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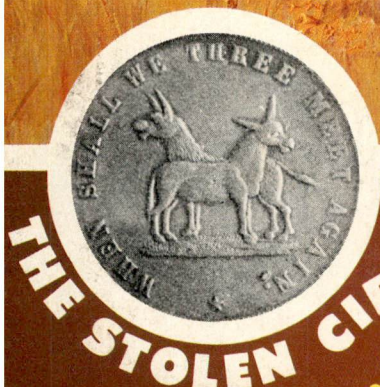


TREASURE & MINING ISSUE!



Left, a humorous circus token— just one of the valuable pieces in

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THIS IS NO. 34, "FINDING THE TRAIL"



CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| 1—Ambushed, 11x14 | 39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½ | 77—The Attack, 12x8 |
| 2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½ | 40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½ | 78—The Drifter, 10½x8 |
| 3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8 | 41—Jerked Down, 15x8½ | 79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8 |
| 4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11 | 42—The Jerkline, 14x9½ | 80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½ |
| 5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½ | 43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7 | 81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½ |
| 6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½ | 44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½ | 82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½ |
| 7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½ | 45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9 | 83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½ |
| 8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8 | 46—Mad Cow, 12x8 | 84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14 |
| 9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½ | 47—Wagons Westward, 13½x9½ | 85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9 |
| 10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½ | 48—The Challenge, 10½x6½ | 86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8 |
| 11—On the Move, 13½x9½ | 49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7 | 87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½ |
| 12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½ | 50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7 | 88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½ |
| 13—On the Trail, 11x7½ | 51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7 | 89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½ |
| 14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8 | 52—Prospectors, 10½x8 | 90—A Crow Chief, 7x9 |
| 15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½ | 53—Planning the Attack, 14x10 | 91—Innocent Allies, 14x9½ |
| 16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½ | 54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7 | 92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon) |
| 17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½ | 55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7 | 93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½ |
| 18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½ | 56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½ | 94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7 |
| 19—Cowboy Life, 10x14 | 57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½ | 95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½ |
| 20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½ | 58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½ | 96—Wound Up, 11x8½ |
| 21—Carson's Men, 14x9½ | 59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7 | 97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7 |
| 22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½ | 60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½ | 98—Winter Packet, 15x7 |
| 23—Piegan Indian, 9x12 | 61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10 | 99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½ |
| 24—Renegades Return, 16x11½ | 62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8 | 100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½ |
| 25—Chief Joseph, 8x11 | 63—Strenuous Life, 14x10 | 101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½ |
| 26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½ | 64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½ | 102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½ |
| 27—Disputed Trail, 11x14 | 65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½ | 103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½ |
| 28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½ | 66—Single Handed, 14x9½ | 104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½ |
| 29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8 | 67—Slick Ear, 14x11½ | 105—Prairie Express, 13½x9½ |
| 30—Early American, 13½x9½ | 68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9 | 106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8 |
| 31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½ | 69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½ | 107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½ |
| 32—First Furrow, 8x12 | 70—Signal Fire, 11x14 | 108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½ |
| 33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½ | 71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½ | 109—In Without Knocking, 14x10 |
| 34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½ | 72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½ | 110—Critical Moment, 8x6 |
| 35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½ | 73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½ | 111—Land of Good Hunting, 10½x8 |
| 36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½ | 74—Trail's End, 13½x9½ | 112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½x9½ |
| 37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½ | 75—The Holdup, 13x8 | |
| 38—Women of the Plains, 8x6 | 76—The Bolter, 9½x13½ | |



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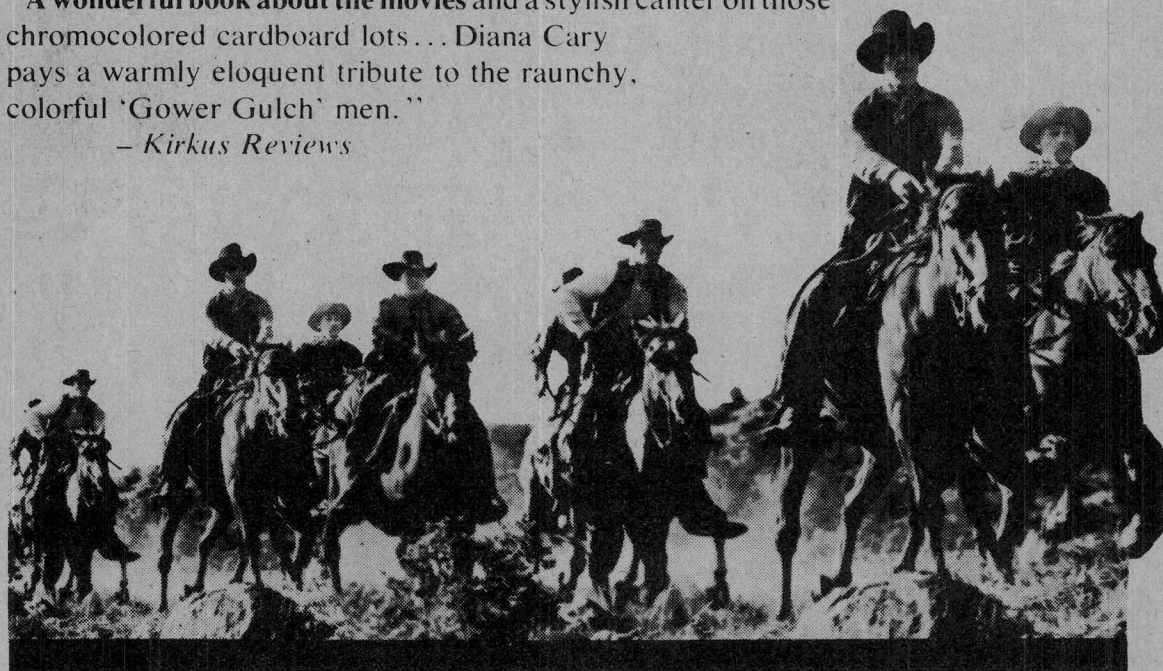
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November-December, 1976

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Whole No. 138

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

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JOE AUSTELL SMALL
Publisher

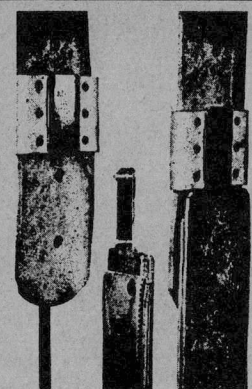
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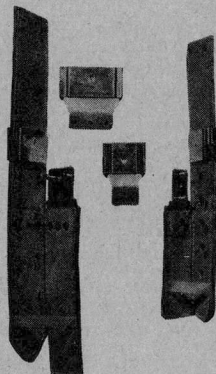
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Cover: Fred Harman
"She Didn't Wait"

From the Collection of Dr. and Mrs. Irvine G. Jordan

TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3338, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78764. 75¢ per copy, \$7.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico. \$8.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas, and at additional entry Dallas, Texas. Copyright 1976 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

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LET'S GRIPE TOGETHER!

I'M ASKING FOR IT, FOLKS—SO LET ME HAVE BOTH BARRELS!

All these years I've told you about my business, cried on your shoulders, cursed rising prices and discussed publishing in general. You have weathered these tornadoes beautifully! In fact, I received over 1,500 letters on my tirade about why *Frontier Times* as a title didn't sell as well as *True West*. After our get-together on this problem and my using as many of your suggestions as possible, sales on *Frontier Times* picked up noticeably. So, maybe it would be good for all of us to air our troubles now and then—we just might be of help to one another.

Many of you have written that my editorials have kept you up on what's going on in the magazine line and that you enjoy hearing about the headaches as well as the joys of publishing. But I know you never expected to live to see the day when I might feel a shade guilty

about writing a crying editorial, yet that time has come, and I suppose I am inviting you to dump your troubles on me to sort of salve my conscience. I'd really like to know what sort of work *you're* in and what problems *you* face in trying to make a living. Fact is, we'll publish as many of your letters as possible. It would be a good way for all of us to get a little better acquainted.

The mention of salve brings back memories. I got fed up with sour notes when I was a kid and maybe that's why I felt guilty about keeping on hollering my hunkus off. Anyhow, back to the sour notes. I sold Cloverine Salve when I was about nine years old and got a fiddle as a premium. It was a sort of box with catgut strings strung across two slits in the middle, and the "music" I turned out sounded like two tail-tied tomcats thrown across a barbed wire fence!

A person could live with the drudg-

eries, small pay, and overall hard life of farming and ranching when I was a kid and still figure he had a pretty good life. When you jumped a piece of fun it was six times more rewarding than fun seems to be now and, as everybody says, a buck really meant a buck in those days. You didn't have to worry about saving up for something you wanted to buy as a Christmas present—it wouldn't go up two or three times during the year you were saving to buy it!

I suppose this "We want more money" is my pet peeve. I haven't tried the following but I am sure tempted. I believe you could get a half dozen six-year-old kids, talk to them in a sort of serious way, and they could understand better what demanding more and MORE causes than most of our grown-up people do. What good does five times the amount of money you were making twenty years ago do you if prices have gone up that much, too? This is such a silly question that it could come under the general heading of STUPID and that is exactly where I class this never-ending clamor for MORE. Has the *whole world* gone insane?

I realize that I am talking simple, backyard talk, but if it is so confounded simple why is it so hard for people to see that the more they demand, the more they are going to get exactly what they already have but at a higher price?

So, if I am soured on this whole situation of rising costs, why do I raise prices on these rags? I don't even have to explain that one to you. Anybody—in any type of business—knows that if they don't pass their rising costs along to the consumer they merely fade out of the picture in a comparatively short time. The heck of it is, *all of us* are consumers in one way or another so it winds up that we are asking for more money so that we can pay higher prices for the privilege of living as well as we did before asking for more money. If anybody needs a better example of a stupid world when it comes to this type of economic reasoning, please make himself known!

ONE THING should be explained, though, and that is why a magazine, for instance, can encourage the readers to extend their subscriptions at present, or even reduced, rates before an impending raise takes place.

The reason a publication can come out about the same on present rates, as compared to the raise that will be forthcoming, is for a number of reasons. Perhaps the most important is the fact that it takes from one to three renewal notices to get action from some subscribers, and frankly this costs like the very devil! In short, asking you to subscribe, renew, extend or join the two-year

(Continued on page 30)

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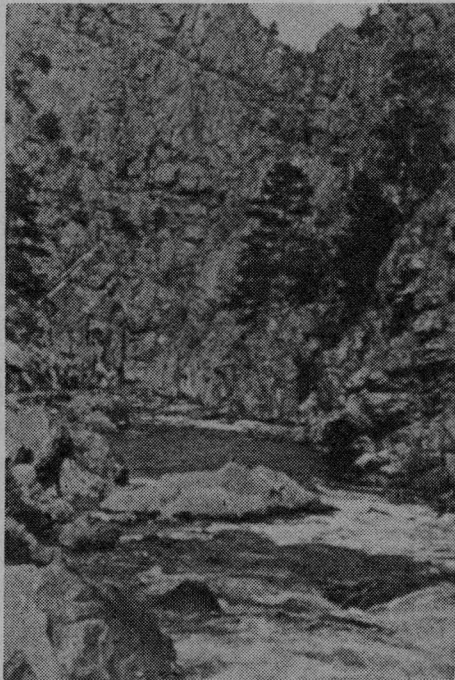
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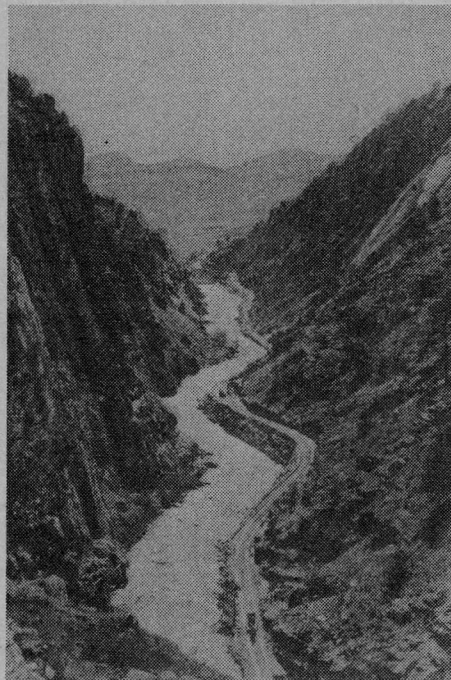
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SEE OTHER SIDE

Truly Western

1917



F. P. Clatworthy card—1930

A Violent Country

When news came in of the flood of the Big Thompson River in Colorado I looked through my old post cards and found I had better pictures of the exact spot of the disaster and of the area than were appearing in the newspapers.

As I write these words, the bodies of more than a hundred persons have been recovered from the river canyon, and one cannot help thinking of the past. It was not the six-gun, or cattle, or Indians, or whiskey, honky-tonks, gambling halls or poker games that first gave the West the reputation of being wild. It was nature.

In 1976 when campers, tourists and fishermen were warned of the unusually heavy rains that were falling in the uplands that feed the Big Thompson River, few could conceive of the danger.

The West is wild. Pioneers who traveled the Oregon Trail took their lives in their hands, as did those who crossed New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada or eastern California. Even today men die of exhaustion, thirst, flood, rattlesnakes, unbelievable distances, the terrifying heat (or the cold), the dangling rocks and the few surviving grizzly bears which can also kill.

The wilderness of nature west of Yellowstone Park lay quiet and submissive for years. Then at 11:57 p.m. Monday August 17, 1959 mild and gentle nature tossed a bombshell into civilization. An earthquake tossed the side of a mountain down upon a campful of unsuspecting citizens, dislodged an estimated eighty million tons of rock and timber, dammed the Madison River, tipped Hebgen Lake so that the shoreline rose eight feet on one side and fell on the other. The quake wrinkled the Hebgen Dam—thankfully not breaking it. The dam keeper described the resulting tidal wave as a wall of water eight feet above the top of the dam when it cascaded over the rim.

There were miracles and mysteries in the old Wild West, as there are miracles and mysteries in today's Wild West. A six-month-old baby boy was discovered unharmed on top of an enormous rock in the center of the Big Thompson River after the recent flood had passed. How the baby got there may remain a mystery forever. There are mysteries among the dead and mysteries that apply to the living. One old Westerner I knew remembered a dim childhood of wanderings. He had never discovered who his father or

mother had been or where or how he was born, and he had great difficulty proving to the government that he was officially alive. Quite likely the child rescued from the wild Big Thompson flood will eventually be identified, but it is unlikely anyone will ever know how he got or was put upon that rock.—Victor H. White, Santa Rosa, California 95404

Herenden-Caudle

I would like to hear from Mable and Peggy Herenden and Georgia and Mary Caudle. All of these people were on Boone's Mexico Ranch Wild West Show in 1916-17-18-22.—D. Boone, Henryetta, Oklahoma 74437

Montana Memories

The August '76 *True West* story "Wyoming Horses and Mules" brought back memories to me. A buddy, Roy Fulk, and me was working at Becker North ranch, Miles City, Montana when the war broke out in 1917. We said, "Let's enlist!" We talked this over and decided we would homestead first and then enlist. We went to Buffalo, Wyoming where there was a U. S. Land Office. We went to Kaycee, Wyoming and filed on a homestead, riding there and back in a half-ton truck. The driver of the truck told us he kept two trucks on the run in the winter time. Back in Buffalo we filed on a homestead. I was standing on the bridge in Buffalo when a man came up to me and asked if I wanted a job. I asked him some questions and while he was talking to me a man was back of him nodding his head, "No!"

When the man I was talking to went away I asked the man who had been behind him, "Do you know him?" He said that he did and added, "He feeds lousy."

My buddy Roy was at St. James Soldier's Home at St. James, Missouri. He died and was buried at Jefferson Barracks Cemetery near St. Louis.—Zeno E. Barker, Route 2, Box 92, St. Clair, Missouri 63077

Norell

In the August issue of *True West*, an article on page 41 by Roberta M. Starry mentions people by the name of Norell. On the same page there is a picture of Pearl Langdon Norell taken in 1908. There is a resemblance to a cousin I lost when she was about sixteen—that, too, was in 1908. Now I am eighty-two years old, the only surviving member of the Augusta and William Norell family who came from Sweden in the early eighties. My dad took up a homestead on the North Platte River, six miles west of Walden, Colorado in 1883. He had a younger brother John who stayed at the ranch a while. He left and rode horseback to Laramie, Wyoming. Mother had a card from him there and that was the last time we ever heard from him.

Since the name Norell is not a common one, I am wondering if the Norells mentioned on page 41 might be related in some manner to John Norell, my uncle. Perhaps Roberta M. Starry might have learned something about the family. Would you forward this letter to her? [Editor's note: Has been done.] Any in-

(Continued on page 62)

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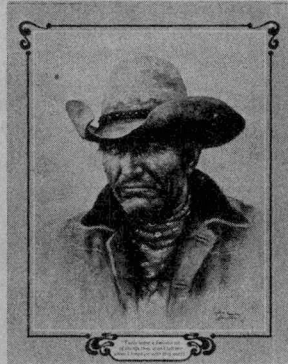
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SKP532 - artist Wayne Lowdermilk
To one who has been long in city pent,
'tis very sweet to look into
the fair and open face of heaven...



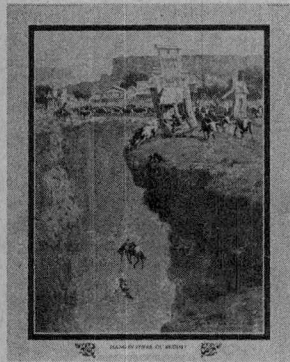
SKP504 - artist Bill Hampton
"There were a helluva lot
of things they didn't tell me
when I hired on with this outfit."



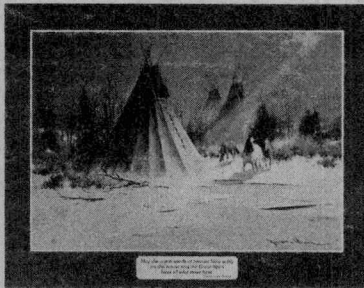
SKP519 - artist Bill Hampton
"Oh, Great Spirit,
Grant that I may not criticize my neighbor
until I have walked a mile in his moccasins."



SKP529 - artist Melvin C. Warren
May you always camp where water runs sweet, with
plenty of shade and grass, where well trod trails
of friendship meet, as the seasons gently pass.



SKP515 - artist Lloyd Mitchell
HANG IN THERE, OL' BUDDY!



SKP531 - artist Robert Wagoner
May the warm winds of heaven blow softly
on this house and the Great Spirit
bles all who enter here.



SKP502 - artist Bill Hampton
May your horse never stumble, your spurs never rust,
Your guts never grumble and your cinch never bust!
May your boots never pinch, your crops never fail,
While you eat lots of beans and stay out of jail!



SKP521 - artist Bill Hampton
"I've only been here
one week and the boss says
I'm already two weeks behind."



SKP526 - artist Gene Zesch
"I put all my profits
back into ranch improvements!"



SKP525 - artist Gene Zesch
"If this business is so damned good,
how come there ain't more people in it?"

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An early lead token from a circus and zoo
—1749.

BY FORD GREEN

Illustrations from the Author's Collection.

IT IS SAID that one man's treasure is another man's trash, and it is such a case that has led to the loss of an irreplaceable specialized collection. The theory is that the display was stolen by someone who thought he was getting very valuable coins.

In August 1971 most of 120 coin-like tokens were on display in the Hertzberg Circus Museum of the Public Library of the City of San Antonio, Texas. The old library building was constructed in the late 1920s on the bank of the San Antonio River close by the popular Arnesson Theatre in the River Walk area that tourists visit by the thousands. In 1940 the will of the late Harry Hertzberg, an attorney and member of a prominent San Antonio family, left to the San Antonio Public Library a collection of over 20,000 artifacts and papers, books, and pictures of circus memorabilia which he had amassed over a lifetime. The Circus Museum

opened in limited quarters in 1942, and in 1968 expanded to take over the whole of the original library building where it is now housed.

Now we come to the treasure that it is hoped some day will be recovered. Some are items that may be found in duplicate, of little saleable value but precious to this unique museum, one of the best known in the world.

I have been familiar with this museum from its beginning and visited it in the first week of August 1971 to photograph the most interesting part of "The Collection of Circus Tokens." I photographed a little less than a third of the 120 (approximately) coin-like items. By the time the films were developed there came an alarm that, in a burglary, the case had been broken open and the whole collection cleaned out.

Then came the problem: Should the loss be publicized? Did the burglar take the collection out of the city? It was decided to quietly circulate my pictures and see if the items surfaced. But five years have passed with absolutely no results. Now it has been decided to see if a little publicity will help. The main fear is that



"BUFFALO BILL—PAWNEE BILL" This watchfob is a classic of the early 1900s. (White metal)



"COL. W. F. CODY" BUFFALO BILL HIMSELF" Sterling silver watchfob.

CIRCUS TREASURE

Five years in limbo

when the burglar found he did not have a bunch of valuable coins, he might have thrown them in the river or some such other place where there was little chance of their ever being found.

Some of the items are souvenirs of Buffalo Bill Cody, General Tom Thumb, Tony Pastor and others. Others had been used as admission tickets (tokens), some of which were counterstamped on silver coins, usually quarters, though there was one on an Indian-head penny. For the most part they were minted out of copper and brass, and were about the size of a quarter or fifty cent piece.

The majority of the pieces were from the last century, though a number from Pidcock's in London date back to the mid-1700s. One of the oldest was a lead token of a rhinoceros made in 1748. Some were masterpieces of the die-sinker's art, while others were merely letters arranged in a straight line to fit on a quarter. The 120 pieces, singly of little or no value to anyone other than a circus collector, were priceless when gathered into a single display. Unquestionably the burglar took them thinking they were valuable coins, unless he thought he knew a circus collector, which is a lot less than a thousand-to-one-shot. In that case there were items in the Tom Thumb Collection which were a great deal more valuable than the items he chose.

