

FANG OF TEXAS

His ol'blue horse was dead! Using that long range glass left over from his two years as a confederate Officer, he could see where ol'blue had finally given up his fight for life and lay down to die. Once again and this time for the last time ol'Blue had saved his life! He was Texas Cole Manning exConfederate Soldier and currently an Outlaw wanted throughout Texas by Government Regulators sent by the Yankee government to subdue the fighting spirit of Texas Confederates. Cole had objected to the confiscation of his family's Ranch and livestock He was wanted for stealin his own horse and throwin a few bullets over the heads of the Regulators. Ol'Blue had carried him safely through two years of War hell and now Cole could only hide and watch him die! He had ridden outta Texas because he brought too much trouble for friends tryin to help him. New Mexico Territory was Union Country so he rode on through to Western Arizona Territory. These folk' had been abandoned and left unprotected from Apache Raiding. As a result the State's population became southern sympathizers The local folks were friendly. But the Indians were bitterly hostile!

Cole's luck was running bad when he rode head on into a war party of Indian braves. Comin on them, he took his only chance he had to stay free of capture. The party already had a number of captives,! He charged the group scattering horses and Indians. Quickly arrows were flyin and Cole started shootin Indians when ol'Blue took two arrows in the flank just behind the saddle stirrup! With bitter dismay Cole knew that ol'Blue was a goner! Some of the captives were escaping ! Cole emptied his six gun at Indians, ran outta camp and across a small creek! Blue was staggerin and wanting to quit as they approached s small knoll! Seein a large fir tree ahead; Cole threw his saddle bags into the nearby brush and was then able to grab a low limb and swing up with his Henry rifle.

Indians were racing to mount their horses and catch him! Cole scrambled up a few limbs and held close to the trunk hopefully concealed from the riders coming after him. This time his luck held. The Group stormed beneath him chasing his dying horse! He knew that his time was short, the Indians would be back. Dropping down he grabbed his saddle bags and headed for higher ground, there was a rocky outcrop near the top of a small hill. This could offer cover and he would be in a position to watch the Indians. *In Texas he had fought Comanche's and Apaches.* He always went to high ground to do his fighting because he had guns with long range for protection and killing. The *Indians* held to the thick foliage in small arroyos and valleys because of the limited range for

bow and arrow fighting. They had to depend totally on short range concealment and ambush for their attacks..He had to get to a clearing that would offer him a little concealment. He knew that he would have no chance in the woods.

Cole quickly scrambled up the hill into the shadow of a large leaning rock! From this point he watched the Indians swarming around ol'Blue! Cole watched sadly and helplessly as Blue struggled through his final moments! The Indians were desperately searching the small clearing for footprints of the rider. There were none , of course! Cole knew that his time was short until he would be in a fight to the death with this many Indians! They would back trail and find where he had dropped from the tree! Desperately swinging around at a sound, an Indian rode toward him from the brush! He caught his breath as he realized it was a girl. He had come within a hairs breath of firing a killing shot! Amazingly the girl motioned for him to come. She jumped from the horse and offered him the reins. The horse was Army Calvary wearin a McClellan saddle. Cole realized that this girl must have been one of the Captives he had seen runnin for horses when he blasted through the Indian Camp. He offered her a hand up behind him as he mounted. Walking carefully down the hill, he headed north at a ground eatin lope A half hour out and they would be safe from Indians. He thanked the girl for coming to his rescue.

She replied in some kind of sing song words that Cole had never heard before! “ What the Hell kinda lingo is that?” ,He exclaimed! Spinning around he took a good first look at his rescuer” My god!,” he exclaimed “ You’re a Chink! An oriental!” Cole was looking at a young woman of twenty or so that he had scared with his outbursts. She appeared ready to jump off the horse and Cole realized he had to ease that fear! He said in a much calmer and softer voice “Look miss I didn’t mean to scare you and I probably owe you my life I’m sorry for my reaction .Miss do you understand any English No? I thought so How about a little Apache, ta go tay? Yes ? Ok my name is Texas Cole Manning. “ The girl said Teeks? Cole nodded yes and signed for her name She said , “Fang” He said ,” Damn , that’s a hell-of-a tough name for a pretty girl, but on the other hand This was a pretty tough lady that escaped the Indians and took a chance on a dirty looking bearded outlaw risking recapture and her life to save him He was to learn much later that in Chinese Fang meant beautiful fragrance and when used as a girls name it implied being in the presence of a beautiful fragrance.

Cole now realized that he owed this young lady his life and as such he would see to her safety and return to her people. Looking at where they were ; Tucson would be his best bet, he decided to insult the Indians a little. Apaches appreciated bravery and cunning above everything else. He would give them

something to talk about. His trail headed north, but he made a quick circle south to where his horse ol'Blue had died . The Indians had been too intent on catching him to strip his horse. Cole retrieved his saddle and bedroll with his spare set of clothes. Now he had a little gear and he and Fang could head for Tucson!

