

SECRET LIFE OF BILLY THE KID

TRUE WEST

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**MANEATERS
OF TEXAS**

**MORMON WAR
in Missouri**

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FOOTSIE**

**MOLLY b DAM
and MURRAY**

**GEORGE CARVER -
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Sheep Eaters of Yellowstone



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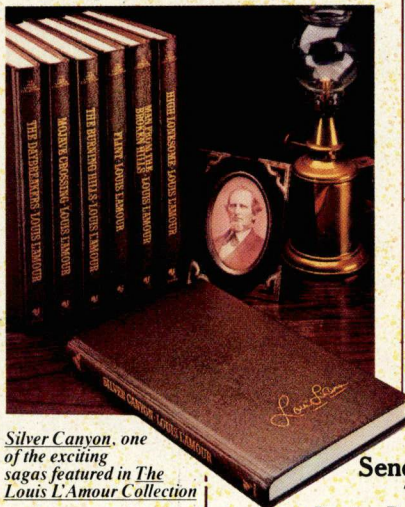
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by

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EL PASO LAWMAN

EL PASO LAWMAN: G. W. Campbell by Fred Egloff.
Introduction by C. L. Sonnichsen.

At the intersection of El Paso Street and San Antonio Avenue in downtown El Paso, a bronze plaque affixed to the Hotel Paso del Norte reads: "Four men in Five Seconds, Near this spot on April 14, 1881, four men were shot to death at almost the same instant, and newspapers in places as far away as Santa Fe, Kansas City, and Chicago hit the streets with headlines which screamed 'Bloody Battle,' and 'War Raging in El Paso'."

This is the first book devoted to George W. Campbell, one of the victims of this famous shoot-out. George had served as a deputy sheriff and city marshal of El Paso, and came from good Kentucky stock.

The author, Fred R. Egloff, is a member of the Chicago Corral of Westerners, the Western History Association, and the Western Writers of America. He is also a thorough researcher who has contributed to Western history through numerous writings and research.

The critics have said of *El Paso Lawman*:
"Historian Clears Name of El Paso Marshal"

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Leon Metz, *True West*.

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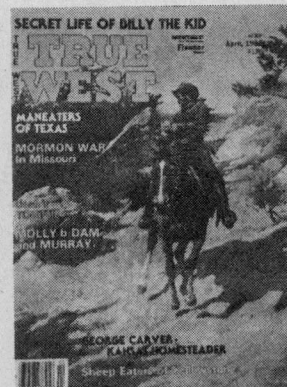
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OUR COVER

Here's a case where we liked the painting but we didn't have a story to go with it and knew we were unlikely to get one. So we are using the painting without any story or theme to match. This is "Badlands Wolfer" by artist Mick Harrison of Piedmont, South Dakota. The scene is near Interior, South Dakota, in the Badlands.



Manuscripts, artwork and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope of sufficient size for return with all submissions. Mail to 700 East State St., Iola, WI 54990. Copyright 1983 by Krause Publications.

From The Editor



Dean Krakel, executive vice president of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City, has strongly criticized the Library of Congress book, *The American Cowboy*, published in conjunction with their traveling exhibition of the same name.

Krakel notes there are countless historical errors and questions the inclusion of a vulgar and inane dialogue between two characters in the book. In response to public complaints, the Cowboy Hall of Fame has withdrawn the items it loaned to the exhibition. And Krakel asked that the book be recalled.

We received a copy of the book and strongly endorse Krakel's request. The sooner the book is recalled and the show cancelled the better off everyone will be. It's another case of easterners revising western history to suit their own biases. Little good about the book or show has been said by anyone in the West.

The Library of Congress and its librarian, Daniel J. Boorstin, should be taken to task for this misrepresentation. It raises questions about the \$213 million taxpayers shelled out in the last annual appropriation for the library.

For a thorough analysis of the con-

tents of the book, write the National Cowboy Hall of Fame, 1700 N.E. 63rd St., Oklahoma City, OK 73111, for a copy of Krakel's review.

But he was not an outlaw. In the August 1983 TRUE WEST, our 30th anniversary edition, we had some great stories including "My Father was a Train Robber," by Mary E. Stoner. But, wouldn't you know, we got the identification in one photo wrong — really wrong. We made a long-time lawman into an outlaw!

On page 18 of that issue is a photo with this caption: "Hugh Whitney is the cowboy at right, cowboy on the left is unidentified." Hugh Whitney was one of the most notorious outlaws Wyoming ever produced. But that isn't Hugh Whitney in the photo, that's Loyd M. Nelson, retired long-time Benton County, Washington, deputy sheriff!

"My son and grandsons and friends found the picture of me as a young outlaw very funny. They all knew me as a lawman of nearly 25 years. My wife and daughters did not find it funny at all," Nelson wrote recently.

Okay, Loyd, we're sorry. Having lived

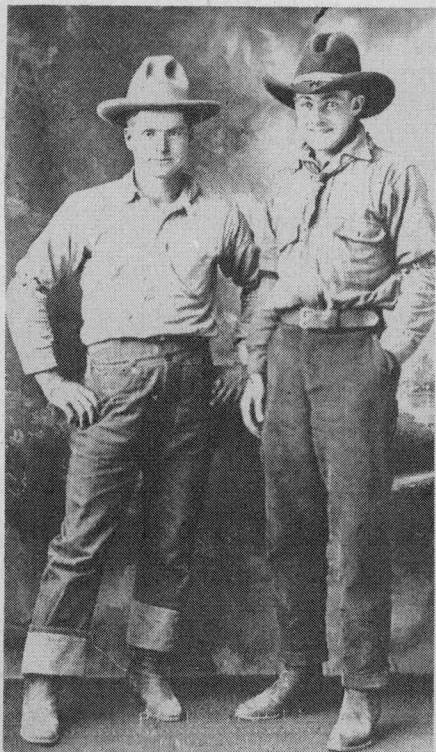
six years in Benton County and having met you, I know you had a distinguished career as a law officer there. Loyd supplied us with photos and information for that story and somehow that photo got in where it should not be.

Loyd Nelson was born and reared in Cokeville, Wyoming, the setting for the Train Robber story. Nelson wrote:

"I knew the Whitney brothers, Hugh and Charley, also the Stoner brothers, all of them. Charley Manning was our next door neighbor. Leo, his son, and I went to school together. My mother as a midwife delivered some of the Manning children. Charley was a good father, husband and neighbor.

"As a young cowboy my last cattle drive was from Cokeville to Soda Springs (Idaho) where the cattleman, my brother and I stayed at the old hotel that is still in operation. I intend to go back and try to find if the old register is available and see if I can find our names.

"Find enclosed pictures of my family, picture of my dad and my dog, old Flop, with the entrance of the phosphate mine in background where my dad worked for many years. Also picture of me before I



Photos from left: The photo we mistakenly identified in August TRUE WEST, Loyd M. Nelson is young cowboy on the right, other cowboy is unidentified; Frank Nelson, Loyd's father, with Loyd's dog, Flop, near Cokeville, Wyoming; Loyd just before his retirement as a law officer.



retired as deputy sheriff and marshal."

The photos are here and we're glad to get this matter corrected.

In this issue. Don Cline of Albuquerque, New Mexico, wrote us a long letter detailing his research on Billy the Kid. I thought Billy had been overwritten for years but this letter contained material I had never seen before.

Just to make sure I sent the letter to author Leon C. Metz of El Paso, Texas, who keeps as current on the Kid as anyone. Sure enough, Leon wrote back that he considered the information very important and I should encourage Cline to put it in story form.

So I did and Cline quickly sent me the feature story you see in this issue which we call "Secret Life of Billy the Kid." For the first time, learn of Billy's early life in New York and learn the details of his two illegitimate children. There's much more you'll enjoy.

Stan Steiner returns with a discussion of how the pioneers loved. It wasn't easy as Stan points out in "Love in a Covered Wagon."

Some writers tend to pooh-pooh the idea that the Tonkawa Indians of Texas were cannibals. The Tonkawas (or Tonkaways, as some spell it) were, indeed, man-eaters, according to Richard Stickann's story in this issue. Other tribes also ate man flesh, Stickann says, but there is no doubt that the Tonkawas were cannibals.

Although I have lived within 100 miles of Murray, Idaho, most of my life, until last summer, I had never been there. That's because Murray is about 20 miles off the main highway through northern Idaho and unless you are into ghost-towning, mining, hunting and fishing, there's no reason to go there.

Murray, north of Wallace, is not really a ghost town but it was an interesting place to visit. Some strange characters are associated with the history of the place including a prostitute affectionately called Molly b Dam. See story this issue.

Matt Dodge returns with an unusual piece on George Washington Carver. How many know the famous black scientist was a Kansas homesteader?

John Bonar of Glenrock, Wyoming, tells the sad story of the Sheep Eaters of Yellowstone Park. Enemy Indians did not wipe out the Sheep Eaters, white

STORES CAN ORDER DIRECTLY!

In the March issue of TRUE WEST I explained that it is no longer economically feasible for us to continue supplying TRUE WEST to newsstands through our national distributor but the magazine will continue to be sold on a subscription basis.

I noted that we must supply 90,000 copies of TRUE WEST just to sell 30,000 on the newsstands. The magazines that are not sold are shredded. With printing costs climbing, we no longer can afford to do this.

Western clothing and equipment stores, museums and other shops can still sell TRUE WEST and readers are encouraged to ask them to do so. All these places have to do is write us and we will supply them with magazines directly. Western wear shops are perfect for these magazines, especially on the checkout counter. Any store which has not in the past been supplied by our national magazine distributor can get the magazines directly from us.

This issue, the April issue, is the last on newsstands. I hope you loyal newsstand buyers will get western stores to buy from us directly. But to make absolutely sure you get every issue I hope you'll subscribe. In the end, it will save you money and will be more convenient to have the magazine delivered to your mail box.

A subscription costs only \$11 a year. If you are buying TRUE WEST on the newsstands, it costs \$18 a year for the same 12 issues. You save \$7 by subscribing plus any local sales tax you might have to pay. And you don't have to worry about the magazines being sold out or not there. You won't miss a single story — and we've got some doozies coming up — if you take that bound-in card in this issue, fill it out and mail it to us with your check or money order or just put in your charge card numbers and sign the form.

But that's not all. If you'll use the bound-in card in this issue you will get something extra. You'll get your choice of either the 1984 western calendar FREE or one extra issue of the magazine! For the one extra issue all you have to do is fill in the card and send it to us. For the free calendar, just write on the card "I want my free calendar instead." You'll get either for just the one-year subscription for \$11.

Don't put it off til it's too late. Help keep us going by getting a subscription and help yourself to a calendar or a free issue. Let me hear from you.

— Jim Dullenty

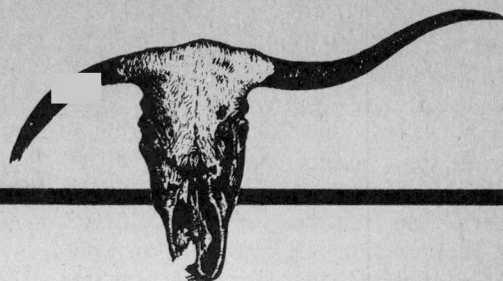
man's smallpox did.

Lee E. Echols of Chula Vista, California, whose maternal grandfather was in the Texas Rangers, discusses how cattle were introduced into North America and how they were driven up the trail from Texas. Echols was sheriff of Yuma County, Arizona, and was 12 years in the CIA in Latin America. He also is the author of several books.

Barbara Blackburn returns with story and recipes on Indian desserts, John L. Parker details the life of outlaw Chris Evans and we have several other good stories this issue. Hope you like them and come back for a visit next month.

— Jim Dullenty





White Buffalo Breeder

The article on the white buffalo (November TRUE WEST) was interesting to me as I started to try to breed a white buffalo four or five years ago.

I've got an almost pure white heifer cow but disaster in the form of a Holstein bull came over the fence and fouled me up. The resulting calf is four-colored.

We are using buffalo serum artificially. Maybe we'll keep trying despite the Holstein. This white cow has some buffalo characteristics. The side silhouette is similar to the picture on the cover of the November issue. — **Bob Lee, 8592CR-100, Hesperus, CO 81326.**

Ruining History

During my 20 years of prospecting, I talked to many old-timers who could remember wagon trains coming through their areas when they were children. They told me where old trails, ghost towns and sites were. My only regret is that I didn't take a camera with me as many are now gone.

In the Lovelock, Nevada, area, three towns were bulldozed down by irate ranchers because of the hippies (who tried to take over the watering holes) and the increasing amount of thefts in the area.

The old-fashioned sheriff and deputies cured them and there are no problems now. But there still is a stigma in the back country because of this. It's funny how so few can ruin history for so many. — **William H. Remelts, 4752 Selkirk Way, Fair Oaks, CA 95628.**

They Had a Choice

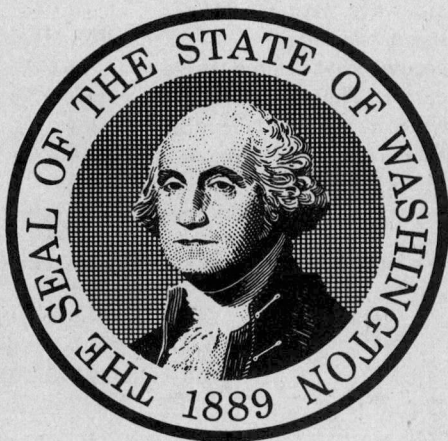
I write regarding the letter entitled "Bouquet of Weeds" in the "Truly Western" column in the December 1983 issue of TRUE WEST.

April 1984

I wonder if E. Morris Hodkins thinks the real West came to be real West without all the facts.

Like TV, don't watch. Most spoiled doves had a choice in most cases. The Bible speaks of them.

Print the shocking details and I will read every word. I am not a kid — 73. If I want a drink I go in the front door. — **E. L. Shambough, Box 44, Bringham, IN 46913.**



Which Stamp Was It?

In the September 1983 issue of TRUE WEST, in the "Wild Old Days" story entitled "From Postage Stamp to State Seal," Eldon Barrett quotes G. Noyes Talcott as saying, "Next he went to his desk and searched around until he found a postage stamp — a two-cent stamp bearing the likeness of George Washington."

This was done in 1889 and the likeness of George Washington that is on the seal was not on a two-cent stamp until 1902, Scott No. 301.

However, his image on the seal was on 10 cent and 12 cent stamps issued in 1875 which were reprints from the 1857-61 issue.

The two-cent Washington issued before 1889 had the image in profile. The other two-cent stamps had other subjects. — **L. Shepherd, Box 268, Shady Cove, OR 97539.**

Thanks, Nellie

Thanks for giving us Nellie Snyder Yost's informative article on when and how she came to write her wonderful story of Buffalo Bill Cody's life, *Buffalo Bill, His Family, Friends, Failures and Fortunes*. I regard it as one of the two best accounts of that great frontiersman's life, the other being Don Russell's *Lives and Legends of Buffalo Bill*.

Nellie has been a personal friend of mine for years. Her work is authentic, well-researched and most interestingly written. Her work on Buffalo Bill may be obtained from Ohio University-Swallow Press, Scott Quadrangle, Athens, OH 45701, still \$18.50 for the fine hard-bound edition. I advise anyone who wants to own a copy of this treasure to order now, for once out-of-print, such books double in value within a very few years. — **Harry E. Chrisman, 10245 W. 14th Ave., Denver, CO 80215.**

Questionable Stilwell

I'd like to take mild exception to Chuck Parson's "Answer Man" column in the October TRUE WEST regarding Frank Stilwell and his unfortunate demise at the hands of Wyatt Earp at the Tucson train station.

First, the tone of the article made young Frank seem just this side of the law, a mite innocent in the eyes of some. You mention that he was questioned in the killing of an old man near a mine. The Tucson Citizen reported that "he brained an old man down near the Brunkow mine, first with a rock, then he shot him."

He served under Johnny Behan as a deputy sheriff and had the same dedication to duty that the "smiley" Irish politician had. It is speculated by historians and press accounts of the time that the reason Stilwell was really in Tucson was to stand trial for some misappropriation of funds. Let me remind y'all that young Frank stuck up the Bisbee stage over by Hereford, with

another well-known back-shooter, Peter "Pete" Spence, who was, at the time, the next door neighbor of Virgil Earp.

Stilwell was not "mowed down by a posse composed of Wyatt, et al." Stilwell literally ran into Wyatt in the darkness of the train yards and took off like a bat out of hell. Stopping to turn on Wyatt, he halted so abruptly Wyatt's shotgun banged Stilwell in the chest. Stilwell grappled with Wyatt and in the darkness, Earp recognized him and squeezed the trigger. Holliday was chugging up behind Wyatt who had been at a full run. Remember Holliday's TB?

As Stilwell began to sink toward the ground, Holliday emptied his six-shooter into Frank, finishing the job. Wyatt's blast ran UNDER Stilwell's heart, not through it.

Further details as to the sterling quality of this punk is attested in the known historical fact that he shot a Mexican cook who was only armed with a shovel. Nowhere can be found any incident where Frank had the guts to stand up to Earp, or anybody else, where both men were armed equally. — **C. Roger Fulton Jr., 7246 N. Meredith Pl., Tucson, AZ 85741.**

A Sure Way to Get Hurt

I would like to comment on the "modern" but unsafe way to split wood — illustrated by the drawing on page 21 in the December 1983 issue of TRUE WEST.

The Boy Scouts use this method, but it's a sure way to get hurt: You can cut off fingers, the ax blade can glance off the wood and hit your leg and wood pieces can fall on your feet!

In the old days — 1910 and back — the only way I ever saw anybody split wood was to use a chopping block and a piece of cordwood (preferably crooked). The cordwood was placed on the ground in front of the woodcutter, and the wood to be split was positioned with one end on the cordwood at a right angle to it, and the other end in the dirt.

Pieces of wood thus split would fly sideways with no danger. In case the wood was missed, the ax cut into the cordwood with no damage to the woodcutter. There were no hands anywhere near the wood to be cut off or into. — **K. E. Bloom, 4038 Brown Ave., Oakland, CA 94619.**

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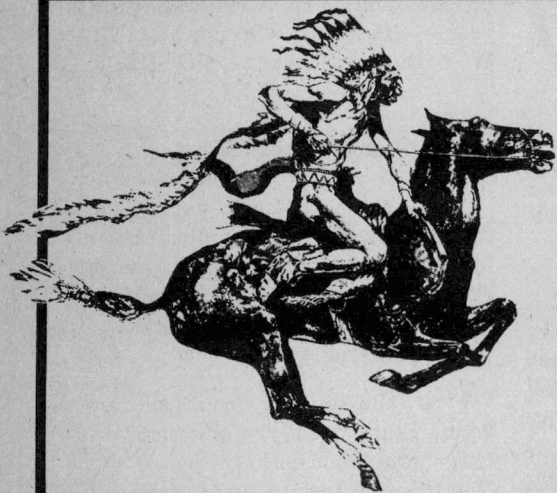
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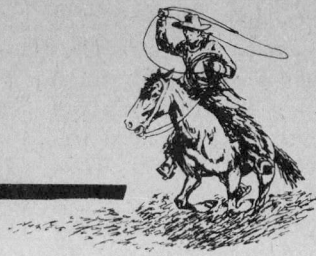
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Since 1871, the site served as a federal, territorial and finally a state penitentiary. The Powell County Museum and Arts Foundation acquired the lease to the prison in 1980 and restored the structure and opened it to the public.

Tours are available at the prison, which is easily accessible from Interstate 90. In the summer there are hourly tours; throughout the rest of the year visitors should inquire when tours are given. The Old Montana Territorial Prison is located on the south end of Main Street in Deer Lodge.

For more information, write to the prison at Box 748, Deer Lodge, MT 59722, or call 406-846-3111.

10,000-Volume Library. The newly constructed Museum and Desert Garden in Lajitas, Texas, houses a library that has the finest books and literary material on the history of the Big Bend Country and the State of Texas.

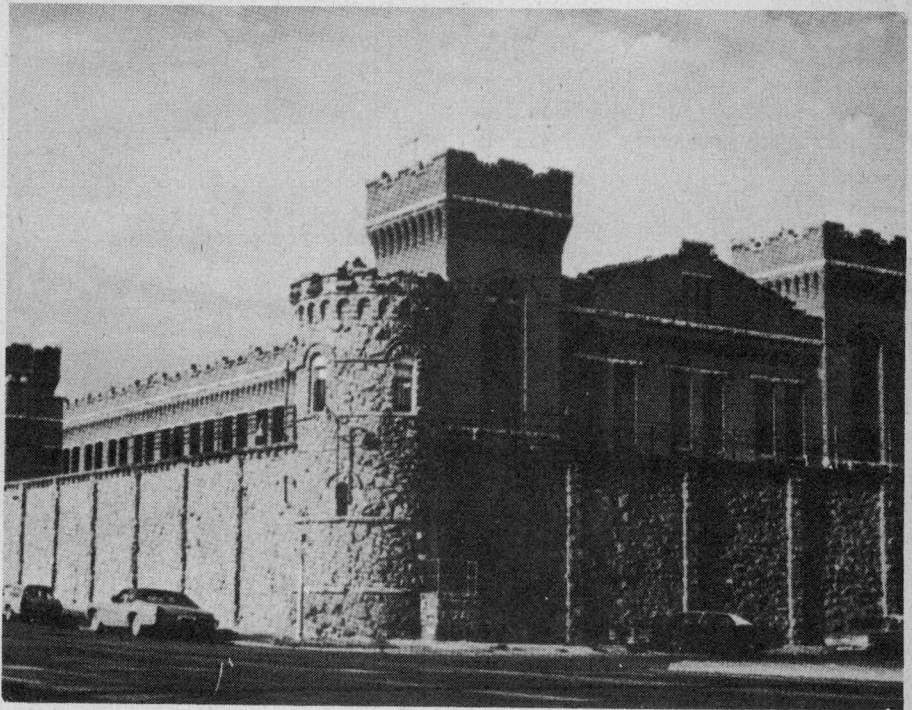
This 10,000-volume library, headed by Virginia Madison, Texas historian, will be the place where students, writers, researchers and visitors can go throughout the year. It displays a complete collection of TRUE WEST magazine from its beginning in 1953.

The museum and garden were established by the Lajitas Foundation. The desert garden displays up to 200 plants and surrounds the museum.

Walter Mischer of Mischer Corporation in Houston owns the town of Lajitas and it is here he developed a resort town, retaining pioneer atmosphere, where people can enjoy the beauty of the West.

As a service to visitors, a 42-passenger bus takes them to Lajitas and the

April 1984



The Montana State Prison in Deer Lodge is now open to the public as a museum.

Museum and Desert Garden.

Photo Exhibit on the West. The Colorado Historical Society is presenting a selection of chromolithographs by William Henry Jackson, a celebrated photographer who lived and worked in Colorado.

Exhibited at the State Museum in the Colorado Heritage Center, 1300 Broadway, Denver, "Nature and Progress: Chromolithographs from the W. H. Jackson Collection" offers examples of Jackson's most prominent photographic motifs — the artistic natural landscape and documentary cityscape.

Jackson began photographing the West in the late 1860s, and published thousands of photographs. He died at age 99.

The Jackson collection will be on display at the museum through March 26, 1984. Museum hours are Tuesday through Saturday from 10 a.m. to 4:30

p.m. and Sunday from noon to 4:30 p.m. The museum is closed on Mondays.

Admission fees are \$2.50 for adults, \$1 for children ages six to 16 and senior citizens, and free to children under six.

South Dakota's Petrified Park. We hear little about one of the greatest works of art today, yet every year thousands visit the petrified park situated one block off Highway 12 in Lemmon, South Dakota.

This unusual park was built completely from petrified wood and fossils of petrified animal bones, reptiles, grass and other materials which were petrified around 50 million years ago.

The park's castle has a floor and walls made from petrified tree trunks 320 feet tall. More than 300 tons of petrified wood and fossils were used in this castle.

The museum is also an interesting building: The floor is made of slabs of

petrified grass. A large grotto, situated in one corner of the park with its large gate and massive walls, was built of petrified wood also. Petrified animal bones are displayed inside the museum.

O. S. Quammen, a pioneer of the West River country, built and owned this only petrified wood park in the world. It was started in 1930 and completed in 1932. It is now the property of the city of Lemmon. Admission is free.

Sand Enough to Encircle the Globe. The Great Sands National Monument is a high desert 7,500 feet above sea level.

The monument is located in the northeast corner of the San Luis Valley which runs for 120 miles from New Mexico north into south-central Colorado and was formed millions of years ago. Bordering the desert valley and the monument on the east and northeast are the 14,000-foot Sangre de Cristo Mountains.

Nomadic hunters lived in the valley thousands of years ago. More recently Ute Indians called it "home."

In the winter of 1806-1807, Zebulon Pike entered the San Luis Valley, saw the dunes and wrote: "The sandy hills' appearance was exactly like that of the sea in a storm, except as to color, not the least sign of vegetation existing on them."

The inland dunes are among the world's tallest — over 700 feet. Natural trails climb through the surrounding mountains, and the dunes themselves are a good place to hike. They run 10 miles along the base of the Rio Grande National Forest. One calculation reports there is enough sand in the dunes to fill box cars encircling the globe.

There is a year-round campground and picnic area in nearby foothills.

Fort Clark's Anniversary. It's that time again when the gates of old Fort Clark in southwest Texas swing open to the public for the eighth annual celebration of the founding of the post 132 years ago.

Fort Clark is located on Highway 90 between Uvalde and Del Rio, across the highway from Brackettville, Texas.

The three-day nostalgic glimpse into the days of yore when Fort Clark was an active military post will take place on April 6-8, 1984.

Festivities will include guided tours of the fort, a colorful parade, cavalry maneuvers, military bands, demonstrations of early day skills, and of course "Judge Roy Bean" will be handing out sen-

tences to all guilty parties. The Red Garter Saloon will be open serving food and beverages while singers and dancers perform.

For more information write to Ziza Dacosta, Coordinating Committee, Eighth Annual Fort Clark Cavalry Days, Box 303, Brackettville, TX 78832.

South American Cowboy. The colorful horseman who has become a hero of South America is being presented in the "Gauchito of the Pampas" exhibition which opened at the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma on Dec. 3, 1983.

The gauchito's cultural contributions to western heritage will be shown in art and artifacts from Uruguay and Argentina. More than 200 items in the display were collected by H. Jackson Davis, a medical consultant for the state department in Uruguay in the 1940s.

The Cowboy Hall of Fame is open from 9:30 to 5:30 daily, closed Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day.

Russell Art Auction. The 16th Annual Charles M. Russell Auction of Original Western Art will be held in Great Falls, Montana on March 22-24, 1984. The benefactor of the auction is the C. M. Russell Museum in Great Falls.

Artists, dealers and exhibitors will arrive two to three days prior to the auction to set up their art displays in over 100 rooms at the Heritage Inn.


Morning and afternoon seminars are held each day of the auction at no charge. On Friday and Saturday evenings, ticket holders will attend receptions followed by a "quick draw" and auction and then a major art auction.

Totally, this year's auction offers two major western art auctions, three receptions, 100 exhibit rooms, two quick draws, two quick draw auctions, seminars and more.

For additional information contact the Great Falls Advertising Federation, P. O. Box 619, Great Falls, MT 59403.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least six months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome.

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The Answer Man



Great Dane Collection. Leif Ernst, Reuling Bakken 32, 9000 Aalborg, Denmark, since boyhood has collected the American West. Over the years he has gathered an impressive array of western memorabilia.

Each time he visits the West, Ernst gathers more for his collection. He recently obtained a saddle with the markings: "Made by Harpham Bros." Ernst wishes to know more about the firm. Perhaps readers can help.

Texas Republic Notes. Some people have all the luck. B. R. Owsley, 1626 D St., Hannibal, MO 63401, wrote that he recently was looking at an old Kentucky rifle which had been in the family for many years and under a frame he found two Texas Republic notes.

The notes were one and two dollar denominations dated 1840 and 1841. Owsley wants to know more.

Assuming that the notes are genuine, issued in the name of the Republic of Texas, authorized by an Act of Congress on Dec. 14, 1838, the one dollar denomination would be worth \$20 and up and the two dollar denomination would be worth \$75 and up depending on condition of the notes. A reputable dealer could appraise their exact value. This information was supplied by William Pettit, historian for Krause Publications' numismatic publications.

Oklahoma Lawman. Bill Foster, 4815 Stonecrest Terrace, St. Joseph, MO 64506, has a Colt single action Army 45 which was shipped from the Colt plant on Jan. 18, 1898. He believes it belonged to the first marshal of Poteau, Oklahoma. He asked for information on this marshal who reportedly killed several men with the gun.

The gun cost \$22.75 and was shipped through the Chauteau Trading Co. to



View of some of the western artifacts owned by Leif Ernst.

