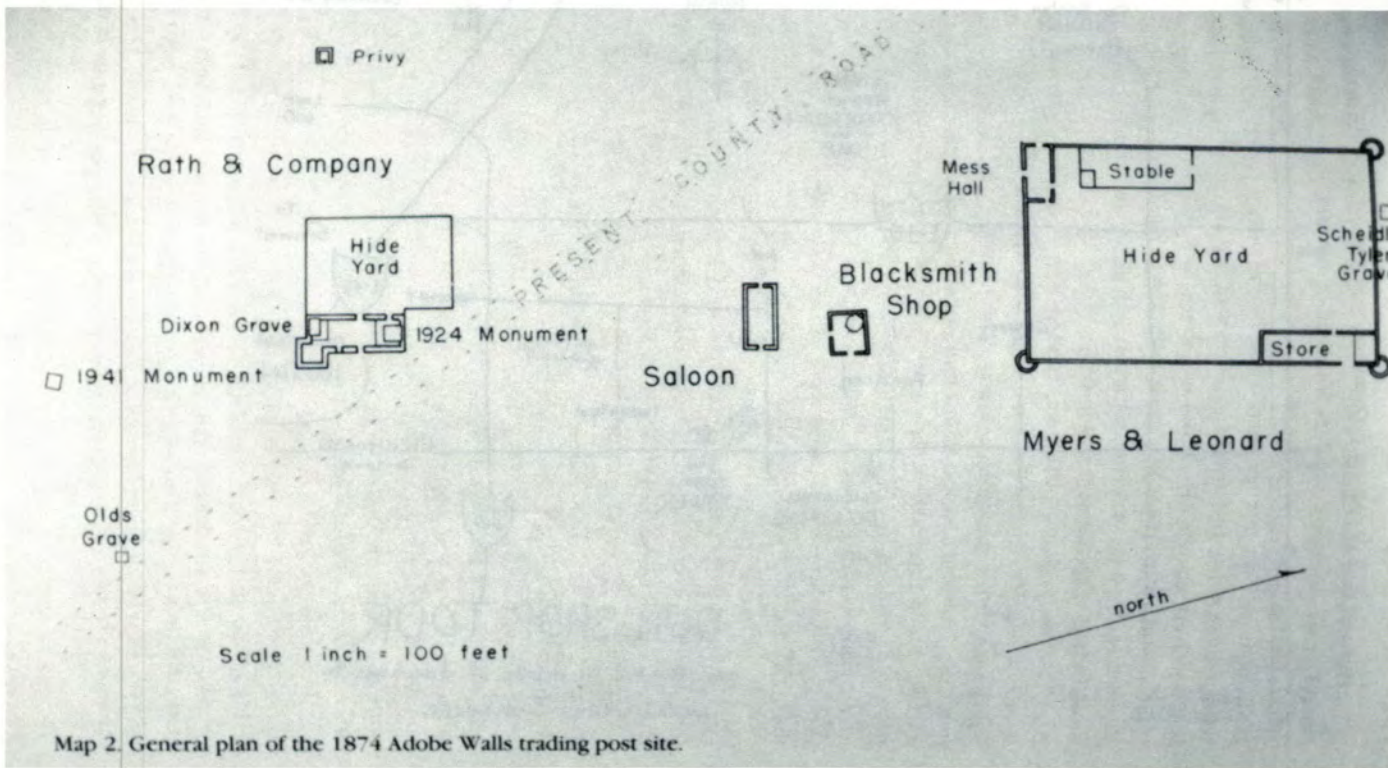


The location of Adobe Walls between Dodge City and Amarillo.



Map 2. General plan of the 1874 Adobe Walls trading post site.

Map of Adobe Walls trading post. (T. Lindsay Baker and Billy R. Harrison, *ADOBE WALLS, The History and Archeology of the 1874 Trading Post*, (Texas A & M University Press, College Station, Texas,) p. 131.



## BUFFALO GUNS & ADOBE WALLS

Gerald R. Mayberry

Two hundred miles from where we are today stands the Alamo. Here, a small force of Texans stood against seemingly insurmountable odds, and fought until they died. No other place is so honored in Texas history, not even San Jacinto, where Texas gained its independence from Mexico.

Six hundred and fifty miles away, in the Texas Panhandle, stands another site of a stand against odds that seemed just as insurmountable. But, in this case, the few triumphed against the many. Most have never heard of the Battle of Adobe Walls and fewer know that there were actually two battles fought there. A single site on the prairie close to water, but in no other way remarkable, where men chose to fight to the death. Here legend was born, just as at the Alamo.

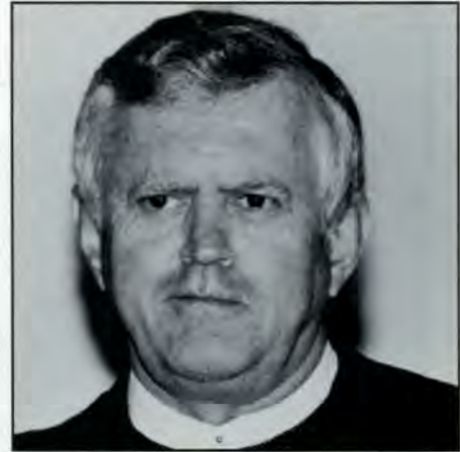
### *The First Battle Of Adobe*

The history of the Adobe Walls site begins with a trading post built in at the request of the Kiowa and Comanche Indians by the operators of Bent's Fort. The site selected was on the east bank of the Canadian River. It was built of adobe bricks, giving the site its name.<sup>1</sup>

In 1853, Lieutenant A. W. Whipple passed through the area looking for a possible railroad route to California. He noted that it had been "a large building, finely situated in a grove of trees and containing a spring of water within the court . . . The place is now desolate, its only use being to designate a ford."<sup>2</sup> The post was operated seasonally from about 1842 for about five years, primarily trading horses and mules stolen by the Indians on raids into Mexico and the Republic of Texas.<sup>3</sup>

Indian problems did not go away during the Civil War. Still, it was a period of comparative quiet on the Western Frontier. One exception came in November of 1864, when Colonel Kit Carson led a force of 14 officers, 321 enlisted men, and 75 Ute and Apache Indians out onto the plains of Texas.<sup>4</sup> On November 24, 1864, contact was made and preparations taken for a battle the next day.

During the fight of November 25, 1864, Carson's forces advanced through and held the ruins of the original Adobe Walls. However, Carson had



thought there was only one Indian village: in fact, there were several stretched along the river. Badly outnumbered and running low on ammunition, Carson retreated, burning the one Indian village he had captured. Carson's two pieces of light artillery gave the Army an edge over the Indians.

Army casualties were about 6 killed and 25 wounded. The Indians suffered more, with casualties believed to have been 100 killed and 100 to 150 wounded<sup>5</sup>. Two Mexican traders, who were with the Indians, said that without the cannons, Carson would have been wiped out. The Army considered the battle a victory, but Carson didn't. It would be Kit Carson's final Indian battle.<sup>6</sup>

This battle is significant in regional history, "for it was the only Civil War battle fought in the Texas Panhandle; it was the largest Indian battle in Texas history in so far as the number of Indians involved was concerned; and it added historical stature to the historic site of old Adobe Walls. . . ."<sup>7</sup>

### *Buffalo*

And so, with Carson's retreat, the area around Adobe Walls for the second time became almost forgotten, and would remain so for almost ten full years. What did remain were the buffalo and the Indian. The buffalo, the Indian's commissary, remained as they had for eons. Indians roaming the plains in the eighteenth century were relative newcomers to the area. The Comanche and Kiowa had come from the Northern Plains, and the Cheyenne and Arapaho from the western Great Lakes. All were "Buffalo Indians".<sup>8</sup>





Early shot of Dodge City, 1872-4. Dodge City was the most popular fitting out point for the early part of the extermination of the buffalo. Kansas Historical Society (through Charlie Norton.)

