



## 'Billy the Kid' Was First to Sue For Peace, Old Letter Shows: Wrote Governor Lew Wallace Asking Chance to Be Peaceful

Santa Fe, N. M.—A new conception of "Billy the Kid," as a Lincoln county "gangster" who got tired of fighting and wanted to go to work, is presented here by M. G. Fulton, of Roswell, English instructor at New Mexico Military Institute.

Mr. Fulton is researching in Santa Fe for information on the life of "The Kid." He holds no element of sympathy for the notorious New Mexico outlaw, but raises a new issue of whether it was William Bonney, alias "Billy the Kid," and William Antrim, who first sued for peace.

Most of those who have written in the past, have had that it was Governor Lew Wallace, who offered to forget about the Kid's past crimes if he would put up his pistols.

Fulton also raises the issue of whether it was the Kid or Governor Wallace who really violated the terms of their agreement when the Kid surrendered.

Fulton is preparing a magazine article on "Governor Lew Wallace and Billy the Kid," in which he treats in detail the relationships between the two men, and is likewise working on a new book for future publication.

"I have no wish to fight any more," Bonney wrote Governor Wallace, in a hitherto unpublished letter which Mr. Fulton obtained from Lew Wallace of New York, nephew of the New Mexico governor and general.

This letter, Mr. Fulton said, was written by Bonney to Governor Wallace in March of 1879, at a time when \$1,000 was posted for the arrest of Bonney in connection with the killing of Attorney Chapman of Lincoln county.

This letter which follows, is believed by Mr. Fulton to represent the real beginning of negotiation between Governor Wallace and the outlaw—and it is Bonney, not the Governor who sought peace.

The letter read:—  
March 13.  
To His Excellency the Governor  
General Lew Wallace.

Dear sir:—  
"I have heard that you will give one thousand dollars for my body, which as I can understand it, means

alive as a witness. I know that it is as a witness against those that murdered Mr. Chapman. If it was so as that I could appear in court, I would give the desired information, but I have indictments against me for things that happened in the late Lincoln county war and am afraid to give up because my enemies would kill me. The day Mr. Chapman was murdered I was in Lincoln at the request of good citizens to meet J. J. Dolan, to meet as a friend so as to be able to lay aside my arms and go to work. I was present when Mr. Chapman was murdered and known who did it, and if it were not for those indictments I would have made it clear before now. If it is in your power to annul those indictments, I hope you will do so as to give me a chance to explain. Please send me an answer telling me what you can do. You can answer by bearer. I have no wish to fight any more. As to my character I refer to any of the citizens, for the majority of them are my friends and have been helping me all they can. I am called Kid Antrim, but Antrim is my step-father's name.

waiting an answer, I remain,  
Your obedient servant,  
W. H. Bonney."

(Continued next week.)

## Windy Bill

By CHARLES L. BIRK  
(Continued from last issue)

"He took all the horses so I had to make it back to Cow Springs on foot. Wounded an' bleedin' as I was I came damn near not gittin' there, but I finally pulled in 'bout dark.

"They sent out posses an' scoured the country but never found no trace of that robber.

"Not long after that, word came to us that there had been a gun fight over in Lordsburg. One man was killed an' the other wounded bad, so bad that he was slowly dyin', but 'fore goin' across, he confessed to bein' one of the men that held up the stage. He said the gold was buried at Hogback Mountain, but 'fore he could give the right location, he died. Wal, as you know, Hogback is here on the Diamond A range and its pretty big. The gov'ment knowed they'd have a hard time diggin' all over that mountain so they offered a good sized reward to anyone that found the gold. Wal, that started a stampede fer Hogback an' I'm here to tell you that that mountain was popular as a free drink saloon. People from all over the country come to dig, but they never found nothin', only the pack saddles that were used to carry

the gold. The gov'ment finally seen it was nigh a hopeless job so they offered half the gold to anyone that found it.

"A rumor started floatin' around that somebody had seen the dead outlaw's ghost and it tole 'em it meant to perter that gold and was goin' to keep sinkin' it deeper an' deeper so they would never find it. In them days people was mighty superstitious and some of 'em believed that wild tale, so they stopped diggin' sudden like, an' to this day that gold ain't never been found. You can go around Hogback Mountain right now an' see big holes that's been dug by the gold hunters."

Windy Bill was silent for awhile, and Spence Hill spoke up. He was an old timer, cooking for the roundup and had spent most of his life in New Mexico.

"That story is shore the truth boys," he said, "I know, 'cause I was one o' them that dug the biggest hole."

"Several years after that," Windy continued, "I was punchin' cows for the Diamond A's spread an' one day I was herdin' a bunch over Hogback. I was right on top and had to get off my hoss to tighten the cinch.

"I happened to look down and lyin' at my feet was the biggest roll of bills I ever seen. Bein' in a hurry I jes' stuffed 'em in my back pocket without payin' no 'tention to 'em. When I got back to the ranch that evenin' an' we was all in the bunk house, I tole the boys 'bout my find an' reachin' in my pocket where I had put the money I found nothin' but a handful of dust. Them bills was so old they had jes' turned to nothin'. We couldn't even find pieces big enough to get the serial numbers from. I was shore let down some, but it was my fault, an' I spent the rest of the year cussin' myself."

