

FROME COUNTY REPORTER

LIBERTY, FROME COUNTY, NEVADA.

THE STORY OF RANCHER JOHN HOCK

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HYDE-PRICE THE TAILOR

DESIRERS TO CALL THE ATTENTION

of gentlemen to the daily arrival of New York styles of French, English and Domestic goods from his London and New York Houses.

Being our own importers, we are able to guarantee and give the REAL article at such prices as defy competition.

WE SELL.....

Good Business Suits

From 15 dollars

PANTS

From Four Dollars

GENUINE 6X BEAVER SUITS

From 55 dollars

Goods to suit the Banker, Merchant and Clerks. Gentlemen, before calling elsewhere, will do well to call and inspect my

IMMENSE STOCK

JOHN HOCK'S EARLY LIFE

John Hock was born in 1838. He married Flora (seven years his junior), and had five children (John, Eliza, Henry, George, Sarah). He inherited the Pontypine Ranch from his father. His younger brother (by 2 years) became a Marshall.

CATTLE DRIVE TO IDAHO SPRING 1875

The winter of 1874 was mild, the spring of 1875 good, and there had been little cattle rustling. John Hock was blessed with a larger herd than he was expecting. He negotiated a bank loan and hired a crew to take his spare cattle to Idaho.

His outfit consisted of himself, fifteen cowboys (Henry Miller; William Criver; John Piper; George Hines; William Kidd; John Carter; Jean Stewart; John Wallace; John Menkle; Arthur Lam; James Cobb; Robert Prouse; Edward Tomales; Wm Tompkins; Mike Pritchard), two wranglers (Boris Keisle; Wilson Jolly) and a cook (Martin McGregor) who also steered the supply wagon.

The drive proceeded without major incident until they entered Idaho.

OUTLAWS RUSTLE CATTLE FROM THE PONTYPINE BOYS SPRING 1875 (05)

INTRODUCTION

As they approach Idaho, six outlaws from the Levi gang (Frank Levi; Doby Martin; Frank Hines; Jess Price; Chas Bascolum; William Farthington) stole six cattle.

John Hock and five other cowboys (Criver, Piper, Hines, Wallace, and Menkle) took up the chase, winding through narrow rocky valleys.

THE FIGHT

The cowboys began to close on the outlaws (except for Hines, who was hardly able to keep up on his nag). The outlaws were struggling to control the cattle; Levi, spotting potential trouble sped ahead (yellow-belly!), leaving the others behind.

Hock and Wallace were beginning to close on the outlaws, coming within extreme rifle range. Both fired and Hock got a lucky hit on Farthington who, clutching his head, fell off his horse and went down for the count; his colleagues did not stop for him.

The outlaws, looking back, saw that Hock was gaining ground and getting ready to fire again; they decided to stop and fight it out (better than being picked off one-by-one).

Hock realised that he was going to have to keep the rustlers pinned down whilst he waited for his partners to arrive. Wallace was close; Criver, Piper and Menkle further behind, and Hines was way behind, trotting along on his nag.

The Levi boys (minus Levi himself) dismounted close to some scrub grass that straddled the trail, took cover behind it, and awaited the arrival of the Pontypine cowboys. To their front was a long ridge, broken by the trail. They immediately saw Hock, on his horse, and opened fire. Hock veered onto the leftmost hill and took cover behind an outcrop of rock. Both sides began sniping at each other with rifles.

The outlaws saw more figures. It is Wallace, who joined Hock on the left hill, and Piper, Criver, and Hines (who disappeared from view for a while, then appeared at the summit of the right-hand hill). A final figure (Menkle) came into view, took one look at the outlaws, and ran away.

The shooting intensified, with both sides suffering casualties. Levi finally appeared, rounded up four of the cattle and headed off, leaving his gang to hold off the cowboys; Bravery wasn't Levi's middle name. Levi's plan was going well until a well-aimed shot from Hock nicked the neck of his horse, who promptly threw him. Undeterred Levi lead the cattle off on foot.

The cowboys injuries were now mounting. Hock was unconscious with a bad chest wound. Wallace, also with a chest wound, was unable to continue firing. Piper had been shot in the gun arm.