Walter Tips of Austin, Texas, on Jan. 18, 1898. It came into possession of James Barton who was the first elected marshal of Poteau. Barton was elected on Nov. 29, 1898.

Attorneys for Frank James. Shortly after Jesse James was murdered by Bob Ford, Jesse's brother, Alexander Franklin James, surrendered to Missouri Governor Thomas Crittenden. Frank James was first tried for the murder of Frank McMillan who was killed during the Winston train robbery.

Frank's attorneys were former Lieutenant Governor Charles P. Johnson, former Congressman John F. Philips, James H. Slover, C. T. Garner, John M. Glover, Joshua W. Alexander and William A. Rush.

There were other charges and trials but the last case against Frank was dropped on Feb. 21, 1885. He was then a free man.

This should help answer a question from William P. Mangum, 2211 Rosewood Ave., Winston-Salem, NC 27103, who is researching the life and times of Frank James.

Good Bad Guy. Outlaw Bill Moore was acquainted with Charlie Siringo who mentioned Moore briefly in his book *Riata and Spurs*. Siringo called Moore "a natural leader of men and one of the best cowmen in the West."

Roy O'Dell, 12 Highdene Rd., Cherry Hinton, Cambridge, England CB1 4YD, is researching Moore and hopes readers will share information with him.

Moore had managed Wyoming's big Swan Cattle Company but had to flee after killing a man. In California he killed his brother-in-law. Later in the LX Ranch in Texas he became confused over whose cattle he was supposed to guard and soon became a cattleman "in his own right."

Moore later sold the stolen cattle and made a new start in the American Valley of western New Mexico. He had to leave after killing two more men. Eventually he ended up in Alaska along with such other notables as "Soapy" Smith and Wyatt Earp.

He Never Fought a Duel. In the April 1982 issue of TRUE WEST, Robert K. DeArment provided the most complete biography of manhunter George Scarborough yet in print. Sheriff Cole of Jones County, Texas, was mentioned.

Mrs. Thomas D. Goodwin, 2206 Rainbow Ave., Sacramento, CA 95821, is a descendant of Sheriff Cole and wants more information.

J. P. Cole was elected to the office of Jones County sheriff on June 13, 1881. He also was the tax collector. He proved

(continued on page 61)

Learn for the first time details of Billy's youth in New York, his first murder and of his two illegitimate children, plus much more!



Early photo of Billy the Kid, probably as a teenager. Date is unknown. It probably was taken from a scratched old tintype.

Courtesy Roger DeLashmatt

SECRET LIFE OF

By **DON CLINE**

Ask any school child the name of America's most famous outlaw and most will respond "Billy the Kid." Ever since his death in July 1881, there have been more lies, hearsay and fiction written about Billy than about any other notable American.

In time the public accepts these untruths as fact and what

emerges is a legend and not a man. Many are to blame for our distorted view of Billy the Kid, beginning with Ash Upson who wrote the book *The Authentic Life of Billy the Kid* for Pat Garrett. Walter Noble Burns added his quota of misinformation and since then writers have either repeated the old mistakes or embellished with their own imaginings.

So, in the end, much of what actually did happen to Billy the

Kid remains a secret. For the first time, we will unravel many of the mysteries that surround this legendary figure and show him for what he really was. Some of Billy's life remains shrouded, but important parts are revealed here for the first time.

For the sake of brevity we will not rehash the better-known portions of his life. We will deal with six unknown aspects of his life for which historians have claimed

there is no documentation. The truth is that documentation does exist and as we tell the story we'll tell you where it exists.

His Birth and Early Life

It long has been known that Billy the Kid's real name was Henry McCarty. His birth date is usually given as Nov. 23, 1859, solely on the undocumented statement of Ash Upson who did not know Billy very well. Because of this, everyone gives this birth date though no one has presented any evidence.

Many claim that no record of Billy's birth exists. One writer claimed Nov. 23 is correct, basing it on a birth announcement supposedly appearing in a New York newspaper. But this is false.

From 1850 until long after Henry's death there were but four newspapers in New York (New York Times, New York Sun, The World and The Mercury) and none of them ever carried a birth announcement. There were other types of birth announcements and these have been researched for two years prior to and two years after the Nov. 23, 1859 date. No one named Henry McCarty or William H. Bonney has been found. Ash Upson's date is wrong.

Henry's closest friend was George Coe, with whom he lived during most of his stay in Lincoln County, New Mexico. Coe stated in his book *Frontier Fighter* that Nov. 23 was not correct but he could not remember the correct day. Pat Garrett admitted the same to Governor Otero of New Mexico but he could

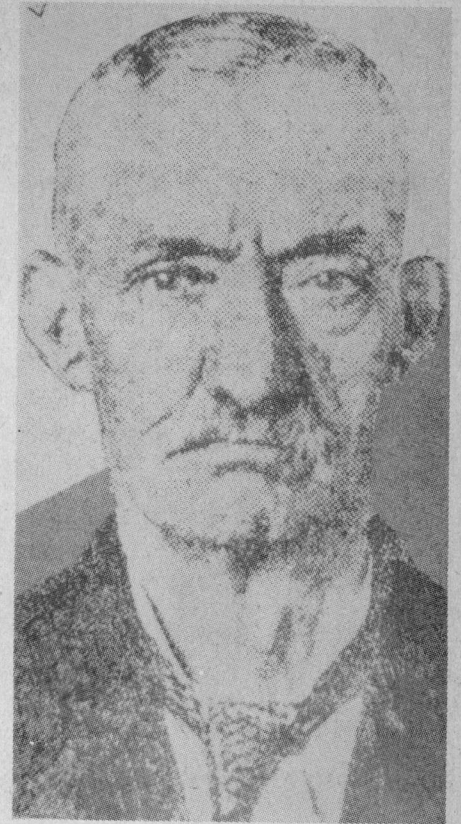
not recall the correct day either. This confirms that Upson's claim is suspect.

By state law all births in the City of New York were recorded on the day of birth whether delivery occurred in a hospital or private residence and whether the child was named. Billy the Kid was always known as Henry McCarty and Henry Antrim until his death although many variations of these names exist.

The police of the Irish Fourth Ward Section of New York knew him primarily as Michael McCarty. "Henry" first appears on March 1, 1873, in marriage records of the First Presbyterian Church in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and in the county marriage records there.

The names Henry McCarty and Henry Antrim do not appear in birth records in New York from 1857 through 1862. The former director of municipal archives in New York, James Katsaros, told me that in such cases where the child was not named at birth the listing is made under the name of the parents.

From 1857 through 1862, there is but one birth of a white, male child to Catherine and Edward McCarty. The birth record lists the day of the birth as Thursday, Nov. 20, 1859, in Catherine McCarty's shabby apartment located at 70 Allen Street. Edward McCarty was not married to Catherine McCarty, nor was he any relation. His identity was disclosed by policeman Thomas Dwyer of the Oak Street Station in a story which appeared in the July 22, 1881, issue of *The New York Sun*. Officer



Courtesy Colorado Historical Society

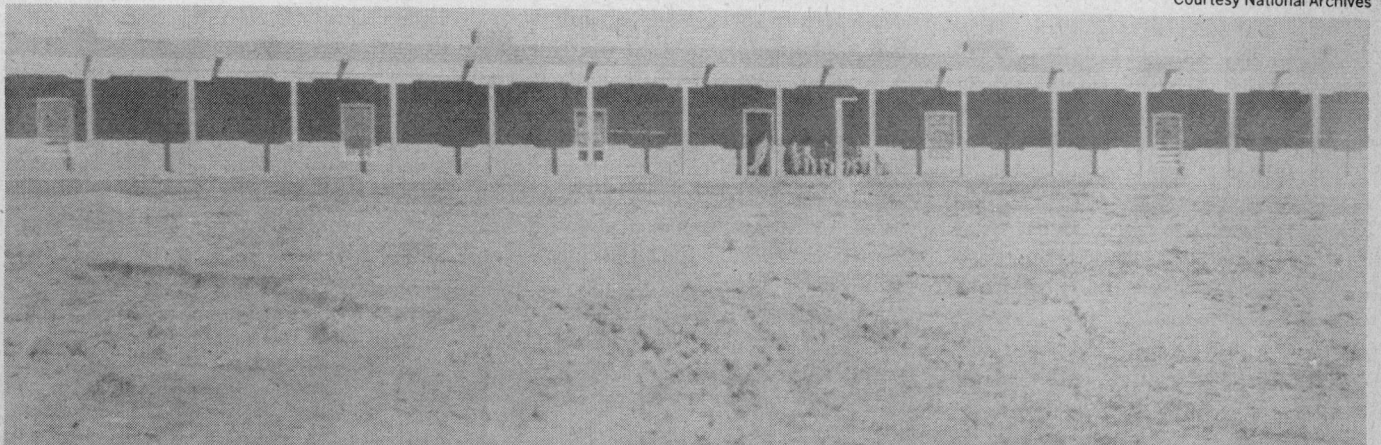
Joseph McCarty, also known as Joe Antrim, brother of Billy the Kid.

Dwyer also gave the names and dates associated with Henry's early life and revealed information about his first murder. New York records show his mother, Catherine, and her father, William H. McCarty, entered New York from Ireland in 1849.

BILLY THE KID

Billy spent his last night in one of these rooms at Fort Sumner, New Mexico.

Courtesy National Archives





Courtesy the author

This is an uncropped version of the famous photo of Billy the Kid. Usually it is reversed to make Billy look left-handed when he was actually right-handed.

In the New York Sun article, Officer Dwyer said that Henry McCarty came from the Irish Fourth Ward Section and that the name of his real father was one Edward McCarty who ran a fruit stand at the corner of Nassau and John streets. Edward was thought to have money.

Edward McCarty had a wife, a son and two daughters. But though he was married to this woman (whose name has not yet been uncovered), he had previously fathered another son by Catherine McCarty, Henry's brother, Joe. Joe was born in New York in 1854. Joseph's birth date has long been known from other sources, and it has been verified by his death certificate. I easily located his birth record showing he was born on Aug. 25, 1854 in the New York

hospital located at 525 East 68th Street.

So both Henry and Joe McCarty were illegitimate, born to an unwed mother and a father who was married to another woman.

Edward McCarty died in 1878, according to Officer Dwyer, and shortly thereafter his wife and legitimate son also died. In July of 1881, both legitimate daughters were still living in the Fourth Ward Section.

There are no birth certificates for Henry or Joseph because a certificate could only be issued upon request of either parent. This was never done, there being no need for birth certificates in an Irish ghetto. Contrary to one published statement, Henry never had a sister named Bridget. This is a corruption of the name Bridie (or Brightie) who

was a close relative of William H. Antrim, Henry's stepfather.

Officer Dwyer stated that Michael McCarty (as Billy the Kid was usually known in New York) was a delinquent during childhood and well-known to the police at the Oak Street Station. He was always in trouble. When 13 or 14, the Children's Aid Society (welfare) took him away from his mother and sent him to a House of Refuge (correctional school) in Albany for about a year. No records on juveniles were kept in New York.

Children's Aid Society officials told me that Henry's grandfather, William H. McCarty, was admitted to the Alms-house (poorhouse) on March 25, 1862, in a destitute condition. The admission records list him as 63 years old, born in Ireland, and an unskilled laborer who arrived in New York from Ireland in 1849. He was sick and transferred to the Island Hospital on Aug. 11, 1862, where he died four days later. He is buried in a pauper's grave in City Cemetery.

City directories for New York for the years 1854 through 1862 reveal only one man named Bonney and he died in 1857. Listed were many Catherine, William and Edward McCartys who appear yearly, each changing addresses frequently or disappearing for a period and then reappearing at another address.

I contacted Alf MacLochlainn, assistant keeper of manuscripts in Dublin, Ireland, for possible Irish records of the McCartys. I was informed that no nationwide survey of persons occurred in Ireland earlier than 1864. Prior to this, you had to know the residence of the individual and then make a search of the local parochial registers.

A nationwide survey of households was made in 1850 but not in alphabetical order. In County Limerick alone there were nearly 300 McCarty households and 1,200 in southwest County Cork. MacLochlainn stated that the name of McCarty was most common in the south of Ireland.

It was thus William H. McCarty, Henry's grandfather, not his father, who died in 1862. Ash Upson, in the Pat Garrett book, says the father died soon after moving to Kansas and makes it appear the year was 1862 or soon after. Upson confused the early life of Dave Rudabaugh, a companion of Billy the Kid, with the Kid's early life. Rudabaugh did live in Kansas with his father in 1862. Upson has the McCarty family moving to Coffeyville, Kansas, but that town did not exist until after 1871.

Interviews with 21 former compan-

ions of Henry McCarty were reported in two New York newspaper articles. One former gang member, then working as a clerk in a grocery store on Pearl Street near Hague, stated that Henry was badly burned by acid on his upper leg and body when about 10 years old. He was treated at the Chambers Street hospital. The city directory does not list a hospital on Chambers Street but it may have been a city clinic.

According to Officer Dwyer the McCartys departed New York in 1873 — long after Upson has them departing — and Henry was indentured to a farmer in the West (to William H. Antrim). Catherine was 44 at the time and Antrim was 32. It would appear to have been an arranged marriage.

Catherine died in 1874 at the age of 45 in Silver City, New Mexico, and some time in 1876, Henry and Joe returned to New York and took up with their old friends. Dwyer stated Henry McCarty entered the Vandewater Street School but accounts of his first murder state that Henry and Joe were then employed as apprentice tinsmiths. Henry quickly fell into his old habits.

The First Stabbing

Henry McCarty's first murder was a stabbing and according to Ash Upson it took place in Silver City, New Mexico, when Henry was 12. At age 12, Henry was still in New York. Upson also claimed it occurred in the Ed Moulton Saloon and involved Grant County Sheriff Harvey Whitehill. Both men and inhabitants of Silver City have always denied this. There is no mention of it in either Silver City newspaper (and Henry lived next door to one of them) nor is it mentioned in the Grant County Criminal Docket Books.

Actually, there was a stabbing and Henry was 16 at the time. The records are in New York City. Officer Dwyer was one of the investigating officers and the ghastly killing was described in the Sept. 10, 1876, issues of the New York Times, the World and the New York Sun.

According to these papers this is what happened:

At 11 p.m. on Sept. 9, 1876, Henry, his brother Joe and two girls were in the company of Thomas Moore, age 19. They were in front of the Matthew Dwire grocery and liquor store where the local toughs made their headquarters. Moore resided at No. 5 Vandewater Street while Henry and Joe lived at No. 9 Vandewater. Moore made his living as



Courtesy New Mexico Historical Society

Fort Sumner at about the time of Billy's death.

a brushmaker at a factory located on Fulton Street and he was the sole support of his mother. All had been drinking heavily as there were no drinking age laws then.

According to witnesses, Moore said something objectionable to Henry and a fight ensued. Henry broke away, dashed inside the Dwire store, grabbed an empty beer mug and a 12-inch cheese slicing knife and returned to the street.

Moore dodged the thrown beer mug and then Henry stabbed Moore who attempted to ward off the thrusts with his right hand. The knife plunged deeply into Moore's neck. Henry ran from the scene, leaving Joe and the two unidentified girls behind.

The Oak Street Station police traced Henry to Hague Street through a passageway to 84 Frankfort Street where he threw away the knife. It was later recovered. His trail was lost but later the police discovered he ran to the home of his father, Edward. The police detained Joe and the girls all night before releasing them. Joe went directly to his father who spirited both boys out of town.

The fatally wounded Moore staggered down the street, bleeding profusely and fell into the arms of a friend at 357 Pearl Street. Moore was then moved to the sitting room of the Oak Street Station two blocks away while a physician was telegraphed for. All police stations were connected by telegraph and thus the other stations were informed to be on the lookout for young Henry.

Within 10 minutes Thomas Moore bled to death. His body was returned to the poorly furnished apartment of his mother there to await the arrival of the coroner. At 12:30 p.m., Coroner Croker

finally arrived with deputy Dr. MacWhinnie who immediately cleared the room of grieving women and relatives. A report of the post mortem appeared in the New York Times on Sept. 11, 1876.

Henry had stabbed downward as Moore raised his right hand and the knife cut the radial artery between the index finger and thumb. The cut was so deep that officer Dwyer thought the thumb had been cut off. The knife then penetrated Moore's cheek and neck and entered his right lung.

Dwyer said Edward McCarty and his sons disappeared. Edward returned months later alone. It was first rumored that he had taken the boys back to Ireland. Later police found Edward had taken them to their stepfather, William H. Antrim.

The Cahill Murder

Now back in Silver City, New Mexico, Henry was arrested for stealing butter from a buckboard and clothes worth \$70 from some Chinese. He was jailed. He escaped and walked 15 miles to his former schoolteacher, Sarah Ann Knight, recently of England, who was married to rancher Daniel Casey. Henry obtained a horse ostensibly to ride back to Silver City to give himself up.

But instead he went west to Camp Grant, Arizona. His second controversial killing occurred there. Upson falsely claimed it happened at Fort Bowie. The events were recorded in the Arizona Weekly Star of Aug. 23, 1877, and the Arizona Citizen of Aug. 25, 1877.

Many writers claim Frank P. Cahill was the same F. P. Cahill who was a blacksmith at Camp Grant in the 1860s

Grant A. T.
August 23, 1877

Osborn W. J., U. S. Deputy Marshall
(sic) Tucson

Cahill was not killed on the Military Reservation. His murderer, Antrim, alias "Kid," was allowed to escape and I believe is still at large. Of the mule thieves we have apprehended the soldier and will try him by Court Martial. His accomplices have not yet been arrested.

C. C. Compton
Major, Comdg.

These documents disprove that Cahill was black, a soldier and a blacksmith and that the killing occurred on military property. It also dispels the notion that the nickname "Kid" was given to Henry by Mesilla, New Mexico, outlaw James McDaniels months later when Henry was riding with him. Marshal Osborn was notified to arrest Henry Antrim as it was a civilian matter, not a military action.

I made many attempts to search the criminal docket book for possible murder charges but county officials at the courthouse in Safford, Arizona, repeatedly refused to let me see it.

Illegitimate Children

Longtime residents of Lincoln, New Mexico, have known that Henry McCarty — Billy the Kid — fathered a son there to Juana Montoya. She was known as "La Tulida" because of her crippled arm. I made a thorough search of more than 25,000 names in the June 1880 census of Lincoln County for the boy and looked through more than 23,000 names in the San Miguel County census to locate Henry's daughter.

I am convinced I have found both.

On page 392 of the June 3, 1880 Lincoln County census is the name of Juana Montoya who was then 23. She had an illegitimate son named Alexander (possibly for Billy's mentor Alexander McSween) and the child was then one year old. This would be his age if he were fathered by Henry when he was in Lincoln. Juana's occupation was "housekeeper" though she took in wash, she lived alone and she is listed in the "unmarried, widowed and divorced" category. She could neither read nor write and both she and young Alexander were listed as natives of New Mexico.

A search of Lincoln County marriage records from 1880 through 1900 dis-

True West

1537
California State Board of Health
BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS
STANDARD CERTIFICATE OF DEATH
Local Registered No. 64

PLACE OF DEATH, DIST. No. 22-053967
County of San Luis Obispo
City of Adelaida
Rural Registration District (District)
No. (No.) Ward (If death occurred in a hospital or institution, give the name and number and street of the building.)

FULL NAME William H. Antrim
PERSONAL AND STATISTICAL PARTICULARS
SEX Male
COLOR OR HAIR White
MARRIAGE STATUS Widowed
DATE OF BIRTH Dec. 10, 1842
AGE 80 - 10
OCCUPATION Retired
INDUSTRY Mine
BIRTHPLACE Indiana
CITY OF BIRTH
NAME OF FATHER Levi Antrim
BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER Not known
MOTHER'S NAME OF MOTHER Mary Lawson
BIRTHPLACE OF MOTHER Ohio
LENGTH OF RESIDENCE
Place of Death
In California
THE ABOVE IS THE TRUE AND CORRECT COPY OF THE ORIGINAL
Informant
Adelaida
Date Dec. 23, 1877

MEDICAL CERTIFICATE OF DEATH
DATE OF DEATH Dec. 10, 1877
I Henry Compton, That I attended deceased from July 10, 1877 to Dec. 10, 1877
but I last saw him alive on Dec. 4, 1877
and that death occurred on the date stated above at 9 P.M.
The CAUSE OF DEATH was as follows:
Hemia
Broncho pneumonia
Physician
Chr. Antremit
Where was disease contracted
If not at place of death?
Did an operative growth exist?
Was there an injury?
What test performed?
Dec. 11, 1877
PLACE OF BURIAL
San Miguel
CITY OF BURIAL
Adelaida
DATE OF BURIAL
Dec. 13, 1877
NAME OF CLERGYMAN
Chas. Walker
ADDRESS
Paso Robles
263

Courtesy the author

Death certificate of William H. Antrim, Billy's stepfather, at Adelaida, California. It gives Antrim's birthplace as Indiana confusing some writers who claimed Billy was born in Indiana.

and mentioned by Lieutenant John G. Bourke in his book *On the Border with Crook*. Others said Cahill was black. He was neither.

A thorough search of military records disclosed no blacksmith F. P. Cahill or Lieutenant Bourke from 1870 to 1877. Frank P. Cahill's deathbed statement concerning the incident appeared on Aug. 23, 1877, in the *Arizona Weekly Star*:

"Frank P. Cahill was shot by Henry Antrem (sic) alias Kid, at Camp Grant on the 17th, and died on the 18th. The following are the dying words of the deceased:

"I, Frank P. Cahill, being convinced that I am about to die, do make the following as my final statement: My name is Frank P. Cahill; I was born in the county and town of Galway, Ireland; yesterday, Aug. 17th, 1877, I had some trouble with Henry Antrem, otherwise known as Kid, during which he shot me. I had called him a pimp and he called me a s--- of a b---; we then took hold of each other. I did not hit him, I think; saw him go for his pistol, and tried to

get hold of it, but could not and he shot me in the belly: I have a sister named Margaret Flanningan living at East Cambridge, Mass., and another named Kate Conden living in San Francisco."

The Arizona Citizen gave Cahill's age as 32 and mistakenly called Henry, Austin Atrim. He was known around Georgetown and Silver City as Henry Antrim and Henry McCarty and his name appears as such in newspapers until his death.

Proof that Cahill was not a military blacksmith is shown by the fact that a coroner's jury was formed of six civilians under the direction of Justice of the Peace M. L. Wood. Military personnel were not accorded civilian coroner's juries. The jury found the shooting was "criminal and unjustifiable and that Henry Antrim, alias Kid, is guilty thereof."

Also proof is in a military telegram now in the Retired Military Archives. It appears in the telegraph book for Camp Grant and is dated Aug. 23, 1877. It is from the commanding officer of Camp Grant to the U. S. marshal in Tucson:

closed no Juana Montoya ever marrying and she completely disappears at this point. One writer claimed her son, named Ramon, killed a man with an axe and was sent to the state penitentiary in Santa Fe. A check of inmate records showed no one named Ramon or Alexander Montoya had ever been incarcerated there.

Former Assistant Museum Curator Belle Wilson of Lincoln later disclosed that this was correct but that Montoya was not Juana's real last name. The woman was the daughter of the wealthy Juan Patron who turned her out of his house because of her immoral ways. He forced her to stop using the family name.

Henry's second illegitimate child was a girl, Florentina, born in Fort Sumner, where she lived out her years. The girl in later years always claimed she was the daughter of Billy the Kid. She was usually on welfare rolls. Welfare records are not made public but a check by a welfare employee showed that her birthright was correct. Her full name was Florentina Yerby.

On page 436 of the June 1880 census for San Miguel County and for the town of Fort Sumner can be found her name as well as her mother's.

Her mother was Nasaria Yerby and she worked as a "housekeeper" for rancher Tomas Yerby. Nasaria was 16 in 1880 and had two illegitimate children. Juan was age three and Florentina was one. This fits well with the time of Billy's presence in Fort Sumner. By all accounts, the Yerby ranch was the main hideout for Henry, Charlie Bowdre, Tom O'Folliard and others on the run.

Arrest and Escape

During the first week of 1880, Henry and John B. "Squire" Wilson rode into Albuquerque, New Mexico, and stole two horses. They fled north toward Santa Fe where Sheriff Perfecto Armijo of Bernalillo County engaged them in a gunfight and captured them. According to *The Advance of Albuquerque* of May 8, 1880:

"Kid who was reported captured and killed at Santa Fe is alive and well and enjoying the hospitality of Sheriff Armijo."

John B. "Squire" Wilson was the same Wilson involved with Billy when the Kid agreed to meet Governor Lew Wallace. Wilson was the Lincoln County clerk and maintained all court records in both criminal and civil docket

| | | | |
|--|---------------------------|---|---|
| County | | File No. 1100 | |
| Town | Registration District No. | Registered No. | |
| or City | No. | St. | Ward |
| (If death occurred in a hospital or institution, give its name instead of street and number) | | | |
| 1 FULL NAME <i>Jose Antrim</i> | | | |
| (a) Residence, No. <i>1617 Larimer</i> St. | | Ward | |
| (b) Length of residence in city at time death occurred | | | |
| (c) How long in U.S. if of foreign birth? | | | |
| PERSONAL AND STATISTICAL PARTICULARS | | | |
| 3 SEX <i>M</i> | 4 COLOR OR RACE <i>W.</i> | 5 SINGLE, MARRIED, WIDOWED, OR DIVORCED <i>S.</i> | 14 DATE OF DEATH (month, day and year) <i>Nov. 25 - 1930</i> |
| 16 IF MARRIED, WIDOWED OR DIVORCED, SURVIVOR OF (husband or wife) of | | | 17 I HEREBY CERTIFY That I attended deceased from |
| 6 DATE OF BIRTH (month, day, and year) | | | That I last saw him alive on |
| 7 AGE Years Months Days | | | and that death occurred, on the date stated above, at |
| 8 OCCUPATION OF DECEASED (a) Trade, profession, or particular kind of work | | | The CAUSE OF DEATH* was as follows: |
| (b) General nature of industry business, or establishment in which employed (or employer) | | | <i>Asphyxiation 74A</i> |
| (c) Name of employer | | | (Duration) yrs. mos. da. |
| 9 BIRTHPLACE (city or town) (State or country) | | | CONTRIBUTORY (Secondary) |
| 10 NAME OF FATHER | | | (Duration) yrs. mos. da. |
| 11 BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER (City or town) (State or country) | | | 13 Where was disease contracted |
| 12 NAME OF MOTHER | | | If not at place of death? |
| 13 BIRTHPLACE OF MOTHER (City or town) (State or country) | | | Did an epidemic precede death? Date of |
| 14 DEPARTMENT (Address) | | | Was there an autopsy? |
| 15 | | | What test confirmed diagnosis? (Signature) |
| 16 | | | *State the Disease Causing Death, and mention any Cause, stain (1) Measles and Nature of Injury, and (2) whether Accidental, Suicidal, or Homicidal. (See rules on side for full record sheet.) |
| 17 | | | 18 PLACE OF BURIAL, CREMATION, OR EXHUMATION |
| 18 | | | DATE OF BURIAL |
| 19 | | | 20 UNDERTAKER |
| 20 | | | ADDRESS |

Joseph Antrim (McCarty), Billy's brother, died on Nov. 25, 1930, in Denver, Colorado, as confirmed by this death certificate. Courtesy the author

books and appeared in the Lincoln County commissioners' minutes book presenting warrants to be paid for court for witnesses at trials and other court costs.

The 1880 census shows him at age 53, so he was twice as old as Billy when they were captured at Santa Fe and jailed in Albuquerque. I wondered why a 53-year-old man would run around with a 20-year-old boy. They were involved together in the Lincoln County War though Wilson played a small part. He was the one that issued Justice of the Peace warrants for the Regulators to capture Morton and Baker since the Regulators could not get warrants through the Murphy-Dolan-controlled courts. Wilson was someone Murphy-Dolan overlooked.

Henry and Wilson were placed in the Bernalillo County jail in Albuquerque. Many have claimed that no charges will be found on this incident because the criminal docket book is missing. Actually, it is in the State Archives in Santa Fe.

The charges against the Kid are on page 268 of the Civil Docket Book; the charges against Wilson are on page 270.

Henry was found guilty of one charge

and sentenced to five years in prison. The remaining charge was dropped. Wilson's case began on May 8 and he was indicted, the warrant filed and bail set at \$250. That same day his case was dropped under the term *nolle prosequi* meaning not prosecuted. According to *The Advance* of May 8, a lynch mob appeared at the jail and demanded that Henry be taken out and hanged. Fortunately Sheriff Amijo talked them out of it.

The "Kid is probably satisfied to be where he is for the present," said the Albuquerque paper, *The Advance*, on May 8, 1880.

