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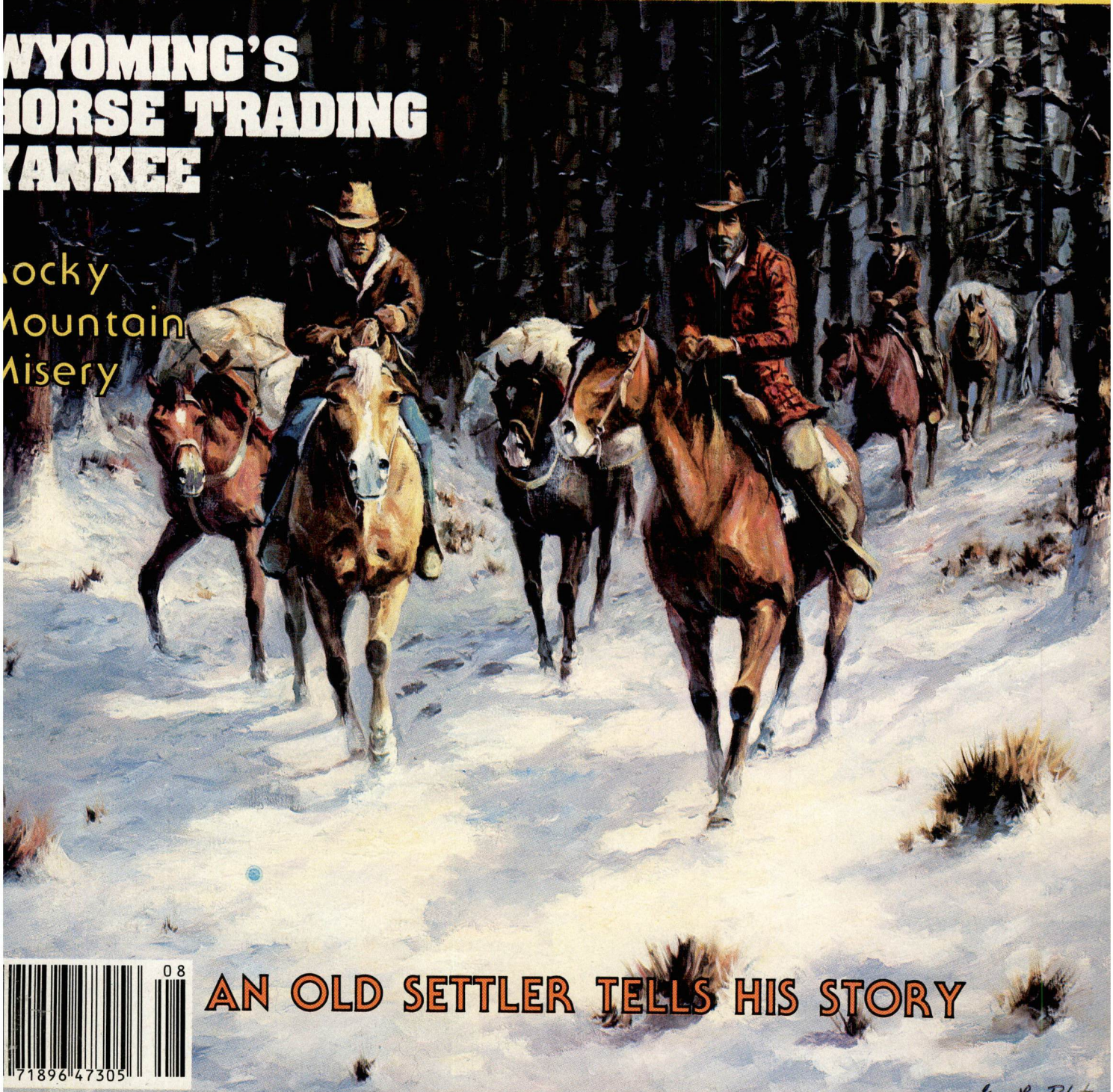
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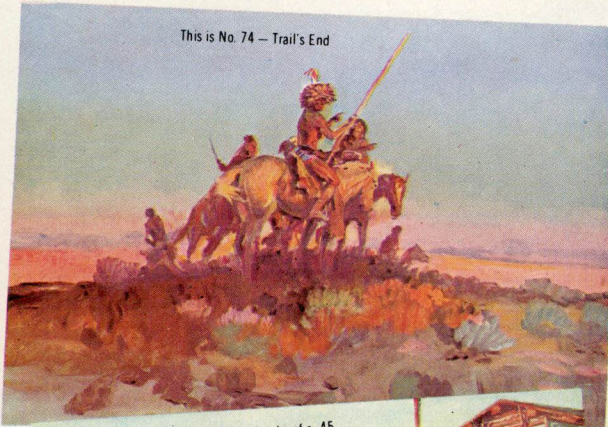


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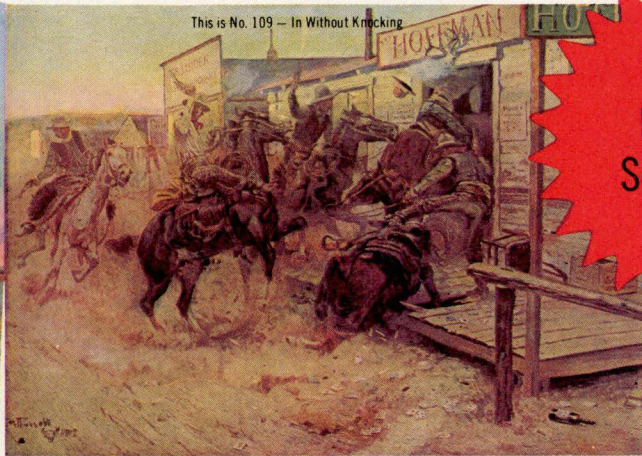


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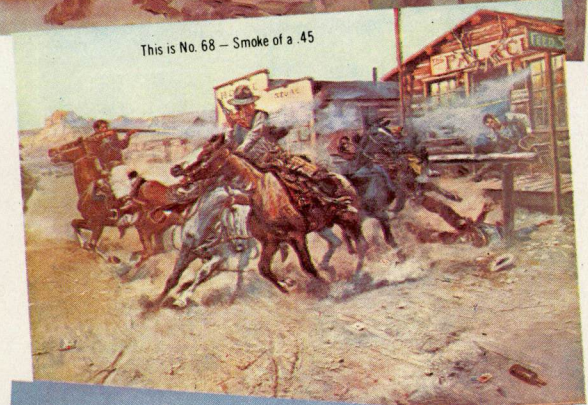


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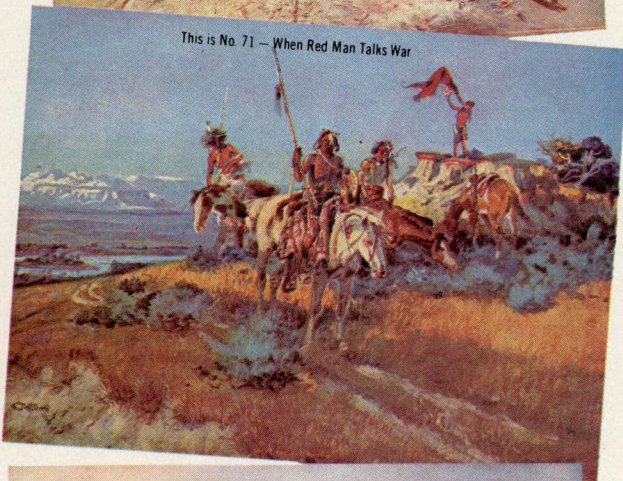


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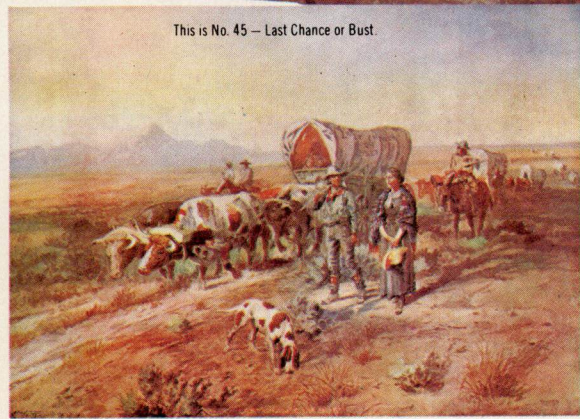
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This is No. 68 — Smoke of a 45



This is No. 71 — When Red Man Talks War



This is No. 45 — Last Chance or Bust

—PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH—

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1—Ambushed, 11x14 | 43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7 | 87—Whose Meat? 13½x9½ |
| 2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½ | 45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9 | 88—Wagon Boss, 16x10½ |
| 3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8 | 46—Mad Cow, 12x8 (watercolor) | 89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½ |
| 4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11 | 47—Wagons Westward, 10½x8 (watercolor) | 90—A Crow Chief, 7x9 (watercolor) |
| 5—Buffalo Hint (spears), 11x7½ | 48—The Challenge, 10½x6½ | 91—Innocent Allies, 13½x9½ |
| 6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½ | 49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7 | 92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (watercolor) |
| 7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½ | 50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7 (watercolor) | 93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½ |
| 8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8 | 51—At the End of The Rope, 10½x7 | 94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7 |
| 9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½ | 52—Prospectors, 10½x8 | 95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½ |
| 10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½ (watercolor) | 53—Planning the Attack, 14x10 | 96—Wound Up, 11x8½ (watercolor) |
| 11—On the Move, 13½x9½ | 54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7 | 97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7 |
| 12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 2x11x8½ (watercolor) | 55—Who Killed the Bear? 10½x7 | 98—Winter Packet, 9½x5 (watercolor) |
| 13—On the Trail, 11x7½ | 56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½ | 99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½ |
| 14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8 | 57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½ | 101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898) 13½x9½ |
| 15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½ | 58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½ | 102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½ |
| 16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½ | 59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7 | 103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½ |
| 17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½ | 60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8 | 104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½ |
| 18—Caught with the goods, 14x9½ | 61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10½ | 105—Prairie Express (Stagecoach), 13½x9½ |
| 19—Cowboy Life, 11x14 | 62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8 | 106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8 |
| 20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½ | 63—Strenuous Life, 14x9½ | 107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½ |
| 21—Carson's Men (Kit Carson) 14x9½ | 64—Sun Worshipers, 16x10½ | 108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½ |
| 22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½ | 65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½ | 109—In Without Knocking, 14x10 |
| 23—The Water Girl, 9x10½ (watercolor) | 66—Single Handed, 14x9½ | 110—Critical Moment (Cowboys), 8x6 |
| 24—Renegades Return, 13½x9½ | 67—Slick Ear, 11½x9 | 111—Land of God Hunting, 13½x9½ |
| 25—Chief Joseph (Indian Head) 8x11 (watercolor) | 68—Smoke of a 45, 12x9 | 112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's in the Pan, 13½x9½ |
| 26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½ | 69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½ | 113—Trapper's Last Stand, 14x9½ |
| 27—Disputed Trail, 11x14 | 70—Signal Fire, 11x14 | 114—When Meat Was Plentiful, 11x7½ |
| 28—Dangerous ripple, 14x9½ | 71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½ | 115—Buffalo on the Move, 13½x9 |
| 29—In The Wake of the Buffalo Runners, 10x8 | 72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½ | 116—Red Skin Raiders, 13½x9 |
| 30—Early American, 13½x9½ | 73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½ | 117—Trail of the Iron Horse (Indians, RR tracks) 13½x9½ |
| 31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½ (watercolor) | 74—Trail's End, 13½x9½ | 118—Breaking Camp (Indian Women) 13½x9½ |
| 32—First Furrow, 8x12 (watercolor) | 75—The Holdup, 13x8 | 119—Riding Line, 13½x9½ |
| 33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½ | 76—The Bolter, 9½x13½ | 120—Indian Trading Post, 9½x13½ |
| 34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½ | 77—The Attack, 12x8 | 121—Stalking the Herd, 9½x13½ |
| 35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½ | 78—The Drifter, 13½x9½ | 122—Death of a Gambler, 9½x13½ |
| 36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½ | 79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8 | 123—Piegan Indians, 9x12 |
| 37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½ | 80—Two of a Kind, Win, 13½x9½ | |
| 38—Women of the Plains, 8x6 | 81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½ (watercolor) | |
| 39—Invocation to the Sun, 13½x9½ | 82—When Tracks Spell Meatin, 13½x10½ | |
| 40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½ | 83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½ | |
| 41—Jerked Down, 14x9½ | 84—Mandan Buffalo Hunt, 13½x9½ | |
| 42—The Jerkline, 14x9½ | 85—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8 (watercolor) | |

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Hosstails SMALL TALK

MEET THE NEW EDITOR

JIM DULLENTY was born 41 years ago on a Montana farm in the heart of the Rockies. He calls himself "just a backwoods Montana farm boy." Come to think of it, how Western can you get? Jim had an idyllic childhood in the Bitterroot Valley. The family lived seven miles from the nearest town and more than a mile from the nearest neighbor. From his earliest memories, Jim was interested in cowboys and Indians like most kids, but he lived where he could do something about it. His dad built the frame work and Jim finished it up so that for years he and visiting children had a real fort to play in. It had catwalks, a guardhouse, a stable, barracks, flag pole, swinging pole gates — just like any fort of the Old West.

Jim's first experience with Old West history occurred when he was in Havre, Montana High School. He and a close friend visited most of the historic places in that area. They visited the Bear Paws Battlefield where Chief Joseph surrendered in 1877. Their most interesting trips were made to the Little Rockies, a small range of mountains in north-central Montana. There are two towns in those mountains — Zortman and Landusky. In Zortman there's still a rail where you can tie up your horse while you stop in the tavern to slake your thirst. Inside, the ceiling and walls give evidence of several gun battles. Jim says this was the only tavern he ever got thrown out of. He was under age, but he wondered why they should mind since the nearest law officer was in Malta, 90 miles north.

Across those little nubbins of mountains is Landusky, named for Pike Landusky, who was killed by outlaw Kid Curry shortly after Christmas in 1894. Curry, an alias for Harvey Logan, fled the country and later joined Butch Cassidy's bunch in Wyoming. Landusky's grave is there and so are some of the buildings from Kid Curry's day. Although Curry had a terrible reputation as the "Mad Dog Killer" of the Wild Bunch, you couldn't tell it from the folks around the Little Rockies and that's what impressed Jim so much

about the place.

In 1957, when he visited those mountains for the first time, Jim talked with many of the old-timers. Some of them had been there when the place was a mining boom camp. Some of the old gold mines hadn't been worked since the early 1930s when this country went off the gold standard and the government kept the price of gold low. The people there were still hoping that gold would



go back up. Jim and his friend thought the people were crazy, but time proved that they were the ones who were off. Those old folks would talk of Curry only in whispers, as if he could come back and settle things with them. Mostly though, he was remembered as a good ranch hand at the Circle C (Coburn) Ranch and as a friend who could be counted on in a pinch.

Jim has been interested in outlaws ever since, but he really didn't get into the outlaw history business until after his graduation from the University of Montana and several years of reporting for newspapers in Montana and North Dakota. It was when he became a reporter for the *Spokane* (Washington) *Daily Chronicle* that he started his long search for the truth about Butch Cassidy.

For more than 60 years it was generally believed that Butch Cassidy, sometimes called the "Robin Hood of Western Outlaws," died in a shootout in South America in 1909. But rumors have circulated that Cassidy survived that incident and returned to the United States to become an honorable citizen, possibly in Spokane.

In December 1972, *Chronicle* reporter Jim Dullenty began an intensive investigation into Butch Cassidy's possible demise in Spokane. He traveled thousands of miles to places like Salt Lake City, Cheyenne, North Hollywood, and elsewhere. He interviewed nearly one hundred persons and researched the files of state historical societies. As a result of this investigation, Jim concludes there is a good possibility Cassidy spent his last twenty-seven years in Spokane and died there in 1937 as William T. Phillips.

During his trips for stories, Jim met other Western writers, or people merely interested in Cassidy, and they spent many hours spinning yarns about their research. Finally, they all decided that they liked talking to each other so much that they should have an organization. In June 1974, the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History was born and headquartered at Utah State University. It is now 500 members strong and is headquartered at the University of Wyoming. Jim has been a member of the Board of Directors since NOLA was founded, and in June 1981 was elected president.

So we have a lover of Western history, strong on the badman angle, as editor now. Jim realizes, however, that *True West* and *Old West* are a lot more than badmen magazines and will strive to keep the diversification that they have had in the past. Jim will edit from the Iola office, so you folks who write for us send your stuff direct to him at 700 East State Street, Iola, Wisconsin 54990. Old Hosstail and an assistant will remain at the Austin office, so you can get us at the same old address.

I guess that's about all the news for now, so will see you next issue same time same place. — Hosstail



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In This Issue

HOSSTAIL'S "SMALL TALK"	Joe Small	3
TRULY WESTERN		5
TRAILS GROWN DIM		27
B.F. WICKWIRE: WYOMING HORSE TRADER	Vera D. Saban	10
IMMORTALIZED IN BRONZE	Bob Wilson	16
EARLY DAYS IN LINCOLN	Amelia Bolton Church/Eve Ball	20
ROCKY MOUNTAIN MISERY	Hank Givens	24
TRAILBLAZING CADETS	Don Miller	28
SWINDLERS OF THE OLD WEST	C. Kutac	31
THE QUIEN SABE RANCH	Thomas E. Preston	36
AN OLD SETTLER TELLS HIS STORY	J. T. Wood	40
THE YOUNG AND FATHERLESS	Blondell Whitehead	46
MARY FIELDS, FREIGHT HAULER AND STAGE DRIVER	Don Miller	52
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP	The Old Bookaroos	35
WILD OLD DAYS		56

Cover: **GARY LYNN ROBERTS**
"COLD COWBOYS"

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Truly Western

Buried Loot

Here's hoping someone can shed some light on an old mountain tale for me. The legend handed down is that after robbing a bank in Kentucky, Jesse James and three of his men came to a valley in Virginia, some fifty miles east of Bristol (on the Virginia-Tennessee border). A distant relative of his had a farm high on a mountain. Jesse and his pals stayed there several days to rest up and let things cool off. Afraid they would be caught or killed before they reached Missouri, they hid the money on the farm. They told the owner they would come back one day and dig it up and share it with him. But, of course, he was killed and no one ever found the money. If anyone has any information on this please write. — Arthur C. Trent, Route 1, Pounding Mill, Virginia 24637.

How Dave Made It West

In the mid-1800s my paternal grandfather, Robert Bruce Morrison, was for awhile president of the National Brick Manufacturers Association and was superintendent of the Rome Brick Company in Rome, Georgia. One of the "employees" at the brickyard back in those days was a mule whose name was Dave.

Dave's job was to pull the clay cart that ran on small narrow-gauge rails from the clay pit up to the tipple where he would be unhitched while the cart of clay was winched up in a tipple dump and let back down. When the cart returned, Dave would go to the appropriate end, wait until he was hitched up and then would proceed down the tracks to the clay pit where the procedure was reversed. Dave would be unhitched and would go to the opposite end of the dump cart without instructions of any kind and would stand and wait patiently until the steam shovel had deposited a

sufficient amount of the red Georgia clay in the cart to transport to the other end of the tracks.

If noontime came while Dave was en route, however, he would stop. You see, Dave could tell time. When he stopped,

he would not move another foot until he was unhitched and could go to the barn for his oats and water.

When the time came to go back to work, without instructions from anyone Dave would return to the cart, stand at the appropriate end, wait to be hitched and then, without encouragement of any kind, proceed to the end of the track, depending upon which way he was going when he decided to take off for lunch. Usually the whistle was blown on time, but if visitors were there and Dave was being shown off to them, he would play his part by refusing to work if the whistle was late. Also, it could be demonstrated that if they blew the whistle too soon, Dave would not stop but would presumably shake his head and keep going until the noon hour had indeed arrived.

Dave was well known among mules in



that part of Georgia and was an interesting part of the operation and always shown to visitors.

Tragedy was to befall Dave, however. One night the mule barn burned down and Dave died in the fire. Naturally, everyone was upset, and so Dave was buried with honors and a monument was erected on his grave. The capstone to the monument was made of the common brick red clay and was fired in the kilns there at the Rome Brick Company yard. The kilns, incidentally, were designed by my grandfather and were standard in the industry for sixty-five years without an alteration of any kind.

As time went by, my grandfather had nine children and among them was one of my favorite uncles, the late Dr. Thaddeus Morrison of Atlanta. Several years before he died at the age of ninety he returned to Rome and went to the old family cemetery to look around. He also went by the old brickyard. There he introduced himself to the young superintendent, and in conversation with him inquired about Dave's monument. The young man remarked that he didn't know exactly where it was but that there had been some bulldozing incident to remodeling. He mentioned a pile of rubble over on the other side of the yard and said that if it were to be found anywhere it would be in that pile of rubble.

Uncle Thad related to me at a family reunion how he went over, probed around and found the capstone to the monument. He said he asked if he could have it, whereupon the superintendent said he would be honored for Uncle Thad to have it.

In due time my uncle had a lamp made from this capstone and later gave it to me for safekeeping. It now resides in the waiting room of my office and is somewhat of a conversation piece. Inscribed on it are the words IN MEMORY OF DAVE, R. B. COMPANY, and at the bottom is a drawing of an old-timey bit. Marks and indentations on the front of this capstone indicate that someone occasionally used it for target practice and it has been patched with plain cement in two or three places, but the fact that it was more or less kept in repair stands as evidence that old Dave was well thought of and that it was indeed intended that his memory should be preserved.

When I pass on, Dave's monument will go to Uncle Thad's grandson who I know will preserve it and keep old Dave's memory warm and alive within



the family for many years to come. — Dr. Robert B. Morrison, 605 Medical Park Tower, Austin, Texas 78705.

Haystacker

I enjoyed the story in the March edition of *True West, Hay Gatherers On the High Plains*. I have worked as a kid on every one of the rigs described in the article — the ginpole, the overshot, etc. But the author didn't include a picture of a haystacker like the one I am sending you. This one was strictly home-made of lodge pole pines, but it worked.

After pushing in six or eight loads of hay with bull rakes or sweeps, the four horses pushed the hay up and over the top to the stacker. That was always my job — driving the "pusher" team. I liked that job because I got a lot of time to just sit and wait until the fellows on the bull rakes pushed enough hay in front of the pusher to require my raising same up to the stacker.

This picture was taken in the Laramie Plains country of Wyoming in the late '20s. This type was widely used in the Laramie Valley and also in North Park, Colorado, around Walden and Cowdrey. — T. Stanley Hill, P.O. Box 204, Siletz, Oregon 97380.

A Hobo Ready to Settle Down!

I was a hobo at age sixteen in 1931. I have served in the armed forces three times, the first from 1935 to 1938 and the last 1951 to 1952. I am now retired and interested in writing. I would like to hear from readers on the subject "Why My Area is a Good Place to Retire." They might even convince me and I will move there. — Willard E. Crawford, P.O. Box 2031, Oroville, California 95965.

Jail Break

I read and enjoyed "Keeping the Peace in Erath County" by Richard King which ran in the April issue.

I have a story about the Stephenville jail. It was first told to me by my grandfather. Later I found a piece in the *Fort Worth Gazette* which was written June 28, 1844.

"I hereby offer \$50 reward for the arrest of . . . the following described murderer . . . having escaped from the Erath County prison on June 19, 1844: Monroe Coldiron is about thirty years old, about five feet eight or nine inches tall, weighs 144 pounds, wears No. 6 boots, black hair, dark blue or dark grey eyes; short round face — sharp nose; by occupation a farmer; talks but little and in a low; kind voice; has a sister in Limestone County by the name of Thompson; has a brother in Madison County by the name of George Coldiron. — John C. Gilbreth, Sheriff, Erath County."

My grandfather told me that George Coldiron visited Monroe in jail. He left just before Monroe was to be hung. He said that a man and woman left the jail. The next morning Monroe was gone, never to be seen or heard from again.

I wonder if anyone in Erath County or Stephenville has heard this story. I would like to hear from anyone who may know something about Monroe Coldiron's jail break, or why Monroe was put in jail. It states "murder." Who did he kill? — Don Coldiron, Rt. 1, Box 161, Itasca, Texas 76055.

Precarious Living

I went to New Mexico in 1906 when I was ten years old. My dad took (I think)

the last claim homestead east of Hagerman. It was not a full 160 acres and the road divided it. It was in a horseshoe bend. When we moved there, there was a ferry across the Pecos. We were west of the river in the valley. East was range land. The cowboys rode the river every few days to tramp out bogs. Sometimes they would bring the little calf up to us across the saddle. A lot of the times, unless they got there soon, the mother cow never made it. That quicksand set like cement and the boys would have to get in there and get the sand to quaking like jelly. He would pull a leg up and bend it under the cow and maybe tie it. Most of the time all four legs had to be tramped out before he could put a rope on her horns and drag her out.

One time my girl friend and I were riding down along the river which was on our land. We came up over a big sand dune and a cowboy had hung his chaps and pants on the saddlehorn and was busy tramping out the bog. Well, we startled the horse and it started off. We were timid young girls and turned around and got out of there. In this day and time I'll bet the girls would stay there and laugh at his problem — would he stay in the water or get out naked and run after his horse.

My dad had poor health and I was the only child. We were from Illinois and my dad knew all about the care of horses. I was taught how to fit a collar so the horse never had sore shoulders and how to know not to get a horse overheated. A lot of the time my dad was only able to grind the sickles and I cut and raked the alfalfa and got it ready for the baler. I once had to kill a rattlesnake by pulling the bridle off my saddle horse and using the bridle to beat it to death. I have the silver mounted bits yet that I used.

Times were very hard. We milked a few cows. Mother churned the cream and made butter, molded it into blocks and sold it in town. If we didn't have enough to make an extra pound, we had butter on the table.

My dad had a portable engine on our pumping plant and a neighbor had a small threshing machine. They decided to go east to Bronco, a small town on the Texas line, to thresh maize. Dad and our neighbor, Frank Houghs, were going to stay there and thresh and the rest of us were coming back with loads of grain. I was to drive and take care of a three-horse team. The folks who went there were Roxy Houghs, Frank's wife, Roxy's father and brother. The brother was my

age and the nearest to a brother I'll ever have. Another neighbor man went also. That made three four-horse teams besides my team. Roxy and I slept in my wagon and the men put up a tent. If you've never slept in a wagon loaded with hay you've missed something. (This was at the time of the big drought and the range was almost bare.) They begin to take out a few bales at a time which makes the bed very uneven to say the least.

In that whole 100 miles we didn't see but one house and none coming back; just a trail with no fences. We got our loads and started back. The first night one horse got into the grain and to keep him from foundering and getting stiff the men took turns walking him all night. Then it rained and they had to take turns breaking the road.

The last morning before we would get to the Caprock we were out of hay so they turned the horses out to get a little roughness. They kept one horse, a stallion, up and one of my team. He really wasn't a work horse but my dad could not stand to leave him in Illinois when we moved. He was a high strung horse; more of a buggy horse. The horses all got frightened when Roxy and I went out to bring them back to camp while the men took down the tent. The weather was turning cold with mist in the air. The horses just kept going.

I told Clifton to help me on my horse and I'd try to get ahead of the horses. Keno was a pacer and I was bareback and had to ride hard to catch up to the strays. I didn't dare fall off. There were big clumps of mesquite to dodge. I got ahead of them and held them until the men got there. They put me on a better horse and let me lead a couple. We had to face that freezing mist going back. My left side seemed about frozen. I did shake for hours after we got started. Roxy and I had a lantern down at our feet and that helped a little, with a big blanket wrapped around us. When we got down to the Caprock the back wheel had to be tied to the reach so it would slide. As it was the horses couldn't hold the wagons back. Well we broke the reach and had to leave the wagon at the remains of an old corral. We decided to drive all night as we were about out of food. Clifton complained that his feet were freezing. We told him about our lantern but he said it did no good. We told him to pull off his boots, that would help.

When we stopped to rest the horses and make hot tea we were a sorry bunch. Clifton was cussing and half-crying

because his boots had frozen and he couldn't get them off.

The next day was Christmas. We had cold biscuits and tomatoes for dinner. There was about a foot of snow on the ground. When we went back after the wagon in a few days we could see how the lead team of horses had taken us around ditches and things to get us safely home. They were a team of mountain horses and if it hadn't been for them we probably wouldn't have made it.

There were lots of things that happened but it will always seem like my home. We've been back there and some of the trees we planted are still there and there is a pumping plant at the same place ours was, which is something as shifty as that old Pecos was.

When we had to leave New Mexico on account of the big drought my dad took our little shepherd dog with my black saddle horse and Keno. We were at Wellington, Kansas when a big thunderstorm came up. Shep was scared to death and ran away. Months later my brother-in-law from Hagerman wrote that Shep had come home and died on our old doorstep. — Nora Sims, 208 Birch, Perry, Oklahoma 73077.

Navy Seabees Reunion

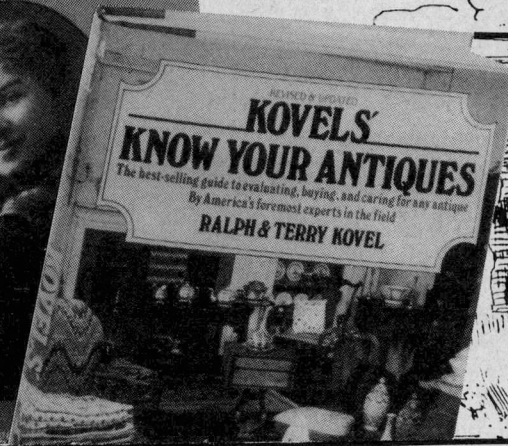
The 28th Annual Reunion of our Navy Seabees is scheduled for September 1-4, 1982 at Holiday Inn South in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. We still have been unable to locate some of our buddies. But each year more of them see our announcements in magazines and attend our reunion for their first time. Last year we had one contact us who lived in Mississippi — he saw our announcement in *True West*.

This is the reunion of the 66th United States Naval Construction Battalion (USNCB) "Seabees" Battalion and 1022nd Detachment, WWII, duty Alaska, Aleutian and Kurile Island Chain, Guam, Okinawa. For details contact: — W. M. Howard, 2648 Country Green Road, Memphis, Tennessee 38134.



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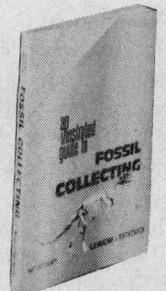
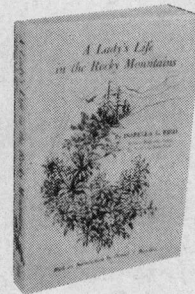
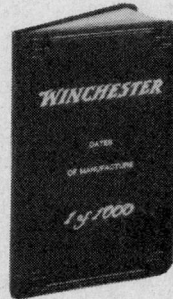
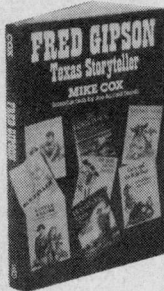
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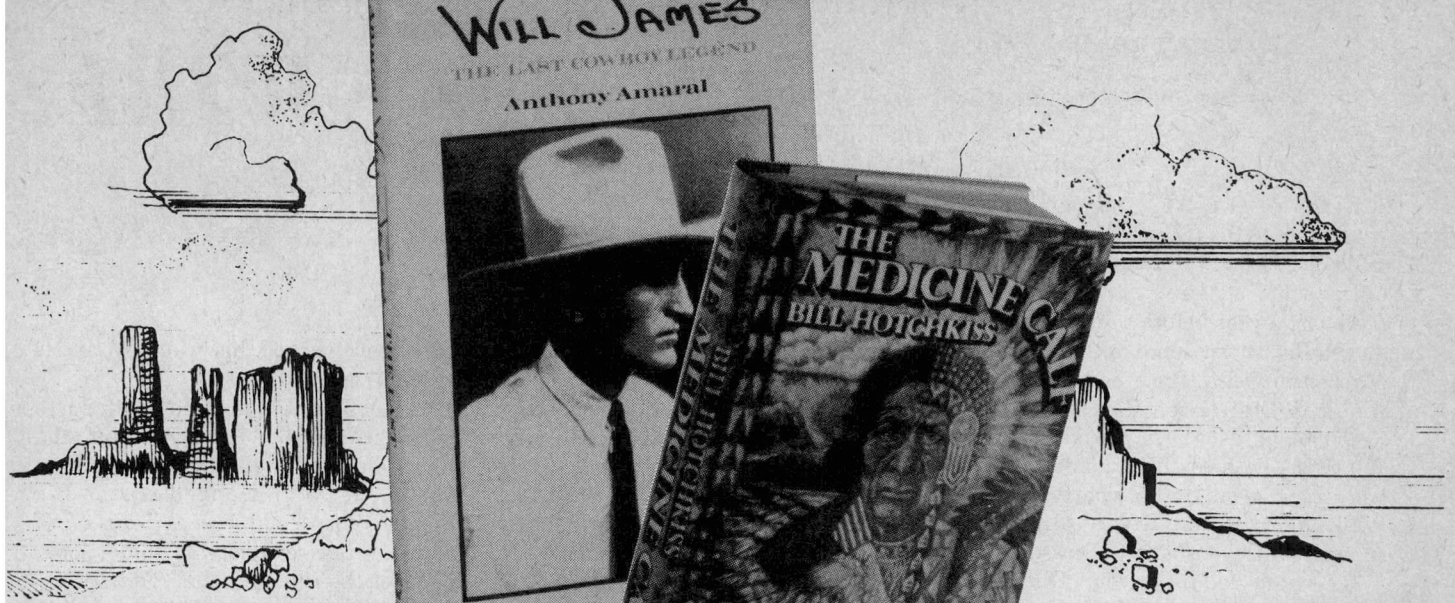
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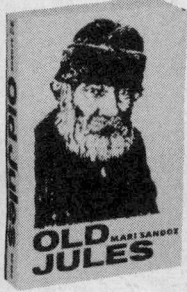
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By VERA SABAN

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B.F. WICKWIRE:

His Cayuses were tough,

WICK AND FRITZ, partners on the river route to the Klondike, met again in June of 1899 on the long muddy street of Dawson.