Cole rode south for four hours finally stopping for a cold camp in a brush grove. He felt secure from Indians, but there was no reason to take chances. His bedroll he spread for Fang and tumbled into his sweat stained saddle blankets for his own bed. He'd spent many nights before covered with horse hair. This was nothing new for the likes of a Texas outlaw! Fang was aware of his consideration and felt secure to have this big ugly and rough American to lean on for her safety and help on the trail. Anything was better than what she had suffered with the Apaches as a captive,

Morning brought a beautiful blue sky Arizona day. It also brought a dry canteen . Cole realized that his horse had gone twelve hours without water . He emptied his canteen in his hat for those last few sips. At least it wet the horse's mouth. He and Fang would have to make do with morning coffee. The hills to the north were green indicating water; Cole headed that way. Two hours later, they crossed a herd of unshod horse tracks. Cole feared Indians, but further study revealed foal prints among the herd. This meant a wild bunch. Raiding Indians never took young horses with them. This group was headed due north and Cole figured they were headed to water. Approaching a long ridge coming off the eastern most range, he dismounted taking his glass to the ridge top. Yes! The horses had come into a small valley cut by a small creek. Well, here was the water they needed, but Cole's glasses showed something else which excited him. There were thirty some horses in the herd, but two fairly large mares showed harness or saddle burn marks. Cole was no dummy when it came to horses and these two had somehow wound up in this wild bunch. The possibility of catching one of these tame horses was too tempting to ignore! He needed a mount for Fang and if he allowed these big mares to take on a full load of water, he should be able to catch them if he ran them up the mountain. Fang was holding his horse and he signed to her that he was gonna try to catch a horse! She became excited and wanted to watch. He indicated she should stay hidden ,but it was Ok to watch!

Cole rode wide west of the valley in the trees and moved to the middle of the herd. Watching the two mares; they were finished watering. Their bellies were full and both appeared to be mid term in foal . It should be easy to catch one on an uphill run. Cole walked his horse outta the trees and directly at the herd. The stallion threw up his head throwing a challenge and dancing around. Cole was within a hundred feet when the herd bolted straight up the hillside, just as he

wanted! Taking off at a hard run , he quickly closed on the mares. They were evidently stable mates and hung close together! Cole let'em tire out a little. His horse was overtaking them and as he approached he easily placed a loop over the slower of the two. Re-rigging the tail of his lariat, he quickly placed a loop over the second mare's head. They both led behind his horse like the trained horses they were!.The stallion and his herd disappeared over the ridge. Cole was very pleased, he now had a team! Fang could have her pick of two mounts.

Returning , he found a happy smiling Fang, she was very happy and excited for him. She had seen him catching two wild horses and was very proud of his deed! Cole *Indian* bridled one of the Mares and jumped on her back. She rode out just like the team horse he thought she was. He fashioned a halter from part of his lariat and giving Fang one of his saddle pads , they were ready to head for Tucson, leading the other mare!!There was a large grove of desert willows at the upper end of the Valley and Cole decided to camp there for the night and give his horse a rest. He tethered all three horses near the creek and built a campfire for Fang to make a tea out of sassafras root she found nearby. Cole knew the Chinese treasured their tea and Fang would be a happy lady once she had a few sips! He was right , she even clapped her hands thanking him! Her Indian Sign Language was limited , but they were able to almost understand each other.

Following a bait of bacon and hard tack biscuits, Fang pointed at Cole's pistol and rifle, she wanted to learn how to use them to shoot Indians. Cole gave her an OK, but first kill something to eat! They were getting very short on food! He had seen herds of Antelope in the distance and signing for her to follow him, he worked through the thick brush towards the head water springs that fed the small creek. This area was thickly brushed and would offer concealment for watering animals. Parting the brush to an open glade near a spring, there stood a desert black tail deer! Slowly and carefully Cole aimed for a clean killing. Squeezing the trigger, his bullet took the deer just behind the left front leg! An Instant kill! A quick bleed out and field dressin . He carried the carcass back to camp. Once again, Fang was excited and impressed with the skills of Teeks! She had never known anyone like this ugly and dirty American! Every day was a new experience. Cole on the other hand was enjoying the pleasure, excitement and admiration he saw every day in the face of this young woman. He was beginning to enjoy having her company and providing for her!

Cole started strippin the carcass and smoking the meat; wrapping a hind quarter in the hide, he buried it near the creek piling wet mud over it to keep it cool. He signed to Fang that they would stay there a couple of days to smoke the meat for trail food till they could get to Tucson. He also broiled a pair of venison

steaks to add a little dessert to their supper. Fang was surprised that Teeks sprinkled gun powder on her steak for flavoring, but it tasted great! Cole signed to her that they would not sleep in camp, but on the hill. Near the fire was too dangerous! Indians!

The remainder of the evening, Cole gave Fang lessons on how to shoot his rifle. His spare saddle gun was a Colt 44 and he thought it might be too heavy for her to handle. Fang took to his rifle like she had been using one all her life. He signed to her that she would have to wait for shooting it. Dry fire practice would have to do until he could afford more shells!. Fang understood , but wanted to shoot the next deer when they needed one! Cole hoped they'd be in Tucson before they ran low on food again!

There was a three quarter moon that night and he was awakened by a loud grunting noise. Fang was awake and scared pointing toward the still red coals of their campfire. Cole noticed the upset horses and suspected what that noise meant. Quickly grabbing his rifle he signed for Fang to follow him and swiftly made his way down the hill. A Black bear was in camp drawn by the smell o fresh deer meat, the smoking meat was not in danger , but the fresh quarter buried was. The bear was in plain sight by the creek. Cole handed Fang the rifle and signed to kill the bear!