Both men remained in jail and on or about May 19, they were heavily ironed and assigned to a cell according to the Albuquerque Review of May 20, 1880. Both men cut off their manacles with tools smuggled in to them and bored a hole through the east adobe wall at ground level and escaped to Georgetown, New Mexico.

Who was their mysterious benefactor? He possibly appears in the 1883 Albuquerque City Directory. His name was Joseph McCarty and he was then working as a cook for the Journal Hotel located near First and Second streets.

(continued on page 62)

Tonkawas — Men, to of the Texas Plains

THE Tonkawa Indians were a small tribe who once claimed part of south-eastern Texas as their home. By 1862 their tiny population was erecting grass-thatched huts and teepees along the high plateau which overlooked the valley of the Washita River.

Five years before, in 1857, the government gathered up the Tonkawa along with other small Texas tribes and moved them to the Wichita Reservation near Fort Cobb in Indian Territory (now Oklahoma).

For several years there was peace on this reservation on the Washita. But in the late night cold of Oct. 22, 1862, that tranquility was shattered. For one tribe this night, the Tonkawa, what befell them changed their already meager existence forever.

On this night an explosive attack was carried out by the other tribes on the reservation. It began at the agency, a small conclave of buildings which

By **RICHARD STICKANN**

Photos courtesy of
Smithsonian Institution
National Anthropological Archives

included the commissary, store and main agency office. When the Indians finished, four white men, all agency employees, were dead, the buildings were plundered and the agency burned to the ground.

THE tragedy that took place at the agency, though appalling in itself, was only a dress rehearsal for the slaughter that followed. The attacking Indians, numbering about 140 men made up of Shawnees, Delawares, Wichitas, Kickapoos and a scattering of others, headed for the nearby Tonkawa camp, the apparent main objective in this night of

terror. All of these tribes held the same grudge against the Tonkawas.

One group in the attacking force approached the Tonkawa camp from the rear, riding around the camp in a wide circle to avoid detection. Another group concealed itself in the timbered bottomlands below the camp, awaiting the right moment to spring on the Tonkawas.

It was early morning when the attack commenced, though the first streaks of daylight had not yet begun to spread over the Wichita hills. The Tonkawa camp, 306 men, women and children, were asleep.

The surprise attack was not the only factor working against the Tonkawas. The attackers were mounted and armed with the newest rifles available. The Tonkawas, for the most part, had only bows and arrows.

Under their chief Placida, however, the Tonkawas quickly rallied to the



Eight Tonkawas, from left, sitting, John Williams, Chief Grant Richards and Sherman Niles; standing, Winnie, wife of Richards, others unidentified.



Group of four, from left, seated, Lamar Richards and John Williams; standing, Peter Dryer (who was half white and half Iowa), and Chief Grant Richards.

defense of their camp. They displayed a stubborn resistance against the attacking force. Because they were able to put up such a strong stand despite their inferior defensive position, a number of Tonkawa women and children escaped.

But their fighting ability was not enough to prevent 137 Tonkawas, almost half of their already scant population, from being killed. More than 100 of that number were women and children.

The attacking force lost 27 killed and wounded, a substantial number considering the competitive edge they held. The loss sustained by the Tonkawas brought them closer to extinction. It was a blow from which they never recovered.

Why, when the American Indian had suffered so much at the hands of the white man, would Indian turn against Indian in such a devastating way?

The answer never was given, but historians suggest two primary reasons. The first is because the Tonkawas had, for several years prior to 1862, acted as scouts for the whites on expeditions against other Indian tribes. The second reason, and the more unsettling one, is

that the Tonkawas were cannibals.

THOMAS Battey, a Quaker Indian agent during that period, thought the cause to be the latter. He believed the Tonkawas had eaten "a couple of Shawnees," and this was the revenge motive of the other Indians.

But the appetite for human flesh did not belong exclusively to the Tonkawas. For instance, Cheyenne Indians were able to remove certain taboos by eating the heart of an enemy.

Kiowas who were members of a secret brotherhood were obligated to eat the heart of the first enemy they killed in battle. Incidents of cannibalism among some tribes in Texas prompted missionaries to ask as the first question in confessions, "Have you eaten human flesh?"

If some kind of cannibalism was practiced by other Indian tribes, why then were the Tonkawas dealt with so severely? One reason is that the Tonkawas were not secretive about their preoccupation of eating human flesh.

The word cannibalism conjures a detestable feeling in men. But this strange and gruesome practice was not

detestable in the Tonkawa world. And it was not merely warriors who ate the heart of a slain enemy. In the Tonkawa tribe everyone participated in eating enemies who fell into their hands — men, women and children.

Some historians believe it was logical for the Tonkawa to eat human flesh given their beliefs about the spirit world. By consuming parts of an enemy's body, the cannibal could acquire either some or all of the enemy's power, courage or fighting ability.

By eating an enemy, the cannibal would insult the soul of the enemy. The acquisition of power or courage was the reason why other tribes consumed the heart of a slain enemy.

To a greater degree, the eating of more than only the enemy's heart was thought to completely destroy the soul of that enemy thereby giving the Tonkawa the greatest victory he could achieve. Whatever the reasons, Tonkawa cannibalism had a very real and lasting effect on other southern Plains tribes.

ONE man who lived among the Texas tribes for some time, James Mooney, reported that he had heard a number of "gruesome tales" of the Tonkawas. Their cannibalism was not reserved for war prisoners. It was not unlike the Tonkawas to ambush lone Indians from other tribes who might be unlucky enough to wander their way. Mooney writes, "More than one missing person was thus traced to the Tonkawa camp where all clues (sic) abruptly ended."

The Tonkawas did not discriminate when it came to choosing their dinner, although it has been reported that they feasted more on Comanches. This is probably because Comanche Indians were more numerous in the area and because there existed a deep hatred between Tonkawa and Comanche. Tonkawas often aided whites in tracking down hostile Comanche bands.

Noah Smithwick, Texas Ranger and blacksmith, witnessed a Tonkawa feast on a Comanche Indian. After killing and scalping the captive, the Tonkawas "fleeced off the flesh of the dead Comanche (and) they borrowed a big wash kettle from Puss Weber, into which they put the Comanche meat, together with a lot of corn and potatoes — the most revolting mass my eyes ever rested on.

"When the stew was sufficiently cooked and cooled to allow of its being ladled out with the hands the whole tribe gathered around, dipping it up

with their hands and eating it as greedily as hogs. Having gorged themselves on this delectable feast they lay down and slept till night, when the entertainment was concluded with the scalp dance.”

One early Texas pioneer, John H. Jenkins, experienced Tonkawa cannibalism at about the same time Smithwick did. He describes how the Tonkawa persuaded him to show them the body of a Waco warrior he had shot.

Jenkins describes how “when they discovered the body, they seemed wild with delight or frenzy. They sprang upon the body, scalped him, cut off both legs at the knees.... They then went back to the house and camped, getting me to furnish them some beef. They boiled their beef and the hands and feet of the dead Waco together.”

MOONEY tells of a Comanche boy captured by a Lipan Apache Indian. One day the boy disappeared after having been reported seen near a Tonkawa camp. The Lipan Indian, named White Tooth, rode over to the Tonkawa camp to find the boy. As he approached, some Tonkawas greeted him with a pipe — a sign of peace — and offered it to him.

After smoking the pipe, the Tonkawas told him that because they were hungry, and because the boy was a Comanche, a tribe both the Tonkawas and Lipan Apache hated, they had killed the boy and put him in the pot to cook. They told White Tooth, however, that they were prepared to compensate him for the loss of his captive and proceeded to invite him to share their feast.

Even after the massacre of the Tonkawa in 1862, there were reported incidents of their eating human flesh. As late as 1874, Comanches complained that Tonkawa scouts for the United States Army had been found eating dead Comanches. Several years later a Tonkawa informant told the American Ethnologist Albert S. Gatschet that “human flesh tastes like bear meat.”

Some historians believe that animosity toward the Tonkawas caused that tribe to retaliate by acting as scouts and guides for the whites; for self-protection the Tonkawas became allies of the United States Army.

Others believe that the animosity resulted from the expeditions the Tonkawas led. Whatever the sequence may be, it is clear that cannibalism was not the only reason other tribes tried to eliminate the Tonkawas.

From 1856 through the summer of



Tonkawa chief and wife, Grant Richards and Winnie.

1860, the Tonkawas aided the United States Army and the Texas Rangers in expeditions against the Comanche and other hostile tribes. In December of 1857, about 20 Tonkawas accompanied the 7th Infantry through an area of Texas occupied by the Kickapoos.

The following year Tonkawa Chief Placido led 100 warriors as scouts against Comanches on the Canadian River. The Comanches, led by Iron Jacket, were defeated in an attack led by the Tonkawa.

In the summer of 1860, Tonkawa scouts accompanied Texas Rangers in an attack on a Comanche and Kiowa camp on the Canadian River in the Indian Territory panhandle. According to Texas Ranger James Pike, who took part in that attack, when the fighting was over, the Tonkawa commenced roasting and eating some of the dead Comanches.

AFTER the Civil War broke out the white man, whom the Tonkawa had served so loyally, became too involved in their own problems to worry about their red allies. With the white man's protec-

tion removed, the way was open for massacring the Tonkawas.

By the 1870s, the Tonkawas had become a shadow of what once was a tribe of some consequence in Texas. In 1874, a few Lipan Apaches joined them and in 1884, the combined Tonkawa-Lipan group was moved to Indian Territory.

By 1944, only 56 Tonkawas remained, the remnants of the tribe who had called themselves “tickanwatic” meaning “the most human people.” It was a tribe which had the distinction of being the last cannibals in the United States.





Love in a Covered Wagon

Written by **STAN STEINER** — Illustrations by **Mick Harrison**

"OUR grandfathers had a species of indomitable directness in making roads and making love...."

The son of covered wagon train pioneers, Benjamin Taylor remembered the chaste and austere passage across the prairies that his ancestors described:

"They did not believe in the line of beauty. They went by the square and compass," he recalled their saying. And so, in building roads and marriages, "they went straight over the hill and through the big timber and plumb into the swamp."

IF the memories of these pioneers were accurate there was no time for love in a covered wagon. Nor was there space. Their reminiscences rarely men-

tioned love at all. Men and women did not talk of these things, neither in public print nor in personal diaries.

On the pious and solemn trail, the settlers were expected to follow the straight and narrow path of necessity and righteousness. The Lord was guiding them; like the biblical "ark of old" the covered wagon transported "the truth of God" into the wilderness, wrote John Greenleaf Whittier.

In that Noah's ark there was little room for personal pleasure, and less for sin. The settlers from the East brought their New England puritanism with them, as the settlers from the south brought their Mexican Catholicism with them.

COVERED wagons were more than

houses on wheels. In one sense they were vehicles of new religions, much as the "Synagogues on Wheels" in the deserts of Moses' time. And the pilgrims were hesitant to be caught naked in the temple.

And yet, these wagons were obscenely crowded by unwashed clothes, rancid food, jerky hung to dry, sheep and hogs and foul-smelling children who reeked of feces.

In this litter the family slept together for months, recalled J. M. Shively of his trek over the Oregon Trail in 1846.

The emigrant "caravans creeping along in slow procession" moved "inch by inch," Francis Parkman wrote in *The Oregon Trail* in 1848, a weary and difficult journey that may have been divinely inspired in heaven, but was less than

divine on earth.

Not a very romantic setting for lovers. The romance of the West must come later.

In the quiet of the evening when the covered wagons halted for the night, the women who most often drove these wagons would sometimes form a circle. The people gathered around bonfires in the center of the encampment for protection, not from the Indians so much as from their cows.

On the earth the blankets were spread so that men and women could sleep in the open, away from their wagons, alone. And so the circle of wagons was meant to protect the sleepers, as they lay in each others' arms, old man Shively said, from being stomped on by the damned, dumb cows.

EVEN so the sleepers had little intimacy or privacy in so public a place. The stars above did not shine their shadows enough upon the lovers to hide them from the inquisitive eyes of their neighbors. In the wilderness these pioneers lived in crowded isolation.

The sod huts and log cabins of the settlers were not much better than the wagons. In the prairie home "the sleeping arrangements are of a somewhat perplexing character" was the laconic comment of William Fowler in *Woman on the Frontier*, in 1880.

Few had private beds. And the husband and wife "had to repose on the floor, with buffalo robes for pillows and with their feet toward the fire" in a communal bed they shared with their children, family pets, the prize hog and a milk cow.

In no time the women became "thin as a shadow, pinched and wrinkled by hard labor," Fowler wrote — and perhaps by lack of sleep.

In so frugal and austere an atmosphere their "plainness of habitation" became a way of life. Not only did men wear homespun, but so did the women. The frontier woman was not like a "doll to carry silks and jewels, not a puppet to be dandied by fobs, an idol of profane adoration," said Fowler. She was as plain as her prairie homestead or she pretended to be, for like her husband she had no choice of luxuries.

Of their poverty the settlers made a virtue, of their "plainness," a morality, and of necessity a religion of hardships.

NO romantic "paradise of his imagination" awaited the pioneer on the trail, wrote Francis Parkman in *The Oregon Trail*.



Here was no land of "effeminate comforts;" it was "a hard uncompromising, impatient and severely masculine ideal of life," as R. W. B. Lewis approvingly remarked in *The American Adam*, a country of manly Anglo-Saxon virtues and strength where "nature was a world of violence and total, unending war" between men and their environment.

THE changes that decent men underwent on the trail were perhaps best described by an anonymous writer in the *St. Louis Republican*:

"To enjoy such a trip along with such a crowd of emigration, a man must be able to endure heat like a salamander, mud and water like a muskrat, dust like

a toad, and labor like a jackass. He must learn to eat with his unwashed fingers, drink out of the same vessel with his mules, and share his blankets with vermin.... He must cease to think, except as where to find grass.... It is a hardship without glory, to be sick without a home, to die and be buried like a dog."

On the trail entire families were abandoned by the wayside. If a wagon wheel or an axle broke, the wagon train could not wait for it to be repaired, and if a husband died, his wife and children had to keep up the pace or they were left behind.

These were the necessities of survival on the wagon trails. But these things deeply troubled the settlers. In the

hamlets and farms they had come from, men were strictly governed by Christian ethics to which they tried to adhere. On the frontier the morality of survival violated their beliefs and demeaned their sense of manhood. It was as if they were stripped naked.

The muted, subdued, silent attitude of the men may have hidden their state of shock. In some ways, these men seemed numbed and unable to express their horror. And the cool, low-keyed manner of the westerner may have been born of pains so emotionally excruciating that men could not voice them.

STILL, these were robust and lusty men who lived life fully, and enjoyed it immensely. They were Rabelaisian in their appetites and their pleasures. If they had not an "excess of virility," as Ralph Waldo Emerson said, they would never have attempted to go west.

The freedoms they sought were very personal. Few men in their reminiscences and journals wrote of their reasons for going west as having anything to do with "manifest destiny," conquering the wilderness, expanding the nation or civilizing the Indians; it was almost always a personal desire to acquire a piece of land, a peaceful homestead of their own or a handful of gold dust to impress their women with their masculinity.

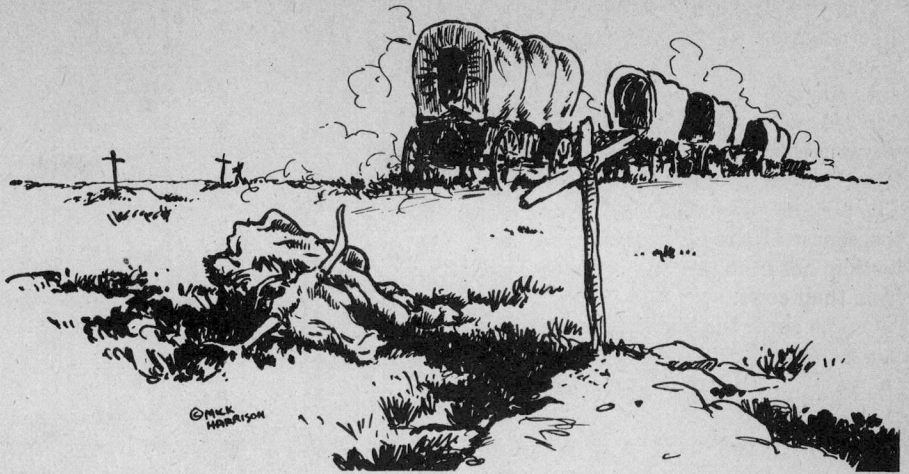
The pioneer woman was cast in bronze, a statue on every town square. She was placed on a pedestal, an honor that she never enjoyed in life.

So, in his reminiscence of *The Old Time Cowhand*, Ramon Adams wrote of men and women as he might have romantically imagined love in a covered wagon:

"No other breed of men on earth respected women more'n the range man. He was apt to be pretty touchy in protecting her character." For he worshipped a woman as much as he loved her and believed that no man should permit his woman "contact with the dirt or allow her to touch it," surely a fantasy few men and women on the wagon trails could afford.

In reality, Adams wrote, when a man fell in love with "some filly he'd slap his brand on her and (tie) her to the snortin' post" and when "he dropped his loop on the gal of his choice, he threw her into the home pasture and nailed up the gate."

For a woman, wrote Adams, could be a "dangerous critter" on the frontier when "the game was love" to a man's new-found masculinity. "A fickle woman's like a careless man with a



gun," Adams said.

Romance in the West became inseparable in the public mind with the romance of the West. The pioneer men and women in the covered wagons were depicted in endless travelogues and dime novels as they were in the *Heroes of the Plains*, which in 1891 offered their story "not only to admire, but to exalt their acts." As the years passed their "deeds of prowess, cunning and endurance" grew larger in memory.

Though writers of the Victorian era were somewhat reticent about describing the explicit earthiness of the life on the wagon trains they were not without their own romantic fantasies. And they too had heroic, erotic dreams of the uninhibited frontier.

Nature in the wilderness intensified the passions, wrote William Fowler. The prairies offered men "thrilling scenes of love's melodrama, acted on different stages, but always with a startling effect," he said. Not merely for the men, but it "affects the romantic incidents in the lives of pioneer women (that) are heightened by the extraordinary and ever-changing scenery of the wilderness."

And so amid these "rude scenes of frontier life, love and romance peep out," Fowler wrote. The lovemaking of the pioneers not only "was conducted in log cabins" but in "untoward places," like the deep forest and open meadows where the bold lovers were "repaid by the sweetest rewards."

Fowler had undoubtedly never been on a wagon train or settled in a pioneer homestead. But he wrote what others only imagined.

The pastoral idyll of making love upon the "sweet face" of nature excited his imagination. He contrasted it to the prohibitions imposed on lovers by the

puritanism of New England where love was an "austere and almost cruel duty" that was "graven" and forbidding as the "stern features of Plymouth Rock." In the wilderness "the mind is uncramped and unfettered" and the "heart beats more freely, when its current is unchecked by convention" and "impulse largely governs...."

"Life is more intense in the West," Fowler happily concluded: "The western country seems naturally fitting in many ways for romance — and love." This was so, he wrote, because westerners were free of the eastern restraints.

TO the eyes of English travelers the ardors of the West seemed to be even more romantic. Perhaps it is because they were even farther away. The London observer, Henry Finck, writing in *Romantic Love* in 1891, a study of love around the world, had emphatically said, "There is more love among the women of America than among (the women) of any other country" because they were "freer" and more "open to ideas" and more "individualized" in expressing their desires.

"Romantic love (is) more ardent and prevalent in the United States than in any other part of the world," Finck said.

ON the prairies the men told of love in a covered wagon and in a sod hut with a more rueful and wistful manner. None were more poignant than Hamlin Garland in his lamentation, the *Prairie Songs*:

A tale of toil that's never done I tell,
Of life where love's a fleeting wing
Across the toiler's murky hell
Of endless, cheerless, journeying.



Both photos courtesy G. W. Carver National Monument, Diamond, Missouri



Monument, above, marks the northeast corner of Carver's homestead in Ness County, Kansas. At right is Carver taken shortly before his death on Jan. 5, 1943.

George Washington Carver

KANSAS HOMESTEADER

LATE in the afternoon of March 27, 1879, 1,000 screaming, incoherent coal miners followed 30 masked, armed men through the streets of Fort Scott, Kansas.

The mob marched directly to the Bourbon County jail, ripped the iron grating from Bill Howard's cell and forcibly removed him.

Three of the men, cheered by thundering shouts, looped a rope around his neck. The doomed man fought back,

By **MATT DODGE**

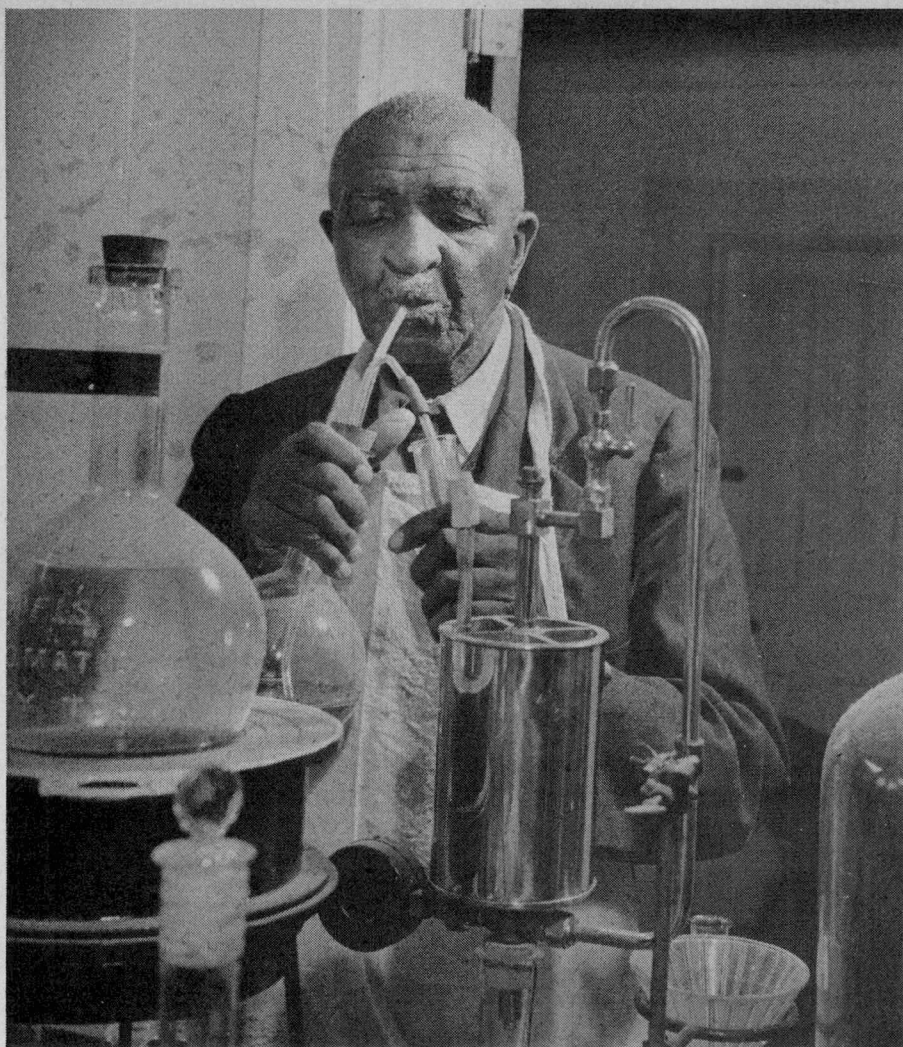
sinking his teeth into the left arm of one of his abductors.

Howard, a Negro accused of raping a 12-year-old girl, was dragged behind a horse through Fort Scott's principal streets, down National Avenue and up Oak Street. The steel horseshoes, flash-

ing through the dust, grazed his face with nearly every step, quickly transforming it into a bloody pulp.

The grisly entourage paused in front of a blacksmith shop where more screaming people joined the mob. The noise was so intense that the sound of gunshots riddling Howard's body were barely audible.

Finally, the victim was hanged to a lamp post, an action that only intensified the crowd's frenzy. The body was



Courtesy U. S. Department of Agriculture

Dr. George Washington Carver in his laboratory at Tuskegee (Alabama) Institute during the mid-1930s. He discovered more than 500 practical products using weeds, peanuts, yams and other materials.

cut down and pulled by the neck to Market Street where it was tied to an improvised stake. Wooden crates, contributed by local merchants, were heaped in a pile ringing Howard's body. Someone fetched kerosene. Another brought lamp oil.

Seconds later, bright orange flames leaped about the victim and in no time, the lifeless corpse was nothing more than charred bones. This was the first such hanging in Kansas. Never before had a man been hanged — and burned.

NEGRO scientist George Washington Carver watched it all. Carver, about 17 at the time, was working for a Negro blacksmith whose wife was an invalid. He had been sent on an errand to the drugstore located near the county jail. George saw the mob gather and the subsequent horror. That night he hurried out of town and never returned to Fort Scott.

"Young as I was, the memory of that

scene haunted me all my life," Carver admitted shortly before his death on Jan. 5, 1943. "It still does, even now. I can't forget the sight of that mob dashing Howard's body out on a Fort Scott sidewalk. The man maintained his innocence to the end."

The hanging-burning incident caused him to wander for some time.

"I skipped from town to town, always worried, thinking of what I had seen at Fort Scott," he admitted. "Finding direction in life was difficult."

The man who was to discover in weeds, peanuts and yams more than 500 practical products attended high school at Minneapolis, Kansas, then tried to enroll at Highland College. He was refused because of his race.

The night of his rejection, George slept in a barn and the next day found work with the Beeler family who operated a fruit farm south of town. This was a turning point in his life.

The Beelers, a warm, congenial fam-

ily, tried to draw George into their circle of friendliness. He cooked, mended fences and pruned trees. He attended church with them and played the accordion at socials.

MEANWHILE, the young man listened intently as the family read aloud the letters of son, Frank, who had gone west to homestead the Kansas plains.

The government opened this area to settlement eight years previously and people by the hundreds were moving into the "Great American Desert."

In his letters, Frank said there was ample opportunity for anyone who wasn't afraid of work. In fact, he opened a general store at a trail crossing in Ness County. The town of "Beeler" sprang up around it.

Carver, now 25, decided to head west.

General Land Office Records in the National Archives reveal that "George W. Carver filed Wakeeney Homestead Application 15120 on Oct. 20, 1886, for the SE ¼ Section 4, Township 19 South, Range 26 West, 6th Principal Meridian, Kansas."

When Carver filed, Kansas was still part of the Sod House Frontier. Settlement began in the late 1870s. Many, discouraged by blizzards and blistering heat, left. Railroad construction attracted the second influx of settlers.

CARVER was a typical homesteader in every way except color. Although there were several Negro enclaves in Kansas, he was one of the few blacks in the Beeler area.

Fortunately, Clara C. Duncan, one of the first teachers at Talladega, Alabama College, one of the nation's first institutes of higher learning for blacks, had moved to Ness County. She gave him pointers on art and English prose, and bolstered his confidence.

Carver's intelligence and talents quickly gained the respect of white neighbors and the grimness of the frontier usually created a spirit of communal help that partially erased racial barriers.

Because he had a high school education, George was one of the area's best educated residents. He was interested in art, and joined the Ness County Literary Society which met weekly for plays, music and debates. He was elected assistant editor.

An article in the Ness County News on March 31, 1888, gives a brief account of his life and notes that "his knowledge of botany, geology and kindred sciences is remarkable and mark him as a man of

more than ordinary ability.”

The article also mentions his collection of 500 plants, his artistic ability, and concludes: “He is a pleasant and intelligent man to talk with, and were it not for his dusky skin — no fault of his — he might occupy a different sphere to which his ability would otherwise entitle him.”

BELATED recognition came on Oct. 11, 1953, when an estimated 2,000 persons gathered at the site of his homestead to honor the memory of George Washington Carver.

Carver was praised by Lieutenant Governor Fred Hall of Dodge City and Mrs. Martha Robinson of Kansas City, a graduate of Tuskegee Institute, where Carver earned fame as scientist and teacher.

At least two Ness County pioneers who knew Carver, the homesteader, were there to recall those old days. They were banker George A. Borthwick, who loaned the young black enough money to enroll in Simpson, Iowa, College, and O. L. Hennen who homesteaded a nearby farm.

The inscription on the marker erected on Carver’s homestead by the Ness County Historical Society states:

“Dedicated to the memory of G. W. Carver, 1864-1943. Carver, scientist, benefactor, who rose from slavery to fame and gave our country an everlasting heritage. Ness County is proud to honor him and claim him as a pioneer.”