Assuming that the burglar thought that he had coins, when he tried to sell

a few to a coin-dealer he must have found out the sobering truth. So what did he do then? Destroy them or hide them?

If anybody such as a coin-shooting treasure hunter were to make a strike that led to recovery of the collection, the San Antonio Library would be glad to hear from you. Address correspondence to Betty King, Curator, Hertzberg Circus Collection, San Antonio Public Library, 205 S. St. Mary's St., San Antonio, Texas, 78205.



"NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE 1853"
(Brass)



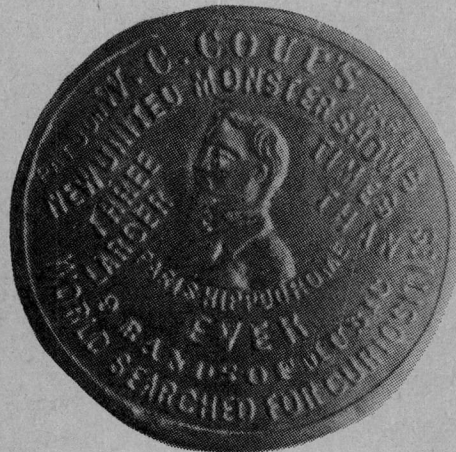
"OLDER'S MUSEUM CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE. THE CRETAN BEAUTY MLE SAN(?)TAH, LADY GYMNAST." (Lead)



"NEW YORK CIRCUS. 14TH STREET. OPPOSITE THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, L. B. LENT. DIRECTOR" (Yellow metal)



"EXETER CHANGE STRAND LONDON"
One of Pidcock's early ones (18th Century) showing a two-headed cow.



"W. C. COUP'S NEW UNITED MONSTER SHOWS PARIS HIPPODROME THREE TIMES LARGER THAN EVER 9 BANDS OF MUSIC WORLD SEARCHED FOR CURIOSITIES." (Yellow metal)



"GREAT EASTERN MENAGERIE MUSEUM, AVIARY, CIRCUS AND BALLOON SHOW IS COMING" (Yellow metal)



"PIDCOCK'S GRAND MENAGERIE EXETER CHANGE, LONDON" An early Pidcock token with a lion on it. (Copper)



"KUNKEL'S OPERA TROUPE" A counter-stamped coin as an admission check. These old Spanish coins circulated to well after the Civil War by statute-fixed values, before the Comstock Lode made the United States independent of foreign silver. (Silver)

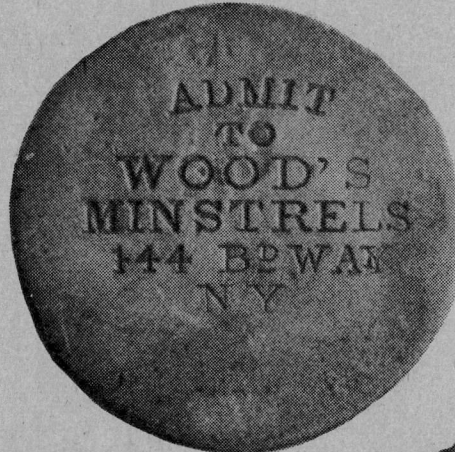


"SIR JEFFERY DUNSTAN MAYOR OF GARRAT" An 18th Century clown believed to be from Pidcock's Circus. (Copper)



"PIDCOCK'S GRAND MENAGERIE EXETER CHANGE LONDON" Pidcock token, apparently a baboon of some type labeled: "THE WANDEROO." Dated 1801 (Copper)

"ADMIT TO WOOD'S MINSTRELS 144 Bd WAY NY" Counter stamped Spanish coin. (Silver)



"CHESTNUT ST. THEATRE 100TH PERFORMANCE CHARLEY'S AUNT FEBY. 11, 1895" This token points out the long run of a famous play. (Copper)

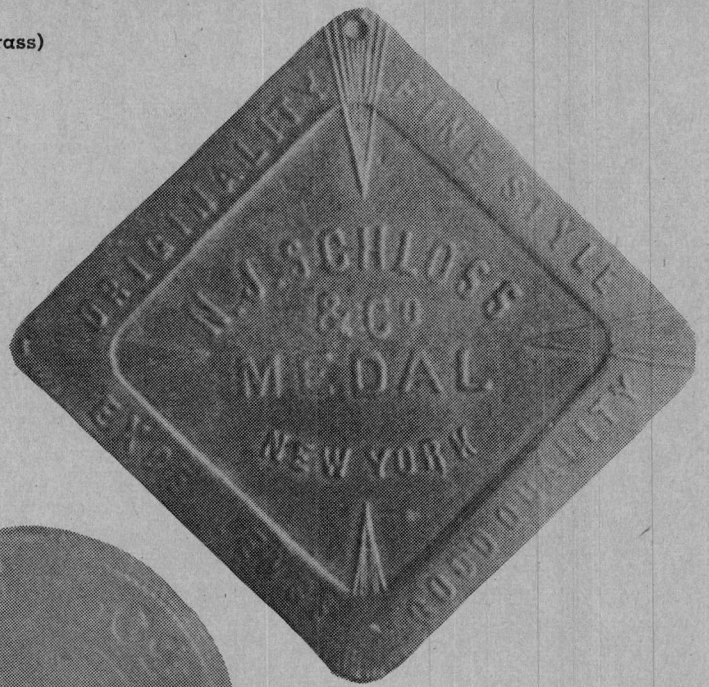


"—CHARLES S. STRATTON—GEN. TOM THUMB—" A rare token giving the true name of Tom Thumb, 1844. (Lead)



"GENERAL TOM THUMB'S CHARIOT" and description. This coach is in the circus collection of the San Antonio Public Library. (White metal)

"BUFFALO BILL" A token with an ad of the maker on the back. (Brass)



"WELCH & CO'S HIPPODROME" (Copper)



"H. B. WEST'S FAMOUS TRAINED DOGS. TRAY & TROY" An early 19th Century dog circus.



"THE GREAT MAMMOTH BALOON AIR SHIP (?) FEET HIGH WILL ASCEND TO THE CLOUDS FREIGHTED WITH PEOPLE EACH DAY OF EXHIBITION CITY OF PARIS"



"APPLEGATE'S PALACE OF FLYING ANIMALS" (Yellow metal)



"THE FATHER OF MODERN CONJURING, ROBERT HOUDIN" Token of famous 19th Century magician Houdin, from whom the American magician Harry Houdini took his name. (White metal)



"C. MILTON CHASE. MECHANICIAN BOSTON"



"SPRAGUE & BLODGETT'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS" A counter-stamped 25¢ piece dated in the 1860s. (Silver)



"PIDCOCK'S EXHIBITION" One of the earlier Pidcock tokens.



"MILLER BROS. 101 RANCH" was a famous Wild West Show early in this century. (Yellow metal)



"PRO ARTE MAGICA. NE CEDE MALIS" (Nickel)

"T. HALL LONDON 1795 THE FIRST ARTIST IN EUROPE PRESERVING BIRDS (&) BEAST"



- HERTZBERG CIRCUS COLLECTION
(Stolen in burglary August 1971)
- "Admit to Cod's Minstrels, 1857." (White metal)
 - "Admit to Wood's Minstrels, 144 Broadway, N. Y." n.d. (Silver)
 - "Alaroma Bunola, Adelina Patti" n.d. (White metal)
 - "American Museum, New York, Phineas T. Barnum" n.d. (White metal)
 - (The American Museum) "New York, P. T. Barnum, Proprietor" n.d. (White metal)
 - "Anatole Durou" (Clown) n.d. (Brass)
 - "Applegate's Palace of Flying Animals" n.d. (Yellow metal) 3
 - "Buffalo Bill" n.d. (Brass) (Square)
 - "Buffalo Bill-Pawnee Bill" April 24, 1911 (White metal)
 - "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Co." n.d. (Brass)
 - "C. James, 1756" (Bronze)
 - "Charles S. Stratton as Gen. Tom Thumb" n.d. (Lead)
 - "Chestnut St. Theatre 100th Performance Charley's Aunt, Feby. 11, 1895" (Copper)
 - "Charles Willson Peale, Founder, 1874" (Philadelphia Museum) (Copper)
 - "Col. W. F. Cody Buffalo Bill Himself" n.d. (Silver)
 - "Col. Wood's Museum, N. W. 9th and Arch, Philadelphia. 500,000 curiosities. Good Performance in Lecture Room" n.d. (Copper)
 - "Crystal Palace" . . . "Burned 1855" Counterstamped Indian Head Penny, 1863. (Copper) 2
 - "Elder's Museum Circus and Menagerie, 1748" (Lead)
 - "Elephantine Colossus, Coney Island, J. T. McCaddon Manager" n.d. (White metal)
 - (Equestrian) n.d. (Brass)
 - "Exeter Change, London, Pidcock's" n.d. (Copper)
 - "Exeter Change, London, Pidcock's" n.d. (Copper)
 - "Exeter Change, Strand, London," n.d. (Copper) 13
 - "Exeter Change, Strand, London" n.d. (Brass) 2
 - "F. H. Kressman, Sec'y & Treas. Con T. Kennedy Shows" n.d. (Brass)
 - "The Father of Modern Conjuring, Robert Houdin" n.d. (White metal)
 - "For a Crocodile to be Seen Alive at G. Bayly's Museum" n.d. (Copper)
 - "The First Equestrian Performance in Europe, Lyceum, Strand, London" n.d. (Brass)
 - "Fortuna" n.d. (Yellow metal)
 - "Frank A. Robbins Shows" n.d. (White metal)
 - "Fred Schmidt, San Angelo, Texas" n.d. (Yellow metal)
 - "Gen'l & Mrs. Tom Thumb. Souvenir, 1881" (Yellow metal)

- "General Tom Thumb, 15 pounds weight" n.d. (Brass) 4
- "General Tom Thumb 15 pounds weight" 1846 (Victoria Regina reverse) (Brass)
- "General Tom Thumb's Chariot "The equipment cost \$400 . . ." (Single team) n.d. (White metal)
- "General Tom Thumb's Equipage. The equipment cost upwards of 400 guineas. . ." n.d. (White metal)
- "George M. Patchen. The Great Trotting Stallion." n.d. (Yellow metal)
- "Great Eastern Menagerie, Museum, Aviary, Circus and Balloon Show is coming" n.d. (Yellow metal)
- "H. R. West's Famous trained dogs, Tray & Troy" n.d. (Brass)
- "H. R. West's Famous Trained Dogs. Tray and Troy" n.d. (Yellow metal)
- "Hamley's, late Bland's, Magical Palace. 35 Oxford St., London." n.d. (Nickel)
- "Herr Alexander." n.d. (Yellow metal)
- "Hopkins Trans-Oceanic Company." n.d. (Copper)
- "Horned Horse Coming" Middlesex (England) n.d. (Tin)
- "Howe's Great London Shows." n.d. (Copper)
- "Hyppodrome et Cirque Soullier . . ." n.d. (Brass)
- "Jack Dempsey Luck Piece. Fight and Win." n.d. (Yellow Metal)
- "Jennison's Zoological Gardens" n.d. (Brass) 2
- "Jennison's Zoological Gardens" n.d. (Copper) 2
- "John C. Heenan-Champion of America." n.d. (Lead)
- "John C. Heenan, the Champion of America." n.d. (Brass)
- "The Kangaroo" "The Armadillo" "The Rhinoceros" T. Hall, London, 1795. (Copper)
- "Kunkel's Opera Troupe" n.d. (Silver—Counterstamped Spanish coin, bearing date 1790: Carolus III.) U. S. Circulated to Civil War.
- "Libertas Americana, Jul 1776" (Copper)
- (Liberty Head) n.d. (Yellow metal)
- "Lion and Dog 1801" (Copper)
- "Liverpool Zoological Gardens, Est. 1833. Thos. Atkins." n.d. (Copper)
- "Maria Felicita Malibran Garcia" 1834. (Bronze)
- "Miller Bros. 101 Ranch" n.d. (Yellow metal)
- "N. J. Schloss & Co. medal—New York . . ." n.d. (Copper)
- "Mrs. Newsham, the White Negress" n.d. (Copper)
- "New York Circus, 14th Street, opposite the Academy of Music. L. B. Lent, Director" n.d. (Yellow metal) 2
- "New York Crystal Palace, 1853" (Brass) 4
- "Nurnberg" (Rhinoceros) n.d. (Lead)



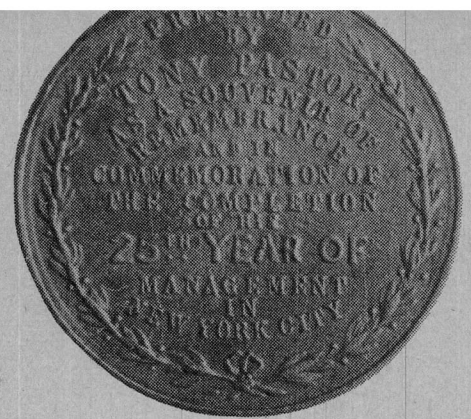
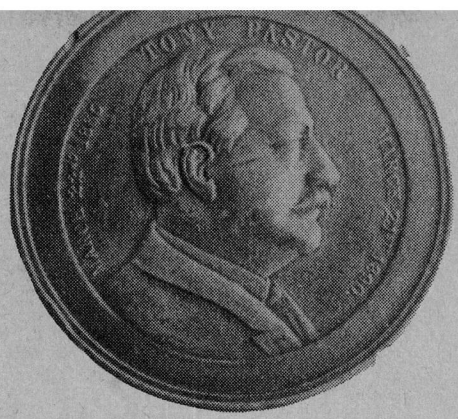
"PRESENTED BY THE COUNT AND COUNTESS MAGRI" Countess Magri was the widow of General Tom Thumb. Reverse describes a Philadelphia museum at which she appeared in 1885. (White metal)



"WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO, USA 1893" Reverse: "WILD WEST AT WORLD'S FAIR COL. W. F. CODY (BUFFALO BILL) 1893" (Yellow metal)



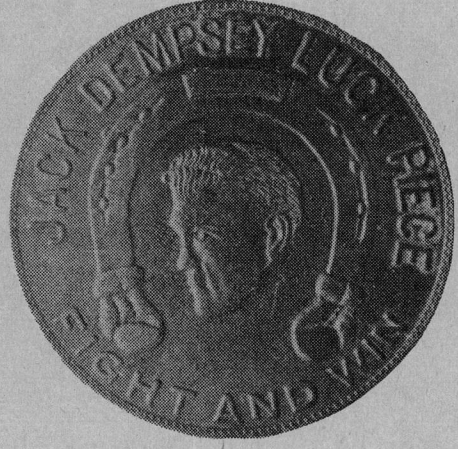
"Older's Museum, Circus and Menagerie Coming" n.d. (Lead)
 "1795—Birds and Beasts, Pidcock's Exhibition" (Copper)
 "1864 Yankee Robinson" (Copper)
 "Orange Crested Cockatoo, 1801, Pidcock's Grand Menagerie, Exeter Change, London" (Copper) 2
 "P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth united with the Great London Circus." n.d. (Copper)
 "Pain's Last Days of Pompeii." (Pain's Fire Works) n.d. (White metal)
 "Parthenon, New York, 1825." (Copper)
 "Philadelphia Museum. Charles W. Peale, Founder, 1784." (Copper)
 "Pidcock's Exeter Change, London." n.d. (Copper) 3
 "Pidcock's Exeter Change, London." 1801 (Brass)
 "Pidcock's Exeter Change, London." 1901 (Copper)
 "Pidcock's Exeter Change, Strand, London." n.d. (Copper)
 "Pidcock's Exhibition." n.d. (Bronze)
 "Pidcock's Exhibition." n.d. (Copper) 9
 "Pidcock's Exhibition." London n.d. (Copper), 2
 "Pidcock's Exhibition, Exeter Change, London." n.d. (Bronze)
 "Pidcock's Exhibition, Exeter Change, London." n.d. (Brass) 3
 "Pidcock's Exhibition, Exeter Change, London." n.d. (Copper)
 "Pidcock's Exhibition. Exeter Change, Strand, London." n.d. (Copper)
 "Pidcock's Exhibition" "The African Crown Crane" n.d. (Lead)
 "Pidcock's Grand Menagerie, Exeter Change, London" n.d. (Copper) 4
 "Pidcock's Grand Menagerie, Exeter Change, London The Wanderoo 1801." (Copper)
 "Pistol and Rifle Galleries . . . Billiards and Bowling." n.d. (Copper)
 "Presented by the Count and Countess Magri" . . . n.d. (White metal)
 "Pro Arte Magica. Ne Cede Malis." n.d. (Nickel)
 "Risley & McCollum's Hippodrome" n.d. (Brass) 2
 "Royal Male Tiger, 1796," Exeter Change, London. (Brass)
 "Sir Jeffery Dunstan, Mayor of Garrat." n.d. (Copper)
 "Sir Jeffery Dunstan—Mayor of Garrat" T. Hall, London, 1795 (copper)
 "Sprague & Blodgett's Georgia Minstrels" n.d. (Silver coin, counterstamped)
 "T. Hall, 1795." (Brass)
 "T. Hall, London. To the curious observers of Natural Phaenomena" n.d. (Copper)
 "T. Nelson Down's King of Koinis, 1904." (White metal)
 "The T. Nelson Down's Palming Coin" "Foreign." n.d. (White metal)
 "Teenan and (?) for the Championship of the World . . ." n.d. (Counterstamped silver coin)
 "Thomas Sayers, Champion of England, 1850." (Lead)
 "Thomas Sayers, Champion of England, 1859." (White metal)
 "Thomas Sayers, The Champion of England." n.d. (Bronze)
 "Tony Pastor." n.d. (White metal)
 "Trewey. The Absolute Master." n.d. (Copper)
 "Trois leme." n.d. (Copper)
 "Tumbling, slack wire, etc. Singing, dancing, every evening. Lyceum, Strand, London." n.d. (Copper)
 "United States of America, 1860." (Yellow metal)
 "W. C. Coup's New United Monster Shows, Paris Hippodrome . . ." n.d. (Yellow metal)
 "The Wanderoo, 1801." (Copper)
 "Welch & Co.'s Hippodrome" n.d. (Copper)
 "World's Columbia Exposition, Chicago, USA, 1893" (Yellow metal)
 "Yankee Robinson." n.d. (Copper) 3
 "Yankee Robinson, The Great Comedian" n.d. Bronze (Copper) 3
 "Yankee Robinson, The Great Comedian" 1869. (Tin)
 "Yankee Robinson's Big Show, 1869" (Copper)
 "Yankee Robinson's Big Show, Past, Present, Future—Triad" n.d. (Copper)
 "Ye Ocean Wave. Hengler's . . . Cirque." n.d. (Lead)
 "Young & McShea's Merry-Go-Round." n.d. (Copper)
 "Zoolog. Soc. of Ireland" . . . "MDCCCXXXI" 1831 (Lead)



"TONY PASTOR" Legendary clown, actor and manager of the Metropolitan Theatre. One of the creators of Broadway. (White metal)



"LIVERPOOL ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS ESTABLISHED 1833 THOS. ATKINS" Token probably circa 1850s. Reverse says "Visitors check." (Copper)



"JACK DEMPSEY LUCK PIECE FIGHT AND WIN" A 1920s token advertising Universal Pictures. (Yellow metal)



"PIDCOCK'S EXHIBITION" Early 19th Century token.



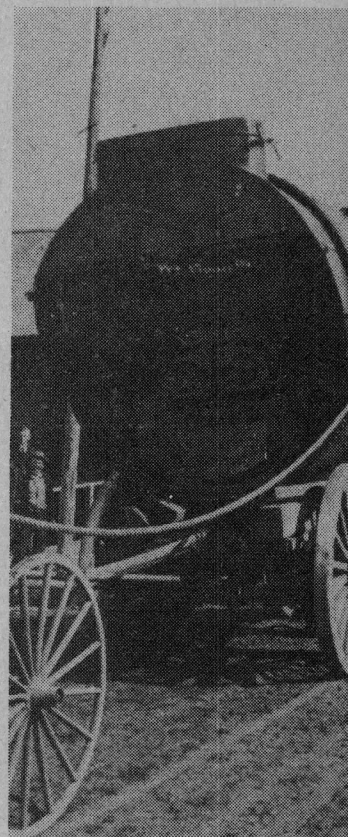
"NEW YORK P. T. BARNUM PROPRIETOR" Reverse describes Barnum's American Museum destroyed by fire July 1865. (White metal)

SUMPTER VALLEY

BY ERNEST HUDSPETH

Photos Courtesy Author

Men who shortened the Oregon Trail often got lost in the maze of homesteaders and miners who followed them. Here's a follow-up to one who scouted the Hastings-Hudspeth Cut-Off...



THE FIRST emigrant wagontrain and most of those to come later passed through Oregon's Baker Valley and pressed on to the Willamette Valley. This was many years before railroad service and, due to the lack of transportation, many emigrants ignored Baker and the Grande Ronde Valleys.

Of the few who stopped, the majority were men who trapped the streams and mountains or prospected along the many canyons and rivers where almost every pan yielded at least a few colors.

Gold was discovered in 1861 in Griffin Gulch, and by 1862 the town of Auburn had grown from a dozen miners to a population of six thousand. Auburn became the county seat of Baker County. The city of Baker began its existence in 1864 and was surveyed and laid out in 1865, but the first train did not reach Baker until August 19, 1884.

After the gold strike ended at Auburn, the town in a few short years became a ghost inhabited by a few Chinese who went over the same placer ground that the white man had; and perhaps with their patience, they reclaimed more gold than the original miners.

