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TRUE WEST

SINCE 1953

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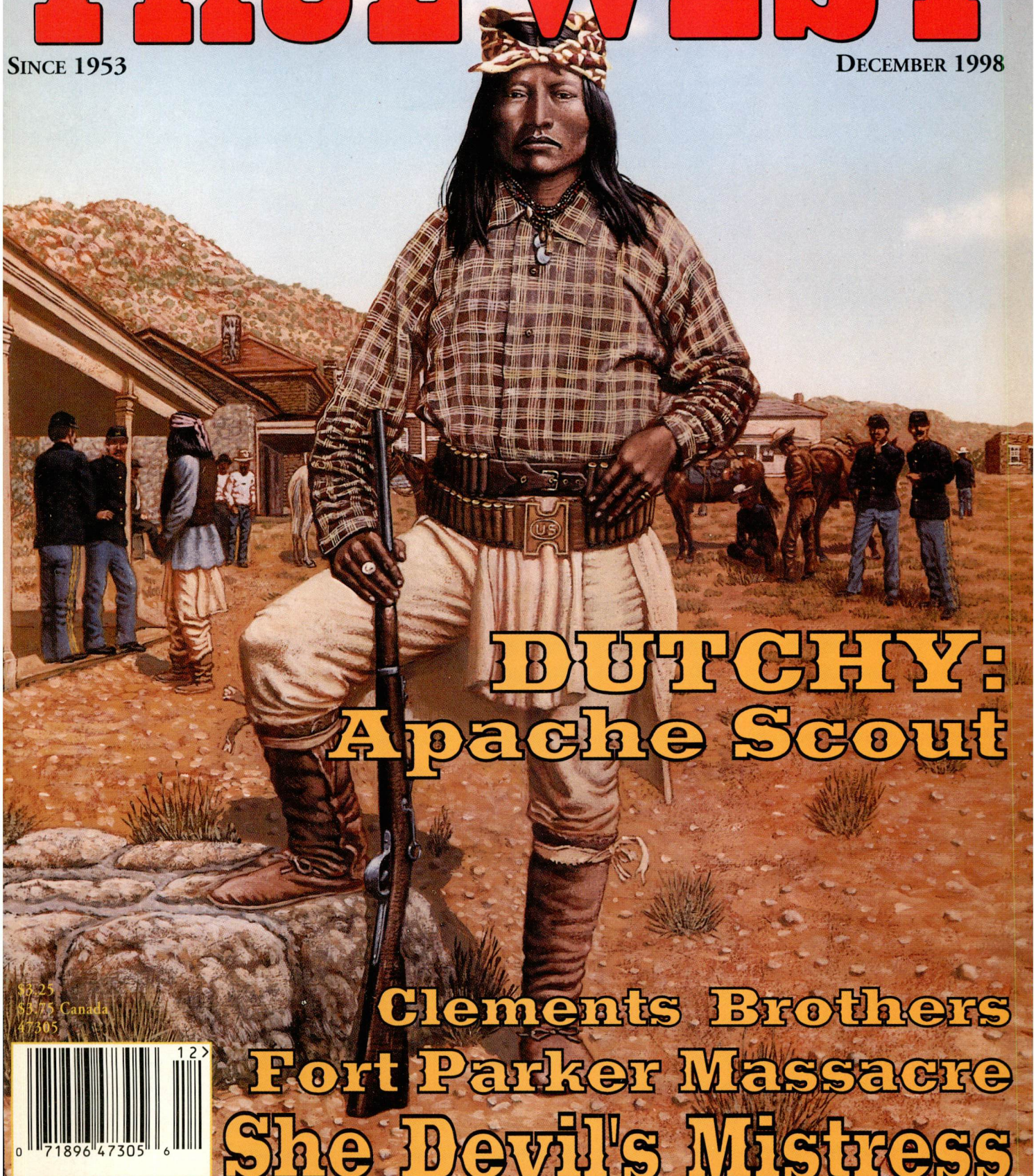

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TRUE WEST

Our Cover

Dutchy: Apache Scout
By Sergio Macedo.
See related story, page 12.

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FROM THE EDITOR

Howdy ya'll!

Getting me to sit down and write this thing is like pulling teeth, but this particular installment is a bigger chore than usual. I just got back, last night, from a whirlwind, chicken-fried tour of my own backyard. I'm pretty tired.

Through the eyes of my traveling companions, some from the "big city" and unfamiliar with country ways, I got a fresh, and much-needed, outlook on the folks and places that make my home one-of-a-kind. They were constantly commenting on the friendly people we met on the road, the small towns devoid of modern development, and the many historic events that transpired in our beautiful, rolling hills and valleys. They also noticed things that locals take for granted and dismiss as "the way things are"; the soundtrack of locusts in tall grass; storm cellars in every yard; church bake sales by the side of the road; and the ritual of getting gravy as a side dish with every meal whether you order it or not.

The history was never-ending. In three short days we visited the sites of the Ingalls gunfight, Bill Doolin's death, the territorial capital and jail in Guthrie, Pawnee Bill's ranch, the Frank Canton-Bee Dunn gunfight, the Twin Mounds battle, the Wooster Mound battle, the Dalton's raid on Coffeyville, Little Dick West's death, the homes of the famous Three Guardsmen, and the final resting places of Doolin, West, and freak show attraction Elmer McCurdy. Our museum "hit list" included the impressive art and artifacts housed at the Cowboy Hall of Fame, Washington Irving Trail Museum, Woolaroc, and Coffeyville's Dalton Raid Defenders Museum. Whew...unfortunately, we never found time to see the 101 Ranch, Bill Pickett's grave, the Tom Mix Museum, and so much more on our collective list.

While our small group stood on a dusty road, staring at the field where an outlaw was cut down in a running gunfight with the law, a pickup appeared on the horizon. Slowing to say "howdy" and inquire what we were doing, the farmer behind the wheel shared his own interpretation of the site; land which had been in his family for years. In his own, unvarnished and unique telling of events, this unofficial tour guide gave us a lesson that could be found in no book or magazine. Leaving us to our visions of escaping outlaws and gunsmoke, the man drove away, perhaps on his way to create his own history, a legacy of a hard work and the satisfaction that the West was still alive and well, right there in his own backyard.

On to other business. Now, I'm not much on product endorsements, I'm not sure my personal seal of approval means much in this world of slick advertising and million dollar commercials. When I stumble onto something I like I feel the need to share it with neighbors and friends. Ya'll are both in my book.

If you like country music, and I mean the stripped-down front porch kind of country music, not that "big-hat" stuff they play on the radio these days, then you owe it to yourself to check out a group called BR5-49. Combining swing, old-time country, and bare-knuckled rockabilly, these boys hasten back to the glory days of the Grand Ole Opry; a time when Bill Monroe didn't have a gray hair on his head and Hank Williams was still touring honkey tonks with a hatful of songs and a beat up guitar. BR5-49 have been around for a few years now, getting their start playing for tips in a combination boot shop/saloon in Nashville. From the looks of things, their train is hell-bent for stardom, so jump on while you still can.

You'll be glad you did.

Marcus Huff

THE SOUND OF *TRUE WEST*

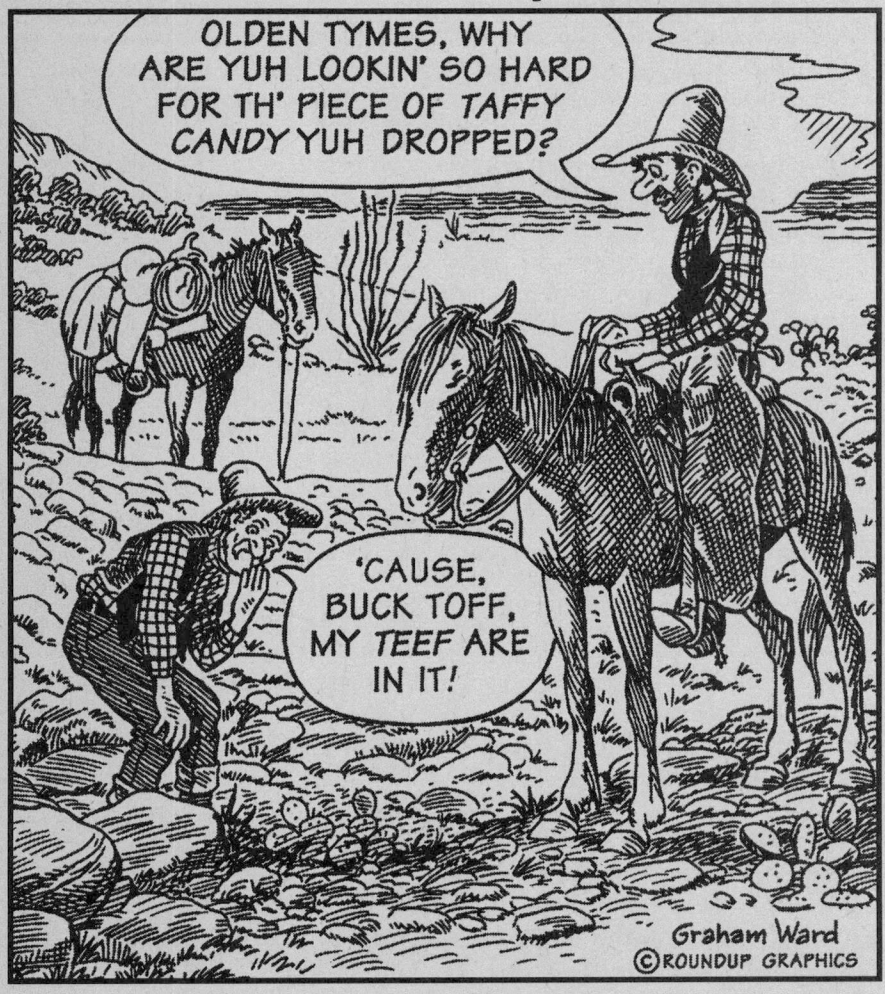
I wonder if my reason for subscribing to *True West* is unusual. Shortly after retiring, my macular degeneration caught up with me. "Seeing" *True West* on the list of magazines made available from the Library of Congress service for the blind and physically handicapped, my dormant interest in the West was reawakened—so *True West* was a first choice.

I was not disappointed in "reading" the first few issues received. However, I had a dilemma. Many of the articles had information that I wanted to share with my children and/or grandchildren living in the West. The answer: subscribe to a printed issue which I could share with them when they came home.

Now other items of interest have emerged. "The Tragic End for a Tough Pioneer" in the February 1998 issue mentioned that George Causey had been a patient at a sanitarium in Kirksville. When I checked with the archives of its successor, Kirksville College of Osteopathic Medicine, they also informed me that Buffalo Bill had visited for treatment. As usual, one history fact leads to another.

Thank you and the whole staff of *True West* for a great magazine and especially for making it available on records for those of us who can't read print.—*George N. Hartje, Kirksville, Missouri.*

SADDLE PALS **By Graham Ward**



"Big" Lincoln County

I really enjoy reading *True West.* In fact I buy several of the western magazines. The stories are all well-written, but sometimes there is a statement that I find pretty hard to believe. In the September 1998 issue, in a story of D.C. Nowlin on page 28, in the upper right-hand corner, it states that "At that time, Lincoln County comprised nearly a quarter of New Mexico, an area large enough to hold as many as six modern states combined."

I find that statement to be pretty far fetched. What six modern states is the author talking about? Could he have meant counties? I would like an answer. Keep up the good work.—*Ed Russell, Great Bend, Kansas.*

Editor's Note: Sounds like a stretch…but take a close look at some of them Yankee states. Before Lincoln County was divided, it would have easily held New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Delaware, Vermont, New Jersey, and Connecticut. Having driven across the area many times, I can tell ya it sure feels like traveling across more than a few states. I can't imagine doin' it on a stiff saddle. Ouch!

El Paso Cemetery

I enjoyed your editorial in the August issue—really about "nothing," but speaking volumes on the West in transition. That El Paso cemetery is a sad commentary. Also, the issue in general had a fine balance of subject matter. Always like Graham Ward's tangy cartoons!

Best of luck.—*Gary Zaboly, Bronx, New York.*

Hometown Boy

I like your web pages. I found you from comments in *Enchanted Rock* magazine.

I was not aware you were publish-

ing from my home town. Yep, Stillwater High School (1961) and Oklahoma State University (1967). I know it's only supposed to take four years but, hey....

I think I saw an article you did about Dick Speed and others being killed in a shootout at Ingalls—do I have that right? I remember seeing the monument there when I was a teenager. Again, enjoyed your site.—*Jack Durham, via the Internet.*

Editor's Note: Always good to hear from a Stillwater native. I know what you mean about taking so long to get out of OSU. I spent so much time playing poker (when I should have been in class) that I still have nightmares about missing my final exams.

You got the Ingalls gunfight right. The battle, which pitted Bill Doolin's bunch against two wagonloads of lawmen, occurred just fifteen miles east of Stillwater. Since it never gained the same fame as Tombstone or Dodge City, Ingalls is all but deserted. The monument to fallen lawmen Dick Speed, Lafe Shadley, and Tom Hueston is the only reminder of the area's wilder days.

Old Texas

Just finished reading your editorial (August 1998) and thought I would drop you a short note. I thought your experience in your drive across the Texas panhandle was interesting. I must add that from personal experience, our nation of people have changed far too much since World War II when people were people and respected each other.

I grew up in Wink, Texas, during the Great Depression when the town was an oil boom town. The population in the city was 25,000 and just outside the limits was an additional 10,000 who lived in conditions that you would find difficult to believe. Those areas were all ranches until the first oil well came in. The cowboys were real (not the drugstore kind) and the roughnecks and roustabouts were also rough.

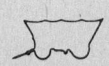
As a child I got to see so much of

the cowboy's life due to our friends being cowboys—their life was not an easy one by any means. Yet, you may call Wink, Texas, the place where the West was still the West as the cowboys and ranchers all wore sideguns. They used them too, shooting rattlesnakes, coyotes, and each other at times.

I well remember two cowboys who were unique. I actually got to go out to the range with them for a couple days. But today there are so many fences, no one could make it there anymore. Yet those two cowboys did manage a life different from the regular cowboys. Their demise was also unique in the annals of history, but their life story and end has never been put in writing for any magazine or book. It remains one of the most unusual a person could ever read about. I know because I shared so much with them in so many different ways and I was too young to know any difference. Even after all these years, I look back and wonder about it all since everything is gone and no one is left but me and I am pushing 71 now myself. Things were a lot different in those Great Depression days when the Dust Bowl made it even worse.

If I live long enough, someday I plan to write a short story of those two cowboys. I feel that even though they are long gone, they should never be forgotten.

I'll cut this short, but just had to write after reading your editorial because I lived in Texas for the most part of my early life, and I well remember details that history books will never know first hand.—*Leon Thompson, Kent, Washington.*



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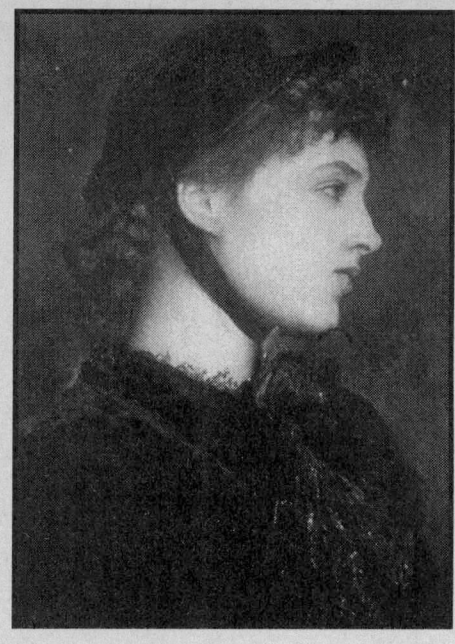


Courtesy Guenoc Winery
Lillie Langtry, stage star and vintner.

LILLIE LANGTRY: CALIFORNIA VINTNER

By Mary McKernan

Reams of material have been written about Lillie Langtry, legendary English beauty, courtesan, and actress. At the turn of the century, she was the Marilyn Monroe of her day and could count her admirers by the thousands—among them the celebrated Judge Roy Bean who named the town of Langtry, Texas, for her. But in spite of all the notoriety, little was ever documented about the vintner period in her life.

In July 1888, Lillie arrived at the working ranch she had bought sight unseen in the Guenoc Valley, ninety miles north of San Francisco. Seeing the vineyards which covered the hills and valleys of the property, she announced—with the characteristic determination that would make her a superstar on two continents—"I'm going to make the best claret in the country."

To accomplish her goal, Lillie hired Charles W. Aby as ranch manager and Henri Descelles, a French vinyardist to take charge, knowing that her own time on the premises would be limited due to stage commitments.

Known affectionately as "The Jersey Lily" (she was born on the Isle of Jersey, October 13, 1853), the new landowner was accompanied on her inspection trip by several friends, as well as her New York fiancé, Freddie Gebhardt, whom she hoped to marry if she could get a divorce from her husband, Edward Langtry. (The Langtry marriage failed because of Edward's excessive drinking, anti-social habits, and jealousy—understandable in light of his wife's many male friends.)

Actually, Freddie was the reason she bought the 4,200-acre ranch. For him, she had also become an American citizen, believing if she did that and also became a landowner in the country, United States courts would look more favorably on her petition for divorce than

their English counterparts.

In her autobiography, *The Days I Knew*, Lillie describes her first view of her new home: "I found the first floor comprised of a large living room, with a dining room and kitchen at the rear. A staircase from the former led to a gallery running entirely around the house from which doors entered bedrooms. No space was wasted with halls and passages."

Freddie purchased the adjoining property so the two would have ranches "side by side in Paradise." They also shared a vision of creating premium wines and raising thoroughbred horses on their California estates. Alas, those dreams did not materialize.

The present property owners, the Magoon family from Hawaii, who bought it in the 1960s, have renovated the Langtry house, which is now a Lake County historical monument. It is a cameo of Victorian perfection. The upstairs rooms, the Langtry room and the Freddie Gebhardt room, reflect the times of their former inhabitants. The downstairs room is called the Genevieve Magoon room in honor of the mother of the Magoon brothers, Eaton and Orville. The John MacKay apartment at the north end of the building contains some of Orville's extensive collection of Langtry memorabilia and newspaper clippings detailing Lillie's divorce and why she did not marry Freddie after all. There is also other information there regarding her life and career. Her memory is kept alive, too, by Guenoc's premium wines, which all bear her portrait just as they did when she was the proprietor.

The Gebhardt Lodge has also been restored and regularly accommodates guests.

When the Magoons bought the land (23,000 acres now) it was a stock ranch. Prohibition had led to the destruction of the wine cellars and vineyards. The idea of reviving a winery estate was not seriously thought of until Genevieve Magoon suggested, "Can't we grow something more romantic than hay

Courtesy Guenoc Winery

The Guenoc Winery today.

here?" Family trips to France to inspect vineyards and soil tests of the Guenoc Valley determined that the site would be ideally suited to the Bordeaux varietals as well as Chardonnay and Petite Sirah. Test plots were started in 1969.

Today, the Guenoc Winery annually produces well over 80,000 cases of premium varietals, chardonnay, sauvignon blanc, cabernet sauvignon, merlot, petite sirah, and zinfandel. Occasionally, blending varietals, petit verdot, malbec, cabernet franc, and semillon are bottled for special seminars or for special release. Throughout the years, the Guenoc Winery has won numerous national competitions.

For tourists, a visit to the winery is a treat to be long remembered. Not only are they able to enjoy the tastings offered, and marvel at the gleaming stainless steel hoppers, tanks and German presses as well as the thousands of French oak barrels but there is so much to see unrelated to the winery. Seasonal wildflowers dominate the landscape. There are fruit orchards and corn and hay fields. Mingling with nearly 3,000 cattle are wild boar. Countless birds populate the valley because it is an important migratory path.

Courtesy Guenoc Winery

Aerial view of the vineyards and Langtry Home Center.

Courtesy Guenoc Winery

The Langtry home.

Along with golden and bald eagles, roadrunners and quail are in abundance. Deer, bobcats, fox and coyotes can be spotted now and then. Myriads of fish swim in the twenty-four reservoirs, which provide water for irrigated pastureland. Natural quartz crystals are prolific near the upper lakes (the discovery of a gold nugget provided considerable excitement several years back).

Guenoc Valley is the first federally approved grape growing region in the United States under single proprietorship, producing vintages that justify the reserve label, a special designation given only wine produced from the finest vineyards in superior years. Lillie Langtry would have been proud to see what she started.

The winery is open for tours and tastings Thursdays through Sundays 10 AM to 4:30 PM, or by appointment. To get there from San Francisco, take Highway 101 north to Highway 37, then east to Highway 29 north to Middletown. Just past the town, turn right onto Butts Canyon Road; the winery entrance is six miles from the turn-off. From Oakland, take Highway 80 north to the Napa turnoff and Highway 29 to Middleton.

For more information on the winery, and Lillie Langtry's legacy as a vintner, write: Guenoc Winery, PO Box 1146, Middletown, CA 95461. Or call (707)987-2385.

DUTCHY:

INDIAN SCOUT AND APACHE RAIDER, PART II

National Archives

Dutchy, Alchesay, and General Crook.

By Allan Radbourne • Illustrated by Sergio Macedo

Dutchy was re-enlisted as an Indian Scout and appointed a sergeant of Company B by Lieutenant Britton Davis at Turkey Creek. Davis, not surprisingly in view of his stalwart role in the arrest of Kahtennay, thought him, "one of my most valuable scouts." Soon after his September 13, 1884, enlistment, however, Dutchy was again the target of less flattering attention by the civil authorities. In November, a United States grand jury found a true bill against him for the murder in 1882 of Jacob Ferrin, and a bench warrant was issued for his arrest. When advising Captain Emmet Crawford of this on September 25, General George Crook enclosed a copy of his reply to Marshal Tidball, whom he had reminded of their earlier correspondence. The department commander conceded that referring the matter to Washington had been fruitless, "so far as anything definite was determined." He reiterated his confidence that the matter would be decided and requested the marshal to delay any action until then. In a letter to the adjutant general of the Army, Crook urged that a conclusion be reached on Dutchy's case and that he should receive "explicit instructions" that would relieve him "of apparent want of recognition of the civic authorities." The territorial press certainly saw the general as overriding the civil law. When the various departments in Washington agreed to forego the arrest of

Dutchy and the attorney general directed no further action until he specifically ordered it, the Arizona newspapers protested vociferously.

