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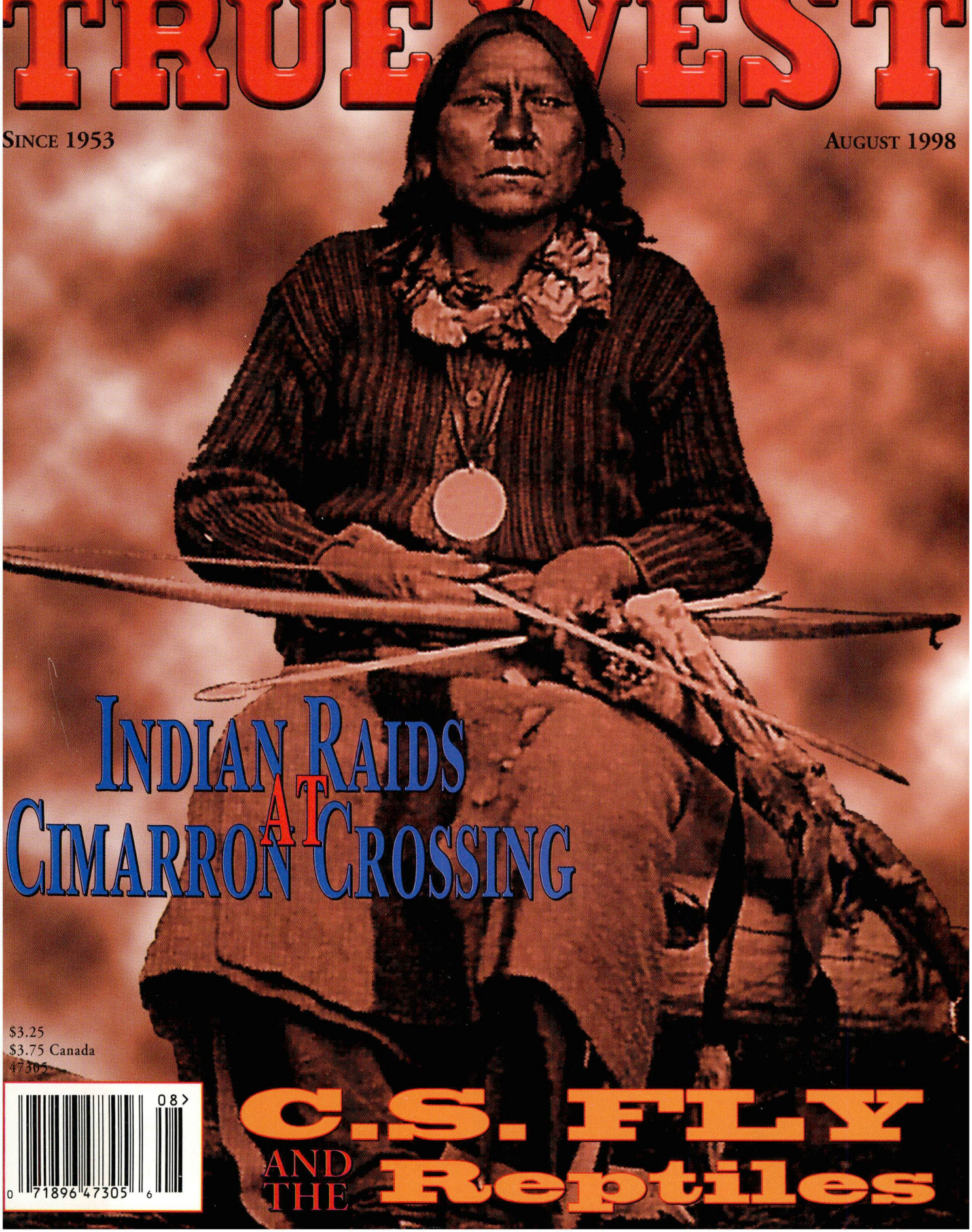
TRUE WEST

SINCE 1953

AUGUST 1998



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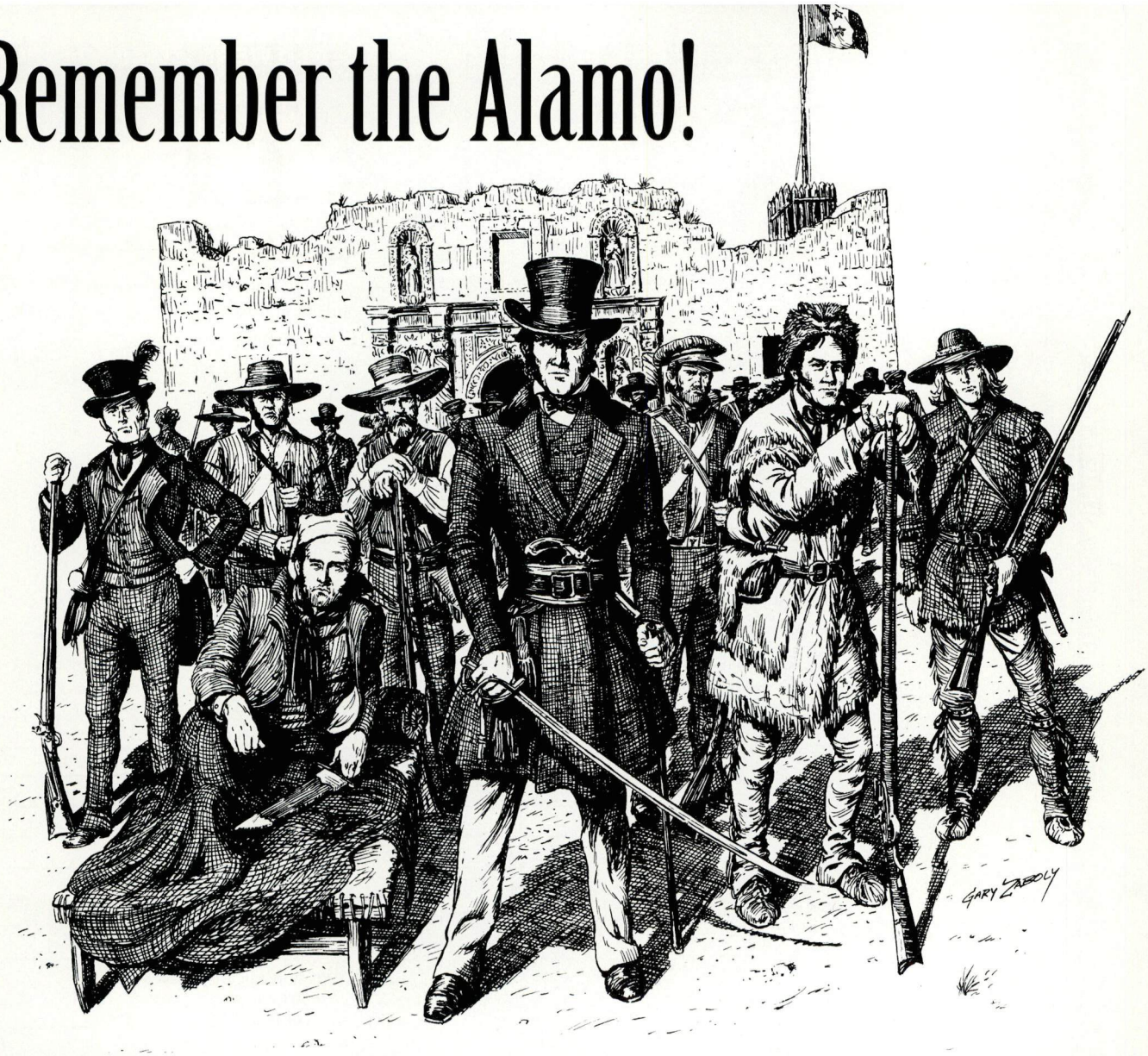

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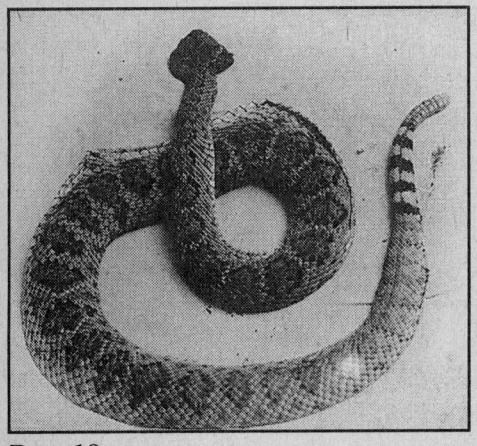

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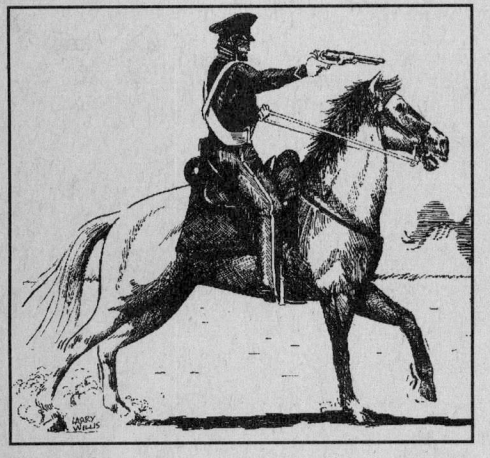

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FROM THE EDITOR

Howdy, ya'll!

I think one of the things I love most about this job is the location. Jump in the car, drive for a day or less, and the West can literally rejuvenate, relieving the brain lock that comes from processing a seemingly endless stream of words day after day.

A few weeks ago, I pried myself from this chair, turned off my computer, and took a much needed journey west. With nothing more than a few pairs of jeans and my sunglasses, I pointed my car toward New Mexico and a few lessons that can come from no book or classroom, lessons I'll not soon forget.

Taking my time as I drove across the Texas panhandle, I tried to imagine what it must have been like to be a buffalo hunter, nomadic Indian, or justice-seeking Ranger. My fellow travelers sped past, honking and gesturing for me to pick up the pace or get the hell out of the way. They obviously had their sights set on the immediate future instead of the past.

Stopping only for gas and the occasional taco, I arrived in Fort Sumner as the sun was setting over the grave of Billy the Kid. As usual, the less obvious but equally important resting places of Lucien Maxwell and other former Sumner residents were being ignored. Children and road-weary parents were clustered around the cage that imprisons Billy's headstone, snapping photos and brandishing invisible six-shooters. Note to self: try to avoid being buried next to an outlaw.

Next stop, Lincoln. The site of the famous Lincoln County War has mellowed some in the last hundred years. Residents now greet you with a smile and a handshake instead of a gun or a knife, and each person is eager to talk about the area. While there, a local historian and author showed me a piece of Lincoln history that will probably never make it into the history books. It's a place where vacationers had dumped their garbage over the years, right by the side of the road.

I could have spent the rest of my trip sitting on the porch of the Lincoln Museum, discussing "all things Billy" with the staff, or rummaging through their vast archives, but the road was calling.

At historic Mesilla, just outside of Las Cruces, I visited the Gadsden Museum, masterfully run and maintained by descendants of New Mexico legend Albert Fountain. I was saddened to discover that the museum had suffered intense structural damages as a result of work on the nearby state highway, and heavy machinery rumbling past day after day. So much for progress.

I made my way to El Paso, Texas, and visited Concordia Cemetery, the final resting place of John Selman, John Wesley Hardin, and thousands of early El Paso residents. It was here that I learned the most unsettling lesson of my journey. Some people have no respect for history.

Vandals had wrecked the place, tipping a good half of the headstones. The markers left standing were chipped or broken away, their graves littered with trash and beer bottles. One grave in particular caught my attention, its massive stone crippled to one side, either kicked or shoved by human hands. It was the final resting place of Robert Mullin. Unknown to the common man, Mullin was a trailblazer in western history research. His scholarship and collections helped lay the groundwork for much of what we know about the Southwest, New Mexico in particular.

There are still lessons to be taught, and learned, about the West and the world in general, but simply finding the time to teach and learn may be the most difficult chore of all.

Marcus Huff

"Texas Jack"

I can't resist a few comments about the article "The Dalton Gang's 'Texas Jack'" in the May 1998 issue of *True West.* I have some additional information about the Broadwell family and some of what I have does not agree with Walt Mittelstaedt's article.

First: there was a member of the Broadwell family at the 100th anniversary of the Coffeyville raid. I talked to Douglas Broadwell while at the celebration. He wanted to remain low key and did not publicize his presence at that event I have also had one letter from Doug.

There was a probate record opened for Dick Broadwell just as there was for the Daltons and Bill Power. George Broadwell was appointed as the administrator for his brother's estate. The estate consisted of "one brown horse about 15-1/2 hands high, one [illegible] saddle & bridle & blankets, one Colts revolver, one belt & $92.50." It was estimated the estate was worth about $250.00. Later there was an appraisal and the appraised value was listed at $232.40. On October 28, George Broadwell submitted a petition to sell the personal property to pay for the funeral and other expenses. An administrator's notice appeared in *The Caney Times* four times between November 11 and December 2, 1892.

The final record regarding the estate [of Dick Broadwell] was a letter sent from the probate judge of Montgomery County, Kansas, to George Broadwell on April 8, 1910. George was advised that his annual report as administrator of the estate of Richard L. Broadwell was due. This letter was returned to the judge unclaimed. The letter had been sent to Geo. R. Broadwell, Caney, Kansas.

The census records for the Broadwell family in Hutchinson (Reno County), Kansas, for 1900 are as follows: William Broadwell, age 75; Elsie (wife), 65; Frank (son), 35; George R. (son), 33. William and Elsie had been married fifty-five years, had six children, and four were still living. All of the family were born in Illinois. (This only accounts for one other child—see Jean below—other than Dick, who was certainly dead by this time.)

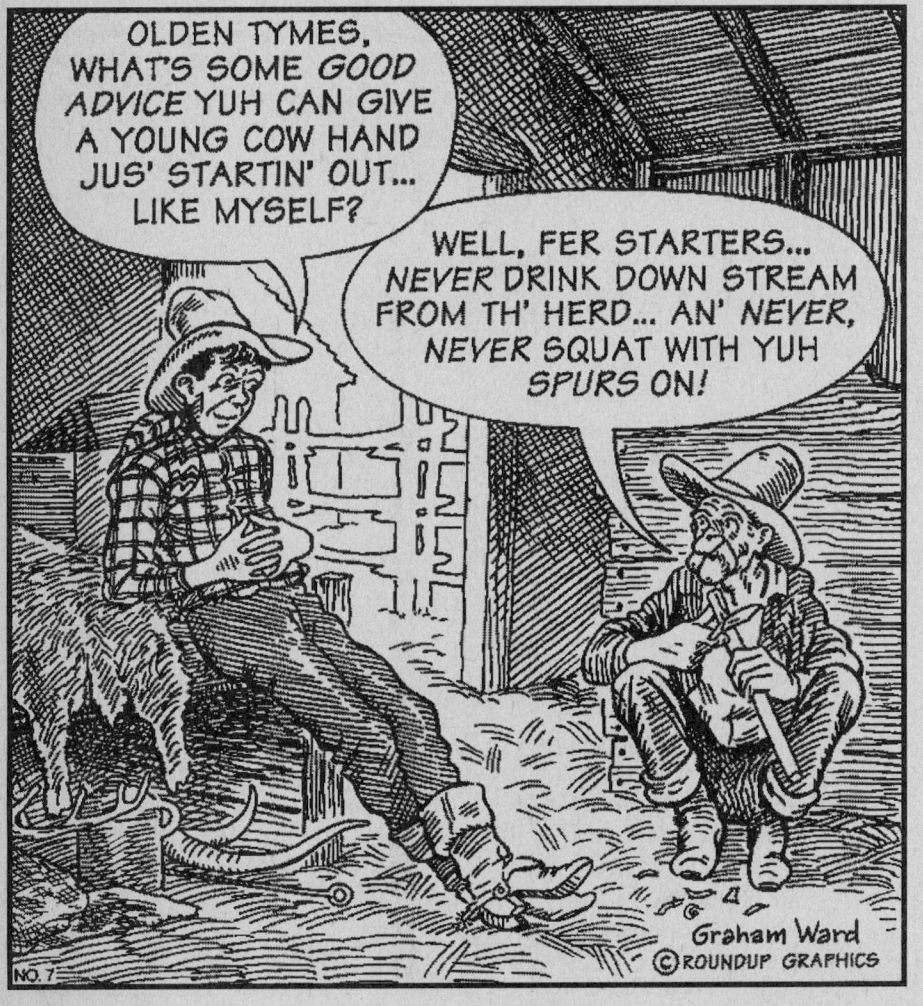
In addition Frank is listed again in this census as follows: Frank Broadwell, age 35; Jessie (wife), 27; Mable S. (daughter), 12 [his step daughter]. This couple had been married two years and had two children. Jessie was born in New York and her daughter was born in Kansas.

The Hutchinson, Kansas, Directory for 1893 lists a W.B. (coal operator) and Miss Jean Broadwell (stenographer) at 526 First Avenue. Jean must have been a daughter.

The following appeared in the *Daily Oklahoman*, May 2, 1949: "GEORGE BROADWELL. Services for George Broadwell, 82 of 903 NW34, will be at 2 p.m. Tuesday in Street & Draper funeral chapel with Rev. W.H. Alexander, pastor of First Christian Church, officiating. Burial will be in Fairlawn Cemetery. Broadwell died Saturday night in Wesley hospital after a brief illness. Born in Logan County, Ill., he came to Oklahoma City in 1909 from Emporia, Kan. Before his retirement 10 years ago he was a municipal bond broker. Survivors include his sister, Mrs. Jean B. Morrow, home address. The family requests no flowers be sent."

This is almost certainly the

SADDLE PALS **By Graham Ward**



brother of Dick Broadwell. It appears that his sister had married and now was possibly a widow and was living with him.—*Nancy Samuelson, Eastford, Connecticut.*

Author's Response: In keeping with her usual industry, Mrs. Samuelson has found the probate records dealing with Broadwell's estate. To tell the truth, I did not even suspect their existence because I followed Eyewitness in this particular. In his 1892 book, *The Dalton Brothers,* he spoke so succinctly and authoritatively that I thought that, for once in all his 251 pages, he was writing about something he had actually been an eyewitness to. I was wrong. Eyewitness was always a man as dangerous to follow as to ignore. At any rate, readers of my article will, I hope, recall that I thought it odd that brother George did not contest the confiscation of Dick's belongings. Also, following Eyewitness for the amount of pocket change found on Dick's person at death, I came up a dime short.

The Kansas census of 1900, offered in evidence by Mrs. Samuelson in her letter, demonstrates that Dick's younger brother, Frank, was alive and well (though in a married state) in 1900. In my article, I lost track of him by 1892. The reason for the oversight is that, in consulting several newspapers of the day, particularly ones close to Logan County, Illinois, I found no notice of Frank after the Coffeyville fiasco, even though all other members of the family were mentioned. I therefore deduced that Frank was either dead or at the barber shop.

Now, If I have been a little too casual in following Eyewitness in a couple of places and in believing what I don't read in the newspapers, I submit that heeding even an official record can sometimes lead to absurdities. The census listing for the Broadwells, in full, states that Mr. Broadwell was seventy-five in 1900, his wife, Elsie, was sixty-five, and Frank and George were thirty-five and thirty-three. We are told that the elder Broadwells have been married fifty-five years. If so, and if

Mrs. Broadwell was indeed sixty-five, then she must have gotten married at the age of ten! Not only this, but after marrying in such haste, she waited twelve years before having her first child (Mary, born 1857). Actually, the Broadwells married in 1855 and were thus married forty-five years in 1900. The census taker seems to have gotten his figures turned around.

Again, if the words of this listing mean anything, the Broadwells had six children. This is plainly in error. William B. and Elsie Broadwell did not have septuplets, like the Iowa couple, but they did have seven children. From the oldest to the youngest they were: Mary, Catherine (Kitty), Henry, Richard, Frank, George, and Jennie (Jean). Henry, who died in infancy, was the only child not to make it to Kansas. I think that is why he is absent from the census.

A close inspection of his headstone reads: "...son of W.B. and E.B. Broadwell, died Oct. 24, 1859, age 1mo. 7ds." An entry in the Illinois Mortality Schedule for 1860 says that Henry died of a fever of one day's duration.—*Walt Mittelstaedt, Bloomington, Illinois.*

Defending Custer

In the May 1998 issue of *True West*, reader Charles R. Luton asks the Answer Man, Chuck Parsons, about George Armstrong Custer's promotions, stating that Custer was never rated above lieutenant colonel and that his wife was the daughter of a United States senator, who twice tried to "twist arms" for Custer's promotion to general. This is simply not true, as Mr. Luton could have learned with a minimal amount of research.

Elizabeth Custer was the daughter of Judge Daniel S. Bacon, of Monroe, Michigan. Judge Bacon dabbled in local and state politics, but he was never a U.S. senator. If he had any political "pull" on the national level, which is doubtful, it was certainly not enough to be passed down to his daughter.

I'm very disappointed with Mr. Parsons' reply, which is incorrect,

incomplete, and rambling. Not only does he fail to correct Mr. Luton's erroneous notion of Libbie Custer, he fails to mention, among others, Custer's most famous (and most controversial) promotion to brigadier general of volunteers on June 29, 1863, at age twenty-three. After noting that Custer was appointed to lieutenant colonel of the Seventh Cavalry on July 28, 1866, he says "There is no telling how Custer may have fared" (???) and finishes by discussing Custer's 1867 court-martial and his 1876 congressional testimony in the Belknap case. I fail to see how this relates to the original question about Custer's promotions. These events in Custer's life would have had very little, if any, effect on his standing on the promotion list. With rare exceptions, promotions at the time were based strictly on seniority.

For Mr. Parsons' future reference, Custer held the actual regular army ranks of second lieutenant (commissioned in June 1861, upon graduation from West Point), first lieutenant, captain, and lieutenant colonel. He held the regular army brevet (honorary) ranks of major, lieutenant colonel, colonel, brigadier general, and major general, all awarded for his Civil War service. Because of his last two brevets, he was entitled to be addressed as "General" and to use his highest regular army rank (major general) in correspondence for the remainder of his life. During and after the Civil War, Custer held the volunteer commissions of brigadier general (June 29, 1863), brevet major general (October 19, 1864), and major general (April 15, 1865), serving in these ranks as a brigade and division commander, while his actual permanent regular army ranks were first lieutenant and captain. He was mustered out of volunteer service as a major general on February 1, 1866, reverting to his permanent regular army rank of captain, which Mr. Parsons correctly notes.

This should answer Mr. Luton's question. While it is true that Custer received no promotions after he made lieutenant colonel in 1866, it is equally untrue that he never rose above that rank. And his wife was not a political arm twister.—*Terry Crouch, Tigard, Oregon.*

Be It Ever So Humble...

I gave my dad subscriptions to *Old West* and *True West.* The articles are so good and well written that he and I are both reading them. The topics are always so interesting. Thank you for two wonderful magazines.—*Carol Wihittemore, Washington, DC.*

I have been a reader of *True West* for more than twenty years. Just wanted to note the enjoyment and value I get from your magazine and its dedication to describing the true picture of the West.

Among the most enjoyable aspects for me is the reproduction of actual articles as published on specific dates in the past. Thanks for years of enjoyment and learning about the West.—*Jack Reinholt, via the Internet.*

I have just finished reading the April issue of *True West.* I look forward to each month's issue. I have been a subscriber for longer than I can remember and save all of the issues. They make great reading again and again. I hope I do not run out of storage space.

Thank you for including Graham Ward's "Saddle Pals." It is drawn in the same style as J.R. Williams' "Out Our Way" cartoons were. Keep up the good work and the great looks into our western history and the people who made it.—*Milton Cox, Longmont, Colorado.*

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by Western Publications will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Letters may be edited for space and clarity. Be sure to include full name, address, and zip code. Photos are welcome. Address all letters to Western Publications, PO Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. E-mail us at, Western@cowboy.net. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose letters appear in "Truly Western."

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A Russian Outpost

By Elizabeth Campbell

How many people know that the Russians actually had a foothold in the Golden State? You can see a bit of what they left on California's rugged northern coast, at Fort Ross State Park, now a registered National Historic Landmark.