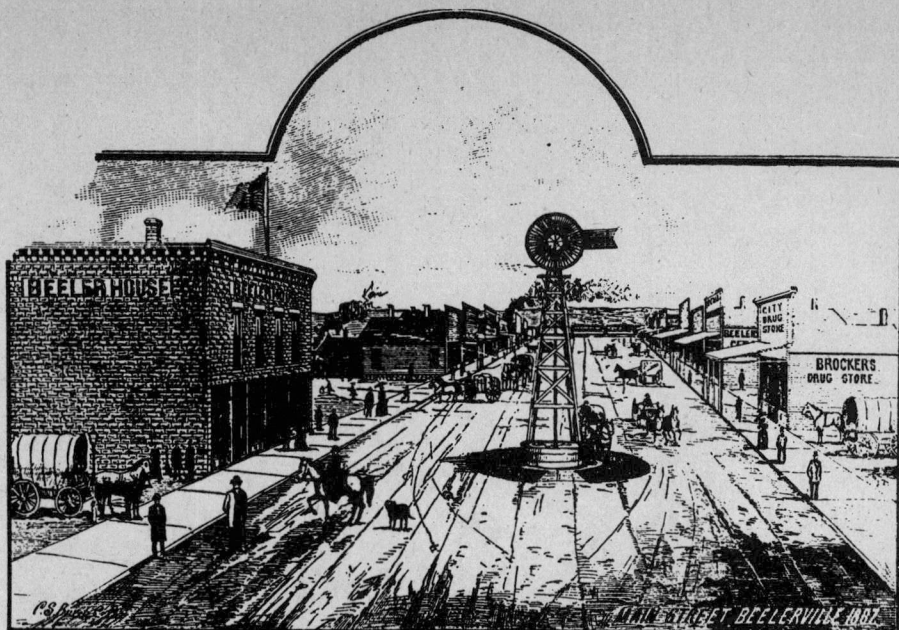
Another marker honoring Carver was placed by the Kansas Historical Society on the south side of Kansas Highway 96 west of Beeler. It calls attention to Carver’s homestead.

The birth date is disputed. Robert P. Fuller, historian at the George Washington Carver National Monument, Diamond, Missouri, deduced from later evidence that Carver was born on July 12, 1861.

GRAND as those days were, Carver was constantly close to hunger. When he answered Tuskegee Institute’s call these memories whetted his desire to provide practical agricultural solutions to southern farmers to alleviate hunger.

He filed the homestead application after the growing season ended and needed work to survive the winter. Ness County Commissioner George Steeley, part-owner of the Gregg-Steeley Livestock Ranch, offered him room and board as a handy man.

Working together, Steeley and Carver built barns, poultry houses, tool sheds



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

Main Street of Beeler, Kansas, in 1887, at the time Carver homesteaded near there. However, the railroad shown in distant background had not arrived.

and other buildings needed on a farm. Each was constructed of sod.

Making dirt houses was a novel experience for the young black who enjoyed experimenting. They cut buffalo grass sod four inches thick and a foot wide, then trimmed strips into 24-inch lengths. These were laid alternately as bricks until the walls reached a height of eight or nine feet.

George became adept at this and earned money by showing newcomers how to properly trim walls with a sharp spade, and to whitewash with lime to prevent dirt from sifting in. He quickly earned the reputation of “the best sod house builder in Ness County.”

During his free time, he worked on his own 14-foot soddy which included a door and a window. He moved into his new home in April 1887, broke 17 acres of sod and planted corn and rice kafir corn (a sorghum).

Unfortunately, to Mrs. Steeley, blacks were born to be servants. Day after day, George suffered petty indignities. He ate the same food, but not with the Steeleys.

To ease the heartache he turned to animals who offered affection without regard to race. Every horse looked to him for extra rations or a sugar treat. Lacking other companions, George talked to the animals by the hour. When Mrs. Steeley sold the horses, he was grief-stricken and laid awake nights wondering how the new owners were treating them.

After a few months, Mrs. Steeley

returned to civilization and George took care of the household duties. He went to his own little house to sleep at night to fulfill requirements for proving the claim.

Now at last Steeley and George could be pals. They sat down to meals together and enjoyed pleasant conversations.

O. L. LENNEN recalled Carver’s homestead during a 1942 Kansas City Times interview:

“I remember that quarter well,” he said. “The land was not very good, but George built a little sod house on it and broke some ground. All that was standard. But he left standardization behind when it came to fixing up the shanty. It was so neat, clean and decorated with flowers and objects of interest that no other soddy in the county could compare with it.”

Lennen also remembered young Carver’s interest in scientific subjects. He encountered him one day looking for Indian relics and rocks on the prairie near Beeler.

“George was studying geology and told me there was a big dome underground,” he recalled. “He said ‘I don’t know what it will be, but they’ll find something, you mark my words.’”

About a half-century later, the Beeler oil field was tapped exactly where George Carver said “something” would be.

Another Ness County pioneer, banker George A. Borthwick, recalled visiting

the ranch on a cold, mid-winter day.

"It was a bitter day. I was wrapped in a buffalo robe and still shivered," he said. "As I drove up, Steeley emerged from the soddy, and with him a slim, young Negro, quite dark and smiling. That was my first acquaintance with George Carver."

Borthwick warmed himself at the fire, then smelled the aroma of cooking food.

"George was the cook and set a warm meal on the table. It tasted mighty good," he commented. "Steeley and I completed our loan transaction, then it was mentioned that George would like a \$300 loan for his education. As I questioned him about his property, I became more impressed with his intelligence. He seemed to glow with enthusiasm and his wide variety of information was amazing."

George then led Borthwick into an addition to the house which was full of plants and flowers.

"It was a veritable conservatory," he stated. "The soddy, of course, could be kept warm fairly easily. It was amazing to see how he managed to grow such luxuriant, beautiful plants in the dead of winter."

NEIGHBORHOOD musicals provided Carver and others much enjoyment. Already adept at the accordion, he learned to play the organ and had a fine tenor voice which later won him a scholarship to the Boston Conservatory of Music.

When bad weather kept the black homesteader inside, he made lace, knitted, embroidered, painted and read. One by one, he pruned away the things he could not do well, leaving only those he could do exceptionally well. His life was taking a firm direction.

Basically, western Kansas was beautiful in the spring and the charm held until mid-May. Corn sprang up, straight and flourishing, then tassled and silked, only to succumb to hot winds.

Non-saccharine sorghum withstood the heat in its own way, curling and surviving for weeks without water. But by nightfall, once-lush corn looked as though boiling water had been poured over it.

Winter also posed a test. Blizzards shrieked down from the north, hurling snow so dense that a man had to cling to a lifeline to move from house to barn. Carver often told of his experience in the famous January blizzard of 1888 which killed more than 200 people as it cut a wide swath from Canada to Texas.

"I had taken the team and went out to dig buffalo chips for fuel," Carver said. "At about two o'clock, I noticed a peculiar strip of bluish cloud lying off the horizon. It was small, but strange. It caught my attention. I had never seen anything quite like it."

He continued gathering chips, glancing occasionally at the sky. An hour later, the bluish cloud was much wider. George became uneasy and decided to drive back to the ranch where he quickly rounded up all the animals, put them in the barn and closed the door.

While this was happening, the cloud grew enormously and light snow began to fall.

The storm raged through the night. The window glass had a fine crack and snow sifted in keeping George busy scooping up the pile and shoveling it out. The next morning was cold and sunny, with only a howling wind and a solid sheet of snow to testify that the storm had come and gone.

HOWEVER, the prairie had its compensations. During certain times, the aurora borealis illuminated the night sky in fountains of brilliance. At other times, mirages appeared in late afternoon or early morning hours.

But Carver missed the greenery. It was a painful fact that agriculture as he knew it was almost impossible in this hostile land. He found himself longing for lush pastures, rippling streams and leafy woodlands.

In June 1888, he approached Borthwick and asked for a \$300 loan on his homestead to finance his education. The banker understood and advanced the money.

Carver went to Indianola, Iowa, where he was accepted by Simpson College. Two years later, he enrolled at Iowa State College at Ames. His official link with western Kansas ended in 1891 when he deeded his property to Borthwick's brother, Fred.

During those homestead days, Carver was often alone, but never lonely. He usually sought companionship among animals, particularly horses which never shied from him because he was black.

He thought much about the color question and developed his own philosophy: "I must not let on," he told himself. "I must not wear my feelings on my sleeve. I will let no man drag me down so low as to make me hate him."

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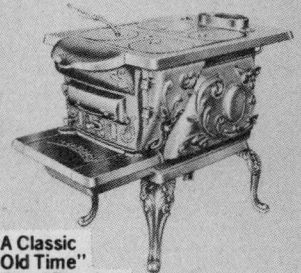
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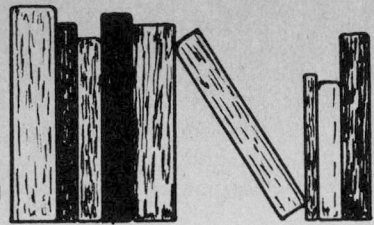
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Life and Art in Colonial New Mexico

COLONIAL FRONTIERS: ART AND LIFE IN SPANISH NEW MEXICO. THE FRED HARVEY COLLECTION. Edited by Christine Mather. Ancient City Press, Box 5401, Santa Fe, NM 87502.

Ah, *que bueno!* A marvelous book, this is, full of treasures from the Fred Harvey Collection of samples and examples of life and art in colonial New Mexico.

This bright and colorful work portrays the Spanish colonial period in New Mexico (1521-1821) through narration and photography which superbly captures details.

Readers are given the opportunity to see the distinctive folk art of the northernmost Spanish provinces in the New World as well as 18th and 19th centuries' silver and gold tobacco holders, candlesticks, cups, saucers, plates and even a holy water container with a handle crafted to resemble two snakes.

An interesting section shows clothing, blankets and baskets cleverly displayed in conjunction with excerpts from estate documents. The item-by-item value of

the inventory of a trader who died in 1729 in Neuva Vizcaya is given. Total value was 816 pesos. A document dated 1744 lists the goods owned by a baptized, unmarried Santo Domingo Pueblo woman who provided well for four natural children and her father after her death. Included in the woman's possessions were jewelry, clothing, one small bag with black pepper, religious articles, and 412 lambs, 54 pregnant goats, 33 kids, but only one mare. Total worth: Nearly 1,500 pesos.

Marc Simmons' excellent chapter, "Colonial New Mexico and Mexico: The Historical Relationship," is required reading for anyone with a more-than-superficial interest in the Old West. Simmons describes the political structures and situations in Spain and Mexico that led to settling the Hispanic West and the economic necessities that shaped the northern rim of the Spanish frontier.

Several other authors, well-known in western non-fiction, have contributed to this study of life and art in Spanish New Mexico: Christine Mather, Richard Ahlborn and Bertha P. Dutton. Each is to be congratulated for their insistence on historical accuracy. Ancient City Press has added substantially to its growing list of high quality publications.

— **Bobette Perrone and
H. Henrietta Stockel
Santa Fe, New Mexico**

MEMORIES OF JACKSON HOLE

JACKSON HOLE JOURNAL. By Nathaniel Burt. University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019. 213 pages. \$16.95 hardbound.

This is an account of Nathaniel Burt, writer and composer. He recalls his childhood on the remote, isolated Bar BC dude ranch (1910-1930) at the foot of the Tetons and his later years on the Three Rivers Ranch of northern Jack-

son Hole, all in western Wyoming.

To the Bar BC came the financial and intellectual elite from Philadelphia and Boston to "rough it" in primitive wood-heated cabins, to ride across sagebrush flats into the mountains, to fish, and — for Polish countesses and Cissy Patterson — to fall in love with handsome cowboys.

Later at the Three Rivers Ranch on Pacific Creek, the "Associates" built their own cabins, gathered at dinner to argue with congenial friends, joined in exploratory rides through "this fantastically lovely and rideable landscape," and again went fishing.

Burt's author parents, Struthers Burt and Katharine Newlin Burt, with difficulty sought time to write, while facing the problems of plumbing, power generation and personnel.

In a delightful conversational style, as though he were reminiscing with friends by the fire, Nathaniel Burt gives vivid sketches of the rich easterners, the cabin girls, his father's role in the creation of Grand Teton National Park, and the idyllic life, far from the real struggles of Jackson Hole pioneers, a few of whom he mentions only briefly.

Burt admits that the dudes on those two ranches were in a "dream world." He speaks regretfully about "progress" from candle to kerosene lamp to electricity, and bitterly about the progression from "roughnecks" and "tenderfeet" to "natives" and "tourists" of today's vulgar and tawdry crowded area. But he does admit that valley now provides fine music and fine arts.

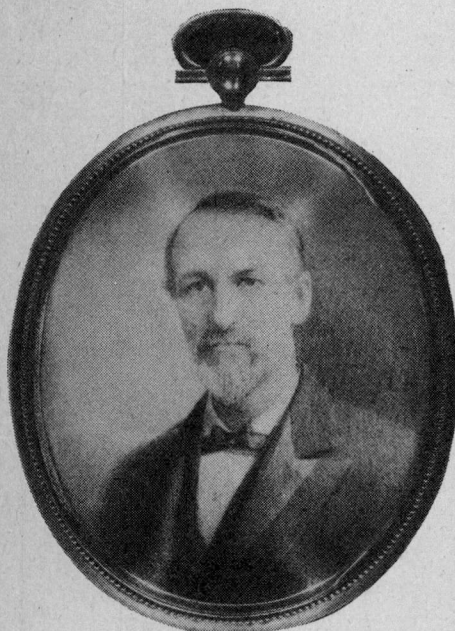
He concludes with the hope that the mountains, the river and wildlife may survive the traumas of the next half-century, and "that Jackson Hole may still remain breathtakingly beautiful."

— **Elizabeth R. Brownell
Wilson, Wyoming**

AMERICAN FILIBUSTER

JUAN DAVIS BRADBURN. By

True West



Frederick H. Harvey

Margaret Swett Henson. *Texas A & M University Press, Drawer C, College Station, TX 77843. 159 pages. Hardbound.*

Here is a biography with appeal to buffs and professionals interested in soldiers of fortune, filibusters and political and military intrigue. The time involves the Spanish-Mexican period in Texas shortly before the Texas War for Independence.

Juan Davis Bradburn was an American filibuster forgiven by Spanish and Mexican authorities and given command of the tiny military post of Anahuac on Galveston Bay.

There he limited American immigration and enforced the customs laws, acts infuriating to Texas who considered Bradburn little better than King George III. Additionally, Bradburn dissolved civilian authority at Liberty, Texas, and invested it at Anahuac. This further alienated the Americans, most of whom believed they should not be subjected to Mexican rules.

The Americans also accused Bradburn of failing to return Negro slaves, of impressing supplies for his garrison, and failing to punish soldiers for crimes against the public.

When Bradburn jailed William B. Travis and others in 1832 for treason, the Americans called him an arrogant turncoat. There was a time when Texans spat at the mention of his name.

Margaret Henson has reappraised Bradburn. She considers him an honest, courageous soldier who did his duty, who served Mexico as a military officer and insisted that Americans obey Mexican laws and traditions. Her research is impeccable and I suspect that her evaluations and conclusions will stand.

— Leon C. Metz
El Paso, Texas

MINNESOTA COOKBOOK

FOOD ON THE FRONTIER: MINNESOTA COOKING FROM 1850 TO 1900 WITH SELECTED RECIPES. By Marjorie Kreidberg. Edited by Minnesota Historical Society Press, St. Paul, MN. 313 pages.

More than a cookbook, this is a history of food not only in Minnesota, but on the frontier and other areas of the United States from 1850 to 1900. The recipes in Minnesota during that era came from New England, the Middle

Atlantic and even the South and Southwest. There do not seem to be any "typical" Minnesota recipes.

Several pages of this attractive blue book are illustrated with line engravings, typical of cookbooks of this period. Cookbooks of this time gave advice on how to clean house, care for the sick and manage a household.

There are unusual names for some recipes, such as prairie cake and Minnesota cake, but these are the same as other recipes, wearing different titles. Surprisingly, several oyster recipes are included in the meat, fish and poultry section.

It has been said of regional cookbooks that the Midwest produces the best ones. There is no special reason for this. The author has done ample research with the sources available at the Minnesota Historical Society.

The recipes that appear simple to us were not so simple for the Minnesota women in the late 19th Century. What took almost a whole day to prepare can be put together in no time with modern equipment.

There is no information on the author and it would have been good to know something of her background. There are many footnotes with references.

This book is recommended to anyone who enjoys reading historical cookbooks and especially to those who like to preserve the flavor of the past.

— Barbara Blackburn
Williamsville, New York

NOT SO WESTERN WRITERS

FIFTY WESTERN WRITERS: A BIO-BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SOURCE-BOOK. Edited by Fred Erisman and Richard W. Etulain. Greenwood Press Box 5007, Westport, CT 06881. 562 pages. \$45. Hardbound.

Here is a book which chose to be opaque rather than letting the light through. The editors of this diffuse amalgamation of scholarly essays have defined the 50 writers included as "leading authors whose work emanates from — or is associated with — the West," and clearly this is too all-encompassing a definition.

Dr. Seuss (of San Diego, California) is certainly a "leading author" whose work "emanates from the West," as is John Masters of Santa Fe, New Mexico, whose books set in India have worldwide acclaim. Clearly geographical loca-

tion does not a "western writer" make.

Adding to the difficulty is deciding who is a "leading author." To be sure, Louis L'Amour, Zane Grey, Ernest Haycox, Elmer Kelton, A. B. Guthrie Jr., Dorothy M. Johnson, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Jack Schaefer, Luke Short and Frank Waters are included.

But the list of 50 also includes many writers who, by no known definition could be called "leading" and some who are neither leading nor western.


Does anyone, outside the limited confines of a university English department consider Ruth Suckow, O. E. Rolvaag, Joaquin Miller, Mary Hallock Foote, Hamlin Garland or Mary Austin "leading?"

On the positive side, there are luminous essays on Andy Adams, Benjamin Capps, Willa Cather, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Vardis Fisher, John Graves, Bret Harte, Paul Horgan, Emerson Hough, Jack London, Frederick Manfred, N. Scott Momaday, Frederick Remington, Mari Sandoz, Owen Wister and others.

Each contains a brief biographical summary, a discussion of the author's principal themes, a survey of the criticism available, and a selected bibliography of the writer's work.

Finally, the \$45 pricetag: This volume is without so much as an illustration or dustjacket. It was published, without a doubt, almost exclusively for libraries. This price and this practice is one reason why libraries are going broke.

— Dale L. Walker
El Paso, Texas



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Yellowstone's Unusual Sheep

By JOHN A. BONAR

Their worst enemy was

"BEWARE of the white man's small-pox!" The terrified cry echoed through what is now Yellowstone National Park. It was in the early 1800s that this stark warning came from a shy tribe of small stature Indians known as the Tukuarikas, or Sheep Eaters.

Because of their timidity, little is known of these ancient people. However, it is speculated that the Sheep Eaters were outcasts of the Shoshone and Bannock tribes. The poor, underprivileged and weak banded together for survival. Pushed back into the moun-

tains, they developed a culture of their own and became a distinct tribe through their environment and way of life.

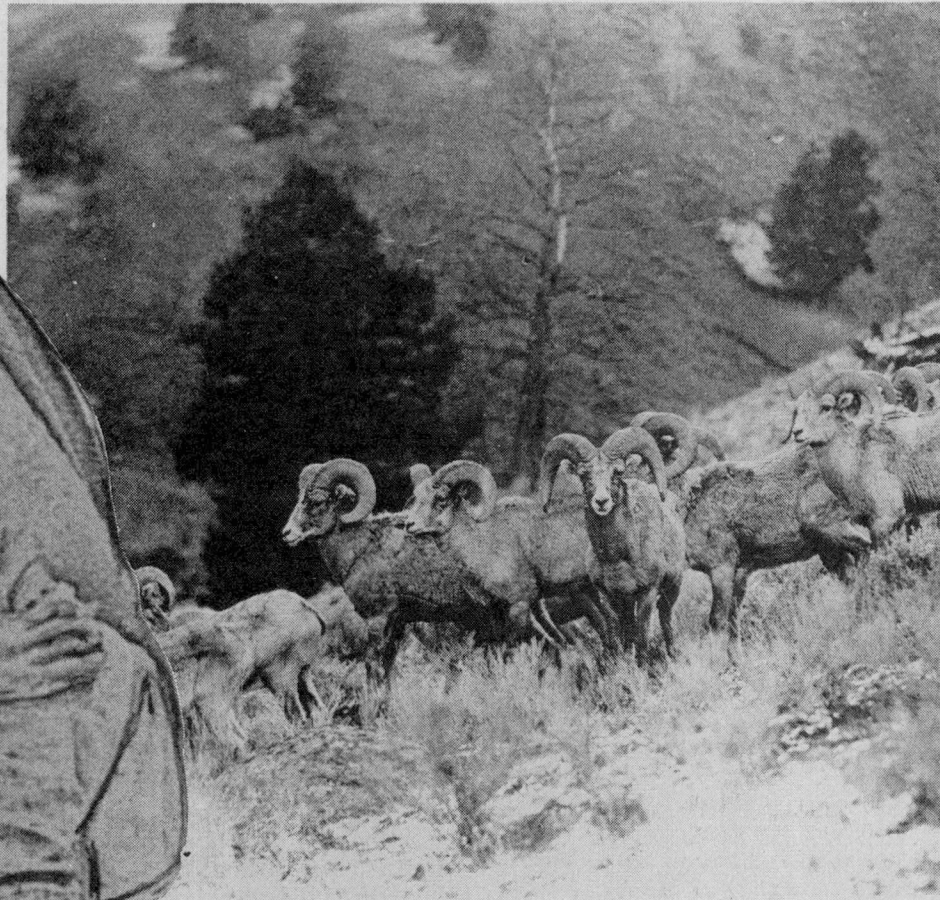
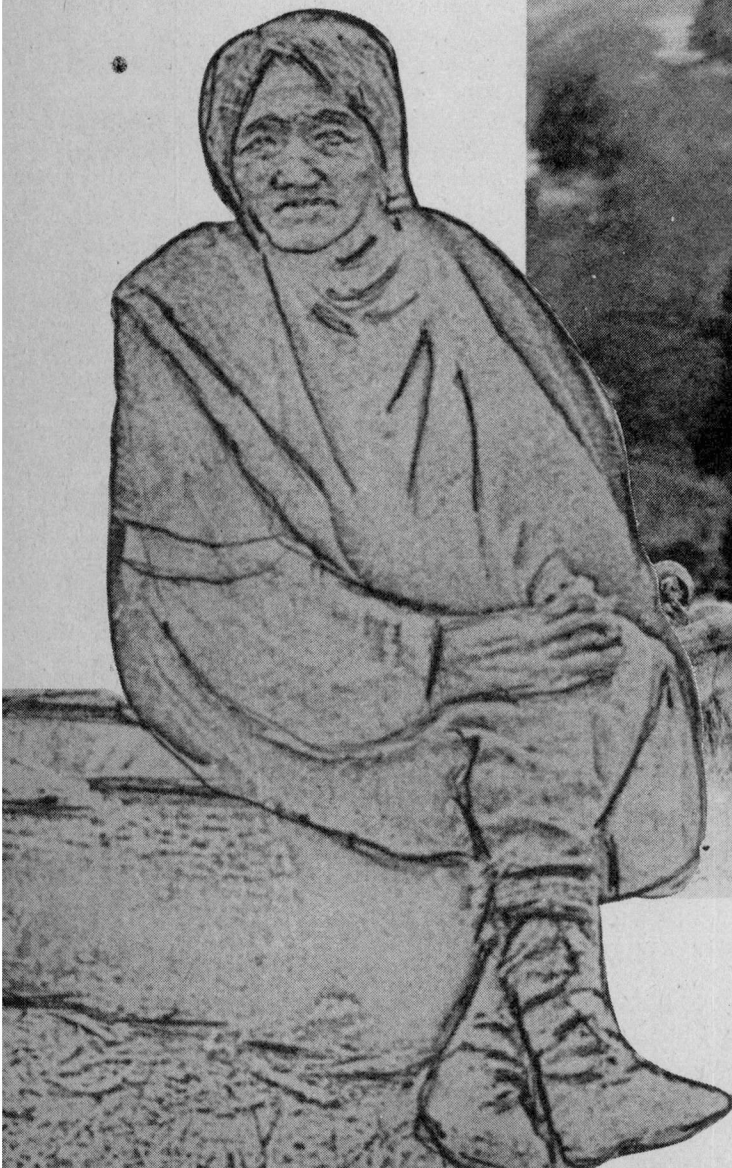
Through necessity, they developed into stalkers of the elusively swift mountain sheep although elk and deer often supplemented their winter diet.

As a result of economic exploitation and their fight for survival, succeeding generations of Sheep Eaters became smaller in stature. Although short, the men were said to be handsome and the women beautiful, resembling the short Alaskan Indians of today.

The fresh, clean mountain air at 7,000 feet (and higher) contributed much to the beauty of the inhabitants, the only people to travel the rugged heights on the narrow, steep trails trod by the ram of the high country.

Except in winter — when they moved to lower elevation — the Sheep Eaters seldom left their abodes and caves, believing that evil spirits worked at warlike activities in the valley far below.

A few braves did venture down to obtain obsidian rock for arrow-making. No one made better arrows than the



Courtesy of Wyoming Travel Commission

Left: Agretta, the last known Sheep Eater. This 115-year-old squaw was also known as "Woman Under the Ground" because of her age. Photo taken in 1897. Above: Bighorn sheep pictured here roam the country of Yellowstone National Park in northwest Wyoming.

Eaters

smallpox!

Sheep Eaters. They were known as "The Arrow Makers" by other Indians who traded for the arrows.

THE Sheep Eaters also excelled in tanning the skin of the dwarf white-tail deer. The skins were made into garments which were in demand by other tribes and later by white mountain men.

Some Sheep Eaters were artists who painted pictures on rocks which are still seen today. Others were story-tellers who told of mythical dwarf animals who would fit with their own small size, such as the tiny deer which weighed less than 50 pounds and had an antler spread of ten inches.

They also told of the pygmy chipmunk which lives in Yellowstone Park today. Birds, fish, flowers, fields and forests were all subjects of these tales, many of which were similar to those told by the Shoshone Indians.

Water, both hot and cold of Yellowstone, played a big part in the Sheep Eater's struggle for survival. Dogs were used for hunting and as beasts of burden (the Sheep Eaters had no horses).

One of the most famous of the Sheep Eaters was a medicine man named Chief Togwotee. He later became the guide of Shoshone Chief Washakie. Togwotee Pass, the great Teton National Forest, was named in his honor.

The last known Sheep Eater, 115-year-old Agretta, was found in the Big Horn Mountains in 1897. The squaw of Chief Red Eagle was taken in by the Crow Indians who called her "Woman Under the Ground" because of her age.

She said that the Big Horn sheep were used for food and clothing, but never for lodges. Tall, straight pines were used as lodge poles. They were erected with overlapping tops to form a circle. Two layers of bark were secured to the framework with pitch used as an adhesive. Although the outer layer was coarse, the inner layer of bark was worked fine and smooth.

In these lodgings the Sheep Eaters lived in peaceful life. They were not warlike unless driven to defend them-



Courtesy of American Heritage Center

This Sheep Eater family was encamped near the head of Medicine Lodge Creek in Idaho. Photo was taken in 1871.

selves. For over 1,000 years, Agretta's people had lived a perpetual Garden of Eden existence.

AGRETTA noted that a giant medicine wheel is mysteriously located 10,000 feet up in the Big Horn Mountain Range. It had deep religious significance. The Sheep Eaters worshipped the sun on Bald Mountain, where their sundial was a replica of the sun.

The dial had 28 spokes, 80 feet across, along which the worshippers chanted their songs of praise. Each spoke represented a tribe, each of which made an annual pilgrimage there. Tribes came from near and far, from the Crazy Mountains in Montana, the Wind River peaks and the Teton Range.

At the hub, or center, of the altar, was a stone house where Chief Red Eagle held sway over all the tribes. On the northeast side was the house of the god of plenty and on the southeast was the house of the goddess of beauty. Due west was the massive cave dedicated to the sun god, who directed the services.

At this altar, which is still standing, the Sheep Eaters chanted their songs to the sun. The Great Spirit was pleased and gave them sheep, meat, berries and pure water. They were happy in their mountain abode with its cascading streams teeming with game fish.

In later years, an enemy tribe appeared. They killed the elk and the



Courtesy of Idaho Historical Society

A Sheep Eater woman in Idaho.

buffalo in the valleys. With swarms of dogs and horses they ran the game far off. They stole horses and made constant war.

As they ascended the trail to the Sheep Eaters, Chief Red Eagle met them on a precipice. He ordered them down and they prepared for battle. The Sheep Eaters had stored massive boulders for protection, which they could let loose down the trail to crush an enemy.

