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JACQUES SPA

When I was a young man I won a cattle ranch. I won it playing poker, but I almost lost my life.

As a youngster I was sent to get an education at the Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania. Most didn't like it ...but I did. Before I went to the school I'd been wild. Crazy around horses, a crack shot with rifle or pistol and among the best trackers and hunters.

In school I learned the white mans ways. I excelled in mathematics, languages and of course went out for all the sports. When I graduated, the school found me a job as a "Range Detective" for a cattlemans association in north-eastern Nevada,

The cattlemen were going broke. Rustlers were walking whole herds across the line into Utah or Idaho. The county was too large for the sheriff to do any thing meaningfull to stop the rustling, so they hired me. I was to get top hands pay plus bonuses for every rustler that was convicted and sent to the state penitentiary.

The first year I dodged bullets aplenty, sent five to the penitentiary, wounded six and had to kill 2 more in self defense. That wasn't hardly a gun fight.

They salted a water hole that I used. My horse got sick from it and the two of them made a mistake when they tried to ambush me when I was afoot. Their aim was pretty good,

I got hit, but my aim was better. I only had to fire twice.

The association treated me right. They paid the doctor and my full wages.

While convelescing I watched from afar how the ranchers operated. It took a while but I learned that they all were pretty honest. Oh, they all gave themselves the benefit of any doubt as to ownership of a maverick. But what they gained on one end of the ranch they lost on the other. It all evened out and nobody pointed any fingers.

After the roundup all the ranchers drove their sale cattle to the railroad shipping point. The buyers were there representing all the big meat packers. They paid with gold and silver coins.

It was a disappointing year. The animals were thin because of the drought and the count was down too. That year many ranchers were near bankruptcy.

When all the cattle were loaded and the train pulled out, the cowboys were paid off.

A short distance, and across the tracks there was a hot spring. An enterprising French Canadian had piped hot water into some big wooden tubs. He charged 50 cents for, "soap and a soak". His name was Jacques. He called his place Jacques' Spa.

Every year since the railroad came, a bunch of gamblers came at shipping time. They set up saloons and gambling tents around Jacques' Spa. Soon, Jacques Spa became known as Jacks' Spa, which became corrupted to "Jackpot". It was a wild and woolly place.

Since I made half again what a top hand was paid the professional gamblers were glad to see me, or rather my money. The stakes got pretty high. Plenty of cowboys lost a whole years wages in one night. This year some of the ranchers were desperate, betting whole sections of their land. They had to have cash to operate for another year or go bust.

I'd been winning, hand after hand, all day. And I had a lot of gold coins in my saddlebags nestled between my feet under the table. A rancher got into the game. He soon lost all his cash. Then he offered to wager a section of land. I won it. He bet another, lost it too. Within 5 or 6 hands I owned his whole spread. He was honest with me, said, "The creeks are dry, the grass is gone and so are the cattle." He had shipped every critter he could round up. The sheriff had taken most of the proceeds for back taxes. He signed over a quit claim deed to me with out any fuss. Wished me luck, said, "S'long" and walked out.

As he walked out I felt kind of bad about it all. Winning everything he had except his horse and saddle kind of put me down.

I didn't feel like playing any more so I quit. This made some of the losers mad. They wanted a chance to win back their money. I hadn't counted my winnings, but as I picked up my saddle bags they were bulging and their weight amazed me.

Everyone saw me walk out with those bulging saddlebags and as I put them on my horses back I was apprehensive.

While I'd been in Nevada I'd made some friends. I'd also made a few enemies in my line of work. Some of them just might try to relieve me of the weight of all that gold.

I didn't go back to where I'd laid out my blankets, but led my horse in a big semi-circle, across the tracks and behind the corrals. Then out a little ways into the sage.

I spent a cold and sleepless night mulling over my situation. I needed to get the money to a bank, but the closest one was in Twin Falls, 2 days ride away.

My horse was hobbled a short distance away, and I heard him periodically during the night. As the sun came up I wondered if some of the losers had spotted him and were waiting to ambush me.

I cautiously raised up and slowly surveyed my surroundings. I particularly watched a low hill some distance away. My caution was rewarded when I saw movement and eventually made out at least 3 men. They seemed to be watching out in my general direction, paying particular attention to my horse. Full daylight was approaching and I'd never be able to sneak past them. There were probably others around in the sage also. It was time to put my plans in motion.

Leaving the saddle and rifle, but taking the bridle and saddlebags, I crawled noiselessly to a thick clump of sage. Careful not to make dust or noise that would give me away, I dug a hole with my hands. Slowly and carefully I put the coins into the hole, backfilled it, then put some dead brush on top to conceal it.

Then I filled the saddlebags with sand. Cautiously I crawled away from my cache, closer to my horse and a little further away from the overlooking hill. I crept as close to him as I could and still stay in the sage brush. He knew I was there and nickered. He would have come to me if I'd had an apple. I'd have to go out in the open. Unfortunately we were within shootin' distance of the 3 watchers.

Trying to keep the horse between me and the hill, I stood up and walked toward him. I talked softly, he stood perfectly still, ready to accept the bit. Just as I got the bridle over his ears a bullet whizzed past. It didn't phase him.... We'd been shot at before!

I still had to get the hobbles off his fore legs. Holding the reins I bent down and lifted one leg and removed the hobble. Still bending down to finish the job a bullet smacked into the ground throwing sand in my face as it ricocheted away. He danced around some, but I finally got him free of the hobbles.

Another shot, this time from close by, and sounded like a pistol. I leaped upon his bare back, drew my colt and urged him toward where I thought the shot came from. I saw 2 of them, afoot in the sage.

I circled my horse around the closest one, but lost track of him in the sage. I could see the further one. He was shooting at me with a pistol, fortunately, he was a lousy shot. Suddenly, the one that I'd lost track of, jumped up from behind a bush not more than 5 yards away.

By the time I saw him he already had me in his sights. He couldn't miss if he tried. I wondered how much it would hurt when the bullet hit. BANG! The other guy fired first. Missed me but hit his partner in the head. It literally exploded. I'm sure I got some brains and blood on me as I rode past him.

More shots from rifles on the hill. By this time I was out of range from any thing but a lucky shot. I got to an open spot in the sage, near where I'd left my saddle and rifle.

Pretending to be hit, I made a big show of dropping the saddlebags. Turning the horse I rode back to pick them up. As if wounded I slowly got off my horse. Just as I'd expected, the shots came thick and fast, but because of distance, none very close.

I hated to do it. I kicked my horse in the ribs as hard as I could. He reared, and took off like he'd been shot. I left the saddlebags in the open and crawled off into the sage and retrieved my rifle.

It was one of the new "1 in 100" Winchesters. I could take out the eye of a deer, or a man, at 100 yards. I didn't have to wait long for a chance to do just that.

Four horsemen came down off the hill at a gallop. Whooping it up like they were sure I was dead and they were already spending my money.

The sage was pretty good cover for me, and they weren't lookin' for me anyway. I stood up, aimed, and dropped the last guy in line at about 150 yards.

Without taking the rifle from my shoulder, I worked the lever. Four seconds later I dropped the man just in front of him. Four seconds later I hit the next one, but he didn't drop. I lined up on the first man of the string but never got a chance to fire.

A bullet from a pistol at close range went zinging past my head. I dropped down out of sight and crawled about 20 yards to an opening in the sage, and listened.

Cowboys afoot are clumsy. I suspect this guy was clumsier than most. He was probably the one that shot his partner in the head. Not content with that, he still wanted to play in this highest stakes game .

He came crashing through the brush like a grizzly bear. We saw each other at the same instant. He wasn't only clumsy, but crazy too. We were 50 yards apart. He raised his pistol, took aim and fired. His bullet didn't even come close. I don't know why he looked so surprised when my bullet hit him square in the chest.

I crept back where I could watch my saddlebags. They were still laying where I'd dropped them.

The two horsemen had drawn back out of range. One was obviously wounded. I stood up with my head and shoulders above the sage to try for a long shot. Just as I raised my Winchester the wounded rider fell to the ground.

At the same time I heard shouts and horses coming from the other side of the tracks. The last of the ambushers heard too, turned his horse and rode away at a reckless gallop. Honest men and friends were coming to my aid.

The rains came that winter, and spring brought back the grass. I kept my job with the Cattlemans Association for only a couple of more years.

There wasn't much point in paying top hand wages to a "Range Detective" when there were no rustlers to detect any where near the corrals at Jacques' Spa

MY UNCLE BEBBIE
WHEN HE WAS A YOUNG MAN ~~HE~~ HE WAS
ON A JURY - TRYING A MAN FOR MURDER.

IT SEEMS THAT 2 IRISH SECTION HANDS WERE
LEFT IN CAMP TO SOBER UP WHILE THE REST
OF THE CREW WENT OUT TO WORK ON THE R.R.
TRACKS. THE ONLY OTHER PERSON IN CAMP WAS
THE CHINESE COOK, ~~WHO WAS WITH THEM~~ ~~WHEN THEY WAKE UP~~ ~~THE~~
~~DEFENDANT PLEADED SELF DEFENSE~~
~~THAT THEY TWO IRISH MEN HAD A DISPUTE~~
~~OVER WHO HAD~~

WHEN THE TWO IRISH MEN WAKE UP THE BOTH FOLT THE
NEED FOR SOME "HAIR OF THE DOG". SINCE THERE WAS
ONLY ABOUT "2 FINGERS" LEFT IN THEIR BOTTLE THEY
GOT INTO AN ARGUMENT. ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER
& A FIGHT ENSUED. FINALLY ONE GOT BASHED OVER THE
HEAD WITH THE BOTTLE. CONTRARY TO GENERAL BELIEF ALL
IRISH MEN ARE NOT BLOWE HEADS, BECAUSE THIS ONE DIED.

AT THE TRIAL THE DEFENDANT PLEADED SELF DEFENSE &
CALLED AS HIS WITNESS A CHINESE COOK, THE ONLY OTHER MAN
IN CAMP.

IT SOON DEVELOPED THAT THE CHINAMAN DIDN'T ~~HE~~
UNDERSTAND ENOUGH ENGLISH TO ~~BE A~~ ~~SO~~ ^{GIVE TESTIMONY} ~~USANCE~~, SO AN
INTERPRETER WAS FOUND.

THE LAWYERS ASKED IF HE HAD BEEN IN CAMP ON THE
DAY OF THE FIGHT, BACK THRU THE INTERPRETER "YES"

DID HE UNDERSTAND THAT THE GUILT OR INNOCENCE
DEPENDDED ON HIS TESTIMONY AS TO WHO HAD STRUCK THE
FIRST BLOW. THE INTERPRETER CAME BACK WITH
^A ~~THE~~ SOMEWHAT ANSWER. HE UNDERSTANDS BUT WON'T

TELL.

THE JUDGE THINKING PERHAPS THAT THE WITNESS HAD
BEEN INTIMIDATED TRIED TO GET THROUGH THAT THE COURT
WOULD PROTECT HIM IF HE WOULD JUST TELL THE
TRUTH.

THE INTERPRETER SAID THE COOK STILL ~~WAS~~ ^{WOULD} TELL.

THE JUDGE BEGAN TO GET ANGRY AT THIS APPARENT
REFUSAL, & TOLD THE INTERPRETER THAT THE COOK
COULD BE SENT TO JAIL FOR NOT TESTIFYING.

THE POOR COOK, WHEN THIS WAS TRANSLATED TO
HIM, ~~BECAME~~ GOT VERY SCARED & JABBERED AWAY TO
THE INTERPRETER AT GREAT LENGTH.

WHEN THE INTERPRETER FINALLY TURNED TO THE JUDGE
HE SAID THAT IT WAS HIS FAULT. DUE TO LANGUAGE
DIFFERENCE THE COOK HAD ~~MEANT TO SAY~~ NOT
MEANT THAT HE "WOULDN'T" TESTIFY BUT THAT HE
"COULDN'T", WHY? "BECAUSE ALL WHITE DEVILS LOOK ALIKE."

