

Moses Gold

The note to Lisa read. “ Bunny, Honey, I’m not gonna make it, but Moses has the Gold.” “Lisa, who is Moses and where the hell is he?” the Sheriff demanded Lisa angrily replied, “ I told you John Barton stole Dad’s gold mine. Dad didn’t steal anything. He went into that mine shaft and took out his cache of gold that he had worked for the past two years. You and your posse wouldn’t listen to anyone but Barton and murdered him. Moses was his saddle horse. Dad probably tied the bag on his saddle and figured Moses would come home with it, but no. you murderers shot Moses too. That bag of gold could be anywhere within twenty five miles of Indian Springs.”

The Sheriff replied, “ There was no saddle on his horse and that horse took ten bullets from my men. There was nothing but blood all over that horse. He was shot to pieces and your Dad used his carcass for a bulwark to shoot from. He must have dropped that saddle somewhere on his way to the Spring. We’ll find it Lisa, you can just bet on it. We can’t let Mister Barton down, he says that he needs that gold to make payroll. You know that mine only pays on a share basis and that robbery leaves no share for anyone. Until these miners get paid, I suggest you stay outta sight. They’re awful upset with the robbery and need their pay. Your Dad cheated every miners family in town outta grocery money when he stole that payroll bag.”

Sixteen year old Lisa, was the only child of Sam Calloway, the accused robber killed by the sheriff and his posse. She knew there was no use talking any more. They had their minds made up . Her Dad was a thief and Barton was the innocent victim. They were all stone deaf to her arguments and yes, she could be in trouble if the miners found her alone somewhere. She checked her little two shot derringer in her apron pocket. She was well schooled in the use of guns. Her childhood years were spent fighting raiding Apaches. Her Mom had been killed when she was ten and here now six years later she loses her Dad. She was desperately trying to think of a way to get by without money or family help. A single young orphan girl was a ready victim for a lot of the men in town. There might be a job available at the Mercantile, but it would be dangerous because all of the Miners ran a bill there.

The burial was barely over , when Sheriff Thomas comes banging on her door making demands for Sam's Records and letters .There might be a clue in his things as to where the bag was hidden. Once again he insisted that her Dad had stolen the Mine's payroll.

The sheriff had ridden off empty handed. Lisa had carefully hidden all of her Dad's papers. When her friend Molly came walking over from her place next door. She asked , " Lisa, what are you gonna do?" There's no work in town and I hear that Barton is confiscating your Dad's house to get back part of what he lost in the robbery." Lisa was shocked and exclaimed, " No, No, he can't do that. This house was Mama's. It's still in Mama's name. I've still got Dad's papers. " Molly said , " No, Mister Barton claims it went to your Dad when your Mama died and he has the legal right to take it."

Lisa in more distress said, " Oh God no ! What else can go wrong? I'm losing everything, Molly. What can I do?" she broke up crying. "There's no use. Please help me God, I don't know what to do." Neither she or Molly had an answer for her problem. No Dad to help her and no family. Lisa suddenly pictured a memory of her Uncle Roman Pecos. Her Dad had said that he had been released from Yuma Prison. Her Mom's brother; she remembered him living with them before Mama was killed. He had been there when the Indians attacked. He was a very good Indian fighter. Her Dad was his best friend and always talked about him.

Roman was in a gunfight in Tucson and shot a Deputy sheriff. Her Dad said that he had been rail roaded by the local gang running Tucson. Even though it was self defense and had been brought on by the drunk Deputy, Roman was sent to Yuma for five years. Lisa knew that she had no way to contact him and gave in to tears as she went to sleep that night praying for help.

The following morning was a beautiful clear blue sky over her home town of Holbrook. Normally she would appreciate the beautiful sunrise, but today she had nothing but worry, concern and grief to deal with.

That afternoon, her fortunes changed when an emancipated long haired and bearded individual stepped down from the stage coming in

from Globe. Sheriff Thomas came over from his Office to receive any incoming Territorial mail from the Marshall's office. There were a few wanted posters and notices, but Thomas was immediately taken with the rough looking stranger getting out. He said, "Mister, I'm Sheriff Thomas and don't take this wrong, but from the looks of your outfit, I'd say you're recently outta prison. That brown coat is a dead giveaway. What's your business in Holbrook and how long will you be staying? Understand, I ask this of every stranger getting off in my town. Some need my help."

Roman quickly retorted. "Names Pacos what I do is my business. I own property here and have family living here. Sheriff, I don't need your help. I think I can find my way. As to how long, I'll be staying. I'll let you know as soon as I know. Good day!" Roman turned and walked away as Thomas replied, "You're mighty damn touchy Mister. I was just doing my job." Roman waved a hand back as he walked away without saying anything.

Lisa didn't recognize the bearded man knocking on her door and was shocked and surprised when the man said, "Darling Bunny, you've grown up some. Don't you remember Uncle Ram?" Letting out a Yelp, Lisa grabbed the dirty man facing her and hugged him tightly as tears streamed down her face. She could hardly speak. Her joy at seeing him was just too great. Ram said, "God, girl, you're breaking my ribs. Take it easy on an old man."

It was hours later that Lisa finished telling Ram everything about the killing of her Father. Ram patted her shoulder and gave her a hug as she tearfully relived the past few terrible weeks, then said, "Uncle Ram, you're God's answer to my prayers, but we have to leave this farm. I don't have any money and John Barton claims our house is his to pay for the gold he claims Dad stole from him. It's all a big lie, but I don't know what to do. I've shown you the note from Dad while he was dying. It don't make a lotta sense, because His horse Moses wasn't wearing a saddle and there was no sack of gold." Ram laughed and said, "This Barton and the sheriff think too much of themselves. They're trying some high handed stealing. I'll just bet that Barton stole his own payroll bag and it's probably sitting in his safe right now. There's one thing for certain, Sam's gold was in molten bars and that

payroll had to be in coin. If they had found Sam's gold it would have pointed the finger at Barton stealing his own payroll. I can easily see why they wanted him murdered instead of arrested. If they had found Sam's bag, you can bet no one would have seen inside it."

" Darling Bunny girl, don't worry about Barton taking this farm. If you look at those deed papers of your Dad's you'll see that It belongs to me and you. Your Mom and I are co owners. Your Dad owned Moses and that broken down wagon by the barn Everything else on this farm belonged to your Mom. Sam was a wonderful hardworking man and a good friend. He always wanted to make things easy for your Mom and you. He wrote me in prison telling me of his gold mine and planned a good job for me when I got out. When the sheriff comes to throw you out; why you let me deal with him and Mister John Barton. Honey, you draw up a No Trespassing sign and I'll hang it by the Farm gate out there."