Almost a year before they had parted on the Rat River, some miles above the Mackenzie Delta. Fritz had stayed the winter in Destruction City where hundreds of goldseekers perished. B.F. Wickwire, with his friend Lon Taylor, had struggled on, the only party to make it through the Rat River Gorge that summer, and eventually to Dawson.

"I sure am glad to see you," Fritz said. "You'll never know how lucky you were to get out of there."

Wick agreed that he had been lucky. Many times, during that long year's trek, he had jotted in his diary, "We were sure lucky to get through there today."

Hundreds died in that stampede to Dawson City. Wick and Lon made it through but perhaps it wasn't luck but a combination of good management, per-

severance, and quite a dollop of daring. And being a pair of tough, seasoned Wyoming cowboys was a big asset.

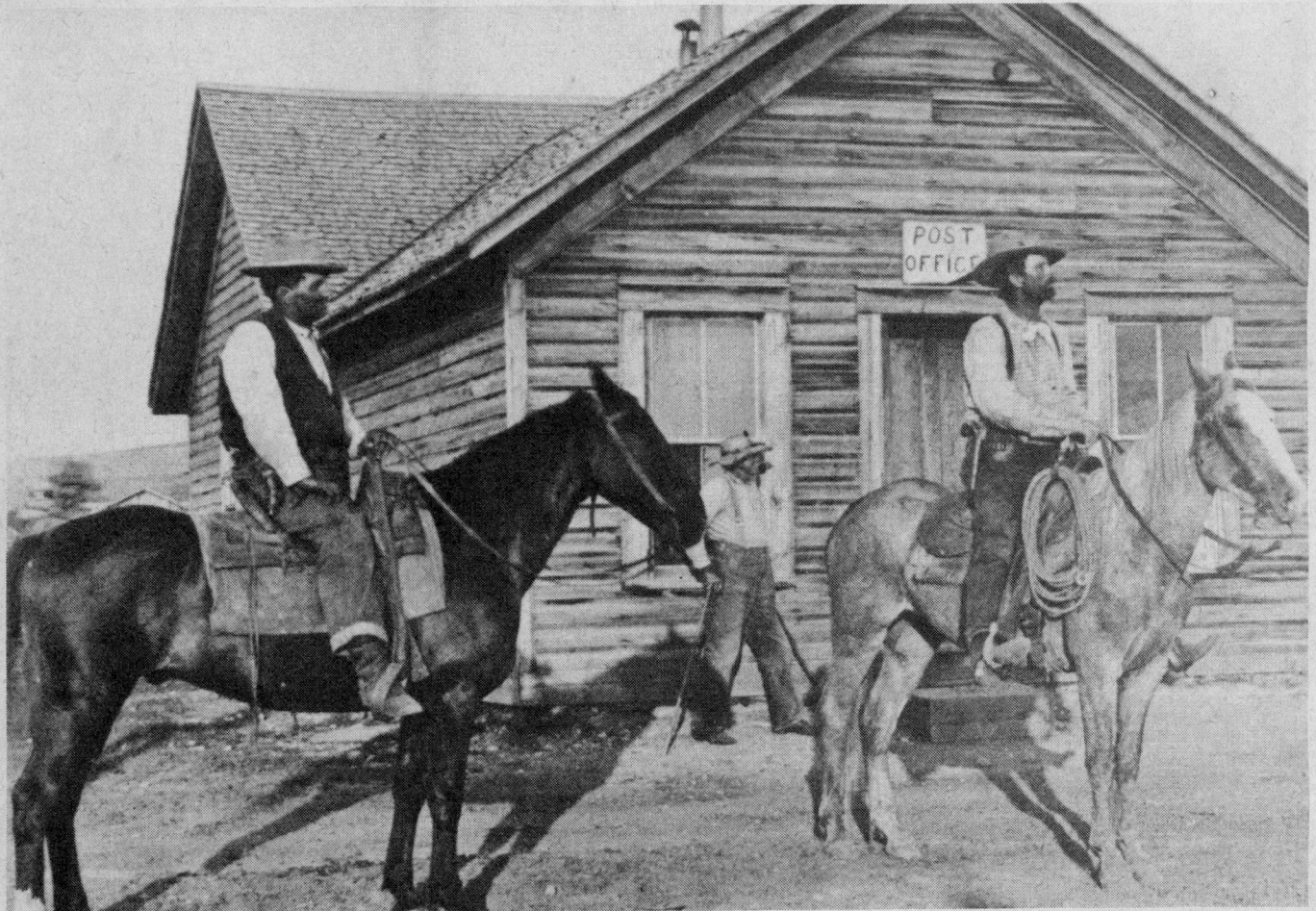
Byron F. Wickwire was born in New York State in 1863. When he was twelve his family moved overland to Nebraska and homesteaded in Red Willow County on Beaver Creek. Their first home was a sod house. Young Byron spent most of his time in the saddle, riding after cattle for neighboring ranchers. At one time the Cheyenne Indians left their reservation and killed ten people on Beaver Creek, one man within a mile of the Wickwire farm.

After the death of his mother in 1882 Wick headed West. At Cheyenne he heard of the Big Horn Basin of northern Wyoming, only recently discovered by the big cattlemen. He moved on to Raw-

lins, then worked his way to Lander with a freight outfit.

He met John Luman who hired him to help take a herd of 7,000 cattle into the mountain-encircled Big Horn Basin. The cattle were dropped on the Big Horn River, a cabin was built, and young Wickwire spent the winter looking after the Luman herds. Tall, luxuriant bunch grass covered the basin and the Luman cattle wintered well. Buffalo, elk, bear, deer, and antelope still abounded, so meat was plentiful.

The next winter Luman sent Wick with a herd of horses to Paintrock Creek on the west slope of the Big Horns. Wick built a cabin of cottonwood logs, the second in the Paintrock-Medicine Lodge valley. That area became his home for many years.



A stop at the Hyattville post office in 1889. B.F. Wickwire is on the black horse to the left. The other rider is Art Hg. S.W. Hyatt, postmaster, is in the background.

WYOMING HORSE TRADER

but the Edmonton Trail was tougher

Wick was foreman for Luman until 1886, the period when the cattle kings flourished, their herds ranging the basin. The hard winter of 1886-1887 brought crippling losses to the cattle barons, contributing to the break-up of the cattle kingdoms. Settlers were coming in with their plows and shovels, and soon the range belonged to the small cattlemen.

B.F. Wickwire, twenty-one in 1884, filed on a homestead, a beautiful spot where the Medicine Lodge Creek tumbles out of a mountain canyon. He lived on his homestead for a part of each year.

Wick's riding and roping expertise was utilized by various ranches of the basin, including the famed Pitchfork Ranch on the Greybull River, far across the basin to the west. During 1886-1890 Wick was appointed a special deputy sheriff of the Big Horn Basin. He was a fiddler and many cowpunchers whirled homesteaders' daughters to the tunes sawed out by B.F. Wickwire.

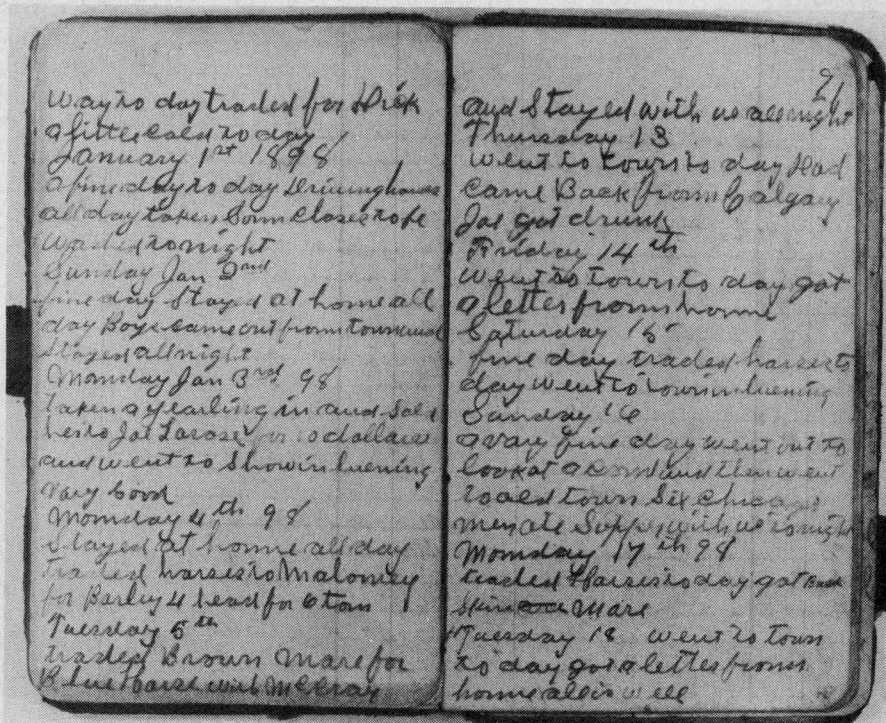
He courted May Rawson, a slender girl from California. Her family operated a store in Hyattville, a cowtown founded in 1886 just above the confluence of the Paintrock and Medicine Lodge Creeks. They were married in 1896 and Wick took his bride to his ranch nestled at the foot of Medicine Lodge Canyon.

This canyon opening had long been a favored camping site of the Crow tribe and the sheer bluff above the corrals is embellished with Indian writings and pictographs. Today, the name of Wickwire can also be found on that cliff.

Wick raised cattle and horses and luck seemed to be with him. He had land and livestock and a wife he adored — so much so that he rebelled at the sight of May doing the hard tasks of a rancher's wife.

That rebellion contributed to his decision to seek the goldfields of the Yukon when news of the strike there drifted to Wyoming. Money — some quick profits — would alleviate some of those hardships for May, he thought.

That wasn't the whole of it, though. Byron F. Wickwire had been nurtured on adventure, and he savored it. If the



These pages from Wick's diary were written while he was in Edmonton. They cover January 1-18, 1898.

opportunity for excitement appeared, Wick needed no prodding.

WHEN Lon Taylor returned from a trip to Billings, Montana, his enthusiasm for a jaunt to the Klondike infected Wick, too. It sounded good — not mining gold but taking horses to be sold in Dawson. Horses there, Lon had heard, were selling for \$600 to \$700 a head. And Wick had horses, plenty of unbroken broncs running those hills and gulches.

Lon had some literature put out by a big Edmonton packer telling about the Edmonton Trail — “the shortest, cheapest, and the best way to reach the richest goldfields ever discovered. Travel safe, fish plentiful, game, no fear of Indians, no hardship. Route has been used by Hudson's Bay Company for years.”

It sounded simple — start those tough cayuses north and just follow them through. They could manage about eighty head. It would mean an absence of several months, maybe a year. But John Luman, his neighbor,

would see that May was all right and would look after his ranch and stock. Wick began gathering horses, choosing the strong, the intelligent.

Riding Roman Nose, his favorite buckskin gelding, Wick and Lon hazed those mustangs out of Bonanza, some miles below Hyattville, on October 5, 1897. Charlie Olson went along, driving a team on a wagon, loaded with their bedding, tents, and other provisions. Their spirits were high. They should get into Dawson in the spring, just right for a good market.

Although troublesome at first, the broncs soon lined out each day. On October 10 they reached Billings, having traveled 120 miles. Lon had made arrangements to meet a freighter, George Weaver, who wanted to go to the Yukon with them, but they learned that he had gone on. They bought warm clothing and blankets and left Billings on October 18.

Two hundred miles out of Billings and one month after leaving Bonanza they crossed the Canadian line at Coutts, paying two dollars a head duty

on eighty head of horses. They had met no great problems in crossing Montana except for a couple of bad snowstorms.

Sixty miles into Canada they overtook George Weaver with his six mules and one pinto mare, and a French half-breed called Big Joe. The Wyoming men soon learned that nothing ever bothered George Weaver — he was always laughing and telling tall tales.

At Ft. McLeod they were hit with a long fierce blizzard, forcing them to stay in camp from November 12 to December 13. Keeping the horses together was a big job, but their tough Wyoming mustangs stood the storm very well.

Problems were mounting. There would be more storms, scarce feed and frozen streams. Wick, Lon, Charlie, Weaver, and Big Joe loaded the horses on the train and shipped them 300 miles to Edmonton.

Already they were running into men in a hurry to reach the goldfields — stampedes who offered them a good price for horses, but they refused to sell. On December 16 they unloaded the horses in Edmonton. They had been more than two months on the trail and here they were, at the jumping-off place — with temperatures of forty degrees below zero, lots of snow, and short days.

After checking with local people, wisdom dictated the next move. They found a good pasture and an old house two miles from town, unpacked their gear, and it was two months before they moved on. That time was filled with activity.

The Wyoming horse wranglers joined up with three men from Miles City, Montana — “Dad” Atkinson, his son Charlie, and Billy Hill. Dad was a good carpenter — he made six good sleds and a bobsled. They all worked on harnesses, pack saddles and collars. The younger men broke horses to pack, and to drive on the sleds.

Wick was the horse trader, buying and selling. At first the Mounted Police kept a close watch, suspecting the horses had been stolen. B.F. Wickwire became known as the horse-trading Yankee.

During those short cold days they weren't without entertainment. Many men visited the Wickwire camp to trade horses, to watch those Wyoming punchers break horses, to talk over plans or to exchange news. There were gatherings at the Royal Hotel, and Edmonton had dances called “perkies.” Wick was sometimes persuaded to fiddle. He sent a Christmas package and letters home.

In January he received two letters from May, telling him that all was well.

Prices for food and other goods rocketed with the advent of more gold-seekers. Every train brought a load of them, eager to head for the Klondike, but all had to wait for the snow to get heavy enough for a well-packed trail. There was great discouragement when the true condition of that highly advertised “good road” to Peace River was discovered. The Wickwire party soon learned how misinformed they had been — not far out of Edmonton there was no more than a poor trail for a dog team.

During early February Wick watched more than 150 parties hurry out of Edmonton, most of them ill-prepared.



Byron F. Wickwire in 1897, just prior to his trip to the Yukon.

They were chiefly men from the East who knew nothing about caring for horses, packing, or the hardships of trail travel.

THE WICKWIRE party left on February 14 with their horses in good shape, with strong sleds, good harnesses, warm clothing, and a year's provisions for each man. They had seventy-three head of horses, working twenty-five of them, and herding the others. Five sleds were loaded with barley, the others with bedding, tents, tools, and other provisions.

Big Joe stayed in Edmonton. The group now consisted of Wick, Lon, Charlie Olson, Weaver, Billy Hill and the two Atkinsons. “The best bunch a man could travel with,” Wick said later. “Trouble never bothered them.” That was a plus, for they had plenty of it.

In no way could they have imagined the toil and perils of the next months — or the grandeur of the country with its great rivers and gorges, lakes, moun-

tains, thick timber, and muskeg. And there were many areas of good grass where Wick always said, “Some day there'll be a lot of good ranches here.” There were wild geese, lakes black with ducks, and they sighted swans and pelicans.

Wick was the fisherman and hunter, with no lack of moose, deer, bear, caribou or wild birds. During that long trek he wondered at the other Klondikers who never hunted or fished. He provided salmon, pike, whitefish and trout for his own party and for other travelers. Often he gave surplus meat to Indians along the way.

Leaving Edmonton Wick's party endured temperatures of forty below and sometimes worse. They fought their way through snow three feet deep, and were sometimes stopped by raging blizzards. Brush and timber had to be cleared — that promised road was nonexistent. Teams were doubled up in climbing steep grades after crossing rivers. Horses ran away; sleds upset, spilling their loads, and were often broken. The side of the trail was littered with ruined sleds, scattered belongings, and dead horses.

Some men, disheartened, dazed, perhaps half-crazed with fear, turned back toward Edmonton. Others packed what they could on their backs or on gaunt, weakened horses, and staggered on. Many perished that year on the Edmonton Trail.

Wick and his partners found camping sites near feed for their herd, those Wyoming mustangs pawing deep in the snow to find grass. The barley was fed to the work teams and pack animals. Always, other parties camped nearby and there were many tales of troubles and disappointments.

They left the valley of the Saskatchewan, crossed the Pembina, the Paddle, and the Athabaska, followed the Swan River and Lesser Slave Lake, and reached Peace River. They traveled on the ice of the Peace but, as the days warmed, that became hazardous with an overflow on the surface. Sleds were overturned, loads were spilled and soaked, hands and feet were constantly wet.

As spring came on they had pelting rain and sometimes high winds. And with the warm days came the flies and gnats, and mosquitoes in swarms so thick a man couldn't breathe.

The Wyoming horse wranglers and other stampedes used the sleds to Peace River and for some miles up that stream. But on reaching Bear Creek,

Wick and his partners faced reality. With no snow now and a break-up of the ice imminent, sledding was no longer feasible.

With 1,500 miles of the roughest terrain still ahead, getting to Dawson even by fall was now admitted an impossibility. A local trapper advised Wick and Lon to simply drop their horses. But Wick disliked leaving his horses to starve, and Weaver was adamant. He was continuing with his mules — if they died he would die with them.

Their trapper friend reminded them of another problem. Even should the horses get through, there would be no quick availability of pasture and feed for them at Dawson. It was decided to split the party, some heading for the Yukon by the quicker river route.

LIKE OTHER parties along the way they built a boat, having brought a whip-saw, hammer, nails, oakum and tar. Pitch they boiled from the sap of the pine trees. Their craft, which they dubbed the *Wyoming*, was smaller than most — just twenty feet by four feet — a choice which proved to be wise.

Charlie Olson left the group and joined another party and the Atkinsons returned to Edmonton. On May 1 Weaver and Billy Hill, riding Roman Nose, headed into those massive mountains to the west, with the herd of mustangs and the six mules. They were horsemen, they declared, not boatmen.

So Wick and Lon were to go by boat and, reaching Dawson, would find feed for those horses when they arrived. In mid-May, after the break-up of the ice, they launched the *Wyoming*.

Making good time downstream on the wide, swift Peace, they floated 500 miles and entered the Slave, a wild river with many rapids and falls. On the lesser rapids they chanced a run. Others required a portage of goods, with the boat let over with ropes. But the higher falls required a portage of both goods and boat. The portages were rough and exhausting. Usually several parties would work together.

At the more dangerous falls there were Indian guides for hire, but it was perilous work even for them. At a ten-foot fall just above Ft. Smith the *Wyoming* was grabbed by the current and Wick and Lon were catapulted through. They and the boat were miraculously unhurt. "We were fools for luck" Wick said.

At Ft. Smith they teamed up with three Chicago men — Springer, Thomas



Wick's wife May and their adopted daughter Ruth in 1907.

and Fritz — who had a large 35-foot boat which they called the *California*. Towing the small *Wyoming*, they crossed the Great Slave Lake which was very rough at times. They saw many other boats on the lake, filled with men hastening toward the goldfields, but many were lost in the bad storms.

On that long voyage they passed or stopped at numerous Hudson's Bay posts: Dunvegan, Forts Vermilion, Smith, Resolution, Providence, Simpson, Wrigley. They found these posts in beautiful settings, with a store, a Catholic Mission, an English church, perhaps a school for Indians. They were interested in the different tribes who

lived by hunting, fishing, and trapping, trading with the Hudson's Bay Company. After reaching the Mackenzie River they saw a number of company steamers.

They entered the huge Mackenzie River on July 16. At Ft. Good Hope they entered the Arctic Circle, and soon had that midnight sun. And they began seeing Eskimos. They followed the river 900 miles to its mouth at the Mackenzie Delta. There, at Ft. McPherson, they were joined by two Canadians, Cunningham and Tarleton, with their boat. They had met the two men in Edmonton.

Their route now led up the Rat River,

with the mountains to cross. The Rat was a narrow, rocky stream. They had to tow their boats with ropes, walking on the bank or, where the vegetation was too thick, take to the ice cold, swiftly flowing water and drag the boats. They were heading for that high point, Mac-Dougall Pass.

Soon the big boats could continue no farther and Springer and Thomas, old and sick and scared, gave up. Fritz stayed behind with them. Hundreds of other travelers, hoping for survival now instead of gold, were forced to stop because of their over-sized boats. And born there on that wild mountainous creek was Destruction City.

Lon, Wick, Cunningham and Tarleton struggled on with the little *Wyoming*, finally making it through the narrow, rock-walled Rat River Gorge, the only party to succeed. At last they were on the divide, and dragged the boat a mile and a half through brush and thick moss from the lake which headed the Rat to the lake which headed Bell Creek, flowing westward. They rejoiced — this water would eventually reach the Yukon. From the mouth of the Rat to the divide they had covered but sixty miles and it had taken them twenty days.

Fighting down the narrow Bell Creek they entered the Bell River, then the big Porcupine. After 250 miles they came to Ft. Yukon on August 27. Here, at last, was that river, the Yukon, which they had been aiming to reach for so many

months. And lucky they were to get there, for winter wasn't far away.

THEY SOLD their faithful boat for ten dollars and hired out as hands on the *Oil City*, a steamer loaded with kerosene and candles, bound up the river for Dawson. Wick and Lon now took time to wonder just where Weaver and Billy Hill were with the horses. Their own experiences helped them realize the problems those horse wranglers must be facing.

They reached Dawson on September 9, 275 miles out of Ft. Yukon. Wick and Lon had traveled 3,650 tough miles since leaving Wyoming almost a year before. After all they had endured, their arrival seemed like an anti-climax. And they weren't surprised that they found no Wyoming mustangs there.

Dawson was a city of 40,000 people, all tents and cabins, with many saloons and dance halls. The Canadian Mounted Police kept very good order. Everything was very expensive but wages were good if a job could be found.

Wick and Lon stayed in Dawson, waiting to see if Weaver and Hill might possibly get through. Lon got a job with a mining company and Wick became a packer for Bartlett Brothers, freighters.

They soon found that hay, if it could be found, was \$400 a ton, a pasture simply wasn't available. They kept a close watch on the river, but by November they were certain there was no chance that the horse wranglers would arrive

that fall. They went to the mines and worked on the Dominion Hill all winter and spring. In mid-June they came out with, although not a fortune, a good stake.

It was then that Wick, on the long street of Dawson, heard someone shout his name, and there was Fritz, their companion of the Rat River. Wick heard his story of Destruction City.

Fritz said more men kept coming up the Rat River and were unable to go farther. With the onset of winter hundreds were there and they built cabins, and cut wood for fuel. There were enough provisions among them, but with no fresh vegetables or fruit, many got scurvy and died by the hundreds. Springer and Thomas died and Fritz buried them and marked their graves. He had found his way through to Dawson that spring with some Indians, but as far as he knew no one else made it. Some went back down the Rat. But Destruction City was aptly named.

That summer of 1899 Wick again worked for Bartlett Brothers. As the days shortened that fall he and Lon gave up all hope of ever seeing Weaver and Hill — the horses had become secondary.

On September 25 the two men were watching the river boats and they sighted a raft coming down the stream. On it were two men, a horse and a mule. Something about that weary-looking group made them look again, and then they shouted. It was Roman Nose, the buckskin gelding, and one of Weaver's mules. And with them were Weaver and Hill.

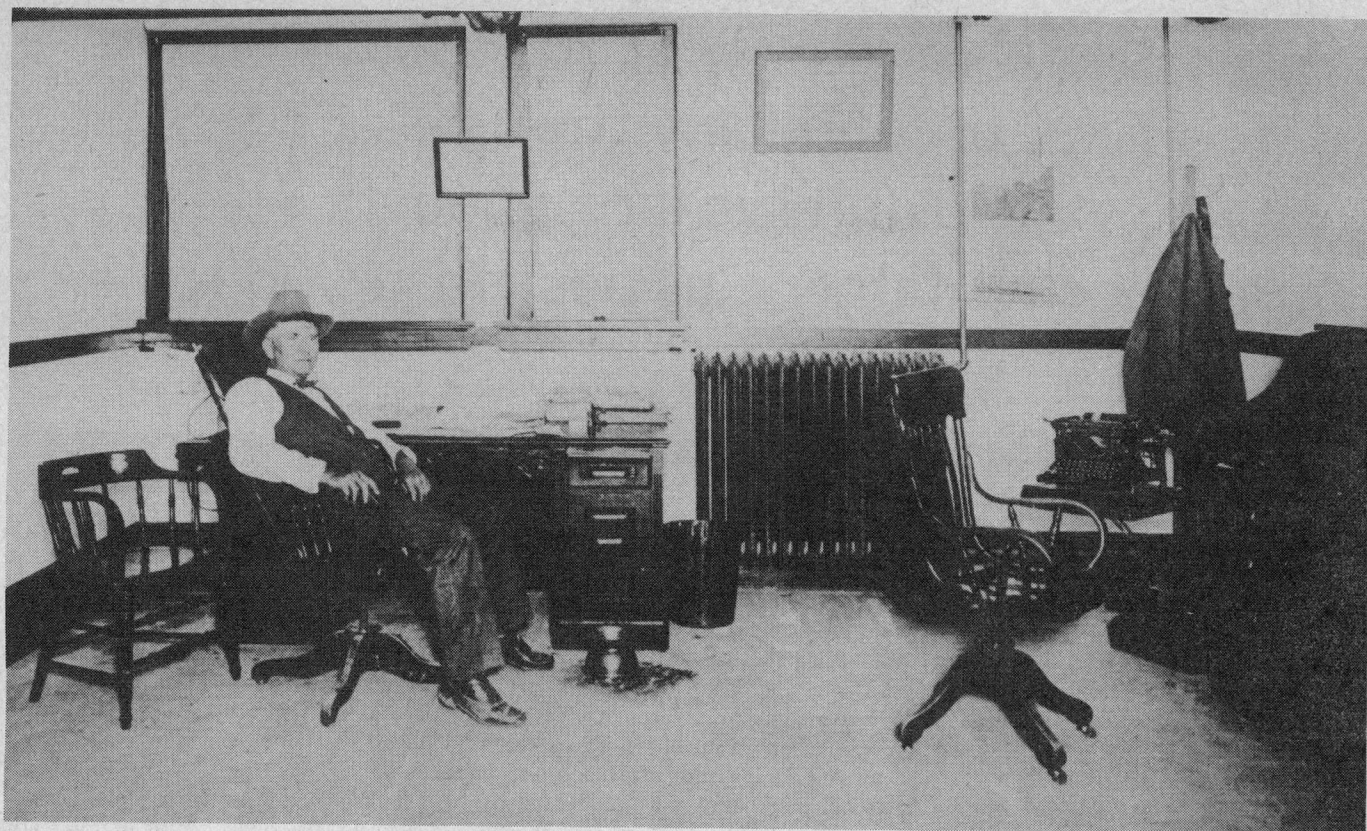
It was an exciting reunion. Wick and Lon's relief was so great to see their partners safe that they didn't give the loss of the horses a second thought. And they exchanged tales of their adventures.

Weaver and Hill, leaving St. John in early May of 1898, had first followed up the Peace River to Halfway River, then over the divide to Finlay River, and on to Dease River. Winter caught them, and they camped for the next few months in the Dease River country. The next spring they made it to Sylvester's Lower Post, on to the Liard River, then to the Frances River. They pushed on to the big Pelly River and to Ft. Selkirk at the confluence of the Pelly and the Yukon. They reached there with two head of stock — Roman Nose and the mule. For three days before reaching Ft. Selkirk they had lived on rose hips.

That terrible trek through the Rockies had been filled with hardship



At a mountain cabin in the Big Horns, B.F. and his daughter Ruth are ready for a day's hunt. Photo taken in 1935.



B.F. Wickwire in the sheriff's office in Basin in 1915.

and peril. They crossed rivers with no fords, and broke trail through thick timber, deep canyons, and muskeg where the horses sank to their knees with every step. The men were often lost after leaving a river to cross a divide. They had rain and fog and mosquitoes and, when winter set in, biting cold and deep snow.

And, one by one or in groups, they lost horses. Some were killed in crossing dangerous rivers and deep chasms, in quicksand, in rafting down rapids, or hitting unexpected falls. Quite a number died that winter at Dease River. An Indian killed one for meat. Weaver killed the Indian and the Mounted Police fined him ten horses to be given to the tribe. Rafting down the Pelly with their ten remaining animals they hit a big cascade and lost all except Roman Nose and the mule. They also lost all their supplies, beds, tents, and even their guns.

Weaver and Hill had traveled almost 1,700 rough miles since they left Wick and Lon at Bear Creek, and it had taken them over sixteen months. They didn't believe any of the other parties they had seen on the Edmonton Trail even got through. And those Wyoming cayuses, tough and sure-footed though they were, had failed, too. Only Roman Nose had endured the 2,710 miles from Wyoming to Dawson.

Lon Taylor stayed in Dawson until sometime the next year. When he left, Weaver and Hill were still there and Lon told Wick later that Weaver was still telling his tall tales, and still laughing.

A few days after Weaver and Hill arrived, Wick headed for home, taking a steamer 1,800 miles down the Yukon to St. Michael at its mouth. Then, on a larger steamer, he traveled down the coast 2,700 miles to Seattle, and on to Wyoming. It was late fall before B.F. Wickwire reached Hyattville, and home.

The erstwhile Klondiker was welcomed but he found some changes. May, believing he had lost his life, had sold the ranch and moved to Basin. But Wick bought land on the outskirts of Hyattville and was soon back in the livestock business. In 1910 he laid out an addition to the town that is still known as the Wickwire Addition.

Leasing his ranch in 1906 he moved to Basin, the county seat, and went into the saddle and harness making business. Wick and May adopted a baby girl, Ruth, in 1907, the daughter of a minister whose wife had died.

B.F., as he became called, was appointed sheriff of Big Horn County in 1911 and, consistently reelected, served the county until 1923. It was a period of great growth in that area, and also the time of prohibition which multiplied the

problems of law enforcement officers. B.F. handled those situations with the same good sense and efficiency he had shown on that long-ago trek to the Yukon.

Wickwire returned for a time to his ranch at Hyattville but in the thirties he leased it. He and May moved to Thermopolis, that Wyoming town of medicinal hot springs. He sold his ranch in 1940, and the many years when the Wickwire name was on Paintrock-Medicine Lodge ranch land ended.

Ruth and her husband, Wallace Chesbro, were living in Casper and in that city B.F. Wickwire spent his last years, enjoying his daughter and two grandchildren, Wallace Jr., and Joann. He died in Casper on March 25, 1943 at age 79. May outlived him by a number of years.

B.F. Wickwire lived at a time filled with possibilities for high adventure, and he wasn't one to stand on the sidelines. His was a life of action and purpose, accomplished, like that trek to the Klondike, not so much because of the good luck he was so prone to crediting, but because of common sense, good humor, and plain hard work. With a good dash of daring.



Texan Charles Noyes didn't win any battles
or found any towns —
he didn't live long enough.

Perhaps his father Gus best deserved to be

Immortalized in Bronze

By **BOB WILSON**

Photos provided by author

GUS NOYES was thirty-four years old when he arrived in Menard, Texas in the fall of 1886, with three other men, two wagons and six horses. They had come from Tombstone, Arizona.

It was a long, tiring journey and he often remembered "driving down the main street of Menardville for the first time, just at twilight . . .

"The good people of that quiet village looked us over. We were a travel-stained outfit, and from our general appearance they must have considered us undesirable citizens."