Most whites don't even attempt to pronounce my *indian* name, so they just call me Smoke, partly because I can be as elusive and hard to catch as smoke from a campfire. My mother was raped by 6 white men, so I am a half-breed.

I was still an infant when my mother's father adopted me in the Indian fashion. As my father, he was responsible for my well being and training. I was his only grandchild so he lavished his love, time and attention on me.

As a young man he had been a mighty hunter. One of my earliest memories is of him teaching me how to make child sized bow and arrows, and how to shoot them. As I got older he taught me how to ride a horse bare-back, how to shoot arrows while at a gallop, how to make arrows for different types of game. For fish and birds, squirrels and rabbits to bears and buffalo. ^{EACH ONE DIFFERENT} ↑. He taught me about wild animals, read their sign and to track them, gather wild herbs to rub on that make a hunter invisible to an animals sense of smell. He showed me what herbs to use for curing illness, and which make salves and poultices for wounds and bruises.

Grandfathers boyhood best friend was now a noted horse trainer. Together they taught me how to break a horse, how to ride Indian style and white mans style, with a saddle and bridle. Where he got the saddle I don't know but there was the dried up remains of a scalp tied to the saddle.

All this and much more I learned before I was ten. I remember when I was ten my grandfather became a Christian. The missionaries talked to him and he sent me to the missionary school.

You have probably heard of the Indian school at Carlisle run by the government. The one they sent me to was run by Christian Missionaries. The school was for Indian boys who showed promise of adapting to the white mans ways, with courses that would be useful with the white world. Some learned a trade, others were taught correct English, etiquette, Latin, mathematics, Algebra and Geometry, Physics, Elementary Surveying, Chemistry, some carpentry and U.S. History. Not to mentions sports. The students grew most of the schools food so I learned some farming and animal husbandry.

I was usually among the winners in my class in boxing, wrestling, sprinting and long distance running. Almost all the boys were excellent archers, but I always took the prize.

The school had acquired an odd assortment of pistols and rifles, most of them captured during the War Between the States. The students were encouraged to practice marksmanship with these weapons. Also the large variety gave us experience to decide which were the most accurate and reliable.

We had all this and prayers before every meal and at bedtime, church on Sundays with long sermons and no holidays except Christmas. I graduated from the school after doing 12 years of study in less than 10 years. I've since found out that the education I received was as good as any white boy received back east, maybe better in some ways.

We were allowed to go home for two weeks a year if you had the money for transportation. I got home twice in 10 years. The first time I was home grandfather and I rode far and wide hunting and fishing. Some times we rode all day just admiring Gods creation. At night we would sit by the

campfire, looking at the stars, he pointing out the Indian constellations and listening to the sounds of nature, the soft hoot of an owl, the yipping of a coyote, the howl of a wolf.

He told me Indian tales and I telling him the finer points of Algebra or Geometry. When I told him 'the shortest distance between two points is a straight line', he thought for a moment then said, "Not always, sometimes shorter to go around a swamp or go up stream to a ford," or, "How do you ride a straight line when hunting buffalo if the herd is moving?"

The last time I got home my grandfather had died. I hadn't even heard about his death until that summer when I got home. I grieved for him in the old fashion, the Indian way. After I had done the proper things to honor his spirit I went to the elders and told them I was tired of the white mans school and I wanted to stay and hunt for my mother's food. They told me that bad things were happening to our brothers. They decided I must go back to school.

Sometime after I went back to school, the village was raided, whether by whites or a hostile tribe I never found out and I never saw any of my people again.

I finally graduated. The Missionaries tried to send the top two in the class to college but some years they could only afford to send one. I was second in my class but it was one of the lean years, there wasn't any money to send me to college. It really didn't disappoint me. I had thought for a long time that I would go back to my village and try to improve their living, but now there was no village to go back to.

The school arranged for me to be interviewed by a lawyer who represented a large Cattlemen's Association.
small → A

The Missionaries couldn't tell me much about the job. I rode into town with the supply wagon. There was a certain tailor I was to find. He was a staunch Christian and always helped out the Mission School, mostly by giving one or two of us a good suit of clothes. After measuring me he sent me with a note and a package to the town barber who gave me a white mans hair cut. It felt funny not to have hair hanging down the back of my neck. When the barber was through he told me to go take a bath in his back room.

It was quite a bit different ^{THAN} ~~that~~ the baths at the school. I finally figured out how to adjust the faucets to get hot and cold water into the big barrel that served as the tub. I'd never had a hot bath before. At school, in winter we frequently had to break some ice to get a half bucket of water.

I used the soap I found on a shelf, rinsed myself off and stepped into the tub, sat down until my chin was just above water. So this was one of the white mans way.

The barber shouted from the front of his shop "When you get out of the tub there is a towel in the cupboard and, open the package." I did just that. The package contained two shirts, two pairs of jeans and four sets of underwear. I put on a set of underwear and a shirt and jeans. I put back on the pair of worn out shoes from school. But other than the Indian style school shoes I looked like a lot of white men. My face was a little darker than some but lots of whites that worked out in the sun were just as dark. The barber told me to put the extra clothes back in the box. Then he gave me a note and directions to a cobblers shop.

When I found the shop the cobbler ^{HE MEASURED MY FEET AND} gave me six pairs of socks. He ~~measured~~ ~~my feet~~ then went into his store room and came back with shoes and two pairs of cowboy boots. I could take my pick of two pair, boots or shoes. He

advised me to take two pair of boots. One pair I could keep for dressing up and the other pair for work. One pair had beautiful hand done seams and tooled leather uppers and fit perfectly. I'd never had a pair of boots in my life, much less two pair, and one pair hand tooled. I thanked him profusely. He said there was one more thing. He went to his display window and brought out a good size leather valise. It was beautifully tooled leather. It was large enough for all my new clothes and a lot more. The top opened and had a weather flap that could be shut with a leather thong, two pouches on each side that had individual straps with brass buckles. It had good sturdy handles for carrying and was fitted with a detachable strap to shoulder carry. It was all hand sewn and he told me that as long as I kept it oiled, especially the seams it should be water proof for many years. I thanked him again many times. All he said was "Go with God."

With the fancy ^Bfoots on I walked back to the tailor shop. It was past his closing time but he was waiting for me. It was arranged that I would spend a few days at his house. We walked the short way to his home. The bed room he showed me was very neat and clean, curtains on the window, rugs on the floor. The bed was big enough for two people. I wondered if I was going to have to share it with someone. The tailor (that was also his name 'Taylor') said after I settled in we'd go to some friends home for dinner. He hoped I

liked Mexican food. I didn't really know any thing but Indian food and the food at the Mission. We walked for about 15 minutes and turned into a lane that looked different than the parts of the town that I had seen. The houses seemed to have very neat front yards with the house behind a wall for privacy. As we approached the house I could see it was a very large house and very well maintained. We were greeted by a servant who Mr. Taylor called Manuela. Mr. Taylor's friend appeared immediately. He and Mr. Taylor greeted each other with hand shaking and big hugs and smiles and an exchange of pleasantries.

A woman in an apron came into the entry way. She greeted Mr. Taylor very profusely, saying to me in broken English that she always did the cooking herself when Mr. Taylor was coming. I was introduced to Senora~~a~~ and ~~Senorita~~^{SENORA} Barcelona. They led us through two large rooms out onto a large patio. As I passed through the house I could smell the food from the kitchen. It smelled wonderful, but I wondered how Mexican food tasted. I'd heard it was hot and spicy. They had four children, all girls, twins eighteen and married. Their husbands had been on a cattle drive for almost 6 months, but were expected back tonight. They would probably be eating with us if they got the cattle corralled. So we were waiting dinner for them.

I didn't know much about socializing so I just politely answered their questions. They were very curious about my background. Yes, I was half Indian, I was just about twenty. My people didn't have a calendar for months and days, only seasons.

No, I didn't have a girl friend. In fact I hadn't even talked to girls, only other Indian children before I was sent to the Mission school. No, we boys were not mistreated at school. The courses were hard but the teachers were good teachers and made us learn our lessons. What courses did I like best?

Probably history, although I knew that some things in the books weren't true. There were other things that I enjoyed, although not a part of curriculum.

Such As? Sharing in the work to keep the school up and going, herding the cattle, mowing and stacking hay, tending the vegetable garden, outdoors stuff. Also I was the Shamans assistant. Even though it was a Christian school they allowed a Shaman to attend the sick and injured. His herbs were quite good for coughs and eye infections. Also for stomach complaints and e intestinal worms. He was very good at setting broken bones and had to amputate a boy's foot which had become badly infected. Ordinarily a white doctor would be called for an amputation, but the school through inquiries, had found that the doctor lost a lot of patients when the

wounds became infected. So it was 50/50 whether to use white or Indian medicine. Some times it was a matter of which one could get there first.

There was marksmanship. The school had an odd assortment of pistols and rifles surrendered by confederates after the War Between the States.

POWDER, BALL + CAPS WERE
~~Ammunition was~~ expensive so most of our shooting was at wild game for

the table. There were hardly any two weapons alike, so the variety gave us

experience in the advantages and disadvantages of different makes, their

accuracy and reliability. *#* How many boys attended? *#* The lower grades had

maybe 1000 total, the high school had maybe as many as 600, probably less.

The boys dropped out as the lessons got harder or they got homesick. In the

upper grades they started the first year with about 250. Four years later

about 100 graduated. Only one or two went on to college. We have nothing

but the clothes on our back and perhaps a little money picked up when we

got our two week vacation. For instance I had worked in the cabinet shop

for a man who was building sleeping cars for *RAIL RAILS* ~~trains~~.

I asked if this was boring to them but they asked me to please continue.

All our machinery was old and decrepit. The sleeping car company had all

the latest equipment. It was a pleasure to work *THERE* ~~there~~ and they paid me too.

That's where I got the money to go home the next summer. I still couldn't

have paid the fare except the sleeping car company arranged it that I was to go in one of the sleeping cars as an "Inspector." I did find a flaw in the cabinetry. It was a joint that was dove tailed. The rocking of the train car had worked the joint loose. I had forms to fill out daily to check on various things. I filled out forms and recommended that the joints be dove tailed, half lapped and clamp glued. I signed the form and under Title, I signed Inspector.

When I got off the train I gave it to the porter and told him to be sure that it got to the sleeping car company. He said "Yes Sir, I'll be sure." I got a real kick out of being called Sir.

On the trip home ^{THERE} ~~was~~ was a real Inspector. I think he was a little upset that I had found a flaw and he hadn't. My being a Half-Breed Indian school boy hadn't helped matters either. We got into a fist fight and I knocked him out with the second punch. He came to in a couple of minutes and there were no problems for the rest of the trip. *IN FACT SOME TIME LATER WE BECAME GOOD FRIENDS.*

A couple of months later a rep for the sleeping car company came to the school to see me. I was called out of class to show him around most of the school that he had time to see. He particularly wanted to see the cabinet shop. There was a display of completed and incomplete projects. He was amazed at the quality of work we turned out on the old equipment. About

two months later a long train of dray wagons came to the school. They had materials to start construction of a shop building and an engineering building. ^{STONE MASONS ↓} Brick layers came and started laying the foundations. A swarm of carpenters soon came and started the ^{FRAMING} ~~building~~. The draymen unloaded bricks, lumber and machinery. The project took almost of year. It was completed when ^{THE} a mill wright ^S came and installed the machinery. While all this building was going on, a separate building of brick was built and a steam stationary engine was installed. All the machinery was run by belts and pulleys powered by the steam engine.

The sleeping car company paid for all this. They wanted to hire trained employees in the shops.

I was called out of class again one day. A man was in the office talking with the Board of Directors. Looking at me with a big smile he said "All this building was your fault." He knew the railroads were going to start buying his sleeping cars so he decided to get a head start. He offered me a job, right then as the superintendent of his shops but I would have to quit school. I needed time to think, so I told him I'd let him know within one week. Some of the Board were aghast that I didn't ^{JUMP} ~~just~~ at the chance. A week later I turned him down. I simply didn't want to be inside a factory for the rest of my life.