The Indians found the prairie life to their liking. As Ten Bears, a Comanche, noted: "I was born on the prairie, where the wind blew free and there was nothing to break the light of the sun. I was born where there were no enclosures and everything drew a free breath. I want to die here and not within walls . . . I have hunted and lived over that country. I live like my fathers before me and like them, I lived happily."<sup>9</sup> The Indian would not give up his life style easily. There was something about the plains which drew the frontiersman as well. As Billy Dixon noted, "no man is ever quite his former self after he has felt deeply the bigness, the silence, and the mystery of that region . . . The heart swells with emotion at remembrance of the wild free life along those old trails . . ."<sup>10</sup>

Trade in prepared buffalo "robes" had existed since the 17th century, but robes were labor intensive and comparatively few could be turned out in a year's time. However, two things happened in the years immediately following the Civil War that would lead to the virtual extermination of the buffalo. First, powerful breech-loading rifles appeared. Second, in 1871, an economical way to use dried or "flint" buffalo hides was discovered by the tanning industry. The tanners would take all the hides they could get and pay well for them.

The extermination of the buffalo began quickly. By the winter of 1872/3, bull hides were worth up to \$4.00 each.<sup>11</sup> At this time, buffalo were killed at the astonishing rate of 200 per hour, twenty-four hours a

day, day-in and day-out.<sup>12</sup>

The Medicine Lodge Treaty of 1867 gave Indian tribes the right to hunt on lands south of the Arkansas River, which is in southern Kansas, "so long as the buffalo may range thereon."<sup>13</sup> The Indians took this to mean that the area would be reserved for their private hunting lands. The buffalo hunters saw things differently. They saw nothing saying they couldn't hunt there, too.

By 1873, the buffalo in southern Kansas, above the Arkansas River, had virtually been wiped out. Looking around for more buffalo, the hunters began to think of going south of the "Deadline", the Arkansas River, land thought to be held for the Plains Indians. Some hunters made exploration trips to the south, and a few even hunted there. Billy Dixon noted that "we had not seen a white man, nor a human being of any kind, only a vast wilderness, inhabited by game," truly the hunter's paradise.<sup>14</sup> Two of the hunters, J. Wright Moorar and Steele Frazier, went to see Colonel Dodge at Fort Dodge, Kansas, to see what the Army would do if they went south. After listening to them and asking questions, Colonel Dodge told them "Boys, if I were hunting buffalo, I would go where the buffalo are."<sup>15</sup> With this understanding, the hunters prepared to go south into Texas.

But, although the hunters were ready to go south, they were hampered by the distance they would have to haul the hides, and go to obtain supplies.





Hide Wagons at Dodge City, Kansas, 1872-4. Kansas Historical Society (through Charlie Norton).

Billy Dixon noted that "A. C. Myers solved this problem by deciding to take this outfit and stock of merchandise and pull down into the good buffalo country, somewhere on the Canadian . . . We were leaving such protection as there was . . . and plunging into a solitude through which we would have to fight our way, if attacked, or die at the hands of hostile Indians . . . a lot of fellows at Dodge thought that we would never get back."<sup>16</sup>

### *The Hunters go to Texas*

When Myers and his partner, Frederick J. Leonard, were ready in March, they started a wagon train south. A number of hunters went with them and were paid to haul down supplies. Sensing an opportunity, James Hanrahan, a large scale buffalo hunter, decided to go along and set up a saloon. In May, Charles Rath and Robert M. Wright would come down to open a store as well. The trading post was rounded off by Thomas O'Keefe's blacksmith shop.<sup>17</sup>

Billy Dixon was one of the hunters who went along. He was twenty-three years old that spring; he had been orphaned at twelve and had spent most of the years since on the Frontier. He was dark complected and quiet by nature. In a sense, he was going home, as he never again would be long away from the region.<sup>18</sup> He, like Custer, would be blessed with a wife who would tell his story after he was gone. Before his death, he told his wife of his life and

adventures, in particular the story of Adobe Walls. *The Life of Billy Dixon*, by Olive Dixon (State House Press, Austin) is one of the greatest of Western adventures and one of the best sources on the events at Adobe Walls.

As the wagon train passed down to the Canadian, and then along it, Billy Dixon noted unconsciously, we were drawn to that place as other men, long, long before us had been drawn. We reached it by pulling right down the river bottom about twelve miles to what was called West Adobe Walls Creek...About a mile from its mouth stood the old ruins of the original Adobe Walls. Here we stopped and camped for the night. We had heard of these ruins ever since we had been in the plains country. They were of great interest to us and we carefully examined them, wondering what men in such a far off day had ventured to establish themselves here; we were not acquainted with the history of the place.<sup>19</sup> A second site about a mile from the first was selected as a better place for the trading post and work began. Dodge City was 150 miles away.

Billy Dixon's description of the trading post follows: All the buildings at Adobe Walls faced to the east, the main ones standing in a row. On the south, was Rath and Wright, with a great pile of buffalo hides at the rear. Then came Hanrahan's saloon, and fifty yards or so north of the latter was the store of Myers & Leonard, the building forming the northeast corner of the big picket stockade. In the southwest corner of the stockade was a mess house...The blacksmith's shop was located just north of Hanrahan's saloon. The...walls of the main buildings were about two feet thick...<sup>20</sup>

Despite the name, none of the structures were made of "adobe". The names comes from the original trading post, which *was* built of adobe. Rath & Wright's store, along with the saloon, were built of sod blocks cut from the prairie. Myers and Leonard's store and the blacksmith shop were of picket construction.<sup>21</sup> The term "picket" may describe several types of construction: basically it is built from single rows of wooden poles set into the ground. Wall pickets for buildings are generally





Billy Dixon, buffalo hunter. Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum.



John Thompson Jones, also known as "Antelope Jack" and "Cheyenne Jack", b. 1853- d. 1874. Killed by Indians shortly before the Battle of Adobe Walls. He holds a Sharps Military Rifle, probably a .50 cal. Model 1874, Panhandle-Plains Historical Society.

about 10' long and 8' in diameter, with a plate to support the roof, etc., mud being daubed on the walls.<sup>22</sup>

Surviving records show that the largest purchases were foodstuffs and ammunition. Firearms related items included gunpowder, lead, cartridges and primers, as well as lesser quantities of patch paper and gun oil. Food generally consisted of flour, baking powder, bacon, sugar, coffee, with the occasional canned tomatoes, soup, fruit, crackers, tea, salt, pepper, etc. There also was feed for the horses and oxen. Other items sold included clothes, chewing tobacco, liquor, matches, rope, knives, wolf poison, axle grease, and Castile soap. Injuries and other health problems were treated by such products as Frederick Brown's essence of Jamaica Ginger, a remedy for diarrhea, incipient cholera, and like ailments, and H.T. Helmbold's Fluid Extracts, Hamilin's Wizard Oil, and Merchant's Gargling Oil. Prices did run somewhat higher than in Dodge. Gunpowder cost \$.44 per pound in Dodge and \$.52 to .60 per pound at the Walls. Lead was \$.12 per pound in Dodge and up to \$.15 at the Walls.<sup>23</sup> Buffalo hides were the medium of exchange, with Myers and Leonard taking in about a thousand a day.<sup>24</sup>

It is certain that most hidemen were dirty. The skimmers worked almost daily with bison carcasses, some putrefied. The men must have had body odors that defy imagination. They usually wore bibless denim "overalls", with wide brimmed hats. Their hair was left uncut as a mark of their profession.<sup>25</sup>

