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INTERVIEW WITH FELIX CORDOVA - 1017 E. Main St., Trinidad
Taken by A.K. Richeson, Trinidad, Colorado

3/10-1934

In the spring of 1869 Mr. Cordova's father, Higinio Cordova, with his wife, Luz Garcia, Cordova, and other members of the family including the young lad, Felix, first came to Las Animas county. They first settled near Tercio, but in the spring of the following year they moved to El Moro, where they made their permanent home. One of the brothers of Felix, J.J. Cordova, was county commissioner of Las Animas County from 1922 to 1929 when he died. Felix Moved into Trinidad in 1904 and in the year, 1905, opened a grocery store on east main St. where he has been engaged every since. He has one boy, Higinio, and one girl, Herminia.

As a lad he played with the children of an Apache tribe which use to visit near his home every summer. He cannot recall the name of their chief. His folks lived next to the ranch on which lived Tom Leitensdorfer, who claimed one-sixth of the Vigil and St. Vrain grant. He says that he was a nice neighbor and was very good to the children of his community. Mr. Cordova's wife name is Isabella Trujillo Cordova.

His father, Higinio, married a daughter of Juoquain? Garcia who lived at Taos, New Mexico and who had bought from another member of his race two Indian boys, and two girls. One of the boys he was unable to tame, the other, Jose de Gracia Garcia, to whom he gave his family name, he raised to manhood, and Jose de Gracia Garcia came with Higinio Cordova to Las Animas County in the year, 1870.

Mr. Felix Cordova also knew Jose Lino Salas, who as a young lad was kidnapped by the Navajo Indians in the regions of the

Felix Cordova

Manzana Mountains some forty miles southeast of Albuquerque, N.M. and carried to their reservation on the western slope of Colorado. Young Salas was only a lad but one night he stole a horse while the Indians were sleeping and rode towards the North Star until he reached the Rio Grande river which he followed home. He traveled only at nights and thus was able to reach in safety his parents.

Mr. Cordova has never played an active part in the political life of the county although he has held a few appointive offices.

Dated March 10, 1934.

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INTERVIEW WITH MR. JOSE DE GRACIA GARCIA, Hoehne, Colo.
Taken By A.K. Richeson, Trinidad, Colorado.

3/9-1934

At the close of the war with the Republic of Mexico in 1848, conditions in our new western empire were very unsettled. The new Spanish-American constituents to our national melting pot presented varied and sundry problems before they could make the good citizens that the majority of them are today. They were essentially a pastoral people. They represented a small minority of the population of our new territory. The Indian tribes of Navajo, Ute and Apache comprised the bulk of the remainder of the population of our new western empire for already civilization with modern methods had spread

Mr. Harp's file.

west of the Mississippi as far as Westport Landing in Missouri now known as Kansas City, Missouri.

At the close of the Mexican war wandering bands of Mexicans and the Indians had many skirmishes. There was one tribe of Indians, the Navajos, which were following pastoral pursuits similar to our new Spanish-American citizens. The section of our new empire where the Arizona-New Mexico boundary now is was far from the Santa Fe Trail which was really the trail of our ever westward pushing American civilization. In this part of the country were many skirmishes between the bands of roving Mexicans and small tribes of Navajo Indians,

Jose de Gracia Garcia

At this period in our history it must be remembered that Slavery of the negroes still existed in the south and among certain classes of people it was thought nothing of to sell small children as slaves or helpers to the people that bought them.

Of the Navajos and the Mexicans it should be said: one wanted to keep their pasture lands and hunting grounds; the others wanted new lands for their sheep, cattle and horses.

Mr. Jose de Gracia Garcia, residing one mile and a half south ^{Wahns} of Heehne speaks of his own experiences during the period following the close of the Mexican War. He was a member of a Navajo tribe. His mother in Spanish was called "Estan Troce?" meaning thin woman. She had some sheep, cattle, and horses which she and her five boys were caring for. Since no one has ever respected the rights, especially when it comes to property, of the Indian race, one of these wandering bands of Mexicans overtook her with her children and stock. They proceeded to take her and her children captive and seize her cattle, sheep and horses for their own. This occurred in the region of the Carrizo Mountains in the Northeast part of Arizona.

Mr. Garcia remembers that he was a small boy of six or seven when this occurred and he is almost positive that it occurred in the year 1852. He recalls that a man by the name of Alphonso was with the band that took him and his mother and five brothers the distance of 350 miles to Taos, New Mexico. Mr. Garcia is now the only surviving member of this Navajo Family. The snows of age have rested lightly on his broad shoulders. Although he is blind, his physique is well preserved, and his mind yet active and clear, as could be easily noted in his conversation with the writer and J. Preston Dunlavy who acted as inter-

Jose de Gracia Garcia

preter. One would hardly believe that he has seen the passing of at least eighty-eight summers.

The man Alphonso, of whom we have spoken, sold this young Indian lad to a man by the name of Jucquain Garcia who raised him and had the young lad, as he grew up, to help him with his flocks and herds. As early as 1870 young Garcia now by name and Higinio Cordova who married a daughter of his adopted father came to Las Animas county seeking new ranges for their cattle and sheep. Since that time Mr. Jose de Gracia Garcia has resided in Las Animas county. We was married to the widow, Mrs. Jose Maria Gallegos, but there were no children from this union. He is now staying with Mrs. Mike Trujillo, a daughter of his wife's daughter by a previous marriage.

Mr. Garcia has never been back to the Navajo Reservation, but one sad part of this story is that if he was able to prove beyond a doubt who his parents were he would receive part of the oil money that the Indians in Oklahoma received from the sale of oil lands on their reservation. Such is an example of the tragedies of life.

Mr. Garcia has always voted the Democratic Ticket, but does not know how he came to receive this privilege since he never took out citizenship papers. Presumably he votes by lisencc only.

Interview taken March 9th, 1934.

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INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE W. TITSWORTH- Valdez, Colorado
Taken by A.K. Richeson, Trinidad, Colorado.



Mr. and Mrs. George Titsworth, sr., who are celebrating the 61st anniversary of their wedding at their home in Valdez today. The pioneer couple traversed the prairies by ox-drawn wagon a year after their wedding.

Pioneers of Las Animas County Celebrate Wedding Anniversary

George Titsworth, Sr., Widely Known Peace Officer, and
Wife Were Married Sixty-One Years Ago

VALDEZ, Dec. 23.—Honors are being bestowed today upon a pioneer couple who have experienced more of the hazards of life—and gone on undaunted—than a dozen ordinary couples.

Today Mr. and Mrs. George Titsworth, sr., are celebrating the 61st anniversary of their wedding.

Friends from all Southern Colorado are sending their greetings to the old couple today. They have made their home in Las Animas county for 60 years and are known throughout Southern Colorado.

Sixty-one years ago today George Titsworth, a long, lanky youth with eyes as hard as steel took unto himself a wife. The bridegroom was 22 and his bride was 20 when they stepped before the altar in a small town in Washington county, Arkansas.

Christmas day was spent by the couple in making plans for their trip to the West as soon as the snows melted in the spring.

After a seemingly endless wait the couple joined a caravan of ox-drawn covered wagons and started the long trek westward on April 8, 1872.

More than 100 covered wagons were included in that caravan starting for the almost-unknown West from which tales of gold and adventure came as strong stimulants for the pioneers.

Men of the party were well armed and ready for any sudden attacks from the Indians. The wagon train before them had been attacked and a number of immigrants were killed.

At Fort Dodge, Kas., a military escort was offered by federal authorities only to be refused by the leaders of the train.

After three and one-half months of difficult travelling the party arrived at a ranch 30 miles from Trinidad where Titsworth's father had settled down after having searched for gold a few years previously.

At this point the Titsworths left the long line of wagons and

waved farewell to those who plodded further West.

The fertile pastures of Las Animas county were ideal for raising cattle so like many others the young pioneer bought land and cattle. The business thrived until the late '80s when a bitter cold winter killed almost every head of stock in Southern Colorado.

Early in the '90s he became deputy sheriff of Las Animas county.

It was a quick trigger finger and a sure eye that brought him through many hair-breath escapes. Southern Colorado, with its many hideouts in the high country, provided an ideal operating place for some of the worst outlaws the state has ever known.

Many are the times Titsworth would call a posse together to scour the hills for train robbers, murderers and other lawbreakers.

—and many are the times Mrs. Titsworth would be caring for the children at home, wondering if her husband would return, or if he would be ambushed in some lonely arroyo.

Titsworth, who probably is one of the oldest peace officers of the state, is said to have arrested

more lawbreakers than any other man in the state.

He assisted in the apprehension of "Black Jack" Ketchum, the Green and Kelley train robbers, "Black Jack" McManus and other desperadoes who have colored the pages of Colorado's history.

Later Titsworth entered the employment of the Colorado Fuel & Iron company as peace officer in various company properties.

Mr. and Mrs. Titsworth have lived in Valdez where three of their sons are employed in the C. F. & I. Frederick mine, for the last 16 years. They also have four other children living.

George Titsworth

The foregoing newspaper article was printed in the C.F. and I^e Blast published by and for the workers of that large corporation. This was printed December 23rd, 1932, and today March 13th, 1934 both of the principals are yet living and having enjoyed together sixty-two years of married life. The names of their children are:

John Titsworth - living at Valdez, Colorado
Katie - Mrs. Doty - living in Trinidad, Colorado.
Mrs. Mecky - living in Humbolt, Kansas
Mrs. Anne Dawe - Living in California
Mrs. Alice Barrington - living in Denver, Colorado
George Titsworth Jr. - living in Valdez, Colorado
Ben Titsworth - living in Valdez, Colorado.

George Titsworth or "Alkali Bill" as he was called was born at Huntsville, Arkansas, December 20th, 1850. His mother died when he was six years old and his father decided to come west, leaving him with his grandfather, an aunt and several other relatives. He was shifted from pillar to post during his remaining childhood days. Even at this early period of his life young Titsworth encountered many hardships. His guardians, who had just a small farm on which they struggled to earn a lively-hood, were forced to cope a depression which was sweeping the country. They, at last were obliged to turn the little fellow out into the world to earn his living, as their meagre rations of corn, which they ground into corn meal, was practically their only food, and this was growing scarcer. He was now only eleven years of age.

He went to several neighbors and friends and offered to work for his board. He had a hard time trying to find a place because everyone thought a small boy like this would be more of a nuisance than a help, but finally a Mr. Henderson hired him as a farm hand at twelve dollars a month, but it was a custom in this settlement to receive pay only once a year so he worked a year before he had a cent in his pos-

George Titsworth

session. He spent his money only on very essential things such as clothing and economized when ever he could. He enjoyed saving his little earnings. He was afraid to keep his savings on his person and did not want to trust anyone with it so he thought the safest place would be in the ground. Thus, beneath a large oak tree, each year was deposited his little savings. He rode by now and then to see if all was safe.

In a few years he had saved five hundred dollars in gold. His employer still owed him a year's salary. Rumors were whispered about that the Hendersons were broke and were losing everything they possessed. Mr. Titsworth went to Henderson and told him that he had decided to quit. Henderson pleaded with him but to no avail and, to Titsworth's astonishment, Henderson paid him what he owed in full. Henderson evidently was not as hard pressed as was rumored about.

Mr. Henderson asked Titsworth to stay long enough to teach another fellow to drive a terribly wild team which only he had driven. Titsworth did so and when he finally got a new driver broken in, he left but was sent for soon after as the team and the new driver seemed to be having trouble. He stayed only a short time and then left and an old friend of his taught him the blacksmith trade.

He was still nothing more than a youngster and often at spare intervals disipated in children's games. He was playing marbles when he met Martha Choate, his future wife, who had seen him playing and asked a girl whom she was with, who he was. This girl, Charity Cantwell, was his cousin and she introduced Marth and George. After this they always went to church together. In these early days there were not many amusements and all the young men took their girl friends to church. They were married December 23rd, 1871 in Washington County,

George Titsworth

Arkansas. He was twenty-one and she twenty years of age.

Mr. Titsworth often wondered what had happened to his father as no one had heard of him since they had watched him leave the little Arkansas town in his covered wagon one morning. Several months after they were married, Mrs. Titsworth was outside talking with a neighbor when the postman handed her a letter. Without noticing whom it was from, she hurried over to the blacksmith shop which was next door and gave it to her husband. He could hardly believe it; the letter was from his father. He stated that he had prospered in the western country and thought it would be a great place for his young son and advised him to come as soon as possible. The young couple immediately made plans for their westward journey and on the 28th of April, 1872, they joined a caravan of covered wagons-about one hundred in all- and started across the dusty prairies, following the Arkansas River all the way to Colorado. They brought two small orphan children with them.

It was a hard slow journey; the river was high with flood waters, and the wind and dust added to their troubles. They were also in constant fear of Indian attacks as the two preceding caravans has been destroyed by the red men. Nevertheless they escaped without even seeing one of the savage tribes. Drinking water was their big problem. The men were obliged to dig wells in the evening after a hard day's travel. About twice a week they had to dig a well in order to quench their thirst.

At night the corraled their wagons so in case of an Indian attack they would be able to protect themselves. After the wagons were corraled they were sunk in the ground up to the hubs so that the heavy winds could not blow them over. The men took turns in watching the

George Titsworth

stock.

These wagon trains always hired several guides. George was on night watch with one of these guides whom he thought was rather suspicious character. He had however become quite friendly with the young fellow. As they rode about watching the stock, this fellow said,

"What do you think of Jessie James?"

"He's a pretty tough customer, I think," said young Titsworth.

"Well, what would you say if I told you I was Jessie James?"

Titsworth looked astonished.

"That is who I am, but don't tell anyone. I took the assumed name, Jim Bar, because I am wanted by the law for robberies, and, as you know, I could not travel alone, and wanted to go out west, so decided to get a job as guide for a caravan. I've got these people "buffaloed". Guides are scarce these days, and these people have agreed to feed my horse, and believe me, they'll stick to their promise."

Jesse's horse was a thorobred "Kentucky Whip." While stopping at a little town on their way, Jesse met a man who bet him fifty dollars that he had a horse that could beat the one belonging to James. Jesse asked Mr. Titsworth to hold stakes, but George would not, for he thought there might be trouble. Jesse had said on the q.t. that win or lose he would get the money, but the trouble was avoided as Jesse's horse won the race.