Evidently, some of the Apache chiefs at Turkey Creek had not properly understood the significance of Crook's Sierra Madre Expedition. In May 1885, they engineered a confrontation with Lieutenant Britton Davis over the prohibitions against tizwin brewing and wife beating and, then, broke out of the reservation in fear of the consequences. The utter futility and pointlessness of this action (when there were no longer any strongholds to run to and their eventual defeat or surrender was inevitable) was not lost upon over 400 of their people who remained at peace. Once again, Davis had kept a cool head at a critical time. "Three men I knew I could rely on absolutely," he stated, were "Chato, Charley, third sergeant, and Dutchy." This trio of Apache Scouts had foiled a plan to shoot him during the breakout. The initial pursuit of the runaways having been unsuccessful, Lieutenant Davis returned to Fort Apache and reorganized his Indian Scouts. He set out again on May 22, leading 32 White Mountain Apaches, 21 Chiricahuas, including Chatto and Dutchy, 2 Scouts from San Carlos, and a pack train. On June 8, at Skeleton Canyon, on the Arizona-New Mexico territorial border line, he joined Captain Crawford, who had under his command a troop of cavalry; Al Sieber and another company of Indian Scouts; and Henry Daly's pack train. This combined column crossed into Mexico three days later and, following the course of the Rio Bavispe, moved slowly south. It was while camped near the village of Huasabas on June 19, that Crawford received news of the hostiles having been seen about fifteen miles north, in vicinity of Oputo. Near there, on June 21, the Scouts located the trail of their adversaries and thirty Scouts were detached to surround and surprise the camp. First Lieutenant Robert Hanna, Sixth Cavalry, recalled:

> The party that went out travelled about twenty miles and the next morning surprised a band of hostiles under Chi-hua-hua, and captured eleven women and children. They made but little fight, and fled as fast as they could leaving one dead on the ground, all their camp equipage and horses.... We had one scout seriously wounded.

On the day following, Hanna was ordered to take ten troopers and escort the prisoners, along with the wounded man and an empty pack train, back to the United States. "We had to travel through a country totally unknown to me," he wrote, "and had for a guide a scout named 'Dutchy,' a brother of Chi-hua-hua, who was sent because he declined to go out and fight his brother." Packmaster Henry Daly wrote that Hanna set out on June 24, and "with him was sent a scout named 'Dutchy' a most incorrigible and vicious scoundrel, who had made the night hideous in camp by his over indulgence in Mescal, obtained in the village of Oputo the day before. 'Dutchy' was ordered to be confined in the guardhouse at Fort Bowie on arrival there." That arrival and what followed was later summarized by the *Arizona Silver Belt*, at Globe:

> On the 2nd day of July, 1885, Lieut. Robert Hanna...arrived at Fort Bowie having in charge 11 prisoners, viz: 1 buck, 4 squaws, 6 children. The buck was Dutchy, who by order of the department commander was confined, placed in irons and charged with the crime of mutiny. During the same month at a subsequent date U.S. Marshal W.K. Meade becoming cognizant of the fact that the said Dutchy was confined...made a demand upon Gen. Crook for his surrender to the civil authorities. This demand was dated July 29, 1885....

In replying, on July 31, to Marshal William Kidder Meade, General Crook referred him to the attorney general's instruction to his predecessor "in which the latter was, in substance, informed that no further steps should be taken towards securing the arrest of this Indian without further instructions from Washington." While the marshal applied to higher authority, the general was faced with the necessity of getting Dutchy out of harm's way. The *Arizona Silver Belt* reported the details:

> The guard report book at Fort Bowie does not show the date of the confinement or release of Dutchy but we have in evidence before us, that within two days of receipt of the marshal's just demand for the prisoner, that General Crook issued a written order addressed to the sergeant of the guard directing the release of Dutchy from the guard house. The order is dated Aug. 2, 1885, and as the body of it contains the name of 'Dutchy' as the prisoner to be released it shows conclusively that Crook knew that the criminal desired by the civil authorities was in imprisonment at Ft. Bowie. The fact of his directing an order to the sergeant of guard is very unusual if not unprecedented and shows that his object was to be able to state in his reply to the communication from Washington that the prisoner was not in confinement.

In his diary, George Crook noted the August 17 arrival at Fort Bowie of Chief of Scouts Frank Leslie, popularly known as "Buckskin Frank," with dispatches from Captain Wirt Davis, Fourth Cavalry. A tall, forty-six-year-old veteran frontier campaigner, Davis had command of another column of Indian Scouts sent into Mexico. There they had surprised Geronimo's camp on August 7. On that occasion, three men, one woman, and a boy had been killed, and fifteen women and children captured. On the eighteenth, the general's aide wrote to Captain Davis, advising that $200 in subsistence funds was being sent to him, adding, "Gen. Crook sends by Leslie the Chiricahua, Dutchy, and

another Scout, whom he believes you will find useful." Consequently, when Washington was heard from, the general was able to write, "the Department of Justice must be mistaken as to the Chiricahua Indian, Dutchy, as he never deserted, is one of our staunchest friends and one of the principal Scouts now with the command operating against the hostiles in Mexico." After scouting 150 miles down into Sonora, Captain Davis' command had turned north and was in the vicinity of Huasabas when joined by Frank Leslie, Dutchy, and the other Scout.

"And here, in full Apache outfit is Dutchy," a writer accompanying the expedition noted, adding the observation, "a yellow, evil-faced Chiricahua of whose traits his own compadres show their estimate by calling him 'the Yellow Coyote.' He is a dangerous man, and has killed several whites, but his energy, acuteness and experience make him a most valuable scout." Indeed, this same scribe recorded that "Dutchy's quick eye detects a small dark spot far up the valley" a half-hour before it proved to be a courier.

A detachment of the Indian Scouts, perhaps including Dutchy, had another running fight with the hostiles on September 22, when both sides lost one man killed. Davis then pursued the trail northeastward over the mountains and into Chihuahua. He met Captain Crawford and his command on Carretas Creek and they then turned northwest and re-entered the United States through Guadelupe Canyon on September 28. Davis and Crawford marched their Scouts to Fort Bowie, where they were mustered out and paid before returning to the reservation. "The Scouts," reported Wirt Davis, "generally worked zealously and did well through the whole campaign."

Dutchy was discharged on October 23, 1885, at Fort Bowie. He was among the Chiricahua and White Mountain Apaches who returned to Fort Apache. He was not left unoccupied for long. In November recruiting began for two fresh battalions of Indian Scouts to serve under Captains Crawford and Davis in Mexico. At Fort Apache, First Lieutenant Marion Perry Maus of the First Infantry and Second Lieutenant William Ewan Shipp of the Tenth Cavalry enlisted 100 men, 42 of whom were Chiricahua and Warm Springs Apaches. Shipp, who enlisted Dutchy on November 9, wrote:

> Dutchy was a known murderer; brutal and mean, but in many respects a valuable scout.
>
> ...During the previous summer this man had mutinied and had been sent to Fort Bowie, where he was put in irons. Though he was undoubtedly guilty, Captain Crawford took him again as a scout, but refused to give him the chevrons he demanded. He, however, selected him as his body servant, and trusted implicitly this man who had not long before threatened his life. The result was the establishment of a complete ascendancy over Dutchy, and increased respect on the part of the others, as they saw how little he feared this dangerous man.

Henry Daly, who was again in charge of the pack train, remarked, "When Captain Crawford made Dutchy his body servant I thought it little better than hugging a rattlesnake." The battalion was soon active in the field, attempting to intercept the return to Mexico of a

San Francisco Chronicle, December 2, 1893

N.F. "Buckskin Frank" Leslie served as chief of scouts alongside Dutchy in 1885 and, in 1886, pursued him as a deputy sheriff.

raiding party led by Chihuahua's elder brother, Ulzana. Despite their efforts, Ulzana and his men made good their escape and, so, on December 11, 1885, Crawford again led his Apache Scouts across the border into Sonora.

Two weeks later, General Crook was advising his superiors that the United States marshal had received instructions from the Department of Justice to "proceed at once in the manner prescribed by law and arrest Dutchy and hold him for trial by the civil authorities." Marshal Meade was also directed to report without delay the source and nature of any obstacles encountered. Once more Crook requested the support of the adjutant general. On December 28, he was able to inform Meade that "the Attorney General of the United States has directed the United States Marshal of Arizona to take no further steps in the arrest of Indian Scout Dutchy until further orders [from] the Dept. of Justice."

By this time, Captain Crawford's command had marched far down into Sonora and, on the last day of 1885, had set up a field camp on the Rio Nacori, about fifteen miles north of the village of the same name. "We were at the time about two hundred miles below the border," reported Lieutenant Maus, adding, "yet on the following day the Deputy United States Marshal from Tombstone, Arizona, visited our camp to arrest one of our scouts. Unless with the object of embarrassing our movements while trying to destroy the hostiles, the reason for this uncalled for demand cannot be understood." A medicine dance was in progress when the zealous lawmen arrived in Crawford's camp. Packmaster Daly recalled:

> During the show we were startled by the arrival of two white men who proved to be Sheriff Stevens of Cochise County, Arizona, and Frank Leslie, a rancher, who had come to arrest Dutchy for murder. Captain Crawford took them out of earshot and explained the delicacy of his situation. He promised to deliver up Dutchy after the campaign which satisfied the officer. But the scouts suspected something and I am pretty sure they guessed the truth of what happened.

Two days later, Crawford led most of his Scouts south, leaving the pack train to follow. After crossing the Rio Aros they moved slowly south and east, picking up the trail of Geronimo and his band. In the early hours of January 10, about fifty miles southwest of Nacori, they attacked the Chiricahua camp and had a running fight with their quarry, who, having lost all of their animals and supplies, scattered through the mountains. Some of the Scouts returned with the news that the disillusioned Chiricahuas wanted to talk to the captain, who arranged a meeting for the following day. "Had this talk taken place I believe most of the band would have surrendered," wrote Lieutenant Maus.

Instead of a peace talk, January 11, 1886, was the occasion of a tragedy. At daybreak, the officers were awakened by their Indian Scouts calling out that Mexicans were approaching and then they found themselves under fire. It took them fifteen or twenty minutes of calling out, in Spanish, before the shooting stopped and parties of Mexican militia emerged from cover. Crawford, Maus, Shipp, and Chief of Scouts Tom Horn stepped out to talk with them. The captain climbed on a large rock to be better seen. A single shot struck Emmet Crawford in the forehead and was followed by a volley.

The Apache Scouts had previously been restrained by the officers from firing but they now returned fire. "As soon as Crawford fell," said Lieutenant Maus, "our scouts opened fire on those nine Mexicans [in advance], killing four instantly and wounding four more." Tom Horn, who was wounded in the forearm, later wrote that the Mexican irregulars were paralyzed by this fire and recalled how "They went down in groups and bunches." "The man who shot Mr. Horn," Lieutenant Shipp reported, "was...the Mexican commander. He was immediately killed. The scout 'Dutchy' killed the man who shot Capt. Crawford." In contrast to the eyewitness testimony of Shipp, Henry Daly—who was not present during the attack—wrote, "I have always believed that Dutchy and not the Mexicans killed Captain Crawford."

The Mexican militia men, who were from Chihuahua, were driven off and, eventually, obliged to negotiate. They then claimed that the attack had been a mistake, but none of the Americans present ever believed that. Having got rid of them, Marion Maus was able to reestablish contact with the Chiricahuas and made arrangements for them to travel up to the border and talk to General Crook.

While at Fort Bowie awaiting their arrival, the general occupied his free time hunting and keeping up his diary. In it, on February 6, 1886, he recorded bagging nine quail the previous day and noted, "Deputy Marshal Kelton came in from Guadelupe Canon [sic] where he had been after Dutchy." The marshal had not missed his man by much, as the Scout battalion had marched on February 5 from Lang's Ranch (in southwestern New Mexico) through the canyon, to set up camp about ten miles south of the border, on the San Bernardino River.

Ten days later, while making contact with the hostiles, Lieutenant Maus sent a few of his men on leave. General Crook wrote, "Five scouts came up from the line on their way to [Fort] Apache, Dutchy was one of the number." That same Monday, his aide telegraphed Fort Apache to say that these men had permission to remain a week and would start the next day, via Fort Thomas. He added, "Gen. Crook wishes two of Dutchy's horses, also one for Chatto's brother...and one for Sgt. Loco...sent to Fort Thomas to meet them."

Dutchy was back among Lieutenant Maus's Scouts when General Crook and Geronimo met

at Canyon de los Embudos for talks at the end of March and, probably, was one of those sent in pursuit of Geronimo and Naiche when they fled south again. Although Chihuahua and his followers did surrender, the flight of the others had undermined Crook's position and his ability to resist the desire of President Grover Cleveland's new administration for a more punitive policy toward the Chiricahua Apaches.

Newspaperman Charles F. Lummis reported that, on the afternoon of April 11, Noche, Dutchy, Stovepipe, Charley, and some other Scouts were squatted upon the porch at Fort Bowie headquarters, talking with the general. He caused a sensation when he told them he was leaving and would be replaced. "I want to thank you for the good work you have done," said George Crook, "You have been very faithful." He asked the Scouts to judge him by his acts and not the lies they might be told. In a piece of advice that had relevance not least for Dutchy, the general admonished, "Do everything to stop this tizwin-drinking. You get it in your stomach and there is no sense left." That day, Brigadier General Nelson Appleton Miles arrived to take over command and on the next, Dutchy was present among the Scouts who gathered to bid goodbye to General Crook.

Geronimo's last, hopeless outbreak provoked even more severe retribution than might have been anticipated. Six months later, all of the Chiricahua and Warm Springs Apaches were deported to Florida as "prisoners of war." While some justification can be seen for dealing in this way with Geronimo and his followers, such treatment was undeserved by the more than four hundred Apaches who had remained on the reservation striving to accommodate themselves to white rule and adapt to a new way of life. The most conspicuous injustice was to include all of those who, as Indian Scouts, had actively served to bring the war to an end.

Dutchy, having been discharged upon completion of his enlistment and returned to Fort Apache, was among those shipped east from there by rail to the old Spanish post of Fort Marion, near San Augustine, Florida. There the Apaches were obliged to lead an empty, inactive existence in an unhealthy location, while Geronimo's band happened upon rather better conditions at Fort Pickens, Florida, three hundred miles away. They were not, however, entirely without friends and advocates. On March 8, 1887, Herbert Welsh, secretary of the Indian Rights Association, and General Crook's former aide, Captain John Gregory Bourke, arrived at Fort Marion. Captain Bourke wrote in his diary that the prisoners numbered 446 men, women, and children, and critically noted the unhealthy features of the place and the deaths of twenty-three Apaches (mainly children, among them Dutchy's daughter) since their imprisonment.

Inside the main gate he and Welsh were greeted by a crowd of his old acquaintances, including

National Archives

Fort Bowie, probably by Baker and Johnson, as it appeared in 1886. The two-story commanding officer's quarters are in the center.

Courtesy Sergio Macedo

"The Shooting of Captain Crawford, January 11, 1886."

Chatto, Loco, Kahtennay, and Dutchy. "There was no sentinel on duty," Bourke observed, adding, "a sergeant strolled about the enclosure seemingly as much on a visit of curiosity as ourselves." The two newcomers talked with the Apaches and the military commander and attended an Apache dance. Returning the next day, Bourke recorded the complaints of Chatto and others who had served the government while in Arizona and now felt betrayed. Looking around, the captain saw Toklanni and wrote: "During Gen. Crook's expedition in the Sierra Madre, in 1883, no scout in all his force was more able or efficient then To-klanni. Standing close behind him was Noche, who had been poor Crawford's chief of scouts at the moment of his death, and Dutchy, who seeing the Mexican who fired upon Crawford promptly raised his gun and slew the murderer."

The lobbying of prominent figures such as Welsh, Bourke, and General Crook helped to bring about the transfer of the Chiricahuas from both Florida sites to Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama, in mid-1887. Although the Apaches were now together again and instead of tents had cabins and more space in which to live, Mount Vernon was to prove an equally unhealthy location for them. Nevertheless, they characteristically made the best of their situation and did what they could to improve conditions for themselves.

It was at Mount Vernon that Dutchy, now about thirty years old, took another wife. It was probably in 1888 that he married one of Toklanni's sisters, Ith-hah-dah-dith-teth, a widow with a small son. The following year the couple had a baby boy of their own.

In 1889, John Bourke again visited his Apache friends, arriving at Mount Vernon on June 22, to witness a womanhood ceremony in progress. He recorded meeting the post commander, interpreter George Wratten (who had been with the Chiricahuas since 1886 and had earlier served as a chief of Scouts in New Mexico), Loco, Nana, Chatto, Noche, Chihuahua, Dutchy, and many other familiar figures. During his visit the captain added to his voluminous ethnographic notes, and on Monday, June 24, attended a conference with the Apache leaders.

That afternoon, Bourke contributed to the prisoners' souvenir trade when he "Bought a hickory cane from Chato and a decorated bow and four (4) arrows from Dutchy." His companion, Professor Charles C. Painter of the Indian Rights Association, bought a hickory cane from Geronimo, who had inscribed his name on it. This sort of craftwork and the labor necessary to build their cabins was all that the men had to usefully occupy themselves. The circle of friends who visited them and spoke publicly to their cause was reduced by the sud-

den death of General Crook on March 21, 1890.

In 1891, the Mount Vernon prisoners became conspicuous participants in a military experiment to enlist Indians as soldiers in regular infantry regiments. Instead of the familiar six months as Scouts, the Indians were to be signed up for a full three years, would be subject to the same discipline and regulations as other soldiers, and would receive the same pay, rations, and benefits.

At Mount Vernon Barracks, First Lieutenant William Wallace Wotherspoon, a future Army chief of staff, was placed in charge of the Indian company. His command comprised forty-six Chiricahuas, plus thirty Western Apaches transferred from San Carlos, Arizona, and it was organized as Company I, Twelfth Infantry. Despite the more rigorous requirements of becoming regular soldiers, the former Scouts and erstwhile raiders alike adapted well, wore full uniforms and short hair, built their own barracks, and took lessons in speaking English. They were also given English forenames and, thus, the muster roll included "Christian" Naiche, "George" Noche, "Rodger" Toklanni, and "Fritz" Dutchy among others.

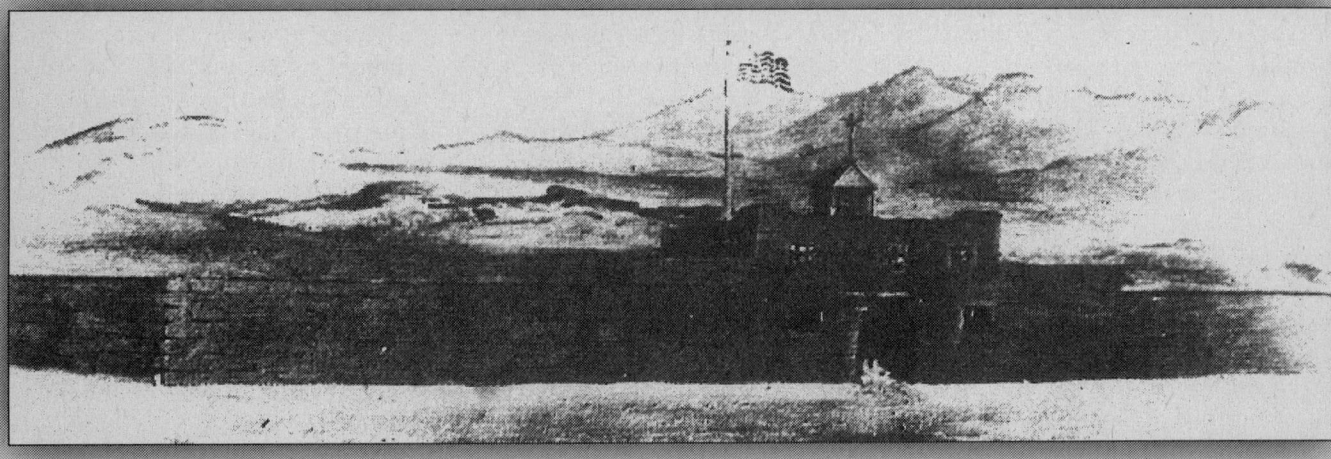
Although the experiment was resented in some military quarters and the Army would eventually give up on it, the Apache soldiers at Mount Vernon consistently impressed observers as a result of Wotherspoon's patience, persistence, and commitment. Indeed, the prisoners of war adjusted best of all, with the exception of Dutchy. Although "in many respects a valuable scout," Dutchy could not make the transition to soldier and, before the year was out, got into trouble. He subsequently faced a court-martial and was dishonorably discharged.

Lieutenant Wotherspoon not only commanded Company I but also served in the role of Indian agent for the Chiricahua Apaches at Mount Vernon. He thereby had charge of some soldiers who were at least nominally, free citizens; of some who were still prisoners; and of the balance of the Apaches who were prisoners of war and dependents of the government.

Dutchy was, by early 1892, in the anomalous position of not belonging in any of those categories. With no income, no right to rations, and unable to find work, he depended upon his wife and relatives for his support. The ex-Scout, former raider, and disgraced soldier led an aimless existence. He became a ragged figure and a persistent drinker, with a reputation for causing trouble. Most of Dutchy's liquor was obtained through his cajoling or badgering the younger Apache soldiers into sharing what was illicitly sold to them by local Anglos despite Lieutenant Wotherspoon's persistent efforts to put a stop to such trade.

In the early evening of Sunday, March 12, 1893, Dutchy was drinking whiskey near the Mount Vernon railroad depot with two young Apache soldiers, Eric Spitty and Elmer Dittoen. About 9:00 PM, before the late train from Mobile arrived, the three Apaches, all the worse for drink, started to walk the half-mile dirt road to the barracks. They encountered several white soldiers, with whom there were apparently some exchanges of drunken abuse. Near the darkened store that also served as a post office, Spitty collapsed in the road. Shortly afterwards, two more white soldiers, who had also been drinking at the depot, came along. Michael Cooney and W.H. Wise were both privates in Company G, Fifth U.S. Infantry. A few days earlier, Wise had been in a confrontation with Dutchy, who had threatened him with a large knife.

An exchange of abuse quickly developed into a drunken brawl. Private Dittoen had a walking stick and Dutchy a piece of sawed wood (about thirty inches long, with a bent nail in one end) he had earlier picked up to threaten a passing soldier. Cooney blocked a blow from Dutchy, who was hit by Wise, causing him to fall to his knees and drop the wood. Wise snatched it up and hit Dittoen, who fell and was then struck again. Wielding the makeshift club, Wise hit Dutchy, who was still on his hands and knees, at least twice about the head and face. Spitty had recovered just enough to try and intervene but was held off by



National Archives

Fort Cummings.

Courtesy Sergio Macedo

"Dutchy Threatens Wise."

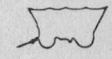
Cooney and so retreated into nearby bushes. The two white soldiers went off towards the depot. Dittoen lay prone in the road. Dutchy managed to rise, staggered about fifteen or twenty feet, and then slumped over.

Another group of passing soldiers, when they reached the barracks, reported seeing Private Dittoen lying beside the road. His dead body was brought to the military hospital. Spitty and Indian soldier Sam Hazous carried the news to the Apache village. The officer of the day, while searching the area where Dittoen was found, arrested Wise, Cooney, and another soldier, as they came along, drunk and bearing signs of the fight. Returning again to the scene, this officer discovered Dutchy hunched over in a shallow ditch, where he had fallen after catching hold of a small tree limb that had broken under his weight. The officer found faint signs of life when he turned the Apache over but by the time that the hospital steward arrived, some twenty minutes later, Dutchy was dead.