While Auburn was gasping its last as a town, the county seat was moved to Baker, where it remains today. The only things to indicate that Auburn ever existed are the rock piles from the placer mines, here and there a depression in a hillside where a house had been, a few remnants of boards, and a tin can heap. If one is interested in digging in the old town site, it is possible to find some of the old square cut nails. The most prom-

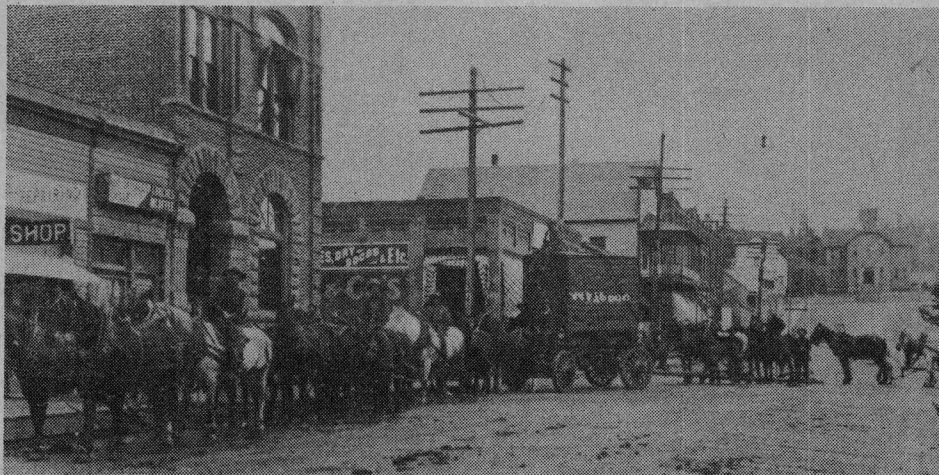


Photo Courtesy Private Collection of Brooks Hawley

inent evidence that a town was ever located here is the Forest Service's historical sign beside the same old dirt road that went on over the Auburn summit, passing through the towns of McEwen, Sumpter, into Granite and Bourne and the John Day and Harney Valleys.

Thomas McEwen was of Scottish ancestry and bore the reputation of being a sharp businessman. Tom had barns and corrals, living quarters and a large warehouse in the town of McEwen. He operated a large freight outfit as well as a passenger stage and mail stage. And of course, this required many horses and mules and wagons, sleds, stagecoaches, buggies and buckboards. He employed many men to run the operation; men



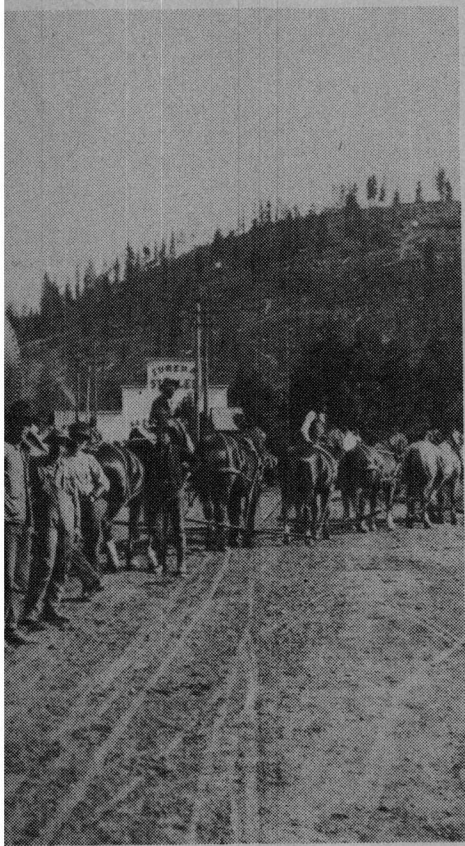


Photo Courtesy Private Collection of Brooks Hawley

Above: Boiler for Midway Mine sinking plant leaving Sumpter, Oregon. Left: Transferring armature to Olive Lake, Fremont Power Co. Below: Ratchet wheels and shaft for Red Boy hoist plant. Transferred from Sumpter, January 5, 1901. Sumpter Forwarding Company.

skilled in handling the two- to twenty-horse teams that left each day on their journey to some mine town or to head for Umatilla Landing to get a load of freight from a boat that had navigated the Columbia River.

My father, William Hudspeth, as a young man worked for Tom McEwen, part of the time driving the passenger and mail stage and also the freight teams. The only knowledge of this period

I have of my father are experiences told me by men who also worked for McEwen and who made these trips with him from McEwen to Umatilla Landing, a distance of approximately 150 miles. Each round trip of 300 miles required from seventeen to twenty-one days, depending on the time of year and weather conditions.

Gold had also been discovered at the present site of the old mining town of Granite in 1862. This discovery made on July 4 by my wife's grandfather and two other men who were walking through the mountains from the Dalles to Auburn where the gold strike had been made in Griffin Gulch in 1861.

Besides the placer mines, many more mines were discovered in Baker and Grant Counties. These were mines of shaft and tunnel that followed the gold-bearing quartz. Most of these mines had their own mills, which required much heavy machinery and huge steam boilers to generate the power to operate. All lumber, machinery, food and clothing were transported by sled or wagon to each town or mine. Some of the loads, such as a giant steam boiler that would weigh fifteen tons or more, required long hitch- es of horses to pull them over the several high mountain passes. Unfortunately, these roads usually had several switch- backs or hairpin turns that made it im- possible for a sixteen- or twenty-horse team to negotiate. In such instances, part of the lead and swing teams were re- moved from the front of the long hitch and taken to the rear of the sled or wagon, where they were rehitched to a push pole. By part of the team pulling and the other part pushing, they were able to make the hairpin turns.

FRANK LENTZ and my father were both nineteen years old when they were sent by the McEwen freight and stage line to Umatilla Landing one year early in March, to pick up a load of food, principally flour, for the town of Granite. Due to an early fall and a late spring, the people there were running low on supplies. Dad and Frank left McEwen, both with an eight-horse hitch. Due to the time of the year, with the valleys bare and the mountain passes still deep with snow, it was necessary that they take both sled and wagon; the wagon for

crossing the valley and the sled for going over the mountains. By aid of jacks they would lift the wagon box and put it on the sled or from sled to wagon, and in each transfer the sled or wagon also had to be loaded. On this one trip they made twenty-one transfers. The frost was gone from the ground in the valleys, the mud was deep, and at times the wag- ons would mire until the teams could not pull them. When the lead wagon became mired, the one following would unhitch and hook to the lead wagon and pull it to where the sixteen horses could move it. Then they would return for the other wagon and repeat the process. This was called doubling.

This, of course, was time consuming and added to the already hard physical labor of unhitching and rehitching, of fastening the lead chain that had been dragged through the mud, threaded be- tween the leaders and hooked to the other lead chain. Such labor could only be ac- complished by men of great stamina and determination.

Each morning began with one man preparing breakfast while the other caught and fed the sixteen horses. Most nights these horses were turned loose to graze if grass was available. If grass was not available due to snow, there was baled hay placed on the load in a con- venient spot. Each freight outfit of two or more wagons always had a saddle horse which was kept tied at night and used to gather the draft horses each morning. The saddle horse was turned loose during the day, and due to the slow movement of the freight teams he had ample time to graze as he followed. Grain was always on hand to keep the horses in working shape and it also pro- vided an easy way to catch the work horses each morning; or if one or more was hard to catch, a rope corral was fashioned between the wagons. Camping at night, cooking over an open fire, un- harnessing or harnessing the horses night and morning, grooming them with brush and comb, doctoring sore shoulders or skinned hocks, replacing a horseshoe or repairing the wagon or harness were all a part of the day's job for these very versatile men.

Dad and Frank pulled into McEwen late on the evening of the twenty-first day. After leaving Baker and getting to Auburn, nine miles away, they were into snow country on to McEwen and Granite, and no more load transfers were neces- sary. The morning of the twenty-second day they, with fresh hitches of horses, delivered the food into Granite, a dis- tance of twenty miles, arriving after sun- down. The citizens gave them a hearty welcome. As one man told them, "You are just in time. We are scraping the bottom of the barrel."

Frank told me of another trip he and Dad made to Umatilla Landing the fol- lowing fall. There had been a small uprising of young Indians who had left the reservation and killed four men who were camped with their freight outfits at Dead Man Pass near Emigrant Springs on the summit of the Blue Mountains, between LaGrande and Pendleton. After killing the freighters and looting the wagons, they melted into the mountains



Photo Courtesy Private Collection of Brooks Hawley



A portion of Main Street, Sumpter, Oregon.

Photo Courtesy Private Collection of Brooks Hawley

and eventually back onto the reservation.

Eight days after this event, Dad and Frank were camped on the same ground. The horses were taken care of, the campfire was going, supper was cooking, and the two nineteen-year-old boys were relaxed and preparing for a meal and a night's rest. It was that peaceful hour between sundown and early dusk when twelve Indian braves came out of the lodge pole pine thicket that surrounded the camp. As they drew near, Dad and Frank made all the gestures of friendship at their command. The Indians in turn, by sign language, also made it clear that they too desired friendship but expected gifts in return. Frank told me that he and Dad went all out from their own meager supplies, as wagons were empty of freight. They gave the Indians salt, tobacco and a side of bacon. Upon receiving the gifts, the Indians vanished, much to the relief of the two boys.

McEWEN was growing and the freight business kept expanding. When the Union Pacific Railroad reached Baker in 1884, it naturally shortened the long hauls from Umatilla Landing. Sumpter and Granite were also booming, new placer and quartz mines being located and worked. The homesteaders in the valleys also depended on the freight line for many of their supplies. At times there were sixteen freight teams leaving the barn—some empty, going for a load of lumber, machinery and food; others, loaded, leaving for the mines.

The freight line also hauled whiskey for the many saloons, the saloons that seemed to be as necessary to the miners as the gold they took from the valleys and hills. Nearly every load of freight had one or more fifty-five gallon barrels of whiskey, and it was an unwritten law among the men that a barrel of whiskey was always loaded in the back of the wagon box for easy access. If a freight outfit was in distress from a breakdown or was mired in mud, it was the custom among the men to give whoever unhitched his team and pulled them from

the mud a jug of whiskey for his neighborly act.

Each wagon carried an assortment of tools in the jockey box. Among these tools was a small gimlet or small wood bit. When a man was paying what he considered his honorable debt, he would draw some whiskey from the barrel. He did this by forcing the top barrel hoop up an inch or so, then boring a small hole in the barrel. After the jug was filled, the hole was plugged with a wooden pin and the top hoop forced back to its original position. The saloon owners knew of this practice but never complained of being short one or two gallons from a barrel. One saloon owner said, "I know those bastards are stealing my whiskey, but they are real honorable about it. They never replace it with water."

Depot square in Sumpter around 1906.



The Sumpter Valley Railroad reached the town of McEwen in October 1891, and this made a change in the horse freight. However, as the Sumpter Valley was a narrow gauge, a great percentage of the freight was loaded direct to the wagons or sleds in Baker to avoid the transfer of merchandise from the Union Pacific to the narrow-gauge. Also on occasion freight teams made trips to Umatilla Landing on the Columbia River.

I have no definite knowledge of how long my father worked for Tom McEwen. The town of McEwen was considered the end of the line until October 1896, when the railroad built another six miles into Sumpter. For several years Sumpter was at rails' end. When McEwen was the end of track, Tom McEwen had the job of turning the engine around. The Sumpter Valley Railroad had installed a turntable just large enough to accommodate the engine. The engine would uncouple from the freight and passenger cars and move onto the turntable to be turned around by a four-horse team and lined up with a passing track. This enabled the engine to return to the rear of the train with one switch, back to the main line. Turning the engine was one of the duties my father had when not out on a freight or stage run.

WHILE working for Tom McEwen, my father fell victim to the dread disease of typhoid fever. This was before he and my mother were married. The first several days he was ill he was staying in a hotel room without proper light, heat or care. Finally one of his friends realized he was in a serious condition and requested a doctor from Baker to come see him. By the time the doctor arrived Dad was almost in a coma. After diagnosing typhoid, the doctor said that he had one chance in a thousand. He gave Dad what was referred to as a "handful" of quinine—I suppose, two or more ounces. After

taking the quinine, Dad lay unconscious for twenty days, with most of his care coming from some men friends who took turns sitting with him and trying to follow instructions the doctor had left.

This illness terminated Dad's employment with Tom McEwen, as it took him several months to regain his strength. Dad's mother and father and one brother were on a ranch Grandpa had homesteaded at Burns, and Dad made the stage trip to Burns to be with them during his convalescence. After recovering, he was associated for a time with Pete French, who had one of the greater cow outfits in the West, the still famous P. Ranch, located in the territory named for Pete and his partner and father-in-law, Dr. Glen. In looking on the map, one will see a location by the name of French Glen. My father is mentioned in the book *The Cattle Country of Peter French*, a book highly recommended to all who are interested in the early West and the men who settled it. The stockmen were of a different breed than the miner or the trapper who moved on when a location became exhausted of gold or fur. The homesteaders with one hundred and sixty acres, as well as the cattle kings, all had a desire for permanence and toiled in improving the land they lived on. Many of them, including my father, never lived long enough to know the pleasure of having a self-supporting ranch, with all debts paid.

In fact, it was many years before the outfit put together by my widowed mother and four children could look across the acres we had accumulated and really believe that the ranch and cows and horses were truly ours. We did this without any thought of being underprivileged. The patches on our pants and shirts, the broken brims of hats and a hole in the sole of our boots were only symbols of determination. We rode our horses and drove our teams after most

of our neighbors had automobiles. Each time we had a few dollars we bought a better bull, or used it along with borrowed money to acquire more land. I think during our younger years, with the guidance of a mother who refused to accept defeat, that we all perhaps subconsciously were trying to bring my father's dream into fulfillment.

I know my father had this dream. Perhaps it originated in his mind as a boy of thirteen when he came from Independence, Missouri with Gram and Gramp.

Gramp was born in Georgia but went with the family to Red River County, Texas, as a small boy. As a youth, Gramp served quite a hitch with the military, serving under General Hood. Later he moved to Independence, Missouri where he was employed in mail delivery from Independence to Salt Lake City. Gramp and Gram were married in Independence.

Gram had come from Ireland and was Catholic. The events of their early married life are unknown to me, except that after leaving Independence by wagontrain they finally made a permanent settlement in Harney Valley.

In the book entitled *Jim Bridger* by J. Cecil Alter, my grandfather is mentioned as being instrumental in establishing a cut-off road between Independence and Salt Lake City. The first reference in the book refers to the Hastings and Hudspeth cut-off, and the second reference is to Gramp alone when he gave directions at Independence to a wagontrain captain, advising him of the cut-off which was 150 miles shorter than going by Fort Bridger.

Gramp, while carrying the mail from Independence to Salt Lake (I think with a team of four mules), was caught one winter on the wrong side of the Continental Divide, and due to the early and deep snow he was unable to pass over the mountains. He spent the winter with the Arapaho Indians. Gram and the postal

service had both assumed that Gramp, due to an accident or Indians, was dead; however, when the mountain pass got open, Gramp started once more for his original destination, and though the load of mail was six months overdue it was delivered intact.

I MENTION Gramp and Gram to explain the period my father grew up in. Dad was fourteen years old when the family arrived in Harney Valley, so it was quite natural that he had gained much knowledge in the care and handling of livestock. America will always be in debt to the pioneers who settled and developed the land. Today's thousands of beautiful agricultural acres had their beginning from the gentle slopes and flat lands that were supporting only sagebrush and jackrabbits. But the pioneers had an idea of creating something of their own, where the sage would be replaced by hay, grain, cattle and horses, and a tree would grow in the yard of their one-room house. The land was cleared, and irrigation systems often requiring several miles of ditch were dug by hand. They believed in themselves; they believed in our country; and many of these fine farms and ranches have passed on into the third generation. Now one man with modern machinery can accomplish more in a single day than the old-timers could in six months.

My mother was born in Kentucky, and like my father's people, Gramp and Gram Henderson also headed west, stopping for a few years in Kansas before loading up the covered wagons and taking the old Oregon Trail. My mother was thirteen the year they left Kansas, and though she never told us kids much of her experience in crossing the plains and mountains, there was part of the journey that she remarked about quite often, that of having walked the entire distance

(Continued on page 47)

Steam boiler being transferred to one of numerous mines.

Photo Courtesy Private Collection of Brooks Hawley

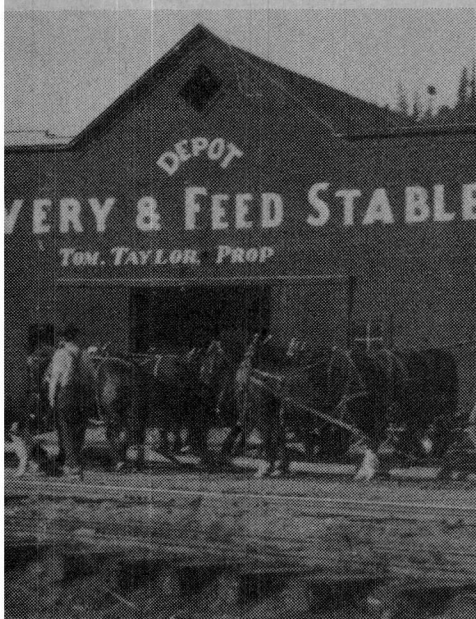


Photo Courtesy Private Collection of Brooks Hawley





MIDNIGHT ALARM

BY WALTER OVERTON

Photos Courtesy Author

When is it easier to face trouble—in daylight or dark?

THE BOY was fourteen. He was alone with a man of whom he knew nothing except his first name. He was sixty miles from the nearest help.

In the middle of the night a blood-curdling scream had awakened the boy as suddenly as if ice water had been thrown in his face. Frontier born and trained he lay quiet, trying to hear something more or to think what might have happened.

The scream had given way to howling, choking and moaning. The boy decided that his companion had been knifed, and was dying. The least movement on his part, he thought, would result in a knife hurled at himself, striking with the force of a bullet, point first.

Reaching carefully toward the man's bedding, he laid a hand on his chest, intending to locate the wound. Then he snatched his hand back with a jerk. It had landed in a wide pool of thick, warm fluid. Blood? Hesitating no longer, the boy forgot discretion and sat bolt upright. He decided quickly to give the man some water, hoping he might then be able to say a word or two that would give a clue to what had happened.

But now I want to tell you about this man and the boy with him, how they happened to be so far from help, far

from anywhere. It was the boy who many years later told me about his midnight adventure. I knew him well, though he was a whole generation ahead of me. His father owned a ranch near the Rio Grande in Texas, and the boy had grown up to be expert at all activities that were part of ranch life.

The ranch was small and not very active, and there were other sons, so this boy chose, with his father's consent, to join the outfit of a larger neighboring ranch. He was found competent and his name was added to the payroll.

There is very little to tell about the man in the adventure, because so little is known. He was young, seemingly in his early twenties. He just rode in one day, straight to headquarters office, and asked for a job. His request was welcome, for there was a rush of activity at the time; but he had no record of work elsewhere, no recommendation from his previous employer, nor any identification whatever. None of the other hands knew him. He wouldn't give the name of the ranch where he had worked last; just said he had been wandering around, here and there.

The need for extra help was great, and he appeared to be a likeable fellow. The boy told me they all dreaded to see him

turned down, and were glad when he was allowed to stay. No one ever knew his family name. He just wouldn't tell; he said his name was Ed.

THOSE TWO, the man and the boy, had left after breakfast one morning for a distant ranch, to deliver a letter and bring back an answer. It wasn't customary to send a man into the brush alone.

They set out together, with cartridge belts on, with six-shooters in their holsters, and rifles in their scabbards—each a sort of horse-drawn arsenal. And at sundown they neared the place where they had been advised to spend the night. It was a long-deserted hut in a small motte of stunted oaks, beside an arroyo. Neither of them had ever been there before, but they had no trouble locating it from descriptions given them.

To say the hut had fallen into decay would be an understatement. The roof was gone, the walls had partly fallen away. Even so, it was better than being in an exposed position out in the open. They got busy at once making camp, for dark was coming on. Ed went to work in the hut to get rid of any snakes that might be there, while the boy unsaddled the horses and led them down into the

Left: Sitting on top of a fence after a sandstorm. Below: S. J. (Sid) Overton, as a young man, fishing in the Nueces River. Bottom: Old-time picnic transportation in South Texas, before automobiles.



arroyo to a pool of water, for a drink before tethering them.

Using their saddle blankets and ponchos for bedding and their saddles for pillows, the boy and Ed made a couple of beds, camp-style. They dared not make a fire, as the glow of the flames and smell of smoke would be dangerous. Supper was a cold, frugal meal brought along from the ranch. They talked quietly for a few minutes about the next day's journey. Then they were ready for rest.

Sleep followed quickly, and there was nothing more until that fearsome scream echoed around and around within the walls of the hut. Silence followed, except the sound of gurgling and choking noises from Ed, which the boy imagined must be something like a death rattle.

After the boy decided to try giving Ed a drink of water, he dragged Ed's head and shoulders higher onto the saddle pillow. Only a few drops went between his lips. This could not go on forever. The water didn't seem to do any good, anyway.

The boy stood up in his corner and felt in his jacket for matches. "Poor Ed," he was thinking. "He got it all right. Well, here's where I may get mine. But I've got to know what's going on."

He struck a match and snuffed it out instantly, jumping sideways and expecting to hear a bullet, a knife, or even stones crash against the wall where he had been standing. Yet the darkness and silence continued unbroken, except by a coyote's mournful singing, away in the distance, and Ed's moaning.

Stepping back into his corner and dar-

ing all things that might happen, he struck another match and let it burn. No one would want a better target. But nothing happened—absolutely nothing.

ED was quieter now, but could not speak. His face was stained. The boy dampened his bandana with canteen water and wiped Ed's face. This seemed to comfort him a little.

It looked like day would never come. The fourteen-year-old settled back against the wall in his corner and waited, and waited. There was no use thinking of going for help. There wasn't any—closer than sixty miles—and before he had gone ten Ed's troubles would be over. He wanted to stay close, to help any way he could, and to take any last message in case the cowboy wanted to say something.

When at last the first pale light of day showed in the sky, Ed was breathing in shorter gasps, was moaning more quietly, and the movement of his arms and legs was less spasmodic. The boy judged it wouldn't be long now, but he felt he had to get outside if only for a moment or two. The air in the hut was sickening.