Criver and Hines decided to close with the outlaws, galloping down from the hill. Criver approached the scrub grass, firing first with his rifle, then with his pistol. He hit Martin in the chest and leg, and killed his horse. Criver was now firing madly and fanning his gun and accidentally killed the two steer that Levi had left behind. The outlaws returned the fire, killing Hines horse and hitting him in the chest.

Criver was hit in the off arm and the gut, and was thrown by his horse, who was grazed by one of the bullets.

The valley fell quiet; it has been a bad day for the Pontypine Ranch. Not only had they lost six cattle, but five of their best cowboys were injured. Hock had a chest wound. Criver had been shot in the left arm and gut, Piper in his gun arm. Hines had been hit in the leg and chest. Wallace too had a chest wound. A petrified Menkle had escaped unharmed.

The outlaws hadn't got away unscathed. Martin had chest and leg wounds. Hines had a chest wound, Farthington a chest wound. Three of the outlaws horses were killed.

EPILOGUE

The outlaws rounded up the cowboy's horses and slowly made off with their cattle, dragging their wounded behind on travoises. Price picked up Farthington, who had finally regained consciousness after being hit in the head by Hock.

The cowboys were beginning to give up hope of rescue, but suddenly up rode some of the other Pontypiner's with the supply cart; they had guessed that things had gone badly when they heard the prolonged gunfire.

John Hock, despite the very bad appearance of his wounds, made a full recovery, as did John Piper.

William Criver, George Hines, and John Wallace, fared worse, with some lasting damage.

Doby Martin recovered fully from his leg and chest wounds.

Frank Hines and William Farthington fared worse, never fully recovering, with Hines having breathing problems and Farthington continuous headaches.

INDIANS HOLD UP JOHN HOCK

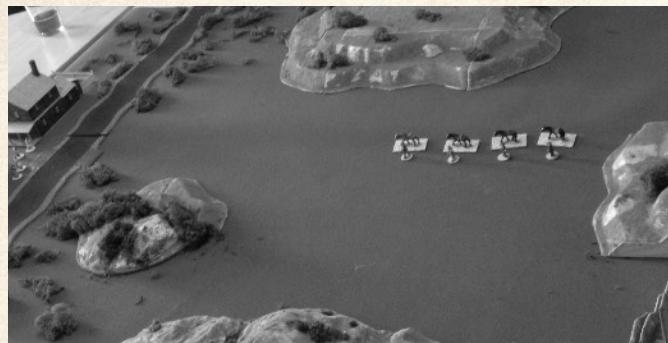
SUMMER 1875 (10)

INTRODUCTION

The John Hock was heading home at the end of the cattle drive to Idaho. He had hired three men to come with him: Mike Pritchard, William Tompkins, John Wallace.

Four Indians, Crashing Hawk (leader), Lone Pond, Coiled Snake, and Jumping Buck tried to ambush them, but the cowboys run the gauntlet of fire and managed to cross the ford and reach the safety of Apache Cross.

AMBUSH!



Vulture's eye views of the Pontypine cowboys approaching Apache Cross from the east. The Indians are in the hills to the north and south.

John Hock was not feeling too good. His chest wound still hurt, and he was sore from being too long in the saddle. It was a long way from Idaho to Frome County. Again he checked the saddlebags were secure behind him; he'd hate to lose all the money so close to home. He glanced back at Wallace, Tompkins and Pritchard, plodding along behind him. Although tired they still look alert. They knew they are in Indian territory.

The cowboys had not seen the four Indians, two in the hills to the north of the trail, two in the hills to the south. Their leader, Crashing Hawk, had realised that this was the route the cattle drivers took returning home with their proceeds. Lone Pond, Coiled Snake, Jumping Buck, and he might be able to get some money very soon.

Mike Pritchard was looking at the hills to the south when the shot rang out, and he spotted the muzzle flash fractions of a second before the bullet whistled past, nicking his horse in the neck. Pritchard was skilled; he controlled the panicked horse with one

hand, and used his other to pull out his carbine and fire a shot at the hills. A second shot from Lone Pond took Pritchard's hat off.