Recreation included: drinking, horse racing and target shooting. Seth Hathaway noted "I got within a few miles of the place when I heard sounds as though a fight was goin' on." Coming closer, he discovered the shots were from men "trying their new Sharpe's [sic] .50 caliber rifles, shooting at different objects at a hundred to a thousand yards distance."<sup>26</sup> Billy Dixon noted there was also story telling, "endless stories of desperate battles that were greatly to our liking," and card playing during which some would lose the proceeds of several months work in a moment.<sup>27</sup>

Billy Dixon was in and out of Adobe Walls several times. While the buffalo had not yet appeared in the numbers, there was still hunting to do. On June 11, word reached Adobe Walls that Dave Dudley and Tommy Wallace had been killed and mutilated in their camp fifteen miles to the southeast. Their killers were Kiowas: Lone Wolf, High Forehead, White Goose, Teeth, Good Talk, Kicking Buffalo, Man who Walks Above the Ground, and Bear Mountain.<sup>28</sup> The day Dudley and Wallace



were killed, James Hanrahan and his teamsters were attacked and lost their live stock. Word also came that Antelope Jack, also known as Cheyenne Jack, real name Jack Thompson Jones, and Blue Billy had been surprised and killed in their camp as well. Antelope Jack was said to have been found with his arms and legs stretched to their utmost and pinned to the ground, with a stake through his body, pegged out like a buffalo hide.<sup>29</sup>

Some hidemen decided it would be safer to return to Dodge City. James W. McKinley later remembered that even though "these facts seemed a little suggestive, the older plainsmen did not think it foreboded a general outbreak. . . we might be called upon to occasionally give up a few scalps, [but] this was no evidence that the Indians were on the warpath."<sup>30</sup> After all, the Indians would not attack a place with so many white men and guns. Among those who decided it would be safer to leave were the J. Wright Mooar outfit and a man named Warren. Warren was asked by Charles Jones if he intended to return to the panhandle for more hides, whereupon Warren said, "No, if you . . . are fools enough to go down among the Indians, you can go, but I am going to stay at home." Jones replied "If you are born to be killed by Indians, you would be killed by Indians if you went to New York." Soon after, Warren was killed while looking for a cow, almost within sight of Dodge City.<sup>31</sup>

While returning to Adobe Walls, Billy Dixon came across two men who told him that two hunters had been killed 25 miles down river. Hurrying his crossing of the flooded stream, he lost his wagon, one of his mules, and his Sharps rifle. Dixon later said I had been unable to replace my "Big 50", lost in the Canadian, with a gun that suited me in every way, but it was highly important that I should be well armed . . . the only gun at the Walls that was not in use was a new .44 Sharps, which was next best to a .50. This gun had been spoken for by a hunter who was still out in camp; he was to pay \$80.00 for it, buying it from Langton, who was in charge of the Rath & Wright store. Langton expected to be able to replace the gun before the hunter returned. I went right over to his store and got the .44 together with a full case of ammunition. I was so tickled over my good luck, that I took the gun over to Hanrahan's saloon to show it to him . . . I left the case of ammunition with Langton, little dreaming how greatly I would regret my carelessness.<sup>32</sup>

Billy and Hanrahan had also struck a deal to merge their two hide hunting outfits, Billy could keep all the skinners busy. He would pull out the next morning, June 2, 1874.

### THE INDIANS PREPARE

Reservations had been set up in the Indian Territories for the various tribes. Some lived on them in comparative peace, and some resisted subjugation when



Unknown buffalo hunter. He holds a heavy Sharps Model 1874 Sporting Rifle made at Bridgeport, Conn. It is .45 x 2 7/8" caliber. Image is reversed. Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum. (Just thought of it: we could probably have this picture printed backwards to make it come out "right").

and as the opportunity presented itself. But even the most peaceful were faced with problems. Among these were whiskey, hunger, horse theft, and the pressure of the hunters upon the buffalo. The Comanche and Kiowa Indian Agent, James Haworth wrote "To tell [the Indians] in the face of an empty Commissary, if you go away, I won't feed you, would only have made them laugh."<sup>33</sup> Although food was short, apparently guns weren't. Haworth noted in May that "I cannot get any direct or positive [sic] information as to the sale of arms but am certain somebody has been doing it extensively as a great many of the Indians are armed with the latest pistols and guns with large amounts of fixed ammunition to suit them."<sup>34</sup>

Into this situation came a young Comanche Chief named Quanah Parker, the son of Cynthia Ann Parker, a white captive. He would be joined by a Comanche magician the name of Isatai, or Wolf Excrement.



Haley would note he was a skilled magician: Isatai in a matter of months secured a following among not only the Comanches, but also the Kiowas and Southern Cheyenne . . . The medicine man predicted that a comet then visible in the sky would disappear within five days, which it did. And he accurately foretold a severe spring and summer drought. Isatai told his listeners that he had ascended to the abode of the Great Spirit . . . and that the Indian deity had empowered him to make war . . . on the hated whites. To demonstrate those abilities he reputedly belched forth wagon loads of cartridges only to swallow them again. He claimed the power to prevent the white men's guns from firing and assured skeptics that even if they did shoot, the bullets would pass through the warrior's bodies without leaving any mark or injury. Many warriors believed. Others questioned, but all were hopeful.<sup>35</sup>

Isatai began making the rounds of camps of various Comanche, Kiowa, Cheyenne, and Arapaho bands to recruit warriors for an coordinated assault. He was accompanied by Quanah, who was then virtually unknown.<sup>36</sup> Quanah later recalled I work one month. I go to Noconic Comanche camp . . . call to everybody - I tell them about my friend kill him in Texas. I fill pipe - tell that man. You want to smoke he take pipe and smoke it. I give it to another man - he say I not want to smoke if he smoke pipe he go on warpath. He not hand back. God kill him. He afraid.<sup>37</sup>

Most of the warriors would be Comanche. At first only a few Kiowas joined, but more would come later. A goodly number of Cheyenne joined. The Arapaho were more used to reservation life. Those that joined did so primarily as observers; they may have shown the best judgment of all.<sup>38</sup> How many there were is uncertain, no less than 350, perhaps as many as 700.

Quanah and Isatai had first planned to attack the Ton-ka-way Indians for their efforts in scouting for the Army, but eventually decided the buffalo hunters would be better targets.

On June 26, 1874, they were finally on the march. Stopping for rest, seven scouts were sent out to find the exact position of Adobe Walls. Some rested, some slept and some smoked and talked.<sup>39</sup> After midnight, the scouts returned and the march to Adobe Walls began. The plan was to strike at dawn, catching the whites still asleep and killing them in their beds. It was all to be so easy. The war party formed a long line and continued upstream toward the trading post. When they were in position, they could not see a sign of life and thought Isatai was indeed right. Quanah recalled, "Pretty soon we make a line, the chiefs try to hold young men back. Go too fast, pretty soon they call out, all right, go ahead. We charge down on the houses in wild charge, threw dust high."<sup>40</sup>

*June 27, 1874*

Much of what follows was told later by Billy Dixon. His first person account of the battle is accurate and the author lacks the ability to improve upon his

narration. On the night of June 26, 1874, Billy noted that the night was sultry and we sat with open doors. There was just a handful of us out there on the plains. . . Outside could be heard at intervals the muffled sounds of the stock moving and stumbling around, or a picketed horse shaking himself as he paused in his hunt for young grasses. In the timber along Adobe Walls Creek . . . owls were hooting. We paid little attention to those things, however, and in our fancied security against all foes frolicked and had a general good time. Hanrahan did a thriving trade.<sup>41</sup>

Billy continued: on that memorable night, there were 28 men and one woman at the Walls. The woman was the wife of William Olds. She had come from Dodge City to open a restaurant in Rath & Wright's store. Only eight or nine of the men lived at the Walls, the others being buffalo hunters who by chance happened to be there. There was not the slightest feeling of impending danger.<sup>42</sup> While the figure of 28 men is the most commonly quoted figure, it is important to realize that not all of these men were proficient with firearms or had the skill of the professional buffalo hunter. Some were teamsters, some were skimmers, others were town people out there because that was where the work was. Perhaps only a dozen or so were skilled shots with a Sharps buffalo rifle.