Lisa replied, " Oh, uncle Ram I know God sent you, but I don't want you getting in trouble because of me. They'll come up with something and want to arrest you." Almost crying, she pleaded, " Please don't make any trouble. I'm just afraid they'll want to send you back to prison if you fight them. You're all the family I have left."

Ram said , " Don't worry Darling, this time I've got the Law's own rules on my side and they better know that I won't go back to prison. Don't worry Honey, Your Ol'Uncle picked up a few things in prison that might come in handy . We'll let them stew on this Farm ownership for awhile . I'll make them use the slow mails to verify who owns it. That ought to take about six months. In the mean time I wanna see all of your Dad's papers on that gold mine claim. They wouldn't be demanding them if there was something they don't know about it. I suspect your Dad knew a lot more about mining than they do. We'll sit tight here , collect the eggs, eat from the garden, and make a little bacon, while they fret about it. Time in prison goes awful slow and a feller kinda gets used to the slow way of things. Did your Dad have a belt gun? I could sure use one. I feel kinda naked without some kind of side arm."

Lisa answered saying, “ I’ve got a little two cylinder derringer that Dad bought me. You can have that. I don’t know about his pistol , it hasn’t been fired in a long time. I’m not sure it works, I’ll get it out for you. Dad never wore it , after Mom died. I never did understand them . Mom wanted him to quit wearing it. She was afraid he’d get in a gun fight.” Ram said, “ Honey, you’re plenty old enough to know the whole story, but tonight I’m too tired to tell it all. Bring me that ol’Colt 44 of your Dad’s, I’ll see what it needs. You keep that Derringer on you like your Dad wanted. He was a wise man. There’s a lotta evil in this town.”

The following day , Ram punched a bunch of holes in Lisa’s sign and hung it by the Farm gate half way facing the house porch. He laughed saying at Lisa’s questioning look, “ Honey, these will look like bullet holes and from the grouping , you might think the owners were pretty good shots. That might make someone think twice about making trouble.” Lisa nodded and laughed . It sure made her life a lot easier with her Uncle here. He was wearing her Dad’s belt and pistol. It looked kinda natural on him. He said, “Honey, this gun of your Dad’s is in excellent shape. Looks like he kept it clean and oiled. It’s fully loaded too and there’s about twenty five shells in the belt. Too bad he wasn’t wearing it to fight off his murderers. That Spencer rifle of his only holds seven shells. They had him bottled up and could have taken him prisoner easy when he ran outta shells. Yeah, I’m sure you’re right. The dirty Bastards wanted him dead.”

Lisa angrily said, “ Uncle Ram, I’ve never wanted anyone killed unless it was those raiding Indians, but Dad musta been taking his shots careful. He wounded four of the posse and never killed a one. I don’t know if I was in the same fight that I would have been concerned about killing a few.” Ram said , “No , Honey, you’re like your Mom. She hated even killing her chickens for the table. Your Dad was a right forgiving man and that says a lot for the way he died. If I was more like him , I would never have gone to prison. He was a Bible loving man and me, I couldn’t even spell the word. He sure didn’t deserve to die like that. Me now, I’m what you’d call a giving man. I’d give’em all the hell I could and only forgive them for their poor shooting. Honey, show me that note again that Sam left you.”

Ram sat studying the scrap of paper and finally said, “ Lisa , honey. Where did Sam get paper and pencil to write you a note. Are you sure this is his writing?” Lisa replied, “ His printing is rough and shaky, but it’s his paper from the dynamite packing he kept while he was mining. I couldn’t recognize it as his printing, but you and Dad are the only ones that ever called me Bunny. Another thing; very few people knew his horse’s name was Moses. Yes , Uncle Ram it’s from Dad all right. He always carried paper and pencil with him in the mine. I’ve got a stack of maps and drawings he was always studying. The Sheriff wanted everything that was his. I didn’t give him any of Dad’s things and most of his drawings and notes are on that packing paper.”

It was the following week when Barton and Sheriff Thomas, showed up to evict Lisa and take possession of the Farm and property of Sam Calloway. Thomas was much surprised to meet Ram coming out the front door. He said, “ Well mister ex convict Roman Pacos I’m surprised to see you here, but the older folks in town remember you as some relative of Sam Calloway. What I have here today doesn’t concern you. I’m here to serve an eviction notice on Lisa Calloway on behalf of Mister John Barton. I have a document of award from the District Judge for assuming ownership of the Calloway farm and possessions of Sam Calloway as his properties and mining possessions have been awarded to Mister Barton as partial payment for his losses at the hands of Sam Calloway. Mister Barton has agreed to allow you both to remain here for a short period in exchange for Sam Calloway’s Mining script and drawings of the Lady May mine. As I am the duly elected Sheriff of Holbrook I’m here to serve this notice. Miss Lisa and you have thirty days to remove your belongings.”

Barton was standing behind Thomas sternly nodding his head yes to all that was said. He was shocked when Ram exclaimed , “You’re aiding a damn murderer Sheriff and right now I’m telling you we’re not leaving. Your paper is worthless. Sam never owned this Farm and right now you’re a trespasser here on my farm!” Barton fired back saying, “ You’re lying!” Ram dropped his hand to his pistol as Thomas exclaimed “ Pacos, Damnit, hold on here!” Ram said, “ Barton you better be carrying a gun if you wanna go calling someone a liar. Those are killing words anywhere in this Territory. Thomas , you better take this trash back to town.” Thomas angrily snapped , “ There’ll be no

talk of killing! I'm the law around here." Ram just as quickly fired back saying, " Thomas , you said yourself , that you're the elected Sheriff Of Holbrook, you must know your own Law Thomas. In town you're the Sheriff duly elected by the town citizens. In the County you're Joe Citizen just like the rest of us, and on my farm uninvited, you're a trespasser. Now I hope that's clear and believe me, I'll defend my rights and I won't pull my shots like Sam, the man you and Barton murdered. I would suggest you leave and don't come back until you can show a Bill of sale from the owners of this Farm. I suggest you check with the Registers office in Globe for just who that owner is."

