most challenging project that needs addressing. There are different membership levels for those interested in joining their organization and every little bit helps. We'd encourage BTKOG members to join with the Friends of Lincoln and help preserve, promote, and protect the town that's so important to the history and legacy of Billy the Kid.

[www.oldlincolntown.org](http://www.oldlincolntown.org)

## Giving Santa Fe a Break

I will be the first to admit that I have a poor opinion of New Mexico's government and will cry "Santa Fe Ring" when anything hinky happens involving the State. And I'm not the only one. Maybe it's deserved—maybe it's not. Other parts of the state often feel like the red-headed stepchild, overlooked because we're not Santa Fe. But now it looks like I may have to defend Santa Fe—at least when it comes to Lincoln and Ft. Stanton.

In talking to Tim about the restoration projects going on, the subject of Santa Fe came up quite a bit. Apparently they've been very helpful and supportive of the work he's doing in Lincoln and Ft. Stanton. I was shocked. Santa Fe isn't supposed to be helpful. They're supposed to take what they want for their own museums and ignore all the others in the State. But this hasn't been the case—at least in recent months.

A beautiful Apache beaded buckskin dress was donated to the museum in Lincoln. A lot of people were worried because it had to be sent to Santa Fe to be properly preserved; they insisted it would never come back. But when I was in Lincoln in September, the dress was safe and sound and being displayed in the museum. And those photos I mentioned taken by the German photographer from the S. S. Columbus? Those had to go to Santa Fe first too and were promptly returned. The Department of Cultural Affairs has even offered to send furniture and pieces they have in storage to be used in the future displays in both Lincoln and Ft. Stanton.

I don't know if we've been giving Santa Fe a bad rap all these years or if this is a recent change. Either way, they're deserving of credit now.

# An Origin Story

In 1987 a museum opened in Hico, Texas—a museum dedicated to a man named Oliver Roberts, alias Brushy Bill Roberts, or as they like to call him: Billy the Kid. These folks like to claim that Billy didn't die at the hand of Pat Garrett in 1881; they say Billy got away and ventured into Texas where he lived and died as an old man in the '50s.

Thirty years ago a woman living in Taiban, New Mexico, named Maryln Bowlin learned about this museum and did the only thing she could think of. She gathered some like-minded friends and started the Billy the Kid Outlaw Gang with the mission to preserve, protect, and promote the true history of Billy the Kid in New Mexico.

The following is a letter that we pulled from our archives—written to the Outlaw Gang by the deluded gentleman who believed he had been friends with the “real” Billy the Kid—as a response to our organization. From the mocking tone, it's not hard to see why Maryln would have taken umbrage with his tall tales about Billy.



BRUSHY BILL ROBERTS

ALIAS

'BILLY THE KID'

DIED IN HICO, TEXAS

DECEMBER, 1950

(from, The Hico Legend of Billy the Kid)

## The City of Hico

*“Where Everybody is Somebody”*

August 13, 1987

Billy the Kid Outlaw Gang  
Box 1881  
Ft Sumner, N.M. 88119

Dear Sirs (and or Madams, as the case may be):

It has come to me that you have a new club out there in the boon-docks, named after a local man that died here in 1950. I want to thank you for doing him such a great honor as to keeping his memory alive.

However,

there is a point or two that you should be made aware of so you do not go off the deep end so to speak. First, young Billy (who later was Old Brushy) was never really an outlaw. He was a paid fighter who happened to be unlucky enough to be on the losing side of a minor conflict that you folks have blown up all out of proportion, (you have taken a little ole shootout and called it a war) and since the people who really started it were land owners, thereby were taxpayers, someone else who paid no tax had to be blamed so they laid it off on Billy because not only did he pay no tax he was not even old enough to vote, so he could not help elect someone honest that would blame the guilty and lower taxes.