In 1812 the Russian-American Fur Company established Fort Ross primarily as a source for food and other supplies for the Russian outposts in the Kurile and Aleutian Islands and Alaska. Nikolai Resanov, the tsar's chamberlain, while visiting the settlement at Sitka in 1806, found the settlers there near starvation. He proceeded to the Presidio in San Francisco to try to start trade with the Spanish colonists, even though such trade was forbidden by the Spanish government. The chief

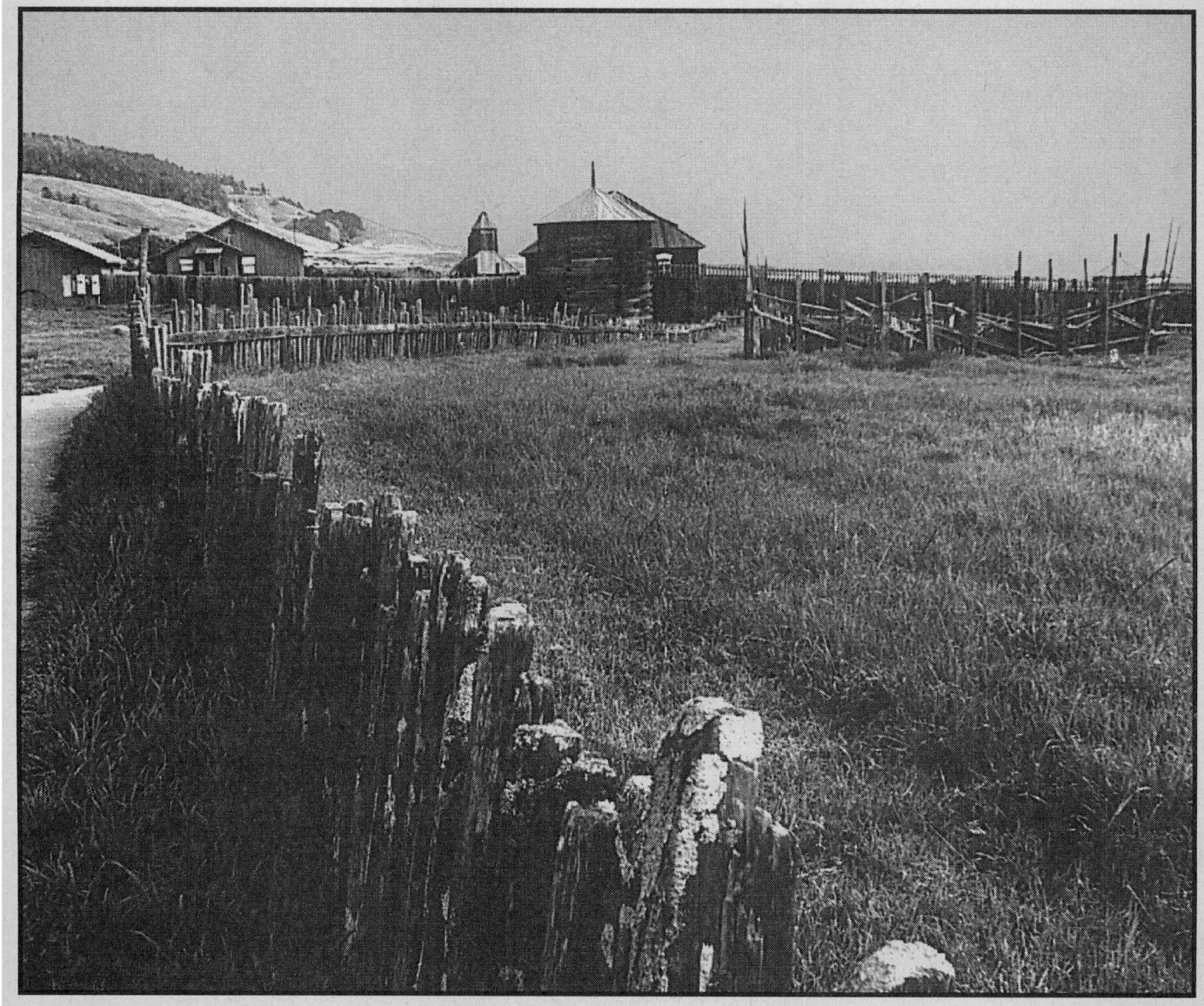


Photo by Robert F. Campbell

Fort Ross National Historic Site and State Park.

manager of the fur company, Alexander Baranov, instructed his chief deputy, Ivan Kuskov, to establish a colony in California to grow food for the settlers and also to hunt for the much-prized sea otter.

The fort was built on a bluff overlooking a small cove. It was laid out in a rectangle, enclosed by a fourteen-foot palisade built of redwood timbers. Two blockhouses, a heptagon located at the northwest corner and an octagon at the southeast, provided added protection. These watchtowers and cannon posts offered sentries a clear view in all directions.

The chapel, built in the mid-1820s, was the first Russian Orthodox church in North America, outside of Alaska. It was destroyed by fire in 1970 but has since been reconstructed.

The Kuskov House, residence of the first manager; the Rotchev House, home of the last manager; and the Officials Quarters, a large building containing rooms for officials and other visitors, plus a kitchen, storerooms, offices and workshops, have been restored within the compound. Time and the 1906 earthquake have taken their toll on the original structures.

An estimated twenty-five Russians and eighty Aleut hunters and fishermen lived in or around the fort. At one time the main highway ran through the compound, but the road has since been rerouted and the fortress walls restored.

The decline of the sea otter and insufficient harvests caused Fort Ross to become unprofitable. In 1841 the fort was sold to John Sutter, who had established the first Anglo settlement in California's great central valley. Sutter and a succession of his managers salvaged everything they could from the fort, including livestock, agricultural

Western Publications' Archives

John Sutter, who purchased Fort Ross in 1841.

instruments, tools, guns, even some small buildings.

The Russian buildings gradually deteriorated and were largely neglected. The State of California assumed control after the 1906 earthquake and began a process of restoration. In 1961 Fort Ross was designated a Registered National Historic Landmark.

This former Russian outpost is located thirteen miles north of the resort town of Jenner on Highway 1. About ninety miles north of San Francisco, the fort makes a good day trip. Picnic tables are located at the park. The visitor's center contains a gift shop and museum. There is a $5.00 admission fee ($4.00 for seniors). Pamphlets for a self-guided walking tour are available at the visitor's center for less than one dollar.

The Great Grant's Robbery

By Karen Holliday Tanner and John D. Tanner, Jr. • Illustrated by Gary Zaboly

A DARING HOLD-UP
The Most Sensational in the
History of Rail-roading
El Paso International Daily Times,
November 7, 1897.

"The boldest and apparently the most successful hold-up in the history of the Santa Fe Pacific railroad occurred last night at about 8 o'clock near Grant's Station."—*Albuquerque Morning Democrat,* November 7, 1897.

On October 15, 1897, more than three weeks before the appearance of the above headlines, Texas Ranger Robert Ross of El Paso penned a letter to United States Marshal Creighton Foraker, of New Mexico, affirming that fugitives George Musgrave, Van Musgrave, and Bob Christian (alias Tom Anderson) were secluded within the Mexican state of Chihuahua.

Marshal Foraker immediately forwarded Ross's information to Socorro County Deputy Cipriano Baca, stating that a reliable source placed George Musgrave in Mexico at Musgrave's father's ranch (Bennett Musgrave's "ranch" was actually an encampment). Ross's news was verified forthwith when Judge James R. Harper of El Paso informed New Mexico Territorial Governor Miguel Otero that the governor of Chihuahua was also aware of the presence of the fugitives and "promises an immediate arrest upon presentation to him of proper extradition papers." Presently, Governor Otero learned from Secretary J. A. LaRue of New Mexico's Cattle Sanitary Board that the fugitives had been spotted near Corralitas, heading from Tapiesitas in Chihuahua west toward the state of Sonora. Once again, when it seemed that the legal net was poised to fall, George Musgrave and his cohorts boldly slipped through the holes. They were on their way back to Arizona.

On the evening of Sunday October 24, three men were seen riding quietly into Fort Thomas, Arizona Territory. The riders were led by twenty-year-old George Musgrave (known variously as Jeff Davis, Jess Johnson, and Jesse Miller), who stood six feet tall and weighed in excess of two hundred pounds. Although Musgrave sported a recently trimmed mustache, his

beard evidenced four or five days of trail growth. His white hat covered his sandy-colored hair, but his dark suit failed to conceal his revolver and cartridge belt. Handsome and affable, he was a charter member of the High Five gang. Riding at his side was the only other surviving member of the original band, Bob Christian, older brother of the late Will "Black Jack" Christian.

Bold and reckless, Christian, at five feet nine inches tall and approximately one hundred and eighty pounds, had a stocky frame which belied his reputation as an athlete. His craggy face had not seen a razor for a couple of months. He wore a white hat and an open brown canvas coat, under which could be seen two revolvers and two belts of cartridges, including one for his rifle. The third man, riding behind the other two, was moody and morose Sid Moore, previously known to Pecos Valley ranchers as Ef Hillman. Most people found him nondescript, save for his light blue eyes and the obvious bald spot that shone through his blond hair.

Not observed with the others was George Musgrave's older brother, Van, who had been with them in Chihuahua. Most likely, he was riding in the shadows nearby, serving as watch for his companions. The six foot, three inch, large and rough-looking Van Musgrave had been riding the owl hoot trail on and off for the past dozen years. Following the recent breakup of his own New Mexico/Texas rustling operation, he took up the moniker Theodore James and joined forces with his younger brother.

At Fort Thomas, the three outlaws stopped at the mercantile and purchased provisions. They bought one hundred and twenty pounds of barley which suggested that they were preparing for a long and arduous ride, and the red silk handkerchiefs which they procured implied a nefarious purpose. Well-laden with money, they tried to pay with a twenty dollar gold piece, but the clerk, suspicions aroused, maintained that he could not make change for that amount. Without hesitation, they replaced the gold with shiny new silver and left the mercantile. They crossed the street, and two of them entered Voelchel's saloon. The third man remained outside with the horses and supplies. Inside, the two cowboys treated the other customers to several drinks before they bought three quarts of whiskey for the road, spending a total of about six dollars.

One curious lady extended her head out of the window to see if the bandits were nearby. She heard the bark of a revolver and a western epithet, and she hastily withdrew her head and slammed the window shut.

Later that evening, all four gang members were seen leaving Fort Thomas, traveling in a southerly direction. Two more days passed before they were noticed with a newly-acquired pack animal in the vicinity of the headquarters of the Norton and Stewart Cattle Company, near Cedar Springs and Cottonwood Canyon. A rider who had observed them on the trail later recalled that he had seen three men with a pack animal turn off the road, while a fourth man came forward and inquired as to the location of the Cottonwood Ranch.

On the following Friday, Deputy Marshal Andrew Alexander was in Geronimo, Arizona Territory, where he received word that he was needed in Fort Thomas, where another suspicious character had been spotted. Deputy Alexander selected a dependable man to accompany him, and they arrived just after dark. The men had no trouble immediately spotting the suspect. The deputy, convinced that the stranger was a member of the High Five gang, placed men in strategic positions to watch developments unfold during the night. This proved to be a fruitless endeavor as nothing happened.

The next morning the suspect saddled up his horse, and, as he headed out of town, he told the deputy several suspicious, contradictory stories, saying that he was riding southeast to Solomonville. Alexander believed that the man, who identified himself only as Monk, was undoubtedly a spy connected with the gang. Marshal Alexander wrote to the United States marshal's office that he was "satisfied something is in the wind and some hold-up is in sight." He was right; Musgrave and his gang were riding east into the Malpais country of New Mexico at that very moment.

Rugged and remote, the Malpais region of midwestern New Mexico had long been a haven for miscreant outlaws and renegade Indians. Hallmarked by vast lava flows and stern mountains, its rocky terrain provided protection from inclement weather as well as from pursuing lawmen. The gang, consisting of the two Musgraves, Christian, and Moore, rode east, then north, through the desolate region. The group arrived at Grant (renamed Grants in 1935) on Saturday afternoon, November 6, 1897. Bob Christian sauntered into Colonel Solomon Block's general store, purchased a bottle of "Cowboy's Delight," and calmly strolled out.

At about 7:55 that evening, the intentions of George Musgrave and his gang became clear. Their plan was to hold up the Santa Fe Pacific's eastbound Number Two train near Grant, seventy miles (ninety-six miles by rail) west of Albuquerque.

The train, pulled by Santa Fe's locomotive Number 67, had departed Los Angeles the day before and arrived about thirty minutes behind schedule to make its routine stop at Grant's Station, a desolate coaling site. As Fireman

Henry Abel jumped off the engine with a can of water to cool a pin, Bob Christian and Sid Moore, wearing false beards, jumped aboard the locomotive. Then, amid a fusillade of twenty to twenty-five shots, a number of stowaway tramps jumped to the ground and scurried from the train in all directions. They spontaneously determined that free travel was not worth the exposure to potentially fatal flying lead.

One of the two outlaws on board the engine fired over Abel's head. Engineer Henry D. McCarty grabbed a monkey wrench to use as a weapon and a torch to light the way. Just as the second robber fired over his head, McCarty jumped off the train into the darkness. With torch in hand, McCarty started to run back to the station house to get a gun, leaving the bandits in full control of the locomotive. Fireman Abel was then forced back on board and ordered to pull the train ahead. After traveling less than a mile, he was ordered to bring the train to a halt.

Inside the express car, the train's messenger, C.C. Lord, was slow to realize that a hold-up was in progress. The messenger attributed the initial shots to a deputy sheriff's effort to arrest the scurrying tramps, and, upon seeing men scattering in all directions, he felt secure in this explanation. However, when the train began to lurch forward, the station agent shouted and drew Lord's attention to a fleeing man near the right side of the express car. Lord took a shot and fortunately missed. It was the Santa Fe's own Engineer McCarty running for help. Then, as the train continued its trek along the eastbound tracks, Lord became aware that a hold-up was in progress, and he began to safeguard the car's contents. He carefully hid the two through safes along with the local safe containing cash, jewelry, and his waybills. However, he was unable to disguise the large combination portable safe.

When the train stopped, the gang demanded that Abel detach the locomotive, mail, baggage, and express cars from the rest of the train. As the fireman was uncoupling the passenger and Pullman cars from the forward part of the train, Lord escaped out of the rear door of the express car into the day coach. He then watched helplessly as the bandits forced Abel to engineer the detached front of the train farther down the tracks. Lord and the twenty-five passengers were left aboard the remaining cars of the train. One curious lady extended her head out of the window to see if the bandits were nearby. She heard the bark of a revolver and a western epithet, and she hastily withdrew her head and slammed the window shut.

The safe yielded with the first charge. The door to the safe opened to reveal six bags of coins and currency, one routed to Kansas City, three destined for Chicago, and the remaining two headed for New York.

Meanwhile, with a cocked revolver aimed at his head, Fireman Abel continued to run the locomotive pulling the other three cars ahead into the darkness. About a mile and a half down the tracks east of Grant, the short train came to a deep cut near Saint's stockyards and water tank. George and Van Musgrave were waiting with the gang's horses. Abel was ordered to bring the cars to a halt. Conductor H.P. Aldrich emerged from his hiding place and raced back down the tracks toward the station to telegraph Sheriff Thomas Hubbell at Albuquerque and his division superintendent at Gallup. The bandits compelled their only hostage, Fireman Abel, to accompany them back to the express car where they touched off three or four sticks of dynamite in an attempt to open the locked door. Two additional charges were required before the door finally gave way.

Once inside the express car, the robbers immediately saw the large Wells, Fargo combination portable safe which was being routed east from San Francisco and Los Angeles. They mounted a dynamite charge onto the safe, then sent Abel to the tender to gather some coal to place on top of the dynamite. The safe yielded with the first charge. The door to the safe opened to reveal six bags of coins and currency, one routed to Kansas City, three destined for Chicago, and the remaining two headed for New York. After opening a couple of the large sugar bags, the outlaws took about one hundred pounds in gold coins, but "left some of the coin because the load was too heavy, and then dumped into their sacks bundles after bundles of paper money. They refused jewelry or silver, scattering such things over the car promiscuously."

The outlaws took their time filling the bags, and nearly an hour passed. Leisurely, they pilfered apples from the messenger's lunch basket, sharing one with the fireman. One of the outlaws pulled forth a bottle of whiskey and cordially offered Abel a sip. After having a drink, the bandits discussed going through the baggage and mail cars, but then determined they had enough.

The outlaws took Abel's name and address and promised to send him one thousand dollars (which they never did). They did tip him about fifteen dollars in coin, told him to get a good meal and have some fun. After shaking hands with Abel, Bob Christian instructed, "If anyone asks, tell them Old Bill Dalton has come to life again" (later press accounts erroneously substituted the name "Black Jack" for that of Dalton). Then George Musgrave, his brother Van, Christian, and Sid Moore mounted their horses and

rode off, serenading the stars with a rousing rendition of "Little Brown Jug." The wealthy desperadoes disappeared into the darkness of the Malpais.

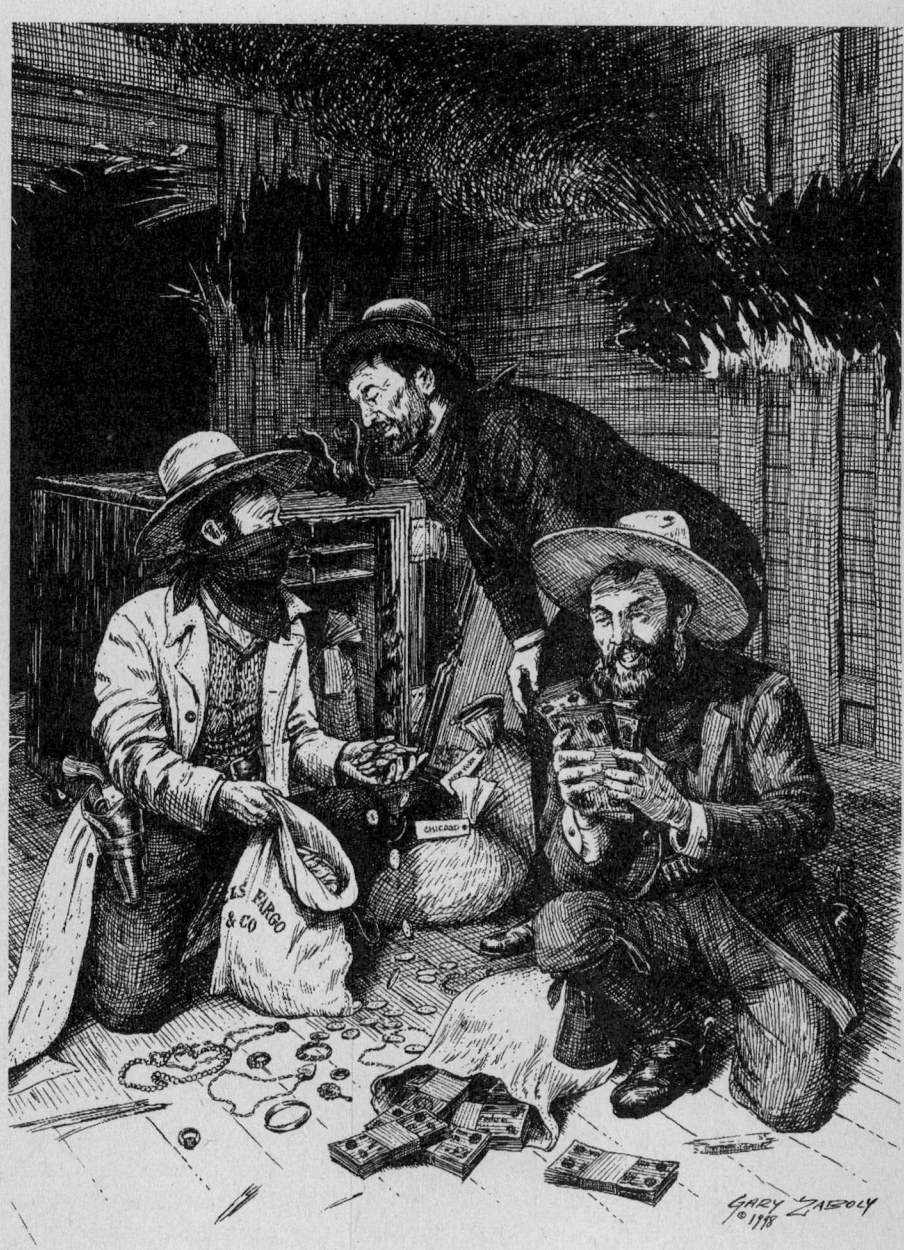
The dynamite blast which had opened the safe left the express car afire. When the robbers fled, a badly frightened Henry Abel started the engine of the locomotive, threw it into reverse, and opened the throttle. The engine pushed the mail and baggage cars, led by the still burning express car back toward the remainder of the severed train, still parked near the water tank.

The roar of the returning locomotive alerted the awaiting passengers to flee the detached coaches before the impending crash. The burning train raced toward the now-empty cars, and the resulting crash telescoped several of them and reduced others to mere kindling wood. Lamps and stoves were overturned and flames leaped from the wreckage, destroying two cars. A sleeping car and a Pullman coach were detached from the burning wreckage and shoved out of danger, and some pieces of baggage and mail were salvaged from the fire.

The Wells, Fargo express car was partially telescoped when it ran into the day coach. Its soaring flames were fueled by the debris from the crash and refuse from the packages which had been torn open by the bandits. Messenger Lord boarded the wheeled inferno and attempted in vain to remove the two unopened through safes and the still intact local safe. The express car doors were partially blocked with burning wreckage, prohibiting removal of the safes. Later, when the safes cooled and were opened, the contents of Lord's local safe were burned to a crisp. The contents of the messenger's through safe were also completely charred, save for a few pieces of jewelry. Likewise, the only items which could be salvaged from the ashes found in the La Junta and San Francisco through safe were some miscellaneous pieces of jewelry. Later, general store owner Sol Block reported that the morning light revealed $40 to $50 in gold coins, some badly scorched, on the ground near the site of the robbery.

The precise amount of money which was carried in the safes aboard the Santa Fe's Eastbound Number Two remains a matter of conjecture. Express companies such as Wells, Fargo routinely played down the dollar amounts of shipments to discourage future robbery attempts. Additionally, a large portion of the records of the Wells, Fargo Company were destroyed during the earthquake and subsequent fires in San Francisco in 1906. Many opinions have been offered, and some of the details can be reconstructed.

The *Albuquerque Morning Democrat* and the *El Paso International Daily News* labeled the robbery the most sensational in the history of railroading and the most successful hold-up in the history of the Santa Fe. The *Democrat* went on to report that "Recent money shipments from the west are known to have been heavy, one messenger estimating the average daily amount at $40,000." The *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican* presumed the amount to be large, "probably reaching thousands of dollars, as it is believed that the large express safes carried unusually heavy remittances from California to Eastern cities." The *San Francisco Chronicle* proclaimed, "It is known



that recent money shipments from the Coast have been large, the safe containing about $57,000 a few nights ago." The *New York Times* indicated that the gang "helped themselves to a number of packages containing gold and silver coin," yet express agents publicly admitted the amount of the plunder to be only a few hundred dollars.

On November 22, 1897, Edward P. Ripley, the president of the Santa Fe, learned that Wells, Fargo placed their losses from just the local safe at $1,716.64; money which was from the Arizona and New Mexico stations and was not taken by the robbers but rather "burned to a crisp" in the fire, along with a considerable amount of jewelry. The Santa Fe placed the value of their loss, that of the "rolling stock," at $5,000.

The primary witness to the robbery, Fireman Henry Abel, remarked to a reporter of the *Albuquerque Daily Citizen* that the filled sack was a big load for one man to carry and that the highwaymen must have "struck a find amounting to $20,000 and $25,000." However, he told a Santa Fe merchant that the total amount must have been at least $150,000. Forty-five years later, Fireman Abel finally settled on $100,000, a good round number.

Then George Musgrave, his brother Van, Christian, and Sid Moore mounted their horses and rode off, serenading the stars with a rousing rendition of "Little Brown Jug."

When it was determined that the safes could not easily be removed from the burned express car, Fireman Abel, Engineer McCarty, and Messenger Lord, along with any others who may have volunteered, worked during the night clearing the track. At eight o'clock the next morning, the crippled train left for Albuquerque, limping into the station three and a half hours later. Sheriff Hubbell announced to the crew that Deputy Fred Fornoff and the Santa Fe's special officer Cade Selvy were following the outlaws' trail in the direction of the Mogollon Mountains. A puzzled Hubbell reported that Wells, Fargo had received a mysterious tip several days prior to the hold-up stating that a train robbery would be attempted by four members of the notorious High Five gang, including the two Musgrave brothers. Interestingly, the *San Francisco Chronicle* noted that, "a peculiar feature of the case is that a tip was supposed to have been received and

extra guards were put on. These have been on every train up to within a few days ago."

Meanwhile in Santa Fe, Marshal Foraker and a number of newspapers quickly, and properly, placed the blame for the robbery on the Black Jack gang. The marshal informed the press that the gang had fled south toward the hills west of Magdalena in Socorro County. He also expressed his desire that this robbery, a case of aggravated interruption of the United States mail, would result in a prompt response from the Justice Department. Foraker hoped that he would be provided with "necessary means to prosecute a vigorous and effective campaign against the border bandits." The *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican,* in turn, took the opportunity to inform its readers that:

> As it is now, strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, the United States marshal is not provided with any funds to meet such emergencies and must await authority from Washington before incurring the expenses to meet the same.

Marshal Foraker further expressed his frustration with the Mexican government, which was resistant to any steps which could lead to the gang's arrest. He telegraphed the Justice Department, reported the robbery, and indicated that the suspects were the same men for whom extradition was being sought from Mexico.

Foraker left Santa Fe and traveled to Albuquerque, then Silver City, New Mexico, where he learned that the gang had gone back into Arizona. Marshal William Griffith of Arizona later recounted to U.S. Attorney General Joseph M. McKenna, "In November last, at Grant [sic] Station in New Mexico, a train was 'held up.' The robbers, a part of 'Black Jack's,' gang, were tracked directly across [New Mexico] into Arizona. Most of them crossed over the line in Old Mexico."

On Tuesday, November 23, George and Van Musgrave, Bob Christian, and Sid Moore did cross into Mexico at La Morita. On November 25, the enriched robbers celebrated Thanksgiving Day by hurrahing the community of Fronteras. Surrounded by over one hundred Mexicans, they were captured and bound hand and foot. When they were brought before the magistrate, it was learned that they were carrying over $9,000 in currency and coin. Upon their release from incarceration in Fronteras, and with most of the money secured at the Grant's train robbery safely hidden away, the very wealthy outlaws were able to comfortably relax in Mexico.