Hearing the shots, Hock immediately realised their best chance was to gallop to the ford and the safety of Apache Cross beyond. He shouted out to his crew and spurred his horse forward.

The cowboys thundered forward, now with fire coming from the hills on both sides. Pritchard was hit in the right leg, but managed to keep going. Then they were in Redwater River and splashing through to safety.



Townsfolk in Apache Cross watch the cowboys approach.

EPILOGUE

The townsfolk of Apache Cross were able to temporarily bandage Pritchard leg. He received more care when he got back to the Pontypine Ranch, and recovered quickly.

MAVERICKS AND OUTLAWS!

FALL 1875 (14)

INTRODUCTION

John Hock was out rounding up mavericks in the Badlands beyond the Black Mountains. He had five of his men with him (Tomales, Tompkins, Keisle, Jolly, and McGregor). They had collected a good number of cattle and were setting up camp for the night when they spotted some men approaching. And they look ed like outlaws, after the cattle!

WHO'S THAT APPROACHING?

John Hock had decided that he needed more cattle, so he had set out with two cowboys (Edward Tomales and William Tompkins) and two wranglers (Boris Keisle and Wilson Jolly) to look for maverick cattle over the Black Mountains in the Badlands. He also took Martin McGregor, the cook, who supported them with a wagon of supplies.

Over several days they had found a good few cattle, more than Hock had expected. The men were tired, so Hock had decided to stop and rest before the arduous trip westward through Dead Posse Pass. They had formed a makeshift corral from brushwood and bushes for the cattle and horses, and were settling down for some chow by the fire McGregor had lit next to the wagon.

Hock kept glancing to the east; earlier he thought he had seen something reflect light back at him. Now he could just make out some figures furtively moving towards them, through the scattered cover of the thorny bushes and stunted trees. Grabbing his rifle he

set off toward the low outcrop just to the north of them, calling for Tompkins to follow him, and the others to arm themselves and take cover behind the wagon.

The figures moving towards them were the ‘Tom-tom’ Gang, lead by Tom Thompson. He had with him Mark McDonald, a pretty hard character, and Mike Jones, Morris Cullery, James Bert and Allen Schneider, who were all keen but nowhere near as good as McDonald. They had been watching the Pontypine cowboys for days. Now that the cowboys had done the hard work of rounding up the cattle, it was time for the Tom-toms to steal them.

Schneider was at the back, with the horses, with the others in a long line-abreast, slowly walking from cover to cover, closing on the cowboys.



Vulture’s eye views of the Pontypine wagon and corral in the background, and one of the Tom-tom gang in the foreground. Hock was on the hill to the back right, behind cover.

Hock could see them much more clearly now from his vantage point on the outcrop. He had decided that these were no-good varmints and that he was going to fire first. He opened fire with his carbine. Tompkins began firing too. The Tom-toms scurried for cover, firing back. A lucky shot from Tompkins hit Bert in the head, killing him instantly. Suddenly more fire erupted from behind the wagon as the other Pontypiner’s joined in the gunfight.

This was too much for Mike Jones - he just turned and ran. Tom Thompson shouted to his men to calm them, but was knocked out by a bullet to the head from Hock. Schneider saw this and ran away, scurrying after Jones.



Mark McDonald, the only member of the Tom-toms with any backbone, returns fire.

Things were not looking good for the Tom-toms, so they decided to scatter. Cullery ran to get the horses which, having been abandoned by Schneider, were looking very confused. McDonald kept firing at the cowboys, trying to keep them pinned down so that he and Cullery could escape. He poured fire at the wagon as fast as he can, and downed Jolly with a bullet in the guts. Bullets from Hock were now whistling round McDonald’s head, and he knew things are getting desperate. Before he could drop back to the horses he was hit by a bullet from Kiesle and collapsed to the ground.

The Pontypine fire now concentrated on Cullery. He sensed all was lost, abandoned the horses, and run off to the east as fast as he could.

EPILOGUE

Mike Jones, Morris Cullery, and Allen Schneider managed to avoid capture.