Gus Noyes enjoyed great wealth in Texas—and suffered tragedy, too. He made a fortune in irrigated cotton at Menard after throwing up a dam across the San Saba River and digging a ditch to his fields. He even built a cotton gin, also powered by water from the river. Later he started buying ranch land in Concho, Menard, and McCulloch Counties and became one of the largest cattlemen in West Texas. But he is remembered by most as "that man who erected that statue in Ballinger, Texas."

It's right there on the courthouse lawn. Anyone who has been through the town has seen it, and remembered it. It's a bronze statue of a young cowboy, standing beside his horse. It has been there now for over sixty years, so long that some folks, even those in Ballinger, have forgotten how it got there and why.

The beautiful statue is the work of the sculptor Pompeo Coppini of San Antonio, Texas, via Italy. Coppini did the winged horses — the Littlefield Fountain — on the University of Texas campus in Austin and the monument in front of the Alamo in San Antonio. Coppini's work, in fact, is scattered all over the United States.

The statue was commissioned by Gus as a monument to his son Charles who was killed in 1917 on the Noyes ranch near Melvin, Texas. Charles was trying to drive some cows through a gate and was knocked off his horse. The accident occurred on a Friday afternoon and he lived until Sunday morning. The death certificate on file in Brady, Texas, says: "Cause of Death: Broken neck."

The boy was only twenty-one years old, but Gus was sixty-four—far too old to start over, and he never recovered from his grief.

At one time Gus Noyes owned 30,000 acres of ranchland in Texas.

He is well remembered by the descendants of Melvin's Swedish settlers and the community's Mexican population, many of whom worked on the Noyes ranch.

He was a tall man with a droopy mustache which, in his later life, was as white as his full head of hair. The Mexican workers say he dressed like one of the ranch hands.

Charles was not an expert horseman and may even have been afraid of horses. When his horse fell, he grabbed the saddle with both hands and held on, rather than jumping off.

It's possible that Gus was trying to make a cowboy out of his son when the boy had no aptitude as a cowboy, and that could have made the father's grief even more severe.

But a clipping from the *Ballinger Ledger* says Charles "planned no career other than ranching . . . he was a modest, dependable, well loved young rancher who grew to manhood with high moral standards and a likeable personality."

The *Brady Standard* in 1917 described him as "a splendid example of physical manhood, being over six feet in

height."

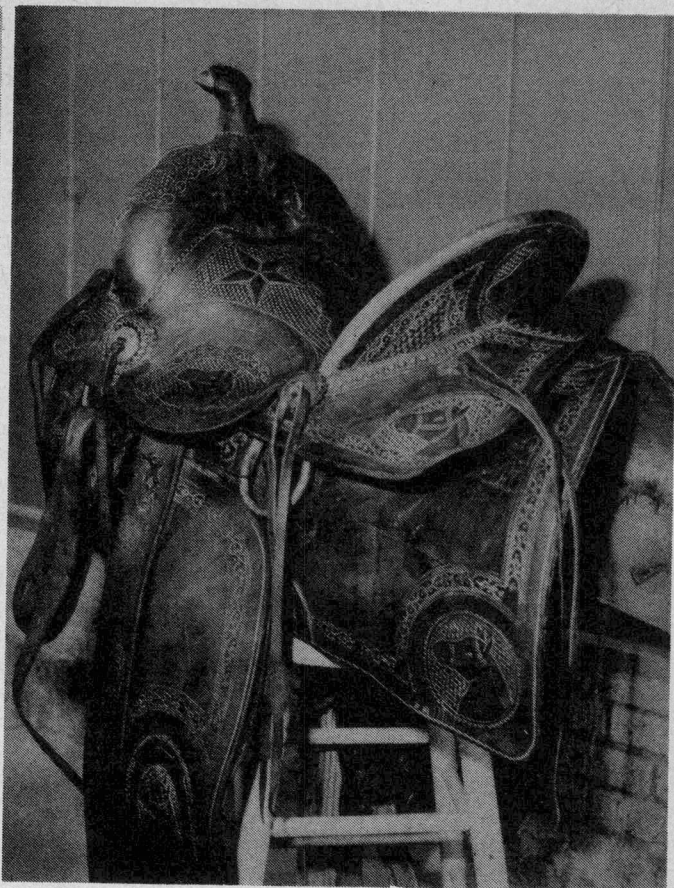
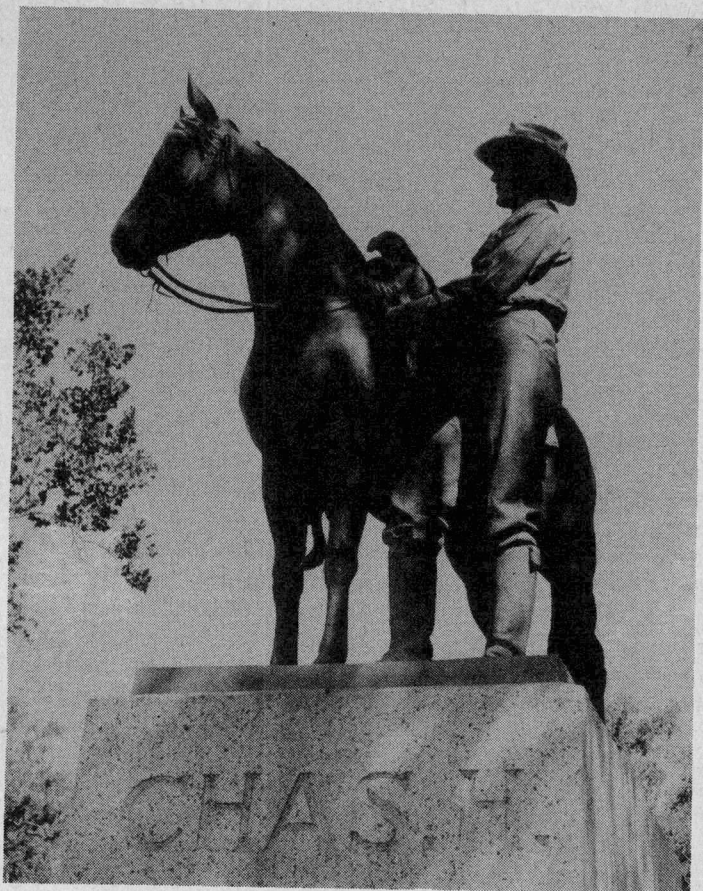
CHARLES WAS born December 30, 1895 and spent his childhood on the Noyes ranch near Menard. When he became of high school age, his parents moved to Ballinger where he attended school.

He is buried in the little Melvin cemetery west of town, a plot of land cut from some farmer's pasture. Gus is buried there, too, along with Charlie's younger sister Aileen who died in 1979. Gus's wife Lula, a native of Georgia, was buried in Florida where she and Gus had moved several years after the accident.

Gus first considered placing the statue of his son at the spot on the ranch where the horse fell. The Melvin cemetery was also considered, but Noyes feared that in years to come when the Noyes name was only a memory, there would be no one to appreciate or care for the statue. It was then he made arrangements to place the statue in Ballinger where he had an interest in the bank and long had done business and where he maintained a home.

Since Noyes was a millionaire rancher, his home in Ballinger must have been a cattle baron's mansion? "Oh, no," says a Brady woman who grew up in Paint Rock, south of Ballinger. "It was a hovel, even worse than the house they lived in on the ranch. I remember my father watching them coming through Paint Rock, going to Ballinger. They were traveling in a wagon. I don't guess they ever owned a car."

They did own a car later. When the sculptor Coppini went out to the ranch to talk to Noyes about the statue, "I was met at the train by Mr. Noyes and his little daughter Aileen in a Dodge car," Coppini says in his autobiography, *From Dawn to Sunset*.



Left: Statue of Charles Noyes, Ballinger, Texas. His father told the sculptor: "Don't touch it anymore. It's my boy Charlie now." Right: Charlie's saddle as it looks today in the Melvin, Texas museum.

The Noyes ranchhouse at Melvin is now outfitted as a camp for deer hunters, and it's probably in much better shape than when Noyes lived there. It's a "box house," constructed with boards about twelve inches wide nailed up vertically, edge to edge. Strips of wood were then nailed over the joints.

Coppini was appalled when he saw the place. "As I looked at the simple way these people were living, in a modest ranch house with hardly any modern improvements, the poor clothes they were all wearing, the scanty furnishings of a very poor people's home, and the unshaved, sad-looking face of Mr. Noyes, I became frightened that I might have been misled. . . ."

Did Noyes have any idea what such a monument would cost, and could he possibly afford it?

"The tall, square-shouldered (but slightly bent, big-boned) old man sat by the fireplace, with no fire in it, gazing as if there was a flame, and saying nothing and asking me no questions. . . . No doubt he was heart broken, and I did not dare urge him into conversation."

That night Coppini was assigned to

the boy's room and there in a corner were Charlie's belongings and "the saddle on which he took his last ride."

The saddle remained in the room for more than sixty years until the Baptist Foundation of Texas took possession of the ranch in 1980. The Baptists gave the saddle to the people of Melvin who now have cleaned and oiled it and placed it in their little museum on the town square.

The saddle has a lot of hand tooling, engraved with stars and horses' heads. The length of the stirrups indicates that Charlie Noyes was a very tall boy, "six feet four inches in his stocking feet," Coppini was told.

The next morning Coppini went outside and was met by the foreman of the Noyes ranch, and Coppini asked: "Is this Mr. Noyes really wealthy?"

The foreman smiled: "One of the richest men in this part of the country, and one of the smartest, too."

Later in the morning Noyes took Coppini out to the site where the boy had been killed.

"Here," he said, "is where I want to place the monument to my son, Char-

lie," and a stream of tears ran down his bronzed, unshaven cheeks to his bushy, unkempt mustache.

When they finally got around to talking money, Coppini didn't know what to do. He wanted the job, and needed it, but he didn't want to haggle with Noyes. He first considered asking \$25,000 but then said \$18,000.

"Okay, it is a deal," Noyes said. "I thought it would cost me double that amount."

Coppini was shocked, again. "My heart dropped down to my shoes. This time I was taught a good lesson, not to judge people by their appearance only."

After Noyes decided to place the statue in Ballinger, Coppini went there for the unveiling on Oct. 25, 1919 but Gus Noyes wasn't present. He couldn't bear the renewed grief.

By the time their association had ended, Coppini had developed considerable respect for Noyes.

"A precious stone in the rough, a deep thinker, a keen observer, a spiritual philosopher, a well-read man. . . . Centuries from now. . . . Mr. Noyes will be found on top of the list of those of good

knowledge.”

NOYES DIDN'T speak Spanish — only enough words to get by — but he had a good relationship with his Mexican ranch hands. Melvin at that time was a thriving farm-ranch center, but the Mexicans could not just walk into any store and buy what they wanted. “They couldn't even walk on the sidewalk in those days,” one person remembers.

So Noyes kept supplies at the ranch — food, drugs and tools. The ranch, in fact, was almost self-sufficient and even operated its own bakery. Noyes also owned a store in Melvin — Noyes & Co. — which he had purchased in 1909. The store had hardware, dry goods, drugs, and a funeral home, all under one roof. Noyes paid his hands in tokens, and the workers redeemed them for what they needed at the store.

After the death of his son, the stricken Noyes called on the help of a string of “mediums” — people who claimed they could talk with the dead.

“The hotel in Melvin was full of those people for weeks. Noyes would take them out to the ranch, and they would hold seances, trying to talk to Charles,” a Melvin woman recalls the stories passed down from generation to generation.

“It was upsetting to the Mexican ranch hands, all the strange lights, the moving shadows coming from the house . . . You knew Noyes was an atheist?”

That seems to have been common knowledge in Melvin as Noyes often dis-

cussed his religious views, but friends say he obviously had some interest in God. They remember him saying: “I've never seen anything to make me think there is a God . . . but I hope there is one.”

Nevertheless, there was no preacher at Charlie's funeral. Instead, Noyes asked J. Marvin Hunter “to say a few words.” Hunter, the local historian of the Texas Hill Country, was the Melvin newspaper editor at the time and had just started his *Frontier Times* magazine.

“Fully 1,500 were in attendance” at the funeral, Hunter wrote.

About 1920 Noyes and his wife Lula started traveling, first to California and then to Florida where they bought a 23,000-acre ranch near Orlando. Noyes couldn't bear to stay out on the Melvin ranch where Charlie was killed. But even in Florida his heart was in Texas, and over the door of his Florida home he had a sign that said: TEXAS.

In the swampy, marsh lands of Florida in 1923, Noyes was trying to repair a water gap (a fence across a creek). He was seventy years old, and as the tide started coming in he was too stubborn to quit until he finished the job. He got wet, took pneumonia and died in Orlando, Florida on January 30, 1923. His body was shipped to Fort Worth, Texas where it remained for several months during the spring until Lula and Aileen were able to make the train trip back to Texas.

“A simple funeral ceremony” for Gus Noyes was held at the Melvin cemetery on June 17, 1923. The obituary in the

Brady Standard said:

“Mr. Noyes was not affiliated with any church and it was generally known that he made no pretensions toward a religious life. Yet those who were closest to him say that he did have hopes of a future life.”

An “oration,” prepared by a Kansas City brother, was read at the grave by a friend from Ballinger, but there was no preacher. The crowd “was the largest that has ever been known to gather . . . at the Melvin cemetery.”

DID Gus Noyes find Jim Bowie's “lost mine”?

That's one of the fascinating legends of the Noyes ranch. Years ago, as the story is told, Mexican workers on the ranch found a cache of Spanish silver. They loaded the treasure into a wagon and took it to Noyes. Realizing the enormity of the situation, he made an instant decision: “I'll take half, and you take half, and you get the hell back to Mexico quick!”

The story makes as little sense as most of the others about Bowie's lost mine. It was supposed to have been at Menard near the old Spanish mission and presidio, or at least somewhere between the Llano and San Saba Rivers. Nobody really knows, except Bowie maybe.

Noyes spent ten and fifteen years at Menard along the San Saba River before he moved to Melvin, so he certainly knew about the treasure.

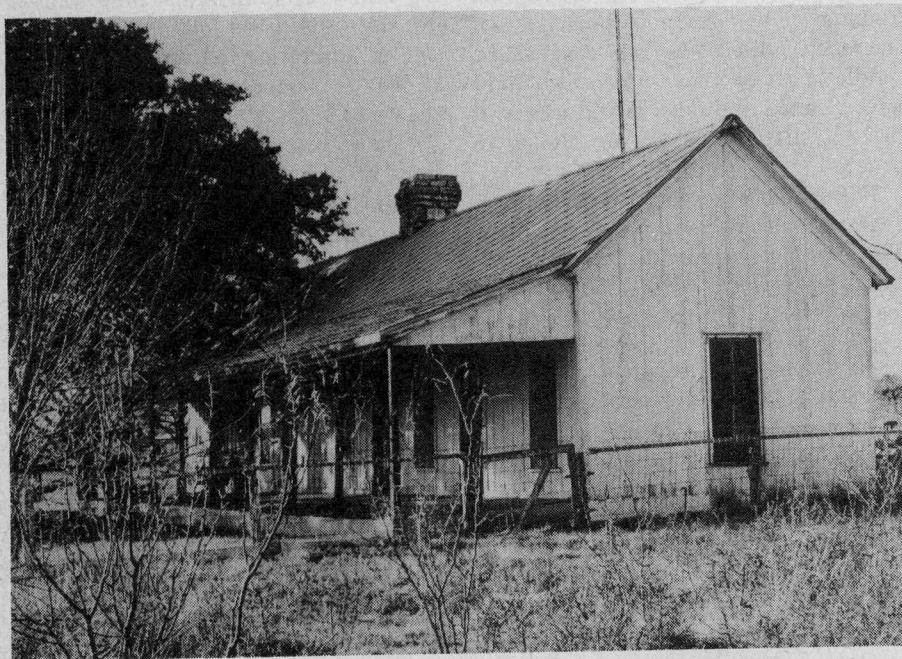
Bowie and an armed band of men were trying to find the silver in 1831 when they were intercepted by a mob of Indians at Calf Creek — just eighteen miles south of the Noyes ranch. The resulting “Indian fight at Calf Creek” was one of the bloodiest in Texas history.

Bowie survived the fight, but before he could organize a second expedition he — and the secret of the lost mine — died in the Alamo in 1836.

Whether the Noyes hands found the silver or not, it is known that Noyes suffered severe hardship before he struck it rich in cotton in Menard.

Noyes was born in Augusta, Maine on July 1, 1852, the descendant of two preachers' sons who had sailed from England in 1633. He was reared on a Maine farm “where the soil was none too productive and such fertile plains as in Texas were unknown, with long, cold winters.”

In April of 1873, just before he was twenty-one years old, he went to California on the old emigrant train which



The Noyes “box house” still stands at Melvin. Charlie's room in foreground was left untouched for years after his death.

took nine days. There was no sleeper, no dining car; he just took his grub with him. He had no trade, profession or college training; but he had a strong body, a quick mind, and a willingness for hard labor.

The first year in California he chopped cordwood, but with his savings he and a brother bought a farm near Campo, California. Campo wasn't the most peaceful spot on earth. It was close to the Mexican border and surrounded by Indians, bandits, and the worst cutthroats on both sides of the border.

One spring day the bandits raided Campo. The postmaster, owner of the general store, was shot and the town looted. The alarm was given, and the Noyes brothers joined the posse to avenge the work of the assassins.

The international boundary, an "imaginary line," was crossed, and the raiders were hunted down in their retreat. "Swift and terrible vengeance was wrought, and Campo was never raided again," his brother wrote later.

But Gus Noyes wanted more land, and he had heard of the Gila River in Arizona. Arizona then was without railroad transportation, flour sold as high as \$116 per barrel, and other food supplies were equally high. Noyes' idea was to set up an irrigated farm in the Gila Valley, close to the freighters' route.

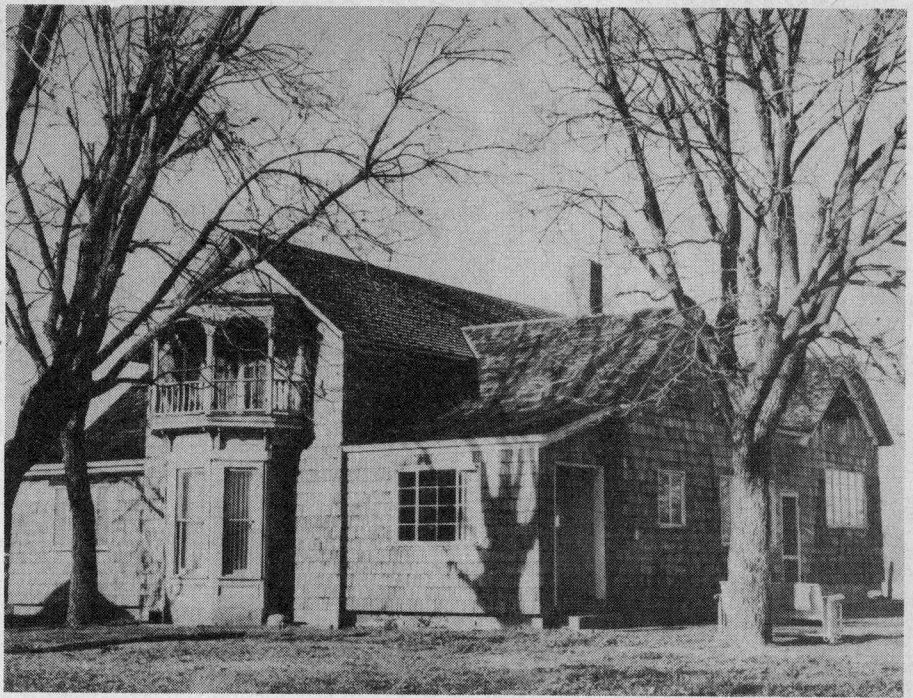
In 1877 the Campo farm was traded for a herd of cattle, and Gus, with three brothers, started with the herd for Arizona. Three of the men were on horseback driving the cattle, and the fourth was on the freight wagon, drawn by a yoke of oxen with four oxen in reserve.

Most of the trip was over wild and barren country, and at some places the water was so vile it meant death to drink it. Many of the cattle died, some from the poisonous water. But the brothers made it to the Gila Valley and began digging their irrigation ditch, mostly by hand, at a site sixty-five miles east of Yuma. By fall the ditch was six miles long.

The Noyes crops prospered, but when the spring rains came the river flooded and changed its course, leaving the Noyes ditch useless, a complete failure. A year of hard labor and most of the Noyes brothers' wealth was wasted.

A NEW start must be made. Such cattle as could be found were rounded up and sold, and Gus Noyes mounted his horse and headed for Tombstone, Arizona, a land then still ruled by the Apaches.

Again Noyes engaged in irrigated



The Noyes family's first home on San Saba River, east of Menard. Front rooms at either side of house originally were porches.

farming, on the San Pedro River, and did well. But he was still looking for more land and heard about the Vaughan Irrigation Co. in Menard County, Texas on the San Saba River.

Noyes visited Menard and then moved there in 1886, purchasing an interest in the Vaughan company which had been chartered in 1874.

"Mr. Noyes first had a dam constructed across the (San Saba) river about 1890," says N. H. Pierce, a long time Menard resident in his history of the county, *The Free State of Menard*.

"Then he put men to work digging the ditch deeper and cutting across the side of the mountain above the town . . . but at the end of two years he had a ditch about eight miles long that would carry the entire flow of the river in dry times. The cost was a big sum in those days, but Gus Noyes had a ditch that proved a bonanza.

"He had over a section of valley land that netted him an average of \$20,000 a year for at least 30 years before he sold his interests in it . . . His main money crop was cotton and he made an average of two bales to the acre."

It was in Menard, too, that Noyes met his wife, Lula Kitchens, whose father also was in the irrigation business farther down the river. They were married in 1895 and the house they built on the river is still standing, now owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Boyd McDaniel, formerly of Abilene. Still

standing, too, are the rock walls of the cotton gin that Noyes built.

Sometime after 1900 Noyes moved his family to the ranch just west of Melvin, and after Charles was killed in 1917 he erected a tombstone, almost four feet tall, marking Charlie's grave in the Melvin cemetery. Engraved on the stone are these words: *We stand between two eternities, the past and the future. Is death an eternal sleep or will we meet again?*

The last heir to the ranch was Charlie's sister Aileen Noyes Miller. At her death she was seventy-two years old and had been living in a retirement home operated by the Baptists in San Angelo. She left the ranch—worth almost \$7 million—to the Baptist Foundation of Texas.

In 1981 the Noyes ranch contained 16,500 acres, mostly in the southeast corner of Concho County. The foundation then sold it to W.R. (Bob) Gibson (Gibson Land and Cattle Co.) of Fort Worth.

Although the Noyeses no longer ranch in Texas, they won't be forgotten as long as the statue of Charlie stands in Ballinger in tribute to a father's love.



Early Days In Lincoln

— as described by a contemporary who definitely knew her side of the fence . . .

By **AMELIA BOLTON CHURCH**
as told to
EVE BALL

Introductory Note: In February 1978 the Lincoln County (New Mexico) Historical Society inaugurated the Centennial of the Lincoln County War by installing a new steel marker on the spot where John H. Tunstall was killed February 18, 1878.

Tunstall's killing sparked one year of bloody fighting known today as the Lincoln County War. On the day of his death, Tunstall was herding horses from his ranch on the Felix River to Lincoln when he was stopped by a posse and killed.

On one side were John Tunstall, Alexander McSween and John Chisum; on the other was the Murphy-Dolan-Fritz faction. Billy the Kid's participation on the side of Tunstall helped make the feud immortal. In 1951 Amelia Bolton Church gave me the following interview. It presents the viewpoint of an early family whose sympathy seemed to lie with Murphy and Dolan. — Eve Ball

IN 1868 my father, John Bolton, left his family in Wexford, Ireland and came to the United States. He enlisted in the army and was sent West to fight Indians, but I do not know in what company. When his captain learned that he was well educated and wrote a beautiful hand he made him company clerk. Later he was stationed at the Bosque Redondo, twelve miles from where Fort Sumner is today.

In 1871 he sent for my mother and their three children — John T., Ellen (Davidson) and me. I was only nine years old but I kept a sort of diary which I still have. We landed at New York and came by train to Kansas City. We had

been routed by Chicago but because of Mrs. O'Leary's cow [the Chicago fire], we were sent by Kansas City instead of St. Louis.

Father met us at Kit Carson, Kansas, the terminal of the line. By government convoy [an ambulance] we came to Fort Stanton by way of Old Fort Union, Las Vegas, Anton Chico, Pinos Wells, the Jicarillos and over Capitan Pass to the fort. We were well protected. There were two escort wagons and part of a cavalry troop with us. We had no trouble with Indians but when we reached Puertocito (Little Door) we had to go through a very narrow place between huge boulders and the soldiers prepared for trouble. There was no attack and we got to Fort Stanton that night. It had been just two months since we left Wexford.

One of the first families we met was that of Heiskell and Barbara Jones who lived by Dowlin's Mill on the Ruidoso and ran the commissary there. Ma'am Jones was famous for her hospitality, and for the buckskin gloves and clothes she made. She got the leather from the Apaches; almost every man in the country bought gloves from her.

Heiskell Jones and his son Jim had butchered the beef at Fort Stanton and issued it to the Indians before the agent on the Apache Reservation moved his headquarters to South Fork, the village of Mescalero.

The Apaches had been brought to Fort Stanton in 1868. When we arrived they were camped all about. We lived there a year and a half. Father was manager of the commissary and had charge of the quartermaster's supplies.

He received all supplies for men and horses. In 1873 the law passed Congress that eliminated Father and all other civilians not having a college education.

At first beef was issued to the Apaches on foot. They would kill it as they had buffalo, by running it at a gallop until it was absolutely exhausted and then shooting it with bow and

arrows. They thought that made the meat tender.

The Indians dressed in buckskin and the government issued blankets to them. They wore fringed jackets but their pants were plain and they wore breechclouts over them.

Agent Curtis moved his office and the Indians to Mescalero. He rented the big two-story adobe house built by Dr. J. H. Blazer, but he reserved one room for his own use.

WHEN I first met the Blazers, Almer was fourteen. He was threatened with tuberculosis and had been let run with the Indian boys. He had learned their language. He had been taken by them to a cave where there was said to be hidden gold. They crawled out. Almer could never find that cave again.

Almer Blazer had gone into Carlsbad Caverns with a group of Apaches who took him with them on an antelope hunt.

Whoever told you there were bad women at Fort Stanton was mistaken. There were some at a "hog ranch" where there was a brewery, but I didn't know that until I was twenty years old. There was quite a settlement there. It was at the mouth of Torres Canyon, four miles from the fort. Murphy and Fritz owned the brewery. The people who lived there — some were employed at the brewery and some were farmers.

Colonel Emil Fritz, Major Brady, and Lawrence G. Murphy came with the California Column and started the first sutler's store at Fort Stanton. From there they went to Lincoln.

When we moved there [Lincoln] the only school was a private one taught by Bonifacio Baca. Juan Patron, too, was well educated but I do not know where he had taught. Saturnalia, Baca's son, did some teaching too, about six months I believe. That was the length of the school term. Families paid by the month, mostly in beef or other food they produced.

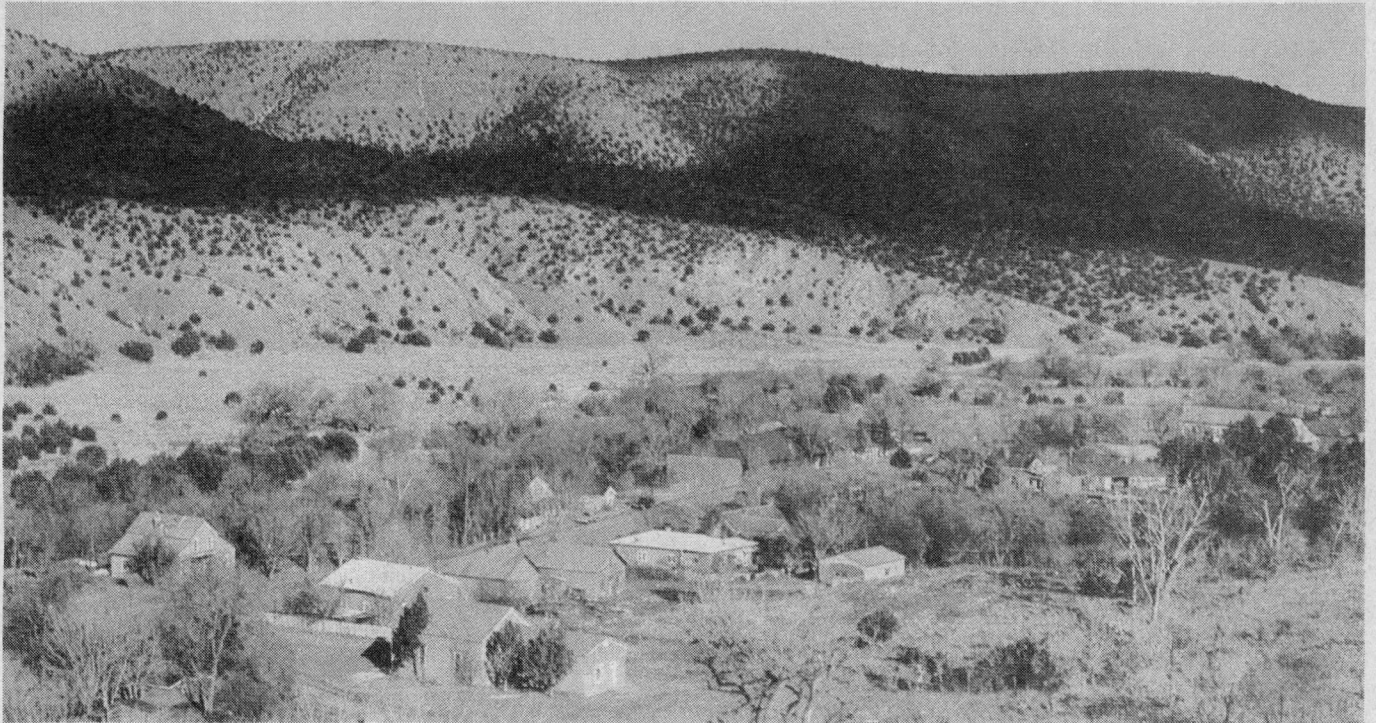
There was no public school until 1887. It was held in the old Court House where the Catholic church stands now. A priest came every six months.

After we went there was only one real Indian scare. That was in 1874. The Apaches killed two men and one woman at Blue Water, several miles from Lincoln on the east, and right under the bluff. That ranch belonged to Steve Stanley. After they killed the men they tied the woman before killing her.

Word that they were on their way to attack Lincoln came and the Baca family, who owned the Torreón (tower), let everybody take refuge there. Ma'am Jones and some of her children were to stay all night with us. We grabbed weapons, food, and blankets and ran to the Torreón. It was in good condition and a safe place. Some slept in the second story and some in the top floor.