~~✱~~ Just then we heard horses in front of the house. I surmised that the husbands of the twins had arrived. ~~They excused them selves and went inside the house.~~ Maria excused her self saying she must greet her sons-in-law and had a few things to do before dinner. But it would be a while because the husbands would need to take baths as they had been out herding cattle for almost 6 months.

That interested me. I asked what kind of cattle they had. Pedro answered that is was sort of a mixed lot, mostly long horns that they had driven up from Mexico and Texas. Even the scrawny ones brought a good price at the railroad if they got some good feed and a little rest. The cattle drive was very hard on animals, especially the horses that the vaqueros rode. They changed horses three or four times a day and still they were near exhaustion when they got back. The men were just as bad off, Especially if they had to fight any damn Indians. He looked sort of startled when he realized what he had said. He then apologized if I was insulted, but it was true that the Indians on the trail ambushed many herds and killed and wounded many cowboys. I told him I was only half Indian and could understand his viewpoint. Mr. Taylor quickly changed the subject to how the town was growing and that it was good for business.

A servant came to the patio and very excitedly said something in Spanish to Pedro. He jumped up and rushed out, barely excusing himself.

Mr. Taylor, who was fluent in Spanish, said that both men were wounded by Indians, one apparently very badly. Pedro came back and called the servant, telling her to go get the new doctor in town. Mr. Taylor told him that the doctor was out of town. He knew this because the doctor had ordered a new suit to go his sisters out of town wedding, and he had picked up the suit this morning. He said he was late and was leaving immediately.

We could hear the two wives crying hysterically and the laments of the servants. The only calm voice from inside the house was Maria's. She was issuing orders in Spanish to at least two servants. Pedro came back to the patio and slumped into a chair lamenting that one of his sons-in-law would surely die as he had an arrow sticking out of his stomach that couldn't be removed. The other one had an arrow wound in his thigh. They were ambushed two days ago, the other ^{VAGUEROS} ~~cowboys~~ had broken off the arrow and pushed it on through to the other side of his thigh. He was still bleeding and in great pain.

Mr. Taylor told Pedro that I might be able to help as I had told him of assisting the Shaman in my ^{SCHOOL} ~~village~~.

Pedro said "Please do anything, anything that you can." ^{HE SHOWED ME TO A} ~~We went to a~~ big bedroom. The man that was gut shot was in a great deal of pain. He was so far gone that he was barely breathing. The only thing I could do for him was to help him die without pain. They had tried to ease his pain with tequila but it kept leaking out of the arrow wound and the alcohol must be excruciating to the raw flesh.

I asked Pedro if he knew where to get some marijuana. Si-Si-Si. I know it grows wild around here. Get me enough to make a big cigar. I asked Maria "Do you have any opium? Si, the dentist gave me some pills when he pulled a tooth." "Get it for me." She said that her son-in-law can't take anything by mouth as it will leak out and cause him more pain. Just get me the ^{OPIMUM} ~~ipium~~ if you want your son-in-law to die without pain and also bring some sewing thread and some lard. Si-Si, it is right in the kitchen. She took off running to the kitchen.

She came back just as Pedro came back with one half of a marijuana plant. I cut off a couple of marijuana leaves, put 3 opium pills on ^{THE BIGGEST LEAF} ~~a flat leaf~~ and rolled them all up together. I took the thread and wound it tightly around the rolled up marijuana leaves. The wounded man was tightly bent, with his knees drawn up from the pain in his belly. I wondered how he was conscious. I told Maria to take down his pants and drawers. She did it as if

she worked on wounded men all the time. I told her to separate the cheeks as far as she could. I coated the cigar ^{WITH LARD} and also smeared some around his rectum. As gently as I could I pushed the cigar up him rectum as far as ~~it~~ ^{IT WOULD GO} could. Then I told Maria to hold the cheeks together and not to let the cigar slide out.

I asked where the other wounded man was and they took me to another bedroom. The man was lying on the bed moaning with pain, his pant leg cut clear to the crotch. He was still bleeding with a two days accumulation in the pants and boot. While riding, the blood had run down his leg and into his boot. The cowboys had done about the only thing they could, pushing the arrow through ^{AND OUT} to the other side of his thigh.

~~T~~he way he was bleeding it was a wonder he was still alive. The bleeding had to be stopped. I called Maria, told her I needed some more of her opium and some water, then a red hot poker, with another poker in the fire getting red hot. Bring me the opium first. She brought me the opium pills and some water. We gave the man two pills and enough water to wash them down. I had wrapped his wound in some torn sheets as tightly as I could and slowed the flow of blood. I went to look at the other man and saw that although dying, he was at peace. The opium and marijuana had done their work. I told Pedro he should call a priest, ^{He} ~~he~~ had already done so. I went to the other

man. The opium seemed to be working. I looked into his eyes, they were quite dilated, but not as much as I'd like. I'd have to wait a bit. I told Maria to be sure to get the poker red hot and to get a second one started and even a third if they had one. The man drifted off just as Maria came in with the first poker. I undid the sheeting exposing both wounds. I told Pedro and two of his servants to hold him down in case he wasn't clear out. The poker seared his flesh horribly I had to put it into the wound at least an inch or so. He moaned but didn't struggle. I told Maria to take the poker back to the fire and bring me the other one. She came with it and I applied it to the ^{EXIT}wound on the other side of his thigh. By this time I was feeling like an expert. I took the tip just over the surface where blood was seeping out. It stopped almost completely. I went and looked at my other patient. He was barely breathing, very shallow with long pauses between each breath. His wife was sitting in the corner with her rosary. He died peacefully, just before dawn. The priest didn't get there till about an hour later.

I'd been awake more than 24 hours and I was just about spent, but I had to find some special herbs to make a poultice. If I didn't, the leg wounds would turn very bad. It might be too late already. I borrowed a horse from Pedro and went out into the brush looking for the herbs. There were two kinds, one worked better than the other, but if you could find them both

fresh in the morning they worked better together than either one by itself. I filled up a saddle bag with herbs and went back to the house. I hadn't been able to find very much of one of the herbs, but I had plenty of the other one. Before I left I had told Maria to get a pot of water boiling. It was bubbling away on the stove when I got back. I took my knife and cut off all the leaves of one plant, put them into the boiling water. I just wanted the stems of the other plant but they had to be cut into one to two inch pieces. As I cut the stems I put them in the water I told ^{A SERVANT GIRL TO STIR THE POT BUT} Maria not to breath too much of the steam. I asked Maria for as much clean cotton cloth as she had. She quickly brought a big stack of white cotton bed sheets. She started to go and get some more but I told her that she had brought plenty. The two herbs in the water were giving off a pleasant odor, but it is ~~n~~oot good to smell very long because it will act like an aphrodisiac.

We went into another room and I started ripping the sheets into long strips. I asked Maria to fold the strips to make bandages about six inches square and sew them so they didn't unfold. That only took a few minutes. When she finished I took the bandages and put them into the pot. The mixture had gotten thick like molasses. After about five minutes Maria gave me a pair of tongs. I fished around in the pot and brought out two of the bandages.

The trick was to get them on the wounds still warm but not hot enough to burn the skin. We had washed both wounds with tequila and so now we waited a few minutes for the bandages to be cool enough. I put them onto the wounds and then wrapped the leg with strips of bed sheeting.

The opium was starting to wear off and the patient was moaning a little when the bandages were applied and bound with the sheeting.

I told Maria to give him one more opium pill when he was awake enough to drink water, but to be sure he could swallow it and not choke.

Next I told them to keep the bandages on his leg damp with the warm herb brew, but to be careful they were not too hot. They could use the bandage still in the pot to keep them warm and moist, placing new, warm, wet bandages about every one half hour.

By this time I was worn out. I had to get some sleep

Pedro said something in Spanish to one of the servant women. She led me down a long hallway with several doors to another part of the house. She opened a door to a rather small but neat little bedroom. She didn't speak much English but gestured for me to sit on the bed.

You're on your own now. Love and hugs Dolly

John Leland, Jr.
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Words - 1937

How Diamondfield Jack Affected My Life

I first met Diamondfield Jack as a youngster of nine. I'm not sure of the year, but it was probably before 1938. At that time my parents were renting a small ground floor apartment in San Francisco's Haight/Ashbury District. One evening just before dinner the door bell rang. I pressed the buzzer button to allow someone to open the front lobby door. I opened the door of our apartment and looked down the long dark hallway to see who had rung the bell.

I saw a figure coming towards me that I did not recognize. To a nine year old boy all adults look large, but somehow this man was "different". Adults would say he had an "aura".

The stranger asked for my father. I called Dad and when he came, naturally, curious, I hung around the entry to listen.

At first my father did not appear to recognize the man, but after a few words,a hearty hand shake, I heard "Won't you stay for dinner, we're just about to sit down"? Later, Dad said "dinner might have been the main reason for Jack's visit".

After seating Jack in the living room, Mom and Dad conversed quietly in the kitchen for a few moments then I was told to set another place for dinner.

I don't remember what we ate or much of the dinner conversation but afterwards the talk turned to "guns and Nevada", which to me were the "be all and the end all".

The general topics stick, but unfortunately most of the particulars have vanished from memory with the exception that Jack was a character indeed, larger than life, and down on his luck. He was a legend in his own time.

One other time, I'm sure it was still before I was twelve, I'd guess it was three years after the first visit, he showed up at dinner again. This time I remembered him immediately. Again memory fails concerning the dinner conversation, but two things do stand out. A long discourse about a machine he was involved/investing in to make "seamless" ladies stockings, and a monologue on the benefits to mind and body of exercises with "Indian Clubs". He demonstrated the physical part with glass "roughneck" milk bottles, to the consternation of my mother. He tossed three or four around, swung his arms in big circles with the bottles in both hands, tossed them to me and I tossed them back. How we did this with the low ceiling and small space without breaking any bottles or dishes is something I can't answer. My (now) 99 year old mother still remembers that visit.

That is all I know or remember "first hand" about Diamondfield Jack Davis.

He has been described as "nefarious" in at least one book. He certainly did not appear that way to a young kid, many years after the incidents that caused his notoriety. He has also been described as garrulous and with a stammer. Garrulous implies lots of talk about unimportant things. I would suggest that different things are important or unimportant to different people, so I would think loquacious might more accurately describe him at the time I'm recalling. I also don't recollect any stammer. Some have said he liked kids, he seemed to take a liking to me, back then.

My Uncle "B" told me of a younger brother, Uncle "C", and Jack going on more than one camping trip, and I remember visiting the younger brother in San Francisco. He was a lifelong bachelor and when I was a kid I walked over to his "Diggins" many times. It was during the depression...times were tough and it was a pretty spare place, but always neat. There were lots of good western pictures on the walls, and mementos of ranch life, such as a silver mounted horse bit, a lariat woven from horse tail hair and a big broad blade knife with an ivory handle that hung by the door.

He had a wood burning stove that always gave his place a nice wood smoke smell. When he cooked his delicious red beans the aroma always made me hungry even before I knocked at his door. He did all his own cooking on the wood stove and baked too.

Sometimes he used a little folding camp oven and sometimes he used a pretty good sized cast iron "Dutch Oven". I'd visit with him and eat most of what was going to be his dinner and maybe the next nights dinner too.

He would tell me lots of wonderful stories of camping, hunting, fishing, riding, scrapes with bears, hooking a huge trout, some confrontations with thieves, rustlers and Indians. Whether true or I have embellished them in my memory, I'll never know for sure. But I treasure the stories that Uncle "C" told, just as they are.

He never called him "Diamondfield" Jack, but now I'm sure that the "Jack" he referred to was really Diamondfield Jack Davis.

One story might have taken place in north eastern Nevada.