He bathed Ed's face again. There was not enough light to see the nature of his wound. Then he stepped outside and led their horses down the rocky path to water. Returning, he went to the hut and stood in the door a moment before entering.

"Oh, Ed," he said haltingly, thinking he was talking to himself. "I wish I could do something for you."

"I'm all right," Ed replied with great weariness, but clearly.

"You're all right?" the boy shouted. "You're all right? Was that what you said? All right?"

"Yes, I'm all right"—now Ed breathed out the words slowly but distinctly.

It was mid-day before they could continue their journey. Ed's blanket and poncho were taken to the waterhole, rinsed clean, and an hour or two later Ed, sitting down and with the boy helping, inched down the stony path to water. There he stripped and lay in the warm pool, using his hands feebly to bathe. There was no sign of a wound nor any blood.

The boy took this opportunity to wash up and rustle a bit of breakfast. Getting Ed into his saddle was shaky business but they managed, and started down the trail. It was a slow trip and quite late when they arrived and delivered their letter. How welcome was a good bunk-house bed!

Next morning Ed seemed like himself again. After breakfast he and the boy started back along their trail, carrying the reply to the letter. For miles they rode in silence.

"I—I'm sure sorry about what happened. I couldn't help. . . ."

The boy cut in angrily. "Why didn't you tell me ahead of time!" he demanded. "It would have made a difference, you know!"

"Ever since I was small, too young to remember, I've had this trouble. The doctor told my folks he couldn't do anything

(Continued on page 36)

Below: Braced against the heavy snows an old home survived the three fires that gutted La Porte in her prime. Right: Many scoffed at Mike Bustillo's tales of horses on snowshoes, but here he is behind his teams after a big storm.



MEN

Most of them sleep now under the wild lilies

BY LEWIS C. O'ROURKE

Photos Courtesy Author

WHEN I was a boy my family still lived in the old gold-rush town that had claimed my ancestors when they arrived from Ireland. Five thousand feet up in the pine forests, it once served as mountain terminus for the valley stage-line and as gateway to the mining camps of the Sierra. Through this doorway, romantically named La Porte, miners came and went to gold strikes at Poker Flat, Port Wine, and Whiskey Diggings. They were unique men who followed the rutted

stage road fifty miles into the hills to sift the creek beds for a trace of color.

For three generations new adventurers replenished the original "Forty-niners" before the gold and those who sought it began to disappear. Only a hard core continued the search until one by one "the old age pension" provided them sufficient rations and tobacco for retirement. Occasionally an outcast from the valley took to the hills to live from the dwindling supply of gold flakes, but the old-timers did not reproduce their kind. I was fortunate to have known them. Today they are dead and much of the pleasure I found in the mountains is also gone.

Fred, "The Bear Man," exemplified the

old prospector still actively pursuing a golden fortune. His cabin lay eight miles east of town near the bottom of a canyon carved by a tumbling mountain stream. His descriptive nickname stemmed from the stories he always brought to town when he arrived for monthly provisions. The old man would come snorting up the trail, empty pack hanging limp on his back, waving greetings to the group on the porch bench at the store. Then the fun began. The bears grew bigger each time he returned, and I was convinced that the Bear Man shared his cabin with at least one of the hairy monsters.

The town listened to Fred's tales with



THE ECCENTRIC OF LA PORTE

of an old mining camp...

a mixture of compassion and skepticism, a frustrating situation for their highly eccentric teller. Dad, as the originator of the galling nickname, finally drew the old man's pent-up wrath. One day, after a round of bear stories at Reilly's saloon, Fred encountered him on the main street. Under a barrage of rocks from the gravel roadbed Dad retreated indoors, followed by the Bear Man's roaring voice. "You s-o-b, I'll show you who's a Bear Man. I'll kill you with my own hands!"

Of course, the threat was never carried out and we all kept on laughing at the stories of the old man's ferocious neighbors, the bears, while he continued to inhabit his isolated cabin summer and

winter. Then one spring Fred failed to come to the store. Months later fishermen discovered his boots and the bottom half of a human skeleton. The Bear Man hadn't been so crazy after all!

THE COMMUNITY was still closely tied to its history, and entry into La Porte was like a journey fifty years backward in time. Although Black Bart no longer menaced the panel truck that replaced the Marysville-La Porte stagecoach, Mike Bustillos vividly recreated those days for anyone with the time and thirst to listen. Mike was dark and lanky, with deep set, mysterious eyes that betokened an acquaintance with murder and

robbery. He had retired on "the pension" after years behind the horses of the stage run, and the old Portuguese knew every turn and boulder in the road to the valley.

It was always Mike's encounter with Black Bart, however, that enthralled the guests at Reilly's saloon. He would describe the gloom of a mountain autumn afternoon, with the long shadows of tall pines falling across the road, when Bart suddenly stepped in front of his team and politely requested the stage be stopped.

"Mr. Bustillos," said Bart, "would you do me the courtesy of halting the stage?"

"Why I'd be pleased to accommodate you, sir," went Mike's rendition of the story (and at about this point he also cleared his throat in a manner that produced at least one free whiskey).

"Be a fine fellow, Mr. Bustillos, and kick down that small chest there by your feet." Black Bart was noted for excellent manners and Mike acknowledged he had flawless social grace.

"With pleasure, Mr. Bart, and a marvelous good evening to you, sir." With that the old man made a flourish and described the outlaw riding away across the hills with the Wells Fargo loot.

Unfortunately, he related the story once too often. After an exceptional portrayal of the holdup, a valleycat versed in California history eyed the old stage-driver and said, "Begging your pardon, Mr. Bustillos, but my accounting either places you driving that stage at age four or you are slightly over 110 at this very moment." Mike never bothered to recount that particular experience again.

The town at the end of the stage run gave material expression to the gold seekers' personality, for above all it was utilitarian. The houses were built of native pine with steep peaked roofs to channel the heavy snows down onto the ground. In recent years many were abandoned. Leaning precariously sideways, they became victims of the blizzards that finally broke their proud stance.

Only the stone walls and iron shutters of the General Store and a saloon occupying the old Wells Fargo building violated this standard design. They were both built from native stone and stood among the ruins of other buildings that failed to survive the town's three major fires.

NORMALLY the mountaineers were without prejudice; it was a hard country where any neighbor was appreciated and only the Chinaman Pok lived outside the accepted social circle. Many of his countrymen once provided cheap labor for hydraulic mining, but three fires and the end of large corporate ventures reduced our "Chinatown" to Pok and one filthy shack. He was frightening to children—a wrinkled old Oriental, dressed like a woman, with a greasy braid of hair trailing down the back. Of all the old-timers, Mother warned me only against Pok and I likened his rotting cabin to a witch's castle.

There was even a witch's brew that the heathen Chinaman kept covered in a large crockery pot. I never knew exactly what it was, but Pok swigged from it frequently. Occasionally when Reilly's sa-



Above: This old mountain home is abandoned and leaning with age. Below: Pok lived in solitude, isolated by the small community.



loon generated a drinking bout of old-time proportions, the barrier of prejudice fell and the hardest drinkers ended around Pok's earthen jar. Had Grandmother known where her son often retrieved his tough little father, the family hound would have shared the woodshed with a permanent roommate.

Pok was a lonely man, rooted in another world while inhabiting a dying one. My clearest memory of him was the day he caught me trying to peek into his cabin. Instead of applying torture, he gave me a candy bar and tried to make friends but I fled. Convinced that the candy bar was poisoned, I threw it away. Now that Pok and the others have passed on, the old prejudice seems more joke than reality and in my memories of those days he joins the community as an equal member. Today, I wish I had given him the happiness of eating his gift.

The community centered around the store. It provided the pleasures as well as the means of life. The whole population gathered there at least once a day to greet the incoming mail, but the rest of the time a significant representation was always on hand. In summer these men occupied the porch bench; in winter, the chairs around the pot-bellied stove near the post-office counter.

The old-timers were not idle gossips and their time at the store came between varied endeavors. Supplemented by a devoted hound or pampered cat, each individual performed the routine tasks of a complete family. They cooked, washed, and kept house for themselves, maintained their crude cabins like palaces and cultivated vegetable gardens, berry patches, lawns and flower beds. Although its zenith had passed, the town was still alive because of their spirit and accomplishments. Newly painted cabins, green gardens and a rainbow of flowers identified La Porte as an oasis of activity isolated among the surrounding Sierra peaks.

JOHNNY SIMMS personified the driving spirit of an old mountaineer. Like many of his contemporaries he reached the high Sierra from a distant origin. Johnny came from Luxembourg. His soft French accent seemed the appropriate counterpart to his small frame, delicate appearance and friendly easygoing personality. However, these outward characteristics gave no indication of the man's mental and physical strength. Johnny's way of life was akin to that of the Bear Man, and he too occupied a cabin several miles from town, relying on his feet and a strong back to maintain a supply line to the store and Reilly's saloon.

When Johnny first arrived in La Porte he was barely twenty and eager to find a fortune. He outfitted as a sniper and began the tedious search for gold. Then, as now, the mechanics of sniping involved the step-by-step sifting of dirt and rock until it could be reduced painful by painful to black sand and microscopic gold flakes. Of course failure, meaning the prospector hadn't selected a gold-bearing site, was more prevalent than success.

But Johnny was luckier than the ordi-

(Continued on page 44)

TOM WATSON

Long-time Cattle Buyer

—“he deserves to be remembered.”

BY REUBEN SQUIRE

Photo Courtesy Author

HISTORY BOOKS make no mention of Tom Watson, a cattle buyer who roamed northwestern Colorado from the early 1880s to around 1900. But homesteaders along the Yampa, Elk, Snake, and White Rivers knew him well—he was the best friend some of them ever had.

For three score years I rode the range in this region. I knew Loren Bird well and worked the old cattle drives with him. I remember riding into Yampa, Colorado with my father as we returned from a cattle drive, and being told that Tom Watson, the old cattle buyer, had just died.

Years later, when I was marshal of Yampa and was doing some work in the cemetery, I took a picture of his grave. I think old Tom Watson deserves to be remembered.

The homesteaders depended on him and his crews to gather stock from the scattered ranches, combine small herds, and drive them a hundred or two miles to market, or to the nearest railroad shipping point. They depended on him to sell the stock, collect from the buyer, and return with cash payment. Checks were of no use to them. In a region larger than the state of Massachusetts, extending from the main range of the Rocky Mountains to the Utah line, there was not a single bank.

Ranch children watched for that lanky figure on a long-legged horse. Any season of the year except when snow was too deep they could see him riding up the trail, or over the hill, or through the quaking aspens.

“Here comes Tom Watson!”

Sometimes the cattle buyer rode at night, as the notion struck him, and would come into a ranch at daybreak “with his trading clothes on.”

As far as anyone knew, Tom had never had a home of his own. But wherever his horse brought him—to the meanest cabin in Maudlin Canyon or the best chinked shelter in Yampa Valley—he was welcome to stay as long as he liked. Awkward around womenfolk, he was at ease with children. He would hoist them to his saddle, or ride them on his shoulders and let them tug his red neckerchief.

In spring and summer Tom would be getting the lowdown on beef critters that would be ready for shipment in the fall. More than that, he would be seeing how his friends, the ranchers, were doing. Tom would invariably ask, “Do you

need any money?” After a hard winter, pretty nearly everybody did. He would take a roll of bills out of a long, leather pouch he always carried and hand over twenty-five, or fifty, or a hundred dollars. The rancher would want to sign a note, but Tom would brush him aside. “Nope. You’ll have stock to sell this fall. That’ll be time enough to settle.”

TOM’S MEMORY was sharp when it came to cattle. On one of his trips he might spot a steer that took his fancy, and when round-up time came, he would say, “Where’s that brockle-faced critter?” It was odd that he could not always remember what some rancher owed him.

One cabin where Tom especially liked to bed down for a night or two, or sometimes for a winter, was on the William Bird homestead near the present town of Yampa, Colorado. The Birds had several children. The boy Loren took Tom’s eye. Every time Tom came, Loren had grown a couple of inches, and by and by could almost wear Tom’s big flat-heeled boots. It could have been the spring of 1888 when Tom said, “How would you like to ride with me?”

Loren did not have to think twice. And his folks were glad for the cattle buyer to take over their son’s education. Who knew the geography of northwestern Colorado better than Tom? Or how to handle cattle? Or how to ride a horse?

And so for several years Loren rode with Tom as a sort of handyman. To him we owe most of the stories that have become legend about the old-time cattle buyer.

At first, Loren recollected, it was misery for him to try to keep up with Tom, whose horse traveled like an elk, covering sometimes sixty miles a day. But the boy stuck it out. The longest stretches were across the sagebrush of what was called the Lower Country. Man and boy might have to back off from a canyon where a thousand feet below red cliffs, a river snaked its way. Or they would have to travel miles off their course to cross a deep sand wash. Eventually, they would come to a cedar draw

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THE DAVIS MINE west of Gillham, Arkansas is easily the most picturesque of Sevier County mines today. Because of its inaccessibility its tailings dumps have remained, and even bits of iron machinery have escaped scrap iron collectors.

The care with which the concrete walls and foundations were stuccoed and finished lends an air of well-kept permanence not ordinarily found in mine operations, which are usually rough and hastily constructed.

On one of these foundations an early-day Kilroy scratched his name and the date 8-28-1901 in the fresh stucco.

Camera fans and weekend artists will find pictures and sketches aplenty in these mines. Rockhounds will find the tailings dumps interesting digging and may be rewarded with specimens of sphalerite (zinc) and galena (lead).

Davis Mine was opened by Julius Fol-

som, a Choctaw Indian chief, in 1842 and a zinc smelter was erected there in 1875 or '76. Sam Davis worked the mine in the '80s and sold it to the Southern Zinc Copper Mining Company. This company operated the mine for six years, producing both lead and zinc ores which were hauled to Mineral, Arkansas for shipment.

It is reported that Sam Davis once refused a \$30,000 offer from a Philadelphia firm for the mine. During the period of greatest production the shipments averaged one carload of ore every week.

In 1911 and '12 the mine was worked by Karl Shuey, who shipped fifteen or sixteen carloads of ore, half of it sphalerite and the other half galena.

The mine was next worked by A. V. Oliver, beginning in March 1916 and then by the Boston and Arkansas Mining Company of Okmulgee, Oklahoma.

The mine consists of four shafts from which several drifts have been run. The

deepest shaft is said to have been 204 feet deep. The rocks at this locality are black shale and hard gray sandstone which are a part of the formation known as Stanley shale.

Quartz veins in this zone, especially those adjacent to the footwall, carry sphalerite, galena, chalcopryrite and calcite, the most abundant named first. In addition, there are small quantities of azurite and malachite near the surface, and small quantities of calamine were reported to be present at some places. The sphalerite, galena and chalcopryrite are more or less intermingled. They occur as single crystals and aggregates of crystals disseminated through quartz veins and as solid veins, some of which cut through quartzite.

Assays show a trace of gold and from 17.5 to 31 ounces of silver to the ton.

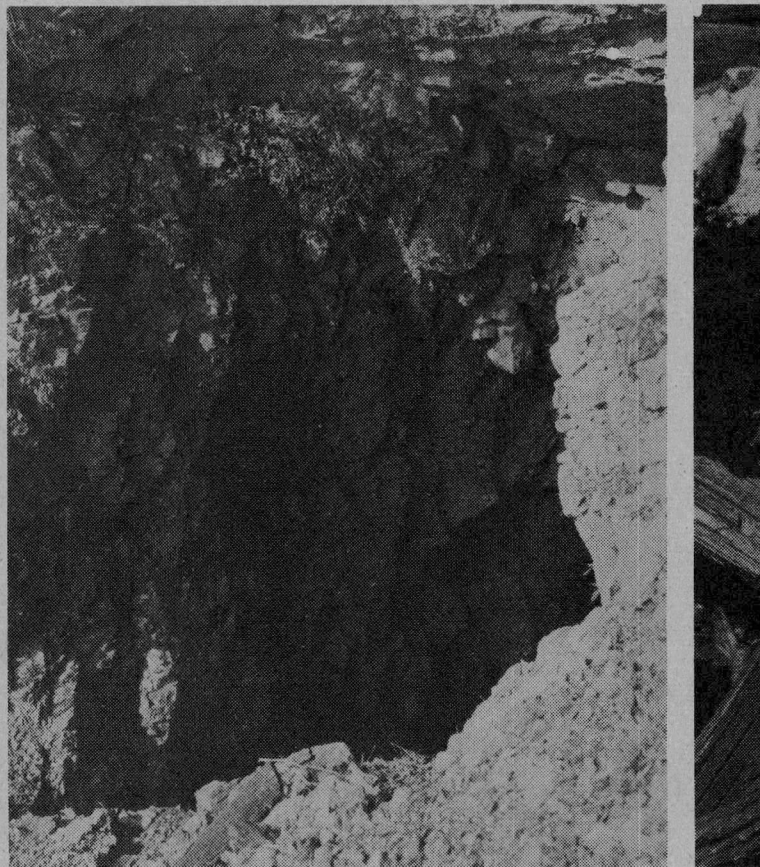
The workings at the time appeared to indicate the deposit has a length of 300

DAVIS' MINE

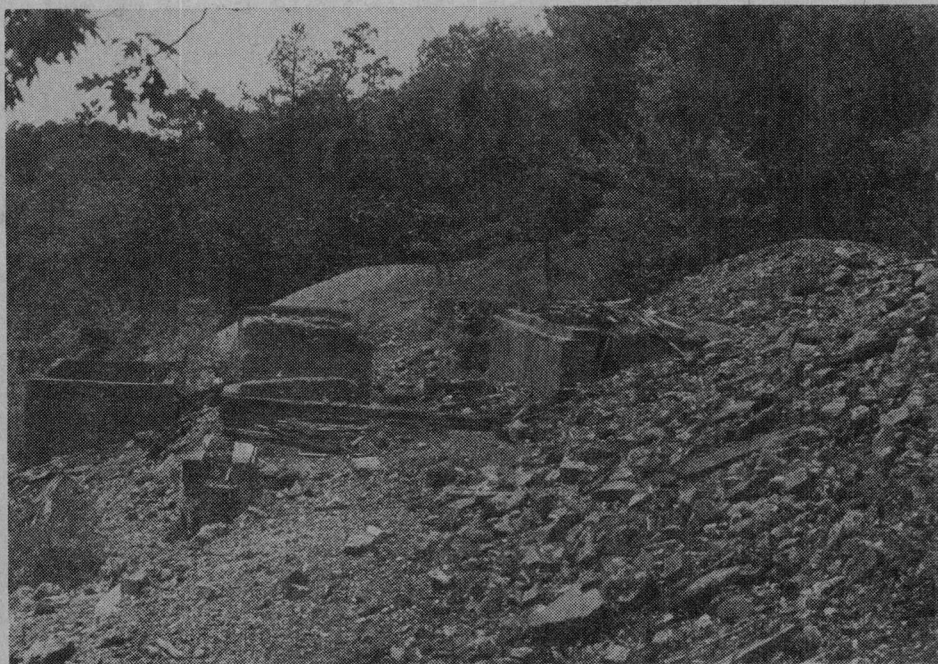
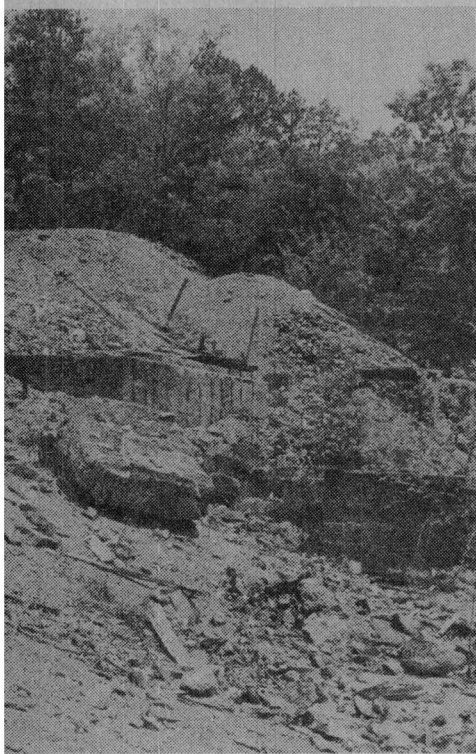
Clearcutters are near—within a half-mile!



Main shaft.



Near main shaft. Air shaft?

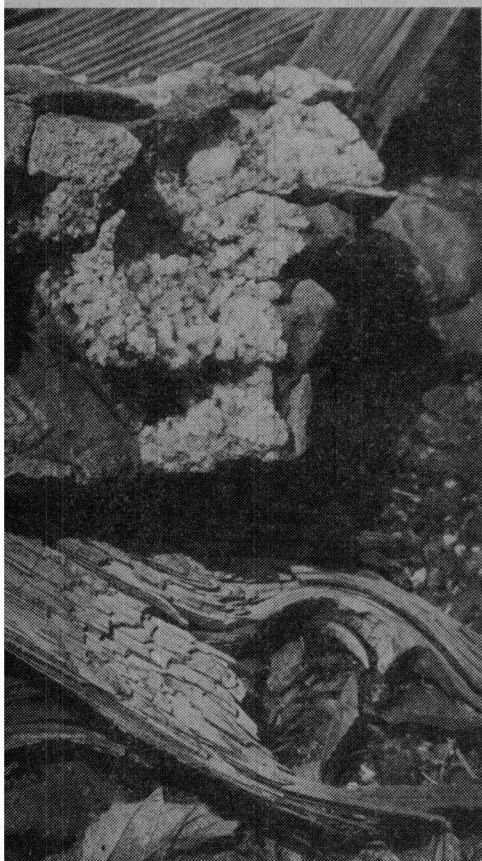
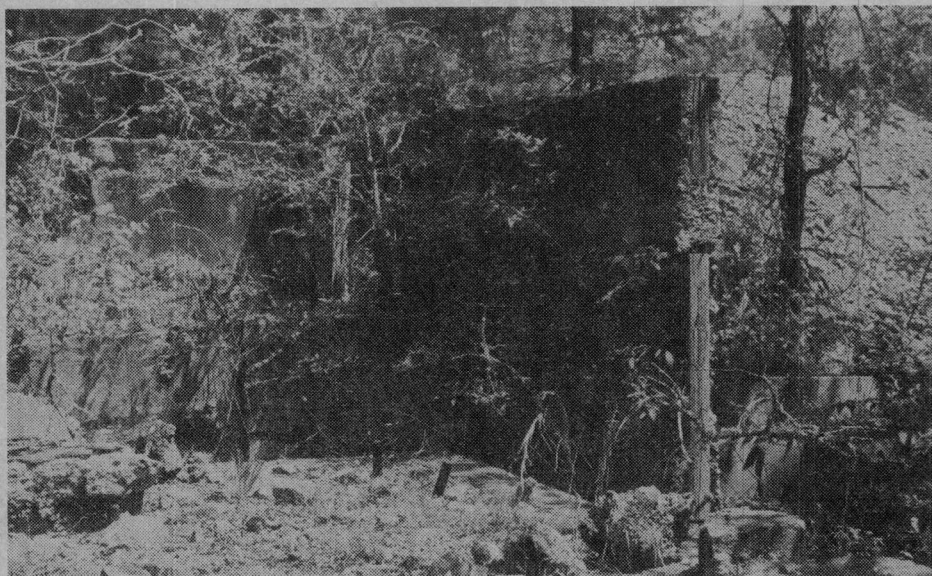


Left, above and below: Davis Mine from various views.