Everyone knew that Jesse was a tough fellow and avoided him. The Titsworths were his best friends. He stayed near them all day and at night tied his horse behind their wagon. He never started any trouble but if he saw that anyone was trying to start something he immediately put them in their place. When they crossed the Arkansas River, the

George Titsworth

captain ordered them to disarm. All disarmed except Jesse. All disarmed except Jesse. He proceeded to help build the ford with his gun strapped to his belt. The captain yelled, "Hey you, disarm."

"I'll disarm for no one," said Jesse, and reached for his gun, ready to pull it on the captain, but several men grabbed him and prevented the tragedy. This was practically the only trouble they had with Jesse James and many of the emigrants never learned who this notorious character really was.

(Another famous man who traveled with them was Captain Stark, an old Civil War Captain. He settled in a little village in Colorado, five miles south of Trinidad, which now bears his name, Starkville. He later became dissatisfied and went further west.)

There were several families who agreed to help each other out; some supplying the wagon, and team, while the other brought furniture. When they were many miles from civilization, these two particular families got into an argument and the folks who had furniture took it out of their friend's wagon and stubbornly insisted on staying out on the prairies. The other members of the caravan tried to persuade them to forget the incident and come with them but to no avail. The last that was seen of them, they were sitting out on the prairies, surrounded by furniture. No doubt they regretted their stubbornness before very long, as it is supposed they were attacked by the Indians.

Every evening after chores were done, they gathered in friendly circles, some singing, others telling stories. Even a comedian happened to be with the company and he entertained them with singing and banjo playing.

The trip was not all drudgery, there were pleasures, thrills

George Titsworth

and exciting moments, but towards the end of three months the dusty prairies became quite tiresome. On the 18th of July the Titsworths' hearts were gladdened by the sight of a lonely adobe house, their father's home.

It was a pretty sight indeed, after so much prairie land, to see beyond this vast space, an alcove of mountains- the Spanish Peaks, snowy range, and the Sangre de Cristo Range, forming the western horizon; while to the south a beautiful peak, named for the famous explorer and army scout, Waldemar Fisher, extended as it were a welcome to these strangers. The foot hills were very picturesque, especially one- Simpson's Rest, which, to the people of southern Colorado, stands as a monument to remind them of the sacrifices made by the frontiersmen in the attempt to civilize the country. This hill bears the name of a doctor who, with his daughter came to Colorado.?? He and his daughter were pursued by a band of Indians in a valley at the foot of this hill and where Trinidad now stands. They climbed the hill and sought refuge in a cave. For almost a week they fought the Indians from this cavern. Help finally arrived and they were saved. Mr. Simpson's wish was that he be buried on this hill (Simpson's Rest). Mr. Simpson became well acquainted with the Titsworths, and Mr. Titsworth was among those who carried Simpson to his final resting place. An electric sign has been erected on this hill bearing and flashing to the people of the town and the tourist the name Trinidad.

As the Titsworths neared the ranch, George said to his wife, "Well, most anyone could tell me they were my father and I would believe them. I don't remember him at all."

George Titsworth.

His father was expecting them. It was indeed a happy meeting.

The house was a large L shaped building. There were no doors or windows on the outer walls of the house. The easterners thought this was queer, but they were not here long until they saw the advantage; it afforded protection against the Indians and outlaw attacks.

The months that followed were indeed lonely for the young couple and especially Mrs. Titsworth, who found the western women much different than her chums in Arkansas. She, however, buried her loneliness in the great task before her. She seldom found time to leave her home and in fact preferred staying at home with her tasks and duties as a pioneer woman.

Mr. Titsworth saw many thrills and much adventure in this western life that he had not known before, in younger days. The fact that he never smoke, drank or gambled when he landed in this western country is almost unbelievable to anyone who came incontact with him during the months and years that followed, for he appeared to be an old hand at these games. He naturally fell into the western harness and never felt an urge to return to the slow, dull life he had left behind. Life, from now on, was just one big thrill after another for George Titsworth.

Gambling was his greatest amusement and proved to be his detriment. He had some luck, as all gamblers do, but in the end he says that he would have been much better off if he had never begun this risky game.

One one occasion he went to a saloon, as was his custom most every evening, with fifty cents in his pocket. Several of his acquaintances were engaged in a game of "monty."

"Come on, George," they said, "join us."

George Titsworth

He felt in his pocket. Fifty cents! He'd try his luck. When the game was over he had fourteen hundred dollars. This kind of luck would encourage most anyone, and so it did George. It was gamble, gamble- sometimes win and sometimes lose and lose heavily.

On Sundays, the men often took their families to horse races. Often they had races with the Indians. George was a good rider and enjoyed racing. One time he bet an Indian fifty dollars that his horse would outrun that of the Indian. The Indian took him up on his bet. George tried to get a Mexican to ride his horse, but the Mexican knew the tricky ways of the Indians and refused to ride. So George was forced to ride his own horse, although he was too heavy to ride in races. His horse was a black Perchion and was a beauty. The count was given and both started. There was a large crowd watching. All became excited; even the Mexican women bet their shawls on the outcome of the race. The Indian began to strike George's horse with his quirt.

"Well, if that's your game I'll show you mine", thought George and he struck the Indian with his quirt. All this was witnessed by the Indian chief who was holding stakes, and when George came in ahead the chief gave him the money and said the race was fair. The Indian motto was evidently "All's fair in love, war, and horse racing."

George went into the cattle business with his father. It was probably the most prosperous business that a westerner could engaged in. The Titsworths had one of the best locations for a cattle ranch. It was situated about twenty-five miles east of where Trinidad is now situated, although Trinidad had not been really settled at that time. When "Alkali Bill" first rode through Trinidad, or what is now Trinidad, it was when he hauled a load of lumber to what is now Starkville, for

George Titsworth

Captain Stark. Mr. Stark told him to take a load of coal back with him. He had quite a time loading the coal from the mine to his wagon. He and Stark carried the coal in a soap box. We can hardly believe such crude methods were ever used when we see the machinery that is used today. He hauled the coal down on the Cimarron and received for his pay ~~of~~ a goodly sum the amount of which he does not remember now. This was possibly the first load of coal hauled out of the county. Mining, too, was very young and was just starting its growth to its peak stage during the World War.

"Alki" and his father were both blacksmiths. They had a big blacksmith shop on their ranch. It was a great help to everyone in this county. One time a man came to George and asked him to pull his tooth which was causing him considerable pain. George had to make a special pair of tongs, first, and it took him quite awhile. The man pranced back and forth in front of the anvil begging him to hurry with the tool. It was a trying task to make the tongs while the man was almost insane with pain. He pulled the tooth and the man got relief. He hardly knew how to thank George enough for performing this serious task and praised him for his ability in the dentist profession.

A very interesting phase in the life of the early settlers was trading; money did not circulate as freely as it is supposed to today; they had to trade for almost everything they received in those days. The Indians also played a prominent part in this barter business. When Alki's first son, John, was at the tender age of three years, he had fine head of white hair and with his cute ways undoubtedly possessed a large amount of what we call "It". This was first noticed by the Indians who were camp near the homes of the Titsworths and it was brought home

George Titsworth

to George and his wife in a very striking manner.

One day the Titsworths and their young son were going in a team and wagon to their neighbors, the Swatzzells to pay a friendly call, when suddenly they glanced behind and noticed a string of Indians in single file riding down the serpentine path towards them. In a flash they were surrounded. One of the Indians who could speak Spanish led up three horses and motioned to the baby Tistworth and offered to trade the horses for the white-headed baby which evidently the squaws had been attracted to because of the beauty of this pale-face baby, and persuaded the bucks to trade for it. George refused to swap and finally persuaded them to let him through after he lost his load of nice musk and watermelons which he was taking to the neighbors.

He and his family did not tarry long at the neighbors for fear of what the Indians might do to their home. When they returned all was well, but George decided to pay the chief a visit. He took some melons and a few other trinkets and went to pay a visit. He met the chief and persuaded him to protect George and his family. While there he invited the Chief to pay him a visit.

Next morning while Mrs. Titsworth was busily occupied with her work in the kitchen, she suddenly heard a very peculiar noise behind her, and turning swiftly around, she beheld the Indian Chief, mounted on his horse, riding into the opened kitchen door; in fact, the horse's front quarters were already in the kitchen. The rider was grunting something in his obscure language, but the frightened Mrs. Titsworth, with a shriek, bounded into the other room to where George was. George at first was puzzled, then he remembered. By this time they knew there were more than one or two Indians, as they could hear quite a loud commotion on the outside. When he saw the great number his blood almost

George Titsworth

froze in his veins, but he knew the only thing to do was to face them calmly.

It was the Chief with his large tribe of Comanches who had come to pay George Titsworth his visit.

George hurried up to the Chief, saying, "Get off your horse and come into the house." He said this in Spanish which the Indian understood. The Chief did so, leaving his tribe outside. The Chief explained that his tribe were friendly towards the white people. George explained to him that he was glad for him to come but he could not entertain his entire tribe.

The Chief's actions in the house were quite ridiculous. He made himself at home, walked through all the rooms, two in number, and took the pictures off the wall, looked at them and broke into a hysterical laugh. "Come back tomorrow, and I'll have my wife cook dinner for you," said George, when the Indian was leaving, "But you come alone, because I could not afford to feed your **entire** tribe."

The Indian came the next day and acted much in the same manner as he had the day before. He "snooped" around the kitchen, uncovering kettles, and tasting the different foods that Mrs. Titsworth was cooking. He found the sugar bowl and tasting it smaked his lips and proceeded to pour sugar into his mouth. At the dinner table his manners were very crude. He sat quite a distance from the table and "gulped" his food in a savage manner, keeping the sugar bowl close at hand. When he emptied the bowl he would immediately hand it to Mrs. Titsworth for refilling.

After dinner He and George went over to the camp. The camp was made up of many tepees, here and there forming a circle. Squaws were seen now and then; some watching their children, others repairing tepees, and other strolling about with a "pappoose" strapped to their backs.

George Titsworth

The Bucks sat lazily about eying the stranger curiously.

This tribe camped in this place for several weeks and the Titsworths grew used to the sight of tepees which they could see from their home. While they were here George Titsworth made in his blacksmith shop some 500 arrowheads (points) out of hoop iron for the chief and thus won their lasting friendship. One morning, they looked out as usual to see how their red neighbors were fareing, when lo, there was not an Indian or tepee in sight. They had gone during the night as was their custom.

The Titsworths had prospered greatly in the new country. They had taken up land and had built themselves a new home, not far from their father's place. The father and son now had much cattle and their business was, year after year, growing. They made improvements on both of their places, and built several buildings on their land which they leased to people for varied purposes.

It was in one of their building which they had leased to a Mexican who had turned it into a saloon and living quarters, that a striking incident occured. The saloon was located near a Mexican Plaza, across the river from the Titsworth ranch. It happened that George one evening on his way home stopped at the saloon. There were a dozen or more Mexicans there. "Hi, fellows," he said, "Come on let's have a drink on me." They gathered up to the bar. A half breed- Ute Indian and Mexican- who had all the Mexicans "buffaloed" walked slowly toward the bar and took a drink. He, bu name Selathon, then stepped over to George and suddenly lifted George's gun from his holster. "Nice Gun you got," he said, in the Mexican lingo.

Then grabbing "Alki's" hat, he threw it on the floor. "Think you are tough, don't you, grongo," (Gringo was what the Mexican called the

George Titsworth

white man)

Alki had noticed that the bar tender had stepped into the living quarters, but had no idea why he had done so. Just then the bar-tender appeared and slipped a gun to George from around the bar. Selathon started backward toward the door when he saw the gun. With a quick step forward, George brought the butt end of the gun down on the Ute's head, cutting a large gash across his head and cheek. Selathon staggered and then fell back out of the door, rolling down several steps, and lay face up as if dead. Blood was gushing forth from the deep wound. His eyes were open, dust had gathered in them and he was indeed a pitiful looking sight.

During the scuffle the scared Mexicans had ganged to one side. George now turned towards them, "Wrap up this greaser in a blanket and take him home," he demanded, "I gues I've killed him." Not a Mexican uttered a word. George climbed on his horse and started for home. When he got about fifty yards from the saloon the Mexican hollered at him, "Come back and fight."

He turned his horse around and went back. They all huddled back against the saloon, afraid yet wanting to fight. Alk asked them what they wanted. They said nothing. "I'll defy the man who hollered at me to step over here." Not onw made a move.

The next morning Mrs. Titsworth saw a gang of Mexican coming toward their house. "Oh, George," she shouted, "they are coming after you." He got his gun and went out to meet them but when they saw him they made straight for the Plaza. He went over there. He didn't see a person in sight, so he knocked at several doors before he received a response. A door was opened and a woman informed him that there were no men around. So he returned home.

George Titsworth

One time when the Titsworths were in town getting provisions, a tribe of Ute Indians sallied into Trinidad for a celebration. They were celebrating a victory which they had won over the Comanches, some twenty years before. They camped in a pinion grove which now comprizes part of the city of Trinidad. They staged a war dance in a center cross section of the town. (the streets now are Main and Commercial) They pivoted the scalp of a Comanche on a lance in the middle of the street and danced wildly around, shrieking and yelling in their weird way.

GEORGE TITSWORTH'S START AS A LAW ENFORCING OFFICER.

The Indians were not the only fears that the early settlers had. Cattle and horse theives were also very busy in this section of the country. One night Mrs. Titsworth heard horse running out in the corral, but thinking they were only fighting with each other, she paid no attention to the noise. The next morning there was not a horse left on the place.

Alki immediately decided to get those horse back. He borrowed a horse from his father and had to shoe it before he could start. He inquired of several Mexicans whether they had any idea as to where the horse theives would be taking the horse, but they could or would throw no light on the subject. He asked them to join him and a young cowpunner, by the name of John Jackson, commonly called Buckskin Jack.

They soon started on the trail after Buckskin Jack had obtained his drink of good whiskey. They had not gone far when they noticed that the Mexicans were acting very strangely; talking to each other in low tones so as not to be heard by the two white men, and trying to get Alki and Buckskin Jack to go in another direction from where the hoof prints led. It was plain to see they knew something about the theft.