Tom Thompson, the leader, was captured by the Pontypine cowboys. His head wound recovered whilst he was in jail waiting for his trial. Mark McDonald was captured too. His head wound was severe, and it took him almost a year to recover. Both men were held in Ramrod jail.

Pontypine wrangler Wilson Jolly recovered from his gut wound.

The Pontypiners left James Bert’s body for the vultures.

TOM-TOM CATTLE RUSTLERS! FALL 1875 (15)

INTRODUCTION

The Tom-tom Gang decided to get their own back on the Pontypine Ranch by rustling some cattle. Mike Jones, Allen Schneider, Morris Cullery, and new recruit Bobby Brown ventured west along the banks of Lake Bender into Pontypine territory.

THE TOM-TOM CHASE!

The Tom-toms quickly rounded up some cattle and began herding them back towards the east. They were spotted by William Tompkins, who was patrolling. He raised the alarm at the ranch. Hock was livid and immediately set off with Tompkins, Boris Keisle, Martin McGregor, and Edward Tomales to stop them.

The Tom-toms spotted the approaching cowboys and galloped off as fast as they could, struggling to control the stolen cattle. Schneider was less successful than his colleagues and the cowboys gained on him. Hock began firing and a lucky bullet hit Schneider in the head, killing him. The Tom-toms fired back. Most of the bullets were wild, but one hit Hock in the guts, forcing him to give up the chase. He waved the other cowboys on, shouting for them to keep up the chase.

The cowboys slowly gained on the cattle and outlaws. Shots from McGregor, the cook, downed both Jones (gutshot) and Cullery (killed by a shot to the head). Bobby Brown knew he was beaten, abandoned the cattle and sped off east to safety.

EPILOGUE

The cowboys got Hock safely back to the ranch, where he recovered from the gutshot (luckily it had just been a nick). Outlaw Jones wasn’t so lucky. They delivered him to the Sheriff at Apache Cross where, despite treatment, he died in jail of infections almost a year after the incident.

ATTACKED BY INDIANS! WINTER 1875 (16)

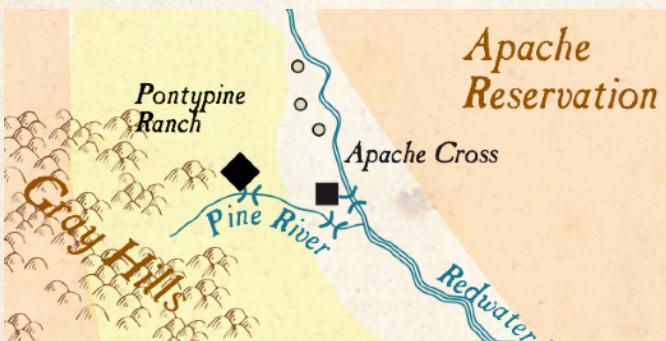
INTRODUCTION

Crashing Hawk ponders whether to raid the Pontypine Ranch.

NOT SO BRAVES

Rancher John Hock swore under his breath. He'd just caught Boris Keisle, one of his wranglers, drunk again. And it was only mid-morning. He stomped across the frozen ground, from the barn towards the farmhouse. He could see Martin McGregor, the cook, cleaning pans in the kitchen. At least he looked sober.

Hock was thinking it would be another boring day at the ranch, when something caught his eye, over to the east, towards Apache Cross. A group of horsemen, perhaps ten men, heading towards the ranch. Although distant he could tell from their posture that they were Indians. What were they doing so far west of the reservation?



He ran to the ranch, grabbed his carbine. He waved and shouted at the four of his men who were around the ranch. "Quick, we got trouble brewing! Grab your guns! Take up your positions! Open the windows, make it look like we're nasty!"

His men quickly opened windows, occupying some, poking spare rifles out of others. The ranch was looking more like a fort by the time the Indians approached.

The Indian leader moved forward from the other braves and approached the ranch. "Whoa! Hold it there!" shouted Hock, brandishing his carbine.

The Indian looked at Hock. At the same moment they realised they had met before, back in the summer, at Apache Crossing. Crashing Hawk and his men had ambushed the Pontypiners, but the latter had—by the skin of their teeth—escaped.