Thomas was surprised that Pacos knew that much about the law and what he said was true if he in fact, was the owner. He said , " Barton, he's right. I have no authority in the County. The Territorial Marshal will have to be brought in. As much as I hate to admit it , Pacos is right, I can't even serve these to Lisa. We'll have to go back to town. " Barton was livid with anger as he exclaimed, " Jail bird, you haven't seen the last of this. I'll see you back in prison where you damn well belong!" Ram replied, " Barton, you're a lying murderer without the guts to do your own dirty work. If you come here again with your accusations, you better be wearing a gun!"

Lisa was standing by the door in shock trying to get over her fear for Ram. She finally took a deep breath and released the death grip she had on her little pistol. Ram said, " Bunny hon, take it easy, you're shaking like a leaf. There's no need to be afraid. Barton's a coward and he's got Thomas doing his dirty work for him. I don't think they'll be back. Maybe Thomas will smarten up a little now that Barton made him look foolish." Lisa said " Oh Uncle Ram , I was afraid they would shoot you and I couldn't do much with my little pistol." She took the derringer from her apron pocket ; her hand still shaking as Ram placed his arm around her . He said, " Bunny hon, I could never ask for better help . you would have done just fine. Barton and Thomas never realized they'd be facing two guns, and if you're anything like your Mom, there 'd be two less Holbrook citizens to worry about. No, Bunny, you did just fine. I don't think we'll be bothered for awhile' right now, I'd like you to get your Dad's papers out and try to figure out why they're so important to Barton."

After shuffling through the maps and drawings, Ram began reading Sam's notes and suddenly exclaimed, " Damn! Here's the answer. Bunny come here and read this. What is Sam trying to say here. How much of this mining lingo do you understand?" Reading the note Lisa said, " Dad is saying here that Drift three will run dry in about thirty more days and his pay streak will end. Drift four , ran dry a year ago. Drift two should be extended in a west direction as the poor grade will show a major improvement within a hundred feet if his calculations are correct.'

"Uncle Ram , he's talking about the tunnels running off the head shaft. He abandoned Number two over a year ago and opened number three. When it began showing poor grade ore, Dad opened up number four . it petered out in just a couple of weeks. He went back up to number three and followed that ore body . He told me that it wasn't the best, but it was a paying body. It was last fall when he came down sick with Miner's cough. He had to quit work and laid off his crew. "

"The Mine was idle for Thirty days when Barton slapped a claim of his own over Dad's Lady May. Sheriff Thomas said Barton's claim was legal as my Dad had abandoned it. He let Barton steal Dad's Mine and he immediately put a big crew on payroll to strip drift three. The return wasn't rich like Barton had figured on and began operating on a share basis to keep his crew working. Dad had hidden his smelted gold in drift one and one night he managed to get in the mine. When he was seen leaving with a leather bag. It was then that Barton claimed he had stolen the mine payroll."

Ram exclaimed, " Of all the rotten thieving murderers, I met in prison, I don't think any were worse than Barton. Honey, What do you make outta your Dad's plan's for Drift two? What do you think he had in mind?" Lisa replied, " Dad's drawings will probably show what he was planning. Let's sort through them. These on top of the stack are the latest."

The drawings clearly indicated that Sam figured that the Mother lode was a little further west and the ore body was much larger and richer near the surface. Drift's one and two extended west could be the answer to a fortune. Lisa said, " This explains what Dad had said

about drift three turning dry to very low quality gold .” Ram said, “ Yeah, It also explains why Barton was so anxious to get Sam’s papers. He’s just a cheap thief with no mining experience. This whole town murdered the one man that could have made it rich for everyone. Barton wasn’t making a profit and faked the theft of that payroll to put money in his own pocket. Bunny Hon, he can’t afford the cost of operation. It won’t take him long to shut down the mine and abandon it. When he does, we’ll reclaim Sam’s Lady May in our names. We can play his crooked game and if the Sheriff allowed Barton to claim the mine after that false abandonment claim; then we should be able to do the same’

“. Anything other than that and Thomas is in trouble with the Territorial Marshal. If we could come up with Sam’s gold in melted bars, the Miners will hang Barton and Thomas too, if he tries to stop them. Hon, I’m not a vengeful man, but your Dad was my best friend and he was falsely accused and murdered. The Law of this town is not on our side, but your Dad told me, to take up a sword to defeat evil. A sword ain’t much good against a gun, so I’ll meet fire with fire. Your Dad’s ol’44 will be my sword.”

Lisa asked, “ Uncle Ram, you said that I was old enough to understand why Dad never wore a gun after Mom died. From the way you said it, I feel something terrible happened. What was it?” Ram looked long at Lisa and said, “ Honey, it’s been a long time and there’s a lotta bad memories that come back with your Mom’s dying. Sam was better than most with a pistol and he prided himself on his quick and accurate shooting. May was always after him to quit wearing the gun because she was afraid he’d get in a gun fight. On the night of that Apache Indian attack, your Mom was shot. That wound finally killed her. You remember parts of it. The long illness, your Dad crying his eyes out and me going out, getting drunk and fighting with him. Hon, I’m not proud of the way I acted. It was a terrible time in our lives. I’m ashamed of the boyish way I acted. Your Dad pulled me through some mighty bad times. I blamed him and Sam loved your Mom so much that he would have gladly died in her place if he could. Bunny, your Dad was a wonderful man. I never earned the right to have him as a friend.”

Ram stopped talking, dried tears from his eyes and continued with, “ Damnit Bunny Hon, it was a tragedy. Your Dad drew quickly and shot a renegade Indian that had dropped into the kitchen through the straw roof. One of his bullets hit the kitchen stove and glanced off hitting May in the side. It took weeks for the injury to kill her. I’m sorry Bunny. Maybe I should have kept the story to myself. I blamed him for shooting so recklessly and hitting May. I wasn’t nothing but trouble for him after May died.” Sam never wore that gun again. Lisa wrapped her arms around Ram saying, “Oh dear Uncle Ram, I’m the one that’s sorry for making you bring up such a terrible memory . I remember the long illness, but I never knew the story. I always thought it was an Indian that killed her.” Ram said, “ It had to be told, Honey. I feel better that you know all of it and don’t hold anger toward the Indians. I learned in prison just how terrible they were treated by our government. I have made good friends with two half breed Apaches that I wish I could help someday. Johnny Horse and Tall Walker were my cell mates for two years. They were jailed for trumped up reasons objecting to having their homes destroyed by a Rancher north of Santa Fe. They were much better company than any of the so called White men in prison.”