But Chief Red Eagle sent a runner to the enemy, begging them to go back and leave them alone as the Sheep Eaters never went into the valleys or killed the buffalo. The runner was killed.

The time had come for action. With the squaws and children hidden among the rocks, the braves led by Chief Red Eagle prepared for war.

Red Eagle watched the enemy swarm until they reached a most dangerous ledge. A great lever, in place for many years, loosened a large boulder. It sped down the canyon like lightning, tearing trees from their roots. Rocks started flying down the canyon in its path. The enemy tribe screamed in horror as dogs howled and horses whinnied.

Death spread across the valley until not a living thing stirred. The battle was over.

But something even worse was coming: Smallpox.

The tale goes that a white trapper stumbled into the Sheep Eater's village. The medicine man never turned anyone away. He gave the white man many baths. But the man got red and developed spots on his face. The illness soon spread among the tribe. Many died. By 1860, there were few Sheep Eaters left.

In 1887, the United States government, represented by Colonel P. W. Morris and his troops, forced the remaining Sheep Eaters to evacuate their mountain home. Most of the Indians sought refuge at the Wind River Reservation near Lander, Wyoming.

After leaving their ancestral abode high in the mountains, the Sheep Eaters, victims of smallpox, vanished and assimilated into a life different than their own.



Courtesy of Wyoming State Archives

Drawing of a Sheep Eater hunting. These Indians were known as "stalkers" and were famous for their arrow-making.



UNDER WESTERN SKIES

IN THIS ISSUE:
Charlotte Film Fair 1983;
The Last Roundup;
Rand Brooks;
Betty Burbridge;
and more.



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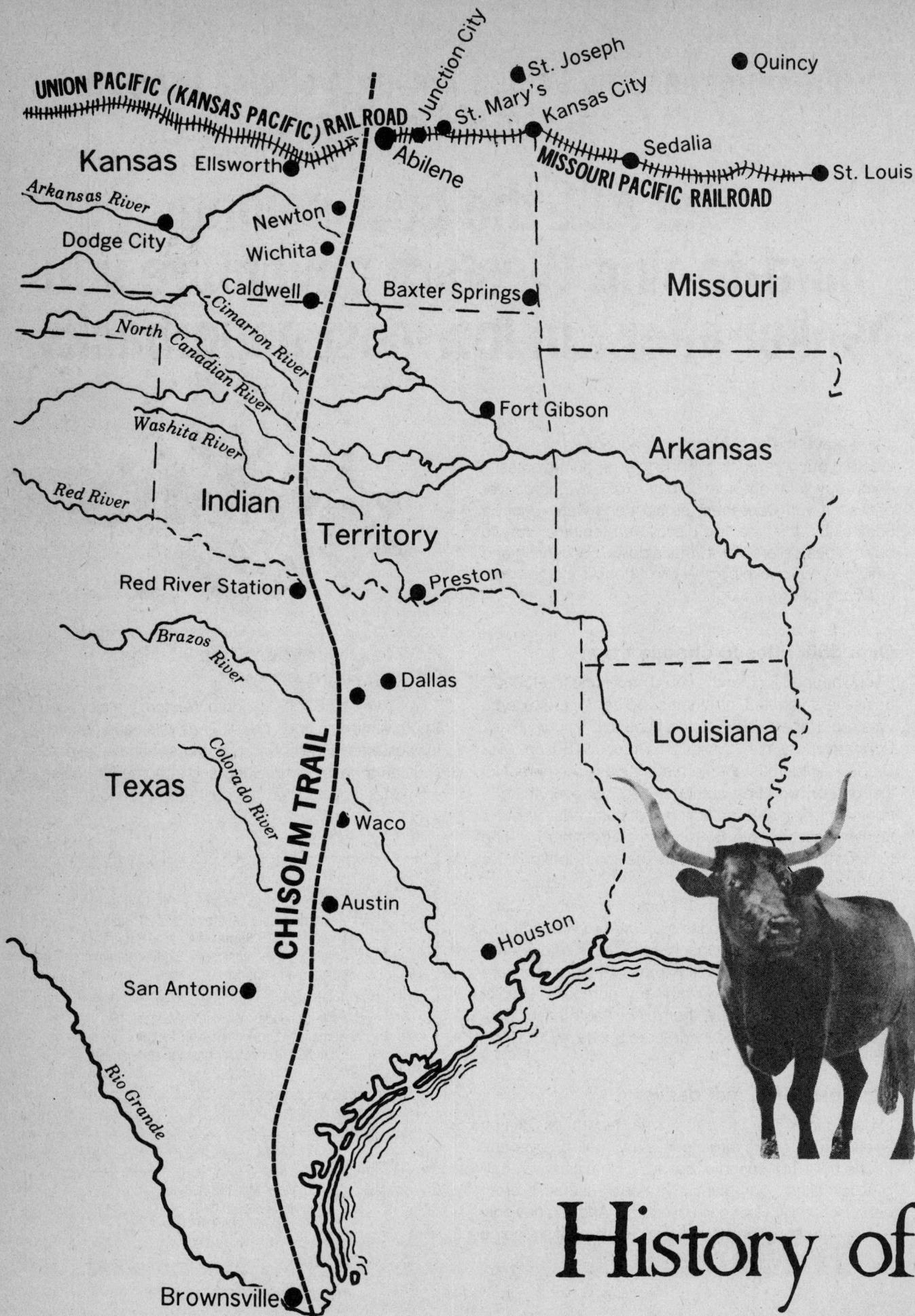
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History of

By LEE E. ECHOLS

ABOUT 10,000 years before the birth of Christ, in what we now know as the New Stone Age, our distant ancestors began domesticating cattle. They herded the great wild ox, *Bos Primogenitus*, which stood six to seven feet high at the withers, into primitive pens, gentled him and began breeding him.

They also must have seen quickly the health benefits of drinking the ambrosia pumped from the lactary glands of the female of the species, for the domesticated ox, like the dog, became the friend and benefactor of man from then on.

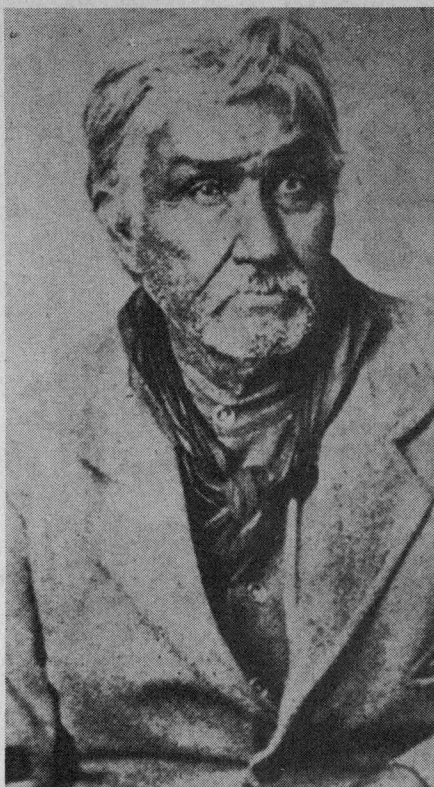
None of these cattle, either in their wild state or domesticated, ever knew the Western Hemisphere until Columbus brought them to the island of Hispaniola on his second voyage in 1493. It is recorded that Gregorio de Villalobos took some of the progeny of the cattle on Hispaniola to New Spain — Mexico — in 1521, to start a herd of beef cattle on the mainland. These cattle were placed on the estate of Hernando Cortez, which de Villalobos called "Cuernavaca," or Cowhorn.

Undoubtedly, the first cattle to reach Texas from Mexico were brought in by the vaqueros of Francisco Vasquez de Coronado. Some 20 years after the herd was started in Cuernavaca, Coronado began his search for the "Seven Golden Cities of Cibola," and he brought along herds of cattle, goats, hogs and sheep.

These animals were intended for food and although some escaped in what is now Texas, they apparently didn't propagate. The first cattle which reached Texas to begin building the great herds which became legend in song and story did not arrive until more than 100 years later.

Some cattle came in small bunches until General Alonzo de Leon and a Spanish priest, Father Damian Massanet, brought 200 head across the Rio Grande River and pastured them on the Neches River near the Louisiana border.

More crossed the border and were left there when the newly formed Spanish province of Texas was abandoned in 1693. These cattle wandered throughout



Jesse Chisholm

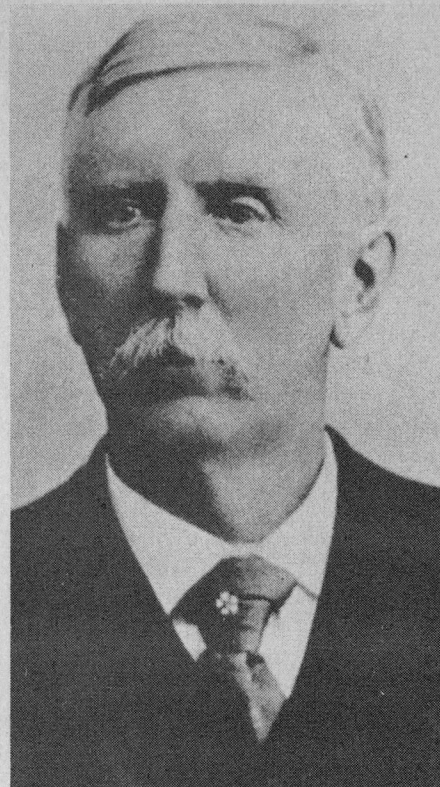
southwestern Texas. They increased to thousands and they didn't improve their rugged appearance one iota.

AT first consideration, it seems strange that the Spaniards who brought into the New World the finest blooded horses would bring bovines that looked like bones with the meat scraped off.

However, the Spaniards knew their business. These cattle, which became known as Texas longhorns, were foragers and they could thrive on little grass and no grain.

After the war with Mexico, Texas ranchers began breeding these wild Mexican cattle and running them in the buck-brush, mesquite and chaparral of southern and eastern Texas and northward to the Brazos River.

Before the Civil War, they were trailed to markets wherever ranchers could find them. They walked them into Louisiana as early as 1842. That year, a herd of 1,500 longhorns was trailed to Missouri. In 1846, Edward Piper took a thousand head overland from Texas to Ohio, where he fed them corn and sold them.



Joseph G. McCoy

Herds were even walked to California, although these operations were speculative in the extreme. Longhorns bought in Texas for five dollars each might bring up to \$150 in California.

But Yaqui and Apache raiders would swoop down on the almost defenseless herders and, killing many of the cowboys, would drive off the cattle.

After the California gold strike, cattle were driven through Dallas on what was known as the "Shawnee Trail" and into Missouri, where at St. Joseph they were sold to California emigrants.

The trail the cattlemen took was usually one which had been used by the Indians for hundreds of years. They had used it in their buffalo hunts and later in their forages against whites in central Texas.

THE great drives continued through the 1850s and some went as far northeast as Quincy and Chicago. However, the cattlemen began to get much opposition as they went through Kansas and Missouri. The longhorns carried ticks which dropped off and spread dreaded

Cattle in North America

"Texas fever."

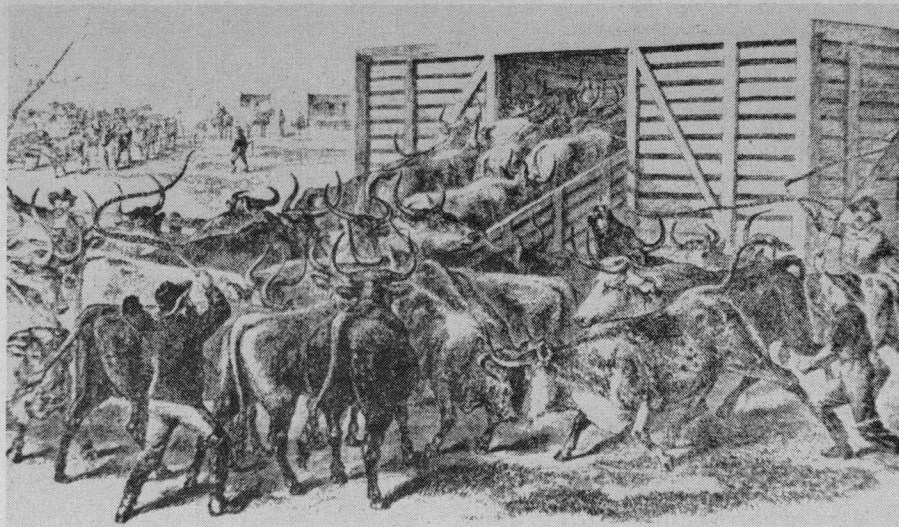
Angry farmers formed vigilance committees and stopped the herds from entering their area. Several skirmishes ensued which usually resulted in the Texans losing a percentage of their cattle.

During the first year of the Civil War, many Texas cattlemen continued drives to New Orleans. But in the spring of 1862, Admiral David Farragut attacked the city from the sea and it fell to the Union Army. However, some of the cattlemen continued to drive their herds to New Orleans to exchange them for Yankee greenbacks. They were bringing up to \$60 a head there in 1864.

Nevertheless, most of the cattle raised in Texas during the Civil War were to feed the Army of the Rebellion and many went to Shreveport, Louisiana, where the price was also excellent. When the war ended, many Texans had their pockets stuffed with Rebel money, which "wasn't worth a nickel and was too slick for outhouse paper."

THEY began trying again for the eastern markets and their troubles began anew with the farmers in Kansas and Missouri. Along with these problems, the shipping points were so distant they made the drives highly hazardous.

At this point two men appeared on the scene who completely changed the cattle marketing picture in the West. It is quite probable these two never met, but one was a young live-



Courtesy New York Public Library

Drawing from Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper shows loading cattle at Abilene, Kansas.

stock feeder and shipper named Joseph Geiting McCoy, from Springfield, Illinois, and the other an elderly, half-breed Cherokee trader and guide, Jesse Chisholm.

Joe McCoy moved up fast in the Midwest cattle feeding business and by the time he was 29, he saw that a shipping point for longhorns in Kansas would be the catalyst for an even greater fortune. Early in 1867, he and his brothers shipped 18,000 cattle, thousands of fat sheep and hogs to eastern markets. Their banking business in Springfield that year amounted to \$2,500,000.

McCoy considered several possibilities, one of which was on the Arkansas

River near Fort Smith, where river transportation could be utilized. But on a trip to Kansas City in late spring of 1867, he was convinced by a firm which dealt in cattle to build his stockyards in central Kansas.

The Union Pacific Railroad had reached Abilene that year and McCoy boarded a train and went there. At Abilene he met a Colonel John H. Meyers, a prominent Texas cattleman, who encouraged young McCoy to make the shipping point in Abilene.

The 1867 drive was almost over by then, but McCoy found an excellent spot to construct his stockyards near Abilene and got furiously busy.

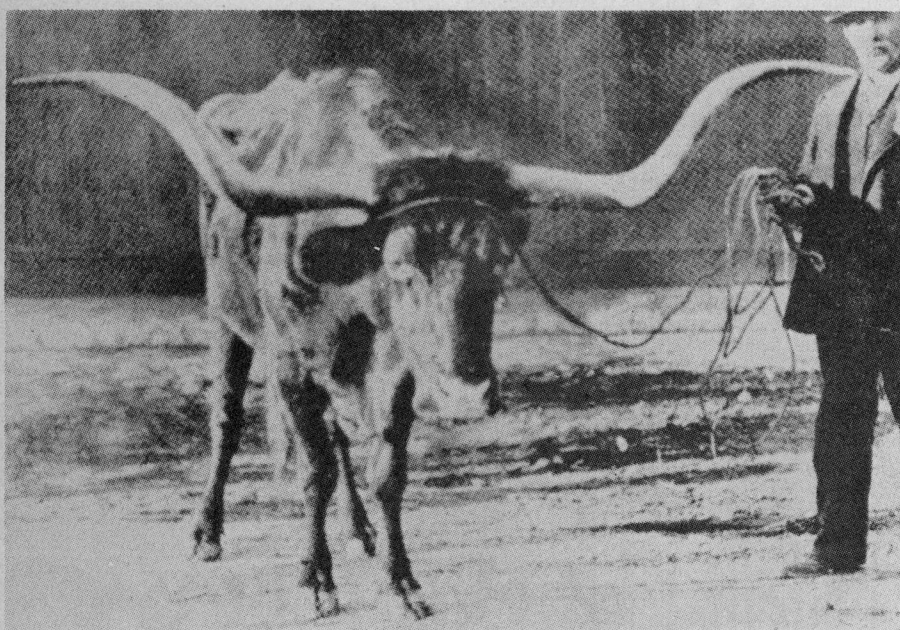
This little village in 1867 lay on the east side of Mud Creek. It consisted of about 15 log cabins, two or three small stores, a six-room hotel and a saloon.

Before the first cool weather in September, McCoy's stockyard was in operation. He then built a three story hotel and a livery stable behind it. He constructed a bank as he felt a lot of money would soon be changing hands in Abilene.

JESSE Chisholm was born in Tennessee, probably in 1805. His mother was a full-blooded Cherokee and his father descended from Scottish people who had emigrated in the 18th Century.

As a young man, Chisholm traveled the "Trail of Tears" with the Cherokees and settled in northwestern Arkansas.

Chisholm married a half-breed Creek girl and started a trading post on the north fork of the Canadian River. He knew the country well and he spoke most Indian languages. He was well-



Courtesy Oklahoma State Historical Society

The horns on this longhorn steer measured nine feet, seven inches.

trusted by both the Indians and the whites.

He also had a trading post on the Little Arkansas River. From his base there in late 1865, he gathered some 3,000 head of cattle and moved them to the Sac and Fox Agency over what would later be a part of the famous "Chisholm Trail."

It wasn't long until other traders and cattle drovers were using this trail, and although Chisholm himself only used the part of the trail which crossed Indian Territory and Kansas, it became known as "the Chisholm Trail" all the way from Brownsville, Texas, to Abilene.

ABILENE, of course, grew with the cattle influx. The soiled doves arrived to take care of the lonesome cowboys and relieve them of their hard-earned money. The Johns came with them, to take it from the soiled doves. Gamblers moved in to get it away from the lonesome cowboys before the dancehall girls did.

All the womanizing, crooked gambling and gun-shooting cowboys brought on the killers. Some of them came as minions of the law and most were not averse to owning an interest in a crooked faro bank or a few money-making loose ladies of Abilene.

Joe McCoy was elected as the second mayor of Abilene and he immediately saw that he must put up a brave man in charge of law and order, or the gunmen would take over the town.

There had been a tough, hard-fisted man appointed as city marshal by McCoy named Tom Smith. He had actually tamed the town with his two fists. However, he had been waylaid and murdered on Nov. 2, 1870, by a couple of itinerant birds-of-passage named Joe Hammer and Mac McConnell. Mayor Joe began thinking about hiring "Wild Bill" Hickok for the job.

The former mayor, T. C. Henry, wanted no part of Hickok. He told McCoy that Hickok was a complete fraud, a known killer and a foppish poseur. McCoy prevailed, however, and James Butler Hickok was hired as marshal of Abilene at a monthly salary of \$150 and half of the drunk fines.

IN 1871, Abilene reached her high-water mark. There were more cattle trailed into the frontier town and shipped east than at any time before or after. Ellsworth and Junction City were each vying for the business, but Abilene was getting most of it and soon it

became apparent that there was plenty of business for all.

Estimates of the year's drive ran as high as 700,000 head. The immense herds around Abilene waited their turns at the Great Western Loading Pens and it was recorded that the UP shipped 2,500 carloads east. Three or four times that number were sent on foot to other states.

But despite the great wealth brought to Abilene by the cattle drovers, the townspeople were beginning to tire of the great hullabaloo that came with them. The farmers objected to having their fences broken down and their crops stepped on and eaten by the hungry herds awaiting shipment.

In February 1872, shortly after the firing of Wild Bill Hickok, the city council wrote a notice which they sent to the newspapers in Texas, stating that they wanted all who contemplated driving Texas cattle to Abilene to seek other points for shipment as they would no longer submit to the evils of the trade.

The Texas cattlemen took them up on this. Most of them drove to Ellsworth, some 60 miles west of Abilene, others to Wichita. The Abilene cattle trade became almost nonexistent.

Joseph McCoy, almost broke from an unsuccessful suit against the railroad, left Abilene in April 1872 and began selling iron fences in Wichita. However, with the Wichita and Southwestern Railroad building a line into Wichita, leading businessmen hired him to go through Missouri, Iowa and farther east to convince the buyers that Wichita was the next big market.

They also sent a man to Texas to tell the cattle drovers of the advantages of walking their herds into Wichita, and that thriving little town began getting its share of the business.

But by 1873, the Santa Fe Railroad was getting new cattle markets. They were Great Bend and Hutchinson in Kansas and many other herds were trailed to ranges in Nebraska, Wyoming and Idaho. And then in September, a great financial panic struck the East. All hell broke loose on Sept. 18 when one of the largest banking concerns in the nation closed its doors.

Thousands of cattle which had been trailed to Kansas markets were slaughtered for their hides. Others, which were pastured there awaiting a rise in prices, froze to death that winter when one of the fiercest blizzards within memory hit Kansas.

In 1875, the Chisholm Trail was alive again with bawling herds of cattle on their way to Kansas and along with Wichita, Caldwell and Hutchinson, a new market began to appear in the little town of Dodge City. A new trail was begun in 1876, which became known as "The Western Trail" and it ran on an average of about 100 miles west of the Chisholm Trail and on into Kansas to Dodge City on the banks of the Arkansas River.

Time seems to have weaved all the participants of the unbelievable drama into a mosaic of western lore. The farsighted young financier, Joe McCoy; the old half-breed trader, Jesse Chisholm; the liberal, big-hearted cattlemen who staked their fortunes and their lives on the huge herds they walked up the trail to Abilene; the vicious, unprincipled gamblers who preyed on the drovers when they reached their goal; the gunslingers, the soiled doves, the callous pimps, the lawmen and the lonesome cowboys, loose on the town after the long, dangerous drive.

These are the things of story and song, and they will live as long as there is an America.



The Rebel Wore a Wig

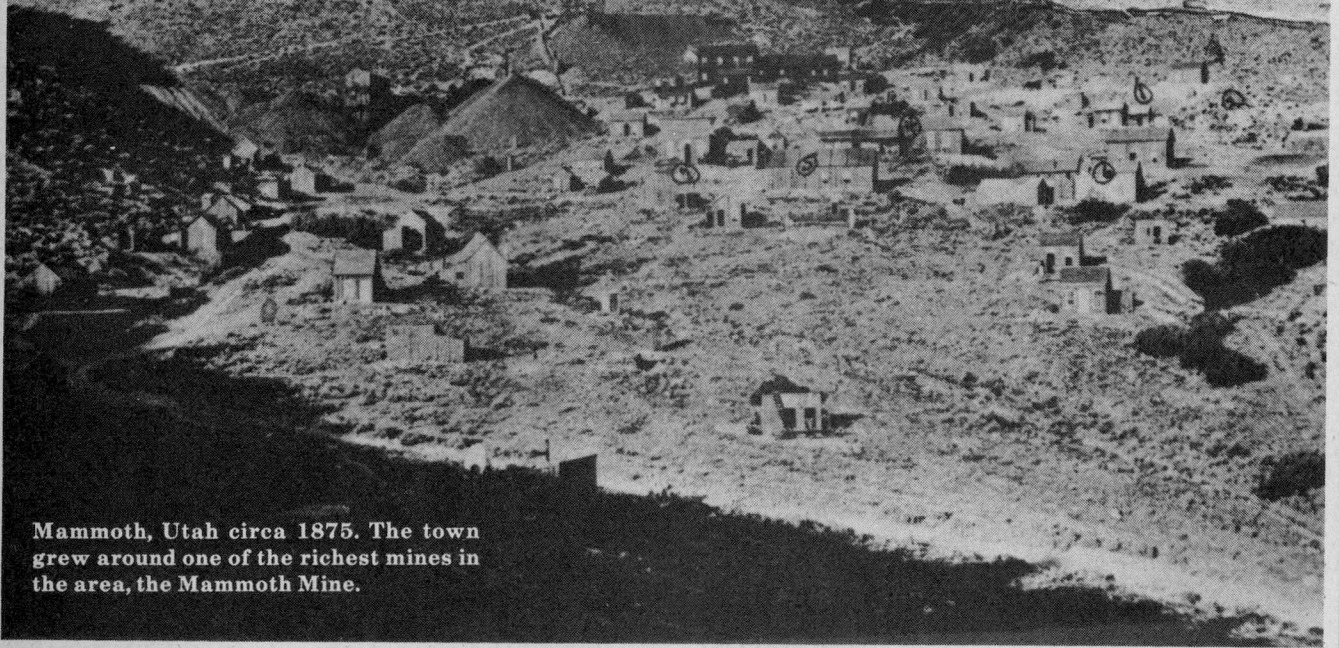
When the Confederates were beginning to retreat at the Battle of Shiloh, several Reb officers rode by Yankee Colonel A.K. Johnson. Johnson pursued and shot at one of the Rebs. The man fell forward onto the neck of his hoss, but Johnson thought he might be playing possum. So he rode up to the Reb and grabbed him by the hair to drag him out of the saddle. His grab netted him what he thought was the Reb's scalp — it was a wig! The Confederate officer rode on a ways from the flabbergasted Yank and fell from his hoss dead.

When Esther Morris was appointed in 1870 as Justice of the Peace in Sweetwater County, Wyoming Territory, (and became the world's first female justice of the peace), her predecessor was so incensed at the thought of a female taking office he refused to turn over the books. Her first action in office was to have him arrested. (She later dismissed the case.)

— Sweetwater County,
Wyoming, records

Utah's 'Tootsie'

He Dressed as a Woman To Escape His Past



Mammoth, Utah circa 1875. The town grew around one of the richest mines in the area, the Mammoth Mine.

BENJAMIN T. LeDuc knew how to dress for the occasion. He met a wagon train bound for Utah dressed as an Indian. Later, with stolen riches, he dressed as a woman. He may have been Utah's first drag show.

LeDuc told so many stories of his past it is not always possible to tell fact from fiction and little is known of him. But it is known that LeDuc and his friend, Jack Gillin, rode into Utah in the mid-1870s with a wagon train.

When LeDuc approached the wagon train dressed as an Indian, he explained that as a French-Canadian with darker skin than Anglos he could pass safely through Indian country dressed that way. He spoke several languages which also helped him through Indian country.

When the wagon train reached Salt Lake City, Gillin decided to desert his Mormon wife to continue looking for fame and fortune with Ben LeDuc. Gillin told his wife she could have her freedom; he already had another wife in the East.

By **WAYNE S. CHRISTIANSEN**

Photos Courtesy of Utah State Historical Society except where noted.

The wagon train went on to California but LeDuc and Gillin stayed in Utah after they discovered they had a common interest: They both wanted to be wealthy and didn't want to work for it. They decided to open a saloon in Pelican Point but when they got there their offer to buy land was turned down so they moved on.

They headed south to the Tintic mining area with their pack horses weighed down by barrels of whiskey. When they arrived they started building a rough pine and sod structure. They hung a makeshift sign on the door reading "saloon." This was their first bar. They did fairly well so they opened a second saloon and each ran his own business.

The Tintic mining district in western Utah, dollar for dollar, was as great as almost any other strike in the United

States, including the Comstock Lode in Virginia City, Nevada.

Several dozen mines produced gold, silver, copper and other minerals. The town of Mammoth grew around one of the richest mines of the area, the Mammoth Mine.

It all began in 1869 when George Rust, a cowboy riding herd in the area, found a few rocks that didn't look like any other he had seen. He took the rocks to Salt Lake City and they proved rich in ore.

Five men who learned of the ore samples left in mid-winter to check the area discovered by the cowboy. In the group were William J. Harris, Joseph Hyde, S. J. Worsley, S. B. Moore and E. M. Beck.

They fought a severe blizzard as they entered the area so they made camp at the base of a mountain. Next morning the sun came out but the men faced high snowdrifts. Discouraged, they decided to go back to Salt Lake.

They stopped to fix lunch at Ruby Hollow. During lunch two of the men decided to look around. They hiked to a

rocky outcropping on the mountainside. They found some high grade copper ore on the surface. They broke off pieces of rock from a ledge and discovered silver and copper. The two returned to camp to report to their colleagues.

The sun broke out again and the men decided to call their claim Sunbeam. It was the first claim in the Tintic district.

When the news reached Salt Lake, the rush was on. People came on foot, on horseback, on pack mules, in wagons or any way they could. Most were Nevadans or Californians and not Utah Mormons. Years before, Brigham Young declared he didn't want his Mormon followers to get involved in the sins that went with mining.

Again in 1870, more strikes were made. Several prospectors found a large outcropping of high-grade ore. One of them remarked that it looked like it was going to be a mammoth mine. Mammoth became the name of the claim.