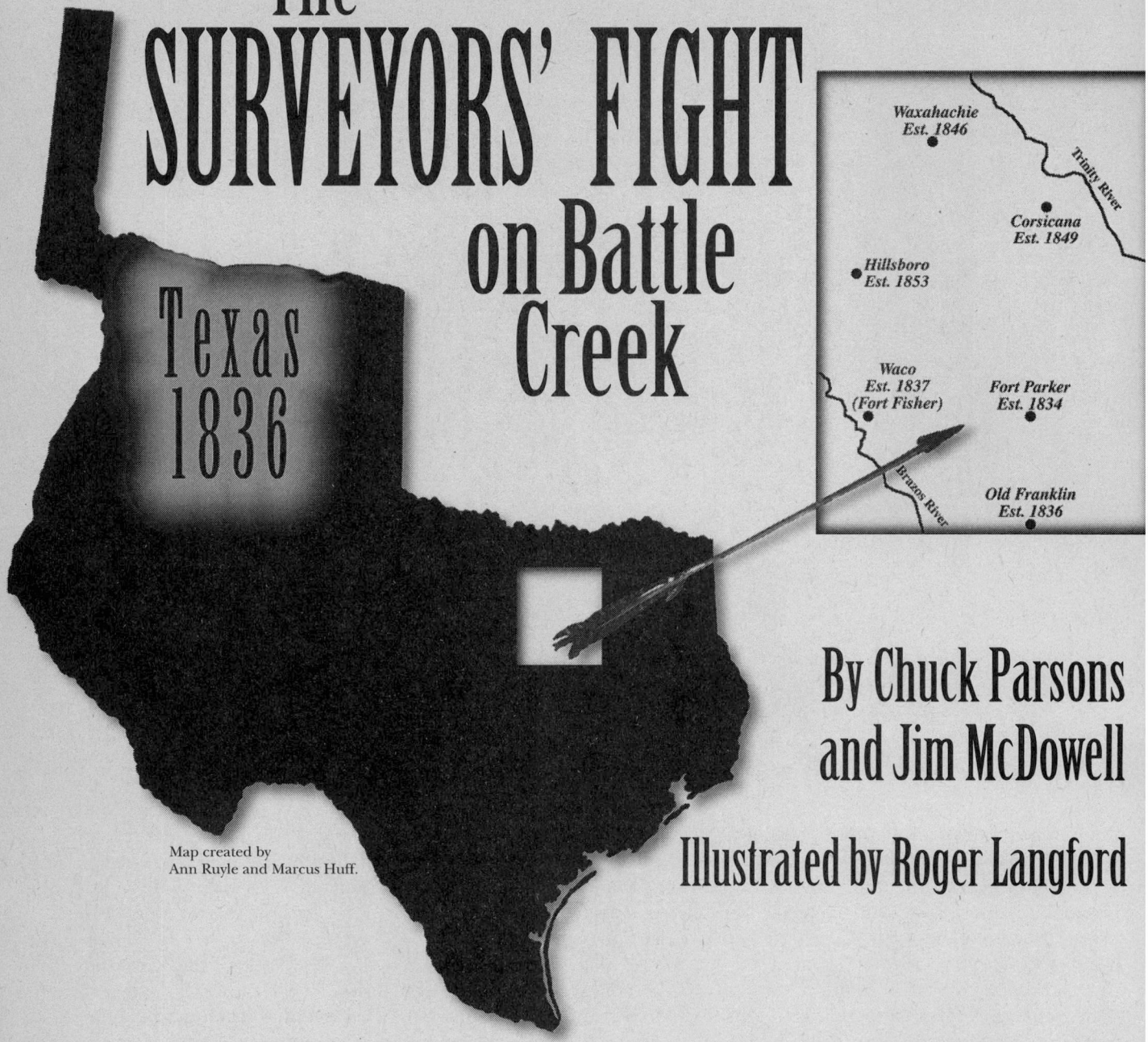
Privates Wise and Cooney were indicted on charges of murder and tried at Mobile. The lengthy proceedings attracted a good deal of public attention and ended with the two soldiers being successfully defended upon the grounds of self-defense. They were shortly afterward transferred from Mount Vernon and were subsequently sentenced by courts-martial to be dismissed from the army.

Unlike Private Elmer Dittoen, who was buried at Mobile National Cemetery, Dutchy was buried by his Apache relatives in a secret grave in the forest, near Mount Vernon. It seems likely that Alabama was also the last resting place of his first wife as well as their daughter. Ith-hah-dah-dith-teth, her oldest son (known as Wallace Williams), and Fritz Dutchy, Jr., were moved with their people to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in 1894. None of them lived to experience the 1912 release of the Chiricahua Apaches from being prisoners of war.

It was in an unmarked grave in Alabama that Dutchy's relatives buried his mortal remains and what remains to be disinterred of his story lies here. Was he the good-humored, faithful, and courageous Indian Scout that Britton Davis remembered, or was he the treacherous and drunken murderer recalled by Henry W. Daly? Did Dutchy, like many another flawed and fallible mortal, on occasion perhaps fit both descriptions?



The SURVEYORS' FIGHT on Battle Creek



Map created by
Ann Ruyle and Marcus Huff.

By Chuck Parsons and Jim McDowell

Illustrated by Roger Langford

We think of cowboys and Indians fighting, cavalrymen and hordes of Sioux or Cheyenne battling amid clouds of smoke and dust, or a handful of buffalo hunters surrounded by Comanche warriors and fighting desperately against overwhelming odds. And a couple dozen surveyors pitted against an overwhelming number of Kickapoos.

Surveyors?

Surveyors, with their compasses and magnets and chains, and by necessity rifles, are not generally thought of as "fighting men of the West." Nevertheless one of the bloodiest frontier engagements was a day-long battle between two dozen or more surveyors and a mass of Kickapoos, estimated to have numbered three hundred. This incident certainly has not received the same recognition as the Battle of Beecher's Island or either Battle of Adobe Walls, but at least seventeen of the surveying party lost their lives. How many Indians the surveyors killed or wounded has never been determined, but the number may have been as high as seventy or eighty.

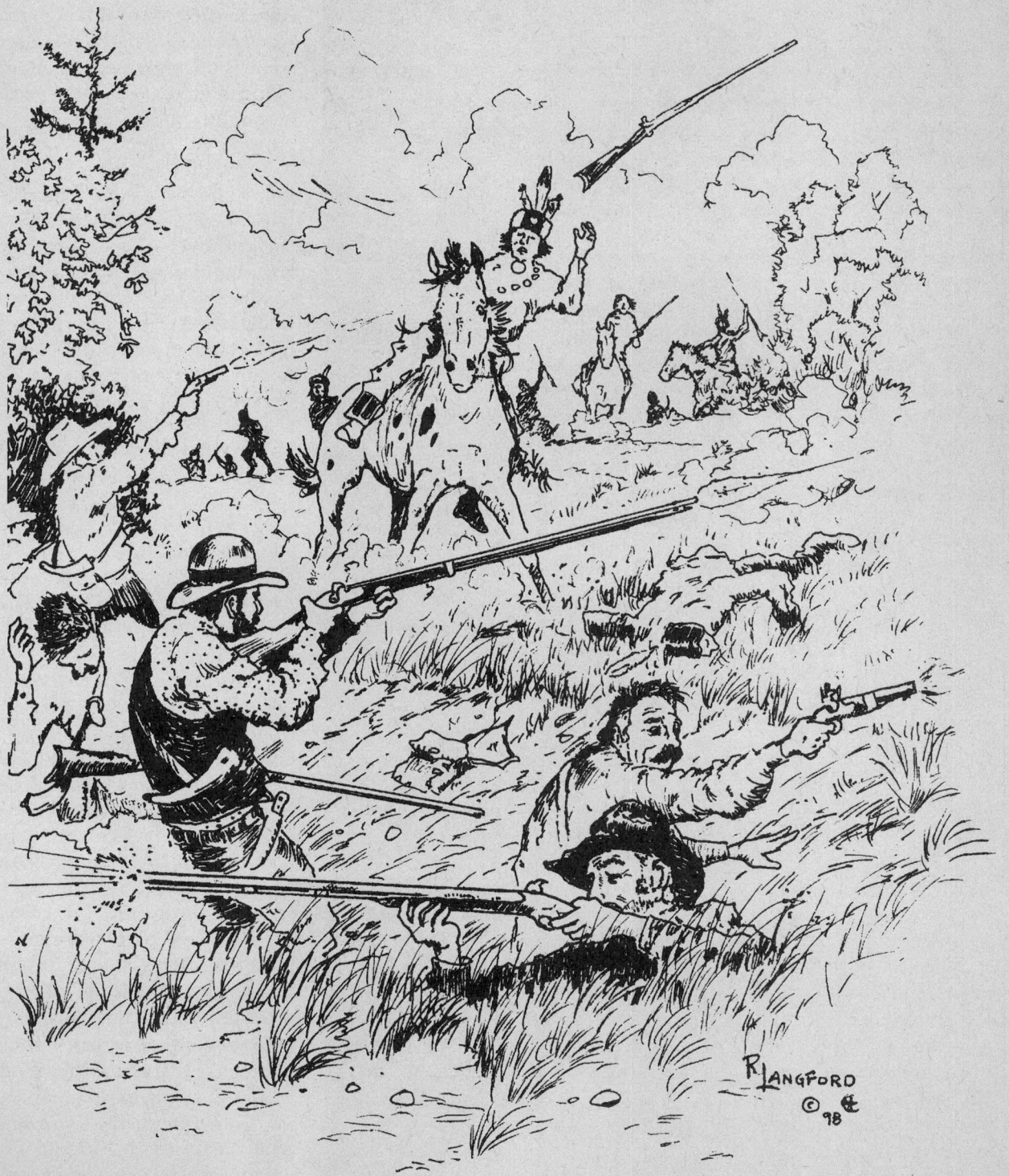
The engagement took place on October 8, 1838, in what is now Navarro County, Texas, the principal city of which today is the county seat, Corsicana, some fifty miles south-east of Dallas. To appreciate how early the battle took place: what is now Texas was still a republic; the battles of the Alamo and San Jacinto and the Comanche raid on Parker's Fort was only two years earlier; and Dallas and Fort Worth did not yet exist. In north Texas one could still

see thousands of buffalo. An abundance of game of all kinds roamed the landscape.

The Republic of Texas had little money but much land and therefore granted to its early citizens and war veterans land certificates as rewards for service. The community of Old Franklin became headquarters for surveyors working in north-east Texas. By 1838 they had begun their work because many certificate holders wanted to claim their land almost immediately. Once the surveyors had located and surveyed the land it would become the settlers' responsibility to defend their new homes.

Although the Indians certainly resented the white hunters who killed the game the Indians depended on, the appearance of surveyors posed a greater threat. Surveyors meant that additional settlers would soon follow, and then more and more whites would arrive, fill the land, and kill more game. The October 8, 1838, engagement was a direct result of the Indians' attempt to retard the onslaught of white civilization.

Earlier, in the spring of 1838, surveying parties had been attacked



The Battle Creek Participants: Who and How Many?

It perhaps will always be arguable as to the identity and number of white men in the surveying party engaged in the October 8, 1838, battle against the Kickapoos.

Only two of the men, Walter P. Lane and William F. Henderson, ft a written record of the momentous event.

Henderson's account was first published in 1860 in the *Navarro xpress* and was later reprinted in Annie Carpenter Love's *History of avarro County.* Henderson was a twenty-one-year-old surveyor in 338.

Walter Paye Lane was of the same age when the fight occurred but was severely wounded in the fight, at times losing consciousness. n May 18, 1885, he wrote a lengthy letter to historian James T. eShields, telling of the fight. In this letter, almost forty-seven years ter the battle, he admitted: "...it has been so long ago I have forgot- n most of the incidents." He inaccurately gave the date as ptember 8, 1838, not October 8. He also gave the number in the rveying party as twenty-two men and a boy. At the age of seventy, recorded his memoirs in *The Adventures and Recollections of eneral Walter P. Lane: A San Jacinto Veteran* (1887; reprint, mberton Press, Austin, Texas, 1970). At times the Henderson and e Lane accounts disagree; thus, with no outside corroboration it is npossible to determine which is accurate.

Lane stated there were twenty-three in the party organized at anklin. Although he does not mention Love and Jackson being sent ck to Franklin, they were, thus reducing the original twenty-three twenty-one. At no point does Lane attempt to identify all the men the group.

Henderson, in contrast, does list them by name. The twenty-four mes are listed in Annie Carpenter Love's *History of Navarro ounty:*

William F. Henderson
Walter P. Lane
Samuel T. Allen
Asa Mitchell
John Baker
Euclid Cox
James Smith
Thomas Smith
Richard Davis
William M. Love
William Jackson
William Trimier
Rodney Wheeler
Baker
Violet
Ingram
Neil
Jones
Fikes (about eighty-eight years old)
Hard
McLaughlin
Thomas

Coninued on p. 23...

twelve or fourteen miles south of Corsicana. A man named Barry was killed in one engagement, while in another skirmish a man named Holland and a Richard Sparks lost their lives. In spite of the obvious danger to small groups leaving the rudimentary settlements, William F. Henderson, later a leading citizen of Corsicana, formed a surveying party to locate lands in what is now the southwest portion of Navarro County. There were less than thirty men in the group, although the exact number and the identity of some is open to question. Although Henderson organized the party, apparently James C. Neil, Sr., was considered "captain."

Once they arrived in the general area to be surveyed, the men felt fairly secure, perhaps because of their numbers. They made camp at a spring some two miles northwest of what later became known as Battle Creek. Here the surveyors met a large number of Indians, mainly Kickapoos, who were hunting buffalo. The Kickapoos, some of whom had a rudimentary command of English, professed friendship but also expressed their opposition to the whites surveying what they considered their lands. They warned the surveyors that nearby Comanches would kill them if they did not leave. Although their initial gestures were ostensibly friendly, their later actions proved the contrary.

Nevertheless, Henderson's group began surveying. After a day or two of preliminary work it was discovered that one of the compass needles had lost its magnetism rendering it useless. William M. Love and a man named Jackson were sent back to Franklin, then the Navarro County seat, for a magnet to recharge the needle. Thus the group was reduced by two men. Love advised his companions that during their absence the surveyors should hunt with the Kickapoos, not because they needed the meat but to develop a "friendship" with them. The hunt would move them westward, allowing surveyors to continue their work with the Kickapoos out of the immediate area. Love's urgings

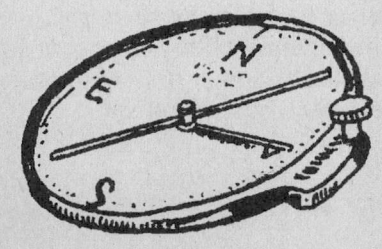
were ignored.

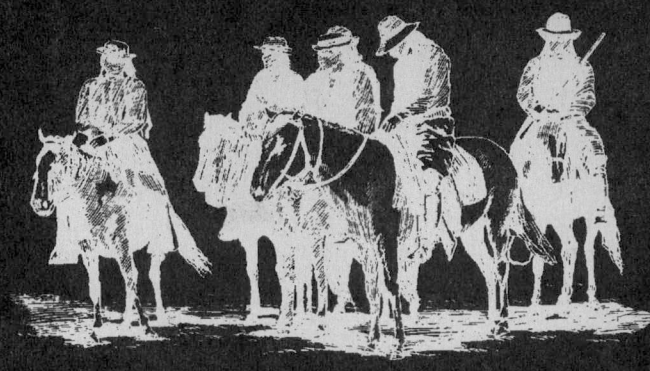
The following morning the Henderson party began additional surveying, at the same time being quite aware that some of the Indians were intently following their movements. One of them was heard to comment of the surveying instrument, "It is god's eye!" Another overheard comment was, "Is that a mile?" Obviously, the Kickapoos were well aware of what these white intruders were doing.

Their knowledge of surveying allowed them to prepare an effective ambush. Surveyor Walter Paye Lane later recorded, "They knew where we had made a corner the evening before and knew that we would go back there to commence work."

Later that morning, between nine and ten o'clock, the surveying party was fired upon by a group of forty Indians hidden in a ravine, some hundred feet away. Although several horses were killed and wounded and several men were also wounded, Captain Neil, not to be intimidated, charged them. The Indians were routed from the ravine, but the trap had been sprung. About one hundred additional Kickapoos now rushed to join those who initially opened fire. At the same time another large party of mounted Indians charged upon the surveyors from the rear. Neil and his men managed to return fire and retreat at the same time to an area of brush and trees which could provide them some protection. The men had found some safety in a ravine, although surrounded on all sides. Besides some of the surveyors being wounded, the Indians had killed or wounded most of the whites' horses to further impede any possible escape.

This opening round in the battle had begun in mid-morning; the sur-





Barton
Earle

Harry McCorry Henderson, the son of William F. Henderson, prepared a detailed version of the fight, which was published in the *Southwestern Historical Quarterly* in 1952. He concluded there were eighteen killed in the battle. Seven escaped and two were absent, thus numbering the total group at twenty-seven. This does not agree with his father's version.

In 1881 the sons of Euclid Cox arranged for a monument to be erected. The monument, located on State Highway 31, southwest of Dawson, lists the following men as being killed in the fight:

Euclid M. Cox
Tom Barton
Sam Allen
Ingraham
Davis
J. Hard
Asa T. Mitchell
J. Neal
Wm. Tremier
Spikes
J. Bullock
N. Barker
A. Houston
P. M. Jones
James Jones
Dave Clark
Jos. P. Jones

The men listed as having escaped are:

Walter P. Lane
William F. Henderson
Violett
Button
Smith

John Henry Brown, author of *Indian Wars and Pioneers of Texas* (1892, L.E. Daniell, Austin; facsimile, State House Press, Austin, 1988), had the opportunity to converse with both Lane and Henderson. He wrote that the "entire body consisted of twenty-four men and one boy." None of the available accounts give a name for the "boy."

veyors would be pinned down until about midnight. Euclid M. Cox, apparently among the best shots in the group, made a brave stand behind a tree and did considerable damage to the Indians. Nevertheless, at one point when he was firing a Kickapoo bullet found his spine. Lane, one of the few survivors to record memoirs of the battle, recalled, "I dropped my gun, ran up the bank and pulled him down. He was mortally wounded, and died in two hours."

A man identified by Lane only as Davis had an excellent horse and believed he could escape and bring help to his comrades. He was quickly circled by the Indians and killed before he even got out of sight of his comrades. A small group of Indians, not actually participants but who had heard the firing and stopped to watch, gathered just out of range and repeatedly called out, "Come to Kickapoo! Kickapoo good Indian!" Their sign language indicated friendship, and one of the surveyors, an eighty-two-year-old named Spikes, ventured out in a false hope they were sincere and would offer some relief. Spikes rode out to test the Indians' sincerity and was quickly killed.

As the night became darker the surveyors determined to make a break for better cover, less than half a mile distant. The wounded were placed on the three surviving horses and the dangerous venture began.

The distance was not great but the Indians were determined not to let the whites escape. Pressed from the rear and both sides, the wounded were quickly dispatched when their horses were shot down. Neil was wounded and managed to be lifted onto a horse. Moments later the horse and Neil both fell. One hundred yards from the brush and cover, Lane was shot in the leg below the knee, shattering the bone but not completely breaking the leg.

Only Lane, Henderson, a man named Burton (or Button), Thomas I. Smith, and a man named Violet managed to reach safety. Lane, Henderson, and Burton were together in one group while the others became separated. In the darkness they maintained silence while the Indians searched for them. The trio managed to find some relief from the creek water, hiding themselves on a small, brush-covered island the next day. They frequently could hear the Indians searching for them.

By 1844-45 surveying of this area of the state had been effectively completed.

When night came again the three men emerged from their hiding place. Lane attempted to stand but the agony caused him to faint. When he regained consciousness he heard Burton and Henderson debating whether he should be left or should be taken with them. Henderson insisted on taking the wounded Lane, no matter what. Lane was filled with a sense of outrage and declared he would, after soundly cursing Burton, with the help of God and Henderson, survive the ordeal.

Three days later Lane, Henderson, and Burton managed to reach Tehuacana Springs, more dead than alive. At the springs they found a group of friendly Kickapoos and their families. The trio, upon being asked about their miserable appearance, said they had been in a fight with Ionies. This "little white lie" had the desired effect and they were treated to water and food by the Kickapoos. Lane's leg even received some medical attention from the Kickapoo women.

After some time regaining their strength they started to Franklin. Shortly thereafter they were met by Love and Jackson, returning with the repaired magnet, ignorant of the terrible ordeal their fellow surveyors had endured.

At Tehuacana Springs they found Violet, who had managed to survive virtual starvation—by eating grasshoppers and berries—and a broken thigh for six days. He was taken into Franklin where he was nursed back to health. At Franklin a group was organized to return to the battlefield to bury the dead. While the survivors were struggling to reach safety, their dead companions were being consumed by wolves. A mass grave provided the final resting place for the meager remains. The grave remained unmarked until a monument was erected in 1881 through the efforts of Euclid Cox's children.

Estimates of the numbers of Kickapoos and other Indians engaged in this fight ranged up to three hundred. Many were armed with rifles. Lane estimated the Indians' loss at about eighty. Euclid M. Cox, who had stood so bravely behind a tree, was credited with having killed at least eight of the raiders before receiving a shot in the spine.

By 1844-45 surveying of this area of the state had been effectively completed. The Indians had been pushed back farther, their livelihood being diminished in the eastern half of the state. Some tribes were practically wiped out completely.

She Devil's Mistress

Author's Photo
A portrait of Pearl DeVere (back) and an unidentified sister hangs in the Old Homestead Museum in Cripple Creek, Colorado.

By Cindy K. Keen

When Pearl DeVere rode She Devil through the streets of Cripple Creek, Colorado, people on boardwalks stopped and stared. In a town full of lustful, lonely men, the sensuous beauty created quite a stir. She Devil, a large horse who spooked at the slightest provocation, drew an equal amount of curiosity. The animal's spirited exploits were well known and no one dared ride her.

No one except Pearl, who envisioned the dare as a golden opportunity. Gowned lavishly with her long lashes aflutter and a feathered derby hat perched jauntily on her dyed auburn curls, the petite woman rode sidesaddle through the rowdy mining town. Risking delicate tooth and limb, she controlled the skittish horse the best she could, believing the danger worthwhile.

She wanted attention—pure and simple. And by the townspeople's gasps of surprise and muttered comments, she knew she'd gotten it.

In a day and age when ladies of the evening lived hard and died young, Pearl was extremely well preserved at age thirty-one. Before she came to Cripple Creek in 1893, she'd already established herself as a prostitute in Denver and according to the *Rocky Mountain News,* was quite wealthy and well-known as Mrs. Ed Martin.

But the silver panic in Denver had begun to shut down the city's finances and Pearl planned to capitalize on the major gold boom near Pike's Peak. She divorced her husband and came to Cripple Creek, which was minting millionaires by the dozens. Additionally, the town boasted exclusive department stores rivaling even the best found in Colorado Springs and Denver. Businesses included a stock exchange, several banks, newspapers, men's clubs, lodges, and union organizations. Previously, two stage lines brought people into the gold camp, and now three railroad lines served the area—the Florence and Cripple Creek, the Midland Terminal, and the Corley Mountain Railway. Chugging steam engines not only transported gold ore from Cripple Creek, they delivered scores

of wealthy cattlemen, merchants and investors into town and more new customers for Pearl.