Lisa asked, “ What happened to your friends when you were released? How long were they gonna have to stay in prison?” Ram shook his head saying, “I don’t know for sure, but they got out before I did. I think their families are somewhere between Holbrook and Santa Fe. Maybe some day, I hope to see them again. They could never get in touch with me. I probably lost them forever. Those two young men kept me from going crazy and I learned to speak Apache while I taught them English. Lisa honey hang onto your friends as long as you can, because like me, and your Mom and Dad; we’ll all be gone one day.” Lisa, with tears said, “ Oh Uncle Ram, you’re all I’ve got. I can’t lose you. Please don’t get in a fight with Mister Barton. I’d rather lose our farm than see you get hurt.”

Ram patted her shoulder and said, “ Bunny hon, none of us knows what the future holds, we just have to live it the best we can, one day at a time. I don’t plan on getting in a fight and I sure don’t wanna get hurt. Let me see Sam’s note again. Maybe we can find that bag of gold and put Mister Barton where he belongs.” Once again Lisa brought out

her Dad's dying note and just holding it brought tears. Ram took the note and studied it, then shaking his head he said, "Bunny come to the window and tell me what you make of this mark maybe I'm seeing things ,but it looks to me like Sam made the O in Moses much larger than the other letters and what do you make of that mark inside the O?" Lisa looked and said, "I don't know uncle Ram, but it looks like a chicken track. "

Ram exclaimed, "Damn , ol'Sam was smart. Lisa I know where he hid the gold bag! Man that Dad of yours sure out foxed Barton and Thomas. He knew I would be coming home and he knew I'd figure this out. Bunny Hon, lets take your little horse and Sam's old wagon. I want you to cut a bunch of your Mom's roses. If any body asks, we're taking them out to Indian Springs where Sam was murdered and leave them in his memory. We'll also leave some at his grave site in Boot Hill." Lisa didn't understand, but thought it was wonderful that Ram wanted to use this method for showing his love and friendship for Sam. She said so and Ram said, "Bunny Hon, I've wanted to do this since I got here. Unfortunately, this is not gonna be a trip of respect for the dead, but Sam will rejoice and understand just what I'm doing in remembrance of him. If I'm right, Mister Barton will soon be resting in Jail. Your Dad's gold will point the accusing finger of murder straight at him and Thomas. You go cut those roses, while I hitch up the wagon."

Ram was shocked to find Sam's saddle in the wagon. He was thinking, "What's going on? The saddle was said to be on Moses and there's no sign of blood. Everyone is looking for this saddle because it supposed to have a bag of gold tied to the saddle horn. This don't make sense."

Lisa was also surprised, but said, "Uncle Ram, Dad sometimes rode Moses bareback when he was in a big hurry. He often just jumped on him and rode off." Ram said, "That explains why Moses had no saddle on him when Sam was murdered and Bunny Hon, I'm sure now that I know where the gold is hidden. It's been four weeks since he was killed. Unless I'm mistaken we've got a nasty job ahead of us. Let's get out there to Indian Springs and hope that I'm right." Lisa was

looking at Ram with a very puzzled expression and he said , “ Hun, we’ve gotta hurry. I’ll tell you about it when we get there.”

Later at Indian Springs, Ram asked, “Where was the shooting Bunny, I don’t see any sign of a dead horse.” Lisa replied, “ It was right over here where all the ground is dug up. Everyone in town has been out here and some probably thought Dad buried his bag. They’ve turned over every rock between here and town searching.” Ram said, “ Bunny Hun, Sam’s note said Moses had the gold and that chicken or bird track in the Big O in his name is an Indian symbol which gives direction. It means that with Moses dead, Sam opened up his side or stomach and put the bag of gold in his dead carcass. He knew that I’d read his message. All we’ve gotta do is follow these drag marks out into the brush where the body of Moses was left for the buzzards. If you think you can stand the stench of a weeks old rotten carcass, we’ve gotta job to do. Believe me no one has gone near the dead horse since he was a day old. They smell pretty bad. How do you feel about helping me or staying here?” Lisa was shocked at the possibility and exclaimed, “ Oh God, Uncle Ram, could it possibly be? Look, I’m farm raised ,remember. I’ve been handling stinky dead animals all my life. Let’s go get Daddy’s gold!”

It happened that Ram was the squeamish one. He threw up his breakfast upon smelling the stench. Lisa had to chase off birds that were feeding on the remains of Moses. There wasn’t a lot left of the horse, and what there was had dried and she had to cut the dried skin off the carcass chest cavity. Sure enough there inside was the gold bag. She and Ram were amazed at how heavy the small bag was. He said, “ Darling, there’s gotta be fifty pounds or more in this bag. Bunny Hon, I’m sorry I bummed out on you and got sick. Guess I’m gittin old. I thought the food in prison smelled bad. I wasn’t ready for this and I’m sure glad you came with me. I’m not sure that I could do what you did. Little lady you’ll sure do to ride the river with. Let’s get away from here and go to the Mercantile. You can feel the molten gold bars through the leather. We’ll get Homer, the owner; to ring that fire bell. The miners are all off work and they’ll come running. I’ll tell’em we’ve got good news that we know where their payroll bag is. I’m sure Thomas and Barton will be there too.”

It was late afternoon, before Ram had the Fire Bell rung to tell the miners the good news of where he thought the payroll bag was. He said, “ Men, I want all of you miners here to see the payroll bag, so just hang on for a little while. Sheriff Thomas and Mister Barton have been told and should be here shortly.” When Thomas and Barton came into the Mercantile, Ram directed them to come to the front of the crowd . Barton was angry and demanding to know what an ex convict was trying to pull on the working miners of Holbrook.

Ram said, “Sheriff Thomas, because you know of the hatred Barton has for me and my Niece Lisa Calloway, I’m asking you to take Barton’s gun before I say anything more and start a gunfight.” Barton objected, but the Miner’s were anxious to hear Ram and Thomas took his gun saying, “Pecos, you’re in my town now and this better be good or you’re going to Jail. Get on with what you’ve gotta say.” Ram bit his words as he said, “ All of you Miners have been cheated by Barton. Sam Calloway didn’t steal anything. The bag he was seen carrying was his own gold, smelted bars from his mining operation until Barton stole the Mine. My Niece Lisa tried to tell you all, but no; you preferred to believe Barton so he could murder Sam Calloway.”