BY HAROLD MABRY

From *Profiles Of The Past* by Harold Mabry

Photos by Author



Quartz crystals at Davis mine.

feet, a width of 30 to 40 feet and a depth of 204 feet which is reported to be the deepest shaft.

Work is said to have stopped at this mine because the pumps of the day were inadequate to keep water from the shafts. The mine is about 100 yards from the river.

BE forewarned, however, before rushing to pack your camera or sharpen your sketch pencils. The last 2½ miles to the mine are impassable for a car. A country pickup can negotiate two more. A dude pickup will be scratched mercilessly.

In any event you will have to walk the last half-mile. If you elect to walk the entire 2½ miles you will swear it is 5.

Be careful with your children and dogs. Test or prospect holes are all over the woods in this area, and you can happen upon one of these well-like holes where

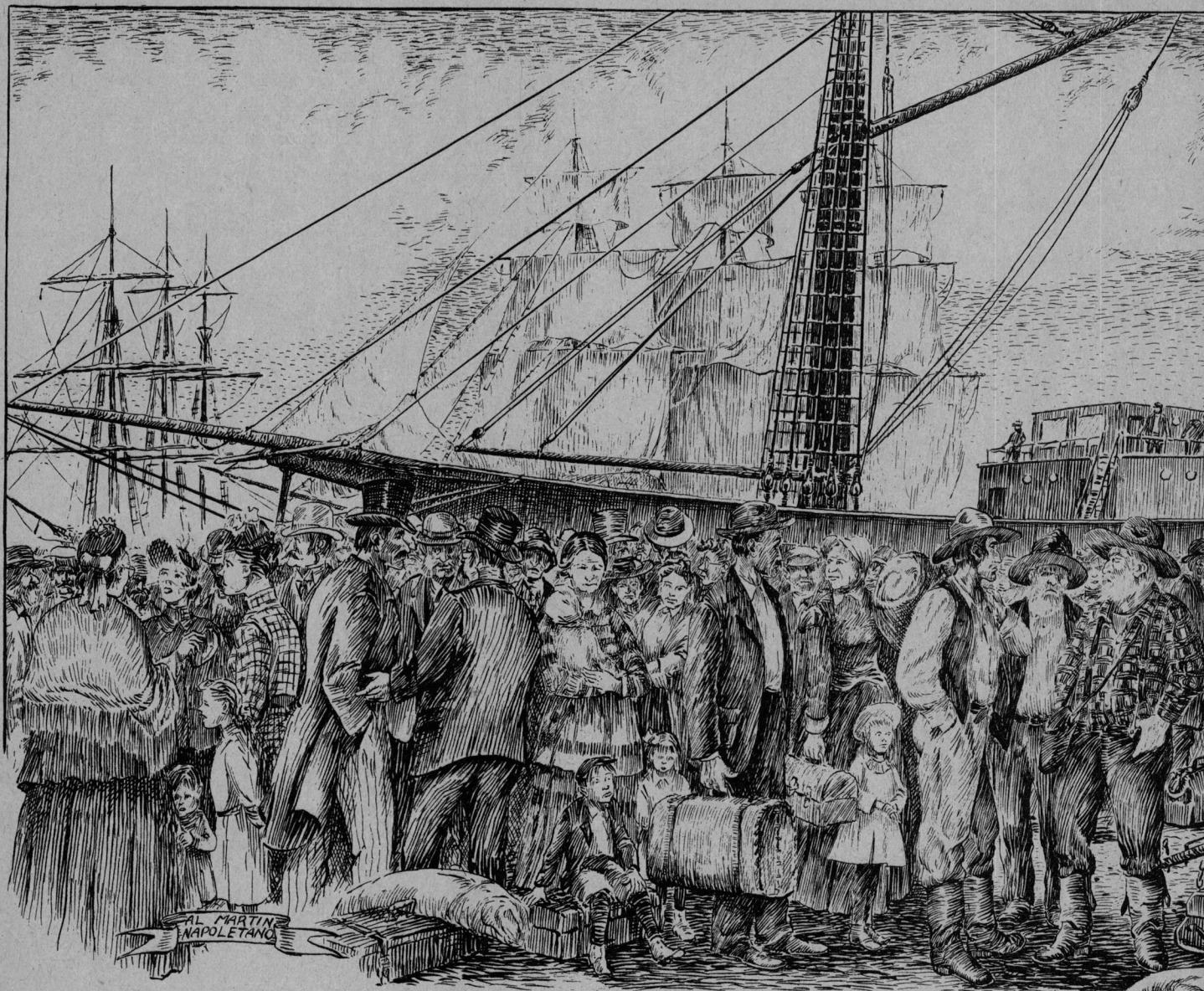
time and weather has covered any signs of digging. Carry a snake bite kit.

Probably the biggest hazard is the mine itself. The loose tailings have slipped into the main shaft about 25 feet deep, creating a funnel like a giant "doodlebug home" that conceivably could trap a human being the same way a doodlebug or ant-lion traps insects.

While this hazard is fenced to keep cattle out, there is no way of telling how many small animals have slipped down the loose tailings into the water-filled mine shaft to sure doom.

If you are still determined to go—then get a guide. It's impossible to give verbal directions other than "go west from Mineral."

When you get back, while rubbing sore muscles, if you think it was rough—then you should have tried it in the mid-1950s before the road was improved!



Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

A strange cargo, a strange passenger list, and an ominous
—all were factors in

Last Cruise Of The *YANKEE*

BY GEORGE CHANDLER
submitted by
LULU LEIGH PICKETT

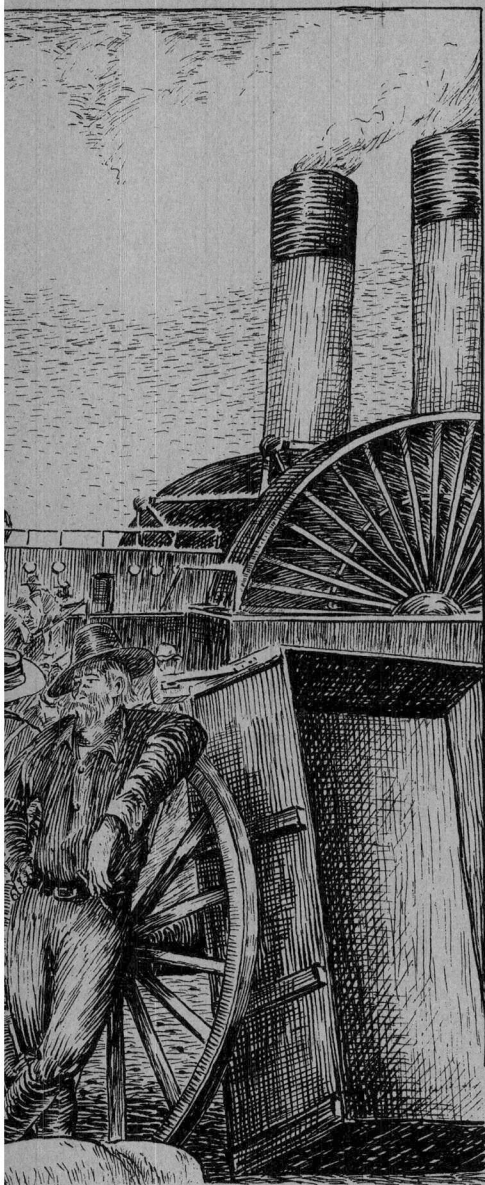
WHY is it so seldom that one has a forewarning of peril? September 30, 1854 was such a gala day at the port of San Francisco. Four ships were to sail at the same time, and I would be on one of them. The *Cortez* and *Sonoma* were small, slower coastal boats. The *Goliath*

was a large comfortable steamer having considerable speed, while the *Yankee Blade*, Captain Henry Randall in command, was a fast luxurious ship. She had two big side-paddle wheels, two tall smoke stacks, three decks and a round stern, but no figurehead. She had been built for the Independent Line Company to carry passengers around the Horn to San Francisco during the gold rush.

On the *Yankee Blade's* maiden voyage, when she anchored off the Isthmus of Panama to change cargoes, Captain Ran-

dall was horrified at the condition of hundreds of men stranded there. They had been waiting weeks, even months, for transportation to San Francisco. He persuaded the company to put the ship on a Panama-San Francisco run until the men were rescued. This was to be his fourth round trip. One had been made in fourteen days.

This trip I would be one of her passengers, headed for home. I had reached the gold fields with one of the first wagontrains to leave Independence, but



rolling sea

BLADE

after a few months returned East with other disillusioned prospectors. Shortly I forgot the agonizing hardships of the first trip and once more joined a wagon-train. This time I went directly to San Francisco.

The city was rebuilding from one of her disastrous fires. Construction companies were paying fabulous wages to anyone who could hit a nail with a hammer. I took a job with one of the larger companies, saved my money, and when I had a stake two other young fel-

lows and I formed our own company. We prospered. Before long a rival company bought us out.

I decided to surprise my family in Dobbs Ferry, New York. Wells Fargo Express and my bank in New York City handled my business. I made reservations on the *Yankee Blade* to San Pedro, the port for the Pueblo de Los Angeles. I planned to spend a few days there, then go on to Riverside, and eventually to connect with the Emigrant Trail to Independence.

Now I was standing near the gangplank, waiting to board the *Yankee Blade*. A man standing near me said, "I saw an interesting sight this morning. I was watching the ship load cargo. Three prize bulls were lowered into a special pen built in the stern. They are being shipped to a Spanish don in Santa Barbara. He—" Just then the gangplank was lowered, and I was swept with the crowd onto the first deck.

A wide stairway led to the middle deck. I soon found myself on the stairway where I could look over my fellow passengers. The majority seemed to be miners. They were dressed in red or blue flannel shirts, heavy work pants, and shapeless, disreputable hats. A few men, like myself, wore business suits and bowler, or derby, hats. I noticed a small number of men wearing diamond rings, pearl stickpins in their cravats, heavy gold watchchains stretched across fancy waistcoats, and high silk hats. I put them down as gamblers, like those I had seen on riverboats.

A number of women and crying children were being crushed by a group of boisterous men, impatiently shoving forward. Most of the women were dressed for travel, but a few were decked out in the latest fashion and too much valuable jewelry. I spotted a few Mexican and Panamanian costumes here and there.

AS I was pushed up another step, I heard someone say, "I know for a fact, my informant was a person in authority, that there are 800 passengers on the passenger list, but there are at least 1,200 on board, among them 32 women and 81 children."

A woman chimed in, "I heard yesterday this trip is to be a race between the *Yankee Blade* and the *Goliath*!"

Then another high, clear voice cried excitedly to her companion, "Did you say 'pirates?' Oh, my God! Pirates on this ship! We'll be robbed and murdered, or made to walk the plank or something!"

There was a burst of laughter, but a "gambler" near me said, "That could well be the truth. When you think of all the gold the miners are carrying, the jewelry and money the other passengers have, to say nothing of the valuables in the purser's safe and the ship's vault, the steamer might well be worth taking over."

The next push sent me up on the middle deck where I found my cabin. I left my Gladstone bag, which was packed with clothing and gifts, on the lowest bunk and went back on deck. My extra money I carried in a money belt around

my waist. On deck I found a comfortable seat aft and prepared to enjoy my first sea voyage. Although it was well after midnight when I went back to my cabin, and nearly morning when the ship quieted down, I went to the dining room as soon as the bugle sounded first call.

After a fine breakfast I went on deck. I stayed there until the dinner bugle sounded first call to dinner. It was when I came back on deck after a delicious Sunday dinner that I noticed the weather was changing. It was hazy. Streamers of light fog drifted about. The air was damp and smelled of seaweed.

The ship was quiet. Many adults and almost all of the children had gone to their cabins. The rest of us were scattered on the decks or sitting in the prow watching the fog come in. At first no one was concerned, but as the fog increased and we didn't slacken speed, there was muttering, "Why don't we slow down? Why doesn't the Captain blow the whistle?"

Then, as density increased and fear took over, more voices were raised. "Why don't we slow down? Why don't we lay to? Why don't we stop?"

When visibility was zero and panic gripped the ship, people cried, "Why don't we stop until the fog lifts?"

The ship's officers seemed unalarmed. One said, "Be calm. There is nothing to fear. Captain Randall knows the coast like the palm of his hand." "You are as safe as a babe in a cradle," another was saying, when suddenly we struck Point Arguello, the reef off the coast of Santa Barbara. So great was our speed, the ship climbed five or six hundred feet up the rocks.

I was thrown to the deck, almost under the railing. Instinctively I threw my arms around the supports and held on. For a second there was a death-like silence, then pandemonium broke loose. The screams of people, the booming and roaring of the surf and the tolling of the ship's bell every time a wave hit the hull, were almost more than our nerves and ears could stand. Many people were thrown into the water. Others were washed overboard by a huge wave that followed the crash.

A new, terrifying sound rose in front and above me. I struggled to my feet. I looked up and saw the stern break away from the promenade deck, then slowly tear away from the rest of the ship. It took men, women, children, lifeboats, life preservers, the three bulls, everything in that part of the steamer, and plunged into the turbulent waters below.

As I watched in frozen horror, I was dimly conscious of people leaping over the railing. Only the strongest would make the shore. What was I to do? I was but a poor swimmer. Then the fog thinned a little and I saw heads bobbing toward the now visible land. Should I throw myself in too, trusting that the will to survive would keep me going? It was at this point the three bulls surfaced. They trod water for a brief time, looked around with terrified eyes and began swimming toward the shore. That gave me an idea. It was a long shot but it just might work.

(Continued on page 54)

OLGA LITTLE

BY KIT STONE

Photos Courtesy Author

ONE DAY I stood beside a white frame house at the entrance to La Plata Canyon in the San Juan Range of the Rocky Mountains. There in the stillness I let my eyes drift along the ruggedness beyond, where mountain peaks cut sharply into a blue sky, wispy clouds drifting about their summits. Snow still clung to their sides as they plunged steeply to the canyon below, their jagged descent defying anyone to trespass their forbidding domain. I tried to imagine what it must have been like to be in the shoes of Olga Schaaf as she and her train snaked about the huge boulders and crept carefully along the steep cliffs at the beginning of the century.

I noticed the metal form of a pack burro standing on the front lawn of her home, a tribute to these lowly animals and to the courage and stamina their owner displayed throughout her life in the Rockies. It is scarcely possible to understand why a young woman would choose to endure such hardships.

I first heard of Olga's unusual occupation from Forrest and Alvena Sharp. Mrs. Sharp was her cousin. And this is the Sharps story as they told it to me.

Olga Schaaf was only a year old when her parents left Hamburg, Germany to try their fortunes in America. They traveled by covered wagon to New Mexico but eventually settled in Animas City, a small settlement across the river from present-day Durango, Colorado. There her father built a house and tried to make a living farming.

The soil failed to yield and in time Mr. Schaaf's health began to fail. His three young sons and Olga were confronted with finding a way to make a living. The youngsters began to turn their attentions toward horses and became skillful riders.

Their knowledge of handling horses paid off. When they started breaking horses for hire, Olga stuck to her bucking animal as well as any of her brothers. It was hard work for the Schaaf children but it brought in money to feed the family. Olga worked at other jobs along with horse breaking. She hired out for housework and tending children, and as a waitress. When she was between jobs or had time to spare, the local livery stable owner hired her to drive wagons loaded with Durangoans and their guests, or tourists hungry to get a glimpse of the mining boom area. On these occasions she would not only take her passengers past some of the



Above: The Olga Little pack train descending the barren, rocky sides of the La Plata Mountains. Below: Olga, dressed to lead her burro train.



LADY PACKER

The best advice ever given her:
"Trust your animals.
Where the burros refuse to go,
that's as good a sign as any
that 'taint safe."



Above right: Resting the animals before a return trip from the Kaibab Mine. Left: Olga Schaaf as a young lady.

mines but would also take them through scenic spots not so well known.

OLGA was in her twenties when she was crossing the street in Durango one day and was hailed by Frank Rivers, co-owner of the Rivers and Gorman Mines. She was surprised when he expressed a desire for her to take a pack train of supplies up to the Ruby Mine.

Men were scarce in the town. Most of them were either working in the mines or were out prospecting on their own hoping to find the vein that would make them rich overnight. At first Olga thought the idea was preposterous and said as much to Mr. Rivers, explaining that she knew nothing about packing and couldn't think of helping him out.

Being in a desperate situation, Mr. Rivers tried to convince the girl that with her knowledge of horses and the back country no one was more capable or familiar with the area than she was. Still Olga retreated from the offer. In

a last effort to change her mind the mine owner asked her how much she could earn working for other women or in the hotels—\$2.75 or \$3.00 a month maybe? If she took the pack train up to the mine and loaded it with ore for the return trip, the pay was \$20 a ton. Twenty burros could bring out close to a ton in one trip. Olga quickly calculated the differences in income while he was talking and decided to take a shot at it, for one time at least. Her family needed the money.

Mr. Rivers said he would tie the load of supplies onto the burros and all Olga would need do was lead the animals to their destination, load the sacks of ore and then come back down. It would be a two-day trip. Sending a young woman up into the mountains with a pack string had never been tried before, but he had every faith in her ability to handle the train. Olga followed him over to where the burro string was tethered, asking questions as she went concerning the

new undertaking. Then while he loaded the animals, Olga went home to change into more appropriate attire for the treacherous trip into the San Juans.

"The one big thing to remember—watch and trust your animals," he instructed her on her return. "A burro looks dumb, but that doesn't mean he is. They're smarter than people most times." Olga mounted her horse and took the lines. "Remember now," he looked up at her, "where the burros refuse to go and start balking, that's as good a sign as any that tain't safe. If they start showing you trouble ahead, take a different route, even if it's farther. Don't ever insist on them going where they don't want to go."

He looked back along the string, nodding, "They're good little fellas if you just watch and learn how to read them. They'll get you through all right."

Mr. Rivers nodded toward Olga and gave her horse a friendly slap on the rump as a sign it was time to be on

head at the idea of a woman working a pack train and proceeded to inform her that if she was going to try to be a packer then she had better learn how to properly tie and untie a load. It was a lesson in packing she would never forget.

He demonstrated how the packs should be balanced so one side would not be heavier than the other and put the animal off balance when picking its way along steep cliffs. Knowing the treachery of the mountains, Olga immediately recognized the value of what he was telling her and was a quick learner. Next came instructions in correctly tied knots. He showed her all the hitches to be used so a load could be dropped off an animal's back in an instant in case of emergency. Soon the burros were free of their burdens and tethered for a night of rest before the long trail back down the slopes.

Olga's next problem was finding sleeping quarters for herself in an all-male

Olga explained that she was on a one-time run in the absence of any available man for the job. They struck up a conversation on the subject of the packer shortage, Mr. Ball trying to convince Olga to continue, since he was having the same problem as Mr. Rivers in getting his supplies up to the mines and the ores brought out. Olga was not sure, but when she waved goodbye and began to head her string down the slopes she agreed to think about it.

When Olga arrived back in Durango she was subject to even more persuasion and soon was off on another trip. Many, many more followed over the years, but the first run, like the first of anything, was never forgotten.

OLGA SCHAAF became the first known lady packer in Colorado, and perhaps in the whole country. She was in great demand because of her skill and dependability. Taking her pack train into rugged mountainous area where strong men refused to go, she hauled groceries, lumber, rails, tobacco, blasting powder, ammunition, medicines, mail and the usual conglomeration of whatever else was needed. On the return trips she brought sacks of ore out to the railroad or the mills, and on occasion was known to have brought the bodies of unfortunate men down to the settlements for a proper burial. Among the mines she packed into were the Ruby and Neglected, already mentioned, also the Bessie G., Kaibab, Black Diamond and several others.

The girl became a cheerful, welcome sight to the isolated miners. Dressed in men's clothing to withstand the rigors of mountain life, full of good humor, Olga, unlike her fellow pack train drivers, never spoke a cuss word in her life. Her animals were treated with extreme kindness. She knew full well her life and safe return were completely dependent on her burros and she acted accordingly. The burros were never abused in any way and, true to the first lesson she learned on that first day working for Mr. Rivers, she never forced them to go anywhere they indicated reluctance. Along the precipitous trails she trusted their instinct, for her own safety as well as theirs. Even after she added mules to her string, her rules remained the same. She never pushed her animals. Olga let them take their time, picking their footing carefully among the rocks and along the steep cliffs, lest one of them lose its footing and go crashing into the chasms below, possibly with a load of dynamite on its back.