I knew every detail of the Torreón. The Chaves County Historical Society

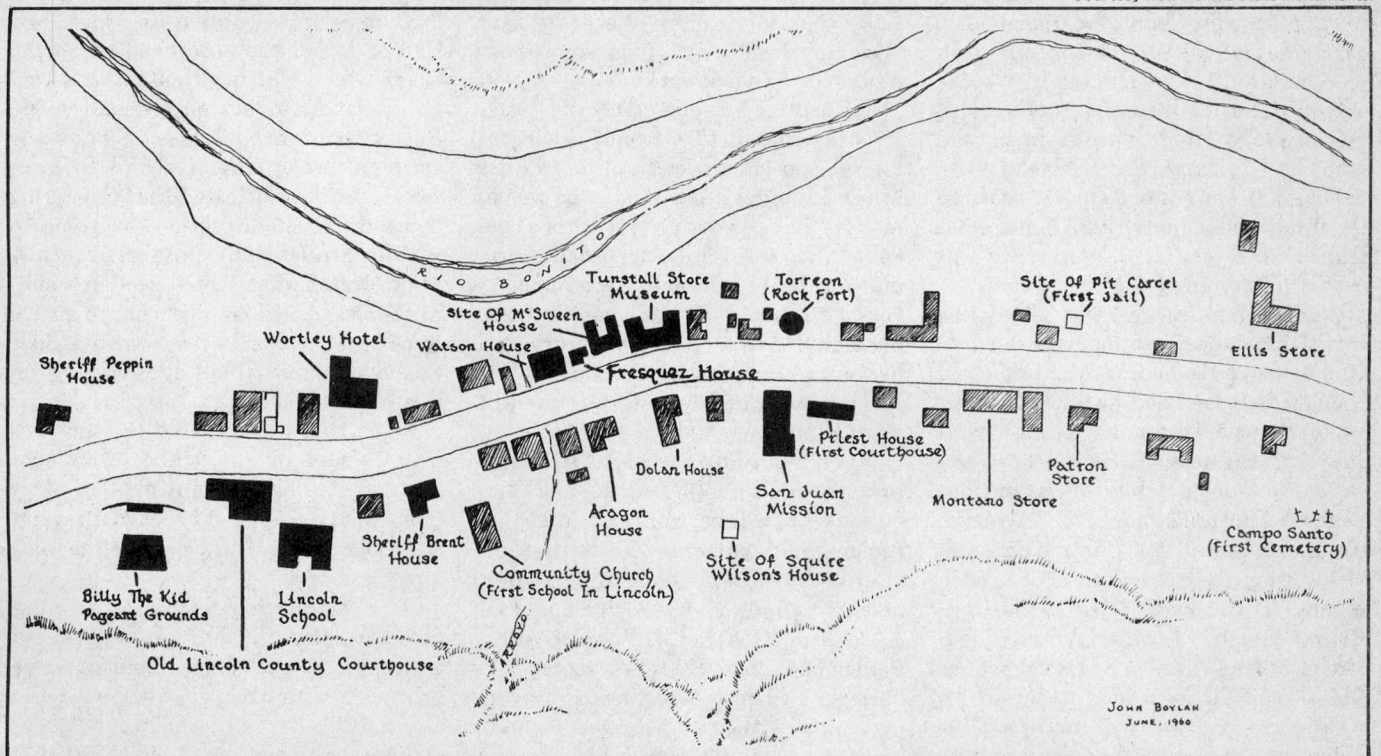
decided later to have it restored — that was when the W.P.A. got help from the government. Mr. Martin, president of the Historical Society, appointed me chairman of the committee. At that time there was nothing left but the foundation of the Torreón. It had been four stories high. We had permission and funds from the county commissioners at Carrizozo. I recall that Mrs. Kelly was one of them. I had difficulty in convincing them that it should be rebuilt,



Courtesy Gulf Oil Corporation.

Above: A recent photo of Lincoln, New Mexico. Below: Map of old Lincoln by John Boylan.

Courtesy New Mexico State Monuments.



JOHN BOYLAN
JUNE, 1960

and that the first meeting of the Historical Society should be held at Lincoln. As a child I had played in the Torreón and knew exactly how it was built, including the doors, the portholes, and the gun rests on the parapet. I knew how the stairs were built. Major Maurice Garland Fulton went with me several times to see that it was done right. There is not a nail in it. The stairs are made of cedar parts held by rawhide. They built the fireplace on the old hearth.

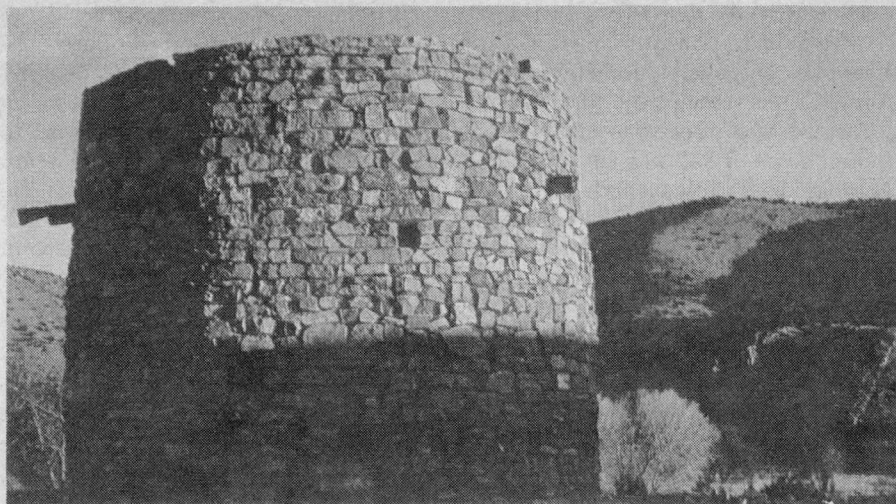
IN 1874 we were the only Anglo family in Lincoln until the [Alexander A.] McSweens came in 1875. They pronounced their name "McSwain." They had almost nothing when they drove into Lincoln. We saw them coming with black oxen pulling a covered wagon. They were in the middle of the street in front of Juan Patron's. There was a lot between his place and our house. When a woman got out of the wagon, Mother went to invite her to stay with us until they got a place to live. At Las Vegas they had picked up a young Mexican to drive the oxen. They told us they had learned that there was no lawyer in Lincoln and that they had come to stay.

Mrs. McSween was very intelligent and nice looking except for big pop eyes. It is not true that Mrs. Baca was jealous of her and disliked her.

McSween went to work for Murphy but that did not last long. They fell out — I don't know the cause. The Murphy side was repeated by the cattlemen and farmers, there is no doubt about that, but the Lincoln County War was not a cattlemen's war at all, though both entered into it. It was caused by trouble over Col. Fritz's insurance policy. [He died while visiting relatives in his old home in Germany.] Mrs. Amelia Fritz Scholand never got a penny of that ten thousand dollar policy and that's what started the war. [It undoubtedly was part of the trouble.]

When John Tunstall was killed, the sheriff and deputies went to his ranch to attach the cattle he and McSween had bought. McSween had just collected the money for the Fritz policy from a company in St. Louis. McSween used the insurance money to buy cattle and put them on Tunstall's ranch, the Flying H. He and Tunstall got the cattle from Mrs. Casey. She claimed the Feliz ranch (Flying H) but had no legal title to it. Jimmie Dolan was only trying to help Mrs. Scholand (Amelia Fritz) collect her part of the Fritz insurance money.

Billy the Kid was working for Tunstall when the posse went to his ranch to



Courtesy New Mexico State Monuments.

The Torreón, built by early Lincoln settlers as a protective shelter from Indian raids.

attach the cattle. They met Tunstall and the Kid. That's when Tunstall was killed.

As I was looking through some old papers I found a half sheet of typewritten paper that told about Dick Brewer's taking ten men down to the Chisum ranch and serving papers on Morton and Baker. Instead of the road they took the trail by the Capitans. Before they went very far into the mountains they killed Morton and Baker. I knew those two very well; both were nice young fellows. The paper told where they came from. One of the men Dick Brewer took along was McCloskey. They had the boys, Morton and Baker, ride in front with McCloskey. The rest, back of the three, decided to kill them. McCloskey said, "No, you don't." Later he said, "Over my dead body." This happened at Agua Negra (black water).

Ash Upton was one of my old teachers. He came in 1874 from Las Cruces. Father had gone over there to join the Masonic Lodge. Ash taught us for six months and was our private tutor. Then he went to the Caseys who had a grist mill on the Hondo and stayed about a year with them. Ash was a very interesting man. He never left the country until he went to Uvalde with Pat Garrett. His was the only authentic story of the Lincoln County War, in my opinion.

When Mr. Tunstall was killed he was brought to Lincoln and buried there outside the adobe wall and McSween beside him. I explained this to the Tunstall cousins. Meanwhile the Penfield house was built by J. J. Dolan and John J. Cockrill [Cochran?] When the Penfields got it [the McSween store] they built a hen house over those graves, or over part of them. There was a tombstone over one of them, a little marble

one that had fallen down. It was covered with dirt; it was under the hen house.

When these people went to hunt for Tunstall's grave they found a body but it had red hair (McSween had red hair). They thought it was a mistake and came back to me. I told them that was McSween and that Tunstall was buried beside him.

After their house was burned Mrs. McSween came to us and stayed a week. Chisum gave her a start in cattle. She was sitting right there on that couch [in Mrs. Church's home in Roswell, New Mexico] when she told us about it.

MR. BARBER was a lawyer and a surveyer. John Chisum had never had his land at Spring River surveyed and he wanted to establish his lines. Mr. Barber found that the head of Spring River which Chisum thought was well on his land was not on his land at all. Barber told him there was only one way to keep the spring. He had to have water. Barber suggested that the spring being on a school section, by going to Washington to the land office they could switch that school section somewhere else and he could exchange it with some other section in the township. So it was changed to where our cemetery in Roswell is today.

When that was all fixed up, that was why Chisum gave her (Mrs. McSween) the cattle. They bought a little place from Mr. Loyd of Three Rivers and later sold out to Mr. A. B. Fall. She went to White Oaks.

This was my impression as a young person — that Chisum was very selfish and not very particular about what he branded; and that he started from Texas with 700 head and when he got out here he had 2,000; anything that

came his way he gathered in.

Father was postmaster in Lincoln and had built a room onto our house for a post office. One night after we had all gone to bed a man came to our door and said he was one of the Ruidoso (River) boys and his name was Horrell.

He said, "I know it is past closing time, but I would like to have my mail." They had been coming in on Sundays and this was Saturday night.

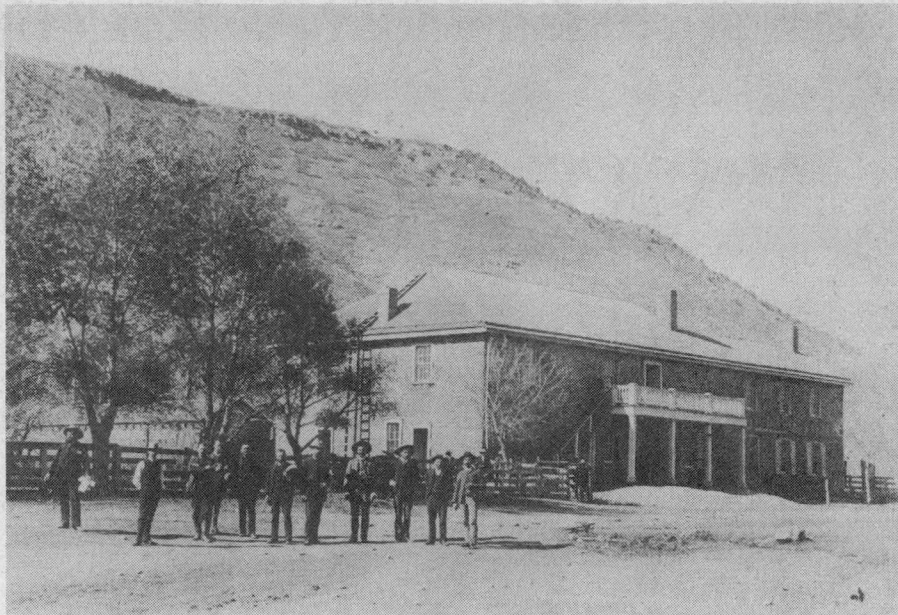
Father lit a candle and got his mail. Horrell thanked him and shook hands. Father received the Masonic grip. They had quite a conversation and he took his mail and left. Father always said he was not drunk when he got his mail, and he was not the brother who was killed later that night. It was his younger brother Ben, and two other white men and a Mexican peace officer who had tried to arrest them.

Later on the Horrells began killing anyone who married a Mexican, as well as Mexicans. Word came that the Horrells were coming to Lincoln to clean up the town. They broke up a wedding celebration and were shooting wildly in the streets. People first took refuge in the store after the shooting. There was a partition and the place was full of people who wanted to spend the night because they were afraid the Horrells were coming. Later they went to the Torreon.

Murphy was a 32nd degree Mason. John Clark, an employee, came from Fort Stanton with Murphy. Murphy wrote a letter to the Masonic member of the Horrell clan. We knew that they would come over the old trail right over the mountain. Murphy wrote the letter and enclosed his Masonic ring. He sent John Clark to the top of the mountain to wait for them. Clark met them at midnight, showed the letter and the ring. Possibly no one else in the building but my father knew of it. [Ma'am Jones did, but thought it was Bolton who sent Clark.]

The Horrells read the letter, debated a short time, and returned the ring to Clark. Then they and their gang turned and rode back toward the Ruidoso from which they came.

If Murphy had been educated in Ireland for the priesthood, as was the common belief, it may be asked why he was a Mason. So far there has been no record found of his having attended a seminary, but it is possible that his education was obtained in an Anglican Catholic institution — that is, Episcopalian. Verification of that, too, is lacking.



Courtesy Mrs. Bessie Dolan Chester.

Above: Lincoln County officials posed in front of the Murphy building around 1887. Below: Some Lincoln County residents, left to right: James Joseph Dolan, Lawrence Gustave Murphy, William Martin and Emil Fritz.

Courtesy Mrs. Bessie Dolan Chester and Mrs. Carrie Dolan Vorwerk.



High altitudes + nasty water + booze =

Rocky Mountain Misery

By HANK GIVENS

Photos provided by author

ON AN 1879 trip to the mining town of Leadville, 10,000 feet above sea level in the Colorado Rockies, a Missouri lowlander and self-admitted "tenderfoot" was introduced to "mountain sickness" — and quickly lost his nickname.

The malady resulted during the change to a higher altitude where the air was "thin" because of a reduction in oxygen. Mountain sickness mysteriously affected some but not others, inflicting symptoms such as diarrhea, headaches, lethargy, depression and an arbitrary attitude.

Simultaneously, lowlanders drinking their usual amount of booze at high altitude, soon felt as if the rug had been pulled out from under them, since alcohol extracted oxygen from the blood when oxygen was already at a premium.

The 1879 journal of tenderfoot Christopher James Hildreth, forty-one, reflects no knowledge of disabling effects that high altitude could bring about, but does observe the results. That was the year Hildreth, his wife Ella Stephens Trotter Hildreth and their infant son arrived by train in 6,012-foot Colorado Springs, Colorado, where Hildreth hoped to buy a newspaper business or find work as a printer. For more than a week, he was unsuccessful in both pursuits.

Hearing that Leadville was the best place for making money, Hildreth decided to leave his family in Colorado Springs and go there. He was concerned about the strange water he might find in Leadville, so he purchased the following as an antidote: Brandy ½ pint, Camphor ½ oz., Myrtle ½ oz., Peppermint ¼ oz., Cinnamon ¼ oz., Capsaicin ¼ oz., Opium 1 dracham, Tannic 1 dracham and Soda 2 drachams.

After paying an \$11 fare and putting on flannel shirt and "drawers" for the first time, Hildreth on June 17 climbed aboard a wagon driven by a Texas Ranger with four horses and a dog. From the beginning, the driver called him "Colonel" and Hildreth dubbed

him "Captain," names they retained for the trip. Another passenger was a New Mexican cowpuncher going to Leadville to see what he could turn up as a teamster. They named him "Judge." He came aboard a "little worse for liquor, talkative and familiar."

They reached Colorado City, where the Captain took on his camping outfit and a supply of corn for the return trip since feed was costly at Leadville. After traveling quite a way, the Captain missed his dog and went back to look for him. Hildreth and the Judge drank beer until he returned with the pet. They started up Ute Pass when it was almost dark, finding adequate grass and water for a camp after 10 p.m.



Hildreth Family Photo

Christopher James Hildreth

"THE CAPTAIN, who had been suffering from a severe sick headache since reaching the pass, took care of the team, the Judge went after water, and I was told to collect wood for the campfire. As it was pitch dark, you may judge the task was not a pleasant one," journalized Hildreth. "By good chance, I stumbled over the only stump to be found in camp. The Captain lay down before the

campfire, too unwell to do more. The Judge was almost overcome by effects of the liquor he had imbibed, so the 'tenderfoot' was master of the situation. . . . Our menu was black, weak coffee, bread, dried beef and canned jelly I had brought along.

"We found the Captain had forgotten the tent pole (if he ever had one!), so we fixed the canvas over the willow bushes by the light of the dying fire, and spread out blankets on bare ground, and lay down to sleep. The Captain had a pillow, the Judge a sack, and I, my strapped overcoat.

"We rose soon after daybreak for an early start. The Captain was better, the Judge sober, and we ate a hearty breakfast, though I must confess there were many things to turn my stomach. The outfit for camping was meagre. He had no knife except one big one, no forks, dishes, plates or spoons. The only cooking utensils were frying pan and coffee pot. I like camp life under comfortable auspices, but camp life and tramp fare combined were by no means unalloyed pleasure The morning was very cold. I put on my overcoat, a fine black cloth one. This I wore all day, but next day borrowed one of the Captain's blankets which I wore instead, the remainder of the trip.

" . . . Got milk at a ranch, camped about 2 o'clock at a place I called 'Dead Horse Valley,' since there were four dead horses in sight. I made a splendid dinner — bread and milk, antelope steak, crackers and jelly. My fellow travelers were surprised at the small quantity I ate compared with the enormous quantity they consumed. Each, except when the Captain was sick, ate at one meal as much as I did during the whole trip. Yet, I ate enough to satisfy myself, with good appetite.

" . . . Quit Dead Horse Valley prepared for a 30-mile drive to South Park before camping for the night. Roads were hard, solid, dusty, and, alkali dust, at that. Water became nasty. The ground was sometimes white with alkali as if it had snowed, yet grass came up out of it, streams ran through it. Milk tasted of it,

wood we burned smelled of it, bread and pieces made with it were tainted."

The outfit reached South Park in cold blackness. They dug a hole for a fireplace, cut up the lid of a box for fuel. Hurrying through supper, they rigged up the tent from fence to wagon, spread blankets, took off boots and hats, and crawled in. As Hildreth pulled up the covers, he thought he'd never get warm. That night, the bucket of water froze.

"I didn't take cold. When I had had breakfast, I was in better condition than my companions, who complained of being sick. The Captain in his head, the Judge in his stomach, caused they thought by bad water. Even the dog lost his appetite and was so ill, he had to be carried in the hack . . . Again under way, we rode for many miles through cold wind, my 'shawl' wrapped tight about me . . . I persuaded the Captain and the Judge to take some of my medicine. They did, though I can't positively say that it did them any good."

After traveling for five hours, one of the horses took sick.

"The poor thing scoured awfully and tried to lie down. This really alarmed us, because of the delay it might cause us and on account of the poor horse herself and her still poorer owner. At last she did lie down and could be made to rise only with difficulty. We were afraid she was about to add to the innumerable dead animals scattered by the wayside, when a happy thought came to me — my medicine! Rousing her, we poured a tablespoon down the throat with melted grease to smooth the way. The Captain took my knife, bled her, rubbed her stomach with turpentine, delaying us for an hour or two."

AS THEY went on, aiming to reach the main range, the horse was soon herself again. Hildreth reflected that the medicine was more than half gone. So far, he hadn't touched a drop, because he hadn't needed it and he was opposed to taking it on principle. About noon, the Captain, who had been over the range only once before, lost his way. They came to a standstill in the hot sun on an open plain where firewood was "scarce as hen's teeth." They had milk, hard stale bread and jelly. The Captain then made inquiries at a ranch and found the right road.

"We couldn't go as far as we intended, but by evening entered the gloomy, terrible pass through the Snowy Range. Tonight, we stopped to camp before sundown where wood was plentiful, water good, and, although the weather

freezing, had the most enjoyable camp of the trip. Made a rousing fire which radiated plenty of heat, cooked a good supper which we enjoyed. All except the Captain, who was again stretched out in sickness.

"In splendid condition, I did the best part of the work of attending to the horses and cooking supper. I had no milk and was compelled to choose between coffee and water. I chose the latter and took my first hearty drink since we started out. The Judge, weak from diarrhea, was off to one of the camps to gossip with the teamsters. He asked me to go with him. I would have, but the Captain begged for one of us to stay with him.

"Seated alone by the campfire, the sick Captain demanding my attention, cold air blowing about me, my spirits for the first time sank a little. I thought of Ella and our son. The uncertain future weighed upon me . . . I almost hourly doubt my identity and cannot think it's really myself going through such scenes, that I am reading a novel or dreaming of them."

The next morning, Hildreth and the Judge cooked breakfast, then Hildreth packed gear. The Captain slept later. When aroused, he asked after the horses. They had disappeared. After Hildreth and the Judge spent an hour looking for them, the animals wandered into camp no worse for wear, were hitched up and the outfit was on its way up the pass.

"FOR 10 to 12 miles, mountains rose high on each side, covered half way up

with standing trunks of burnt pines and above that with snow. Dust and boulders constituted our roadway. The wind was strong and cold, and dust was constantly blown into our faces and breathed into our lungs.

"The road is very steep in places, and it was terrible work for the poor horses. Only one team could pass at a time except at turnouts. The amount of freight hauled through the pass is tremendous. The long trains of wagons (the majority drawn by 6-10 mules), stage coaches, smaller outfits like our's, horses and the tramps would form a picture equal to a circus poster for anyone looking down from above.

"The way this confused, conglomerated moving mass gets snarled at the turnouts, the swearing and threatening done to push on each ahead of the others, is fearful. Sometimes we walk behind an ox team of ten steers, 'til we come to a turnout. Then, we get between two heavy freight wagons and are in imminent danger of a smash up. After, we wait 15 to 30 minutes before we move a step. We get ahead only by being so much lighter than the others. We turn out and dodge in quickly before the ponderous wagons get ready to start up.

"The most terrible sights in this horrible pass are not the gloomy mountains and confusion of teams, but the way the poor beasts are abused, beaten and overworked. When a team gets stuck in one of the millions of ruts which form the road, a stoppage occurs, reaching along the whole length of the line of vehicles. Instantly, drivers of a dozen



Pioneers' Museum Photo

Tejon Street in Colorado Springs. It was notable for its storefront awnings. Cheyenne Mountain in background.

teams rush to the front to see what's the matter, each arriving with his whip. Instead of assisting the poor wretches out of a rut, they commence to curse and lash them. 'Mule skinners,' 'bull whackers,' 'horse flayers,' sound like an exaggeration of terms, but they are the literal truth in this region.

"As a result, hundreds of animals have died under the combined effects of alkali, overwork and brutal treatment, and their bodies shoved out of the way, left to rot and taint the air for miles. We

are scarcely ever out of sight of carcasses of horses, mules, and oxen in all stages of decay from bloating and bursting bodies of a few days to dry bones and hides of months of exposure to sun, wind, birds, insects, beasts of prey. It is well that air in the pass is cold and dry; if the heat of summer were added to the misery now endured, it would be intolerable.

"On the summit of the Great Divide, we saw a small log hut, where whiskey, tobacco and canned goods are sold. Dur-

ing the trip, it seemed safe to go to any house and ask for these articles with the certainty of getting them, though at a high figure.

"... The remainder of the trip to Leadville, reached on June 20, 1879, was a downgrade of 15 or 20 miles. The sun was beginning to get hot and the Captain began to get sleepy. The Judge was already asleep, so to prevent accidents, I took the lines and we entered Leadville.

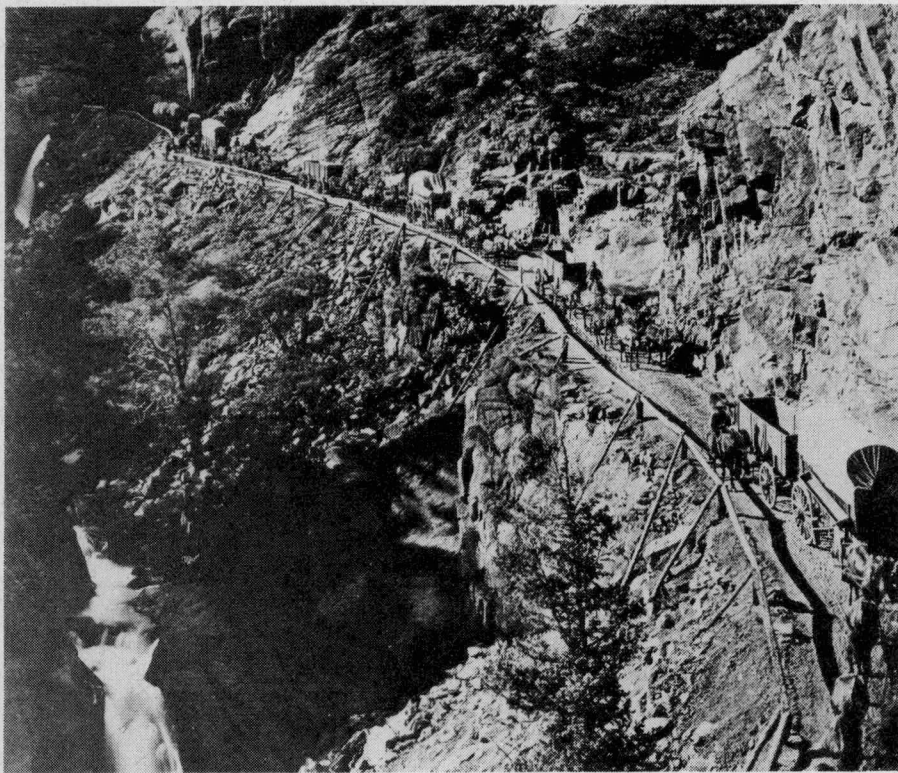
"I had heard a good deal about the roughness of the city... however, it wasn't so rough as I had anticipated. I am sure there are older cities in America that are much rougher. The *Globe-Democrat* slander that we would get nothing fit to eat in Leadville is simply preposterous! You have only to look at the hotel bills of fare and see what is sold in stores to be convinced at once that this is a lie, pure and simple. Nor are the hotel charges unreasonable. The Clarendon, the largest, charges but \$4 a day and The Windsor where I put up but \$3. The table there is at least as good as the average of \$2.50 hotels in St. Louis — The Everett House, for instance.

"At the Windsor Hotel, I had a splendid dinner and cleaned off dust and dirt I had accumulated on the trip, though I had to dig off my clothes with a shovel (as the boys say), since I had scarcely removed any of them for three days."

HILDRETH DID eventually move his family to Leadville where they lived until July 1880. He established the Hildreth Printing House and published *The Leadville Crisis*, a working man's newspaper with Socialist overtones, aimed at the miners. He also did job printing and was one of few printers to produce a menu for an elegant hotel dining room on fringed white satin in gold and red ink.

Moving his family from Colorado to New Mexico as he worked at various printing and newspaper jobs, Hildreth finally settled at age fifty-one in New Decatur, Alabama with Ella and their two children. In 1889 he started a weekly newspaper, the *New Decatur Advertiser*, which was published until 1920. Hildreth claimed that his paper was the first in Alabama to support woman suffrage. His wife was a national figure in the project and Susan B. Anthony visited them.

Hildreth died in Decatur on May 15, 1928. It couldn't be said that he was financially successful, but he had been a popular personality.

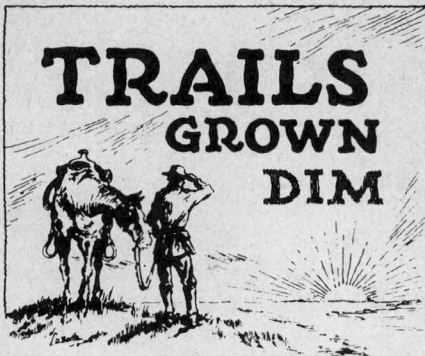


Stewarts Commercial Photographers

Above: Ute Pass in 1879 was a one-way shelf road cut into granite which provided a route for wagons and stagecoaches to haul goods and passengers from Colorado Springs to Leadville. The route was so jammed, one-way traffic only was allowed to go up in the afternoon, and down in the morning. Below: Leadville in 1879.



Pioneer's Museum Photo



Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Gilbert — Miller

I am looking for information on my great-grandmother, Mary Gilbert. She was born after 1881 in one of the counties near Humansville, Missouri. Her father's name was Sam and her mother's name was Liz. Sometime after 1906 she moved from that area and married a man named Dean Miller. They had three children, two boys and a girl, and moved to Idaho. Later on they were divorced. One of Mary's sons, my grandfather, was adopted by some people named Putnam in 1906. Mary died of a stroke at about eighty years of age. I have traced her to Idaho and would appreciate any information on her life or death or place of burial. — Jonnie Thompson, 206 Eldorado, Belton, Missouri 64012.

Countryman — Bowker

I would like information on the mother of Mary Rosella Countryman Bowker Brownlee. She was a Cherokee Indian who married a man by the name of Countryman. It is believed they lived in New York. Countryman allegedly killed a man and they moved to Winterset, Iowa and changed their name to Bowker. She was thrown from a horse and killed at Winterset. They had two children, a boy and a girl. The girl was my great-grandmother. Her name was

Mary Rosella. When she was a small child her brother chopped three fingers off her left hand. She lived around Iatan, Missouri; Wathena, Kansas; and at Nodaway, Iowa until she died. I would like to find out her mother's name; I believe her first name was Margaret. Any information will be appreciated. — Billy Gadberrry, 321 8th Avenue N., Algona, Washington 98002.

Griggs — Dizney — Hutton

Nickolas Griggs was in Giles County, Tennessee in 1820 and was listed as being age 16-25. He died there in 1845 or '46. His wife was Parthena?. Their children were: Elizabeth, Phebe, Mariah, Peter B., Thomas Henry, John W. (?), Jane, Wiley, and Yancy M. The first three children died before January 1855. Was Nickolas the son of John Griggs?

George Dizney (Disney) came from England circa 1745 and settled in or near Baltimore, Maryland. His son, Thomas, was born in 1755, went to Tennessee by 1775 and died in Knox County, Kentucky in 1853. His sons were: John Thomas, Soloman, Elisah and Elijah (twins), and William A. There is a Soloman Dizney recorded in Baltimore circa 1796 who had a son, John. Is he Soloman Thomas' brother?

John W. Hutton was born in 1809 in Kentucky and died in 1895 in Tennessee. His wife was Frances F. Moore. Their children were: Susan S., Thomas Clayton, Martha J., William J., Ann E., Lucinda R., Lucy R., James K. P., and Robert W. A. I would like to hear from descendants of the above and will answer all letters and exchange information. — Marguerite Griggs, Rt. 2, Box 103, Guthrie, Oklahoma 73044.

Wilson

I am seeking information on my grandfather, Charles C. Wilson. His wife's name was Clara. They lived in Montesano, Washington. Their children were Mary Borman, Ruth Mabel Guthrie, Richard Wilson, and Elmer Wilson. There was a cousin named Ethel Noble. Any information on this family will be appreciated. — Mabel Harmon, 1720 Valley Court #26, Juneau, Alaska 99801.

McCullough

I would like to contact descendants of Joe and Zadie McCullough who lived in or near Abilene, Texas in the early

1900s. Joe was born on August 5, 1877 in Alabama and was a brother of William Harvey McCullough, my grandfather, who was a pioneer of early Imperial Valley, California. When my grandfather died on January 30, 1936, all contact was lost between the two brothers. — Barbara J. Snyder, 4037 Calavo Drive, La Mesa, California 92041.

Kershaw

Joseph Merrick Spencer Kershaw was born October 24, 1877 in Wisconsin. His parents were William J. Kershaw and Frances Hill. Joseph was in vaudeville in Chicago around the turn of the century. One act was known as "Kershaw and Cloud." He may have been connected with Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show.

William Kershaw was an Indian agent in Wisconsin and later became state representative and state senator. J. Merrick Kershaw was my great-uncle. I am seeking information concerning him, his descendants, or any other relatives. — Leonard L. Ray, 6006 S. Western Avenue, Willowbrook, Illinois 60514.

Grigsby

I am seeking relatives of my father, Earl George Grigsby. He was born on June 9, 1894 in Eau Claire, Wisconsin. His father was Frank Byron Grigsby and his mother was Anne Gunn. Brothers were Roy, Dale, Harry, and Lyle Grigsby; sisters were Dorothy, Ina (Ruth), and Edna Grigsby. All letters will be answered and postage reimbursed. — Earlene Grigsby Camp, P.O. Box 511, Mapleton, Oregon 97453.

Johnston — Hains — Haynes Deffenbaugh — Singer

I am seeking information on the descendants of Charles (Charley) William Johnston, born April 11, 1892 at Arlington, Kansas. His father was Daniel Rosencrates Johnston, born December 25, 1855 and died on March 12, 1938 at Warren, Oregon. His mother was Malinda Hains (or Haynes) Johnston, born January 23, 1859 in Iowa. She died August 4, 1909 or '10 at Waynoka, Oklahoma.

Charles' grandfather, Joseph C. Johnston, was born September 19, 1824 and died March 17, 1898. His grandmother, Sidney Deffenbaugh Johnston, was born September 25, 1828 and died March 21, 1918. This information was taken from

(continued on page 60)

TRAILBLAZING CADETS

Three black men out of step in a long gray parade

By Don Miller

Photos provided by author;
Courtesy U.S. Military Academy Archives

ALTHOUGH the U.S. Military Academy had been established in 1802, it wasn't until 1877 that Henry Ossian Flipper became its first black graduate. John H. Alexander and Charles D. Young were graduated ten and twelve years respectively after Flipper. It would be 1936 before another black would emerge from the academy.