Thomas yelled , “ What the hell are you talking about? It’s all a lie folks. Where’s your proof Convict?” Ram said “ Thomas , you may be the Sheriff here, but I’m getting awful tired of being called a liar .” Turning to his side he said , “ Bunny, lift that tow sack up here on the counter.” Reaching in the sack, he took out the heavy leather bag. Every miner in the place yelled and surged forward. Ram drew his gun as Thomas moved toward him and Barton was trying to leave. He yelled , “ Hold it!” and fired a shot into the ceiling. Everything stopped as Ram dumped the molten gold bars on the counter. He said, “Men your payroll bag or what’s left of it is in Barton’s safe at the mine office. Sheriff Thomas , I suggest you perform your duties now and get these miner’s their pay roll and lock up your thief and murderer. So there’s no question about our plans, my niece Lisa and I are taking Sam’s gold to Globe for deposit. Any interference or attempted hold up will be met with 44 bullets.”

The miners all followed Thomas escorting Barton to the Mine office. Ram and Lisa stayed in town long enough to hear that Barton

threatened with a lynching opened his safe. The payroll bag was there with most of the stolen money. Thomas locked Barton in Jail. Bagging Sam's gold, Ram and Lisa drove back to the farm. Lisa was thinking out loud and said, " Uncle Ram, we never made it to Daddy's grave, but I'm sure he's rejoicing and pleased with us. When are we gonna leave for Globe to get this gold in the bank?" Ram replied, " We're going to buy a new wagon to make the trip. There's a small covered one at the livery. It's got high side boards for Indian fighting and it'll give us better protection on the trail. They've also got a couple of Mustangs that ol'Homer bought with the wagon. I really like the whole outfit and since we showed all that gold, our credits good for anything. Young Lady Bunny , you're a rich little girl, and by the way we're not going to Globe. I threw that out to give any thieves a long ride in the wrong direction. We're gonna circle around and head east to Santa Fe and that Drover's Bank. I wanna get away from Holbrook as soon as possible. Hanging around here with this much gold is too tempting and the word will spread like wildfire. We and the gold are much safer when it sits in a bank. We do have a problem though. We'll be heading through dangerous Apache country. That Santa Fe Trail has seen a lotta blood shed and going that way could be a big mistake. Whatta you say Bunny? Do we go or not?"

Lisa replied, " Uncle Ram, I prayed for help and you came home. I'll follow you, if you think this is the best way ." Ram said, " Bunny Hon, I'm not much into prayin and I really don't know much about this God you talk about, but we might could use some help gittin through to Santa Fe." Lisa said, " Uncle Ram, God answered my prayer and he'll be there for us all the way. I know he'll protect us." Ram replied, " Hon , I'm glad you feel that way, but I'm buying a rifle and a few boxes of shells to sorta make God's job a little easier." Lisa laughed shaking her head and said, " Uncle Ram, you might be right. God don't expect us to quit trying and look for him to give us everything for free. You see, he's already got you thinking about getting a rifle for our protection. God works pretty quick don't he?" Ram , just looked at Lisa and shook his head, but he had a big smile.

Ram was in a hurry to leave town and pushed Homer for a quick sale on that wagon and team. Ram , after a short dicker, had wagon, team and harness for a very reasonable price. For a penny pinching

store owner, Ram was surprised and quickly bought up supplies for their trip. It almost appeared that Homer was being overly helpful and as a thought came to him. Ram insisted on a Bill of Sale for everything stating, “ Homer, I don’t need to be accused of stealing this rig. I want brands and description included on that paper.”

It was at this point, the previously very helpful Homer became a definite hard nose to deal with. As they drove the new wagon out to the Farm , Lisa asked, “ Uncle Ram, I can see you’re worried about something. What are you worried about? I’m so thankful. I believe God is directing us. So much happiness has come into my life . I know he’s there, watching over us.” Ram replied, “ Well I’ve gotta admit we’ve been pretty lucky, but I have a worrisome feeling that something fishy is going on. That Homer was just too easy, then did a quick about face when I wanted a Bill of Sale. Maybe I’m just too suspicious, but I can’t help feeling that we may have trouble coming.” Lisa just shook her head at her Uncle’s suspicious nature.

They were within a mile of their Farm and Ram was beginning to relax when abruptly Sheriff Thomas and two deputies, came outta the brush carrying rifles. Lisa said “ Uncle Ram! Whatta we do?” Ram said, Keep your hand in your pocket on that gun. We may have trouble.” Thomas demanded they stop! He said, “ Pacos, what are you doing with Homer’s wagon? You know we don’t just take things here in Holbrook and I know that Homer would never let that rig outta his sight. Keep your hands clear of that gun and step down from that wagon. You know we hang horse thieves in this town.”

It was now clear to Ram that something had been cooked up by Thomas and Homer to accuse himself and Lisa of stealing so they could arrest them and confiscate the gold. Ram said, “ Sheriff Thomas you’re pushing me again. We paid for this outfit and I’ve got a signed Bill of Sale from your partner Homer. I don’t know what you’re trying, but once again , you’re outta line. We’re not in town and we’re not getting outta the wagon. A deputy started to swing his rifle up and Lisa, exclaimed, “ Don’t do it!” Every thing and every one stopped at the sign of a pistol in Lisa’s hand. Ram said, “ She’s a very good shot.” Then thinking, “ There’s that praying of Lisa helping me see through

this deception and get a great buy on this out fit. Thanks God. I don't know you too good , but Thanks anyway."

Ram went on with, " Thomas you know you have no authority out here so I'm gonna figure you and your men were attempting a hold up. Any one of you make a move to use a gun and I'm gonna shoot. Now very carefully pull your pistols out and drop them on the ground. Yeah, them rifles too.' Thomas exclaimed, " Damn you Pacos, you can't get away with this. I'll get a bigger posse together and come after you. By tomorrow I'll have a letter in the mail to get a Territorial Marshal down here to arrest you." Ram said , "Hold your gun on them Bunny. Maybe they'd like to see your Indian fighting pistol work. Thomas you're making things awful hard on these so called Deputies of yours. All of you ride over here. That's right. Those guns can stay right where they are. I notice you rode those horses awful hard to get out here and I hate to see a horse mistreated so I want you all to dismount. These horses need feed and a good rest. I know that none of you want to abuse your horse so, Get Down!"