ABOUT TWO WEEKS later, on December 10, newspapers reported that a desperate robbery attempt of the Southern and Pacific train at Stein's Pass, New Mexico, had resulted in several deaths the night before. Ironically, and fortuitously, reporters placed the responsibility for the failed Stein's robbery on the Black Jack gang. This robbery attempt, as well as later depredations of Tom Ketchum's gang, hastily took the focus off the real Black Jack gang as Ketchum inherited the moniker.

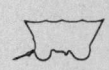
On December 16, Secretary of State John Sherman forwarded a presidential warrant to Attorney General Joseph McKenna, authorizing Texas Ranger Robert C. Ross to proceed to the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, and take into custody the surviving members of the Black Jack. The gang was charged with the commission of the crime of robbery. Remarkably, the warrant was issued for four of the original members of the gang, George Musgrave, Code Young, Robert Hayes, and Thomas Anderson (Bob Christian), in spite of the fact that Young and Hayes were both deceased, information which was well known to the Justice Department. Absent from the list were Sid Moore and Van Musgrave (Theodore James), against whom there were no federal indictments. The United States minister to Mexico was instructed to request that the Mexican government surrender the fugitives and deliver them to Ross.

On April 15, 1898, Assistant Secretary of State William R. Day notified the attorney general that the Mexican government refused to surrender George Musgrave with cause, claiming that the United States lacked the proper proof for extradition. There was no mention of Anderson (Christian).

On May 22, Minister Powell Clayton received an official response to his extradition request from Ignacio Mariscal, Mexico's minister of Foreign Affairs. Mariscal explained that the American request lacked the necessary proof to establish the fact that a crime had been committed as required by Article I of the extradition treaty between the countries. The sole submitted proof was deemed insufficient in establishing "the fact of the commission of the offense in such a manner that the accused parties could be tried had the crime been perpetuated in Mexico." Therefore the Foreign Affairs Department could not order detention in accordance with the extradition treaty.

Following the unsuccessful efforts to extradite Musgrave and Bob Christian from Mexico, Christian disappeared from the pages of history, although one later account has him remaining in Mexico. Sid Moore likewise slipped into limbo, and nothing more is known of him. Van Musgrave (Theodore James) appears periodically in various communities along the American-Mexican border: one time in the hotel business and another time employed by the vast Cananea Cattle Company. The proceeds of the Grant's robbery enabled him to permanently abandon outlawry.

In spite of the handsome sum from the Santa Fe, George Musgrave continued to ride the owl hoot through six countries on two continents for the next fifty years. He died a natural death in 1947. Truly, he was the last outlaw.



Reptiles in Tombstone

By Richard Lapidus

Tombstone, Arizona Territory, doctor and coroner, George Goodfellow, in the early 1880s performed "assessment work," as he called the required autopsy, on a shooting victim named McIntyre. Translating medical jargon into the language of the booming silver camp, he said, "I found the body rich in lead, but too badly punctured to hold whiskey." This well-liked medical man, on top of many other accomplishments, would be one of the first to do assessment work on the effects of gila monster venom.

Tombstone photographer, C.S. Fly, was a participant in the aftermath of the "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral." When the shooting stopped and the smoke cleared, three members of the Earp party were shot and injured, and three members of the Clanton and McLaury brothers were dead or dying.

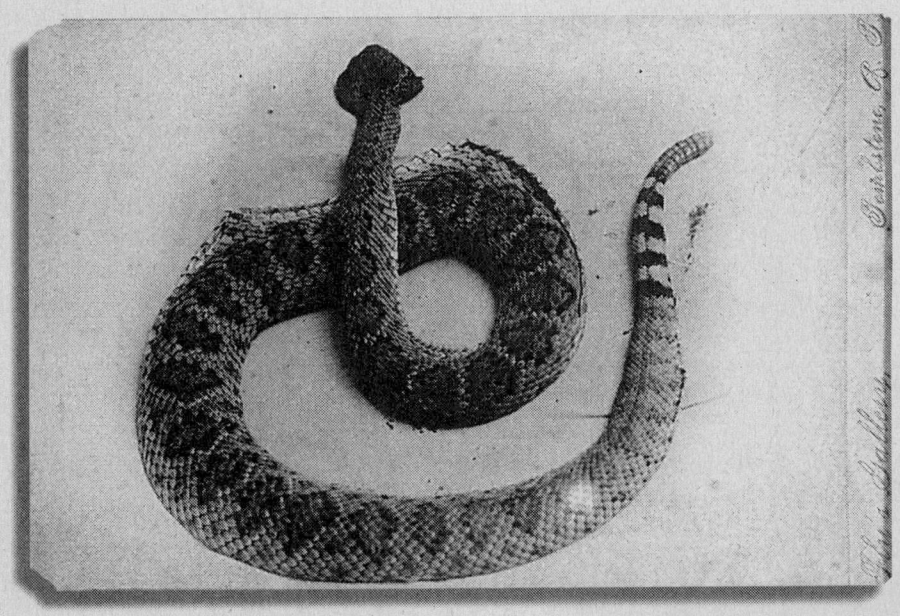
"Take that pistol away from that man!" Fly said, indicating Billy Clanton, who was lying on his back with a smoking pistol in his hand.

Robert S. Hatch, who owned a saloon and billiard parlor, replied to the photographer, "go and get it yourself if you want it." Fly walked up to Clanton, reached down, took hold of the empty pistol and jerked it out of his hand. An hour later Billy Clanton was dead.

Camillus Sidney Fly (called "Buck" by just about everyone) and his wife Mollie, arrived in Tombstone in December of 1879, around the same time as the Earp brothers. At first they set up shop in a tent, but in no time at all they had built a twelve-room boarding house. Their boarders included Kate Elder, Doc Holliday's "girlfriend" and traveling companion. Fly's photographic gallery was located in the rear of the building. Prices ranged from 25 to 35 cents for a sitting, and up to three dollars for a "view," as Fly called his scenic shots of the town, the countryside, or the mines.

For these outdoor shots, Fly traveled about with his equipment loaded on a pack horse or in his buckboard. He always carried a miner's pick on these excursions, hoping to strike it rich. It never happened, and that is most fortunate for history, for we may never have had the opportunity to study and enjoy his great work. Fly photographed people, buildings, parades, social events, and even tragedies, like the effects of two devastating fires that destroyed most of the business district of Tombstone. Fly also photographed animals, including reptiles.

On top of snapping off thousands of images of early frontier life, on a couple of rare occasions his camera



Richard and Irise Lapidus Collection

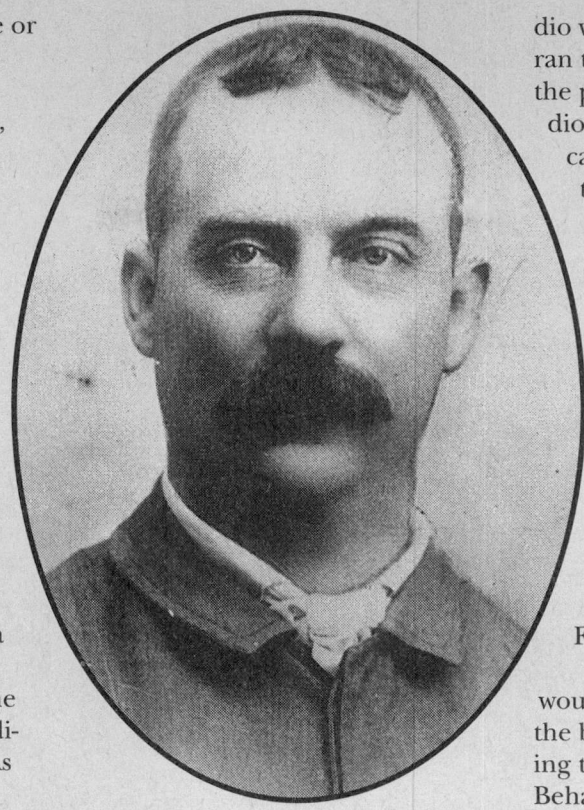
Western diamondback rattlesnake killed in the Dragoon Mountains, circa 1885. Photo by C.S. Fly.

recorded the likenesses of a snake or lizard that he encountered.

The photo Fly snapped of the western diamondback rattlesnake, published here for the first time, was taken around 1885. Handwriting on the back of the photograph indicates that the snake was six feet, five inches in length, an allegation that appears to be exaggerated. The writing further states that the snake was killed "near Cochise Stronghold in the Draggoon [sic] Mts." There is no mention of how the unfortunate serpent met its demise, but it appears to have been shot by a small caliber gun, and then posed.

Another reptile photo, this of a gila monster, taken by Fly around 1885, is also presented here for the first time. Writing on the back indicates only "Gila Monster, 1885." As with the photo of the rattlesnake, there is nothing to explain the circumstances by which this lizard lost its life.

When C.S. Fly was out in the field, Mollie, who specialized in studio work, portraits, and retouching, ran the gallery. It is likely that she is the photographer who took the studio portrait of someone's favorite canine friend which accompanies this story.

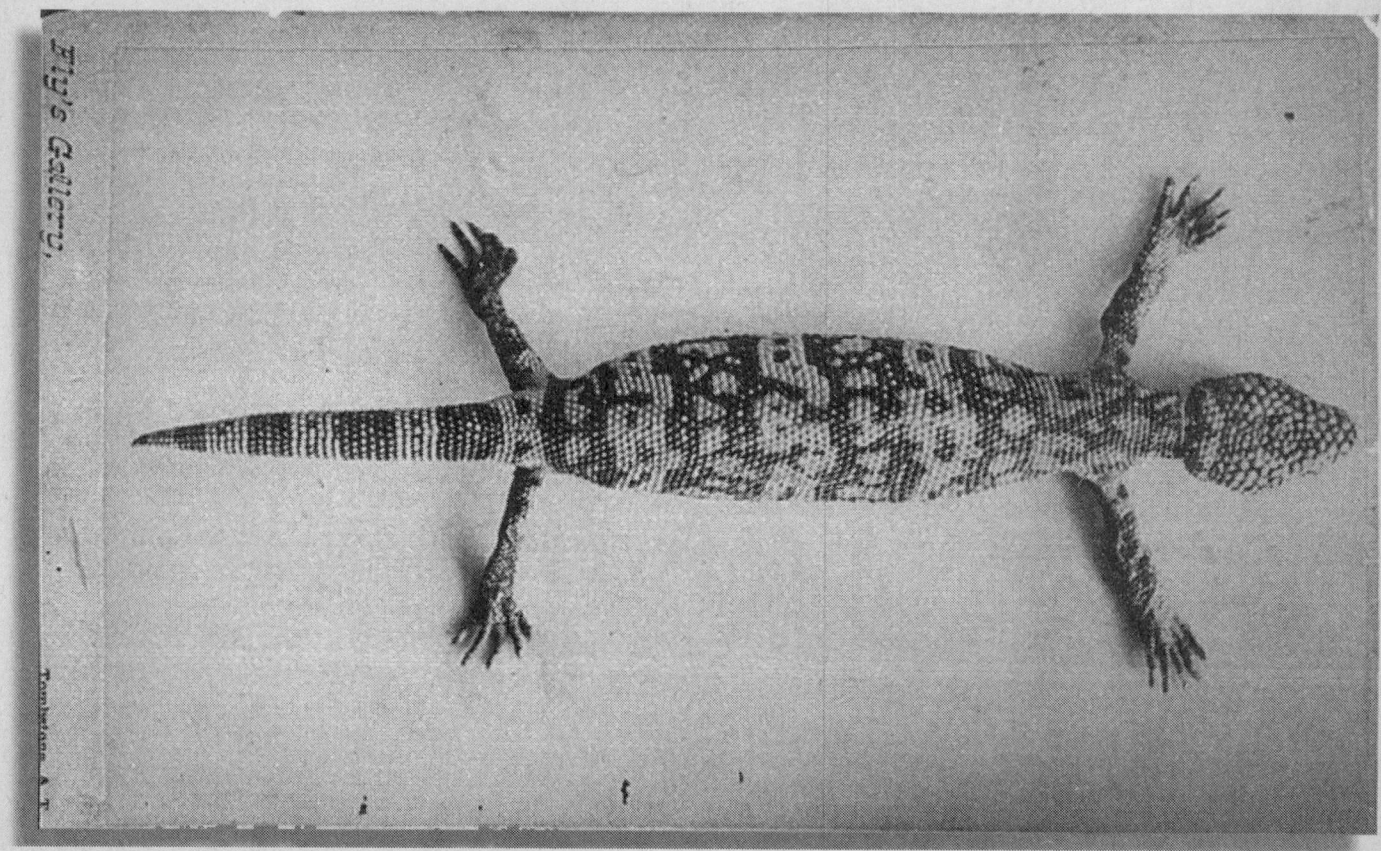


Paul Taylor Collection

Dr. George Emery Goodfellow, Tombstone physician. Goodfellow treated famous lawmen and outlaws, and studied gila monsters in his spare time.

C.S. Fly missed a huge chance to record history when the famous "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral" occurred on October 26, 1881. That this fight took place inside the O.K. Corral is one of the many myths recorded by Hollywood cinematographers. Actually, the participants faced off in a fifteen foot wide vacant lot, north of the O.K. Corral and adjacent to Fly's boarding house.

Most historians agree that Fly would not have had time to set up the bulky equipment before or during the altercation. Sheriff John Behan, having been pushed aside by the Earps before the fighting commenced, got out of the way by darting into the Fly boarding house. Billy "the Kid" Claibourne threw up his hands and fled in the direction



McLelland Collection

This gila monster was photographed by C.S. Fly in 1885.

Richard and Irise Lapidus Collection

Geromino (center) and selected warriors before surrender to federal troops. Posed and photographed by C.S. Fly in 1886.

of Fly's. Finally, Ike Clanton, who did more than anyone to instigate the fight, wrestled briefly with Wyatt Earp, and then bolted into Fly's and out the back door.

By the end of 1881, the Flys's business had expanded into the largest photographic studio between San Francisco and El Paso. In 1885 many of C.S. Fly's photos were selected as part of Arizona's exhibit in the New Orleans World's Fair.

By far, however, the photos that won him the most recognition were those that he took during General George Crook's campaign to capture Geronimo and his renegade warriors. Fly had accompanied Crook to the site of the proposed surrender. This was ten miles into Mexico at the Canon de los Embudos (Canyon of the Funnels). Fly was the only man ever able to photograph hostile Apaches who were still fighting with federal troops. Not only that, but he had the guts to order the well-armed Apache leaders to pose this way and that, and not to move at all so the images would not be blurred.

Six of these "Embudos" photos were published by *Harper's Weekly* on April 24, 1886. This brought Fly instant national fame.

C.S. Fly was elected sheriff of Cochise County in 1894, but only served two years. By then the big silver boom had ended, and there was competition from other photographers. He turned to the bottle to ease his depression, separated from Mollie, and spent his last years dividing time between his small ranch in the Chiricahua Mountains and a meager studio he ran in the copper camp of Bisbee. He died in Bisbee at the age of fifty-one, with Mollie by his side. C.S. Fly was buried in the city cemetery in Tombstone, not in the infamous "Boothill."

It is most fortunate that some of Fly's photographs still exist. Those that do are rare and valuable. Many were destroyed in a warehouse fire, and others perished when the Fly Gallery in Tombstone burned down in 1912.

Probably the most admired citizen of Tombstone was Dr. George Emery Goodfellow. Arriving there in 1880, he immediately became the busiest man in town. Not only did he exhibit the most skill in surgically removing bullets, but he was also the coroner.

On February 22, 1884, John Heath was forcefully removed from his jail cell and hanged from a telegraph pole by an angry mob. He had been the mastermind of the "Bisbee Massacre," a robbery turned sour that claimed the lives of four victims. Heath's five accomplices were sentenced to death, but Heath had hired an attorney and received the verdict of life imprisonment. The citizens of Tombstone were infuriated with the verdict, and took the law into their own hands.

As coroner, Doc Goodfellow had a problem. He had witnessed the hanging and had observed many of Tombstone's most prominent citizens actively participate. Yet, it was his job to state the cause of death, and to convince a coroner's jury that his ruling was accurate.

"I can see but one ruling possible here," Goodfellow stated. "It is my opinion that this man died from emphysema of the lungs, which might have been, and probably was, caused by strangulation, self-inflicted or otherwise, as in accordance with medical evidence." The jury immediately adopted this verdict.

C.S. Fly was there to photograph the gruesome scene of John Heath swinging from the telegraph pole on Toughnut Street. He was also present later to record the legal hang-

ings of Heath's accomplices.

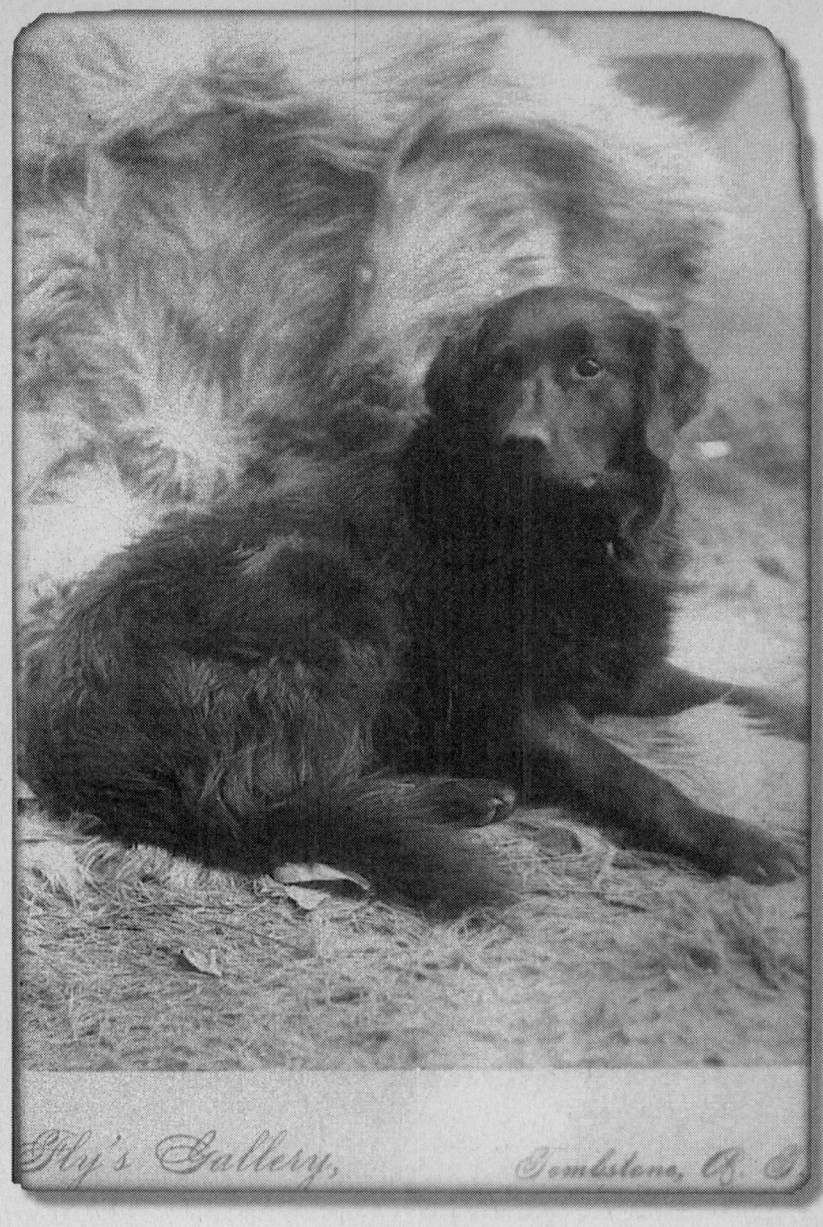
Doc Goodfellow was involved in the aftermath of most of the famous gunfights. He operated on Virgil Earp after he was ambushed by multiple assailants while crossing Allen Street, and he tried to save Morgan Earp when he was shot in the back while shooting pool in Campbell and Hatch's Billiard Parlor and Saloon. Unfortunately, Morgan could not be saved.

Doc Goodfellow treated lawmen and outlaws alike, as is shown in a conversation he had with an old-time railroad man. "Many a time a man would ride up to my home at night, get me out of bed, and tell me one of the boys was hurt, that he was at Curly Bill's camp. I would go with him and find several holes in his hide made hypodermically with a gun that was loaded. I never asked how it happened. That didn't interest me. My object was to see if I could save him. Also I was interested in my fee. It was always a good one...."

It has been reported that Doc Goodfellow's fee was, at times, as high as $1,500.

Goodfellow heard many stories about the deadly nature of gila monsters. He advertised that he would pay five dollars each for live specimens, and he obtained a few that way. He also went out and captured some on his own. When he had collected a dozen of the lizards, he began to study them and even irritated one into biting him so he could analyze the effects. The bite forced Goodfellow into bed for five days, but his conclusions were clearly weighted on the side of the lizards. "The belief in the [deadly] poisonous nature of the lizard [is] purely mythical and superstitious, the remnant of primitive man's antagonism to all creepy things." After the study, he gave some of the gila monsters to his daughter as pets, released the rest, and filed away his notes.

Years later he discovered that two deaths, which were attributed to the bite of a gila monster were actually due to acute alcoholism. To discredit the erroneous report, he published his work, "The Gila Monster," in *Scientific American* in 1907.



Richard and Irise Lapidus Collection

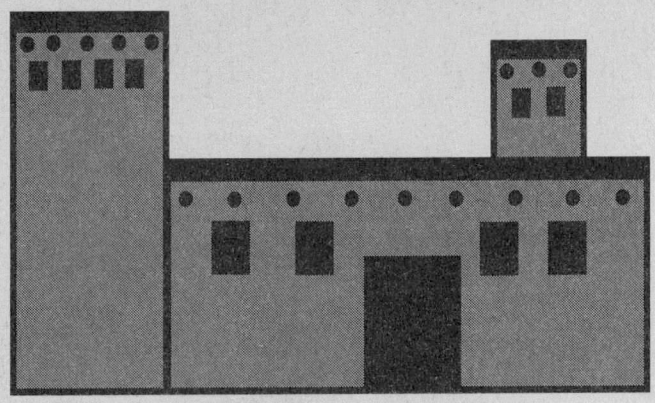
Studio portrait of an unidentified Tombstone canine companion, circa 1880s. This was probably taken by Mollie Fly.

Doc Goodfellow published thirteen scientific and medical papers between 1879 and 1907. One of the most interesting was on "The Impenetrability of Silk to Bullets." This 1882 treatise was from evidence collected at the Chandler Milk Ranch gunfight of March 25, 1882. Billy Breakenridge had used a shotgun on his victim, Billy Grounds, who wore a silk handkerchief. The shot did not penetrate the silk, but carried it through the skin.

It is said that Doc Goodfellow performed the first appendectomy in Arizona, and it is quite possible that he was the first to perform a prostatectomy. His methods on treating gunshot wounds to the abdomen are still being used today.

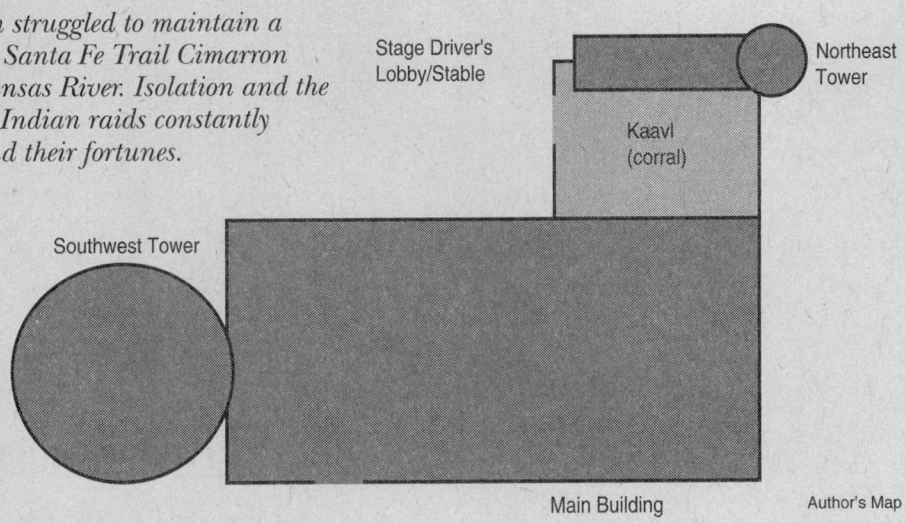
Clearly, Doctor George Emery Goodfellow and C.S. Fly were not the most famous characters from the Old West. They were, however, brave men and pioneers in their fields, whose accomplishments are many. Both men paused to interact with Tombstone's reptiles, and thankfully left us a record of their unusual encounters.

The Ranch at Cimarron Crossing



By Randy D. Smith

For two years men struggled to maintain a lonely outpost at the Santa Fe Trail Cimarron Crossing of the Arkansas River. Isolation and the threat of death from Indian raids constantly skewed their lives and their fortunes.



Layout of Cimarron Ranch.

From its earliest years, the Santa Fe Trail split into two routes along a thirty-mile corridor of the Arkansas River valley on the plains of Kansas Territory. The Mountain Route (or Ratón) followed the north bank of the river to Bent's Fort, Colorado, before crossing the river and twisting south along the east slope of the Rocky Mountains toward Ratón Pass. The Cimarron Cut Off passage crossed the Arkansas near the 100th Meridian and swept sixty miles southwest along the desert trail called the *Jornada Del Morte* (Journey of Death) toward Middle Spring of the Cimarron River valley.