Now (and this is important),

second, Billy began to understand things, as I pointed out to you in the above, and he started thinking about going back to Texas where noone paid taxes and doggone few voted, while thinking on these things his friend Billy Barlow was shot down at Maxwell's house while helping himself to some fresh beef (whose hide had been removed so ownership could not be questioned). About this time one of your local lawmen came on the scene and made a deal with the owner of the meat to say that he did the shooting, if said owner would let him have the meat. Later the lawman found that he could not spell Barlow so he wrote in the Kid for the poor dead mans last name because he could spell that. Well this made up our Billy's mind for him, if they were going to shoot people that tried to cook for themselves instead of paying tourist prices in Ft. Sumner cafes he would just go back to Texas, which he did, and was hungry when he got here.

I hope you are now getting things straight in your heads, and following this history lesson closley as you have believed the wrong things long enough. By the way, Stinking Springs was so named after Chisum's first trail crew all washed their socks, worn since they left south Texas, one night.

Nevertheless, on with the lesson,

Billy came back to Texas (barefoot I am told, since his boots were recently found) and found things quite different than they had been in New Mexico. Here there was enough good land and enough friendly people that there was no use to argue over anything. (If anyone did cause trouble they knew they would be sent to New Mexico, so this made everyone even eaiser to get along with) Well Sir (and or Madam) this new peaceful life was so good for Billy that he began to see that he would live for a long time (which he did) so he picked out a new name for himself, Ollie L. Roberts. (The nickname Brushy came from so many years on the range and since toilet tissue had not been invented he looked for a brushy area - hence he became known as Brushy Bill before he left New Mexico).

I hope you are getting this, tell you what, you may keep this letter for future reference when you get stuck for true answers, and as a training manual for new members if you get any.

This you can carry to the bank,

Billy the Kid never was. He was that youngster Billy looking for the brush. Brushy Bill. The name stuck. Even after indoor plumbing. Brushy Bill Roberts. The same that left Old Fort Sumner to protest summer prices for a T-bone. The same that died an old man in Hico, Texas, in 1950.

Good luck with your club, sure hope you someday incorporate something into it based on real history instead of New Mexico fairy tales.

Yours truly, and truthfully,  
Brushy Bill's buddy,



Bob Hefner

# The Saga of Billy the Kid

—Dr. Jannay P. Valdez, BTKOG Member

It was December 31, 1859 when Billy the Kid was born  
On a cold and wintry Texas morn...  
not November 23 as Garrett in his book had told,  
and people believed in the book he sold.  
Born at Buffalo Gap in Texas, his home...  
where the warlike Comanches freely did roam...  
not New York, a convenient “John Doe”  
because Billy’s birth, Pat Garrett didn’t know.  
Soldiers at Ft. Phantom Hill, and the Butterfield Stage...  
protecing, taming this wild country for the pioneer age.  
This baby boy, William Henry Roberts, his real name,  
Would some day be called, Billy the Kid in fame.  
His father, Two Gun Roberts, off to the Civil War...  
the just Southern cause that took him afar.  
Leaving behind his wife and small child—  
victims of hardships, a life so wild.  
And, not yet 3—Billy lost his Mother...  
but soon from the Indian Territory, he’d have another.  
Katherine Bonney, his caring half-aunt came,  
took little William Henry Roberts, changed his name.  
William H. Bonney, as he was now known—  
would later be called Billy the Kid, when grown.  
Katherine Bonney (also as Mrs. McCarty she was known),  
married William Antrim—she, having 2 boys—neither grown.  
At Silver City, very hard-working, but also very sick—  
soon she died...  
Mr. Antrim was not much of a father to the boys—but he tried.  
Troubles with “the law” for Billy soon began...  
jailed for stealing, he escaped—to Arizona he ran.  
Here, in self-defense was Billy’s first kill...  
big, bully loudmouth named Windy Cahill.  
Now with a killing, he was on the run, dodging the law,  
he worked as a cowboy, (and maybe a rustler), a life hard and  
raw.  
Mesilla, Las Cruces, San Elizario—all around...  
an outlaw, a kid, drifting from town to town.  
Working as a cowboy for John Chisum, Pete Maxwell...  
his past, who cared? No one would tell.  
Finally, John Tunstall, the Englishman—decent and fair,  
hired Billy as a cowboy, took him under his care.  
Then, Sheriff Brady and his posse, in a cowardly deed—  
Murdered John Tunstall for the Santa Fe Ring’s greed.  
The Lincoln County War had now begun...