The three men reluctantly dismounted not knowing what to expect from Ram. Ram got down and carefully tied each horses reins to their saddle horns. Thomas and his two deputies watched curiously, but exclaimed screams of cursing and anger as Ram slapped the horses into a run back to town! He said, " Shut up Thomas, I'm really getting tired of your crookedness. I'd love to see a Territorial Marshall come to Holbrook. Any more trouble from you. and that Marshall might be investigating a shooting of a crooked Sheriff. You and Barton murdered Sam and I'd bet you've already made plans for a Jail escape. Maybe a few blisters will delay that escape until Lisa and I can get to Globe. I hope you're smart enough to lite a shuck outta this county because you're done around here. If I see you or Barton again, you better be wearing a gun. I'd hate for folks to think I'd shot an unarmed man. Now start walking!"

Lisa hesitantly said, " Uncle Ram, I've never seen you so mad. You scared me and my hands were shaking all the time. I was afraid Sheriff Thomas would try to shoot you . I don't know if I could have shot at these men." Ram said, "Bunny, when the shooting begins, there's no time for thinking and you would have done just fine. Remember those Indians? You were afraid then too , but came through

emptying your gun and scattering Redskins outta our yard. They didn't all get away." Ram laughed and went on with, "Yeah, I sure don't want you gittin scared and coming after me." Lisa gave a nervous laugh saying, " Uncle Ram, I could never shoot at you." Ram knowing that his little joke had helped her ,said, " Bunny Hon forget Thomas and those men of his, We've gotta get to your farm house and throw our possibles in this wagon, then head out for Globe on the old valley road. I want to make as much distance as possible tonight. There's others in Holbrook that wouldn't hesitate at killing for your gold."

It only took minutes for Lisa to secure everything. There was little food to worry about and she said, " Uncle Ram, we'll drive by Molly's place and ask her to take care of my chickens and pigs while we're gone. I know it's kinda sudden to ask her , but she's always been a good friend. Do you think we can make it to Valley Road before dark?" Ram replied , " No it'll be dark a long time before we get there, but I'm gonna drive all night. I don't think anyone will follow us, but I wanna be sure. That road through the valley is hard pan and sound in the ground travels a long way. Another Indian trick I learned from Running Horse in prison. We always knew where the guards were and when they were headed our way. Didn't do us a lotta good but it was something to do. A man learns anything he can while in prison."

It was after midnight when Ram pulled off the road. Lisa had told him she thought she had heard something, but ignored it as the sound of a night bird or coyote wail. Ram took the opportunity to hold his rifle on the ground and listen intently to the wooden stock held firmly on hard pan. Quickly he climbed in the wagon and drove off the roadway, saying , "Horses coming on pretty fast, Bunny. We'll pull up over here on the dark side of the roadway. Get down and grab those Mustangs noses and hold them quiet until these riders pass. They can't see any better than we can and I think they'll lope on past. We're pretty well hidden here in the shadows, but I'll be doing some shootin if they spot us ."

Fortunately the riders passed without incident. Ram and Lisa both breathed a big sigh of relief and after setting still for over an hour they continued north in the star light. Once again Ram did a ground listen and said, " Not a sound Bunny. I think they're way on up the

road. We're gonna pull off on some high ground ahead and stop for the night. These mustangs are still pretty fresh , but we aren't. I'll bet after all the excitement of today , you're pretty sleepy." Wrong, Lisa was already asleep sitting behind the wagon seat. Ram chuckled as he drove the horses off the road and tethered them for the night. Sunrise brought a terrible awakening as Lisa grabbed Ram's arm saying "Uncle Ram! Uncle Ram! Indians ! God help us." Ram came instantly awake! Their wagon was surrounded by Apaches ! Four rifles were pointed waiting for him to make a fighting move. Ram held up a peace sign hand and spoke in Apache telling the Braves that he was peaceful and was a blood brother to their tribe. He mentioned the names of Standing Tall and Running Horse as his Blood brothers. The Braves all wanted Lisa the white girl. Lisa was petrified with fear knowing what Apaches did to white girls She tightly held on to the little derringer in her pocket Ram knew that he was gonna have to kill a few and get himself killed trying protect her. They had no chance.

His ability to speak Apache was a big surprise and one Brave rode forward saying to Ram in Apache, 'White eyes is friend to Running Horse?' Ram spoke back , telling the Brave that , " Yes, I am blood brother to Running Horse and sub chief Standing Tall of Chief Ornago tribe." The Brave replied, "No Standing Tall is dead , killed at Spring battle." Ram asked , " What Tribe is this?" When the Brave answered a great relief came to Ram. He said , "This Chief Ornago tribe war party. Running Horse in camp."

The party of Apaches escorted Ram as he drove to their encampment., a short two miles east of the Valley road. All of the Braves were greedily eyeing the pretty white girl. Ram heard their lustful comments and knew he was on very treacherous ground. Any little thing would set off these Braves. They could easily abduct Lisa and haul her off. He was praying that Running Horse was in camp and could give them safety.

It was a wonderful thing to see the tall but ugly Running Horse come to his wagon dragging him off the seat and almost hugging him .Horse was so happy to see him. He jabbered long to the other Apaches about his blood brother White Eyes Pacos, finally sending them all away and helping Ram set up a camping site. Ram watched

as almost every Brave in camp came to look at Lisa. He was afraid that he'd have to shoot an Indian before they could get on their way north. Lisa was scared to leave Ram and said, " Uncle Ram, I'm scared. Every one of these Braves frightens me with their looks. Are we going to be able to leave here?" Ram replied, " If things go well maybe we can leave in a few days. I want you to stay in our camp site . Tonight I must set in Council. Chief Ornago wants me to talk about the many White Eyes coming into his hunting ground and how to stop them. Running Horse has gone to Ornago and demanded our safety be honored by the Tribe. He is now the Warrior sub chief under Ornago and can sue for our protection. He'll be here shortly. Bunny, you see to it that Horse has a drink and food when he comes into our camp. It's not the custom for me to offer." When Horse came back , Bunny did as Ram asked. Horse refused, but said , he'd join them for dinner, later. Ram unknowingly had just made a statement to Horse about Lisa. Only the Braves squaw would serve a visitor.

Before leaving, he said to Ram. " I have bad news my brother. Your pretty woman has camp in much excitement. Many braves come to Ornago. They say she is captured girl and they demand her for pleasure. I have sued for her protection , but Chief Ornago says " Pretty Woman in War camp is bad omen. Medicine Man White Feather, has finished ceremony of Fox and Eagle to bring safety and victory for my Braves. Young girl cannot stay in camp, she is eagle. Tomorrow at sunrise, she must take husbands horses to water."Ram was shocked . "Oh God now what?" He exclaimed. " More Apache voodoo and customs. Bunny has to have a husband and take his horses to water. Now what the hell do I do? God , if you're hearing me, I can't protect Bunny from this Apache custom. I know you don't know me , but I need some kind of help."