When bedtime came, Billy later said as was the custom in buffalo country, most of the men made their beds outside on the ground. I spread my blankets near the blacksmith's shop, close to my wagon. I placed the gun, the "round barrel" Sharp's by my side between my blankets as usual to protect it from the dew and rain. A man's gun and his horse were his two most valuable possessions, next to life in that country.<sup>43</sup>

Billy continues, "about 2 o'clock in the morning Shepherd and Mike Welch, who were sleeping near Hanrahan's saloon, were awakened by a report that sounded like the crack of a rifle. They sprang up and discovered that the noise was caused by the cracking of the big cottonwood ridge pole. Welch and Shepherd woke up a number of their companions to help them repair the roof. Some climbed on top and began throwing off the dirt, while others went down the creek to cut a prop. . . This commotion woke others, and in a little while about 15 men were helping. By the time we had put the prop in place, the sky was growing red in the east, and Hanrahan asked me if I did not think we might as well stay up and get an early start. I agreed and he sent Bill Ogg down on the creek to get the horses."<sup>44</sup>

Some questions exist about the ridge pole cracking. In 1927, J. Wright Moorar, a noted buffalo hunter, suggested that the ridge pole did not crack. Moorar felt the incident was only a trick devised by Hanrahan to awaken the hunters, because he had been told the attack was coming.<sup>45</sup> Shortly before June 27th, Amos Chapman and James McAllister, who were employees of Lee & Reynolds of Camp Supply, Indian Territories, had come through. Some felt it was because they were looking for horse thieves. Others thought they were spying on the competition. Some felt that they left a warning of the impending attack.<sup>46</sup> While it is possible that a warning was given, the Frontier was full of rumors; most came to naught and often little credit was given them. Further, had a shot been fired, rather than the ridge pole actually cracking, the smell of gunpowder certainly would not have escaped the men it was



meant to warn. In any event, a number of men at Adobe Walls were awake as the sun rose in the east.

Preparing to leave, Billy turned to pick up my gun, which lay on the ground, I looked to the direction of our horses. They were in sight. Something else caught my eye. Just beyond the horses, at the edge of some timber, was a large body of objects advancing vaguely in the dusky dawn toward our stock and in the direction of Adobe Walls. Though keen of vision, I could not make out what the objects were. Then I was thunderstruck. The black body of moving objects suddenly spread out like a fan, and from it went up one single, solid yell a war whoop that seemed to shake the very air of the early morning. Then came the thudding roar of running horses, and the hideous cries of each of the warriors . . . I could see that hundreds of Indians were coming . . . There is no time make a conscious effort, and if a man loses his head, he shakes hand with death.<sup>47</sup>

I rushed for my gun, and turned to get a few good shots before the Indians could turn to run away. I started to run forward a few steps. Indians running away? They were coming as straight as a bullet towards the buildings, whipping their horses at every jump. There was never a more splendidly barbaric sight. In after years I was glad that I had seen it. Hundreds of warriors, the flower of the fighting men of the southwestern plains tribes, mounted upon their finest horses, armed with guns and lances, and carrying heavy shields of thick buffalo hide, were coming like the wind. Over all was splashed the rich colors of red, vermilion, and ochre, on the bodies of the men, on the bodies of the running horses. Scalps dangled from the tails and manes of the horses, and the bronzed, half naked bodies of the riders glittered with ornaments of silver and brass. Behind this headlong charging host stretched the Plains, on whose horizon the rising sun was lifting its morning fires. The warriors seemed to emerge from this glowing background.<sup>48</sup>

Billy had to confess, however that the landscape possessed little interest for me when I saw the Indians were coming to attack us, and that they would be at hand in a few moments. War-whooping had a very appreciable effect upon the roots of a man's hair. I fired one shot, turned and ran to the nearest building, which happened to be the saloon. I found it closed. I certainly felt lonesome, I shouted to them to let me in. Bullets were whistling and knocking up the dust all around me. Just as the door was opened for me, Billy Ogg ran up and fell inside, so exhausted that he could no longer stand.<sup>49</sup>

The initial charge was at the saloon, in the center, but the shooting from the saloon split the Indians. The flanking fire from the saloon was the salvation of those in the two stores.<sup>50</sup>

The first minutes of the fight in the Rath & Wright store was perhaps more confused than in the saloon. All had been asleep. The first thing they heard was the blacksmith, Tom O'Keefe kicking on the door and shouting "the Indians are coming," Inside were the Olds family; James Langton, his bookkeeper; George Eddy, and Andy Johnson. While there were plenty of arms and about 11,000 rounds of ammunition, there was not a single professional buffalo hunter in the group. In the Rath & Wright store some became so excited that they later were unable to account for what they did. Fortunately, Johnson barricaded the door with bags of grain. He later recalled being sprayed with kernels of corn as the bullets passed through one of the sacks.<sup>51</sup>

The gunfire from the saloon also alerted the people in the Myers and Leonard store. Bat Masterson and Fred Leonard were lying in their bedrolls inside the company corral when the charge began. Making

it to the store, Leonard broke open a case of Sharps rifles. About a dozen men quickly found their way into the store and the new weapons together with others on hand allowed Leonard to arm all but two of the men with the powerful firearms. Fred Leonard remembered "I killed one Indian that I know of. And I don't know how many more, as I was shooting at them with my .40 at forty to sixty yards."<sup>52</sup>

Initially the fighting was at very close quarters. One recalled that the Indians were so close that "we planted our guns in their faces and against their bodies through the portholes."<sup>53</sup> The Indians fought bravely, knocking against the doors with their gun butts and backing their horses into the doors trying to knock them down. The fighting at such close quarters only lasted about half an hour, but it was the time of greatest danger for the white men. Had the Indians been better organized and concentrated their efforts at individual buildings, they might have succeeded.<sup>54</sup> Isatai's promised medicine to protect them from the white men's bullets had also failed.

Still, Indians were not the only ones to fall early in the battle. Two teamsters, Isaac and Jacob Scheidler, were sleeping in their wagon when the attack came. With them was their large Newfoundland dog. Unable to make it to the buildings, they remained quiet until the Indians became curious about the wagons. The Scheidlers were quickly dispatched. Their dog fought so hard, that he was also killed and a portion of his hide was removed as a scalp.<sup>55</sup>

The Myers and Leonard corral offered good protection for the Indians. Fred Leonard and Billy Tyler tried to get from the store to one of the bastions, but were driven back. Stopping to fire one last shot from the door, Billy Tyler was shot and killed by an Indian hiding behind the corral fence, probably only 15 feet away. Tyler had fulfilled a prophecy of a few days earlier when a comrade had warned him that he was "going to fall early in this war."<sup>56</sup>

With the white men behind the walls and the Indians in the open, something had to give, and it was the Indians. Altering their strategy, they turned to skirmishing, occasionally charging individual buildings. During this phase, which lasted until the middle of the day, the warriors maintained a continuous barrage on the buildings. Andy Johnson later recalled during a lull in the fighting, one splendidly dressed young warrior charged toward the store, leaping from his horse as he approached the building. With incredible courage he ran up to the side of the store, pushed his revolver through one of the loopholes