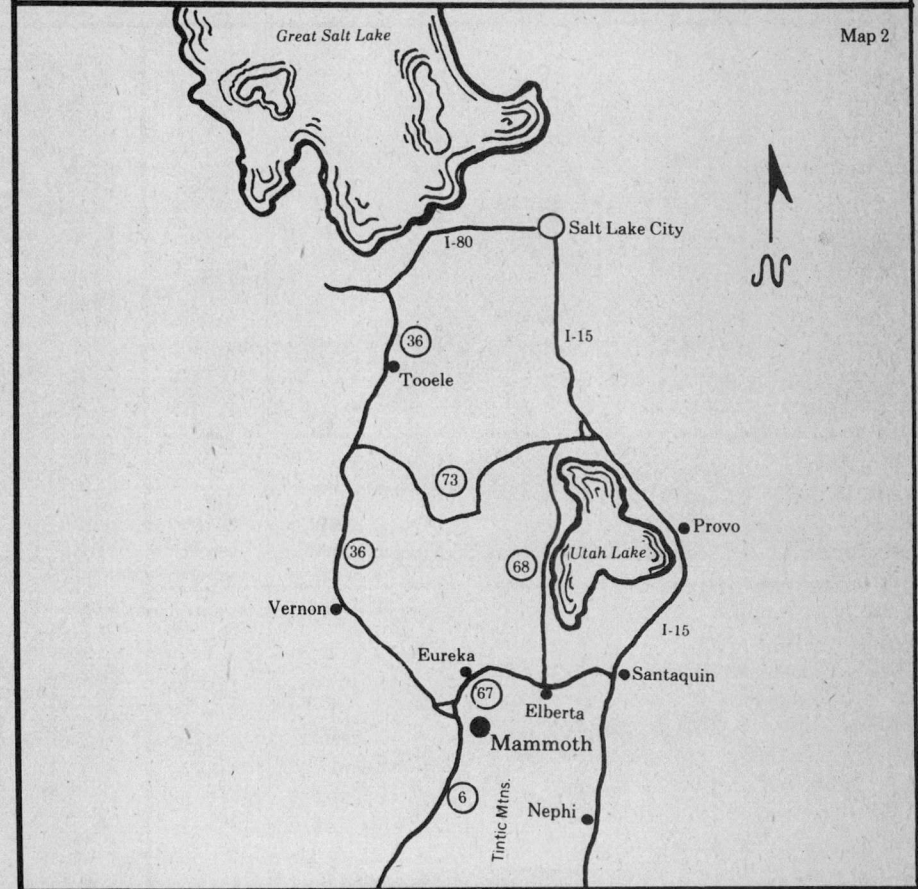
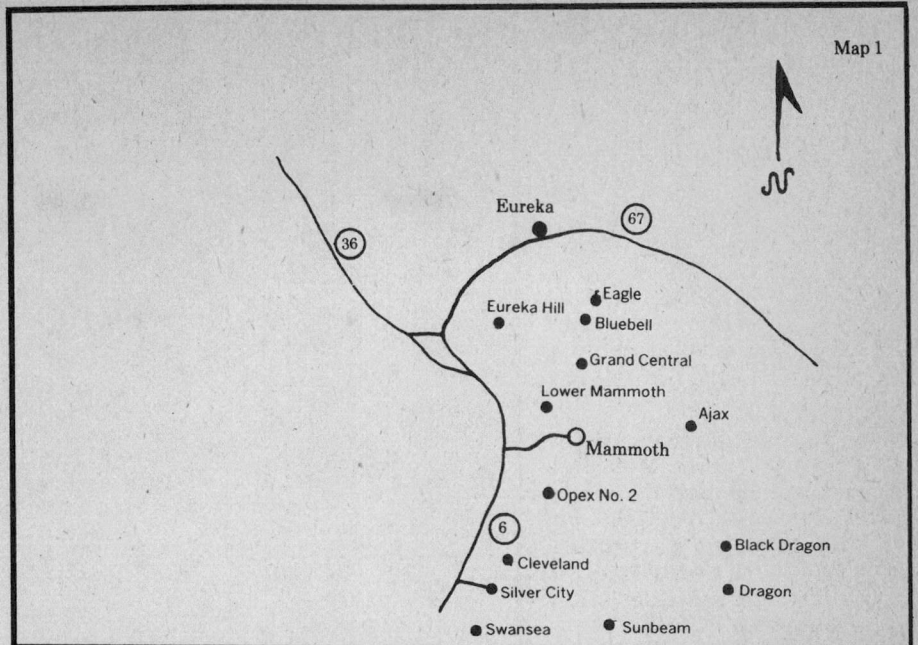
In 1873, an owner of the Mammoth mine, Charles Crismon, became disenchanted with mining and wanted to do something else. His chance was coming into the valley. In the distance a cloud of dust could be seen drawing closer. It was a large herd of Texas longhorns owned by Texas cattlemen Sam and William McIntyre. The McIntyres started their cattle business by selling land in Texas inherited from their father. They were equal partners in the land with their brother, Robert. Robert was killed by Indians while the three were working in Utah in 1870.

The McIntyres bought 7,000 head of cattle and started for Utah where they hoped to sell them. They were eight months on the trail. When the McIntyres got to the Tintic Valley they wintered the herd and in the spring they sold for \$24 a head. They had paid \$3.75 a head in Texas. With the profits from this sale, the two went to Omaha and bought another herd. They also brought this herd into the valley.

Crismon decided to trade his share of the Mammoth mine for the cattle. It was the best deal the McIntyres ever made. After spending a little money on the mine, they hit rich ore and it made them millionaires.

It was not so good for Crismon. The next winter's deep snows and low temperatures cost Crismon 80 percent of his herd.

Under the direction of the enterprising McIntyres the Mammoth prospered. Other mines sprang up such as the Ajax, Black Jack, Victor, Grand Central and



Lower Mommoth.

Smelters and mills were built but water was scarce. Water for the smelter and mills was piped over the mountains but drinking water was sold for ten cents a gallon or a dollar a barrel.

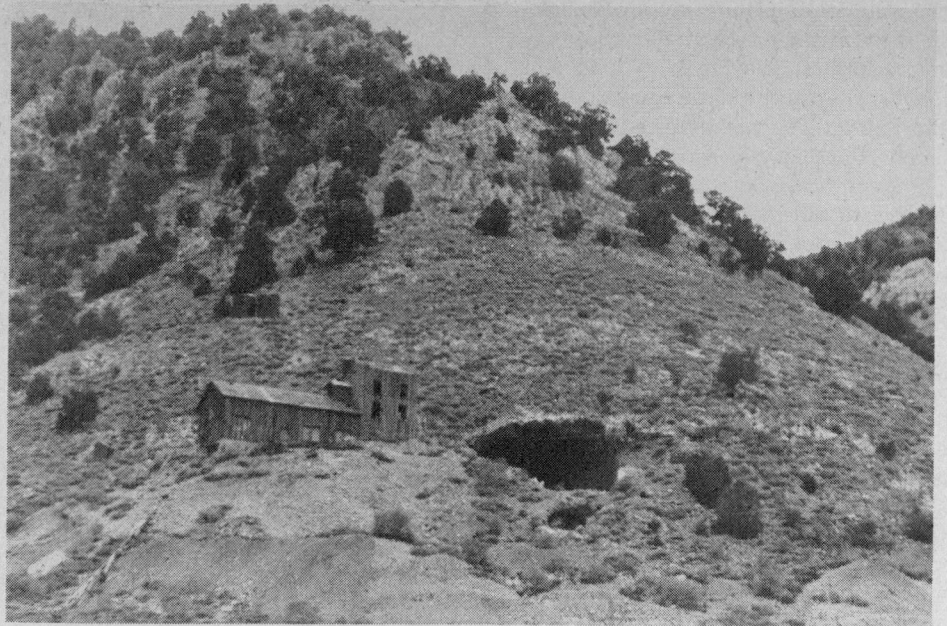
MAMMOTH'S population peaked at 2,500 with four large hotels: The Mammoth, owned by the McIntyre brothers; the Matthews; the South House and the

Kirkendahl. The Kirkendahl Hotel later became the Tintic Valley Hospital.

It was during the mid-1870 boom years that LeDuc and Gillin operated a saloon. Gillin soon took over an abandoned claim called the Wyoming. He heard there were some eastern mining people looking to buy a mine in the area.

Gillin bought a wagonload of rich ore and hauled it to the 30-foot deep claim. He dumped the ore in and set charges to

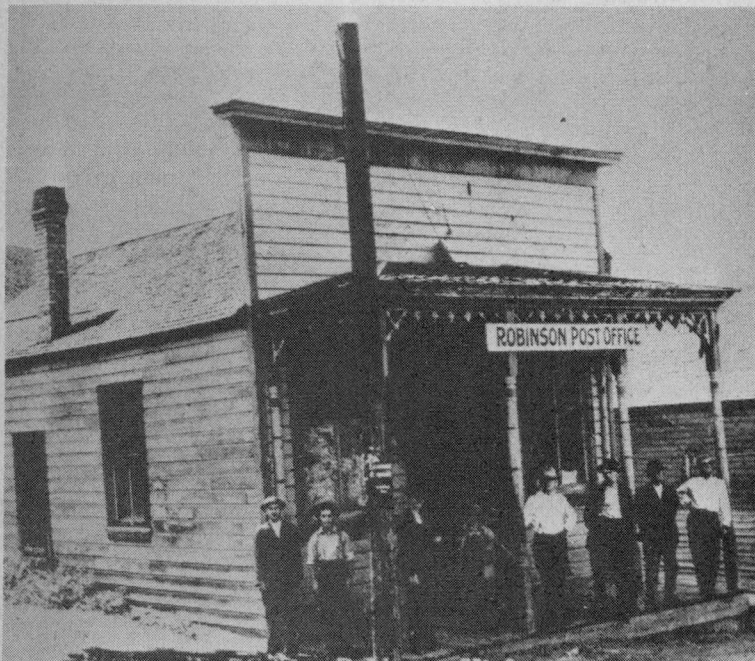
Clockwise from upper right: The tunnel entrance to the Mammoth Mine; a recent photo of a doorway into the ruins of an old Mammoth home; the Robinson post office, circa 1895; the Tintic hospital in Mammoth with Dr. Steele Bailey on the front porch.



Courtesy of Author



Courtesy of Author



blast the ore into the sides of the hole. He then invited the eastern mining men to look over his claim.

They liked what they saw and paid him \$20,000. Within a couple of days Gillin left Tintic never to be seen again. The new owners took the shaft down another 400 feet where they hit bonanza gold and high grade silver. The mine became one of the richer producers in the Tintic area and the last laugh was on Gillin.

LeDuc was doing quite well also. His new saloon in Mammoth featured a hand-carved bar and large brass spittoons. His large storage room was stocked with the finest liquors and French wines.

LeDuc told miners he was interested in studying high grade rock samples which he would trade for drinks. The miners at the Mammoth were eager to comply and samples poured in. It was easy for the miners to slip out of the mine with a few small pieces of ore and it was better to trade them for drinks than spend their hard-earned money.

LeDuc got so much ore he rented a room in a boarding house in nearby Eureka to store the specimens. After a few months, LeDuc put his saloon up for sale and explained he was getting restless and wanted to move on.

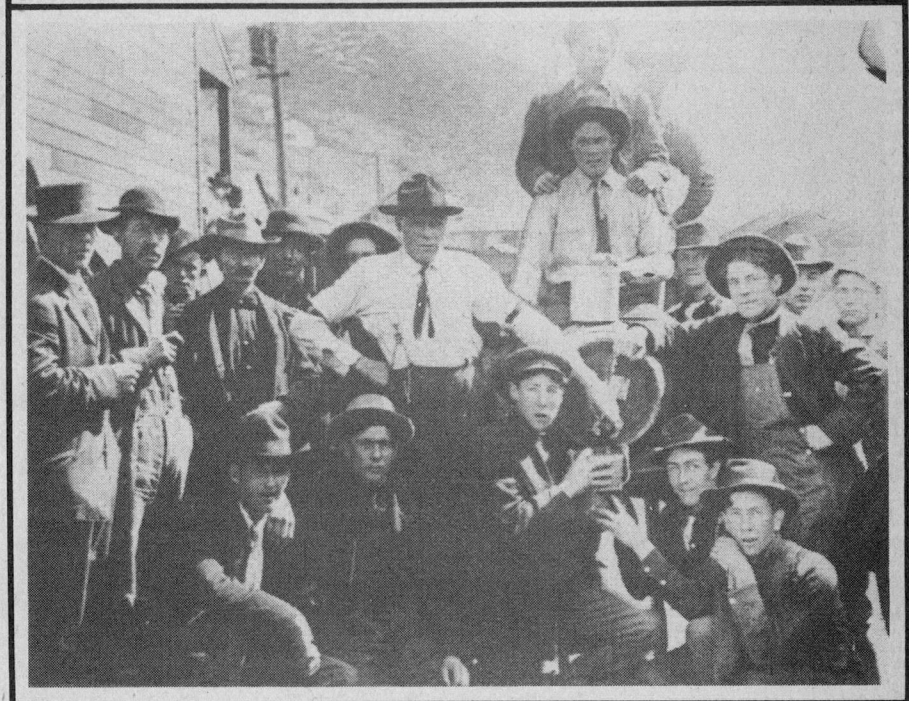
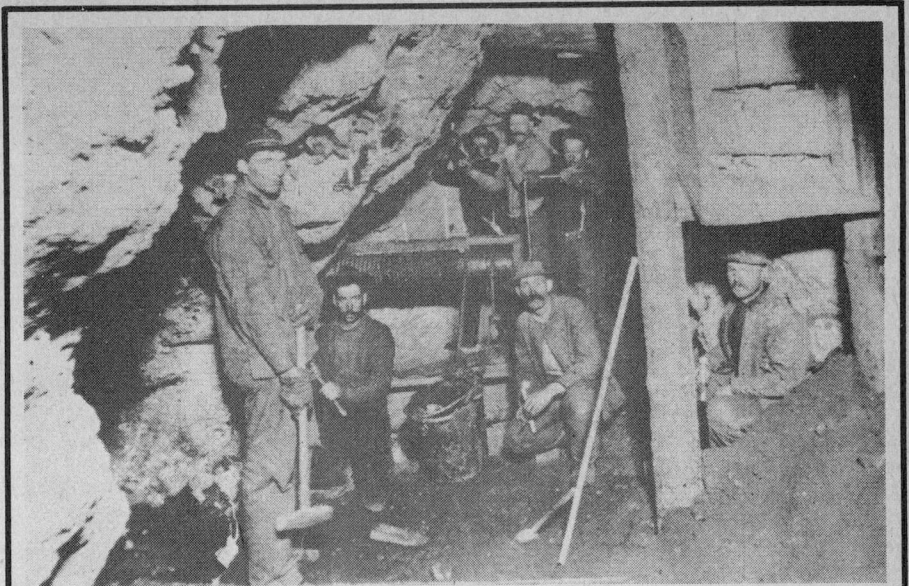
Word reached the McIntyres that their miners were giving away the mine. They figured they lost between \$25,000 and \$50,000. They called on federal authorities who launched a statewide search but LeDuc was never found.

It was a long mystery what happened to LeDuc. The mystery was solved many years later when a Salt Lake City women's dress and hat store owner, on his deathbed, confessed that LeDuc had come to Salt Lake City.

The owner said LeDuc rented a hotel room in a local establishment and never went out in the day, only at night. He lived it up in the local clubs and theaters. The reason he went undiscovered was because of his disguise. The store owner, for a large sum, provided LeDuc with a long flowing wig and plenty of women's outfits. LeDuc died a year before the store owner so LeDuc was never caught.

Although LeDuc took the McIntyres for a bundle, they continued to operate the Mammoth and in 1890 two mills were built at the lower end of the town. George H. Robinson was hired to supervise them. He laid out a new townsite around the mills which became known as Robinson. Both Robinson and Mammoth had post offices.

April 1984



Top: Miners working in one of the mines in the Tintic district. **Bottom:** These miners are celebrating July 4th, year unknown.

Most of the residents lived in Mammoth but a majority of the businesses were in Robinson. Mammoth became known as Uppertown and Robinson as Lowertown. This confused everyone so after a few years, the post office was moved to a central location and the whole place was called Middletown. But this name never caught on and eventually the place reverted to Mammoth.

In 1901, the Mammoth and Grand Central mine owners discovered they were both mining the same vein. An historic court battle followed which reached the United States Supreme Court. The decision in the case became known as the "Law of the Apex." This meant that each mine had to establish a

center point with a neighboring mine which became their common property line.

But like most mining towns of that era, the ores began to play out and the population declined. Some mines hit water and began filling up. The cost of pumping became prohibitive. By 1930, the population was down to 700. It has continued to decline since.

Today there are a handful of people in Mammoth. Most of the buildings are gone. But as in most old mining camps there remains the hope that with gold and silver prices soaring, the town may stage a comeback.





Courtesy the author

Massacre of Mormons at Haun's Mill, October 1838.

MORMON WAR in MISSOURI

It was perhaps Missouri's greatest scandal.

THE peace of an early fall evening around Haun's Mill, Missouri, exploded as some 200 mounted soldiers, some in Indian garb and others dressed only as ragtag farmers of the militia, burst through a sparse treeline and opened fire on a few tents in a Mormon settlement.

Women and children ran screaming to the shelter of denser woods, and the few men dashed to the grain mill, one of the only log buildings and the rallying point for their defense.

In the midst of battle, Thomas McBride stood up to face the attackers. The gray-haired veteran at 78, shaking

By STEVEN A. JAMESON

more from rage and age than from fear, held his rifle out to a mounted Missourian and said, "Please, sir, spare this Revolutionary War soldier!"

The unknown militiaman grabbed McBride's rifle and killed him with one shot from it. Another militiaman, this one from Gallatin, Missouri, was apparently aflame with patriotic fervor. Anxious to carry out his orders to "exterminate" the Mormons, he jumped

from his horse and used a corncutter knife to hack McBride's body into pieces.

McBride, a 10-year-old boy and 15 other Mormon men were killed that evening, Oct. 29, 1838, by members of a 5,000-man militia activated by Missouri's Governor Lilburn Boggs, an avowed anti-Mormonist. As he said in a written order to his division commanders, "exterminate or drive from the state" the Mormons.

PERHAPS Missouri's greatest scandal is this that whispers from the days when Mormon Prophet Joseph P. Smith

and his followers struggled across the western frontier searching for their Canaan and the freedom to practice their unorthodox and controversial religious beliefs.

The truth, however, has been tainted by 140 years and personal religious preferences. Even a simple re-telling of the "facts" is hampered because the press of the period was either pro- or anti-Mormon and both sides reported with the zeal and passion of True Believers.

This much is clear: The Mormons claimed ownership, by word of God, the land deeded by government to white settlers. Those Gentiles, who were anything but gentle in protecting their deeds, responded with violence.

After much suffering, the Mormons reciprocated. The Prophet Smith received a revelation from God that a Holy War had begun and the Army of Zion was to fight it. Before this Mormon War or Mormon persecution (the name depends on which newspapers of the 1830s and 1840s you read) ended, the Missouri militia would be rocked with armed mutiny, insubordination of general officers and allegations of murder and rape.

THE Prophet Joseph Smith explored Missouri in early 1831. When he first trod the land in Jackson County, around the town of Independence, Missouri, he believed he found New Canaan.

The Mormons had settled in various areas before, but always were driven away. This time the land was wild, uncultivated, virgin. Smith believed his people could conquer the land and establish a new Kingdom of God on earth.

When Smith led the first settlers to Jackson County in late 1831, they were faced with the same old problem. Missouri's established pioneers considered Mormon beliefs sacrilegious. The abolitionist ideas of the zealous Saints compounded the problem.

The Morning and Evening Star, local paper of the Mormons around Independence, called for Indians and slaves to unite in rebellion against slaveowners for war would free the land and allow God's Kingdom to be built.

If that ploy didn't work, Smith prophesied, God would send an invincible Archangel to lead the Mormon Army of Zion to drive the Gentiles from the Promised Land.

Threats were met with violence. Mormon children were teased and taunted, women harassed and accosted and men whipped. On Oct. 31, 1833, the harass-



Courtesy State Historical Society of Missouri

Above, pile of stones marks site of Mormon shrine overlooking Grand River Valley near Gallatin, Missouri. Below, log cabin erected in Missouri by Mormons in 1837. This area of Missouri was to be their new Kingdom of God on earth.

Courtesy State Historical Society of Missouri





Drawing shows start of Mormon troubles in Missouri.

Courtesy State Historical Society of Missouri

ment culminated in a riot near Independence in which two Gentiles and one Mormon were killed. The militia, led by then Lieutenant Governor Lilburn Boggs, was called out to "protect the peace."

Meanwhile, the Prophet, proclaiming a revelation from God, announced that war had begun and that the Army of Zion must march the next morning against Independence. When the Mormons arrived, however, they were met by a much larger militia. The battle ended before a shot was fired, but the "Mormon War" was underway.

ARMED citizens drove the Mormons from their homes, some forced to leave the county immediately and others given until April 1, 1834, to leave. Soon even those few were driven out.

In Clay County, across the Missouri River from Independence, the evicted Mormons were given shelter, jobs and temporary safety. Tensions mounted in other counties, however, as both the displaced and the many newly arrived Mormons continued to migrate into the counties.

In 1836, the Missouri legislature offered some relief. From old Ray County, it created Caldwell and Daviess counties with Caldwell set aside for the Mormons.

MORMONS quickly purchased land from the few Gentiles in the new county and filed for all undeeded lands. Though the land had been declared fit "only for Indians and Mormons" by former residents, the Mormons soon had the land cleared and began harvesting crops. They established a county seat, Far West, and maintained a militia. George Hinkle, a general in the Army of Zion, was commissioned a colonel in the Missouri State Militia. His subordinate officers carried the swords of militia officers and his troops were enlisted members of the state militia.

Not all Mormons lived inside the new county's borders and all who did were not Mormon. Not everyone was happy with the arrangement. Soon new troubles arose.

WHO fired the next shot in the Mormon War is not known. The Mormons maintained that the Gentiles burned first, pillaged first and shot first and the Mormons simply reacted.

The Gentile press, then and in later years, castigated the Mormons. Both sides share blame for the violence that spread throughout the area.

In 1838, bands of Mormons periodically swept through other counties, burning homes of non-believers and stealing cattle and other belongings.

Bands of Gentiles did the same and resumed whipping Mormon men.

In August 1838, some hard-drinking Gentiles refused to let any Mormons vote at the Gallatin, Missouri, election. A riot followed; men on both sides were hurt and marauding mobs from both sides pillaged until people spoke of "guerrilla warfare."

Finally, both Mormon and Gentile groups appealed to Governor Boggs for Missouri's militia to restore order. Boggs sent General David R. Atchison to meet with Smith and his subordinates at Far West in September 1838.

At the same time, Boggs ordered General S. D. Lucas and three other militia generals to bring 400 men each to meet Atchison in Daviess County.

Atchison met Prophet Smith. In his evaluation, the situation seemed to be calming down. No troops would be needed. Atchison prepared to send his troops home. Meanwhile, Lucas observed a large number of Mormons gathering at DeWitt and, not realizing that Atchison decided the Gentile mobs were calmed enough to withdraw, surrounded DeWitt and besieged the Mormons.

The Mormons' 100-man Army surrendered, agreeing to sell their Daviess County property at original cost and to withdraw immediately from the county.



Courtesy State Historical Society of Missouri

PRINCIPALS IN THE MORMON WAR — From left, Anti-Mormon Governor Lilburn W. Boggs of Missouri; General David Rice Atchison who sided with the Mormons and Prophet Joseph Smith.

Lucas released them and they left for Far West.

ATCHISON continued to roam Daviess and Caldwell counties, and found that both were victimized by Gentile mobs. His own soldiers, sympathizing with the Gentiles, either refused to stand against their anti-Mormon brothers or joined them. Atchison, faced with mutiny, notified the Mormon commander, Lieutenant Colonel Lyman Wight, he should immediately activate his Mormon forces to "quell the mobocracy threatening Mormons and Gentiles alike."

Wight raised his force, but instead of joining Atchison, marched on Millport,

largest town in Daviess County. Mormon historians maintain that the Gentiles of Millport, in revenge against the Mormons, burned their own homes and stores and left with only a few worldly goods, blaming the Mormons.

Residents of the town claimed Wight's soldiers pillaged the town. Whoever was to blame, word reached the militia that Millport was sacked by the Army of Zion.

Captain Samuel Bogart of the militia was dispatched to the scene to conduct patrols of the border to prevent further excursions by the Mormon rebels. Bogart assumed the Mormons would not attack a regular militia encampment and hence posted one sentry.

He also sent word to Far West, via a released Mormon prisoner, that in a few days he would destroy their town.

SMITH responded by dispatching David Patten, nicknamed Captain Fear-Nought, and a band of about 35 Danites to destroy Bogart. The Danites were an elite force, some say Smith's bodyguards and others say outcasts from the Mormon Army.

Just before sunrise on Oct. 24, 1838, the lone sentry shouted the alarm. "They're coming! They're coming!" Bogart, apparently confused by his rude awakening, chased after the sentry shouting "Who? Who?" Suddenly, Fear-Nought crested a small hillock and his Mormon forces charged the camp.

The Gentiles soon organized enough to fire back and after they blazed one volley they scampered into the forest.

Fear-Nought, the invincible warrior, died on the road to Far West.

Governor Boggs received an erroneous report that the militia was massacred.

BOGGS then issued his infamous order: The Mormons were enemies of the state. They must be "exterminated or driven from" Missouri.

Lucas marched immediately for Far West. Atchison, who had been counsel for the Mormons when they were evicted from Independence and had found them peaceful only a few days earlier, refused to obey his orders and withdrew from the campaign.

On Oct. 28, 1838, some 200 militiamen from Livingston County, under the



Courtesy the author

Fight at Gallatin, Missouri, between Mormons and "gentiles" in August 1838.



Courtesy State Historical Society of Missouri

Forced to abandon the midwest, the Mormons moved west in search of a new Zion. Here they are shown crossing the Platte River on their way to what is now Utah.

command of Colonel Thomas Jennings, attacked Haun's Mill. The Mormon men gathered in the grain mill to return fire while the women and children ran for the woods.

As reported, the vastly outnumbered Mormons were soon overrun by the militia.

The women and children returned to find the carnage. Fearing another attack, they threw the bodies of the dead in an unfinished well, hastily covered it with dirt and fled for the safety of Far West.

The main body of the militia, now more than 4,000 men, marched on Far West, where all 800 of the Army of Zion had gathered to defend the faithful Mormons.

Lucas sent an offer to meet under a white flag after his force encircled the Mormons. The Mormons, fearing for their lives, agreed.

Hinkle, the Mormon military leader, received the terms of surrender. The terms were simple: Surrender Smith and eight other church leaders, lay down all arms, give all property as reparations and leave the state immediately. Hinkle agreed.

One Mormon historian said of Hinkle: "So long as treason is detested and traitors despised, so long will the memory of Colonel Hinkle be execrated for his vile treaty."

Hinkle told Smith and the other eight that Lucas only wanted to talk. But when the Mormon leaders went willingly to meet the militia, they found

themselves captured and incarcerated. A military tribunal found them guilty, whereupon Lucas ordered them executed. General Doniphan, the Missouri division commander, told Lucas if those orders were carried out, Doniphan would see Lucas tried for murder. The order was rescinded as Doniphan and his division marched home, refusing to be involved further in the war.

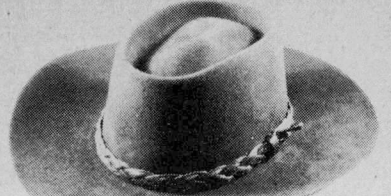
ON Nov. 4, other militiamen arrived at Far West. They immediately entered the town, and, according to Mormon historians, plundered the stores and raped the women. Several young women died from gang abuse. Militia spokesmen always maintained innocence.

The Mormon prisoners were marched off to jail and the other Mormons were forced to leave Missouri. Smith and his compatriots were transferred to a jail in Boone County, Missouri, from which they escaped.

An assassin tried to kill Governor Boggs in 1842. Though four of the 19 shots fired at him lodged in his neck, Boggs survived and died many years later in California of unrelated causes.

The state legislature, upset by the handling of the affair, conducted a "thorough investigation" in 1839 and 1840, but little was done. Their one act was to allocate funds to the residents of the war-torn area. However, none of the money went to even one Mormon family.

