

ALLISON GANG'S HIDEOUT FOUND BY SOURDOUGHS

Prospector-Poet and Pal Uncover Loot of Early-Day Bandits in Colorado Mountain Stronghold

By J. C. REYNOLDS

It was in Durango, Colorado, during the first year of its rapid growth, that I met the notorious Charlie Allison, who was for a few months the most feared bandit and stage-robber in that section of country. I had come to town just for a visit and had found it overflowing with strangers, attracted by the marvelously rich gold discoveries in the San Juan mountains.

Applying that night for a room in a hotel, I was told the best they could do for me was a bed in the "ram-pasture." The ram-pasture is a large room in the attic of hotels and rooming houses with a number of cot beds in it, and is used only as a last resort when the rooms below are full.

There is no privacy about it and one takes a chance on being robbed by some sticky fingered gent while he is asleep. But it was either that or stay out in the streets all night, so I took it. Sometime in the night Charlie Allison had come in and, not being able to secure a room, had been given a cot in this same ram-pasture. His two forty-fives he had taken into bed with him. There were about a dozen of us in that room, but the first I knew about Charlie Allison being there was in the morning when I was dressing myself.

All of a sudden I saw a man raise up in a cot not far from mine and the next I knew, he was pointing a six-gun at the bunch of us and in a harsh voice barked, "Not one of you sons-of-b--- will leave this room till I find the b--- who stole one of my guns last night." "By Gawd, fellers, it's Charlie Allison himself," exclaimed a roomer who knew him. And then I realized that some one of us was in a tight place, for most of us knew his record as a gunman and killer.

His gun continued to sweep the room as he rustled around in bed preparatory to stepping out on the floor, but all at once his demeanor changed and he said, "It's all right now; guess I must have kicked the damn thing down to the foot of the bed while I was rolling around last night." And believe me, it was quite a relief to us to hear that. Shortly after that episode Charley and his gang, which consisted of three young Texas cowpunchers who had gone bad, started out to do things up on a grand scale. Stages and banks were robbed in rapid succession. Even small stores where the "take" would be only a few hundred dollars, were held up. And horses were stolen everywhere.

The scant number of officers in the district at that time didn't seem to be able to cope with them. Posses could never discover where they disappeared to between times and the whole country was wrought up to an extremely nervous pitch by reason of their continual raids in every direction. Finally they got together so much money that they felt they had enough to set each one of them up in some lawful business and decided the slide out quietly, go back to Texas and establish a cow ranch. Not a soul in the world knew of this plan except just these four outlaws. And they were going to strike due south across over 200 miles of desert and sparsely settled country to Albuquerque, New Mexico, and be gone a long time before anybody knew a thing about it. And this plan would have worked out like a charm, but for one little thing. One of the young outlaws had a girl in Kansas City whom he declared he must see before going to Texas. So while the other three made a clear getaway as per schedule, this young sport took the train for the east.

Unfortunately for him, a sheriff at Alamoosa boarded the train, recognized him in a flash, got the drop on him and slapped him in the hoosegow. To obtain some degree of lenience for himself, he turned state's evidence and spilled the whole scheme of how Charley and the other two were on their way to Texas. Immediately the officials at Albuquerque were notified by telegraph and for days before the outlaws hove in sight many keen eyes were looking for them through powerful telescopes and a plan had been formed for a bloodless capture. Feeling safe and secure on their trip, Charley and his pals had taken things easy and had felt no need for hurry. But eventually they were spotted on the road with long distance glasses and a decoy was sent out to meet them, while dozens of citizens from vantage points on housetops,

Eugenites Go Hairy-Scarum



All men of Eugene are letting their whiskers grow and many now have them trimmed in elaborate styles for the Oregon Trail, an event set for July 26, 27 and 28. Here is W. N. Wintler submitting to a "de-cootie" process for his brush.