Winters in the Rockies meant blinding snow—deep, with the whiteness covering familiar landmarks. Avalanches thunder down the steep mountainsides obliterating everything in their paths. On one of Olga's trips up to the Neglected Mine a blizzard moved in that had our lady packer, along with sixteen miners and her twenty-five burros, snowed in for five days with only oatmeal to eat. The meagre ration was stretched as far as they could make it go around.

On the fifth day the oatmeal gave out. At the 10,000' camp, snow was ten feet deep and the temperature was 30 be-



The pack train is scarcely visible against the wintry landscape.

their way to the Ruby. The little burros, loaded down with their bulky burdens, struck up their pace, leaving the town and heading into the canyons beyond. For the young lady in the saddle a new career was being born that would continue for many years and take her through innumerable unusual experiences, but this day there was no thought of the future. What she was attempting was a one-time deal and simply for the money.

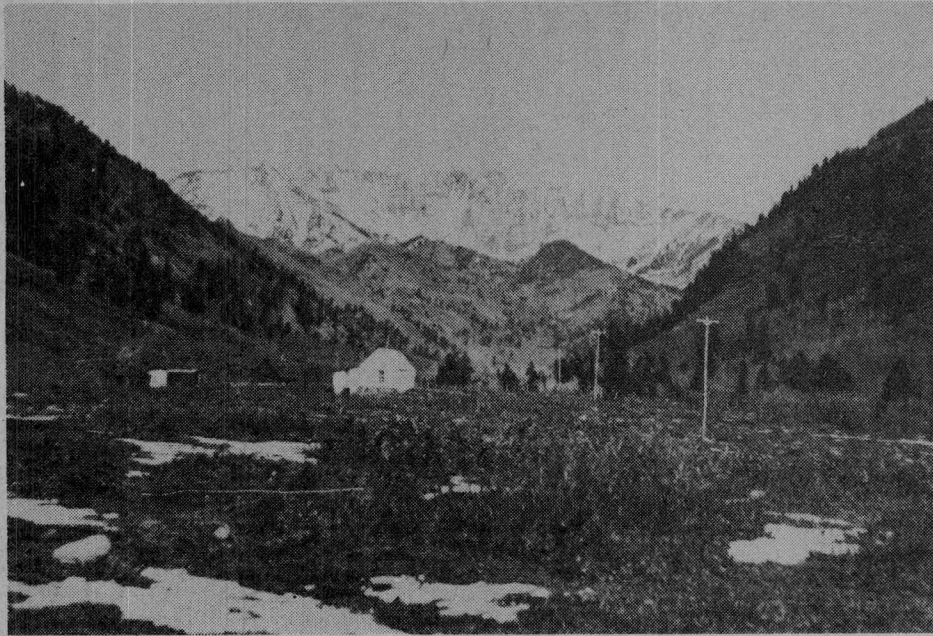
THE PACK TRAIN arrived at the Ruby Mine after nightfall. Naturally there were no accommodations there for lady guests. Olga was shaking with nervousness. When she tried to unload her cargo she found the ropes tied in dozens of unrelenting knots. As she struggled to undo the maze, a professional packer strolled over to assist.

He stood for a moment shaking his

camp. For lack of a better answer, she chose to stay awake all night, too uneasy to allow herself the luxury of sleep. In the morning she tried her new skills with the knots, loading her animals with bags of ore for the return trip.

Once well away and out of sight of the camp, and unable to keep her sleep-heavy eyes open any longer, Olga located a meadow, tethered the burro string and curled up on the ground to rest, making herself a promise that she would never be talked into such a venture again.

After a few short hours she was awakened by a man approaching her hiding place. As he came closer she was relieved to recognize John Ball, superintendent of the Neglected Mine. Burros loaded with sacks of ore were a familiar sight to him but he was surprised to find a pretty young lady accompanying them.



The original home the Littles built together at the entrance to La Plata Canyon.

low. Olga knew they couldn't stay where they were. She induced the men to form a chain, following her and the burros through the deep snow in search of safety. It was a trying trip.

Harsh cold was par for the course for Olga; she was conditioned to working in adverse weather. All during the winter she packed her loads in and out of the mines, and her system had adjusted to the freezing cold and deep drifts. But the miners following her were accustomed to the shelter of the underground shafts, shielded from wintry blasts. In the more dangerous areas Olga stopped and tied bundles of wood to the tails of the burros to act as a brake. Should an animal lose its footing and

begin to slide down the steep mountainside, the wood would imbed itself in the snow. Its drag would slow the burro's descent until it could regain its footing.

After seven snowblinding miles Olga and the miners arrived at the Transfer Mine—the Olga Schaaf pack train had brought sixteen men through to food and safety.

IN 1909 Olga made a routine run to the Neglected Mine. William Little, a young miner fresh from Scotland, had just been hired there. He was fascinated by his first sight of a lady packer. Olga said when he met her the first thing he asked was, "Can you cook?" No one

Olga on her favorite mount.



knows just what prompted the question—if he was curious as to whether a girl working at a man's job could be feminine and capable in a lady's field, or if the mine camp cook was so inept he was hinting for a tasty meal with a woman's touch.

This acquaintance led to marriage in 1913 and Bill found that his bride was as capable handling a household as she was at the head of a burro string.

Bill Little had started as a coal miner in Scotland when a very young boy, supporting the family. (He felt at home in Colorado's mining country.) The young couple built a small home at the opening of La Plata Canyon near the present town of Hesperus, then called Parrot City, not far from Durango. Bill tried his hand at packing and at one time he and Olga ran strings of usually twenty burros each. They made good money for the times. With two strings working and taking a day to go up and one day for the return, they netted somewhere in the area of \$600 or so a month. Nor were they ever worried about being out of work since the demand for packers was constant.

Approximately four miles up the canyon the mining town of La Plata City was beginning to die, as so many of the boom towns have since. Buildings once housing thriving businesses sat empty as the owners moved on to more prosperous territory. In 1912 Olga and Bill bought an old deserted saloon building. Together they disassembled the structure, carted the sections over the rough makeshift trail through the canyon to their original dwelling, and there reconstructed the parts to add to their house.

With this addition and other improvements over the years, they ended up with a fair-sized home. Bullet holes are still visible on the outside kitchen walls where some celebrating miner had livened things up in the saloon.

But the packing twosome was not to continue. Bill Little suffered a severe heart attack in the late 1920s and was told that to continue the rigors of packing life would mean sure death. Olga and Bill talked it over. He took a job in charge of the fire station in La Plata Canyon and worked as foreman in the Mayday Mine which can be seen to this day on the mountainside just across from their house. During his off hours he began experimenting with the possibilities of the rocks he had collected—cutting, polishing and mounting them into strikingly beautiful jewelry. A barn-like building near their house, and the house itself, became a veritable museum to anyone wishing to drop in to buy or just browse. Olga and Bill were never too busy to stop and answer questions on any of the unusual items on display.

The couple bought 535 acres of land and started a dairy herd, getting up at four in the morning, milking, and selling the cream to the creamery. Working side by side they built fences for the herd and tended the stock. Most of this pasture land was sold in 1947 when Bill was well installed in his lapidary work. By this time they had dug a large well from which Bill worked out a system for pro-

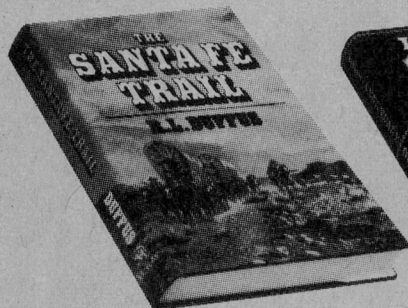
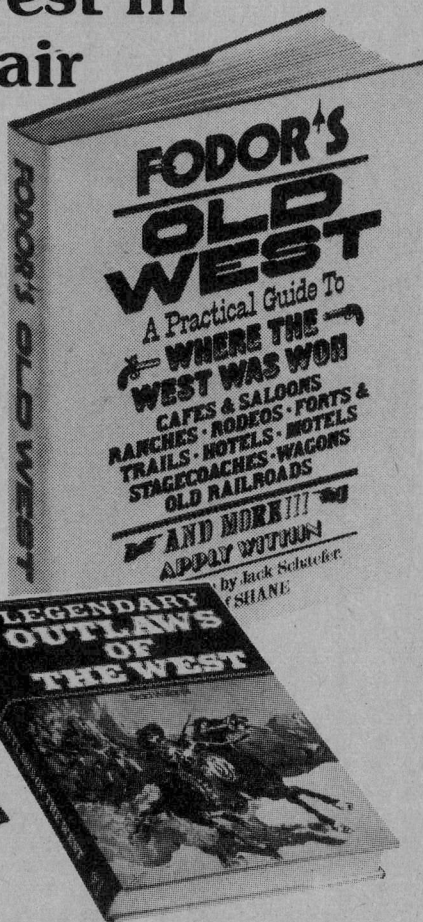
(Continued on page 36)

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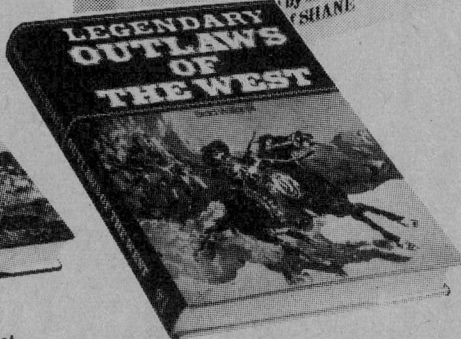
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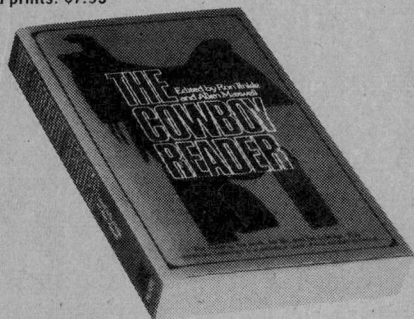
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Let's Gripe Together!

(Continued from page 3)

subscriber group costs us almost *nothing* when we do it right here in the magazine. (See page 33.) On the other hand, even *one* renewal notice involves personnel time, postage, and printing the material itself—cards or letters, whatever the case may be. I hope all this is clear. When I get to talking about operating costs, nuts and bolts start flying out of my ears.

Anyhow, this is a good time to give our rags as gifts, extend your own subscription or subscribe if you are a newsstand reader, so I hope you'll read the ad I mentioned in this issue. It is a confounding fact that we may never be able to offer these prices again in my lifetime—and I do hope to live a while longer!

Another question readers ask: Why can a magazine offer twelve issues to a subscriber for much less than if he were to buy them on a newsstand? It is simply that newsstands are so horribly crowded these days that you don't sell but a portion of the copies at any given location. Even the biggest magazines in the country have these difficulties. Fact is, this may be hard to believe but a 50% sale is considered good these days! All right, say you allot 200,000 copies of an issue to the nation's newsstands. If only half of them sell, it means 100,000 magazines go into the shredder. You have paid the price of transportation, story material, art, typesetting, personnel expenses—and everything goes to waste on those 100,000! Okay, take the 100,000 you have sold. The national distributor, the city wholesaler and your local newsstand dealer must have their share. It all combines to make the cover price look mighty ragged—the publisher only receives a *fraction* of it.

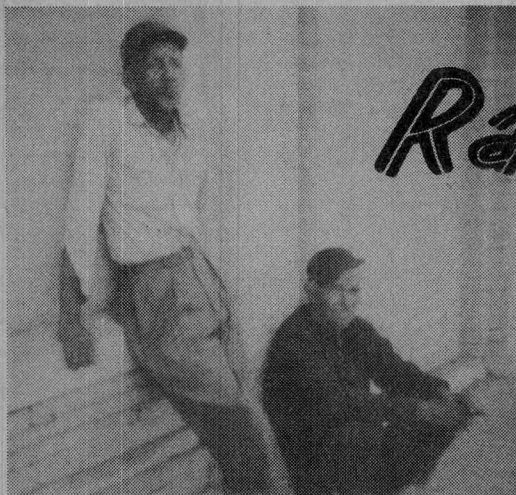
Switch to subscribers—you don't waste a copy there, so it is easy to see how the picture clears up from this angle.

Now, let's forget our own troubles for a moment and think back to those illustrations on page 3. CAN YOU BELIEVE IT! A 25¢ special rate for two full years? Even though magazines depended on advertising in those days, you get to thinking along the lines of why bother to ask for 12½¢ per year when about half of that had to be paid to the A. I. Root Company which was a supplier of bee keeping materials. My daddy did business with them most of his life. Those farm papers really hustled.

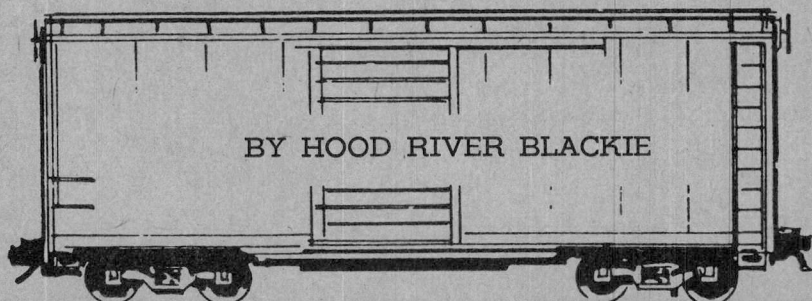
There was a man who always came to our house when our subscription to *Farm and Ranch* played out. He would try to get money but we never had any so he would ask, "How about a hoss-trade?" That was okay, so he would get out his chicken-catcher wire, throw a little corn to the chickens and hook them by the leg, put them in one of the several coops he carried around in his little truck and we continued to receive *Farm and Ranch*.

Now I'm waiting for your letters. Tell it like it is regarding your own business! In the meantime, I'm going to peg on down the road, doing what the mule with the blind staggers did—the best he could under the circumstances.—Hosstail

Rattlesnake Joe



Rattlesnake Joe (left), taken 20 years ago at Winters, California. The other man is Woody Lamb, believed to have been killed in the mass murder of migrant workers a few years ago. Courtesy author.



LAST December I took a walk through the railroad yards at Yuma, Arizona and I was very much surprised to see the number of men who were riding the freights. I counted twenty-six scattered along the tracks, and no doubt there were more that I didn't see.

Each train passing through seemed to have from ten to twenty men riding in box cars, in gondolas, or anyplace they could safely hang on. Two years ago there was hardly anyone in the yards at Yuma, and very few riding the freights.

I made it a point to talk to some of these rail riders, and I found they are a far cry from the old-time American hobo I have known. None of them seems to know the hobo slang or the rail routes across America. About all they do seem to know is which rescue missions are the best, or which towns are the easiest to bum in.

I stood along the tracks after talking to the new breed of rail rider, and was struck by the fact that hardly any of them carried a bedroll, pack, or equipment of any kind. Most of them were out of food, out of tobacco and, indeed, in some cases they didn't know where they wanted to go. When they found out I was an old-timer on the road, they started firing questions at me about every facet of hobo life and living along the rails.

I tried to answer them as best I could, but the weight of my thirty-three years on the road came crashing down on my shoulders and all at once I realized I was no longer "the green kid." Time has taken that label from me. Now I'm the seasoned "old-timer" the others look to for advice. It made me very sad to know this and I thought back over the years to the many times I had asked for advice from the likes of Box Car Red, Amboy Fats, or Tex Medders. And now that I had seemingly earned the right to stand in their tracks and pass on the lore and history they had passed on to me from even older hobos like Uncle Dick, Omaha Bill, and Fat Oscar, I felt pretty down.

Where did all the years go to, anyway?

I find that no man wants to grow up and take the place of his childhood heroes—he wants to always remember them as he looked upon them when he was a boy—and to equal or surpass them leaves a person with an empty feeling. Somehow a man's dreams and ideals are shattered by such an experience and his boyhood becomes unreal.

But my day in the railroad yards was not to be a total loss. The arrival of an eastbound freight changed all that. Slow and ponderous it came out of the west and pulled to a stop right in front of me.

I looked it over and my heart leaped, for there on the end of one of the bulk grain cars, with his snow-white hair glistening in the sun, sat an ancient hobo.

He was a relic of another day, this wrinkled and battered old black man, a memory right out of my youth. Ah, the many thousands of miles this old-timer has ridden the freights across this great land. The Delaware and Hudson, the Baltimore and Ohio, the C. and O., the Big Four—this man rode them all. And as I walked toward him trying to tell myself it couldn't be, I seemed once again to be down along the Union Pacific somewhere out of North Platte, and the lonesome whistle of a big steam engine came to me out of the night and seemed to call to me at the little jungle fire I shared with a black man who was old even then.

I was close to the old man before he saw me and he seemed to hesitate as though not sure who I was or what my intentions were. But as I walked up in front of him, he at last recognized me and stuck out his old hand with the broken fingers that never had set properly, and I shook hands once again with Rattlesnake Joe, eighty-seven years old and on the road since 1904.

HOW many memories this old man stirred in me. There was that time out of Amarillo on the Rock Island when he and Push-em-up Tom and I got caught in a downpour. And the time he and I and Red River Red came into Denver on the

D. & R. G. W. Nearly all the others are gone but just for today, for this little while, it's yesterday again. It seems we stood grinning at each other for a lifetime.

All at once a great happiness came over me. My childhood days returned to me for a little while and my heart was singing. Here was Rattlesnake Joe, a real honest-to-God hobo. There was no slang I could throw at him that he wouldn't know, no question I could ask about the rail routes across America that he wouldn't know. And all at once I felt not so old anymore and sort of felt the long years on the rails hadn't been wasted.

Old Joe said he had got off at Yuma just to spend the night and cook a meal, as he was on his way to Houston to pick up his old-age pension check, but he had been jolted around a little coming from L. A. on the train, and at eighty-seven each jolt is magnified tenfold.

We walked over to a place where we could cook a meal and cleared a spot among broken wine bottles and trash that is the trademark of the type of men who are on the road today. Joe grinned at me and said, "Blackie, I guess this town ain't ranked, so we might as well cook up right here. Now I'll bird-dog the jungle if you want to make a run and pick up some grub and a bottle of good whiskey." I loved to once again hear someone use hobo slang, it had been so long.

I walked into Yuma and bought two steaks, some cottage cheese, bread, and a bottle of Jack Daniels which I knew was Joe's favorite. We split the cost. I would have gladly paid it all but to do so with this old man would be to insult him. I knew he wanted nothing free from any man.

We soon had a fire going and our steaks cooking with onions, garlic and peppers. The Jack Daniels we were mixing with Coke. I thought to myself that I would not trade places with any man in the world, and I'm sure Rattlesnake Joe felt the same way. We had quite a time

(Continued on page 53)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

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 in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

THE SPANISH ANSWER

When the Spanish frontier moved northward into the Mexican and what became the U. S. southwestern deserts, the nomadic Indian tribes were not easily controlled by troops at scattered forts which had successfully preserved peace in sedentary villages in central and southern Mexico. *The Presidio, Bastion of the Spanish Borderlands* (University of Oklahoma Press, \$9.95) by Max L. Moorhead provides an overview of this unique military system invented to replace forts which had failed. The presidio consisted of an armed fort guarded by a small number of soldiers. There were living quarters and a commissary, located along an important travel route with settlements, missions or mines and ranches.

Some of the first presidios were at El Paso del Norte, Tucson, Santa Fe and San Francisco. Marauding tribes practiced lethal hit-and-run warfare with Spaniards, which the presidio system was planned to control. First efforts failed because of understaffing, starvation wages for the soldiers, and the cruelty inflicted on Indians by Spaniards. A change of tactics helped for a while when troops were depleted and kindness was substituted for cruelty. Peace became almost universal until the Pueblo Rebellion in New Mexico which tapped off new Indian uprisings. Moorhead describes gains and losses which occurred between Indians and Spaniards and provides a long needed explanation of the presidio system, how it originated in Spanish Morocco and was adopted in Mexico to combat the mobile guerrilla-like warfare practiced by the desert tribes. U. S. military men borrowed presidio strategy in later warfare with Indians. Recommended.

EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNTS

Howard L. Sutton, an Easterner turned desert rat, has written *The West by the East* (Vantage Press, \$3.75) and has presented a novel method of capturing the left-overs of Western history from living old-timers who dwell in the semi-ghost towns from the Rockies to the Pacific Ocean. Sutton tells his story through the mouth of his fictional character Mike, who travels sundry Western roads in a rebuilt Model A Ford,



with an educated Navajo guide and companion. The partners work at a variety of jobs on their travels to grubstake themselves and their "mechanized jenny." Dying mining towns provided the greatest assortment of old-time miners, peace officers, retired gunmen, freighters and stage drivers. Many were seventy to ninety years old and a few approached a hundred as they waited their turn to meet the Grim Reaper. Here were talkative men whose experiences had never been printed. They told of prospecting for gold with a burro in the desert; and how they and other old-timers found their fun in whiskey dens and honky-tonks. The West they described was tough, but different than that portrayed in movies and T.V. thrillers. Some of the old yarners became carried away with their own recitals until their windies became as tall as a movie Western. This method of gathering raw history describes a procedure that could be adopted by modern universities engaged in assembling oral history.

CUSTERIANA

Custer in 76 (Brigham Young University Press, \$12.95) is an unusual book—it presents for the first time the numerous notes made by Walter Mason Camp during the twenty summer vacations he spent interviewing the survivors of the Battle of the Little Bighorn. Camp was a civil engineer, a railroad construction and maintenance authority and for over a quarter of a century, editor of the *Railway and Engineering Review*. He was a Bighorn buff and interested in other Indian fights. Camp died in 1925 before he could turn his notes into the book that he had planned. Most of his notes on the Bighorn are now in the library at Brigham Young University and were edited for publication by a noted Custer authority, Dr. Kenneth Hammer of the University of Wisconsin at Whitewater. The interviews highlight who was where during the battle as remembered by officers and men of the 7th Cavalry, the Indian Scouts and the Indians who fought Custer. The book is enhanced with maps, photos, numerous footnotes, appendices and an index. Strongly recommended.