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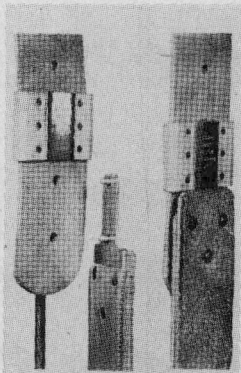
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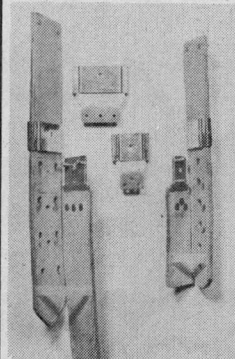
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Range Feud was a 1931 western about two ranches at odds over cattle rustling. The star was the phenomenally popular Buck Jones.

A villain is stealing livestock from both ranches and the two ranch owners blame each other. One of the ranchers raised Buck, who portrays a sheriff, and the rancher's son is played by young John Wayne. At one point Buck is required to arrest Wayne, a feat accomplished only after a furious chase.

Buck Jones was at the height of his career in 1931. Buck was born Charles Frederick Gebhard on Dec. 12, 1891, in Vincennes, Indiana. When Buck was a baby his family moved to a 3,000 acre ranch in Okla-While learning to ride the boy was called "Buckaroo," later shortened to his famous sobriquet.

When he was 15, Buck falsified his birth date and enlisted in the United States Cavalry. He fought Moro bandits in the Phillipines, suffering a severe wound in the right thigh. Mustered out late in 1909, Buck worked briefly as a mechanic at the Indianapolis Speedway, then served another military hitch from 1910 to 1913.

Again a civilian, Buck caught on with the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch Wild West Show. Soon he was a star rider and roper and in 1915 he was married to another performer. Dur-

ing World War I he broke horses for the British and French armies at a Chicago remount depot, after which he signed on with Ringling Brothers' Circus.

In 1918, Buck and Dell Jones headed for Hollywood. Buck worked in Tom Mix films and by 1920, he was starring in his own westerns. Rugged, warm and believable as a hero, Buck enjoyed great success in silent movies. When sound films began he launched The Buck Jones Wild West Show, but after losing \$250,000 he quickly returned to Hollywood.

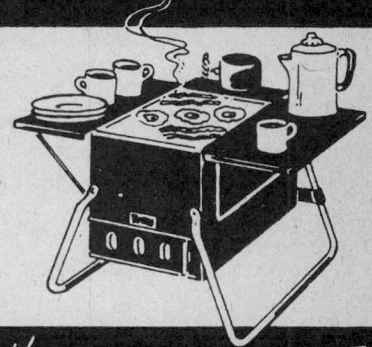
He proved to be just as popular in sound pictures. His fan mail was enormous and four million boys called themselves Buck Jones Rangers. Late in the 1930s his career waned, but his popularity was resurrected in the early 1940s with the "Rough Riders" series, starring Buck and Tim McCoy.

In 1942, Buck finished a war bond tour in Boston, where he was entertained at the Coconut Grove. A blaze erupted, and although Buck was shoved outside, he went back into the burning nightclub to rescue a friend who already had reached safety. Buck was among nearly 500 persons who received fatal injuries in the tragedy, but at the age of 50, he had lived up to his image as a hero.

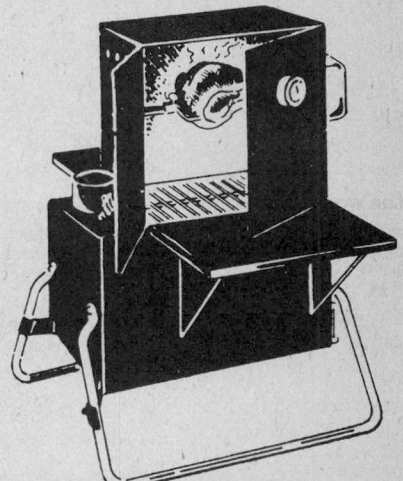


Buck Jones, left, gets the drop on a villain.

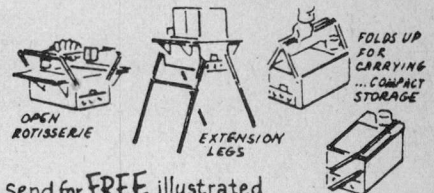
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CHRIS EVANS

the questionable outlaw

LEGENDS grow out of confusion, contradictions and the enigma of a strong central character.

Christopher Evans was a California legend in his lifetime and an enigma until he died. Depending on who tells the tale, he was a hero or a train-robbing outlaw. Most of all he was, without question, one of the most literate and indestructible men to travel the Owl Hoot Trail.

Evans acquired an intense dislike for the Southern Pacific Railroad. Whether his

dislike was active or passive is open to question.

Newspapers and the public called the road the "octopus" with good reason. The SP controlled all the railroads in California as the SP-Central Pacific combined. It controlled the bulk of the river traffic and had its own ocean steamship line. With this control it had the power to fix traffic rates as it chose and did so ruthlessly. The railroad controlled California politically, rewarding its friends and destroying its enemies. It

Story By JOHN L. PARKER

even employed brutal tactics to seize valuable land.

During all the confusion over the railroad's right to the land, settlers moved onto farmland at Mussel Slough and other areas where water from the rivers could be diverted to communal irrigation systems. Mussel Slough, now called Lucerne Valley, is a few miles north of Hanford, California.

When the SP began grabbing the land, Mussel Slough farmers were told the SP would pay farmers already on the land \$2.50 per acre. However, as soon as the company claimed title to the land, it raised the price to usually \$30 per acre. The railroad also engaged gangs to drive settlers off the land and burn their buildings.

The farmers, most of them truculent southerners, went to the courts, claiming the SP's title to the land was invalid. They took the fight directly to the Secretary of Interior. They lost at every turn. The railroad announced it would dispossess all "squatters" on its lands.

In May 1880, the settlers of Mussel Slough, led by Major Thomas McQuiddy, arranged a mass meeting in Hanford. The meeting was to be addressed by David Smith Terry, a fiery southerner prominent in California politics.

Sure that everyone would be out of their way, a United States marshal accompanied by two strong-arm boys set about seizing several ranches.

On the Brewer farm near Hanford, they faced several farmers. The marshal started shooting. The farmers shot back. When the smoke cleared eight men were dead including both "purchasers."

IN the midst of all this was Chris Evans. He was in charge of three grain elevators owned by the Bank of California where he weighed and graded grain which farmers made in payment for bank mortgages. The elevators were at Goshen, Pixley and Alila, centers of the farm troubles.

He was sympathetic to the farmers' plight. A relative of his lost all of his possessions to the SP after the tragedy at Mussel Slough.

A Canadian, Evans grew up in Ver-

Opposite page: Portrait of Chris Evans which was used in his book *Eurasia*, published in San Francisco in 1914. Book favored a utopian republic.



Courtesy California State Library

John Sontag lies fatally wounded in bullet-riddled straw the morning after an all-day shootout. U. S. marshal and posse are behind him.

mont and had a fair education. Highly intelligent and determined, he served as a scout with the army during the Indian troubles in the Dakotas. In 1873, he walked much of the way across the continent over the Union Pacific and Central Pacific tracks to California.

While managing the grain operations, Evans became acquainted with John Sontag, a tall, rugged railroader from Minnesota. Sontag had been injured as a brakeman on the SP and swore that neglect in the company hospital in Sacramento crippled him for life. Those familiar with the hospital thought Sontag lucky to have survived. True or not, Sontag was as bitter against the railroad as Evans.

THIS was the situation on the evening of Feb. 22, 1889, as passenger train number 17 pulled out of Pixley on the edge of Mussel Slough. Two masked men jumped from the coal tender to the locomotive cab.

Guns in hand they ordered the train stopped. Prodding the engineer and fireman, they demanded the Wells Fargo messenger toss out the cash box containing about \$5,000. The messenger refused. The bandits dynamited the

express car lifting it off the rails. Dazed, the messenger still refused. Then the gunmen announced they would shoot the engineer and the fireman if he refused again. Out came the cash box.

By this time some members of the train crew were armed and shots were fired. The robbers killed one of the trainmen in the exchange and wounded a curious passenger. The bandits ordered the train back to Pixley.

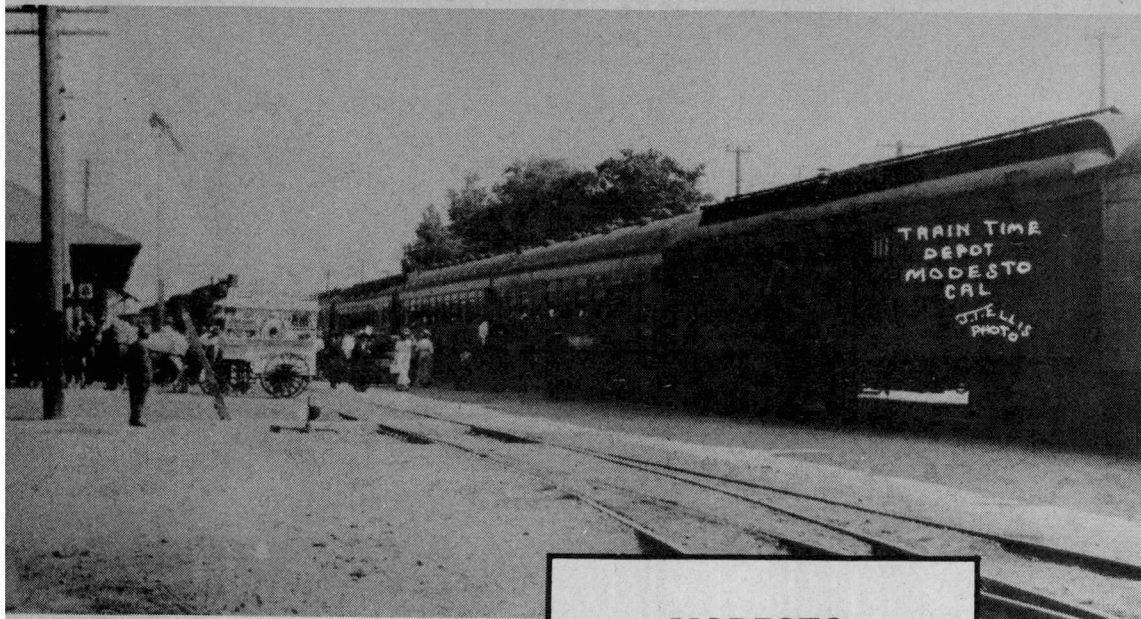
When officers reached the scene of the robbery, all eyewitnesses could say was that there were only two robbers, one was tall and the other of medium height.

Evans continued in the routine of his job, Sontag was off on odd jobs.

Nearly a year later the SP passenger train was held up near Goshen in exactly the same fashion, apparently by the same two masked men. This time there was no shooting and the cash box yielded \$20,000.

Express and railroad detectives swarmed into Goshen, but there was never a clue nor any help from the citizens who jeered them as octopus stooges.

THEN on Feb. 6, 1891, the robbers



After being held up, Southern Pacific train No. 17 was halted at the Modesto station, as at left. Below, Modesto's main business section in 1910. Chris Evans' livery stable was three blocks away.

Courtesy the author

**MODESTO,
CALIFORNIA**



Courtesy the author

were back at old number 17 with its express car and cash box. This attempt failed. The Wells Fargo messenger in the express, a C. Haswell, defied them and began shooting wildly cursing them all the while.

In the melee, the fireman was fatally wounded. The robbers fled and the lawmen, with no one else available, arrested the heroic Haswell and charged him with murdering the fireman. He was speedily acquitted.

Then the sheriff learned that Bill and Gratton Dalton were living in the San Joaquin Valley. Certain evidence made them suspect. They were arrested and Grat was convicted of attempted robbery and manslaughter, although both brothers showed they had been nowhere near the scene.

Evans was unable to support his growing family of five children so he moved to Modesto and started a livery stable.

The case against the Daltons died when the same two masked men held up the SP passenger train near Modesto. The attempted holdup ended in a shootout between the two gunmen and two SP detectives. One of the detectives was wounded. The gunmen escaped unscathed after failing to blast open the express car.

Embarrassed lawmen rigged a fake jailbreak for Grat Dalton. The brothers returned to Oklahoma and Grat was killed in the raid on banks in Coffeyville, Kansas, the next year.

Only a few months after opening, the Evans stable burned with the loss of 22

horses. After this loss, Evans and his family moved to a small farm on the outskirts of Visalia.

THE next train robbery occurred at midnight Aug. 3, 1892 west of Fresno. Again the same masked pair took part and again it was nearly a year from the previous holdup. This time the loot was 123 pounds of silver coins blasted from the express car after the express messenger, George Roberts, was knocked unconscious by the explosion.

The bandits loaded the silver in a buckboard and disappeared. The buckboard is significant in indicating that the two masked men knew what was in the cash box. It was the last robbery.

Bothered by the public ridicule and under pressure from the company brass,

Wells Fargo and SP officials began wildly arresting everyone in sight. This intemperate roundup resulted in filling the San Joaquin jails with 55 men, all accused of being members of the two-man gang.

Among those rounded up was George Sontag, a younger brother of John. Among other things he said he was on the passenger train when it was robbed. He made confusing statements about his brother John.

The sheriff held George Sontag for further investigation while Detective Smith of the SP and Deputy Sheriff Witty started for Chris Evans' home in Visalia looking for John Sontag.

WITHOUT a warrant and without knocking, Smith and Witty strode into the Evans home, startling Evans' oldest daughter, Eva, a pretty blond girl of sixteen.

"I want to see John Sontag," Smith demanded. Eva replied that Sontag wasn't there nor did she know where he was. She was unaware that he had just entered the back door.

"You're a damned little liar," Smith replied.

Shocked and frightened she ran to the barn calling her father. She said two strangers walked into the house and one called her a bad name. Evans had a low boiling point where his children were concerned and on this occasion had reason to be angry.

As he passed through the kitchen, Evans picked up a pistol from the kitchen table and stuck it in his pocket. This action probably saved his life, for as he entered the room Smith pulled a gun.

Startled, Evans dropped behind a heavy chair and tugged at his own gun. Both Smith and Witty fired. Their obvious intention was to kill and ask questions after.

Evans fired and was joined at the door by Sontag who also had a gun. When it was over, Deputy Witty was badly wounded, while the detective, slightly pinked, ran down the road.

NOW began one of the most massive manhunts in California history. It involved 3,000 men in various posses over 18 months. Aside from the few lawmen involved, the posses were composed of Southern Pacific and Wells Fargo minions.

The two companies paid their employees regular wages to help bring the two alleged outlaws to "justice." Justice was interpreted as license to



Courtesy California State Library

Chris Evans, taken by E. M. Davidson, photographer, at the time Evans was in Visalia, California, jail. Note Evans has lost right eye and left hand.

shoot on sight. In this effort the organized rabble was partly successful.

Sontag and Evans jumped into the officers' buggy and headed toward the mountains. A large posse followed so quickly, it lent credence to a charge that the posse intended to hang the two men when they were captured.

A few miles out of town Evans and Sontag turned into a field and drove behind some haystacks as they watched the posse gallop by. They then drove back to the house, loaded the buggy with supplies and headed for the high Sierras. As they were leaving, three deputies arrived. In the darkness, both sides opened fire and one deputy, Oscar Beaver, was killed.

Again the two hunted men drove off

without a scratch. Expert wilderness men, the two roamed in the mountains freely enjoying the hospitality of logging and mining camps where no questions were asked. They made several late-night visits to the Evans home and once had to shoot their way through a large posse surrounding the house.

LUCK began running out for Evans and Sontag. At a camp called Young's cabin, they had to shoot their way out, again escaping unhurt.

A posse sprang a trap at a little cattle holding pen called the Stone Corral in the Sierra foothills. Posse members were concealed in a cabin above the corral, and as the two fugitives came out of the woods, the men in the cabin blazed



Courtesy the author

San Francisco cartoon shows Leland Stanford and Collis Huntington, Southern Pacific managing directors, grasping cash in wake of Mussel Slough tragedy.

away and this time, there was no back way out.

Evans and Sontag dropped behind a pile of straw manure but were nearly exposed. Sontag received numerous flesh wounds, a bullet through his right arm and at least three in his chest.

Evans' left wrist was nearly shot off. A charge of buckshot striking him in the forehead destroyed his right eye. Another shot tore open his shoulder. Only one officer was slightly wounded.

Sontag was nearly unconscious and unable to move.

The posse in the cabin decided to postpone the final shooting until morning. Evans began creeping into the nearby woods. The officers fired but Evans fired back and held them off while he slipped out of sight.

Early in the morning Sontag became conscious and attempted to kill himself. He was unable to hold the revolver steady and the bullet tore along his temple. His next shot went through both cheeks and he was unable to try again.

He revived slightly as the deputies stood over him. With life draining from him, they took him to the Visalia jail and called Eva Evans to his side. Eva and John would have been married the next year. They talked a few moments and then Sontag died.

UNDER the cover of darkness, the indomitable Evans managed to reach the cabin of the Perkins family six miles from the shootout. He sent the Perkins boy to Sheriff Kay in Visalia with word that he would surrender if the \$10,000 reward was given to his wife.

At the jail hospital Evans' hand was removed at the wrist. The bullets were removed from his head and shoulder, but doctors could not save his eye.

While Evans was in jail recovering and waiting trial, a San Francisco playwright, R. C. White, wrote and produced a Wild West melodrama called "Evans & Sontag."

In one of the most astute plays in the history of show business, playwright White offered Mrs. Chris Evans and daughter Eva 25 percent of the net receipts if they would play their real life roles in the show. They needed the money for Chris' defense and agreed to the roles.

Mrs. Evans hated it, but Eva was the hit of the show, thrilling the audience as she charged on the stage riding a prancing black horse as her father and her lover rushed out of the woods to meet her.

William Randolph Hearst, who was fighting the railroad in the San Francisco Examiner, assigned his drama critic to play it up.

It was pure corn but it was wonderful box office. The show played to packed houses from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

But the Evanses were no match for the money and political power of the SP and Wells Fargo. Evans was given a life sentence, accused of killing a member of the posse.

Before he could be sent to prison, a gun was smuggled to him and once again Evans was free leaving a red-faced sheriff and his jailor behind. In his familiar hills, the artificial hand and the loss of one eye was no handicap to Evans.

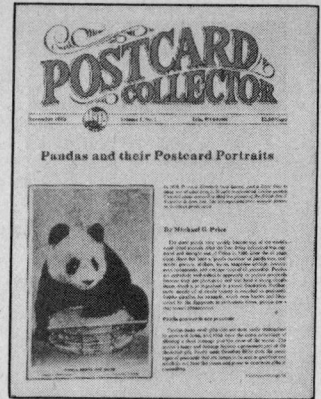
The sheriff worked a deception to recapture Chris Evans and Ed Morrell who had escaped with him. He sent a fake message saying one of Evans' children was dying. The Evans home was surrounded with a force large enough to have besieged the San Francisco mint and both men were captured as they came into the yard.

Evans spent 17 years in prison. While in prison, Evans wrote the book *Eurasia*. It was a comprehensive presentation for a wise and rational utopian republic. A rather remarkable undertaking for an alleged train robber and a book far in advance of its time.

In 1911, Hiram Johnson, who had just been elected governor after campaigning against the Southern Pacific, granted Evans a full pardon. The family moved to Portland, Oregon. He died there in 1917 without ever mentioning the robberies he was supposed to have committed with John Sontag.

Nor had Sontag, as he lay dying in jail, confessed to the SP holdups.

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Courtesy Walter Almquist

Murray, Idaho, about 1900.

MOLLY b DAM and Murray

JUST about any time of day or night, you're likely to find crusty old Walter Almquist at a table in the Sprag Pole Inn and Museum in Murray, Idaho.

Almquist, 74, owns the Sprag Pole but leases the cafe-bar and now mostly attends to the tourists who come to see the museum, which is about all there is to see in Murray. He claims 50 to 100 tourists a day visit the museum during the summer.

The half million dollars in stuff Almquist has collected since 1963 make the Murray museum worth the 90-mile drive from Spokane, Washington. But even if the museum weren't there, ghost-towners and history buffs would want to make the trek to this remote mountain village in northern Idaho.

Before making the trip, one should become a bit acquainted with the history of Murray because in one sense it is the most important town in the fabulously rich Coeur d'Alenes.

The Coeur d'Alenes (as near as any-



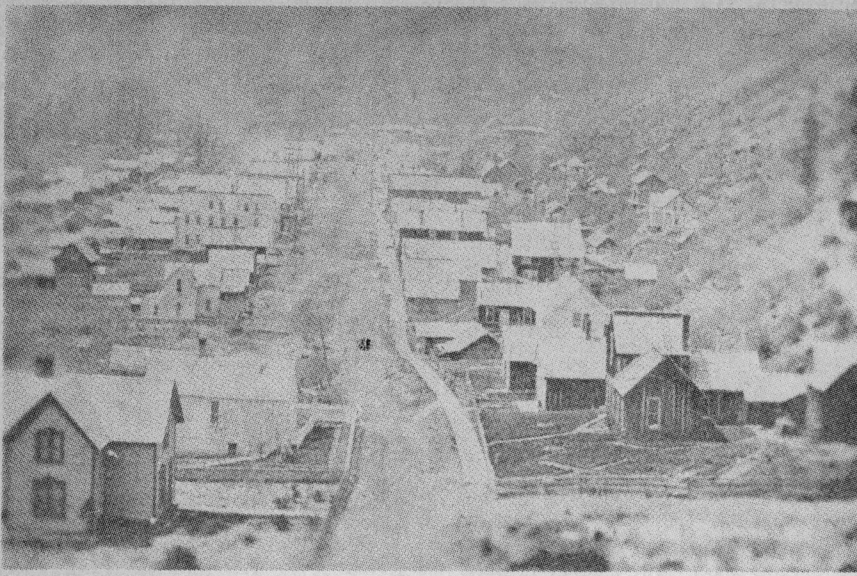
Walter Almquist, owner of the Sprag Pole Inn and Museum in Murray, Idaho.

one can make out, that is a French word meaning "heart of the awl," which doesn't make an awful lot of sense) is the fabulously rich mining district stretching from the Montana border on the east to the City of Coeur d'Alene on the west.

In between are towns like Wallace, Mullan, Osburn, Kellogg — and Murray. Most of the towns are on Interstate 90. Since the canyons are so narrow, the towns had to be built near the bottoms of streams and that's the only place the highway could go too.

Murray is important because it was the start of things. Gold was discovered there in 1882 and the town sprang up the next year. At its peak in 1885-86, Almquist said, there were 5,000 people in Murray.

BUT Murray is a ways off the Interstate although you can get to it by a couple of paved roads. This is Idaho's snow belt but the road to Wallace, which is on the Interstate, remains open



Courtesy Walter Almquist



MURRAY, IDAHO — THEN AND NOW

CLOCKWISE, FROM UPPER LEFT — Murray, Idaho, in about 1900; old structure still standing; old Masonic hall still in use; the Murray-Wallace stage in late 1890s photo, and old miner's log cabin still lived in. Enough people still live in "ghost town" Murray to keep it well preserved. It is one of Northern Idaho's leading tourist attractions.

Courtesy Walter Almquist





Sprag Pole Inn and Museum, social center of Murray and the main attraction for tourists to the out-of-the-way northern Idaho village.

all winter because it is used by the school bus.

Some of the great names in Coeur d'Alene mining history got their start in Murray, men like Phil O'Rourke, "Dutch Jake" Goetz, Con Sullivan and Noah Kellogg. It was Kellogg who in 1885 struck ore in Milo Gulch, the strike that led to the great Coeur Alenes boom.

But probably the most famous resident of Murray was not a man, but a woman named Molly b' Dam, a prostitute and a madam. Maggie Hall was her real name and hers is a classic legend in the hills and hollows of northern Idaho.

The story is that she was sold into whoredom by a British remittance man to a New York millionaire who soon dropped her. How she got to Thompson Falls in Montana Territory, then the railhead, no one says, but she crossed over the mountains to then-booming Murray.

One writer went so far as to call her a "sort of female Christ figure" because though a madam, she regularly attended church, took care of hungry children, clothed their mothers, nursed the sick miners and returned the gold to the prospectors which had been stolen during the night by her girls.

In the end, Molly b' Dam gave her life fighting a smallpox epidemic. She died on Jan. 17, 1888, and the next day the Murray newspaper was bordered in black.

Murray boomed 18 months then hung on for three decades. It died slowly but there's still a little breath in the old gal. There's no working mines now, but

there are a couple of small gold mines in the area where shafts have been dug to 25 or 30 feet.

Almquist came in 1933. Later he moved to Mullan, but returned to Murray in 1955, making him the oldest resident of the town though others living there came in 1935, he said.

"They claim about \$1 million in gold was taken out of here, but 90 percent of the gold is still here. It's just hard to get to it," Almquist said. "You spend more time getting it than its worth. There's also a little silver on the side."

The Sprag Pole Inn — so named from the poles put against the side of the buildings to keep them standing — used to be a stagecoach stop on the road between Thompson Falls and Wallace.

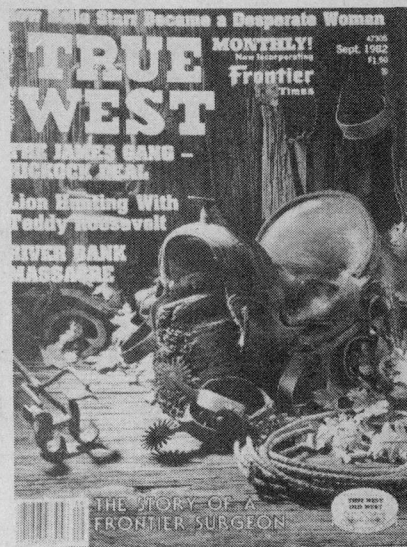
In addition to the inn-museum, Murray has a post office, county garage, school for first through third grades and a beauty parlor. The garage employs four or five but tourism is now the biggest industry in Murray.

"They come to see the museum mostly," Almquist said. His museum displays an old caliope, a large gun collection and the longest wood chain (120 feet) in the world. Almquist carved the chain which he says "is very valuable."

Because people have lived in Murray continuously since its glory days, many of its old buildings are still standing. It's not a ghost town, but close to it. Since many true ghost towns have disappeared, maybe it's a good thing a few hardy souls have remained to preserve a piece of the past.

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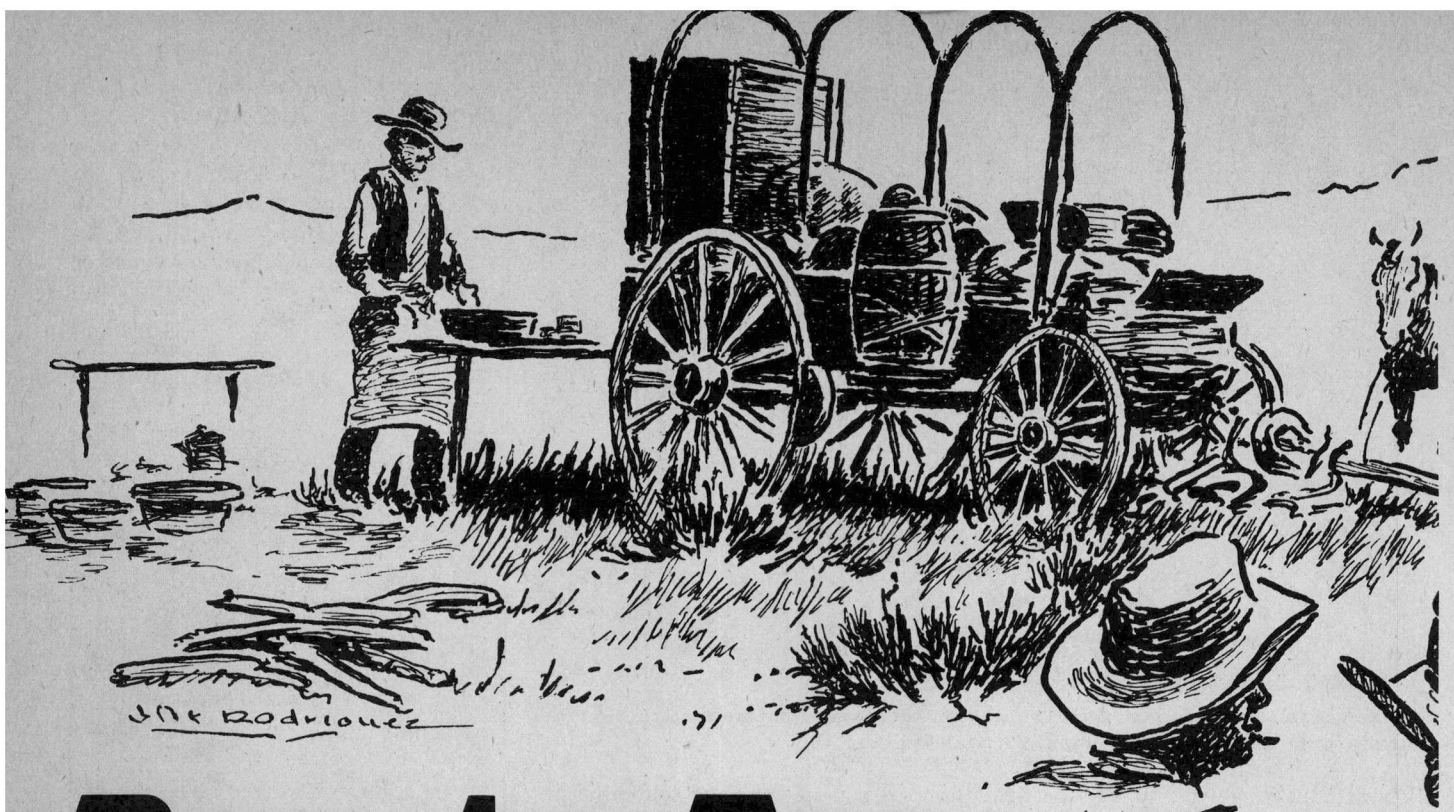
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Roundup Fare, Cooks and Wagons

By BILL CELLERS
Photos Courtesy of Author

Illustration by JOE RODRIGUEZ

ONE time while viewing some paintings at a western art show and auction, I had to laugh at one by a female western artist showing some cowboys with hats on.