watched feverishly. By hard riding this decoy met the three bandits over a mile from town, and riding up to them, halted and spoke cordially. "Hello, boys," he said. "Did you come down the valley road?" They replied in the affirmative. "Well," he continued, "did you see anything of a small bunch of horses almost like the one I am riding?" They said they had not. The horse he was on was a thoroughbred, worth \$1000, picked especially for the occasion. He went on to explain that he owned about 30 head of valuable horses which he wished to drive to Texas, but had been foolish enough to turn them out the day before, and now they had hid out on him, though probably had not gone very far. Then he inquired if they were open for a job to help him take his horses south? They looked at each other and winked. What a snap that would be, to start for Texas, right where they were headed for, with 30 fine thoroughbreds, shoot the owner on the way and take possession of the bunch. What a nice start for a cow ranch. So they hired out to the gent at once.

"We'll let the horses go then for today," he told them. "I am tired of riding anyway. We'll go back to town and you boys can put your horses up in the livery stable where I hang out, and tomorrow we can round up the bunch and be on our way." Talking sociably, but asking no impertinent questions as to where they came from, he led the way to the livery stable. None of the citizens they met on the street appeared to pay any attention to them and their suspicions, if any, had been overcome by his geniality. "Ride right in, boys, and make yourselves at home," he invited. So in they went and in a flash at least 50 rifles had them covered from each door, from stalls and from openings above. Charlie, old campaigner that he was, simply laughed and said, "Serves me right for being fool enough to ride into a place like this." But the young Texas cowboys took it pretty hard, even to the extent of shedding tears, to see their well-laid plans all knocked into a cocked hat in a jiffy.

All three were sentenced to 33 years in the pen and there were two other indictments hanging over Charley as soon as he had served his term for banditry. Have never heard from him since.

Some months later Cherokee Dan and myself were returning from a hunt on a mountain eight miles above Durango. I caught a flash of something from the corner of my eye and stopped. "What did you see?" inquired Dan. I told him I thought I had seen the dirt roof of a cabin some distance away. "You're crazy as hell," said Dan. "Who would have a cabin in a place like this? However, I determined to have a look-see and started over that way, followed by Dan, who kept up a steady grumbling about going out of our way so far when we ought to be on our road home.

Then all at once we saw the cabin, quite a sizeable little shack, setting in the finest spot for a hideaway I ever saw. There was about an acre of level meadow full of lush grass, with a big spring at the upper end and this pretty place was considerably lower than the surrounding slopes, so that one might actually pass within a quarter of a mile without seeing it at all. Reconnoitering, we could see no signs of life anywhere in the vicinity. Evidently no one had been there for weeks.

Finally we decided to have a look inside and, opening the door which was not locked, we got the surprise of our young lives. There was at least a dozen rifles and revolvers laying around, and enough ammunition to outfit a small army. Watches, razors and trinkets of all kinds, most of which had been slightly damaged, belts, scabbards, saddles and parts of saddles, several pair of fine wool blankets, chaps, discarded hats and clothing, playing cards, magazines and a big stack of Police Gazettes dated up to July 3, with the name Charley Allison scribbled

MINERS PETROL TO PROSPECT ON SUNDAY FOR TILT

Gold Hill Defeats Home-Towners 11-10 in Close Game, Leaving Teams Tied 2 to 2 for Season

Jacksonville's Miners will journey to Prospect Sunday forenoon for second game of the season with Jack Balding's nine of that city. First meeting of the two teams resulted in an overwhelming victory for Miners, but Sunday's game may result in a close contest, with many fast players available from teams which have completed their schedules for the year. Dewey Hill, all-star catcher for the Prospectites, will be the guiding hand of the outfit, and the game will be played on his cow-lot diamond, which has since been made famous when Dewey slid into what he thought was second base.

Miners to date have won eight and lost nine games, and Sunday's tilt will give them a chance to tie their standing again. Medford's Gilmore Lions will be played on the J'ville lot one week from Sunday, July 29, and may be final game of the season unless Gold Hill players consent to play off the 2-2 tie standing following week-end.