After quite a long hot ride Jack and my uncle "C" set up camp beside a small stream and were bathing in the river when Jack came out to find a half dozen Indians rummaging through their grub bags. Jack always carried some kind of a weapon, and since his pistol would get wet, he had a big "brushwacker" (knife) in a special rig around his right calf. The Indians had gotten out and unwrapped a side of bacon. Now a man stark naked and dripping wet would seem at a distinct disadvantage, both psychologically and physically when confronted by half a dozen Indians bent on (at least) getting your grub. Not Jack! With a shout of "C....get your guns", he charged out of the stream bed and with a motion that was almost too quick for the eye, drew the knife from

the sheath and threw it so hard that the blade went through the side of bacon. Most of the Indians fled when Uncle "C" came up with a cocked Colt in each hand. The Indian with the bacon was too surprised and scared to move. Uncle "C" never told me if Jack meant to kill the Indian or just claim his bacon. In view of what happened next I think the knife in the bacon was a warning!

Jack walked over, very dignified, and yanked the blade from the slab. In the process the Indian let go without a struggle but they sure gave each other some "hard looks". He made sign language with another Indian who seemed to be a "Chief". After some pidgin English and more sign language it appeared they knew Jack by reputation.

Some more talk and signing then Jack walked over to a fallen tree, put the slab of bacon on it and handed the "Chief" his knife (handle first) and indicated the chief was to cut it into two pieces. After a big show of dividing it equally the chief cut it in two. Jack then made a big show of trying to decide which piece to take.

After the Indians left Jack told my uncle that the Indians were not so much hungry, as wanting the fat off the bacon. The Indians didn't consider stealing the same way we do. There were only two of us and a half slab would do just fine, whereas the band of Indians would use up the fat very fast.

About a week or so later, some of the Indians came back and brought them a little of the bacon with all the fat stripped out. They had also "jerked" the bacon and in the process had added some herbs. It was delicious, but of course very tough and dry. Incidentally, that may be how Jerky got it's name. Some Indians "jerked" rather than cut the meat from the fat. They also brought some smoked trout... It wasn't so good. The Indians seemed to expect something in return, probably some whiskey, but Jack just played dumb for a while and finally gave them about a quarter of a sack of Bull Durham along with some papers. They seemed to think the papers were special and left, if not happy at least satisfied, and wary of Jack... Wanting to keep on the "good side" of him and, by association, with my Uncle "C".

When Uncle "C" died I inherited the big ivory handled knife that always hung by his door. He never told me that it was Jack's knife, and I'll never know for sure. During the Korean "conflict" I carried a "Trailmaker" manufactured by Marbles of Gladstone, Michigan, U.S.A. It's blade is almost 10" and it weighs over a pound. I carried it in a sheath strapped to my right calf and tucked into my flight boot in a rig as much like Jack's as I could make it. I never came face to face with any North Koreans or Communist Chinese and it's probably lucky for me. I never got "Lightening Fast" on the draw or very accurate a throw.

Later in life I took one of my 13 year old sons and a young nephew on a back pack fishing trip in the High Sierras. On the second day we made camp and did some fishing. In late afternoon

four big kids (approximately 16 to 19 years old) made their camp quite close to ours. There was no reason for them to camp so close, but it's a free country. Soon, three of them came into our camp and it was obvious they had been drinking. We were fixing supper and they asked if we had any food to spare. They didn't actually make a demand, but were more than a little bold, with not a hint of "Please". I declined to give them anything at all and cut short their effort to start a conversation, making it plain they weren't welcome in our camp. They eyed my "Trailmaker" in its Korean War Rig and at the same time looked over our camp, then went back to theirs. I watched them pretty carefully and as night fell they didn't settle down but continued to drink and become more and more rowdy. Pretty soon we could hear curses and references to our canine ancestry. I got up and stood within the circle of light from our camp fire at a time I felt the other camp was watching. I quickly drew my "Trailmaker" and twirled it around, flipping it end over end and catching it in either hand. I had practiced this for hours at a time as a kid, but hadn't done it for years. Of course, this was "just for show", but when I threw it at a tree I think I heard some comments from the other camp. The big knife made a very satisfying "thunk" just out of the firelight. I walked over to the tree but couldn't find the "Trailmaker". Glancing around, I couldn't see anything as it was so dark, but of course, I didn't want the other camp to know. I pretended to put the knife back in its rig, and told my son and nephew to hit the sack.

The other camp was very quiet, I suspect they weren't used to drinking.

The next morning at first light I got up to relieve myself. Of course I went over to where the knife should be.

I found it stuck into a quaking aspen about 5 feet beyond where I had been aiming.

Do you think Jack affected my life?

1st draft - changes made
Corrections made

CORRECTED COPY

Most whites don't even attempt to pronounce my *indian* name, so they just call me Smoke, partly because I can be as elusive and hard to catch as smoke from a campfire. My mother was raped by 6 white men, so I am a half-breed.

I was still an infant when my mother's father adopted me in the Indian fashion. ^{ACTING} As my father, he was responsible for my well being and training. I was his only grandchild so he lavished his love, time and attention on me.

As a young man he had been a might hunter. One of my earliest memories is him teaching me how to make child sized bow and arrows, and how to shoot them. As I got older he taught me how to ride a horse bare-back, how to shoot arrows while at a gallop, how to make arrows for different types of game. For fish and birds, squirrels and rabbits to bears and buffalo. . He taught me about wild animals, read their sign and to track them, gather wild herbs to rub on that make a hunter invisible to an animals sense of smell. He showed me what herbs to use for curing illness, and which make salves and poultices for wounds and bruises.

check for key in middle
Love
me

GRANDFATHERS

~~His boyhood~~ best friend was ~~now~~ a noted horse trainer. Together they taught me how to break a ^{HORSES} ~~horse~~, how to ride Indian style and white mans style, with a saddle and bridle. Where he got the saddle I don't know but there was the dried up remains of a scalp tied to the saddle.

All this and much more I learned before I was ten. I remember when I was ten my grandfather became a Christian. The missionaries talked to him and he sent me to the missionary school.

You have probably heard of the Indian school at Carlisle run by the government. The one they sent me to was run by Christian Missionaries. The school was for Indian boys who showed promise of adapting to the white mans ways, with courses that would be useful ^{IN} ~~with~~ the white world. Some learned a trade, others were taught correct English, etiquette, Latin, mathematics, Algebra and Geometry, Physics, Elementary Surveying, Chemistry, some carpentry and U.S. History. Not to mentions sports. The students grew most of the schools food so I learned some farming and animal husbandry.

I was usually among the winners in my class in boxing, wrestling, sprinting and long distance running. Almost all the boys were excellent archers, but I always took the prize.

The school had acquired an odd assortment of pistols and rifles, most of them ~~captured during~~ ^{SURRENDERED AFTER} the War Between the States. The students were encouraged to practice marksmanship with these weapons. Also the large variety gave us experience to decide which were the most accurate and reliable.

We had all this and prayers before every meal and at bedtime, Church on Sundays with long sermons and ~~no~~ ^{FEW} holidays except Christmas. I graduated from the school after doing 12 years of study in less than 10 years. I've since found out that the education I received was as good as any white ~~got~~ ^{BOY} ~~RECEIVED~~ back east, maybe better in some ways.

We were allowed to go home for two weeks, ~~if~~ ^{A YEAR} you had the money for transportation. I got home twice in 10 years. The first time I was home grandfather and I rode far and wide hunting and fishing. Some times we rode all day just admiring Gods creation. At night we would sit by the

campfire, looking at the stars ^{HE, POINTING OUT THE INDIAN CONSTELLATIONS} and listening to the sounds of nature, the soft hoot of an owl, the yipping of a coyote, the howl of a wolf, ^{THE GURGLE OF A}
^{NEAR BY STREAM}

He told me Indian tales and I telling him the finer points of Algebra or Geometry. When I told him 'the shortest distance between two points is a straight line', he thought for a moment then said, "Not always, sometimes shorter to go around a swamp or go up stream to a ford," or, "How do you ride a straight line when hunting buffalo if the herd is moving?"

The last time I got home my grandfather had died. I hadn't even heard about his death until that summer when I got home. I grieved for him in the old fashion, the Indian way. After I had done the ^{PROPER} ~~People~~ things to honor his spirit I went to the elders and told them I was tired of the white mans school and I wanted to stay and hunt for my mother's food. They told me that bad things were happening to our brothers. They decided I must go back to school, ^{AND KEEP LEARNING THE WHITE MANS WAYS}

Sometime after I went back to school, the village was raided, whether by whites or a hostile tribe I never found out and I never saw any of ^{my P (small 'P')} the ~~People~~ again.

I finally graduated. The Missionaries tried to send the top two in the class to college but some years they could only afford to send one. I was second in my class but it was one of the lean years, there wasn't any money to send me to college. It really didn't disappoint me. I had thought for a long time that I would go back to my village and try to improve their living, but now there was no village to go back to.

The school arranged for me to be interviewed by a lawyer who represented a large ~~C~~attlemans association.

^{THE MISSIONARIES} ^{IT WAS TO MEET THE LAWYER THAT}
~~They~~ couldn't tell me much about the job. I rode into town with the supply wagon. There was a certain tailor I was to find. He was a ^{STAYMOUTH} ~~devout~~ Christian and always helped out the Mission School, mostly by giving one or two of us a good suit of clothes. After measuring me he sent me with a note and a package to the town barber who gave me a white mans hair cut. It felt funny not to have hair hanging down the back of my neck. When the barber was through he told me to go take a bath in his back room. It was quite a bit different ^{THAN} ~~that~~ the baths at the school. I finally figured out how to adjust the faucets to get hot and cold water into the big barrel that served as the tub.

I'd never had a hot bath before. At school, in winter we frequently had to break some ice to get a half bucket of water.

I used the soap I found on a shelf, rinsed myself off and stepped into the tub, sat down until my chin was just above water. So this was one of the white mans way.

The barber shouted from the front of his shop "When you get out^{OF THE TUB} there is a towel in the cupboard," and, ~~to~~ open the package["]. I did just that. The package contained two shirts, two pairs of jeans and four sets of underwear. I put on a set of underwear and a shirt and jeans. I put back on the pair of worn out shoes from school. But other than the Indian style school shoes I looked like a lot of white men. My face was a little darker^{THAN} ~~that~~ some but lots of whites that worked out in the sun were just as dark. The barber told me to put the extra clothes back in the box. Then he gave me a note and directions to a cobblers shop.

When I found the shop the cobbler^{HE MEASURED MY FEET AND} gave me six pairs of socks. He ~~measured~~ ~~my feet~~ then went into his store room and came back with shoes and two pairs of cowboy boots. I could take my pick of two pair, boots or shoes. He advised me to take two pair of boots. One pair I could keep for dressing up and the other pair for work. One pair had beautiful hand done seams and

tooled leather uppers and fit perfectly. I'd never had a pair of boots in my life, much less two pair, one pair hand tooled.-

THE FENCE

MY FAMILY HAS FOR MANY YEARS OWNED AN OLD
RAMSHACKLE VACATION CABIN IN A TINY COMMUNITY IN
THE SIERRA FOOTHILLS. THE ROAD SIGN SAYS POPULATION
32 AND I SUSPECT THAT INCLUDES ANY ONE THAT
LIVES WITHIN 5 MILES OR SO.

IT IS A FUN PLACE TO GO FOR PEACE AND
QUIET, OR GO DOWN TO THE CREEK AND SWIM A
FEW STROKES. OR, IF YOU WANT TO, YOU CAN
HAMMER A FEW NAILS INTO THE SHACK AND TRY
TO KEEP IT STANDING FOR ANOTHER YEAR. OR YOU
CAN WORK YOUR BUTT OFF TRYING TO KEEP AHEAD
OF THE SCOTCH BROOM. SCOTCH BROOM IS A WEED
THAT GROWS ^{PROLIFICALLY} WITHOUT ANY HUMAN ^{ENCOURAGEMENT}. IT IS THE
NEMESIS OF THE FOOT HILL DWELLER. IF IT GETS
TO ITS 2ND YEAR IS IS IMPOSSIBLE TO MOW. IF THE

GROUND ISN'T WET IT IS EXCEEDINGLY DIFFICULT TO PULL IT.

ERADICATION IS A SLOW AND TEDIOUS, ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE JOB.

I HATE THE STUFF. SOMETIMES IT GETS 6 OR 8 FEET HIGH

IN SPITE OF ALL EFFORTS TO THAWART ITS GROWTH.