"I know you are up to no good" growled Hock. "You want a fight, we are ready for you!" Hock pointed back at the ranch house, now bristling with rifles.

Crashing Hawk took a long look at the ranch. He turned his horse and slowly rode back to his braves. He began a hushed conversation with them.

Hock eyed them carefully. A couple had lances, but most had carbines. This could get nasty, he thought.

Crashing Hawk looked back at Hock and the ranch. He scowled, dug his heels into his horse and sped off, leading the other braves back towards Apache Cross.

When they were out of sight Hock took off his battered hat and mopped the sweat from his brow. That had been close...and he suspected it wouldn't be the last time he met Crashing Hawk.

TOM THOMPSON ESCAPES FROM RAMROD JAIL WINTER 1875 (17)

INTRODUCTION

The Tom-tom gang ride to Ramrod to break their leader Tom Thompson out of jail.

JUST PASSIN' THOUGH? HAVE A QUIET STAY, BOYS!



Vulture's eye view of Ramrod, viewed from the west.

John Humphrey, Sheriff of Ramrod, was in pain. The Ramrod dentist had just removed one of his back teeth. The dentist, his work done, was washing his hands in the bowl at the far side of the room. Humphrey took a look at his tooth on the plate beside him, struggled to his feet and peered out of the window. It was bleak and cold and the window rattled in the wind. The dentist's office was upstairs, above the doctors, near the centre of Ramrod. The window gave a good view of the town, and beyond it the Black Mountains. Humphrey looked across the road, scanning his eyes from left to right, taking in the saloons and hotel, the bank, and his Sheriff's Office across the street. To his right were the grocery store, blacksmiths, laundry and, at the edge of town, the Imperial Saloon. All seemed quiet. He could see some of the townsfolk scurrying around, bundled up against the cold, but not much else. He wondered where his drinking partners of last night were; he had shared some beers with Larry Martin, a Sheriff, and Will Jones, a Ranger, both of whom were stopping in Ramrod for the night, on their way through. Although Jones was the younger of the two, he seemed old for his years, having been heavily involved, and wounded, in the fighting of the Civil War. Humphrey wondered how long they would stay in town. Off to his far right he could just make out five figures on horseback coming into town from the north. He wondered who they were...

The five riders were members of the Tom-tom gang. Their aim was to release their leader, Tom Thompson, who was locked up in Ramrod's Sheriff's Office, along with Mark MacDonald, another gang member. Both had been captured a few months earlier when the gang had tried to steal cattle from the Pontypine cowboys, whose ranch was on the far side of the Black Mountains. They were led by Bobby Brown, at 49 the oldest of them. He had been a junior member of the Tom-toms, but with so many in jail or dead, he was now the leader...possibly only for a short time, if they managed to spring Thompson from jail.

The others were Wes Blackwood, 40, Jim Goodman, 37, John Snider, 35, and Sam Wallace, 30. Not a particularly fearsome group but, thought Brown, sufficient to deal with Sheriff Humphrey and the townsfolk.

It would have been too obvious to ride straight up to the Sheriff's, so Brown planned to head the grocery store—next to the Sheriff's—with Snider. They could then sneak in the back door of the Sheriff's. Blackwood, Goodman, and Wallace would head to the Ramrod Café, next to the Doctors/Dentists, from where they could rush across the road to the front door of the Sheriff's.



Outlaws, outside the cafe, and at the front of the grocery store.

Sheriff Martin was just leaving the barbers. He smoothed his freshly cropped hair, donned his hat, grabbed his carbine, and stepped outside into the wind. He started to walk across the road to the stables, ready to head our of town, but paused. Turning, he looked at the five riders and could tell that something was amiss.