The roundup was over in about a month, an' we shipped the last steer East so that them city folks could have fresh beef fer awhile, when Windy an' me decided to go on a deer hunt. The Diamond A had laid us off fer the winter an' we didn't have nothin' special to do, so we figured that a deer hunt would be a nice little vacation fer us. Windy said he knew some mighty good deer country down around the Gila River an' in the Malpais Range so that's where we decided to head fer.

We started out one cold mornin' with a couple of pack horses, plenty of grub an' enough ammunition to kill every deer in the state of New Mexico. Windy was leadin' the procession an' he took me through about the wildest country I ever seen. Over high rugged mountains; across deserts; through deep gorges an' canyons where the walls on either side rose to thousands of feet. The brush was so damn thick in places, I thought shore it would pull me from my horse. That evenin' about sundown we entered a

long narrow canyon which was probably two hundred feet wide and about ten miles long. After makin' our way down this fer awhile we came to an old tumble down cabin with a pole corral out in front, an' a few feet from the corral was a spring of mighty clear water.

"Reckon we'll camp here fer the night," said Windy, dis mountin', "we'll unroll our beds in that corral."

I was shore glad he had called a halt 'cause I was just about as saddle galled as any man could get, an' when I slid from my saddle an' my feet hit the ground I thought shore my knees were gonna buckle under me. But I didn't let on to Bill how I felt. He woulda made fun of me. Me, me! a cowpuncher, I wasn't supposed to get saddle tired from a day's ride.

We unpacked the horses an' turn-them loose, all but one which would be used as a wranglin' horse in the mornin', an' after carryin' our packs into the corral we prepared supper. Flapjacks, beefsteak, fried potatoes an' coffee. That food tasted mighty good an' we shore lost no time in gettin' rid of it.

"What's the name of this canyon?" I asked Windy, after we had cleaned the dishes an' was sittin' by the fire, smokin'. The moon was just risin' an' it shore was pretty; floodin' everything with a soft mellow light.

"This here place is called Dead Man's Canyon," answered Windy.

"Where did it get its name?"

"Wal sir, years ago they was two families of immigrants from Missouri settled here an' built this cabin. After diggin' out enough gold to live comfortable on fer the rest of their lives they prepared to leave. A band of outlaws learned in some way about them findin' the gold, an' the night before the settlers was figgerin' to pull stakes, the outlaws raided 'em an' shore pulled a bloody massacre. Kilt off ever last one, even down to the women an' children, then made off with the gold. Them outlaws was never caught, even though folks here 'bouts hunted 'em fer years after-ward. From that time on the natives called this place Dead Man's Canyon."

"The name shore fits it," I remarked.

"Yes sir, it's well named, an' some say the place is haunted. I don't believe in them things myself, but I camped here alone a few times, an' it shore give me the creeps. Felt like somebody I couldn't see was a-watchin' me. I've heard wallin' sounds like a woman cryin' which made the hair stand right straight up on my head, but I don't s'pose it was nothin' but the wolves an' mountain lions—this country is full of 'em."

"A cheerful place to spend the night, Windy," I said, shiverin' an' pullin' my leather jacket closer around me. "Has anything funny ever been seen here?"

(Continued next week)

## CHAMPION STOCK JUDGING TEAM OF NEW MEXICO AWARDED SANTA FE PRIZE

The four members of the champion livestock judging team of the state and their coach, William O'Donnell, Raton vocational agriculture director, were awarded prizes today by O. J. DeHaven, division freight agent of the Santa Fe railroad.

The prizes were awarded by the Santa Fe railroad and consisted of a check for \$80 to each of the four members of the championship team and to the coach. Members of the team are Farren Gray, Harold Wingo, O. J. Thompson, and John J. Phelps.

The money will be used to pay the expenses of the team and the coach to the American Royal livestock show in Kansas City. It will pay all railroad fare, hotel rooms for four days, and incidentals of the trip.

The boys left last Saturday—The Raton Range.

## MITCHELL'S HEREFORD VISITED BY AG CLASS

Recently the Mitchell ranch at Albert and their feeding ranch at Springer were visited by the livestock judging boys. At the Springer ranch the boys looked over 100 head of very uniform Hereford bull calves that were being fitted for the market. At the Mitchell ranch the boys judged several classes of registered Hereford cows and received much value from this work. While the classes were being arranged the boys looked over the ranch. The Mitchell Hereford ranch is one of the largest Hereford ranches in New Mexico and has a very large herd of registered cattle.—O. J. Thompson in Raton Range.

## FAVORABLE RANGE CONDITION SHOWN

Las Cruces, N. M.—Range conditions in early November in New Mexico are good with the exception of a few locations that were not benefitted by the October rains, according to the report of the New Mexico Crop and Livestock Reporting service. The condition of the ranges were reported at 87 per cent normal compared with 88 per cent a month ago.

Cattle and calves held up well, the report says, their condition is estimated at 91 per cent of normal as compared with 92 per cent on Oct. 1 and 88 per cent a year ago.

The condition of sheep and lambs on New Mexico ranges is about normal for this season of the year.

Movement of lambs will probably be later than last year. Sheep and lambs are reported as being 90 per cent normal, compared with 92 per cent last month and 87 per cent a year ago.

We want every range cow man in the country to send in at least \$2 for Hoofs and Horns. It takes money to keep up a paper. You folks need this paper and we need the money to keep it going for you.

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