The seldom-related stories of Flipper, Alexander and Young help flesh out the already rich history of West Point.

HENRY FLIPPER was born March 31, 1856 in the slave quarters of the Methodist parsonage in Thomasville, Georgia. His mother was Isabella Buckhalter, a mulatto, and his father was Festus Flipper, a shoemaker and carriage trimmer who was part white.

By the time he was eight years old Henry Flipper had learned to read. Later he went to a private school taught by the wife of an ex-Confederate captain. Flipper attended schools established by the American Missionary Association and later enrolled at Atlanta University where he was a student when nominated to West Point by Republican Congressman James C. Freeman, a native-born white Georgia planter elected to the House of Representatives in 1872.

Prospective cadets, usually appointed by their district congressmen, came to West Point in late May or early June of a given year as "candidates." They were examined by the Academic Board in arithmetic, history, geography and English. If they passed their tests they were admitted as "conditional cadets," but did not receive warrants as cadets until successfully standing examination the following January.

A few blacks had been appointed to the U.S. Military Academy before Flipper. The first ones were Michael Howard, a full-blood from Mississippi, and James W. Smith, an octoroon from Columbia, South Carolina. The two men arrived at the academy on May 30, 1870,

but Howard was soon sent home by the Academic Board for deficiencies in all subjects in which he was examined. Smith, whose father was a veteran of Sherman's army and also a Columbia city alderman, was accepted.

During the next three years Smith was constantly upset by the social ostracism directed at him. He was court-martialed twice and made to repeat a year, and was found "deficient" in physics. At the close of his third year he was discharged. Before Smith's discharge the academy's only other black cadet — Flipper — arrived, and they were assigned a room together.



Cadet Charles Young

Two other blacks — Henry A. Napier of Tennessee and Thomas Van R. Gibbs of Florida — had been accepted as cadets prior to Flipper's arrival in 1873, but they lacked scholastic abilities and were drummed out.

The years at the academy were probably tough and lonely ones for the black cadet. Still, in a book published in 1878, Flipper claimed that his fellow cadets were only rarely lacking in courtesy. He maintained that privately he was treated as an equal, although he admitted that generally his fellow cadets ignored him. In his book Flipper mentioned that he endured "the sneer, the shrug of the shoulder, the epithet, the effort to avoid, to disdain, to ignore" him. He also wrote that race prejudice at the time was what he considered to be "normal." *The Atlanta Herald* com-

mented about Flipper: "It is an astonishing fact that socially, the boys from the Northern and Western States will have nothing to do with him."

Still, Flipper survived and was graduated June 15, 1877 standing number fifty in a class of seventy-six members. The New York newspapers generally called the occasion a landmark in race relations. Other papers patronized Flipper or ridiculed various events given to honor him as West Point's first black graduate. A New Orleans paper claimed Flipper was "a little bow-legged grif of the most darkly coppery hue." The six-foot-two fairly light-colored lieutenant and some others found the charge grossly untrue.

Lt. Flipper — the only black among about 2,000 Army officers — was assigned to frontier duty in the 10th Cavalry from 1878 until 1882. He fought in the Indian wars in the Southwest while stationed at Fort Sill in Oklahoma and Forts Elliott, Concho and Davis in Texas.

Shortly after being assigned to Fort Davis charges were brought against Flipper by long-time black-troop commander Col. William Rufus Shafter. Flipper had been detailed to the post commissary, and on August 10, 1881 he was placed in close arrest and charged with embezzlement of \$3,791.77. It was also claimed that he made false statements to commanding officer Shafter regarding his accounts; and that he offered, in partial settlement of the alleged shortage, a personal check on a San Antonio, Texas bank account in which there were insufficient funds.

A lengthy court-martial followed and Flipper was acquitted of the embezzlement charge, but pronounced guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

Many observers suspected the young black lieutenant was "railroaded" when he was sentenced to be dismissed from the service. On June 30, 1882 Henry Flipper was dropped from the United States Army rosters.

Following his discharge, Flipper began seeking an Act of Congress that would reinstate him in the Army and restore his rank and pay.

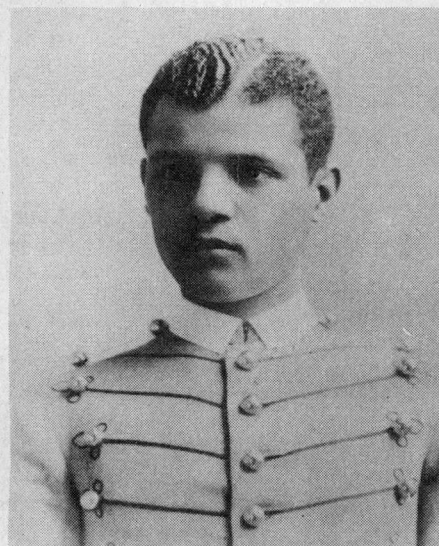
Flipper became the first prominent

black civil and mining engineer in the United States and an assistant to the Secretary of the Interior from 1921 to 1923. He returned to Atlanta in 1931 and died there in 1940 where he was buried without honors.

The ninety-four-year old fight to clear his name ended in 1976 when the Army changed his discharge to honorable and his bones were re-interred in the Old Magnolia Cemetery in Thomasville, Georgia.

JOHN HANKS ALEXANDER was appointed to the academy from the 14th Congressional District of Ohio and was admitted to West Point July 1, 1883. Alexander came to the academy from Oberlin, Ohio when he was nineteen years old.

He was born of slave parents in Helena, Arkansas on January 6, 1864. He was described as "a dark mullato, with a bright, intelligent face," and as a man



Cadet John Alexander

"of unusual brilliancy." He was graduated in 1887, number thirty-two in a class of sixty-four.

Alexander served in the 9th Cavalry in Nebraska, Wyoming and Utah with what was termed "efficiency and credit" until February 1893 when he was assigned Professor of Military Science and Tactics at Wilberforce University in Wilberforce, Ohio.

Accounts vary of Alexander's death at Springfield, Ohio at age thirty on March 26, 1894. One version claims he died while attending a meeting of the Knights Templar. The account stated: "He was waiting his turn to be shaved in a barber's shop, and complained of a pain in his head. As he rose to take his place in the chair, he fell to the floor and was dead before anyone could reach

him." The report concluded: "His body was taken to an undertaker's where a post mortem examination showed that he died from the rupture of one of the large arteries near the heart."

A second version claims he died at Springfield "at high noon, where on an invitation, he had gone to spend Easter Sunday in the barracks."

A correspondent for *The Freeman* of Helena, Arkansas wrote: "His death was a severe shock to Helena, his home. Not only to home and relatives, but throughout the Northern States. Lieutenant Alexander was just about to do great work with the promotion President Cleveland had given him, Professor of Military Science at Wilberforce University, the only one in the United States for colored boys. There are a number of military schools in the United States, but not connected with Uncle Sam." The obituary concluded: "His remains were laid in the National Cemetery at Springfield."

Still another account of Alexander's death claimed, "He died of tuberculosis on March 26, 1894, while still serving at Wilberforce."

The War Department was notified of Alexander's death, but gave no instructions as to what course of action was to be followed. The situation was called to the attention of Co. A, Ninth Battalion Infantry, O.N.C. The result was that his remains were taken by his friends to Wilberforce, Ohio on March 27.

CHARLES D. YOUNG was born in 1865 in Helena, Kentucky, but his family soon moved to Ohio where Young received his early education in the public schools of Ripley. After graduating from high school, Young taught in Ripley's black high school. He later graduated from Wilberforce University.

Young passed an examination for appointment as a West Point cadet and entered the academy in June 1884, appointed from the 12th Congressional District of Ohio.

A member of Young's graduating class recalled: "As I remember Young at the time, he was a rather awkward, overgrown lad, large-boned and robust in physique, and of a nervous, impulsive temperament." Although Young was a talented musician and in later life was in good command of five foreign languages, on June 17, 1885 he was "turned back" at West Point for deficiency in mathematics. In June 1889 he was additionally declared deficient in engineering.

Young also experienced problems

because there were no fellow blacks in the academy to relate to. A classmate recalled: "I well remember hearing him converse in the German language with some of the foreign-born shoe-blacks, and my mental reaction at that time was that sheer loneliness impelled him to talk with anyone who would take an interest in his conversation."

Although the lonesome cadet made few friends at West Point, another cadet pointed out that: "It must be said that he gained ground each year at West Point, and in the fifth and last year, after having patiently shown for the past four years a dog-like perseverance in the face of so many natural handicaps, his own class began to acknowledge and respect his finer traits of character; while a spirit of fair play induced many cadets of character and standing in the corps to treat Young with the kindness and consideration which had



Cadet Henry Flipper

long been his due."

Young was able to make up his deficiencies and on August 31, 1889 was graduated in the class of 1889, ranking at the bottom of his class of forty-nine cadets.

Upon graduation Second Lieutenant Young was assigned to the 10th Cavalry, and although he served for a short while with the 7th Cavalry, the balance of his service over the next twenty-eight years was with the black 25th Infantry and 9th Cavalry.

From 1894 to 1898 Young was Professor of Military Science and Tactics at Wilberforce University. During the Spanish-American War he was Major of the 9th Ohio Volunteer Infantry (Colored). Young was the only black officer to see active duty in Cuba during the Spanish American War and was the first

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Regular Army black to reach field grade.

In 1903 Young served as superintendent of the Sequoia and General Grant parks in California. From 1904 to 1907 he was the U.S. Military Attache to the Republic of Haiti, and from 1912 to the close of 1915 he was military attache to the Republic of Liberia.

In 1916 Young received the Spingarn gold medal, making him the second recipient of the award given annually to an American man or woman of African descent who had made the highest achievement during the year in any field of honorable human endeavor.

On June 22, 1917 Charles Young was retired from active duty as a full colonel because of high blood pressure. To help counteract the high blood pressure claim, Young rode horseback from Wilberforce, Ohio to Washington, D.C., ending his 16-day, 497-mile trip in front of the War Department headquarters. He was restored to active duty partially because of this feat, but also because he was needed to train troops for the Ohio National Guard at Camp Grant, Illinois.

In retrospect a fellow West Pointer reflected on Young: "In a career which embraced various activities with both the military and civilian officials of our own and foreign countries, Colonel Young demonstrated qualities of mind and of temperament far above the average; and self-control and force of character which is remarkable in one whose immediate ancestors were born in slavery. In the American army, as at West Point, he succeeded, through use of tact, self-restraint and what may be called self-effacement, to make steady and permanent headway against race prejudice."

Col. Young died in Lagos, Liberia on January 8, 1922 where he had been sent as a military attache to the Liberian government. His body was returned to the United States for burial with full military honors at Arlington Cemetery.

A classmate of Young's eulogized: "Though life was often pathetically difficult for him in his problems of environment, he lived up to the best traditions of his Alma Mater, and played the game as a worthy graduate of the greatest of military academies."

"Perhaps," the U.S. Military Academy Report of June 12, 1922 concluded, "the best that can be said of him is that in all his relations with society, both as citizen and soldier, his constructive influence with his people was ever a potent factor along the troublous highway of enlightened progress."

In search of a shorter or easier route, many a trusting pioneer fell victim to those *Swindlers Of The Old West*



By C. KUTAC
Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

LIFE IN THE 19th century West wasn't easy. Most men had to labor long and hard just to keep food on their tables and roofs over their families. What little they managed to save could be lost so easily — Indians could burn them out, disease might kill all their livestock, hail or drought could wipe out an entire year's crop.

If by luck and hard work a pioneer managed to accumulate some money, swindlers and confidence men were eager to trick him out of it. Fortunately,

for the con men, news often traveled slowly. A really sharp swindler could successfully use a scheme over and over before word of it spread and people became leery. Con men preyed on all segments of society — farmers, emigrants and cavalymen. Sometimes they even finagled ways to get around government laws and regulations.

Those traveling in wagontrains were often easy to deceive. They were in new situations and locations. They didn't understand the land or the weather. Early winter storms could immobilize them; summer duststorms could blow

up out of nowhere; flash floods could be fed by storms in mountains miles away, so even when it wasn't raining on the flats, walls of water could rush down the washes and engulf them. They didn't understand the Indians or know how to deal with them, even when they were friendly. Consequently, emigrants had to depend on the advice of ones who had made the trip before — wagon masters, scouts, mountain men or traders along the Western routes.

Even the best route to take was often debatable. Trails had cutoffs, some considered to be easier or shorter. Members

of more than one wagontrain reported meeting a man by a spring near the road. He told each group that he was waiting to meet his family. He wanted to catch them before they passed the turn-off for a new cutoff that saved 200 miles. It was later found that although the road he described looked all right at first, it soon deteriorated to an impassable state. Anyone trying it would soon have foot-sore, possibly crippled animals and the rough road would tear up the wagons. Some unfortunate emigrants who took the cutoff into the isolated region found that the man who had given them the directions had henchmen there. With broken-down wagons, the emigrants had more supplies than they could carry back to the main route. The opportunists there at the roughest part of the trail offered to buy the supplies and worn-out animals at a very cheap price.

Facing so many dangers in common (drought, starvation, Indians, sudden sickness), all but the stingy and the loners tried to help each other out. If a man's food was washed away when crossing a river, others of the wagontrain chipped in with supplies. If a man lost his wagon or team, oftentimes he was allowed to finish the trek in another

wagon — usually at no charge.

Then, as now, the one most likely to be taken advantage of was the good Samaritan. Some emigrants started the trip with little food because they counted on living off their kind-hearted fellow travelers. One man had journeyed from the East Coast all the way to Ft. Kearny by eating the food of others and riding in their wagons. He even bragged about depending on Christians to feed and transport him.

Early-day Plains travelers wrote that the Indians always seemed to come out ahead when trading with the white man. In 1850, after much dickering, an ancient Snake brave traded eight \$5 gold pieces for a white man's rifle. After the Indian left, the white man discovered that his "gold pieces" were actually just trading tokens issued by a hardware store.

When some of the first emigrants through Indian country lost cattle, they paid a reward to braves who would help them find the animals. The Indians quickly learned to "borrow" the livestock so they could get a reward to return them.

Owners of some trading posts along the old trails used underhanded methods to increase their business. One

unscrupulous trader convinced many emigrants to take a longer, rougher cut-off, that took days longer. That made his store the last establishment for hundreds of miles and hence they bought more provisions at his store.

One trading post was well-known for sending out one of its men masquerading as an emigrant. This representative would bad-mouth his boss' main competitor, claiming they had cheated him. Sometimes that would sway the opinion of an entire wagontrain and gain the unscrupulous trader an enormous amount of business.

Near the end of the trail, when the teams of oxen, mules or horses gave out, the emigrants had to abandon them or lead them on without the wagons. Sometimes on easier trails when the animals could keep going, the emigrants would be almost out of food and their animals would be all they had to trade for supplies. In either case, the stock speculator would profit. He would assure the travelers that farther on in California the animals, their tack and the wagons were of little value. It would be better to trade the animals, he said, before they died anyway. Often an emigrant would trade a worn-out horse or mule for a sack of flour. The speculator

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would graze the animals until they fattened, then drive them to California to sell for a nice profit. One pioneer who sold his cattle for a pittance and found out later that he had been hoodwinked, said that he finally understood how Esau felt when he traded his birthright for a bowl of pottage.

A FARMER didn't even have to leave home to lose his money as swindlers went right to his homestead after it. The "farm machinery swindle" required only two things — a generous farmer and a large barn. A well-dressed, amiable salesman would appear at the farmer's house with two or three pieces of machinery in tow. He'd chat with the farmer for awhile about crops, weather and such. Then he would ask if he could store his machinery in the farmer's barn. If he had room, the farmer would usually grant permission.

After the machinery was in the barn, the salesman explained to the farmer that he'd had a marvelous season and those three machines were the last of a large lot he had to sell. If the farmer would sell those machines for him, while they were stored in the barn, he could have 50% commission on the sales.

It usually sounded plausible to the farmer, especially if he had had a bad year and needed the money. The sales-

man was always slick-talking and before long the naive farmer was signing a contract which he didn't really understand because of all the big words and double-talk. But the salesman had told him that it was only an agreement stating that he was storing the machinery and was also guaranteed 50% commission on each one he could sell.

Thirty days later, a stranger arrived at the farmer's house and demanded payment for the machinery in his barn — and at an out-of-sight price. When the farmer tried to explain that he was merely doing the salesman a favor by letting him store the machinery in his barn, the farmer was shown his signature on the contract, which was actually a bill of sale. A local lawyer was usually consulted and the farmer was told that the bill of sale was legal and binding. The farmer had to pay for the machinery and ended up losing anywhere from \$200-\$500.

Some crafty men even figured out ways to con the government — like the itinerant trader who made most of his profits by peddling rot-gut whiskey to the Indians. Then came this new law prohibiting the sale of alcoholic beverages to the Indians. Did he give up his lucrative business? No way. He bought a wagonload of potatoes and headed out

to the reservations, taking the usual amount of whiskey along with him. Then he moved from Indian camp to Indian camp, selling his potatoes. He sold the wagonload in no time at a dollar a potato. You see, he gave a free shot of whiskey to everyone who bought a potato.

A shrewd farmer put one over on the government too. Seems there was a local ordinance regarding homesteads that said a house built on the land had to be at least 12 x 12. Since the law didn't specify exactly what unit of measure it meant, this farmer built his house 12 x 12 — but in inches, not feet.

In 1855 Louis Remme tricked a bank out of \$12,500 and it was all perfectly legal — we think. In Sacramento one morning Louis was enjoying his breakfast with more than usual satisfaction. He had just made a good deal, selling some cattle for \$12,500, and had deposited the money in the nearby Adams & Company Bank.

He bought a paper from a passing newsboy, flipped it open and almost choked. The bold headline proclaimed that the San Francisco office of Adams & Company had gone under.

Perhaps there was still time to draw his money from the nearby office before it closed too. Louis tried but a mob of

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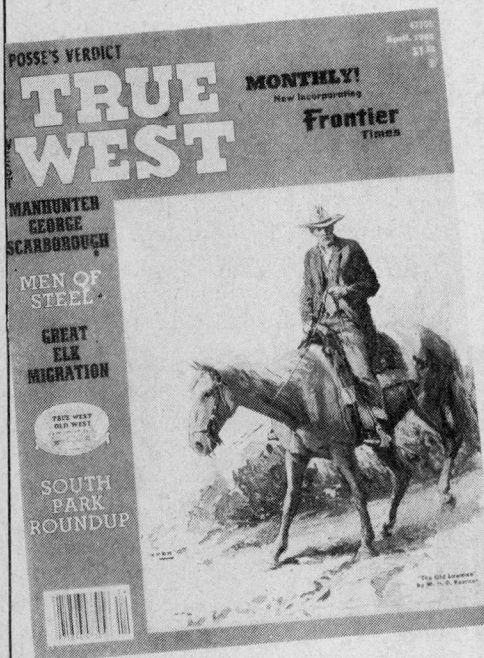
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people was there by the time he reached the Adams & Company Bank. Now what could he do? All the branch offices in California would close their doors before he could reach any of them.

He thought a few moments and then realized that what he had to do was get to Oregon before the news reached there as well — after all, there weren't any telegraph lines reaching there. News would be carried on the next steamer out of San Francisco. The only way to save his

money was to beat the boat to Portland, where there was an office of Adams & Company, so he could draw his money before they learned of the company's collapse.

Louis rode day and night, changing for a fresh horse when the one he was riding tired. He slept an hour or so only when he could go no farther. He ate in the saddle to save time. He kept up the frantic pace for six days and nights. Arriving in Portland, he rushed to the

Adams & Company office, presented his deposit certificate and asked for his money. He was paid \$12,500. As he left the bank, he heard the steamer chugging up the river. In less than an hour, news of the failure of Adams and Company had caused the closure of the Portland branch. Louis had won, and with little time to spare.


EVEN A captain in the United States Army could fall for a con man's line. In 1864 at Fort Kearny a young man approached Captain Eugene Ware and asked if he could talk with him in private. They went off to one side and the young man said that he was with one of the wagontrains. He was headed back to the States, but had run out of money entirely.

The young man then lit a candle, set it on a wagon wheel, pulled out a gold watch and handed it to Captain Ware. By the flickering light of that single candle, the watch gleamed. As the captain examined the watch, the young man said it had been given to him by his father and although it was very precious to him, it had to be sold. Since his health was poor, he had to get home as soon as possible and he was too weak to work his way.

Although the watch had cost his father \$200, the young man said he'd take \$50 for it. He fully intended to get his watch back, as soon as he could send the money to redeem it. He explained that the reason he had chosen Captain Ware was because he was in the army and therefore it would be easy to trace him and get his watch back.

Captain Ware later told how he turned over the \$50 and the young man clasped his hand with real affection and seemed genuinely grateful as he gave him the watch. Captain Ware put the watch away for three or four days. When he finally looked at it closely, he found that it had tarnished. It was not gold but a cheap metal imitation called pinchbeck. Perhaps it had even been tarnished the night the young man gave it to him, but by candlelight it couldn't be detected.

Captain Ware later found that a dozen of these watches could be bought for \$48. There were many of them scattered along the road between Denver and Omaha, and many were purchased for \$50 each by gullible people. According to Captain Ware, it was a new scheme and as such, a good con man could make \$1,000 per month in the West, until he was found out.

Just like P.T. Barnum said, "There's a sucker born every minute." 

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher, whose address is usually given in parentheses directly following the title of the book. Checks must be made payable to the publisher, not to us.



COWBOY SONGS

He Was Singin' This Song by Jim Bob Tinsley (University Presses of Florida, 15 Northwest 15th St., Gainesville, FL 32603, 253 pages, hardcover, \$30.00 12½ x 9½ inches).

In 1910 an Eastern publisher brought out a book on cowboy songs gathered by John A. Lomax, a Texas college professor and a Sheldon Fellow for the Investigation of American Ballads at Harvard University. It was one of the first books on cowboy music and is much sought after by collectors today. Since then there have been perhaps two dozen other books published on the subject. None of them, however, are as comprehensive in their approach to the subject as this new work by Jim Bob Tinsley.

What makes Tinsley's new book something special is the combination of musical and historical details. He presents forty-eight songs. Their music is included along with historical sketches providing the reader with much background on the songs and the people who probably sang them. In addition, Tinsley has added many historic photographs and illustrations that add much flavor to the word pictures painted by his narratives.

The book is divided into eight parts. Each part examines songs relating to one aspect of the cowboy's life. For example, the second part is titled "On the Trail" and includes the music and history of "The Old Chisholm Trail" and "The Colorado Trail" and others. The fifth part is titled "Horses" and includes the music and history of "The Strawberry Roan" and "Goodbye Old Paint" among others.

Adding still more flavor to this attractively produced book are two forewords. Gene Autry is the author of one titled "The Pleasures of Western Music." S. Omar Barker wrote the other foreword titled "The Lore of the Western Bal-

lad." Both add much to the understanding of Western songs, especially cowboy ballads.

Notes are included along with two indexes. One index lists song titles and the first lines. The other is a general index.

The book is a significant contribution to cowboy lore and song. Highly recommended.

BORAX KING

Borax Pioneer: Francis Marion Smith by George H. Hildebrand (Howell-North Books, 11175 Flintkote Ave., San Diego, CA 92121, 318 pages, \$15.00 hardcover, 9½ x 6½ inches).

This is a biography of Francis Marion Smith, who by the age of fifty had built an empire worth more than twenty million dollars. He maintained beautiful estates in Oakland, California, and on Shelter Island, New York. He owned steam yachts, racing yachts, his own railway car and many other benefits of wealth. Then he lost all of it. Before his death in 1931, Smith had nearly rebuilt his fortune for a second time.

The fascinating story of the twenty-mule team trademark, of his discovery of borax and his early days in the West are included. The book is nicely produced with many historic photographs. Notes, bibliography and index are included.

MONTANA FRONTIERSMEN

We Seized Our Rifles edited by Lee Silliman (Mountain Press Publishing Co., P.O. Box 2399, Missoula, MT 59806, 224 pages, \$14.95 hardcover, \$7.95 paper).

Some years ago Lee Silliman came across several interesting narratives by Montana pioneers. He set to work and found more such narratives. This new book is an interesting anthology of tales written around the turn of the century.

The stories, many of them from *Forest and Stream* magazine, reflect life as it was on the Western frontier, especially on the northern plains. As narratives they have a natural flow unlike many pioneer journals and diaries.

The stories include Charles Aubrey's "Memories of the Buffalo Range," William Jackson's "Captured by the Cheyennes," John J. Healy's "The First Sioux Invasion," and George Bird Grinnell's "The Return of a War Party." In all there are more than twenty stories, plus an introduction by Silliman.

The book is illustrated by Joe Boddy and includes a list of where the narratives originally appeared. Recommended.

THE GOLD RUSH

The World Rushed In: The California Gold Rush Experience by J.S. Holliday (Simon & Schuster, 1230 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10020, 559 pages, \$16.95 hardcover, 9½ x 6½ inches).

If you thought that everything has been written about the California gold rush of 1849 that could be written, you are wrong. In fact, this new work by a San Francisco writer provides new insights into an event that changed history.

Reading this book is like experiencing the joys and hardships of the gold rush firsthand. Author Holliday has used the diary and letters of goldseeker William Swain as the base for this fascinating account. In addition, he has relied on more than five hundred diaries and letter collections of other men who promised to return east from California with gold in their pockets.

Many maps and illustrations are included along with notes, sources and a fine index. This work is a major contribution to the history of the American West and is highly recommended.

FIRST 49

The First 49 Personalities in the Honor Gallery of the AHA's Hereford Heritage Hall by Donald R. Ornduff (copies available from the author, P.O. Box 7051, Kansas City, MO 64113, 281 pages, \$12.95 hardcover plus postage, 9¼ x 6¼ inches).

This handsome new book is a history of Hereford cattle in terms of the people who have contributed extraordinarily to the advancement of the Whitefaces.

The author, a life-long student of the

(continued on page 61)

The Quien Sabe Ranch

- where men could ride for days
- without reining up to a fence

By **THOMAS E. PRESTON**

Photos provided by author

THE LURE of West Texas and the wide open spaces had a pronounced effect on Ed Preston and his brothers. At one time or another, all eight brothers headed West from their father's Central Texas farm home near

Kempner. Some left on horseback as soon as they hit sixteen years of age. Good river bottom land just didn't hold the attraction that a cowboy's life on the open range did.

Sam Preston, one of the older boys, managed the Quien Sabe Ranch near Midland. Part of the following history of the Quien Sabe is taken from a letter written by Sam in 1955.

The ranch was established somewhere between 1890 and 1895 by M. Half of San Antonio, under the management of Barn Tillus. At that time it consisted of 500 to 600 sections of land spreading from the city limits of Midland, south thirty miles and extending east to ten miles of Garden City. This ranch, during the first ten or twelve years, was estimated to carry or graze 10,000 or



Headin' and heelin' in the open after an infrequent rain in West Texas. Ed Preston working the steer. A greyhound is on the left and a border collie on the right. The heeler had to throw his second loop.



Quien Sabe Ranch headquarters in Glasscock County, Texas, 1909.

12,000 cattle — a typical Texas ranch of that period.

Around 1902, M. Halff died and his son Henry took over his ranching interests, including the vast J. M. Ranch in Upton, Crane, and Crockett Counties. He was able to hold these ranches in fairly good shape until about 1914. At that time, he began to dispose of them.

The Quien Sabe Ranch from its beginning to about 1902 was under the management of Barn Tillus; from 1902 to 1906, it was managed by Will Irving; and from 1907 to 1914, by Sam Preston.

"I first saw Quien Sabe cattle in 1900," wrote Sam. "A herd of 2,500 steers passed through Canyon, Texas, on their way to Dodge City, Kansas. These were the best looking cattle I had seen up to that time. When I took charge of the Quien Sabe, they had one of the top herds of high grade Hereford cows. This herd contained about 3,000 head."

From 1902 to 1914 thousands of cattle from the J. M. Ranch were brought to the Quien Sabe Ranch and eventually shipped to northern feeders and markets. There were all kinds of cattle, cows and calves, steers from two to twelve years old and most of them very wild.

From about 1910 to 1914, clearing operations began and some land was put into small farms. The first irrigation well, the cloverdale or cold park, was developed on forty acres. Forty acres



Quien Sabe Ranch hands Sanke Haines, Rat Brown, Dick Moody and Bob Preston in 1909.

were also developed at Rosedale and forty acres just across the road at Red Top. There were also about 3,000 dry land acres in farming operation. All of this land was sold out by 1918.

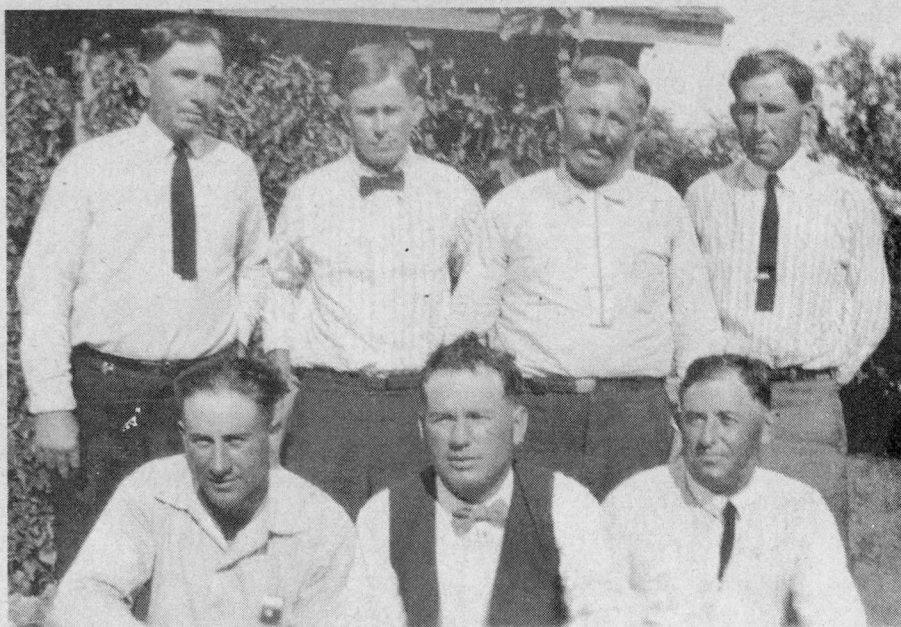
Sam closed his letter by listing the names of some of the cowboys that worked under him at the Quien Sabe. Among them were Bob Preston, Rabe Preston and a Cousin Gill Haynes or "Snake."

ED PRESTON used to tell how the ranch acquired the name Quien Sabe (Mexican slang meaning "who knows?") and break out laughing. It seems a man showed up at the new ranch and asked a Mexican at the front gate the name of the ranch. The Mexican replied "Quien Sabe." So the stranger had found the entrance to the Quien Sabe Ranch.

Ed was about eight years younger than Sam. When Ed was about seven-

teen he rode a horse out to near Andrews, Texas. There he worked on the Circle T Ranch.