From 1825-1845 the Cut Off was the favored route of Santa Fe traders. As white settlement and commerce grew along the Arkansas River Valley, the longer Mountain Branch slowly grew to dominance. Caravans wanted to remain with the river as long as possible and during this same time period, the Cimarron Crossing drifted to the west as trail blazers experimented and found alternate routes for crossing the Jornada.

The Arkansas River of today is a shadow of what it was in the middle of the nineteenth century. According to Major James H. Carleton's diary of 1852, the scene at the time was much different:

> Crossed the Arkansas about eighteen miles from the fort [Fort Atkinson] and had some difficulty in transit. The Arkansas river was a little over a quarter of a mile in width and its just up to the bottom of the carriages, but we escaped any wetting The banks are low and it don 't appear that the river ever rises more than about eight feet, and that it overflows it's banks. The waters are as muddy as the Missouri river. The banks are bare of timber and underbrush and do not contain any rock. The east side is sheltered with a range of sand hills some eight to ten miles wide.

Crossing the river usually took an entire day with each wagon having to be double and sometimes triple teamed. As the wagons were forded, they were usually assembled on the south bank of the river until the men could see to the crossing of the entire caravan. It didn't take long

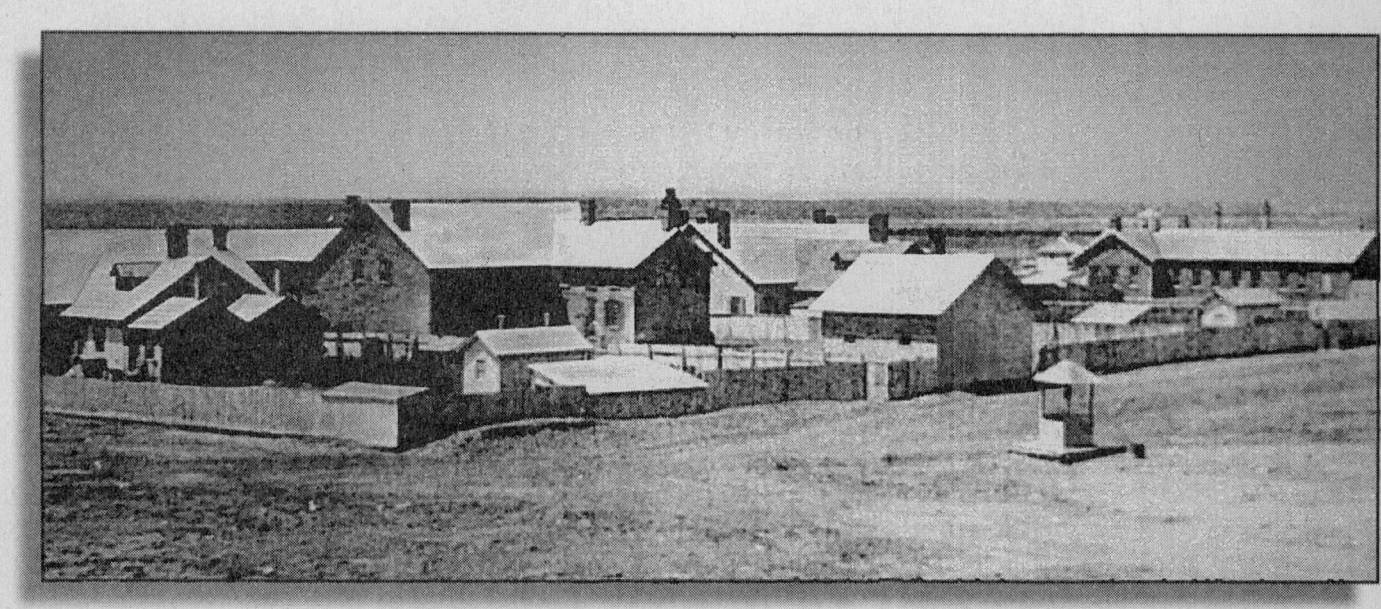
Kansas Heritage Center

Horse-powered mowing and muckrake equipment similar to what was used to harvest hay at Cimarron Crossing.

for the Indians of the region to realize that if they intended to raid the caravans, the best time was when the caravans were split on either side and the crews were spread thin. Oftentimes only a token defense force was left with the south wagons. These "south bank" men were usually the least experienced and the easiest to panic. In times of hostility, which broke out periodically along the trail, the Arkansas River fording became the most dangerous operation of the Cimarron Cut Off passage.

Several military posts and camps were established and abandoned along this area of the river, reflecting intermittent periods of war and peace. Finally, during the Civil War, Fort Dodge was permanently established near Black Pool of the Lower Crossing, or the Mulberry Creek Route of the Cut Off. The military tried to choose a location where troops could be dispatched to protect caravan and stage line crossing either to the east Lower Crossing or west Cimarron Crossing. Generally, during times of suspected Indian activity, infantry troops were dispatched in wagons to guard the caravans during the crossings.

Private entrepreneurs realized that profitable businesses could be established along the Santa Fe Trail supplying feed, emergency supplies and equipment, fresh livestock, liquor, and meals to stages and caravans. These "ranches," as they were termed at the time, were the nineteenth century Old West equivalent of the modern motel and gas station complexes that dominate the major interstate highways of the West



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Fort Dodge was twenty-six miles east of the Cimarron Crossing Ranch and supplied military escorts for stages and caravans throughout the area.

Western Publications Archive

The Arapahoe tribe led by Chief Little Raven was always peaceful with whites but were attacked by trappers from the Cimarron Crossing Ranch.

today. They could be especially lucrative if under contract with a stage line holding a government mail contract.

Two brothers from New Hampshire, thirty-one-year-old John Francis (Frank) Hartwell, and twenty-two-year old William Hartwell sold their failing interest in Six-Mile Creek station near Council Grove, Kansas. Upon advice of the Santa Fe Stage Line division superintendent, the brothers formed a partnership with James Ripley and Dutch Henry to establish a ranch at Cimarron Crossing. While William stayed behind to close out Six-Mile Creek station, a crew of six men went on to begin construction of the ranch on a slope above the flood plain of the Arkansas River.

Charles Raber, a freighter of the period, wrote a description of Cimarron Crossing Ranch as it appeared in 1866:

> At this point [Cimarron Crossing] there was a well-equipped stage station, consisting of adobe houses and a large corral in which stage coaches or trains could find shelter in case of an attack by Indians. At the northeast and southwest corners were large towers provided with portholes. They were also used for sleeping rooms.

A force of twelve well-armed men manned the station, dividing labors between harvesting livestock feed, guarding livestock, and servicing the stages and caravans traveling along the trail. Other than one Indian raid upon livestock, with a loss of several hundred dollars, the first year, 1866, went fairly well. Indians appeared to be generally observing the peace treaty of 1865.

Perhaps one of the strangest incidents to befall the ranch that year was the arrival of a lone woman walking across the plains carrying an old quilt and umbrella. Except for her worn clothing and "loony" disposition, she was neat and tidy. The crew asked her where she came from, but she only gave the name of a town and could not remember the state. She ate supper, gathered up her belongings in a bundle, and left as the crew did evening chores. Who she was, where she went, and what became of her remained a mystery.

However, other legends of western Kansas settlement involving such places as White Woman Creek and Starving Woman Creek, farther west, indicate that such circumstances were not as uncommon as one might think. Madness, resulting from the isolation and harsh conditions of the plains, claimed many men and women of the time.

In January 1867, the ranch experienced its first incident with hostile Indians. John Sullivan, an Arapaho warrior, and several other tribal members crossed the frozen river and entered the main house as if to trade. Upon entering the storeroom, they began ransacking and helping themselves to the goods. James Ripley was unable to control them and called upon the Hartwells for help. William entered the room alone and told Sullivan to get out of the store.

Sullivan approached the young storekeeper boldly, spat on his fin-

gers, and began snapping them in Hartwell's face. Hartwell took hold of a wagon wheel spoke and knocked Sullivan to the floor with a blow to the head. The other braves went for their bows but Frank and Ripley entered the room, with drawn Colt Navy revolvers. The Indians began to throw down their weapons and pleaded, "no shoot," as they dropped the goods in a pile on the floor.

William wet a rag in whiskey and dropped it, along with several hands full of sulfur, into a skillet and placed the brew on the hot stove. The white men left the room, closing and barring the doors behind them. Within minutes, the Arapaho warriors were choking and coughing, begging to be set free. Waiting as long as they thought was wise, the brothers allowed the Indians to leave, giving them a supply of flour as a sort of peace offering.

Toward the end of February the Jim Baker trapping party arrived at the ranch to report Cheyennes had stolen four mules and two horses from them on the upper Cimarron River. Major Henry Douglass of Fort Dodge reported that Baker made the statement that from his twenty-three years' experience of dealing with Indians, he felt that the Indians would break into open hostility in the spring. By the end of March, Douglass sent a warning to Baker at Cimarron Ranch stating that he had been informed that a retaliatory raid was being planned by the trappers. He urged them to abandon the scheme.

Western Publications Archive

Satanta and his band of Kiowas attacked the Cimarron Crossing area in 1867.

The warning did little good. Baker and eight others raided Little Raven's Arapaho band on April 17, and then headed for the Upper Arkansas. This action was especially agitating for the military as Little Raven's band was friendly with the whites and had taken no part in any of the raids up to that time.

On April 17, Major Wickliffe Cooper received orders to proceed to the Cimarron Crossing area with Companies B and C of the Seventh United States cavalry to meet suspected Cheyenne and Sioux hostility. Wickliffe established a camp near the crossing and sent out patrols to intercept all Indians crossing the river to the north. Warriors were discovered at the crossing on April 19. Lieutenant Matthew Berry and a detachment of twenty men investigated, were fired upon, and returned fire. Six Cheyennes and Sioux died fighting. A fresh white woman's scalp was found upon one of the Indian bodies.

On April 28, Company I, Thirty-seventh U.S. infantry, was dispatched to temporarily defend the ranch. Eleven infantrymen strengthened the defense force to a total of twenty-five. Much of the time was spent adding to the fortifications of the ranch.

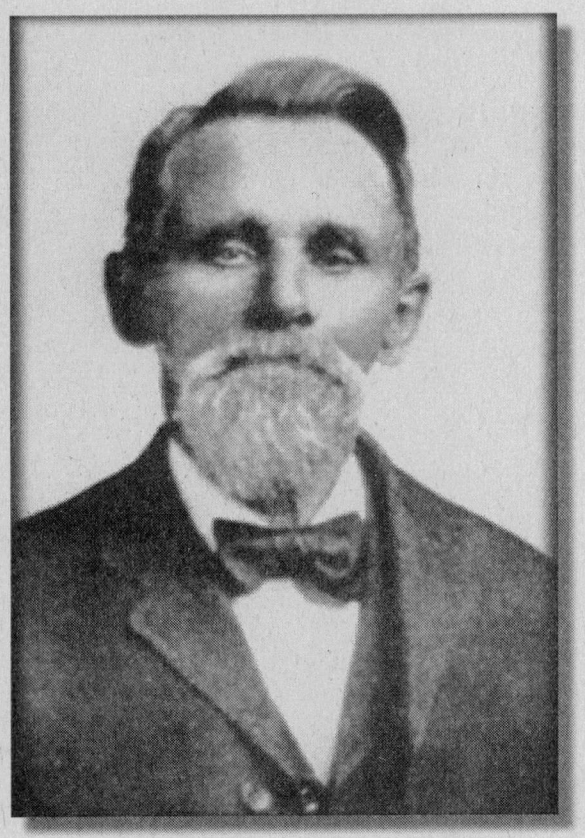
On June 5, 1867, a raiding party of unknown tribe hit a Mexican wagon train near the mouth of Mulberry Creek, killing four men, wounding five, and running off much of the stock. On June 7, Juan Montoya, of Simitar, Rio Abajo, had thirty-three mules stolen by Kiowas as he camped at the Cimarron Crossing Ranch. Many people believed, including Douglass, that the raids were related. William Hartwell, states in his journal that

he felt the Mexicans were hit more often by the raiders because they were so poorly armed and organized. Douglass stated in a June military report that the Mexicans were inadequately armed.

On June 12, a band of Kiowas under Satanta stole seventy-one horses from Company B, Seventh Cavalry, east of Fort Dodge. Private Joe Spillman, the herder, died the next day from arrow wounds received in the raid. Satanta's band was far from finished with raiding the river valley, as the men of Cimarron Crossing would find out.

On June 16, as the Charles Parker caravan was engaged in crossing the river to return to the states, Kiowas struck simultaneously from both sides of the river. The Kiowas hit as Parker's six wagons were on the north shore and a remaining herd of mules were being pastured on the south under four guards. Hartwell and his companions watched the raid as it transpired in the valley.

> The mule guards were some two hundred yards away from their wagons, when in an instant the Indians were upon them, a band of fifty, at least, riding in a circle and fighting as they rushed up. Puffs of smoke and crack, crack, crack arose from the tall grass in the circle, the, redskins sheering off at each shot, only to rush on again between fires, and yet the men gained their wagons, where one of them fell shot dead. The second one broke for, and gained the waters of the friendly river, while the third, a Frenchman, hurriedly climbed into a wagon loaded with wool and crawled under the sacks. The Indians gathered around, stripped off the cover, ripped open the packs and pulled the unhappy wretch out by the hair of the head.
>
> We could hear his shrieks, "Maria, Dials, mia" but an Indian is an utter stranger to pity. A pistol shot, and all was over with the unfortunate man. The one that made the river escaped and fortunately, for the fourth one, he had crossed and come up to the ranch, just before the attack.
>
> The Indians being fired upon from another wagon, in the islands of the river, mounted and tauntingly shook the two gory scalps as they retreated to the hills.



Kansas Heritage Center

A.J. Anthony was an experienced stagecoach man and saw potential in the Cimarron Crossing Ranch. His wife managed the ranch store.

The Cimarron Ranch defenders and Parker's north river force were able to drive the other Kiowas off. The army suffered one fatal casualty when a soldier accidentally shot himself during the battle. A Private James Collins was also wounded. The Frenchman and twenty-two-year-old Curtis Hill were buried south of the river. From reading several versions of the raid, it is safe to assume that all of the hostilities took place in the valley and the Kiowas made no attempt upon the ranch buildings. They were interested in stealing livestock and showed no interest in the well-fortified structure.

The men stayed close to the buildings for the rest of the month but by the middle of July, with supplies running low, the stage company offered a contract of $2,000 for a hundred tons of hay. Hartwell's group took the contract and began mowing the river bottoms.

On July 18, after a week of work with no problems, the men became careless. Two men named Barney and Sam were working with the Hartwell brothers. Sam and William were rousting some oxen used for hay wagons. Barney and Frank were mowing the hay with a four up team of horses. Only Frank was carrying firearms, the others had left their guns on the wagons while doing the heavy work. At ten that morning, William noticed Kiowas riding down upon them. He ordered Sam to the wagons to retrieve the guns and cover him while he warned the mowing crew, who were unable to hear shouts of warning. Trying to get the mowers' attention, William took off his red flannel shirt and began waving it. When he realized that he was not able to get their attention and that the Indians were almost upon him, he made a dash for the safety of the river. He was able to see Frank and Barney abandon the mower and run for safety, as well as Sam making it to the wagons and the firearms. Wearing only light pants and moccasins, William was able to give the braves a good chase. He could hear them cursing him in English and stating that he would "never make the river." As a lead brave closed in on him with a lance, he lost his hope of making the river and turned to rush the Indian. The

brave's horse shied and nearly dumped its rider. As the Indian tried to regain control of his mount he and his companions rushed past Hartwell, who was able to make it to the river.

Swimming underwater in the cross current, Hartwell reached an island covered with small willow saplings. The water was high from flooding and the warriors refused to enter, instead sending a shower of arrows and bullets toward him. Hearing a splashing from above, William saw Barney, shot through both arms, struggling to swim toward the island. Hartwell swam to the man and inquired about his brother. Barney did not know.

The pair decided to remain in the river and move toward a Mexican caravan coming from the south. A Mexican guard almost shot them as they swam toward the wagons, but a white man rushed up and took the gun from his hands. Under the protection of the wagons, Hartwell saw the Indians riding the high bluff to the north waving scalps and taunting the survivors.

Fearing for his brother's life, Hartwell tried to swim back to where he thought Frank might be. After some searching he found some moccasins that he reasoned belonged to his brother. Shortly, he found Sam's body lodged against a small island, scalped and shot through the head. William's search for his brother was futile and it wasn't until October that Frank's body was found with the same wounds as Sam's.

On a small tombstone in Drewsville, New Hampshire, there is the inscription: "John Francis/ son of Derick & Mary Ann Hartwell/ killed by Indians at Cimmaron [sic] crossing, Kansas, July 18, 1867,/ ac. 32 years."

William gave up ranching on the Cimarron and sold his shares in August 1867 to A.J. Anthony and Robert M. Wright. Anthony was an experienced stagecoach man, and Wright had operated other stations in the area for Barlow, Sanderson & Company. Wright had recently recovered from a bout of cholera, the greatest cause of death in the area. Because of the cholera epidemic Indian activity fell off dramatically during this period.

Anthony and Wright immediately began a large haying operation, paying common hands from $75 to $100 a month. Indian raids began anew and the partners lost so much stock that they turned to ponies to continue the haying operation. During this period, it was common practice for hay cutters to each carry a pair of revolvers on their person or hanging from their equipment.

Kansas Heritage Center

Robert Wright, partnered with A.J. Anthony, purchased the ranch from William Hartwell after the death of Hartwell's brother.

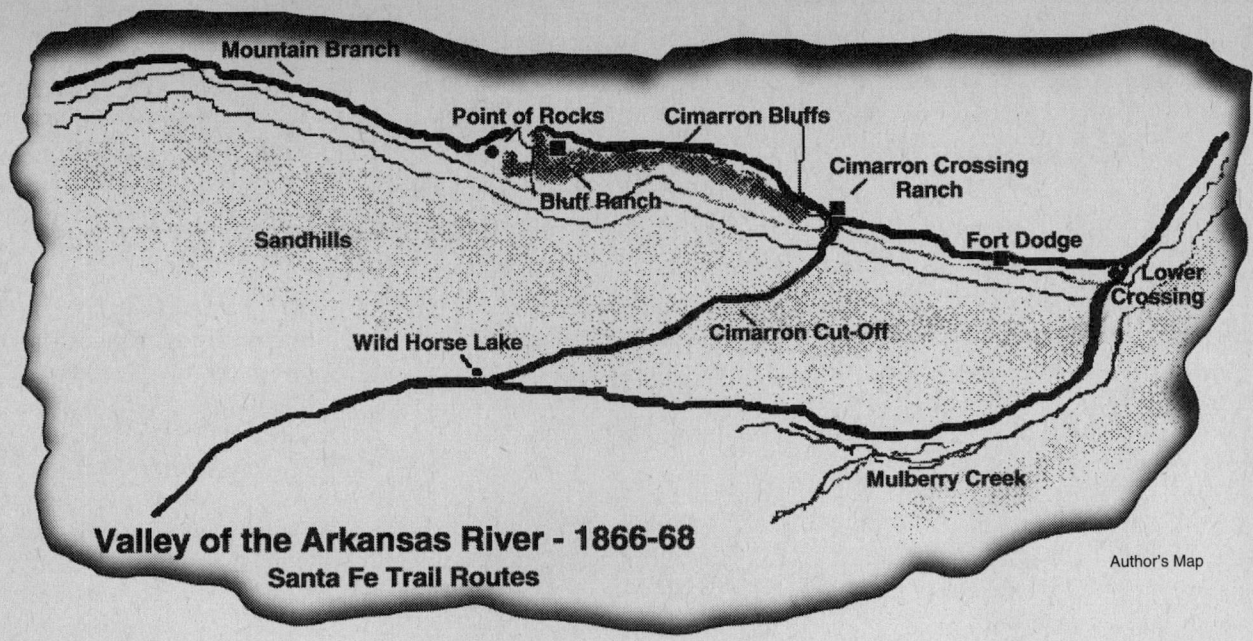
By the middle of September 1857, reports ran rampant of a consolidated force of more than 2,000 Cheyennes, Arapahos, Comanches, and Kiowas on the warpath. A westbound caravan, with military escort, was attacked near the crossing on September 11. Four men were killed and five wounded with an added loss of twelve mules.

As if the Indian raids weren't enough, an incident with drunken soldiers created another problem at the ranch. One morning, intoxicated Sergeant John McGovern (using the alias William Gleason) entered the ranch's main building and demanded a drink from Mrs. Anthony. She gave him one on the condition that he behaved himself and ask for no more. McGovern had his drink, left, and returned fifteen minutes later with Private John Smith. Mrs. Anthony refused him entry whereupon Smith broke open the door and threatened to shoot the woman and a contractor named George Woods unless he was given whiskey. Mrs. Anthony relented and gave the drunkards their drinks. Woods left the building and went to the river.

At 10 AM, fifteen men of Company I, Thirty-seventh infantry, under the command of Sergeant S.A. Iveson, arrived. McGovern and Smith got into a quarrel with a Corporal Cortigan, and chased him on the premise that they intended to kill him. Soon afterward, a third man, Corporal Thomas Gavan, joined Smith and McGovern in their drinking spree.

Just after noon two eastern coaches arrived and the drunken soldiers got into an argument with a driver, John Huggins. Huggins and McGovern exchanged revolver shots but neither was injured. Shortly afterward, Smith knocked a stage conductor, Andrew Wright, in the head with a rifle butt.

That was enough for the stage travelers and ranch hands. They ordered the gang from the premises and were promptly rewarded by a hail of gunfire through the doors



and windows of the ranch. Iveson's men saw what was going on and opened fire on the drunken soldiers from a range of three hundred yards, accidentally shooting George Woods as he tried to make the cover of the building. McGovern, Smith, and Gavan entered the building, ransacked the store, and stole $20 worth of postal currency and some canned fruit. Sometime during the fracas, stage driver Frank Harris took a bullet in the chest while sleeping in the northeast tower.

In spite of the fact that there were thirty-two soldiers in the vicinity, the sergeants could not get them to attempt a capture. While attempting to close in on the drunks, they were fired upon and "scattered like rabbits," according to Robert Wright.

Another military escort with a newly arriving caravan formed a skirmish line and waved a white flag. McGovern and Smith opened fire upon the soldiers and were fired upon. McGovern was hit in the shoulder and Smith was killed. Gavan and McGovern were taken into custody and charged with riotous conduct and murder. That evening Woods and Harris died of their wounds. A short time later, McGovern escaped custody in Fort Dodge and deserted the army.

Around October 1, the Kiowas hit the ranch with a determined attack. Anthony was in charge of the hay crew and was able to organize a defense on the spot, forming a defensive configuration with the hay wagons. The men made a strategic retreat toward the river, dropping to their knees and forming a skirmish line on every Indian assault. Once at the river, the hay crew withdrew to the island and held off the warriors until dark. In the meantime, Wright barricaded the buildings and tried to get a relief party to the hay crew. The Indians managed to drive them back on every attempt.

About three o'clock, a United States paymaster and several companies of soldiers were ambushed while approaching the ranch. They formed a defensive corral and held their position until dark.

Major Horace Moore and his command of the Eighteenth Kansas cavalry were dispatched from Fort Dodge to conduct a search for the hostile Indians between Cimarron Crossing Ranch and Bluff Ranch. Captain David Payne was ordered to take Company B of the Eighteenth Kansas infantry to Cimarron Crossing to protect the haying crew. All remained quiet until another peace treaty was negotiated on October 28.

In January 1868, a party of Arapahos, Apaches, and Cheyennes had a fight with a Kansas alliance of Pawnees near Cimarron Crossing. Charley Bent, the half-blood son of William Bent, and twenty Cheyennes were said to have been killed in the engagement. Full-scale war among the Indians broke out along the trail, which in turn spelled disaster for small white settlements in the area.

Cimarron Crossing and Bluff Ranch were abandoned by July 1868. The day after the ranches were abandoned, Indians burned the buildings and hay stacks. All stage traffic in the area stopped. Before the summer was over, several caravans were attacked in the area of Cimarron Crossing. It would be another year before the region was safe enough for stage travel.

Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad surveyors marked the site of the old stage ranch on a map in October 1871. According to their map, the ranch was located approximately one and a half miles west of present-day Cimarron, Kansas. Today, there is nothing left of the old site. Even the grave markers have long been lost to the elements. Only the old hay meadow, now a cattle pasture, remains to mark the general location where men lost their lives trying to settle the Cimarron Crossing of the Santa Fe Trail.

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True West Legends

Al Sieber

By Phyllis de la Garza

February 29, 1844—Al Sieber is born in Mingolsheim (near Heidelberg), Germany. His father dies one year later, leaving a widow, Katherina, and eight children.

1849— Katherina sets out for the United States with her children and settles near friends and relatives in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

1856— Al Sieber moves with his family to Minnesota where the boy eventually works as a farmer and teamster. He does not spend much time in school. He prefers hunting game, tracking, and living in the outdoors.

March 3, 1862—Itching to fight in the Civil War, Al Sieber enlists with the Union Army, Company B, First Minnesota, mustering in at Fort Snelling.

August 29, 1862—Sieber sees plenty of hard fighting at the Second Battle of Bull Run.

July 1863—Sieber is seriously wounded at the Battle of Gettysburg. He sustains both head and leg injuries

February 1864-65—Sieber serves as Union prison camp guard at Elmira, New York.