Buffalo hunters and their adobe. Each has a Model 1874 Sharps Sporting Rifle. Kansas State Historical Museum (received through Charlie Norton)

and emptied it into the interior of the store. Fortunately, the bold act only filled the store with smoke. The warrior was wounded in the back by one of the defenders and paralyzed. He lay crumpled against the south wall of the structure, where the inmates could hear but not see him without exposing themselves. He was helpless and could not get away. He constantly called his father, who was in a ravine some distance away to the south. They made so much noise that one of the hunters went to the window to shoot the boy and put an end to the conversation. As soon as the boy saw the gun at the window, he drew a revolver and shot himself.<sup>57</sup>

The Indians boldly sought to rescue those who had been killed or wounded. Some, though, were just too exposed to reach. Jim Hanrahan years later expressed his respect for the rescuers, as they "showed traits of character that would be worth of emulation by any race or color of men, exposing themselves freely to save their comrades."<sup>58</sup>

Meanwhile, at the saloon, Billy Dixon noted almost at the beginning of the attack, we were surprised at the sound of a bugle. Somebody soon discovered that the Indians were charging to the sound of the bugle. In this they tipped their hand, for the calls were understood and the buffalo hunters were loaded for bear by the time the Indians got within range.<sup>59</sup>

Bat Masterson noted that the bugler was killed late in the afternoon of the first day's fighting, as he was running away from a wagon owned by the [Scheidler] brothers . . . Armitage shot him through the back with a .50 caliber Sharps rifle.<sup>60</sup>

By this time, Billy had gotten possession of a "Big 50". I managed to get hold of the .50 gun in this manner: the ammunition for mine was in Rath's store, which none of us was in the habit of visiting at that particular moment. I had noticed that Shepherd, Hanrahan's bartender, was banging around with Hanrahan's Big .50 but did not make much use of it, as he was badly excited. I gave him (Hanrahan) mine. I then told "Shep" to give me the .50. He was so glad to turn loose of it and handed it to me so quickly that he almost dropped it.<sup>61</sup>

Quanah had his horse shot from underneath him, forcing him to hide behind a buffalo carcass for protection. He was then hit by what was probably a

ricochet bullet. For a time his arm was paralyzed and he was badly stunned.<sup>62</sup> Quanah had a hard time understanding how this could have happened.

Baker and Harrison noted as time passed, the prowess of the professional hunter became an increasingly important factor in the outcome of the battle . . . these men were for accustomed to shooting bison at long distances, and they used firearms especially designed for killing big game. Moreover shooting matches at the post regularly featured targets ranging from several hundred to a thousand yards away. They were truly in their element.<sup>63</sup>

Co-hay-yah, a Comanche participant, remembered the shooting: "Buffalo hunters had awful long range. Sometime we wouldn't be thinking of it and they would kill our horses."<sup>64</sup> Another Indian reported that a group of warriors were riding along, trying to devise a means of rescuing their dead, when suddenly and without warning or apparent cause, one of the warriors fell from his horse dead. His companions dismounted to see what had happened, finding that a bullet had passed through his skull. The wind was blowing and the hideman's rifle was fired from such a distance that the braves had been unable to hear the report.<sup>65</sup>

By noon, those in Hanrahan's saloon were running short of ammunition. And as the coast looked clear, Hanrahan and Billy Dixon decided to make a run for Rath & Wright's store. Arriving there, they found that there were fewer men and much anxiety over Mrs. Olds' safety. Hanrahan went back to the saloon with more ammunition, but Billy chose to stay.<sup>66</sup> Going to the restaurant portion of the store, Billy looked through the transom above the door to see what he could see. I saw an object crawling along in the edge of the tall grass. Leveling my gun and taking aim . . . I fired. The recoil was so great that I lost my balance . . . The boys rushed forward thinking I had been shot. I was greatly interested in the object that I had shot at, so I crawled up on the sacks again. By looking closely, I was able to see the object move. I now fired a second time, . . . seeing the bullet kick up dirt just beyond the object. I tried a third time and made a center shot.<sup>67</sup>





Charlie Rath's hide yard, Dodge City, Kansas. Rath is the man on the right, seated on the buffalo hides. The 50,000 hides piled up around Adobe Walls provided good cover for the Indians. Panhandle-Plains Historical Society.

Gradually the firing died down, until Billy noted that about 4 o'clock . . . a young fellow at Hanrahan's, Bermuda Carlisle, ventured out to pick up an Indian trinket. As he was not shot at, he went out a second time whereupon others began going out, all eager to find relics. When I saw it was possible to leave the buildings with safety, I determined to satisfy my curiosity about several things.<sup>68</sup>

When I reached the sod house [privy?], I was startled at what I saw. There sat a painted and feathered warrior in a perfectly upright position with his legs crossed and his head turned to one side in the most natural was imaginable. His neck was broken. The object that I had seen crawling along the edge of the tall grass [was a] dead Indian lying flat on his stomach. He was naked, save for a white breechcloth. His six shooter was in his belt. The Indian had been shot through the body and one knee had been shattered. . . His .50 caliber needle gun, and his bow and quiver [lay beside him].<sup>69</sup>

Despite the best efforts of the Indians, 13 warriors still lay where they had fallen.<sup>70</sup> Also every horse and oxen had been killed or captured. The white men were afoot, 150 miles from Dodge City, with the Indians still surrounding them. There were also three graves to dig. As night fell, Billy and the others returned to the protection of the buildings: "I doubt that any of us slept soundly that June night."<sup>71</sup>

After the Indians had finally retreated in the middle of the afternoon, Isatai was utterly disgraced. One group of Cheyennes wanted to whip or even kill him. Others felt the disgrace was enough. Isatai offered as his only excuse that a Cheyenne brave had killed a skunk on the way to the attack and that this had destroyed his medicine.<sup>72</sup>

While the Indians were still in the area, on the second day only one bunch of Indians was seen. Late in the afternoon two teams were seen coming up from the Canadian River; the outfit belonged to George

Bellfield. A black flag was flying from one of the buildings and Bellfield and his companions thought some kind of joke was being played on them. They had seen no Indians. The Cator brothers came in the same day.<sup>73</sup>

Henry Lease, a buffalo hunter, volunteered to ride to Dodge City for help. While he was to be paid a reward, few felt that he would live to spend it. At the same time, two men went out on the buffalo range to spread word that the Indians were on the warpath.<sup>74</sup>

On the third day the most famous event of the battle is said to have taken place. Billy Dixon later told his wife that a party of about fifteen Indians appeared on the edge of the bluff, east of Adobe Walls Creek, and some of the boys suggested that I try the big .50 on them. The distance was not far from seven-eighths of a mile (three-quarters of a mile in the first edition of *The Life of Billy Dixon*). I took careful aim and pulled the trigger. We saw an Indian fall from his horse. The others dashed out of sight behind a clump of timber. A few moments later two Indians ran quickly on foot to where the dead Indian lay, seized his body and scurried to cover . . . I was admittedly a good marksman, yet this was what might be called a 'scratch shot'.<sup>75</sup>

This single shot has become one of the most famous in Western history. However, it is not without its detractors, J. Wright Mooar for one. He left an excellent record of the buffalo hunt, but he was not there that day. The distance is said to have been surveyed and is often given as 1,538 yards. However, no one is really sure of exactly where the Indian and Dixon actually were. As the buffalo hunters were known to have taken target practice at the rimrock that had fallen from the bluff, it would not have been that difficult for Dixon to estimate the range to the top of the bluff.





F. C. Zimmerman's store at Dodge City, Kansas, a major supplier of Sharps rifles for the buffalo hunt, Zimmerman is the man in the suit, with heavy sideburns. Kansas State Historical Society (through Charlie Norton).