Fang wanted to refuse ,but that mean ugly TeeKs had said to kill the bear! She took careful aim like he had taught her squeezing the trigger. The bear fell in his tracks a perfect kill! Going to the kill , Cole cautioned her to make sure of her kill. Bears wounded were very dangerous. Now came the hard work of skinning and smoking bear meat. Daylight came and they were still at it. Cole let Fang know that he was very proud of her, but no more food would be necessary for awhile! He could see she was disappointed looking at his rifle! Cole was thinking, “Between deer and Bear meat . I'll need to build a pack saddle to carry our food. That second mare horse would come in handy for packing! He said, “Damn it Fang if I let you use my rifle I'll need a wagon to carry out the game!” then Cole laughed at his own joke! Fang didn't understand but enjoyed his laughter ! She joined in, and Cole had a really good laugh! One thing was certain, since Fang had ridden into his life , his luck had really changed for the better! Between Indian sign and his rough English, Fang was beginning to talk to him. He wasn't sure that was good, because she picked up all of his expressions and cuss words first! He was really gonna have to be careful because on two occasions when he did something special she had said “Son of a bitch Teeks you're one hell of a Squaw!”

He had staked out the deer and bear skin to dry a little and using these he fashioned a cross 'x' pack saddle with two panniers to carry their food. He also fashioned a water bag that would carry about five gallons. With food and water , Cole figured to make the trip to Tucson in about three days. Maybe he could hook up with some of Fang's people and let her join them. This thought did not set well with him, he had come to like the idea of her being with him, but he had to think of what was best for her. He was a wanted outlaw and had nothing to offer a young Chinese woman!

Two days down the trail and their camp routine had become almost automatic. Cole took care of the chores and livestock and Fang cooked the meals. Cole was looking ahead to town and what he might do to earn some money. Maybe someone could use a freighter, things were always toughest when you didn't have any money. They were building a railroad from Tucson to Yuma. Maybe there would be something there. He figured to camp out of town until he could find some of Fang's people. Two more days and some of his questions would be answered.

The sky was barely gray in the east when Cole was shocked out of sleep by a gun shot. Indians ! Fang had shot one trying to steal their horses. He rolled over throwing lead at two others in pistol range! Indians were scrambling outta range. Two Braves had paid the full price for stealing horses Cole exclaimed at Fang , "damnit Woman why didn't you wake me!"She answered with one of his expressions! 'God Damn Teeks! You sleep deader than a two dollar Texas Whore!" He grabbed her hugging her and laughing. He was Damn sure gonna have to quit talking to himself and clean up his expressions! He asked her, "Fang, what do you know about Texas whores? Just like he thought ! Nothing!"One thing was sure, this little lady had shown the Apaches her real Fangs. Cole figured to get moving early and distant themselves from this raiding party that had tried to hit them. He would have to be very wary of ambush, because this had been a large party that would try again! Fang was happy that she had saved their horses. Killing Indians didn't seem to bother her either. Cole figured she had been treated horribly as a slave captive and had every reason to get revenge!

Later that afternoon, Fang was riding in the lead when they approached a small heavily wooded valley. Cole noticed the steep hills on each side of the valley and felt apprehension upon entering the valley. That old feeling of danger was bringing him to full alert! The pack mare suddenly threw her head up testing the wind like a wild horse and Cole immediately spurred his horse ahead exclaiming to Fang , "Indians!"He grabbed the lead rope from Fang and raced up the hill on the north side of the road! Looking back ,Indians boiled outta the trees

on both sides of the trail and came racing after them. A rocky outcrop looked best to Cole and he jumped down at that point grabbing lead ropes and reins to get the horses outta danger. Fang was opening up at Indians with her rifle. She had knocked down two horses ! Cole warned her , “ make every shot count. The Indians will be coming up on foot!”

He took out his other Colt! He now had twelve 44's waiting for this raiding party when they came in range .he knew they would try to get close. It seemed they only had a couple of rifles in the whole group! Telling Fang to hold her fire and reload. He told her to keep low , the Indians would attack from the nearest trees and these were on the north side of the hill. He had her move to a better shooting position. That Henry repeater held sixteen rounds and Fang was ready to shoot anything that moved. Placing his and Fang's hats on rocks at each end of their little defense area, he hoped to draw the first shower of arrows to those hats. Everything was quiet! There was no movement at all! Watching the horses; their ears were all pointing at sounds they were hearing from the North side. Cole pointed this out to Fang and she concentrated her attention on the nearest trees. Cole checked his guns ;he was as ready as he was gonna get! He hoped to hold off the Indians until dark and maybe get away before moon rise!

Fang opened the ball with a shot followed by a death cry from the trees. A shower of arrows followed! They both ducked down! These were not Mexicans but Cole was yelling the same Texas battle cries he'd used during the War, “ Yee Hii! Give'em Hell! Rawhide the Bastards! Remember the Alamo, Remember Goliad!” when Fang shocked him with a terrible high pitched scream of Chinese that scared him into thinking she had been hit! Indians rushed from the trees and they both opened up a withering fire that stopped the charge thirty feet from the trees! Wounded and dying Indians were rushing back for cover! Four bodies still lay in the small clearing! Cole and Fang reloaded. Fang pointed out to Cole the group of Indians she could see gathering in a clearing a few hundred feet back in the forest! Cole took his glass and realized what had happened . Two of the dead braves in the clearing were sub chiefs and a new leader had to be selected before they made a new attack. It was clear to him that some kind of an argument was going on. There were still a good fifteen healthy Indians in the group. He was thinking and talking out loud again, “if we move to the tree line on the right of their gathering , he and Fang could launch their own attack and thin out their ranks a little more.’