1866—After the Civil War, Sieber heads back to Minnesota with $300 in pay. Restless, and soon dissatisfied with work as a farmer, Sieber heads "Out West." He winds up in Virginia City, Nevada, and works at odd jobs around the mining camps.

1868—Sieber travels to California where he gets a job herding horses east to sell to the Army at Prescott, Arizona.

1869—In Arizona, Sieber finds work on a ranch in Williamson Valley, where there is plenty of excitement defending the horse herd from Indians. From now until 1871 he moves around, works for various ranchers, and becomes familiar with the territory while learning the habits of the Indians.

1871—Sieber begins employment as a scout for General George Crook. From 1871 through 1885, Al Sieber works as chief of scouts and is active in nearly every major military campaign against the Indians throughout Arizona Territory.

December 1873—Chief of Scouts Sieber leads Tonto scouts in action near Fossil Springs, Arizona. Later that same month, they encounter Indians at Cave Creek.

February 1874—Sieber leads a murderous attack against Apaches through central and southern Arizona, earning him the nickname "Man of Iron." Sieber is given the moniker by his own Indian scouts, who are amazed by his strength and endurance.

July-August 1874—Sieber sees action at Verde River, and again in September when he leads his scouts at the headwaters of Cave Creek.

November 1874—Sieber scouts for Lieutenant George Eaton southeast of Camp Verde. Indian braves are killed, some women taken prisoner.

February 1875—Sieber and his scouts lead Company K in battle at the east fork of the Verde River.

July 1875—Twenty-five Indians are slain in a surprise attack by Major G.M. Brayton's patrol, led by Sieber and his scouts. Later that same month Sieber leads a patrol at Red Rock Canyon, Arizona.

August 1876—San Carlos Apache renegades murder a prospector near Tonto Creek, Arizona. Sieber and scouts lead Captain C. Porter in pursuit. In the ensuing battle, one soldier is killed, seven renegade Indians are killed, and seven are captured. Approximately twenty escape.

September 1876—At The Caves, Arizona, Sieber finishes the job he started at Tonto Creek in August. All twenty renegades are either killed or captured.

February 1877—Major G.M. Brayton follows Sieber

and his scouts in sharp fighting during the Central Arizona Campaign. Mickey Free acts as interpreter for the group.

Spring 1880—Sieber and twenty scouts meet stiff resistance from Chief Washington, a lieutenant of Victorio, near Ash Creek, Arizona. An Army sergeant is killed and one of Sieber's scouts is badly wounded. The escaping Indians steal some of the Army's horses.

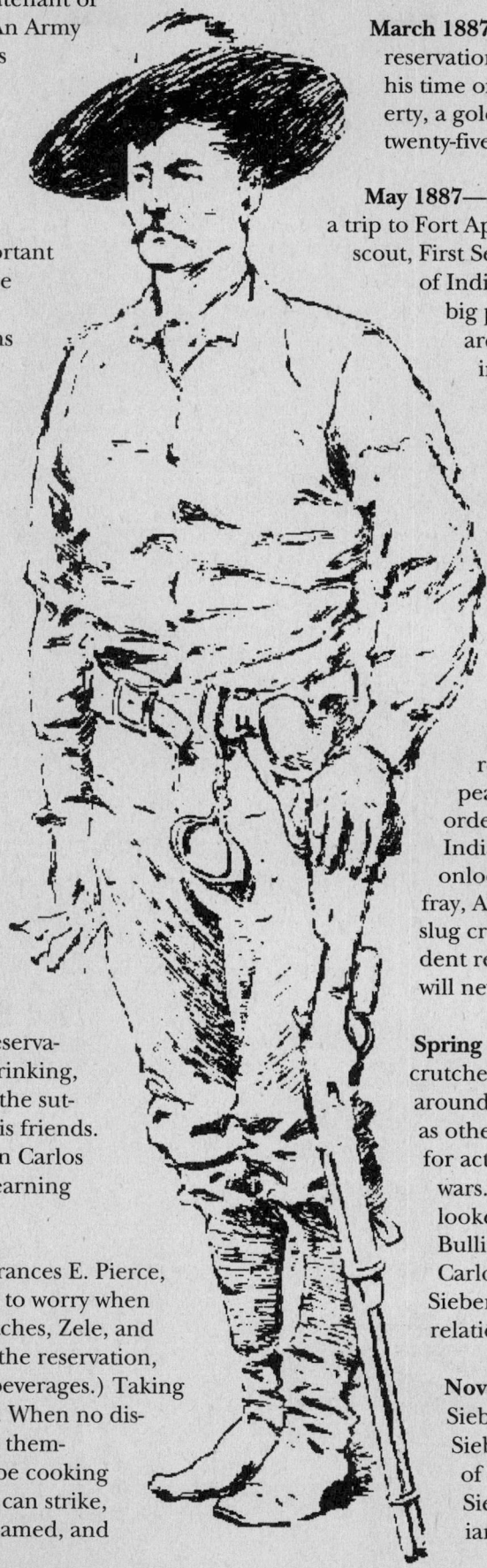
April 1882—Sieber's scouts are attached to a pursuit column in search of Geronimo and other important Apache leaders who had jumped the reservation at San Carlos. The trail leads to Sonora, Mexico. The Indians put up a stiff resistance in the rugged wilds of the Sierra Madre. There are dead and wounded on both sides, horses and mules are crippled and lost, communication is at times confused, and a column of Mexican infantry makes an unexpected appearance. The Americans, after sharing food and medical supplies with the Mexicans, go home.

July 1882—Sieber leads his scouts against Na-ti-o-tish at the Battle of Big Dry Wash at General's Springs Canyon, Arizona. Sieber takes credit for killing six or eight Indians, including one of his own scouts who tries to join his father and brother in fighting with the enemy.

March 1884—The Indian fighting settles down for a time, all of the big Indian leaders are camped on the reservation at San Carlos. Sieber is found drinking, playing poker, and hanging around the sutler's store yearning for action with his friends. Sieber is listed on military rolls at San Carlos as "Superintendent of Pack Train," earning $133.33 per month.

May 1885—Sieber advises Captain Frances E. Pierce, new commandant at San Carlos, not to worry when Geronimo, Chihuahua, Mangas, Natches, Zele, and Loco go on a big tizwin drunk. (On the reservation, Indians were not allowed alcoholic beverages.) Taking Sieber's advice, Pierce does nothing. When no disciplinary action is taken, the Indians themselves imagine General Crook must be cooking up some big punishment. Before he can strike, they bolt the reservation. Sieber is blamed, and quickly falls into disfavor with the Army.

1885—Tom Horn is named chief of scouts on Sieber's recommendation. Thus Sieber misses out on the last big Geronimo campaigns.



March 1887—Sieber is working as chief of reservation police at San Carlos. During his time off, he attends his Delshay property, a gold mine in the Sierra Ancha twenty-five miles from Payson, Arizona.

May 1887—Sieber and Captain Pierce take a trip to Fort Apache. Sieber leaves his favorite scout, First Sergeant Kid, in his place as chief of Indian police. The Indians plan a big party while Pierce and Sieber are away, and Kid joins his friends in a tizwin drunk. Brooding about the man, Rip, who killed his father six months earlier, Kid takes four other scouts, and they take leave of absence. Kid settles the score with Rip. Meanwhile, Pierce and Sieber return to San Carlos, discover the scouts are AWOL, and send a message to them to return and take their punishment.

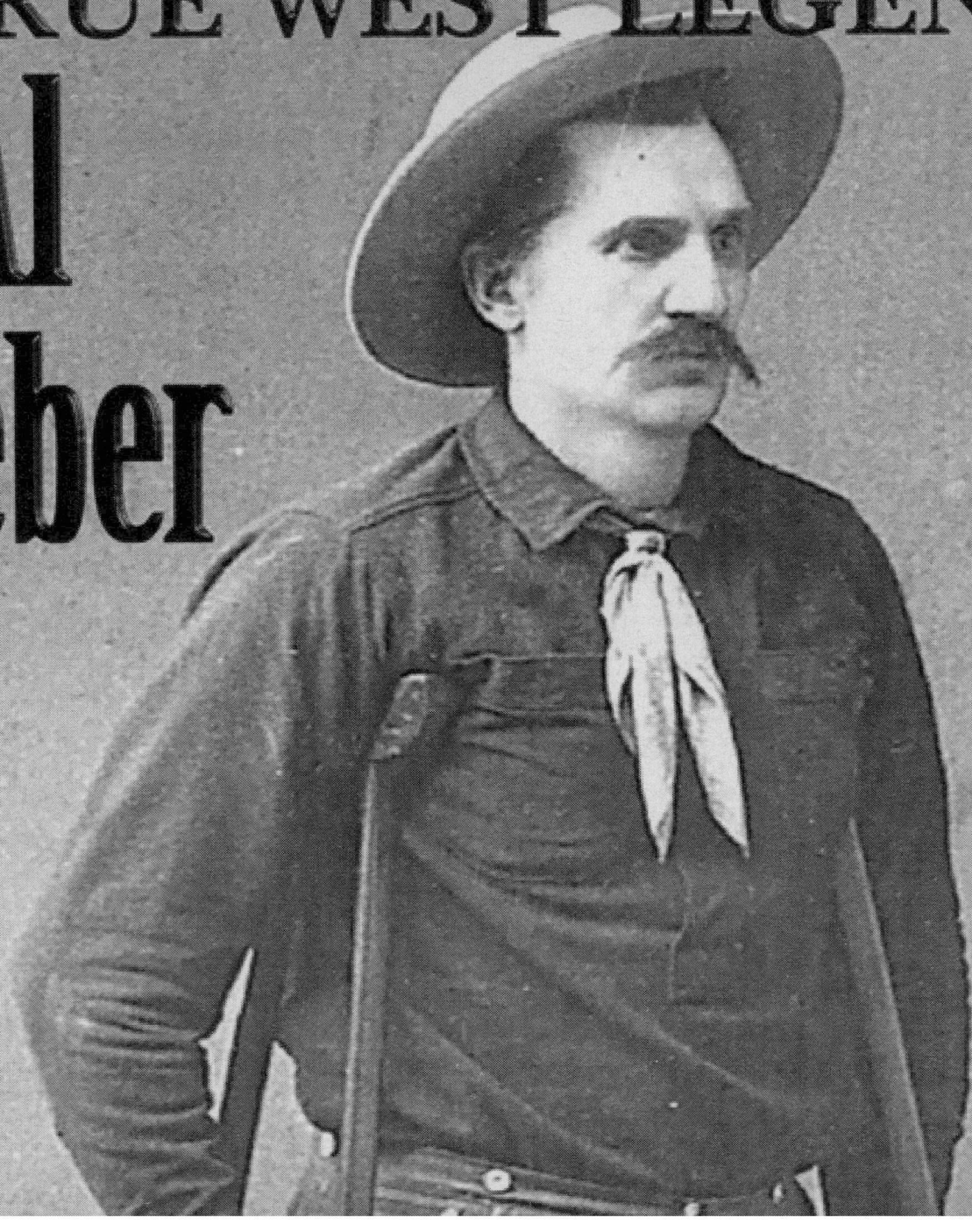
June 1, 1887—The scouts return to San Carlos. They peacefully surrender and are ordered to the guardhouse. An Indian in the crowd of nervous onlookers begins shooting. In the fray, Al Sieber winds up with a .45-70 slug crushing his left ankle. The incident results in a festering wound that will never heal.

Spring 1888— Sieber, now on crutches, resumes handling his duties around San Carlos. He is despondent, as others receive medals and praise for action during the Apache Indian wars. Sieber seems to be overlooked. In June, Captain John L. Bullis assumes duties as agent at San Carlos, replacing Captain Pierce. Sieber and Bullis will have a stormy relationship.

November, 1890— Bullis fires Al Sieber. Bullis has been criticized by Sieber for his inhumane treatment of the Indians. Too, Bullis resents Sieber's popularity with both civilians and Apaches alike. In a let-

TRUE WEST LEGENDS:

Al Sieber



ter, Bullis accuses Sieber of being "...a drunkard, vulgar, profane, and brutal." Al Sieber departs for Globe, Arizona. The ex-scout heads for the mountains where he camps, hunts, prospects, and herds sheep. He spends time at Bud and Maggie Armers' homestead where he helps with chores, spins yarns, and whittles toys of soft wood for their children.

1893—Sieber works his mining claim, and sticks to the hills. Little money is to be made, and his ankle still bothers him. It is rumored Sieber spends some time tracking the elusive First Sergeant Kid, now known as the outlaw "Apache Kid," in an attempt to collect the $15,000 in combined rewards being offered. Kid is never caught.

July 1896—Gila County gains a new candidate for sheriff, Al Sieber. Shortly thereafter an announcement is made in the Globe *Silverbelt* that he has withdrawn his nomination because "he has too much work to do to give time to politics."

January 1898—Sieber tracks and captures three sheep thieves north of Globe, Arizona. He turns them over to Sheriff R.H. Cameron of Coconino County.

January 1900— Tired of mining, Sieber heads to the Tonto Basin country of northern Arizona. He works for a time for Colonel Jesse W. Ellison, who owns the Q Ranch east of Payson.

1903—Sieber is found running a commissary near the construction site of the Roosevelt Dam.

1906—After applying for his government pension at San Carlos, Sieber is told to be examined by a doctor at Fort Bayard, New Mexico—300 miles away. There is no indication that he went.

1907—Old, with arthritis, and still hampered by his ankle wound, Al Sieber's medical bills begin to mount. Sieber takes a job managing a gang of Apaches working on road construction for the Roosevelt Dam.

February 19, 1907—When Sieber's work crew is unable to dislodge a huge boulder from the roadside, Sieber crawls underneath to see what the trouble is. The boulder suddenly rolls over on him, and tumbles down the slope. Sieber is crushed to death. Later, rumors persist that the Indians pushed the boulder over on him, but this has never been proven. A coroner's report stated "his right side was smashed...thorax on that side and the right leg below the knee were completely crushed...both bones are broken in his right arm."

February 22, 1907—Al Sieber is buried in the Globe cememtery with a silken, gold-tasseled American flag folded across his breast. The Arizona legislature passes a bill to appropriate one hundred dollars for a monument at Sieber's grave. The impressive headstone, erected by the Territory of Arizona, weighs 2,300 pounds.

WHAT TO READ

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An Apache Campaign in the Sierra Madre, by John G. Bourke.
Charles Scribner's and Sons, New York, 1886. New Ed., 1958.
Apache Days and After, by Thomas Cruse.
The Caxton Press, Caldwell, Idaho, 1941.
The Apache Kid, by Phyllis de la Garza.
Westernlore Press, Tucson, Arizona, 1995.

WHERE TO GO

Fort Huachuca Historical Museum and Visitor's Center: Current Army base, and home of "B Troop" memorial cavalry unit. Sierra Vista, Arizona. (520) 538-7111.

White Mountain Apache Culture Center Museum: Fort Apache, Arizona. (520) 338-4625.

City of Globe, Arizona: Historic courthouse site. Al Sieber's grave in Globe cemetery. Gila County Historical Society museum, on U.S. 60, next door to Chamber of Commerce, 1360 N. Broad Street, Globe, AZ 85501. Globe Chamber (800) 804-5623.

Fort Bowie National Site: Visitor's center, Geronimo and Indian wars history, 3-mile hiking trail, Tom Jeffords Indian Agency ruins, Battle of Apache Pass. PO Box 158, Bowie, Arizona, 85605. (520) 847-2500.

BLACK KETTLE OF THE CHEYENNES

As Black Kettle rode across the wind blown prairie of eastern Colorado, his expression revealed the concern and worry of the elder Indian chief. In the crisp autumn air of 1864, Black Kettle reflected on the bloody summer his people had spent on the plains. Roving bands of young Cheyenne and Arapaho warriors had raided eastern Colorado and western Kansas, causing alarm and rage with the white settlers. Finally, Territorial Governor John Evans called for a militia to end the Indian problem. The influential press, led by William N. Byers of the *Rocky Mountain News*, called for the "immediate extinction of the Cheyenne." Falling to the pressure, Governor Evans enlisted Colonel John M. Chivington to organize the "100 Day Volunteers." Governor Evans further issued orders to all Cheyennes and Arapahos to lay down their arms, release their hostages, and return to their lands as set forth in the Treaty of 1861.

Black Kettle knew from experience this new militia would set out on a full-scale war and would not relent, even to Black Kettle and his people, who were seeking peace. Among the Indian tribes of the plains, Black Kettle was widely respected as a fierce adversary of the Pawnees and Kiowas, yet he believed in peace with the white man. In

BY LINDA R. WOMMACK

1861 he had signed the peace treaty at Fort Wise, promising to remain in the vicinity of the Arkansas River and not to interfere with the emigrants along the Smoky Hill Trail. In 1863, he and Lean Bear had traveled to Washington, DC, to see the "Great White Father," President Abraham Lincoln. It could have been during this visit that Black Kettle realized the great magnitude of the white population and realized that all-out warfare with the white man would mean the annihilation of the Cheyennes.

For the next three years, the Indians complained that the dry lands near the Arkansas River held little wild life and the white settlers removed much of the timber in the area. The prime buffalo hunting grounds near the foothills were now lost to the Indians, being accessed by the migration of gold seekers. In short, Black Kettle's people were not only facing a surge of miners, but also an increasing number of homesteaders on the plains. Acting as a promoter, William N. Byers and his *Rocky Mountain News* helped to bring agricultural development to the Colorado Territory.

The young Cheyenne warriors refused to obey the Treaty of Fort Wise and launched raids among the settlers, running off livestock, disabling mail routes, and destroying freight carriers, causing major supply shortages in Denver and elsewhere. The raids culminated with the murder of the Nathan Hungate family thirty miles south of Denver. When the scalped and horribly mutilated bodies were brought to Denver and displayed before the public, mass hysteria gripped the town and the entire territory.

Governor Evans dispatched a general proclamation to the Indian camps, ordering all peaceful Indians to assemble at Fort Lyon, Colorado Territory. Those Indians who did not comply with the order would be killed. The order authorized the citizens of Colorado Territory to "go in pursuit of all hostile Indians on the plains...kill and destroy, as enemies of the country, wherever the Indians may be found." Colonel Chivington responded in kind. In a Denver speech, in August of 1864, Chivington is quoted as saying "...kill and scalp all, little and big...nits make lice." He was applauded, and the phrase became the slogan among his fighting regiment.

When Black Kettle responded to the governor's demands at Fort Lyon, Major Scott J. Anthony instructed the Cheyenne chief and White Antelope to move their people to Sand Creek, some forty miles from the fort. Anthony told Black Kettle his people would be safe and the game would be more plentiful. The soldier even presented a white flag to Black Kettle, a sign of his intentions to protect the Indians.

Now, as Black Kettle gravely rode toward his camp, his mind was filled with events of the past summer and worry over the coming winter. When the winds brought the snow, would there be enough game to feed his people and timber to warm the tepees?

On the morning of November 29, 1864, Chivington's troops, led by Jim Beckwourth, moved into position near Black Kettle's camp along Sand Creek. They were soon joined by over a hundred men of the Colorado First Regiment, followed by troops from Fort Lyon, led by Major Anthony. Rounding out the armed troops were four twin-gun howitzers. A hasty camp was made amid the two-foot snow drifts. No fire burned, as the troopers hunkered down to a quick meal of maggot-infested hardtack. The men were tired, saddle-sore, cold, nervous, and hungry.

Camped in the ravine were some six hundred Indians, primarily women and children, along with Lone Bear, White Antelope, Left Hand, and Black Kettle. Chivington knew where Black Kettle's village was; after all, he had sent them there. He knew they were friendly, and would not suspect a thing. He knew his force was larger, better armed, and better equipped. Chivington, in all probability, planned his attack back in September, when Major Anthony told Black Kettle where to take his people. In this way, the forces at Fort Lyon would keep an eye on the Indians. In any case, Major Anthony had done his part, for better or worse. A victory would put Chivington in the forefront of any political ambitions he may have entertained. The mass hysteria of Denver and favorable coverage by the *Rocky Mountain News* supported the action Chivington was about to take.

The attack came at dawn. "Take no prisoners," Chivington ordered, adding his own slogan, "nits make lice." The attack became one of the worst acts of savagery in Colorado history. When the first shots were fired by the troops, less than a hundred warriors ran up the creek bed to establish a hasty line of defense. As a military operation, the battle was a horrible bungle. The surprised warriors, ill-armed, managed

THE INFLUENTIAL PRESS, LED BY WILLIAM N. BYERS OF THE *Rocky Mountain News*, CALLED FOR THE "IMMEDIATE EXTINCTION OF THE CHEYENNE."

to hold their own and keep the soldiers at bay for nearly eight hours. Meanwhile, nearly 500 Indians managed to escape across the prairie, including Black Kettle. Command was lost early in the day, and fighting was confused. Soldiers were caught in their own crossfire.

Those Indians who could not flee the bloody insanity died on the spot. Eyewitness testimony estimated the number just under two hundred, while Chivington would boast that six hundred "hostiles" were killed. Two thirds of the dead were women and children. White Antelope was among the first killed. Once the firing began, he left his lodge with arms extended, in the traditional sign of peace. He was shot down in a single round of fire.

Western Publications' Archives

Colonel John M. Chivington.

Black Kettle immediately flew the American flag, as well as the white flag given him by Major Anthony. The sign of peace ignored, the military onslaught continued. Black Kettle eventually took his wife and fled toward the prairie. His wife was shot, and as troopers rode near, they put eight more bullets in her body. Black Kettle returned for his wife, and seeing her alive, threw her over his shoulder and ran. He later extracted the bullets, and his wife lived.

A three-year-old Indian toddler, perfectly naked, toddled out toward the dry creek bed. Three troopers dismounted some seventy yards from the child and assumed the cavalry kneeling position for fire. One carbine shot hit the sand at the child's feet. The second trooper also missed. The third trooper raised his carbine and fired. The child dropped in the sand, one nit that would never become lice.

By late afternoon, the battle was over. Chivington would receive a hero's welcome in Denver. It would be three years before a congressional inquest would renounce Chivington and his actions. The hearing lasted seventy-two days, left the government repudiating Chivington's actions, and labeled the episode as a massacre that "...scarcely had its parallel in the records of Indian barbarity."

The Cheyennes and Arapahoes would again raid and pillage during most of 1865 in retaliation for the massacre at Sand Creek. Black Kettle was not among them. While he was widely blamed for the massacre by his own people, he continued to work for peace and asked his people not to retaliate. In 1867, he signed the Treaty of Medicine Lodge. Promising peace, the Indians gave up their land along the Arkansas River in exchange for land on an Indian reservation in what is now Oklahoma.

By the autumn of 1868, a forlorn and defeated Black Kettle settled with some two thousand warriors in the valley of the Washita River in Indian Territory. Black Kettle instructed his people to live in peace with the white man. As autumn settled into winter, Black Kettle again wondered what the cold months would bring to his people.

An Indian War campaign was launched in November of 1868. Led by George Armstrong Custer, the military moved toward the Washita River. Eager for an Indian fight, it mattered little to Custer that the camp he located was peaceful and on government Indian land. On the morning of November 27, 1868, almost four years to the day of the Sand Creek Massacre, Custer ordered his men to open fire on the sleepy Indian village. The slaughter of innocent Indians was completed by 10 AM.

Custer later reported over a hundred Indians killed, the capture of women and children, and much destruction.

Among those killed were Black Kettle and his wife, Maiyuna. Again, Black Kettle witnessed the slaughter of his people before finally fleeing by horseback with his wife. They were shot dead on the bank of the Washita.

Black Kettle died at the hands of those he trusted, sought peace with, and believed in.