ONE YEAR I HAD A BRAIN STORM. GOATS MIGHT BE THE ANSWER. THEY HAVE A REPUTATION OF EATING ANYTHING. BUT WHERE COULD I BORROW SOME GOATS.

THE U.C. AG. EXTENSION GOT ME IN TOUCH WITH THE LOCAL 4H CLUB. I CALLED THE NUMBER OF THE ADULT GOAT LEADER.

"DID HER KIDS (PUN INTENDED) HAVE ANY GOATS I COULD BORROW?"

"SURE!" HER GROUP HAD 3. A SWE AND TWO KIDS. THE 4H ER WAS EXHIBITING THEM AT THE FAIR NOW, BUT WHEN ~~THE~~ THE FAIR WAS OVER SHE WOULD BRING THEM BY ON THE

WAY HOME ~~FROM THE FENCE~~

I FIGURED THIS WAS A WIN-WIN PROPOSITION. THE
4H ER DIDN'T HAVE TO BUY FEED AND I HAD THE SCOTCH BROOM
PROBLEM SOLVED - LITTLE DID I KNOW!

SHE SAID THERE MIGHT BE A PROBLEM! IS MY FENCE-
ING IN GOOD REPAIR? THE LITTLE KIDS CAN GET THROUGH
ALMOST ANYTHING.

MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR IS A WEEK-ENDER LIKE MYSELF.
I DON'T KNOW HIM VERY WELL BUT I DIDN'T THINK HE WOULD
LIKE GOATS ON HIS PROPERTY, PARTICULARLY AS HE PLANTS FLOWERS
EVERY YEAR AND THE PETUNIAS ARE HIS PRIDE AND JOY.

TO REPAIR THE FENCE I WOULD NEED TO MAKE A TRIP TO THE HARDWARE STORE.
(NINE MOUNTAINOUS, STEEP, NARROW & TWISTY MILES EACH WAY) IT
ACTUALLY WAS MORE LIKE 4 TRIPS FOR UNFORSEEN CONTINGENCIES,
INCLUDING ONE TO THE DOCTOR TO HAVE A BARB WIRE SLASH STITCHED. ^{AND OTHER UNFORSEEN CONTINGENCIES.} ON MONDAY MORN-
ING I CALLED MY BOSS AND TOLD HIM I WAS GOING TO TAKE

VACATION TIME FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS. I DON'T KNOW WHY,

BUT WHENEVER I TELL HIM THINGS LIKE THAT HE SEEM TO GET

ALL EXCITED AND UPSET. I DON'T THINK HE REALLY GETS UPSET,

IT'S SORT OF LIKE HE THINKS HE SHOULD BE UPSET.

I DIGRESS... BACK TO THE FENCE.

MY 'COUPLE' OF DAYS TURNED INTO 'SEVERAL' DAYS

OF IMPOSSIBLY HOT WEATHER (101° TO 104°) AND NO SHADE

WHERE THE FENCE NEEDED REPAIRS.

THE BIG DAY ARRIVED. THE 4H GOAT LEADER PULLED UP TO MY GATE IN MID AFTERNOON WITH 3 GOATS, A

BURRO AND A DOG. IT SEEMED THE GOATS AND THE BURRO

WERE INSEPERABLE, AND THE BURRO WOULDN'T GO ANY-

PLACE WITH OUT THE DOG (BUTCH). THE 4H LEADER

HADN'T REALIZED ^{HOW STRONG WAS} THE BOND UNTIL SHE TRIED TO LOAD THE

GOATS ONTO HER TRUCK. SHE SAID IT TOOK ^{ALMOST} 3 HOURS.

GETTING THEM OFF THE TRUCK WAS NO PROBLEM. BUTCH
JUMPED OUT OF THE TRUCK LIKE A SHOT, FOLLOWED BY
THE BURRO, THEN THE 3 GOATS ... LIKE SAILORS LEAVING
A SINKING SHIP. BUT GETTING THEM INTO THE YARD WAS
SOMETHING ELSE.

BUTCH WANTED TO EXPLORE THE NEIGHBORHOOD, WITH
A BETCH ME IF YOU CAN ATTITUDE. THE BURRO FOLLOWED
WHERE EVER HE WENT.
WITH THE GOATS IN TRAIN. I HAD NO SUCCESS CATCHING
THE GOATS. THE BURRO HAD AN AVERSION TO GATES AND WAS
AN EXPERT AT AVOIDING MINE. I NEVER LEARNED THE BURRO'S
NAME BUT I RAN INTO SEVERAL NEW ONES THAT AFTERNOON
AND EVENING.

JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO GIVE UP, THE NEIGHBOURS
ARRIVED. OUT JUMPED THEIR DOG "HILDA". SHE WAS A LARGE
FULL GROWN GERMAN SHEPHERD, WHERE AS BUTCH WAS ~~AS~~ A
MONKREL, ABOUT ^{6 INCHES TALL} ~~6 INCHES TALL~~ ~~USE~~ ~~AS~~ ~~STW~~ AND A CROSS

BETWEEN A MEXICAN CHAWAWA AND A CHINESE SHIATSUE, VERY AS SIN AND PROBABLY THE RUNT OF ~~THE~~ LITTER ^{HE} ~~SHE~~ WAS BORN INTO.

HILDA AND I WERE FRIENDS FROM PREVIOUS VISITS. SHE CAME OVER TO ME, TAIL WAGGING AND BUMPED MY LEG WITH HER BODY TO SAY HI. AND THEN WENT RIGHT INTO MY YARD TO SEE IF THERE WAS ANY FOOD IN MY DOGS BOWLS. BUTCH FOLLOWED HILDA INTO THE YARD AND IMMEDIATELY MADE A NUSIANCE OF HIMSELF TO HER, SHE TOLERATED BUTCH LONG ENOUGH FOR THE BURRO AND THE 3 GOATS TO FOLLOW BUTCH INTO THE YARD AND FOR ME TO GET THE GATE CLOSED. THE GOATS WERE INTERESTING TO HILDA, SHE WANTED TO HERD THEM.

THE NEIGHBOR TOLD ME (OVER A COUPLE OF BEERS) THAT SHE WAS A CITY DOG AND NEVER HAD ANY SHEPARDING EXPERIENCE, JUST IN HER BREEDING I GUESS.

THEY ASKED ME IF I'D LIKE TO HAVE DINNER WITH THEM. I SAID, "SURE". AS I WAS BUSHED AND DIDN'T REALLY WANT ANY OF MY OWN COOKING. I LEFT BUTCH AT HOME AND WENT OVER TO THE NEIGHBORS HOUSE AND ATE. ALL THROUGH DINNER HILDA WANTED TO GO OUTSIDE. WE FINALLY FIGURED OUT THAT HILDA ^{DIDN'T} NEED TO GO, BUT SHE WANTED OUT WITH HER "HERD". SHE "GUARDED" THEM ALL NIGHT.

NEXT DAY I HIRED A YOUNG LOCAL BOY TO LOOK AFTER THE GOATS & BURRO EVERY DAY AND ESPECIALLY BE SURE THEY HAD WATER. ALSO TO TRY TO GET THE GOATS INTERESTED IN EATING THE SCOTCH BROOM. HE DID KEEP THEM WATERED. I HAD THE GOATS AND BURRO ABOUT 2 WEEKS AND NEVER SAW THEM EVEN NIBBLE SCOTCH BROOM, BUT THE KIDS GOT THROUGH THE FENCE AND ATE THE NEIGHBORS PETUNIA'S.

SOMETIME LATER I RECEIVED A LETTER FROM THE COUNTY. THEY WANTED

TO SPRAY TO ERADICATE SCOTCH BROOM, IF I WANTED
IN THE ERADICATION PROGRAM
TO PARTICIPATE I NEEDED TO, "SIGN THE ENCLOSED FORM, AND
MAIL IT BACK TO THEM."

THE NAVAL AIR RESERVE SQUADRON THAT I SERVED IN DURING THE KOREAN UNPLEASANTNESS WAS ACTIVATED IN MARCH 1951. WE WERE WAY UNDER STRENGTH AND AS A CONSEQUENCE WE WERE "FILLED IN" WITH PEOPLE FROM OTHER UNITS. MOST OF THEM WERE REGULAR NAVY.

THE CHARACTER IN THIS NARRATIVE WAS A WALKING RECRUITING POSTER. THE TAXPAYERS HAD PAID FOR HIS EXTENSIVE TRAVELS, HE HAD POLISH AND A SAILOR SWAGGER. WOMEN SEEMED TO THINK HE WAS EXTREMELY HANDSOM. I'VE SEEN HIM DANCE AND THE WOMEN ALMOST GOT IN LINE TO DANCE WITH HIM. THIS SAILOR DIDN'T HAVE A GIRL IN EVERY PORT, HE HAD 2 OR 3. CASE IN POINT,

ONE AFTERNOON I WAS OFF DUTY AND ^{SITTING IN THE REC. RM.} ~~WAS~~ DEBATING WITH MYSELF: DID I WANT TO EAT NAVY CHOW? OR GO ASHORE AND PAY FOR IT MYSELF. I HADN'T MADE UP MY MIND WHEN THE P.O. OF THE WATCH OPENED THE DOOR AND LOOKED AROUND, SAW ME AND SAID, "PICK UP THE REC ROOM PHONE, IT WAS JOHNSON. AN ORDNANCEMAN THAT I KNOW FROM ANOTHER AIR-CREW. HE WAS AIRBORN AND WE HAD A LOUSY CONNECTION. TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, HE WAS ON A TRAINING HOPE AND IT WAS RUNNING OVER THE SCHEDULED TIME. HE HAD 2 DATES LINED UP (IN SEQUENCE) HE COULD PROBABLY MAKE THE 2ND ONE, BUT WOULD I PLEASE MEET THE 1ST ONE AND EXPLAIN HIS TARDINESS. TO ENTICE ME HE SAID SHE IS REALLY GOOD LOOKIN" AND A GREAT DANCER. I'VE NEVER LEARNED TO DANCE, SO THAT WAS A TURN-OFF. BUT WHEN HE ADDED, "I'LL BUY YOUR DINNERS."

HE CHANGED MY MIND. I FIGURED SHE MUST REALLY BE SOMETHIN' ELSE FOR A SAILOR TO BUY 2 DINNERS, ESPECIALLY AS THE MEETING PLACE WASN'T THE TYPICAL SAILOR HAND-OUT, AND WAS NOTED AS A LITTLE PRICEDY.

I WAS ^{SITTING} AT THE PRE ARRANGED BOOTH AT THE PRE-ARRANGE TIME WHEN SHE WALKED IN. SHE LOOKED AT THE BOOTH BUT OF COURSE SHE DIDN'T KNOW ME AND I COULD SEE HER TRYING TO FIGURE THINGS OUT. I GOT OUT OF THE BOOTH, CALLED HER NAME AND SHE CAME OVER. I TOLD HER THAT JOHNSON WOULD BE LATE SO WE MIGHT AS WELL EAT DINNER. OVER DINNER SHE ASKED ME WHERE I FIT INTO THE PICTURE. I TOLD HER THAT JOHNSON + I WERE FRIENDS AND HE WANTED ME TO HOLD HER HAND AND NOT LET SOME MARINE STEAL HER AWAY. SHE WAS REALLY DISAPPOINTED THAT I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO DANCE.

WE FINISHED DINNER AND I WAS WONDERING "WHAT HAPPENS NOW," WHEN IN WALKED JOHNSON. AT THE SAME TIME THE BAND STARTED PLAYING. THE TWO OF THEM STARTED FOR THE DANCE FLOOR, AND I MADE AS IF TO LEAVE. BUT THE MAITRE D DIDN'T LIKE THE UNPAID BILL ON THE TABLE. WE FINALLY GOT THAT STRAIGHTENED OUT.

AS I LEFT, THE BOUNCER TOLD ME THAT WHEN JOHNSON WALKED TO OUR TABLE, HE WAS LOOKING FOR A FIGHT TO START.