Pearl quickly established her business in a small frame house on Myers Avenue and became a prominent denizen of Cripple Creek's tenderloin. Her profits allowed her to purchase a single-seated phaeton with clanking chains on spinning red wheels and a team of prancing blacks, so she left She Devil in Welty's Livery for some other courageous individual to hire. In her shiny carriage, she continued her daily rides through town, appearing in stylish costumes and attracting even more attention.

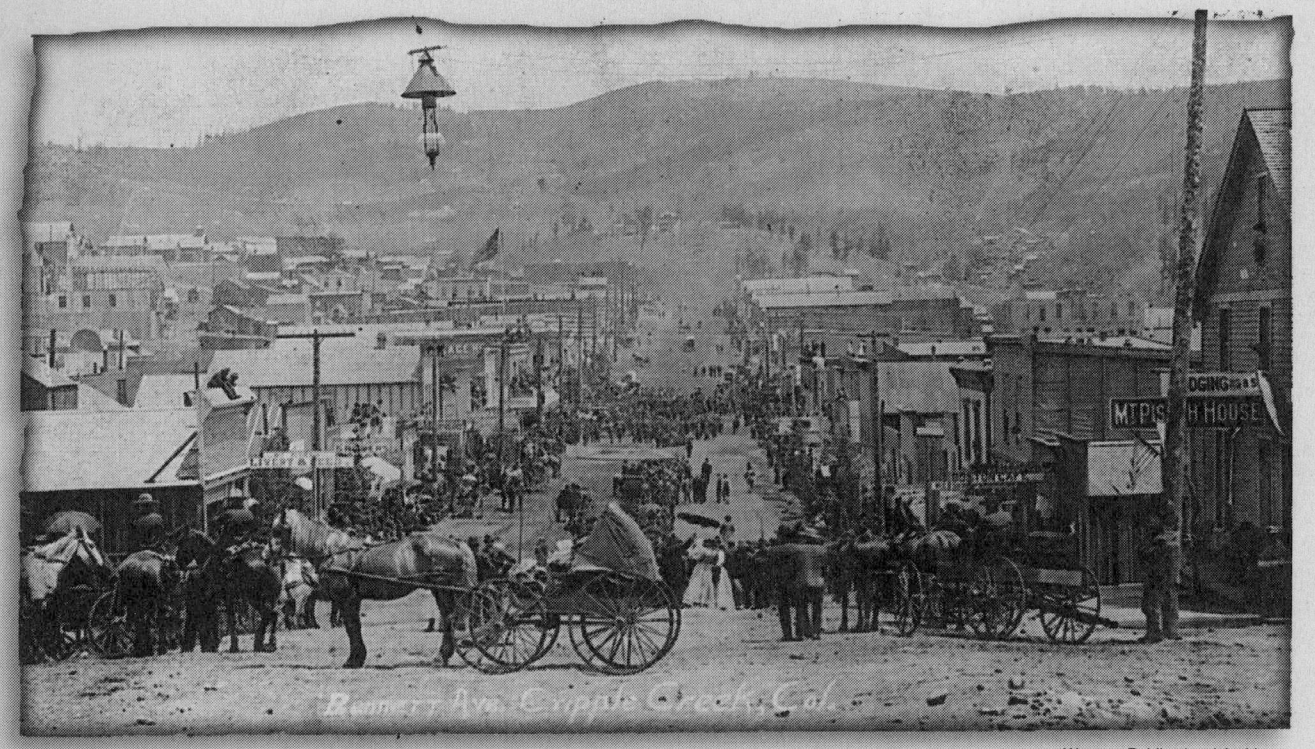
either a hot curling iron or a spilled kerosene stove. Either way, the most important thing on everyone's minds was how to stop the fire which rapidly swept through the dry timbers of the city buildings.

While a cloud of thick, heavy smoke billowed over the red-light district, two big Percherons, Mandy and Bess, galloped down the street, pulling the clanging fire engine. The fire hose failed to douse the raging inferno. Before long, Pearl's house was burned to the ground, though the lady herself escaped.

Firefighters dynamited strategic areas in the path of the flames and finally got control of the disaster,

Flynn's mill also burned in the fire, ruining him financially. He decided to return to his former job of smelting iron and steel and accepted a position in Monterey, Mexico.

Pearl refused to go with her husband. She stayed in Cripple Creek, while the industrious citizens put the city back in order. Gathering her resources, she quickly rebuilt her parlor house on Myers Avenue. The red brick building was bigger and better than her last place, and she named it the Old Homestead. Pearl gave it a unique identity by patterning it after a Parisian bordello and filling it with imported goods from around the world.



Western Publications' Archives

Bennett Avenue in Cripple Creek, Colorado, around 1893.

One miner in particular, a local mill owner named C.B. Flynn, couldn't get Pearl off his mind. The two were married in 1895. The newlyweds, however, wouldn't enjoy extended happiness. On a mild spring afternoon in April 1896, shortly after their nuptials, calamity struck.

A fire broke out in the Central Dance Hall located in the red-light district not far from Pearl's place. Differing historical accounts state the conflagration was caused by

but not before it consumed most of the town. As if one fire hadn't already brought Cripple Creek to its knees, four days later, another blaze roared through town, destroying the undamaged sections. This time only a few scattered shanties remained standing.

The fabulous goldfield lay in complete ruin leaving only cinders, ashes, and dreams, dreams Pearl refused to abandon, even though her own place had been reduced to a heap of smoldering rubble.

At first glance, its modest appearance barely hinted at the exotically furnished interior, or the lascivious activities occurring inside. Nevertheless, Pearl's reputation as a gracious and accommodating madam escalated and she became famous for her talented boarders.

The new two-story building had a grand entry with a cranberry swirl light and a carved wooden banister along the wide staircase. It held a large kitchen, a dining room decorated with delicate European wallpa-

per costing $134 a roll, and a housekeeper's quarters beyond that. Two parlors graced the structure—a front room and a music room, complete with a large piano. Sliding doors between the rooms could be closed for privacy during parties, or in case a gentleman didn't want to be seen in the outer section.

The house also boasted the most up-to-date amenities, including electricity, an Edison standard phonograph, an intercom system, a telephone, and wonder of wonders, two bathrooms complete with running water. Pearl spared no costs and decorated with ornate furnishings of hand-carved rosewood and silk dressing screens from Japan.

Under Pearl's expert direction, the Old Homestead quickly rose to fame. It even reached the heights of sophisticated European brothels, most notably the *Trois Moulins* in Paris. A highly educated woman, Pearl's cleverness extended to the law. Despite its prolific nature, prostitution was illegal in Colorado, but she managed to avoid prosecution.

In the city directory, she had herself listed as "proprietress" of the Old Homestead. Her girls were never allowed to do their shopping downtown except on Monday mornings between 8 AM and 11 AM, when respectable wives were home doing laundry. Pearl saw that her girls abided by a city ordinance for prostitutes, which included monthly doctor visits. Afterward, they presented clean bills of health at city hall and paid their fines. The girls shelled out $16 a month and Pearl, as the madam, paid $40. If one of her boarders got caught downtown at the wrong place and the wrong time, city hall fined Pearl an extra $6.

Despite the extensive maneuverings involved in keeping the Old Homestead in operation, Pearl and her shapely employees continued in the business of pleasure. Gentlemen felt safe kicking up their heels at the Old Homestead at night, then moving through society's highest circles the next day, avoiding the gossips' wagging tongues.

There were already several brothels in town, so Pearl's competition remained fierce. Despite that challenge, the Old Homestead became so popular that businessmen from Denver and Colorado Springs chartered trains to the remote mountain town and spent weekends there.

However, Pearl's exclusive, discriminating services cost a pretty penny. She allowed only the wealthiest businessmen at her place, requiring that they first fill out an application and produce a letter of introduction before she'd consider them. Then she placed them on a waiting list and carefully investigated their finances to determine whether they could indeed afford her handsome prices. If a gentleman didn't qualify, she suggested he find his enjoyment in one of the other numerous sporting houses or cribs. If, however, she deemed him

Western Publications' Archives

Myers Avenue in Cripple Creek, Colorado, around 1896.

chairs, brocade fainting couches, hand-painted China spittoons, velvet draperies with Battenburg lace sheers from France, Venetian glass chandeliers, black walnut tables from Germany, carpets from Iran, and much more.

Pearl claimed the largest and most comfortable of the five upstairs bedrooms for herself. The furnishings on the upper floor included Battenburg lace bedspreads, English carpet, marble-top dressers, brass beds, imported satin dresser scarves,

worthy, Pearl invited him into her domain.

Upon a gentleman caller's first visit, he was ushered past Inda Allen, the housekeeper at the front door. Pearl encouraged him to choose a lady from her parlor and view her, disrobed, through a plate glass window in an upstairs room. If the gentleman declined the lady's company, Pearl offered to let him choose another. Thus the process continued until he was satisfied his money would be well spent on a lovely and compliant female companion.

Most men who went to Pearl's didn't seem to mind the high prices. From their thick, expensively-tooled leather wallets, they eagerly produced enough money to eat the fine food and drink the free-flowing champagne. Spending time with one of the courtesans started at $50. However, if a gentleman wanted to have dinner and stay the entire night, he paid $250.

Pearl's exploits at the Old Homestead remained undocumented, leaving room in the newspapers to report more acceptable events. However, Pearl's loyal customers didn't mind her lack of respectability and they continued to shower her with expensive gifts. In the spring of 1896, rumors began to fly about Pearl's new admirer who had recently struck it rich in Poverty Gulch. He planned, the gossips noted, to sponsor a magnificent ball at the Old Homestead.

On Friday, June 5, Pearl's expansive parlors were turned into a tropical garden with imported orchids, gardenias, acacias, and mimosa shipped from Mexico. Cases of French champagne, Russian caviar, and crates of wild Alabama turkey arrived by express. Two of the finest orchestras from Denver were hired to play the latest cakewalks, schottisches, and two-steps.

Historical accounts of the following events vary according to the source. The most documented version, however, is supported by a newspaper article in the June 6, 1897, Colorado Springs' *Gazette Telegraph*. It reported that Pearl descended from her room the evening of June 5, dressed in a magnificent, eight-hundred-dollar Parisian gown made of shell-pink chiffon encrusted with sequins and seed pearls. Everything seemed to be going perfect, and her spirits were high. But at some point late that night, Pearl quarreled with the rich patron who'd funded the brilliant affair. The gentleman excused himself, explaining he had pressing business, and left on the next train to Denver. The party had pitched to a full swing when Pearl, who had imbibed too much alcohol, complained that she felt "all unstrung" and asked Maud Stone, one of her girls, to go upstairs and sleep in her room with her.

Maud awoke at 10 AM the next morning and found Pearl stretched out on her face, fully dressed and breathing heavily. Unable to rouse the madam, she immediately summoned a Dr. Hereford. The physician quickly arrived and examined Pearl—now in a comatose state. After finding an empty morphine bottle on the bureau, the physician assumed that the madam, who was accustomed to taking morphine in order to sleep, had mistakenly consumed an overdose.

Dr. Hereford stayed with the frail madam for hours, trying to revive her. But the overdose had been administered so long ago that his efforts elicited no response. According to medical practices of the day, Dr. Hereford would have tried to get her up and walking and offer her strong coffee. When that didn't work, he most likely pumped her stomach, gave her a hypodermic injection of strychnine, applied heat, and finally attempted artificial respiration. Nothing worked. Pearl finally succumbed to respiratory failure at 3 PM on June 6, 1897.

Author's Photo

The Old Homestead Museum in Cripple Creek, Colorado.

At the young age of thirty-five, Pearl DeVere, notorious mistress of the Old Homestead, lay dead. Authorities took her body to the dimly lit back room of Fairley Bros. and Lampman's funeral parlor, then Coroner Marlowe arrived to conduct an inquest. Afterward, the undertaker tried his best to wash the brassy red dye from Pearl's long hair, but it only faded to a horrid pink. Authorities wired Pearl's relatives of her death—J. L. Well, her schoolmarm sister in Evansville, Indiana, and her husband, C.B. Flynn in Mexico.

All of Cripple Creek's newspapers carried the tragic headlines. The story even ran on the front page of the *Gazette-Telegraph*, shocking the citizens when they saw the obituary of a half-world inmate in the middle of the front page.

A deputy sheriff took possession of the Old Homestead, forced all the girls to move out, and placed a guard over the valuables. One historical account states that Pearl, who had been so free-spending in life, wound up bankrupt in death and the town needed funds to bury her. Other accounts say she was far from bankrupt and that she died owning property and money.

Either way, Pearl's death set in motion a series of events. Her sister, a thin, sharp-nosed woman, finally arrived from the East to claim Pearl's body and make funeral arrangements. However, when she discovered Pearl had been the madam of the fanciest house of ill-repute in Cripple Creek, fury consumed her. For years, she and her mother believed Pearl was a fashionable dressmaker, the designer of "DeVere Gowns" for the wives of Cripple Creek's millionaires. Other accounts say that Pearl's family believed she was a milliner, creating

stylish women's hats. Either way, the eastern woman called her sister a "harlot," disowned her on the spot, then flounced out of the mortuary, slamming the door so hard it rattled the walls.

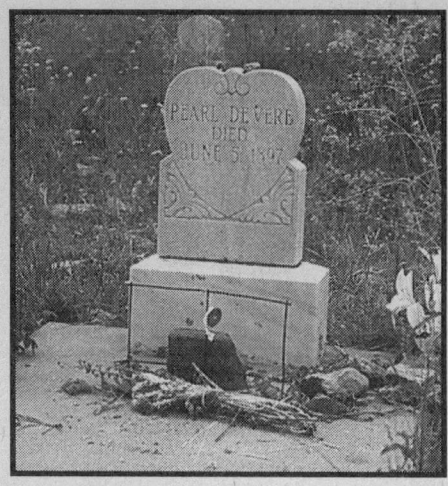
The whole town erupted with outrage at the knowledge that Pearl's family refused to claim her body. The editor of the *Times* declared "Cripple Creek can bury its own dead!," and Johnny Nolan, owner of the camp's biggest gambling hall, started a movement to auction off Pearl's Parisian ball gown "and give the little girl the finest funeral that money can buy."

Plans were put into motion to auction the shell-pink gown. However, before it could be sold, Fairley Bros. and Lampman received a mysterious, unsigned letter postmarked from Denver that contained a thousand dollars in crisp new bills to cover all burial costs. The letter only requested that Pearl be laid to rest in her elegant ball gown.

Pearl's funeral was one of the most elaborate in Cripple Creek history. Sweeping crowds of people arrived late one afternoon to watch the procession, even the good ladies of the town who had refused to speak with Pearl while she lived. The Elks band, headed by Joe Moore, took the lead, playing the "Death March." Next, a heavily draped hearse carried Pearl's lavender coffin, nearly hidden by a cascade of red and white roses. Behind that, a man walked solemnly beside Pearl's empty rig with the shiny red wheels and the span of black horses. A large cross of shell-pink carnations rested against the seat.

Four mounted police came down the avenue after that, pushing back the crowd to make way for the lodge members in bright red fezzes, feathered helmets, and gold braided scabbards. Last but not least, buggies filled with thickly veiled women trailed along behind—Pearl's friends from the row.

They marched down Bennett Avenue to the edge of town and followed the narrow road to Mount Pisgah graveyard. There the mourners gathered around a freshly-dug



Author's Photo

The final resting place of Pearl DeVere in Cripple Creek, Colorado.

grave. Once the sermon ended, pallbearers lowered Pearl's flower-laden casket into the ground and Joe Moore's cornet threaded the air with the strains of "Good-bye, Little Girl, Good-bye." Afterward, Pearl's friends threw back their veils and laughed merrily, then the entire procession headed toward town in a jolly mood. The band suddenly burst out with the rollicking strains of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

Hazel Vernon succeeded Pearl as madam of the Old Homestead and the place stayed in operation as a house of prostitution until 1916. After that, it was used as a gambling house, then a rooming house, and later as a residence for several families. For many years after that, Pearl's dream house stood alone and unoccupied on Myers Avenue, a mute testament to Cripple Creek's rowdier days. The city finally preserved it as the Old Homestead Museum. It opened on June 2, 1958, complete with original antiques and knowledgeable tour guides.

Accounts vary about what happened the night of Pearl's overdose. Some claim the despondent madam committed suicide because she'd been jilted by her millionaire lover, some suggest high debts caused her to take her life. Still others suggest she'd merely had a taxing evening and accidentally took too much morphine.

One thing is certain, however. Strangely enough, all Teller County, Colorado, death certificates and coroners reports dated from 1897 through 1899 are missing. Pearl's included. It's as if even in death, the madam wanted to maintain a certain shroud of mystery about herself.

Nevertheless, the townspeople never forgot her. In the late 1950s, they campaigned to replace her simple wooden grave marker with something more permanent. The Wilhelm Monument Company donated a heart-shaped stone of white marble which simply says, "Pearl De Vere. Died. June 5, 1897."

In 1977, eighty years after Pearl's death, the townspeople dressed in period clothing and re-enacted Pearl's famous funeral, using a wagon piled with flowers as the madam's "hearse." One resident, touched by Pearl's tragic story, wrote a musical that actors performed on the stage of the old Palace Hotel.

Today, one hundred years after Pearl's untimely death, a concrete slab covers her grave to protect it from vandals. Wild roses ring the area, dropping their delicate petals in a soft blanket over the madam's final resting place. Pearl still has admirers who leave tokens of their devotion—a champagne bottle, candles, coins, bouquets of wild flowers, and even a poem. The poignant verses speak of her graciousness, her generosity, and the sadness of her passing. But the final lines explain beautifully how one soiled dove touched the soul of a dear friend.

I see you in the rain;
I feel you when the sun
Dances on the water;
I hear your laugh
In the breeze;
I smell your perfume
In the yellow roses;
I keep you in my heart
And I promise you
You will never be forgotten
Goodbye, Pearl, goodbye.
Lovingly,
J.M.S.

TRUE WEST LEGENDS:

The Clements Brothers

"That galaxy of shooting stars which reddened the cowtown firmament in the eighteen- seventies included Ben and Billy Thompson, Gyp, Joe, Jim, and Mannen Clements...John Wesley Hardin...—to pick offhand but a few of the scores who won sixgun immortality." —*Stuart N. Lake*, Wyatt Earp: Frontier Marshal.

May 30, 1843—James Clements is born.

February 26, 1845—Emanuel Clements, usually referred to as Mannen or Manning, is born.

May 14, 1854—John Gibson "Gib" or "Gip" Clements is born.

December 1, 1849—Joseph Hardin Clements is born. While barely a teenager, Joe is the first to enlist in the Confederate Army. He is captured in Arkansas and held prisoner until paroled in April 1863. He returns home to Texas.

July 27, 1862—Jim Clements enlists in Company E, Elmore's Regiment, Texas Cavalry, and serves in Texas throughout the war.

October 1, 1862—Mannen Clements enlists in the First Texas Volunteer Cavalry in Goliad County.

June 3, 1866—Mannen marries Mary Ann "Mollie" Robinson in Gonzales County. They will have two children, Emanuel, or "Mannie," and Sarah, or "Sallie."

Following the war the Clements brothers carry on their father's business, perhaps working the same ranch developing the herds. During this turbulent period of Reconstruction, many young men ran afoul of carpetbag government.

1868—Mannen is charged with aggravated assault and battery. Pleading guilty only to simple assault, he refuses to pay the fine and is jailed, apparently for only a brief period.

August 4, 1870—Joe Clements marries Sarah Amanda Jane Tennille in Gonzales County. They will have two children, Amanda and George Culver.

1870—Mannen is twice indicted for theft of beef, but both cases are dismissed. Later in the same year he is charged with grand larceny. Nothing comes of the charge. In October and December, Mannen is arrested for theft; the results of the charges is unknown. Evidence suggests some of these charges were trumped up by enemies.

January, 1871—John Wesley Hardin, running from the law and headed for Mexico, stops in Gonzales County to visit his cousins for the first time. As Hardin biographer Leon C. Metz recorded, they took to each other "like sweetcorn and butter." Rather than continue his flight, Hardin decides to become a cowboy and joins the Clements brothers gathering herds to drive to Kansas markets.

March 1, 1871—The Clements brothers, Hardin, and other Gonzales County cowboys head north to Abilene, Kansas. On what Hardin would later call the Newton Prairie, trouble erupts between the Clements' herds and a herd driven by a boss herder identified by Hardin as Hosea. The trouble ends with the shooting deaths of six *vaqueros*. Hardin claims five and Jim Clements receives credit for the sixth victim. Apparently the Mexican herd is assimilated into the Clements' herds. This is Jim Clements' first known victim, while Hardin is approaching his twentieth.

July 10, 1871—Mannen Clements kills two of his herders, Joseph and Adolphus Shadden. Mannen later claimed they refused to work and attempted to kill him, and he acted in self defense. Later, in Texas, he is accused of murdering them both while they slept. It is never determined just how or why the Shaddens had to die. Joseph and Adolphus become Mannen's first known victims.

Summer 1871—Gib Clements and Wes Hardin are forced to flee Abilene, Kansas, after Hardin kills, possibly by accident, a man "for snoring."

June 1871—Jim Clements returns home from the Kansas trip. He courts Anne Caroline Tennille, sister of brother Joe's wife, and the pair are married January 11, 1872. Among the witnesses are brother Gib Clements, Elizabeth Burnett, Fred Duderstadt, and Martelia Billings.

July 25, 1872—Mannen Clements, in company with three others, possibly including brother Jim and Hardin's brother-in-law Brown Bowen, kills Peyton Patterson. Mannen will not be indicted until October 10, 1877. Jim is first charged but is acquitted on

BY CHUCK PARSONS

October 15, 1873. When Bowen is captured in 1877 he implicates Mannen in the death of Patterson.

Late 1872—John Wesley Hardin is jailed in Gonzales, Texas. The Clements brothers, "Bud" McFadden, Benny Anderson, and others storm the jail and break him out.

August 1873—The Sutton-Taylor Feud is raging. The Clements brothers and cousin Hardin all are sympathetic to the Taylors. They are part of a group that surrounds the home of Sutton leader "Captain Joe" Tumlinson in DeWitt County, their intentions being to sneak up on the sleeping enemies and take them by surprise. Barking dogs alert the sleeping Tumlinson force, however, and no pitched battle takes place. The authorities are alerted, and the sheriff and others manage to convince the two parties to sign a treaty of peace in Clinton on August 12. Mannen, Gib, Jim, and Joe Clements all sign, as do Hardin, Jim Taylor, and George Tennille (Jim and Joe's father-in-law). The treaty of peace does not last long. Wiley Pridgen, a Taylor sympathizer, is killed near the end of December. On New Year's Day 1874, Bill Sutton is ambushed but is only wounded.

January 3, 1874—Another peace treaty is signed by members of the opposing factions, including the Clements brothers, Jim Taylor, Bill Taylor, Bill Sutton, and Gabe Slaughter.

March 11, 1874—Cousins Jim and Bill Taylor kill Bill Sutton and Gabe Slaughter at Indianola on the deck of the steamer *Clinton.* No more peace treaties will be signed.