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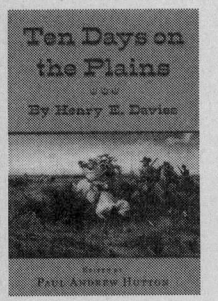

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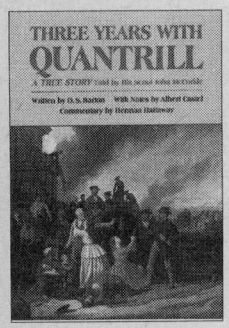

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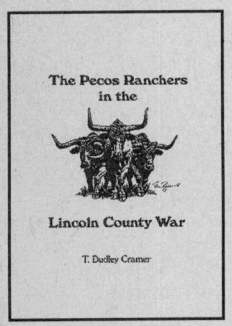

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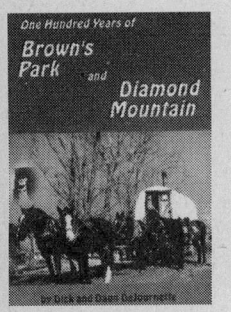

665—ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF BROWN'S PARK AND DIAMOND MOUNTAIN. *By Dick and Daun DeJournette.* The DeJournette family has resided in Brown's Park, home of the infamous Brown's Hole, since 1895, the year that Dick's father, Ford, arrived as a young cowboy. Ford became acquainetd with and befriended many of the area's most well-known characters, such as Harry Tracy, Butch Cassidy, and David Lant. This book is an account of the DeJournette family's life as well as a revealing history of the famous region in which they settled and lived. 476p. DeJournette Enterprises.
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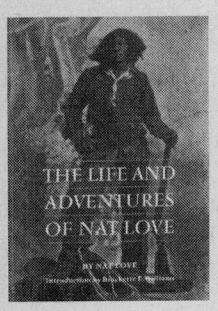

689—THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NAT LOVE. *By Nat Love.* Although thousands of black cowboys pushed cattle north following the Civil War, only Nat Love wrote about his experiences. Born a slave in Tennessee, Love migrated to Kansas after the war to begin a career riding the range and fighting Indians, outlaws, and the elements. His vivid autobiography takes the reader through the close of the frontier. 180p. University of Nebraska Press.
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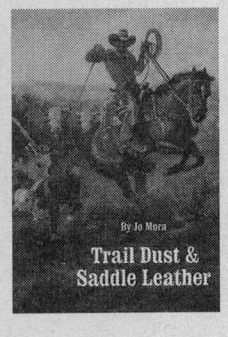

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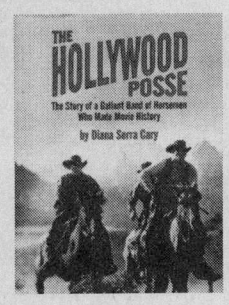

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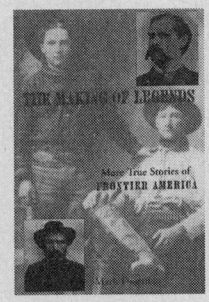

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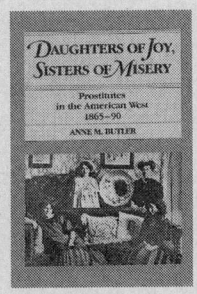

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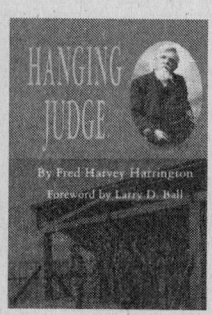

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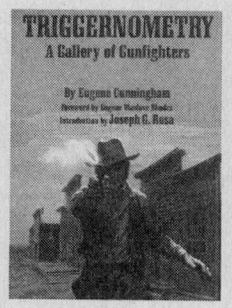

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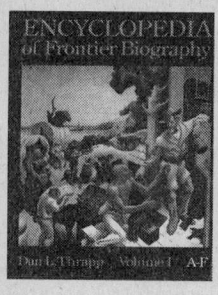

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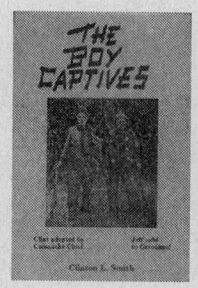

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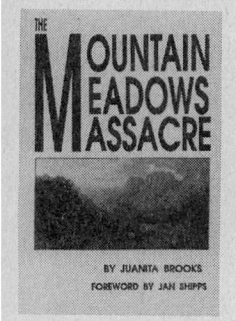

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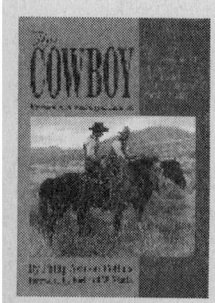

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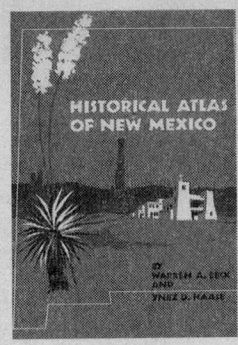

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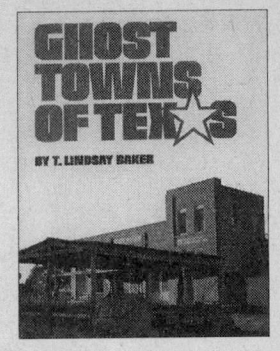

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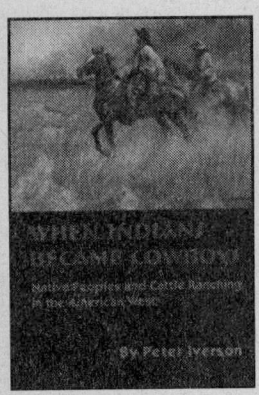

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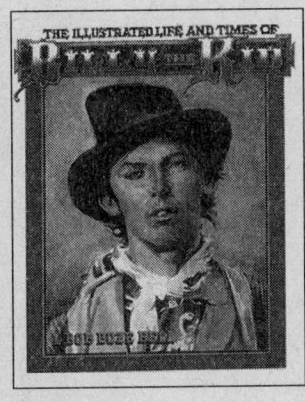

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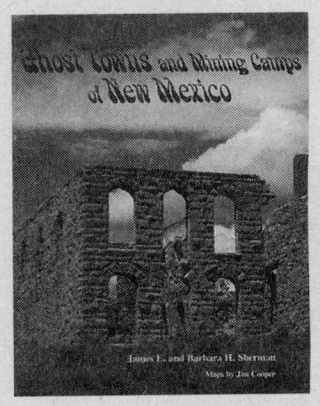

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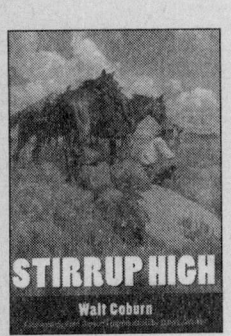

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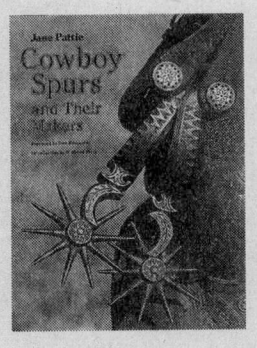

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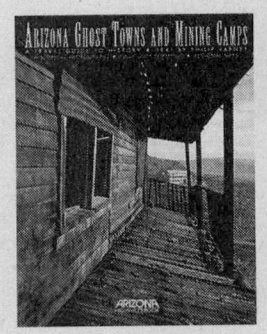

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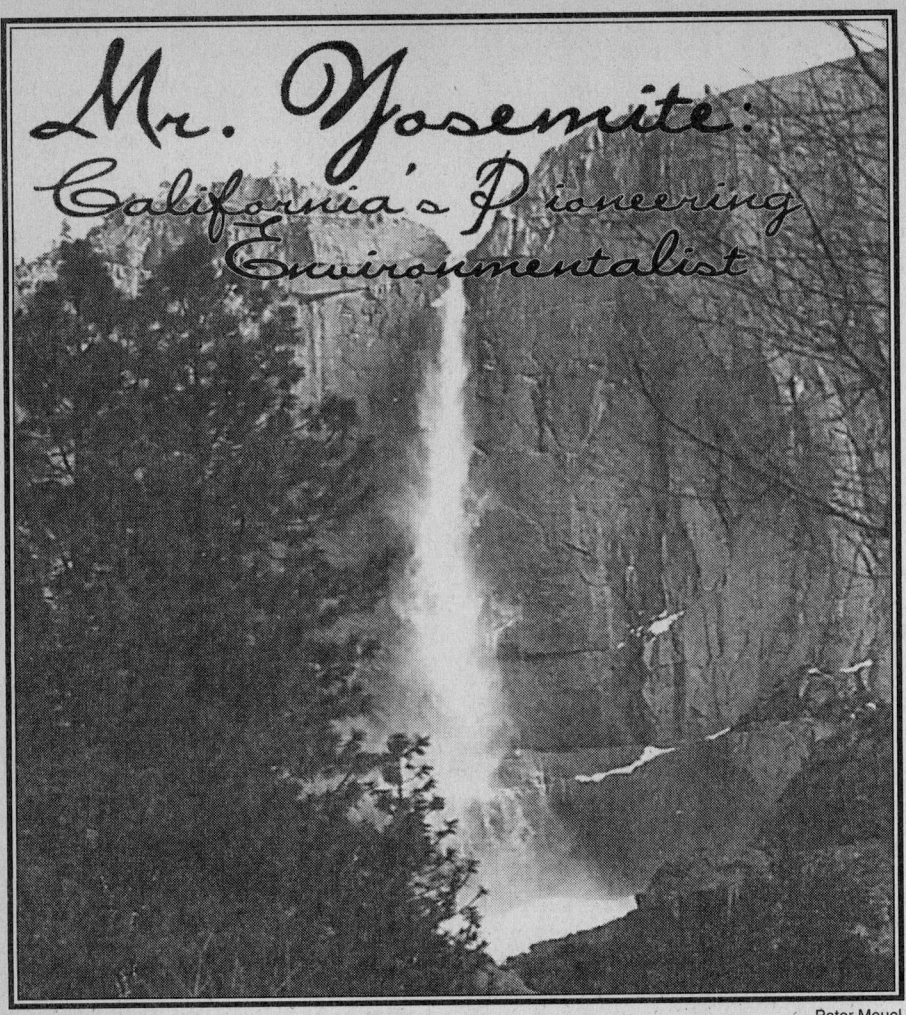
Mr. Yosemite: California's Pioneering Environmentalist



Peter Meuel

Yosemite Falls.

At a time when men heading west were bold, fearless, and action oriented, there was one who dedicated his life to preserving the beauty of the trees and the mountains. His name was Galen Clark, California's pioneering environmentalist. Even Clark's appearance depicted his passion for nature. Most of the time he was barefoot, bareheaded, gaunt, and unkempt.

Galen Clark had a vision. He dreamed that some day all the areas of undisturbed natural phenomena would be preserved by a supervised conservation program, financially supported by the federal government. He was both a prophet and an impassioned pioneer for the preservation of trees, forests, and all wildlife.

Unfortunately, like so many great men, Clark had the knowledge and imagination to envision such an accomplishment, but lacked both the business sense and shrewdness to achieve this goal.

Clark went to California because of failing health. He hoped a higher altitude and the purity of the mountain air would rejuvenate or at least replenish his energy and vitality.

And, too, the gold found in the California hills had been widely publicized in eastern newspapers, and he harbored a faint hope of acquiring unexpected wealth. But gold was not crucial to his personal happiness. Basically, Galen Clark was a man of adventure.

John Muir, famous naturalist and conservationist, described Clark as the "best mountaineer I have ever met." Muir went on to say, "Mr. Clark is truly and literally a gentleman. I have never heard him utter a hasty, angry, or fault-finding word. His even, low-pitched voice often indicates that something funny or mildly sarcastic is about to be said, but on the whole he is serious and industrious never indulging in boisterous laughter or behavior."

Leaving Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Clark came to California by steamer in 1853. He intended to practice his trade as a furniture maker or carpenter in San Francisco. However, he found the living expenses exorbitant and unaffordable. Also, the dense fog laden with germs caused him serious discomfort.

After a short stay in the crowded and so-called sophisticated city, he set out with a few belongings toward the hills of Mariposa to explore the goldfields. The following year, he homesteaded in the meadows of the South Fork of the Merced River.

Clark befriended a small group of Indians who gave him food, especially fish and game, and helped him with heavy tasks. They taught him their ways and customs, and Clark was eager to observe their skills and their natural conservation of land and animals.

He was trying to recover from a hemorrhage, but the medical diagnosis was not good. Although his doctor prescribed that he spend the following year living in leisure, Clark proceeded to build "Clark's Station," an overnight lodge for tourists traveling in Yosemite. The Indians called the place "Pallachum," meaning "a good place to stop."

The distinguished author, Charles Loring Brace, wrote of Clark and his lodge: "Clark, himself, is evidently a character—a hater of civilization and a lover of the

By Harriet Muel

forest—thoughtful, interesting and gracious. In his cabin are some choice modern books and scientific surveys; the walls are lined with beautiful photographs of Yosemite. He is an expert on the fauna, flora, and geology of the state; he converses well on any subject and is at once a philosopher, savant, chambermaid, cook, and landlord."

Galen Clark's skills and talents were many. He farmed, raised cattle, hunted, and fished, and also cooked in a stone pit over an open fire. The venison, grouse, trout, squirrels, and potatoes served to his guests were always received with pleasure.

Clark was a man who could boast of numerous other accomplishments. Not only was he the proprietor of a tourist lodge, but he also made peace with the Indians and managed to supervise several trails, roads, and bridges. In addition, he protected and preserved places of exquisite beauty by reminding visitors to keep them clean and unharmed.

Trees were his passion and major interest. He viewed their survival as he did a human life. To him they were as regal and influential as social leaders. Clark felt their height and foliage lent dignity and protection to the ground on which they stood.

On the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada Range are three groves of rare Big Trees. Of the three groves, the Mariposa Grove is the most widely known.

Galen Clark was the second white man to see the Mariposa Grove. He explored this grove of Big Trees and publicized it to an amazed world. There are over six hundred mature Sequoias in the grove, several of them over thirty-five hundred years old.

Standing somewhat alone in this assemblage is the famous Grizzly Giant, probably one of the oldest living trees in the world. With a towering height of two hundred and four feet, this storm-beaten king of the forest continues to fascinate and astonish the ever-increasing number of tourists.

These trees, the *Sequoia giantea*, were named in honor of Sequoia, inventor of the Cherokee alphabet. Clark also discovered the Fresno Grove and Wawona Forest. "Wawona" is an Indian name for "The Tree."

In due time Clark became the champion and spokesman for the protection of all the trees and forests in Yosemite, and was one of the few men of the era who realized that the trees and wildlife in Yosemite should not only be enjoyed, but respected.

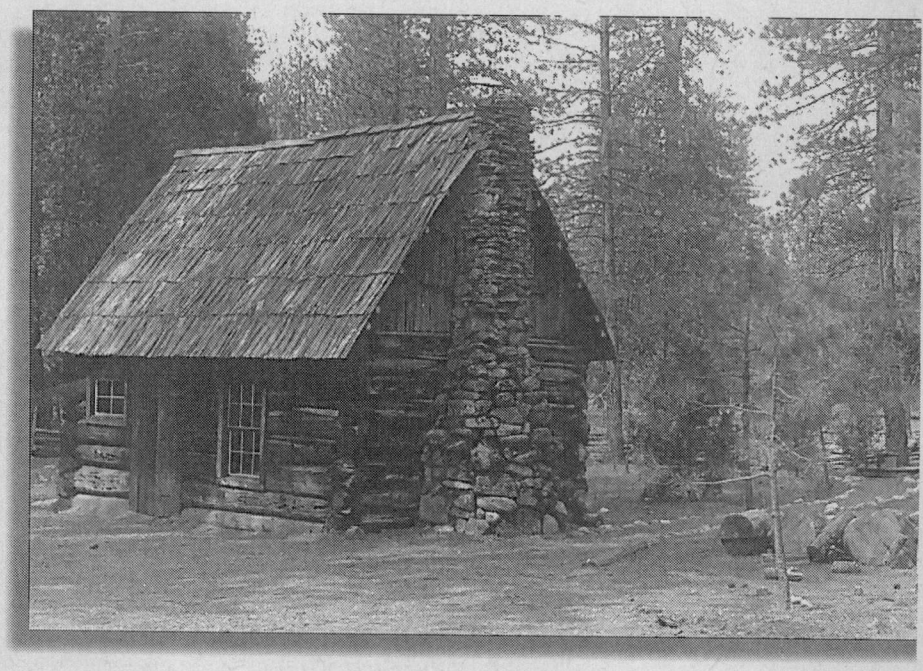
The exploitation of even one particle of earth in the park was a source of personal despair to Clark, and he lectured against taking from the land without giving something back.

Being an early environmentalist, Clark could foresee more and more people traveling to the area and treating the park as if it were an ordinary picnic ground. Tin cans, food refuse, and crumpled paper bags would be littered on the premises. Fires would not be properly extinguished, only to start up again and spread over vast acreage. Trees, hacked down without forethought or purpose, were a source of deep concern to him.

Although his doctor prescribed that he spend the following year living in leisure, Clark proceeded to build "Clark's Station," an overnight lodge for tourists traveling in Yosemite.

Word spread rapidly about Clark's Station in Wawona. His generosity and hospitality became a popular topic of conversation at many social gatherings both in San Francisco and the Mariposa area.

Among the guests who spent the night at Clark's Station were Captain John Frémont and his wife, Jessie, both prominent in political circles. Other notable guests were California State Geologist Josiah Whitney, shipping magnate Israel Ward Raymond, Superintendent of the Fremont Grant Frederick Law Olmsted, and the Reverend Thomas



Peter Meuel

Galen Clark's cabin, Yosemite National Park.

Peter Meuel

Galen Clark's final resting spot, Yosemite National Park.

Starr King, a Unitarian minister in San Francisco.

Due to the influence of these prominent people, the Yosemite Grant was established on June 30, 1864. The bill was passed by Congress and signed by President Abraham Lincoln.

During the summers of 1864 and 1865, Frederick Law Olmsted and Galen Clark divided jurisdiction of the Yosemite Grant, which was in effect establishing Yosemite as a state park, protected and preserved for hardy travelers and interested tourists.

In 1866 Galen Clark was appointed guardian of the Grant and at this time became known as "Mr. Yosemite.'

His job was not an easy one. Not only did Clark have to deal with controlling forest fires, but also to appease disillusioned and bitter homesteaders. A man with less determination would have sensed the futility of the situation and given up. But his dedication to preserving wildlife and natural phenomena was all consuming.

Dissatisfaction among the homesteaders increased daily. They were disappointed about journeying all the way to California and finding so much of the area underdeveloped and subject to severe blizzards and drenching storms that paralyzed harvesting for weeks.

Also, the Indians in Mariposa County were becoming troublesome to the miners and settlers. They were no longer as dangerous as they had been in the early days of the Gold Rush, but it was generally agreed they had to be kept under strict surveillance.

In 1880 a new state constitution was approved limiting the tenure of office for all appointed commissioners of such grants. This meant Clark was removed from office, leaving him without any assured income.

Clark's Station had failed as a business venture in 1874, primarily because the host had devoted so much time to his guardian duties. The future was dim and discouraging.

His only resources were a small frame cabin in the valley, a horse and a rickety buggy. Clark's other main asset was his incredible knowledge of the wonders of Yosemite. He hired himself out as a "tourist coach" and as a guide for hikers and mountain climbers.

In his spare time he began working on his burial site, which became celebrated long before it was used. There was never any doubt in Clark's mind that he wished to be buried in the valley, where he could always view the graceful Yosemite Falls. He chose a spot that would enable him to be in full view of the falls and explained to his friends, "I'm digging this for myself for then I will be sure of being buried here."

Later, Clark dug trenches around the grave and scattered pieces of broken glass along the edges to keep the rodents away. He planted six Sequoias, dug a well, and built a hand pump to water the trees. (Four of these trees survived and now shade the place where he rests.)

The political appointees named as guardian for the Yosemite Grant did little to further the progress of the park, so in June 1889, Clark was asked to return to his post as guardian of Yosemite.

The Mariposa Gazette reported: "A more fitting appointment would be impossible. Mr. Clark is familiar with every inch of land and every tree in and for miles around the Valley, and is well acquainted with nature and will not permit natural beauties to be ruthlessly destroyed in order that some greedy person derive pecuniary profit."

Clark served successfully for seven years before resigning in 1896. He was honored by many flowery tributes and citations of praise, but no annuity or pension was ever appropriated by the state.

During the last years of his life, Clark was both independent and proud. He earned money acting as a tour guide, working as master of ceremonies for campfire programs at Camp Yosemite, and writing three short books.

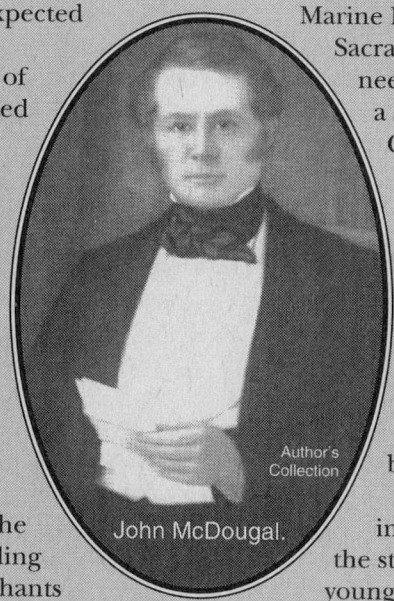
In fact, it was during one of his visits to his publisher in Redondo Beach, California, that Galen Clark contracted pneumonia and died on March 24, 1910, at the age of ninety-six. On April 2, he was buried in his carefully prepared Yosemite grave. A simple granite boulder marks his resting place. He had already chiseled his name on the headstone.

Galen Clark's grave in Yosemite Valley is a very modest memorial to a man who brought such a significant message to all who love wildlife, trees, and forests. He taught us that the environment is a legacy. It is a gift to be passed on from one generation to another. In this country we have six hundred and twenty-three million acres of land that include such unforgettable sites as Yellowstone, Yosemite, and the Grand Canyon. To preserve this legacy requires study, forethought, and respected legislation.

I, John McDougal: Early California Governor

By Chris Burchfield

When John McDougal eased into the California governor's chair, much was expected of him. He was clever, witty, dynamic, and mong the most popular of California pioneers. The son of a United States admiral, he was born in Ohio and raised in Indiana where, despite a meager formal education, he earned a law degree. At the age of fifteen he interrupted his education to fight in the Black Hawk Indian War.



John McDougal.

In 1848, in the company of his brother George and several others, McDougal headed for California in search of gold. Failing in his quest, he began managing his brother's store near Sacramento. In a harbinger of times to come, he attempted to drive the other merchants out of business by selling his goods at cost only. The angry merchants in turn literally drove him out of town. Not easily discouraged, McDougal established a mule train in Sacramento, and began packing goods into the mining camps. With his good looks and easy-going manner, he became a popular figure in the mining counties.

In the summer of 1849 the settlers of California nominated delegates to attend a convention in Monterey to draw up a state constitution. One of those chosen to attend was John McDougal. The delegates in Monterey soon learned that wherever a whiskey barrel could be found, McDougal was nearby. At the barrell, or on the convention floor, his original wit and tall stories left many officeholders in stitches. During one of the debates a delegate suggested that California adopt New York's constitution. McDougal brought the house down by protesting, "I want to see a few lies of our own manufacture in the constitution."

Following the convention, McDougal (like most everyone in California, a Democrat) was elected lieutenant governor of the state by a wide margin. As lieutenant governor, serving in Benicia under Peter Burnett, there was very little for him to do, other than preside over the state senate where he had made many friends. Suddenly in January 1851, Burnett announced that he was leaving office to enter private business. That same month McDougal was sworn in as governor.

A three month honeymoon followed during which McDougal and the legislators established the State Marine Hospital in San Francisco, hospitals in Sacramento and Stockton, and a badly needed state prison at Benicia. That April a shocking murder took place in Napa County when a hot tempered sttler named Hamilton McCauley, disappointed over his bad day in court, shot and killed a judge before a large crowd. McCauley was tried, found guilty of murder, and was sentenced to death. But on the night of May 17, hours before his appointment with the noose, a horseman rode into town carrying a pardon for McCauley, signed by Governor John McDougal.

The pardon stunned settlers not only in Napa, but also throughout much of the state. How could California's dynamic young governor who compared so favorably to the stuffy executives in the eastern states, carry out such a horrible miscarriage of justice? The settlers hung McDougal in effigy, then furnished McCauley with a hanging of his own that morning.

The "Pardoning Governor" was one of several tags McDougal earned as chief executive. The following June he embroiled himself in yet another matter of local justice, involving Charles P. Duane, a powerfully built New York boxer who drank heavily. Duane had earlier beaten a popular San Francisco dancer, Francis Ball, nearly to death. Shortly after his trail, in which he received a suspended sentence, Duane found Ball in a San Francisco saloon and again nearly beat him to death.

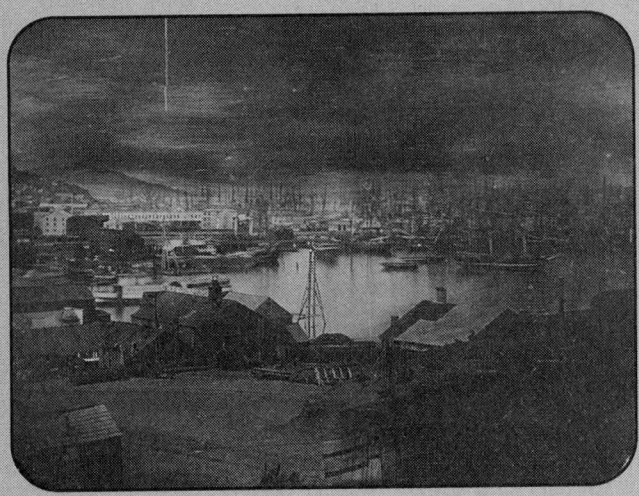
At the conclusion of his second trial, Duane was sentenced to a long term in prison. No sooner had the trial ended than McDougal issued another pardon. Howls of "Hang McDougal" rolled through San Francisco, already under control of the 1851 Vigilance Committee. Its leaders demanded McDougal produce the list of signatures required for a pardon. He refused.

The seizure of San Francisco by the Vigilantes had been prompted by no less than five mysterious fires, as well as a general breakdown of law and order. Already among McDougal's most bitter critics, many Vigilantes correctly suspected that, as in the

McCauley case, McDougal had taken a bribe in return for Duane's pardon.

Most governors would have been content to lay low for a year or so, allowing time to pass to cool citizens' anger. Not John McDougal. Within weeks of the Duane pardon, he pardoned William B. Robinson, just convicted of highway robbery in Sacramento. Again he issued a pardon without producing a list of signatures. As with McCauley, Robinson was immediately hanged. A petition was then circulated demanding McDougal's resignation, stating, "...the mantle of office cannot fall on one less worthy."

The "Pardoning Governor" was now known as "his accidency," in reference to his assuming the governor's chair only because of Burnett's surprise resignation. But if McDougal was held in disrepute, he was



Western Publications' Archives

San Fransisco circa 1852.

also regarded as bold and unpredictable. His brazen defiance of public opinion, no matter the odds, drew a grudging admiration from some.