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"It's no use taking these Mexicans with us," said Buckskin Jack, "they are not to be trusted. Let's tell them we are giving up the hunt." So they told them that they weren't going any further; that it wasn't much use to hunt them any longer; that the theives were probably out of the country by this time.

The Mexicans shot into the air and shrieked like a bunch of Comanches as they dashed across the prairie towards the Plaza. Alki and Buckskin Jack rode in different direction until the Mexicans were out of sight and then they agin took up the ^{trail} trail. They rode all day but saw nothing of the horses.

When night came they still kept on the trail and soon saw a camp fire upon a hill. They knew they were in a sheep country and thought this was a sheep camp. They decided to ride over there and find out if the sheep herders had seen any one with a drove of horses. It was a dark night but the fire reflected so far that Alki was able to recognise his white California horse. They also saw two men, the sheep herder and a man who turned out to be one of the horse theives.

George and Buskskin Jack rode swiftly upon the scene and ordered the men to throw up their hands. The shepherd explained that this Mexican was selling him horses at \$25 per head. They bound the thief and stayed in this camp until morning. About two o'clock in the morning while Alikli Bill was on guard he heard horses running, and right afterwards a shot was fired, which he took to be a signal and so he answered it. Soon afterwards a Mexican rode up with a number of horses. Buckskin rushed toward him ordering him to throw up his hands, but the Mexican refused and Buckskin shot him off his horse. Then they hurried over to him to see how badly he was hurt but he was dead. At day-break

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they started back with their horses and their prisoner.

(This happened in the Cimarron country. When they reached Emory Gap below Banson, Colorado they met a large wagon train coming through the gap.) They had to wait on the train. The leader of the train asked them what they had and George replied a horse thief. The captain told him to turn him loose, To this request George refused. Then the other Mexican Drivers of the train tried to force them to accede with their leader's request.

As a result their horses were driven off down a side canon. George and Buckskin Jack had to ~~fix~~ flee to the brush to escape being shot. When their ammunition ran out they crept into the back of the store owned by Missouri Bill and operated by a man by the name of Devon. They overpowered Devon and then Jack had the brilliant idea of jumping out and seizing the leader of the train who was on his horse just a few paces from the front door of the store. This was successful and they forced him to have his men round up his horses and return to them the Mexican horse thief. Then they continued thier journey to the Purgatoire River and turned their prisoner over to the law.

This was the beginning of George Titsworth connection with the law enforcement agencies of this new country for upon his return he was asked to go in search of some other horse theives and this entailed a 1500 mile journey through Tascosa, Texas and Las Vegas New Mexico.

(George was a deputy sheriff in Las Animas County for more than thirty years; he was a man to whom fear was a stranger, and who bears the distinction of having tracked to earth, arrested or captured more desperate criminals than any officer of the law in Southern Colorado.) He maintains today that the bad man of today-John Dillinger- is a small upstart compared to such notorious outlaws as Black Jack and his gang

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of whom we shall speak more about later.

(One of the bloodiest crimes in western history was the brutal killing of two deputies William Green and William Kelly friends and partners of George Titsworth. He worked long and tirelessly on this case and never rested until he succeeded in capturing their killers.) There was at this time a notorious band of cattle theives and murderers operating throughout the west. They were known as the San Iáidro gang. They had their hangouts in dugouts in the most obscure places. Of all the above characters we shall speak more of later.

THE CAPTURE OF LEANDRO MARTINEZ AS MR. TITSWORTH TELLS IT.

(This was in the year 1893 or 1894, I don't remember the exact date. At that time, I was living in El Moro, running a blacksmith shop, but was deputy sheriif, subject to call on criminal cases. I think the sheriff at that time was Mr. Louis Kreeger.)

There was a farmer living in the Sunflower Valley, by the name of Abe Miller. He had taken his family out in the mountains on a little recreation trip, up to the head of San Francisco Creek. He had three horses in his outfit, was working two of them and leading the other, or it followed them. The first night out this horse disappeared. He hunted a few days for him and saw no traces of him. He heard of me riding that country years before and knowing all of it well, so he came down to get me to go with him. I told him "all right. I would go." I said, "We will have to go to Trinidad, because I was on a hold-up case there, and we x rode up to a saloon just before daylight in the morning, a very cold day. I left my winchester scabbard out on my horse and somebody stole it. I will have to go to Trinidad and get me another Winchester scabbard. And also we will get some lunch and tie on our saddles to eat out there."

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I didn't think anything about hunting Martinez at that time. We were just starting out to hunt his horse that was supposed to be stolen. As we got down to a harness shop on Commercial Street I bought me a Winchester scabbard and before I got to the corner of the Mc Cormick Block, the first man I met that offered a reward for Martinez was W.E. C. Riggs, a cattle man.

He saw my Winchester scabbard and said, "George, where are you going?" I said, "I am going out to hunt a horse thief, Mr. Riggs." He said, "I wish you would catch a cow thief for me. The sheriff's office knows right where he is, but they don't seem to try to get him. I will give you \$100 if you get that fellow. I don't care if you get him dead or alive.

I hadn't got to the corner until I was offered \$500 for him dead or alive. Well, I had no warrant for him, so I went to Mr. Kreeger and he had the warrant, and I said, "Louie, I am going out into the mountains for a horse thief, and I might run across Leandro Martinez, and I would like to have a warrant," and he said, "All right, but you better look out, you will never get him alive."

I told Miller, "We don't care now, if we can find Martinez, we can buy two or three good horses."

The sheriff told me, "Now you are going out in that country and I have a description of a bunch of horse that's been stolen from Kansas, and they are supposed to head this way and you might possibly run into the bunch." And he gave me a description and said, "I wish you would look out and see if you can locate these horses also."

So we went out and went into the head of the San Francisco in the mountains and there we camped over night. Next morning we got on top of Barels Mesa or Raton Mountain and I happened to find this bunch of

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horses, fifteen or twenty in number, and they were all gentile horses and quite valuable. I just noted the brands of all of them and left them alone. I thought I would return and get them later but it turned out we had our hands full without that bunch of **horses**.

It was getting late in the afternoon and we had to get off the mountain somehow down the east side, where we thought we might find some trace of Miller 's horse. We got down on the first bench of the mountain and it was so steep that our horses slid down. I do not think any horse ever came down that way before and probably not since, and we found a little park there, very fine grass, and there was a little stream of water. I told Mr. Miller, "We had better eat our lunch here and let our horses graze, while we eat."

We just walked up into the brush, very thick undergrowth, shady, nice and cool, and left our horses in the open grazing. We pulled our Winchester's out of the scabbards and took the Winchester's back with us, and we heard a horse coming at a very fast running gait, and I said to Miller, "Somebody is coming a horseback and that might be Martinez."

And all of a sudden the horse stopped and I didn't hear him move again and so we sat a few minutes and watched our horses, and they looked as though they could see somebody and we heard no more of his horse. We slipped into see what had become of the man, whether he was laying for us or whether he just got away and his horse made no noise. We found his horsetrail. He had seen our horse out in the open there but didn't see us and he just rode down a very steep bank or hill, that was so steep that his horse just slid down.

Then we got our horse and undertook to track him, and spent a considerable portion of our time in trying to find him but to no avail. We rode out of the brush, right to the place where Gree and Kelly were

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killed years afterwards, and the fellow that killed Kelly to begin with, his name was John Duran, and he asked me what I was doing out there and I told him, I was out there a hunting bear with my friend, Miller, that there was a man by the name of Gonzales lived there, and that he had been sending me word, which he had, to come out and take a bear hunt with him, that he had killed twelve altogether. He and I had used to hunt together years before that and he was a splendid shot.

I asked Duran where Gonzales lived, if it was around there any where, and he said, "Yes, just across that canon." So we rode over there and met Gonzales and his wife. He was very glad to see me and said that he had been looking for me to take that bear hunt. I told him yes, and that my partner was very much interested in a bear hunt, also.

Mr. Miller hadn't been used to riding horseback, and he was very tired and wanted to go to bed, and they fixed a bed for him and soon he was fast asleep. Gonzales 's wife soon retired. I did not know but what Gonzales in the years that I hadn't seen him maybe had turned a little crooked and perhaps he was a friend of this man Martinez², and I wouldn't ask him anything about Martinez.

But I did ask him who lived in the neighborhood of this mountain and he never mentioned the name of Martinex. And I told him, "Now we are going out on that bear hunt, and we won't take our horses and saddles, and is there anyone who might steal them while we are bear hunting?" He said that he didn't know of any around there but that he had been told of a man, he didn't know him, about ten miles from there, and this man was wanted by the officers. He said, "I understand that he has built a little fort, dragged up the logs by his saddle horn and completed it, right on the head of the trail where you can't see it

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till you come right up that trail there within a few feet of it before you see it. He is laying there and just wants to see how many deputy sheriffs he can kille when they come there. There is no other way to get there except to go right up that trail/

The I told him that this man was the bear that I was hunting, when I found the wasn't a friend of his. "Now," said I, "we can't go that trail, we will have to get right on top of that mountain, and if we have to, we will leave our horses there and take it a-foot and climb down through the brush, ir order to get in behind him."

Gonzales said, "By the way, there is a dance tonight, down on San Isidro Creek about five miles from here, and I'll bet that fellow will be there at that dance tonight."

I woke up my partner, Miller, and told him what I thought, that we might find this man Martinex at that dance, and if he wanted to go, we would just get our horses and go down there, and he said, "I can't make the trip, I am all in." Well, I said, "I don' want to make it myself, but tomorrow morning, you will feel good and you will say, 'why didn't you tell me last night and we could have had this man?'".

Next morning, Gonzales had told me he had lent his harness to a party to go to this dance, they had a wagon but no harnesss. Before breakfast was over, a fellow walked in, armed to the teeth, and I knew he was not Martinez, because he did not fit the description. I heard him tell Gonzales in Mexican that somebody had broken into the house where he was staying, not his own house, but another man's who owned the wagon and team. He stated that he had come from the dance after daylight to the house, having made a short cut through the mountains of about five miles. When he arrived he observed that the house had been broken into, and so he would not go in, but left to allow the owner of

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the house to discover the fact. He came on over to Gonzales' without knowing what was missing.

I heard Gonzales ask him if he had had breakfast, and he said he didn't, so Gonzales told his wife to prepare breakfast for him.

In the meantime I stepped around after hearing him tell of the house having been broken into and said, "Here we are, stragners to you but not to Gonzales, and you might think we did it, since about every one in the country was at the dance. But we can prove by this man Gonzales and his wife that we rode up to this place about sundown yesterday evening and have never left the place yet." He said he knew that it was not us. He said there was an outlaw in the mountains over there and since he was not at the dance that it must have been him.

So then I said to Gonzales, "We will have to get on top of that mountain. I used to know a trail that we could ride up." I asked him if it was still possible to ride up that trail. I stated that I had not been over there for several years. And he said, yes, that we could still ride up that trail.

We did, and we got on top of the mountain and looked way across the prairie, which on top of the mountains is a prairie country with a fringe of undergrowth right on top around the rim of the rock on top of the mountain, but on the extreme top it is open country.

I saw two fellows coming at a pretty fast ^{gait} ~~agit~~ from towards Raton, and I thought sure that one of them might be Martinez, as they were headed then right in the direction of where his fort was. So I cut in to head them off before they could get into the brush, and got them right on the open prairie. I happened to have my Winchester in my hand, and they saw me head them off, and they stopped their horses. I called for them to ride up, and when they rode up I knew one of them. He was

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a cousin of this Leandro Martinez, and he talked very good English.

Then I asked them where they were going. They said they were going down off the mountain, and I said to this cousin of Martinez, his name was also Martinez, "Do you live on Cross Creek yet?" "Yes," he said, "Well" I said, "Your are not going in direction of your ranch." "No," he said, "I am going off of this mountain on the northeast side." But he didn't tell me what he was going for, or where he was going.

"I said, "I am out bear hunting, and as that is my old bear hunting grounds I would like to get over there myself." And he said, "You can't get over there, it is very rough." "Well, I think I can go anywhere you can," I replied.

Well it was very rough, and he led the way. We had to get off our horses and lead them, and I came right behind him. We were all in a string, his partner behind me and my partner bringing up the rear.

I got to talking to him about this Kansas farmer that was with me. I didn't tell him anything about him losing a horse or anything that we were really out here for. I said we were there for two purposes, one was a bear hunt and both of us were hunting fiends. And also he wanted to take up a ranch in the mountains, for a hog ranch, where there was lots of oak timber, and where he would have plenty of acorns for his hogs to fatten on. I asked him if he knew of any vacant land where there was permanent water.

He said no and since I knew where this fort was by description, where the trail came out of the canon, and down in the canon there was a continuous water supply. He said, "That aint no good," and I replied that that did not make any difference if we could locate this man on it. For if he accepts it he will give us 500 dollars for locating him on a ranch he approves of."

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He didn't take very much stock in locating this Kansas ~~farmer~~ farmer. He was studying all the time, I saw, and seemed to be a little bothered. I think he knew that I was a deputy sheriff, I am not quite sure, but I noticed that he did not want me to go with him down to that place where he was headed for.

We got down farther and farther on the mountain, and I kept looking down to see if I could locate that fort of Martinez in the brush, and finally I did locate it with a field glass, and I said, "Why, there seems to be a shouse on ~~that~~ land that I am going to show this man."

And he couldn't see it, or did not want to see it, so I put my gun up, we had to carry them in our hands on account of the brush catching them. I put my gun up, sighted through it and told him to sight through the sight and see if that wasn't a house, which he did and said, "Yes, there is a shack there."

I said, "Anybody live there?" He replied, "No, a Dutchman built that three or four years ago, but he has gone."

I hollered to my partner, "Abe, that ranch I was telling you about is vacant and there is even a house on it." And he said, "Is that so? That is fine."

Martinez did not take much stock in the ranch proposition and when we got down where we could get on our horses, we were about half a mile from this fort of his cousin, when Martinez jumped on his horse and plunged into the brush where he began to holler like he was driving cattle. I did not see any cattle, and I got on my horse and so did the other two. I knew that he was hollering to attract somebody's attention to look out for us, we were coming.

Well, just before that, I was watching everything that I could see and I would stop every little while to look through my field glasses. I looked way across the other side of the cañon from where the fort

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was on this bridle trail, and I saw two fellows acoming horseback, and then I thought sure one of them was Martinez, but when they rode down into the bottom of the canon, instead of coming up the trail to where the fort was, they turned right up the canon, and I could see their big white hats through the brush.