Moving to this new position was risky, but these Indians thought they had them bottled up in the rocks and it was only a matter of time until they were outta bullets and easy to kill. Carefully moving into position, Cole signed for Fang to

use her War whoop! and freeze these Indians in place, until they could kill a few . Taking a position less than a hundred feet from the group standin behind trees, Cole drew both Colts and stepped clear as Fang cut loose with the Henry and that terrible high pitched scream of a Chinese battle cry!

Three Braves were killed in the first volley and more were injured as they cut for cover Cole grabbed Fang jerking her to him as arrows were launched in their direction! Quickly almost dragging her from the fight, he hustled her back to the rock cover! He said, “ Damit Fang, you sure are a stubborn Bitch when it comes to shooting Indians! I had to drag you outta the fight and up the hill! Fang didn’t answer him, but knew that he was trying to be nice again ! in his usual tender manner of course! She patted his arm and took her position in the rocks !

Cole studied the woods for a long time talking to himself and trying to put together a plan for the defense of their position. Fear almost over took him as he realized what the Indians were up to! They had built a fire and were gonna burn them out. The south side of the hill was covered with dry grass and once set on fire, would sweep up and over them in ten minutes! The smoke would be bad enough to suffocate both of them. Cole decided that dying in a fight would be a better way to go! He signed and told Fang what was happening, he could easily see the stark fear in her eyes when she realized the plight they were in.

Cole made her understand that they would mount their horses and wait until a number of the Indians moved around to the south with fire brands to light the grass. The remainder of the party was staying near the campfire and lighting more firebrands. This separation of forces would be their best chance for escape! Once again Cole asked for that terrorizing high pitched Chinese Battle Cry as he charged down on the campfire shooting at Indians and yelling his Texas War cry of “ Yhee Hil! Give em Hell, Rermember the Alamo!”. Most of them tossed their firebrands grabbing for bow and arrow. The firebrands lit the under grass and smoke billowed up. Cole and Fang charged right through the group and down the North slope before the Indians could react. One of the mares had caught an arrow in the right hip .luckily it was a shallow wound made as they were escaping. Cole broke the shaft off and figured Mare was gonna have to carry it until he could cut it out!

A half hour down the trail and Cole figure they were safe enough for a stop. Helping Fang from her horse he discovered she was bleedin from an arrow cut across her right leg above the knee! There was a lotta blood and he was scared! Practically jerking her deerskin skirt off he saw the deep gash; It was deep and dangerous , but he’d seen many worse His spare shirt sleeve made a good

bandage and he had her take his horse. The saddle would be a lot easier to sit with that cut leg. Cole had to find a campsite where he could treat the wound properly. Some time later he noticed a tree covered knoll to the south. It appeared that it could offer some concealment. Cole was scared. His Fang was hurt and he needed to get her to a doctor. There was none and he had to help her! His years in the Army had not prepared him to be a medic, but he'd watched them fix him up for saber cuts and bullet wounds. He tried to remember everything.

The cut had to be stitched! He needed a needle! He had none! A desert prickly pear spike would do! Trim it a little and boil some horse hair. This is what the army medics used. Now he needed some desert willow leaves and bark to make a poultice and a pain killing tea. Desert willow were easy to find in the dry washes of Arizona. Cole set up camp. He loaded Fang's rifle and went hunting medical supplies . This didn't take long and he made Fang a large pot of willow tea. She was not crazy for the taste ,but knew that if she refused TeeKs would probably grab her nose and force her to drink. He was trying to be nice again in his usual tender manner; of course!

Fang was thinking later that Cole should have drunk the tea, because the stitching seemed to hurt him worse than it did her. She was shocked ! Her ugly ol'dirty American was actually crying for her pain! She couldn't help but love this man! Cole spent the whole operation talking to himself and probably teaching Fang more of his colorful expressions. With the doctoring of Fang outta the way , Cole cut the arrow head out of their pack mare. He didn't want to throw the mare and possibly cause her to lose her foal He side lined her hind leg and operated from horse back of her stable mate This operation went quickly, but was accompanied by colorful expressions aimed at the local Indian population and the wide butt of a horse that an Indian couldn't hit at ten feet!

Dinner was smoked bear meat. Fang kinda liked the idea of eating what game she had brought in, Cole had to admit, she was a hell of a partner when it came to Indian fighters! She had collected a bundle since he'd shown her how to use a rifle. It was about time he gave her a chance to use his Colt 44! A little heavy for her small arms he had her shoot it resting in her left elbow . This gave her a stable rest for shootin and didn't tire out her right hand. After watching her dry fire, he knew that she would be anxious to try this new shootin position and it kept her mind away from that wounded leg. Some embarrassed , he helped her with her deerskin skirt that he had jerked off her when he knew she was hurt! She laughed at his repair of her skirt with his stiff hemp rope She would replace his work with a piece of soft deer hide! Once again her ugly ol'Teeks was trying to be nice to her, in his usual tender manner of course!