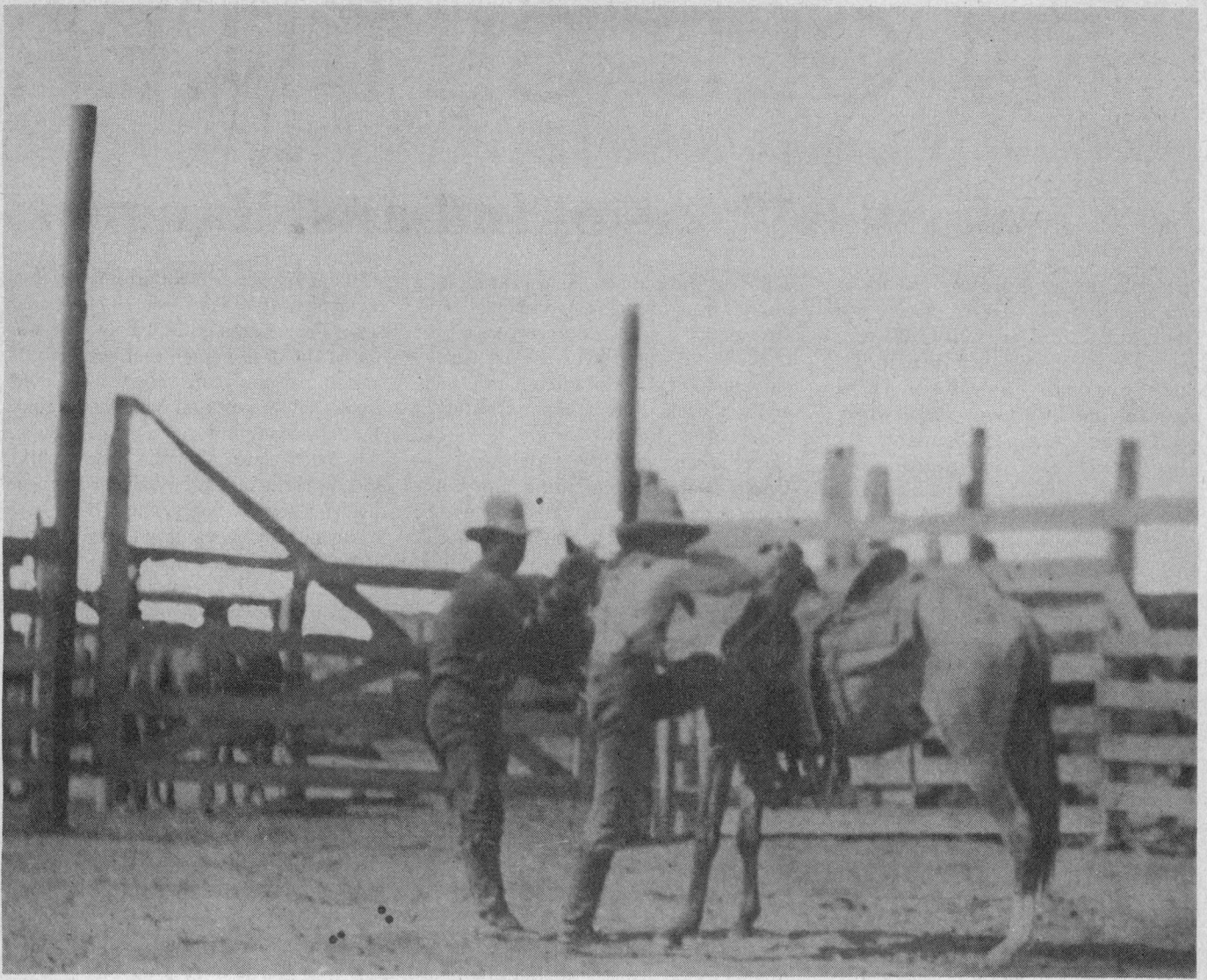
About 1908 Ed decided to homestead. He and a cousin, Gaines Preston, went to Sierra Blanca, Texas. Each homesteaded four sections. Ed lived in a one-room shack. Gaines built a dugout. They had to work on a nearby ranch to earn a meager living. The only livestock Ed had on four sections was two horses and he had to haul water for them. This was to be the undoing of his homesteading operation. Lack of water in West Texas drove out many a man. Some of the pictures shown are postcards from some of Ed's brothers offering encouragement. It was popular in the early 1900s to make postcards out of pictures. Bob wrote that as soon as he got the dough he would come out for a visit. Rabe begins a card with, "Hell, Ed how are you?" Bob wants to know, "Ed why in the devil don't you drop me



A later photo of the Preston boys. Top, left to right: Sam, Rabe, Tom and Barney. Bottom, left to right: Kirb, Bob and Ed.



Ed Preston (left) and his cousin Gaines Preston in Central Texas in 1911, after the homesteading experience. It must have been Sunday.



Rabe Preston is earing down a bronc for Snake Haines to mount in this 1909 photo.

a card once in awhile.”

Even though he had a rough time, Ed had fond memories of West Texas. He found himself a pretty young bride, Elve Watson, and pulled out for Central Texas. Ed ranched in Coryell and Hamilton Counties upon his return — of course on a much smaller scale than West Texas ranches. In later years, Elve would remind him of the oil that later created a boom in Sierra Blanca and other nearby areas. Ed always replied that he and his horses still preferred to drink water over oil.

Some of the brothers stayed in West Texas, but not all. Kirb, the youngest, went to East Texas where he later became the postmaster at Gladewater. Barney ranched in Central Texas and worked as deputy sheriff in Lampasas during the 1930s. Homer was murdered in Houston in 1921. His killer was never found. Ollie, the only girl in the family,

a retired schoolteacher at Evant, Texas, was the last to die in 1979. She always talked about her brothers' adventures in West Texas. Cousin Gaines Preston, like Ed, gave up his homestead for lack of water, went south and worked with the border patrol for a number of years.

The big ranch era is dead. The State of Texas sealed the doom of the big ranches about 1902. State land was opened up for settlement. The open range would be a thing of the past. Every other section of the large ranches belonged to the railroads, the other to the State of Texas. A rancher at one time could lease several hundred sections of land (1 section = 640 acres). Opening up the land to homesteaders made it difficult for the ranchers to continue ranching on a large scale, as they would then only have one-half the land under lease. The nesters or settlers had to live on the land for three years to sat-

isfy the state. After this period of time, the ranchers could then buy some of them out and in this way hold onto their ranching operations a while longer. Of course the economics of this arrangement helped kill the big ranches.

But it was an unforgettable way of life for those who participated — my grandfather Ed Preston and his brothers. It is hard to imagine being able to ride for days on horseback, never encountering a fence, and still be on one ranch. They did it every day during that era of the big ranches.



AN OLD SETTLER

By
J.T. Wood

— of Indians, Rangers,

Explanatory note: As far as we can determine this account was first published in 1954. When it was written is not certain. The author would have been in his nineties in the '50s or even older.

J.T. Wood was representative of a generation of our people who lived under great stress, had little touch with the "outside world," were rarely well fed and never well rested, and whose moments of enjoyment, for the most part, were so rare they were savored for a lifetime. He doesn't brag, he doesn't complain, he just did his part as best he was able.

I WAS very small at the time of the Civil War and do not remember much about it, but I remember well when it was over, for Uncle Spence Wood was in the war, and when it was over we heard he was coming home.

We were so glad that he had gone through the war without a scratch, that all who could went to meet him. He fought in several big fights and said the Yankees, as the Northern men were

called in those days, came near cutting him off from his command in one battle. He was riding an old sorrel straight-backed horse, and said he just turned old "Straightie" loose and out-ran them, and got back to his command safely. I remember the old horse he called Straightie as well now as the day I saw Uncle Spence come riding him home from the war. Uncle Spence was the only one of father's brothers who was at the front. The rest of them were on duty guarding the frontier against the Indians.

My father belonged to the Minute Men in Texas. They served as Rangers to scout after the Indians, although they didn't have to scout but ten days a month. If the Indians made a raid they were supposed to be ready to go at a minute's notice. That is how they got their name.

Sometimes my father would be gone for three weeks at a time, and we had no one to look to for protection but my mother. We felt safe as long as she lived, for she could shoot a gun as good as any man. Father often said that she could beat him shooting a six-shooter. I've

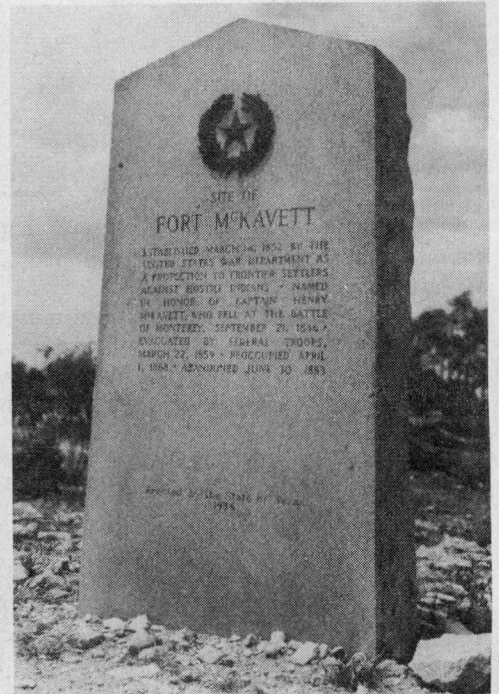
seen her get her gun out after a bunch of turkeys that came close to the house when Father was gone. I know she was one of the best women that ever lived. I was only eleven years old when she died. We were living in San Saba at the time. She left seven children, one girl and six boys. Our sister was the oldest child, and I was the oldest boy. Sister has been dead for several years, and I have been an invalid for over thirty-two years, not being able to walk a step without the use of crutches. This was caused by being stuck in the right side of my neck with a knife by my brother-in-law, J.A. Thompson, while I was waiting on him when he had slow fever. He was either crazy or in a delirious state, and never knew anything more after he stuck the knife in me. That was September 23, 1894, and he died two days later.

My mother was like most of the other women in those days. She had to card, spin, weave, make clothes for the family, knit sox and other similar duties. If the women got a new calico dress in those days it was fine enough. People didn't buy everything they wore then. I don't know how many pretty blankets and

Photos courtesy Rugeley Collection



The post guardhouse, located near the middle of Fort McKavett.



TELLS HIS STORY

murder and cattle drives

coverlets my mother made, but she had plenty when company came to spend the night.

In our trouble with the Indians I had two uncles killed. Uncle John Myers was killed somewhere out on the plains. We never knew for sure whether the Indians killed him or not, but the Indians got credit for it. Many people were killed and the blame was laid on the Indians. Uncle Boze Wood was killed on Richmond Creek and Uncle Henry Wood out north of Richland Creek at what was known as Cottonwood Pond. He was hunting when the Indians got after him and they had a running fight. Uncle Boze was shot, but got home before he died.

A short while before he was killed, he and his wife were sleeping out on their porch and had two horses tied right close by so they could keep watch and try to keep the Indians from stealing them. Some time in the night the Indians slipped up and stole the horses without awakening them. They knew nothing about the Indians until the horses were gone. Uncle had several dogs lying around the house, but the Indians were so stealthy that they did not even disturb the dogs.

There was a man who lived two or three miles up the creek from us by the name of Jackson Brown. One day an Indian boy walked into Mr. Brown's yard, and going up to Mr. Brown, stuck out his hand and said "How!" Mr. Brown could not speak the Indian's language, and the Indian could not speak English, but a man named Jones, who lived further up the creek, could speak several Indian dialects, so he was sent for and soon came.

The Indian boy told how he came to be there. He said a party of his tribe had come into that region, and they ran off and left him. Since he did not know where to go he decided to come to that ranch and make friends with the people there. In token of friendship he left his bow and arrows hidden in the woods and when Jones requested him to bring them in, he went out and got them. Next day Newt Brown took the Indian boy to San Saba, and as they came by our

house they stopped and we were permitted to see the Indian.

He was the first Indian I ever saw, and I think about the lousiest. His hair hung down on his back and had probably never been combed. It was covered with nits and lice. When Newt Brown reached town he had the boy's head shingled and a doctor put something on it to kill the lice. Newt bought him some clothes and dressed him up, and he did not look like the same Indian when he brought him back home. The Indian boy stayed with Mr. Brown a long time and seemed very well contented. He was still with the Browns when I left that country, but later I heard he went to San Angelo and lived with some Mexicans there.

WILEY WILLIAMS who lived at San Saba, often staked his horse out to grass on moonlight nights in an open place, and he would hide somewhere nearby to

watch for Indians. One night he saw an object approaching his horse and heard something like the grunt of a hog. He decided it was an Indian, so he cut down on it with a shotgun, and it ran off. Next morning he trailed it up and found a dead Indian.

I remember hearing my father tell of a company of Rangers being camped near a settlement in which some of the Rangers' families lived. Sometimes the men would go home to see how their folks were getting along. One morning while in camp they heard a turkey gobble in the direction of the settlement, and one of the men, who was going to the settlement, remarked that he would go by a wild turkey roost that was on the way, and if he killed a turkey he would bring it back to camp. After he had been gone a little while the men in camp heard a gun shot, and after waiting awhile for the Ranger to return and he failing to do so, they decided that he had missed the turkey and had gone to the settlement.

The next morning they heard the turkey gobble at the same place, so another



Photo courtesy of Ray McGuffin

Only remaining Fort McKavett barracks buildings in 1969. A restoration project was to begin shortly after we received this photo.

Ranger, who had decided to go to see his family that morning, told his comrades that he would go by the roost and if he killed the turkey he would bring it to camp, but if he did not kill it he would go on to the settlement. After he had been gone awhile they heard a gun shot, and as he did not come back they supposed he had gone on home.

The next morning the gobble of the turkey was heard again at the same place. Another of the men said he would go and kill that turkey. Within a short time they heard him shoot, and soon he came back to camp without a turkey. The supposed turkey was a big Indian who had concealed himself in an old hollow stump, and he had killed the other two Rangers who were on their way home. The third Ranger discovered the Indian's ruse, and came up behind while the Indian was watching in another direction. The Indian got two scalps but lost his own.

After my mother's death, my father married a girl by the name of Warren. Her mother was a widow and lived in Burnet County. One day father and my step-mother left us oldest children at home to take care of the place while they went on a visit to Burnet County to see Grandma Warren. They were gone several days and while they were absent we heard our dogs barking one night as if they were baying something in our yard. We lived in a bottom where the timber made so much shade it was very dark in there after night. I yelled at the dogs and hissed them, and they created an awful furore. Next morning we found moccasin tracks in the yard, and signs among some plum bushes of a fierce struggle.

While we lived in San Saba County, before my mother's death, my father owned a beautiful dun mare, and one night he staked her out in the edge of town, not over 300 yards from where the courthouse now stands, and the Indians came along and led her off. We heard the dogs barking all over the town, and heard horses traveling through, but we supposed it was someone living there who had been out of town and was coming home. Next morning our mare was gone, and several more horses had been stolen that night from other parties.

A foul murder occurred in San Saba in those early days, which I will never forget. An old man came there from up North somewhere to buy a herd of cattle, as thousands of cattle were being driven "up the trail" at that time. Two young men came with him, and claimed to be waiting for the old man to buy the

cattle and they were going to help drive them up the trail.

My father and Dave Low owned a blacksmith shop in San Saba, and Mr. Low ran a hotel there. This old man, whose name I have forgotten, slept in a little room at the back of the shop, and took his meals at the hotel. One morning he failed to appear at the breakfast table, and when Low went to see about him he was found dead. He had been gagged and robbed. A big red handkerchief was tied over his mouth. The two young men were missing, and naturally suspicion pointed to them as being the murderers. They were caught near Lampasas and brought back to San Saba and the sheriff decided to chain them together. He had Father to make some irons to go around their necks, and when they were brought to the shop I watched father as he bradded the irons onto their necks. One of the men confessed to the crime, and they were taken to another town for safekeeping. One of them succeeded in breaking jail and escaped, but the one who confessed refused to leave the jail. I do not know what sentence he received in the trial for murdering the old man.

AFTER my father married the second time we moved back to Richland Creek, and there I began work as a cowboy. I helped Captain Riley Wood gather a herd of cattle. Most of them were wild. Nearly all of the gentle cattle had been driven out of the country and the wild cattle would lay in a thicket all day and graze at night only. Uncle Riley Wood would take a small bunch of gentle cattle out into the postoaks and hold them in an open place on moonlight nights and round up the wild cattle and bring them in to the pen.

I was too small to make a hand rounding in at night, but I could help hold the herd. We gathered a big pen full, and Uncle Riley thought it would be best to stand guard around the pen to keep the cattle from breaking out. While he and Uncle Spence Wood were standing guard the first night, the cattle became frightened and stampeded, tearing down one side of the pen for some distance and making an awful noise. I was asleep in camp and when I became thoroughly awake and realized what had happened I found myself up in a tree. The cattle were finally rounded up with the loss of twenty or thirty head.

We had some beef steers in that herd which must have been twelve or fifteen years old, and I believe them the largest

steers I ever saw. A man did not need much money in these days to buy a herd of cattle, for they were very cheap. A big beef steer was worth about \$10, and about all the money needed was enough to bear the expense of gathering and driving them to market. When the herd was ready to start up the trail the inspector would be notified and he would come and inspect the cattle, tally them, and the road brand would be put on. Then they would be ready for the long drive up the trail to Kansas.

The inspector would give the trail boss a pass on his herd to show that they had been inspected, and he would also have the tally put on record in the county clerk's office, and the cowmen could go and look at this record and if they found anything in their mark and brand the owner of the herd would pay them for their stuff when he had sold the cattle — if he was an honest man. But sometimes there were dishonest men who carried herds up the trails, and didn't come back.

It was in 1870 I think, when about seventy-five Indians made a raid down Richland Creek and gave us a pretty bad scare. Warren Hudson lived near the headwater of the creek, and the Indians rode near his house while he stood in his doorway and watched them. They took a pony he had staked near his house, and rode on down to where the Harkey children lived. There were twelve or thirteen of these children on the place, their parents having died, they lived there on the old homestead. When the children saw the Indians coming they ran to the house, except one little girl who climbed a tree and remained concealed among the branches until the Indians passed on. As they passed the house Joe Harkey got his gun and fired two or three shots at them, but the Indians rode on as if they never knew anybody had shot at them.

Further down the creek they ran onto about fifteen cowmen with a bunch of cattle rounded up, and had quite a battle with them. It was a mile from our place and we could hear the firing. Soon the cowmen came dashing to our place, with Alex Hall in the lead. They told Father to flee, as the country was full of Indians. We went over to Uncle Spence Wood's place, and prepared for a fight.

The cowmen reported that a man named Bomar had been killed by the Indians, but this proved a mistake, as Bomar came in next morning unscratched. The Indians had chased him pretty close, but he found refuge in

a hole of water under a bluff, and they failed to get him. In the fighting Parson Davis was wounded with a lance, but recovered. It is not known how many Indians were killed. The Indians came to the Widow Lindley's house, and found nobody at home. They robbed the house and then burned it. Uncle Riley Wood was in this fight, and shot at an Indian that had a skirt on his head. He dropped the skirt on the battle ground and it was found to belong to Mrs. Lindley.

After this raid the few families living on Richland Creek decided that they had no chance against large bands of Indians, so we all moved down on the river near San Saba town. We crossed the trail where the Indians went out and saw plenty of signs of the battle they had with the cowmen.

Out of that wild frontier in those days we were often frightened and alarmed. We were momentarily expecting Indian raids, and just to show how easily we were frightened I want to relate an insignificant incident as an illustration. While we lived on the San Saba River, before we moved back to Richland Creek, there were four families living on the east side of the river. Our family

lived where the road crossed going to San Saba. Pick Duncan and family was next up the river, about a quarter of a mile distant, and a little farther up was Uncle Spence Wood's place. Above him lived George Barnett.

Father and Uncle Spence were gone from home one night and we went to stay all night with Uncle Spence's folks. Just after dark we heard women and children screaming down at Duncan's camp, and we thought something awful had happened there. We were so sure that Indians had attacked the camp that we all ran up to George Bennett's and stayed there all night. The women sat up all night and every little noise they heard they just knew the Indians were coming. Next morning it was learned that one of Mrs. Beattie's little girls was hurt while playing in the yard, which caused all of the fuss. Mrs. Beattie was a sister to Mrs. Duncan.

When the Indian raids became less frequent we moved back up on Richland Creek to our old home, but for several years the raids continued. My father had a good bunch of horses and the Indians kept stealing them until all were gone.

WHEN I got old enough to drive an ox team, I became what the people called a "bullwacker." The last time I was in Austin I and a man named John Stevenson went with an ox-team each from San Saba to Austin after a load of lumber. The distance was one hundred miles, I think, and we received \$1 per hundred for hauling. It was in the winter time and we weren't feeding our oxen. We hobbled them out at night, as the range was fine and they could get plenty of grass to eat. They would hit the road just after dark and go just as far back towards home as they could get, and next morning just before daylight and sun-up, they would quit the road, go off behind a thicket, lay down and keep so still we could not hear their bell rattle when we went in search of them. We always put a bell on one ox of each yoke. This may sound like a big yarn to anyone who never drove an ox-team but those who have had the experience of freighting with oxen know their tricks.

Before we reached Austin on this particular trip it came a big snowstorm and covered the ground several inches deep. We stopped at the edge of a little town and bought feed for our oxen from a

I BURIED HICKOK, The Memoirs of White Eye Anderson, Edited by Bill Secrest and Introduction by Joe Rosa. An annotated firsthand story by White Eye who knew and rode with Hickok, and later buried him in Deadwood. White Eye also writes of his other friends on the frontier: Cody, Utter, Jesse James, Omohundro and others. 235 pages, 87 illustrations, footnotes, and index. Hardcover with dust jacket \$17.50

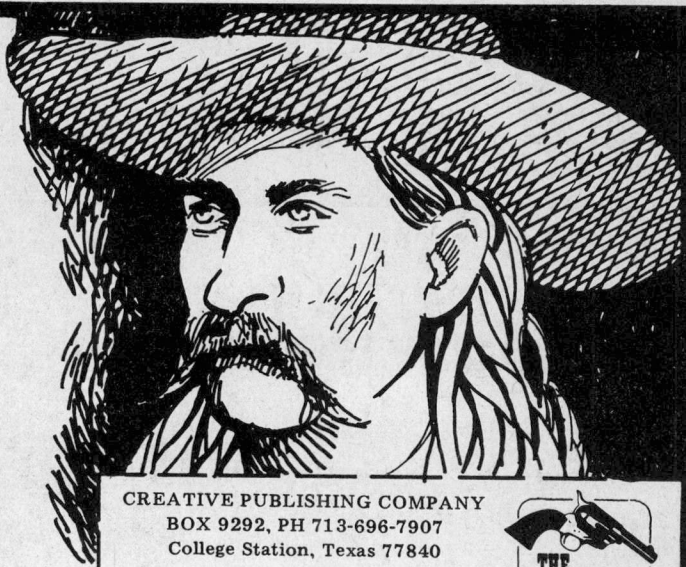
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man named Oliver, and he let us sleep in his barn. We were a month on that trip.

Uncle Spence Wood and myself made a trip with an ox team to the Concho River and gathered a wagon bed of pecans. The country was full of wild game, and we had a wonderful time. That whole region was unsettled, and we saw but a few people on the trip. We carried our pecans to San Saba and sold them for four cents per pound.

When I was seventeen years old father moved to Fort McKavett to haul cord wood and prairie hay for the fort, and we remained there one summer and fall. While we were there we lived on the north side of the river in a settlement call Scabtown, and one night two government freighters were camped about a mile down the river. The Indians attempted to drive off their horses and one of the freighters shot an Indian. The redskin fell from his horse and was found lying there next morning flat on his back, dead, with his left arm across his breast, his right arm down by his side, his elbow resting on the ground and his six-shooter in his hand, the hammer pulled back and his finger on the trigger ready to shoot. He was killed with an old rim-fire Winchester. We called those old guns "yellow-leg Winchesters" because the sides were brass. The ball went through that Indian's shield and through him too.

At the time we were living here, Frank Jones was a guide and scout for the troops at Ford McKavett. On one

occasion the soldiers went out and followed an Indian trail for a long ways, finally overtaking them. Several Indians were killed and three squaws and a small Indian baby were captured, and brought back to Fort McKavett. I saw these captives when they were brought in.

Father secured the contract to cut and haul some cedar poles for a man to build a picket house and also made the boards to cover the house. We had to go over on the North Llano to get this timber, a distance of about thrity miles from Fort McKavett. When this work was finished we returned to Richland Springs.

There were bears in the McKavett country in those days, and lots of deer and turkeys, and we often enjoyed hunts. I remember a buffalo hunt we had in 1876 away up in the Colorado River country. Those who went on this hunt were Uncle George Wood, a man named Blackwell, Blufe Hamrick, Hiram Hamrick, Virgil Wood and myself — six altogether. We had three wagons, two drawn by oxen and one drawn by horses. We went out by Trickham and then up the north side of the Colorado until we got to the mouth of the Concho river.

Here we saw our first bunch of buffalo, but did not kill any. We saw antelopes in great droves. A few miles above the mouth of the Concho we crossed the Colorado River and went up on the west side until we reached Oak Creek, then

we crossed back to the east side to Brown's Ranch, and from there we went to old Fort Chadbourne, which had been abandoned some years before. The old buildings were partly torn down, or had fallen down. From here we went on west to Yellow Wolf creek, and struck camp. We killed all of the buffalo we wanted. We saw thousands of buffalo on the range as we were coming home.

FOR several years I followed the occupation of a cowboy in the San Angelo country, working for Ike Mullins and others. Then I went over into Kimble County, where George Hamrick lived, and worked for Frank Cloudt. Later I went to work for Peter Robertson and Billie Bevans in Menard County. Their ranch was seven or eight miles below Fort McKavett, on the San Saba River. My salary was \$20 per month, and I had to stay in a camp by myself on Rocky Creek. I did not have time to get lonesome during the daytime, but the nights were lonely for me.

Captain D.W. Roberts, and his company of Rangers were stationed at that time on the south side of the San Saba River, several miles above Menardville. I enlisted in this company at a salary of \$30 per month, to serve one year in Company D, Frontier Battalion State Troops. Lamb Sieker was first sergeant. Ed Sieker was second sergeant. Henry Ashurn and Doc Gourley were corporals, and there were twenty-five privates.

The first duty assigned me was to go to San Saba with six or seven other Rangers to help the officers there while district court was in session. Ed Sieker was in charge of our little scout. Everything seemed to be quiet, and court was conducted without any trouble. The sheriff had us take nine prisoners to Lampasas and turn them over to the proper authorities there. I enjoyed this trip very much, as I was raised in San Saba County and found many old friends there. It was like going home for a visit.

While I was in the Ranger service the stage was robbed three nights in succession down about Pegleg Station, between Menardville and Mason. Captain Roberts took me and three other members of the company and went down there to see if we could find the trail of the robbers, but without success. We started back to camp and as we were coming through the country we saw three men on horseback, each leading a pack horse, and thought perhaps they might be the robbers, so Captain

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Roberts stopped them and made a search, but nothing was found to implicate them and they were allowed to go on. We scouted regularly for Indians and outlaws, and were kept busy all of the time.

We made several scouts over into Kimble County on the lookout for a man who was wanted for cattle theft. I do not remember his name. He had a cow camp on a little creek called Contrary, which runs into the South Llano River just below Painted Rock. I remember the first scout I went on after this man we went from our camp on the San Saba through the woods in an attempt to slip in without anyone knowing we were in the country. We had our pack mule and supplies, with frying pan and coffee pot. I began to worry about how we were going to make bread without a pan in which to make up the dough for six or seven men. We had a sack of flour, and I was to learn something. Doug Coalson opened up the sack and pressed down a hole in the flour and made the dough in the sack. We cut sticks and rolled the dough around them and held them by the fire. Soon we had enough bread cooked for supper, and I think it was about the best bread I ever ate.

After dark we saddled up and went over the mountain and down Contrary Creek until we got within a half mile of the wanted man's cow camp. Here we dismounted and took it afoot. When within a few hundred yards of the camp we pulled off our boots and stealthily crept forward. As we approached, some dogs began to bark and we made a rush for the camp. Ed Sieker was in the lead and ran into some vines and fell down. Tom Carson ran over him, and I ran over both Sieker and Carson. We got up as quickly as possible and charged the camp, but did not find the man we were looking for.

When my term of enlistment expired I left the service. My association with the boys of Company D was pleasant and agreeable, and I will always hold in fond remembrance the friendships formed. I have not seen some of my old comrades since I quit the service. The majority of them have answered the last roll call on this earth. Several are still living, including my honored old captain, Dan W. Roberts.

I went from the Ranger camp to George Hamrick's in Kimble County, and then on down to the head of the Guadalupe to visit my father's family, and while there I saw all of my brothers and my only sister, also all of my half-

sisters and half-brothers, and my step-mother. That was the last time we were all at home at the same time. My father moved to New Mexico some time afterwards and while there suffered an attack of pneumonia and died. My step-mother died January 13, 1927.

On October 2, 1881 I was married to Miss Mary Thompson who lived on Pulliam Prong of the Nueces River, and we went to Kimble County to reside. I traded for a small piece of land on the North Llano, about a mile above the mouth of Copperas Creek, and we went to housekeeping in a tent which a man

named Balcum loaned us. Later I built a log cabin on the place.

After remaining here awhile we decided to sell our place and move to the Nueces Canyon. A young man named Grub Hamilton came along and offered me a good price for my land, and I sold it to him, and we moved to Edwards County in the spring of 1882. I settled on some school land near the headwater of Pulliam Prong of the Nueces River in Edwards County, and I am still living on the place. I own two and a quarter sections of land and have it stocked with Angora goats.

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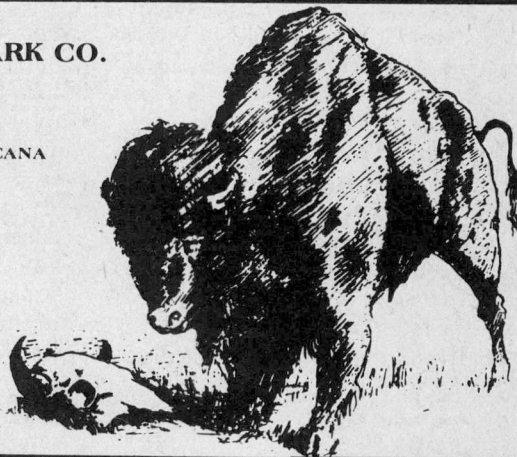
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The Old West was made for the trapper and trader; it could be cruel beyond belief to

The Young And Fatherless

By

BLONDELL WHITEHEAD

Photos and illustration provided by author

ANDREW and Julia Mathisen faced each other across their campfire. Disillusion was plain to see on Andrew's face; determination was written as plainly on his wife's face. "Julia, I have come to the lid sills of hell and I go no further."

Julia only said, "I must. I will not give up my religion."

It was 1866 and the Mathisens were part of the Mormon caravan then camped in St. Joseph, Missouri. Months before in Copenhagen, Denmark the couple had converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, joining the assemblage of people who were bound for America, then overland to Great Salt Lake Valley, termed by the missionaries as "the promised land."

They spent six weeks in sailing vessels to cross the ocean, which was often becalmed for days. They faced storms that made the stoutest hearts quail and improper food which brought on raging scurvy, shrouded bodies were lowered over the side of the vessel, while those remaining wondered who would be next. Heartsick and weary, Andrew and others wanted only to return to their native homeland.

The following day, Andrew and Julia parted — he to return to Denmark and she and her two small sons to travel overland with the Mormon caravan. They would follow the old Emigrant Trail. Andrew, in his rage, had taken most of the money with him. Julia didn't have the money to buy a covered wagon and oxen, so her possessions were loaded in a handcart, which she must push.

They left St. Jo on a hot muggy morning in July in a long line of wagons and oxen, handcarts and men with packs on their backs. They had hope in their hearts and a torturous trail ahead. All handcarts were in the rear, the sun beat down mercilessly and dust sifted from the slowly turning wagon wheels and settled in a gray haze. Eyes squinted

against the bright sunlight.

As evening came, so did a cooling breeze, offering the weary travelers some relief. At a small stream, the order was given to circle the wagons, all stock and handcarts to be held inside the circle. Guards were posted and fires built inside the circle. Smoke-blackened dutch ovens were used for cooking. No coffee was permitted, but the fortunate

owners of milk cows shared milk with the others. Grass was plentiful, often so tall that it waved in the breeze. Evenings were spent in prayer and singing. Violins, accordions and mouth harps gave pleasure and relaxation to the weary travelers.

The days and weeks rolled by. If stuck in sand, the men would put their shoulders against the wheels of the wagons and foot by foot the oxen moved onward. Extra water was carried in wooden barrels fastened to the sides of the wagons. When dry camps were made, the water was carefully doled out. The stock went without until the caravan came to the next stream. When the cattle smelled water, tongues lolled out from their mouths, they would quicken their pace and the air was filled with their plaintive lowing.

A sudden downpour of rain soaked the outriders, the people pushing handcarts, and the backpackers. Often the streams would run bank full, then the caravan must camp until the floodwaters went down. Sometimes they came upon deer and antelope and the outriders would shoot enough game so there was fresh meat for all. Supplies were running low, so often they would camp by a stream and fish. Fish were plentiful in every stream and the fish were so hungry, they would bite even a bit of bright cloth on a fishhook. Grass-

hoppers and angle worms were easy to get for bait. The farther West they traveled, the wilder the country became. Coyotes yapped and howled at night, and oftentimes they heard the cry of a mountain lion.

Julia toiled, pushing her handcart in good weather and bad through the sand of the desert and up over the mountains. She knew she was pregnant when one morning she became sick and queasy. One day she wearily fell upon the trail; her two little boys were crying, huddled at her side. When she regained consciousness, she and her boys were in a wagon and a man was pushing her handcart. The next day she was back pushing her handcart, for each one in the train had a job to do and was expected to do it.

Two children died from snakebite while crossing the plains. One little boy had tried to pick up a diamond-back rattler. One of the outriders was accidentally shot while hunting game. A woman died in childbirth, leaving a baby for someone else's care. So the graves sprang up along the Emigrant Trail, marked by crude crosses.