I couldn't say anything to my partner. I said to Martinez, "Is there a roundup here today anywhere?" He said he didn't know of any, and asked me why. I said, "I see two cow punchers coming this way," and he repeated that he did not know of any around-up. Of course, I couldn't say anything about his cousin, Leandro Martinez.

I thought my partner would get on his horse but he delayed for it was still very rough and he was leading his horse. I did not realize that we were getting so close. I rode up to this canon and thought I could find them down the canon about 150 yards away. But while I was riding over the top of this canon, they were coming up the side of the rough canon and were just getting on top when I met them right face to face as they came up. I saw neither one of them was Martinez; I didn't know them. By that time, the bear hunt was over. I didn't say anything about bear, I said, "Were you gentlemen going to that shack, who lives there?" They seemed to be open and above board in their dealings for they replied, "Leandro Martinez."

I said, "Is he at home?" They said, "I guess he is." And they just put spurs to their horses and flew to this shack. I happened to look back and saw my partner still leading his horse, and I saw three men hurrying around, and I said, "That is funny we never saw but two men and there is a third. Who can he be? Must be Martinez. He will hold my partner up, put him in ahead of ~~me~~ ^{him} and come to capture me, probably."

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Then we were quite a ways off from the shack, probably half a mile, but I turned my horse when the fellows started to run, and all this thinking was done in the running; they quit their hunting and all ran into a bunch before we reached this shack. I was so close, being down hill, and they could not stop their horses as quick as I did and so they ran past the shack before they could come to a stop. It was about 10:30 or 11 in the morning, being Sunday, too.

Leandro Martinez saw those fellows on their horses run by, having been laying on the bed and he jumped out without a hat or a coat, and the sun was in his face. He put his hand over his eyes to shade them and saw that the men were members of his band, but when he saw my horse, he said, "What does this mean?"

I jumped in the door behind him, just as he said that and I said "It just means that you are arrested." He said he wouldn't be arrested, and he didn't seem to have a gun, and as he stood there, six men came up within fifty yards, and I ordered them to stay on their horses. They yelled at me that I couldn't take him.

My partner proved to be a good man for this business. He had never been into anything before. He was just ignorant as to where we were and what trouble I was already into. Directly he got on his horse and came up.

In the meantime, Martinez commenced to unbutton his full bosomed shirt, and to slowly back up into the brush which surrounded the house. I knew that he was going to make a dive into that thick brush, and I told him that if he made a run I would kill him, and that he couldn't get away from me.

He said, "Have you a warrant?" I said I had. He said, "Who swore out that warrant?"

Well, I had not looked at the warrant after Mr. Kreeger had

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given it to me. It was a long form. I had a gun in one hand, and was trying to get the warrant out with the other, and trying to get a glimpse of the name to tell him, when he began to back further up. I started to follow up and told him, "Don't you make a run, I will get you before you make one jump, and then he came after me. He had worked around behind me and the house, the outside, and I thought I would get tangled with him at close quarters, so these six men could not fire on me, because they would be afraid of hitting Martinez.

So I put up the gun and got out a pair of handcuffs. He was hitting me over the head and pulling my hair, and at the same time I grabbed his right hand and I slipped the handcuffs on him, and he took the other end and tried to handcuff me, and we had it round and round.

My partner rode up and these six men ordered him to stand back. I called him. He had fine nerve and he came, being a big man over six feet tall, not fleshy but very stout. He came, jumped off his horse and grabbed the other hand of Martinez. Martinez went wild then and jumped out, and as we were tangled with him, they didn't dare fire on us. We had about given up the idea of getting him alive and I ordered Miller to turn his hand loose. We were working him down to where there was a big rock, so we could get behind this rock with him. Both of us had our hands full. I told Miller to fire on the bunch out there. I said, "I will kill this fellow and then we can both get that bunch out there."

They all had guns on us but wouldn't fire for fear of hitting Martinez and they weakened before he did. They hollered to him to be handcuffed, they said, "Those fellows will kill you and us too."

Then they dropped onto a scheme. I heard them talking and hollering to him after they started their horses off on a dead run. I thought they were just bragging about somethin and I laughed, and did

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not pay much attention. I felt pretty good over keeping out of a fight.

On the meantime, while I was in a scuffle with him, he told somebody in the house to fetch a gun. I looked around and saw a face at the side of the door. There was no shutter, just an open door; I had my gun down to get a shot at the person but they dodged back. I did not know who it was, man or woman, but I supposed it was another outlaw, as we had the description of another man supposed to be with Martinez.

After we had Martinez handcuffed, I went to the little fort and found a young lady. I didn't know her, but when I heard her name I recognised her family for she was a half bred American. Her name was Rider and she was the daughter of an old pioneer named Rider.

We tarried a little while to get our horses, that of Leandro Martinez and another for the girl. This gave his mob a chance to round up more men to liberate him. We got a fellow to take the girl and promise to deliver her in Trinidad, which was probably thirty or thirty-five miles away.

We started with Martinez across this dangerous trail and we got over into a big canon. Martinez part of the time was riding along with his handcuffson, singing, cussing, and whistling. Thus our march to the top of the canon was marked.

He said, "You think you played Hell, don't you? You will be breaking your necks in about five minutes."

I said, "Why, Leandro?" He said, "You see thos men up there?" I hadn't noticed them, but I looked and saw them, and he said, "You will be killed in about two minutes and a half." I said, "If we are going to break our necks, Abe, therewon't be man of that bunch of men on horses left. They will try to liberate this man and we will ride into where the big rocks are and if this men cannot make them ride away, we will just

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kill him and see how many of them we can get."

So we rode down to this point, and I said, "Here is as far as you are going to live, Martinez, if you cannot call your men off. We will kill every one of them, because we are behind these big rocks and they are out in the open." And when we got down there Martinez saw that we meant it, and we were just about 200 yards away from them and he yelled to them to move away from the trail. He said, "These men seem to want to kill somebody."

Well, they turned their horses and rode a short distance away, and I told my partner that this did not look so good to me. I said, "I am going to demand them to do something I don't think they will do. I want the fight to start where we are and before we get out from behind these rocks where we can defend ourselves."

I yelled to them myself, and called them pretty tough names. I wanted them if they were going to start a fight to commence right pronto. I ordered them to ride up on a certain knoll, two hundred yards from this trail. There was brush halfway up the knoll, but on top it was as smooth as an egg. I ordered them to ride up there and sit straight on their horses. We had Martinez between us and them and very close to him, so if they fired, they would stand a good chance of killing Martinez before nailing one of us.

As we rode by, the leader of the gang, whose name was Antonio Rivali, said, "I wish it were night," I yelled to him to consider it any time of the day he might wish, we could take care of ourselves even at night.

Well, nothing happened. We rode by and then we got on top of the ridge to go down the mountain out of this canon. I said to Miller, "You take the prisoner and ride down this mountain as fast as you can ride."

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I will wait here. They will ride on this ridge here and bushwack us."

I went over the ridge and got on my horse and slipped back on top of the ridge, and told them to come on. They still sat on their horses, and I would go out of sight and bob up again in a few minutes, and they didn't know but ^{that} ~~what~~ I was laying for them, and they wouldn't come over. When I thought I had fooled them long enough I jumped on my horse and went down that mountain like it was a race track, and we rode pretty fast back to where Bareña Station now is.

There we met a roundup and we stopped at Barel ranch to water our horses, and we rode up to a watering trough where some of those cow punchers were watering their horses, and among the rest was a Mexican, I don't remember his name; he had a big gun on. He rode up right beside Martinez's horse. I was watching Martinez and also thinking about that man's gun, just as Martinez grabbed him. He was handcuff, but he reached over and jerked this man's gun out of its scabbard. I was right close when this happened and before he could shoot I just hit him over the wrist right quick, with my gun and knocked it out of his hand.

Then we started to ride to Trinidad, and we rode very fast, and I leared afterwards that these fellows tried to head us off for about twenty-five miles, but gave it up.

Martinez was tried and convicted in the District Court, and sentenced to five years in the pen. There was \$500 reward for him.

If I hadnot followed those men right down there with them, if I had not been quick enough, I never would have caught that man alive, and most likely he would have gotten me. I jumped off my horse and I was in a dead run, and just as he jumped out the door, and looked towards these men, I jumped in the door behind him. That is all that saved me and it proves that you have to get in close quarters to get a bad man. I

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have always found that you could frighten them, but as he saw all of his own men, he did not get frightened at my sudden appearance.

THE GREEN AND KELLY MURDER CASE- told by George Titsworth.

A certain cattle man, whose name I do not want to mention, because he did raise a fine family here in the city of Trinidad, and I would not care for them to give them a bad reputation for something they were not responsible for, but in order to write this history of this murder case, we will have to mention briefly the principals in this case.

When Mr. Cattleman was first introduced as a tough man in this country, it was away back in the early seventies, probably '73 or '74. He had a sawmill out in the mountains, and two men rode up one day and got off their horses. We never found out why the fight started, but he killed them both, and I think as well as I can remember, he was wounded himself. They called the former Doctor M. Beshoar, and he went out there, and passed this cattleman somewhere on the trail, and he reported that a coroner was needed instead of a doctor because he found the two dead bodies.

There was nothing more of Mr. Cattleman recorded that we knew of for many years. He was prominent here here in town in a business of some kind, cattle business, and he went down into southern New Mexico to buy a herd of cattle, and all the men that he took with him were outlaws and criminals of some character or another. Among them was a negro and Black Bob. They got down there and the negro told me years later, that they bought some cattle, but he said, "Us boys rustled more cattle than we bought."

Then he sent the cattle way down in the east end of this county or Baca county, I don't know which, and it seems it was said that he

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bought them for some eastern firm, and they were either going to sell them or count them. As he knew that he would be shy from six hundred to twelve hundred head he must show that there was really cattle stealing going on and lots of it in this country.

For this purpose he hired Billy Kelly and Kit Carson Jr. to go into the mountains right to the place where Kelly was later killed, and old Antonio Reveille was the leader of the band, and Kelly could talk as good Mexican as any Mexican could, and so could Kit. So Kelly told them, "We want to buy a bunch of cattle, all the way from ten, fifteen, twenty or thirty head, and you can help us drive them over into New Mexico into the Sugarite Creek to a little house there, called the Red House."

Nobody lived there and Kelly told them they would meet a Springer butcher there, deliver the cattle to him, and he would pay them for the cattle. Old Reveille turned to the rest of his men and said, "Now if these men have the money to pay for that many cattle, ~~and~~ we could help to drive them down there. We don't know if they have the money, and maybe they are leading us into a trap. We will demand the money right here before we start. If they have not got it, we will kill them any way for it will be a trap, and if they do have it, we will kill them anyway, and we will have the money without stealing the cattle." They would have to steal the cattle from somebody else to sell to these men, as they had none of their own.

So as Kelly and Carson understood what he said, he talked pretty bold, they made an excuse to ride off and talk over this queer deal. When they got off to one side, where they could speak to each other in English, they said, "We had better just put spurs to our horses and make our getaway as soon as we can."

"You understood what Reveille said," Kit said to Kelly. Kelly

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replied, "Yes, but I thought may be he was just talking, and would say all right, we will take a chance, and they wouldn't probably try to do anything then until they got down to the Red House. If they got down there, and we didn't have the money to pay them, we will meet Bill Green and the rest of the boys and they will catch them and we could escape anyway."

Kit Carson Jr. said, "I will take no chances," so they came in.

I lived in El Moro at that time, and Bill Green sent Milt Hightower, another deputy sheriff to El Moro after me one day in a buggy. He said Bill sent for me to fetch my Winchester and saddle, but not to bring my horse, as he had a horse ready at the livery stable, we were going to take a night ride. We were to meet him in the Horseshoe Club on Commercial Street, but he warned me not to bring my Winchester inside lest people would see it.

So we came up to Trinidad and I went in as though there was nothing doing, and we talked a few minutes and Bill said, "I will go out, you sit here, and later you come out." So he went out and in a few minutes I got up and walked unconcerned outside. We met at the livery stable and saddled our horses, and Harry Lewis, ex-constable of Trinidad, and this Milt Hightower, deputy sheriff, all met there.

We left and started to go to the Red House at the head of the Sugarite Canon Creek. We left here probably at 9 o'clock p.m. and went by Starkville up where Morley now is and up above the Wooton homestead, and we took a canon that head up the Raton Mountains east. It was very dark and no trail, and we had a very hard time getting up that mountain at night, through the brush and rock.

Finally we got to the top of the mountain, it being along about the first of April and the snowdrifts on top of that mountain in places

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were five and six foot deep. It was frozen on top in some places, and would bear the weight of our horses and other places it would break through and fall with us. But finally we got down to the Red House after daylight and the boys were sleepy and tired, so I told them they could lay down and take a nap while I stood guard, watching for this herd of cattle Kit and Kelly were to buy.

I said to Bill Green before he laid down, "Bill, do you think we can catch those cattle theives without having a fight?" "No", Bill said, "We will have to kill them all."

Now he didn't say anything about Carson and Kelly being there and being careful not to kill them. He said we will have to kill them all.

It commenced snowing again, and snowed all day, and we laid over there all day, waiting for this herd of cattle, till late in the evening when Bill said, "We will have to go somewhere to get feed for our horses and something to eat, so we will go into Raton."

When we got into Raton, Bill said, "There is a false lick some place." And we never could find out just where it was. We were just working under his orders. We did not know that there was any frame up; we merely supposed he got a tip there was a herd of cattle going through the country from the plains somewhere, going through the mountains at that point. He never told us that Carson and Kelly would be with them, to look out and not shoot them.

Then I suppose this mysterious cattleman, who had this Green hired, and myself and Kelly, had to have a killing always anyhow; it didn't matter much to him who got killed, to make his point.

Well, that broke up that part of the deal. Then he must work another scheme. He sends even one of those same fellows, a friend of old Reveille, who said if they haven't got the money it is a frame up and

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we will kill them, and if they have got it, we will kill them and get it and we won't have to steal the cattle."