Another day and a half and Tucson was there in the near distance. Fang's leg was healing without infection and doctor Cole was proud of his work! Fang insisted in hangin on his neck while he changed her bandage. Cole kinda enjoyed her attention, but was afraid to give it too much importance. He wasn't looking forward to her leaving him , but she was not of his world and he had nothing to offer her. He would try to see that she found a good safe home! He would go see the sheriff to locate a Chinese family to take her in. The Sheriff was John Thompson formerly of El Paso Texas and he referred Cole to the Wong family owners of the OK Restaurant in downtown Tucson.

Kim Wong the family Mother was versed in English and after hearing the horrid story of Fang was able to relate it to Cole. Fang had entered the country as the promised bride of Ho Sen Mu a young indentured gold miner for the Boniface mining Company in Vulture Arizona. Ho Sen had paid his indenture and paid passage for Fang to come to Arizona. She had been captured in a Piute Indian raid near Carson city Nevada suffering the usual brutal gang rape by the raiding Braves then she was used as a slave by the sub chief Walking Rain Her lack of any known language was strange to the Indians and she was known as loco or crazy woman. She was traded and sold as a slave to the Shashonie Indians .

No Brave wanted her as a squaw because of her crazy talk! Later the sub chief Two Bears traded her to the Apache sub chief Ornago leader under the War chief Victorio. She was with this band when Teeks had attacked the party freeing her. She had been escaping the camp when she saw him drop from the tree and she followed to give him her horse. Teeks was the bravest and greatest man she had ever met! Mother Wong tried to convince Cole that this Fang loved him. Cole asked about Ho Sen Mu. Wouldn't he wish to have Fang as his wife? Mother Wong said, "No!, No,! She has been defiled by Indian Animals! She is not acceptable! It is unfortunate but Ho Sen will find a clean wife!" Cole' was horrified that his Fang had been so mistreated and now she was an outcast to her own people!

Mother Wong said, "I know you do not agree with Chinese ways but in China a man's honor requires a virgin wife! Fang now needs to provide for herself as a single woman! Chan Tin -Wo, a friend of hers is filing papers to open a merchandise store in Tucson. He owns a laundry and I'm sure Fang could work there! They have a number of young girls working for them and some are prostitutes!" Cole was thinking, " Fang is no Damn prostitute and I'll bet Mister Chan Tin-Wo or some one is running a brothel on the side! There has to be a better home for her than this! He said, "Mother Wong, earlier you told me that Fang meant beautiful smell. I'm beginning to smell something that's anything but

beautiful! I Know the Chinese have been persecuted here in Arizona, but it seems to me that Fang here is being persecuted by her own people!" Mother Won was getting upset with Cole and said, "Mister Texan, Fang is of our people . leave her here and we'll decide what's best for her! She's nothing but a problem for you anyway!"

Mother Wong and Fang jabbered at each other for a bit and finally Fang turned to him crying bitterly. Cole said " Whoa God Damnit! Fang come here ." Mother Wong started jabbering in a loud voice and Cole drew his pistol and told her to "Shut Up!" She did!! Signing and talking to Fang he learned, that she had been told that he didn't want her with him he wanted to leave her in Tucson! Cole wrapped her in his arms and told her that he couldn't leave her there! "This is not a good place for you! We'll find a better place and until we do you stay with me."Fang's face lit up and she grabbed Cole around the neck hugging him. With a big smile on both their faces they walked out on the loudly protesting Mother Wong!

"Well', thought Cole , "that settles that for a while anyway, but what do we do next?" Cole figured since he had an inside track with the Chinese, maybe he could get a little work freighting for them. This Chan Tin _Wo would need a lotta freighting if he was opening a merchandise store. Cole went looking for a wagon he could trade for. The Tucson livery was his first stop. Yes the owner had a rough built small freight wagon that Cole could see had been sitting on his lot for weeks or months. Half the spiders in town were living there! Cole asked about a price and a \$150 dollars was way over his head. In his mind the wagon was worth maybe half that. Cole checked the wagon over thoroughly and said, " I'll trade you straight across for my saddle horse! The Trader was insulted He would have to have the horse and a hundred to trade. Cole said , '. "No, You and I both know this was a \$250 dollar Army Calvary horse and is only a coming eight year old. I can go over to Mex Town and get a better deal. I'll give my horse and saddle for the wagon and a picked set of team harness. That's my final offer! " The trader knew if he wanted o get rid of that barn Queen of a wagon, he was gonna have to trade!

He walked around a bit complaining about how much money he was gonna lose and after five minutes of over doing it, he accepted the offer! Cole went to his tack room and picked out the best set of harness there telling the Trader, " I'll be back with my team in twenty minutes" he left Fang at their camp site and led his two mares back to the Livery. The Trader really woke up when he saw the two large mares . Cole knew that once in harness pulling that wagon he had an \$800 Dollar set!. He drove back to camp and Fang's delight saying, "'Saying Son of a

Bitch Teeks ! You're one hell of a Squaw!" 'Damn!', he laughed. "I'm gonna have to straighten her out on that expression, and a lot of others!"