Last Sunday Bill Hammersley, returning to the Miner mound after an absence of two weeks, experienced difficulty in handling his fellow townsmen and former teammates and surrendered 10 hits and nine runs first four innings. From then on, however, Hammersley hit his stride and weaned the Cement Makers down to two more

over them in many places. And as it was shortly after the date of the last Gazette when the gang had left the country, we knew we had stumbled onto one of their hideouts, or perhaps their only one, and that all this stuff was ours just for the taking. Dan and I put in the rest of the day, packing the loot off and hiding it in different places where no one would ever find it, outside of an accident, reserving a big load piece of the best of it to take along with us. All that fall we made trips back up there, whenever we could get away from our work, to bring back what we could carry. A great deal of it was nearly as good as new and a little patching on saddles and guns was all that was needed to put them in shape for trading or selling to somebody.

Quite a few articles like the fine wool blankets we kept for ourselves. On many occasions we visited the cabin while on our way up or back, but no one had ever been there except ourselves after the Allison gang had left it.

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tallos, one on an error, while Miners started bridging a seven-run handicap.

A last inning rally, with gold diggers four runs behind, netted three scores and left Tooley Williams on second base ready to come home for dear old J'ville and tie the game. Miners gathered 18 hits off Wilmer Bailey, while Hammersley surrendered 14 safeties, one a home run by Gardner. Williams, formerly of Medford Rogue fame, was signed last week by Miners, and will be seen cavorting around third sack for balance of the season.

Score by innings: R H E Gold Hill 410 410 100-11 14 6 Jacksonville 003 004 003-10 18 4 Stick work for Miners was led by Williams, Runtz, Ivan Harrington, Van Galder and Ferra, with three each, while Gold Hill sluggers included L. Foley, Seth Coy and Gardner, with three clouts each.

John Hueners and crew have been busy the past week threshing wheat and barley. Mr. and Mrs. Ike Coffman spent Sunday at Star gulch visiting Mr. Horace Gunderson.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hollingsworth of Medford recently visited relatives here. Mr. Hollingsworth is an Airways radio operator and was recently transferred here from Seattle.

J. H. Patrick of Jacksonville has started a second-hand store in the old John Renault place next door to the meat market. He will be open for business Monday morning with all kinds of mining equipment.

Mrs. Debb McKee of Jacksonville, mother of Mrs. Tom Dunnington, Mrs. Albert Hackert of Jacksonville, and Leonard McKee of Big Applegate is ill with pneumonia at the Albert Hackert home.

Laura Pastorina, of Medford, visited Margaret Norvell of this city Wednesday, enjoying a swim in Big Applegate during the afternoon.

Mrs. Julia Osborne and Miss Alice Morgan, both of this city, made a business trip to Medford Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bell and family spent the Fourth of July at Fish lake with Medford friends.

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Mr. and Mrs. Oscar C. Lewis and Miss Alice Morgan were dinner guests at the V. J. Beach home Wednesday evening.

Miss Violet Olsen, formerly of this city, has found employment at the C. C. Lemmon home in Medford.

Charles Hamilton was employed recently for several days at the Sunny Side service station building new shelving and a cooling room.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Armprist and son spent the Fourth at Grants Pass enjoying the celebration and a picnic lunch on the Rogue.

Mrs. Walter Bell entertained a group of friends and neighbors at her home Thursday. Dinner was served guests and the afternoon was spent quilting.

Ed Smith, Ivan McDonough, Horace Turpin, Bill Fruit and Martin McDonough motored to Graves creek Sunday, where they scanned mining prospects.

Mr. and Mrs. John Baker, who have been visiting with their son

and family, have moved to the Applegate river to mine for a time.

Mrs. Hedberg, L. Gray and friends visited Mrs. Ed Smith Sunday afternoon.

Among those present at Cantrell's swimming hole Sunday on Big Applegate were Mr. and Mrs. Baughman and sons James and Frederick of Ashland, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford of Medford, Miss Avadna Ayers, Donald Forbes and Russel Ayers, Mrs. Jess Taylor and daughter Lucille.

Medical attention is said to be costing the American people \$3,700,000,000 annually. We've an idea the docs would like to know who's getting the dough.—Weston Leader.

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