Lisa was cooking at the campfire when Horse walked into their campsite for dinner. She brought him a tin cup of beans and bacon. Horse watched her and said, "Very pretty squaw you have White Eyes Pacos. How many horses did she bring?" Ram laughed saying "No No Horse, this is my niece , my sisters girl. She is my family, I traded no horses". Horse didn't understand and replied, " Great Spirit smile on you White Eyes, she very pretty; make good squaw. Maybe twenty horses. I am happy for you."

Ram just shook his head laughing, but suddenly it came to him , the answer to his problem with all of the Apache Braves. He would declare Bunny as his Squaw. It was a killing offence to try and steal another Braves squaw. That evening at the camp's Council meeting , he would declare his ownership of Bunny as his Squaw and demonstrate his shooting ability. After telling Bunny his plan, he said " Hon, I'm sorry, but it's kinda like stealing horses. A Brave has to claim ownership and be ready to contest his claim in a fight if necessary. If all goes well , this should get us on the trail to Santa Fe." Lisa was shocked that she would be treated like a horse captured during a fight, but if Uncle Ram thought it was necessary, she would pretend to be his squaw.

That evening she and Ram were called before council and Ornago was informed that Lisa was his Squaw. Two of his older Braves contested Ram's claim and Ram said , " Chief Ornago, it is my choice of weapon. I choose gun, but I do not wish to kill your Braves." Pointing to a cactus knob about one hundred yards away , he very neatly cut it from the plant with three quick shots. The two Braves with drew their claim. Ram was much relieved when Ornago said, " It is well. White Eyes Pacos. You have a very pretty squaw and very good rifle. My Braves are foolish to challenge you. Tell your Squaw to go to your camp in Peace. She is not to be harmed."

As Lisa walked away , Running horse said, " Brother White Eyes, all Apache ask, What should we do about White Eyes taking our hunting grounds? We kill many, but White Eyes come like bees. Many Braves die. What to do, my Brother?" Ram was stuck. He had no answer for horse. Ram said, " Horse I have to think about the problem. Let me take council as you say, and see if your Great Spirit will give me an answer." He knew that the Ornago tribe lived in the Dragoon mountains and this area was pocketed with many sweeping canyons of timber, grass, and wild game. It was the perfect home for the Indians, but it was also loved by the white man as possible Homesteads. The biggest problem facing the Indians was the constant intrusion by gold miners looking for a rich strike. Most of the recent fighting and killing involved gold miners. He could think of no easy answer.

Later that evening, he explained his problem to Lisa and then asking her, “Sam was a gold miner. Did he ever mention the Dragoons as a possible area for gold mining?” She replied , “No, Uncle Ram. He said the Old Woman mountain range north would be his guess. Lotta quartz formations in that range. The Dragoons are all granite, and shale. No hard rock or quartz and very likely no gold. Why do they ask you for an answer to their problem?” Ram replied, ‘Running horse thinks I am a very wise White Eyes, because I convinced him and Standing Tall to learn English and play to the Prison officials as reformed Apaches, friend of the white man. That’s why they were released so early. Running horse now has a family and home in Santa Fe. Because he is a half breed , he’s accepted as a white man and works as a freight wagon driver, but right now his wagon is broken down and things are really tough for his family. He is here, because Ornago is his Brother and wants to help him. I’m treated as a white medicine man and I told them I would seek Council with the Great Spirit for an answer. It’s the best I could do, because I don’t have an answer.”

Lisa said, “ Uncle Ram, God is the Great Spirit, whether it be Indian or white. In the Bible he is the Holy Ghost. I’m sure he will give you an answer. All you have to do is ask.”Ram replied, “ I don’t really know much about the Bible or God, but I sure could use his help right now. I need to tell Ornago something that will make sense so we can get on towards Santa Fe. The sooner we leave, the safer it’ll be for you. Braves have been known to disobey their Chief. When we get to Santa Fe and deposit all of your Gold, I’d like to see what we can do about Horse’s wagon.”

Lisa said, “Oh it would be wonderful if we could give some of my gold to Running Horse. I’d love to do something for him.” Ram scared her when he exclaimed, “That’s it! Lisa, That’s it! Two of those bars are small rough sand castings. We’ll give them to Running Horse for deposit to his account in Santa Fe. That will do far more than just fix his wagon. Ornago’s whole tribe is camped at the west end of Old Woman Mountain. We don’t have to say or do a thing. The devil’s greed will send every gold miner to Old Woman and clear them out of the Dragoons. Maybe that will clear the way for the government to give

that area to the Apaches. I'm sure this is a good quick solution and will put a big smile on Running Horse and Chief Ornago."

Morning came and Ram explained his plan and gave the two bars of gold to Running Horse. Horse was so grateful, that he at first overlooked what this would cause if an Indian showed up with gold from Old Woman Mountain. He and Ornago both had the big smiles Ram expected. A celebration was in order. Ram and his Squaw were to be honored that night at a Council Fire. Ram thanked Ornago, but told him they must travel; that upon their return, they would accept the Honor. A grateful Running Horse, against Indian custom, hugged them both upon leaving. He said, "White Eyes Pacos, you are truly brother. I find you in Santa Fe. We eat big." Ram thanked him and later laughing, said to Lisa, "Well pretty Squaw, we have a dinner invite." Lisa said, "Uncle Ram, any girl would be honored to be your Squaw." Ram replied, "Someday Lisa, you'll meet a young man that makes your old Uncle Ram proud to give his beautiful Niece up in marriage and you won't be anybody's Squaw. Today we're taking a short run east to hit the Santa Fe trail. I'd like to see your gold in the Drovers Bank as soon as possible. No one knows we're actually going to Santa Fe. We should have a safe trip. I think we can rest easy tonight." Wrong!