RATIONS ran low and the travelers were more dependent on wild game. The soles of worn-out shoes were replaced with deer hides. Some of the cows dried up. Oxen fell in their yokes from

exhaustion, so to lighten the load, pieces of treasured furniture were left beside the trail.

Then one evening, a man who had been playing his violin laid his instrument gently on the ground, got to his feet and with a ghastly look on his face, took a dozen steps and fell face-down. A doctor who was with the train examined the dead man, and with a stricken look said, "My God, cholera!" The people were stunned, then terror took possession of them. When order had been restored, the Bishop prayed for mercy.

Julia couldn't speak English when she left Denmark, but now she was learning a smattering of that language. True, her speech was broken but she was learning. Among the people she had met on the trip was a young man and his sweetheart. They were from Copenhagen and had met in St. Jo. They were planning to be married when they reached Salt Lake. The wagonmaster had decided to make camp at an old log cabin, built by the side of a stream. There was laughter and dancing after supper that night. Julia sat beside her two young friends. Her two boys lay with their heads pillowed on her lap. Suddenly the young man jumped to his feet and ran towards the log cabin. He turned to look back at his sweetheart and then fell dead across the door sill. That dreaded cholera struck again and again the next week. People were numb with agony.

One afternoon the lookout reported Indian sign. In the light of a red sunrise, the emigrants saw Indians sitting their pinto ponies on a long ridge. They sat like statues, the feathers in their head-dress waving in the breeze. Double sentries were posted, rifles at the ready and at dawn the attack came. Down upon the wagontrain they rode, screeching like demons. Arrows fell and rifles answered back. The attack was fast and furious, then the Indians drew back and disappeared. The emigrants were fearful but as the days passed, the Indians were not seen again.

They began to take up a normal way of life. In September, when the aspens were touched with gold, they came to South Pass in Wyoming. They had mountains to cross before winter, so they pushed on, hoping to reach Salt Lake Valley ahead of the snow. Julia was showing her pregnancy and pushing the handcart was harder now. But the religious light burned bright and she struggled on. When at last the caravan had pulled up out of the canyon and the Great Salt Lake Valley lay before them,

the converts thought of the words Brigham Young had said "This is the Place."

BRIGHAM YOUNG rode out to meet the caravan. Tired, hungry and travel-worn though they were, the emigrants rallied around him. This was the true leader, with him they would be safe. There was great rejoicing in the valley that night — dancing, singing and prayers of thanksgiving. There were a great many people in the valley but Brigham Young told of another valley called Kamas [Chinook version of Camas] where there would be plenty of land for all.

Julia decided she would go with others to Kamas and settle on a piece of land. Autumn had come with frost and colder weather. A group of emigrants, with extra men sent by Brigham to help build log cabins, arrived in Kamas the fall of 1866. The valley even then had some population, mostly poor people struggling for a foothold. Ones with money had built large houses and had cultivated land. John Burbage was one of these. There was land open a mile from the Burbage holdings, and Julia settled there. Logs were hauled by oxen team from the mountain that towered over one end of the valley.

Julia's cabin was among the first to be



Julia Mathisen Honick and her granddaughter, Lizzie Mary Honick. Photo by W. S. Willes, Heber, Utah.

built since she was a widow with two little boys and winter was not far away. When the one-room cabin was up and roofed and a fireplace built, Julia mixed clay soil with water and daubed her cabin. She carried wood which was easy to get as ends of logs from the buildings were everywhere. In the coming months she would be thankful for the wood piled there. Anxious to be back in Salt Lake Valley before winter, the workers approached Julia and tried to persuade her to go back with them. Julia was stubborn, "This is my land, here I stay," she said in broken English. They left her what supplies they had.

Down the valley from Julia, lived a Danish woman, Greta Goodrich, and her husband. Greta was a midwife and treated people's ills with herbs. Her husband Jim picked up a few dollars here and there doing carpenter work. Money was scarce and mostly the people traded whatever they had for whatever they needed. Greta spoke Danish fluently and could read and write English. Julia and Greta became fast friends. Greta warned Julia, "You may be sorry that you stayed here, you without any money and two little boys, how will you do it! Winter here is bad, this is a snow country."

Julia stubbornly replied, "I stay on my land, I will work."

Already a meeting house had been built, and Burbage was the Bishop. Every Sunday everyone went to the meeting house where Burbage preached.



Andrew Mathisen.

Julia called on Burbage and asked for work. He asked, "How can you work with the baby coming so soon?"

Julia told him, "Three more months before the baby comes: I can work two months."

So three days a week, she worked for Burbages cleaning house, washing and baking. Returning home one day in late November, she found a homemade table and three chairs which Jim Goodrich had made for her. She was overjoyed. Their table had been two goods boxes set on end, which the house builders had left behind.

Greta and Jim asked Julia and her boys to have Thanksgiving dinner with them. After dinner they went to the meeting house and on the way home snow began to fall. Huge flakes drifted down to earth. By morning, there was a foot of snow and the wind was cold.

Julia plodded through the snow to Burbage's house that cold winter morning. Burbage asked her why she didn't stay home. "I need flour," was Julia's reply.

"Julia," Burbage said, "how do you think you can get through the winter with two little boys who even now have no shoes on their feet, the baby coming and so little to go on? Now listen, I know a man in Salt Lake who will take your boys. This man has money, they will be dressed, eat well and go to school. If he is pleased with them, he will even give them dancing lessons. I will be going to Salt Lake in a few days, if you decide to let them go, I'll take them to Salt Lake with me. There is something you must agree upon, you will not be told this man's name."

In the Old Country it was the custom, especially among the poorer class of people, to bond out their children for eight years for their clothes, board and room. Shocking as this would seem to some mothers, Julia had grown up with this custom. She told her boys that night that Burbage was taking them to a new home where they would have new shoes and plenty to eat. When Burbage left for Sale Lake City the boys went with them. Julia stood in the snow-covered valley and bade her sons a last good-bye, for she would never see them again.

THROUGH ALL of January, Julia trudged to work, bringing home a milk pan half-full of flour for a day's work. Flour was precious and hard to get. The winter was hard and cold, often thrity degrees below zero and snow so deep the settlers could walk over their fences.

Julia's wood was getting low and if it hadn't been for her neighbors, it is doubtful if she would have survived.

Julia and Greta made an arrangement when Julia's time was near. Greta was to watch and if she saw a lighted lantern hanging outside the cabin, she was to come. On the evening of February 3, Greta saw the light, so she gathered her medicants and walked to Julia's cabin. She built up the fire, heated water and all was in readiness. It had begun to snow and by midnight, there was a howling storm. This was to be no easy birth. For hours, Greta used all her knowledge.

"There's a blizzard on, Julia," Greta said. Julia raised her head and said one English swear word — "damn." At ten minutes after twelve on February 4, 1867 Julia's son was born. His early life was to be as stormy as the night he was born. Julia named her boy Andrew Mathisen, which was her husband's name.

Spring came to the valley late that year after a log cold winter. Julia struggled to make a living. She worked when she could for Burbage and planted a small garden. In the fall, Burbage told her he was moving to Salt Lake for the winter.

"Julia, you cannot go through another winter here without work, you will perish. But I know of a man in Salt Lake who needs a housekeeper," Burbage said. "He will give you and your baby room, board and clothes for the winter. He is a respectable German bachelor."

Perhaps Burbage did Julia more harm than good with his well-meant advice. But that fall, Julia packed her meager belongings and went to Salt Lake. Her employer, Frederick Honick, was a small quiet man and with few words showed Julia her room. Burbage wished her well and took his leave. It was a final farewell, for the next summer Burbage died and was buried in the Kamas cemetery.

Winter passed and when spring came, Honick told Julia if she remained there, she must marry him as the neighbors were talking. Julia married Honick. He was a baker by trade and had only part-time work. In the following eight years, three children were born to Julia — Mary, John and Charles. The house became smaller with the coming of each child.

Andrew was eight years old. He had been going to school for two years. He had no shoes and wore his stepfather's gum boots to school in the winter. Honick had become resentful, because

Andrew was not his child, and he wanted Julia to bond him out to work. That would make one less mouth to feed. Honick already had begun locking up the bread and doling it out piece by piece.

Julia had discovered Honick was a stingy man. She didn't know what to do. Finally in desperation, she contacted Burbage's son who had a ranch up Black Canyon, miles away from Salt Lake City. He agreed to take Andrew for four years for his room and board. As Andrew sat in the back of Burbage's buckboard, and said goodbye to all he held dear, the tears streamed down his face. He felt lost and unwanted. That night they camped in Black Canyon and for the first time in his life, Andrew heard wolves howling. He was terrified. The next day they came to Burbage's ranch in a valley in the canyon. It was a wild and rugged place.

Burbage Jr. was a far different man than his father. His small eyes seemed to look through Andrew, and his mouth was stern; seldom did he smile. He had a

wife and two small children. They had a large log house, but Andrew's life in the house was confined to the kitchen. He ate at the kitchen table alone and slept on a cot in the corner. The Burbages ate in the dining room, but Andrew was never allowed to eat with them as he was only a bonded servant.

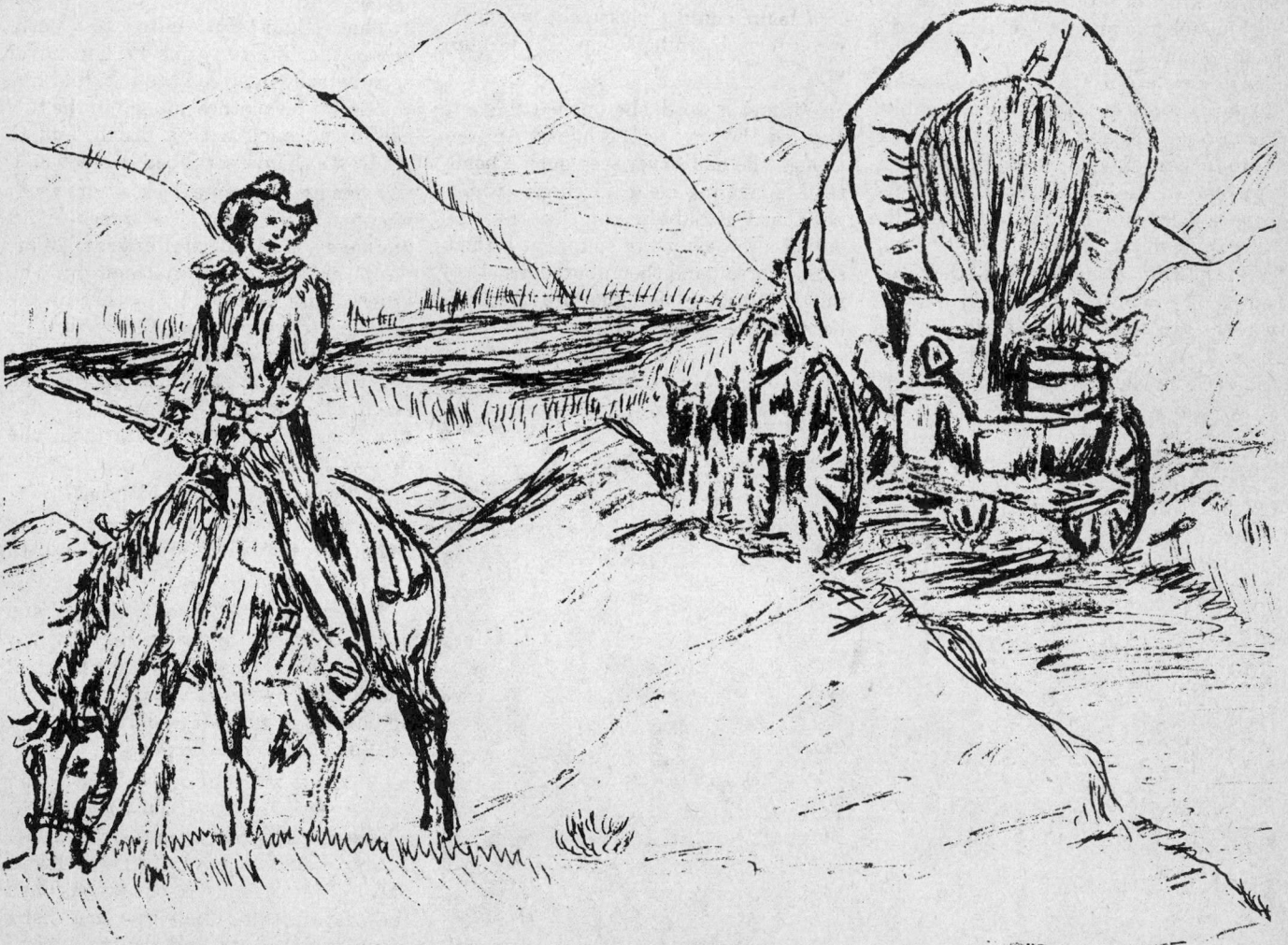
Burbage milked cows and they roamed far and wide. No fences had yet been built to hold them in. It was Andrew's job to go after the cows and woe betide him if he didn't find them all! Burbage would take off his belt and give Andrew what he called a "hiding." Wolves roamed the canyon and Andrew had seen them when it became late while he was looking for the cows — their gleaming red eyes and slaving jaws terrified him. He would grab the tail of a milk cow and hang on for dear life. He learned to milk cows and split wood, carried water from the spring — endless chores and never a kind word.

Often at night Andrew would awaken, hearing the howling of wolves, and his pillow would be wet with tears. Young

as he was, he knew he could not and would not stay here. Salt Lake was down the canyon somewhere and he would go there. If he was caught, he knew what the punishment would be.

ONE NIGHT when the moon was full, Andrew took the biggest butcher knife and a hunk of bread and crept from the house. He took time to open the gate and let the milk cows out. By morning they would be far away and he hoped Burbage would think he had gone after the cows. He was barefoot. He had a hole in the top of his old hat, and wore a ragged jacket. Sometimes he ran until a pain in his side slowed him down to a walk. By morning he was far down the canyon. When daylight came, he drank from a canyon stream, ate part of the bread, and crawled into the thick brush and slept the sleep of exhaustion. At dusk he was on his way again.

By morning he was sick with hunger, for the bread was gone. Dizzy and weak, he worked his way on down the canyon until he saw a house sitting well back in



Drawing of Julia's wagon train at South Pass by her grandson, Gillis Mathisen.

the trees. He made his way to the house, and when a woman answered his knock, he asked if he could cut some wood for something to eat. He saw the pity in her face and could hardly hold back the tears.

She said, "I'll fix you a lunch and then you can cut some wood for me." Never had cold cornbread and cold vension tasted so good. The woman asked him where he was going, and he told her back to Kamas where his folks lived. He said he had been working for a man who was getting out timber. She told him he was welcome to sleep in the loft of the barn. Forgetting caution, he went to the barn loft and lay down on the hay.

Darkness had hardly fallen when he heard horses and the rattle of bridle chains. He peered through a crack in the barn, saw the door open and a voice call out, "Hello, the house!" He knew that voice — it was Burbage with two other men. Andrew ran to the end of the barn, slid down the rope hanging there and was away into the trees. He was rested and had eaten and he ran and walked and then ran again. Never again would he stop for the night at a house along the road, for now he knew Burbage was looking for him and he would rather die than be found.

Andrew spent the day sleeping. Towards dusk he came to a log cabin. He approached and as he did he saw a woman carrying a bucket of water. "Maam," he said. "I'm real hungry and I have a good knife I'd like to trade it for something to eat."

She examined the knife and then said shortly, "Come in." She fixed a sandwich of two thick slices of bread and a slab of pork. Handing it to Andrew, she said, "Be on your way, boy."

Andrew spent another night hidden in the brush. He was traveling early as the chill of fall was in the air. As the sun came up he saw Salt Lake below him. His long miserable journey was over. He was home again, and yet he dare not go see his mother for he knew he would be discovered and returned to Burbage to finish out his bondage. Slowly he made his way past the boarded-in lot where he used to herd cows. He thought of the times he had kicked the slabs loose and let the cows inside to graze and he grinned to himself. [This is where the City and County building now stands in Salt Lake City.] But he was too close to home here, so he made his way to Sugarhouse Ward.

Hunger was making Andrew weak and dizzy, and as he came to a white house, set in a green lawn and enclosed by a wrought-iron fence, he spied a woodpile in the rear. Leaning on the gate, he watched a little white haired woman cutting flowers. She looked up and saw the ragged, dirty, barefoot Andrew. He was so thin his clothes hung on him. She also saw the pleading look in his eyes.

"Maam, could I please cut you some wood for something to eat?" "I'm hungry."

Without a word, she opened the gate and led the way to the house. Andrew thought he had never seen such a beautiful, sparkling clean kitchen. From a pot that was bubbling on the stove she ladled a large bowl of soup, cut a thick slice of bread and then poured a glass of milk. Andrew's hand shook with eagerness and weakness.

The door opened and a man came into the room. He was tall, dark and very

handsome. He turned to the white-haired woman and said, "My God, Mother, where did you find that?"

He came to the gate and asked to cut wood for food," she replied. "It's plain to see he is nearly starved."

The man pulled out a chair across from Andrew. "Young fellow, I want to know where you came from, why you are here and who you are."

Andrew steadied himself. He must make no mistakes, so he answered slowly. "My father and mother are dead. I have no one. I came from up the canyon, where I was chore boy for men who cut timber. They finished their job and left and I traveled down the canyon. It took me a while to get here. I chopped wood along the way for something to eat. My name is Andrew Mathisen."

The man stared in disbelief. "To me this seems impossible at your age." He continued to gaze until Andrew shrank down in his chair as far as he could. Suddenly the man seemed to come to some decision, for he turned to his mother and said, "Take off his clothes and put him in a tub of hot water and scrub him good. He is filthy. I'll be back."

The woman took Andrew to a bathroom, the like of which he had never seen before. She filled the tub, told him to remove his clothes and get in the tub. She came back with a brush, and to Andrew's shame, scrubbed him down.

When her son came back, Andrew was wrapped in a big towel. The man undid packages, laid out underwear, shirt, pants and shoes. "Put them on," he ordered and he took his mother by the arm and left the room. Andrew lost no time. Only the shoes were a bit big. He was walking back and forth across the room when he looked up and saw his benefactor looking at him from the doorway.

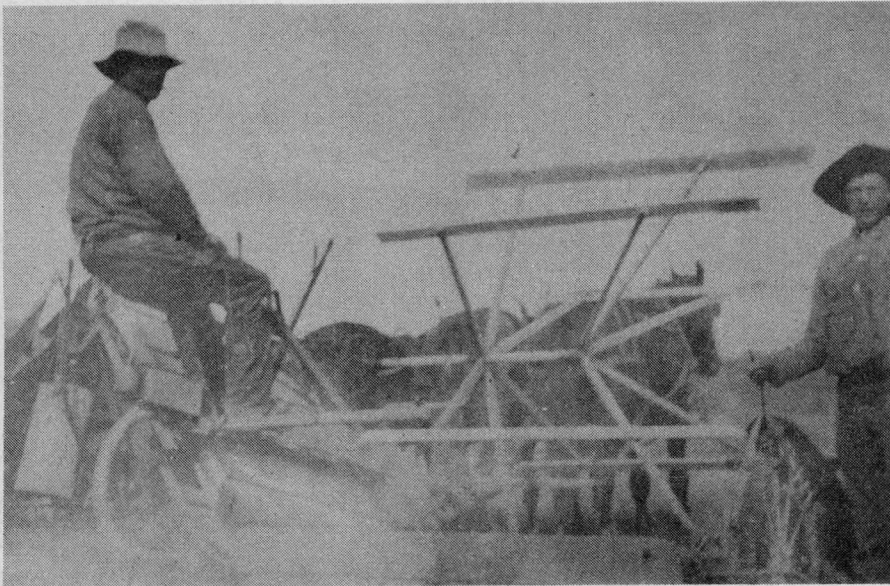
"Why are you walking like that?"

Andrew smiled from ear to ear. "I like to hear my new shoes squeak. I've never had new shoes before."

The man took Andrew by the arm and turned him so they were facing. "My name is Jack Tronto. I live on a ranch at Black Rock, west of Salt Lake. Would you like to go with me and live there?"

"Yes, sir," Andrew replied.

The next morning, Jack Tronto and Andrew left for the Black Rock ranch where Tronto ran horses and cattle. Tronto had two boys, but they spent only July and August at the ranch. Then they returned to their grandmother's house in Salt Lake and went to school. For some reason Andrew was never sent



Andrew on a three-horse binder.

to school. He lived the year around with Tronto and his wife Rose at the ranch. What learning he had, Tronto gave him, along with tips on stock raising and timber work. Tronto was a real broncbuster and could ride a mean horse with the best of them.

FOURTEEN YEARS passed and Andrew was twenty-two. Tronto was breaking a gray horse that he called Steel. Andrew sat on the corral fence watching as Tronto rode the horse to a standstill. A great loved filled Andrew's heart for the man who had given him a home.

Tronto pushed back his hat and came over to where Andrew sat on the fence. "He's a bad one, Andrew."

Out of the blue, Andrew said, "Jack, I'd like to go see my mother."

Tronto stared in disbelief, then he jerked Andrew off the fence and began shaking him. "Why you dirty so and so, all these years you had a mother and you lied to me. I should beat you within an inch of your life."

Andrew jerked away, "Wait a minute, Jack and let me tell you my story before you judge me."

After the story was told, Tronto only said, "What kind of a woman would bond out a child of eight years."

JULIA HONICK was back in Kamas and living alone on her homestead. Honick had died, leaving her destitute. Her two boys were young men now and had left home to work in other parts of Utah. Her daughter Mary had been married for two years.

Julia lived in the same old log cabin and worked for day's wages. Her back was stooped and her dark hair streaked with gray. Greta Goodrich, Julia's old friend, still lived down the road from her. Andrew had written a letter to his mother telling her he was alive and was coming home. Julia had believed, as Burbage had told her, that the wolves had killed Andrew when they found no further trace of him.

When a letter came for Julia written in English, she could not read it, so she carried it to Greta to read. As Greta read the part that said Andrew was alive and coming home, she heard a thump and looked up to see Julia in dead faint on the floor.

When Andrew came home driving a buckboard and a span of snappy bays, Julia was overcome with joy. Tronto had paid Andrew over the years, so with his money he had lumber hauled, hired help and put up a four-room house and fur-

nished it for his mother. But always the urge was with him to return to Tronto. When he told his mother he was going back to the ranch, she couldn't believe he would leave her. "Why?" she asked, "why."

Andrew looked at her gravely. "Why." Because you bonded me out, didn't you. Why? Because I love Tronto like a father. He gave me a home when I had none — when no one else wanted me. I'll send you money to live on. I don't want you working for day's wages anymore. Tronto is home to me."

Amid Julia's tears and entreaties, her son left for Tronto's ranch. He was happy to be back. One morning he watched as Tronto mounted Steel and rode out to the range. He had shod Steel the day before. All day Andrew was uneasy and Rose asked what was troubling him. "I don't know," Andrew replied, "but I see a dark, cloud hanging over Jack."

When evening came, Tronto had not come home. A group of riders looked for him. They found his horse — bridle reins trailing — miles from the ranch, but they didn't find Tronto. Next morning Andrew and other riders found the rancher wandering around in the sagebrush. He didn't seem to recognize anyone. The perfect print of a horseshoe was found on one side of his head; one cork had been driven into his temple. They took Tronto home and called doctors from Salt Lake, all to no avail. Two days later Tronto died without regaining consciousness.

Rose Tronto told Andrew that everything was to be sold and the ranch put up for sale. She was moving to Salt Lake. Andrew sadly returned to the 160 acres which was his mother's homestead.

After the shock had worn off somewhat, Andrew decided to go back to the ranch and get his trunk and pick up his personal belongings. It was evening when he drove into the yard on the old Black Rock ranch. The sun was sinking behind the mountains. He sat in the buckboard and the tears rolled unheeled down his cheeks. The hurt of losing Tronto filled him. It seemed he could see Tronto once again, striding across the yard from the corral.

He unhooked his team, then went into the kitchen and cooked his supper. But he was so choked up he couldn't swallow. He went to his old room and finally fell asleep.

Sounds in the house woke him. Tronto's room was next to his. He heard a chair being moved, then footsteps pac-

ing back and forth across the room. "Great God! I'd know those footsteps anywhere." It was Tronto pacing the floor in that room. Then Andrew heard the lid of a trunk in Tronto's room being opened and a short time later, the click of the lid being closed. He was never surer of anything in his life. He froze and for the life of him, couldn't seem to move a muscle, and sweat ran down his face.

How long he lay thus, he didn't know. Dawn was breaking when the pacing stopped and it was silent again. Andrew loaded his belongings and left as soon as possible. He was still shaken. Of one thing he was sure, Tronto had come back — perhaps to say good-bye.

When Andrew Mathisen returned to his mother at Kamas this time, the wheel had come full circle. He was back in the old cabin where he had been born in 1867 in a howling snowstorm. He was my father. If Julia, my grandmother, ever looked to her homeland across the seas, or yearned for the husband who had left her to fend her way alone, she would not say. She named the baby for him, and she must have loved him. But Julia loved her church too, and was a devout member to the last day of her life.

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MARY FIELDS,

By
DON MILLER
Photos provided by author



Courtesy Wedsworth Memorial Library, Cascade, Montana

Mary Fields in front of the Mint Saloon in Cascade.

HER FACE was described as being "black as burnt over prairie." She was a tart-tongued, gun-toting, hard-drinking, cigar-and-pipe-smoking, 6-foot 200-pound black woman who was tough enough to take on any two men. She was also a gentle, considerate person who won the hearts of many people in and near Cascade, Montana.

Most people called her "Stagecoach Mary"; but she was also called "Black Mary," "Colored Mary" and "Nigger Mary." Her given name was Mary Fields.

She was born in Hickman County, Tennessee in a slave cabin in the early 1830s. Many of Mary's early years were spent along the Mississippi River. She was chambermaid on the riverboat *Robert E. Lee* when it beat the steamer *Natchez* in the well-known river race. Mary recalled that the *Robert E. Lee* needed a lot of boiler steam to beat the *Natchez* and that they burned everything they could find. The fire was so hot, Mary and others aboard expected the boilers to burst.

Mary arrived at Cascade in the mid-1880's when she was about fifty years old. She went to Montana because Mother Superior Amadeus of St. Peter's Mission, fourteen miles northwest of Cascade, beckoned her to come. Some people claim Mother Amadeus and Mary had met at the Ursuline Convent in Toledo, Ohio. Others claim Mary was a slave and confidential servant in the household of Judge Dunne, the nun's oldest brother. Another story was that Mary had been the nun's personal maid before her mistress took the vows of the church.

In any event, Mary was assigned the job of doing the laundry and heavy work including hauling freight for the Ursuline nuns at St. Peter's Mission.

One night while freighting for the mission, wolves attacked Mary's wagon. The horse shied and overturned the wagon, dumping the big woman and her supplies on the prairie. Black Mary spent a lonely night surrounded by wolves, but managed to keep the animals at bay with her revolver and rifle.

Another time Mary was caught in a blizzard while driving a heavy wagon

FREIGHT HAULER AND STAGE DRIVER

A gun-toting, quick-tempered female sounds frightening. But this paradoxical woman, born in slavery, won most hearts . . .

from Cascade to the mission. The mission annals for November 27, 1893 noted: "Mary Fields returned today. She spent last night in a snowdrift about ½ way between here [the mission] and Cascade and walked all night to keep from freezing." Perhaps in order to face such situations she routinely wore a man's cap, a man's shoes, a man's overcoat, an apron and a long dress.

Mary was also responsible for the care of 400 chickens at St. Peter's. Army chaplain Father E.W.J. Lindesmith, who was stationed at Fort Keogh near Miles City, visited the mission in the summer of 1887 and wrote that a skunk invaded the chicken coop and killed

sixty-two choice baby chicks and piled them up in a heap. Mary found the dead chickens, killed the skunk with a hoe, and dragged the skunk carcass a mile to

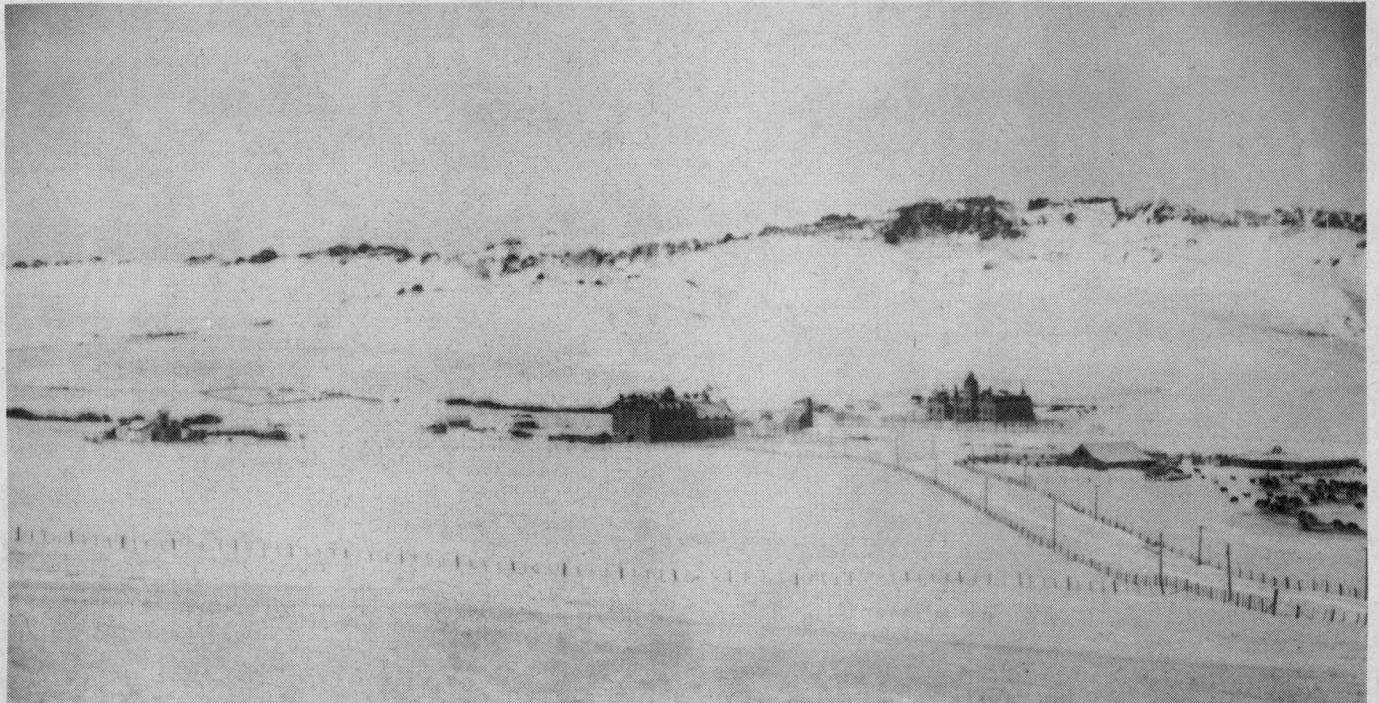
the convent to tell the sisters what had happened.

Father Lindesmith, who was with the nuns, wrote that he asked Mary, "Didn't

Right: St. Peter's Mission, home for Ursuline nuns. Below: This wintery scene shows the isolation of the Mission.



Both photos courtesy Ursuline Academy, Great Falls, Montana



you receive the odor of his [the skunk's] wrath when you killed him?"

Mary responded: "Oh, no, Father. I killed him from the front not from the rear."

MARY FIELDS was strong-willed and hot-tempered. Some observers called her pugnacious. After giving ten years of service to the mission with no pay — although the sisters provided her with board, clothing, spending money, cartridges and tobacco — Mary was unceremoniously booted out by Bishop John B. Brondel, the first Catholic bishop of Montana. He had Mary discharged because she and a hired hand at the mission, a Mr. Burns, squared off and had a shoot-out; others claim she threw a stone the size of a man's fist at him. The mission annals also record that Mary and a Mr.

Below: Cascade baseball team in 1913. Back row, left to right: Bruce Glover, manager; George Hall; Julius Hilgarde; Dan DeCoux; Jimmy DeMars; Frank Day; and Mary Fields, mascot. Seated: Elmer Cardell, Nels Poirer, A.P. (Tony) Murphy, Charlie Riley, and Bill Berger.

Mosney "touched rifles, but there was no firing."

Mother Amadeus felt she had to discharge Mary according to the bishop's orders, but she quietly set up Mary in a restaurant in Cascade. But Mary Fields was too quick to extend credit to her customers and soon went belly up. Once again Mother Amadeus set up Mary in the restaurant business, and once again the big black woman lost everything.