Fang was really happy and helped Cole clean up and grease his wagon. The mares had worked perfect and pulled this small wagon like a toy. Cole had Fang drive the wagon through town to this Chan Tin – Wo store He instructed Fang to tell Chan that he , Cole was her business partner and they were accepting freighting jobs to or from Globe, Phoenix and Yuma. The Indian scare had most freighter's refusing jobs ,so Cole knew he could just about name his price. He also wanted light merchandise, no mining equipment. Fang was quite the business lady and agreed to two thousand pounds of millinery supplies. These were big selling items in any town! The contract Phoenix to Tucson was agreed upon for \$400 dollars upon delivery in Tucson. Buyer would stand his own risk! Cole then asked Fang to find an outgoing load they could haul to Globe as it would be on their way. Tucson was heavy into the making of Mescal Whiskey. The dealer was contracting for an over load by the wooden case. Fang held out for the Weight limit and \$ 200 dollars looked good for that trip. Cole was thinking, " this freighting business could be pretty good if we don't get hit by Indians!, especially if it included a good jug of Mescal on occasion!"

The trip to Globe was uneventful and the \$200 dollars looked really good. Cole couldn't remember a time when he was this well fixed. A, 'good wagon and team , money in his pocket and Fang as a full partner. He handed her half of the money and she was shocked that he trusted her with it! She thrust her fist in the air yellin, "Yee Hi, Give em Hell Teeks! You're one hell of a Squaw!" After a good laugh, Cole was thinking, " we would probably do well to grab a short contract like this Whiskey haul and run back and forth to Tucson, two hundred a trip is really great money!"

Regardless of what they did, Cole wanted to get a spare horse to trail along just in case of lame or sick on the trail! The local Livery was where he stopped to check things out. The trader had an older gelding that was about the size of his mares. He was a bay with good legs and feet. His head and overall looks left him in the sale lot when other horses were sold!

Trader ,of course was asking\$100 dollars and Cole finally managed to own him for \$50 dollars complete with a half way decent saddle! Gelding was a good twelve years old but sound all around. Cole was pleased and Fang was overjoyed when Cole told her that the Gelding was hers to ride and do a little game shooting on the way to Phoenix. He had found a small black powder shotgun in Globe that she could easily use to bag rabbits and game birds.

Cole went to the local mercantile for any information or requests for freighting to Phoenix. A rancher in the north west county needed twenty hogs hauled to Globe's Slaughter House! To Cole the fifty offered looked like good money. He told Fang, "we're gonna try his job , because I want to stay over one more day in Globe. I've hauled pigs before and I know they can really be a problem! This farmer is in trouble because most folk's won't mess with porkers. We might make more than money with this job! A little side pork would be nice."

Cole woke Fang in the wee wee daylight hours with one of his colorful expressions which had something to do with snoring and making more noise than a farting buffalo! Fang didn't understand him and felt he was just being nice to her once again, in his own tender way , of course! Cole wanted to be at the Ranch early because heat and hogs didn't mix at all. The freight wagon had a canopy and this would help, but early travel was important. Pigs could die of sunstroke in fifteen minutes.

The farmer was thankful that someone had showed up to haul his hogs. Cole backed the wagon to the loading ramp , but he knew hogs didn't load too easy. Whipping and beating never worked and when the farmer had just about given up , Cole said let 'em rest for a bit and we'll try something else. Walking around with the Farmer he discovered that he had a black Belgium Stallion in his horse pen. Cole said to the Farmer, " I've got a couple of good draft mares that I might like to breed to your stallion for their next foaling. What do you charge? The Farmer said, " I can't take your money, he's seven years old and never produced a foal. He's been a total loss! I'm ready to feed him to the pigs! Cole said look I'll haul your pigs for twenty five and the Stallion. How's that?" the farmer gave him a long look and said , " Mister, you're a God sent answer to my prayers ! I'll just take that offer. This Belgium is untrained and worthless to me. I'll gladly take your offer and let's see your pig loading method!

Cole selected the oldest sow in the group and getting an assist from Fang, he placed a bucket over the head of the sow and easily backed her up into the wagon A couple of whip pops from the farmer and all the pigs were loaded. It had been just that easy! The farmer was really shocked when Fang said; " Son of a Bitch TEEKS, Rawhide the Bastards!, you're one hell of a Squaw!" Cole could only shrug his shoulders at the farmer's shocked expression. The Belgium Stallion was a handful , but tethered next to an old gelding he settled down for the drive to Globe. Cole knew that he would have to be attended to before they headed for Phoenix!

Once at a public camp ground outta town, Cole gave Fang a lesson in how to Castrate a horse. Ol'Belgie was gonna have a different disposition when he stood up . A rest over night and walking down the road was good for Belgie. Cole made an early camp for the horses benefit. Belgie was doing great! In three days, Belgie was healed well enough for a little training. Cole slapped a saddle on him and fashioned a breast strap from Fang's Bear hide. In ten minutes he had him dragging a two hundred pound log !it didn't take long for a real sweat to develop and every day thereafter Belgie had his ,lesson in dragging a weight while tethered behind the wagon. Cole started swapping the gelding for a mare in harness, a week later and they were still days away from Pheonix, but Cole felt it time to put Belgie to work. He rapidly learned the bit and commands. Cole let the mares walk the remainder of their trip. They were both coming heavy in foal and less work would be best for them! Arriving in Pheonix, he learned that the Army was closing down their remount service and riding horses were cheap every where. Draft horses were still in demand ,and many offers came his way for the mares and Belgie! Cole still had a contract to meet, but here was an opportunity to upgrade and improve their business.