That June he lashed out at the San Francisco Vigilance Committee, denouncing them as "usurpers of the constitution, who had taken the law into their own hands." It was this speech, beginning with the words, "I, John McDougal, Governor of the State of California, hereby..." that earned him forever after the title, "I, John McDougal!"

Most of the sparring between the governor and the vigilantes was little more than name calling. McDougal had no forces he could depend upon to crush his enemies in San Francisco. The vigilantes in turn had no wish to extend their authority beyond the city. All this changed in mid August 1851 when McDougal learned the whereabouts of two murderers the vigilantes were about to hang. There is little doubt he stood to gain another pile of loot for yet another timely pardon. But there is little doubt that he was also spoiling for a showdown.

Learning that the two killers, Robert Whittaker and James McKenzie, were being held at vigilante headquarters on Battery Street, McDougal began working on a plan to rescue them. On the night of August 19, he entered San Francisco and sought out Mayor Charles J. Brenham. He had little trouble recruiting Brenham, who himself was resentful of the vigilante takeover of his town. Having gained an important ally, McDougal proceeded to the county jail where Sheriff Jack Hays was still in charge.

Hays was a former Texas Ranger who during the Mexican War had commanded what became known as "Hays' Regiment of Texas Mounted Volunteers." In April 1850 he had been elected the first sheriff of San Francisco. During the campaign, while his opponent held wild parties to draw attention to his credentials, Hays rode through town on a striking black stallion, wearing a checked shirt and Panama hat. He made quite an impression on voters and swept an overwhelming victory at the polls. Hays counted many friends among the vigilantes, but he too had doubts about the legality of their activities. Moreover, he and McDougal had been close friends ever since their first meeting in California.

On the evening of August 19, McDougal, Brenham, Hays, and Undersheriff John Capperton set out in search of a judge who would swear out a writ of *habeas corpus* for Whittaker and McKenzie. With a writ the four hoped to refute expected charges that they were soft on law and order. Around midnight they awoke Judge Myron Norton, who agreed to swear out warrants for the killers.

The next morning, with warrant in possession, the four drove down Battery Street in Brenham's carriage to the vigilante's headquarters. While the Mayor remained aboard, ribbons in hand, the governor, sheriff, and undersheriff stole up the outside stairs of the building to the second floor. A single guard watching from a nearby window slid down a knotted sheet to the ground and raced off to alert vigilante leaders. Undeterred, the three law and order men opened the door and crept down the hallway to the room Whittaker and McKenzie were being held. Luckily, most of the remaining guards were asleep in an adjacent room.

While McDougal stood watch outside the door, Hays and Capperton entered the prison room. Seconds before their entry, the vigilante in charge, Van Bokkelen, had stepped into an anteroom for some "refreshments." As Hays and Capperton cut Whittaker and McKenzie loose, Van Bokkelen returned. When Hays handed him the arrest warrant an argument broke out. Suddenly, hoping to awake the other guards, Van Bokkelen reached behind Hays and slammed the door shut.

Seconds later McDougal kicked the door open, leveled his revolver at Van Bokkelen, and ordered him to back away. While McDougal covered Van Bokkelen and two freshly awakened guards, Hays and Capperton pushed the prisoners out of the room, down the

hall, and down the stairs into the waiting carriage. Minutes later Brenham snapped the reins and the six rolled off toward the county jail. The rescue had been carred out so swiftly that the vigilante leaders, despite being alerted, were unable to arrive in time.

Whittaker and McKenzie were deposited in jail under what would normally be considered a heavy guard. McDougal then left for Benicia. But even before midday Hays realized that the enormous crowd gathered outside his office could seize McKenzie and Whittaker at will. He and McDougal had badly underrated the support the vigilantes commanded among the people of San Francisco.

In fact the vigilantes were so confident of success, their leader, Isaac Bluxome, waited until August 24 to inform Hays that they would seize the prisoners the next day. The big headache, so far as Bluxome was concerned, was finding a way to allow Hays to save face. Most of the people of San Francisco liked him and felt that under the conditions he had done a good job. Bluxome solved the impasse by informing Hays and Capperton that a bullfight was being held the next afternoon south of town. The two needed no prodding and when vigilantes appeared at the jail the next day, he and Capperton were several miles off enjoying the bullfight. Whittaker and McKenzie were seized and hanged before a crowd of 7,000 people.

McDougal's aborted rescue of the two killers was denounced everywhere. Yet his bold stroke made a lasting impression. The governor might have been a corrupt, bad tempered drunk, but he was not to be trifled with. Almost as if to prove his point, four months later he became embroiled in another bitter dispute that led to a gunfight.

His antagonist was newspaper editor Andrew C. Russell, a native of North Carolina. Russell had come to California with the first gold seekers, but like many new arrivals, never intended to support himself by mining. Instead he began penning editorials for the *San Francisco Picayune.* Honest, earnest, and tetchy, Russell constantly fumed over McDougal's erratic conduct in office.

In January 1852, Russell bitterly took the governor to task for his alleged failure to respond to an outbreak of Indian hostilities in the Mariposa Region. McDougal was so furious over the editorial he decided to challenge Russell to a duel. His aides warned that dueling was against the law and that as a courtesy to the office he should wait for his term to expire—three days—before sending the challenge. McDougal waited three days and then sent Russell a letter demanding that he retract the charge and publicly acknowledge himself (McDougal) as a "gentleman." A challenge was enclosed if Russell failed to do either.

Russell would not comply and instead chose the duel. He chose dueling pistols at twelve paces. The date was January 11, the site, a creek bed separating San Francisco from Santa Clara (now San Mateo) County. Word of the gunfight leaked out and about fifty spectators were on hand. They were not disappointed. At the call of "Fire—one, two, three—stop!" McDougal and Russell both fired at "two." Russell's ball whizzed harmlessly past the governor's head while McDougal's struck the editor's right hand, shredding the flesh from three fingers and blowing the handle off his pistol. The ball continued on into Russell's chest, where partially spent, it cracked one rib.

Russell's second immediately pronounced the duel ended and the editor, still on his feet, told McDougal that indeed he was "an honorable gentleman." The governor strode over and failing to realize where Russell had been hit, clasped his mangled hand.

"Do not shake my hand, Governor, for you have wounded me severely!"

Realizing his error, McDougal dropped the right hand, seized the left and shook it firmly.

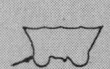
McDougal may have triumphed on the dueling ground, but he left office in disgrace. He continued to retain many close personal friendships, but as always was never able to stay out of trouble. In July 1854, proving he had not lost his affinity for raising hell, he played a star role in provoking the riot that broke out at the Democratic Convention in Sacramento.

In 1856 the second Vigilance Committee seized San Francisco. Incredibly, in hopes of taking back the city, then governor, Neeley Johnson, chose McDougal and state supreme court justice "Dueling David Terry" to lead the "law and order party." They were unsuccessful.

That November, McDougal was arrested for voting twice in the same election. After casting a ballot on the west side of the Bay, he effected a change of clothing and took a steamboat to Oakland where he again voted. He was acquitted by a stacked jury.

McDougal's personal and public life afterward went into a spin from which he never recovered. His heavy drinking convinced him he was suffering from an incurable disease. Perhaps correct in his diagnosis, he died in 1866 of a stroke brought on by too much drinking.

Today a portrait of "I, John McDougal" hangs in the state capitol at Sacramento. It shows him to have been a fine looking man. But what most sets the portrait apart from the others is the distant gleam in his eye. Is it the red-eye he had such an affinity for, or is it the sack of gold coins he has just been handed in return for yet another pardon? John McDougal was not a governor for all seasons; nor even a governor for one. But a more exciting, two-fisted, whiskey-drinking, pistol-packing chief executive cannot be found in American annals.



The Dragoon Colt

By Brad Prowse

"Build a better mousetrap and the world will beat a path to your door."

Illustrated By Larry Willis

Well, Samuel Colt built a better mousetrap, but it took the world about twelve years to beat that path to his door. When it did, it was a huge, ungainly revolver that turned out to be the better mousetrap—what today is known as the Colt Dragoon Model.

Sam Colt received his first patent on his new idea for a repeating firearm, the revolver, in 1835. These first arms (termed "Pattersons" by collectors) took a great deal of handwork to perfect and manufacture, and still, they were fragile, cranky weapons. Just the same, an individual armed with a pair of Colt's revolvers was the mostly heavily armed and dangerous single combatant then walking the earth. The Texas Rangers would prove this in action against the Comanches.

Though not as robust an arm as later Colt revolvers would be, it wasn't just their delicacy that doomed the Patterson. The depression of 1837, a lack of military orders and company mismanagement, all brought the manufacture of the Patterson to an end and Colt was out of the revolver business—for a while.

Samuel Colt kept himself busy for a few years with ideas for waterproof ammunition, the telegraph system,

Author's Photo

From Top to Bottom: Colt's First Model Dragoon revolver, Colt .36 Navy revolver, Colt Single Action Army revolver (Peacemaker).

and naval defenses. He even received a government contract for developing harbor mines.

The Mexican War gave Colt a chance to get back into arms making. Captain Samuel Walker came east in 1846 after considerable success on the battlefield in the war against Mexico. He, along with Texas Ranger Captain Jack Hays, was convinced that what the United States Dragoon forces needed was a revolver, but not the Patterson revolver.

Walker had some idea of how the ultimate fighting revolver should function, and he went to Colt to see if he could have the weapon manufactured. The two men exchanged a number of letters concerning Colt's firearms on the frontier, in one of which Walker wrote,

"...J.C. Hays with 15 men fought about 80 Camanche [sic] Indians, boldly attacking them on their own ground, killing & wounding about half their number...."

Colt responded by quoting Walker a price for 5,000 revolvers. He soon received an order from the United States Ordinance Department for 1,000 Colt "Walkers," a joint design between Colt and the captain. And this revolver was no Patterson.

The smallest of the Pattersons was a diminutive .28 caliber, five-shot pistol with a barrel length under two inches. The Walker certainly reversed that trend. It was over fifteen inches long and weighed in at four pounds, nine ounces. It fired a 212-grain, pointed bullet behind fifty grains of black powder or fifty-eight grains when pushing a round ball of 136 grains. This was a heavier charge than the 1873 Springfield trapdoor carbine fired with its fifty-five grains of powder. The Walker had more muzzle energy than today's .45 auto round or .45 Long Colt.

Definitely not a true side arm, the Colt Walker was normally carried as a brace of pistols, held in holsters that hung down from the pommel of a saddle. The original contract for the Walker was for 1,000 guns. Another 100 were made for civilian sale. Colt didn't have a factory at this point so the Walkers were made under contract by Eli Whitney, Jr., the son of the inventor of the cotton gin.

Samuel Walker was killed by a Mexican lance at the Battle of

Juamantla in October 1847. He was carrying a pair of his namesake Colt revolvers, one of which made it back to Sam Colt. The Walker saw hard service. Only about ten percent of the original 1,000 weapons still exist.

The success and general acceptance of the Walker gave Colt reason to go back into the revolver business with his own factory. While Walker sales hardly made him rich, he now had a revolver design that was sufficiently robust for service use and other world events were blowing fortune his way.

The gold rushes in California and Australia, along with the sudden upswing in settlers pushing across the plains, created a great demand for firearms. Then there was the Crimean War, unrest over the slave trade, and a generally unruly U.S. citizenry. Colt saw a need for his revolvers and moved to meet it, utilizing his new plant at Hartford, Connecticut.

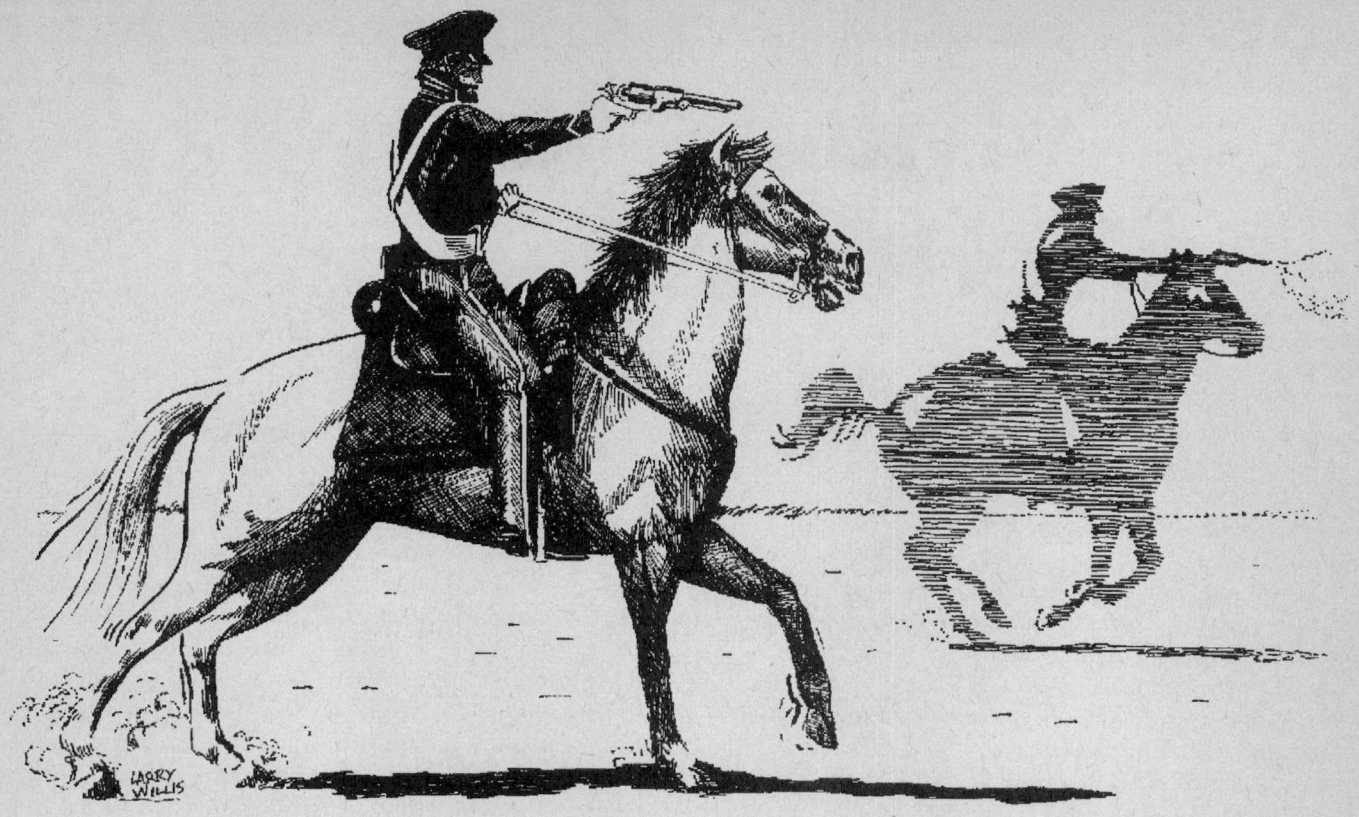
Colt made at least two transition arms, in small quantities, between the Walker and the model known today as the Dragoon. These were made up mostly of left over Walker parts.

Colt's new model, called the Holster Pistol (Dragoon is a modern-day collectors term) was no pocket arm. Designed by Colt and his superintendent, Elisha Root, and with input from several service and civilian shooters, the Holster Pistol weighed in at four pounds, two ounces. The gun had a shorter barrel and cylinder than the Walker and the cylinder was limited to only forty grains of black powder. Like the Walker, the Holster Pistol was carried in pairs on the saddle, replacing the former single-shot "horse pistols" formally carried by the Dragoons.

At one time or another during the early days of the country, the army's mounted service consisted of Rangers, Mounted Rifles, or Dragoons, sometimes at the same time. But the Dragoons became the preeminent mounted service prior to the Civil War. All three services were designed to fight on foot as light infantry as often as from the saddle. It wasn't until 1855 that an actual cavalry regiment, the First Cavalry, was raised, and in 1861 all were combined under the name "cavalry."

The U.S. Army had about 11,000 soldiers during much of the 1840s-50s, only 11,000 men to guard the millions of square miles full of hos-

"...J.C. Hays with 15 men fought about 80 Camanche [sic] Indians, boldly attacking them on their own ground, killing & wounding about half their number..."



tile Indians, Mexican bandits and white outlaws.

Between 1848 and 1854, the Army engaged in forty-one armed encounters with Indians. There were expeditions against the Navajo in 1849 and again in 1851. The First Dragoons fought against the Jicarilla Apaches near Taos in 1854 and against the Mescaleros on the Penasco River in New Mexico Territory in 1855.

Avenging the Grattan Massacre, the Second Dragoons attacked the Brule Sioux above the forks of the Platte River in 1855, killing eighty-six Indians and taking many captive. The Army fought the Comanches on Devil's River, Texas, in 1857 and there was a scattering of a half dozen or more mini-wars all up and down the west coast from Washington to California.

This is not to say all of the actions mentioned above saw heavy use of the Dragoon pistol. The rifle or carbine was still considered the prime fighting arm. But in any fight where men would be getting in close, the big .44 caliber, six-shot Dragoons could make a tremendous difference when fighting against men armed with single-shot muskets or rifles.

There are three models of the Dragoon recognized by today's collectors: First, Second, and Third, each with slight improvements over the previous model. Made on machinery that was considered quite sophisticated for the day, over 20,000 Dragoon pistols were made between 1848 and 1860. At $24.00 each, they generated enough money, almost half a million dollars, to put Colt well on his way to a great fortune. Colt received several U.S. contracts for these revolvers. Approximately 8,000 filled government orders. The rest were sold on the open market.

Many army officers were against the revolver, mostly because of the "It won't work—too many moving parts" argument. But Samuel Colt had a knack for making friends in high places, often bestowing upon them finely-cased examples of his weapons. With the endorsement of such men as Zachary Taylor, Franklin Pierce, and Jefferson Davis, the Colt revolver became an accepted arm.

While the number of Dragoons produced was relatively modest, Colt quickly followed it up with his line of smaller revolvers: the model 1848 Baby Dragoon, 1849 Pocket revolver, and the 1851 Navy. The former two were small enough that the short barrel versions could be carried in a coat pocket. The Navy was a bit larger and perfect for hanging from the hip in a holster. Hundreds of thousands of these revolvers were produced.

But it was the Dragoon that led the way for civilian commercial success for Samuel Colt and his firearms. Long, heavy, and as clumsy as they were, a man armed with a brace of Colt's Dragoons was the ultimate fighting machine of his day.

Riding With Teddy's Terrors

The Boys of '98: Theodore Roosevelt and the Rough Riders. By Dale Walker. (Forge Books, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010. 292 pages, photos, notes, index. $22.95 Cloth.)

This year, 1998, marks the one hundredth anniversary of that Splendid Little War, officially known as the Spanish American War. While several books are being published to commemorate this event, none will make a greater impact than *The Boys of '98.*

A question one might ask is, "how does a war primarily fought east of Florida qualify for a history relating to Western America? And the answer is that few American fighting men have been more publicized than the Rough Riders, a group of hell-for-leather cowboys recruited from Texas to Arizona by Teddy Roosevelt himself. Combine these scrappers with easterners out of Harvard and Yale—called "lah-da-da-boys" by the Westerners—and you have as fascinating a group of gung-ho men as ever gathered under the colors of Old Glory.

Walker explains the origins of the war, noting along the way that the people responsible—and the fighters participating—were romanticists, oddballs, misfits, heroes, and villains. What emerges here then is saga as well as history, the foolishness, idealism and heroism of a generation struggling to assume its place in a world emerging head-first into the twentieth century.

Theodore Roosevelt, a civil service commissioner predicted to produce "national insomnia" if he ever became president, led the recruiting charge. A few other American figures were General William Rufus Shafter, sometimes known as Pecos Bill, a ferocious fighter who had grown fat, coarse, abrasive, and boozy. Then there was Fighting Joe Wheeler, a former Confederate general, and Leonard Wood, a brilliant leader dedicated to expansion and war.

After Roosevelt and his Rough Riders took Kettle Hill, they turned toward San Juan Hill and its dug-in Spanish enemy. Walker gives a mesmerizing account of that battle, a conquest made possible because of four machine guns floated across the rivers on pontoons, dragged through the jungle, and unlimbered in time to chew up the defenses and turn the tide. By 2:30 in the afternoon, the Americans had taken the San Juan heights. The war was practically over.

The author has not only tapped all the known sources for his history, he even located and interviewed Frank Brito, the last living Rough Rider. Brito, a Hispanic, living in Las Cruces, New Mexico, is a retired warrior with a clear, remarkable memory.

Dale L. Walker, a former president of Western Writers of America, is a brilliant writer as well as a specialist in military conflicts. You have not read about the Rough Riders and Splendid Little War until you open *The Boys of '98.—Leon Metz, El Paso, Texas.*

California Lawman

Lawman: The Life and Times of Harry Morse, 1835-1912. By John Boessenecker. (University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Avenue, Norman, OK 73019. 351 pages, 60 photos and illustrations, notes, index. $29.95 Cloth.)

Harry Morse was brave, diligent, and a political operator. As the author claims, he was the most famous lawman on the west coast in the nineteenth century. In this biography, the first written about Harry Morse and the result of ten years of exhaustive research, the panoramic history of the area is spread out over sixty-five years, from the Gold Rush of 1849 to the metropolitan epoch in California created by rapid economic growth and burgeoning settlement in the early part of the twentieth century.

Morse was elected sheriff of Alameda County in 1864 and served until 1878. One of the strengths of the narrative is that Boessenecker does not gloss over Morse's flaws as a law enforcement officer or controversies surrounding his life. Twice, during his first term as sheriff, prisoners escaped from his jail and he conducted several fruitless searches for wanted criminals. It is surprising that he was re-elected.

Morse was eventually successful and the book adeptly recites his many investigations, arrests, prolonged hunts on horseback, and gun battles contending with the highwaymen, rustlers, and murderers (mostly, though not exclusively, Hispanic outlaws) that infested California since the 1850s. Among Morse's wily, ruthless quarry were Procopio Bustamente, Juan Soto, Jesus Tejada, and Tiburcio Vasquez. He also pursued American criminals Joe Newell, Alfonso Burnham, and Black Bart. The text of *Lawman* features several long excerpts from Morse's descriptions of his investiga-

tions and manhunts taken from his private memoirs and other papers, California police records, and frequent accounts of his activities that appeared in Oakland and San Francisco newspapers.

Morse's most acclaimed gun battles were those he had while leading posses against Narato Ponce, killed in Contra Costa County's Pinole Valley on December 15, 1867, and against Juan Soto, slain in the Saucelito Valley, south of Livermore, Alameda County, on May 10, 1871. The veteran lawman also led successful, though prolonged and expansive manhunts for desperado Joe Newell, whom Morse captured after a thousand-mile chase in late 1868, and Charles Boles, alias Black Bart. Following his retirement as Alameda County sheriff at the time, he ran the Morse Detective Agency in 1883. Some of Morse's efforts directly failed, however, such as the sixty days he spent in the saddle looking for Tiburcio Vasquez who, nonetheless, was forced from his hiding places in the Coast Range into Los Angeles County where he was captured by Sheriff Billy Rowland.

Boessenecker does not refrain from showing the unscrupulousness of some of Morse's law enforcement activities. The author, contends, for example, that Morse committed perjury to guarantee a conviction against Thomas Procopio Bustamente, relative of Joaquin Murrieta, and shows that he presented unreliable evidence against Bartolo Sepulveda who served ten years for a murder he did not commit.

The law enforcement activities of other men who played a prominent role in ridding California of the criminals that infested the state at the time that Morse was carrying out his duties are also detailed in this book, including those of Dick Richardson, an Oakland police officer who accompanied Morse in conducting investigations and making arrests early in Morse's career; Sheriff Tom Cunningham of San Joaquin County; Sheriffs Nick Harris and John H. Adams of Santa

Clara County; and San Francisco Police Chief Isaiah W. Lees, whom Morse feuded with for many years while directing investigations for the Morse Detective Agency in San Francisco.

This book, in addition, offers readers excellent descriptions of the places where California's rustlers, highwaymen, and gunfighters once flourished, some still known and densely populated, others no longer existing and lost to the memories of modern inhabitants.

As in the case of Boessenecker's previous books, *Badge and Buckshot* and *The Grey Fox*, Lawman is completely documented with voluminous notes, primary citations, and a long bibliography. In a field of American frontier history where, up to recently, far too little has been truthfully written or chronicled at all, Harry Morse's biography stands as an important addition to the slow but steady development of reliable literature.—*Michael Chegwyn, Napa, California.*

Ranches of the West

Historic Ranches of the Old West. By Bill O'Neal. (Eakin Press, PO Drawer 90159, Austin, TX 78709. 362 pages, bibliography, index, notes, photographs and maps. $28.95 Cloth.)

Historian Bill O'Neal has again accepted a huge challenge: to write a history of the major ranches of the western states, providing a capsule history and description in such manner that both the professional cowboy and the non-rancher will appreciate. O'Neal has accomplished his purpose as for perhaps the first time the key ranches of western history have been identified and their history preserved in an enjoyable manner. Ranches in the thirteen western states, from Texas to Montana and from California to Kansas, are here covered from their early origins before the mid-nineteenth century up to the operations of present day. In doing so O'Neal exhibits his talent for gathering a tremendous amount of material and sorting through the names of historical personages who are familiar to all, such as John Chisum, to the lesser-known Hugh Glenn.