May 1874—The Clements brothers again drive herds north to Kansas markets, this time to Wichita. (Historian Ed Bartholomew tells of the Clements brothers causing Wyatt Earp to run and hide in a house of prostitution. However, another Wichita old-timer told of how the Clements brothers and other cowboys intended to "tree" Wichita and Earp made them put up their guns and forget about doing so. The whole Earp-Clements incident lacks solid documentation

WHY THE CLEMENTS BROTHERS ARE WORTHY OF LEGEND STATUS

In 1931 Stuart N. Lake's pseudo-biography of Wyatt Earp presented the Clements brothers as four of the large "clan" who intended to "tree" Wichita, the shipping point for longhorns in Kansas. Lake placed the Clements brothers in Wichita in 1874, describing them as "hired gunmen." Lake wrote that these cowboys were "noted for six-shooter proficiency" and almost every one "had his boots on at his finish."

According to Lake, the Clements crowd wanted to get rid of Deputy Wyatt Earp; and told Mayor Jim Hope if he didn't fire the deputy then they would get rid of him in their own way. Of course Hope did not fire Earp, thus the Clements crowd, led by Mannen, vowed to take him and then tree the town. Lake described Mannen as "a first-class strategist as well as a fighting man."

Early one morning, according to Lake, Clements led half a hundred cowboys to the bridge on a "six-gun foray into Wichita." Dismounting, for more accurate shooting, Clements had ten men hold the horses while he led his crowd towards the town, but facing him was Wyatt and a handful of townsmen. Lake described how Mannen, with a six-gun in each hand, and his followers faced up to Wyatt who had left his guns in his holsters. But instead of the fifty Texas cowboys easily taking Deputy Earp, Wyatt calmly told Mannen to put up his guns and go back to camp, which Mannen and his crowd did. This was, according to Lake, "one of those inexplicable denouements which won Wyatt Earp his place in Western legend."

But there is no known contemporary account or description of the incident. Certainly such a display of courage—one deputy standing up against fifty well-armed Texas cowboys—would attract considerable newspaper coverage...not only in Kansas but Texas as well.

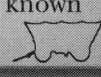
Lake's book was extremely popular and has been kept in print since its 1931 publication. This perhaps explains why the Clements brothers have received considerable attention by historians. In addition, John Wesley Hardin's autobiography has been kept in print, and he describes a number of adventures involving his cousins.

While the story has made the Clements brothers familiar to western buffs, and helped make Earp's name a household word, no evidence of Wyatt even being on the Wichita police force exists. In fact, the earliest mention of Earp being in Wichita is in April 1875.

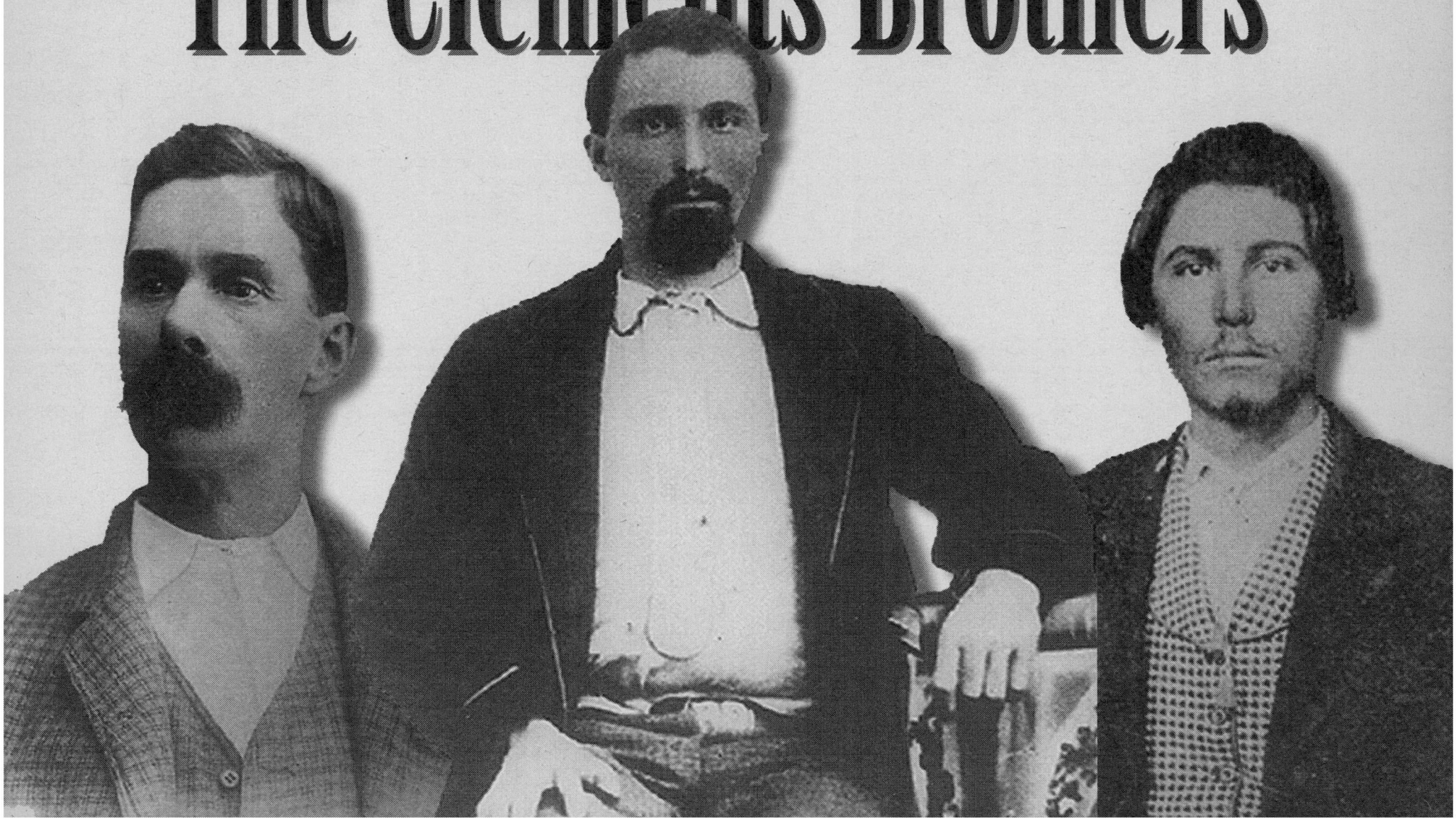
Lake certainly brought the Clements brothers into popular culture, but he didn't give them a fair shake. They deserve better.

The brothers who became well-known to western buffs were but only four of the eleven children that Emanuel and Martha Balch (Hardin) Clements gave to the world. Martha, Margaret (Mannen's twin), and Frances died during infancy. First-born Benjamin died in 1858. William Barnett Clements died of disease on June 22, 1862, while serving in the Confederate army. The other two children were Mary Jane Rebecca and Minerva Elizabeth.

Emanuel and Martha began their lives together and their family in Liberty County while Texas was still a republic. About 1848 the family moved to Limestone County, then later to Gonzales County. Here the father died in 1864 and the mother in 1867. It was while the four Clements brothers were residents of Gonzales County that they became well known to fellow ranchers. Mannen in particular became well known to the law.



True West Legends:
The Clements Brothers



Facing page, from left to right: John Gibson Clements, Mannen Clements, and James Clements. Group photo, front center is Joe Clements with unidentified cowboy friends.

either way. Stuart N. Lake wrote it up in his Earp biography, making it sound true. A similar incident was included in the Kevin Costner film *Wyatt Earp.* Clements biographer Robert W. Stephens wrote: "No such incident ever occurred in Wichita....")

Back in Gonzales County the brothers apparently avoid further troubles with the law or the Sutton followers. By December 11, 1874, all minor court cases, such as "riot" and carrying pistols and gambling, are dismissed against the brothers.

September 1877—Brown Bowen, brother-in-law of the Clements' cousin, John Wesley Hardin, is captured in Florida and charged with the murder of Peyton Patterson. To hopefully lighten his own load he implicates Mannen in the Peyton Patterson killing.

December 19, 1877—Mannen is arrested in Round Rock, Texas, for the murder of Patterson. He is tried on October 18, 1878, and is acquitted of the Patterson killing, although at considerable expense.

1880—Perhaps to get away from all their youthful problems the Clements move west. By 1880 Jim, Joe, and Gib are all ranching in sparsely populated Kimble County, Texas. Mannen is ranching in McCulloch County. Joe and wife Sallie Jane have two children attending school. Jim and Gib are listed in the census as being married but are apparently living as bachelors, perhaps not having yet moved their families from Gonzales County. Mannen is living with his wife and two children, Mannen, Jr., and Sarah Jane, alson known as Sallie.

March 29, 1887—Mannen Clements attempts to prevent violence between Runnels County Texas, Sheriff John M. Formwalt and Deputy Joseph W. Townsend in the Alamo Saloon in Ballinger, Texas. His untimely interference costs him his life. Townsend shoots and kills Mannen with one shot. Mannen is buried in the Cox Cemetery near Brady, Texas. Not long after, Townsend is ambushed but only wounded. It is generally believed that the notorious killer-for-hire James Brown Miller did the shooting. Townsend's arm has to be amputated. This action results in Miller being accepted in the Clements clan. On February 15, 1888, less than a year after her father's death, Mannen's daughter, Sallie, marries Clements' "avenger" Jim Miller. She is sixteen years old.

1880s and 1890s—Jim Clements manages to avoid much of the legal problems in which cousin Wes and brother Mannen become embroiled. His family increases to ten children. However, Jim abuses his wife until she leaves him.

May 22, 1897—Jim Clements is murdered, apparently for his refusal to quit the spousal abuse. Three men—Frank Caffall, Tom Gary, and Wilson Elkins—are charged with the murder but as Clements' body is never found they are released. In all likelihood Jim's brother-in-law, Tom Tennille, was the killer. It is generally accepted that his body is buried in the "four corners" area near Mound Creek, Texas.

March 16, 1927—Joe Clements dies while running a successful ranch in Chavez County, New Mexico. He is buried in South Park Cemetery, Roswell, New Mexico.

November 4, 1929—John Gibson Clements dies. He is buried at Miles, Runnels County, although no stone marks his grave.

WHAT TO READ

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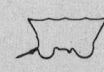
WHERE TO GO

Gonzales, Texas. Although the Clements brothers' home no longer stands, Gonzales is very conscious of its history. Visit the "Old Jail" Museum adjacent to the courthouse for the Clements photograph display.

Cox Cemetery near Brady, Texas. Mannen Clements is buried here. The original handmade stone is barely legible. A second stone was placed at the grave by Robert W. Stephens in 1995.

Abilene and Wichita, Kansas—Two of the trail towns known to have been visited by the Clements brothers. Abilene is especially conscious of its cowtown past and presents an opportunity to "step back" in time. Wichita still operates a thriving stockyard and "cowtown" for interested visitors.



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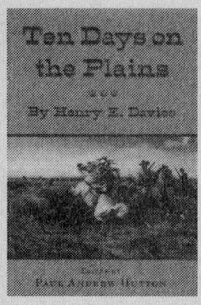
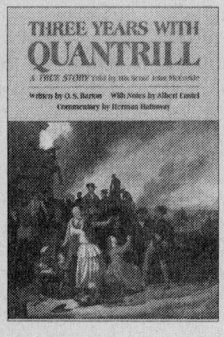
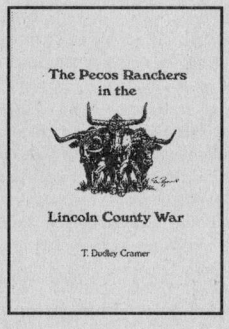


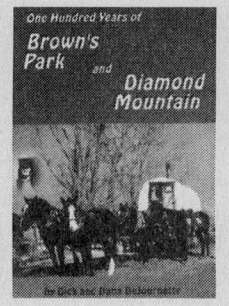
235—TEN DAYS ON THE PLAINS. *By Henry E. Davies; ed. by Paul Andrew Hutton.* Originally published in a limited edition in 1871, this well-illustrated and produced book is an account by Civil War General Henry Davies of a spectacular hunting expedition on the high western plains. Davies features a young scout, William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody, as the central figure in the story of the expedition. 194p. Southern Methodist University Press.
Special Price (limited quantity) **Cloth, $10.98**



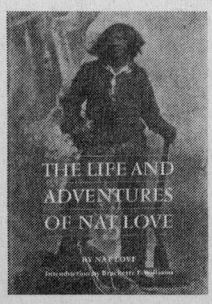
681—THREE YEARS WITH QUANTRILL: A TRUE STORY TOLD BY HIS SCOUT JOHN McCORKLE. *By O.S. Barton.* This famous memoir by McCorkle is the best published account by a scout who "rode with Quantrill." McCorkle displayed an unflinching violent nature while he participated in raids and engagements, including the massacre at Lawrence, Kansas. First published in 1914, this new edition contains a critical introduction and notes. 240p. University of Oklahoma Press.
Paper, $9.95



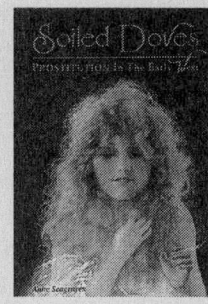
706—THE PECOS RANCHERS IN THE LINCOLN COUNTY WAR. *By T. Dudley Cramer.* Focusing on the Beckwith family, Cramer shares the story of the small ranchers from the Pecos Valley who played a prominent, often misinterpreted role in the Lincoln County War in New Mexico Territory. With rare exception these largely hard-working cattlemen and cowboys sided with the Murphy-Dolan-Riley partisans, believing strongly that the opposing forces of Tunstall-McSween and John Chisum were trying to oust them from the Pecos country. Cramer offers many rare, previously unpublished photos in this important history. 215p. Branding Iron Press.
AUTOGRAPHED! **Paper, $22.95**



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.
Paper, $34.95



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.
Paper, $9.00



532—SOILED DOVES: PROSTITUTION IN THE EARLY WEST. *By Anne Seagraves. Soiled Doves* tells of the grey world of prostitution and the women who participated in the oldest profession. Colorful, if not socially acceptable, these women of easy virtue were a definite part of the early West. Illustrated with many rare photos, this book provides a touching insight into the lives of the ladies of the night. 173p. Wesanne Publications.
Paper, $11.95

700—PRECIOUS DUST: THE SAGA OF THE WESTERN GOLD RUSHES. *By Paula Mitchell Marks.* The discovery of gold in California in 1848 began a boom era that extended over fifty years to include rushes in the Pikes Peak region in Colorado, the Black Hills of South Dakota, Alder Gulch in Montana, and the Yukon. *Precious Dust* provides a colorful human epic of the mad rush to these remote places. "Engrossing saga"—*San Francisco Chronicle.* 448p. University of Nebraska Press.
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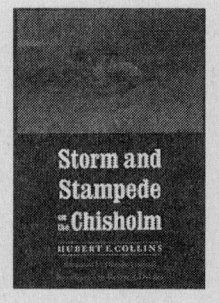

701—STORM AND STAMPEDE ON THE CHISHOLM. *By Hubert E. Collins.* First published in 1928, Collins' autobiography chronicles the young ranch hand's life at the Red Fork Ranch on the banks of the Cimarron River in Indian Territory in the early 1880s. Learning much from rangy cowboys in residence and frontier characters passing through, Hubert enjoyed more adventure than he would ever know again. "Indeed irresistable"—*New York Times.* 332p. University of Nebraska Press.
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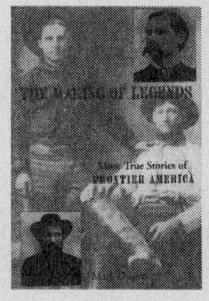
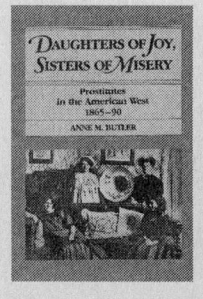


651—THE MAKING OF LEGENDS: MORE TRUE STORIES OF FRONTIER AMERICA. *By Mark Dugan.* In Making of Legends, Mark Dugan focuses on never-before-published stories from the frontier era, proving that actual accounts can be more exciting, moving, and intriguing than anything dreamed up by Hollywood. This well-illustrated collection of eleven tales, including Wyatt and Josies Earp's experiences in the Idaho gold camps, ranges geographically from North Carolina to California. 289p. Ohio University Press.
Paper, $19.95



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Paper, $12.95

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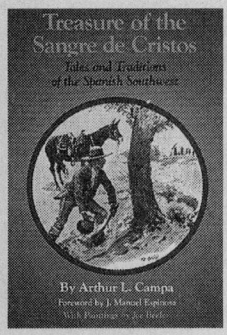
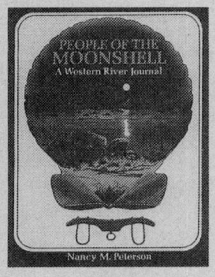


516—TREASURE OF THE SANGRE DE CRISTOS: TALES AND TRADITIONS OF THE SPANISH SOUTHWEST. *By Arthur L. Campa; foreword by J. Manuel Espinosa.* This collection includes stories of silver locked away in outlaw hoards, lost mines stacked with bars of gold, and fabulous Jesuit treasures buried when that order was expelled from New Spain. Not all of these folk treausres are of mineral wealth, however. There are also the legends of the Hermit of Las Vegas and of the lovelorn nun. 223p. University of Oklahoma Press. **Paper, $12.95**



723—PEOPLE OF THE MOONSHELL: A WESTERN RIVER JOURNAL. *By Nancy M. Peterson.* The Indians called their river the Moonshell. The French explorers renamed it, quite aptly, the Platte ("flat" in French). Since that time thousands of pioneers have boated, tracked, traversed, and cursed the Platte en route to their destinations or fates in the Rockies and Far West. Peterson provdes an epic narrative of the people whose lives were shaped to one degree or another, by the Platte. 276p. Renaissance House.
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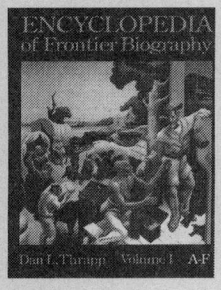

300—ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FRONTIER BIOGRAPHY, VOLUME I: A-F. *By Dan Thrapp.* First of three volumes that comprise a wealth of information about persons who lived on the American frontier. Profiles approximately 4,500 frontier figures. University of Nebraska Press.

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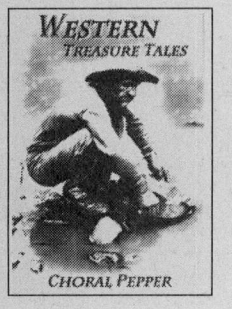

719—WESTERN TREASURE TALES. *By Choral Pepper.* In an easy-flowing narrative, Pepper relates the fascinating stories of eight treasure sites in the West. The tales in this photo-rich collection include the Brazelton, the Blue Bucket, Treasure Mountain, Jarbridge, and others. 146p. University Press of Colorado.
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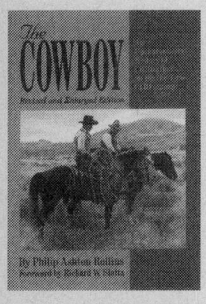

656—THE COWBOY: AN UNCONVENTIONAL HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION ON THE OLD-TIME CATTLE RANGE. *By Philip Ashton Rollins.* Rollins attempts to provide a complete, accurate handbook on the everyday life of the cowboy—trailing, herding, branding, roundup, and horsebreaking. He also discusses tools of the trade and the cowboy's personality, codes, mores, and amusements. This new reprint of the 1936 edition features 31 illustrations, index, and a new chapter. "Highly accurate..."—*Southwest Review.* 432p. University of Oklahoma Press
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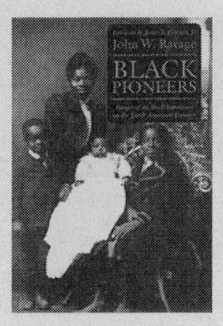

693—BLACK PIONEERS: IMAGES OF THE BLACK EXPERIENCE ON THE NORTH AMERICAN FRONTIER. *By John W. Ravage, Jr.* Richly illustrated, *Black Pioneers* features a phenomenal archive of more than 200 never-before-published photographs that depict the range of African-American experience in the West. The collection of images offers graphic evidence that blacks did not play a limited role in the settlement of the West. 246p. University of Utah Press.
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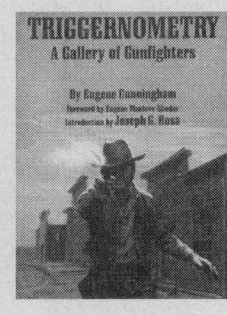

603—TRIGGERNOMETRY: A GALLERY OF GUNFIGHTERS. *By Eugene Cunningham; intro by Joseph G. Rosa.* First published in 1941, Cunningham's long popular volume features biographies of nearly a score of the Old West's most notable gunfighters, including Hardin, the Kid, Hickok, Cassidy, and Horn. A Westerner himself, Cunningham knew firsthand several of the Texas gunfighters profiled in his book. This new edition includes and extensive and updated bibliography by Rosa. 446p. University of Oklahoma Press.
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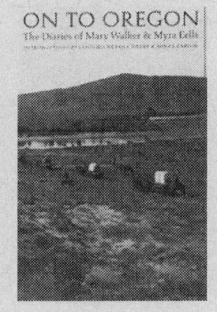

698—ON TO OREGON: THE DIARIES OF MARY WALKER & MYRA EELLS. *By Clifford Merrill Drury and Mina J. Carson.* THe journals of Mary Walker and Myra Eells tell vivdly the overland experiences of two missionary couples, the Walkers and Eellses, in 1838. Just married when the trip began, Mary and Myra rode on horseback from Missouri to Oregon where they and their husbands reinforced the Oregon Mission. They eventually moved north to do missionary work with the Spokane Indians. 384p. University of Nebraska Press.
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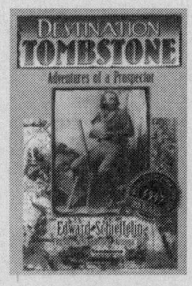

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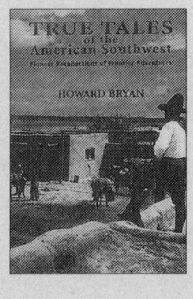

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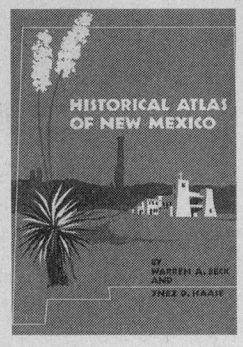

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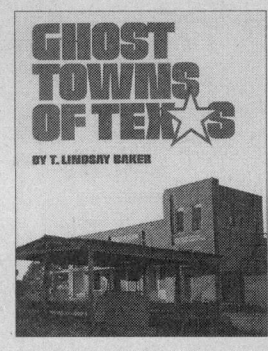

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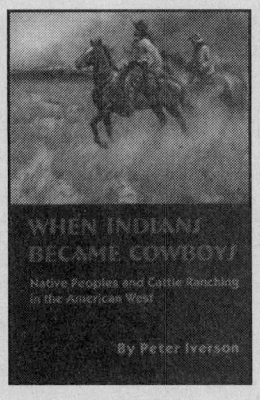

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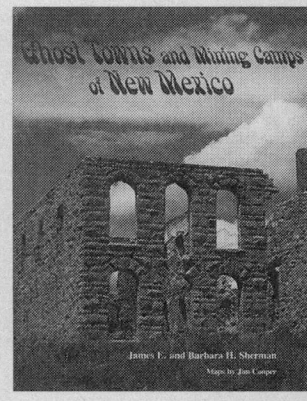

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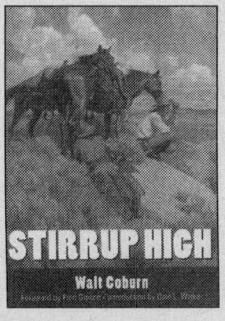

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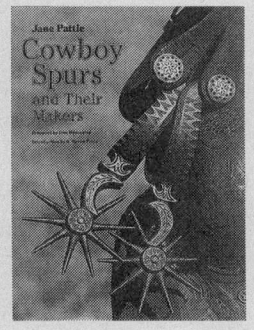
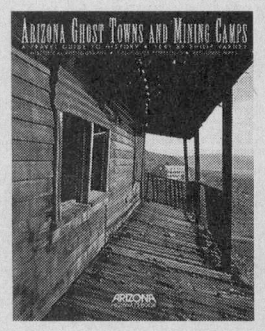


266—COWBOY SPURS AND THEIR MAKERS. *By Jane Pattie.* This large, richly illustrated book tells for the first time the fascinating story of the western folk art of spurs and the artisans who have crafted them. It also gives collectors, professional historians, and westerners a valuable reference for identifying spurs used in Texas and the Southwest. 168p. Texas A&M University Press.