the only choices were to fight or to run.  
The Regulators, sworn deputies, with warrants in hand...  
sought Tunstall’s murderers throughout the land.  
This was war—death a companion of such.  
It finally ended, but the bloodshed was much.  
With the “War” now over, things had settled down,  
and the “Peace Parley” was held in Lincoln Town.  
Then, the murder of lawyer Chapman—a deed unjustified,  
caught Billy in the middle, and for a pardon he testified.  
A promised pardon? Oh, no!!! But chains instead...  
for Brady’s murder, to be hung till dead!  
The crooked judge did his part so well...  
Billy’s words to him: “Go to hell, hell, hell!”  
At Lincoln jail, chained and shackled, Billy waited,  
constantly guarded by Olinger, whom he hated.  
To Celsa, to Paulita—to Ft. Sumner he ran,  
now seeking his friends—a wanted man.  
Finally, Pat Garrett came to kill Billy the Kid—  
on the 14th of July in Pete Maxwell’s room he hid.  
But, Billy tipped off by friends at a dance,  
moved cautiously, quietly, not taking a chance.  
Billy Barlow, half-dressed, because of the heat,  
went to Pete Maxwell’s to cut some meat.  
Barlow stopped and he talked to McKinney and Poe—  
and, not being the Kid, they let him go.  
They, like Maxwell, didn’t know Pat Garrett would,  
kill in cold blood, whenever he could.  
Like O’Folliard and Bowdre, murdered on site,  
this was Garrett’s version of a fair fight.  
“**Brave**” Garrett in the dark, cowardly standing—  
Barlow: “Who’s there? Who’s there?” was demanding.  
“Quien es? Quien es?” **helpless Barlow** said...  
Garrett carefully aimed, then shot him dead.  
“You’ve shot the wrong man” Deputy Poe firmly declared,  
all looked down at Barlow, and shockingly stared.  
Garrett and his men quickly worked out a plan  
to cover the murder of this innocent man.  
This gunfire at Maxwell’s, late in the night—  
No witnesses—doors were locked—people in fright!  
They buried Barlow (as Billy the Kid) in a grave—  
**dark-skinned with mustache, needing a shave.**

**Not Billy the Kid** (peach fuzz face, you know)—  
now, to cover this murder, so “no one” would know.

The Kid was told that he could leave,  
If he'd keep the secret, let his friends grieve.

He could leave behind Brady, Olinger, and Bell—  
convictions for which would hang him in hell.

Garrett, a murderer, no one would know—  
**Billy the Kid, now ‘dead’, freely could go.**

**This secret in New Mexico, some did know—**  
but, as was the custom, **where's the outlaw's photo?**

Billy the Kid a new man, with often a new name,  
**many other outlaws did the same.**

But, wherever he went, he carried his gun,  
his past always with him—always on the run.

**Brushy Bill Roberts—his final last name,**  
**was Billy the Kid of Old Western fame.**

The years passed, he finally grew old—  
by a slip of the tongue, his secret was told.

Now 90 and realizing his weakening health,  
he only wanted forgiveness—not a penny of wealth.

Discovered, uncovered, by William V. Morrison—  
he decided to stop living life on the run.

He requested a pardon, as promised in the past—  
a hearing was granted, finally, at last.

His hearing, again a betrayal—again double-crossed,  
confused, fainting, “ambushed”—he lost.

**Billy the Kid—Brushy Bill Roberts** returned to  
Texas in heart-breaking defeat,  
rejected, disgraced, to his wife and humble house on Lena Street.

With his arm on a truck on the main street of Hico—  
**Old Billy the Kid—Yes, Billy the Kid, finally let go.**

He'd taken his last step, had taken his last ride—  
‘twas no longer necessary for Billy the Kid to hide.

He had asked for a pardon, made his last bid.  
**It was finally, finally, the end of Billy the Kid.**

After all those years of hiding, his peace with God found—  
**Billy the Kid lay dead on the ground.**

*Editor's Note: I know it seems strange to publish a poem about Brushy Bill Roberts in the Gazette, especially in an issue celebrating our founding as an anti-Brushy Bill organization. But I'll refer you to the table of contents and the disclaimer that states “Members of the BTKOG have a right to speak their piece.” Jannay has been a member of the BTKOG for ages (longer than your editor and president) and he's entitled to share his views. Besides, without people believing in Brushy Bill, the Outlaw Gang wouldn't exist.*



# BTK in the Census

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# Hello, Bob!