Then he got this Miguel Reveille, a son of the same man that they had previously tried to buy cattle from, and Carson to go down on the river, twenty-five miles east of Trinidad, near the head of the canon of the Picketwire, where there were some Meicans taking out an irrigation ditch. They were working on this ditch with teams and scrapers. Reveille and Carson were to drop in there just at noon hour, to see if they had any meat, and of course, The Mexicans would ask them to have dinner with them. So they did, and Miguel and Carson said all right. Miguel was the man who did all the talking. Kit had very little to say.

So Miguel said, "Haven't you got any meat?" The Mexican said, "We have no cattle." Miguel said, "Just look at the thousands of cattle out here on these prairies; they all belong to these big cattle me^v and they are all cattle thieves. Why don't you go out there, round up one and kill it?" But the Mexican would not agree to it. He finally said "I will go and drive one in and kille it for you and you help me dress it." And he talked four of them to doing that.

Then he got their names and came to town and Mr. Cattleman got warrants out for them, Miguel Reveille, also. He was to be arrested along with the other four, but there was a contract framed up where he was to turn state's evidence against the other four, and he would get his share of this \$500 reward for each man convicted of stealing cattle which in this case would be \$2000 and he was to have received one-third interest in the reward money. The reward was offered by the cattle association, and Mr. Cattleman would have got even on expenses~~t~~ he went to to hire Carson and some other little expenses he had. He had harbored Bill Green, given him money right along and he would get even on that.

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Milt Hightower, Harry Lewis and Bill Green went down there to make the arrests. I donot know whether there was anybody else or not. I was not with them. I lived in El Moro at that time, and it happened to be between the first and fifth of April, and there came a big snow storm that Saturday night, and the snow fell until it was about two feet deep.

They came up to Lish Bell's ranch and there they got a spring wagon and four horses to haul those four men to town and when they came to El Moro, they were on the south side of the river coming up, and Bill Green rode into El Moro where I was, and told me if I saw Miguel Reveille to arrest him, that he was not down in that country where he arrested these fellwos and he wanted him for cattle stealing.

Well, the reason Miguel didn't show up to be arrested with the rest of the crowd was that he got cold feet. In plain words he was scared and did not trust his crooked agreement. He went out into the mountains there during this time. Those fellows out there and his father and the rest of the gang heard about him getting these fellows into killing this animal over there, and they held a meeting to investigate it.

From a Trinidad paper published on August 23rd, 1897 we copy the following.

ANOTHER BLOODY CRIME UNEARTHED

MIGUEL REVEILLE KILLED BY SUPPOSED FRIENDS AND
HIS BODY BURNED.

Horrible Chapter added to the Crimes laid at the Door
of the San Isidro Gang.

Just Previous to the Killing of Deputies Green and Kelly
They suspected Young Reveille of Being a Traitor and
Murdered him.

George Titsworth

Macedonio Archuleta Tells of the Deed and conducts Officers
to the Scene of the Crime, where Charred Remains of a
Human Being Attest the Truth of His Story.

Trinidad, Colo. Aug. 23, 1897. (Special) "Another chapter has been added to one of the greatest crimes that ever shocked a civilized community- that of the assassination of William Green and W.J. Kelly, the two deputy sheriffs in the ~~Sxxn~~ San Isidro country in April of last year.

"The latest developments will go down in history as chapter one as the crime preceded by four days the murder of the two officers, although the facts have just come to light, and a portion of the guilty one placed in jail.

"Four days prior to the killing of the two officers, Miguel Reveille, a young Mexican resident of the community, where the gang made its headquarters, was enticed from his home, killed in cold blood by his supposed friends, and his body burned.

"What adds to the horror of the crime is that young Reveille's father was one of the principal actors in the tragedy and not only failed to protect his offspring, but aided in the crime. The unnatural father is still at large and there is no clue to his whereabouts.

CONFESSION BY ARCHULETA

"The details were learned from Macedonio Archuleta, the man who made a confession in the Gree-Kelly case. To verify his statements, on yesterday he conducted the officers to the place where the body of young Reveille was buried, and they secured corroborating evidence in the shape of charred bones, teeth, tacks from the shoes, and buttons from the clothes of the young man.

George Titsworth

"In addition to several of those already in jail charged with the murder of Green and Kelly, and also implicated in the killing of young Reveille, Juan Archuleta and Pedro Duran were arrested on Saturday as were also Juan Percheco and J.M. Lucero, connected only with the killing of Green and Kelly.

GANG OF CATTLE THIEVES.

"In the early spring of last year cattlemen living in the country south and west of here suffered heavy losses from the depredations of cattle thieves. The gang made its headquarters in the San Isidro country and were known to be desperate. Several attempts had been made to capture the leaders of the gang, but without success. The services of William Green, then a resident of Las Vegas, were secured to make the arrests. He was known to be a man of great courage, and had been successful in running down and capturing many of the worst desperadoes in New Mexico. The warrant for the elder Reveille, the leader of the gang, was placed in his hands. Just prior to this it became known to the members of the gang that the officers were after them, and it was decided that a traitor was in the camp.

YOUNG REVEILLE SUSPECTED

"Miguel Reveille was suspected and a meeting was held to investigate him. The meeting was held on the night of the 17th of April, and a committee of seven, with Nestor Martinez at the head was appointed to bring young Reveille to the meeting for an explanation. On the way to Reveille's house it was decided that the best thing to do was to kill him. Two men were stationed in a stable and in a near by corral, while Nestor Martinez went into the house to bring Reveille out. Martinez said he wanted to get a horse and Reveille accompanied him down the road to secure the animal. After going about 200 yards Martinez said he would go back for a rope, and Reveille accompanied him.

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"On the way back they met ~~John~~ Juan Duran and M.J. Lucero. Both arrived with guns. Reveille asked what it meant, and at the same time grabbed Duran's gun. At this point Martinez shot Reveille and Lucero struck him over the head with a club.

BURNED THE BODY

"At this juncture Juan Archulete and Juan Percheco and another man came up. It was found that Reveille was dead, and the body was taken in to the oak brush about didty feet away. A blanket was secured, the body wrapped in it and tied. They carried the body anout 1,000 yards where a big pile of wood was made. The body was placed on top of it, and the wood set on fire.

"Miguel Reveille was killed at 9 o'clock. The fire started at near 10 o'clock and until 4 o'clock in the morning the fiends stood watch. Then they dispersed and left for their homes.

"Macedonio Archuleta, the man who made the confession, was told to return next day to the place and destroy all evidence of the crime, but he never did, only returning there when he accompanied the officers to the place, and the bones, teeth, etc., as noted above, were secured. One hundred yards away from the place where the body was burned, in a small cave, the balance of the bones and the buttons from the pants were found.

CONFESSED THE CRIME

"On last Thursday Macedonio Archuleta made the above confession to the officers, who gave the details to your correspondent. There are only two men connected with the fiendish crime yet at large, one of whom is the father of Miguel Reveille. The officers have no clue to his whereabouts, but hope to run him to earth."

George Titsworth

The above newspaper article gives an account of the murder of Miguel Reveille, and says that the father took part in the murder, but that is not correct. We were hunting Miguel Reveille and the old man, thinking they were the men who had killed Green and Kelly, because they disappeared, and we could find no trace of them, and we were hunting them along with the bodies of Green and Kelly. We supposed they had killed them and concealed the bodies and then ran away.

But to make a long story short, the newspapers got it wrong as to how we got onto the real murderers and cleared it up. We had worked pretty nearly a year on the case and made no headway, and I suggested to the Green boys, "Now, boys, we know of one guilty man, that is Macedonio Archuleta, who went out of his house, him and his wife, and went over to his father's to lay for them. When they came over, and after they killed them, they never did go back to this house."

At that time, we did not know that they had killed them at his father's house, but for the reason that they never came back to the house. They had flowers in the windows, carpets on the floor and chickens all around, and just went away. He was claimed to have gone down to shear sheep on the plains somewhere. His father told us and he never came back. When he first left, we inquired for him. His father said he had gone to shear sheep. We asked how long he would be gone, and he said about three weeks or a month.

Well, it went on all summer and we noticed in making our trips out there every day, that even chickens were disappearing. They had quite a number, and finally there was just one old chicken left, and then it was gone also.

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I told the boys, "Now, we know that that fellow is probably very superstitious for the reason that he has never come back to live in that house anymore. Now, if we can locate him somewhere and get him, we can scare him and make him tell the whole truth."

So we did locate him down in New Mexico and went and got him, and came throught the mountains into a big canon, a very scary place, and told him, "Right here is as far as you continue to live. You know something that we want to know, and if you don't tell it, we will kill you just like you fells killed Bill Green and Kelly."

Of course, he was scared. He said "I f you will not killme, I will tell you," and he told us, and asked if we would promise him protection against the mob, his gang, and we said we would. Also we told him that any contract we made to him the district attorney would respect, if he would turn state's evidence and tell the truth. We didn't even put him in jail, but we protected him, and the he gave the names of everybody who was connected in the case. After that, we just went to making the arrests, but that was nearly a years after the murder.

We had hunted and hunted and made no headway, and it looked as though they had a very smart leader, giving them advice what to do. There was a fellow who was a go-between between Green and Kelly and this bunch of murderers. They framed up for them to go out and get Reveille, that the gang would help them to get him, and that they would have a place for them to stop all night.

The first trip out there hunting them a few days after they were killed, there was quite a posse sent out, and among the rest was Senator Barala. He told the Green boys, "Now , boys, I live right close here, you can make your headquartes at my ranch. There is horse feed and I have a good cook on my ranch; you can live there and it won't cost you anything while you are hunting your brother."

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But this go-between, he belonged here in Trinidad, appeared at the ranch where he insulted the Green boys and they would never go back again. They thought Barela was the brains of the gang. This was working all the time and they told me that Barela was into it, and I told them that I didn't believe that he was.

But it didn't do any good to tell them so, they still believed it, and after we had worked several months and gotten nowhere, I met John Green on Commercial Street one evening, and he said to, "Let's go down to a restaurant and get supper." So we went to a restaurant, and as the tables seemed full, he was walking ahead of me evidently looking for a table not occupied by anybody. Finally we found one way in the back, and sat down and gave our orders for supper.

While the waiter went out to serve us, he said, "Do you want to make some money?" I said, "Sure." He answered, "There is \$2500 in this, and it will take four of us, and we will receive \$2500 in cash and four of the best thoroughbred horses there are in Kentucky. But we have to go down in the canon country and hide for thirty days. You know that fellow Barela, the brains of the gang, goes down to his ranch every evening, and gets down there about 7 o'clock in the evening. There is a boy who meets him in a buggy at the depot and drives him over to his ranch about two miles from the depot. We will never be seen, and can show up there at train time after he gets in his buggy. Between the depot and his ranch we will grab him and kill him and put him on a horse and carry his body off and hide it. Being a prominent man and wealthy, there will be a big reward offered for anybody to find the remains of Senator Barela. We will put Mr. Cattleman onto where the body can be found, and he will get the reward and get his money back that he is paying us for the job."

Then he just unwound the plot to me before I had time to stop him. I had received too much information. I had told him I wanted to make

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money, but I had no idea it was to murder somebody to get it. I was surprised at the boldness of the proposition. Then I realized that I was working with a very desperate bunch of men against another desperate group of murderers, and I studied some way to break it up. I knew too much and they would put me out of the way if I refused to go and carry the plot through.

Senator Barela did not go down to his ranch that night, so along about twelve o'clock I went over to his rooms and knocked on the door, and he yelled from the inside. He and his wife were there, and asked who it was and I told him. He got up and opened the door and asked me to come in. He had already retired for the evening.

I told him, "Senator, there is something working rather strong against you." He said, "What is it?"

I replied, "there is a plot to kill you." He said to me, "I wish you would go and find out how it is and all, and see if you cannot do something to break it up."

I said, "That's what is bothering me, now, I am trying to break it up." I thought they might, regardless whether I went through with it or not, go ahead and do the job and even get away with me later, before I would have time to tell anybody.

So he quit going to his ranch at Barela; he left town. The Senator was scared. He went down to another ranch below El Moro and told me if I found anything to come down there and let him know.

I got on my horse and went down to the ranch and told him that I had got Mr. Cattleman and the Green boys at war with each other, and that I thought I had broke it up, and it proved that I did.

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The way I got them at war was, Mr. Cattleman had been taking care of Bill Green and giving him money before he was murdered, and Bill seemed to have plenty of money all the time. After John and Eli Green, Bill's brothers, came here to hunt their brother after he was murdered, they seemed to stay around him a good deal, and it looked as if he furnished money to them.

I went to Mr. Cattleman and I said to him, "Did Bill Green owe you some money before he disappeared?" That was before we knew he was murdered. "Yes" he said, "He did."

"Well, " I said, "the other boys owe you any money?" He said, "Yes, they owe me money too." I said, "How much would cover what they owe you?"

He replied, "I haven't the accounts here, but I don't think \$1500 would cover it."

So I went back to John Green and said, "John, where am I going to come in on this game? Now you boys owe Mr. Cattleman over \$1500, and of this \$2500, he will hold out that \$1500 and here we will probably split what is left between the four of us. That is not right.

John said, "He is a liar. I don't owe him a cent and I don't think Bill owed him any money. We aren't going to pay it; we are going to get the cash and I don't mean maybe."

So I went back to Mr. Cattleman in order to get the fight started right, and I said, "John Green said Bill owed you no money, that they don't owe you a cent, that you are a fraud, and he cussed and called you all kinds of names, John did."

Being a very desperate man, Mr. Cattleman, at once got mad and said, "They are liars. They owe me plenty of money."

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Then I went to John and told him Mr. Cattleman had become wild and made threats, and said they had better see whether they didn't owe him any money, and then John got very mad, and he was desperate too. If they had met right then there would have been another shooting scrape, but I was willing to take a chance in any shooting scrape rather than get into that kind of a game. If I didn't go through with it, they would have killed me and hidden my body.

I then realized what a desperate bunch of men I was dealing with. So then I told John, "I would expose Mr. Cattleman for this, if I were you." Since John was hot under the collar he said, "I will do this."

Then I went to Eli, who had never said anything to me and said, "John and the old Cattleman got into a row and it is going to be pretty serious and I am afraid there will be a killing and if I were you and John I would go and expose him."

He replied, "That would be a good idea alright." Then I went back to John, and said, "Say supposing now you just tell the whole thing before a notary public and swear to it, you and Eli." He said, "I will do it."