WAGGISH, WOOLY HEADED WHITE WIDOWER WANTS:
WHOLE SOME, WARM, WINSOME, WILLING, (BUT NOT
WANTON), WHITE WOMAN, WHO IS NOT WEAK WILLED,
WALL FLOWERISH NOR A WET BLANKET. WHO WOULD
WISH TO WALK WITH ME DOWN A WANDERING ROAD
WINDING THROUGH THE WILD WOOD, TO SMELL WILD FLOWERS,
WITNESS WARBLING WHIPPOORWILLS AND WOOD PECKERS
ON THE WING. WATCH FOR WILD ANIMALS AT WATERHOLES,
AND FISH AT WATERFALLS. SIT ON WHARVES, FISHING OR
JUST WAITING FOR WHALES TO SWIM BY. WALK WINDSWEEP
BEACHES WATCHING FOR WHELKS IN WHIRL POOLS, WAVES
AND WHITECAPS, OR JUST GO WADING IN THE WATER.
LISTEN FOR THE WAILING WHISTLE OF A DISTANT TRAIN OR
OF THE WANDERING WIND. WINDOW SHOP FOR WHIMSICAL
WHIRLIGIGS, WHIRL BIRDS AND WHATNOTS, WHOSE WARDROBE
CONTAINS WOOL SWEATERS, BLUE JEANS AND SWEATSUITS AS
WELL AS SILKS, SATINS AND LACE, COTTON SOCKS AND LONG
STOCKINGS, LOAFERS AND HEELS, WHOSE WONDERMENT OF THE
WHOLE UNIVERSE IS NOT ALL CONSUMING, BUT CONTINUING.
I'M A NON-SMOKER, LIGHT DRINKER, SO ARE YOU. I'M
ALMOST 84. YOUR A LITTLE YOUNGER AND HOPE FULLY
LOOK IT. I'M ^{OVER 6 FT,} 200 LBS + YOU ARE APPROX. 5'3", WEIGHT
IN PROPORTION. I'M A NOMINAL PROTESTANT, YOU "BELIEVE"
BUT NOT BORN AGAIN, A FANATIC OR ZEALOT.
I'M SOME WHAT OF A DREAMER AND A PROCRASTINATOR,
NOT TOO NEAT IN HABIT OR APPEARANCE. CAN YOU PUT
UP WITH THAT + OTHER BAD HABITS TO NUMEROUS TO
MENTION.

~~JOHN LELAND JR.~~
~~5654 IMPATIENS~~ (1)
←

JOHN LELAND JR.
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WHAT DO YOU GET IF YOU TAKE ONE FIFTH WHEEL TRAILER, ONE TOW VEHICLE, STIR IN 89 DAYS, SHAKE IT (SOMETIMES VIOLENTLY)

FOR 11,004 MILES AND SERVE IT ALONG WITH ROAD MAPS OF EIGHT ~~STAR~~ ~~SEVEN~~ STATES ~~AND 3 PROVINCES~~ AND 3 CANADIAN PROVINCES. CALIFORNIA, OREGON, WASHINGTON, BRITISH COLUMBIA, THE YUKON TERRITORY, ALASKA, ALBERTA, MONTANA, IDAHO, UTAH AND ~~NEVADA?~~ WE GOT THE MOST MEMORABLE VACATION OF OUR COLLECTIVE 142 YEARS. AND I'LL BET THAT YOU COULD TOO!

56

JUST TO GIVE YOU A SAMPLE OF ONE DAY. WE HAD COMPLETED THE "ALASKA LOOP"; TOK, FAIRBANKS, MT MCKINLEY, ANCHORAGE (WITH SPUR TRIPS TO KENAI, HOMER AND SEWARD). WHILE CAMPING NEAR GLENALLEN ^{Alaska} WE DECIDED TO LEAVE THE TRAILER IN THE CAMPGROUND AND TAKE A DAY EXCURSION BOAT OUT OF VALDEZ. ~~WE CALLED THE TOUR OPERATOR AND BOOKED FOR TWO THE VERY NEXT DAY.~~ IT WAS ONE OF THE "VERY BEST DAYS" OF THE WHOLE TRIP.

78
13
65

WE GOT UP AT 4:15 AM (~~NO PROBLEM, IT'S STILL DAYLIGHT~~), PACKED A LUNCH AND THERMOS OF COFFEE, JUMPED IN THE TRUCK AND TOOK OFF FOR VALDEZ. AFTER JUST A FEW MILES OF BEAUTIFUL MORNING SCENERY, WHEN COMING OVER A RISE, ~~THE TRIP REALLY GOT GOOD.~~ WE SAW 3 BIG ELK WITHIN A HUNDRED FEET OF THE ROAD, I SLOWED UP FOR THE "PHOTO OPPORTUNITY" BUT BY THE TIME I GOT THE CAMCORDER SET WE WERE PAST THEM. THEY SURE WERE GRAND-LOOKING AND GRACEFUL ANIMALS.

~~86~~
11
~~80~~ 75

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL EARLY MORNING, THE ROAD TO VALDEZ FOLLOWS MEANDERING STREAMS AND GOES OVER A FEW LOW PASSES WITH VIEWS OF ADJACENT VALLEYS, MEADOWS AND SNOW CAPPED MOUNTAINS THAT

(201)

~~202~~

(2)

DEFY DESCRIPTION BY MY LIMITED VOCABULARY. BY AND BY WE CAME TO A STEEPER AND LONGER GRADE WHICH LED UP TO THOMPSON PASS, ~~THE PROBLEM WITHOUT THE TRAILER.~~

~~54~~
54
Overlooking

TOPPING THOMPSON PASS AND LOOKING (PROBABLY) SOUTH OR SOUTH-EAST, ACROSS AN EMMENSE VALLEY ARE ENORMOUS SNOW FIELDS OR PERHAPS GLACIERS. ON THAT PARTICULAR MORNING A FEW SCATTERED ~~CLOUDS~~ ^{WHISPER (SPELL)} CLOUDS PLAYED OVER AND AROUND THE MOUNTAIN TOPS AND DOWN INTO THE VALLEY. THE SNOW FIELD LOOKED UNDULATING ^{AND} SOFT, ~~FLUFFY~~ ^(SPELL) RIVALING THE FLUFFY CLOUDS. THE SUN, BY NOW SHINING BRIGHTLY MADE THE WHOLE PROSPECT A THING OF ALMOST FAIRY TALE BEAUTY. WE FOUND A WIDE PLACE TO PARK, UNCORKED OUR THERMOS AND ENJOYED THE MAGNIFICENT VISTA ACROSS THE VALLEY.

~~87~~
87

AFTER OUR COFFEE STOP WE DESCENDED INTO A NARROW VALLEY. THE ROAD WAS BORDERED ON ONE SIDE BY SHEER CLIFFS, PROBABLY AT LEAST A HUNDRED FEET STRAIGHT UP, THE CLIFFS BROKEN HERE AND THERE BY SPECTACULAR WATER FALLS. SOME APPEARED TO BE TRYING TO LEAP ACROSS THE ROAD, THE SUNLIGHT PLAYING BEAUTIFULLY ON THE STREAM AND SPRAY AS IT TUMBLED, SPLASHED AND CASCADED DOWNWARD. THERE WAS A GOOD SIZED STREAM RUNNING ALONG ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD, WITH THE SAME TYPE OF SHEER CLIFFS, AND MORE BEAUTIFUL WATER FALLS ON THE FAR SIDE ^{OF} IT. WE ~~DIDN'T~~ ^{COULDN'T} TARRY LONG, FEARING WE MIGHT MISS THE BOAT AT VALDEZ

~~109~~
109
(248)

(3)

~~THE TOUR WAS MAGNIFICENT.~~ WE LEFT THE DOCK RIGHT ON SCHEDULE AND PROCEEDED TOWARD THE VALDEZ NARROWS. ON THE WAY WE SAW SOME SEA OTTERS, DOING THEIR ROLLING OVER AND OVER ACT, TO KEEP THEIR FUR DRY, ALSO A COUPLE OF SEALS, ~~ON THE~~ ~~THE SKIPPER~~ CAPTAIN TURNED US INTO SAWMILL BAY. THE WATER CHANGED TO THE BEAUTIFUL CLEAR, CLEAN MEDIUM THAT IS TYPICAL OF ~~THE~~ CAPTAIN QUIET WATER IN THAT VICINITY. AT ONE PLACE THE ~~SKIPPER~~ EDGED THE BOW OF THE BOAT SO CLOSE TO A SHEER CLIFF THAT PEOPLE WERE REACHING OUT TRYING TO TOUCH THE ROCK,

↑ ↑ ↑ ↓

CLOSE BY IS A BEACH THAT ^{WAS} ~~HAD~~ HALF COVERED WITH SEALS, ALSO ^{WE SAW} INNUMERABLE COLORFUL PUFFINS AND AN ~~EGG~~ ~~OF~~ EAGLES NESTS.

111
~~114~~
~~110~~
~~109~~
~~108~~

JUST BEFORE LUNCH WE HEADED TOWARD COLUMBIA GLACIER. AS WE PROGRESSED THROUGH PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND IT BEGAN TO GET COLD AND ~~THE~~ WATER BECAME LITTERED WITH ICE. SOME AS SMALL AS ICE CUBES AND SOME LARGER THAN AN 18 WHEEL TRUCK, ^{AND TRAILER CAPTAIN} THE ~~SKIPPER~~ CUT BACK ON THE ENGINES AND WE COULD HEAR ~~AND~~ FEEL THE ^(SPEW) BUMP AND SCRAPE OF ICE AGAINST HULL AS WE NOGGED THE MEDIUM SIZED CRUNKS. THE LARGE SIZED ONES FREQUENTLY HAVE A BEAUTIFUL BLUE ... GREEN TINT.

80

AFTER OUR EXCITING VOYAGE THROUGH THE ICE WE MADE LAND FALL AT GROWLER ISLAND, WHERE WE HAD A GOOD, "ALL YOU CAN EAT," BUFFET LUNCH. RE-EMBARCKING WE TOOK A TOUR AROUND A COUPLE OF BAYS. THE WATER IN THE SMALL ^{AND CLEAN} HARBORS AND INLETS IS A BEAUTIFUL COLOR ~~AND~~ CLEAR TO THE BOTTOM.

53
~~52~~

(244)

(4)

WERE
WE NEXT HEADED FOR BIGH REEF WHERE THE EXXON
VANDER MET WITH TRAGEDY IN 19??, BUT THE SKIPPER RECEIVED
WORDS BY RADIO THAT A POD OF ORCA WHALES WAS IN THE
VICINITY.