Dennis Bardon, of Big Timber, Montana, provided some very interesting technical information on this subject. Sometime ago, a discussion amongst forensic scientists arose as to whether the Dixon shot was even possible. To settle the matter, Mr. Bardon took a "Big 50" Sharps to the U. S. Army Yuma Proving Grounds. The Army has developed a Doppler radar that is accurate enough to follow the course of a single .50 caliber bullet weighing 473 grains over a range of 1,538 yards and beyond. The rifle was fired and the results proved that the shot was possible as publicized, the bullet retaining sufficient energy at that range to kill. Further, the barrel had only to be elevated 5 degrees to carry the required distance: this is well within the capabilities of the rear barrel sight. I have seen the graphs of the shots fired, and they even show the bullet ricocheting at the end of its flight. Other material Mr. Bardon supplied showed that a .45-70-405 Government would be expected to have its shots fall in a circle of 13 feet diameter at 1500 yards. Assuming that a standing man covers 8 square feet, this gives a chance of one in sixteen of striking the man. Billy was shooting at a group of Indians, not merely one, so the chance is certainly there.<sup>76</sup>

Did the shot take place? Not having been there in 1874, I can't say. But it was possible and Dixon's other comments about the battle can be assumed to be reliable. Having been there in 1994, I can also say that if the wind blew like it did the day I was there, he

would have probably had to hold as far off as he did over. I will always like to think that the legend of the "Dixon's Long Shot" is true.

By the fifth day, there were probably up to 100 hidemen at Adobe Walls. But one more tragedy was still to occur. Hanna Olds' husband was stationed as lookout on top of Rath's store. A lookout on another building reported Indians coming and as Billy Dixon entered the store, he "saw Olds coming down the ladder with his gun in his hand. A moment later his gun went off accidentally, tearing off the top of Olds's head. At the same instant, Mrs. Olds rushed from an adjoining room in time to see the body of her husband fall from the ladder. . . We buried Olds that same evening."<sup>77</sup> The hidemen were a rough lot, but they felt completely lost in the grief of the only woman there.

Four men were given more or less Christian burial at the site. There is the possibility that a Mexican teamster was killed during the battle, and others were killed in the area and may have been buried at the site. While Indian casualties are uncertain, some estimates run as high as 150 killed. Baker and Harrison feel most participants estimated around thirty Indians were killed.<sup>78</sup> What can be assured is that the thirteen or so warriors whose bodies could not be retrieved by their comrades did not receive any kind of Christian burial.

Once sufficient means of travel was available, the hunters began to drift away. To avoid losing all





Billy Dixon is believed to have shot an Indian on the bluff from approximately where the picture was taken. Panhandle-Plains Historical Society.

that was invested, some men were hired to stay until all that was worth removing could be moved back to Dodge City. By late summer the trading post was abandoned and no light lit the prairie for many miles around. People would occasionally come by to see the spot where 28 men and one woman held off 600 Indian warriors, but peace had again come to Adobe Walls. While the Indians had lost this fight, General Miles later reported 190 whites had been killed in Kansas, Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, and the Indian Territories before the outbreak could be put to rest. While the extermination of the buffalo would go on, Dodge City began to decline in the hide trade.

Quanah would continue that summer as a warrior, but finally he admitted the inevitable and settled down on the reservation, retaining a dominant voice in his tribe. He would years later sit and talk with Billy Dixon about their deeds of that hot summer day on the Texas prairie.

Billy Dixon never hunted buffalo again. He became a scout for the Army and would remain so for many years. Later that summer, he would earn the Congressional Medal of Honor for his actions at the Battle of the Buffalo Wallow. Still later, he would return to the area and settle there remaining until his death. Some years ago, his remains were placed inside the former Rath and Wright store at Adobe Wall; no more fitting place could have been found for him.

### *Buffalo Guns*

I wish to ask you for a moment to think back to your first experience with an antique weapon. Mine came when I was about fourteen, when my father's uncle showed me his collection. There was a good Winchester Model 1886, a Kentucky, my great-great-grandfather's double barreled rifle, and a number of others. It was as if these guns were talking to me. I could feel the history in them, as I held them. Dad's uncle could sense this in me and I left with the beginnings of a gun collection. I hope somewhere Henry knows what pleasure those gifts have brought me.

Gun collecting can be something like a marriage: there is a period of intense excitement, followed by a period of learning and maturity, then comes a period of comfortable satisfaction. Logic and sophistication too often replace that initial excitement. Sometime take the time to think back to your early days in gun collecting. I think you will enjoy the trip.

The history carried by so many Sharps rifles is what brought me to them. Actually, I like all types, from a fine engraved target arm to a beat up old sporting rifle. Variation comes not only from the type (and some are exceptionally rare), but also in the use that they saw. For a time, none were used harder or more effectively than the "Buffalo Guns." When we think of "Buffalo Guns", we tend to think of a heavy Model 1874 Sharps, and we would perhaps not be far wrong, even





Billy Dixon's tombstone at Adobe Walls. Author's photograph.



Monument to the defenders of Adobe Walls. Author's photograph.

though others were used before and after the decade or so of the buffalo hunt. It was a time of change. Breech-loaders were coming on the scene, and the ammunition became more powerful and longer ranged.

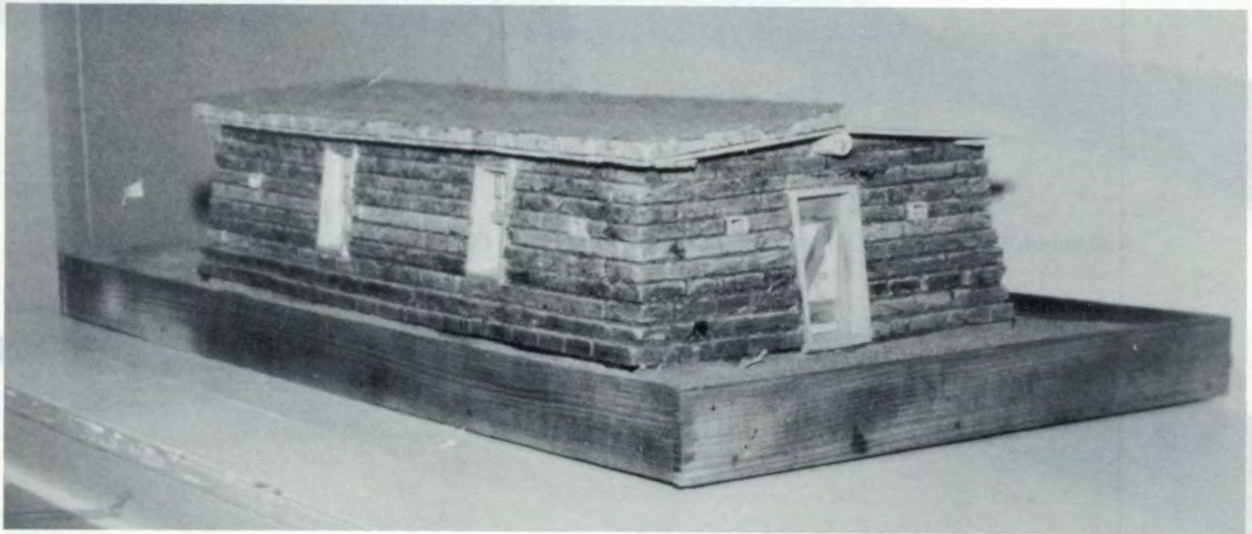
During the winter of 1871-2, an English order for 500 untanned buffalo hides was accepted by J. Wright Mooar, a hunter of buffalo for their meat. When he was through, there were 51 hides left over, which he shipped to New York.<sup>79</sup> There the tanners found that the hides would make good, serviceable leather. The hunt was on.