So I went and got a notary public. I don't remember now who it was. Then I called Senator Barela from the ranch and told him, "I have broken the plan up, and at a certain hour they will appear in your office before a notary public and tell how this was to have been done."

So I got this notary public and got their written statement about a yard long, and they swore to it.

Senator Barela always kept those confessions, and asked me years afterwards, why I didn't publish them, and I said, "I haven't got the confessions, you have them." He said, "I will help you, it is not my place." I told him then that I would go down some time and get them and publish the story, how nearly he came to getting murdered.

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Since he has died, his son-in-law, Mr. Eusebio Chacon, who was deputy district attorney, and Mr. Jim McKeough, who was administrator of the estate, say there was no such papers in the safe, and they know nothing about them. They claimed there were other papers missing also.

CONFESSED

ANOTHER STORY OF THE GREEN KELLY MURDER

The Two Women Prisoners Corroborate the Testimony Already Adduced.

Trinidad, Colo. August 6th, 1897. "Gradually the toils of evidence are closing about the accused in the Green-Kelly murder case. Under date of August 1, 1897, Lucia Duran and Maria de la Luz Archuleta have made confessions that not only corroborate the testimony already given, but may even change the politics of Las Animas County.

"The confessions through an interpreter were reduced to writing, one of them reads as follows.

"My name is Lucia Duran.

"I was at my house when Wm. Green and Wm. Kelly were killed in Las Animas County, state of Colorado. That was in the month of April of last year, but the day of the month I don't know.

"I make this, my statement, without fear, compulsion or promise in the presence of and to R.R. Ross, attorney, Wilson Elliot, constable, Eli Green and Macedonio Archuelta, through J.A. Jaramillo, as interpreter.

"Just about sunrise in the morning while I was in bed, I heard several shots fired outside of my house. I got up immediately after hearing the shots, and a short time after I got up, while standing outside my gate, Antonio Rivali came to where I was and told me:

"I have done my wish; we have killed the Americans."

"There were present with Rivali when he was telling me this

George Titsworth

Mose Freyta and Jose Romero. Rivali told me at the same time that he had done his wish and was going to leave. Mose Freyta and Jose Romero also said at the same time and place that they had killed the Americans.

"Two days after the above conversation Nestor Martinez came to my house, and while standing outside my fence, told me that they, Nestor, Martinez, Moses Freyta, Jose Romero and Antonio Rivali- had killed the two Americans, and told me not to tell anybody that he had told me or that he had been in that locality, but to tell the people that he was at the doctor's house and that he lived there.

"I next saw Nestor Martinez two or three days after at my house.

"I would have told all I knew about this long ago, but I was afraid of Casimiro Barela and his friends and I know now that he and his friends will be against me. Jose Romero told me that they had killed the two Americans.

"Casimiro Barela was at my house after the men were killed."

WILL THEY NEVER CEASE?

ANOTHER MURDER REPORTED IN THE SAN ISIDRO COUNTRY

WAS ANTONIO REVEILLE

THEY WERE AFRAID OF HIS VENGEANCE.

Trinidad, Colo. August 27th, 1897. "Still another San Isidro murder has come to light. There has been many a killing in that country that will probably never come to public knowledge, but this one is as cold blooded and premeditated as any of those previously reported and recorded.

"As the report goes this foul murder occurred about the time that Wm. Green and Wm. Kelly were shot down in cold blood in the San Isidro country.

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"The parties who killed Miguel Reveille for his supposed traitorous action in revealing thier cattle stealing proclivities, fearing the vengeance of hi father, Antonio Reveille, laid a plot and foully murdered the old man in cold blood. The body is supposed to have been buried under one of the small dwellings in that locality.

"Yesterday Constable Titsworth, of El Moro, and John Green went to the scene of the killing armed with picks and shovels and will try to find the remains of the old man.

"The two men, Juan Duran and Jose M. Lucero, who were sentenced by the court to be hanged in October, furnished the officers with a map of the locality, giving the location of where the pistols, rifles and saddles of the dead deputies were buried, and these men will endeavor to find these and bring them in. This gang of murderers has at last been broken up and the credit is due to the efforts of the officers of this county."

Those officers were myself and LOUIE Kreeger. Louis Kreeger only made one or two trips, while I worked nearly one year. Kreeger and myself went before the Board of County Commissioners after I had worked a good while and asked for some fiancial assistance. Senator DeBusk and J.U. Vigil were on the Board of Commissioners, and Senator BeBusk said there were no funds they could draw on to give us anything. Then they got to figuring and said they had found a way by which they could allow us \$80, and they told Kreeger and I, "Now you will have to have help."

We had convinced them that a murder had been committed and they would like to have it cleared up, but said we would have to have two more men and asked us who we were going to pick. They said they would give to each one of those fellows \$20.

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I said, "I will pick Wilson Elliott," and Kreger said he would take Harry Lewis. DeBusk told us we would have to give each one of these men \$20 of this money.

Wilson Elliott had been going regular with me and had taken great interest in trying to clear up the case, but Mr. Lewis had never taken any trips out there, and after that, Mr. Kreger and Mr. Lewis made one trip, but no more.

We had been working on the case several months, and Eli Green came to me one day with a letter he had received from a lady up at Catskill who signed her name Mrs. Cloade, and she stated in her letter that she was a medium and a fortune teller. She also said that she had seen his brother killed and that there were three men that did it. One tall fellow, she didnot know whether he was a Mexican or an American, one big Indian, and the other one kindla looked like a Mexican but she was not sure.

Eli asked me what I thought of it, and I said I didn't believe in such things. Well, he passed it up then and did not answer the letter. However, this lady was very persistent in heraim, and she wrote to the widow of Bill Green in Las Vegas what she could do and what she had seen. Then Bill's widow wrote a letter to Eli saying that he had better see that woman. She believed there was something to it. Eli showed me her letter and remarked, "She is sopersistent in getting tangled up in this game that it might be possible that someone is telling her somethin, for this reward of \$1500, and she in order to get this reward will butt into the game, and this fellow is putting words into her mouth for her to spit out at us through the guise of a medium. I believe I would go and see her."

George Titsworth

Eli told me the next morning that he was going to take a train for Catskill. However before that we had made arrests of questionable characters out there, and we were hunting a man by the name of Evans, an ex-convict, but couldn't find him. When Eli got up to Catskill, this man Evand bobbed up and introduced him to Mrs. Cloade.

Eli fetched her down here and we put her in the Columbian for over a month; I don't remember how long exactly that we kept her in the hotel. Then we got her a private boarding house on the north side of town, as it was cheaper, and we were making no money and getting nothing for our work.

One day she wrote a note and sent it by this man Evands for me to come and see her. I went over with Evans and she said to me, "Do you know the suit Bill Green wore when he was killed?" I told her I didn't know whether I would recognise it or not, but I thought it was dark grey.

Just then I got out a cigarette and went to light it, and she said, "Hold on a minute, I will get you a match." We were sitting on the porch, and she winked at me and went to get the match and I realized there was something that she wished to tell me unbeknownst to Evans. She came out with a match and a little piece of cloth wrapped around it, and since Evans was looking another way, I just slipped that piece of goods into my pocket.

Then I went to my home in El Moro and told my wife, "Here is a little piece of goods. Put it away where you can find it; it might be very important evidence in this case." So she put it away and several months afterwards, Mrs. Cloade called for this piece of goods. I went down and told my wife but she had put it away so good that she was unable to lay her hands on it.

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The she told the Green boys that she had been suspecting me of being the tall fellow which ~~she~~ had mentioned as the American or Mexican, and that they had better watch me. She had understood that I had promised to go out with Bill Green after Reveille that Monday morning and I didn't go, and she also understood that ~~he and I~~ had been together on a robbery case in Colorado Springs and that we must have had trouble up there and I wanted to get him out of the way because of jealousy. Since he was called here on criminal cases where I was working they had better watch me.

I suppose they did watch me, and I never would have known anything about it if Wilson Elliott had not told me. After they had satisfied themselves as to why I did not go with Bill Green they soon lost their suspicions. I had made those chicosa arrests and was on another case and do Bill Green had taken Kelly with him on his fateful journey.

So when they were satisfied I was a friend to Bill, Evans came and told me, and I replied, "I'll be dawggoned, if that doesn't beat anything I ever heard of. That woman has got to have somebody murdered. You take her and Mr. Cattleman and we will have to murder everybody around here and get killed also, before they are satisfied.

As a matter of fact, I didn't know Bill Green very well until this big robbery case in Colorado Springs. They sent for him at Las Vegas and me from Trinidad. We got on the case and cleared it up by catching the robbers. This is what she alluded to, but we never had any trouble. He was one of the best officer I evr worked with, and I was the only officer that worked with him in this County. Then we discarded the woman, putting her down as a fraud or a tool of someone.

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But before that, while we had some faith in her knowledge of something or other through somebody else, we would take her out every few days while we were hunting, and one day, Eli always took her in a buggy and Elliott and John and myself would be horse-back- they happened to take lunch right on the place where Kelly was murdered.

These Mexicans got together right away and said, "Now the game is up. That woman has led them right to where Kelly was killed. Now we have got to go and kill them."

Just about that time Wilson Elliott and myself rode up to this place where the gang had gathered to start over to murder Eli Green and Mrs. Choate. They had been friendly with me before that, that is old Archuleta had, and this time, he didn't come out of the house, just stood inside, he and the other men, and asked what we wanted. I suspected that something was going to be pulled off.

Then I thought of a scheme. I asked first, "Did you see Eli Green and the lady?" He said, "Yes, they camped over here about a mile away."

Then I said, "Did you see ten or fifteen men riding around here today?" That was about noon hour. That was something they had not figured on. I didn't know at that time what was framed up, but after the conviction they told me they were just ready to start over to kill this Eli Green and Mrs. Cloade, the fortune teller, as she had given the game up, and when we rode up, they said they would have killed us also, but for the fact I asked about this ten or fifteen men. This confused them and they did not know what to do and called the scheme off. They said they failed to see any men and supposed they were but watching to get a shot at them, and thus they were badly scared.

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This old man Archuleta had asked me to always to pay him a visit as I was an old officer. He said that these Green boys were bad boys, and he treated them pretty rough and he knew I wouldn't bother him. All I was hunting was the dead men and the men who killed them, and "We are innocent," he maintained.

He said, "You an come out to my place and stay and hunt from there. I will do all I can to help you."

I told my oldest son, John, about it and said "I am not going to take the chance to stay there all night." John said, "Well, I will. I will take some grub, and Evans and I will go out there and stay at Archulete's and hunt, and as I understand Mexican, perhaps I can catch a word that might put us onto finding the bodies."

He and Evans rode out there with plenty of provisions, and Archuleta was very glad to see them and treated them very nice. They stayed out there a day or two and the entire bunch ate his grub up in no time. So he came back to El Moro after another supply and I got it for him and sent him back immediately.

The very night after he went back, he said they would come in at all times of the night so quiet and they put him in a room where he couldn't hear what was going on. Along in the night, old Archuleta came and knocked on the door and told him to get up and get away from there as quick as he could, if he wanted to live.

They had their horses staked right close by, and they put their saddles on and left in a hurry, and reached El Mor sometime in the morning. I asked, "What is the matter?" and he said, "He run us out of there, old Archuleta, said they were going to kill us." I said, "I will go out and see what that means."

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The next day, Mr. Elliott and myself went out there but I did not ride up to the house as I didn't know what kind of a frame up there was. I watched to see old Archuleta come out; I was concealed no far from the house in some dense brush. When he came out I hopped out of the brush, dropped the Winchester onto him and ordered him to come there. He was scared pretty bad.

He said, "You wouldn't shoot me would you, after me saving the life of your son?" I said, "Did you save his life?"

"I surely did. You ought to respect me for that."

"If I knew you really did do it, I would."

He said, "I did, and I can prove it. Let us be friends anyhow."

"I surely am." I replied.

At that time I didn't believe he knew anything about it. At the same time was was a leader, and being frightened, I made him a proposition. "I don't know who is into this, but you are in a position here to find out, and if you can and just give me an intimation of where I can go to find those bodies, I will cut the reward with you, and you can suggest where and how." He agreed but nothing came of the proposition.

The day the three men, Juan Duran, Ruperto Archuleta and Jose M. Lucero, were sentenced to hang for the murder of Bill Green, they sent for me in the evening and asked me if I had any influence with the governor. Adams was governor at that time, and I told them that I had no influence whatever. They said, "We want to see if you can not get our sentences commuted to life imprisonment, or do anything for us."

"You men haven't told the truth anyhow. I can suggest what you

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should do, and maybe you can get your sentences commuted. If you would tell the truth, for you know Bill Green carried a life insurance policy of \$5000 and we have never found anything yet to substantiate his murder. While you fellows say you killed him, this insurance company won't take that as evidence."

They said, "If you will take us out of here tomorrow, we will go and show you where the remains are buried."

"The sheriff can't do that as he has to take you to Canon City and put you in death cells until the day of the execution. But if you can help this wido get the \$5000 no doubt his mother, wife and boys would sign a petition to the Governor to get a reprieve for you, if you help me get this money. The only thing you can do now is to give me a map. I have been over that country so much, I know every foot of it, and with the aid of the map I can find his remains and bring them to Trinidad."

So they put their heads together and called for a pencil and paper to draw this said map. "Here is the house where they were killed. Now go up to a shack on the side of the mountain. We stopped there and went on up to where the timber was cleared off, where there had been an old field of something planted some time or other, but had grown up in weeds at that time. Now you know where they were burned, you have seen that. Well, right west of that, about 150 or 200 yards just on the outside of this old fence you will find two big rocks set up leaning together, and another rock put in there, looks like it belonged there. Take that rock out and reach in and get his spurs."

Then one of them said, that back right straight between where he was burned and this rock where I would get the spurs, to dig and about a foot under ground I would find a big flat rock and what would not burn would be found under it.

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So I got the map, came down and told his family. "Now I am going out tomorrow to dig up Bill's remains, what would not burn. If anybody wants to go with me, all right." So John Green said he would go and we went out there and dug up his spurs, buckles, buttons, teeth, and things that wouldn't burn. The biggest piece of bone found was about three inches one way and two the other of his skull. Also we found a piece of his pocket book.