33

NEARING THEM WE COULD SEE THEIR SPOUTS. ~~THERE APPEARED~~
~~TO BE ABOUT WHAT FUN IT WAS TO WATCH THOSE BEAUTIFUL~~
~~GRACEFUL CREATURES,~~ AS WE GOT CLOSER THE ENGINES WERE
SHOWED, WE KEPT PACE WITH THEM FOR ABOUT 20 MINUTES.
WHAT FUN IT WAS TO WATCH THOSE BEAUTIFUL, GRACEFUL CREATURES

34

(67)

THIS IS JUST ONE ^{MEMORABLE} ~~FANTASTIC~~ DAY OF ^{THE} OUR 89 FANTASTIC
DAYS ^{OF} ~~ON~~ OUR TRIP THROUGH ~~ALASKA, SEVERAL OTHER~~ ^{SEVERAL STATES, 3 CANADIAN PROVINCES}
AND ALASKA.

through Alaska
& several other
states. 3

~~282~~

(89)

782
TOT WORDS

795

WAGGISH, WOOLY HEADED WHITE WIDOWER WANTS: WHOLESOME, WARM, WINSOME, 8
WILLING, (~~NOT WANTON~~), WHITE WOMAN, WHO IS NOT WEAK WILLED, WALL- 11
FLOWERISH NOR A WET BLANKET, WHO WOULD WISH TO WALK 10
WITH ME DOWN A WANDERING ROAD WINDING THROUGH THE WIND- 10
WOOD ^{SMELL WILDFLOWERS,} TO WITNESS WARBLING WHIPPOORWILLS AND WOOD PECKERS 8
ON THE WING, WATCH ^{with ~~peppers~~ 5} WATERHOLES AND WATER FALLS. SIT ON 9
^{WHARVES} ~~BREAKWATERS~~ FISHING OR JUST WAITING FOR WHALES TO SWIM BY. 10
WALK WINDSWEEP BEACHES WATCHING FOR WHELKS, WHIRL POOLS, WAVES AND 9
WHITECAPS, OR GO WADING IN THE WATER, LISTEN FOR THE WANDERING 11
WIND OR THE WAIL OF A DISTANT TRAIN. WINDO^WSHOP FOR WHIMSICAL 11
WHIRLIGIGS, WHIRL BIRDS AND WHATNOTS, WHOSE WARDROBE CONTAINS 7
WOOL SWEATERS, BLUE JEANS AND SWEATSUITS AS WELL AS SILKS, 10
SATINS AND LACE, COTTON SOCKS, ~~AND~~ LONG STOCKINGS, LOAFERS AND HEELS. 11
WHOSE WONDERMENT OF THE WHOLE UNIVERSE IS NOT ALL CONSUM- 10
ING, BUT CONTINUING. 3

I'M A NON-SMOKER AND ^{LIGHT DRINKER, SO ARE YOU} ~~SO ARE YOU, LIGHT DRINKER, YOU THE SAME,~~ 13
~~IT~~ ^{ALMOST 68}

I'M ~~64 (AND LOOK IT)~~. YOU ARE A LITTLE YOUNGER, AND HOPEFULLY LOOK IT, 10

I'M 6'1", 200 (PLUS) LBS. YOUR APPROX 5'6", WEIGHT IN PROPORTION. 11

I'M A NOMINAL PROTESTANT, YOU "BELIEVE" BUT NOT ^{BORN AGAIN,} A FANATIC OR ZEALOT. 12

I'M RETIRED (BLUE COLLAR), SOMEWHAT OF A DREAMER AND A PROCRASTINATOR, 12
^{NOT TOO NEAT IN HABIT OR APPEARANCE, ~~BUT NOT~~ SLOPPY, SOMETIMES}

CAN YOU PUT UP WITH THAT? AND OTHER BAD HABITS TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION. 14

KIDS ALL GROWN AND GONE, BUT WE VISIT FREQUENTLY. CAN YOU PUT UP WITH 13

THAT? 1

I WOULD LIKE TO USE MY 30' TRAILER FOR SHORT + OCCASIONAL LONGER TRIPS. 14
~~DO YOU GO?~~ ^{CAN YOU SHARE GAS/62.561 50/50} 3

SHOOTIN POOL WITH DON

CALLED HIM UP, 'BOUT 7 O'CLOCK
SAID I'D BE THERE, 8 ON THE DOT,

HE GAVE ME A BEER, THEN ANOTHER
(KEEPS HIS WHISKEY UNDER COVER),

WENT TO "THE ROOM", PICKED A 'Q',
THEN THE BEER BEGAN TO STAW.

RACKED 'UM UP, LOOKED DOWN THE STICK,
HIT THAT WHITE BALL, AND THEN GOT SICK.

RAN FOR THE TOILET, JUST OFF "THE ROOM"
UP CAME MY TOE NAILS, AND THE EDGE OF DOOM.

WENT BACK AND LOOKED, AT THAT TABLE OF GREEN,
MY BALLS WERE STRIPED, OR SO IT WOULD SEEM.

The boy awoke just before the early light brightened the painting on the wall. It wasn't a good picture but it was easily recognizable as the light grew stronger. The boy, a year or so younger, & a little white puppy, done in oils by some interested "artist". The "artist" fell had been food & lodging for the week or so it took to do the oil, a considerable drain on Father's but whiskey ^{plus} the mysterious disappearance of the "chance of the litter", the day that the "Count" left.

Benton leaped out of bed & immediately felt the cold knife through his long night shirt, but that "knife" was rather dull on this particular morn. Anticipation was a magnificent coat of shining armor. He dressed, except for his boots, & was down the stairs as quickly & quietly as ^{only} a boy of 14 can do such things. He went to the back porch (after "passing through" the pantry) and grabbed his machinaw & hat, pulled on his boots & let himself out as quietly as the light covering of snow that had come during the night.

At 14 Benton was long & leggy - showing promise of more than average height. He wore the boots of a cowboy & had the walk to go with them. This morn the walk was swift as a Tennessee trotter. As he passed the kennels he gave a low wharf & soft whistle & the white puppy,

(5)

pointed out to the ducks & waved her in.
Vodka leaped in & the little rhine of
ice near the shore exploded under her.
She swam with the joy that a Tob
has for the water. She reached the first
duck & was pleasantly surprind to see a second
duck floating also. Her master was truly
a wonderful hunter & that new rifle must
truly be wonderful.

(2)

now grown almost to maturity emerged from her kennel + ran the length of her 'run' to greet him. Benton cautioned her to, "be quiet + I'll be back real quick" and scarce by changing stride went the last hundred feet or so to the bunk house.

Big Alf was already up + was pulling down a long box from the rafters. Benton could scarcely contain himself as Alf set it on the rough table. "There 'tis, Benun, cripes, don't lit yer jaw know it was me that gut it fer ya," "O course ^{if} he asks you directly tell us true, but I'm hopin he dun't ask you!"

Benton opened the box + lifted out the rifle - his own, his very own rifle.

His father had a gun rack that stretched 6 feet on each side of the big fire place, rifles on the right + shotguns on the left with the big octagen barrel sharps + some others over the mantel, and Benton had fired every one of them, had gone hunting with his father + brother's son since he could practically remember, but this was his own.

He had seen the express man deliver it the day before + after supper he had gone out to work "Vodka" as usual and also had worked the new rifle. Of course he hadn't fired it. No body but his father could fire within the little

home valley, except in case of an emergency.

This morn he was going to take "Vodka" + go over the hills + shoot it for the first time. The snow should make tracking easy + quiet. With a little good luck he could be bringing home "game" in an hour or so + still not be behind in his chores.

He was just over the hills to the east of "home valley" and "Vodka" was at his heel. He stopped to admire the view as he always did. The broad valley with the pond was a beautiful sight, but this morn he didn't admire the view. His senses + his good eye told him that a storm was coming + he didn't have much time to hunt. Maybe he had just better be satisfied with some good sighting in shots. His father had taught him that long ago.

To Bin it had become even more important ~~to him~~ since a t. bush had whacked him in the head + blurred the sight in his right eye. He had to make his first shot count as he seldom got a second shot unless he was using a lever action.

Looking down at the pond he ~~discovered~~ ^{saw} two ducks, undoubtedly waiting out the coming storm. They were lazily swimming around in a circle. At that range it would be too much to expect to hit either of them but the pond was a dead calm

and he would be able to see the bullet splash.

Ben lay down in the snow + Vodka sat, her proud Labrador head tilted + ears alert + inquisitive. She had never seen him do this before. Always she was out in front, finding the game for him, + bringing it back when he downed it. She was a mutation, a pure white Labrador retriever + one of the most intelligent that Ben's father had bred. But useless as a breeder - who wanted white Labs! She sat in the snow content to do as she knew she should.

Benton adjusted his sights + leveled the first round into the chamber. Vodka wondered what he could be going to shoot at down there. There wasn't the faintest breeze to bring her a scent. As Benton raised the rifle to his left shoulder Vodka's tail gave an involuntary wag - she knew that chances were awfully good for a retrieve if he shot.

Benton took a breath + let it out + then took another + let a little out + took up the slack in his trigger, as the duck continued to circle about 5 feet apart as they became almost one image he aimed at the dot of water between them + fired.

They raced to the water edge + Ben

SEE Pg 5
ON BACK OF
Pg 1

John Leland, Jr.
7PP
A.A.D.
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H WORDS

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What do you get if you take one fifth wheel trailer, one tow vehicle, stir in 89 days, shake it (sometimes violently) for 11,004 miles and serve it along with road maps of eight states and 3 Canadian Provinces. WE got the most memorable vacation of our collective 142 years, and I'll bet that you could too!

Just to give you a sample of one day. We had completed the "Alaska Loop", Tok, Fairbanks, Mt. McKinley, Anchorage (with spur trips to the Arctic Circle, Kenai, Homer and Seward). While camping near Glenallen, Alaska we decided to leave the trailer in the campground and take a day excursion boat out of Valdez. It was one of the "very best days" of the entire trip.

We got up at 4:15 AM, packed a lunch and thermos of coffee, jumped in the truck and took off for Valdez. After just a few miles of beautiful morning scenery, when coming over a rise we saw three big elk within a hundred feet of the road. I slowed down for the "photo opportunity" but by the time I got the camcorder set we were past them. They sure were grand looking and graceful animals.

It was a beautiful early morning, the road to Valdez follows meandering streams and goes over a few low passes with views of adjacent valleys, meadows and snow capped mountains that defy description by my limited vocabulary. By and by we came to a steeper and longer grade which led up to Thompson Pass.

Topping Thompson Pass and looking (probably) south or southeast, across an immense valley are enormous snowfields or perhaps glaciers. On that particular morning a few scattered wispy clouds played over and around the mountaintops and down into the valley. The snow filed looked undulating and soft rivaling the fluffy clouds. The sun, by now shining brightly made the whole prospect a thing of fairy tale beauty. We found a wide place to park, uncorked our thermos and enjoyed the magnificent vista across the valley.

Summer
June

After our coffee stop we descended into a narrow valley. The road was bordered on one side by sheer cliffs, probably at least a hundred feet straight up, the cliffs broken here and there by spectacular waterfalls. Some appeared to be trying to leap across the road, the sunlight playing beautifully on the stream and spray as

it tumbled, splashed and cascaded downward. There was a good-sized stream running along on the other side of the road, with the same type of sheer cliffs, and more beautiful waterfalls on the far side of it. We couldn't tarry, fearing we might miss the boat at Valdez.

We left the dock right on schedule and proceeded toward the Valdez narrows. On the way we saw some sea otters, doing their rolling over and over act, to keep their fur dry, also a couple of seals. The captain turned us into Sawmill Bay. The water changed to the beautiful clear, clean medium that is typical of quiet water in that vicinity. At one place the captain edged the bow of the boat so close to a sheer cliff that people were reaching out trying to touch the rock. Close by is a beach that was half covered with seals, also we saw innumerable colorful puffins and an eagles nest.

Just before lunch we headed toward Columbia Glacier. As we progressed through Prince William Sound it began to get cold and the water became littered with ice. Some ice was small as ice cubes and some larger than an 18 - wheel truck and trailer. The captain cut back on the engines and we could hear and feel the bump and scrape of ice against the hull as we nudged the medium sized chunks. The larger chunks of ice frequently have a beautiful blue - green tint.

After our exciting voyage through the ice we made land fall at ^{GROWLER} Growler Island, where we had a great, "All you can eat", buffet lunch. Re-embarking we took a tour around a couple of Bays. The water in the small harbors and inlets is a beautiful color, clear and clean to the bottom. We were next headed for Bligh Reef where the Exxon Valdez met with tragedy in 1989, At this point the skipper received word by radio that a pod of Orca whales were in the vicinity. Approaching them we could see their spouts. As we got closer the engines were slowed, and we kept pace with them for about twenty minutes. What fun it was to watch those beautiful, graceful creatures.

This is just one memorable day of the 89 fantastic days of our trip through ~~several states and three Canadian provinces.~~ ^{ALASKA, SEVEN OTHER STATES AND 3 CANADIAN PROVINCES}

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2011 Words

DIANE

I am a die...like in a pair of dice. I want to tell you about my experiences.

My first recollections were in the plastic condition. Soon I was poured into a mold. As the plastic cooled I heard voices talking about the company Christmas party. It was starting soon. The worker processing my mold said, "I'll be along." Some one else said, "Joe, open the mold so they can cool, they'll still be here after Christmas, and the party won't wait..COME ON!"