Blackwood was tying his horse up outside the cafe, next to Goodman and Wallace's. His eyes met those of Sheriff Martin. Martin knew something as afoot. What should Blackwood do? What would Tom Thompson have done? Panicking, Blackwood grabbed his carbine from the saddle and hastily fired at Sheriff Martin. Martin felt the bullet tug at the fabric of his trousers as it whistled past. He ducked back into the barbershop and—to the consternation of the barber—began firing his carbine back at Blackwood. Blackwood's next shot, rapidly fired and poorly aimed, smacked into the wall of the barbershop. Sheriff Martin took careful aim and fired; his bullet hit Blackwood square on, killing him instantly. By now Goodman had drawn his carbine and was firing at Sheriff Martin. Martin managed to nick Goodman in the arm, but a lucky shot hit Martin in the head, knocking him out.

By now Brown and Snider had tied their horses up at the grocery store, and Brown had headed in. The grocer, Bill Dyer, was wishing Brown good day when the shots began to ring out from the street. Dyer, sensing danger dived behind the counter as Brown, never one for talk, drew his pistol and began firing at Dyer. Outside, Snider ran to the back door of the nearby Sheriff's Office and began pounding on it, trying to open it, shouting to Thompson and MacDonald inside, and calling to Brown for help. Brown ran out of the grocery store and began to help Snider, kicking at the door to the Sheriff's.

Goodman, hearing the Snider, started to run across the street, heading for the front of the Sheriff's Office. He was halfway across when he heard a window smash. Turning, he could see Sheriff

Humphrey in the dentist's taking aim at him with an old trapdoor carbine, and then firing. Goodman rapidly fired his carbine at the Sheriff, sending him ducking for cover. Before Goodman could do anything, a shotgun blasted from the Pioneer Hotel, two down from the Sheriff's; John Gavena, owner of the Pioneer, had decided to join in the fight. His participation was short-lived, as a few rounds from Goodman sent the timid Gavena scurrying back inside the hotel. By now Sheriff Humphrey was firing again, kicking up the dust round Goodman's feet. Goodman sprinted over to the front of the Sheriff's and began tugging on the door.

Ranger Jones had been tending to his horse in the stables when he heard the gunfire. He took his carbine and quietly but quickly moved to the front of the building, and then down the street to the side of the Grand Hotel, across from the barbershop. Peering round the front of the building he could see Outlaw Wallace, who was still standing outside the cafe, not knowing whether to stay with the horses, or to cross the road to help Goodman at the



The outlaws, outside the cafe, began to drop.

Sheriff's. Before he could decide, Ranger Jones fired two rapid



The outlaws, at the back of the Sheriff's, confront Dyer.

shots, hitting him in the guts and head, knocking him down and unconscious.

Bobby Brown, at the back of the Sheriff's, saw this and began firing at Ranger Jones, across the street. Jones returned fire for a few seconds, before switching his aim to Goodman, who he downed with a shot in the guts. The outlaws had not reckoned on

Ranger Jones, with his army training and battle experience. Another long range shot from Jones hit Brown in the gun arm, sending him flying.

Outlaw Snider was now in the Sheriff's frantically unlocking Thompson's cell. Thompson's cellmate, MacDonald, hit in the head during the rustling incident, was still unable to move. Thompson and Snider decide to leave him in the jail.

With outlaws Blackwood, Goodman, Wallace, and Brown all down, some of the braver townsfolk decided to join in the fight. Mr. and Mrs. Bryman, and Gavena grabbed weapons and all headed for the Sheriff's.

Thompson and Snider rushed out of the back door of the Sheriff's, aiming to leave town as fast as possible. Grocer Dyer had foolishly decided to see what was happening and, standing in the door of his shop, had to dive back inside to avoid the blast of shotgun pellets from Thompson.

Ranger Jones could see that they were about to escape and raced across the street towards the outlaws. There was a furious exchange of fire and both Jones (hit in the head and chest) and a horse, being used by the outlaws as cover, were downed.

Sheriff Humphrey had crossed the street. Rounding the corner of his office, he was knocked down by a shot to a leg and was unable to prevent Thompson and Snider from scurrying away to the west, towards the Black Mountains, as fast as their single horse could take them. With the darkening skies and increasing winds, the townsfolk decided it best to tend to the wounded, rather than form a posse to chase after the outlaws.