Immediately following the Civil War, probably the best arm available for buffalo hunting was the .50-70 "Trapdoor" Springfield Rifle, known commonly on the Frontier as the "Needle Gun" because of its long firing pin. Most government cartridges have been good ones, and the .50-70 was no exception. For those who hunted the buffalo for meat only, it did a fine job, as the number killed at a time was relatively low.

Prior to and during the Civil War, Sharps fire-arms had established a good reputation. However, with the mass of Civil War arms available, after that war a depression existed in the American arms industry. Sharps survived these early postwar years by converting the rifles and carbines made during the Civil War to metallic cartridge arms. Not until 1869 did they again produce newly-made metallic cartridge arms for sale to the public. Even then, production was modest.

But with the beginning of the hide trade, buffalo began to be killed by individuals in greater number than before; an improvement on the "Needle Gun" was needed. Sharps stepped in to fill this need. They began by making heavier barreled guns than the Springfield, and other calibers than the .50-70 were available. Cartridge cases were extended to hold more powder and allow the use of a heavier bullet. In June of 1872, not one, but two, new lengths of .50 caliber ammunition became available: The .50 x 2 inch "Sporting" and the even longer .50 x 2 1/2 inch known as the "Big 50" on the frontier.<sup>80</sup> However, only the latter saw any degree of popularity. In May of 1873, the .40 caliber became available with a longer, 2 5/8 inch case, commonly called the .40-90 Sharps Bottlenecked.<sup>81</sup> Initially, it was not as popular as the larger bores, but, it would prove to be one of the best Sharps calibers for heavy game. In June of 1873, the .44-90 Sharps became available





Model of James N. Hanrahan's saloon, Adobe Walls, Texas, June 1874. Hutchinson County Museum.

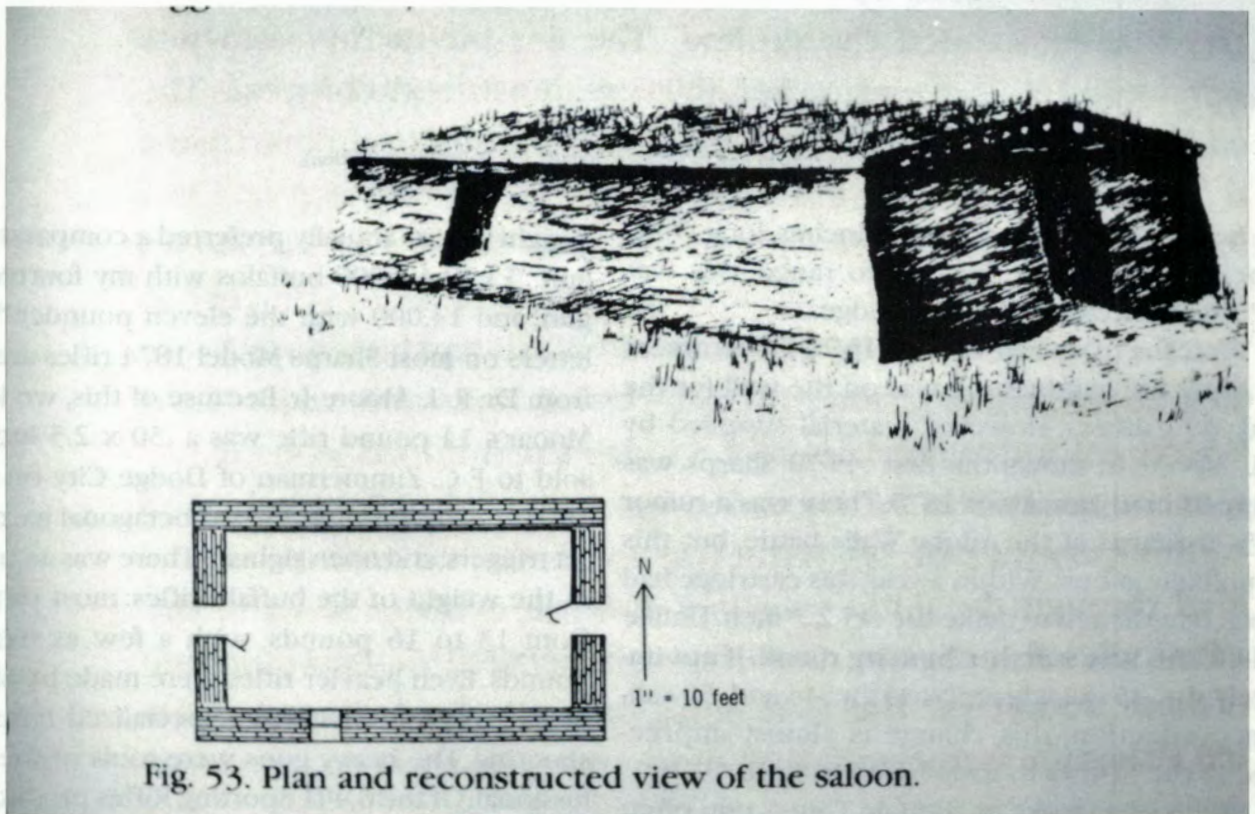


Fig. 53. Plan and reconstructed view of the saloon.

Plan and view of Hanrahan's saloon. (T. Lindsay Baker and Billy R. Harrison, *ADOBE WALLS, The History and Archeology of the 1874 Trading Post*, (Texas A & M University Press, College Station, Texas,) p.163.





A 16 pound, "Big Fifty" Sharps shipped to Mark Biedell, a dealer in Kit Carson, Colorado. (F.J. Balentine collection).



A Sharps Military Rifle, some of which were used on the buffalo range. (F.J. Balentine collection).



A medium weight gun of thirteen pounds. (F.J. Balentine collection).

with a bottlenecked cartridge  $2\frac{5}{8}$  inches long.<sup>82</sup> Besides being popular on the buffalo range, this was Sharps' first long range target cartridge.

With the adoption of the .45-70 Government by the Army, the handwriting was on the wall for the .44 and .50 calibers. However, material supplied by Dr. R. L. Moore, Jr. shows the first .45-70 Sharps was not shipped until January of 1875. There was a rumor of a .45-70 Sharps at the Adobe Walls battle, but this seems unlikely at best. Within a year, this cartridge had also been lengthened to make the .45  $2\frac{7}{8}$  inch. Unlike the .44-90, this was strictly a hunting round. If not immediately, the .45 quickly replaced the .44 and .50 calibers in production; this change is almost unprecedented in the history of metallic cartridges..

When one thinks of "Buffalo Guns", one often thinks of a "heavy" barreled gun weighing over 12 pounds, and this was often the case. These rifles were used because it was felt that they would handle the heat of sustained firing better than lighter barrels. J.

Wright Mooar actually preferred a comparatively light gun, "I killed 6,500 buffalos with my fourteen pound gun, and 14,000 with the eleven pounder."<sup>83</sup> Factory letters on most Sharps Model 1874 rifles are available from Dr. R. L. Moore Jr. Because of this, we know that Mooar's 14 pound rifle was a .50 x 2.5 inch Sharps, sold to F. C. Zimmerman of Dodge City on August 3, 1874. It had a part round/part octagonal barrel, double set triggers, and open sights.<sup>84</sup> There was an upper limit to the weight of the buffalo rifles: most probably ran from 13 to 16 pounds, with a few as heavy as 18 pounds. Even heavier rifles were made by Sharps, but these were generally for a specialized type of target shooting. The heavy guns were tools of the true professional. Of the 6,441 Sporting Rifles produced,<sup>85</sup> only 10 to 20 percent were heavy guns.

While the heavy Sharps Sporting Rifles are most often thought of as the "Buffalo Gun," large numbers of model 1874 Military Rifles also went to the Kansas





A Sharps Military Rifle of the type used on the buffalo range. (E.J. Balentine collection).