Note: If the above account is true then Titsworth pulled a fast one for it was printed in the paper at that time that Governor Adams stated "that as long as he was chief executive of the ~~state~~ the death penalty would not be inflicted under any circumstances." Sept. 21, 1897. Hence they were finally convicted of murder in the second degree.

OUTLAWS OF THE WEST.

During a period of between 1890 and 1907, there operated in Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Utah and Nevada the most reckless, daring and murderous band of desperadoes this country has ever known, who defied all lawful authority.

In the gang were Tom Ketchum, a Texan, better known as Black Jack, the original leader, his brother, Sam Ketchum; Billy Carver; Eliza Lay; Dave Atkins; Ed Bullin; Bronco Bill; Harry Longbaugh; Butch Cassidy; George Curry; Ben Kilpatrick; Harry and Lonny Logan, brothers.

If interfered with in the carrying out of their crimes they regarded human life as about equivalent to the value of a charge of powder in one of their cartridges.

They made their headquarters near Baldy in the Raton Mountains of New Mexico, and a place known as "hole in the wall" in the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming. In these wild fastnesses, broken by canons,

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hundreds of feet in height and interlaced with ravines and crevices and surrounded by dense forests, these outlaws were immune from arrest and even pursuit. Once at this rendezvous the band could defy a regiment of soldiers.

The only entrance and exit is a narrow gorge through which a stream flows to the open country beyond. At the entrance the Walls lift up abruptly and it is almost impossible to scale the. Any one unfamiliar with the place who should dare to enter, would soon be lost in a net work of intricate ravines and utterly at sea as to the exit.

In the seclusion of these mountain fastnesses these desperadoes planned many of their crimes of train, bank, and stage robberies, and in their execution eventually met death or capture. Separated by a great distance, one by one they met the inevitable fate of the transgressor and in almost every instance by means of the weapons with which they were most familiar- the rifle and six shooter in the hands of the law avengers.

In speaking of Black Jack's gang an issue of the Trinidad Daily News printed sometime in August, 1899, says:

"Black Jack has been hunted for years. The gang achieved its first notoriety in August, 1886, when it robbed a store and killed a man, near Kingman, Arizona. Since then railroad trains, banks and stores have been held up and robbed in a sensational manner. The bank at Nogales, Ariz., was held up, when the teller began shooting and the robbers were foiled. They took to the mountains and escaped. Nearly a dozen men have been killed and something like \$200,000 has been secured by the gang. Three times the Colorado & Southern has been held up and once the Santa Fe California Limited."

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In the words of Mr. George Titsworth: "Black Jack and his gang rode down to Sopris to a saloon which was run by a man of the name of Angelo Carley. By the way, he was a deputy sheriff. There was quite a crowd in the saloon at the time when these two fellows walked in, scanned over the faces of all those men, and then walked up to the bar and said to Mr. Carley, 'Have you got a dice box? We will shake you the dice for the drinks.' Carley replied, 'Yes'. They shook the dice and took one drink and started to shake another round, when a Mexican ran into the front door and said, 'Mr. Carley, you are a deputy sheriff, aren't you? I want you to arrest these two men, they have stolen my horses. They are standing out here in front.' Mr. Carley said to the two men, 'Give me the dice box, the game is over. Boys, you will have to consider yourselves under arrest.'

"He hadn't got the last words out of his mouth before Black Jack shot and killed him. They telegraphed into the sheriff's office, and Louie Kreger and myself went out there. It was all excitement, but we got the descriptions of the men and they described one man with a black beard, and the other fellow smooth shaven, but tall, both of them.

"We arrested, in the next few days, several suspects and fetched them before the eye witnesses to the murder, and there was none identified, until after we had captured Black Jack and I had taken his picture, and then he was identified as Black Jack, who killed Angelo Carley.

"They rode into Castle Gate, Utah, beyond Green River. Castle Gate is a coal mining camp. They robbed a pay roll there of \$25,000 in gold and escaped and never were caught. But the gang, when they reached Cimarron afterwards, seemed to use gold altogether. They spent money liberally and made friends wherever they went.

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"Now after many years, there are some men who have read these different writeups about the gang and they come through and tell something that they would not tell at that time. Among them is Mr. G.W. Moore, whose father built the first log house in Elizabethtown, New Mexico, and the town was named after his sister. He ran a saloon at the time of the battle at Cimmaron Canon (July 16, 1899 and which will be spoken of later) in Elizabethtown and before this battle occurred, those fellows on their first visit to the saloon, and it was night as was the time of all their visits. Four of them rode up in front a horsevack and they looked like coq-punchers. They came in and looked so straight at all the men around there, that this man Moore thought they looked rather dangerous and invited them up to the bar to have a drink. They came up and had one and then called everybody in the house up to the bar where Black Jack threw a fifty dollar bill on the bar and said 'Have a drink on us.' Mr. Moore said in reply 'That is more money than I have in the saloon. I cannot change it for you.'

"Then Black Jack said, (If you have a room where we can play poker, we will change it for you before morning.' Moore replied to him, 'I have a side room that usually isn't occupied.' There were a lot of poker players sitting around in the room and Black Jack invited all that wanted to sit in the game to come in and take a hand stating that it would be a nice, honest game. There were some men sitting round about as tough as Black Jack's gang such as, Ed. Burnett, Clem Mumfried, who was a killer, Bob Clayton, Shorty Williams, and a cowman.

"Black Bob was not a poker fiend. He stood guard while the rest played all night. He was one of the most mysterious men of the gang. He never had very much to say, but pleased enough in his actions, and on the other hand dangerous looking.

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"One of Black Bob's crimes while I was investigating the handling of the C.F. &I. payroll, was that he dropped in to Chicosa where an Italian was running a saloon and held him up and at the same time killed him. We did not know that it was him at the time, but later I learned that it was he.

"Black Jack's gang always acted as gentlemen at Baldy and Elizabethtown. The only thing that one of the gang did, to show what kind of men they were, was to get stuck on a very pretty Mexican girl, and becoming jealous of some fellow he gave him a beating with his gun. That was the only break they made during the time that they were over there.

"After the first train robbery down in Belin, New Mexico, Wells-Fargo Express Compan hired men as guards on those railroads, Santa Fe and Pecos Valley Road between Amarillo, Texas and Wichita Falls, Texas and Roswell, New Mexico. When they had a consignment of money on any one of those routes, then I was assigned to that run, but if they had no special consignment of money on any of the routes I kept the steady run between Albuquerque and El Paso Texas. I making that run I frustrated one robbery between Albuquerque and Belin, a station it was then.

One night, there was a fellow- at that time I had to ride in the express car, but it was not required to stand out on the blind baggage when the train whistled for a station or slowed up. But that night, when they ran into some little station, the conductor called me out of the express car and told me that the engineer had told him a fellow boarded the tender of the engine and concealed himself there, and wanted me to come and make him get off the engine.

So I went around and got up the ladder, and as it was very dark I reached out my hand and struck him in the face, and he had a lot of beard

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On his face. I ordered him out, thinking he was just a hobo and he came down. I called the conductor, but the conductor wouldn't come for he was afraid. When I got down into the blind baggage where he was he jumped off on the opposite side of the train and I thought all was well.

The train moved on, and then I saw him run up the tracks. Watching him I saw him get a hand hold and having my gun on him I ordered him to turn loose but he didn't. He tried to swing on and I hit him over the wrist with the gun thinking he was a very persistent bum. When he tumbled off he fired a few shots one of them going through the express car but hitting no one. I returned fire at him with no results.

Another time at Portales, New Mexico, between Amarillo and Roswell, New Mexico the train had stopped for water and of course we did not see anyone, but when the train started, I was out on the blind baggage, and saw a man come running to catch the train. I ordered him to halt and he did halt when he saw me, but nevertheless he fired upon me. After that I was always required to stand out on the blind baggage whenever the train slowed up or whistled for a station.

Then there was a fellow killed out in Utah and I went to the trial of Black Jack at Clayton, New Mexico. The superintendent of the Well Fargo Express Company came over there to hire me. I had quit them cause I didnot like the job and I told him that I wouldn't work any more at the job. You put yourself up as a target when you were on the blind baggage. Also if you were allowed only to ride in the express car or on blind baggage the robbers had all the breaks for they knew where to find you. The histroy of train robbers shows that they know right where the guards come from and they will march the fireman ot engineer in front of them and make them break open the door and consequently the guard is utterly helpless. He would have to kill an innocent me to get the

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robbers.

Finally he told me he would raise my pay if I would go out there and take the place. He had a tip a job would be pulled off in ten days, and if I would go out, he would give me permission to ride even astraddle the engine if I wanted to.

I went out there with the understanding that it would only be for ten days. I went out there and they did not get a man and I was there ~~before~~ for thirty days before I was relieved.

East of Green River on the desert I saw a consignment of Winchester guns and cartridges, and among the rest a five gallon jug of whiskey. The train was late when we pulled in and it was daylight and I wanted to see whether this consignment of guns, ammunition and whiskey was going there. I knew the train would not be back there until evening and as I was only required to run at night I remained. I went into the operator and asked him if he knew whom the guns were consigned to. He knew nothing. It was a very small depot and the door between the office and waiting room was cut half in two. Then I asked him if there was a place I could get breakfast and a bed to sleep in and he said, "Wait until the day man comes on and we will go down to the sections house and see."

We went down there after the day man came on and had breakfast, but I did not get a bed and came back to the depot. When I got there I found that four men had received the consignment and they were camped some few hundred yards from the depot. It was as usual raining and it was a very cloudy and dark day.

They came over to the depot and one of them got my sawed off shot gun which I had left laying on a table when I went to breakfast not

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thinking anybody would come around there. He tried to work it and I took it away from him. He laughed and joked about it, and said, "What would you do if the boys would stick up the train, with this thing?" I told him to come around after they had done it, as I didn't know what I would do until the occasion arose. I saw they were drunk and didn't want to have any trouble with them.

They asked me to go over to their camp and have a drink with them, but I refused, but they said they would make me. They said, "We will go and get a bottle and we will pour it down you." They all said, "We will do that, we will have some fun with this guard. We know what you are doing."

Well that was one of the worst days I ever spent in my life. All suspense, and I told the agent, they will never get across the plank of that little slew coming over here, because I am not going to take any chances. I could have killed off every one of them before they could cross the plank covering the slew.

The agent became scared and got them into a poker game with some Chinese section men. It was raining and the men couldn't work. During the day these four men sobered up and came to me and told me they were just trying to have some fun. They seemed very nice then. The big fellow who started the excitement said they had a ranch way down towards the Grand Canyon somewhere, and I knew of that. It was called Robbers' Roost. These robbers would drift cattle down there and no official ever dared to go there and they would even ship the cattle and consign them to a market somewhere. He talked very sensible and I told him, "Now look here, if you boys would undertake to hold up this train, you couldn't get away with anything. This gun is loaded with heavy shot and you x

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wouldn't know what part of the train I was on, because I am on all parts of it. Mr. Young told me that I could ride astraddle of the engine if I wanted to."

When we got out of there I went to the smoker with my gun and the Conductor came and ordered me out, saying I belonged in the express car. I told him he didn't know where I did belong. He said he did, and I would have to get off the train. I replied, "Well, you put me off."

He started that he would find out at the next station. He wired Denver and by the next station he had the answer to let me ride anywhere I please. He came back, very nice, and said, "You have charge of the train, you can go in the sleeper if you desire."

Nothing happened that day and I quit the run, because it was very disagreeable work, running and night and and coming back in the daytime you couldn't sleep. That ended my services with the Wells Fargo Express Company.

Associated Press. Las Vegas N.M. July 17th, 1899. "Meagre details were received here this morning of a pitched battle between a sheriff's posse and the gang of outlaws who held up a Colorado & Southern passenger train at Folsom, N.M., a few days ago. The affray occurred near Cimarron. Sheriff Farr, a member of the Posse was killed. Farr lived at Walsenburg, Colo. Cimarron is situated twenty-five miles inland from telegraph lines.

"After an hours rest in Trinidad Saturday Morning W.H. Reno, chief of the special service department of the Colorado & Southern railway, with Sheriff Ed. Farr of Huerfano County, and Deputy Sheriff George Titsworth of this city (Trinidad), left for Springer, N.M. From there they intended to take the stage for the Red River country. It is

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known they have a positive clue, and that the capture of the train robbers is considered certain. The trail of the robbers was followed for twenty-five miles southwest of Folsom, where it was completely obliterated by the heavy rain and upon the return to Folsom information was furnished by an ex-member of the gang which was considered of sufficient importance to act upon.

"Since the above was put in type news has since been received that the robbers were overtaken and a bloody fight took place. (July 16th, 1899) A little before noon a message reached Supt. F.C. Webb of the Colorado & Southern that Special Agent Reno and six deputies struck the trail of the bandits in the mountains, ten miles from Cimarron yesterday afternoon. The posse ran onto the robbers at 5 p.m. and a pitched battle took place, resulting in Sheriff Farr of Walsenburg being killed, F.P. Smith and H.M. Love, both of Cimarron were badly wounded. The former was shot through the leg and the latter through the thigh. W.H. Reno was slightly wounded in the leg. Mr. Reno is confident one of the robbers was killed and another wounded. The robbers fled to the mountains, leaving their horses.

"Sheriff Foraker of Cimarron and Special Agent Thacker of the Wells Fargo Express Company started from Cimarron early this morning with twelve men after the robbers.

"The body of Sheriff Farr was taken to Springer today. The wounded men were taken to Springer.

"Sheriff Farr has lived at Walsenburg for several years and was serving his second term as sheriff of Huerfano county. He was one of the bravest officers that ever lived, and was a perfect gentleman as well. He leaves a wife and two children to mourn his untimely death.

He was about 40 years of age and was well known through out the

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southern part of the state. His death will be universally regretted.

"The bandits are right in the mountains and doubtless more blood will be shed before they are captured.

"Supt. F.C. Webb and Deputies Kreeger, Bent, Pfalmer and Lewis left on a special at 3 o'clock this afternoon for Springer, from which place the posse will go to the mountains, thirty miles distant, in pursuit of the bandits. They were joined here by a large posse from Walsenburg.

"Coroner Sipe and Dave Farr of Walsenburg, brother of the deceased, accompanied the party to Springer. Mr. Webb and the two gentlemen will return to Trinidad tonight with the body of Sheriff Farr.