EPILOGUE

Fortunately for the wounded, Patrick Leroy, Ramrod's highly skilled doctor was in town. Sheriff Humphrey and Sheriff Martin were saved, but both had bad wounds and took months to recover. Ranger Jones's recovery from his head and chest injuries was more rapid, and he agreed to be acting Sheriff until Humphrey was back to health. Graven and Dyer's wounds were minor, and they were soon back at work.

Of the outlaws, Goodman, Wallace, and Brown were patched up by the Doc and were locked up in Ramrod jail, to keep MacDonald company until their trial.

However, shortly after they were locked up in the jail, whilst Jones's was minding the jail, Goodman and Wallace tried to escape and were killed by Jones.

News from Ramrod!

Sadly James Goodman and Samuel Wallace, members of the Tom-tom Gang, died today trying to escape from Ramrod Sheriff's Jail, where they were being held, pending trial.

Goodman and Wallace died from single shots to the back of the head.

The Jail was being minded by Ranger William Jones, who was standing in for Sheriff John Humphrey, whilst the latter recovers from his wounds received during the recent jailbreak by Tom Thompson.

Gang members Bobby Brown and Mark MacDonald remain in Ramrod Jail, awaiting trial.

Blackwood was buried in a simple grave.

Thompson and Snider were last seen heading towards the Black Mountains.

NOTES

THE FAMILY

John Hock (37)

Flora Hock (Wife) (30)

Children:

- 1. John (12)
- 2. Eliza (11)
- 3. Hy (7)
- 4. George (3)
- 5. Sarah (1)

1874 WINTER

John Hock owns an average sized herd, and is reasonably well off.

CP = 1DAV, LP = 1 DAV.

3 CP, 3 LP

The winter has been mild and he has lost very few cattle.

Nature's wrath 2 (p65)

1875 SPRING

The spring has brought good weather and the herd is doing better than he expected. The previous year had been good too, with no rustling.

Rolls 1,1 on natural increase.

Now CP 4. Because this is year 1,
assume no rustling previous year.

Manages to get banks to loan money for longer

0 LP upkeep

Needs to pay 0 LP for cowboys (no permanents).

Now 3 LP

John decides to send all of his spare cattle on the drive, to Idaho.

Send 4 CP, 1 locale, to Idaho

His outfit consists of:

- Himself
- Cowboys: Henry Miller; William Criver; John Piper; George Hines; William Kidd; John Carter; Jean Stewart; John Wallace; Jonn Menkle; Arthur Lam; James Cobb; Robert Prouse; Edward Tomales; Wm Tompkins; Mike Pritchard;
- Wranglers: Boris Keisle; Wilson Jolly
- Cook: Martin McGregor (in the supply wagon)

As the herd entered Idaho, six outlaws managed to steal 6 cattle. 6 cowboys were close enough to try to stop them.

Details can be found in W3G Game 05

Trail drive encounter, rustling. (p42).

Now CP0, LP9.

1875 SUMMER

The group head home. Hock decides to hire three men to come with him: Mike Pritchard, William Tompkins, John Wallace.

Now LP8 (with 5 carried with them, 3 at ranch)

But there is a holdup. Held up by four indians. Crashing Hawk (leader), Lone Pond, Coiled Snake, Jumping Buck
W3G Game 10.

1875 FALL

- 14. Mavericking. 15/3/14 Ian and Jef
- 15. Cattle rustling 15/3/14 Ian and Jef

1875 WINTER

16. Indian raid. Star+4. 10 Indians [35]

17 Tom Thompson escapes from Ramrod jail (3/8/16) [35-39].

Sheriff Humphrey and Sheriff Martin recover in 1 season.
Ranger Jones acting Sheriff.

Goodman, Wallace, and Brown, MacDonald in jail at Ramrod
Thompson and Snider were at large.

Brown and MacDonald will try to escape together 76 Fall.

The Pontypines were unsuccessful at recovering the cattle, and lost a lot of their horses in the process. Hock and Piper were wounded, but recovered fully.

William Criver, George Hines, and John Wallace, fared worse, with some lasting damage.

Now CP3.

Losses are replaced without the need to hire replacements.

18 punchers in all. More than enough to herd.

Sell herd. Overall 6 profit.