Cloth, $39.95



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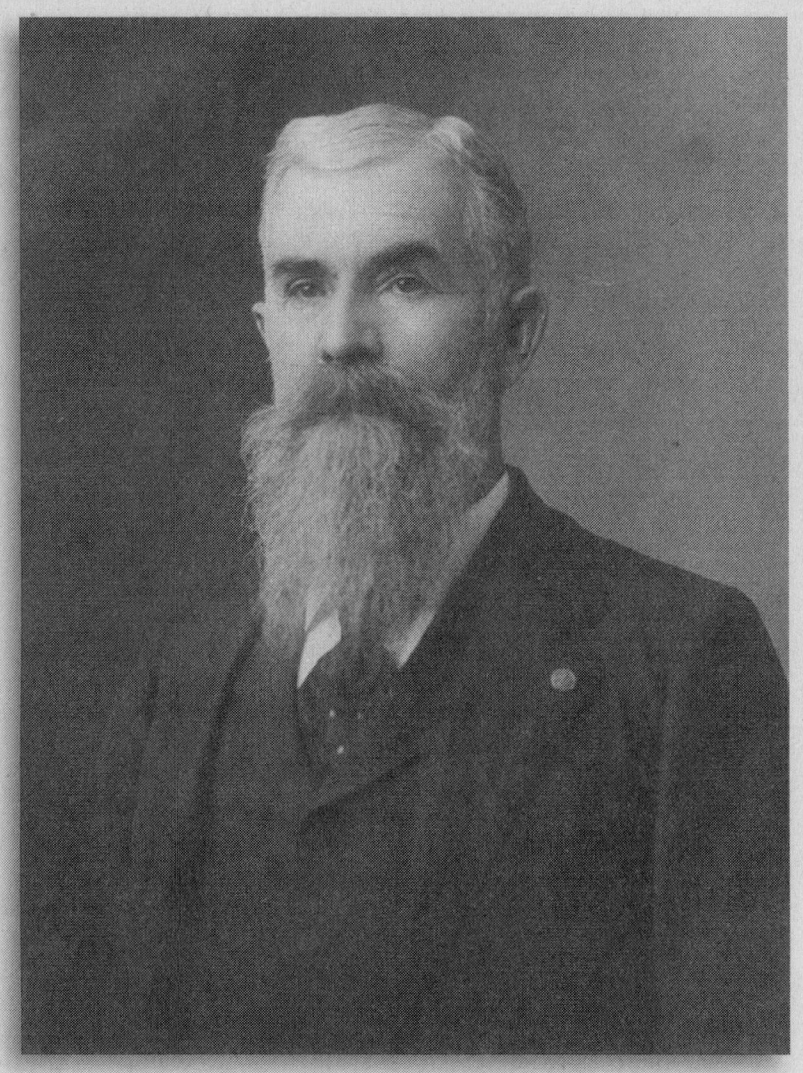
The BIG HOLE Battle



Courtesy Bill Coffee

John B. Catlin served as captain of the civilian volunteers during the Battle of the Big Hole.

Much has been written about the Battle of the Big Hole, August 9 and 10, 1877, in southwestern Montana. However, significant differences between the military and civilian accounts of the battle have been accorded relatively scant attention.

A personal account of the battle, written a few years later by John B. Catlin, captain of the thirty-four civilian volunteers, reveals that Colonel John Gibbon, commander of the Seventh Infantry force, did not want the civilians involved. Yet he ended up relying on the civilian contingent for key duties including scouting and fighting.

Despite the civilians' contributions, Catlin felt that Gibbon failed to give adequate credit to their roles in his official battle report.

Catlin referred to the federal commander as "General Gibbons," adding an "s" and using Gibbon's rank at the time the recollections were written. In his conclusions, Catlin wrote, "I have always regretted that he did not give due credit in his report. For my part, I do not care, but when men fight as my men did, and under the eyes of the General, I think it shabby not to recognize us. I sized it up this way: We were whipped in the Big Hole and there was not glory enough to go around, so the citizens were left out."

Catlin was also critical of

By Paul Fugleberg

Gibbon's battlefield strategy, writing that the army man "had a brilliant war record, but I shall always believe there was mismanagement on his part. In the first place it was bad management on his part to lose valuable time trying to burn lodges that were covered with frost and would not burn. If we whipped the Indians, the lodges could be burned when we had more time for that kind of work.

"Another mistake, and a most serious one, was when we retreated from the field to occupy a new position. I have long since learned to not show my head twice in the same place when an Indian was watching to get a shot at me, and another thing: Never back up, but always go ahead or an Indian will think you are whipped and thus renew his courage.

"I am not bragging when I say that my men were worth three to one of the large portion of the soldiers, who were recruits and had never heard the yell of an Indian.... The little handful of men in my command were heroes, every one of them, and if it had not been for them General Gibbons' command would have been wiped out. All of my men killed were young men, except one, and three of them single. I must have had a charmed life to escape as I did, as Lieut. James H. Bradley was killed at my side early in the engagement, and David Morrow, one of my men, a few minutes later. Every man fought on his own hook, and the one thing that was impressed on my men was to take advantage of shelter where available and to make every shot tell."

Western Publications' Archives

Nez Percé Chief Joseph.

Catlin's undated memoir explains that the civilian volunteer force became involved after word was received in Missoula that Nez Percé Chief Joseph and several hundred of his tribe were headed eastward through Idaho via Lolo Pass. The report stated that "they were killing all white persons whom they encountered, and burning the property of the settlers on every side." While exaggerated, the report did have some basis. Some settlers had been killed in the Sweet Water Valley, property burned, and stock driven off.

Catlin wrote, "Steps were taken to organize local companies at once, for the protection of settlers living in sections of the country through which the Indians would pass."

Companies were organized at Corvallis and Skalkaho, Montana, where Catlin and his family were ranching. Catlin wrote, "I took an active part in organizing the Skalkaho company and was elected captain of the company. I received arms and ammunition from Governor Benjamin F. Potts, Helena. Our guns were the old army Springfields, made over into breechloaders, and were serviceable weapons. The Governor also sent me one thousand rounds of ammunition.

"The fort was being built at Missoula at the time. Captain Charles C. Rawn was in command with three companies of regular soldiers. The citizens of Stevensville repaired to Fort Owen; Corvallis built a sod fort, and Skalkaho built a stockade of logs, and then built a house inside large enough to accommodate the women and children."

However, when Chief Joseph and his group appeared there was no major confrontation. Catlin wrote, "When Joseph met the command of Captain Rawn and a party of citizens of the Lolo, there was a parley for a couple of days and then Joseph pulled out past the troops and traveled up the valley. They took their time going through, traded with the settlers enroute, paying for all they secured.

Author's Photo

Big Hole River runs through the brush thicket on the Big Hole Battlefield in southwestern Montana. The feathers mark where an Indian fell.

Author's Photo

Replica howitzer site where the original cannon was placed before it was overrun by Nez Percé warriors who pushed it down the steep hill.

"When it was found they intended to do no harm, I was perfectly willing to let them go. But a few days later, General Gibbons with a small force had joined Captain Rawn at Missoula, and they at once started in pursuit of the Indians. When they passed our place, a great many of the boys wanted to join the soldiers and wipe out the whole outfit. I opposed this and refused to until the boys insisted, as I had organized a company and having had some experience with Indian fighting, should go and command them."

Catlin finally agreed to "be on hand at sunrise on the following day." Enough volunteers showed up that Catlin assumed command and his company overtook the soldiers the first day.

But they found out that they were not particularly welcome. "We were informed the General did not care to be encumbered with citizens, but we stuck."

Gibbon must have had second thoughts, though. "Just before night," Catlin wrote, "the General sent for me and wanted to know if I had any men in my company that knew the country ahead of us. I told him that we to a man knew every inch of it.

"I was asked to take ten men and cross the hills and see if the Indians had gone over the mountains or were still on our side of the range." The men determined that the Indians had crossed the divide.

When the soldiers caught up to Catlin's men, Gibbon sent out a party to locate the Indians.

"Notwithstanding, Gibbons had no use for the citizens," Catlin recalled, "we were invited to join Lieut. Bradley who had come from Fort Shaw with twenty-five or thirty mounted men. When we started from home we had not less than seventy-five men, but a great many of them became discouraged and thought we would never locate the Indians and had gone home.

"Lieut. Bradley with his thirty or thereabouts men and my command consisting of thirty-four men all told, crossed the divide with Lieut. Bradley in command to locate the Indians."

Darkness set in and the men found slow-going along the trail which was obstructed by lodgepole pines that made it almost impossible to lead their horses through. However, they struggled along until daylight.

"We located the Indians all right...the only thing for us to do was not to let them find us until we could join forces with General Gibbons," wrote Catlin.

Gibbon and his men reached them that night. Again Catlin cited the commander's dislike of civilians, but "for all that he sent his adjutant to see if I could take two men and picket a trail until eleven o'clock at which time he prepared to move on the camp."

Before the attack, Gibbon and some of his officers mapped out strategy and Gibbon planned to send fifty men into the mountains to capture the Indians' horses. Catlin wrote, "Mr. Henry Bostwick, General Gibbons' scout, remarked '...You had better keep your command together; you are not going to fight

Sioux now.' There were but a few sent up the mountain."

Lieutenant William L. English asked Catlin to make a small detail out of his men to go out on the skirmish line. Captain Catlin responded, "My men are here for business and they are ready for anything."

When it was time to make their move, Catlin wrote, "We were called in and a detail was made to take care of our horses." The advance party was led by Lieutenant Bradley with Catlin's men next, followed by Captains Rawn and William Logan.

"The entire command moved opposite the Indians about two o'clock in the morning and waited for daylight. I was asked to detail ten men for picket duty. I refused to make a detail but told the Adjutant I would furnish the required number. I then called for volunteers and the entire command volunteered."

Catlin counted off the required number. The adjutant returned and wanted to know if Catlin would take charge of the picket line. The civilian commander said, "I saw the situation and fully realized that we were in for a fight of no mean proportions. I told the Adjutant I would go with them as I would not ask men to go where I would not go myself."

The skirmish line was advanced a short distance, then stopped to wait for daylight. Suddenly a solitary Indian came from the lodges and rode directly toward the concealed soldiers, evidently headed for the area where the Indians kept their "two or three thousand horses." The soldiers were sandwiched between the camp and the stock.

"For the Indian to reach their horses, he would have to come through our line and we could not remain long without being discovered," wrote Catlin. "My men had been instructed and the poor devil paid the penalty. Some four or five the boys helped him on his way. Of course this opened the fight and from that time on it was a severe one. When I say that I speak from experience obtained during three years of army service in the Civil War."

His account of the beginning of the battle was graphic: "The Indians were taken entirely by surprise and without waiting for arms or clothing they fled to the willows and the squaws in several instances were seen running after them with gun and belt. We waded the creek through water waist deep and then we lost a lot of valuable [time] trying to burn the lodges. While we were thus engaged the Indians recovered from their surprise and we soon found that we had more important work on hand than burning lodges.

"General Gibbons' horse was shot and the General wounded. The fight became so fierce that General Gibbons ordered us to fall back into a better position, and when the Indians saw that they thought we were retreating and they seemed to think that we were about to give up and get out.

"At this stage of the game, our forces...were badly whipped. General Gibbons rode up the right bank of the creek and ordered a retreat. Our forces then fell back, one-half mile up the creek to a point of the mountain that extends to the creek bottom. Here General Gibbons called a halt and told his men that we would make this place our final stand."

Although the situation was desperate, a bit of humor surfaced. Catlin sized up the situation and asked, "Who in hell called a halt here?" Told that Gibbon ordered it, he replied, "I don't give a damn, it's a hell of a place to camp." His comments amused Gibbon so much that he did not call him for disrespect.

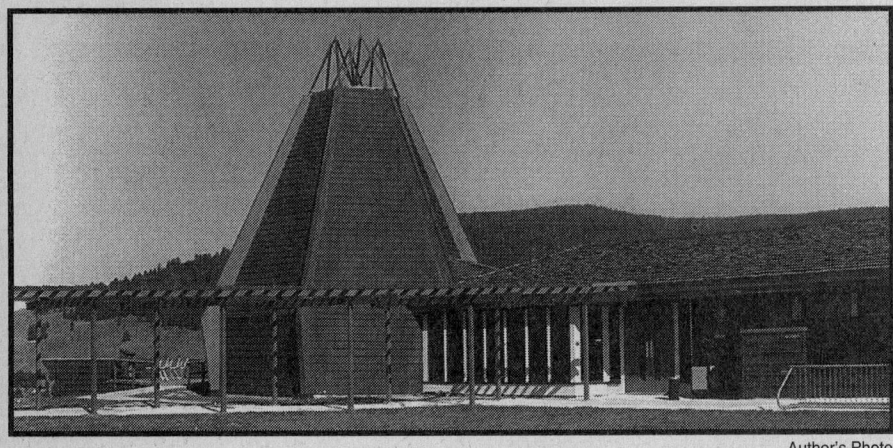
"We began to throw up an entrenchment. The Indians by this time surrounded our quarters. They were firing from every side while we were digging and firing, doing the best we could. We lay there all day in the hot sun with not a drop of water, nor a mouthful of food, with the exception of Lieut. Woodruff's dead horse with the Indians pelting us from about every side until about eleven o'clock at night.

After dark, Gibbons called for volunteers to take dispatches to Deer Lodge, the nearest telegraph station, and to get teams and physicians to take care of the wounded. Several men volunteered, including civilian Billy Edwards who said he preferred to go alone. Gibbons gave him a few dollars and his horse.

"Edwards said, 'I will risk my life to save you and your men.' With a 'God bless you' from the general, Billy Edwards passed the outer guard...with a distance of sixty miles to travel, without a mouthfull of food and the country infested with merciless savages. Edwards made the trip and fulfilled his duty."

Reference to a horse is probably in error. The official account has Edwards starting off on foot, walking forty-five miles before borrowing a horse and completing the trek to Deer Lodge.

By morning nearly all the Indians



Author's Photo

National Park Service visitor/interprestive center is the place to start a visit to the Big Hole National Battlefield near Wisdom, Montana.

had disappeared. About fifteen warriors remained, firing an occasional volley into the troops. That night Hugh Kirkendall, who was in charge of transportation for Gibbon, arrived with teams and provisions. This was the first food the men had eaten since Wednesday night. Gibbon gave Catlin a box of hardtack and from Kirkendall they got coffee and bacon.

On Saturday, they were ordered onto the battlefield to bury the dead. Five civilians were killed—Lind Elliott, Campbell Mitchell, Dave Morrow, John Armstrong, and Al Lockwood.

The civilian commander stated that five of his volunteers had been wounded. "Myron Lockwood, severe, Jacob Backer, slight, Fred Heldt, slight, Otto Leifer, severe." He said that Leifer was wounded accidentally by a soldier.

Catlin commented, "The artillery that was ordered to come down at daylight on the morning of the battle, fired only two shots, and then was captured by the Indians. The gunner was killed and the other two men escaped into the mountains, and finally made their way back to Fort Ellis."

As to military casualties, Catlin simply said, "I can only refer you to the general's report to the War Department."

After the battle and before the civilians returned to their Bitterroot homes, Gibbon sent for Catlin, who wrote, "He extolled the citizens to the skies and virtually admitted that had it not been for the citizens, it might have been another Custer affair."

Gibbon reported the losses, according to Catlin's memory, as two officers, six citizens, and twenty-one enlisted men killed; five officers, five citizens, and thirty-one men wounded. Catlin said that Chief Joseph admitted the loss of 208 warriors killed. Again a discrepancy in numbers arises. The army reported it lost twenty men from the attacking force while between sixty and ninety Nez Percés were killed on the field, of whom thirty were part of the 125 warriors among the Indians.

"In due time, the physicians, men and teams with abundance of provisions came from Deer Lodge and Butte, and cared for the wounded and took them to the Deer Lodge Hospital," wrote Catlin. "On Saturday, General Howard's scouts, under Captain Robbins, came into our camp and assured us that Howard was still on the trail. Strange to say when the Nez Perces buried their dead, they would not touch their Medicine Man. He was left on the field unburied. When Howard's scouts were taken to him they got off their horses, and each gave him a kick, saying 'no good Medicine Man.'"

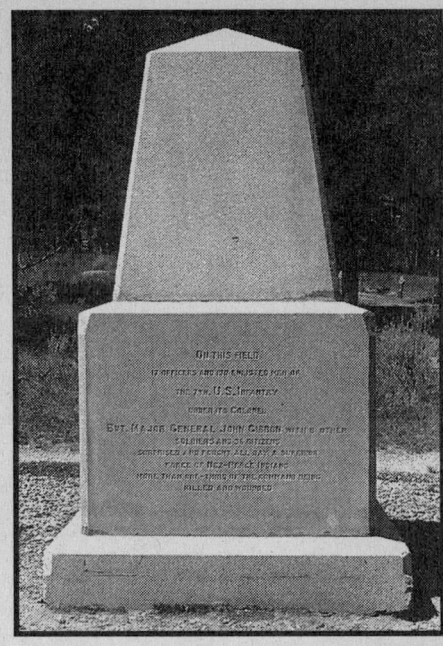
As to the charge of killing women and children, Catlin wrote, "We found that the women were using the Winchesters with as much skill, and as bravely, as did the bucks. As to the children, though many were killed, we do not think that a citizen or soldier killed a child on purpose. They were there with the fathers and mothers and their fathers and mothers were violating the laws of our land, and we as soldiers were ordered to fire, and we did."

Commenting on what right the citizens had to join the fight, he said, "To avenge the wrongs they had committed on the early settlers at Mount Idaho."

He added, "We know too, that had not Carlos [Charlot], chief of the Flatheads here, taken part with the whites, that we might not have had a whole building left in the whole Bitterroot Valley. It was through fear they passed through quietly."

In conferences, Charlot had urged the Nez Percés to pass through the area and leave the settlers alone.

Catlin concluded his essay, "though we were whipped, we broke the backbone of the Nez Perce nation. They never rallied again, so to speak. Looking Glass was killed somewhere on the Yellowstone; Chief Joseph surrendered to General Nelson A. Miles, near the British Line [Canadian border]; White Bird never surrendered, and



Author's Photo

This six-ton memorial in the siege area of the Big Hole Battlefield was enclosed in an iron cage for many years to protect it from vandals.

is still somewhere in the British possessions [Canada]."

Today, the Big Hole Battlefield is a national historic site administered by the National Park Service. There are several self-guided trails, the layout of the Nez Percé encampment with skeletal tipis placed where they were during the battle, and a visitor center. On the hill overlooking the battlefield is a replica of the army howitzer that fired only two shots before being overrun by the Nez Percés and pushed down the long, steep hill.

Located on Montana Highway 43, ten miles west of Wisdom, the 655-acre site is open year round. Summer hours are 8 AM to 6 PM, Memorial Day through Labor Day, and 9 AM to 5 PM the rest of the year. On August 9 each year there's a memorial open house at the visitor center featuring special programs and speakers. During the summer there's an admission charge of $4 per car or $2 per person.

For more information, write National Park Service, Big Hole National Battlefield, Box 237, Wisdom, MT 59761, or call (406) 689-3155.

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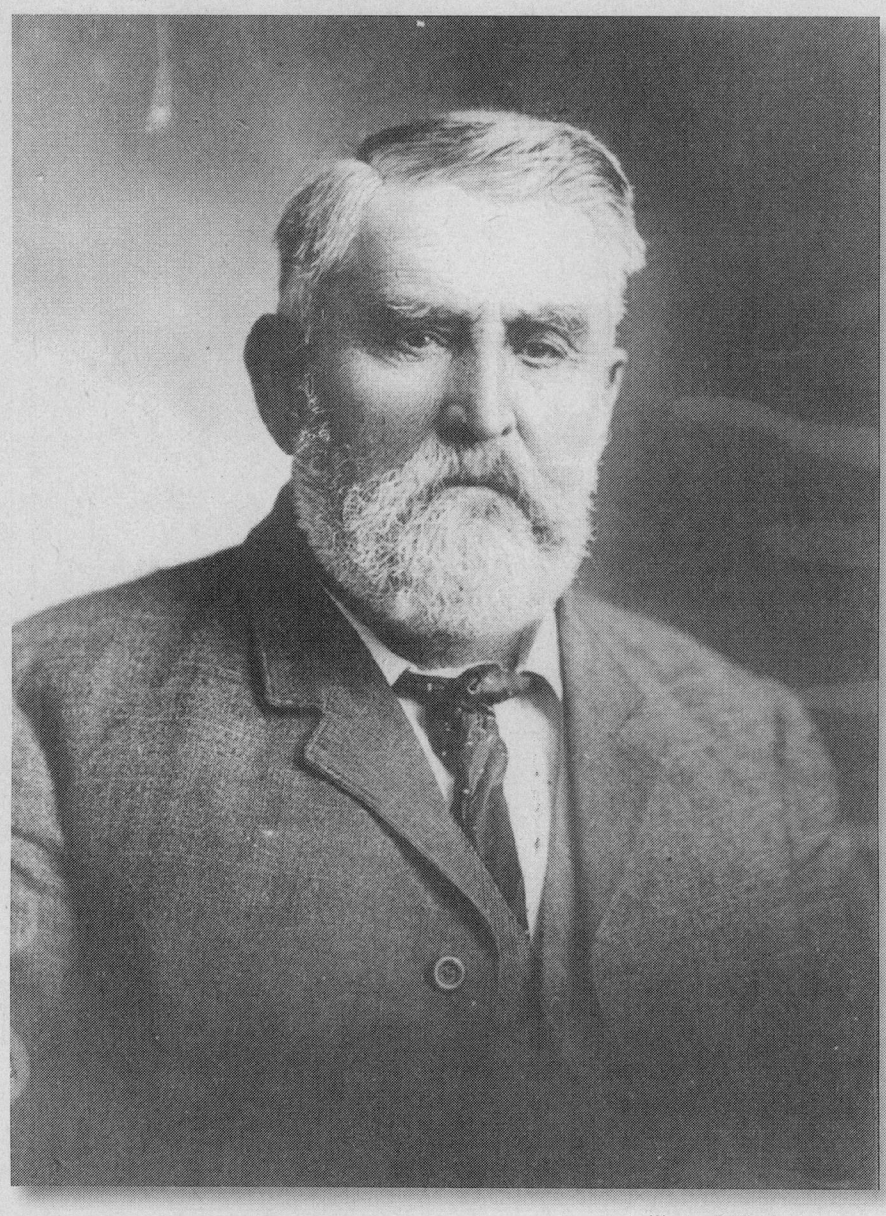


Western Publications' Archives

Charles Goodnight led Texas Rangers in an attack against a Comanche camp in north Texas.

On December 18, 1860, a company of Texas Rangers led by Charles Goodnight and Lawrence Sullivan Ross surprised a Comanche band near the Pease River in north Texas. Ross was pleased; the band was led by Peta Nocona, his greatest enemy, and he'd been tracking them for weeks.

Under cover of a violent storm, the Rangers charged into the undefended camp, firing indiscriminately at every-

Texas State Library & Archives

Cynthia Ann Parker with Topsannah, shortly after their capture by Texas Rangers in December 1861.

one they saw. Peta and his warriors were away scouting out a new campsite, leaving behind their families and slaves, so what had begun as a battle quickly devolved into a massacre. By the time the guns fell silent, most of the Indians—nearly all women and children—were dead.

When a shocked Goodnight observed that one of the fleeing women was fair-haired, he ordered her captured unharmed. Thoroughly Indian, the woman clutched an infant to her breast, spoke only Comanche, and insisted her name was Naduah. But Ross suspected she had another name, that she was, in fact, the last unrecovered survivor of the best-known Indian massacre in Texas history, a woman who more than once had refused offers to be returned to her family. When interrogated, she finally admitted, "Me Cincee Ann."

"Cincee Ann" was Cynthia Ann Parker, daughter of a clan of wandering Baptists who came to Texas shortly before its independence from Mexico and proceeded to carve their own niche out of the frontier. The Parkers started out in Virginia, well before 1800; by 1814 they were in Illinois, having spent some time in Georgia and Tennessee along the way. This hard-working farm family was ruled by the puritanical John Parker, the patriarch who had, with his wife "Granny" Sally, founded the line.

In 1832 the clan relocated to Grimes County, Texas, where they stayed for eighteen months before moving on to Elkhart in Anderson County. By spring 1834, brothers Silas and James had begun construction on a log stockade at the headwaters of the Navasota River, near

Texas State Library & Archives

Cynthia Ann Parker dressed to attend a session of the Texas legislature in 1862.

modern Groesbeck in Limestone County. The rectangular stronghold enclosed an acre of prairie, included seven earthen-floored log cabins, and was protected by a pair of two-story blockhouses situated at diagonal corners. The walls consisted of sharpened fifteen-foot log palings, with plenty of portholes for defense. A spring lay just outside the folding slab gate, and rich blackland fields, simply aching to be plowed, were located less than a mile away. By the end of the spring, the citadel was complete, and eight families moved into the facility they christened Parker's Fort. Led by Elder John, they happily began tilling their fields, supplementing their larder with the area's plentiful game.

Though a few other pioneers occupied nearby cabins, most of their neighbors were Native Americans. Of particular concern were the Comanches, fierce horse-warriors who had clashed with whites from Spanish colonial times onward. They were notorious for their raids throughout Texas and northern Mexico, in which they pillaged any settlement they came upon, taking slaves, killing the men, and raping the women. Nonetheless, the Parkers managed a wary coexistence with the Indians—at least until May 19, 1836.

That morning the fort's inhabitants rose, as always, before dawn. Some of the men left to cultivate their fields, though six lingered at the fort in a half-hearted effort at protection; security had been lax since the Texas Revolution had ended in victory a month before. This negligence proved the Parkers' undoing.

Sometime that morning, one of

the children noticed a body of several hundred Indians on a nearby rise. After contemplating the fort for a time, the mixed band of Comanches, Caddoes, and Kiowas approached, displaying a soiled white flag. Benjamin Parker, one of Elder John's six sons, strode boldly out to treat with them. The Indians asked for beef and directions to a water hole; the fact that the Navasota River was less than a mile away made Benjamin suspect hostile intentions. He returned to the fort and reported his misgivings to those waiting inside.

Despite his family's protests, Benjamin made the decision to return to parley with the Indians, in hope of avoiding a fight. After he left, the women and children began to slip out of the fort and into the surrounding thickets, where they concealed themselves and apprehensively watched the proceedings. Silas Parker took up station near the gate, which remained open despite Benjamin's fears.

When Benjamin informed the Indians they had no beef to spare, several braves ran him through with spears, and the entire war party charged the fort. Their strike was so sudden that Silas didn't think to shut the gate. Instead he ran for the fort and tried to protect his niece, Rachel Plummer, who had witnessed Benjamin's death and was racing for the thickets with her infant son, James, but Silas was cut down and the Plummers were taken.

The gate gaped invitingly, and the Indians poured into the stockade unhindered. At the entrance they killed defenders Sam and Robert Frost, and proceeded to overrun the fort. Elder John and Granny Parker were quickly overtaken by the marauders as they tried to escape. John was brutally killed; his wife was pinned to the ground with a lance, raped, and left for dead. The tough old woman later pulled herself free and crawled most of the way to neighbor David Faulkenberry's cabin.

The attackers were driven off when the Parker men and other local settlers came to the fort's defense. In the end, five of the fort's inhabitants were killed outright, including John, Benjamin, and Silas Parker, and Samuel and Robert Frost. Two women later died from injuries inflicted by the Indians. Five clan-members were captured: Rachel and James Plummer, Elizabeth Kellogg, and two of Silas' children, nine-year-old Cynthia Ann and six-year-old John.

TO THE DISBELIEF OF HIS SON-IN-LAW, JAMES REFUSED TO RELINQUISH HIS NAMESAKE UNTIL LUTHER PLUMMER PAID HIM $200. IT TOOK A DIRECT ACT OF SAM HOUSTON TO GET JAMES PLUMMER RETURNED TO HIS FATHER.

The loss of his family devastated Luther Plummer. Armed only with a butcher knife, he wandered the Navasota bottomlands for six days, searching for any sign of Rachel and James. Meanwhile, James Parker led the other survivors on a harrowing six-day journey cross-country to Fort Houston, near present-day Palestine. The survivors were ill-prepared for the trip; some were still in their nightclothes, and all they found to eat were two skunks and two terrapins. James brought them in safely, however, reaching the fort on May 25.

Within six years all but one of the captives had been returned to their families. Elizabeth Kellogg was given to the Caddo members of the raiding party; six months later they traded her to the Delawares, who in December sold her to Texas President Sam Houston at Nacogdoches for $150. Before the new year dawned, she was safely home.

The others weren't so fortunate. Rachel Plummer was a Comanche slave for eighteen months before she was ransomed by *Comancheros* in Santa Fe. She returned home in February 1838, but died of the effects of her ordeal one year later. Her son, James, was rescued through the combined efforts of the United States and Texas governments in 1842, but the reunion with his family was marred by the actions of James Parker, his grandfather. When young Plummer was ransomed at Indian Territory's Fort Gibson, Parker traveled there himself to collect the child. To the disbelief of his son-in-law, James refused to relinquish his namesake until Luther Plummer paid him $200. It took a direct act of Sam Houston to get James Plummer returned to his father.

Though seven-year-old James was able to readjust to white society, John Parker, ransomed in 1842 at age twelve, was too Comanche to easily readapt. He eventually rejoined the tribe, only to be abandoned by the terrified Indians when he contracted smallpox during a raid into Mexico. They left him in the care of a Mexican girl, Juanita, who nursed him back to health; they later married and moved to Mexico. John made no further attempts to contact his white family.

Cynthia Ann Parker remained with the Comanches for twenty-five years. One of the great legends of the Texas/Oklahoma frontier, she was thoroughly Comanche by the time she was repatriated, and had all but forgotten her white origins.

Sometime around 1840 she married Peta Nocona, a well-regarded brave who eventually became a noted war chief. She was his only wife, an unusual occurrence among high-ranking Comanches, and their relationship was apparently a loving one. Eventually, she bore him three children.

After her recapture in 1861, Cynthia and her daughter, Topsannah (Prairie Flower), were placed in the care of her uncle Isaac, a state senator. Later, they lived with Silas, Jr., her younger brother. Cynthia and her half-blood

child were never able to fit into white civilization. They had difficulty learning English, mourned the loss of their Indian family, and repeatedly tried to escape. In 1864 Topsannah died of a fever, and Cynthia followed her into death soon thereafter. She starved herself to death in full Comanche fashion, literally dying of grief.

After more than a century and a half, one question remains: why was Fort Parker targeted by the Indians? Perhaps because it was there, though it seems unlikely that the massacre was a random occurrence. The fort was located on the edge of Comanche territory, well outside their area of normal operation, and there were richer targets just as easily plucked in both south Texas and Mexico. What seems certain is that the Indians were spoiling for a fight when they arrived that fine May morning, asking for beef. Several hundred well-armed warriors, including members of several different tribes, wouldn't have gathered together on a whim.

At the time of the massacre, the local natives were already agitated, due mostly to the actions of a group of Coloradans who'd settled north of the fort. The Coloradans made a game of repeatedly raiding a small Tehuacano Indian village located nearby, stealing horses and generally annoying the natives. At first, the Tehuacanos kept their peace. However, the attacks eroded their patience and they finally struck back, killing the Coloradan leader and wounding a small boy. Thereafter, they exacted their revenge by stealing into the local white settlements and liberating *their* livestock.

Historian Frank Tolbert suggests another, darker reason which may explain why the Indians chose Fort Parker. According to Tolbert, James Parker was rumored to have orchestrated a scheme with the local Indians whereby they stole horses from white settlers, and he bought them from the Indians for later resale. Unfortunately, he preferred to pay the Indians with counterfeit money. Supposedly, the Indians

Texas State Library & Archives

Quanah Parker.

were furious when they found out, and vowed revenge. If this story is true, then it was the perfidy of one of its own inhabitants that brought Fort Parker to its sorry end. Unfortunately, Parker's actions in the James Plummer incident lend credence to the possibility.

The Fort Parker massacre is distinguished as the first significant Indian depredation in the new Texas Republic, and perhaps the most notorious in Texas history. Some of the consequences of the massacre were immediate: a third of the Parker clan was killed or captured, and settlers rapidly pulled back from the frontier for fear of the Comanches. The Indians immediately returned to fill the gap. Lurid tales of the massacre spread wildfire-fast through the republic, slowing expansion and in some cases reversing it altogether.

Some repercussions echoed down through history. The success of the Fort Parker raid led the Comanches to bedevil the Texans throughout the republic's existence and well into statehood. As a result, settlement of Texas stalled, and the Comanches weren't beaten until 1874. Once on reservations in Indian Territory, they were brought under the leadership of a war chief named Quanah, who shouldered the task of easing his people into white man's civilization. Quanah, the last recognized Comanche chief, united the white and Indian worlds in more ways than one: his last name was Parker, and he just happened to be Cynthia Ann Parker's eldest son by Peta Nocona. As wildly improbable as it seemed, the events propagated two generations before at the mouth of the Navasota River had come full circle.

Old West Journalism

Red Blood & Black Ink: Journalism in the Old West, by David Dary. (Alfred A. Knopf, 201 E. 50th Street, New York, New York 10022. 345 pages, photos, illustrations. $30.00 Cloth.)

Talk about fairness in journalism. The editor of the Republican *Nevada Tribune* once walked into the office of the *Carson News*, the struggling Democratic afternoon newspaper, bowed to editor Anne H. Martin, "walked quietly to her desk, and wrote a vituperative editorial in answer to the abusive attack he had written for his own paper that morning."

That's just one of the many stories related in noted historian David Dary's fascinating study of frontier journalism. Fun and enlightening, *Red Blood & Black Ink* traces western newspapering from 1808, when Irish refugee Joseph Charless established the first newspaper published west of the Mississippi, St. Louis's *Missouri Gazette*, to the twentieth century. Dary covers the frontier stalwarts in journalism, such as Dan De Quille, Mark Twain, and Horace Greeley, but he doesn't overlook the unheralded reporters, publishers, editors, and tramp printers.

Frontier papers could be biting in their commentary, with editors taking potshots at one another (sometimes literally), but Dary notes that "Many editors strived to bring stability to their communities along with moral improvements." Dary also argues that many academic historians have shied away from using newspapers as historical sources, "perhaps because they viewed them as inaccurate, partisan, and dishonest. Yet historians readily use personal letters and other documents that display similar defects."

Newspapers in the Old West were abundant. Indeed, the number of papers that existed is unknown. "No two papers were exactly alike," Dary writes. Early papers printed foreign news, but the reporting of local news became widespread by the end of the Civil War—at least, when there was news. The limitations of frontier journalism can be illustrated by the Laramie, Wyoming Territory, *Daily Sentinel*'s notice in 1875:

> If the *Sentinel* is a little thin this morning, just bear in mind that the telegraph office was moving yesterday, the mail from the East didn't come in and there wasn't anybody in town who had enough accommodation to die, get married or have a baby.

Well-documented, *Red Blood & Black Ink* also contains a list of nineteenth century printing equipment, complete with illustrations; a glossary of printers' terms; and a state-by-state look at the early western newspapers.

Dary is a noted historian whose *Cowboy Culture* is one of the premier books on cowboy history. He's also a former newspaperman and head of the University of Oklahoma School of Journalism. The combination of historian and journalist turns *Red Blood & Black Ink* into a labor of love.

And like a good newspaper story, it's concise, clear, insightful, and informative. All it lacks are the feel and smell of newspaper ink.—*Johnny D. Boggs, Dallas, Texas.*

Crockett, Bowie, and Travis

Three Roads to the Alamo: The Lives and Fortunes of David Crockett, James Bowie, and William Barret Travis, by William C. Davis. (Harper Collins Publishers, Inc., 10 East 53rd Street, New York, New York 10022. 791 pages, 2 maps, 20 photos, 1 drawing. $35.00 Cloth.)

William C. Davis is probably best known as a historian of the American Civil War, having spent several years as the publisher of *Civil War Times Illustrated.* He is the author of many books, including the prize winning biography *Jefferson Davis, The Man and His Hour.* However, *Three Roads to the Alamo* is not his first foray into this period of American history.

Three Roads to the Alamo is a triple biography of Crockett, Bowie, and Travis, culminating in the famous siege and battle of the Alamo. This approach has been used by other authors. However, the effort by William C. Davis is the first serious attempt to tell their story, previous efforts being little more than retellings of unsubstantiated myths and superficial biographies. *Three Roads* is a masterful book, well documented and well written. Davis has compiled an impressive amount of new primary source material, including reports from the Mexican Military Archives in Mexico City that have not been previously available to researchers. In addition to the new material he has unsurfaced, he brings fresh insight and new interpretations to many well-known sources. Davis skillfully tracks the lives of Crockett, Bowie, and Travis as their lives draw inexorably closer to their destiny at a ruined mission in Texas.

David Crockett was already the stuff of legend before he arrived at the Alamo. Growing up on the Tennessee frontier, he was a skilled hunter and tracker. Constantly trying to better himself, he spent a lifetime moving west, always looking for better land and opportunity. When the Creek Indians attacked Fort Mims in southern Alabama, Crockett enlisted in the local militia.

When Crockett returned home, instead of concentrating on running his farm, he moved into politics. Starting as justice of the peace, he eventually advanced his career to a seat in the United States House of Representatives. At first a strong supporter of Andrew Jackson, he slowly became disenchanted with him. He finally became so outspokenly anti-Jackson that the Whigs considered David a possible presidential contender against Jackson's chosen successor, Martin Van

Buren. Speaking out against Andy Jackson was not a way to win votes back in Tennessee. However, Crockett always had a naive habit of doing and saying exactly what he believed to be right, regardless of the consequences.

Crockett's favorite saying was "be always sure you are right, then go ahead," and he was uncompromising in standing up for his beliefs, an extremely laudable attitude, but not very practical for a politician. Not understanding that he had to get support from others, Crockett's stands alienated other representatives, and the voters. After losing his seat in Congress, David told the voters that they "could go to Hell, and he would go to Texas."

In contrast to David Crockett, James Bowie's only concern appeared to be making money, dabbling in everything from slave smuggling to land fraud. Brave to a fault, he became involved in a legendary brawl on a sandbar in the Mississippi River. After being shot and stabbed several times, he plunged the knife that would later bear his name into a man's heart. When his land speculations in Arkansas and Louisiana went sour, Big Jim Bowie moved his operation to Texas. When not busy obtaining Texas land grants, he led several expeditions in search of the legendary San Saba silver mine. On one of those trips, Bowie's men had to fight off an Indian war party that attacked them.

Crockett and Bowie were noted frontiersmen and fighters before coming to Texas. William Barret Travis, on the other hand, left a failed law practice and a failed marriage in Alabama to come to Texas to make his fortune. For Travis, like so many others, Texas offered a second chance, and he made the most of it. Buck Travis was still an immature young man when he first came to Texas. By the time Travis arrived at the Alamo, at the head of a small cavalry company, he was a successful lawyer and a well-respected member of his community.

In the end, each was a unique type of American, but a type that was responsible for pushing America's frontier from coast to coast. In the words of William C. Davis, "Crockett's type would always be on the outer edge of the new land.... Bowie and his kind followed in the next wave, coming to capitalize and exploit the opportunities.... It was the Travises who made the greatest mark.... They were the third wave of settlement...who came to bring stability, learning, and the rule of law."

Three Roads to the Alamo is a fine book, and it is hard to find any fault with it. Some of his interpretations may be open to dispute, but Davis explains, in copious notes, why he came to the conclusions he did. One of the few areas this reviewer found for disagreement is in Davis' account of Crockett's journey to the Alamo. Other sources state that Crockett traveled as a member of Captain William Harrison's company. In *Three Roads*, Davis has Crockett as the leader of the Tennessee Mounted Volunteers, with no mention of Harrison. This is a small negative in a book that I

highly recommend to anyone with an interest in early American or Texas history.—*Robert L. Durham, Dayton, Ohio.*

Lewis and Clark Expedition

Voyages of Discovery, edited by James P. Ronda. (Montana Historical Society Press, Box 201201, Helena, Montana 59620. 351 pages, maps, illustrations. $45.00 Cloth; $19.95 Paper.)

This is so good a collection of essays on various aspects of the Lewis and Clark Expedition that it can withstand some quibbles. The few small-scale maps are worthless for readers unequipped with magnifying glasses. Some of the illustrations are pretty muddy in reproduction. The preface should have its pages perforated at the gutter for easy discard, like those postcards stuffed into magazines. Its political correctness is tiresome, annoying. We sensitive readers are warned to be on our guard—Bernard DeVoto's shocking usages, "inappropriate" today, have not been expunged. Horrors! He terms some Indians not only savages, but treacherous ones, to boot.

Surprisingly, the Smithsonian's ethnologist, John Ewers, is not similarly chided for telling it like it was. He describes the only hostile tribes that Meriwether Lewis met, the Teton Sioux and Piegan Blackfeet, as not only military powers locked in bitter intertribal warfare, but the Dakotas, at least, as aggressive enemies of such hospitable, peaceable, tribes as the Mandans and, indeed, "the scourge of the Missouri Valley."

The role of the Indians *vis a vis* the success of the Lewis and Clark Expedition was long under-rated, but here it is probably overstated. And surely the "continentalism" of Thomas Jefferson and his surrogate, Captain Lewis, is not identical with geopolitics and imperialism, as some contributors suggest.

Much is made of the "failure" of Lewis's mission. True, he and Clark could not accomplish the President's main goal of finding a commercial waterway to the Pacific. Because it did not exist. Not enough

is said of how brilliantly Lewis carried out the great passion of the President—scientific investigation.

Lewis made himself over from an ordinary Army officer into a gifted, if amateur, naturalist as well as Indian affairs diplomat and, before the term was even invented, ethnographer. For he and Jefferson were products of Europe's Enlightenment. The President and the American Philosophical Society that he headed were the equivalents of Sir Joseph Banks and London's Royal Society. And Meriwether Lewis was Jefferson's Captain Cook.

All of the essays, by Ronda, DeVoto, Ewers, Donald Jackson, John Allen, Gary Moulton, and others (alas, no contribution by Stephen Ambrose) are well-written, though DeVoto's is the most readable. The one journal entry by Lewis shows what a remarkably inquiring mind he possessed.

Why the puzzling geopolitical-imperialist "globalization" of the Lewis and Clark Expedition by the professors? Perhaps because academics still equate exploration with (romanticized) adventure, and resent the fact that the general reading public, along with DeVoto and perhaps Ambrose, still sees the endeavor as being, more than anything else (but not solely, of course) a great adventure in the best sense. In fact, it is just that, not only America's Odyssey but its national epic of exploration.—*Richard H. Dillon, Mill Valley, California.*

The Bozeman Trail

The Bloody Bozeman: The Perilous Trail to Montana's Gold, by Dorothy M. Johnson. (Mountain Press Publishing Company, Box 2399, Missoula, Montana 59806. $16.00 Paper.)

The book's title just about says it all, for the Bozeman was truly a bloody and perilous trail to Montana's goldfields. Blazed in early 1863 after the first rich strike at Grasshopper Creek, the Bozeman Trail, also called the Bozeman Cutoff or the Montana Trail, snaked up five hundred miles from the great Transcontinental Emigrant

Trail into the rugged heart of the Rockies. And that forbidding landscape was fated to serve as a backdrop to the roaring drama of gold lust and vengeful Sioux resistance.

The Bloody Bozeman: The Perilous Trail to Montana's Gold is jam-packed with some of the most colorful characters ever let loose upon an early West including Indian-fighting, Indian-loving Jim Bridger and Acting Territorial Governor and Irish revolutionist General Thomas Francis Meagher whose mysterious murder has never been solved.

But easily holding their own were wandering mountain man John Jacobs and his hustling, tenderfoot partner, John Bozeman. As soon as they'd stumbled on a route to the new diggings they staked it and tried selling guided tours up from the old Oregon Trail. This scheme nearly bit the dust when hovering Sioux warned the two intruders to cease or be wiped out.

Yet young Bozeman proved himself a go-getter (even getting the trail named for himself) and both persisted. Though minor Indian raids threatened the trail, more and more emigrants, freighters, and miners traveled the Bozeman—though some lost their scalps before arriving.

As the months passed, the mining camps along the trail became towns, with one of the liveliest being Bannock. But even the breezy miners soon had enough of the growing flock of free-wheeling road agents getting rich with their six-guns rather than picks and shovels.

During the winter of 1863-64, vigilantes took over and two dozen "bad men," including the Overland Stage Lines' fast shooting "trouble shooter" Joe Slade and Bannock's own Sheriff Henry Plummer, pirouetted at ropes-end.

With the outlaw problem settled, the mining camps along the trail grew into cities. Rich strike followed rich strike as ten million dollars in gold was rooted out of the rocks yearly. One of the largest finds was made at Last Chance Gulch where the booming city of Helena soon sprouted.

By 1865 the war was over and the Army turned its full attention to the Sioux question. However most troopers took a dim view of such a move saying they hadn't lost any Indians and didn't mean to go hunting them. In fact, as the Sixteenth Kansas' enlistments were about to expire they decided to stay put. But hard-nosed General Patrick Connor changed their minds by having them look down the barrels of a pair of cannons.

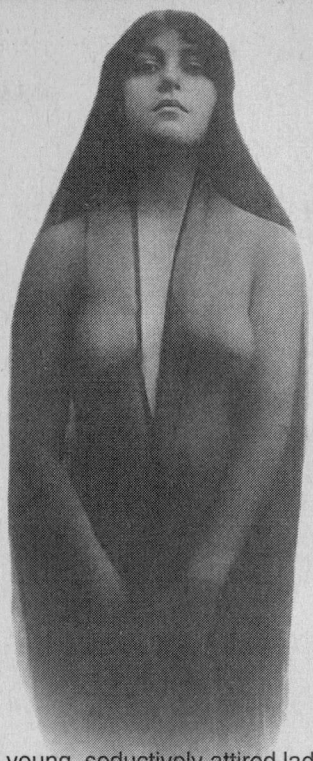
It was about time, for the Sioux Chief Red Cloud has just declared open season on all whites along the trail and the Boys in Blue in particular. Forts were hurriedly built, including Forts Laramie, Reno, Phil Kearny, and Smith.

Yet by the end of 1866 before Fort Phil Kearny was even finished nearly 150 soldiers and civilians had been slaughtered by the rampaging Sioux. A wily, young Sioux chieftan named Crazy Horse ambushed a cocky Captain William Fetterman near that fort on December 21, 1866, wiping out the captain and eighty of his men.

On August 2, 1867, Red Cloud and 1,000 warriors rode out to hit their favorite target—Fort Phil Kearny—and ran head-on into a small thirty-six-man Army work detail. They were held to a stand-still for five gunslamming hours till reinforcements thundered up to tip the balance.

Known as the Wagon Box Fight from the troopers use of their work wagons as fortifications it marked the gradual end of the fighting and the trail itself. The railroad was coming to make the Bozeman obsolete. There were now other roads and routes to and from the gold-fields. Politically inspired treaties closed down the forts. The Indians had won their six-year-war of attrition and the Bloody Bozeman was just a memory that would become a legend.

JOSIE EARP



Courtesy Robert G. McCubbin Collection.

This young, seductively attired lady is frequently identified as "Josie" Earp although there is no evidence to the fact.

Bill Bunnell, a reader from Concord, New Hampshire, inquires about John H. Flood and photographs of Josephine Sarah "Josie" Marcus Earp, Wyatt Earp's widow.

In the early part of the century numerous stories had been published about Earp which were filled with errors that greatly annoyed him. A story appeared in the *Los Angeles Times,* of March 12, 1922, by John M. Scanland, which Wyatt and many of his friends read, and told of Earp's death! The idea of telling his own life-story germinated about this time and Wyatt looked for someone to help.

John Flood was a mining engineer who had met Wyatt and Josie as early as 1906; their acquaintance became a warm friendship which lasted until Earp's death. Flood is often called Earp's secretary, as he handled much of Wyatt's correspon-

Courtesy the Robert G. McCubbin Collection.

Sarah Josephine Marcus Earp, July 4, 1921. Born in 1861, she met up with Wyatt Earp in the early 1880s.

dence and other mundane chores. When the idea of telling Wyatt's story arose, he was a natural. He was not only well-acquainted with the gambler but was an expert typist. He took on the project of writing Earp's biography.

Flood and Earp spent about two years working together. The pair spent many nights together talking and writing, reading and correcting. It might have been a worthy production had Sadie not interfered. She was a constant thorn in the side of both Flood and Earp, as she wanted the story told her way; she wanted no reference to Wyatt's gambling and wanted Wyatt to be cast as a knight in shining armor whenever possible. Arguments were frequent, but Flood finally completed a manuscript which was not only a confusing jumble of incidents, but poorly written. Publishers rejected the work, deeming it unreadable. Today, the manuscript is of interest only as a historical item.

As for photographs of "Mrs. Earp" (no marriage record has yet been located), there is an occasionally published photograph of an attractive young woman wearing what appears to be a negligee. Although the photo first appeared in Glenn G. Boyer's *I Married Wyatt Earp,* there is no solid evidence it is of her. In fact the image appears to be an excellent example of a "pin-up" of the early 1900s.

The earliest authenticated photograph of Wyatt Earp's wife shows her in a matronly pose, wearing a long dress, totally devoid of glamour, made on July 4, 1921. The original is a black and white snapshot, 1-1/2 by 2 inches in size.

Runestones

Years ago while living in Minnesota I became familiar with the Kensington Runestone, supposedly left by pre-Columbus Viking explorers. A reader inquires about a similar stone in Oklahoma. Myles Mustoe, Sr., East Wenatchee, Washington, recently found a reference to the Heavener Runestone State Park in western Oklahoma.

Mr. Mustoe notes: "Seems

Oklahoma would be a long 'portage' even for those rugged boys!" The idea of Vikings in Oklahoma was news to me, but there is a Heavener Runestone State Park, and it is located some 170 miles east of Oklahoma City, almost in Arkansas.

The Heavener Runestone was perhaps carved about 600 A.D. by Vikings who had ascended the Mississippi River. According to local oral history the stone was first discovered by a Choctaw hunting party in the 1830s. The Choctaws no doubt were astonished to find a stone with eight mysterious symbols carved thereon. Wilson King and two other hunters, about 1874, were the first Anglos to see the stone, according to a signed statement of King's son. The earliest eyewitness account on record was prepared by Luther Capps, who saw it in 1898.

It was not until 1923 that a serious effort was made to translate the symbols by Carl F. Kemmerer, who sent a copy of the eight symbols to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, DC. Efforts to discover other stones eventually paid off. Although there may have been numerous stones at one time, treasure hunters have destroyed most of them through the years.

The Heavener Runestone is twelve feet high, ten feet wide, and sixteen inches thick. It is in a vertical position in a deep ravine, thus protected from natural elements and the wind on three sides.

Today the huge stone, now surrounded by a steel cage, is the key attraction of the Runestone Interpretative Center. The Heavener Runestone State Park was dedicated in October 1970.

Waltz

Long time reader Ronald Mance, of Cicero, Illinois, inquires about a Jacob Waltz and the "Lost Dutchman Mine." The name is most commonly seen as Waltz, but variants include Walz, Walsz, Walzer, Welzer, and von Walzer.

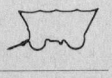
Jacob Waltz was born in Prussia in 1810 and apparently came to the United States with a family named

Weiser. There is evidence he served in the Confederate Army but only for a short time. A more substantial record has him being naturalized in Los Angeles on July 19,1861. He and Weiser arrived at Prescott, Arizona, in 1863, some time after the Texas invasion of New Mexico and Arizona territories. It was here that the legend begins. Supposedly in a brawl in Arizpe, Sonora, Waltz saved the life of one Miguel Peralta. In gratitude Peralta gave Waltz a map to a mine in the Superstition Mountains in Arizona. The Waltz-Weiser partnership found the mine with no trouble. The two men mined $60,000 in gold, which was taken to Tucson, at which point half was given to Peralta.

On their return to the mine, Waltz and Weiser found two Mexicans working it; they were promptly killed. A while later Waltz went to a Gila River settlement for supplies and on his return found Weiser dead. He reported his partner had been killed by Indians. Then Waltz hid the entrance to the mine and left it, later settling in Phoenix. He said he made one more trip to the mine to recover extracted ore, then covered the entrance again. Others later said he made numerous trips, working the mine and transporting ore until 1884.

Waltz lived with Julia Thomas until his death on October 25, 1891, at the age of eighty-one. To her, Waltz denied ever killing partner Weiser.

By the mid-1890s prospectors were actively searching the Superstitions for the "Lost Dutchman" mine. Although the early events were probably true, a great deal of legend has been created, making the "Lost Dutchman" one of the most famous lost-mine stories of the American West.



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."

Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko
Gold Creek, Nevada, 1897.

GOLD CREEK

By Doris Cerveri

There's many an old tale about early mining camps. One in particular concerned Gold Creek, located at the confluence of Penrod and Gold creeks, sixty-five miles north of Elko in north central Nevada.

Robert Schmidtlein of the Toadstool Ranch near Gold Creek tells a story about cowboys who worked on ranches near Gold Creek. "They went to town every night," he said, "spent their time in the saloons there and got drunk." One ranch owner was so angry about the situation he went to the saloonkeeper and offered to buy him out with the provision that he leave town by nightfall. His offer was accepted. After he left, the new owner burned down the place.

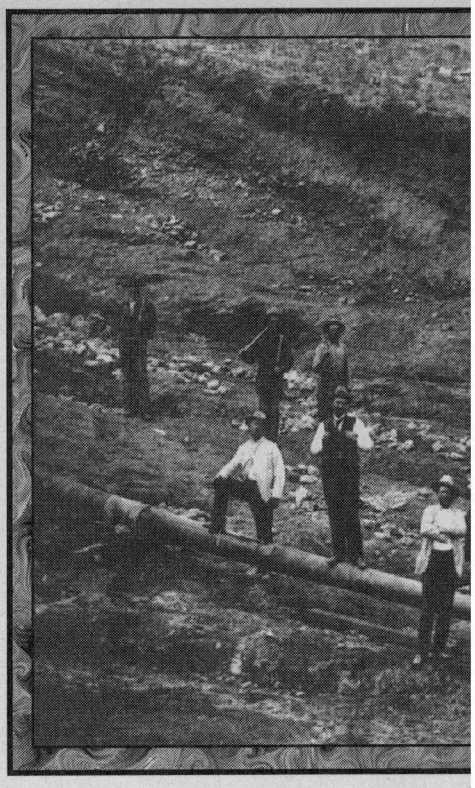
Schmidtlein, a native Nevadan, was born in Austin. My grandfather," he said, "was one of the [first] men who came to the area."

Another tale was that several $50 nuggets were found in Gold Creek and the mining camp thus was settled on the premise that every sagehen in the area had gold nuggets in its craw from feeding on the gravel in the stream.

Actually placer gold was discovered in August 1873 by Emanuel "Manny" Penrod, C.T. (Rousselle) Russell, and W.D. Newton in an area called the Island Creek Mining District that adjoins the Charleston on the east. Placer fields covering 6,000 acres of gravel were washed by the use of hydraulic water pressure.

Other lodes were discovered about the same time as placers but not opened up until about 1895.

After the discovery, Americans



Hydraulic strip mining near Gold Creek.

and numerous Chinese who had worked during construction of the Central Pacific railroad across northern Nevada, came to the area by the dozens.

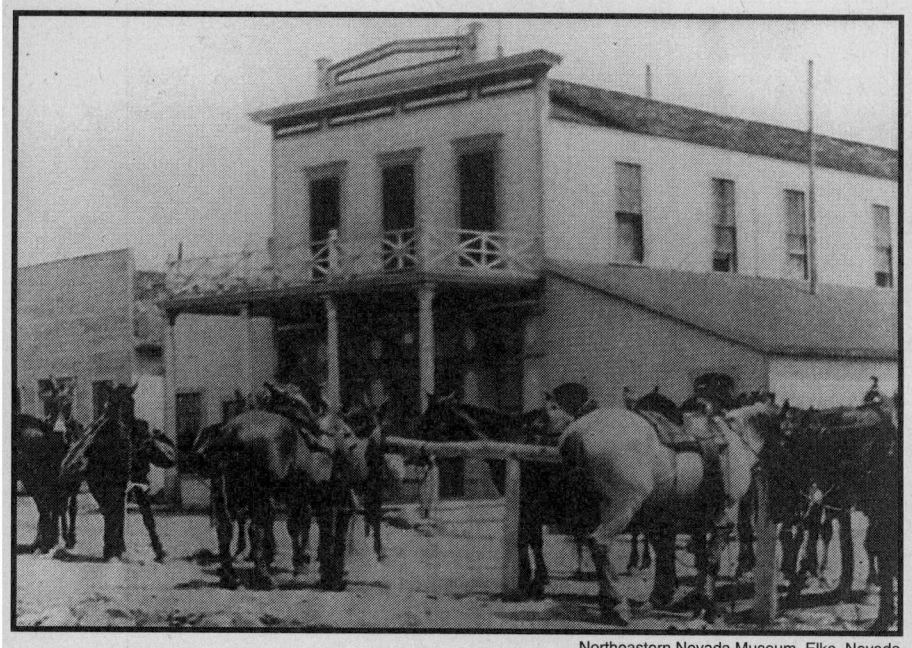
Less than a year after the big rush to the area, numerous buildings were constructed and businesses were started. A hotel, blacksmith shop, Chinese-owned store, and a mercantile company were established. "Manny" Penrod, well known during the Big Bonanza at Virginia City, built a fine home.

The district was abandoned by 1890 but not for long. When new lodes were opened up about one hundred locations were made. This sparked another wild rush. The principal mines were the Owyhee, Hope Consolidated, Groelm, French, and W.A. Penrod. Quartz veins ran northwest and southeast and 20 tons of gold, worth $19.50 a ton, was found.

The longest tunnel in the Island Mountain Mine was about sixty-feet deep and the deepest shaft in the Gold Star was seventy-five feet.

The Owyhee Canal, built by J.W. Pence, was ten miles long, including branches that aggregated about a

Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko



Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko, Nevada

The Gold Creek Hotel, circa 1910.

three-mile capacity of 500 inches of water. There was a reservoir two miles from the lower end which covered an area of two acres. Later the operation was owned and controlled by Penrod.

A townsite was platted by the Gold Creek Mining Company and a post office under the name of Island Creek was established February 24, 1897. There were several lodging houses, and a dozen saloons kept the miners' throats moist. The *Gold Creek News* was edited by author Charles Sain. Professional men in town included engineers, architects, doctors, and assayers.

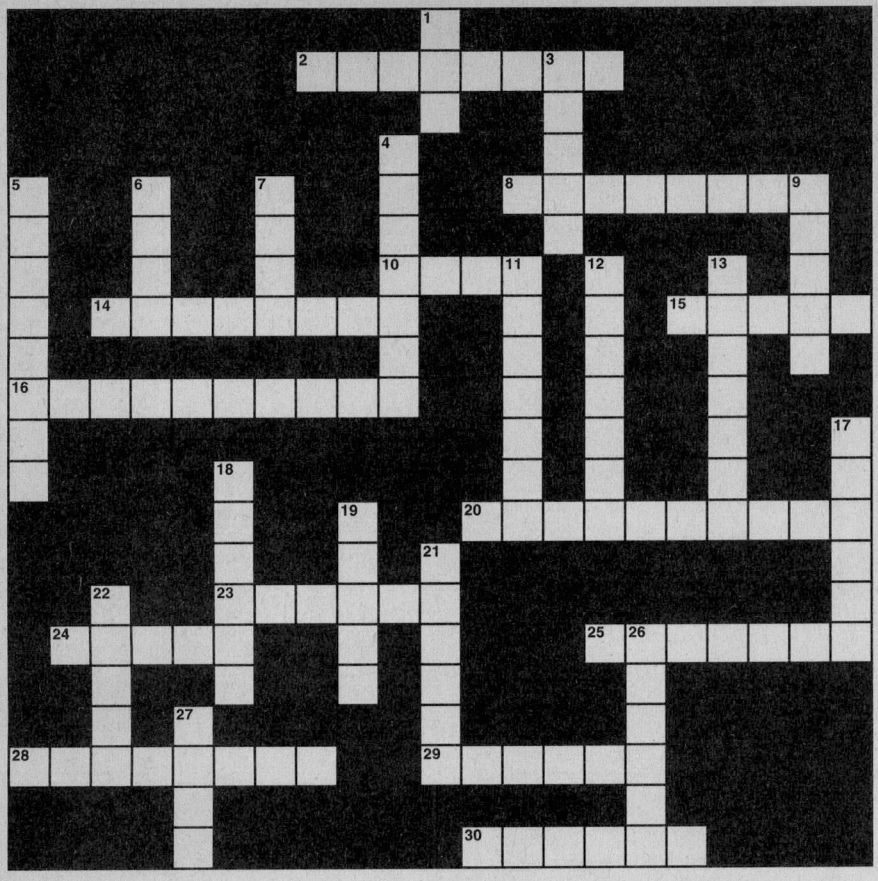
Everyone had high hopes for Gold Creek but the camp only lasted a couple of years because

IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF *TRUE WEST:*

***Revenge on the Long Knives.* By Ron Jackson.** Buffalo Calf Woman rode and fought side-by-side with her husband, Cheyenne warrior Medicine Water, and in their wake, they left a path of blood.

***The Apache Kid's Daughter, Part I.* By Lynda A. Sánchez.** One of the most dramatic episodes in Apache history was the capture of Guadalupe Fimbres Muñoz. Everyone called her Lupe, and she may have been the Apache Kid's daughter.

***The Bravest Man the Sioux Ever Fought.* By Thom Hatch.** The path that Captain Myles Keogh traveled to find himself in such a perilous on the Little Big Horn River was as fascinating as his personal last stand.

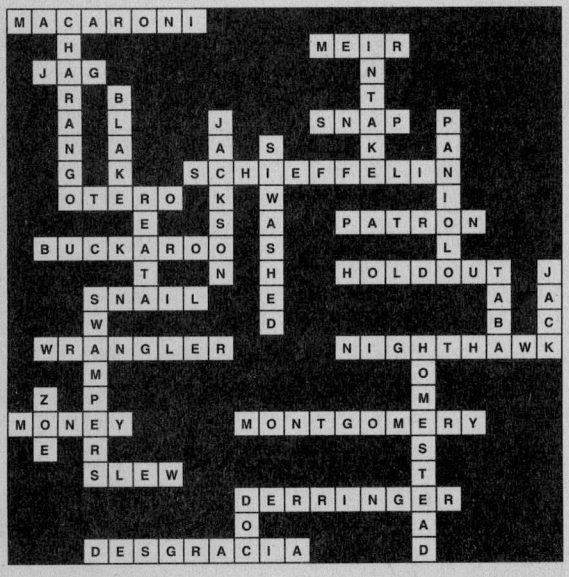


Across

2. New *True West* t-shirt design
8. Captain who made Dutchy his body servant
10. _____ Dutchman Mine
14. Indians involved in Big Hole Battle
15. Author of *The Mustangs*
16. George Causey was a patient here
20. Pearl's family thought Pearl was this
23. Ross' Indian enemy
24. Saloon where Mannen Clements was killed
25. Author of *The Bloody Bozeman*
28. County Hardin and Clements brothers met
29. Cynthia Ann Parker's Indian name
30. Langtry's nickname, "The _____ Lily"

Down

1. Cemetery where Mannen Clements is buried
3. Avenue of Pearl's business
4. Hardin kills a man for snoring here
5. N.F. "_____ Frank" Leslie
6. _____ and Cooney killed Dutchy
7. # of surveyor's who made it to safety
9. Author of *Three Roads to the Alamo*
11. A man in the surveyor's group
12. Early explorers who left Runestones
13. Big Hole Battle was in this state
17. Pearl DeVere's first married name
18. Valley of Lillie Langtry's winery
19. "Ghost writer" for Earp's biography
21. Civilian volunteers' captain at Big Hole Battle
22. Pearl DeVere's second husband
26. Canal built by J.W. Pence
27. Wrote book on frontier journalism



Solution to last month's puzzle.

Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko

China Lem, a Gold Creek, Nevada, storekeeper, circa 1910.

there were no deep, rich veins. By 1900 the town was almost deserted. The hotel was moved nineteen miles south to Mountain City in 1907. In 1917 the Hammond Exploration Company built a small amalgamating mill near Gold Creek and began to explore its lode properties. They found some gold with a small amount of silver in quartz, but nothing spectacular.

By 1928 all buildings had been removed and the post office was moved to North Fork in 1929.

Gold Creek is a popular name. There is a Gold Creek campground seventy-eight miles north of Elko via North Fork and one of the mountains is the Gold Creek Range.

Anyone trying to find the townsite today is hard pressed and it is difficult to imagine that such a bustling community existed. Only the cemetery, a cement sidewalk slab, a few cellars, and broken bottles signify what was at one time an exciting place. There are some placer tailings in surrounding canyons that can possibly evoke a few memories, but still, no mother lode.

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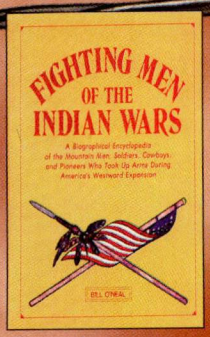

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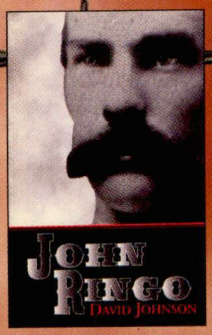

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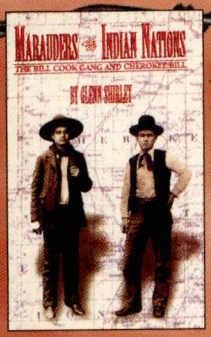

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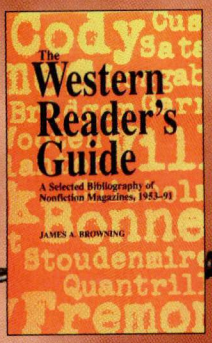

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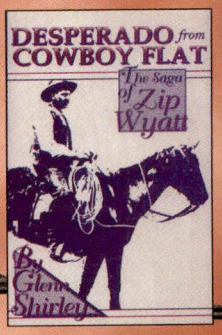

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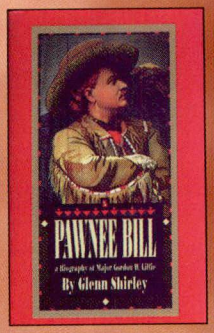

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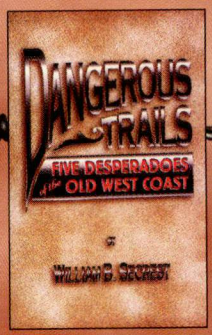

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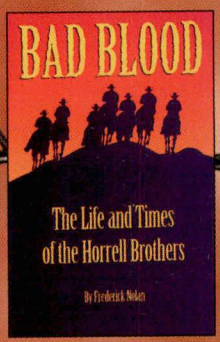

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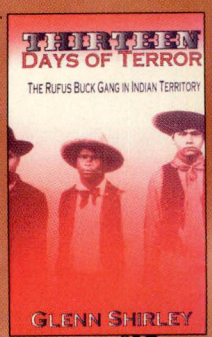

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