The local trader had a pen full of good riding horses. Cole looked them all over cutting out the quietest and big boned mounts, there were six that he liked, As saddle horses these were the ugliest of the bunch. The trader really liked his choices, these were the ones he'd have the hardest time selling. Cole had other plans. He offered his rig and horses for the six mounts and a four up Conestoga freight wagon.Cole could see that the Trader was interested. Those two black mares and Belgie really made a picture The trader finally agreed when Cole added his older gelding to the trade for two picked sets of harness. Cole was to keep Belgie and the gelding for one week He would take delivery of the Con wagon and the horses immediately. It took him and Fang all day to move horses and wagons to their camp ground. As Cole suspected three of the Army mounts had been used as dray stock and needed very little training.

Four days later he returned to the Trader and completed the exchange. He and Fang loaded the two thousand pounds of millinery for the Tucson store and took on another thousand for stores in Globe! Cole was watching the loading when he noticed the attention their wagon was attracting by a small group of rough looking horsemen at a hitch rail near the saloon! Their interest started a suspicion in Cole's mind that something was not right. That old cold skin drawing of danger had settled on the back of his neck and he couldn't shake the feeling. He couldn't ignore the feeling; too many times in the past , it had warned him! What the danger was now, he couldn't imagine, but something was brewing. He had Fang strap on his extra Colt . He had already picked up a hundred rounds of

44's and another Henry Rifle. They were two days outta Phoenix when trouble caught up with them.

They had been climbing most of the morning and Cole was stopping every quarter mile or so to rest the horses. The top of this ridge looked to be the worst place to stop. This would be a favorite hold up place for Outlaws. Cole told Fang to get behind the seat , he had already told her of his concern for the rough looking group in Pheonix! He would give the horses a long rest before reaching the top and run through the rest stop on top. If anyone showed to stop them start shooting!

As Cole made the crest of the hill , there was a flat with large oak trees . a beautiful place to stop and rest the horses in the shade. Cole slapped the horses into a run! Six riders rode out in front blocking the trail! One carried a double barreled shotgun! They were yelling to 'Hold Up!' Fang's Henry accompanied by a paralyzing Chinese battle Cry and two blasting 44's in the hands of Cole answered the outlaws! Shotgun took two of Cole's bullets and hit the ground first. One horse and rider crashed to the ground as the horse had thrown up it's head taking a killin shot! Three of the outlaws were down and one had taken a bad shoulder hit! Gunsmoke filled the Canopy of the wagon , but Fang was just getting warmed up! Cole had to call, " Stop Shooting Gal !" The outlaws were finished! Those still able to ride had scooted back into the trees, catching the final shots from a blood thirsty Fang!. Cole was thinking , " Three or more dead and wounded was an awful price to pay for a wagon load of millinery stuff! There's gotta be more to this than sewing supplies and I think Mister Chang of Tucson better answer some questions. Both of us coulda been killed!"

Later voicing his thoughts to Fang, he asked her, " did you see anything loaded on the wagon that was more than sewing supplies?" Fang said "Hi, Hi! Teeks Two small trunks with smoke supplies loaded by tail gate!" Cole stopped the wagon. Smoke supplies meant Opium Trade! Big Money! If That's what it was He and Fang were still in trouble! Dropping the tailgate, he removed the two trunks! Just as he feared, breaking the locks;one trunk was full of Opium Tins, the other was half full of smoking supplies , but the bottom half of the trunk was loaded with gold coins and stacks of paper money! There was a small fortune here ! He knew that he and and Fang were to be killed during this robbery! They hadn't planned on leaving any witnesses!

Cole was certain that this money was part of a big dope trade payoff. The destruction of the wagon and owners would easily cover up warfare going on between Opium Dealers! Cole drove the wagon back to the scene of the fight and

removed the opium tins and money from the two trunks All of this booty, he packed in Fang's two bear hide panniers. The two trunks with their broken locks, he dumped beside the roadway. This evidence would point killing fingers at any survivors of the attempted "Hold Up!" Those broken trunks beside the trail would make bald faced liars outta the outlaws! No story they told would be believable; after all there were six of them opposed by the wagon driver and a young Chinese Girl! He and Fang would leave a story at the next Stage Swing Station of Bandits holding them up and taking two small trunks. Cole figured this was the only chance they had of getting clear of danger until they could get their load delivered! He and Fang would forget about those bear hide panniers and Cole hung them under the Wagon. As Long as the Dope Dealers felt the trunks were no longer on the wagon, they shouldn't be bothered!

One day outta Globe and the pass through the mountain was steep and very narrow. That evening while camped in a glade beside the roadway, Cole dumped one of the panniers over the edge of a cliff hundreds of feet down to the river. Those tins of opium and the smoking supplies would never be used. Cole knew he was throwing away a lot of money but one little sale would point a gun at him and Fang! They had enough people trying to kill them already! The other pannier held what money there was. This was Cole's price to the dealers for trying to kill him and Fang! He was already thinking what he wanted to do with all that money. He had an idea, but needed to discuss it with Fang! First, they needed to complete their contract!