## Bob Olinger Family History

—Sheila Blair, Former BTKOG Member

*Editor's Note: This article originally appeared in the 1995 Gazette.*

During this year's Billy the Kid Days in Lincoln we toured Ft. Stanton. A few of our members spoke to Ranger Larry Pope about the location of Bob Olinger's grave. Most of us knew he was buried somewhere on the Fort in an unmarked grave and rangers believe they've located the site. The cemetery is located off a hiking trail about half a mile south of the fort and to the best of their knowledge, the marker to Olinger's grave is near the back fence to the left.

And because we have a photo now of the site, I thought it would be a good place to reprint a couple of Olinger articles from past Gazettes.

Years ago my husband Bill and I made the trip to Fort Sumner to visit Billy the Kid's grave site. Bill has always been a western history buff. We had the good fortune to meet a member of the newly formed Billy the Kid Outlaw Gang and immediately joined. In 1993 we went to Lincoln to see the actual place where history was made. I saw the marker where Bob Olinger was shot and wondered if he was a member of my mother's family. I started researching the Olinger Family Tree further and as it turns out, Bob Olinger was my Great-great-great-great Grandfather Harvey George Washington Olinger's great-great nephew. Bob Olinger being a fifth generation Olinger and I am the eighth.

The Olinger family came to America in 1741 on the ship "Friendship" from Germany. They eventually settled in Southwest Virginia in the counties of Augusta and Lee. They were large landowners—grants from service in the Revolutionary War. Bob had many uncles who served honorably in the "War Between the States". I count eleven Confederate soldiers as part of my heritage.

My family genealogy records that I have obtained from my cousin, Helen West, in Ohio, listed the William and Rebecca Robinson Olinger family as living in Indiana from 1828 to 1855—where Bob was born—then in Mound City, Kansas from 1858-1859, and Linn County, Kansas in 1860.

Most of the Olinger family is buried at the Olinger Family Cemetery at Olinger, Virginia near Dryden. Bob could possibly be part Cherokee as there were a lot of Cherokee Indians in that area and Indian ancestry is difficult to trace. My Great-Grandmother always told me we were part Cherokee on her side of the family.

Everything I have read about Deputy Bob Olinger points to him being an ill-tempered, nasty fellow. Perhaps, after living through the Civil War without the guidance of his father and facing the hardship of the Indian Territory, he survived any way he could. Had I been Billy I would have probably wanted to shoot him too! The three generations of the Olinger family I have been a part of are all kind, loving country folks.

Bill and I enjoy being a member of the Gang and look forward to each newsletter and Gazette. We hope to attend one of your yearly meetings. I'll keep researching my "Black Sheep" relative and send any information I find on to the Gang. Keep up the good work—we like to help keep our heritage and history alive.



Melba Valdez and Dan Jones at Olinger's grave marker—Courtesy of Bob Ross



Brian Otto at the site of Olinger's death—Courtesy of Bob Ross

# The Rest of the Story . . .

—Carolyn C. Allen, Former BTKOG President

*Editor's Note: This article originally appeared in the 1992 Gazette.*

As I happen to be an admirer and champion of William H. Bonney, alias Billy the Kid, it disturbs me when uninformed individuals pass judgments on him without knowing the full facts. For example, this summer in Ruidoso a tourist asked me, "How can you say that Billy the Kid was not a ruthless killer when he blew a man's head off with a shotgun?"

My answer is that one has to know the entire story and not judge by Twentieth Century standards, especially since the Nineteenth Century frontier expected a man to solve his own problems and believed in the eye for an eye philosophy.

Seventeen-year-old Billy Bonney first entered Lincoln County in the Fall of 1877 at Seven Rivers, New Mexico. According to legend he arrived at the adobe home and store of Heiskell and Barbara (Ma'am) Jones, parents of nine strapping sons and one slim daughter. He appeared footsore, limping, and hungry after his horse and gear were stolen by Apaches. He had walked for three days and nights across the rugged Guadalupe Mountains in his boots, without socks! Today some historians discount this version, but I believe it happened. (There is not space in the newsletter for my dissertation on why. I will save that for another time.)