"LATER- A message at 3 o'clock stated that one of the robbers has positively been killed. The news was brought by the party that conveyed Sheriff Farr's body to Springer."

SAM KETCHUM BEHIND BARS. BROTHER OF BLACK JACK.

Santa Fe, N.M. July 22, 1899. "Samuel Ketchum, accused of train robbery, murder and resisting United States officers, is now in the penitentiary.

"Ketchum is weak from loss of blood and pain from his wound in the left arm. This forenoon he rested easily although he said his arm seemed to weigh 300 pounds.

"According to his story, after the fight, and while it was yet light, his two companions assisted him on his horse several times, but he became faint and had to dismount. Finally he said, 'Go one boys and leave me.' His two companions then rode awya and Ketchum made his way to a nearby farm house, asking for assistance, and where he was arrested with but little resistance. (He was captured by Mc Bride, a ranchman on Ute Creek.) Marshal Foraker does not think the robbers left camp

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in daylight, although Ketchum's story is borne out by the story of one of the posse who said he saw the robbers riding away.

"Ketchum is a United States prisoner, but may be tried by the territory. He came to New Mexico from San Angelo, Texas, and, according to Marshall Foraker is a most desperate character.

"He is a brother of Tom Ketchum, one of the many reputed Black Jacks, who was implicated in the train robbery at Folsom two years ago. Tom is 37 years of age, while Sam is about 45. No criminal charge has ever before been brought against Sam Ketchum, although he has enjoyed the notoriety of being a desperate character. "

On the night of August 16th, 1899 Tom Ketchum, singlehanded and alone held up the same train which his brother, Sam, McGinnis, known as Black Bob and one other had held up on the preceding July 11th. The holdup occurred at almost the identical spot as the two former robberies.

Mail clerk Bartlett was shot by Ketchum after the latter had demanded that he keep his head back in the car. While Engineer Kirchgraber and Fireman Scanlon were uncoupling the express car from the train at the point of Black Jack's gun, Conductor Harrington, who was in charge of the train during the two former hold-ups, stepped in the door between the mail and express car and shot Ketchum in the right arm.

The robber was picked up next morning by Conductor Frank Clark and Engineer Chris Waller who were in charge of a freight train crew to Folsom. Later he was brought to this city and placed in a hospital. At the hospital in Trinidad he was guarded night and day.

George Titsworth guarded him at night and on two different occasions he tried to commit suicide, by tying part of a sheet around his throat. On August 18th, he was photographed by his consent by Officer

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Titsworth. A few weeks later he was placed in the penitentiary at Santa Fe New Mexico.

United States Marshall Hall and Titsworth brought him from Santa Fe to Clayton N.M. for trial by way of Trinidad. They did not have much trouble although a well dressed couple manifested quite an interest in the notorious outlaw and wanted to get close to him, but whether to aid his escape or for mere curiosity is in doubt for Titsworth would not let them get very close.

On April 26, 1900 Black Jack was hung at sundown at Clayton, New Mexico.

March 28, 1934. I certify that above facts given by me are correctly recorded by A.K. Richeson.

George Titsworth

George Titsworth
Valdez, Colorado

A.K. Richardson *Doc* *359* *74*
LIST OF NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS IN SCRAPBOOK OF GEORGE TITSWORTH.

1. Miguel Reveille killed by supposed friends of San Isidro gang.
2. Murderers are caught- Green-Kelly Mystery at last cleared up.
3. Confessions in Green-Kelly murder by Lucia Duran and Maria de la luz Archulete - August 1st, 1897.
4. Another murder in the San Isidro country, that of Antonio Reveille, father of Miguel Reveille.
5. Arrest of Nestor Martinez, J.M. Lucero, Juan Duran and Juan Pacheco on charge of murder of Miguel Reveille.
6. Antonio Sola arrested by Officer Titsworth.
7. Remains of William Green dug up.
8. Martinez confesses to the manner of murder of Miguel Reveille.
9. Testimony of Nestor Martinez.
10. The complete story of the surrender of Frank James to the governor of Missouri, Governor Crittenden.
11. Two of Black Jack's (Ketchum) crimes.
12. George Stevens, a bandit who held up the Texas Express single handed identified as Tom Ketchum, alias Black Jack.
13. Sheriff Shield of Tom Green County, Texas talks of boyhood of notorious outlaw- Black Jack.
14. Wounded Bandit, Black Jack snapped by camera in hands of George Titsworth.
15. Bob Mc Manus, alleged horse thief arrested at Pueblo. Known as Black Bob.
16. Black Bob planned single handed holdup.
17. Is Black Bob Ed Franks, last of Black Jack's gang.
18. Bob McManus arrested by deputy sheriff William Thatcher and George Titsworth.
19. Mc Ginnis found guilty.
20. Train robber Mc Ginnis is identified as member of Black Jack's gang.
21. Thomas Stevens turns out to be Black Jack.
22. The last day of Black Jack on earth.
23. Black Jack will hang tomorrow.
24. Details of Desperate Encounter between Sheriff Farr's Posse and the train robbers. July 18th.
25. Pitched battle with Bandits in Cimarron Canon last evening. July 17.
26. Sam Ketchum being the bars. brother of black Jack.
27. McBride, a ranchman on Ute Creek captured Sam Ketchum single handed.
28. Tubbs tells how it (train robbery) happened.
29. Was it real Black Jack whom they hung yesterday?
30. Insane man is retaken by Deputy Sheriff George W. Titsworth.
31. James Tafoya shoots down Pete Griego whom he found in company with his wife.
32. Sixteen dead supposed in explosion at Primero Mine. Jan 23, 1907.
33. Death List at Primero placed at twenty-four.
34. Friends of dead outlaw (Black Jack) may avenge him.
35. Man once declared to be dead now governor of Neighboring state. Governor George Curry of New Mexico, declared dead at inquest conducted by cowboy justice of peace, George Titsworth.
36. Black Bob Mc Manus' sensational escape. Feb. 7th, 1907.
37. Sheriff's Posse under George Titsworth close on murderer Vigil, October 13th, 1906.
38. Curry was not dead.
39. "Black Bob" was too smooth for the sheriff.
40. Letters from Mr. George W. Titsworth to Governor George Curry of the New Mexico territory and his reply concerning his supposed death as given in the Coroner's verdict in the eighties.

Contents of the Scrapbook of George W. Titsworth.

41. The memories of Masterson and Lewis still held dear in Trinidad.
42. The cowboy of the early seventies by Ferd Davis.
43. Bandit now in Trinidad- George Stevens.
44. Tercio Mineris killed; slayer escapes.
45. Fight between miners of Segundo and Primero.
46. A statement of the coal strike 1914.
47. Vigil captured at mother's home by George Titsworth.
48. List of coal mine disasters in Trinidad coal field.
49. Trinidad is Panic stricken as factions renew fighting.
50. Speak to Titsworth, I should say not. Free Press.
51. George Titsworth, veteran manhunter, tells his own story of 30 years an officer- Defines difference between mine guards and "Gunman" and "Thugs"
52. Organ of anarchy turns mud guns upon Titsworth. "Can't scare me" he says.
53. 7 mine guards killed in second battle with strikers raging at Delagua today.
54. The night no man slept.
55. John D. and John R.-- a comparison.
56. Lieutenant Bigelow who is telling the true story of the battle at Ludlow with the strikers.
57. Another soldier tells of battle at Ludlow camp.
58. Guards may not get pay; there's a joker in bill.
59. Crusoe N. Garner (Editor of Free Press) asks for protection from Titsworth.
60. Geo. Titsworth assaulted by thugs at Raton.
61. Read the facts about Geo. Titsworth's latest cleanup stunt, staged at Raton- Free press.
62. Henry Farr, alleged New Mexico bad man, called down by deputy Titsworth.
63. Trial of Black Jack at Clayton, N.M.

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INTERVIEW WITH TEODORO ABEYTA -Nickerson Ave. Trinidad.
Taken by A. K. Richeson, Trinidad, Colorado.

12/1-1933

I, Teodoro Abeyta, was born Nov. 3, 1858 in Rio Arriba county N. M. My father J. M. Abeyta and mother Manuelita Montano were born in the same county. We came to Trinidad in 1864 and the remainder of my life has been spent in this locality. I have served as undersheriff in 1885 and county assessor 1898- 1902.

Pablo and Lorenzo Abeyta were my only uncles who also came to this county with us in 1864. Uncle Lorenzo had a claim next to my father's claim west and just outside the city limits of Trinidad. He was county commissioner in '72 when Colorado was a territory. He later went to Sonora Mexico and he and his son were killed by the Yauqui Indians near the Yaqui River. Pablo studied for the priesthood for a short time and had a better education than any of the rest of the family. He studied for the priesthood in Durango, Mexico.

As a boy I never had much schooling except what friends taught me. For a time I assisted my father in farming and the care of his sheep. In 1895 I went into the sheep business for myself and worked thus until 1916. The first shears for clipping wool were brought into this county prior to '75. In 1885 I received 5¢ a lb for my wool and the following year 10¢. Afterwards the price varied between 10 and 15¢/ Lambs brought 90¢ apiece in 1884 and \$1.25 in 1885.

Vivian Abeyta, my brother, served in the state legislature about 1885 or 1886. He was county commissioner in 1888 to 1892 or 1896. It was during this term that the C. and S. railroad built a line to the Red River. I was county assessor 1898 to 1902. It was during this time that I surveyed land near Tobe and Branson and this included the ranch of Jake W. Like.

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I never heard the story of the Simpsons hiding in caves where now is Simpson's Rest until the very late years and do not think there is any truth for this story. I met Geo. Simpson in '73 or '74. When the school district #7 adjoining #1 Trinidad was formed at this time Geo. Simpson was the first secretary and my father the first treasurer. Here is a list of Simpson's children:

- Isabela, married Jake Beard.
- Pedro married Josefita Garcia.
- Noerto
- Mercedes married Sarah St. Vrain.
- Juanita, buried with her parents on Simpson's Rest.
- Lucy married a man by the name of San Paolo
- Virginia married a civil Engineer.
- Rafelita-

Last Hanging in Las Animas County. In 1884 Charley Hibbard killed "Old Man" Nowels who was staying at his uncles' ranch in Stonewall while he was making a trip back east. Mr. Nowels had a money belt containing money, and a fine team of horses which he took and fled to Kansas. His uncle Hank Hibbard was notified of the disappearance of the nephew and Nowels and on his return he noticed a second pit that was not there when he left. He called in the neighbors among whom were R.D. Russell, Anderson Duhling, and Frank Kerr. They found the body of Nowels in this pit of potatoes.

Louis Kreeger apprehended young Hibbard in Kansas and brought him back for trial under Caldwell Yeaman, then district judge. Juan Vigil, the sheriff was in New Mexico, when the hanging took place, Apr. 24, 1885. Dave Moore had charge of the hanging, and Wm. Hunn was asked by Hibbard to cut the rope which he did. This hanging took place just north of Trinidad, in a canyon just south of where the Masonic cemetery now is. Mr. Preston Dunlavy, Elmer Dunlavy as well as myself were present at this hanging and can verify these details.

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First hanging at Canyon City from Las Animas County. In 1890 I was undersheriff under Louie Kreeger. Noverto Griego in the act of robbing a friend of his family Underwood, killed him. Underwood had a small store on Convent St. Noverto had a hammer in his hand when he robbed Underwood, and a negro who was outside watching motioned him to hit the man, which he did. The negro was never apprehended. Wm. Walker, son-in-law of Dick Wooten, was coroner, and Judge Gunter later governor, sentenced him to be hanged. I took him to Canon City. He told me to tell his parents not to worry as he had repented and that he had killed a very good friend and would have to apy with his life. I brought the body back to his parents for burial.

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Trinidad was not named after a daughter of Felipe Baca, as he had no daughter by that name. The first name was Rio de Las Animas. A group of old settlers among whom were J.M. Abeyta (my father), Felipe Baca, Juajuin Romero, Domacio Gurule, Francisco Montane, Juan Cristobal, Andreas Duran, and Juan Ignacio Aliriez selected the name Santisima Trinidad, later abbreviated to Trinidad.

The daughters of Felipe Baca were:

- Dionicia, married Lorenzo Abeyta
- Catilina, " Antonio Aban Salas
- Lucy, became a nun
- Apolonia, married A.W. Archibald
- Rosa, still living and unmarried.

The boys were:

- Juan Pedro, killed in 1880
- Felix, a lawyer deceased
- Luius, deceased
- Facundo, a doctor in Walsenburg.

December 14, 1933. I certify that the above account of my conversation with Mr. Richeson is correct.

Teodoro Abeyta

Mr. Teodoro Abeyta
Nickerson Ave.
Trinidad, Colorado.

Supplement: Since all land was government land in the beginning there quite a bit of claim jumping attempted. My Uncle Lorenzo was mixed up in some of this in 1868. Three claim jumpers built a house between his and another which he was erecting. This they burned, and when he and Bentura Abeyta (adopted Indian) and Nepomucens Baros, (This claim was at Red Rock Southwest of La Junta.) attempted to rebuild the house they burnt it again. When they want to these men to find out why they were met with gunfire. In the battle two of the claim jumpers were killed. The third escaped thru the intervention of my uncle. When the trial came up in Pueblo, this man's testimony proved that the death of the other two was justified.

This Red rock country was first settled by cattle men. The prairie Cattle Co or the J. J. Ranch was one of the largest in this section. When people came in with sheep there was first hard feelings and later trouble. My uncle Lorenzo was in the sheep business at Red Rock in 1878 or thereabouts when coming Las Animas to his ranch two cowboys passed him. One came back and asked

him if he had found a purse. Uncle said no. And an argument ensued. The cowboy pulled a pistol and started shooting. The team lurched and Uncle dodged, and fell over the side of the wagon. He then pulled his revolver, but the cowboy fled thinking that he had killed him. The next day it was reported in the Pueblo Chieftan that he had been killed. Later cowboys told him and me that Jones had offered to give this cowboy seven horses and some money if he would kill my uncle. This cowboy collected his pay and fled to Texas.

This goes to show the feelings of the cattle men towards the sheep men who ruined their free grazing lands, because it is well known that cattle will not feed after sheep.