Coming into Globe, they were met by the town marshall and a half dozen Deputies. It was curious to Cole that two Chinese business men accompanied him. He knew that Fang would tell the story of the holdup as he did; they had been stopped at the top of a long climb by six robbers. The robbers wanted two small trunks of merchandise. They left the robbers the trunks! Yes, they could describe some of the Bandits! A search of the wagon revealed nothing, the bear hide pannier hanging under the wagon obviously held grease for the axels and no one wanted to get that dirty checking it out! The marshal and his company were satisfied that millinery supplies was all that was on the wagon! Cole collected \$300dollars for the thousand pounds of supplies he had hauled for the Globe Merchants.

The trip to Tucson was uneventful until they entered the Dragoon Tanks Area. There was a stage swing Station located there and Cole figured to stop there

overnight It was late afternoon and the Station was quiet! Too Quiet!. Fang was motioning to him , the horses were high headed and nervous! Something was wrong! Cole told Fang to get ready for a fight! He was amazed by the calmness Fang shown in these dangerous encounters. For all you knew she could have been fixing dinner, instead she was checking her guns and getting behind the seat kneeling down. Cole said , “Gal! we’re going in at a run, be ready to shoot! Fang bobbed her head and cocked the hammer on her Henry! This bloodthirsty partner of his was ready for Battle! He didn’t want to disappoint her! He slapped the team into a hard run past the Station house, he could see shadows on the ground from back of the station.

“Indians!” He yelled to Fang as the team bolted and he drew his Colt! A Shower of arrows greeted them as he cleared the Station, one taking him in the right shoulder ! Fang was blasting away and Cole dropped his colt grabbing the whip with his left hand! The pain in his shoulder was terrible , but he had to run those horses past and around the Station! Fang was screaming her Chinese Battle cry and shooting Indians. Some had already found the ground and some were running for their horses. Cole circled the Station while Fang emptied her rifle and grabbed his ! Two turns around the Station and all of the Indians were gone! There were three remaining that would never fight again! Fang wasn’t taking any chances , she was reloading her rifle when she saw the blood all over Cole! Dropping the gun she came to him Jabbering Chinese that he didn’t understand. She was more frightened than he had ever seen her! It even frightened him! Handing her his belt knife, he helped her to cut the arrow shaft and break it off.

With the shooting all over , the Station hands came out. They were grateful for running off the Indians and helped Fang get Cole inside. One of the older hands took over and cut the arrow head out. Fang stayed right beside him insisting on the desert willow poultice and miserable tea which she forced him to drink. Cole insisted on a good slug of Mescal for Medicinal purposes! He almost finished the bottle during the cutting! His shoulder was unusable the following morning and Fang was gonna have to drive to Tucson. Cole was not worried, his partner Fang was the best help he’d ever had ! She could manage almost anything! “ God! He loved this girl!”

Fang managed everything, a little slow , but they arrived safely in Tucson. Chang was insistent that the whole shipment was not there and he was unwilling to pay the agreed contract price. Cole said, “ Mister Chang you either pay or I go back to Globe, sell your merchandise and double my money. Our contract did not include a drug robbery! What’ll it be ? Fang was standing back of the seat in her

Warrior position with her Henry cocked for action! Cole was thinking, “Mister in a few days you will hear of this little lady’s Indian fighting skill and be damned glad you didn’t see it first hand!” Chang had already got the message and paid in gold coin! Cole knew they had a lot of drug money but this four hundred felt good all in a bag! It was time to talk straight with his Fang, and make her a proposition.

“Son of a bitch Fang you are a hell of a squaw and the best partner a man could ever have! Would you consider staying with me.” Fang replied with a big hug, ‘Yes Teeks! I stay with you always if you let me!’ Cole said . “ I don’t mean as partner but as wife! Would you marry me? Finally understanding, Fang , happily in tears said Hi, Hi, Hi, yes , yes . yes! she was gonna spend the rest of her life with her big ugly and dirty Teeks. Nothing could make her happier! Cole said “ Here ! Here!, we’ll drink a toast to a new Life in Texas!”

Cole, then told her the rest of his plan. His family Ranch was for sale in Texas; having been taken by the regulators and now for sale as property of the Federal government. Some of his former neighbors had some of the blue horses he loved so well They would be married in her family name, because Texas Cole Manning was still a wanted man, go back to Texas by train , take the drug money, buy the ranch in her family name, buy up his families Blue horse line and rebuild the Manning horse Ranch as the Lady Fang ranch with the Snake Split Tongue and Fang brand\Y/ !Fang was upset that Teeks Wanted to take her name , it was not honorable for Chinese man to do that! Cole said “Son of a bitch Fang Remember the Alamo!, Remember Goliad! A Texan will die for love of country and honor. I take your name and give you my life! Drink up! Pretty Lady, today is our wedding” Another toast was in order!

The preacher was horrified when following the ceremony Cole signed the Marriage certificate taking the wife’s name as the new Mister Texas Cole Youn Son and Fang left him with His mouth really hanging open when she fired a pistol in the air yelling, “ God damn! Teeks, you sure are a stubborn Bitch! Yee Hii ! Rawhide the Bastards! Give’em Hell! Remember the Alamo!” She blasted two more rounds in the air! “ My God !” , Said Cole; grabbing her pistol, “ That Texas Tequila Wedding toast was way too rich for a Chinese lady!”

The End