As a result of his being taken in by the Jones family, he formed a close attachment to the elder Jones and a life-long friendship with their oldest son John. (Sadly, neither one of the young men was to have a long life.) The friendship survived fighting on opposite sides during the Lincoln County War as the Seven Rivers group fought for the Dolan faction—not because they liked Dolan, but because they resented and disliked John Chisum. And some of them had probably sold rustled cows to Murphy and Dolan.

Seven Rivers (which now lies beneath the waters of the Brantley Dam on the Pecos River—the town of Carlsbad is nearby and the Guadalupe Mountains can still be seen in their rugged grandeur) at that time was a small settlement on the Pecos and a rough place. Bodies were always being recovered from the river after being "pecosed." Either they had been shot, knifed, hit on the head, or drowned, and then dumped into the water. Seven Rivers was close to Texas and the Texas Rangers had made it hot for outlaws and rustlers. Therefore, desperate men were crossing into New Mexico Territory because there was "no law west of the Pecos" except at the county seat in Lincoln which was almost 160 miles away.

It was into this environment that Billy Bonney came. He spent a week or so with the Joneses, helping Ma'am with the dishes and working in the store. In their spare time he and John rode and practiced their shooting skills. He probably met the Beckwiths, Marion Turner, Buck Powell, Bob and Wallace

Olinger, Buck Morton, and even Jesse Evans.

As an example of the frontier—the time, the place, the people—John Jones had received a six-shooter, a gift from his father, at the age of fourteen. It was his initiation rite into manhood.

At the end of Billy's stay, John lent him a horse which carried him north to Chisum's South Spring Ranch and eventually to Lincoln and his destiny. However, many times afterward the Kid would ride back to Seven Rivers to stay with the Joneses. Ma'am became a second mother to the youth—and required his presence at Bible service on Sunday mornings at their store.

It was in this close friendship that one of the killings we know Billy committed had its roots. Among the Seven Rivers residents was Bob Olinger, known as Pecos Bob, who had the reputation of a braggart and a bully. Probably Billy knew him in the fall of 1877, but their paths had not yet converged. Later Bob rode with the Seven Rivers men in the War. Again, there was not necessarily personal enmity between them. That all changed, though, in 1880 when Billy returned to visit the grieving Jones family at Seven Rivers. John Jones was dead, shot in the back by Bob Olinger. This was confirmed by Ma'am herself who had prepared John's body for burial and had seen the bullet entry wounds.

As Billy was already in trouble with the law because of the Brady indictment, he told Pa Jones for him and his boys to stay out of trouble. He, the Kid, would take care of Olinger.

Therefore, in April of 1881, when Billy the Kid blasted Bob Olinger with Olinger's own shotgun, he was not merely responding to Olinger's taunts and jeers and threats; Billy was avenging the death of a friend and repaying a debt to a family that he respected and loved.



*Billy shoots Olinger in the Last Escape of Billy the Kid Pageant—  
Courtesy of Lori Ann Goodloe*

# New Billy Photo Found?



It would appear that croquet isn't the only sport Billy and his friends may have (allegedly) liked to play. This photo just surfaced and it's being printed exclusively here in this Gazette. Remarkably, after months of research, experts in facial recognition have been able to identify every person pictured and with the help of multiple historians we can say definitively that this is what happened:

There was an influx of outlaws in Lincoln—all converging on the same day—probably in mid-July judging by the lighting and the shadows of the trees.

It seems as though Bob and Connie Ross, members of the notorious Santa Fe Gang, met up with their cronies Paul Blevins, Dan Jones, and Melba Valdez to do some skiing and as we all know, Billy was an avid skier so naturally they would meet in Lincoln to invite him along. It didn't matter to them if it was in July—a lack of snow isn't about to stop outlaws from doing what they want.

Wild women Linda Pardo, Robyn Jones, and Katherine McAlvy came intending to play a few rounds of golf with the Kid, because as we all know there was nothing that Billy loved

more than playing golf. He often spoke about the joys of being on the back nine and sinking a hole in one (something no one else in Lincoln was as good at as the Kid).