Air blasts ejected me and the other dice. We were all tumbled out onto a lightly padded table. Little did I know that tumbling on a lightly padded table was my destiny. As I lay on that surface I could hear, or rather feel, voices in the distance, singing Christmas carols. The feeling were wonderful.

The gathering was jovial, great feelings of goodwill came from the party. I'm blind, so my perceptions are from feelings. As the party progressed there was such an abundance of fellowship and generosity that it washed over me in waves. In cooling I absorbed it. A miracle was happening. Because I came into being on Christmas Eve I would forever have feelings.

The singing and merry making reached a peak. A shout of "Santa's here," then a chorus of "Merry Christmas Santa" from the assembly. Santa shouted "Ho! Ho! Ho!" and dropped a sack of presents. I could feel the good wishes, joy and happiness emanating from the group of merry makers. It made me so happy I wanted to dance, hop, skip and jump. If only I could. But that's an impossibility.

Happily I drifted off to sleep, and dreamed. Why was I given such a gift without any other power? Can I DO nothing on my own?

I awoke! The party was over and everyone was gone. Still drowsy, I mulled over a remark I'd heard, "Leopards can't change their spots." I pondered, could I change my spots? Could I?

Just then all the church bells in town began to ring. It was midnight. Christmas! The bells told of a miracle 2000 years ago. They also made me feel wonderful, empowering me to do something...to change my spots? All Christmas I practiced trying to change my spots. Whenever the watchman, with keys jingling, came by, or church bells rang, I became more sure of myself. Next morning I felt positive that I could change my spots...IF the bells rang. But how could I tell for sure?

When the factory opened, the worker placed us all so that our 3 spot showed. We were all arranged in a box with many other dice. Just before he put the lid on, a phone rang. I gave a big effort and was rewarded by the worker mumbling to himself, "How did I mess up, one die is showing a 2 spot." He closed the lid, it was dark, I slept.

I awoke when someone dropped the box. I could hear a voice outside..."Sign here." I had arrived at my new home, Cactus Pete's Hotel and Casino in Jackpot, Nevada. The casino was still under construction. My box was moved to a warehouse. I remember the clerk yelling, "Put those dice in section 'C'...Craps, not 'D'...dice, O.K.?" No answer. There I sat not knowing where I was.

One day there was much activity. Fork lift trucks came and moved the heavy stuff. Whole gangs came in and moved gaming

tables, chairs, stools, slot machines, office furniture, typewriters, boxes of glassware, and on and on.

For a week the clerk checked lists as the movers took items from the warehouse. I'd get excited when someone would ask "Where's the dice?" But no one ever picked up the box I was in. I could tell that there were other boxes left on the shelves, spare parts and such. I suppose I was hidden behind something.

One afternoon the clerk said, "Everything is checked out except the dice. I guess they went over with the crap tables. I've never heard of a midnight grand opening of a casino without any dice." The doors slammed shut and the cars drove away. Everything was quiet. I went to sleep. In a few hours it would be June 1, 1956 and the town of Jackpot, Nevada was about to be put on the map.

Suddenly a car was coming fast, squealing tires as the brakes were applied...hard! The doors opened, people talked excitedly, "If we don't find those dice and get them over to the casino before midnight, we'll both be looking for new jobs. That's less than 15 minutes. You're the only one this side of Wells who might possibly know where there are some dice. What made me think things were going smoothly. Hell! I might lose the license if I try to open without craps. I'll be the butt of every jokester in the whole state."

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I awoke when someone dropped the box. I could hear a voice outside..."Sign here." I had arrived at my new home, Cactus Pete's Hotel and Casino in Jackpot, Nevada. The casino was still under construction. My box was moved to a warehouse. I remember the clerk yelling, "Put those dice in section 'C'...Craps, not 'D'...dice, O.K.?" No answer. There I sat not knowing where I was.

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Words - 1937

How Diamondfield Jack Affected My Life

I first met Diamondfield Jack as a youngster of nine. I'm not sure of the year, but it was probably before 1938. At that time my parents were renting a small ground floor apartment in San Francisco's Haight/Ashbury District. One evening just before dinner the door bell rang. I pressed the buzzer button to allow someone to open the front lobby door. I opened the door of our apartment and looked down the long dark hallway to see who had rung the bell.

I saw a figure coming towards me that I did not recognize. To a nine year old boy all adults look large, but somehow this man was "different". Adults would say he had an "aura".

The stranger asked for my father. I called Dad and when he came, naturally, curious, I hung around the entry to listen.

At first my father did not appear to recognize the man, but after a few words,a hearty hand shake, I heard "Won't you stay for dinner, we're just about to sit down"? Later, Dad said "dinner might have been the main reason for Jack's visit".

After seating Jack in the living room, Mom and Dad conversed quietly in the kitchen for a few moments then I was told to set another place for dinner.

I don't remember what we ate or much of the dinner conversation but afterwards the talk turned to "guns and Nevada", which to me were the "be all and the end all".

The general topics stick, but unfortunately most of the particulars have vanished from memory with the exception that Jack was a character indeed, larger than life, and down on his luck. He was a legend in his own time.

One other time, I'm sure it was still before I was twelve, I'd guess it was three years after the first visit, he showed up at dinner again. This time I remembered him immediately. Again memory fails concerning the dinner conversation, but two things do stand out. A long discourse about a machine he was involved/investing in to make "seamless" ladies stockings, and a monologue on the benefits to mind and body of exercises with "Indian Clubs". He demonstrated the physical part with glass "roughneck" milk bottles, to the consternation of my mother. He tossed three or four around, swung his arms in big circles with the bottles in both hands, tossed them to me and I tossed them back. How we did this with the low ceiling and small space without breaking any bottles or dishes is something I can't answer. My (now) 99 year old mother still remembers that visit.

That is all I know or remember "first hand" about Diamondfield Jack Davis.

He has been described as "nefarious" in at least one book. He certainly did not appear that way to a young kid, many years after the incidents that caused his notoriety. He has also been described as garrulous and with a stammer. Garrulous implies lots of talk about unimportant things. I would suggest that different things are important or unimportant to different people, so I would think loquacious might more accurately describe him at the time I'm recalling. I also don't recollect any stammer. Some have said he liked kids, he seemed to take a liking to me, back then.

My Uncle "B" told me of a younger brother, Uncle "C", and Jack going on more than one camping trip, and I remember visiting the younger brother in San Francisco. He was a lifelong bachelor and when I was a kid I walked over to his "Diggins" many times. It was during the depression...times were tough and it was a pretty spare place, but always neat. There were lots of good western pictures on the walls, and mementos of ranch life, such as a silver mounted horse bit, a lariat woven from horse tail hair and a big broad blade knife with an ivory handle that hung by the door.

He had a wood burning stove that always gave his place a nice wood smoke smell. When he cooked his delicious red beans the aroma always made me hungry even before I knocked at his door. He did all his own cooking on the wood stove and baked too.

Sometimes he used a little folding camp oven and sometimes he used a pretty good sized cast iron "Dutch Oven". I'd visit with him and eat most of what was going to be his dinner and maybe the next nights dinner too.

He would tell me lots of wonderful stories of camping, hunting, fishing, riding, scrapes with bears, hooking a huge trout, some confrontations with thieves, rustlers and Indians. Whether true or I have embellished them in my memory, I'll never know for sure. But I treasure the stories that Uncle "C" told, just as they are.

He never called him "Diamondfield" Jack, but now I'm sure that the "Jack" he referred to was really Diamondfield Jack Davis.

One story might have taken place in north eastern Nevada. After quite a long hot ride Jack and my uncle "C" set up camp beside a small stream and were bathing in the river when Jack came out to find a half dozen Indians rummaging through their grub bags. Jack always carried some kind of a weapon, and since his pistol would get wet, he had a big "brushwacker" (knife) in a special rig around his right calf. The Indians had gotten out and unwrapped a side of bacon. Now a man stark naked and dripping wet would seem at a distinct disadvantage, both psychologically and physically when confronted by half a dozen Indians bent on (at least) getting your grub. Not Jack! With a shout of "C....get your guns", he charged out of the stream bed and with a motion that was almost too quick for the eye, drew the knife from

the sheath and threw it so hard that the blade went through the side of bacon. Most of the Indians fled when Uncle "C" came up with a cocked Colt in each hand. The Indian with the bacon was too surprised and scared to move. Uncle "C" never told me if Jack meant to kill the Indian or just claim his bacon. In view of what happened next I think the knife in the bacon was a warning!

Jack walked over, very dignified, and yanked the blade from the slab. In the process the Indian let go without a struggle but they sure gave each other some "hard looks". He made sign language with another Indian who seemed to be a "Chief". After some pidgin English and more sign language it appeared they knew Jack by reputation.

Some more talk and signing then Jack walked over to a fallen tree, put the slab of bacon on it and handed the "Chief" his knife (handle first) and indicated the chief was to cut it into two pieces. After a big show of dividing it equally the chief cut it in two. Jack then made a big show of trying to decide which piece to take.

After the Indians left Jack told my uncle that the Indians were not so much hungry, as wanting the fat off the bacon. The Indians didn't consider stealing the same way we do. There were only two of us and a half slab would do just fine, whereas the band of Indians would use up the fat very fast.

About a week or so later, some of the Indians came back and brought them a little of the bacon with all the fat stripped out. They had also "jerked" the bacon and in the process had added some herbs. It was delicious, but of course very tough and dry. Incidentally, that may be how Jerky got it's name. Some Indians "jerked" rather than cut the meat from the fat. They also brought some smoked trout... It wasn't so good. The Indians seemed to expect something in return, probably some whiskey, but Jack just played dumb for a while and finally gave them about a quarter of a sack of Bull Durham along with some papers. They seemed to think the papers were special and left, if not happy at least satisfied, and wary of Jack... Wanting to keep on the "good side" of him and, by association, with my Uncle "C".

When Uncle "C" died I inherited the big ivory handled knife that always hung by his door. He never told me that it was Jack's knife, and I'll never know for sure. During the Korean "conflict" I carried a "Trailmaker" manufactured by Marbles of Gladstone, Michigan, U.S.A. It's blade is almost 10" and it weighs over a pound. I carried it in a sheath strapped to my right calf and tucked into my flight boot in a rig as much like Jack's as I could make it. I never came face to face with any North Koreans or Communist Chinese and it's probably lucky for me. I never got "Lightening Fast" on the draw or very accurate a throw.

Later in life I took one of my 13 year old sons and a young nephew on a back pack fishing trip in the High Sierras. On the second day we made camp and did some fishing. In late afternoon

four big kids (approximately 16 to 19 years old) made their camp quite close to ours. There was no reason for them to camp so close, but it's a free country. Soon, three of them came into our camp and it was obvious they had been drinking. We were fixing supper and they asked if we had any food to spare. They didn't actually make a demand, but were more than a little bold, with not a hint of "Please". I declined to give them anything at all and cut short their effort to start a conversation, making it plain they weren't welcome in our camp. They eyed my "Trailmaker" in its Korean War Rig and at the same time looked over our camp, then went back to theirs. I watched them pretty carefully and as night fell they didn't settle down but continued to drink and become more and more rowdy. Pretty soon we could hear curses and references to our canine ancestry. I got up and stood within the circle of light from our camp fire at a time I felt the other camp was watching. I quickly drew my "Trailmaker" and twirled it around, flipping it end over end and catching it in either hand. I had practiced this for hours at a time as a kid, but hadn't done it for years. Of course, this was "just for show", but when I threw it at a tree I think I heard some comments from the other camp. The big knife made a very satisfying "thunk" just out of the firelight. I walked over to the tree but couldn't find the "Trailmaker". Glancing around, I couldn't see anything as it was so dark, but of course, I didn't want the other camp to know. I pretended to put the knife back in its rig, and told my son and nephew to hit the sack.

The other camp was very quiet, I suspect they weren't used to drinking.

The next morning at first light I got up to relieve myself. Of course I went over to where the knife should be.

I found it stuck into a quaking aspen about 5 feet beyond where I had been aiming.

Do you think Jack affected my life?