☆☆☆

A highly valuable tool for the Custer

buffs has just been published—*Custer in Periodicals* (The Old Army Press, \$25.00). It was compiled by John M. Carroll, a true buff, a knowledgeable student of the Indian Wars, editor of the Source Custeriana Series and author of the popular and worthwhile *Custer in Texas*, recently reviewed in this column. The tremendous bibliographic checklist is based on the author's collection—the top gathering of its kind in existence. In addition to the hundreds of entries, Carroll selected and annotated the twenty-five rarest and the twenty-seven most important Custer articles. He also reprints the No. 1 rarity, "On the Little Big Horn with Gen. Custer" by Theo. W. Goldin, from *Army Magazine*, June and July 1894. Old Bookaroo Jeff Dykes reveals his philosophy about bibliographies in general in a brief introduction. The edition of 500 numbered copies signed by Carroll and handsomely printed may not be enough to go around, so useful the book will be to Custer collectors, book dealers and libraries. Strongly recommended.

PANHANDLE PICTORIAL

Panhandle Pilgrimage (Staked Plains Press, P. O. Box 779, Canyon, Texas 79015, \$12.50) by R. L. and Pauline Durrett Robertson traces the history of the Texas Panhandle from 12,000 B.C. to 1976. To be sure, only a brief chapter is devoted to the period 12,000 B.C. to 1541 when the Spanish explorers first crossed the Panhandle. The Indians controlled the High Plains until MacKenzie's victory at the Battle of Palo Duro Canyon in September 1874. Chapters on the settlers after 1875 feature the New Mexican sheepherders, Charles Goodnight, Thomas Bugbee and Littlefield and the pioneer towns of Mobeetie, Tascosa and Clarendon. The coming of the railroads, new towns and farms with some glimpses of 20th century progress round out the story. The book is profusely illustrated from murals and drawings by Harold Bugbee, Ben Carlton Mead, Olive Vandruff Bugbee, George Turner and from photos. There is an extensive bibliography and an index. Worthwhile.

INDIAN TERRITORY LAWMAN

The Experiences of a Deputy U.S. Marshal of the Indian Territory (Starr-Hill Associates, Muskogee, Oklahoma, \$5.50) by W. F. Jones is a reprint of a book first published in 1937. The reprint was issued by Helen Starr and O. E. Hill who have added an introduction. The 40 pages contain a collection of vignettes about the Crazy Snake rebellion, the Buck gang, the Ledbetter-Jennings fight at the Spike S Ranch, Indian lynchings, organization of the Creek Nation, the tragedy of Judge Thomas, and Ned Christie, the outlaw. Accounts are brief but informative with no mincing of words. It is not clear if Jones' narratives are based on personal witness, although one would assume most were. Jones wrote his recollections at about age seventy-five.

HIGH COUNTRY HIKES

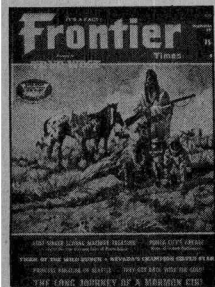
Having done some hiking in the Rockies (a long time ago) this reviewer likes the
(Continued on page 60)

THERE AIN'T GOTTA BE NO SECOND TABLE, FOLKS!

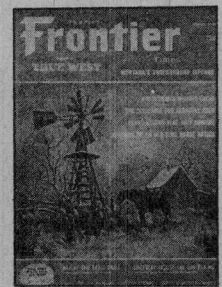


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Wild Old Days!

Graettinger Times.

GRAETTINGER, PALO ALTO COUNTY, IOWA, THURSDAY JUNE 23, 1921.

JAMES A. JENSEN TAKES A BRIDE

Mr. James A. Jensen and Miss Norma Elvina Thorsen were united in marriage at High Noon, Wednesday, June 22. The ceremony took place at Our Savior's Lutheran church in Lost Island township. Rev. S. O. Sunde, the pastor, officiating. Mr. Andrew Jensen, brother of the groom, was best man, and Miss Clara Bonstad was bridesmaid. The flower girls were Alice Thorsen and Maudie Bonstad. The wedding march was played by Miss Evangelina Holmgen. Miss Martin Simonson rendered a solo during the ceremony and this was followed by a song by the choir. The bride was dressed in a handsome gown of white tulle. The groom was attired in conventional

GOLD FOUND ON HERKE AND ANDERSON FARMS

Gold has been discovered on the A. G. Herke farm south of Graettinger and the assayer's report shows that it runs \$14.06 per ton. The report stated it contained 64-100ths of an ounce of gold and a trace of silver. The assay was made by the Thos. J. Dee Company of Chicago. The sample was mailed to them by M. Weisbaker, this city. In securing the Herke stratum the same course is being followed in order to find gold. In this operation have taken out some of the gravel in which can be

Company. Some samples from the D. J. Fitzpatrick farm have been sent to an assayer located in the heart of the gold fields in Nevada. His return is expected this week. With gold found two miles north of town and practically two miles south of town it looks as though Graettinger is a closely located. Those who were skeptical about the gold find at first are now the most enthusiastic boosters. Saturday G. G. Erickson and son of two miles north of Wallingford, were miners at the Times office and stated they sent samples from their farm to the Thos. J. Dee Com-

Newspaper stories from the Graettinger Times during June 1921.

A GOLD RUSH IN THE CORN COUNTRY

By Don Buchan

HAVE YOU been unsuccessful in your search for gold and silver? Have you prospected in the most likely places? There is an unlikely location where the residents walk over fortunes in gold and silver every day and it is easily accessible right in this country.

It was discovered more than half a century ago and the precious metal was never extracted. Here's the story of Iowa's gold rush.

It was early in May 1921 when Bernard Smith was digging a hole to set a guy wire on his 214-acre farm southeast of the small town of Graettinger in Palo Alto County. He dug into six or eight inches of "ruby colored" gravel and later said he was positive it contained gold.

He kept his discovery secret until after he had a sample assayed by Thomas J. Dee & Company of Chicago. When the report came back that it contained 1.04 ounces of gold and 5.46 ounces of silver to the ton, he confided in a sufficient number of friends to spark Iowa's gold rush.

The Rock Island railway ran near the Smith farm so gravel could be loaded into railroad cars cheaply. Or the sand and

One

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Gold Found On Smith Farm

Mr. Bernard Smith has just dug a hole on his 214-acre farm southeast of the small town of Graettinger in Palo Alto County, Iowa, and has discovered gold and silver. The report from the Thos. J. Dee Company of Chicago, which has assayed the sample, shows that the gravel contains 1.04 ounces of gold and 5.46 ounces of silver to the ton. This is a most unusual find in a corn country. The gravel is of a ruby color and is easily accessible. The discovery was made while Smith was digging a hole to set a guy wire on his farm. He kept his discovery secret until after he had a sample assayed by Thomas J. Dee & Company of Chicago. When the report came back that it contained 1.04 ounces of gold and 5.46 ounces of silver to the ton, he confided in a sufficient number of friends to spark Iowa's gold rush.

gravel could be screened at the site to make the operation even less costly.

The layer of gold-bearing material contained crushed quartz and decayed stone. The location was between the Des Moines River and Jack Creek so water was almost at hand.

In noisy automobiles, on horseback, and in buggies, sightseers and neighbors flocked to the Smith farm. Many examined the earth and found tiny particles that glittered brightly in the sunlight.

A. L. Herrem, who had a farm west of Graettinger, reported he had similar gravel there. Ed Ralston, a farmer northeast of town, was an experienced miner and said the gravel had the same appearance as gold-bearing deposits he had seen in Western states.

A. G. Herke, who owned 240 acres south of town had samples assayed in June and received a report that it ran 64/100 of an ounce of gold to the ton. And there were traces of silver, too.

Gravel at the Jorgen Anderson place two miles north of Graettinger was assayed and found to contain about half an ounce of gold to the ton. George Coolidge found tiny gold particles in samples taken from his place east of the Rock Island depot right in town.

Samples from the D. J. Fitzpatrick farm were sent to an assayer in Nevada. G. G. Erickson who lived two miles north of Wallingford in Emmet County, north of Palo Alto County, sent samples of his gravel to Thomas J. Dee and while he declined to make the exact figure public said it contained "very satisfactory" amounts of gold.

At the Joe Hassel farm near Graettinger, scores of rocks were picked up, examined and thought to contain gold. Martin Myhre sent samples to his son Arthur at St. Olaf's College in Northfield, Minnesota, where a chemist reported it contained gold, but made no estimate of the quantity.

THE Graettinger Times gave the price of gold (1921) at \$20.67 an ounce and that of silver at 99 3/4 cents. Thus the value of the gold on the Smith farm was \$26.92 a ton.

The Estherville *Vindicator* and *Republican*, published in Emmet County, first county north of Palo Alto in which Graettinger is located, reported, "Estherville has the gold fever now. Graettinger and Wallingford have nothing on us as we have a real honest-to-goodness gold mine of our own and there is considerable excitement here. A report from the Thos. J. Dee Co. gives analysis of samples submitted. There is \$5.97 in gold and 6 cents in silver per ton.

"The find is on the G. G. Erickson farm four miles south of this city. The finding of gold here bears out the theory that has been advanced that the entire gravel deposits of the Des Moines river valley contain gold and silver. There will probably be more strikes around here now that our people have started mining gold."

Freight Agent Halleck of Estherville, on instructions from his superiors, mailed a 50-pound bag of gravel from the Smith farm to Chicago headquarters.

Dr. P. J. Hession and Alfred Cameron took samples from various sites and burned out the vegetable matter with acid. The remainder definitely contained fine particles of gold which they gathered with quicksilver.

The Des Moines *Register* and *Tribune* telephoned, asking for particulars on the gold strike. D. E. McCarty, prominent

Palo Alto County resident took his samples personally to Chicago by train. It was reported—and denied—that Smith was offered \$5,000 an acre for his 214-acre farm. Rumors spread that some farmland might be worth as much as \$50,000 an acre.

The Newspaper Enterprise Association of Chicago sent the following telegram to the Graettinger *Times*: "Please wire not more than 150 words whether reported gold rush your city is true; also first name of Farmer Smith on whose farm gold was struck. Send collect day press rate immediately. Must have before five Tuesday night.—R. J. Gibbons, Chicago Evening Post Building, Chicago, Ill."

Mr. Branagan of Emmetsburg panned samples of the gravel but was unsuccessful with this method. M. T. Axelton of Graettinger panned also but was not able to obtain a satisfactory amount of gold. He said the gold might be so fine it did not pan or it was flake gold so light and thin it was impossible to wash out. The June 9, 1921 issue of the Graettinger *Times* carried this headline:

GRAETTINGER . . . THE GOLD MINE CITY OF IOWA . . . GRAETTINGER

A. H. Cameron, who ran a dry cleaning establishment in Graettinger, panned gold from in back of his shop. Dr. Reidy, local dentist, melted down the gold for a set of a ring. The set is about half the size of a dime. Later Steven Jensen inherited this ring.

For some years every device known to mining was tried but no way was ever found to extract the gold at a profit. Today it might seem possible, but labor and equipment have risen in the same proportion as gold and so it seems the wealth of northwestern Iowa lies in the gold of corn and soybeans rather than in minerals. But the gold and silver *are* really there.

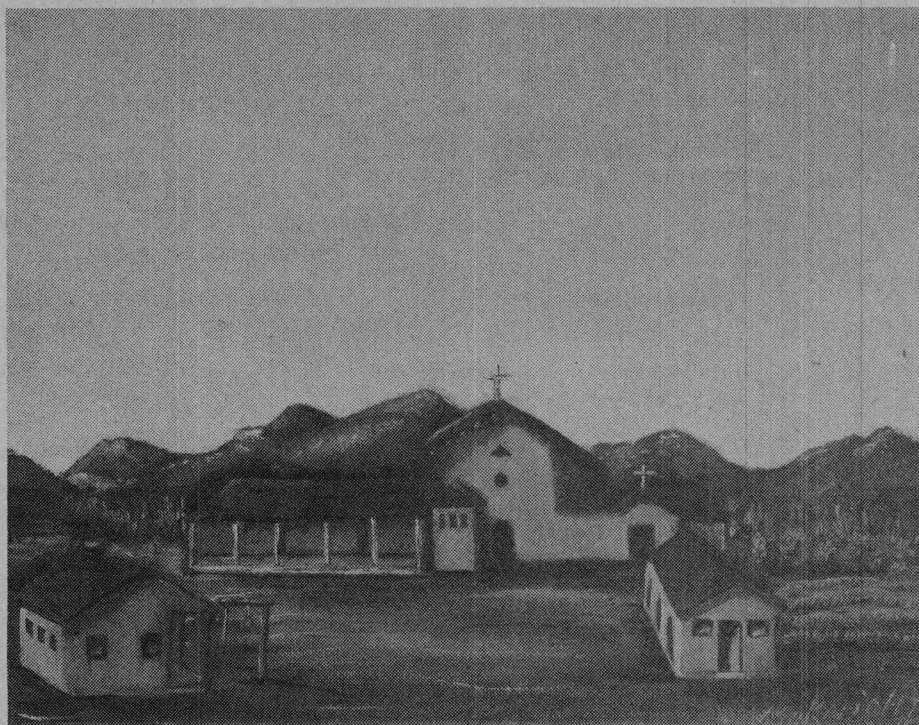
WHO WOULD KILL A PRIEST?

By C. Jean Poulos, Sc.D.

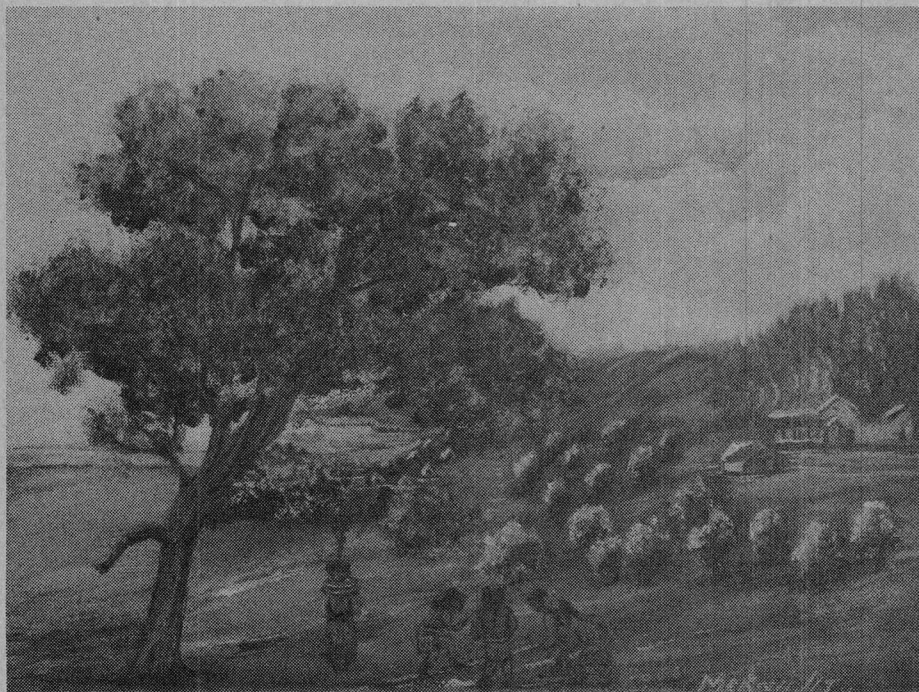
THE YEAR 1812 was a violent one for the thirteen young colonies. Far away in California another form of violence was taking place. This was the year Father Andres Quintana was stationed at the Mission in Santa Cruz. Father Quintana was a dedicated priest. He loved the Indians in his care and gave unremittingly of himself.

The complete Spanish dress was traditional for the alcalde and the chiefs of the tribe at this period. The other Indian men wore shirts and trousers, the women simple dresses, and both invariably wore brightly-colored hand-woven blankets. They received from Tepic and Mexico ports the goods they needed for which they bartered breadstuff, hemp, cordage, hides, and tallow.

Life was simple and quiet in Santa Cruz. The Santa Cruz Indians were a peaceful lot, and therefore Monterey allocated only a corporal and four soldiers to guard the Mission. The corporal, being a cautious man, ordered the priest not to travel far from the Mission, and warned him not to go out alone at night.



Original Oil Painting by Joan McKnight



Original Oil Painting by Joan McKnight

One night, while his fellow priest was away in Monterey, Father Quintana was called to attend a sick Indian. Not wishing to awaken the soldiers, he set out alone with the Indian who had come for him. The Mission priests were the only ones who possessed any medical knowledge and frequently were called upon to minister to the sick.

Having attended to the needs of the ill Indian and while returning alone to the Mission, Father Quintana was ambushed. His attackers hanged him from a tree near the present location of the

Southern Pacific Railroad tunnel just off Chestnut Street. When they were convinced he was dead, his assailants took his body back to the Mission and placed it in his bed.

In the morning he was called at the usual time. When he did not appear, his attendant went to investigate and found him dead. He was buried as though he had died of natural causes.

Many of Father Quintana's friends did not believe that his had been a natural death. They harassed the authorities in

(Continued on page 55)

Olga Little, Lady Packer (Continued from page 29)

viding plumbing to the house. He also installed his own electrical power unit, and theirs was one of the rare homes in the rural area with electricity.

When the Denver *Post* held a parade in Denver in 1939, Olga Little was invited to take part, lock, stock and burros. Olga held her streetside audience spellbound with a demonstration of her animals and her packing skills. This was not the only parade in which she participated. Each summer season, when local celebrations were held, Olga could be found lining up her burros for the parade route. They were always a welcome addition.

Olga, otherwise, had long since packed away her mountain gear and was seen more and more in trim housedresses. Her burros and mules lived a sheltered life in the pastures, free from their burdens.

Her favorite burro, Jiggs, lived to the ripe old age of forty-two; a female, with the most unlikely name of Mutt, was the last to die, in 1965. She was thirty-seven.

A fitting climax to Olga's unusual career occurred in 1958 when Ralph Edwards on the "This Is Your Life" show surprised her with old friends and acquaintances. Mr. Edwards presented her with the usual charm bracelet as a remembrance of the program, and also an Edsel, latest new car on the market.

Olga and Bill celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary in 1963. When Bill's heart finally gave out, Olga lived on alone about a year. She was then eighty-seven, still living in the house they had built working side by side, but life was lonely. She died in 1970 and now lies with Bill and other members of her family in Durango's Greenmount Cemetery.

But the mountains live on, as does the memory of a plucky young girl who

After that, there was very little conversation. Ed was silent, brooding over his trouble. The boy was thinking hard. The doctor couldn't do anything. So who could? Nobody. The boy racked his brain as they rode along. He was trying to think of something even a doctor might overlook.

At last, from the confusion of his thoughts came a plan. If he tried it he would be meddling in the affairs of grownups. It probably wouldn't work anyway. But he spent the slow hours turning the plan over and over in his mind, silently rehearsing his part in it.

TOWARD sundown they turned aside to sleep in a clump of brush that would hide them and the horses. Neither of them cared to go near that hut again.

They had about thirty miles to travel next day, and they arrived at the ranch in the forenoon. Ed went straight to the bunkhouse. The boy took the letter to the office where the boss was waiting. When the letter was read, the boss noticed that the boy had not left.

"What is it?" he asked. "Something wrong?"

"Well, sort of."

"All right, spill it."

The boy related the happenings in the hut that first night.

"Thanks for telling me. Well, we can't put him on the payroll here. It's too big a responsibility."

Then the boy started to talk. He told how miserable life was for Ed, never to have a home or any friends, always leaving in disgrace to go on and on. He told how much Ed really longed to stay, but knew he couldn't—and much more.

The rancher listened sympathetically, but his attitude seemed to be "so what?"

"Boss," the boy went on, "it would just about break your heart to hear him tell about it, his boyhood and all. Why couldn't he stay here? The fellows all like him. Couldn't he stay, if he promised to stay off a horse? There's a lot he could do—mend harness, keep up the fences, feed the horses and comb and brush them, and lots of things. But he won't stay unless you can put it to him that way. He's probably leaving now."

The boss leaned his chair a bit so he could see out the door. Then he sent for his foreman, and the boy had to tell the whole story again, after which it was decided that Ed could stay on under a strict agreement about staying off horses.

"I'll see how he takes it," the boss said. "He may be stubborn. He's mighty proud of that horse of his, and his saddle and rope."

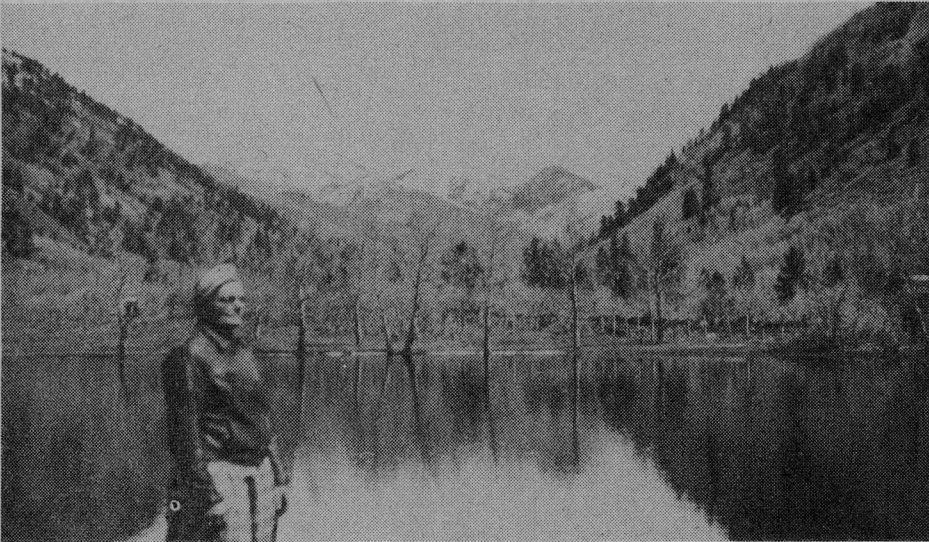
"Boss, let me try," the boy said impulsively.