Unknown to Ram, Lisa had mentioned to Molly Jamison, her neighbor; that Uncle Ram wanted her gold put in the Drovers Bank as soon as possible and that was the reason for making the trip. Lisa had no idea that Santa Fe was the only location that had a Drovers Bank and unfortunately as Ram had predicted Barton had broken out of Jail with the help of Sheriff Thomas. Thomas then put a posse together and rode out to Lisa's farm house looking for the escapee, knowing Barton had gone north to a line shack to hide out. He questioned Molly and her Dad and unfortunately at this time she informed him of Lisa's plans. Thomas knew immediately that Ram had tried to fool everyone with that statement about going to Globe. He rode to Barton's shack with this new information. They immediately rode east to the Santa Fe trail and camped on a hill top that had a good view of a couple miles of the trail. Thomas said, "John, there's no sign of recent travel going north. We're in front of them and we'll hang out here for a few days. They should be along here tomorrow or the next day for sure. If we can, I'll shoot that Bastard Pacos and that smart alec girl too." Barton

said, “ No Thomas , we won’t kill the girl until we have a little fun with her. You know me , ain’t no way I’ll pass on a pretty girl.” Thomas said, “ Yeah, That’s your problem John. You can’t leave the women alone. Someday it’ll be your downfall.”. John just laughed and then jerked his head up! There was a small dust cloud in the south. He pointed saying “ Thomas we’ve gotta get down closer to the trail. Get that rifle ready. It looks like we’re in luck!”

Thomas said, “No hurry John, it’ll be a good half hour before they get here. We’ll set up in the rocks on the other side of the trail and leave the horses here. It’s a good walk downhill, but we can start countin the gold in a little bit.” John just said, “Yeah, Yeah!, but I ain’t gonna walk down this hill Thomas, I can tie‘em to a bush just behind that rock formation. Thomas pulled his rifle from it’s scabbard as they started down the trail. The worn butt plate caught the sunlight as he walked He said, “John there ain’t nothing down there but little dry bushes.” John replied , “ I’ll find something. You do what you like, but I I damn sure ain’t gonna walk that far. I’ll lead your horse down.” Minutes later John was looking for a bush big enough to tie the horses and Thomas was making a comfortable place to shoot from. They both settled down in he rocks waiting to do their killing.

Ram was looking at the desert ahead as Lisa was doing the driving and said, “Girl you’re doing a good job driving. I looked behind and your tracks are straight as far as I can see.” Lisa said, “ Uncle Ram, I’m not doing a thing. The horses are doing all of the guiding. I’ve been thinking, God brought us through the Indians and he’s probably driving the horses.” Ram laughed saying, “ After what we just went through girl, I’m beginning to think maybe I’ll take a look at that Bible of yours. It wouldn’t hurt to keep an eye on the road though just in case God misses a rock or chuck hole that would break a wheel.” Lisa laughed saying, “ Trust him Uncle Ram, I know he’ll see us safely through.”

It was an instant later that Ram thought he saw a flash of light from the top of a hill ahead. He said, “ Lisa Hon, I don’t wanna scare you but something moved on top o that hill ahead. I saw a quick flash of light and that can’t be an animal. We may have more Indian trouble coming. I sure hope it’s not Victorio’s Band. We’ll never make it if it’s

them. If anything happens drop down in the wagon, it's got tough oak side boards. We'll just have to fight the best we can." Lisa said, "I pray you're wrong Uncle Ram, but this time I'm not nervous. God is on our side, and I'll be shootin too." "Good girl Hon, you'll sure do in a pinch. Whatever happens, I love you." Said Ram as he searched the hill side ahead. There was no movement or sign of anything. He was about to think he was seeing things and had made a mistake. There were rock formations ahead on both sides of the road. Ram could feel the hair on back of his neck standing. There was danger out there, but where? He couldn't shake the feeling as they slowly approached the rock formations.

Suddenly! He saw it! Boot prints crossing the roadway. Violently rolling back over the seat as a rifle shot was fired from the rocks, he pulled Lisa with him. Lisa was shocked thinking Ram had been shot. Laying out flat on the floor, she had no time to think. Maybe he was dead! The mustangs bolted with the rifle shot, quickly taking them outta range of the shooting Ram desperately afraid for Lisa exclaimed, " Hon! Are you Ok?" Quicky replying she said, "' Oh thank God ! Uncle Ram, I thought you were dead. Who's shooting at us?" Ram replied , I don't know, but they were white men , not Indians. Stay down I've got the reins. We were very lucky. I saw boot prints crossing the road and thought I saw motion in the rocks . I jerked you off the seat as I rolled backwards." Lisa , still shaken from the ordeal and looking back at the rock formation exclaimed , "Uncle Ram. Horses, There's two horses chasing us." Ram swung around expecting more trouble, but laughed saying, " The killers horses Lisa. There's nobody riding them! Somebody's in for a long walk. The shooting spooked them and they're following our Mustangs. i'll pull up down the road a ways and catch'em up. We can trail 'em in to Santa Fe and let the Sheriff have'em.

Lisa said, "' Uncle Ram shouldn't we do something for them. Can we just leave them out here?" He said , "Hon they'll shoot us If we get anywhere close. I can't take that chance and they're just gonna have to sleep in the bed they made for themselves. Those killers are pretty lucky, really. Being stranded out here without horses is almost a death sentence, but they're only a quarter mile from Calico sink. There's drinkable water there but it's so heavy with calcium deposits you almost have to chew it. This hot blazing sun serves'em right. They're

the Devil's kin from hell anyway and should be used to the heat. If the Sheriff in Santa Fe wants to come and get'em he's welcome to'em. Hon I know you feel bad about just leaving them out here, but we were very lucky. We'll make sure the sheriff sends deputies out to pick'em up. They're killers ! I shouldn't bother, but I can't just let'em die out here. I guess I'd be Ok with taking them in to town so they can be mercifully hung, but I'll let the sheriff do that." Lisa Looked at Ram saying, " Uncle Ram , I see what you mean. We'll leave them in God's hands."

Arriving in Santa Fe, Ram had all of Lisa's gold put in an account for her and said, " Lisa Hon, I feel a big relief. Sam's gold is safe and we can return to Holbrook. I didn't tell you, but the Sheriff brought in our Bandits. It was Sheriff Thomas and John Barton. How they found out we were coming to Santa Fe, I don't know; but I signed the attempted murder charge. They could have claimed it to be our word against theirs and maybe been released, but they blamed each other for the shooting, so they're guilty by their own words. They murdered Sam and justice finally caught up with them. They'll both get prison and Yuma is a living hell."

Lisa said, " Uncle Ram, I've thought a lot about them. We could have given them help, but they would have refused , thinking it was better to kill us. We left them in God's hands and he took over for us." Ram said Lisa Hon, " The longer I'm with you, the more I understand your Bible." Lisa replied, " Uncle Ram, it's really pretty simple; Thomas and Barton just proved what Daddy always said, " God gave us the Bible to help us . If we refuse his help, we're doomed to hell."

The End