O'Neal traveled to the ranches he described as well as studied available printed materials. He talked to the ranchers, studied their history, and rode their horses. Besides assimilating the background of the cattle industry with its multiple problems and catastrophes through the decades (droughts, floods, tick fever, blizzards, rustlers), he revealed the character of the ranchers who found success in the west. Such visionaries as Richard King, Chisum, Alexander Swan, and Conrad Kohrs were all giants who created their cattle kingdom with tenacity, daring, hard work, and luck. Besides the hardships of nature, they also at times struggled with men who would take from them what they owned, men such as the Billy the Kid.

Historic Ranches of the Old West

reveals the history and operations of fifty-six ranches in a dozen states, and adds a bonus with a listing of three dozen ranches "with tangible remains that are easily accessible to the public," an encouragement for readers to visit. Although O'Neal and wife Karon traveled together for thousands of miles by plane, car, and horseback researching this book, readers may know of a ranch or two which were not included. The many photographs are of value, although some are rather small. For the most part, the illustrations are of the physical aspects of ranching, the buildings and tools, and not the humans who built them.

If indeed there was a challenge to produce such a book as *Historic Ranches,* O'Neal exceeded expectations. When traveling, take this book along to make the trip truly worthwhile.—*Chuck Parsons, Yorktown, Texas.*

Mason County

The History of Mason County. By Margaret Bierschwale. (Mason County Historical Commission, PO Box 524, Mason TX 76856. 704 pages, notes, maps, photos, bibliography, index. $55.50 Cloth.)

When Margaret Bierschwale died in an automobile crash in 1973, central Texas lost one of its finest historians. At the time she was best known for her book *Fort McKavett Texas, Post on the San Saba.* Now, a quarter century after her death, Bierschwale's last and greatest work is being published for the first time in limited edition. Or, more properly, her works are.

The History of Mason County combines two major themes: the county's history and the history of Fort Mason, the county's namesake. In this Bierschwale was uniquely qualified. Born in Mason County in 1894, her father had been the law partner of Henry Marcus Holmes, best known for his role in the Mason County War and from his wife's diary, published several years ago by the Mason County Historical Commission. Over her lifetime Bierschwale researched county courthouses, the National Archives, and

the memories of the pioneers living in Mason during its initial, wilder days.

In part one of the book Bierschwale traces the birth and growth of Mason. Through its pages the colorful history of central Texas springs to life with all the excitement and color that western Americana can evoke. Here readers can learn of Indian depredations, such as the one where cowboy William Denman was captured by the Apaches, skinned, and finally beheaded. Here too one can meet the famous, men such as Robert E. Lee, who commanded the fort prior to the Civil War, and the Reverend Charles A. Grote who swam flooded rivers to bring the Gospel to the region. Nor are the infamous absent, men such as Captain Jack Hays and Doboy Taylor who killed Major John A. Thompson, and Scott Cooley, ex-Texas Ranger, who made his name synonymous with terror.

Part two of the book deals with the history, development, and final abandonment of Fort Mason. Established in 1851 as one of a string of garrisons intended to protect the frontier, some of the most famous military leaders of the nineteenth century were at one time posted there: Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnson, and E. Kirby Smith. Henry Hopkins Sibley, perhaps best known for his ill-fated invasion of New Mexico, also figured in the fort's fortunes.

There is a quality to Bierschwale's writing that evokes a certain magic, a sense of continuity and flow that rivals James Michener. Through these pages the past springs to life. One can meet clergymen and killers, pioneers and Indians, ranchers and rustlers, the saints and the sinners. Bierschwale brings them forward from the dim past, breathes life into them, and keeps the reader eager for more.—*David Johnson, Zionsville, Indiana.*

ANSWER MAN BY CHUCK PARSONS

Outlaw Boarding House

Back in the January 1998 issue I fielded a question concerning the boarding house in which Butch Cassidy, the Sundance Kid, and Etta Place stayed during their sojourn in New York. I should have checked just one more source, as I received a letter from Sundance Kid researcher Donna B. Ernst clarifying my response.

The boarding house of Mrs. Catherine Taylor was located at 234 West Twelfth Street and is today the Greenwich Theater. The trio registered there on February 1, 1901, under the names of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Place and James Ryan.

When Sundance and Etta Place (or perhaps more correctly she should be called Ethel) returned for a visit stateside, arriving in New York City on April 3, 1902, they registered at Mrs. Thompson's boarding house at 325 East Fourteenth Street. Today the address is the same, but it now is a funeral parlor.

Courtesy of Donna B. Ernst

The boarding house at 325 East Fourteenth Street, New York City, where Butch Cassidy, the Sundance Kid, and Ethel Place stayed in 1902. The building is now a funeral parlor.

Courtesy of Donna B. Ernst

Catherine Taylor's boarding house at 234 West Twelfth Street, today the Greenwich Theater. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Place and James Ryan (Sundance, Ethel, and Butch) lodged there in 1901.

Both boarding houses are within a couple of blocks of each other just off Union Square, and near Tiffany's Jewelers and the DeYoung Photography Studio (in which the famous photo of Sundance and Ethel was made). Donna Ernst informs me that New York City "...recently spent a great deal of effort cleaning up the entire area

and anyone wishing to visit will find the addresses rather easily."

This information was gleaned by Donna Ernst from Pinkerton records. Donna Ernst is the author of *Sundance My Uncle* and *From Cowboy to Outlaw—The True Story of Will Carver.*

Good for One Drink

Reginald T. Ingram is interested in obtaining replicas of western tokens. These tokens were frequently used in saloons and brothels, and were usually wooden. One side of the coin would read something to the effect of "Good for one drink," and on the flip-side would be the name of the saloon. Mr. Ingram has seen one with "Sleepy Eye Saloon" on one side and the image of an Indian with a "droopy" eye on the other.

I provided Mr. Ingram with the names and addresses of several businesses who may carry such items, but maybe a collector can help us further.

Tarred and Feathered

The editorial department of *True West* inquires about a discontinued method of punishment: "Were people ever really tarred and feathered?"

Very much so. It was never a legal form of punishment, but the act of pouring molten pitch over a person and then covering him (or her) with feathers, has a long history in America. It was generally used by mobs who found someone was acting against what they thought were "proper community standards." During the American Revolution it was a treatment reserved for Tories. It was occasionally used in the antebellum South against abolitionists.

Certainly the best known incident happened to Captain Floyd Ireson. According to New England legend, the women of Marblehead, Massachusetts, tarred and feathered Ireson because he refused to rescue a seaman in distress.

The practice was also used against wife beaters, whiskey peddlers, and card sharps. Although removing the sticky mixture must

have been a considerable task, the greater danger was that the tar and feathering could result in suffocation. It was potentially a death sentence.

The practice had more or less vanished by the end of the nineteenth century, but occasionally it reappeared in the South. The practice was rarely used in what we traditionally consider the American West. Hanging was the predominant method of vigilance in the West. Making a hangman's noose was much simpler than bringing a vat of tar to boil and gathering feathers.

James Gang Murders

Long-time reader Tim Dye from Stafford, Kansas, inquires about railroad conductor William Westfall and two lesser-known railroad men, Jim Root and John Simpkins.

William H. Westfall (also spelled Westphal) was the conductor for the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad on July 15, 1881, when his train was stopped outside Winston, Missouri. Five train robbers boarded the train, and Westfall was found in the smoking car. He was told to raise his hands, which he did, and was then shot in the back. He was shot again as he lay dead on the floor. Passenger Frank McMillan was also fatally shot. Gang member Dick Liddil later testified that it was Jesse James who murdered Westfall and it was Frank James who murdered McMillan. Mr. Dye would like to know why Westfall was killed.

It was believed that Westfall engineered the train which delivered the Pinkertons to the James home prior to the January 25, 1875, raid in which Archie Samuel was killed and Jesse and Frank's mother lost her arm. No reason has been given as to why McMillan was killed. The two other robbers present were identified as brothers Clarence and Wood Hite.

This is the generally accepted version of events, but the late James gang historian Carl W. Breihan found the testimony of Harry Thomas, an eyewitness to the robbery. Thomas was a brakeman on the train and stated that he was in the smoker car when the shooting occurred. Thomas said that Westfall was bent over, checking a passenger's ticket, when he was shot. The engineer staggered outside and fell beside the tracks. "I don't think the man shot Westfall intentionally. He was shooting recklessly around the car and stood facing the south side so that he could command both sides of the car. He shot principally into the roof. When Westfall was shot the robber swung his pistol around over his head and fired as he brought it down, so I think it was accidental."

As for Root and Simpkins: Root worked for the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad and Simpkins worked for the Colorado & Southern Railroad. Hopefully an informed reader can help us with the histories of these two railroad men.

A James Farm Visit

Returning from Minnesota last Christmas, I stopped in Kearney, Missouri, to visit the historic Jesse James birthplace site. I have visited it several times before, but stop whenever I get the chance. I see something new with every visit.

The visitor's center contains many unique items, including pistol bullets and cartridges removed from the walls of the James cabin or found outside during the restoration. There is the original casket Jesse was buried in. There is an original photograph of Allen Parmer, who married Frank and Jesse's sister Susan James. Parmer's revolver and one of his books are displayed also, presented on August 4, 1988, to the museum by Ethel Rose Owens and Judge James R. Ross.

We all know that Jesse was dusting a picture in his home when killed, and the actual feather duster he was holding when shot is also on display. The boots he wore when killed are here, as well as one of his handkerchiefs and a shotgun manufactured by Ward & Sons, London. Other possessions for viewing include Jesse's last cartridge belt, a coin purse, one of his neck warmers, a wallet, a bridle, the pistol he took off before he was killed, and his .44 caliber Winchester. Robert Ford won the rifle in a poker game with James' cousin Wood Hite. Jesse got it from Ford and used it in the Blue Cut train robbery of September 7, 1881.

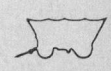
Most unusual is a bullet which was found in Jesse's casket. It is from a .38 caliber Smith & Wesson revolver and is believed the bullet that wounded him in the Northfield, Minnesota, raid of September 7, 1876.

The museum is not devoted entirely to Jesse. A new find (to me) was a photograph of Alexander Franklin James made in 1900 in Liberty, Missouri. Frank's Confederate headstone is also displayed. Another new item was a tintype of Frank's wife, Anna Ralston. Other photos include Ralston's brother Sam and one of Susan A. James, Frank and Jesse's sister.

Other artifacts include a pistol belonging to James gang member Arthur McCoy; the foot stone from the grave of Clelland Miller, killed in Northfield; the original stone from the grave of Archie Samuel; and saddles which belonged to Jesse and Frank.

Just over a gently flowing brook is the restored home where the James boys were born and where they spent their youth.

In the visitor's center hangs an original image identified as Jesse. The photographer, whose name appears on the image, was C.H. Shields of Greenville, Illinois. James historian Phillip Steele dates it from 1869. Greenville is located some fifty miles northeast of St. Louis, Missouri. Would someone take the challenge and discover what Jesse James was doing in Greenville, Illinois?



If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose questions appear in "Answer Man."

In the Fall issue of *Old West*:

***Red Cloud and Chief Big Bones.* By Richard Patterson.** Yale professor and paleontologist O.C. Marsh had only one obstacle standing between him and the elusive *Brontotherium*—Red Cloud of the Sioux.

***The Outlaw Days of Reuben Stillwell.* By Hank Corless.** The past comes back to haunt an Idaho cowboy and family man in the form of a bounty-hunting Texas lawman.

***The Trial of Standing Bear.* By Mike Coppock.** Ponca Chief Standing Bear makes a daring flight from Oklahoma and demands his day in court—unheard of for Native Americans in the 1800s.

***One Man for Wildlife.* By Steven Hall.** Whether with his fists or his six-shooter, game warden Otto Peterson swore to protect Colorado's natural resources at all costs.

***C.G. Morledge: Photographer Forgotten.* By Lois Rohan.** When Clarence Morledge captured the frozen victims of Wounded Knee, he secured a much overlooked page in history.

***The Murder of Charles Morgan Blessing.* By Mervyn Dykes.** Dead men indeed tell tales as the discovery of Charles Blessing leads to a story of greed, murder, and British Columbia's infamous hanging judge.

Look for the Fall issue of *Old West* on the newsstand July 15.

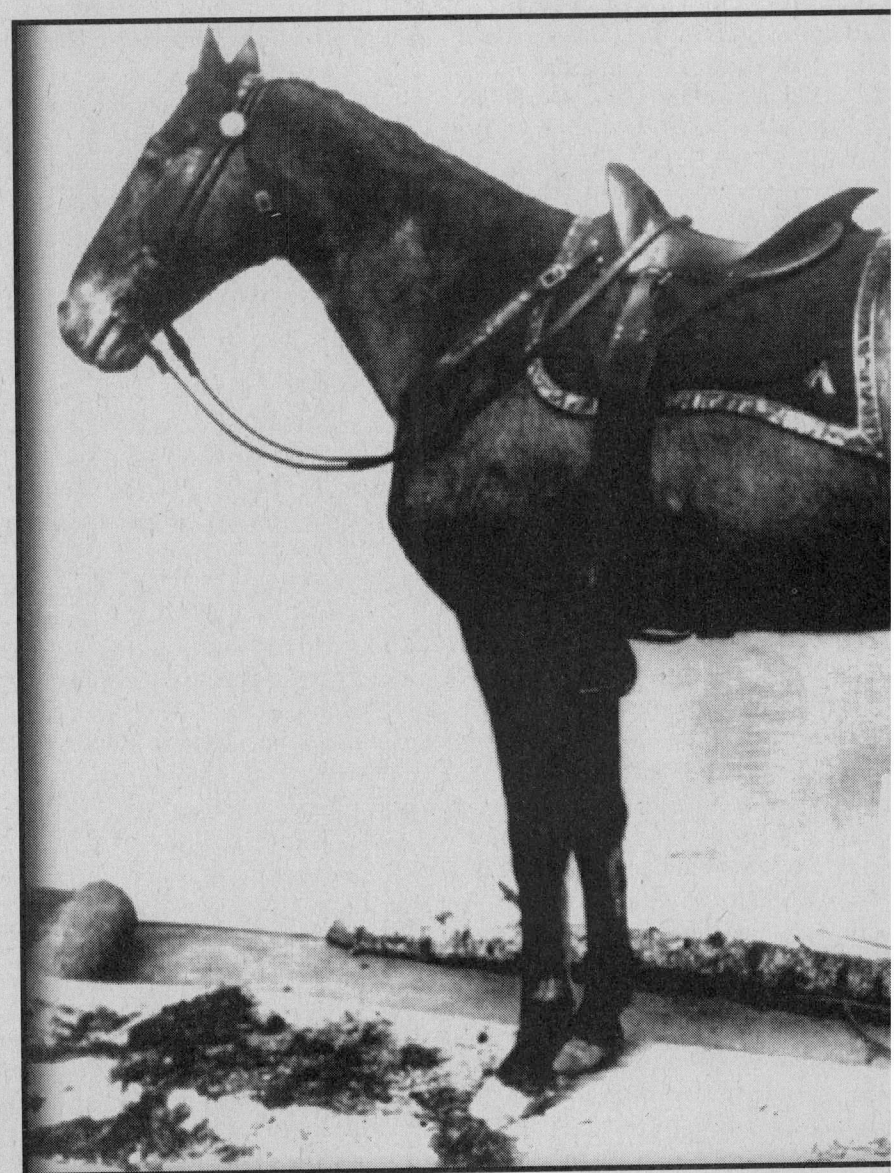
Comanche the Horse:
Joined 7th U.S. Cavalry 130 Years Ago

By Larry D. Underwood

The big, bay gelding called Comanche was purchased by the United States Army in St. Louis, Missouri, 130 years ago.

The "sole survivor" of the Battle of the Little Bighorn was transported to near Ellis, Kansas, where he joined the Seventh Cavalry in action against the Comanches along the Cimarron River. His rider then, as at the Little Bighorn, was the commander of I Company, Myles Keough. Comanche was wounded for the first time in September 1868.

After George Custer's last stand in June 1876, Comanche was found on the battlefield. He was in sad condition, blood oozing from multiple wounds. Someone counted seven bullet holes in the animal. Some suggested that he be put down permanently.



Comanche, the sole survivor of the Little Bighorn battle.

Trooper Gustave Korn was charged with getting the big bay to the steamer *Far West*, and down the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers to Fort Abraham Lincoln. Korn took care of Comanche, feeding and doctoring the horse that many would grow fond of.

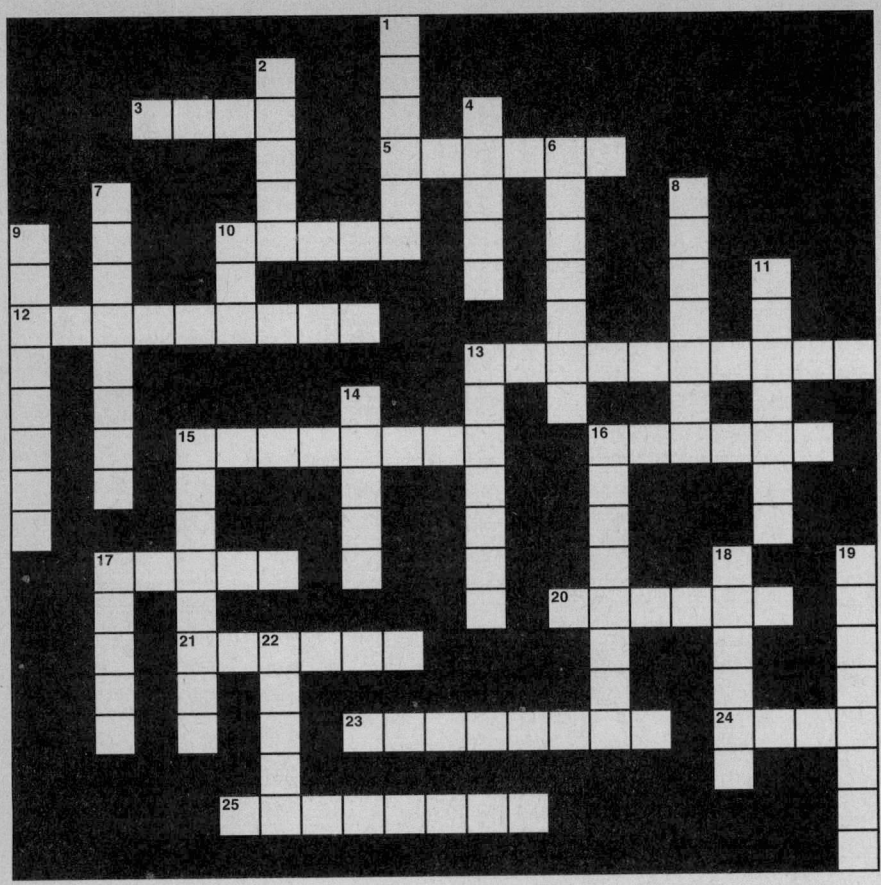
Orders were cut in April 1878, concerning the old survivor:

Headquarters Seventh U.S. Cavalry
Fort Abraham Lincoln,
Dakota Territory,
April 10th, 1878

General Orders No. 7

1. The horse known as Comanche being the only living rep-

Author's Collection

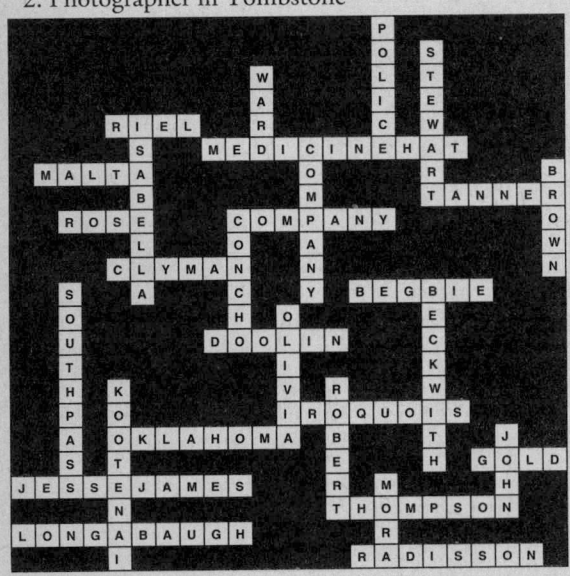


Across

3. Texas Ranger Captain
4. Author of The Boys of '98
10. Writer for Rocky Mountain News
12. Custer's wife
13. Tombstone physician
15. 37th Infantry
16. Fly's wife
17. Hanged on Toughnut Street
20. Purchased Fort Ross in 1841
21. Author of Stirrup High
23. Railroad conductor
24. Reptile photographed by Fly

Down

1. Attacked Cimarron Crossing
2. Photographer in Tombstone
4. Cemetary where Sieber is buried
6. Owned Q Ranch
7. "C" in C.S. Fly
8. Dueled with McDougal
9. Black Kettle
10. Brother of "Black Jack" Christian
11. Hartwell
13. Oldest living tree
14. Clark
15. Only survivor of Little Bighorn
16. The Pardoning Governor
17. Abel
18. Musgrave
19. Bierschwale
22. The last Rough Rider



Solution in next month's True West.

Solution to June's puzzle.

resentative of the bloody tragedy of the Little Big Horn, Montana, June 25th, 1876, his kind treatment and comfort should be a matter of special pride and solicitude on the part of the 7th Cavalry, to the end that his life may be prolonged to the utmost limit. Wounded and scarred as he is, his very silence speaks in terms more eloquent than words of his desperate struggle against overwhelming numbers, of the hopeless conflict, and of the heroic manner in which all went down on that fatal day.

2. The commanding officer of Troop I will see that a special and comfortable stall is fitted up for him, and he will not be ridden by any person whatever under any circumstance, nor will he be put to any kind of work.

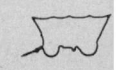
3. Hereafter upon all occasions of (ceremony of mounted regimental formation), Comanche, saddled, bridled, draped in mourning, and led by a mounted trooper of Troop I, will be paraded with the regiment.

By Command of Colonel Sturgis,

[Signed] E.H. Garlington
1st Lieutenant and Adjutant,
7th U.S. Cavalry

Trooper Korn took care of Comanche until he, Korn, was killed in December 1890 at the Battle of Wounded Knee. Comanche spent his final days at Fort Riley, Kansas, where he died of colic in November 1891. He was about twenty-nine years old.

Professor L.L. Dyche of the University of Kansas had the old war horse stuffed and mounted. Comanche was displayed at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, then returned to the University of Kansas Museum of Natural History, the Dyche Museum, at Lawrence. Comanche stands there today, saddle cinched, a "U.S." brand on his shoulder, and a long scar on his left hindquarter, ready to remind us of the brave horses and men who helped win the West.



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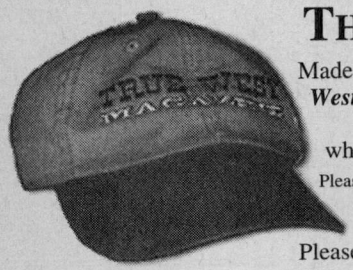

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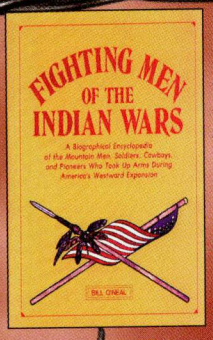

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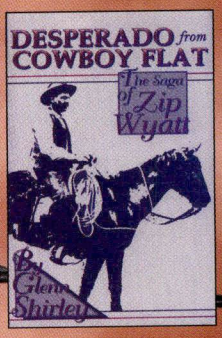

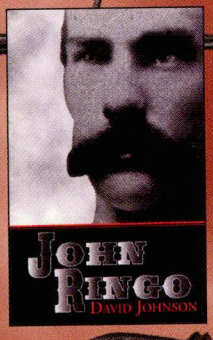

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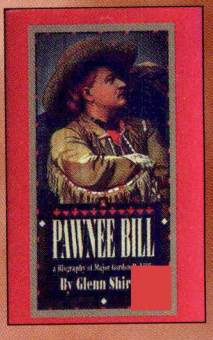

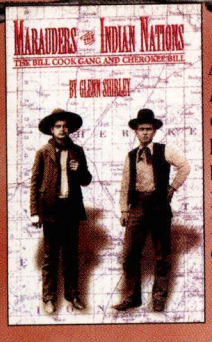

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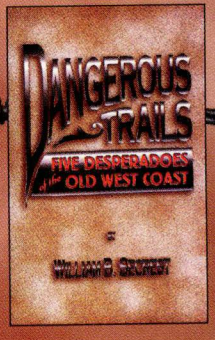

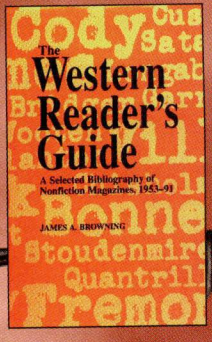

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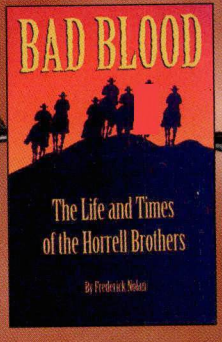

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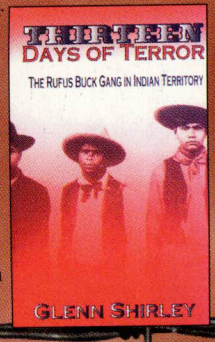

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