Mother Amadeus next used her influence to get Mary assigned to the mail route between the mission and Cascade. In 1895 Mother Amadeus gave Mary a team of horses and a spring wagon to help do the job. Mary faithfully met every train and often slept in the depot at Cascade. In bad weather when her team couldn't make it through the snow, Mary shouldered the mail sacks and walked between the mission and Cascade. She drove the mail route for eight years, and is thought to have been the second woman in the United States to regularly drive a mail stage.

Mary once had a serious wreck with her spring wagon and was badly shaken up. After that Mother Amadeus

apparently gave her a one-horse buggy to carry on with the mail route.

Later Mary Fields drove a stagecoach which led to her sometimes monicker of "Stagecoach Mary."

In 1903 Mary retired from her postal duties and stagecoach driving days and began to take in washing in the basement of her home in Cascade. It is claimed that once Mary followed a customer (who owed her \$2.00 for laundry she had done) up the street, grabbed him by his shirt collar, turned him toward her doubled up a ham-like fist and hit him in the jaw. Then she announced, "His laundry bill is paid!"

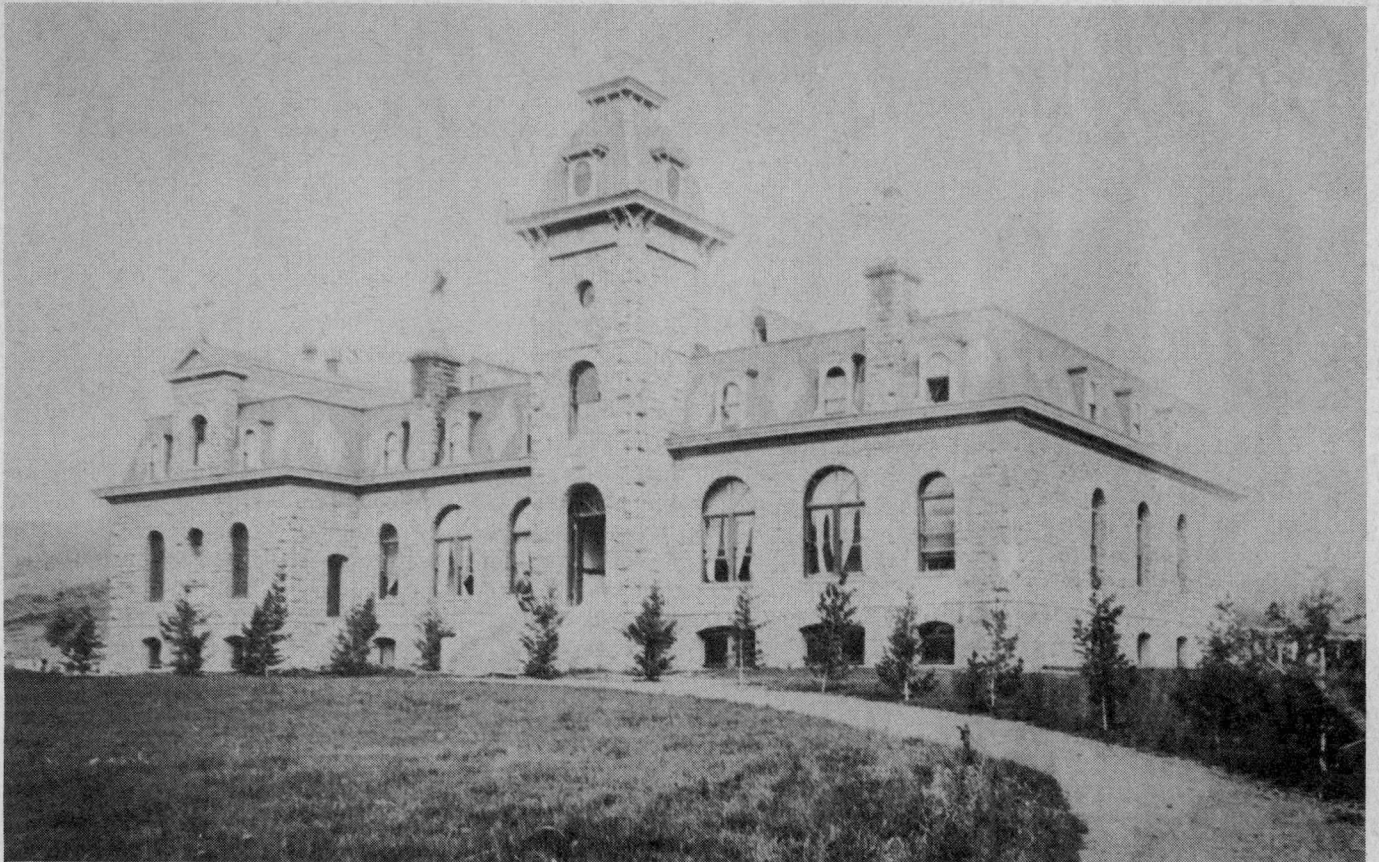
Mary was popular with the people in Cascade. In 1910 R.B. Glover leased the New Cascade Hotel with the understanding that Mary would receive free meals there.

D.W. Munroe, an early Cascade mayor, gave special permission to let Mary drink in the saloons with the men. It was a privilege "if you want to call it one, given to no other woman," the late movie star Gary Cooper stated.

In 1912 Mary's home — and laundry — burned to the ground and the people

Courtesy Wedsworth Memorial Library, Cascade, Montana





Courtesy Ursuline Academy, Great Falls, Montana

Above: New house at St. Peter's. Below: Photo of Mary believed to have been taken in the late 1880s.

Courtesy Wedsworth Memorial Library, Cascade, Montana

who loved her contributed lumber, and their time and effort to rebuild the structure. Mary had a lush garden in her yard and sometimes picked flowers from it for somewhat unusual purposes. She was declared official mascot of the Cascade baseball team and for every game she would make up boutonnieres for every member of both teams, plus five large bouquets for whoever might hit home runs. Mary also took care of the bats and other baseball equipment.

In addition, she did odd jobs in the town's saloons and hotels. She also turned to babysitting and gave schoolchildren candy and fruit on her birthday — or birthdays. Some observers say because she wasn't certain of the date she would celebrate it twice a year. Schools were frequently closed in honor of the black woman's birthday.

On December 4, 1914, sometime after her 80th birthday, Mary Fields died. Following a well-attended funeral in the Pastime Theatre in Cascade, her remains were buried at Hillside Cemetery not far from the winding road that leads toward the old mission site. Only a simple wooden cross marked her grave until recently when a headstone was erected as part of Cascade's Bicentennial Project.



Wild Old Days!

HOMER SHEFFIELD'S OPINION OF JOHN SLAUGHTER

By Kern DeWane

Photo provided by author

HOMER SHEFFIELD was sitting with some friends at a drugstore counter in Mammoth, Arizona several years ago and talking about his past. I listened in.

"Naw, it don't matter," he said to Virgil Mercer and Joe Ruiz. "If you want to live as long as I have and old man Slaughter did, it don't matter if you been a rich man, poor man, beggar man or thief. You jes' got to be a Texan."

He flapped the loose shirttails of his gray shirt and said, "In fact I'm feeling so damn good and healthful at eighty-three, I'm afraid I'm gonna live so long as to starve to death." He smiled, showing two gold-capped teeth.

Sheffield looked at the waitress, laughed hesitantly and said, "John Slaughter, you know, was one of these bi-i-i-g old Texas cattlemen" — he paused and stood up from the stool — about as high in the air as you, Celia." He stretched an arm over the waitress' head. "Or shorter than my reach," he added, straddling the stool again.

Mercer slapped Sheffield on the back and said, "Why, I didn't know 'little' Texans really existed until I met you. You don't mean to tell me there was another one as small as you, Homer? That must have been an elf workshop Slaughter had instead of a cattle ranch."

Sheffield said, "Well, he was big enough to have all the cattle he wanted. That's why I couldn't grow none. No cattle to get tall in the saddle for, what with his seventy-five thousand acres straddlin' the border near Douglas. O' course the town wasn't even there when he come along. He got lucky gettin' the land in a Spanish grant and movin' onto it."

Sheffield fiddled with an open newspaper spread before him and occasionally turned back the pages.

"When I throwed in with John Slaughter in 1916," he said, clearing his

throat and perching his black-rimmed glasses on his head, "he hadn't been sheriff for years. He never talked about his law days. If he ever talked at all, it was about common things. His reputation as a lawman got him protection for his ranch. So when he went back to ranching again, nobody bothered him. They knew he'd either spill a little blood, or jack up the jail on 'em and put 'em under it so they'd never get out.

"But lemme tell you something about John Slaughter. Compared to the Earps before him, he cleaned up a bed of roses. They gave him the big top for cleaning up that part of the territory when Wyatt and Morgan was the ones who done all the spadework.

"Slaughter was a short fella when you saw him, and he walked like anybody who is used to riding a horse all his life. He had a white goatee and mustache when I knew him and always had a black cigar in his mouth, as black as his eyes."

Sheffield took the glasses from his head and held them in front of him. "His eyes could look at you as big as these glasses, and he was used to making something of it if you looked at him cross-eyed.

"O' course that was 'cause he had an extra sense about him. Men have that, so they say, 'specially when they was raised around Uvalde where 'big'

Texans like me and John Nance Garner come from."

Ruiz said, "Hell, Homer, nobody's heard of either one of you!"

"Lemme think. Now you're gonna make my brain think." Sheffield looked down and rubbed his chin. "Old FDR heard of Garner. And Colonel Hooker from the Sierra Bonita Ranch, who was a big man around Tombstone, he heard of me — how I'd drive his herd of cattle to market and get 'em all through. Including the wild mountain cattle that got mixed in and was always spookin' the rest into a stampede 'cause they was so sore-footed."

Sheffield swiveled around on the stool, stuck out a foot and wiggled a floppy brown slipper. "They was as sore-footed as an old man's boots that ain't loose enough to turn the corner with him," he said and faced the counter again.

Mercer couldn't let that remark pass unchallenged. "Did you say sore-footed or *rustled* mountain cattle?"

Sheffield raised his bushy white eyebrows. "Rustlin' was meant for people like Ike Clanton who had a ranch just a little ways from Slaughter's. And if you even *looked* like a rustler crossin' John Slaughter's territory, he'd get some of the cattle you was crossin' with. He might be hiding in a patch of brush with his Mexican vaqueros once he spotted



you and then ride up and say to the head trail man:

"You the boss in this trail herd?"

"Si, senior," the rustler would answer if he was up from Hermosillo.

"I say, I say — That was what Slaughter always said when he had a matter of importance on his mind. Later he'd be talkin' Mexican 'cause he could speak it real good.

"I say, mucho land and mucho cattle, eh? Well, all that mucho land you see belongs to me. I say, I'm John Slaughter and I mean to cut a hundred head of cattle from you for crossing my land.

"Si, si, senior! Si, si!" the rustler or anybody else would answer 'cause they'd generally be all too happy to leave him alone."

Sheffield nodded and said, "You mighta called that a 'running iron' Slaughter used for branding. But that's John Slaughter for you, Miss Celia," he said and patted the waitress' arm. She had pulled up a stool behind the counter to listen.

"Homer, don't you want something to drink?" she asked.

"Once in awhile I take a washdown," he said, winking. "That means a drink and more drinks after that. A Seven-Up is okay for now. Time was when I'd have bourbon with that. That'd be the twenty years time I spent ramrodding Roy's Bar here in Mammoth. Like twenty years in the Yuma pen.

"The stale air from that bar was worse'n anything I'd ever smelled. In fact, the freshest air I drew a breath on was on some of them cattle drives with Slaughter.

"That 'running iron' was one of the ways he built up his cattle besides taking back his own brand outright from under Ike Clanton's nose and eyes. He did the same thing to old John Chisum, so they claim, when he lived back in Texas. Slaughter would just tell them matter of factly that the cattle they had of his were gotten for a good price and now he was going to take 'em back for the same amount.

"His second wife had some cattle, along with her folks, who all came out here from New Mexico, so all that gave him a good head start."

Sheffield flipped a page of the newspaper and said, "Slaughter had a big old barn built right square on the middle of the boundary," indicating the fold of the paper, "with half on this side and half on the other. So if the law was broke by chance on one side or another, he could shovel the broken part down to

the opposite end of the barn."

Sheffield hunched over the counter and whispered, "I don't know if he exactly did that or not. Still 'n all, his wife was on his side most of the time and he knew it. She worked alongside him like any other ranch woman. She wasn't bad lookin' or good lookin', just was younger 'n him. Most ranch women were, you know, but not enough to make a difference. She was four or five years younger, I imagine.

"She raised up a storm this one time when us young fellas had a footrace. We was always having footraces when we wasn't branding calves or bringin' home strays — doin' whatever a cowpuncher had to do, you know. We'd usually race from the boundary to the porch of the house and this one time the fellas put me up to runnin' against old lady Slaughter's own chore boy. I didn't know what I was gettin' into, 'cause for all purposes the boy was a Slaughter.

"Well, this boy the fellas put me up against was a good-sized Mexican kid for fourteen years old and he could beat anybody on the ranch in a short race like we ran. So they claimed. What happened was a different tale. I beat him all three races we had. The third time I outran him was too much for Mrs. Slaughter, since she thought a lot of him. She came out of the house and onto the porch with fire in her eyes and old John was right behind her trying to take my part, speak up for me. She accused the boy of being lazy in racing against me and that made the sparks fly more. So the kid went to battlin' with her and all the time Slaughter was trying to take over the whole situation. She'd have none of it and was like cyanide over him that day. So I kept running you might say, right into World War One" Sheffield said.

Mercer laughed, "And you were just mean and ornery enough to last out that war and come back here to Mammoth so you could bother everybody!"

"Yes, I was. No, I wasn't either." Sheffield raised his arms and said, "Don't you know I'm history? I out-footed a Mexican boy." He slung an arm around Mercer's neck and the two laughed.

"What surprised me later on to hear, a few years after the war, was that this boy tried shootin' down the whole Slaughter family, on account of some personal vendetta or other."

He shook a few ice cubes from the glass into his mouth and chewed on them. "That extra sense about Slaughter's saved him somehow, but the boy

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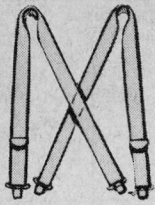
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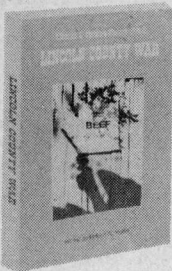
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did murder the ranch foreman and robbed him. He tried outrunning the law but he couldn't outrace it any better'n he could me. He got the penitentiary for life." Sheffield stood up to leave, paid for the soda and added a tip.

"Where are you going now?" Ruiz asked.

Sheffield folded the newspaper and tucked it under one arm. "Forward with new vigor," he said and hitched up his pants and walked toward the door.

the strength of the eighth-of-an-inch diameter fishing line.

Albert was a hefty young German. Vincent was a slim, wiry boy. On an overcast and drizzly morning they launched the small rowboat and embarked in pursuit of King Salmon without the one knowing much about English or the other knowing much about German. Albert knew nothing whatever about a boat so small, but he rowed while Vincent attended the fish line.

The fishing was dull. Vincent knew how fast Albert should row and tried to explain it with hand movements. He knew how much line to let out and about where a fish was most likely to strike. But Vincent knew nothing about the art of "playing" a large fish. He did not know that a salmon, if one should be hooked, should be given line, held steady, subtly guided and maneuvered until it tired itself. There seemed no reason that he should know. There simply were no fish.

The line dragged. Vincent could feel the spin of the oversized spoon. Minutes dragged in the miserable weather. Albert tired of rowing. Vincent was both tired and uncomfortable. He wondered how to say "Let's go home" in German and finally pointed toward shore, slowly dragging in the line, wrapping it around the quadrangular rack upon which it had been purchased.

All thought of catching a fish was forgotten. The day had been wasted. Vincent estimated that there was no more than fifteen or twenty feet of line still in the water. He continued to wind it in.

WHAM! Vincent was jerked half around on the small rear seat of the boat. Surprisingly he still held the wood line rack. He tossed it to the floor of the boat, where it began to jump and jerk and unwind. Vincent held on tightly but he couldn't stop the line from playing out. It ripped through his fingers and across his palms. It burned and cut. With some sixth sense he glanced straight down into the clear water beneath the stern of the boat. There was an unbelievable gleam of silver, a yard long and six inches wide, as the tightened line flipped the diving fish onto its side.

Albert realized the boy's plight at last. He jerked in the oars, leaped up, and stepped too near one side of the rowboat. The craft tipped and came within an inch of taking water over the side. Warm blood oozed between Vincent's fingers as Albert graded the line.

FISH STORY

By Victor H. White

AN eighteen-year-old German named Albert Didrick was discharged from the army transport ship *Burnside* in Seattle, Washington on December 9, 1907. He was immediately employed by Northwest Forest Products Corporation at South Colby, Washington. Northwest Forest Products had been inspired by a Russian scientist named Robeen Rushier, who claimed to have perfected an economical way of producing turpentine from Washington Douglas Fir by heating and dry-kilning the lumber under steam pressure.

Since Albert spoke no English or Russian and Robeen spoke no German or English, Albert's interpreter was Adelia Twice. She spoke fluent German as well as English. She owned the property which had been leased for the building of the turpentine factory.

Albert took a liking to Adelia's eight-year-old son Vincent. Vincent chattered enthusiastically and hand-signalled to Albert about Puget Sound, rowboats, and the great strength, speed and stamina of the mighty King Salmon. "You and I could go trolling and catch one," he proclaimed. Vincent's mother translated her son's enthusiasm into German.

Albert had been reared in inland Germany. He was fascinated by Vincent's description of a fish that could, "almost pull a man out of a rowboat," "a game fish that millionaires vied with each other to catch," and which stood as a symbol of "everything great among fisherman." Vincent took Albert to the beach and showed him the twelve-foot rowboat. He explained the twist and twirl of a four-inch silvered trolling spoon, and demonstrated how the swivel worked as the spoon spun in the water. He tested the great big hook, and

Vincent leaped instantly to the upside edge of the boat. Even his slight weight would help a little to keep them from capsizing.

Albert was powerful. He began pulling in the fish hand over hand. The salmon dashed left, right; plunged straight down, came straight back up. The shimmering King jumped four or five feet into the air. Albert gained a few feet of slack. The powerful young German hustled the salmon to the edge of the boat. He did not realize that the fish at that point could exert a jerk of a hundred pounds on the line so he lifted the fish out of the water and started to swing it aboard.

The line held, but not the hook. The hook was straightened as straight as a tenpenny nail. The fish was off the hook in the air. It fell. It hit the side of the boat, flopping, twisting, jerking and turning. Then it flopped *inside* the boat.

It didn't appear it would stay inside long. It lashed and twisted, jerked and leaped. It flipped higher than the sides of the boat again and again.

The boat tipped, then tipped back. Albert grabbed an oar by the middle, held it vertically, paddle-end up, and smashed it down with all his strength, as if to stab the fish with the end of the oar. Water geysered upward from the boat's bottom. Vincent yelled, "No! No! No! Slap it! Club it! Sideways! Sideways!"

Albert did not understand. He could not possibly stab the fish with the handle end of the oar, although he jabbed it down again and again. Water was leaping up from the bottom seams of the boat. Vincent yelled, "You're knocking the bottom out of the boat! Stop! Stop! Stop!" Water appeared above the boat's floorboards. "Albert! Albert! Stop! We'll tip over. We'll sink." The fish continued to leap and thrash, the end of the oar slipping off its slippery sides or missing entirely.

Vincent, twisting his small body around Albert's legs, grabbed the other oar and began slapping the fish's head with the paddle end. A few effective swats finally subdued it.

Vincent then realized that both he and Albert were standing in ankle-deep water. As weight shifted, the water flowed from side to side, almost submerging one or the other side of the boat. Albert began taking off his shoes and shirt. It was evident he planned to swim for it and how he planned to save Vincent and the fish will never be known.

But the eight-year-old knew more about boats. He knew there was a five-pound lard pail in the boat. He also knew that less water was coming in now that Albert had stopped pounding. Some fast bailing began taking water out faster than it was coming in. Albert observed this and began rowing.

This makes an unorthodox fish story because the King Salmon did not get away. Vincent's mother, several neighbors and the turpentine formula genius, Rodeen Rushier, all saw the fish weighed. It was twenty-six and a half pounds of King Salmon in three different languages.

"Vincent" in this story was really Victor H. White. He died on August 19, 1981.

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according to the contract which had previously been drawn up between that road and the football management, that the former meet all competition, the failure was considered sufficient cause for a cancellation of the contract.

"As a result, persons who had already paid their money into the Rock Island office, either for tickets or for sleepers are receiving it back by calling at the office. At the time for closing the office last evening Mr. Barnes, city passenger agent, announced that practically all of the money had been refunded.

"The Northwestern is making extensive arrangements for handling the crowd, which it is estimated will reach at least 1,500 and possibly 2,000 people. A special train will leave this evening [Thursday] at 5:30 o'clock with the advance guard to the game. It will probably carry four or five hundred people, as over 100 teachers from the city schools will attend, together with the entire engineering society at the state university, and a large number of students. The football team will leave in a special car on the regular afternoon passenger, but the excursion tickets are not good on this train.

"The train will stop thirty minutes in Missouri Valley [Iowa] for supper. At that point the change will be made and persons who have ordered sleepers in advance will be allowed to occupy them. Sleepers will be furnished to all who desire, but they must be ordered in advance from Agent McGinnis at the city ticket office, when the other tickets are secured. He will wire the head offices at Omaha and the Pullmans will be on hand at Missouri Valley ready for occupancy. It will be impossible for anyone to secure them, however, after the start is made. The train will arrive in Minneapolis Friday morning at 8 o'clock. Which will give practically the entire day in the city for those who wish to visit the places of interest. The rate tomorrow will be \$4, and persons desiring to go are requested to bear this in mind.

"The bulk of the crowd will leave Friday evening at 6:30 o'clock. Agent McGinnis is making extensive arrangements for the crowd which will go at that time. The train will be run in three sections if necessary, and will reach Minneapolis early Saturday morning. The return trip will be made Sunday, all of the trains leaving Minneapolis some time during the morning. The tickets will not be good except on the special trains. As the run will be in daylight, arrangements have been made to permit

persons who take sleepers on the up trip to dispense with them on the return if they desire, and thus save the expense. However, if they prefer to ride in the Pullmans arrangements will be made accordingly. The rate Friday will be \$3, as has been previously announced."

Unfortunately, Nebraska lost to the Gophers 19-0. One hundred Lincoln Public School teachers, who had been granted time off from classroom duties to visit the public schools of Minneapolis, also made the trip that weekend. — *Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.*



Trails Grown Dim

(continued from page 27)

tombstones at Waynoka, Oklahoma.

Joseph C. Johnston and Sidney Deffenbaugh were married on January 1, 1878 and I believe had three children: Margret Catherine, William (Bill), and Daniel Rosencrates, who was my grandfather. Margret married John Burling and had one son, Robert. She was divorced and married Joe Green who had a brother, George. William was born in 1852 and married Christine Payne (?). He was a law officer in Waynoka and died in 1914. I believe he had three children: Louie, Charlie and Ella. It seems the Johnstons and Greens settled around Waynoka about the turn of the century or maybe when Oklahoma Territory was opened in 1889.

My father, Charley Johnston, married Susan Charity Singer, daughter of John and Gertrude Singer, on September 19, 1915. They also settled in Oklahoma in the late 1800s.

I am especially interested in family history of Sidney Deffenbaugh Johnston and Malinda Hains (Haynes) Johnston. I have pictures of the George Haynes family: a man, woman and two little girls. Also one of Lute and Kate Haynes. Another picture appears to be of an Indian woman. "Iowa" is stamped on the back, also the name Coho is written on it.

I will be glad to hear from anyone who has information on these people. I have other pictures I will share or trade copies of. All letters will be answered. — Malinda Ridley, Rt. 2, Box 117, West Fork, Arkansas 72774.

Johnstone — Schoolcraft

I would like to locate descendants of the Schoolcrafts. My great-great-grandfather, William Johnstone, married Sal-

ley Schoolcraft who was born in 1799 and is believed to be a relative of Henry Rowe Schoolcraft who in 1832 discovered the source of the Mississippi River and founded a mission nearby.

The Johnstones and Schoolcrafts were partners in the fur trade with the Indians and were instrumental in starting trading posts in upper Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota in the early days.

Prior to 1854 my great-great-grandparents lived at Harrietstown, New York where they had at least five children. Two of these were married before the whole family came West to what was to become Rushford, Minnesota. Lucinda was the wife of James McDonnell and Cordelia was the wife of Rastus Kelley. Charles was a veteran of the Civil War. Other sons were John and Clark.

Please write if you have any knowledge of where Salley Schoolcraft fits in the explorer's family. It will be much appreciated. — Mrs. Ruby Grover, Box 222, Penhold, Alberta, Canada TOM 1RO.

Caldwell — Cupp

I need information concerning my great-grandfather, Alexander Caldwell, who lived at one time in New Centerville, Pennsylvania. He was born in 1802, I believe in Westmoreland County. Does anyone know what town? He married Mary ? who was born in 1804. Alexander died in 1863. Both he and Mary are buried in New Centerville. I would like to know Mary's maiden name; also the names of brothers and sisters of Alexander and Mary Caldwell.

I would also like information on the Cupp families who lived in Somerset County, Pennsylvania. I will exchange information. — Mrs. Ralph Gerdson, 15257 Athol Street, Fontana, California 92335.



Western Book Roundup

(continued from page 35)

history of the Hereford breed and well-known writer and editor, has produced an interesting and highly readable book.

August 1982

It is a collection of biographies, and it includes the stories of K.B. Armour, Dan Casement, Charles Goodnight, Robert H. Hazlett, C.C. Slaughter, Alexander H. Swan, Arthur D. Weber, and Lester D. Wiese, to name only a few.

Photographs accompany the biographical sketches of each of the forty-nine personalities. Collectors of cattle trade material will consider this book a must. Recommended.

COLT AND CUSTER

Makers of History: A Story of the Development of the History of Our Country and the Part Played in it by the Colt by F. Romer (Quail Ranch Books, 2210 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 573, Santa Monica, CA 90403, 64 pages, \$3.95 paper, 8 x 6 inches).

This is an attractive reprint of the hard-to-find 1926 promotional pamphlet distributed by the Colt Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Company. It provides a summary of the role played by Colt guns in the Old West.

This facsimile reprint was reproduced from the best copy of the original available to the publisher. It is a must for the collector of Colt material and outlaw and lawman buffs.

Custer's Last Campaign with Konrad F. Schreier, Jr., editor (Quail Ranch Books, 96 pages, \$6.95 paper, 9 x 6 inches) is another reprint of original 1890s magazine articles by Capt. E.S. Godfrey, Gen. James B. Fry, Col. Robert P. Huges, Hamlin Garland and Frank E. Page. All of the articles deal with General George Custer and his last campaign on the northern plains.

Garland's article relating Chief Two Moon's account of Custer's last battle and the other articles have long been out-of-print and much sought after by Custer buffs. Illustration and maps are included.

Both reprints are recommended.

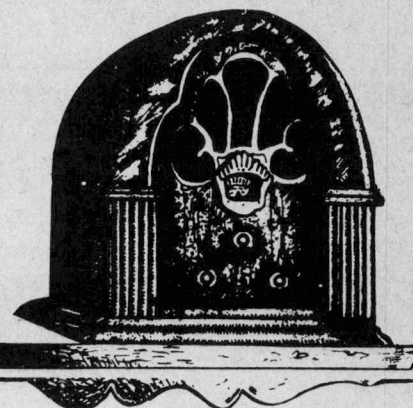
MISSOURI ATLAS

Historical Atlas of Missouri by Milton D. Rafferty (University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019, no pagination, \$9.95 heavy paper wrappers, 12 x 9 inches).

This new work should be a helpful aid to historians, students of Missouri history and geographers as well as teachers. The author presents one hundred thirteen maps of Missouri each depicting one aspect or another of Missouri history.

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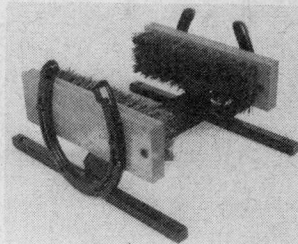
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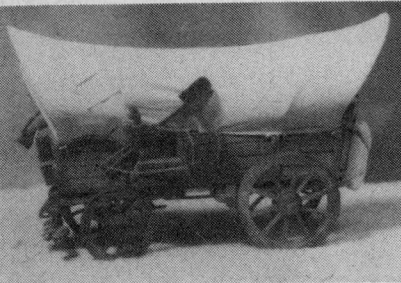
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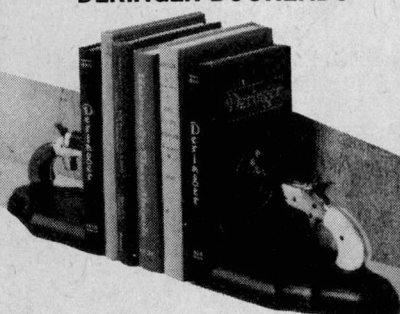
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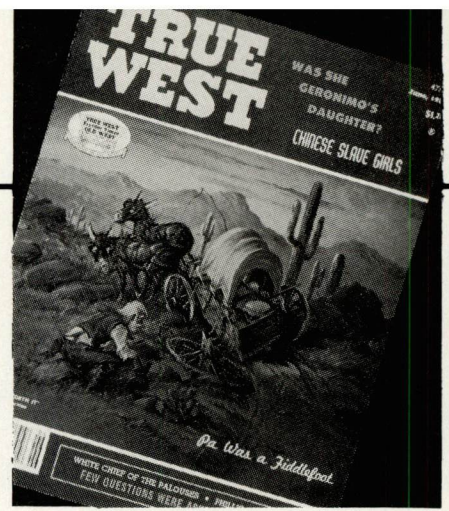
AD INDEX

Advertising Art Service59
 Anderson, Carl66
 Belton Electronics62
 Big River Cane Co.63
 Big River Cane Co.66
 Borgen, Ed57
 Brooks Appliance Co.66
 Campbell Lamps62
 Capitol Fireworks Co.62
 Carson Wholesale51
 Clarke, Arthur Co.45
 Creative Publish Co.43
 Crystal Mountain Prisms63
 Daniels Electric62
 Farm Wagons59
 Frederick, A.45
 Garrett Electronics4
 Geo-Mental Technics63
 Goldhound33
 Grey Owl64
 Harris, Bill64
 Harris, Bill65
 Historic Providence Mint68
 Hobbies Unlimited58
 Horseshoe Ingenuity61
 Hubbard4
 JAM International Products64
 JD Ranch Store63
 Mason Shoe Co.45
 Mid Continent65
 Mountain High Ent.57
 Nationwide Catalog Network60
 Pure Air & Water System62
 Rainier Metal Crafts57
 Relics - Back Issues30
 Rendezvous Books58
 Resources Group7
 Rhodes Hearing Aids57
 River Jct. Trade Co.65
 Robin Sun Co.66
 Russell, Charles2
 Starr Studios66
 Tecumseh's Trading Post57
 Tyler, Melvin65
 Univ. of Nebraska Press32
 Univ. of Oklahoma Press59
 Universal Products63
 Vantage Press64
 Western Book Co.58
 Western Book Co.8
 Western Book Co.9
 Western Index44
 White, Bob Products60
 White, Bob Products61
 Winters Country Wood64
 Winters Country Wood65
 WP - Old Issues67
 Yankee Workbench58

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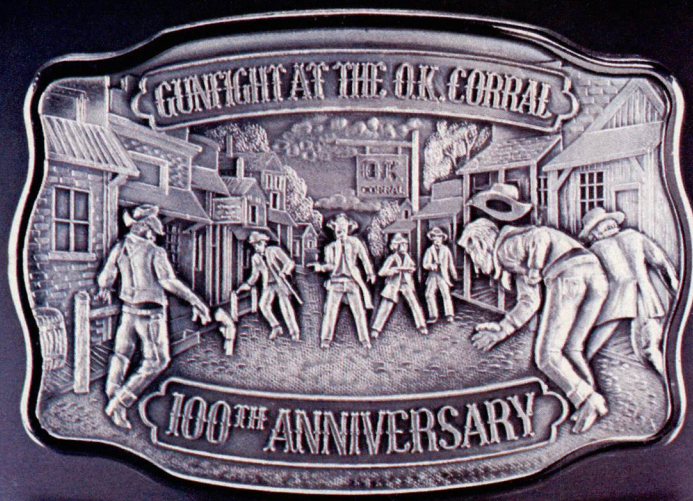
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