Chris Jones came to town searching for a half-pipe so he could show Billy the sick ollie he just mastered on his skateboard. Being a master skater himself (albeit goofy-footed) Billy would never pass up a chance to show off his own specialty: the kick flip-underflip.

Lori Goodloe just wanted to play the all-American game of baseball and Billy, being a New York born and bred Mets fan, was never able to resist the crack of the bat or the prize in a box of Cracker Jacks.

Meanwhile, Wild Bill Doyle and his pals, Humberto Martinez, Susan Powell, and Julian and Trudy Leyba came to town fully armed and just wanting to shoot things. If there's one thing we know Billy couldn't resist, it's a shooting competition.

And naysayers out there may ask why Billy isn't in the photo if all of his fellow outlaws came to see him. The answer is obvious: someone had to take the picture.

# Billy the Kid Days

July 2017 - Lincoln, NM



*Lynda Sánchez presenting From Bootleg Whiskey and Billy the Kid to Apaches and Nazi Artifacts—Courtesy of Tiffanie Owen*



*Eddie Taylor and Brian Otto with Yginio Salazar—Courtesy of Bob Ross*



*Danny Vest—Courtesy of Bob Ross*



*Chris Jones, Linda Pardo, Paul Blevins, and Robyn Jones—Courtesy of Lori Ann Goodloe*



*A night out at the Flying J Ranch—Courtesy of Bob Ross*



*Tour of Ft. Stanton with Ranger Larry Pope—Courtesy of Bob Ross*



*Wild Bill Doyle and Humberto Martinez—  
Courtesy of Bob Ross*



*Chris Jones and Lori Goodloe—Courtesy of  
Linda Pardo*



*Bob and Connie Ross—Courtesy of Bob Ross*



*Steven and Sarah Kretschmer—Courtesy of  
Lori Ann Goodloe*



*Melba Valdez, Linda Pardo, and Lori Goodloe—Courtesy of Bob Ross*



*The Billy the Kid Outlaw Gang, Celebrating 30 Years, Lincoln, New Mexico, 2017—Courtesy of Lori Ann Goodloe*

# OLD LINCOLN DAYS

## 2017

Once again the Outlaw Gang had an amazing time this August during Old Lincoln Days. We want to especially thank the Dolan House for letting us set up on their lawn, the Marrow Bone Springs gunfighters for the entertaining croquet games, Kent McInnes and the *Last Escape of Billy the Kid* Pageant folks for the great show, the rangers who had the task of keeping everything running smoothly, and everyone who came out to visit us. We'll see y'all again next year!



We are The Billy the Kid Outlaw Gang. Our Purpose is "To Promote, Preserve, and Protect the History of Billy the Kid, Billy the Kid Country, and the State of New Mexico."

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**Dear Gang:**

It seems impossible that only 3 months have passed since Maryln and Joe Bowlin returned from Hico, Texas. What they saw there made them realize we needed a Billy the Kid organization in New Mexico to combat the fairy tales being spread by a bunch of grave robbers in Texas who are trying to take Billy from New Mexico.

The day Maryln got back she rounded up all the 'outlaws' she knew in Fort Sumner and surrounding territory. Bob Craig came up with the organization's name, and we are off and running.

As far as we know, we have the largest legal outlaw gang in the world, with members in Arkansas, California, Kansas, Maryland, Missouri, North Carolina, New Mexico, Tennessee, Texas, Hawaii, Germany and Great Britain.

Thanks to the able assistance of Attorney Mike Wells, we are now a non-profit corporation with complete tax exempt status. This also means that your membership dues and any other contributions you make to The Gang is tax deductible.—**Bob & Barbara Craig, editors.**

# PALS

TOM  
O'FOLLIARD  
DIED DEC 1880

WILLIAM H  
BONNEY  
ALIAS  
'BILLY THE KID'  
DIED JULY 1881

CHARLIE BONDRE  
DIED DEC 1880

We are the Billy the Kid Outlaw gang. Our purpose is to Promote, Preserve, and Protect the History of Billy the Kid, Billy the Kid Country, and the State of New Mexico