Hats on! Yee, gads! What did that woman think cowboys were? Some sort of freaks? She took affront to my laughing at her painting.

"What's wrong with that? Don't cowboys keep their hats on all the time?"

"No. Why should they? I never saw any go swimming with hats on. I never while I worked on ranches."

That western artist gained her knowledge of cowboys and western life second-hand from TV, movies and novels, not realizing those seldom present the subject true to life. At least, most of what I've seen and read was so untrue it's ridiculous. Actually idiotic. And I've

seen several western paintings not much different.

Since I've gained my knowledge of cowboy and western life from years of working on ranches where I associated with several old-time cowboys, an uncle being one, I can say without boasting I'm a fair authority on all things western.

And in all media I can separate the real from the unreal. That enables me to spot a mistake in a western painting the moment I see it. There are too many mistakes caused by ignorance, in the influx of "western artists" paintings. Yet I realize no artist can draw from imagination without making occasional mistakes. Even Charlie Russell did.

Another woman's painting showed a chuckwagon with cowboys squatted on the ground before it, eating. In my con-

versation with her she asked me, "What do cowboys eat? It's mostly beans, isn't it?"

That woman must have taken literally those words in the song "The Old Chisolm Trail" that went, "It's bacon and beans most every day — I'd welcome a change" etc. Her common sense should have told her better than that — that cowboys wouldn't put up with a diet of mostly beans day after day.

"Of course not," I replied. "If cowboys were fed mostly beans every day on ranches or roundups, they wouldn't work there long." For cowboying was only a job to them. Very little different from any other job and filled with a heap of grief.

Then I went ahead and explained to her what cowboys ate on roundups. They had their main grub staple right



along with them from one camp site to the next.

Whenever they wanted beef to eat, they'd go cut a critter out of the herd and butcher it. So on roundups, cowboys were seldom without fresh beef. On many large outfits, say with a twenty to thirty man crew, a beef was usually butchered every other day. Either a long yearling or short two-year-old. Very seldom did any of it go to waste. Cowboys ate it three times a day while it lasted.

The cook served beef fried, boiled either as is or in big stews, or roasted. He cooked it in either frying pans, kettles or Dutch ovens.

In a Dutch oven he could cook it all three of those ways. When he fried it in a Dutch oven — most outfits had two or more — he could leave it in until almost done and then put it in a large kettle to finish cooking and keep it hot while he baked biscuits in the oven.

He often cooked beef gravy to go with the biscuits. Also spuds or potatoes were a frequent item on a roundup's menu. Syrup was usually available for biscuits or flapjacks.

These flapjacks — hotcakes — were cooked occasionally, all depending on a cook's pleasure. Drawback was it took too cotton pickin' long to fry enough to satisfy twenty to thirty appetites when breakfast was always a hurried meal so the cowboys could go rope their horses soon as it was light enough to pick out

the ones wanted.

Breakfast was always eaten by lantern and campfire light. An early start was necessary in order for the circle riders to be from six to ten miles from camp by sunup.

Another favorite food on roundup was a suet pudding, called son-of-a-bitch-in-a-sack by cowboys when not in the company of the gentler sex. This pudding was a by-product of a beef butchering but not made every time a beef was butchered.

To concoct it, the cook took the suet, sweetbread, brains, kidneys, and I don't know what else from a butchered beef and mixed it with flour, rice, raisins, sugar, shortening and I don't know what in tarnation else. Each cook had his own favorite recipe.

After cookie had mixed this skumgullion to his satisfaction, he crammed it into a cloth bag that fit loosely into a large Arbuckle coffee can or some other such device. (This brand of coffee was the most popular brand used on ranches and roundups, and came in cans as large as five- and ten-gallon size. In those good — or bad — old days, it didn't come already ground. So the cook had a grinder attached to the grub box and ground it himself. The way cowboys swigged coffee down by the gallon, and strong enough to float a wedge, it didn't take long to go through a five- or ten-gallon can of it. So the cook always had an ample supply of cans to boil s.o.b.s in. Where he got the sacks I don't know unless he made them out of empty flour sacks he'd emptied or had the ranch save.)

After putting the pudding in the sack and water, he boiled it at least three hours, sometimes longer. When done

and cooled off, the sack was peeled back and the loaf sliced to be eaten.

One slice of such a concoction about a half-inch thick was almost a meal in itself — something that would stick to the merry old slats of a cowboy on the longest circle ride he'd make. As good or better than beans. Nothing could compare to it, not even beans.

Of course, beans were also often on roundup and ranch menus. A fifty- or hundred-pound sack didn't take up much room in the chuckwagon. Beans were easily cooked and cowboys liked them. They went a long way toward feeding a crew of twenty to thirty cowboys.

Next to or ahead of beans were potatoes. They were not only filling but it was easy to make beef gravy to go with them. Other must items were desserts or dried fruits, prunes being the most popular. Fruits could be stewed or made into pies or cobblers and easily cooked in Dutch ovens. One other roundup and ranch food not to be omitted was a pudding called Spotted Pup. It was really nothing but a rice pudding, but roundup cooks had their own way of making it. They used mostly the three Rs: Rice, rolled oats and raisins and anything else they took a notion to put into it.

Contrary to general opinion, most cowboys were well-fed. They ate higher on the hog — or beef — than most workers on other jobs where board was furnished. And a cowboy's life of long hours and hard work demanded that he eat plenty for his needs.

Of course there were some skinflint, tightwad ranchers who skimped on what they fed their employees. One time I worked on a ranch where we were served cereal cream no richer than skim milk.

Miniature roundup wagon made by the author.



But those kind of ranchers were rare and didn't keep help too long. Roundup outfits of that type were fewer yet.

A roundup cook, in addition to being a good cook, had to be fast enough at the job to have meals on time, especially breakfast and dinner. Should he even be ten minutes late in getting breakfast, causing the cowboys to be delayed in getting to their horses, there could be hell to pay from the foreman. Dinner was the same. Supper could be the leisure meal of the day because by then most of the day's work was over.

Those who wrote from experience or firsthand knowledge glossed over the subject of cooks and grub as of slight importance. Since most roundup or trail-drive cowboys were no great shakes as writers, they chose to write about the most interesting aspects of their experiences. And writers who didn't write from experience or firsthand knowledge wrote what they imagined it was like.

There were occasions though when an otherwise good cook failed to make good as a roundup cook. Often he didn't realize what in hell he was getting into. But he soon found out cooking on a roundup was different from any other cooking job he'd ever have.

His work hours were atrocious and seemingly endless. Also conditions, what he had to do and work with, were unlike any he'd encountered before. He had to roll out of his bedroll in time to have breakfast ready at the unholy hour of 3:30 a.m. That made his sleeping time short when he couldn't knock off work until after all supper dishes were washed and taken care of, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. No wonder some roundup cooks had the reputation of being cantankerous cusses.

I heard of one cook who hired out to cook for a roundup but was a misfit. He seldom had meals on time, especially breakfast, and never cooked what cowboys liked.

Also, he was no teamster. For it's a roundup cook's job to drive the four-horse or mule team used in moving the chuckwagon from one campsite to the next. This cook was actually afraid of the mules.

One morning he failed to roll out of bed and start breakfast. So the foreman, who told me about it, went ahead and cooked breakfast without bothering to wake him. When the outfit was all packed and ready to leave camp, the cook was still in his bedroll.

So this foreman wrote out his time,

laid his check under the cook's hat with a rock on it, and pulled out without him. The last they saw of him he was still lying in his bedroll, miles from nowhere, way out there on that lone prairie.

A roundup cook always assumed himself lord and master of an area around his chuckwagon. And woe to any cowboy who dared trespass on this area while the cook was busy at work. This area was anywhere close to the cooking fire and working space around the drop or biscuit board. A cook had no time to be hindered in his work by cowboys crowding up to his cooking fire.

When cowboys wanted a fire to warm up by they'd build one if wood was available, and gather around it. This was called a bull fire.

Naturally there were strict rules governing conduct around a chuckwagon all cowboys had to follow. The most strict was no horses were allowed near the wagon or cook's fire. This was for sanitary reasons. Who'd want to squat on ground to eat where horses had stood and used it for a rest room?

It was hard enough to keep the area around a chuckwagon clean without pollution caused by horse droppings. Should some thoughtless waddie ride or lead his horse too close to the chuckwagon he was braving the ire of a mad cook chasing him away with a butcher knife.


Now, I can hear people disputing me by showing photos of old-time chuckwagons with cowboys sitting on their horses close by. Those pictures were posed and not true to life.

To show how untrue some of these modern "western" artists are, I'll describe a western painting I clipped from a magazine a few years ago. The artist should have known better since he belongs to a group of artists, the requirement of which is that the member has to spend five years working on a ranch.

This painting is of a cowboy rasping his horse's hoof, and he's so close to the chuckwagon his horse is reaching over and gobbling up a biscuit from a pan on the biscuit board. And the cook is close by with back turned, shaking something into a pot on his fire, completely ignoring that cowboy breaking the strictest rules of a roundup camp.

No real-life roundup cook would be nit-wit enough to turn his back on a cowboy also so nit-wit enough to bring his horse close enough to the chuckwagon for it to reach and gobble up a biscuit. What cowboy would want to eat biscuits after a horse had slobbered on 'em? Cowboys may not exactly be

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human — so some people think — but they aren't any more unsanitary than anybody else.

I hope what I've written thoroughly covers how a roundup cook performed his duties, a few rules governing a roundup camp, and how cowboys obeyed those rules and conducted themselves around camp. Also I've tried to point out the difference between the real thing and the unreal thing the way some modern so-called "western" artists depict it. But, then, artists have to eat. So they paint what will sell.



True West

Indians Had a 'Sweet Tooth' Too

By BARBARA BLACKBURN

A STUDY of food of a particular people is often a study of their culture. Indians in different sections of the country have their favorite desserts. Let's take a look at the Indians through their "just desserts."

In the East the Indians, mainly woodsmen, concocted Indian pudding from cornmeal and molasses. This dish made the westward trek and traveled all over the country. Another favorite eastern dessert was apples roasted over hot coals and made into a sauce. For variety there was steamed berry pudding and gooseberry cobbler.

In the Pacific Northwest, Indians, such as the Spokanes, Kootenais, and Flatheads, satisfied their "sweet tooth" with such desserts as Indian ice cream. To make the ice cream, Indian women whipped fruit, flour and fat.

Blueberries and cranberries were favorites for frying fritters. Bits of fruit were wrapped in dough and fried. Strawberries poached in honey was another dessert, along with honey tapioca pudding, oranges in honey, and hot spiced apricots.

The Indians of the plains concocted pemmican which served as the forerunner of mincemeat. Indian pemmican was a mixture of meat, fat and berries. A fancier concoction included apples and spices. This was used as filling for dough desserts. Buffalo meat was used at first and then venison replaced buffalo.

The Indians of the South were creative with corn. They mixed wild berries with sweetened corn batter and baked it into cobbler.

The Indians experimented with ashes mixed with food or water. Corn soaked in water and ashes became whiter and puffier, producing an unusual flavor. Hominy was born. Hominy is baked into custard-like puddings in the South. A cornmeal dessert also is popular.

Bread-type desserts were popular at harvest festivals. Bannock is a type of cake which became a popular Old West dessert. Also in the West, fried bread was included in most Indian celebrations.

Indian desserts have become American favorites such as baked stuffed



Courtesy of Author

Indian ice cream and topping.

apples, elder blossom fritters, and black walnut cake.

Maple syrup began with the Indians. They tapped the trees, but it was not until white men came with their iron pots that Indians could boil the syrup. The crystallizing syrup was stirred in broad wooden dishes (sugar molds) until cold. Maple sugar was combined with cranberries to make cranberry sauce.

The Pueblo and Navajo of the Southwest gave us sopapillias, little pillows of fried dough. Other desserts included pumpkin bread, Pueblo peach crisp, little fruit pies, and Pueblo Indian cookies.

For festivities these Southwest Indians fancied Navajo cake with blue cornmeal and Pinon cookies. Other desserts: Apricot rice pudding, Pueblo turnovers, and Laguna cake pudding.

Many Indian foods have a ceremonial value such as Navajo cake with blue cornmeal. Blue cornmeal is served regularly, but it is an ingredient in foods used for celebration. (Gardeners can buy blue corn seed from Plants of the Southwest, 1580 Pacheco Street, Santa

Fe, New Mexico, 87501 and Redwood City Seed Co., P.O. Box 361, Redwood City, California 94064.) Blue corn grows well, especially in dry areas. It grinds to a sweet blue meal.

The Indians of the Southwest gave us chili, bean soup, and barbecue sauce. We are not as familiar with their desserts, but they are worth a try. Posole is an exotic and intriguing dessert. Pinon cake is another name for this delicacy. Bread puddings are popular in the southwest and all over the country. The Navajos have a special bread, which they call kneel down bread, the name suggesting that food has meaning to them.

Cooking is an art to most Indians. Food is a gift to be treated with reverence; it is a source of healing and nourishment. For centuries Indians have used special herbs for medicine. Each time food is taken a little is given back. This practice acknowledges the Great Spirit. Corn is especially sacred, and it is universally used in sacred ceremonies.

Here are some Indian desserts for you to try.

RECIPES

Indian Ice Cream (Whipped Berry Dessert)

This is a simple dessert and you can vary the amount of berries and the sweetening to your taste.

Mash four cups of berries. (Northwest Indians use huckleberries. I have to use raspberries.) Add honey or sugar to taste, about one-half cup. Obviously huckleberries need more honey than raspberries. Whip with beater or by hand. Chill before serving. You may enjoy this more if you top it with real whipped cream.

Squaw Candy

Take strips of salted, smoked and dried salmon.

Enjoy as a licorice stick. You can dry your own salmon with a pilot light in a gas oven.

Navajo Fry Bread (three 8-inch round breads)

2 cups flour
½ cup dry milk
2 t double-acting baking powder
¼ t salt
1 T lard, cut into small bits, plus 1 lb. for deep frying
½ cup ice water

Combine flour, milk, baking powder and salt and sift into a deep bowl. Add lard bits. With fingertips rub the flour and fat together until the mixture resembles flakes of coarse meal. Pour in water and toss ingredients until the dough can be gathered into a ball. Drape the bowl with a towel and let the dough stand for about two hours.

After two hours, cut the dough into three equal pieces. On a lightly floured surface roll each piece into a circle about eight inches in diameter and ¼ inch thick. With a knife cut two four- to five-inch long parallel slits completely through the dough, down the center of each round, spacing the slits about one inch apart.

In a sturdy skillet, melt lard over moderate heat until it is hot. The depth should be about one inch. Fry the breads one at a time for about two minutes on each side, turning them once with tongs. The bread should puff slightly and become crisp and brown. Drain the bread and serve warm. It's good with honey.



Old West Recipe of the Month

Is it coincidental that the April recipe of the month was selected in November when blackbirds were mentioned as forgotten frontier foods? Thanks to Waldo Olson, 4905 S. 128th St., Omaha, NE 68137, readers can now make blackbird pie.

He found the recipe in a cookbook accompanying the Home Comfort Range that his mother and father bought when they set up housekeeping. It reflects the type of cooking that homesteaders used at the turn of the century.

BLACKBIRD PIE

12 blackbirds (or any other small game birds)

1 C diced salt pork
2 C sliced potatoes
1 chopped onion
3 whole cloves
¼ C minced parsley
2 T browned flour
2 T butter
pastry crust
water to cover and seasoning

Dress and clean the birds. Split each in half. Place in stew pan with water and boil, skimming off scum. Add a sprinkling of pepper, parsley, onion and cloves, then add pork and boil until meat is tender — about an hour. During the last half hour of cooking, add potatoes.

Thicken broth with flour and boil for a few minutes. Add one T of the butter, mix and remove from fire. Grease baking dish with one T of butter and put in alternative layers of birds and potatoes moistening each layer with broth. Cover with pastry crust. Slit crust in several places. Bake for 15 minutes at 425 degrees or until browned, then bake another 15 minutes at 375 degrees.

SEND YOUR RECIPES

TRUE WEST will pay \$5 for each original recipe published. Barbara Blackburn, TRUE WEST cookery specialist, will judge recipes. Do not submit more than two or three recipes. Send to Barbara Blackburn, TRUE WEST, Iola, WI 54990. Recipe copies cannot be returned.



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Answer Man

(continued from page 11)

qualification for the office on July 7, 1881. In his oath of office he swore that he had "not fought a duel with deadly weapons" in Texas or elsewhere.

He again qualified for the position on Dec. 15, 1882, and in an official document of this date appears the name of famed lawman George A. Scarborough, who was constable of Precinct No. 4. This was Coles' last term as sheriff as Scarborough, his deputy, ran against him for sheriff and won. The records of the Texas Rangers do not list Cole as having been a member.

— Chuck Parsons

If you have a question, send it to **Chuck Parsons, TRUE WEST, Iola, WI 54990. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names and addresses will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to publish all questions.**



Tuckers Stew For an Army

Two large-sized buffalo; 2 rabbits, showshoe or jackrabbit (optional); lots of brown gravy; salt and pepper to taste.

Cut buffalo into bite-sized pieces — this will take about two months, so be sure to start plenty early. Keep the buffalo hide and stomachs as you will need something to store the meat pieces in.

After the buffalo is all cut up, put it in the largest caldron you can find and add enough brown gravy to cover the meat. Vegetables (wild onions add a distinctive flavor) can be added at this time, according to taste.

Cook stew over a kerosene fire about four weeks at 400 degrees. Periodically add water and stir (not the kerosene fire, the stew)! — **Harry J. Owens.**

Leavin' Cheyenne

A cowboy expression meaning *going away*. The expression was taken from the cowboy song, "Goodbye, Old Paint, I'm Leavin' Cheyenne," a song usually used as a finale at a cowboy dance, much in the way that "Home, Sweet Home" was used in other sections of the country.

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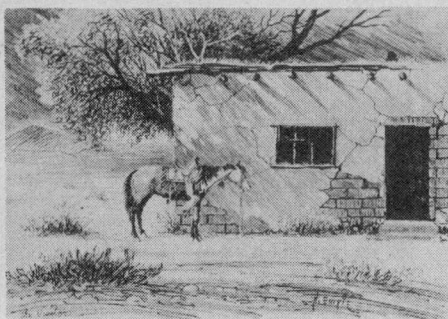
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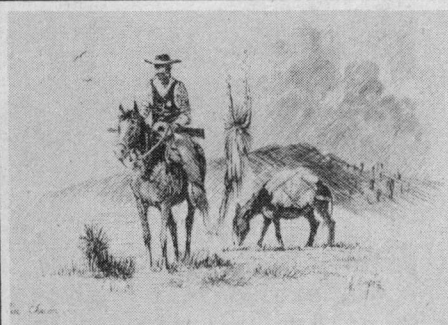

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del ft Camp Grant Arizona
 Major Comdy.
 Telegram.
 Grant A.Z.
 August 23 1877.
 W. J. Osborn
 Tucson.
 This was not killed on the military Reservation
 murder Antrim, alias "Kid" was allowed to escape
 and I believe is still at large. If the military
 have apprehended the soldier and will try him
 some martial his accomplices have not yet
 been arrested.

Comdy.
 Major Comdy.

Courtesy National Archives

Military telegram of Aug. 23, 1877, from Major C. C. Compton, commander of Camp Grant, Arizona, to Deputy Marshal W. J. Osborn of Tucson, reporting escape of Billy after murdering Cahill. This is first documented use of nickname "Kid" and predates previous theories as to when he got his nickname.

Secret Life of Billy the Kid
(continued from page 17)

Two weeks later, on June 6, 1880, a federal census taker in Georgetown approached house number 193 and one William McCarty answered the door. He gave his age as 21, his place of birth as Illinois. He said his parents were born in Ireland and he must have grinned when he gave his occupation as "dairyman."

What is remarkable is that Henry appeared twice in the 1880 census. Two weeks later he was back in Fort Sumner where, on June 17-19, 1880 (for Cedar Springs) is the name of one "Wm. Bonny," age 25, single, born in Missouri, as were his parents and his occupation was "working in cattle."

William H. Antrim and Joseph McCarty

There has been much conjecture as to what happened to William H. Antrim, Henry's stepfather. On Jan. 14, 1924, the county clerk of Chavez County in New Mexico, filed a power of attorney from Los Angeles County, California, signed by Marie H. Antram and Brightie L. Antram giving William H. Antram (sic) the legal authority to act in their behalf in their business affairs.

On Feb. 6 and July 31, Chavez County real estate records show that Marie H.

and Brightie L. Antram sold property to Berrendo Irrigation Farms Co. On April 17, 1920, William H. Antram sold property to one Mark H. Antram. On Feb. 20, 1924, Brightie L. sold property to

Herman R. and Lucille Williams. William H. Antrim's mother died at Paso Robles, California, on Dec. 16, 1904. She was buried in nearby San Miguel.

Antrim died on Dec. 10, 1922, in Adelaida, California, where he moved in 1918. He was 80 years and 10 months old so his birthdate was in February 1841. The birthplace given was Indiana.

Brother Joe was known throughout his life as Joseph McCarty and Joseph Antrim and worked as a clerk or cook in hotels and gambled on the side. He was interviewed in the Denver Post of April 1, 1928, but at that time it was not known he was the brother of Billy the Kid.

Joe died at the age of 76 on Nov. 25, 1930. He was a loner and little was known about him. Cause of death was given as apoplexy. He apparently remained single all his life. He was buried four days later at the Colorado Medical School. This means his body may have been used for medical studies.

Mulberry Street in New York City's lower east side Manhattan, between Park and Bayard streets, circa 1870. This is how it looked about the time Billy the Kid lived there.



Who Is Foreman Monte T. Jones?

By DON BELL

WHEN William F. Cody promoted Monte T. Jones as his foreman at his T E Ranch on the upper south fork of the Shoshone River near Cody, Wyoming, the glory and romance of that title was one big thrill for old Monte.

Monte was not bashful in letting the world know he wore that title. Cody was becoming a tourist town so Monte always enjoyed being in town. And yes, Monte did enjoy bending his elbow at the saloon and meeting the tourists.

Carylie Downing was then a cowboy for the old colonel so Carylie and Monte dressed in their finest western garb, cranked up the old Model T Ford and drove the 35 miles into Cody.

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After a full night of introductions in Cody, it was time to go back to the ranch. Both were full of white lightning. As they neared the ranch on a turn the lights dimmed and they ended in the ditch. No way could they get out.

So Carylie took the rear seat while Monte T took the front seat for a night's sleep. Toward morning the hoot owls started with their "who — whoo — whooo."

Monte awoke and punched Carylie and said: "Listen Carylie, hear that 'who?' I thought everybody knew Monte T. Jones, foreman of Buffalo Bill's T E Ranch. Reckon I better find them and introduce myself."

THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



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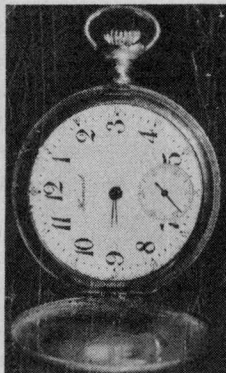
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The Wild Side of Life In the Old West

"The Grey-Eyed Man of Destiny"

Vol. 1, No. 3
By H. Franklin Greene

One of the most treacherous and vicious of the Old West renegades was really not the Clantons, Earps, Ringos, Hardins, or Butch Cassidy and the Wild Bunch, but a rather dignified lawyer, medical-doctor and statesman by the name of William Walker, a meek-looking gentleman of a Southern aristocratic family from Nashville, Tennessee.

To William Walker, the first years of the 1850's were boom years — a heyday of magnificent innovation in which California was at once a symbol and an effective cause.

California was golden opportunity: a new chance for the young, a last chance for men who felt that the Goddess of Fortune had hitherto sniffed and passed them by.

California's gold changed the old order of finance. Her demand for admission to the Union brought on the great congressional debates of 1850 and produced the compromise on the slavery question which takes its name from that date. California was more than a frenzy along mountain riverbeds. California was a state of mind and a prime factor in establishing the myth that actions by their very daring and magnitude could be above conventional morality and worthy of praise and imitation.

The men who profited by the California scramble were not necessarily men who had known the perils of Indian massacre, gunfights, cattle rustling and stage robberies on their way Westward, but all did have one characteristic in common — an adventurous ruthless love of the West and its unknown secrets.

After failing in law, medicine, and journalism all the way from Nashville to New Orleans, Walker headed West to try his luck as a prospector or sluice-box tender along the Mokelumne and the San Joaquin. However, this was hard labor, and labor was not suited for William Walker's talents — after all, he was a gentleman, and had connections back East.

One of his supporters back East was none other than the eloquent scoundrel, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and with his support Walker organized and led the famous 1853 attempt to seize Mexican territory and organize it as the "Independent Republic of Lower California."

He proclaimed himself master of Sonora in Lower California in January, 1854.

William Walker planned to build an empire in Lower California, have himself appointed dictator of a slave-tended system of agriculture. However, many of Walker's enemies disappeared and subsequently the Federal Government became involved. The U.S. Government, after investigating Walker's activities, notified the Federal authorities to refuse him supplies and equipment, and his empire-building venture ended in retreat, and surrender to a United States force at the border.

William Walker's career was a fascinating tale of acquisition — no holds barred and the throttle wide-open. He played with great enterprises as a child played with blocks. His frankness was arrogance; his passion for order and efficiency only the trick of a clever salesman.

In the year of 1855, Walker was not daunted. He was planning a descent on Nicaragua with the eventual federalization of all Central America under his control. He landed with only 57 men, all adventurers and renegades from California, Arizona, Texas, and other border territories. Men that wanted to be lost from recognition back in the States. He was financed by Vanderbilt, and was supplied ships, supplies and ammunition from his steamship lines. With this capital, Walker dictated a peace and had his coup d'etat recognized by the United States in 1856. Walker was now Master of the Nicaraguan state and all appeared serene. He repealed the Spanish laws against Negro slavery and reinstated a slave system of his own — patterned after his plans in Lower California.

At this promising point in his career, he was admired by the slave interest in the United States, and by the imperialists who hung about the fringes of the Democratic Party. He hoped to extend the slave system to the vast areas of South America, as well as Central America and the Islands, but Walker fell foul of his pal, Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt — and did a double-cross.

Now Commodore Vanderbilt was a formidable gentleman, and did not approve of anyone who disagreed with him. The reasons for supporting Walker was his strategy to avoid a group take-over of his vast enterprises. He made an arrangement with Walker whereby he was to void the original charter of his steamship company, seize what assets existed in Nicaragua, and turn everything over to themselves together with a new charter in their favor.

It took Commodore Vanderbilt a little time to get around to Walker for this double-cross. He had to dispose of two other thorns in his side by the names of Morgan and Garrison. This he did quickly and then he went for Walker in this manner: he roused up all Central America against Nicaragua with a war against Costa Rica, Honduras, Guatemala, and El Salvador. Walker was doomed. Walker escaped in May, 1857, aboard a United States man-of-war and left the Central American scene.

So ended his days of glory. He made two attempts to reassert his authority in Nicaragua. The first of these ended in his arrest and return for trial in the United States, where he was defended by Pierre Soule, a famous French-American statesman who became a United States Senator from Louisiana.

The second time his luck ran out. The Commodore's influence was strong in Central and South America. So when he landed in Honduras in August, 1860, and attempted to cross into Nicaragua, he was arrested and executed by his late subjects.

Yes, the Old West was full of outlaws and lawmen. It took both to make history — without one, the other was unnecessary. So as with William Walker — the "grey-eyed man of destiny." He too made history, and in all probability robbed, stole, killed or had murdered more men than any 30 more famous named outlaws that we read about continually.

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