A medium weight Sharps of thirteen pounds, and a heavy "Big Fifty" of sixteen pounds with full-length telescopic sight. The latter shipped to Mark Biedell of Carson City, Colorado. (E.J. Balentine collection).

buffalo range. In fact, through information provided by Dr. Moore, early sales of the Military Rifle may have exceeded those of the Sporting rifle. Other information supplied by Dr. Moore shows the following dealers in Kansas and adjoining territories receiving large numbers of Sharps Military and Sporting Rifles:

A. J. Blodgett of Hutchinson, Kansas  
 Hoffman & Wilson of Hayes City, Kansas  
 J. C. Lindley of Hayes City, Kansas  
 C. M. Oakley of Wallace, Kansas  
 J. F. Schmelzer of Leavenworth, Kansas  
 E. Wilcox and Co. of Hutchinson, Kansas  
 Wilcox-Lehman and Gray, Great Bend, Kansas  
 F. C. Zimmerman of Dodge City, Kansas (after Kit Carson)

Mark Biedell of Kit Carson, Colorado  
 Freund and Brother of Denver, Colorado  
 Carlos Gove of Denver, Colorado  
 Morgan L. Rood of Denver, Colorado  
 H. Folsom and Co. of St. Louis, Missouri  
 Schuyler, Hartley, and Graham, New York  
 F. C. Zimmerman of Kit Carson, Colorado

There are several endorsements from buffalo hunters in the Sharps Catalog of 1875. Among them are:

*From R. W. Snyder, Buffalo, Kansas, November 20, 1871*

"The gun, I must say, is a success, and the Pet of the Plains, in fact, has no equal to my knowledge. I killed twelve Buffalo with it in thirteen shots, the third day after it arrived, which is much better than I have ever done with any gun." Wow!

*From R. W. Snyder, Buffalo, Kansas, December 18, 1871*

"The man that I sold my old .44 to, killed 119 Buffalo in one day with it. That beats me with my "Big 50 [.50-.70], as 93 is the most that I have ever killed in

one day."

*From Mark Biedell, Kit Carson, Colorado, January 1, 1873*

"I have sold 100 of your guns in the last two months [?], and they have killed at least 10,000 Buffaloes. I have myself used your guns in California, British Columbia, under Walker in Nicaragua, and on the head waters of the Amazon, and always found them the best guns for service."

*From T. C. Bowers, Sydney Barracks, Nebraska, December 28, 1873*

"I have now given the long range Sporting Rifle, caliber .44, weight 16<sup>1/2</sup> lbs., a fair trial. And find it in every respect what it was represented to be in regards to shooting. It is the best breech-loader that I have ever seen. I have killed buffalo with it from 200 to 600 yards distance; and in no case have I failed to kill or badly wound at the first shot, and I have never found the ball in the animal yet. I can shoot through an old bull, in any part, at 600 yards, which is the distance I have tried the most."

Others besides Sharps made rifles suitable for buffalo hunting, most notably Remington. But most were Sharps; it was the standard by which all others were judged. And it really did deserve the markings put on the barrel on most Bridgeport rifles: it really was "Old Reliable." Well, that is about it. Sharps did make the "Buffalo Rifle", at least during the period when they were hunted and exterminated for their



hides. Today, they may be worn and weathered, but, when you hold one, you hold history.

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<sup>2</sup>Ernest Archambeau (Editor), "Lieutenant A. W. Whipple's Railroad Reconnaissance Across the Panhandle of Texas in 1853," *Panhandle-Plains Review*, Vol. XLIV, Panhandle Plains Museum, Canyon, Texas, 1971, page 78.

<sup>3</sup>Archambeau, *Panhandle-Plains Review*, Vol. XLIV, page 80.

<sup>4</sup>McClure, *Panhandle-Plains Review*, Vol. XXI, pages 34-35.

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<sup>8</sup>James L. Haley, *the Red River War, the History of the Red River Uprising of 1874*, Doubleday and Co., Garden City, NY, 1976, page 1.

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<sup>11</sup>Dixon, " " page 61.

<sup>12</sup>Dixon, " " page xvii.

<sup>13</sup>Haley, *The Red River War*, page 10.

<sup>14</sup>Dixon, *The Life of Billy Dixon*, page 107.

<sup>15</sup>J. Wright Moorar to J. Evetts Haley, November 25, 1927.

<sup>16</sup>Dixon, *The Life of Billy Dixon*, page 112.

<sup>17</sup>T. Lindsay Baker and Billy R. Harrison, *Adobe Walls, the History and Archeology of the 1874 Trading Post*, Texas A & M University Press, College Station, Texas, 1986, page 21.

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<sup>19</sup>Dixon, " " page 131.

<sup>20</sup>Dixon, " " page 251.

<sup>21</sup>Baker and Harrison, *Adobe Walls*, page 144.

<sup>22</sup>Baker and Harrison, " " pages 138-9.

<sup>23</sup>Baker and Harrison, " " pages 25-6.

<sup>24</sup>Baker and Harrison, " " page 15.

<sup>25</sup>Baker and Harrison, " " page 29.

<sup>26</sup>Baker and Harrison, " " page 30.

<sup>27</sup>Baker and Harrison, " " page 30.

<sup>28</sup>Baker and Harrison, " " page 32.

<sup>29</sup>Baker and Harrison, " " page 34.

<sup>30</sup>Baker and Harrison, " " page 38.

<sup>31</sup>Baker and Harrison, " " page 35.

<sup>32</sup>Dixon, *The Life of Billy Dixon*, pages 152-3.

<sup>33</sup>Haley, *The Red River War*, page 41.

<sup>34</sup>Haley, *The Red River War*, page 43.

<sup>35</sup>Baker and Harrison, *Adobe Walls*, page 44.

<sup>36</sup>Baker and Harrison, " " page 44.

<sup>37</sup>Baker and Harrison, " " page 45.

<sup>38</sup>Baker and Harrison, " " page 47.

<sup>39</sup>Baker and Harrison, " " page 47-8.

<sup>40</sup>Baker and Harrison, " " page 52.

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<sup>43</sup>Dixon, " " page 155.

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<sup>45</sup>Baker and Harrison, *Adobe Walls*, page 58.

<sup>46</sup>Donald E. Schofield, "W. M. D. Lec, Indian Trader", *The Panhandle-Plains Review*, Vol. LIV, Panhandle-Plains Museum, 1981, pages 59-60.

<sup>47</sup>Dixon, *The Life of Billy Dixon*, page 157.

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<sup>51</sup>Baker and Harrison, " " page 54.

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<sup>54</sup>Baker and Harrison, " " page 57.

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<sup>57</sup>Baker and Harrison, " " page 61.

<sup>58</sup>Baker and Harrison, " " page 63.

<sup>59</sup>Dixon, *The Life of Billy Dixon*, page 163.

<sup>60</sup>Dixon, " " page 164.

<sup>61</sup>Dixon, " " page 165.

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<sup>64</sup>Baker and Harrison, " " page 66.

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<sup>67</sup>Dixon, " " page 169.

<sup>68</sup>Dixon, " " page 171-2.

<sup>69</sup>Dixon, " " page 174.

<sup>70</sup>Baker and Harrison, *Adobe Walls*, page 77.

<sup>71</sup>Dixon, *The Life of Billy Dixon*, page 177.

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<sup>81</sup>Sellers, *Sharps Firearms*, page 339.

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We regret that illustrations and reference material / bibliography for Dr. T. C. Ford's talk, "The Chemistry of Iron", were not received in time to include it in the publication of this *Bulletin*.





View of the country around Adobe Walls, Texas. Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum.



Buffalo bones. Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum.