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TRUE WEST

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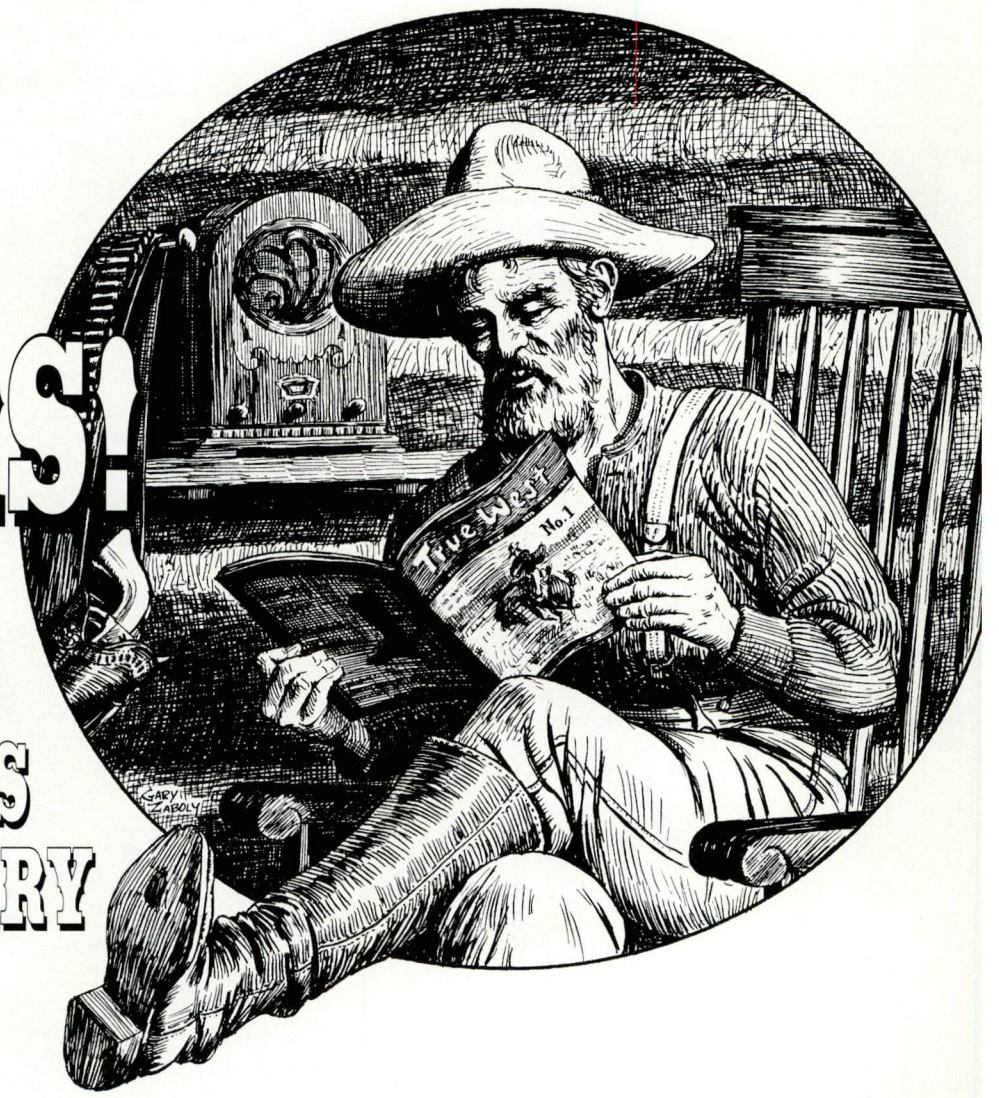

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Our Cover

Burying the Cattle Money
By Kim Mackey

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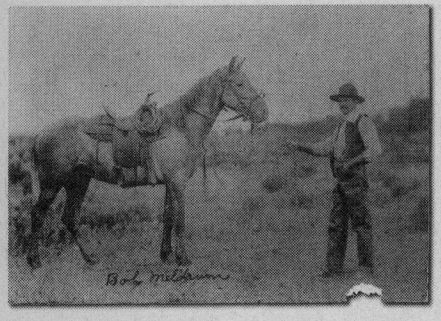

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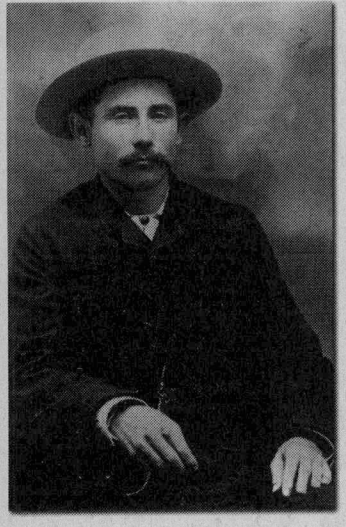

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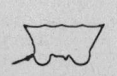


FROM THE EDITOR

Howdy, ya'll!

Well, it's been a pretty quiet week here in Stillwater. It's still too cold yet to do any serious fishing, and since I don't give a cuss about the latest celebrity wedding or divorce, there's really been no reason to turn on the television.

So, to kill time between work and sleep I've been moseying around the Internet. I figure there must be around a gazillion folks just as bored as I am, at the same part of the day, somewhere on the same planet, and apparently, using the same phone line, 'cause everytime I try to "log on" I get stuck in one wicked log jam of cyber confusion.

Ultimately, after fighting off thoughts that there's something more useful I could be doing with my time, my computer starts talking to a whole slew of other computers and I'm free to go where the "Information Highway" will take me. It's usually one dead end after another, although the rest stops are pretty nice.

In an effort to convince myself that I wasn't just wasting time, I sat down this week and promised to leave the virtual bluegrass concerts and MAD magazine sites alone and go searching for all things western. Staring at a computer screen for hours makes a whole lot more sense if you convince yourself you're doing serious editorial research.

It turns out that there is a virtual ton of western material on the Internet. I started by searching for the Big Three: Billy, Jesse, and Wyatt. I got springwagon full of stuff on each of 'em. Some links were weaker than others, but some were exactly what I was looking for.

A few of the more interesting, if not helpful, places I found were the Billy the Kid Outlaw Gang (nmia.com/~btkog); The James-Younger Gang (islandnet.com/~the-gang); and the grand poobah of all, Wyatt Earp sites (whether you love him or hate him), Glenn Boyer's Historical Research Associates (histres.com).

All of these sites promote western history in one form or another, either by encouraging you to learn more, or to join their club so you can meet people with the same interests.

Boyer's site invites visitors to ask the author questions, an idea that proves fairly hilarious if you have the patience to actually read each page. Another place that encourages discussion of western research, specifically gunfighters, is The Gunfighter Zone (gunfighter.com). The Zone offers a bulletin board for visitors to post questions and comments about the current state of research, art, and western hobbies.

The club sites, of course, also include historical associations; luckily, there are many available on the Internet. A good starting point for the western fan is the Police Guides Directory to Outlaw-Lawman Historical Associations (police guide.com/outlaw-lawman.htm). This site will lead you to associations ranging from WOLA (flash.net/~pggreen), NOLA (cowboy.net/western/~nola.html), and the very impressive, and endless, information offered by the Oklahombres (qhs/~dcordry/hombres.html).

If actual physical history is your interest, a great place to start is the Davis Arms Museum (state.ok.us/jmdavis), featuring just about every firearm in existence. Collectors of rare documents and historical autographs should aim for Americana Catalog (concentric.net/~Rbattles), where visitors can view and bid on rare pieces of paper history.

Some other points of interest include western, or oddly relevant western, products for sale over the Internet.

I found a video game based on Billy the Kid (the final stage is a gunfight with Pat Garrett); Faro, which has been resurrected as a interactive card game; and a very strange site that sales typefaces based on the actual handwriting of famous historical badmen.

I reckon the Information Highway is a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there. It'll never take the place of a dirt road leading to a good fishing hole.

Marcus Huff

ANOTHER BILLY FOR THE PILE

I have enclosed an alleged photograph of William Bonney, "alias Billy the Kid," pictured with a young girl.

The original old tintype was given to me by a very prominent family from southern California over forty years ago. They were very adamant as to its authenticity. The young girl in the photo is unidentified.

I was hoping that maybe you or your readers might be able to identify the girl in the photograph in relation to authenticating the photo of "Billy the Kid."

Any help you can give me would be greatly appreciated, personally and historically. Thank you very much.—*Craig Sturm, Coulterville, California.*

Editor's Note: I knew I couldn't truly call it the new year until I got a new Billy photo tossed my way.

This one is a bit more interesting than most, given the apparent age of the lad in the photo. Since Billy's childhood is still a matter of great debate, it would help if we knew when and where this photo was supposedly taken. A clue to the "prominent family" who previously owned the tintype would be equally useful information. This would be the best place to start a positive trace of the photo's origins.

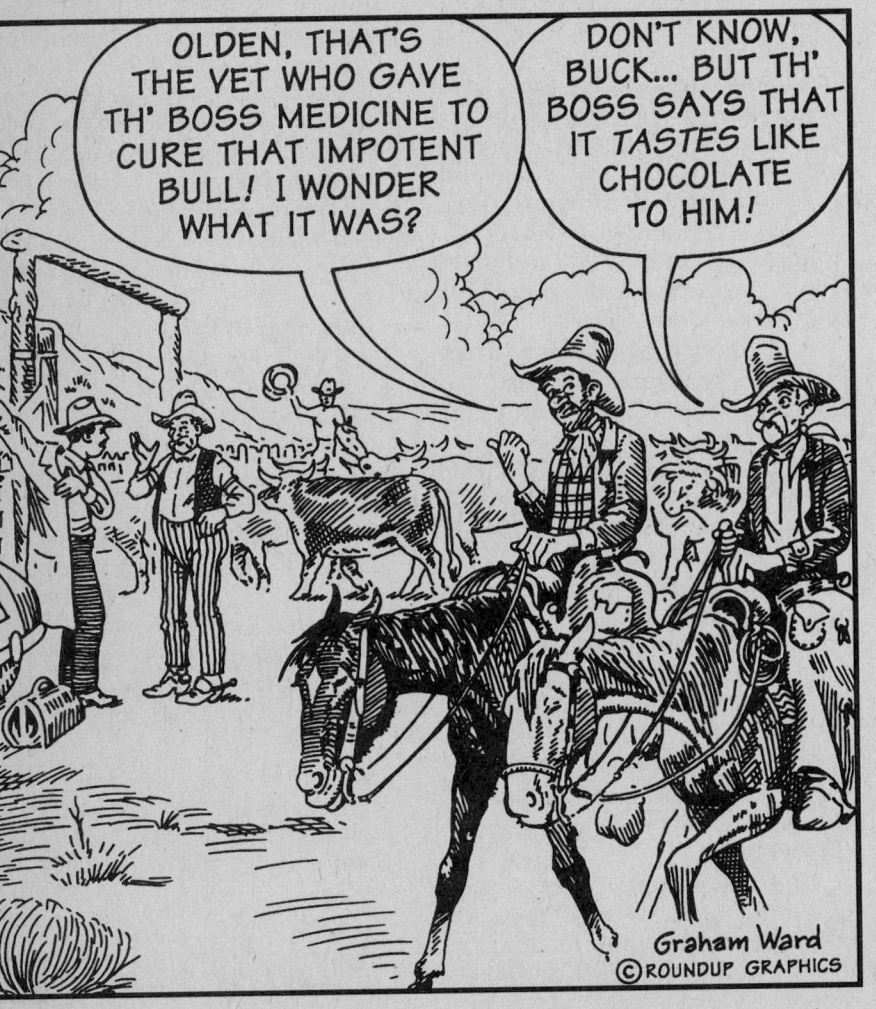
The identity of the girl is indeterminable until background on the photo itself is found. No popular reference has ever been made to a girl in the McCarty or Antrim families. Of course, this could be a cousin, neighbor, or schoolmate.

The first step in identifying a photo of Billy the Kid, or anyone for that matter, is to compare it with an already verified photo of that person. Unfortunately, all Billy comparisons are based on one photo, and it is in worse condition than most. Based solely on that one verified photo, what we do know about Billy is this:

The only clearly visible ear, the right, protrudes greatly; in accordance to popular description, the Kid has "buck teeth" and a long chin and his eyes appear heavy-lidded (some believe he had been drinking when the photo was taken).

Your photo, Mr. Sturm, indicates that the subject does have a protruding ear, an unusually long chin, and the same general facial features that are common on the older, taller Billy. But without documentation of some sort, or a reliable oral history of the photo's origin, identifiying the boy and girl is next to impossible.

I wouldn't worry too much about finding someone with an interest in helping you identify the photo, however. I'm sure my phone is ringing off the hook as you read this.



SADDLE PALS **By Graham Ward**

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

Photo courtesy of Craig Sturm

Reader Craig Sturm is looking for information on the young girl in this photo with an alleged "Billy the Kid."

ROUNDUP

A MUSEUM TOUR OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK TRAIL

By George Cathcart

The West has been mapped. There are no great territories left to discover. But the adventure of discovery is not lost. You can still follow in the footsteps of the explorers and indulge your sense of adventure with the aid of modern maps, guidebooks, and especially museums.

More than 190 years ago Meriwether Lewis and William Clark explored the newly-acquired Louisiana Territory for President Thomas Jefferson. They traveled from St. Louis, Missouri, up the Missouri River, across the Continental Divide, and down the Columbia River to the Pacific Ocean. Then they came back.

Lewis and Clark collected information about people, animals, plants, minerals, and soils, about the courses and positions of rivers and mountain ranges, about climate and landforms. Theirs was truly one of the most comprehensive and successful explorations ever undertaken.

Today, interest in Lewis and Clark is growing rapidly, and thousands of people are taking to the roads to follow all or part of their more than 4,000-mile route. They are finding, naturally, that most of the wild rivers and wild lands have been tamed, and the wildlife is far more scarce.

But the careful collection of historical, natural, and cultural information that Lewis and Clark began has continued apace. Modern travelers following their route can find dozens of museums devoted not only to Lewis and Clark, but also the Indians before and after them, as well as trappers and traders, railroaders and ranchers, cowpokes and prospectors. Some of the museums are grand in scale, others are strictly local, but all are full of discoveries waiting to be made.

Let's take a quick tour of some of the museums along the Lewis and Clark route. We'll look closely at some of the best, and different kinds of museums, and we'll identify other examples.

We begin where the expedition began and ended, in St. Louis, Missouri. Directly under the arch by the Mississippi River is the Museum of Westward Expansion. Here the visitor can trace the exploration and settlement of the entire West, beginning with the Louisiana Purchase in 1803.

The story of the Lewis and Clark expedition figuratively embraces the rest of the museum with large scenic photos, journal excerpts, and samples of the tools, weapons, wildlife, and Indian life that defined the expedition. The museum proceeds through the entire nineteenth century, featuring explorations, wars, and the settlement that transformed the frontier into the west of today.

The Museum of Westward Expansion is the most comprehensive museum on the Lewis and Clark trail. But in its grand scope, it lacks some of the interesting details that can be found only in smaller museums or facilities dedicated to a sin-

gle event or location.

For instance, several museums are devoted to the Lewis and Clark expedition. The best are a couple of interpretive centers at the western end of the route.

The Lewis and Clark Interpretive Center in Washington's Fort Canby State Park leads visitors on a photo tour of the entire route, more comprehensive than the display in St. Louis. Audiovisual programs, dioramas, replicas of dugout canoes, weapons, and tools bring the expedition to life. At the end of the "tour," the visitor ascends a ramp and gazes out of a floor-to-ceiling picture window on the breathtaking sight of Cape Disappointment, where the explorers finally saw the Pacific Ocean.

Across the Columbia River on a four-mile-long bridge and about ten miles south of Astoria, Oregon, is a careful reproduction of Fort Clatsop, where the expedition spent a rainy, miserable winter of 1805-06.

Lewis and Clark and their party were the first white Americans to see the upper Missouri, but they were not the first people there.

The Fort Clatsop National Memorial's visitor center is a beautifully designed and informative museum. A hundred yards away on its original site is the fort, based on Clark's drawings of the floor plan.

Rangers in period costumes can be found shaving and tanning elk hides (or sewing their own elk-hide costumes), rendering tallow to make candles, crafting furniture, or practicing their marksmanship with muzzle-loader rifles. At the canoe landing, rangers have made dugouts just like the boats the hunters used to ply the Lewis and Clark River in search of elk.

Interpretive centers devoted to other topics are the most common museums along the Lewis and Clark Trail, and travelers should make a point to spend some time exploring them. From east to west, they include:

Fort Osage, near Kansas City, Missouri, is a replica of one of the first trans-Mississippi military outposts established after the Lewis and Clark exploration.

Museum of Missouri River History, is located aboard the dry-docked *Meriwether Lewis* dredge near Browning, Nebraska, which scoured the bottom of the Missouri River for thirty-seven years, from 1932 to 1969, to open the once treacherous channel.

Fort Abraham Lincoln State Park, near Mandan, North Dakota, features General George Armstrong Custer's mansion, whence he rode to his doom in 1876, as well as some earth lodges on the site of an ancient Mandan village.

Fort Mandan, a replica of the 1804-05 winter quarters of the expedition, is located near Washburn, North Dakota. The original site has been washed away by the fickle Missouri River.

Knife River National Historic Site, Stanton, North Dakota, includes re-creations of Mandan and Hidatsa earth lodges on the site of the villages near where Fort Mandan actually stood.

Fort Union, near Williston, North Dakota, is a re-creation of the American Fur Company outpost that dominated the Upper Missouri River for nearly four decades.

Pompey's Pillar, near Billings, Montana, is a landmark rock beside the Yellowstone River where visitors can view William Clark's signature, carved in the rock July 21, 1806, during the explorers' return voyage.

Museum of the Upper Missouri, at Fort Benton, Montana, honors the days of riverboats and trappers who flooded the region after hearing Lewis and Clark's stories of the beaver bonanza.

Whitman Mission, Walla Walla, Washington, is the site of a former

Protestant mission that became a key wayside on the Oregon Trail and hosted a violent and tragic misunderstanding in 1847.

Sacajawea State Park and Interpretive Center, Pasco, Washington, is home to a small museum devoted to the expedition.

LEWIS AND CLARK and their party were the first white Americans to see the upper Missouri, but they were not the first people there. Along most of their route, the explorers encountered American Indians who had lived in that vast country for thousands of years.

The explorers made a significant effort to comprehend the complex relationships among the tribes and their cultures. The travelers and settlers who followed Lewis and Clark were less careful about the indigenous people, with the result that not only cultural histories, but entire tribes of American Indians virtually vanished.

Fortunately, some tribes have built their own museums to preserve and display their cultural heritage for themselves and for visitors.

The highlight of the Akta Lakota Museum ("Honor the People" in Sioux; admission free) at Chamberlain, South Dakota, is the extensive collection of works by contemporary American Indian artists. It is worth a visit for the paintings and sculptures alone. But don't pass up the displays of lodges, clothing, crafts, tools, and weapons of the Sioux who once dominated the Missouri River through most of what is now South Dakota. An extensive gift shop with books, jewelry, and Indian-made crafts is also available.

Three agricultural tribes living in earth lodge villages dominated central North Dakota in Lewis and Clark's time. Decimated by smallpox, war, and nineteenth century government policies, the Arikara, Hidatsa, and Mandan Indians now live on the Fort Berthold Reservation, which straddles Lake Sakakawea, one of the impoundments on the Missouri River. At New Town, North Dakota, the tribes honor their history and culture in

the Three Affiliated Tribes Museum.

This museum clearly aims to honor tribal leaders and to preserve the histories of the tribes and the reservation. Much of the display space is devoted to photographs and biographies of the leaders and heroes of each of the three tribes. A display case on the second floor presents "A Salute to Captain William Clark" for his "sincerity and fairness" when serving as superintendent of Indian affairs "in an era when such treatment was uncommon."

You can also find, of course, clothing, tools, weapons, toys, and other crafts of the three tribes. A small cutaway model of a traditional earth lodge on the second floor gives construction details and explains the spiritual and practical significance of virtually every feature in the lodge. Full-scale reproductions of earth lodges are also displayed at two nearby facilities mentioned above: Knife River Villages and Fort Abraham Lincoln State Park.

Other Indian museums include the Iowa Sac and Fox Mission Museum near Sparks, Kansas, and the visitor's center museum of the Nez Perce National Historic Park in Spalding, Idaho.

In nearby Lewiston, Idaho, is an excellent example of another type of museum found in small towns along Lewis and Clark's route. The Luna House Museum displays Nez Perce history, including a moving triptych of portraits of Chief Joseph, as well as artifacts of the early settlement and development of the region.

At the Klein Museum in Mobridge, South Dakota, Culbertson Museum in Culbertson, Montana, and the Dillon Museum in Dillon, Montana, local families and businesses have emptied their attics and donated old clothes, appliances, furnishings, and tools to outfit the displays.

But in no way do these places look like rummage sales. Local volunteers have arranged the artifacts to recreate the homes, churches, businesses, and offices that defined the ancestors' way of life.

Travelers with enough time should explore interpretive centers at dams, which often tell much more than the story of hydropower. The visitor's centers at Gavins Point, Nebraska, Fort Randall, South Dakota, and Bonneville Dam in Washington are all worth a stop.

Last but not least is a must-see museum that defies every category listed.

Eccentric entrepreneur Samuel Hill converted his mansion on a cliff high above the Columbia River gorge to an art museum in 1926. Hill was a patron of the arts and an admirer of European royalty.

The works on display in the Maryhill Museum, on State Highway 14 near Goldendale, Washington, reflect Hill's own life and tastes. One large hall displays the personal jewelry and treasures of his friend, Queen Marie of Romania. The best way to visit this museum is to wander aimlessly and discover the Russian icons, classical American realism, miniatures, late nineteenth century French paintings, Auguste Rodin artwork, and chess sets made by schoolchildren in the Pacific Northwest. Two small rooms house elaborate chess sets from all over the world. A hallway displays works by contemporary northwestern artists. One circular room displays American Indian artifacts arranged by region.

The vast territory that Lewis and Clark opened was also a diverse assemblage. The people who were already there and those who followed in the explorers' footsteps have put on display what is important to them about their culture and heritage. In an era where national franchises and shopping malls transcend regional uniqueness, these intimate glimpses of our past become all the more precious.

A Final Note: although admission to most of these museums is often free or never more than a couple of dollars, don't overlook the donation boxes found near the front doors.

THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN

Author's Collection

The young Molly Tobin as she looked when she first met J.J. Brown in Leadville, Colorado.

Margaret Tobin Brown has been celebrated in music, in numerous books, a Broadway play, and a Hollywood extravaganza. These tributes to the West's famous unsinkable lady, while entertaining, did little to convey the truth. It's a shame, too, for the life of Margaret Tobin Brown was every bit as spectacular as the legend.

She was born in Hannibal, Missouri, the daughter of a poor Irish ditch digger, John Tobin, and his wife, Johanna.

Molly (most who knew her referred to her as Maggie) attended school until age thirteen, then secured a job waiting tables at one of the leading hotels in Hannibal. Years later, she enjoyed telling friends how she had served breakfast to Mark Twain in exchange for the pleasure of hearing his wonderful stories of fame and fortune in the West. Whether or not Molly's story is true, she did leave Hannibal in 1886 and moved, with her brother, Daniel to Leadville, Colorado.

Daniel quickly secured work in the mines, making three dollars a day. Molly was hired as a seamstress at Daniels, Fisher & Smith dry goods store on Harrison Avenue. She was a capable employee, and worked hard, but always with the goal of finding something better. That something better had nothing to do with wages. In fact, it had nothing to do with work. Molly aimed to be a wealthy woman and that meant marrying a man with money. She had looked over her prospects. There were fortunes to be made in the mines. The man who could strike it rich in Leadville, could afford to court Miss Molly Tobin.

Molly was not a beautiful woman. Her outstanding features were probably her hands and feet, which were quite small for such a buxom young woman. She had flaming red hair and blue eyes. She also had a headstrong nature and a quick temper, not considered favorable attributes in a Victorian woman. But if Molly's manners left something to be desired, her big-heartedness more than made up the deficit. Men seemed to find Molly Tobin refreshing. She was bright and entertaining. And, after a hard day in the mines, the men

By Jan Holden

IN APRIL 1912, MOLLY TOBIN BROWN WAS ONCE AGAIN ENJOYING EUROPEAN SOCIETY, WHEN SHE RECEIVED AN URGENT CABLE FROM THE STATES. MOLLY MADE PLANS TO RETURN HOME IMMEDIATELY. THE FASTEST TRIP, OR SO SHE WAS TOLD, WAS TO SECURE PASSAGE ON THE RMS TITANIC.

were more than ready to be amused.

Molly possessed no stage experience, but claimed she enjoyed doing poetry recitations and leading sing-a-longs for the men in Leadville. While she was performing her "penny shows," she was examining the audience. Among the most eligible sat James Joseph Brown, a man with plenty of business savvy and ambition. He had started out in 1885 as just another Leadville miner and had risen to the position of foreman of the Louisville Mine a year later. Everything was happening quickly for the thirty-one-year-old mining engineer. He barely had time to adjust to his business success before he was seriously courting Molly Tobin, who was now nineteen. On September 1, 1886, the couple were married by Father Henry Robinson, Leadville's pioneer Catholic priest.

Author's Collection

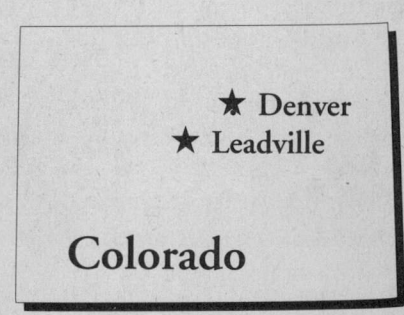
James Joseph Brown, 1910.

J.J. and Molly moved into a two-room log cabin near the mines and, though it was not real luxury, it was a big step forward for a gal who had shared cramped quarters in Missouri with her parents and five siblings. Besides, J.J, was still climbing the ladder of success. In 1888 he was made superintendent of the Henriette & Maid Consolidated Mining Company, one of the most productive mines in the region.

In 1892, J.J. held a seat on the board of directors of the Ibex Mining Company. Though Leadville's silver mines were suffering, and the price per ounce had fallen to sixty-one cents, Ibex aggressively pursued a second ore contract in the Little Jonny Mine, once one of the areas major producers of silver and lead. The project was fraught with difficulties from the beginning. The mine shaft hit a layer of dolomite sand that regularly created cave-ins. While J.J. Brown's partners considered abandoning the project, J.J. conceived a method of using baled hay and timbers to stop the cave-ins. It was a shrewd move by one of Leadville's finest mining engineers. The problem was solved and The Little Jonny Mine produced huge quantities of copper and gold. The gold was so pure and the vein so wide, it earned a reputation of being the world's richest gold strike. J.J. Brown and his business partners were now exceedingly rich.

With the realization of wealth, Molly Tobin-Brown decided it was time to enjoy her "new" affluence. In 1894 she urged J.J. to sell their home in Leadville and move to Denver. Molly gave her furniture to friends and relatives, with the plan of securing grander furnishings for her new home, a $30,000 mansion located at 1340 Pennsylvania Avenue, the very heart of Denver's fashionable Capitol Hill neighborhood.

Though J.J. had little interest in glitz and glamour, he humored his wife, and, for a while was actually amused watching Molly decorate the place with her own eclectic taste. The Browns now had two young children, a son, Larry, and a daughter,

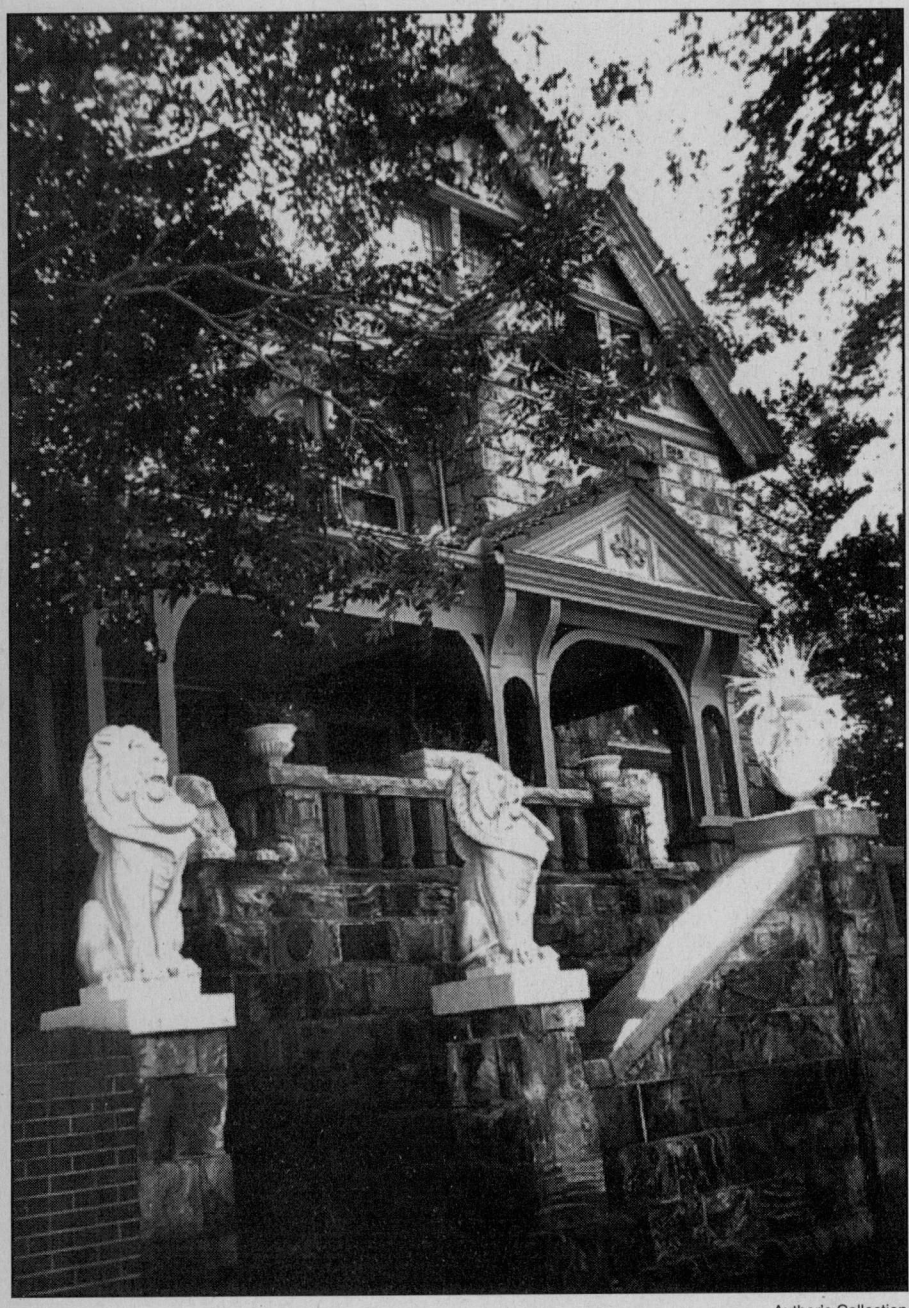


Helen. Molly was not particularly maternal, however, and the children were sent to elite boarding schools at an early age. This allowed Molly lots of time for improving her home and more-importantly, her image in Denver's highbrow society.

Molly was nearly thirty years old, and had not seen a classroom or opened a schoolbook for years. It hadn't bothered her either—not until the move to Denver. Suddenly, Molly felt gauche and awkward. The leading ladies of Denver society had traveled the world.

Their names appeared regularly in the society pages of *The Denver Times*. They gave charity luncheons and opened their homes for lavish parties. Molly Brown's name was seldom on the guest list.

Molly decided it was time she changed her style. She filled her closet with gowns from Paris. She studied foreign languages and toured Europe. She threw lavish parties, with guest lists numbering close to 1,000. She attended the opera regularly and made generous donations to charity.



Author's Collection

The Brown mansion at 1340 Pennsylvania Avenue in Denver. The building is now home to the Molly Brown Museum.

All of this effort certainly brought Molly to the attention of the Denver citizens. In fact, reporters began to take great delight in including "tidbits" in their columns concerning Molly's hairstyle, her jewelry, and her charitable donations. It was not enough for Molly Brown. She enjoyed the stories, but grieved the fact that all her efforts were hopelessly lost on a particular group of Denver ladies. The "Sacred 36" was their unofficial title, and they were led by a former belle from the South, Mrs. Crawford Hill. To Mrs. Hill, Molly Brown lacked breeding. She was "new" money and totally lacking in the refinements. Mrs. Hill's opinion was reinforced by a cruel story penned by Polly Pry, Denver's popular gossip columnist. Pry devoted more than half a newspaper page to a vicious attack on Molly's physical appearance, her lack of culture, and her social ambition. It made Molly so angry that she penned a rebuttal to Polly Pry, which Polly eagerly ran in her column—taking care that Mrs. Brown's grammar and spelling would NOT be edited. If anything, Molly only made herself look more ridiculous to those she hoped most to impress.

To make matters worse, there was increased tension at home. J.J. was engaged in a lawsuit filed by Harry D. Call, who claimed Mr. Brown had seduced his wife while staying at a health spa in Pueblo, Colorado.

The children, now in their teens, were becoming increasingly embarrassed by their mother's rowdy parties and lavish lifestyle (though Helen would grow up seeking, and obtaining, the same recognition by Denver society).

Molly and J.J. kept separate bedrooms, and J.J. even had a special passageway built from his bedroom to his office, so that he could avoid confrontations with his wife. It served him well when he was home. He also spent increasingly more time away from the family, overseeing his real estate and mining investments throughout the southwest and Cuba.

If Molly was troubled by her spouse, she didn't let on. Instead,

she made several trips to Europe, where her colorful personality and sometimes "eccentric" behavior caused little stir. She spent summers in a rented house in Newport, Rhode Island, and threw gala parties for her affluent neighbors. For some reason, Molly Brown had little problem fitting in with "society," as long as it was miles from home. But home for Molly was still back in Denver, on Pennsylvania Avenue. And she had not given up her quest for acceptance.

In 1909, after twenty-three years of marriage, J.J. and Molly Brown filed for legal separation. After that they were seldom seen together, even for family occasions. Helen's marriage in 1913, for example, was attended by her father, but not her mother. Molly was abroad, once again. Still, J.J. claimed he was fearful that Molly might be stalking him. He suggested to his son that detectives be hired to document Molly's movements and, perhaps, obtain evidence to prove her insane. Apparently, nothing came of the suggestion, though until his death, in 1922, J.J. Brown insisted his estranged wife was his most terrifying foe.

In April 1912, Molly was once again enjoying European society, when she received an urgent cable from the states. Her young grandson was ill. Molly made plans to return home immediately. The fastest trip, or so she was told, was to secure passage on the *RMS Titanic.*

On April 10, 1912, Molly boarded the Jewel of the White Star Line along with more than 2,000 fellow travelers. Molly, of course, booked First Class, paying more than $4,000 for her cabin. She was in fashionable company, rubbing elbows with the Astors, the Guggenheims and Bruce Ismay, owner of the White Star Line. She and Ismay would make headlines six days later, being two out of approximately 700 men, women, and children to survive the sinking of the "unsinkable" *Titanic.*

Molly was later to claim to reporters, that she was never frightened, even when it became obvious that there were not enough lifeboats to accommodate the passengers and crew.

"If the worst should happen, I could swim out," she boasted. But, the crew saw things differently. It was women and children first, and Molly was snatched from the deck and dropped into lifeboat # 6. She never had a chance to demonstrate her technique in the water.

Molly did demonstrate her courage, however, when the quartermaster in charge of the boat became too frightened to row away from the sinking ship. Realizing that the suction caused by the *Titanic* as it slipped beneath the waves could pull the lifeboat with it, Molly grabbed the oars from the quartermaster and ordered another woman to row with her until they were certain to survive the powerful undertow.

Rescue by the *S.S. Carpathia* was slow in coming, but Molly continued to row for six hours, while entertain-

Author's Collection

Margaret "Molly" Tobin-Brown.

Author's Collection

Molly Brown poses with Captain A.H. Rostrom and the crew of the *S.S. Carpathia* after the sinking of the *RMS Titanic*.

Author's Collection

Molly Brown in her later years, at a resort in Rhode Island.

ing the frightened passengers with hymns and stories of her life in Denver. Though Molly's linguistic skills had never helped her cause in crashing Denver society, it certainly aided her efforts to calm her fellow passengers—most of them immigrant women who spoke French or German and had just lost their men to the disaster.

Molly continued to minister to other passengers after they were safely aboard the *Carpathia*. She made lists of survivors and arranged for their names to be radioed ahead to anxious families waiting in New York. She formed a committee for relief of the destitute victims, and enlisted help from other monied survivors.

In New York, reporters flocked around Molly as she posed for numerous photographs with the captain and crew of the *Carpathia*. When asked by one newsman the secret of her survival, Molly announced, "Typical Brown luck. We're unsinkable."

The *Titanic* disaster gave Molly Brown more publicity than she'd ever known before. In fact, back in Denver, even the haughty Mrs. Crawford Hill was persuaded to agree to throwing a luncheon in honor of Denver's unsinkable lady. It didn't mean a whole lot. By the time the sinking of the *RMS Titanic* was "old news," so was Molly.

For the remainder of her lifetime, Molly Brown continued to be active in charity work and suffragette causes. She had political aspirations, including a failed attempt to win a seat in the United States Senate in 1914.

Molly Brown died October 26, 1932, after suffering two severe strokes. Her passing garnered casual notice in the Denver papers and her funeral service was small and simple. Her body was sent to New York, where she was buried in Long Island's Holy Rood Cemetery, next to her estranged husband, J.J. Brown.

The Fine Art of Murder

By Larry K. Brown

Wyoming

★ Dixon

Once upon a time, a mysterious marshal sketched life as he knew it, wove horsehair reins and rope, tooled fine leather, and, some speculate, murdered as many as fourteen men who stood in his way. Others give him credit for killing as few as seven.

What we do know is that Robert D. Meldrum drew the scene illustrating this article as he cooled his heels in a Carbon County jail cell in Rawlins, Wyoming, awaiting trial [see p. 17].

Meldrum said his life began in 1861 in England as the son of Scottish parents, who later emigrated to New York. For reasons he chose not to share, his adolescence escapes the spotlight until he surfaced in northern Colorado. He later bragged that, as a Pinkerton detective there, he and the infamous Tom Horn shot and killed two innocent men whom they thought highjacked horses from Rocky Mountain travelers.

Like a furtive flea, Meldrum popped up next in 1899 as a craftsman at a saddlery and harness repair shop in Dixon, Wyoming. There, he returned to law enforcement when Carbon County officials appointed him as deputy sheriff. In that position, Meldrum caught Noah Wilkerson, an "accessory to murder," who had escaped the Coleman, Texas, jail. Their brief meeting ended when Meldrum's

Courtesy Little Snake River Museum

Claiming to be a Pinkerton detective, Bob Meldrum said he and the murderous Tom Horn once shot and killed two innocent men whom they suspected of horse theft.

Davis Downed The Irish

The items in the dead man's clothes shed no clues as to how he died. Justice of the Peace and Acting Coroner J.T. Leighton, in fact, found on Jeff Dunbar's corpse only a buckskin purse with two-bits in it; $30 in bills; $6.25 in loose silver; a Dixon, Wyoming, Mercantile check for $77.31; a couple of receipts; a watch and chain; pocket knife; dice; a pistol cartridge; two keys; a plug, plus some smoking tobacco, and one black, silk handkerchief.

Dunbar made his reservation in hell about 10 PM on Sunday, July 24, 1898, when he bellied up to the east end of the bar [depicted at far right in the sketch by badman artist Bob Meldrum on p. 17] in James W. Davis's saloon in Dixon. As the reputed killer of "more than 100 men in his time" moved to cash in his chips from a poker game, Davis, the portly bartender, recalled,

> The first thing he said he wanted to know what I thought about the Irish. He wanted to know if the Irish wasn't all right and I said, "I did not know anything about the Irish as I had not associated with them enough to find them out. Probably they were all right and probably they was not.' And he said he was Irish and said he knowed they was all right.

John Groshart, Willard Runnells, Chriss Dahl [depicted at extreme left at the bar], Pulal "Joe Mexican" Truillo [in sombrero, at the table], and B.W. Snider [with cigarette in his lips, standing between Truillo and the bar] looked on while Davis and Dunbar rolled dice for a drink. The bartender, who lost the toss and prepared to pour, laid an old pack of cards on the counter, apparently trying to lure Dunbar into a game. But the quarrelsome Dunbar threw the pack on the floor and said he refused to play with an old deck. Despite Davis's offer to clear a new deck, Dunbar refused. Then, evidently unable to resist dredging up a past gambling grievance, Dunbar said, "You tried to run it over me last winter, didn't you?" He alluded to a game in which some say he lost heavily to Davis. As accusations and denials grew more heated, Dunbar swore, "You can't run nothing over me." Suddenly, he went for his gun and, quick as a snake, it cleared the leather as firing followed furiously.

Witnesses claimed Dunbar's first shot hit the floor. His next two slugs, however, found their mark before the unarmed Davis defended himself. One round barely burned his right breast while the second hit his right hip and ripped an exit hole above his groin. A description of the wounds and the action suggests that, at this point, Davis finally pulled a pistol from beneath the bar and, as he backed toward the west door of the saloon, fired two bullets into Dunbar's chest. Dunbar's last shot apparently nicked the flesh of Davis's right thumb near the wrist before it creased his midforearm. The barkeep fell, about three feet from the exit, as he tried to reach the door.

In the midst of the fight, an errant shot grazed Snider as he stood near Dunbar, but he escaped serious damage.

Courtesy Museum of Northwest Colorado

The Snake River Stock Association hired "man killer" Bob Meldrum in 1908 to patrol against rustlers. To assure his authority, Albany County authorities made him a deputy sheriff.

first pistol shot clipped the gunman's forehead and his second round ripped through the fleeing felon's back. The coroner claimed the outlaw never knew what hit him.

Returning to Colorado, owners of the Tom Boy Mine near Telluride hired Meldrum as a guard, and later arranged his assignment as a deputy sheriff, to break labor strikes. During the next five years, sandwiched between his killings of miners Olaf Thissel and David Lambert, Meldrum worked briefly in Boise, Idaho, where he wed "Cora F.," a reputed shrew with a son by a previous marriage. She later tired of his sodden lifestyle, however, and left for parts unknown.

By 1908, the "man killer" Meldrum returned to Wyoming, where the Snake River Stock Association hired him to patrol

against rustlers. To assure his authority, county officials made him a deputy sheriff. And to supplement his income, he operated a ferry over the Little Snake River and managed the Finlayson Lumber Company in Baggs. Although increasing concern over Meldrum's rough-shod reputation spurred Carbon County executives to take away his badge, the people of Baggs seemed not to share that concern. They hired the hothead as their marshal, a position he held until January 16, 1912. That evening, the slight, five-foot, six-inch lawman arrested John "Chick" Bowen for disturbing the peace. When the rowdy drunk resisted, Meldrum shot and wounded the cowboy. Bowen died the next day.

Despite a relatively swift trial for manslaughter, and ultimately a "guilty" verdict, defense maneuvers (as well as Meldrum's temporary flight) delayed sentencing. Justice prevailed, however, on June 28, 1916, when the presiding judge sent the fifty-one-year-old, defrocked peace officer to the Wyoming State Penitentiary in Rawlins, where he served time as "Inmate #2370." But thanks to influential friends, plus his own good behavior, Acting Governor Frank Houx restored Meldrum's freedom with a pardon on January 19, 1919.

Once out of prison, Meldrum moved to Wolcott, where he opened a harness shop in which he also displayed his sketches and related fine art. He might have stayed there, too, had a fire not ravaged the establishment. With that last Wyoming root destroyed, Meldrum again sailed free over the high plains, like a tumbleweed torn by wind from the soil, toward God knows where. Some suggest he joined a brother, who lived in Buffalo, New York. Others snort at that, because they know his later life, like his first years, tends to hide in history defying those who hope to learn the truth.

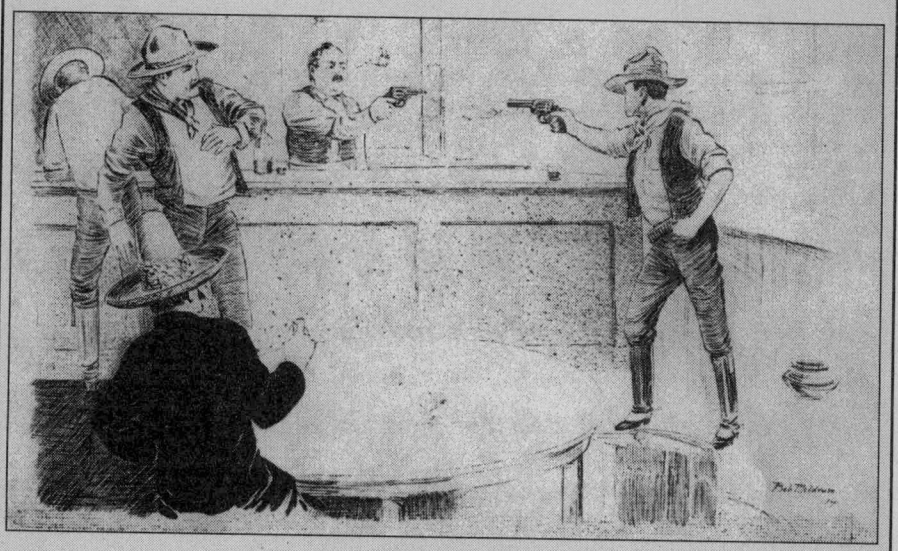
In the meantime, another customer, John Groshart, shouted to Dunbar as he tried to escape: "Jeff, hold on. If you have killed anybody or hurt them, give yourself up." At that Dunbar turned to his left, fell through the open east door, and on to the porch. Rushing to Dunbar's side, Groshart lifted the outlaw's head and asked, "Jeff, are you hurt?" The wounded man failed to answer.

As Davis, with a gun in his hand, stood bleeding, Groshart left Dunbar and went to the injured bartender. "I pushed him back in the saloon to the bar," Groshart recalled, and said, "Jim, stay here." As Davis struggled to reload his gun, Groshart said, "Jim, you have no use for that. Trust me as a friend and a brother. You have no business out there."

In the meantime, someone called for Dr. J.B. Weaver and Davis limped back into the barroom as bystanders followed him into the saloon. Going to the cash drawer, Davis began taking his money when A.N. Allen, a local citizen, approached and said, "Give that to me as you was shot. You had better give me your money and go and lay down." Allen recalled Davis gave it to him without counting.

When Doctor Weaver arrived, he found Dunbar where he had fallen. From his labored breathing and the blood flowing from his mouth, the physician knew the man had little time left. Unable to do more for Dunbar, the doctor next went to Davis to examine and dress his wounds.

The following day, Monday, July 25, after reviewing the circumstances, Justice Leighton subpoenaed a six-man coroner's jury, which appeared that day at the scene of the crime and declared, "We...do find and say that...Jeff Dunbar came to his death...by a gun shot wound inflicted by James Davis of Dixon, Wyoming in said James Davis's Saloon." That brief decision not only settled Dunbar's fate, it also closed the case. The court took no further legal action against Davis who, the jury believed, acted in self-defense.



Wyoming Division of Cultural Resources

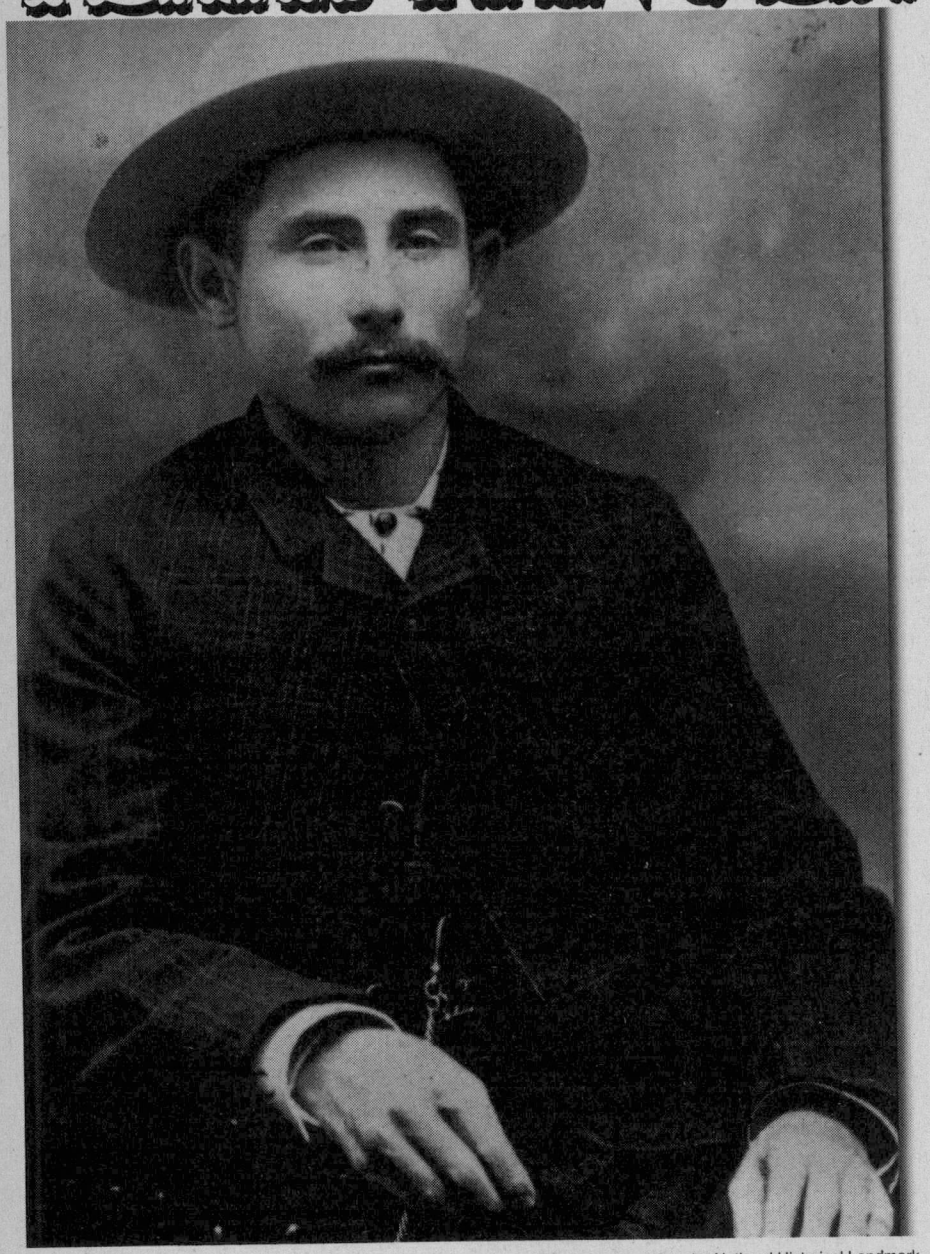
This untitled pen and ink sketch by badman Bob Meldrum illustrates a gunfight between James W. Davis and outlaw Jeff Dunbar. Meldrum drew this picture while awaiting trial for the 1912 shooting of Baggs, Wyoming, cowboy John "Chick" Bowen.

A Final Note: Once Jeff Dunbar died, rumors ran rife about his life. For example, little is known about his earliest years, but Willis George Emerson, who wrote of Dunbar for the *Denver Times,* claimed the outlaw once led "a marauding band of desperadoes [sic] known as the 'Robbers Roost' gang," a band including such notorious characters as "Broncho" Johnson, Butch Cassidy, Bert Charters, Jack Garland, Jim Stevens, Tom Turley, "Cherokee Buss," and Isom Dart.

Richard Franklin Tankersley
West Texas Frontiersman

By Barbara Barton

Richard Franklin Tankersley
Texas Ranger



Fort Concho National Historical Landmark

Richard Franklin Tankersly.

Richard Franklin Tankersley wasn't a Texan by birth, but that didn't stop him from making his mark on West Texas as an early settler. Richard was born in Decatur, Alabama, and married Annie Eleanor Allen from Abernathy, Mississippi, in 1848. The call of the West hit the Tankersleys as a young married couple, so Richard and Annie decided to head out on the Texas Trail.

They loaded all their earthly possessions and two slaves, George and Betty, and took off in two covered wagons pulled by oxen. The family crossed the Mississippi River by flatboat and continued west. The Tankersleys arrived in Williamson County, Texas in 1852, the year their first child, Elizabeth, was born. Eventually, the family grew by six more children: Clarissa, George Washington, Fayette, Mary, Sara, and Henry Martin.

Richard soon seemed restless as he pushed his family farther west, first to Cherokee County and then on to San Saba and Brown counties. Indian raids were a constant threat to settlers, like Richard and Annie, in remote areas. As an only child of wealthy parents, Annie must have been shocked at the life she now led with Indians so near. United States troopers in forts along the Texas frontier were too far from most settlers to help much, so the Texas government set up its own line of defense. Richard became a part of this maneuver to protect Annie and his children.

Since the U.S. troops concentrated more on the Red River and the Rio Grande areas, Texas Governor Hardin R. Runnels

received authority from the Texas legislature to establish troops across the interior frontier regions. With $70,000 appropriated, he commissioned John Williams on May 20, 1858, to "enroll a company of twenty mounted men" from Llano and San Saba counties for protection against the Indians. Richard joined this group May 24, 1858, to serve for sixty days. Tankersley led a detachment through Comanche and Buchanan. His second son, Fayette, was born in 1859, during Richard's "Texas Minute Man Days."

Texas Minute Men were organized to protect their immediate areas. They not only had to be dedicated, but they also had to supply their own horses, saddle, and bridles, plus a good rifle or double barrel shotgun, a pistol, and plenty of ammunition. An Austin store did provide rations for the two months in the field.

The duties of these protectors were described in the diary of Samuel Newman:

> Men in the Frontier Service of Texas were exempt from conscription until the spring of 1864. They were to scout one-fourth of their time and not be away from home more than two months at a time unless they were fighting Indians or there was some other emergency. They were to scout and look out for Indians, protect the settlers, the wagon trails and the mail lines.

During this time, Tankersley and his family were living in an abandoned government building at Camp Colorado on Jim Ned Creek in present-day Coleman County. A family, known only as the Jacksons, also lived on Jim Ned Creek. One day the Jacksons went for a family picnic on the creek near their home. Indians attacked and killed the parents and older daughter. They took the younger boy and girl captive.

Tankersley went with the Texas Rangers to try to rescue the children. When the Indians realized they were being pursued by the troopers, they pushed the two children off their horses and sped away. The Rangers didn't see the children at first, but when they doubled back on their trail, they heard the crying boy and girl in the bushes. The troopers took the scared and scratched children to the Tankersley home to care for them until relatives arrived.

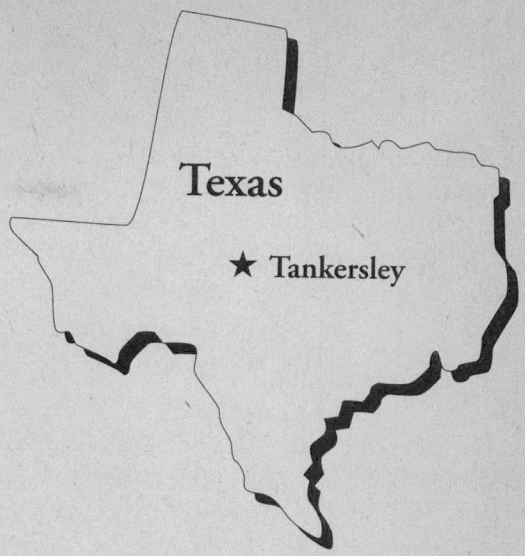
The early settlers lived in constant fear of Indian attack. Some people could endure this and others couldn't. The Tankersley slaves, George and Betty, feared the Indians and were unhappy in the new land, so Annie did a kind act. She sent them back to their home in the South.

The following fall, Tankersley reenlisted with the Minute Men or Rangers, as they were now called, in October. The troopers noticed that the worst raids happened in the fall and late-winter time when the full moon appeared. Richard's group was assigned to check on the area from the Pecan Bayou in Brown County to the San Saba River.

While at San Saba, Tankersley may have made a side trip to visit an area of West Texas which the Tankersleys would later call home. The South Concho area was only fifty miles from the mission San Saba. If Richard visited the region on this trip, he nevertheless stayed with the Rangers until January 1863.

By the spring of 1864, Tankersley had decided to move to the South Concho River. The ox-drawn wagons rolled west once more, accompanied by four or five of the Tankersley children. (One child, Henry Martin, was born sometime in 1864, whether born in Central Texas or West Texas is uncertain.) Seven hundred cattle and forty-five horses followed.

Fayette described their new home as a beautiful site. Wild flowers were blooming, grass was stirrup-high, and the sparkling river held many fish. They saw huge flocks of turkeys, and antelope and deer



roamed in herds of thousands. That first fall the buffalo came in herds that "in the distance they looked like great swarms of flies."

Life was not easy in this new place, though. The family was very much alone. No other permanent residents lived in the area. It was especially hard on Annie Tankersley. She had no help like a wealthy family of the South would've had, but instead, she found herself cooking over a campfire for a husband and a handful of children. The family slept in a covered wagon until Richard built a cabin for them.

During the four years, 1864-1868, that the Tankersleys lived at the head of the South Concho, Annie frequently found herself alone with the children. She would sit with a gun in her hand and listen far into the night as Indians crept around outside and tried to steal their horses.

Once Tankersley was trying to pen the dairy cows he kept for the family's supply of milk and butter. When he tried to round them up, he discovered a buffalo calf in the herd. Richard roped the calf and tied it to a tree, then he continued to drive the cows to the pen. Later, when he came back to untie the calf, it was shot full of arrows. Indians had watched the whole penning episode.

As the children reminisced years later about their early life on the South Concho, they couldn't figure

out why the Indians hadn't killed them. The only thing they could decide was that "The Indians knew Mother wasn't afraid, by then, and maybe the Indians respected Father as a brave man."

All the children remembered a visit by the Kickapoo Indians in January 1865. Tankersley was ready to fire a gun as the Indians approached the house, but one Indian said, "Me no fight! Me friend!" The chief said they were looking for lost horses. He drew a horse shape in the sand and added his brand. Tankersley got down on the ground, drew his brand, and explained that he had also lost some horses.

Elizabeth, the oldest child, remembered that the Kickapoos were friendly Indians. They curiously opened drawers and lifted lids, but they didn't take anything in the house. Mary was the smallest child and the Indians scared her. She ran behind the door. One old squaw tried to give her beads through a crack between the door and the wall, but Mary was terrified.

Their mother was the usual gracious host, and she offered the Indians honey which was still in the honeycomb. They scooped it up in their hands and ate it. As the Indians left, they and Tankersley agreed to exchange any lost horses either found. Richard was very surprised to find some of his lost horses the next morning in his corral.

The Indians were attacked several days later by 500 Texas Rangers and Minute Men in the Battle of Dove Creek. Tankersley helped to bury the dead of this battle a day or two later in a terrible snowstorm. One of the dead was a Minute Man that Richard had ridden with years before.

This battle, where the Indians were friendly and never should have been attacked, changed the attitude of nearby tribes. More attacks on whites occurred, until finally the Tankersleys had to move nearer to civilization. They moved to a location on Spring Creek just above a community called Leedale. They lived there about four years.

By 1869, Tankersley had quite a bit of cattle, but due to the Civil War, he would be paid in leftover Confederate money if he sold his cattle in nearby states. The only thing Tankersley could do was trail them to San Bernardino, California, where he knew he could receive gold coins for his cattle. The day he left, his daughter Mary remembered an impressive sight. She said, "The 1,700 three and four-year-old steers spread out over a mile of trail. They were all colors: roan, yellow, and black."

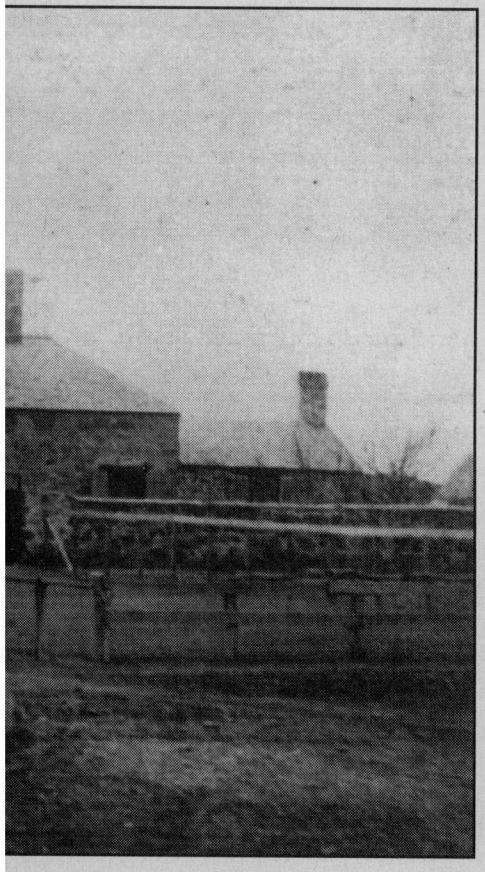
Tankersley lost 700 steers on the trail, and the number of cowboys decreased as the trip developed. Some decided to stay at forts that the herd passed. Instead of getting $18 or $20 a head like he expected, Tankersley got a whopping $25 a head, which amounted to $25,000. He didn't exactly trust the cowboys who'd come with him, so he paid them off and took a ship around South America to Galveston, Texas, traveling by himself.

Fort Concho, Texas.

When he reached Galveston, he bought two horses: one to ride and the other to use as a pack horse. It carried two canvas bags of $10 and $20 gold pieces. Although he traveled alone, one night two fellow travelers asked permission to camp with him. He agreed because he didn't want to say "No" and raise their suspicion.

That night Tankersley slept with his gold under his head for safe keeping. The next morning he awoke to find his fellow travelers gone, along with $500. They had ripped the saddle-bag enough to get that much without waking him. When he reached home, Richard felt lucky to have lost only $500 and his seven hundred steers.

When he got to his cabin on Spring Creek, after the eight month trip, Tankersley's family was gone. Major John P. Hatch of Fort Concho had urged Richard's family to move to the fort months before. Indian renegades were on the war path and couldn't be controlled. Hatch knew that civilians weren't supposed to live in the fort, but he allowed Annie to bring her six children (the sixth child, Sara, was born in 1867) to Officer's Quarters No. 3, which was one of Fort Concho's few completed buildings.



Fort Concho National Historical Landmark

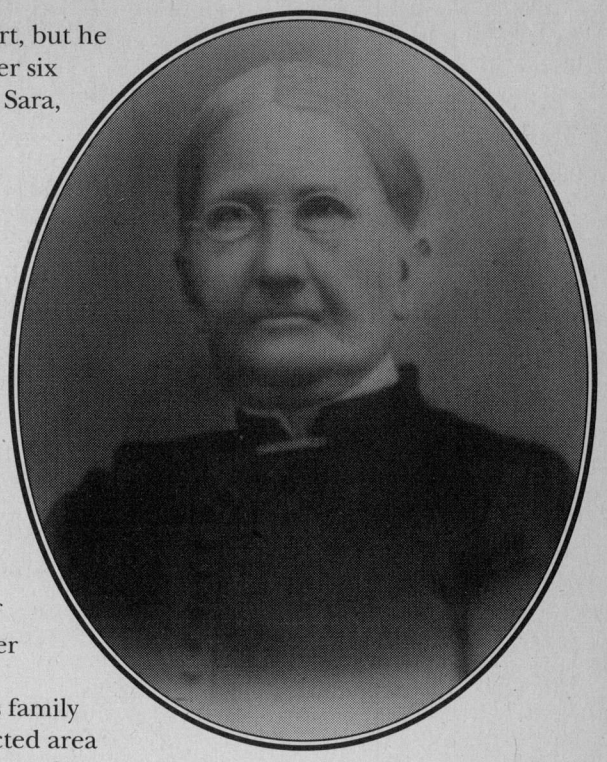
Richard decided at once that he must hide his gold from the sale of the cattle. He and his oldest daughter, Elizabeth, pried open a hogshead of lard and used the container to bury the money. Other accounts say he buried it under the floor boards of one of the officer's quarter buildings.

Tankersley realized his family needed to stay in a protected area so he began building a home for them across the river from the fort, in Santa Angela. This project took about a year and was situated where Magdalen and East Concho streets intersect today in San Angelo.

While the children were at Fort Concho, they saw Indian women imprisoned in rock corrals behind the fort. The troopers would toss raw meat to the Indians for food, which seemed like terrible treatment to the Tankersley children. Also, the prisoners received messages from their Indian friends outside the fort by calls of animals and birds. Each hoot and howl was answered as the night progressed so it became very noisy around the fort.

With the family safe, Richard could devote more time to re-stocking his cattle herd. With his California gold, he bought land for about fifty cents to one dollar per acre. Other cattlemen were coming into the area and buying ranches, and their fences prevented Tankersly from using the free range he had previously enjoyed.

In 1871, before many fences appeared, Tankersley's cattle ranged from the head of the South Concho, across Spring and Bell creeks, along the Middle and North



Fort Concho National Historical Landmark

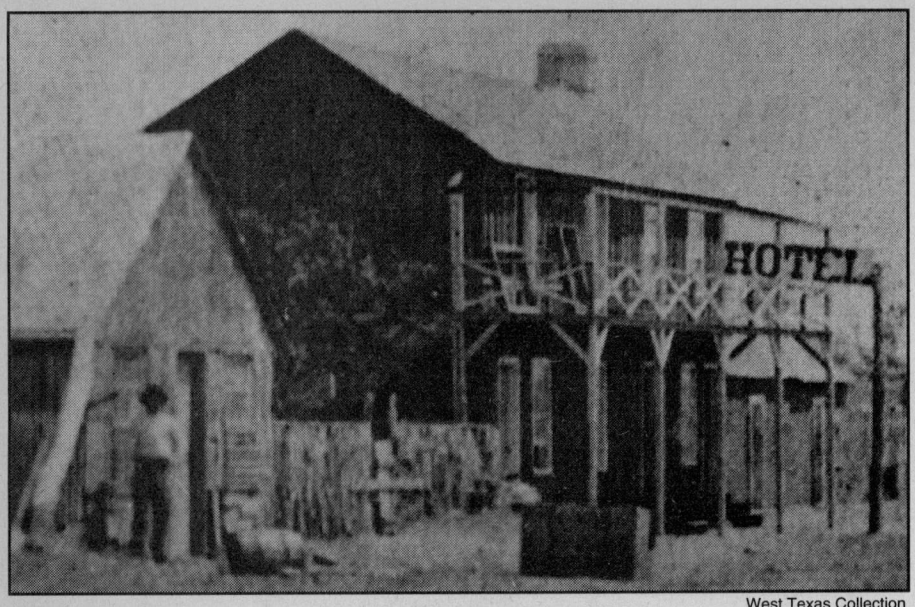
Annie Tankersley.

Concho rivers, to the divide between the North Concho and the Colorado River, totalling fifteen to twenty square miles. He tried to keep his cattle under herd, but this was difficult with 7,000 to 10,000 heads. When he did buy land, Tankersly wisely purchased lots at the head of both Dove Creek and Spring Creek. This assured him an ample water supply.

Once Tankersley and a hired hand were checking cows on the Middle Concho River. They ran into a band of Indians and tried to get away. Finally, the two men jumped into the river and hid under some trees. They were able to fight the Indians from this point, but Tankersley got shot in the ankle. He never had the bullet removed.

Richard contracted with the Army to furnish all the meat for Forts Concho, McKavett, and Stockton. With such a large contract, Tankersley had to develop a meat processing plant. This structure stood where the San Angelo Central Fire Station is now.

In the 1870s Annie Tankersly decided she was tired of frontier life. Surely she knew it was only a short time until Richard would want



West Texas Collection

Anne Tankersley's Concho House Hotel. The hotel was destroyed by fire in 1882.

to move to a less-populated area, so she divorced him.

Annie opened another era of her life as a hotel proprietor. With the divorce settlement she had sufficient funds, so she built the Concho House, near the present site of the Oak Street Bridge.

Her hotel was once the site of a commotion over a killing. Tom McCarty came to Santa Angela from Syracuse, New York. Tom asked a black soldier, who usually entertained for people in a saloon, to dance for him. When the soldier said he was tired and didn't want to dance, Tom shot him. The sheriff, Jim Spears, arrested McCarty and took him to jail, nothing more than a picket structure measuring ten by ten feet.

The black soldiers at the fort were outraged and headed for the jail. Spears was notified in time to remove McCarty. With four guards, Sheriff Spears relocated the prisoner to the Concho House. Spears asked Mrs. Tankersley if he could hide the prisoner in her hotel. Annie agreed, and the lawman, along with his prisoner and deputies, went upstairs.

Mary Tankersley was sitting up reading that night while her mother and the rest of the family were asleep. A column of black soldiers, almost a block long, came marching up to the hotel as the town slept.

Annie Tankersley heard the knock and answered the door. She asked, "What do you boys want?" Many of the men she knew personally.

"We want Tom McCarty."

Annie replied, "He's not here, boys. Choose one or two of your number and I'll take him through my house if you will wait until I put on my clothes." She ran up the stairs and directed Sheriff Spears to sneak out the back way. He quickly took the prisoner out over a ten-foot high picket fence and didn't stop until McCarty was safe in northern Santa Angela. Then Sheriff Spears returned to calm the soldiers at the Concho House.

Quickly, the outraged men surrounded Spears and marched him up and down the street, saying, "Give us McCarty or we'll hang you."

Sheriff Spears replied, "Hang if you want to, but you'll not get McCarty." He held steadfast and they didn't get the prisoner. The next night someone tipped off the soldiers that the prisoner was in the Nimitz Hotel. A black woman had seen McCarty's brother on the street that day and mistook him for Tom McCarty.

That night the same soldiers demanded the prisoner's release from the Nimitz. When nobody responded, the soldiers started shooting into the building. Only an innocent bystander was struck. The next day 150 empty shells lay outside the structure. McCarty's trial was moved to Junction, Texas, and he was eventually found not guilty.

After Richard Tankersley's divorce, he later married Concepcion Maldonado on December 28, 1878, at Ben Ficklin, Texas. He was forty-eight and she was nineteen. They had seven children: Richard, Jr., Francis, John, Josie, Katie, Jim, and Emma. The later years of Richard's life were spent about thirteen miles west of San Angelo in a town bearing his name, Tankersley.

In 1892, Richard sued the government for loss of livestock due to Kiowa and Comanche raids. He argued that the actual loss took place in 1870 or 1871. There was some question as to which year, but by the 1890s the United States was at peace with the Indians. His original petition asked for $94,618 lost to thievery of cattle and horses.

Richard testified that one of his men saw signs of the Indian trail on which the cattle were driven. Tankersley then notified Fort Concho and a party was organized to follow the Indian trail.

The group included a squad of soldiers under a Lieutenant Shoemaker, John Drennan, Bob Miller, Ben Jenkins, and Tankersley. They followed the trail about 125 miles, to the head of the Colorado River. The second day out, they struck another trail about fifteen miles from the first trail. They followed the small trail about thirty miles until it struck a larger trail which was a half mile wide and about two weeks old, judging from the dead cattle they found.

Tankersley said, "We found a good many dead cattle on the trail; could trail them by the buzards [sic], and some of the cattle were killed by arrows, but I think most of them had been run to death, it being July." He told that the cattle were probably dead two weeks and the brands indicated that some also belonged to R.S. Coggins, John B. Parks, and John Chisum. He said the trail was littered with Indian sad-

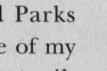
dles, moccasins, and trinkets. Then he described how they actually saw some Indians with cattle near the head draws of the Colorado River:

> I saw six Indians, and Lieut. Shoemaker ordered us to charge and four of us run them about five miles, but did not overtake them. We captured about 100 head of cattle from the Indians, which belonged to Coggins and Parks and others, and I met some of my cattle coming back on the trail. This large trail of cattle I saw had come right out of our range and judging from the trail I should think there was at least ten thousand cattle driven over it; Coggins and Park's cattle and mine were ranging together. The largest owners of cattle in that country at that time, were Coggins and Parks, John Chism [sic] next, and mine next.

Tankersley also said he lost some due to a raid in 1871. Before the Indian attacks, he had about 7,500 head of cattle and after the raids, he had 300. When he testified about the loss of horses, the dates weren't clear so the petition was changed to declare only the loss of 5,100 head of cattle at a price of $10 a head, or $51,000. R.S. Coggins testified on behalf of Tankersley and substantiated his story. In the final decision of the court, Tankersley was given only $23,800. The claim was finally recorded in 1902.

Tankersley continued to work cattle until he was an old man. In the late months of 1912, he was rounding up cattle when he developed a fever. Richard Tankersley died of pneumonia at the age of eighty-four. He's buried in a small cemetery in Tankersley, Texas.

Granddaughter Clara said, "Grandfather was a quiet, soft spoken man but he allowed no man to take what was his. He was a just man." She could have also said that he definitely made his mark in settling West Texas and developing the beef industry.



Richard F. Tankersley v. The United States and the Kiowa and Comanche Indians

(INDIAN DEPREDATION NO. 6307)

Richard F. Tankersley

v.

THE UNITED STATES and the Kiowa and Comanche INDIANS.

This case having been heard by the Court of Claims, the court, upon the evidence, makes the following

FINDINGS OF FACT.

I.

At the time of the depredations, hereinafter stated, the claimant was a citizen of the United States.

II.

On the year 1871, (alleged in the petition in the summer of 1870) in Dove Creek County, State of Texas Indians belonging to the Kiowa and Comanche tribes of Indians took and drove away property of the kind and character described in the petition, the property of claimant , which was reasonably worth the sum of $23,800.

Said property was taken, as aforesaid, without just cause or provocation on the part of the owner or the agent in charge, and has never been returned or paid for.

III.

At the time of said depredations the defendant Indians were in amity with the United States.

IV.

The evidence is insufficient to establish to the satisfaction of the court the other depredations alleged in the petition.

CONCLUSION OF LAW.

Upon the foregoing Findings of Fact, the court decides, as a conclusion of law, that the claimant recover judgment against the United States and the Kiowa and Comanche Indians in the sum of twenty-three thousand, eight hundred dollars ($23,800).

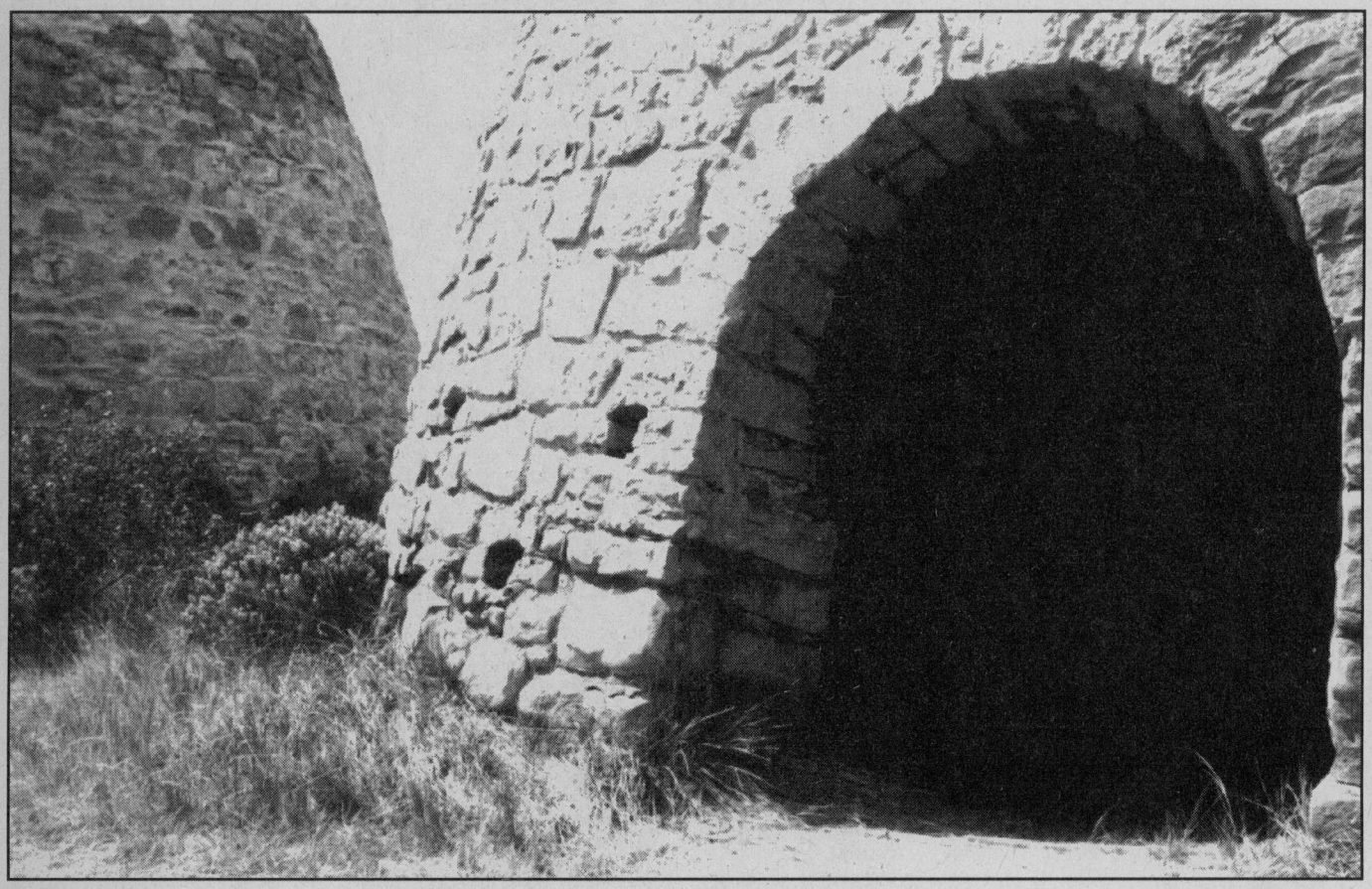
IT IS ORDERED that out of the said judgment the sum of three thousand, one hundred and seven dollars ($3,107.—) be allowed and paid to Silas Hare , claimant's attorney of record, in full for all services in this case, of which $37 is allowed for extra expenses incurred for printing. See the petitioner as to the other depredations. See p. 2.

Author's Collection

Richard Tankersley filed a grievance with the government to receive payment for cattle stolen by raiding Comanche and Kiowa Indians while a rancher in Texas. Tankersley eventually received $23,800 for the missing stock.

PIEDMONT AND THE CHARCOAL KILNS

By Jean A. Mathisen



Author's photos

The Piedmont charcoal kilns were built by Moses Byrne in 1868.

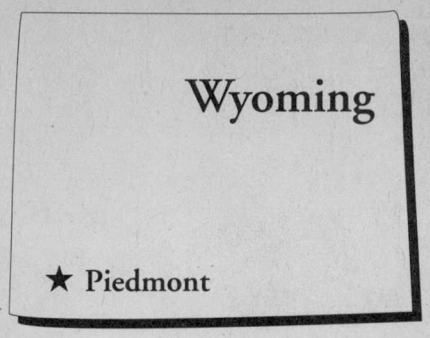
Near the foothills of Aspen Mountain, some eighteen miles southwest of Fort Bridger, Wyoming, three beehive-shaped structures rise from the countryside. Bees would be ecstatic at such giant hives—but they are actually 130-year-old charcoal kilns, built by entrepreneur and dreamer Moses Byrne.

A pioneer of southwestern Wyoming in the early 1860s, Byrne first built a Pony Express and later stage station for Russell, Majors and Waddell at Muddy Creek. In 1868, Byrne and his brother-in-law, Charles Guild, started a town near where the railroad was to be built and called it Byrne. The name was soon changed to Piedmont.

As with most frontier settlements, life was not always simple or peaceful at Piedmont. The Byrnes' four-year-old son, Edward, was taken by Sioux Indians from their ranch. With the aid of Shoshone Chief Washakie the boy was returned. He was given the middle name Washakie in honor of the venerable old chief.

For a couple of years prior to the main construction of the railroad in 1868, the area had served as a living area for tie hacks, workers who cut trees and shaped railroad ties by broad axe. When the tracks came near in 1868, it was found the harsh grade of Aspen Mountain would require helper engines. A siding, engine shed, and water tanks were constructed at Piedmont. Several artesian wells were found to supply the much-needed water.

Mining smelters in Utah needed charcoal, so Moses Byrne con-



structed four beehive-shaped kilns to help meet these needs. The kilns were thirty-feet high and thirty-feet in circumference and constructed of native sandstone. Byrne's kilns were not alone—at the peak of the need for charcoal, forty kilns were in operation in the region around Evanston, Wyoming.

The Byrnes and Guilds, along with the Castos and Ingersolls, were some of the first families to settle at Piedmont. The Byrnes, Guilds and Castos had five sons each, and although there were eventually four saloons in town, none of the fifteen boys became a drinker.

One saloon was run by a Mrs. Hyde and another by a man named Al Scruggs. Scruggs would let his wife tend bar while he napped in a room in the back. On one such occasion, a Mexican, who was inebriated, shot out the coal lamp. Scruggs was awakened abruptly, too abruptly to his taste, and shouted, "Shoot again, you dirty so and so, I want to see you smoke." The Mexican ran out the door and down the tracks with Scruggs hot on his tail. The man appeared in the glow of a lamp near the water tank and Scruggs shot him then and there.

The Mexican was buried on the hill behind the hotel.

Another story relates that one Joseph Canary was supposed to have been shot down in a Piedmont saloon and buried in an unmarked grave north of the community. Most sources agree that this man was not Martha Jane "Calamity Jane" Canary's father, although one Martha Canary is listed as being at Piedmont in the Wyoming Territorial census of 1869. Rather, Calamity's father was named Robert

THE PIEDMONT INCIDENT

By Jean A. Mathisen

The meeting of the rails at Promontory Point, Utah, on May 10, 1869, was a landmark in both United States and world history. The mighty Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads had worked hour upon hour, day upon day, week upon week, and year upon year to accomplish the feat. What is not generally talked about is the action of some irate tie hacks at Piedmont, Wyoming, that delayed the historic meeting for several days.

Dr. Thomas C. Durant, vice president of the Union Pacific Railroad, along with John R. Duff, Consulting Engineer Sidney Dillon, Silas A. Seymour, and other officials, had started out in a posh, crystal and mirror-lined, private car for the far reaches of the West to meet with California Governor Leland Stanford of the Central Pacific, to join the tracks in Utah.

The tracks (over 555 miles of which had been laid from April 1868 to May 1869) had progressed rapidly. Originally, the Union Pacific was slated to end the track at Humboldt Wells on the Utah/Nevada border because it was felt the Central Pacific faced a monumental task in crossing the Sierras and would not be able to build farther at any rapid rate. The Central Pacific had other notions and not only built across Nevada, but planned to build across Utah as far as Ogden. Both companies built 255 miles of adjoining track only a stone's throw apart, until they finally agreed to meet at Promontory Point. They had incurred the wrath of Mormon leader Brigham Young when neither company chose to build directly through Salt Lake City. It was found by both companies that the best route lay on the north side of the Great Salt Lake. and thus the railroad could not be routed through the capital of Utah Territory.

Piedmont, Wyoming, eighteen miles southwest of Fort Bridger in southwestern Wyoming Territory, had been founded by Moses Byrne and his brother-in-law, Charles Guild, in 1868. Byrne had previously run a Pony Express/stage station on Muddy Creek, and then moved to

Continued on page 27

Union Pacific Museum

Union Pacific Railroad workers, 1866.

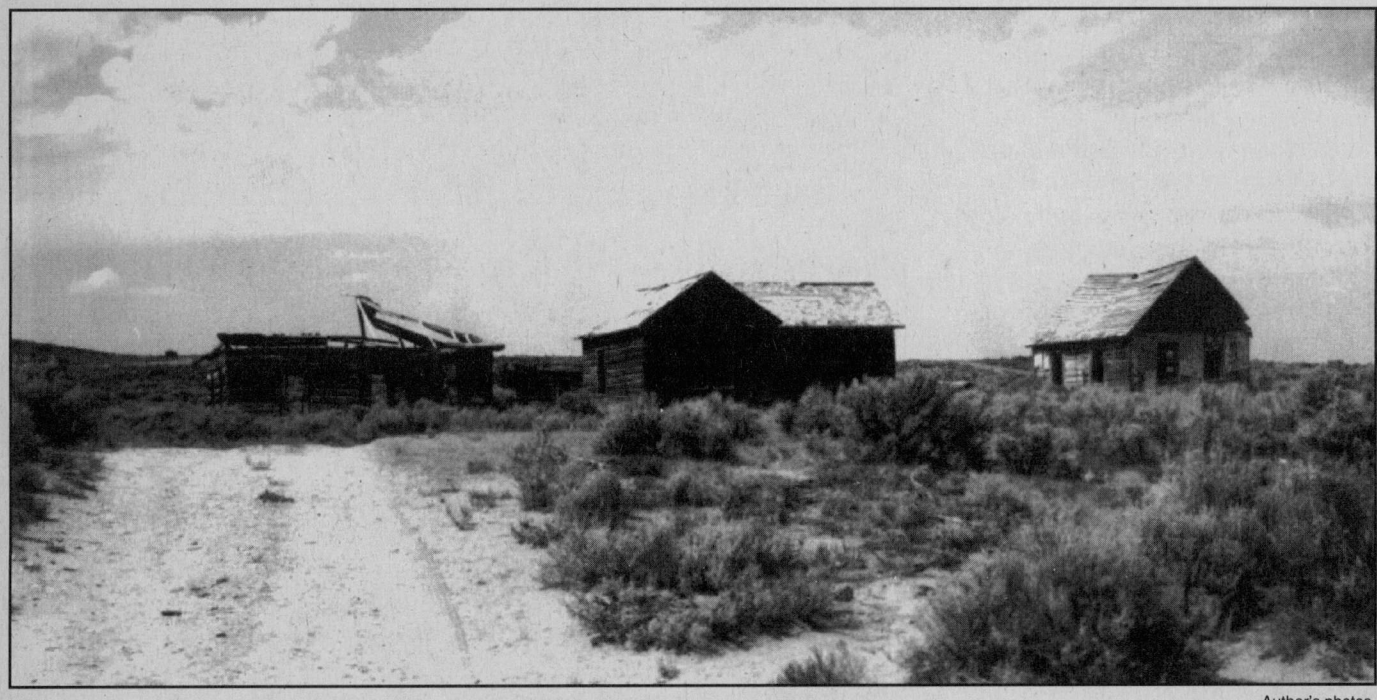
Author's photos

Only three of the original Piedmont charcoal kilns are still standing.

Canary and was killed, along with his wife Charlotte, in an Indian raid on their way to Salt Lake City in 1864.

Violence continued to be no stranger to Piedmont. One Sunday afternoon, two daughters of a Piedmont family were attacked and insulted by a Greek railroad worker. One of the girls told her father, who rode to the worker's camp and called the man out. The irate father lashed the man with a bullwhip and slashed the man's head. Several workers tried to stop the infuriated father, but he fired point blank into the crowd. Two or three men were killed or injured that day.

A vigilante group was formed and soon most of the crime in the small town was curtailed. The leader's method of interrogation was to take a suspect to a grove of trees on the river east of town. Small ropes would be used to tie half hitches around each of the suspect's thumbs. The ropes were then tied to a branch and adjusted so the man would be stretched for several hours until the pain became so intense the suspect



Author's photos

Piedmont, Wyoming, once a prosperous coal and railroad town, now sits empty.

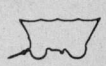
would "confess." After this his suffering would be relieved by hanging.

Piedmont received minor publicity when Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroad officials were held hostage en route to the historic meeting of the rails at Promontory Point, Utah Territory, in 1869 [see sidebar].

Another tale relates that on August 10, 1896, after his recent release from the Wyoming Territorial Pen at Laramie, one Robert LeRoy Parker, alias Butch Cassidy, and Bub Meeks rode into Piedmont and checked into the Armour Room at the Piedmont Hotel. Cassidy's attorney, D.A. Preston, who had defended him during his unsuccessful horse stealing trial at Lander, Wyoming, a few years previous, rode in from Rock Springs to meet with them. Preston had left Lander at the gun-pointing request of an irate husband who had caught him running messages between his wife and her lover. (Preston would later serve as Wyoming's attorney general.) Later in the day Preston boarded the eastbound train, and Cassidy and Meeks rode north out of Piedmont. Three days later, on August 13, 1896, Cassidy and company robbed the Montpelier, Wyoming, bank. According to evidence that surfaced at the trial of Matt Warner, the robbery was probably planned at the Piedmont Hotel.

Around 1900 construction began on a tunnel through Aspen Mountain and the railroad was rerouted. Piedmont was bypassed and the population dropped from 200 to 35. The last store closed in the 1940s and the last resident, a sheepherder, froze to death in 1949.

Today a few buildings and some cemeteries are scattered across the hills around Piedmont. Three and one-half of the kilns Moses Byrne built in 1868 are still standing. The site was placed on the National Historic Register in 1971. The charcoal kilns are maintained by the State of Wyoming.



Continued from page 25

Piedmont when the railroad was going to be built. He built five beehive-shaped charcoal kilns to provide charcoal for railroad use and for mining smelters in Utah. Piedmont was originally named for the Byrne family, but since the name was similar to Bryan, a railroad stop near Green River City, the name was changed to Piedmont (the region in Italy that both Byrne's and Guild's wives originated from). Piedmont meant "at the foot of the mountain," and the community did sit at the foot of Aspen Mountain. When the railroad came through, test wells were drilled at the townsite and fresh flowing water was found. A water tank and round house were built at the site and Piedmont, with Byrne's large hotel, and several saloons, began to grow. The town also provided a center for tie hack operations in the area. Tie hacks, often of Scandinavian origin, hewed railroad ties by axe for the railroad for two or three dollars a day.

The Union Pacific had wealthy backers, but the company had become poor and untimely about paying its help. By May 1869, the tie hacks were owed between $200,000 and $500,000 in back wages. The meeting of the rails at Promontory Point had been originally set for May 7, 1869. The Honorable Leland Stanford and his associates had arrived at the rail stop several days early. T.C. Durant and his companions from the Union Pacific would face a bigger problem getting to Promontory.

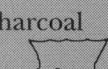
First they were notified that the truss at Devil's Gate bridge had gone out and an emergency replacement had to be made. The crew at the site worked frantically to install a fifty-foot truss and the bridge was soon repaired. When Durant and his private car pulled into Piedmont, 300 angry tie hacks hijacked the car and had it moved onto a siding. Tie hacks stood guard and demanded that Durant wire his company for the huge sum of back pay, and they demanded it in gold. Embarrassed at his plight, Durant wired to Promontory Point and informed the people there that the bridge was out at Devil's Gate and the dignitaries would be delayed for some time. The officials at Salt Lake got wind of his problems anyway and wired Fort Bridger to send troops to Durant's aid. The tie hacks had employed the sympathies of the telegraph operator at Piedmont and the message was effectively intercepted. Durant finally wired to Chicago for the money and spent his time twiddling his thumbs and sweating out the anger of the rail workers.

After the money finally arrived and was distributed to the workers, Durant's car was attached to another train.

The elaborate ceremony at Promontory Point finally took place on May 10, 1859. Spikes, two gold and one an alloy mixture, were to be driven in by the Union Pacific and Central Pacific officials. A telegraph wire was attached so that the signals could be sent to all corners of the United States that the country was finally joined coast to coast by rail. Word had not reached San Francisco of the delay and celebrations had been taking place for three days. Stanford and Durant were to strike the spikes and both took their best shot with a sledge hammer—and missed the first blows. Rail workers had a good laugh over that occurrence, but the officials finally managed to hit each spike a glancing blow and signals went out that Manifest Destiny had finally claimed her own.

T.C. Durant remained with the Union Pacific until 1872 when a major scandal erupted. Charges of improper use of funds and bribery of high government officials were brought to the public's notice. Oakes Ames accused Durant of wrongdoing and the fight and fury began. Before the scandal faded from memory, Ames died of a stroke and Durant retired to the countryside of New York state, a very wealthy man.

Piedmont, Wyoming, is a ghost town today, the remaining charcoal kilns the only monument to history's "Piedmont Incident."



THE DALTON GANG'S "TEXAS JACK"

BY WALT MITTELSTAEDT

"Welcome to Broadwell," the sign says. Broadwell, Illinois, comes by its name honestly. It was named for William B. Broadwell, the man on whose land the town was founded back in 1856. Only 150 people live in the town today, but it does have one thing going for it—it's located on the rolling "Double Nickel," I-55, the upgraded version of Historic Route 66. I must have gone by, myself, ten thousand times before I finally pulled in late last year. I had come on business. I was hot on the trail of William B. Broadwell's outlaw son, Richard L. Broadwell, the "Texas Jack" of the Dalton gang.

Nobody has ever said what the middle initial stood for in Dick Broadwell's name. It is likely that it stood for Latham, a family related to the Broadwells by marriage. Dick's older sister, Kitty, after all, was more formally known as Catherine Latham Broadwell. Or it may have stood for the more prosaic Lee. Then, again, there's just a chance that the tantalizing "L" stood for Lincoln, as in "Honest Abe."

Broadwell lies in Logan County in central Illinois, an area noted for its association with Abraham Lincoln. The county seat, just up the road from Broadwell, is named Lincoln, as a matter of fact. It is the only town named for Abraham Lincoln before he became president. That the town carry Lincoln's name was the suggestion of Robert Latham, Lincoln's good friend and Dick Broadwell's great uncle by marriage.

Dick's grandmother, Margaret Stevenson Broadwell, knew Abraham Lincoln and so did Dick's father in his early days. After Margaret Broadwell lost her husband in a barn-raising accident in late 1824 in Sangamon County, Illinois, she moved to what is now Logan County with young William B. in tow. Here she married Richard Latham, the older brother of the aforesaid Robert B. Latham. Together Richard and Margaret ran a hotel at Elkhart called the "Old Kentucky House." It was here that many of the lawyers who rode the state's vast Eighth Circuit in the 1830s and 1840s stayed for overnight lodging. One of these lawyers was a young, self-taught, jack-legged lawyer named Abraham Lincoln.

Much of the historical record involving the Broadwells is uncertain at best. They are found originally in New Jersey and from thence they came to Illinois by way of Sangamon County in the second decade of the nineteenth century. The Logan County federal census records indicate that in 1860 William B. Broadwell was Broadwell Township's third wealthiest farmer with real estate amounting to 660 acres, valued at $18,000. By this time, William B. had married Elsie H. Broadwell and was the father of two young daughters, Mary, aged three, and two-year-old Kitty. A son, born in 1859, died just five weeks later and, like Billy the Kid, at least to begin with, was named Henry.

It's hard to tell what carried off

Author's Collection

Broadwell, Illinois, located on Historic Route 66.

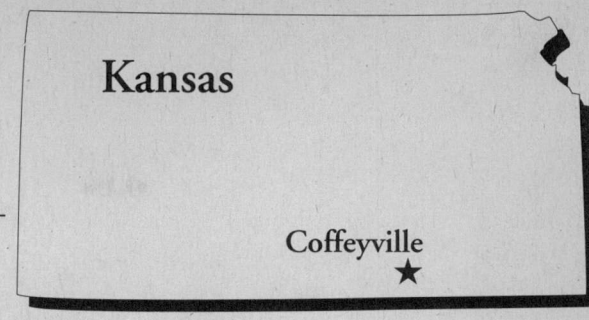
Baby Henry. It may have been that "cold, unseen stranger" that O. Henry refers to as "Mr. Pneumonia" in "The Last Leaf," or, perhaps, some malady more particularly associated with infants, such as Sudden Infant Death Syndrome.

Or maybe somebody around him just forgot to wash their hands in those days when no one had ever heard of Louis Pasteur. In any case, Henry Broadwell sleeps in a tiny, ancient cemetery, amid the primeval woods, atop Elkhart Hill. Dick must have gone up there a hundred times to hunt deer and wonder what it all meant, those whispers of his own mortality. And we today who follow his lawless career have to wonder what might have been had that infant lived. Could he have kept his younger brother on the straight and narrow or would there have been merely one more member of the Dalton Gang—enough to put three men in each bank at Coffeyville, Kansas?

Dick Broadwell was born some time after June 1861, as the Logan County census of June 1870, which lists him as eight, makes clear. It is also clear from the dispatch of an unnamed correspondent from the town of Broadwell at the time of Dick's death that he was twelve by the fall of 1873, when his family moved to Kansas. The exact date of Dick's birth seems forever lost, owing to an unfortunate fire at the Logan County courthouse some years ago. Another fire, this time at the Broadwell Christian Church in 1914, doubtless, claimed the record of his baptism.

Two brothers, Frank and George, followed in 1864 and 1866. Frank disappears from the record at some point between 1873, the year the family moved to Kansas, and 1892, the year Dick was killed at Coffeyville. George, who took Dick's first name for his middle one, drove a buckboard down to Coffeyville from Hutchinson, Kansas, to claim his older brother's body and bury it.

The seventh and last of the Broadwell children was Jennie, born early in 1870. At the time of Dick's death, she would still be single and working as a stenographer for a Hutchinson grain company.



The life of Dick Broadwell is one of those things that the poet Milton speaks of as "unattempted yet in prose or rhyme." There are a couple of good reasons for this. For one thing, Dick didn't live very long. Like John Dillinger, a generation later, he received his mortal wounds in an alley and died at the age of thirty-one. Another reason for the neglect of the outlaw by potential biographers is that he appears never to have killed anyone—an unpardonable failing in a western outlaw. At Coffeyville, Dick wounded a man in the foot, quite deliberately, but the bullet had to bounce off something else first. And, on the one undoubted occasion before Coffeyville when the Dalton gang took a life, the train robbery at Adair, Indian Territory, on July 14, 1892, we have Emmett Dalton's word for it that Dick was with his hero, Bob Dalton, emptying out the express car when the fatal shots were fired at an unassuming physician, probably by Bill Doolin.

Dick lived in Illinois until he was twelve. He must have received a reasonably good grade school education in that time. Certainly, as the oldest son of the township's third wealthiest land owner, he wouldn't have had any trouble being enrolled in the Broadwell grammar school. The school's records going back to that day, unfortunately, no longer exist, but those from the next decade do. One note, written by a schoolmaster on February 15, 1882, describing the recently-deceased Dave Lewis, a student, as "a harmless boy," may have been penned by the anonymous correspondent from Broadwell who, at the time of Dick's death, recalled him as "a very obedient, good boy." Whoever this correspondent was, it was someone well versed in the Broadwell family, as a teacher would be.

In 1892 there were still plenty of people around Broadwell who remembered Dick as a boy. We don't know what tales they told when they heard the news of the outlaw's passing, but we do know

Author's Collection

Dick Broadwell and his numerous siblings attended this school until the fall of 1873. A stone's throw in back of the schoolhouse was the Broadwell farm.

Reno County, Kansas, Historical Society

Hutchinson, Kansas, where the Broadwell family lived from 1873 to the end of the century.

that they talked excitedly all that day—the Saturday after the Coffeyville raid. We also know that a number of businesses in the small town closed out of respect for the town's namesake family.

No detailed reminiscences of Dick before he went down the wrong path have so far surfaced. One writer, however, veteran Kansas newspaperman, T.A. McNeal, mentions Dick in a book written thirty years after Coffeyville. In *When Kansas Was Young,* McNeal saw the youthful Dick Broadwell as an impressionable sort who could easily be taken in by the older, more crafty Bob Dalton. No doubt Bob Dalton exercised an influence over Dick, but the latter was the older of the pair, by about eight years.

On August 14, 1873, William B. Broadwell sold the farm a half mile south of Broadwell, where Dick grew up, to Dorrell Wright, another Logan County pioneer, for $23,000. By the autumn of that year, the Broadwells were out in Kansas. They seem to have gone straight to Reno County, staying first at the now defunct little town of Jordan Springs before finally settling in Hutchinson.

The family had not been in Kansas long when Dr. Lewis Marion Perry, a courageous Civil War veteran and leading light of Broadwell, came out to Kansas to ask for the hand of Kitty Broadwell, Dick's older sister. On January 19, 1874, he got it. Kitty was two weeks beyond her sixteenth birthday; the doctor was thirty-seven.

Kitty returned to Broadwell to live in a small white, frame house with low ceilings which still stands today. Kitty, like her mother, bore her husband seven children, but, tragically, three of these died in infancy. It was while delivering the last that Kitty died on December 14, 1883. Kitty was just twenty-five.

Dr. Perry wired news of the tragedy to Hutchinson and was told by Mr. Broadwell not to do anything until Mrs. Broadwell was there. Two days later, looking very much the worse-for-wear, Elsie Broadwell, age forty-eight, returned to Broadwell to oversee her daughter's funeral. She came alone.

At the time of his sister's death, Dick was a strapping six-foot-four, if one may hazard a guess, judging from a death photo placing his corpse in the proximity of the six-foot Bob Dalton. Dick was fully twenty-two years of age then, and, as the oldest of the Broadwell boys, he should have accompanied his mother. Yet no mention is made of him in the account of Kitty's funeral by the local newspaper. Had he, by 1883, left Hutchinson to take up a life of his own, possibly as a cowboy? Might he even then have taken to the owlhoot trail? One solution, perhaps the best one, is that Dick had come back to Illinois periodically to visit his sister and brother-in-law and

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TRUE WEST LEGENDS

JOHN SELMAN

By Leon C. Metz

November 16, 1839—John Henry Selman, the youngest of six children, is born in Madison County, Arkansas. His father is Jeremiah Selman, an Englishman.

1858—The Selmans move to Grayson County, Texas, where Jeremiah teaches school. He also dies.

December 15, 1861—John Selman enlists as a private in the 22nd Regiment of Texas Cavalry. He reports for duty at Fort Washita, Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory.

April 25, 1863—John Selman deserts the Confederate Army. He, his widowed mother, several sisters, and brother Tom migrate to Fort Davis, Texas, but not to "the" Fort Davis, Texas. Selman's Fort Davis was on the Clear Fork of the Brazos River, twenty miles northeast of present-day Albany, Texas.

February 8, 1864—John Selman enlists in the Stephens County Company of the Texas State Troops. By April 1865, he is promoted to lieutenant.

April 29, 1865—John Selman is arrested for desertion. However, the war is over, charges are dropped, and John returns home.

August 17, 1865—John Selman marries Edna de Graffenreid at Grayson County, Texas. Two sons, John Selman, Jr., and William, are subsequently born.

Early 1870s—The Selmans move to Fort Griffin, Texas, in Shackelford County. Here John Selman becomes a member of the OLM, Old Law Mob, a group of vigilantes.

February 15, 1876—Gunman and rancher John Larn becomes sheriff of Shackelford County. Selman serves as deputy. The two officers rustle cattle and are implicated in several killings. Prisoners are often removed from jail by the OLM and lynched.

Late June 1878—John Larn is shot to death in his own jail by OLM. Selman flees to Lincoln County, New Mexico. Nine counts of cattle rustling are filed against him in Texas. Edna Selman dies.

July 8, 1878—John Selman and a gang of outlaws raid the George Coe Ranch in Lincoln County. Selman later kills a man named Hart in a struggle over gang leadership. The outlaws become known as "Selman's Scouts."

September 1878—Selman Scouts are accused of multiple rape in Lincoln County. Several killings follow as the gang starts to break up.

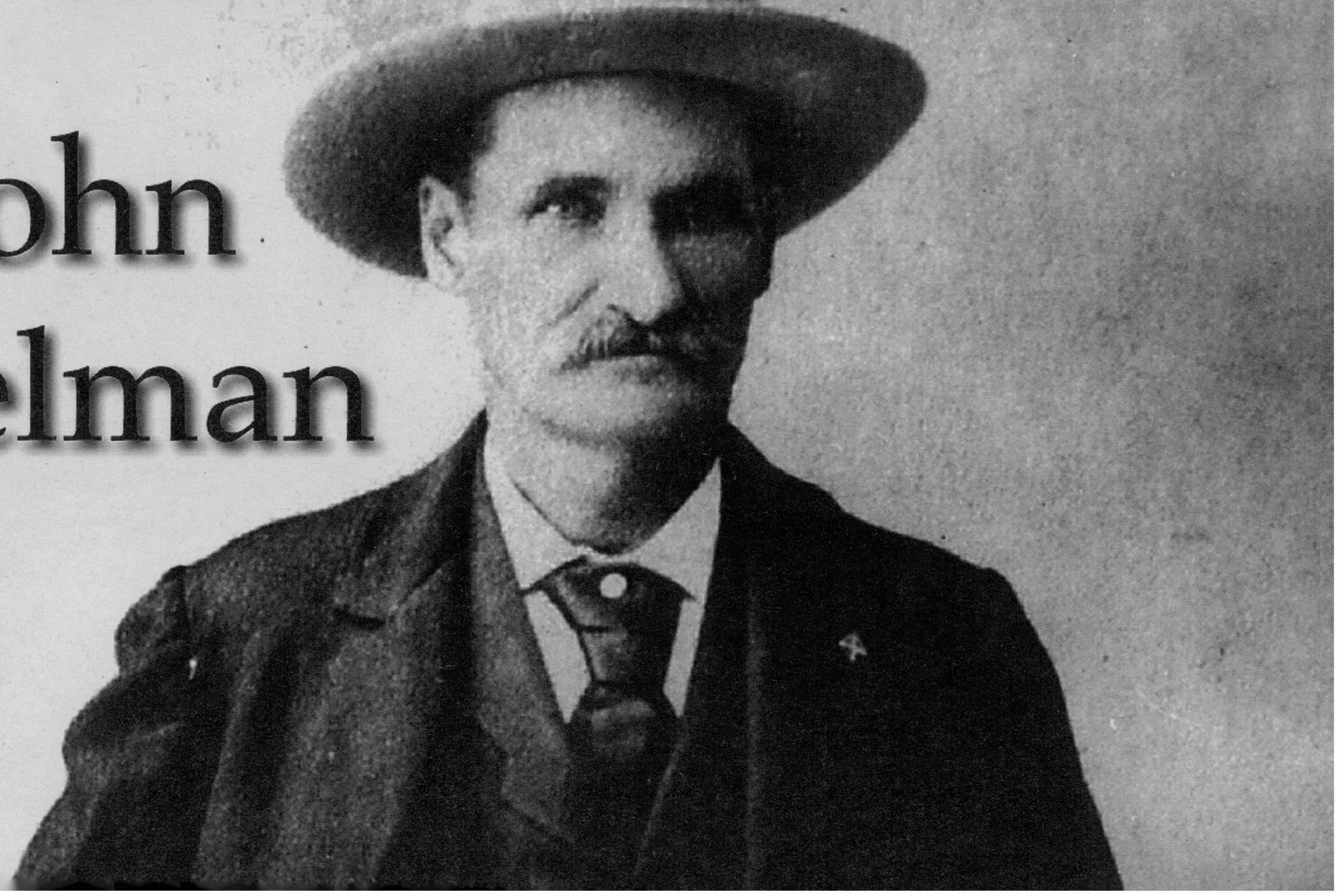
March 11-12, 1879—New Mexico Governor Lew Wallace places the name John Selman on his infamous most-wanted list. Wallace charges Selman and his gang with the murder of Greggorio Sanchez, two Chavez [Chaves] boys, and a "crazy boy." Selman flees to Texas.

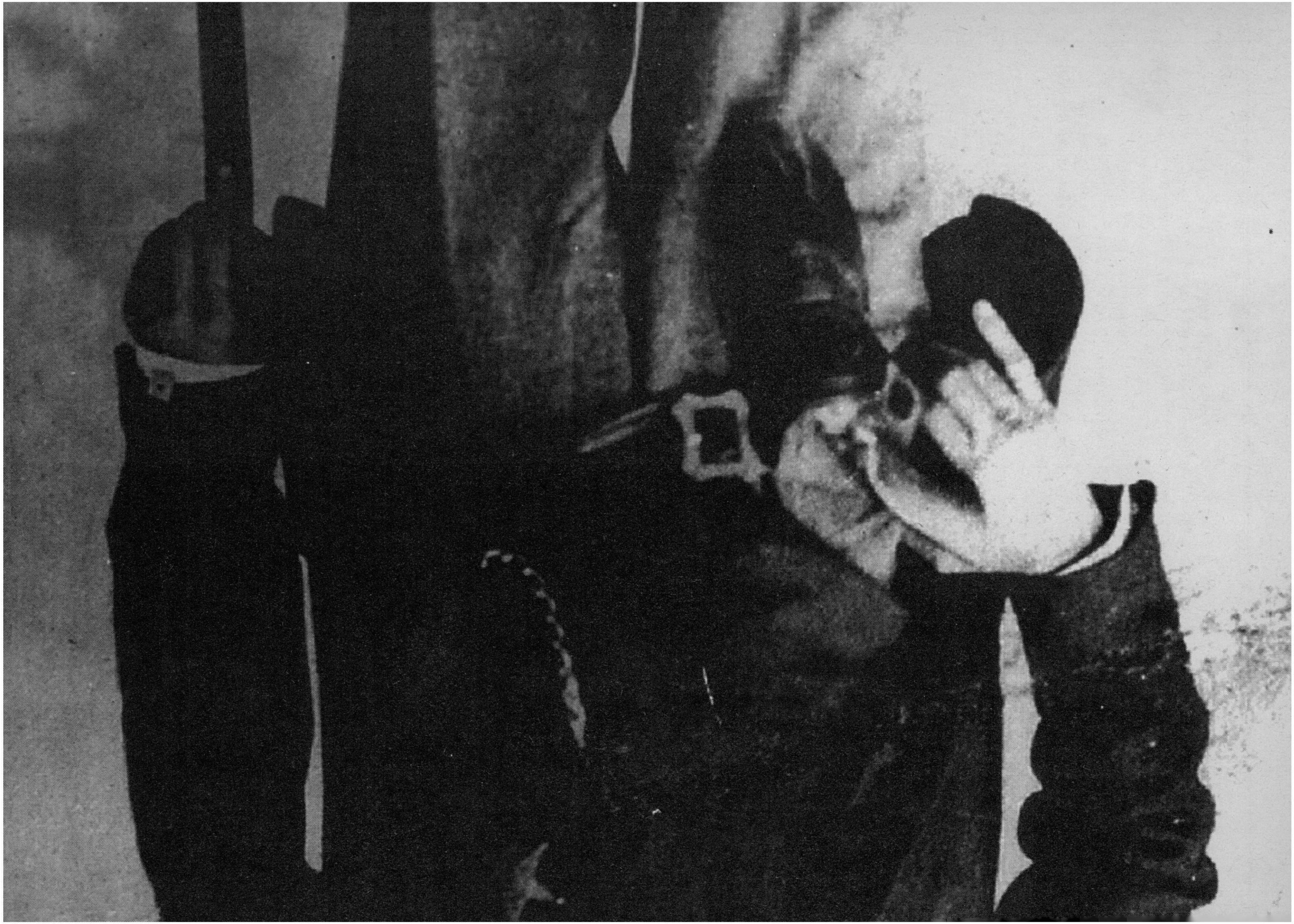
July 1, 1879—Moses Wiley, county attorney for Wheeler County, Texas, urges a presidential proclamation declaring the Selman gang a menace to national security on the great plains.

Late 1879—Selman goes to "the" Fort Davis, Texas, where he catches smallpox.

TRUE WEST LEGENDS:

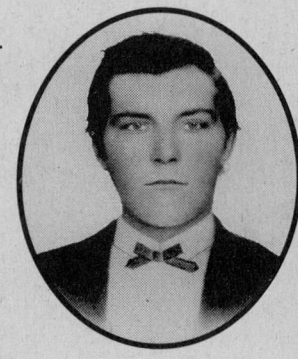
John Selman





JOHN SELMAN

June 26, 1880—John Selman marries Niconora Zarate, who nurses him back to health.
June 28, 1880—The Texas Rangers capture John Selman in Fort Davis and return him to Shackelford County. The authorities allow him to escape rather than stir up old hatreds. Selman, his wife and family, flee to San Pablo, Mexico.
June 3, 1888—John Selman and his two sons are in El Paso, Texas, where John works for the American Smelting and Refining Corporation.
November 3, 1891—John Selman is mysteriously stabbed in El Paso. He barely survives.
October 9, 1892—Niconora Selman, the thirty-two-year-old wife of John Selman, dies in El Paso. She is buried in Concordia Cemetery.
November 8, 1892—John Selman is elected constable for Precinct No. 1 in El Paso.
August 23, 1893—John Selman, now fifty-three, marries Miss Romula Granadino, the sixteen-year-old ward of Selman's first deputy, W.H. Wheat.
April 5, 1894—During a wild gunfight, Constable John Selman kills United States Deputy Marshal and former Texas Ranger Baz Outlaw in the back yard of Tillie Howard's Parlor House in El Paso. Selman—nearly blinded by gunpowder and shot in the leg—is acquitted of murder charges.
June 21, 1895—Attorney and ex-gunman John Wesley Hardin entices El Paso police chief Jeff Milton, United States Deputy Marshal George Scarborough, Texas Ranger Frank McMahan, and (possibly) Constable John Selman to lure New Mexico cattle rustler Martin M'Rose across the Rio Grande from Juarez, Mexico. The lawmen shoot M'Rose to death near the railroad bridge spanning the Rio Grande.



John Wesley Hardin

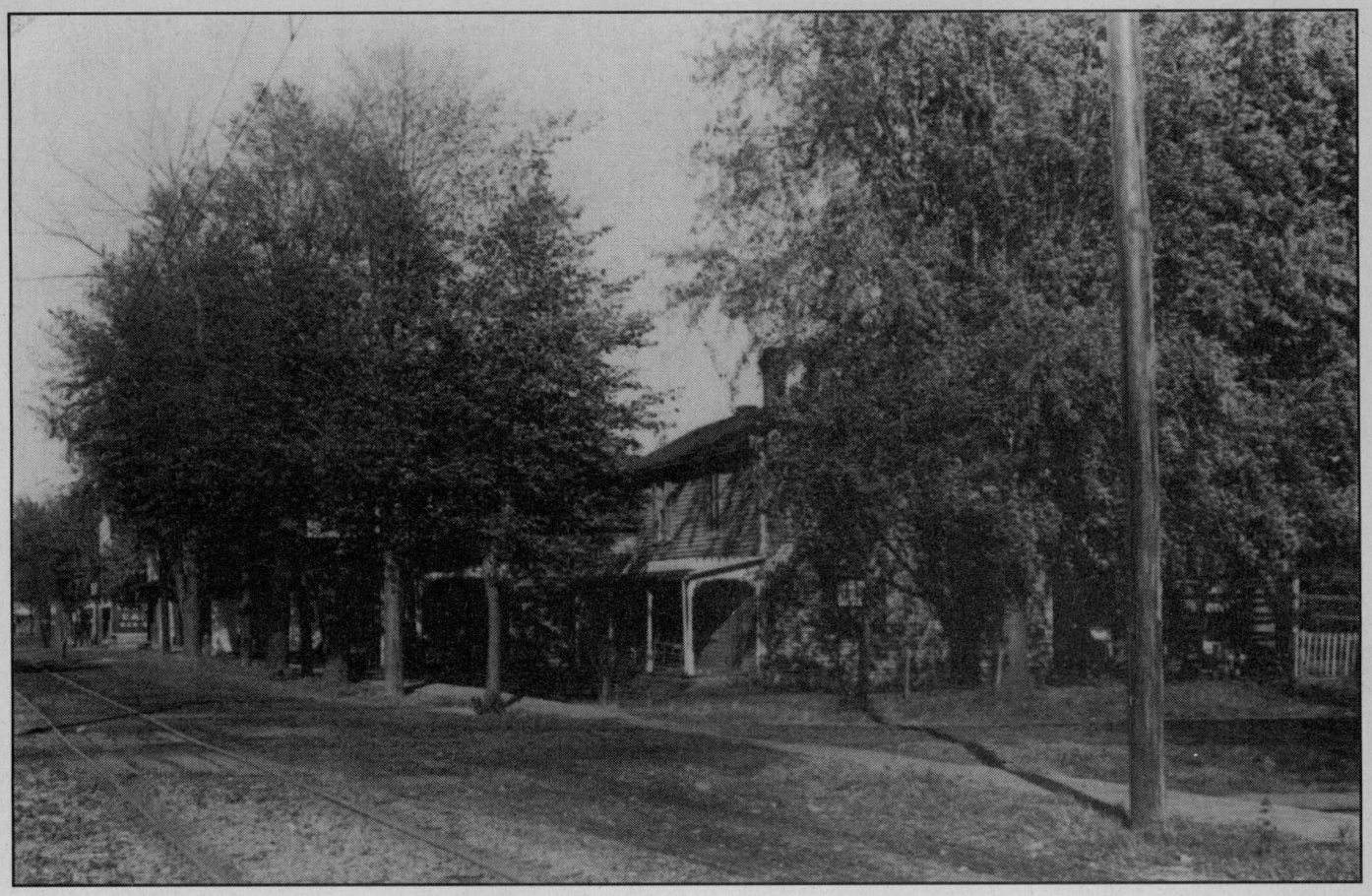
August 19, 1895— During the afternoon, John Wesley Hardin and John Selman meet in the middle of San Antonio Street and argue. Shortly before 11 PM, Hardin enters the El Paso Acme Saloon. Constable John Selman follows, and immediately fires four shots. The first bullet strikes Hardin in the back of the head, killing him instantly. Selman is arrested and charged with murder.
February 12, 1896—A jury votes ten to two for Selman's acquittal. Selman is released on bail to await a new trial.
April 5, 1896—Easter Sunday late at night. John Selman has been drinking and gambling in El Paso's Wigwam Saloon. He wanders downstairs into the alley. There he encounters Deputy Marshal George Scarborough. The two argue, and Scarborough puts four bullets in Selman. John dies that afternoon in Sisters Hospital. He is buried somewhere in Concordia Cemetery. Scarborough was tried for murder and acquitted. What the two men argued about will never be known.

WHAT TO READ:

John Selman, Gunfighter, by Leon C. Metz.
University of Oklahoma Press, 1966.
John Wesley Hardin: Dark Angel of Texas, by Leon C. Metz.
Mangan Books, 1997.
George Scarborough: The Life and Death of a Lawman on the Closing Frontier, by Robert K. DeArment.
University of Oklahoma Press, 1996.

WHERE TO GO:

Albany and (nearby) Fort Griffin, Texas: The house and the grave of John Larn are still intact. Little is mentioned about Selman, however.
Lincoln, New Mexico, and Fort Davis, Texas: Both of these places have plenty of history, although scant information is included about John Selman.
El Paso, Texas: Selman is buried in an unmarked grave in the Catholic portion of Concordia Cemetery. John Wesley Hardin and Martin M'Rose are three graves apart near the Chinese Cemetery portion of Concordia. In downtown El Paso, the Wigwam Saloon building is intact, as is Hardin's residence on Overland Street and his law office on El Paso Street. The Acme Saloon was torn down and replaced by Lerner's Dress Shop.



Courtesy of Leola Eiseminger

Dick Broadwell was a frequent visitor to the Broadwell, Illinois, home of his sister Kitty and her husband, Dr. Lewis Marion Perry.

Continued from page 30

that he had been in the small, frame house where he nearly would have scraped the ceiling, a short time before her death. He would then have felt that he had already said his last good-byes to his beloved sister. That she was indeed beloved by everyone who knew her is made apparent in the newspaper account of her funeral.

Dr. Perry remarried five years after his wife's death, but he continued to keep in touch with the Broadwells. Only days before the Coffeyville raid, he was out west visiting his former in-laws. William B. and Elsie Broadwell were then living at 526 E. First Street in Hutchinson. Mr. Broadwell was apparently dealing in coal because the city directory for the year following lists him as a coal operator.

Dr. Perry asked William B. specifically about Dick. He was told that Dick was farming in Oklahoma and "prospering nicely."

Folks around Hutchinson, during the early 1890s noticed that Dick was always very well-dressed and very flush. He was a great favorite with the ladies and considered by their families as a great catch. It was believed that he had a ranch near Meade, Kansas, just north of the Oklahoma panhandle.

Actually, there is a farm near Meade and talk has been made of its association with both Dick Broadwell and the Dalton gang. A tunnel runs from the barn to the farmhouse on this property and it has always been supposed that Dick acquired the place from his father. The tunnel, supposedly, was used by the gang so that when they dismounted in the barn, they could enter the house without arousing suspicion among the local residents. The tunnel itself is very much deeper than it was initially. In 1940, in order to accommodate the growing number of tourists who were interested in seeing something connected with the Daltons, the tunnel was enlarged. It has been doing good business ever since.

But it was not Dick Broadwell who farmed on the land, but, rather, John Whipple and his bride, Eva Dalton, a sister to the notorious Daltons. The couple lived here at the time of their marriage in 1888. In 1892, with three of Ma Dalton's boys heaping disgrace on the family name, Eva and her husband moved on. Even then, the couple came under the scrutiny of law enforcement officers wherever they went. Eva, somehow, lived a long life, but, in 1892, it was not easy to be a Dalton. Nor, as it happened, was it easy to be a Broadwell.

There's no telling how the story got started that Dick had a spread at Meade. The Broadwells did not come to Meade when they came to Kansas in late 1873. There simply wasn't time. By the end of that year, as has been said, they were already firmly settled in Hutchinson. Nor

JUST WHAT GOT DICK STARTED DOWN THE PRIMROSE PATH TO DESTRUCTION WHICH ENDED AT COFFEYVILLE DOES NOT APPEAR. UNLIKE EMMETT DALTON, HE COULDN'T POINT TO A CROOKED FARO GAME OR SHADY RAILROAD CLICKS.

does it seem likely that Dick would have lived there independently of his family. He was always associated with Hutchinson, as we shall see, right up to his death. If he oversaw the property at Meade on behalf of his father, no documentation of it has been forthcoming. Most likely, in the early 1890s, Dick was telling people around Hutchinson that he farmed in Meade when he was really riding the range for Oscar Halsell north of Guthrie, Oklahoma. At Halsell's HX Bar ranch, Dick would have fallen in with Bill Doolin, Bill Power, and other recruits of the Dalton gang in the summer of 1891.

That Dick wasn't a charter member of the Dalton gang appears certain. Emmett doesn't mention him as being present at their first foray, a train robbery at Wharton, Indian Territory, in May 1891. He is thus absolved from any of the bloodshed that is sometimes said to have occurred during that robbery or just afterwards. Any recklessness that took place on this occasion can be safely attributed to that mad dog, "Black Face" Charley Bryant, who would himself be killed shortly afterwards.

Just what got Dick started down the primrose path to destruction which ended at Coffeyville does not appear. Unlike Emmett Dalton, he couldn't point to a crooked faro game or shady railroad clicks. Dick came from a fine family, a family, incidentally, in which the women seem at all times more admirable than the men. There is, however, a story.

Dick had quite a wad on him one day, the story goes, when he was staying at a hotel in Fort Worth, Texas. He also had a girl. The girl up and left him, but not before cleaning him out. The story may be true, but as far as I know it did not surface until seven decades after the event when Harold Preece mentioned it in his *The Dalton Gang*.

While it has always been standard practice to downplay anything Emmett Dalton ever said about anything, it must be admitted that he is our only source for particulars concerning a number of things. According to Emmett, Dick Broadwell and Bill Power were a couple of for-sure wildcats. Indeed, compared to these two, brother Bob comes across as mild-mannered and the soul of Christian charity and patience. After the train robbery which took place at Leliaetta, Indian Territory, September 15, 1891, Dick

Author's Collection

William B. Broadwell owned several thousand acres of land between Elkhart, Illinois, and Broadwell, Illinois. This view of the Broadwell farm was taken looking north toward the town of Broadwell.

was in a fighting mood. The gang had overcome some stiff resistance from a posse on board the train. Bob thought it was time to lay low but Dick, according to Emmett, protested.

"Aw, hell," Broadwell says, "that bunch ain't got nerve enough to fight a sick cat."

Emmett also gives us a more or less reliable list of the gang's personnel. There were the three Dalton brothers—Bob, Grat, and Emmett—George "Bitter Creek" Newcomb, "Black Faced" Charley Bryant, Bill Power, Charley Pierce, William McElhanie, Dick Broadwell, and Bill Doolin. At their first train robbery at Wharton (Perry), Indian Territory, on May 10, 1891, someone named "Six Shooter Jack" was loitering around town a number of days previous to the robbery. "Six Shooter Jack" has never been identified but he was likely "Black Faced" Charley Bryant or William McElhanie, alias "Narrow-Gauge" Kid. Whoever "Six Shooter Jack" was, he wasn't Dick Broadwell. It seems pretty certain that Dick was recruited only after the Wharton robbery, probably owing to the death of "Black Faced" Charley Bryant in August 1891. It also seems likely that he was accompanied by Bill Power and Bill Doolin. At least, that's the impression Emmett gives in his two books on the Daltons.

Dick's career as an outlaw probably wasn't a long one, but it does seem to have lasted long enough to provide him with his fair share of sobriquets. He was best known as "Texas Jack." Emmett, in the wake of the Coffeyville disaster, wanted him known as "Jake Moore," until he finally fessed up. By that time, Dick had already been identified as Dick Broadwell. Perhaps the oddest of Dick's assortment of nicknames is "Jack of Diamonds."

Apparently Dick was in the habit of singing this old spiritual while on the trail and was so called due to this practice. But it is the source from which our knowledge of this comes that is most surprising. Thomas Beer, the earliest biographer of Stephen Crane and for whose biography Joseph Conrad contributed an introduction, saw fit to devote three pages to the Coffeyville raid in his 1927 book, *The Mauve Decade,* a history of the 1890s. A footnote at the bottom of the first of these pages informs us of this nickname of Dick's. Beer, as Crane biographers know, was treacherous when it came to sources. He burned many of Crane's letters and we have only his word for it that they ever existed. He probably came by his information about Dick from Jack Siefert, who was a child at the time of the Dalton raid. (The song, "Jack of Diamonds," is featured in Walter Hill's 1980 James-Younger gang film *The Long Riders.*)

Emmett's first book, *Beyond the Law,* gives us some light, possibly fanciful, but more than likely not, about Dick. We learn that Dick knew a number of Cheyennes in Indian Territory and that he could speak their language, something apparently nobody else in the gang could do. There is even an amusing incident involving Cheyennes and cavalry in which Dick plays a key role, along with Grat Dalton. The incident took place sometime after the Adair robbery when a group of soldiers had orders to put some "Sooners" off their land. Whatever their purpose, the Indians did not appreciate seeing the soldiers. All eyes were on Dick in this episode and when he fired his Winchester to warn the soldiers not to approach, the Indians misconstrued this gesture as a signal to open fire. Fortunately, no one was hurt and Grat got a lot of satisfaction putting the spurs to one terrified trooper.

It is often said that had the Daltons not died so spectacularly at Coffeyville, no one would have heard of them today. That they died in one of the bloodiest shoot-outs in the Old West is an absolute fact, but, nevertheless, they were pretty fair hands at train robbery. While their solo effort at bank robbery was a dismal failure, nobody—not even Jesse and the Youngers—were more proficient at robbing a train. The Daltons, after all, outwitted and outgunned an armed and alerted posse at Adair. Jesse never had to overcome any kind of resistance during a train robbery.

It may be argued that only a bunch of glorified amateurs could have bungled the robbery at Coffeyville so badly. Nevertheless, Bob Dalton just may have taken stock of the fiasco at Northfield, Minnesota, by the James-Younger gang when he drew up his plans to hit Coffeyville.

The robbery of the First National Bank of Northfield on September 7, 1876, took place at two in the afternoon, a time when plenty of people were up and around. The Daltons struck at Coffeyville just after 9:30 AM. It was Bob's intention to catch the town napping so that no one would get hurt. At least that's what Emmett said, and he was probably telling at least half the truth.

All together, the Daltons hit four trains, if one excludes the train robbery on February 6, 1891, at Alila, in Tulare County, California. Most writers, especially Nancy Samuelson, who has done the most research on the subject, defend the Daltons' innocence in this affair. These train robberies took place from May 1891 to July 1892, better than two per year. The last one, at Adair, got pretty uncomfortable with all that lead from the deputy United States marshals flying around and it started Bob to thinking. Since train robbing was becoming a bit unsafe, perhaps the gang should try banks.

Emmett later said that the idea of robbing both banks at Coffeyville was to make an early retirement in South America possible for Ma Dalton's three bad boys. Taking up a life in South America has been the immemorial dream of outlaws from the days of the Daltons and the Wild Bunch to John Dillinger. Butch and Sundance were among the handful to actually make it there, but after falling on sufficiently hard times, they inevitably fell back on their old ways.

Interestingly, only the three Daltons seem to have warmed to Bob's retirement plan. Power and Dick demurred. One wonders what these two saw in store for themselves

down the road after successfully looting Coffeyville.

But, if retirement to South America didn't appeal to Dick, the idea of the dual bank robbery in Coffeyville did. Emmett says that not one outlaw in the band showed any enthusiasm for the notion, save Dick Broadwell alone. And, somehow, then, Bob and Dick persuaded the others to join them for this last adventure—the one "to beat Jesse James."

On the morning of October 5, 1892, the Dalton gang, composed of five or possibly six riders, rode into Coffeyville from the west. Once they alighted from their horses, only five men can be accounted for. Because laborers were working near the banks and piles of rock cluttered the street, the gang hitched their horses in an alley off Walnut Street, hundreds of feet from the plaza where the two banks stood.

Emmett, writing twenty-six years later, remembered that he and Bob walked in front, the other three following. Sources from that day state that three marched in front and two behind. One would think that Emmett could be trusted to get this little detail right, but no other writer has ever followed him in this. Even the make-up of the two groups varies. Paul I. Wellman, in his fascinating *Dynasty of Western Outlaws*, has the three brothers in the lead with Broadwell and Power following. That is perhaps how it should have been.

The three Daltons made some attempt to disguise their features from their fellow Coffeyvillians by donning false beards and mustaches. Since Dick and Bill Power were not known around town, neither wore a false beard or mask. Or maybe Dick did, again taking his cue from Bob.

When the band got to the C.M. Condon Bank, overlooking the plaza to the south and standing where Walnut and Union streets come together, they split up. Grat Dalton, Bill Power, and Dick went inside the Condon Bank, while Bob and Emmett adjourned to the First National Bank across Union Street.

Once inside the Condon Bank, Dick stood at the southeast door and Power stationed himself at the southwest door. Between the two doors, were two big plate glass windows which looked out on the plaza. Across Union Street to the southeast was Isham's Hardware store from which a great deal of deadly fire was to come during the next twelve minutes. Incredibly, though, no one would die inside that bank, not even an innocent bystander, though plainly there was no attempt to avert this.

HE POINTED HIS WINCHESTER AT HIM AND RAGED: "GOD DAMN YOU! I BELIEVE YOU ARE LYING TO ME. I'VE A MIND TO PUT A BULLET THROUGH YOU. OPEN IT UP OR I WILL SHOOT YOU. YOU'VE BEEN BLOWING TOO MUCH ABOUT WHAT YOU CAN DO...."

Grat was in charge at the Condon. All went well until he asked Cashier C.M. Ball about the burglar-proof vault. Ball said that the vault had a timelock on it and was not due to open until 9:45. He was lying through his teeth, knowing how precious time was during a holdup.

"That is only three minutes. We can wait," Grat said.

By some accounts, beginning with the usually reliable David Stewart Elliott, the time involved was actually ten minutes. I have followed "Eyewitness's" lead in this, as I do not believe Grat would have waited ten minutes for anything. In any case, it was during these few crucial moments that the alarm was given that the Daltons were robbing the banks. The hardware stores were now handing out guns and ammunition to anyone who was willing to meet the challenge.

After a moment of waiting, Grat somewhat redeemed himself for being taken in by Ball. He pointed his Winchester at him and raged: "God damn you! I believe you are lying to me. I've a mind to put a bullet through you. Open it up or I will shoot you. You've been blowing too much about what you can do...."

Two customers now entered the Condon and it was at this point, strangely enough, that the citizens began to open fire. Broadwell was hit in his gun arm (some accounts say Power was the one hit). It is "Eyewitness" again who provides the most detail. Dick, though in evident pain, was quite composed and warned cashier Ball and proprietor Charles Carpenter to get down "or else you will get killed by some of these people."

In line with this remark is the recollection of Jack Long in 1949, more than half a century later:

"I could see the Condon bank and everybody was shooting at it. While the shooting was going on, Jack [sic] Broadwell, one of the Dalton gang, came out of the bank. He walked back and forth in front of the bank for a while, looking in all directions. Broadwell was sure a wild-looking human, and I heard he was just as wild as he looked."

If Dick was pacing back and forth in front of the bank, it must have been at a time before bullets were in the air or surely this big man would have been hit. Probably he was surveying the scene moments before the trouble began. Long, more than fifty years later, may have turned things around in his recollections. Otherwise, Dick was one reckless bank robber.

As with everything else connected with this bank robbery, there are different versions about who shot whom. Dick seems to have been the one who shot Isham's clerk, T. Arthur Reynolds, in the foot. Of course, since Reynolds was firing at him at the time, he can hardly be said to have behaved reprehensibly. But, in the general run of accounts, it is Bill Power, not Dick Broadwell, who takes the fight out of "the intrepid Reynolds."

Meanwhile, across Union Street

at the First National Bank, things were progressing more smoothly. Bob and Emmett had no timelocks to wait for, but did see fit, after the manner of all robbers, to deliver themselves of an onerous load of profanity. They had one thing going for them over there that the other bandits didn't have—a back door that they knew about. A back door can be a pretty valuable item when the whole town is pouring lead through the front door. Bob and Emmett availed themselves of this escape plan and all but escaped because of it. Had they hitched their horses on Union Street, as originally planned, they, if not the whole band, would have gotten clear of the deadliest part of the assault leveled at them. Interestingly enough, cashier Tom Ayers played a waiting game with Bob in the First National Bank. He took his time hauling the money out of the vault until Bob caught on and hurried him along.

Bob had Emmett carry the sack of ill-gotten gains, while he snapped shots with his Winchester, sometimes to intimidate, more often to dispatch, any opposition. Three armed and courageous citizens met their fate at Bob's hands, one of whom knew him quite well. An equal number were wounded by his deadly fire. Aware of the predicament the other bandits were in, Bob and Emmett tried to cover them in their flight from the Condon to the alley where the gang's horses were tied.

In 1918, Emmett reported that Bob and he came down Maple Street to the alley. Maple Street was more than a half a block to the west of where both contemporary accounts have the two intersecting the alley. Apparently they reached the alley before the rest of the gang because Emmett said that as they went over their original route, they were approached by little Bobby Wells with a .22 pistol. Bob politely spanked his behind and sent him home.

When the other three reached the alley, each of them had been shot. Power tried to mount his horse and got shot in the arm. Grat had been hit coming out of the bank and someone so shouted in glee. He may already have been mortally wounded by the time he got to the alley. Dick Broadwell was hit early on in the arm and perhaps more seriously, for Emmett said so forty years later in a newspaper interview. "Eyewitness" reported that Joe Uncapper shot Broadwell from an upstairs window in the Condon Building as he ran from the bank. The outlaw then crawled behind some loose boards in the Long-Bell lumber yard.

Now that all the outlaws were trapped in the alley, the shooting became even more intense. The town marshal, Charles T. Connelly, unarmed at the start of the day, was carrying a rifle into the alley, looking the wrong way when Grat shot him in the back. Grat was in no position to take prisoners. Emmett never could figure out who shot the town marshal, whether townsmen or "one of us." No one else ever voiced a doubt about who shot Connelly that day.

Because two horses hitched to an oil wagon interfered with his progress, Dick killed them both. ("Eyewitness" says it was Power.) Both Dick and Emmett mounted at the same time. The rest lay dead or wounded in the alley. Power was the first to die. He was shot as he stepped away from a door that would not open for him in that deadly alley.

POWER WAS THE FIRST TO DIE. HE WAS SHOT AS HE STEPPED AWAY FROM A DOOR THAT WOULD NOT OPEN FOR HIM IN THAT DEADLY ALLEY.

John Kloehr now shot Grat in the throat. The bullet snapped the outlaw's neck like a twig.

Kloehr then put a bullet through Bob's chest as he sat wounded on a pile of stones in the alley. Bob had just *enough* stamina for one more shot which he aimed at Kloehr. Some say it went high, others low.

Dick and Emmett, meanwhile, were mounted and riding out of the alley. Emmett held the grain sack full of about $20,000 of First National booty. Seeing that Bob was not riding, he turned back to get him. As he leaned down from his mount to lift his slain brother and hero up, he was felled by a blast from barber Carey Seaman's shotgun. Emmett, though terribly wounded in this endeavor, would not get credit for it sixty years later when Burton Rascoe wrote the foreword to a 1954 reprint of "Eyewitness's" *The Dalton Gang.* Rascoe thought the incident sounded too much like Cole Younger's rescue of brother Bob at Northfield for it to be true.

Dick Broadwell rode about a half mile out on Eighth Street before succumbing to his many wounds. His horse stood faithfully over him when the posse found him. "Eyewitness" says that he was shot as he rode west down the alley by a Coffeyville youth, T.N. Russell, son of G.W. Russell, whose yard bordered on the alley. This yard is at least a hundred feet from where the gang's horses were tied that morning and, if Dick was shot here, he would have had to turn north afterward before going west again to end up where he did. This seems a bit much for a man practically dead when he got in the saddle.

Coffeyville historian and author Lue Barndollar points out that the young Russell's name is not on the honored roster of the town's "defenders." All in all, it appears that Dick was shot by everybody in town but T.N. Russell.

For the next several hours the outlaws lay unburied while photographs were taken. The bodies were placed on boards in the alley, laying side by side in front of the city jail. One famous shot shows the slain outlaws being studied by a lad peeping through a hole in a fence. This lad, who appears to be about eight or nine, has never been identi-

Reno County, Kansas, Historical Society

Dick Broadwell was buried in an unmarked grave in Eastside Cemetery, Hutchinson, Kansas, a few days after the Coffeyville raid.

fied. Another youngster, though, John R. Tackett, fanned the wounded Emmett Dalton as he lay in the street full of wounds and flies.

The identities of the outlaws presented a problem at first. The Daltons, of course, once stripped of their phony whiskers, were no problem, since they were well known in Coffeyville. But Dick and Bill Power were not well known. Emmett, furthermore, complicated matters by referring to them by their aliases, "Jake Moore" and "Tom Evans." While the authorities were getting nowhere with Emmett, out on the street ghoulish photographs were being taken of Bob and Grat. They were held up like a pair of grisly trophies of the chase by clusters of townsmen. A hundred years later, the pictures are a reminder of the only less than admirable behavior by Coffeyville citizens that October day.

It was while the outlaws were laid out to be photographed that a Hutchinson bricklayer with the unlikely name of William Tell Jones recognized Dick Broadwell.

"Great jumpin' catfish!" Tell exclaimed. "That's Dick Broadwell. He's from Hutchinson, same as me."

It was not a smart thing to say under the circumstances. Tell was promptly thrown in Marshal Connelly's jail, apparently for no better reason than having known an outlaw at some point in his life. He was a guest of Montgomery County for the next two or three days. The authorities probably didn't believe his name either.

William and Ben Dalton, who came to Coffeyville with their mother shortly after the tragedy, skirted the trouble Jones had seen by talking with Deputy Marshal Chris Madsen before coming to town. They then sought permission of the mayor. From this, it can be seen that Coffeyville had an attitude after the raid.

Dick had $92.40 on his person when killed. This and his faithful mount were taken by the same Coffeyville citizen in spite of protests by Dick's brother, George, and brother-in-law, E.B. Wilcox. This action seems odd in view of the fact that the estates of both Bob and Grat Dalton were put up for auction. In any case, George Broadwell and his brother-in-law declined to pursue the matter at length.

George and Wilcox, husband to the oldest of the Broadwell children, Mary, came to Coffeyville two days after the raid. George worked for the Boston Tea Company of Chicago and Wilcox was a leading grocer in Hutchinson. For a ten-dollar fee the two had Dick's body dug up out of the potter's field, where it was buried with Power, and after outfitting it in a fine, new suit, took it back to Hutchinson to be buried at the Eastside Cemetery.

Like Doc Holliday, Baron Lamm, Gerald Chapman, and "Three-Fingered" Jack Hamilton, Dick is buried in an unmarked grave, the sad lot of really hard cases. But none of the other desperadoes had anyone to look out for their interests when they passed on, so it is understandable that they were buried in this fashion. Dick, on the other hand, had family who made special arrangements to have him buried properly. It is likely, therefore, as some have suggested, that Dick is buried in the Wilcox plot in a grave with a fictitious name.

When news of Coffeyville reached central Illinois, Colonel Robert B. Latham, Abraham Lincoln's friend and a Broadwell relative by marriage, read with horror the remarks in the local paper that recounted this relationship. He did what any upstanding citizen would do, faced with such an affront in his later years—he denied the relationship and demanded an apology from the newspaper. One week after the raid, he got his apology.

The stigma of having a black sheep in the family went hard on the Broadwell and Wilcox families. By the turn of the century, both had moved away from Hutchinson to disappear in that limbo reserved for the family members of someone who was bad, but not bad enough.

Patrick Waddle, a descendant of Bill Power, told me that at the centennial of the Coffeyville raid, in October 1992, the outlaw families were all represented, with the exception of the Broadwells. One can only hope that some day someone will turn up who knows the further adventures of the Broadwell family after Hutchinson and, dare we hope, will produce a photo of the handsome young outlaw when he was alive.

Jim White Cave Cowboy

By Peter Hildebrandt

Heat waves shimmered above New Mexico's Guadalupe hills as a young rider savored the shade of a cactus. The cowboy wet his throat with the tepid water in his canteen—not as good as cold, but better than nothing. It had been a long, rough afternoon searching for stray cattle and the ranch hand's body ached. It was time to head home and forget this day.

Suddenly an odd sight in the distance took the cowboy's mind off his troubles. A strange cloud spiraled up above the horizon, making him wonder if a volcano had just started erupting. Not being in an area prone to volcanoes made him think again. It couldn't be a dust devil. The shape stayed in place and didn't sweep across the land like one of those whirlwinds.

The cowboy started hiking over to see what the form could be. The walk over rough, prickly land brought him to a tiny open area. After getting his bearings, he stared at the sky above.

Author's collection

Jim White.

Smoke didn't fill the air. The twilight rippled with waves of bats literally pouring from a huge dark hole in the mountainside. Though he'd heard of this hole and never had a desire to explore it, the quantity of winged animals erupting from inside made him wonder just how large a space housed all the bats.

All the while, trying to fathom its size, he inched forward through the cactus tangles until he gasped at what lay below—a great gap that looked bottomless. He lit a fire of dried cactus pieces and shoved it over the edge.

The light got smaller and smaller as it fell. When it tumbled to the rocks below he judged the fall at least 200 feet. Kicking the rest of the fire into the hole he again stood transfixed by the disappearing light.

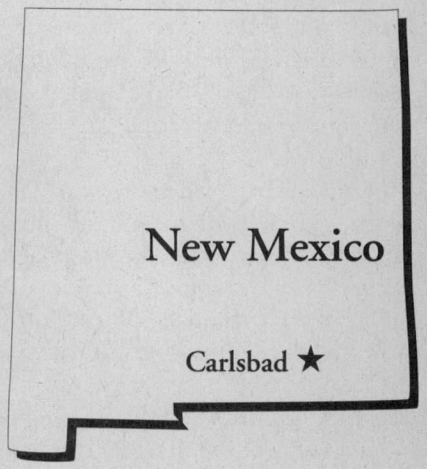
The fire spooked the bats, stopping their flow. But once the fire died, they swirled above as strong as before. The darkening sky eventually drove the young man back to the ranch house, three miles away.

Thoughts of his discovery never strayed far from the cowboy's mind. He decided to explore what he'd found and after three days he gathered a lantern, ax, rope, and wire and headed out without telling anyone.

Mid-afternoon sun shone directly on the shaft bottom when he reached the cave and to the right of the bottom he noticed a tunnel opening. After making a crude ladder from sticks, rope, and wire, he lowered himself in the huge chasm. He touched down on the cave bottom—he thought. It was actually the floor of a ledge perched far above the bottom.

Instead of climbing back up and lengthening his ladder so he could descend, he decided to climb below clinging to the wall. Curiosity defeated caution, despite the fact that he'd told no one of his find nor his attempt at exploration.

As he made his way below, he found a tunnel leading to a cave whose size he'd never dreamed of. He stumbled upon formations at his feet, while all around glassy pools



shimmered and rock tubes rang out xylophone-like at the flick of his fingers. The wonders surrounding him robbed him of his fear until all at once his lantern died.

Panic swept over him like an instant fever. Then he remembered he'd filled his canteen with extra oil for just such an emergency. Filling up his lantern in the blackness proved daunting. It felt like hours before he was again able to light the lantern. His own clothes felt like they held as much fuel as he poured in the lantern. One wise choice he'd made was to break off pieces of the rock formations he'd passed to leave a path to find his way back out.

The whole way back one fear dogged him: what if he lost his trail back? He'd kept secret his intentions back at his ranch so no one would have a clue where to search for him. He kept putting the thought from his mind as he pressed on.

But as soon as he thought he'd let go this fear, it returned even stronger. Despite the coolness of the cave he noticed sweat streaming down his spine. Something told him to run. Sputtering and scrambling, the cowboy charged back to get out even sooner. No sooner had he started than his head smacked a sharp rock form along his path.

The bashing suddenly calmed him. He started talking to himself to quell the creeping hopelessness seeping in around him, and groped through the dim light to find the markers he'd left behind. Finally, he found the stone pieces and forgot his feeling of giving up.

Eventually things grew lighter until he reached a spot where sunlight streamed in. With tears filling his eyes, the explorer struggled up the rock wall to his rope and wire ladder.

Back at the surface the sun warmed him as he took stock of what he'd just done. Looking back at the hole in the mountain, instead of seeing a forbidding place that just had driven him out into the sun in fear, he vowed to return and explore the whole thing.

The man who emerged from the huge cave that afternoon in 1901 was Jim White. The cave he'd just gazed upon is now known as Carlsbad Caverns.

Eventually Jim filled his fellow cowboys with his talk of the caves. It must have seemed strange to those men to have the usually silent White chattering away about some crazy cave he'd discovered under the cactus-covered earth.

"Never mind bats in some cave," said one, "you've got bats in your belfry, Jim."

"No. Wait," he begged. "That place by the mountain, I know you've seen it. You just weren't there at the right time. About sundown's when the bats fill the air above the opening. Now, I've been in the cave and it's more beautiful than you can ever imagine. If you'll just go with me you can see for yourself."

But no matter how he tried for some reason they thought he dreamt the whole place up. Finally he gave up on them and turned quiet once more.

Not long after this a Mexican teenager employed at the ranch house let Jim know in his best English that he'd go along to the cave. Everyone, including White knew the boy only as "Pothead." Jim was thrilled to finally have someone accompany him, even if it was just a Mexican boy.

Five days after he first explored the caverns, White returned with a couple of torches, a bag of food, another canteen of oil, and the game Pothead. The creaky ladder Jim descended gave Pothead second thoughts.

Jim White went down first while Pothead followed warily. Kerosene torches let them travel quicker than when Jim had struggled with his lantern.

White and Pothead stayed in the cave three days. On the third day, after weary hours of exploring, the young cowboy decided to take a rest on a nearby ledge. Turning around to get comfortable he shuddered at the sight before him. A human skull stared at him from across the ledge. After gaining his composure he crawled over to see it. Just below the skull lay an entire skeleton—one nearly twice the size of a normal man.

When he lifted a huge femur the entire bone crumbled into countless pieces. A drop of water splashed his hand and gave him a clue to what happened. Lime in the water caused the bones to swell to double their size, yet weaken into crumbs. The skull however, escaped the water damage and remained normal size.

When Jim proposed carrying the skull back with them, the young Mexican refused to take the bag if the skull remained inside.

By that afternoon Jim felt his back start to burn and realized the cause. The kerosene had leaked from its can, drenching his shirt. As he started scrambling to get from the ledge and try to strip off his fuel-soaked clothes, Pothead tried to keep up.

Unaware of Jim's problem, the boy's torch brushed Jim's back, setting the cowboy ablaze.

A jump from the ledge meant death. Jim chose to dash across the ledge, grab the can, and throw his hat on top to try to keep it from exploding. The boy stripped his own coat off and threw it over Jim's shoulders. A buckskin vest saved White from certain death but his badly blistered back now drove them from the cave sooner than they'd planned.

The skull and wonders of the cave did little to convince the other ranch hands to visit Jim's discovery. Even an old friend refused Jim's offer of a guided tour. The friend took Jim to the local library where he showed the cowboy photos of a better-known cave.

"See this about Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky? You couldn't have found anything comparing to that!"

"Just come on with me, you'll see. I promise," Jim said.

"I can't right now, pretty busy. Believe you've found a cave, Jim. Can't help thinking that it looks bigger to you than it really is."

Before they parted Jim couldn't contain his frustration.

"Just want to say one thing more. Someday you'll know I tell the truth.

Someday you'll see my cave. When you do I want to be there looking at the expression on your face."

It would be a longer wait than Jim dreamed. For years he'd live with the skeptical taunts of coworkers.

In late 1901 a stranger to Carlsbad, Abijah Long, would finally show an interest in Jim White's "bat cave." It wasn't really the cave that interested the newcomer, but the bats and their droppings.

"Bat manure's the most prized fertilizer of all, also called 'guano' and I'd like to see this cave of yours that's loaded with it. Could you take me there?" asked Long.

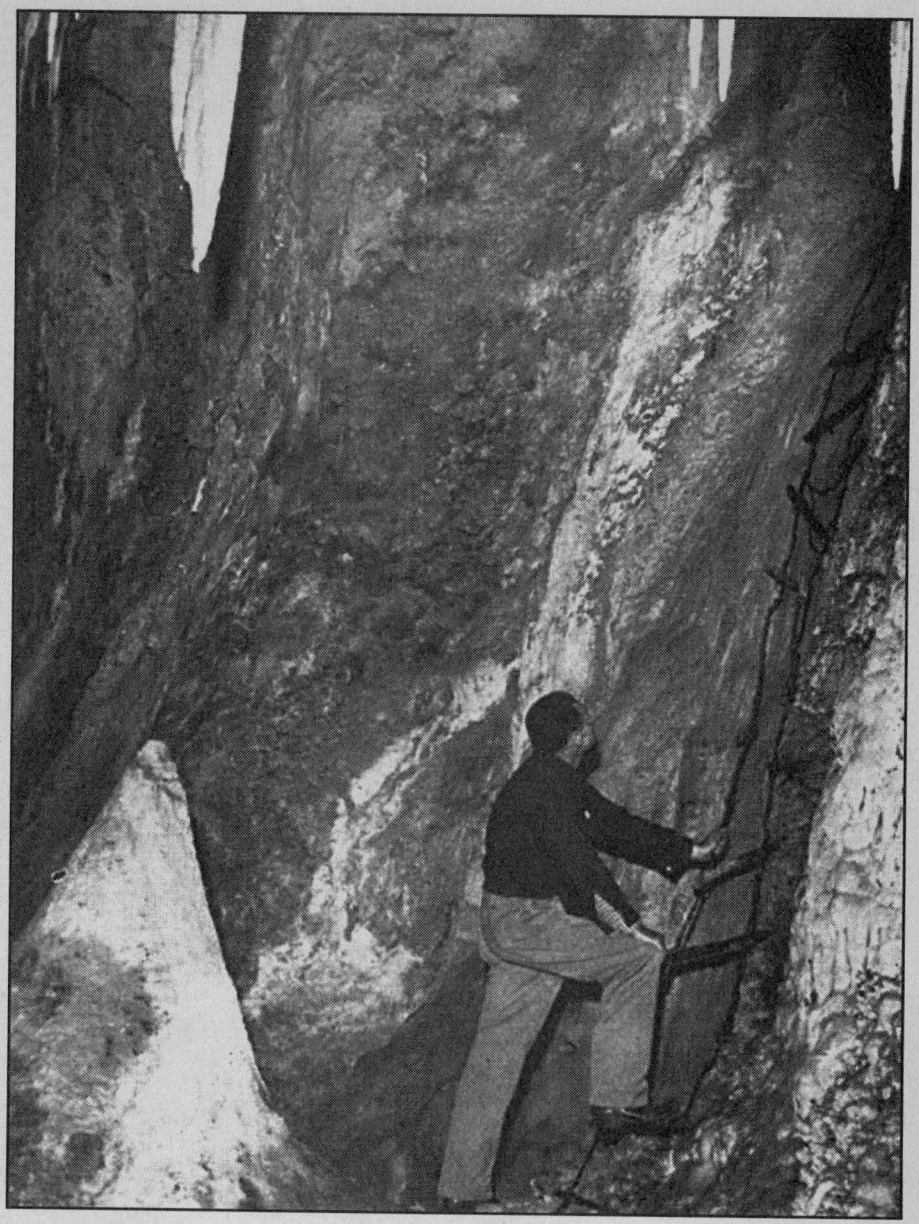
This wasn't what Jim expected but when he showed the bat cave section to Long, the man's eyes lit up. California fruit growers gladly paid ninety dollars a ton for the stuff. In 1903, operations began to mine the "white gold," with Jim as foreman. Now he'd work ever nearer to his cave.

After sinking a shaft into the ground near the cave entrance, a transport system was rigged to move the stuff up and out of the cave floor. Jim helped rig the system by using an old wagon axle, an iron bucket, and a gasoline winch.

Before the guano could be freighted west to California, mules hauled the wagons to the Carlsbad freight yard. Over the next twenty years some 100,000 tons of guano came from the cave. But it may not have been as lucrative as imagined at first. Over the years, seven different companies tried their hand at the operation.

Eventually Jim told his wife, Fannie, he'd build trails all through the cave to make sure all the visitors —when they finally came—could hike through his wondrous cave safely. He hammered old Ford axles into cracks in the cave rock and tied thick wire between them to create a railing, and then he mapped out his underground trails to make sure they led to the most breathtaking spots.

As the years passed Jim managed to lead more and more groups through his cave. Visitors rode the old bat guano buckets in pairs when



Author's collection

The original ladder, made by Jim White, used to explore the lower levels of the Carlsbad Caverns.

Jim started up the winch. Once, two men got stuck when the engine stalled for a time. After this Jim only loaded one at a time in the bucket.

But another incidence of the bucket stalling occurred, as Jim White explains:

"A priest that weighed 300 pounds went as far as the Devil's Den' took a look a'things, and gave up the trip. When the man was about half way up, something happened to the engine and we had to stop and leave him where he was in his bucket for a minute or two. Then we started to let him down under perfect control of the brakes, and I could hear him mumblin' something like a prayer.

"We never did have any accidents around the cave except once in the mining days when a drunk man come stumblin' along and fell heels over head into the shaft. I was froze with fear. But the bucket loaded with filled sacks happened to be coming up and was just enterin' the hole in the roof. Then up came the bucket and clingin' on was our friend—when he put his foot on solid ground he sure was sober!"

Word spread about Jim's cave, and soon people streamed in from all around the region. Jim started charging admission, and Fannie would furnish food and lodging for

many of the cave sightseers. Jim gave free tours to families in dire straits and the occasional writers and newspaper people who dropped by.

By 1923, word reached the General Land Office in Washington, DC, and an investigator came to see for himself if the cave "was of much importance." Mr. Robert Holley left Jim and his cave tour, with a report concluding:

"It appears this cave is of such wonderful character as to be worthy of establishment as a national monument."

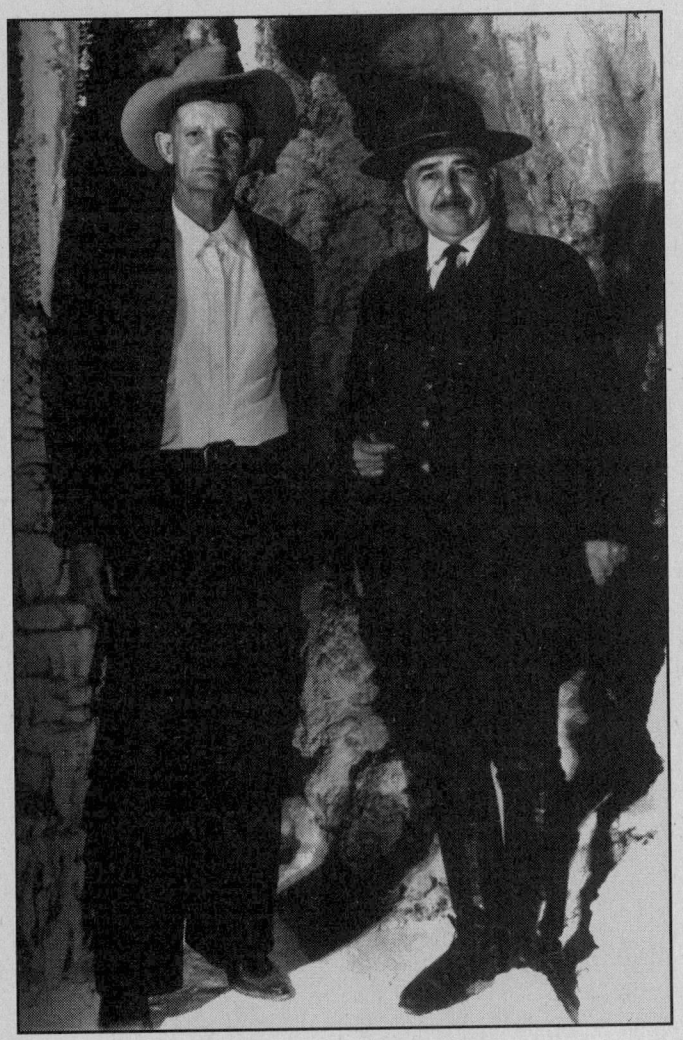
Soon a stream of officials made their way to Jim White's corner of the country and his cave, now growing famous. One man, a government geologist named Willis T. Lee, may have had designs on the fame he predicted for the place. Jim was surprised when he heard Lee proclaim that an entrance tunnel ought to be drilled through the mountain to the cave and named "Lee's Tunnel."

Lee would go on to shoot photographs for two National Geographic articles. One day while he was at the cave, Jim noticed Lee starting to conduct a party into the cave and wondered why he didn't merit an invitation.

After finishing lunch, Lee told the group: "From here on we'll traverse a section of the cave human feet never touched."

With this heady declaration still ringing in their ears, the party pressed on eagerly. After about a half mile of caving, something drawn on the wall caught their attention—an arrow. On closer inspection, bringing their lights near the wall, words became visible below the arrow: "This way out, Jim White."

On October 23, 1923, President Calvin Coolidge proclaimed Jim White's cave, Carlsbad Cave National Monument. Through the 1920s Jim still helped with the cave, becoming chief ranger in 1926 and continuing to build new trails.



Courtesy National Parks Service

Jim White, the original Carlsbad Caverns guide, and Colonel Thomas Boles, Carlsbad superintendent, 1927-46.

When he left his ranger position in 1929, he requested the job of "chief explorer" from the park superintendent and was led to believe he'd get it.

But this dream never materialized. After petitions, newspaper articles, and letters were sent to the National Park Service, Jim found nothing but frustration when dealing with the bureaucracy that had taken over the cave, the very cave he'd tried to bring to the world's attention for nearly thirty years. Declining health may have kept Jim from his cherished position as well.

The story of White's life sold in a booth near the park's gift shop. Jim manned the booth in his last years, signing copies of his book, *Jim White: The Discoverer of Carlsbad Caverns*, by Frank Ernest Nicholson. An old guano bucket hung behind him in a little nook of the cave.

In later years many defended Jim against those disputing his discovery of Carlsbad Caverns. Said one local old-timer, Judge Shattuck: "A lot of us saw the mouth of the cave before Jim, but none of us had the slightest desire to go in and explore it as he did."

When Jim White died in a local hospital, April 28, 1946, he only left his share from the sales of his small book. Within his lifetime the cave he loved grew from a local curiosity to a valuable part of the National Park system, visited by 2.5 million people by the time of his death.

A shy, quiet cowpoke, Jim may not have agreed with the push for his statue at the cave entrance. Instead, the park's visitor center lobby contains a plaque perhaps more to his liking:

JAMES L. WHITE
1882-1946

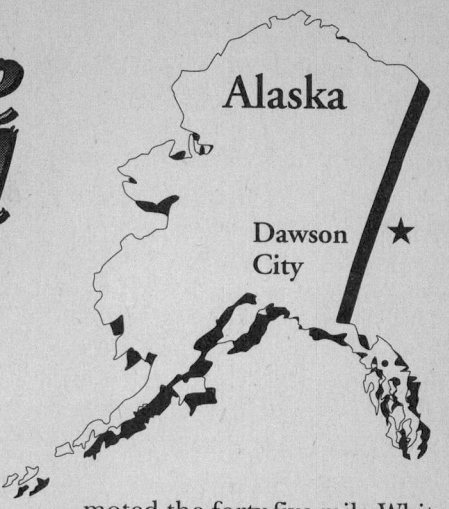
Beginning in 1901, Jim White made the first known extensive explorations of the Carlsbad Caverns.

He was chiefly responsible for bringing the attention of the public, scientific groups and the federal government to the importance and significance of the caverns.

If asked for a speech afterward, Jim White's characteristic response may have been, "Suits me."

Klondike Remembered

By Mary Ellen Gilliland



Her Swedish-born father had scaled agonizing Chilkoot Pass to reach the Klondike goldfields. Her mother had followed when the trains began in November. In September 1900, fourteen-year-old Hulda Nelson traveled via the new White Pass & Yukon railway to join her parents in North America's wildest city.

Hulda's diary, now a treasure in my family, records her journey north and her eleven-month stay in Dawson City, Yukon Territory. Her remembrances of her father's trip north enhance the diary account.

When the *Portland* steamed into Seattle, Washington, in 1897, Hulda's father, Victor Carl Nelson, was there to see gaunt, unshaven men struggle onto the pier, hauling strangely heavy leather grips and dragging bulging packing cases. These men went straight to the bank, to empty out jelly jars of gold flakes and pokes of nuggets before wide-eyed tellers.

Victor Carl Nelson joined the first wave of what become a 100,000-strong tidal wave of gold seekers moving heavy Yukon supply outfits northward. But even the first wave of stampeding miners to conquer 4,000 miles of wilderness on the route to the goldfields arrived too late.

Hulda didn't yet know as she traveled north that her disappointed father would return to the laundry business, then watch riches be gained from straining the miners' wash water for gold. Nor did she foresee being courted by a Klondike pioneer who wooed her with dazzling gold nuggets.

Author's Collection

Hulda Nelson and her dogs, Dawson City, Yukon Territory, circa 1900.

Instead, she later told the family, she focused on the passing scene. The shiny narrow-gauge passenger cars, now two-months old in September 1900, lurched crazily around a tight curve. As the White Pass & Yukon train labored toward the summit of White Pass, she reflected on her papa's letters and newspaper accounts about this route, formerly called "the Dead Horse Trail."

Mature and fairly well-informed, Hulda knew that profiteers had promoted the forty-five-mile White Pass trail as quicker and easier than the near perpendicular Chilkoot Pass, her father's route. But the sketchy path to the White Pass summit had provided Klondikers no trail at all, only a jumble of slick boulders and forest deadfall.

Men and pack animals labored, slipped, and sweated their way upward. Men cursed, dragging their sleds, groaning under the weight of their packs until their voices raised in concert to a hellish moan. Pack animals, mired in the black ooze, suffered unspeakable injury. Broken legs, clouds of attacking mosquitoes and beatings from men driven half mad made a miserable end to the horses' lives. Countless numbers died from overwork and accident.

"Such a scene of havoc and destruction…can scarcely be imagined," one Klondiker remembered. "Thousands of pack horses lie dead along the way." The stench of rotting horse flesh caused men to wretch.

But the lure of gold pressed the stampeders on. Hulda had heard Klondike stories describing a group

of Scots in plaids and tam-o'-shanters who followed a piper across the frozen pass in winter. A man and his wife themselves moved two stern-wheel steamboats in pieces up and over the White Pass summit and down the long descent to Lake Bennett, head of navigation to reach the Yukon.

Hulda's train stopped for lunch at Bennett, now a town near the shores of the huge lake. Her father, Victor, had completed the on-foot portion of his trek to the Klondike at Lake Bennett's shores and constructed a boat to finish the journey.

Hulda's papa had emerged from the nightmare of many foot trips packing his 2,000 pounds of supplies over Chilkoot Pass to confront a huge tent colony at Bennett. Like himself, the men were trail-hardened, muscled, and paunchless, no longer *cheechako* (tenderfoot) but Yukon pioneers. He wrote letters describing their ragged beards, faces smeared with charcoal against the spring sun, and eyes red-rimmed from sun-on-snow glare.

The world's largest tent city had stripped the huge Lake Bennett valley of most of its timber for sailboat building. A mighty din had assaulted Victor Nelson's ears as thousands of hammers pounded and numberless whipsaws screeched.

Whipsawing, a tortuous chore, involved two men, one in a pit, the other above ground, team-sawing wood with a wiggly blade. The poor-quality spruce, soft and spongy, broke easily. Men who had steeled themselves to survive the passes broke under the ordeal of whipsawing.

"Brother fought brother and father fought son and the spirit of forbearance and forgiveness was not known on the trail of land and water," one eyewitness reported. Later, at Split Up City, Victor Nelson had seen men sawing fry pans and sailboats in half, rather than mend their quarrel.

When the ice finally broke on May 29, 1898, Victor Nelson had joined 7,124 boats which transformed Lake Bennett into a watery freeway. Hand-constructed kayaks, canoes, scows, side-wheelers, arks, catamarans, barges, and heavy "Yukon boats" (which plowed through the waves like a railroad freight train) all headed across Lake Bennett when the ice cleared. This sail-driven flotilla ran through a series of lakes, including wind-blasted Lake Labarge of Robert Service fame, toward the Yukon.

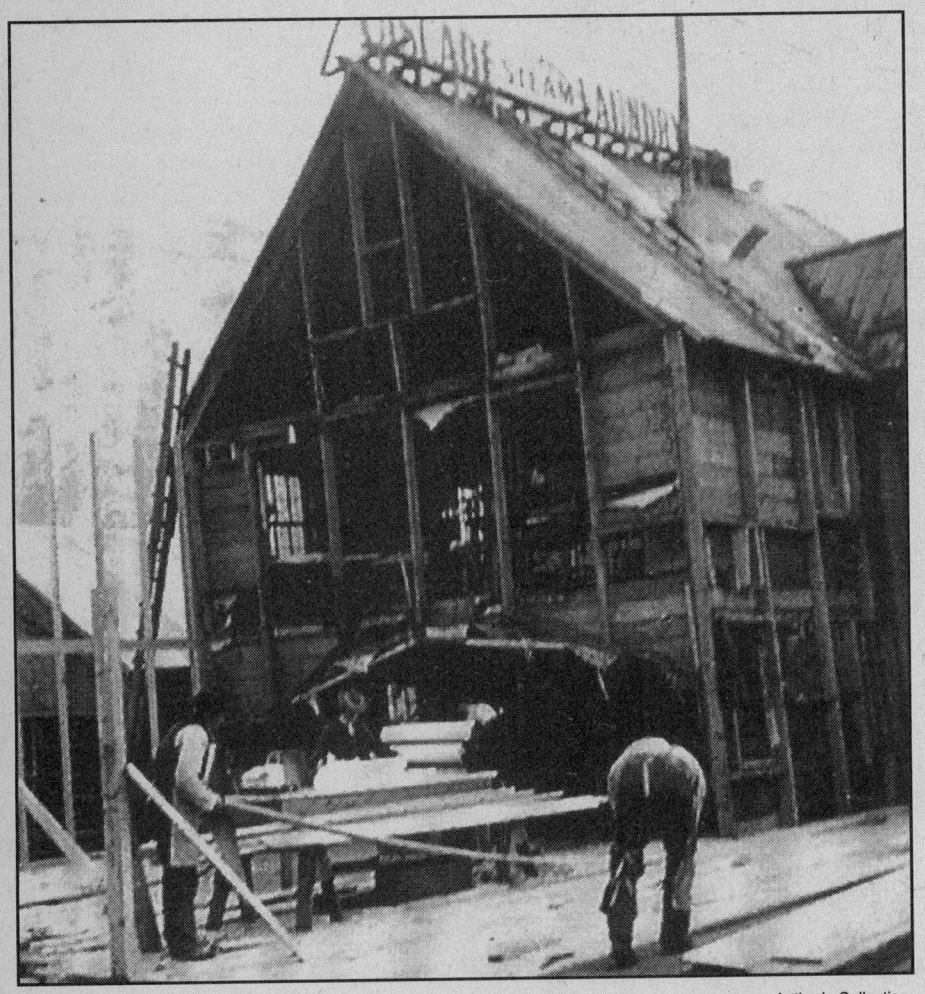
In service beginning July 1900, the railway carried Hulda well beyond Bennett to Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, where she boarded a riverboat bound for Dawson City. On Sunday, September 30, as her diary records, Hulda "left Whitehorse at 2 o'clock on steamer *Bonanza King* & crossed Lake Labarge that eve."

Hulda's boat, the *Bonanza King*, didn't make it far its first day. During the frigid September 30 night "the eccentrics froze up," according to Hulda's diary, and the wheel problem delayed them until noon October 1.

While Victor Nelson and his fellow gold rushers, traveling during spring run-off, encountered dangerous high water and rapids, Hulda's October trip north faced a less exciting hazard—sand bars.

> October 3, 1900: Passed Rink Rapids easily in the morning, landed a ways beyond and took on about 30 ton of beef. Left about noon, and stuck on a sand bar at 2 o'clock. Got swung off at midnight and tied up to the shore.

In contrast, her father's trip through Rink and other rapids danced him through a string of water hazards now enshrined in legend. Miles Canyon, a slot walled by



Author's Collection

An unidentified female presser works at Hulda Nelson's uncle's Cascade Steam Laundry in Dawson. Construction progresses while normal laundry work continues, typical of Dawson's expansion during the gold rush.

sixty-foot basaltic rock, forced the Lewes River to shoot through like a bullet. It featured a demonic whirlpool. At Whitehorse Canyon, the river blasts through a tight 100-foot high rock gorge to create fury. This canyon had already claimed forty lives when Victor Nelson's wave of Klondikers passed through early in the gold rush.

Five Finger Rapids startled boaters when a languid section of the river ended abruptly. Boat crews, finally able to relax, read Yukon guidebooks. Suddenly, beyond a sharp right turn, they encountered five irregular blocks of reddish rock strung across the river like piers of a bridge. Two routes through the churning water offered a choice between a deadly scrape over protruding shallow rocks or a drop off into a churning eddy.

Unlike Victor Nelson's speedy trip in spring flood conditions, Hulda's boat languished five full days, stuck on various sand bars.

> October 4, 1900: Stuck on a sandbar at Hell's Gate at 11 o'clock. Got off at 4. Were coming through fine, when we swung around, hit the bank and smashed our wheel and were stuck again.

The disgruntled passengers remained stuck all night and all the next day beyond sunset. Then they had company:

> October 5, 1900: Staid there all day except moving about ten minutes toward evening. Then came the Monarch and stuck alongside of us.

The next day helpers arrived—only to be gouged for their trouble:

> October 6, 1900: There came a steam barge and they started to unload our freight, and then took it over to the opposite shore. Our boat swung loose and knocked a hole in the other boat. Monarch lay there all night.

A logjam of boats, the *Flora*, *Zealander*, and *Monarch*, attempted to aid the hapless *Bonanza King*. Finally, she sprung off:

> October 7, 1900: Lay still all day. About 8 in the evening the Canadian came from Dawson, & in trying to pass between us and the shore she raised the water so we floated off, swung around and nearly struck the Zealander.

The next day, four additional boats jammed into the insidious sandbars. The *Bonanza King* departed, only to waste another full day, October 10, "stuck in Steamboat Slough," according to Hulda. Next, the *Bonanza King* ran out of wood to fuel its progress. So the desperate passengers disembarked en masse to chop down trees. Finally, at 3:30, October 11, 1900, the *Bonanza King* landed at Dawson. Hulda's diary exclaims an echo of today's teenagers: "Landed in Dawson. *All right!*"

Hulda's first Yukon winter lived up to its frigid reputation. She learned to chop bacon with an axe and deal with salt hard as grindstone. Although thermometers were graded to register to minus sixty degrees, Yukoners wryly pointed out to Hulda that mercury freezes at minus forty degrees. Old timers taught her their cold gauge:

Coal oil freezes at minus thirty-five to minus fifty-five degrees; "pain killer" freezes at minus seventy-two degrees; Hudson's best bay rum freezes at minus eighty degrees.

The typical twelve-by-fourteen-foot, sod-roofed Yukon cabin provided minimal shelter against this cold. By spring, Hulda's family began sprucing up a new cabin, located on the hillside above Dawson:

> May 2, 1901: Stayed home all day fixing up the cabin. We got the canvas in the ceiling and the oilcloth on the floor. Mr. Shinkle came up this afternoon and brought me a dozen Kodak pictures and a sample of dust from our claims.

By then Yukon river ice had grown rotten. Everyone yearned for the ice to break up so supplies could reach Dawson. Finally, the whistle blew.

> May 15, 1901: At 3 o'clock we heard a steamer blow, and then the A.C. [Alaska Commercial Company] whistle. Everyone made for the water front. Oh! it looked fine to see it moving after being still since the 2nd of Nov.

Soon after, her father participated in a stampede, a commonplace Yukon event. (The population had plummeted in 1899 when a stampede to the gold-laced sands of Nome, Alaska, emptied 8,000 from Dawson's crowded streets.) Hulda's diary records:

> May 15, 1901: Papa is off on a stampede, to someplace about six miles above the Forks. Guess he'll be pretty tired when he comes home.

The Forks is the famous confluence of two of the world's richest creeks, Bonanza and Eldorado. During the rush, Grand Forks mushroomed to a city of 10,000.

> May 16, 1901: Papa came home about 8 o'clock this morning after walking all night. My, but he is tired. He didn't stake anything. Didn't think the ground worth it. He lay down till noon, then had to go to work.

Victor Nelson had given up trying to mine full time and then worked in his brother-in-law's laundry where they discovered the profit-enhancing technique of straining the gold from wash water. After one of Dawson's frequent fires, residents would pan the ashes for gold. Saloon fires produced lucrative pay dirt, or "pay ash."

This was possible because Klondikers were careless with gold. Hulda heard stories of Big Alex McDonald, "King of the Klondike," who once invited a lady reporter to help herself to a bowl heaped with forty-five pounds of gold nuggets.

"Take as many as you please," he encouraged. "There are lots more." Gold dust spilled on dance hall floors while chocolate remained locked in safes.

Some gold flowed Hulda's way. The young Swedish boys who worked on the creeks enjoyed ice creams and dances with Hulda and rewarded her smiles with nuggets.

Another entry mentions the second Klondike valuable, chocolate:

> May 25, 1901: Ray Larson came up and brought a large box of Ramsey's chocolate bonbons. He is working in the mess house on Alex McDonald's claim on Cheechako Hill.
>
> June 5, 1901: Stopped in the laundry and saw Gus Johnson's nuggets. I guess it was about three or four hundred dollars worth, and there were some beauties among them. Saw those Shinkle had picked out for a bracelet. Wish I'd get them.

Apparently, Hulda's girlish dreams came true:

> July 5, 1901: I got my bracelet from Shinkle yesterday. It is fine. There are 15 nuggets in it and they all came out of Gus' claim.

On July 12, Hulda records a gift of nuggets as blandly as she records the weather:

"Gus gave Mama and I each a lovely nugget for hair pins. It's been very warm lately."

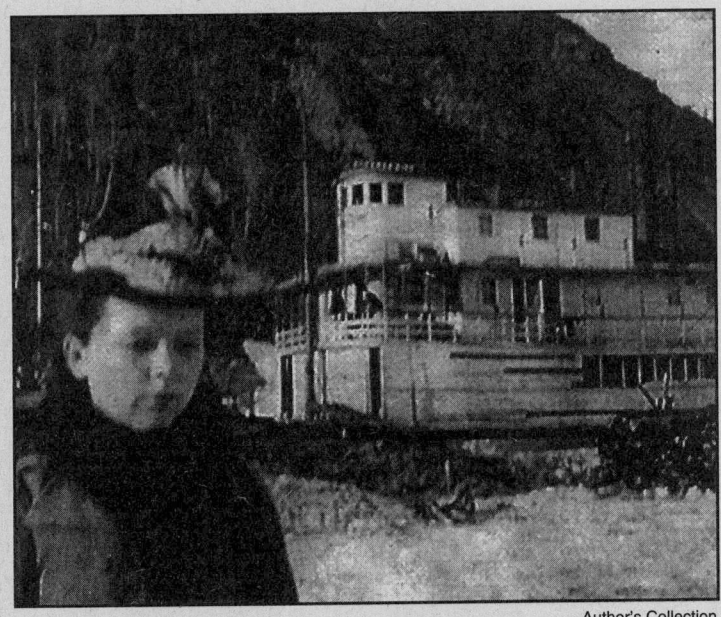
Social life took on a merry pace for this young girl in the Klondike. The young people climbed Midnight Dome to view the midnight sun on the Mid-summer's night. Parties and fun abounded. Hulda commented,

> My but I had a good time at Nordall's this evening. There were several of the boys down from the creeks, some that I had never met before. Ola said Laura sent me her love, and a kiss, but he wouldn't give it to me. I had a couple of dances with Emil and he took me home.

Mr. Shinkle always came to Hulda's hillside cabin bearing exotic treats (coconut, oranges, chocolates, almonds, ice cream), which he could easily afford. Though most Klondikers arrived too late for good claims, Shinkle was in the Yukon, possibly at Fortymile, before the gold rush. His claim, registered with the mining recorder on July 24, 1897, just after news broke in Seattle, bordered the most famous gold-bearing ground in history. His diggings lay just seven claim lengths (each claim measured 250 feet) from the discovery claim on Eldorado, on the world's richest placer creek. Louis Emkins, a lean-limbed prospector from Illinois, staked the claim next to Shinkle's and sold it within the year for $100,000, a fortune in 1897.

By 1901, Dawson's fervor had calmed. Hulda lived a demure life in Dawson City, going to Swedish socials, playing the piano, attending the Methodist-Episcopal church. Three-piece suits and derby hats had by then replaced men's faded mackinaws, patched trousers and high top trail boots. Respectable women outnumbered the lumpy Belgian prostitutes of Paradise Alley and the gold-digging dance hall girls of Front Street. Ornate architectural facades covered hastily-erected green log buildings which shrank to ugliness their first season. Dogs dragging heavy sleds across frozen mud, businesses operating in tents, and haphazard piles of firewood heaped up in the roadway gave way to telephone service, running water, steam heat, and motion pictures.

In August 1901, as Yukon winter approached, Hulda Nelson began the long journey back to Seattle.



Author's Collection

The Yukon riverboat in the background was typical of the variety that brought Hulda Nelson, foreground, and thousands of other gold-hungry settlers to the Klondike.

> August 3, 1901: Aboard Clifford Sifton. Left this evening at 9 p.m. Staid home all day getting my things ready. Mrs. Nordall, Alida, Annie, Shinkle and several others were down to the boat. We had a fine farewell. A band on board went with us as far as Klondike City and a big crowd with them. Mama, Papa, Shinkle & Annie staid on and walked back.

After riverboat and rail journeys, the steamship ride to Seattle proved rough and Hulda bemoaned her seasickness.

Finally she wrote:

> August 11, 1901: It has been awful rough. I feel all shook up. Expect to reach home tomorrow. Won't that be fine?

The Nelson family eventually moved back to Seattle where they operated a boarding house and delicatessen.

Hulda married, had two children, and moved to Colorado, seeking relief from tuberculosis. Hulda Nelson died in Colorado in 1925.

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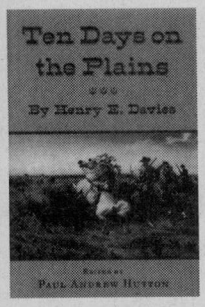

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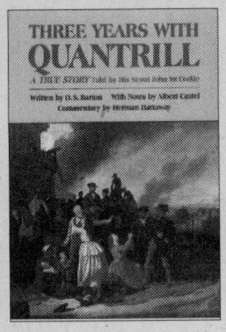

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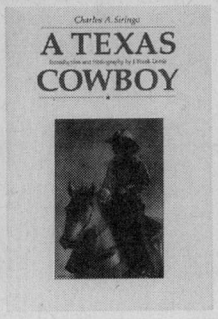

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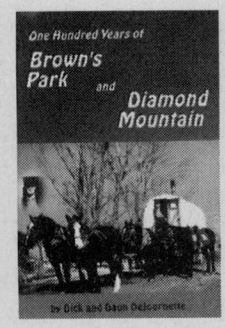

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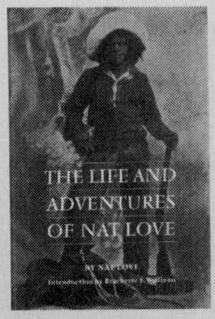

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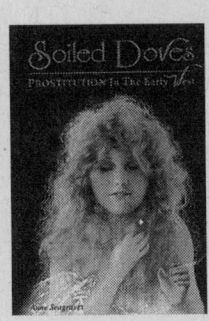

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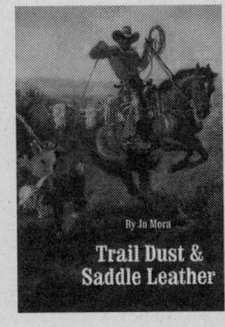

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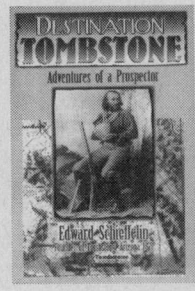

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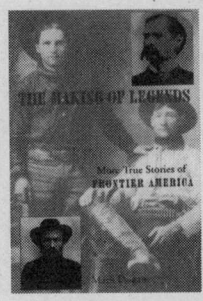

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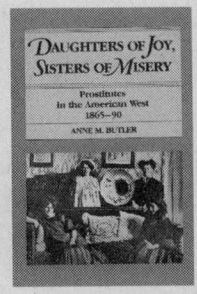

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REVIEWS

THE FOURTH GUARDSMAN

The Fourth Guardsman: James Franklin "Bud" Ledbetter. By Glenn Shirley. (Eakin Press, PO Box 90159, Austin, TX 78709. 202 pages, notes, index, bibliography, 33 photographs and maps. $22.95 Cloth.)

Indian Territory historian Glenn Shirley has authored over two dozen books dealing with outlaws and lawmen, including full-length biographies of Heck Thomas and Bill Tilghman, two of the famed "Three Guardsmen." Although Chris Madsen, the third of the trio, may be the subject of a future Shirley book, he now presents a biography of another lawman, James Franklin "Bud" Ledbetter, who he feels deserves to be known as the "Fourth Guardsman," ranking with Tilghman, Thomas, and Madsen.

It would be hard to argue with this thesis, as Ledbetter certainly earned his fame in law and order history by surviving numerous gunbattles and making hundreds of arrests. Surprisingly, in spite of his dangerous career, he was never wounded. He killed or seriously wounded at least twenty-one bad men. He did not always resort to gunplay; he once prevented a mob from taking his prisoner with sheer determination. Ledbetter dealt with all types of lawbreakers, from the whiskey peddler to the arsonist and rapist and murderer. The Bucks and Jenningses were only two of the better known gangs Ledbetter fought.

Shirley has mastered the ability to uncover new material from century old records and present it in a fresh manner. He provides details on Ledbetter's exploits but does not lose focus on the main topics. Apparently Ledbetter had intended to write some form of autobiography, but the idea came too late and it was never completed. During his life he avoided talking of his exploits, letting the sheer number of destroyed whisky stills and captured fugitives speak for him. Consequently many exciting details of his career as a lawman are lost for history. Further, his wife and children apparently did not make any record of Ledbetter's exploits. Shirley has accomplished a major coup in gathering new material in this single volume.

Although the narrative reads so well and each chapter focuses on a major event, we are somewhat frustrated with the several maps included. Providing maps is worthwhile, but only if they are clear to the reader. The 1892 map of Arkansas is reduced to two pages, consequently too small except for the most determined reader with a strong magnifying glass. The detailed map of the Cherokee and Creek nations is also so reduced it is nearly illegible. Many readers will be disappointed in the few photographs of the characters involved, although those included are reproduced well and are of significant size.

The word "problems" is perhaps too strong a word for these illustration concerns. The book remains a wonderful read and is a significant contribution to the western buff's library. We can only hope Shirley continues to research, write, and publish.—*Chuck Parsons, Yorktown, Texas.*

The Gass Journals

The Journals of Patrick Gass: Member of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Edited and annotated by Carol Lynn MacGregor. (Mountain Press, Box 2399, Missoula, MT 59806. 447pp. $20.00 Paper.)

Unless one is a specialist in early western exploration or a dyed-in-the-wool Lewis and Clark devotee the modern armchair traveler will not have met one of the most colorful characters of that fabled expedition—Patrick Gass.

This situation has now been rectified by Mountain Press' publication

of Patrick Gass' long out of print journal concerning the travails and triumphs of the first Coast-to-Coast Walkathon.

In addition to Thomas Jefferson's insatiable curiosity concerning the land beyond the vide Missouri, the Western Territories were also a matter of dispute until 1846 when America and England established the northern boundary of the United States at the 49th Parallel. Yet during this time there were still several major players in the international game of laying claim to that country, including Spain and Russia.

And it was precisely the need to clear up such a murky situation that the Jefferson-sponsored expedition of fifty one men set out from St. Louis on May 14, 1804. There were no gentlemen's sons on this journey for the two captains wanted only "good hunters, stout and healthy men, accustomed to the woods and capable of bearing bodily fatigue in a pretty considerable degree."

Among those chosen was the Scotch-Irish Patrick Gass, a slender, whipcord strong young man with dark hair and penetrating black eyes.

Born at Falling Springs, Pennsylvania on June 12, 1771 Gass worked with pack trains, flat-boated to New Orleans, and eventually joined the army in 1799. While with the army at Kaskaskia, Illinois, he signed on with the western expedition in 1804. One of its most versatile members, he served as boat-builder, carpenter, boatswain, hunter, and experienced horseman. But his most enduring accomplishment would be his journal.

There were seven journals kept on the trip, but Gass' writings are the most straightforward. He allows the reader to feel the hardship of the day-to-day quest for food, the influence of weather upon the crew, and the pestiferous torments of mosquitoes, fleas, prickly pears, and even grizzly bears. Readers trudge with him over the rich Missouri River bottoms, cross the mountainous wastelands, and at last stand upon the rocky, fog-laced coastline staring out over the limitless, blue Pacific.

Gass was the first member of the Corps of Discovery to bring forth his journal in 1807. Published in London in 1808, it appeared in France in 1810 and in Germany in 1814, right in the midst of the Napoleonic Wars but holding its own with such best sellers as Washington Irving's *History of New York* and Sir Walter Scott's *Waverly.*

The second half of the Mountain Press edition continues the long life of Patrick Gass (he lived ninety-nine years) through the notations in in his Personal Ledger Account.

Covering two periods, 1826-1837 and 1847-1848, it offers proof that Gass was not just a "tough, untutored, tobacco-chewing sergeant whose journal had been sometimes thought to have been influenced by his first editor."

Gass' purchases range from jews-harps and almanacs to palm-hats and it give a day-to-day look at the old sergeant's lifestyle just as his 300-page-account, more than any other, immortalizes the nation's greatest period of exploration.—*Bill Garwood, Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania.*

A Scot in Montana

Scottish Highlanders, Indian Peoples. By James Hunter. (Montana Historical Society Press, 225 North Roberts St., Helena, MT 59620. 224pages. $18.95 Paper.)

This is a rather specialized book that will probably appeal only to a limited readership. It is, in part, a general review of the Pacific Northwest's fur trade and its interaction with the Nez Perce tribe, but it is much more an account of the Scots who were trading post factors and trapping brigade leaders, especially the members of the McDonald clan (Archibald, Ranald, Angus, Duncan) who intermarried with the Nez Perces. It is a rare look at the "bloods" or half-bloods in important positions at Fort Hall, Fort Colville, and so forth. For once, the much abused terms, prejudice and bigotry, do apply. Once that civilization arrived on the fron-

tier in the shape of white women and so-called "proper" families, men of merit like the pioneering McDonalds were disparaged as squawmen and half-breeds.

The author is a Scot, not an American, and his subtitle is "Thirty [!] Generations of a Montana Family," so be warned. After beginning with a look at the sad and unnecessary Nez Perce War of 1877, he flashes back to Scotland, itself, for thirty pages or so of Highlands history and genealogy that will not be every reader's cup of tea. After that, however, he settles down to a Canada-Montana-Idaho narrative with a light, personal, and readable style. He is almost conversational, in fact, when he is visiting historic Montana sites, such as the Bitteroot Valley.—*Richard Dillon, Mill Valley, California.*

Arizona Gunfight

Gunfight in Apache County, 1887—The Shootout Between Sheriff C.P. Owens and the Blevins Brothers in Holbrook, Arizona. As Described by Will Barnes. Edited by Neil B. Carmony. (Trail to Yesterday Books, PO Box 35905, Tucson, AZ 85740. 44 pages. Seven photos, two maps. $7.95 Paper.)

Although it was just as deadly, the gunfight which played out on the streets of Holbrook, Arizona, between Sheriff Owens and the Blevins brothers has never attracted as much attention as the O.K. Corral fight. Certainly Owens was as brave as the Earps, but certain elements were lacking in this 1887 fight which left three dead and one wounded. The sheriff remained unscathed.

Will Barnes, an eyewitness, prepared a manuscript describing the gunfight which has gone unpublished for sixty-plus years. Hence, this work will be new to western buffs.

Both editor Neil Carmony and publisher Bob Pugh should be commended for such a fine contribution.—*Chuck Parsons, Yorktown, Texas.*

ANSWER MAN By Chuck Parsons

The Norias Battle

Long time reader ("for more years than I care to admit") Sandy McCutchan, Coahoma, Texas, inquires about an event called the Norias Battle which occurred in South Texas on August 9, 1915. From her grandmother, Sandy learned that her great uncle, Luther Perryman, was somehow involved in this fight. Ms. McCutchan wants to know more about this battle.

The Norias was part of the huge King Ranch, headquartered on the railroad line about seventy miles north of Brownsville. At dusk on August 8, 1915, a band of Mexicans approached and attacked the headquarters building. Earlier that afternoon Texas Adjutant General Henry Hutchins and Texas Ranger Captains Henry Ransom, J.M. Fox and George J. Head, along with ten other Rangers and eight United States cavalrymen stationed at Harlingen, arrived on a special train from Brownsville. They had answered an urgent call from a ranch foreman requesting assistance due to "suspicious horsemen" having been seen in the El Sauz division of the ranch.

General Hutchins left the soldiers at Norias then hurried on to the El Sauz division. About sundown the regular train reached Norias with three custom inspectors, D.P. Gay, Joe Taylor, and Marcus Hinds, and Cameron County Deputy Sheriff Gordon Hill. These four, plus the eight soldiers left by General Hutchins, and a handful of ranch people, including several women, constituted the "force" at the King Ranch headquarters when the fighting erupted.

The raiders numbered somewhere between fifty and seventy men. Under a red banner, some 250 yards from the ranch building, the raiders began firing. The exchange of shots lasted for about two hours. During that time the raiders divided their force and effectively fired on the Norias defenders from three sides.

As dark set in, a charge was made by the ranch defenders, and inspector Joe Taylor killed one of the opposing leaders. The raiders withdrew, carrying their wounded and leaving behind ten dead. One of the men left behind made a confession before he died. He said that the attackers had planned to raid and burn the headquarters building, then derail and loot the night train.

This raid provoked great outrage in the Rio Grande Valley and the army increased its presence significantly. The Norias raiding party was tracked to the Rio Grande but not captured. Those who were identified were later run down and killed, and no doubt many innocent Mexicans were also killed in the aftermath.

The Norias Ranch raid was only one of many incidents taking place during the "bandit wars" between 1912 and 1915 along the Texas-Mexican border. There were twenty-six recorded clashes with raiding parties, and two trains were derailed. The helpless passengers were robbed and shot in the wreckage. Thousands of National Guardsmen were called up and stationed in camps along the Rio Grande.

On March 9, 1916, Pancho Villa's raiders made an onslaught on Columbus, New Mexico, killing ten American civilians and eight soldiers. In response, President Wilson ordered General John J. Pershing into Mexico to punish the raiders and bring back Pancho Villa, dead or alive. Pershing failed in this mission, but his ten-month excursion discouraged further raids from south of the border.

Custer's Rank

George Armstrong Custer has

always inspired questions and debate, especially after his success during the Civil War. Custer's actions during the Indian War period opened the door to controversy. Charles R. Luton, Danville, Illinois, has been reading *True West* for a long time and inquires about the promotions of Custer. "I don't understand why Custer was never rated above Lt. Col. His wife was the daughter of a U.S. Senator and she tried twice to twist arms for his General rating, but it never happened."

Custer had been appointed a first lieutenant on July 17, 1862, with brevet rank of captain. On July 3, 1863, he was promoted to brevet major in the regular army. In June 1864, he was promoted to full captain, and then to brevet lieutenant colonel. On October 21, 1864, in a grand ceremony in Washington before Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, Custer learned he had been promoted to major general, the youngest in the army. With the end of the war he was reverted back to captain.

To deal with the mounting Indian "problem," Custer was appointed lieutenant colonel of the Seventh Cavalry on July 28, 1866. There is no telling how Custer may have fared, but in 1867 he was court-martialed, convicted, and suspended from rank and command for one year due to certain indiscretions such as cruel treatment of deserters and over-marching his troops. He was also guilty of being AWOL, and perhaps worst of all in March 1876, in testimony before a congressional committee probing frauds in the Indian Department, he gave testimony unfavorable to W. W. Belknap, former secretary of war. President Grant was so irritated that he gave Custer's command to Alfred Terry. Public pressure forced Grant to reinstate Custer with his command.

Human Branding

Perhaps the most unusual question I've received lately is from Ivan L. Pfalser, of Caney, Kansas. The United States Army, as well as the armies of many other countries,

once branded men guilty of desertion. "I understand this was done with the letter 'D' and was branded on the deserter's upper arm. Can you tell me more and when it was last done and to whom?"

Information on the branding of animals is abundant, it is more difficult to find information on the branding of humans.

We know that slaves in the American South were sometimes branded as a means of punishment. Branding was used by some countries as a form of torture. It was also used as a means of marking criminals. One source told of the "branding of a telltale mark" upon the forehead of a pickpocket which alerted potential victims to take special precaution. Certainly the practice of branding in the Americas died out around the Civil War, probably with the abolition of slavery.

Lincoln County Warriors

Ronald Nance, Cicero, Illinois, continues with his efforts to determine the birth and death dates of famous westerners. His latest inquiry deals with several men who figured in the Lincoln County War. Naturally, the following is somewhat incomplete.

Charlie Bowdre: born in Mississippi about 1848; killed December 23, 1880, near Taiban, New Mexico.

Henry Brown: born in Rolla, Missouri, in the fall of 1857; shot to death while attempting to escape after a failed Medicine Lodge, Kansas, bank robbery, April 30, 1884.

Richard Brewer: born in St. Albans, Vermont, in 1852; killed by Andrew "Buckshot" Roberts April 4, 1878, at Blazer's Mill, Mescalero, New Mexico.

Jose Chavez y Chavez [Chaves y Chaves]: born in New Mexico around 1851; died in Milagro, New Mexico, on July 17, 1923.

Frank Coe: born in West Virginia, on October 1, 1851; died of pneumonia September 16, 1931, at Glencoe, New Mexico.

George Coe: born in Brighton, Iowa, on December 13, 1856; died November 12, 1941, at Glencoe, New Mexico.

Frank MacNab: when and where MacNab was born is unknown, but possibly in Scotland; killed during an ambush at Fritz Spring, New Mexico, April 29, 1878.

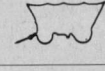
John Middleton: born in Tennessee 1864 or 1865; died November 19, 1882, of smallpox in San Lorenzo, New Mexico.

Tom O'Folliard: probably born in Texas around 1855; killed by Sheriff Pat Garrett's posse December 19, 1880, at Fort Sumner, New Mexico.

Yginio Salazar: born in New Mexico, February 14, 1863: died January 7, 1936, in Lincoln, New Mexico.

Josiah G. Scurlock: born in Talaposa, Alabama, January 11, 1849; died July 25, 1929, in Eastland, Texas.

Frederick T. Waite: born September 23, 1853; died September 24, 1895, in Pauls Valley, Indian Territory.



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."

FIRST WHITE WOMAN IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

By Jacque D. Huntemann

John Jay's Treaty of 1784 permitted United States fur trading in the Pacific Northwest to compete with the English interests. Fort Astoria was established in Oregon in 1805. By 1812 the Americans and the British were again engaged in war. The U.S. was unable to defend its interest across the continent and in 1813 the Astorians were forced to sell out to the British owned North West Company. The name Fort Astor was changed to Fort George.

In April of 1814, Fort George was in turmoil for lack of leadership. They were looking forward to the arrival of their new governor, Donald McTavish, aboard the ship, *Isaac Todd,* that had wintered in San Francisco. McTavish, a partner in the North West Company, had already retired and was independently wealthy; however, he had volunteered to go back into service and take charge of Fort George.

Jane Barnes was described as a flaxen haired, blue-eyed daughter of Scotland. Jane dreamed dreams that no respectable young lady of 1814 England dare dream. If Miss Barnes had been born a male she could have been a sailor, and could have easily seen the world and traveled to the mysterious Pacific Coast of the North American continent.

Jane Barnes was not a male but a fetching female barmaid in a Portsmouth hotel where gentlemen adventurers to the new world came to talk and relax in a bit of British luxury.

A few days before he was to leave for the Pacific Coast of North America, Donald McTavish dropped by the Portsmouth Inn. No doubt a conversation arose between the elderly gentleman and the attractive barmaid. Maybe because of the difference in their ages she felt free to confide in him her dreams.

McTavish found Jane a lively young woman, fond of literary quotations. Even though she could not read or write, her association with the gentlemen who frequented her establishment must have allowed her to hear much of the classics. Because young women of her social standing had no access to education, this also may have been one of Jane's dreams.

McTavish found this young woman to be an interesting companion. He invited her to travel with him on the *Isaac Todd* to the Pacific Northwest.

So it was to the delight of the all male population at Fort George their governor did not arrive alone. When the *Isaac Todd* crossed the bar and anchored in Baker's Bay on April 22, 1814, Jane Barnes was aboard, the first white woman to see the shores of Oregon and the Columbia River. Many of the men at Fort George had not seen a woman of their own race for years. This was certainly the first white woman the Indians had ever seen. They must have wondered how the white men reproduced themselves.

Jane must have had a grand shopping spree before leaving England. McTavish had supplied her with an expensive wardrobe. With all the new admirers she made the most of it. Each day she sported a new outfit and she knew how to wear her clothing to best show off her winsome figure. She also had arrived with many headdresses. One day she covered her head in a hat of feathers and flowers. This one delighted the natives. Another day she would braid her hair and leave it uncovered.

The young Indian women gazed with wonder and envy upon her, and the older women were indulged by being allowed to touch the finery.

Miss Jane Barnes, lately a Portsmouth barmaid, was living her dreams. Among others, Cassakas, the proud young son of Chief Comcomly, the principal chief of the Chinooks, fell head or heels in love with the lovely blond. Even though he already had four wives, Cassakas proposed marriage.

He promised her she would be the chief among his wives. She would never need to carry wood or water. She would not need to dig for roots or hunt for provisions. She could wear her own clothes and smoke as many pipes of tobacco a day as she thought was right. She would be permitted to sit every day in her own clothes taking her ease. There would always be fat salmon and anchovies and elk to eat. He would send her relatives a dowry of one hundred sea otters. He came dressed in the height of Chinook, his body covered with whale oil. He had decorated his face in red paint. He was the chief's son and he was offering her his best. Any of the young native women would have swooned at such an offer.

When Jane callously rejected him, his native masculine pride was hurt and he swore never to come to Fort George again, much to the joy of the men at garrison. As he left, some of the men heard him plotting with the Indian men to kidnap her and take her away from the fort. From then on Jane was never allowed outside the fort alone.

Much to their pleasure, Jane was always accompanied by some of the men from the fort. It had been her custom to walk on the beach every evening after dinner while the gentlemen were enjoying their cigars. This was a practice she had to curtail.

That the men did not consider her a lady was demonstrated one day aboard the *Isaac Todd.* Alexander Henry was present and recorded it in his journal. He, along with Donald McTavish and the ship's physician and Miss Jane

Barnes, were eating a lunch of biscuits and cheese served with port wine. According to Henry the two other men began "a vile discourse" concerning the subject of the native women and venereal disease.

It seems gentlemen of the eighteenth century could philander to their hearts' content and remain gentlemen, but a woman was no longer a lady who gave in to their amorous advances. Alexander Henry must have been a bit ahead of his times. McTavish had his own way of demonstrating affection for the young woman. One of his first acts as governor was to rename the sloop called the *Dolly*; he rechristened it the *Jane*, probably not only to please Jane but to establish his company's commercial victory over the American John Jacob Astor. It had probably been named for Astor's sister-in-law or his daughter.

Donald McTavish found out by accident that Jane was not the educated young woman she had portrayed herself to be. It happened one day when a group of them were in conversation discussing the virtues or the lack of virtue in native women. Jane, who loved quotations, spoke out. She ask her protector, McTavish, if he agreed with Shakespeare that "every woman is at heart a rake."

He corrected her by saying, no, that it was "[Alexander] Pope."

Jane shouted back that no, it was "rake." There was only one woman Pope. To show him the argument was over she took up an old newspaper and began to read. When McTavish looked at her, he discovered she had the paper upside-down. This seemed to mark the end of McTavish's infatuation with Jane Barnes. Ross Cox reported he met him as he came out the door and noticed he seemed annoyed. Cox inquired of him what was troubling him. McTavish replied, "What do you think. I have just had a conversation with that fine-looking damsel there, who looks down with contempt on our women, and may I be damned if that bitch understands B from buffalo!"

On May 6 he made arrangements with Alexander Henry to take over his duties as protector of Jane. Henry claimed he took over the duties as an act of necessity rather than affection.

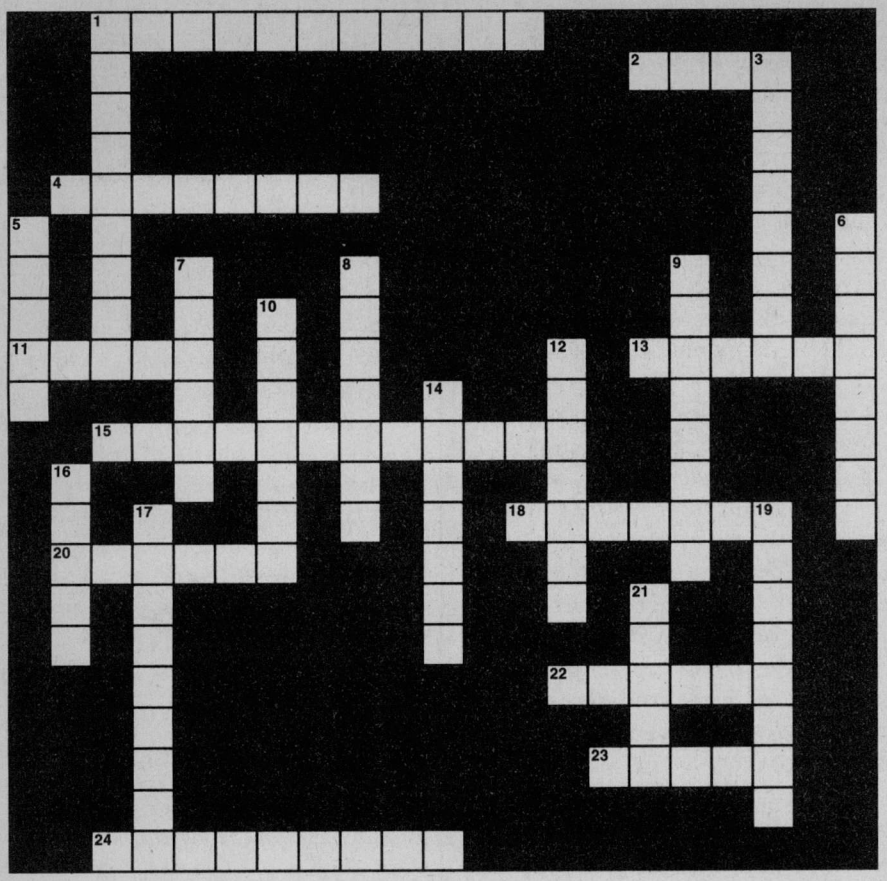
Henry promised to make Jane's situation as comfortable as possible, not as a lover but through humanity. He reported she had put her affections elsewhere but never enlightened anyone on where they were placed.

On May 8 the long boat brought Jane and her baggage to the fort and she moved into Henry's room. She seemed to prefer Henry's protection to the relationship with McTavish. She made herself at home in Henry's room and when the governor came to shore there was no place for him to sleep. He found a table in the Indian room to stretch out on until he finally found another room.

McTavish didn't take long to get over the loss of Jane. He found a Chinook woman who had been married to Benjamin Clapp, a former Astorian clerk. He dressed her in fine black broadcloth, selling for twenty-three shillings sterling a yard. When the Chinook woman began to parade around the fort in her finery, Jane threw a tantrum. This did not enhance her position with the fickle McTavish.

The Chinook woman did not have long to enjoy her place as the woman of the fort's governor. The *Isaac Todd* was moored opposite the fort above Village Point. McTavish entreated Captain Smith to bring the ship across to the fort. The captain refused because of the low water levels in the channel; however, there were three fathoms and a half at high tide.

Smith's refusal ended in tragedy. On May 22, Donald McTavish and Alexander Henry were both drowned when their open boat tipped over in the middle of the Columbia River. Six voyageurs were transporting them in a stiff gale. A heavy wave struck the boat, causing it to instantly fill with water and sink. All were killed with the exception of one man, an American carpenter named Joseph Little. He was

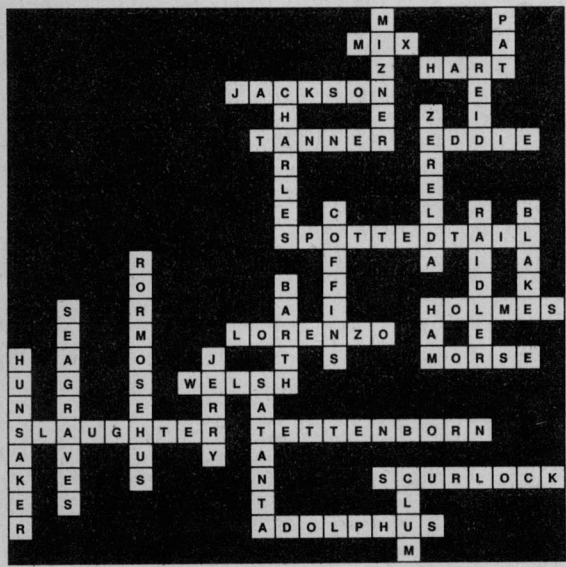


ACROSS

1. Anne Tankersley's hotel
2. Mustered the Rough Riders in San Antonio
4. The Twenty-third president
11. Published *Huckleberry Finn* in 1885
13. Coffeyville's resident marksman
15. Created the film *Cripple Creek Ballroom* in 1898
18. Illustrated the Davis-Dunbar fight
20. Documented the 1887 Owens-Blevins gunfight
22. Sent Pershing into Mexico
23. Founded Piedmont, WY
24. Selman's OLM

DOWN

1. Rescued *Titanic* survivors
3. Author of *Vigilantes of Montana*
5. The Carlsbad Cowboy
6. Piedmont's charred export
7. Published *White Fang* in 1905
8. Jim White's exploring companion
9. Denver gossip columnist
10. Author of *Goodbye Billy the Kid*
12. Commissioned the Texas Minute Men
14. Jewel of the White Star Line
16. Margaret _____ Brown
17. Texas Jack's hometown
19. Annexed Hawaii in 1898
21. Wheeler County, Texas, county attorney



Solution in next month's True West.

Solution to last month's puzzle.

successful in finding a snag in the water and holding on to it for nearly two hours. Two Chinooks came to his rescue and hauled the exhausted man to shore.

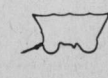
The bodies of Governor McTavish and Alexander Henry and four of the voyageurs were found the next day. They were given their last resting place behind the north-eastern bastion of Fort George.

With both her protectors dead and buried, Jane Barnes was left in a rather precarious position for a young woman of the early nineteenth century. However, the indomitable Miss Barnes managed her own way. No one liked Captain Smith of the *Isaac Todd* and Jane was no exception. She instead sought the company of a Captain Robson of the schooner *Columbia.* The two ships sailed at the same time but Miss Barnes left on the *Columbia.*

A nice ending to this story would be the one told by Ross Cox. When the *Columbia* docked at Canton, China, Miss Barnes found herself admired by the inhabitants of the city. She met a wealthy Englishman connected to the East Indian Company, and he offered her a splendid future.

However, the version by John Fuller is more likely. Jane arrived in London on the *Columbia,* and Captain Robson presented a bill to Alexander McKenzie & Company, Montreal, for her passage. He sent along copies of letters she had in her possession and an agreement by the representative of the North West Company. He also questioned them concerning an annuity that was promised to Jane.

Wherever Jane Barnes spent the rest of her life, she did not seem to be one that would accept any less than the best life could offer. She does go down in history as the first white woman to set foot in the Pacific Northwest and quite possibly the first woman to travel around the world.



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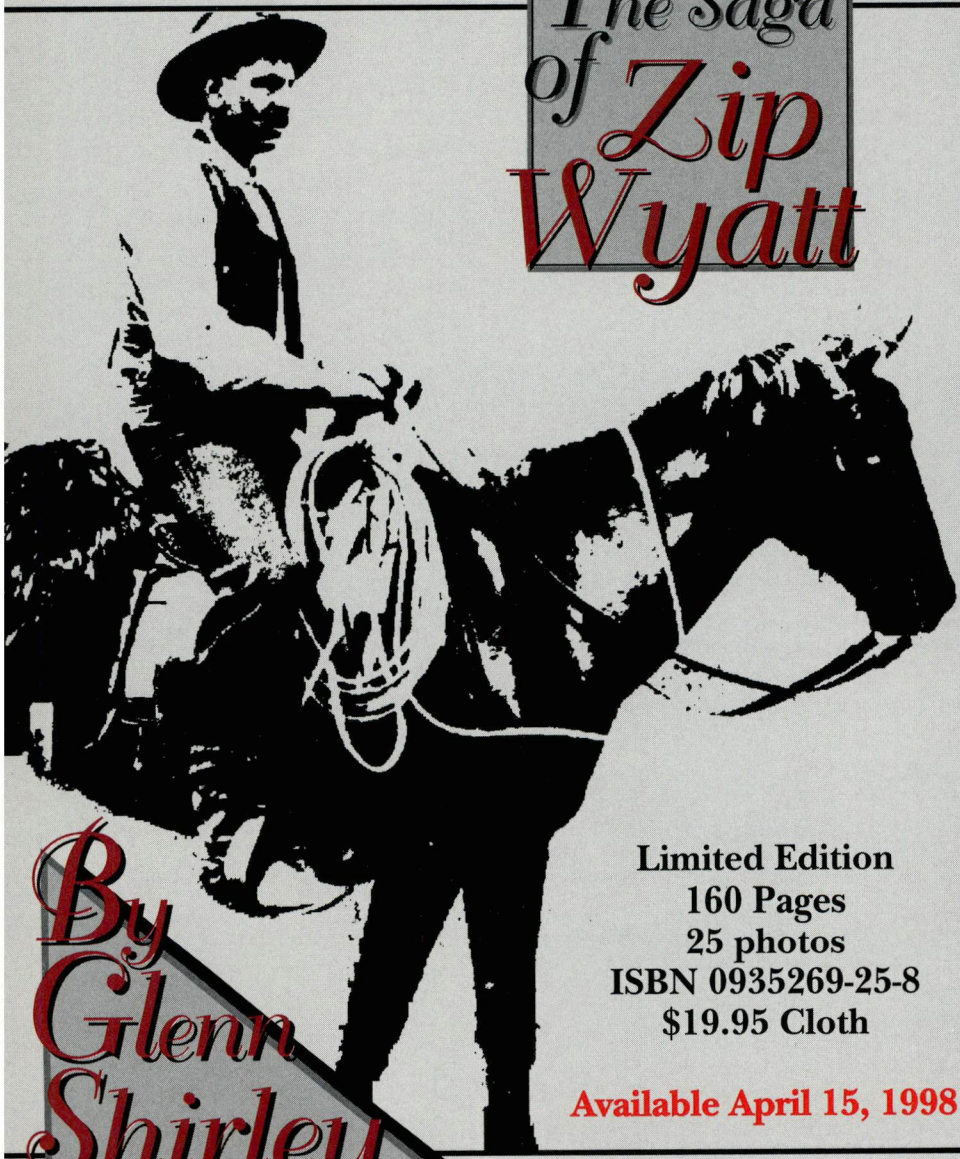

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