As expected it was difficult persuading Ed he was welcome, for epilepsy was a badly misunderstood affliction in earlier times. But after a while, under the boy's pleading, his determination melted. In the end he was very happy about it, finding it hard to realize that he had a home and friends.

A little unused hut was rigged up as an individual bunkhouse for him. He went about those important small tasks assigned to him, and soon was the busiest

(Continued on page 44)

Olga in her later years standing beside the pond near their home.



Mrs. Alvena Sharp, cousin to Olga Schaaup Little, holding keepsakes, mule and burro shoes, from Olga's train.

braved their snowcapped peaks with only her trusted burros for company. It was a warm working relationship between human and animal, each assuring the safety of the other.

Hanging on the walls of my office are some tiny burro and larger mule shoes, a treasure and a daily reminder of the brave lady packer of the San Juans.

Midnight Alarm

(Continued from page 17)

about it. When I grew up a little I just started wandering from ranch to ranch. I like the hills and the prairies, and I like that place where you live. The fellows were so nice to me. But I can't stay there, for the same reason I can't stay anywhere. The boss would be afraid I'd fall off my horse or be trampled by cattle, or something.

"Now I want to say, about that night, I sure am ashamed and sorry. It came early this time. I wasn't expecting it for another week at least. I waited too long and when I tried to tell you, all I could do was howl like an animal."



Photo Courtesy The Denison Herald

Grave markers for Dr. Laurence Washington and his wife.

THE MYSTERY OF THE WASHINGTON LETTERS

BY DANA COX FUNK

Some very valuable correspondence made its way to Texas but has disappeared. Here's a treasure that might literally be "worth its weight in gold"!

ONE of the greatest mysteries of North Texas concerns a packet of letters written by President George Washington to his younger brother Samuel between 1770 and 1780. The letters, along with hundreds of personal items from the George Washington estate, were brought to Texas by a grandnephew.

A large portion of the estate was passed down from George to his favorite nephew, Laurence Augustine Washington, Samuel's son. Three years younger than George, Samuel died in 1781, a few months after General Washington's victory over Cornwallis. Samuel left his six children (including George S. and

Laurence Augustine) under the care of George.

It seems Samuel's two boys caused their uncle as much trouble as the British. They were very extravagant and did not care to study or stay in school. The account books of Washington show that the boys were enrolled in a succession of boarding schools from which they either ran off or were expelled for various reasons. George finally saw the two boys through the College of Philadelphia. He arranged for Laurence to read law under Edmund Randolph, an attorney general in that city.

Laurence proved to be a gay blade

around Philadelphia. He was a very big spender and a very flashy dresser. He decided that a career in law was not for him. Apparently, there was not enough money being made then in law practice. Laurence went back to his ancestral estate to become a very wealthy and successful planter. He died in Winchester County about 1824.

Laurence left his oldest son, Laurence Jr., rich in land, money, prestige, family, tradition, and a wealth of President Washington's personal belongings he had been given for being a favorite nephew. Laurence Jr. inherited from George

(Continued on page 61)

SICK ENOUGH TO

High on the list of lonesome feelings is knowing that if something happens to you and you can't handle it, the end of the line has come

BY CLORA B. COX OSBORNE

Photos Courtesy Author

THE WORD "Doctor" was hardly known in the early days of ranching in New Mexico. People had to take care of a situation the best they could. Most of the time it wasn't possible to get help even from neighbors for they often lived ten or fifteen miles away. Babies were born and tended by their own folks, and most seemed to make it through without any trouble. I never knew of but one case that didn't—a young Mexican wife who was living in a small settlement many miles from anything. Complications set up and the baby was never born. She died in that condition. Her life and the baby's could have been saved if they could have got to a doctor in time.

One time a man was breaking a horse at our ranch. Someone would usually be around to watch if he had trouble or needed help, for a lot of things could go wrong and it wasn't safe for a man to be alone. I, being just a kid, was perched up on the log corral watching the excitement; to me it was like watching a rodeo. The man climbed on the horse for his first ride but instead of taking off bucking, the horse reared up and fell backward. In getting untangled the man got a broken leg. He lay on the ground in great pain. I ran for help. Uncle John Cox hitched a team of horses to the buckboard, loaded the cowboy, and took off as fast as he could. The roads were very rough as they were ungraded and rocky. They traveled the remainder of the day and all night before reaching a town where a doctor could set the leg.

One evening late a man, his wife, and his brother drove into our ranch in a wagon. The brother had got a piece of steel in his eye. They lived thirty miles or more from us and had made it to our



place to stay all night. They started on early the next morning and still had two more day's traveling before reaching town to get a doctor. They could have made the trip without their own rest but the horses had to have rest and food.

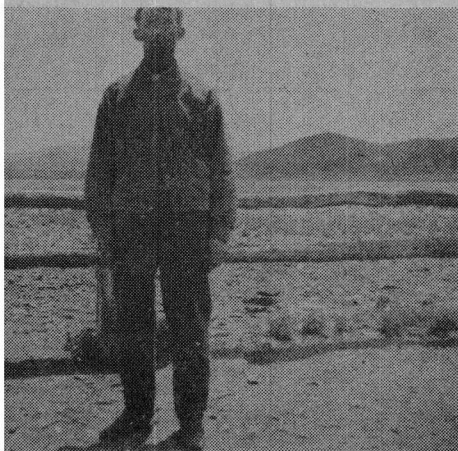
Life was pretty hard in that country before there were cars or telephones and it was so very thinly settled.

About 1900 Uncle John had two young men working for him on his ranch. One evening about night two men with their

pack burros rode into the ranch to camp. Uncle John's two hired hands went out to talk to them and find out news from around the country. They had been over around Mangus, a small settlement, shearing sheep.

The men were friendly and threw down a sheepskin rug for the ranch hands to sit on. One of the boys told Uncle John how he took a little stick and picked at the rug while talking. The two boys asked what news they had and the strangers

DIE



Above left: Tom Cox (left) is holding the burro which served as a school bus. The author is second from the end. In front of her is her sister Birdie. The three boys are Joe Cox's sons. Notice the Cottolene lunch pail. Above: Tom Cox, the author's father, in 1913. Right: Clara Cox Osborne at age 17. Below: The first school in the Datil country. Far left: John W. Cox.



but Uncle John's kid brother Joe. He had come out to that country about a year before. He helped all he could until he came down too, then my aunt and uncle had all three sick and no one would come in to help.

News got to the Morley ranch twenty miles away, but no one would come any closer than three miles from the Cox ranch. People would go to the Datil trading post and get medicine and groceries and bring them to within three miles of the ranch and then swing the supplies (tied in a sack) from the limb of a big pine tree so varmints could not reach them. Uncle John would ride after what they brought after the folks from Morley's were well gone. The two hired boys lived a couple of weeks. I don't remember who dug the graves but my uncle and aunt had to make crude coffins out of what lumber they could find about the place, fix them for burial and bury them several miles from the ranch on a hillside.

I went with my aunt several times to tend their graves. She talked about it many times and what an ordeal it had been. Uncle Joe lived. Uncle John didn't take the disease and my aunt had had smallpox when a child.

A KILLING took place about 1904. My aunt's sister and her husband and their one-year-old daughter lived fourteen miles from Uncle John's ranch. Mr. McCameron had bought a small bunch of cattle from a man by the name of Wallace. Some say a disagreement came up over the settlement and they already had had words.

One day as his wife Maggie was cooking dinner, she saw Wallace slip from

one building to another and ran to tell her husband. McCameron had their baby in his arms. He jumped up and got as far as the door. Wallace shot him just as he opened it. McCameron fell with the baby in his arms. Wallace mounted his horse and rode away.

Maggie's sister-in-law was staying with them and could stay with the wounded man and the baby while Maggie rode for help. My uncle and aunt went over when they got the news, but all they could do was wait for the end which came the next evening. No doubt this life is another that could have been saved if there had been a doctor.

A tragedy occurred in my own family before the day of cars. We had been living in Texas and Mother was taking tuberculosis. The only thing that was supposed to help or cure the disease was a high dry climate. Uncle John heard of her poor health and came to see my father about moving to New Mexico and going to work for him so Mother could live in that altitude and recover.

We had been out there about a year when Papa moved us to an old deserted log house. It was six miles from Uncle John's ranch (which was the end of the road) so there was no passing and we wouldn't see anyone for days. Papa lived at the ranch and could not come home every night to be with us.

Our family consisted of Papa, Mama and us three girls. My oldest sister was fourteen, I was twelve, and my little sister was five. Our only contact with the outside was a mustang pony that was turned out in a big pasture of about five sections of land. It was summer and he came in every day for water and I would catch him if I could rope him and he didn't jump the fence. I would ride to Uncle John's ranch twice a week for the mail and any supplies we needed.

As fall came on, the pony didn't come every day for water, and after it started snowing and lay in drifts he could nibble on the drifts and it would be nearly a week before we would see him. But one morning Mother went to the door and saw him drinking and called for me to hurry out and catch him if I could for we might need him. I went out and tied the rope around his neck without him moving. I staked him close to the house and hurried in, for it was very cold. That night my Mother went to bed early and we three kids got out our paper, pencils, crayolas and water colors, piled more wood on the fireplace and started to pass the long winter evening. Night came early at that time of year.

About nine o'clock Mother began a violent spell of coughing. We tried not to notice for we were accustomed to the attacks. Suddenly she called out, "Come quick, children! I've coughed up my lung!"

Three horror-stricken little girls hurried into the other room with the coal oil lamp. Blood was running out of her mouth and sister began to try to stop it. But I was so excited I ran out of the house crying with my little sister right behind me screaming, "Is Mama going to die?"

Sister came out in a few minutes and told us Mama wasn't dying but she was

very bad. We went back in the house and Mama asked me if I was afraid to ride after Papa as it was night and in the mountains. I told her I wasn't one bit afraid.

How fortunate we were to have our horse staked so close to the house. I've often wondered how long it would have been before we could have got help had we not had him. I hurriedly saddled the pony and took off in a lope. On the rough places and over the hills I had to slow down and I don't know how long it took me to make the ride of six miles but I rode up crying. The dogs began to bark and Papa and my uncle and aunt came out in the yard as I rode up. I told them Mama was dying, for I almost knew she would be dead before I got back. Papa rode back on my horse as quickly as he could. I came on with the other folks in the buckboard.

The thought of a doctor never entered our minds, and no neighbors were any closer than fifteen miles. A man and his

wife came one night at the first of her illness and sat up, but no other news ever reached them for late in the spring Papa met the man on the range somewhere and the man asked him how his wife was.

My mother died two weeks later, the day after Christmas. There was no way to let people know of her death, and no one could have come anyway. The body was laid out in the room she died in and the family gathered in another bedroom for the night. Papa thought there should be fresh air in the room where the body was, and opened the outside door. Well, the air was plenty fresh and the temperature well below zero; her body froze like a rock.

One of the hired hands from the ranch made preparations for the journey to Magdalena. Just as the sun came up over the mountains, four big horses were hooked to the buckboard. With Papa and my uncle and aunt on the seat, well bundled up and with hot rocks at their feet,



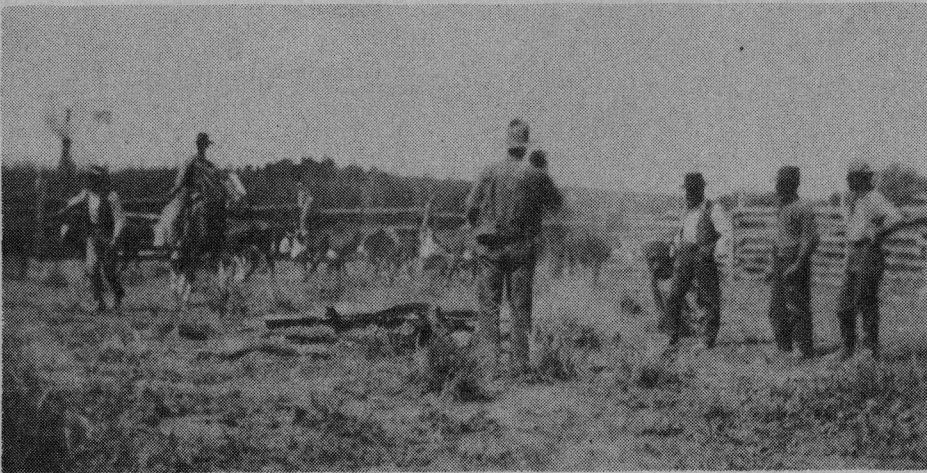
Standing from left to right: Clora Cox (the author), Myrtle Minnick, Birdie Cox, and Mr. Minnick. Seated is John Minnick.

and with Mother's body securely tied to a mattress in the back, they started the sixty-five miles into town to the cemetery.

It was all the horses could do to pull their load in the snow. They traveled that day and into the night before reaching Magdalena, where Mother was buried. She could not be sent back to Texas to her people for burial. How much consolation it could have been to us kids to have had our loved ones and friends with us in our days of sorrow, but we could only do our best and go through it alone.

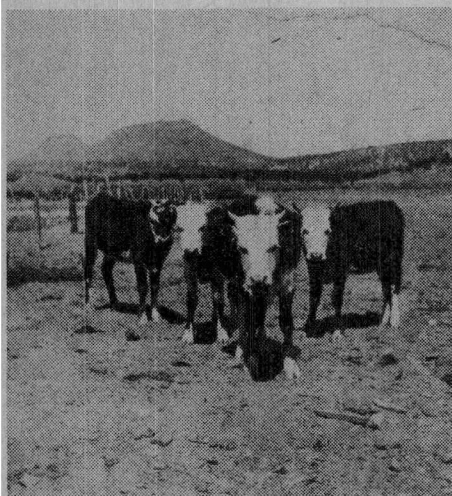
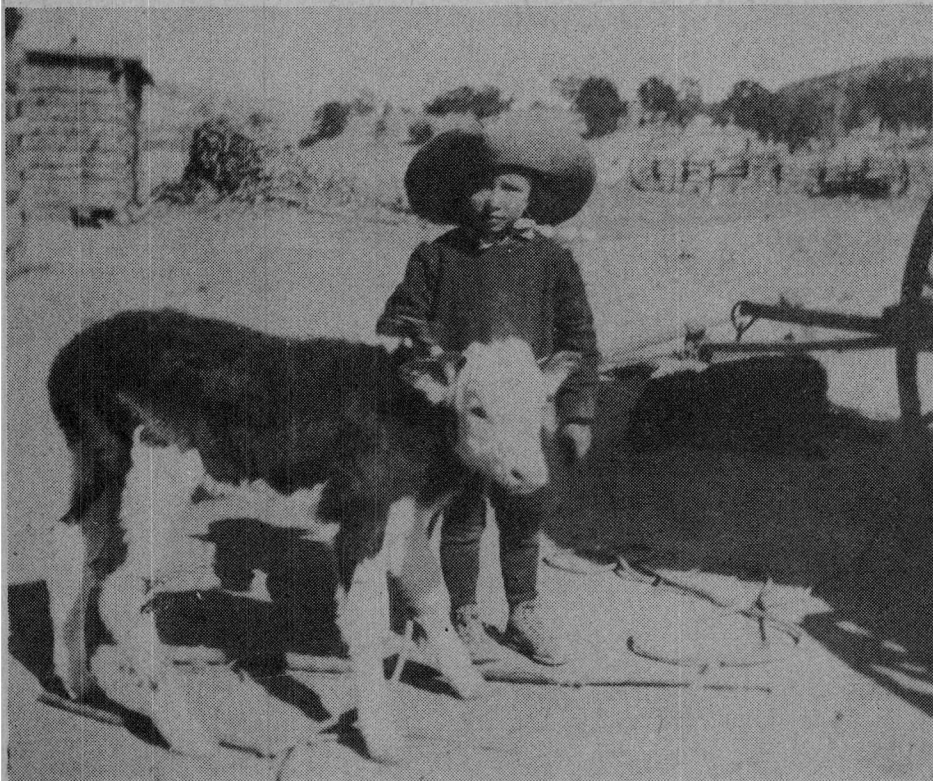
AFTER the ranchers got cars, conditions became better but there were still difficulties to reckon with. Distance was one thing, poor roads another. There were no telephones. Cars were a long way from being perfected and when one broke down or the motor stopped, no one knew what was wrong or what to do to start it.

John W. Cox, my uncle, had become a prosperous rancher, his ranch being known as the Slash J. L. (/JL) with one of the largest open ranges in the coun-



Above left: A branding scene. Left: Johnny Sowell leaving for camp. Below: Tom Cox and Tom Hays, a ranch hand, branding.





Top: Clara's sister, Lorrain. Above: Four little calves raised by the author. Below: The ranch where the author's mother died in 1911.



of wire rolled out he went with them. The wagon with the remainder of the wire ran over him, leaving him paralyzed from the waist down.

The team of young mules got frightened and ran on about three miles before getting tangled up in the new pasture fence.

This was in April and the weather was still very cold. Uncle John said it snowed a while. He only had one match in his pocket, but he got it to burn and reached a few pine needles and they caught and he warmed his hands.

About ten o'clock next morning the men began to wonder why he hadn't returned. One of them started out to hunt him. When Uncle John was found, the man hurried back to tell the others to get the wagon and bring him in home. Then the man hurried on ahead to tell us of the accident.

I rode ten miles horseback to Uncle Joe's ranch to tell him and Papa of Uncle John's serious injury. We three rode back together, me making the twenty-mile ride in barely two hours. I put the horse in the corral when I got back home and he hardly moved out of his tracks for two days. And though I was used to riding, I got so sore all over I could barely move for several days myself.

As soon as the wagon arrived with Uncle John, the car was made ready with a good bed in the back and Uncle John was put on it. My aunt was the only one who knew how to drive.

Papa and Uncle Joe went along with them as they started for the hospital in Socorro, a hundred miles away. By the time they arrived at the hospital more than twenty-four hours had passed. The doctor said they couldn't do anything but wait and see if the blood clots would dissolve and everything clear up.

Uncle John lived three weeks and was improving. We had hopes the danger was over. Then he suddenly took a turn for the worse and was gone in a few minutes. So ended the career of one of the best known cattlemen of that time.

DIPHTHERIA broke out one winter in Uncle Joe's home and one child died before they even thought of it being so serious. They thought it was a cold—a sore throat—and applied some home remedy but in a few hours the boy was dead. Though Uncle Joe had a car by this time, the roads through the mountains were too deep with snow to get through and the temperature was below zero. With open cars, curtains were buttoned or snapped on which kept out a little cold, but it was too much exposure even for a well person.

As soon as the child died, Uncle Joe started to town to the cemetery. He took a southerly direction and got to the road which the mail hack had traveled and made it to Datil. He told them his boy had died, that his body was in the car, and that he was on his way to the cemetery in Magdalena.

In the meantime Uncle John's wife and I had a different errand to do, for as yet we knew nothing of this sickness and the death. One of our neighbors had gone to town to help with shipping some cattle and had the misfortune to break his leg.

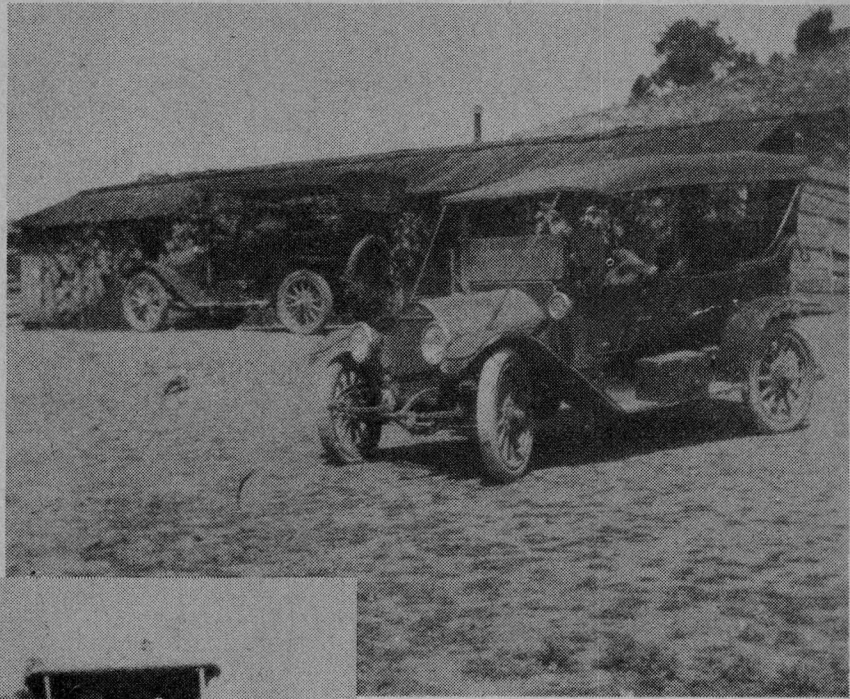
He sent word back by one of our hired men for us to get word to his wife to come in and stay with him. He had had his leg set and was put in the hotel, there being no hospital in Magdalena. They lived fifteen miles away and my aunt and I doubted we could make it through the snow in the car but we started out.

We didn't go very far until we saw the snow was too deep for the car to travel in, so we got out and started tramping out ruts for the wheels. She took one side and I the other. We would tramp quite a way and back to beat the snow down. Then we could drive that far. Some places we could drive through, but it took us about three hours to reach their place. His wife knew something had happened when she saw us coming, and met us at the gate.

My aunt told me to get out and break the news to her, and the woman and their fourteen-year-old son went back with us. It didn't take so long to return to the ranch as we had our trails beat out.

We started on to town, taking the southern road. Only when we got to Datil did we learn of the death of Uncle Joe's son. Uncle Joe had been gone for about three hours, taking the body for burial. We went on to Magdalena, getting there about one a.m. We were told that Uncle Joe was at the cemetery. He had been ordered to put the child away as soon as possible, and was not allowed to hold any rites. He was the same as under quarantine, for diphtheria is highly contagious. We started on to the cemetery and met Uncle Joe coming back.

John and Ettie Cox.



Their first cars.

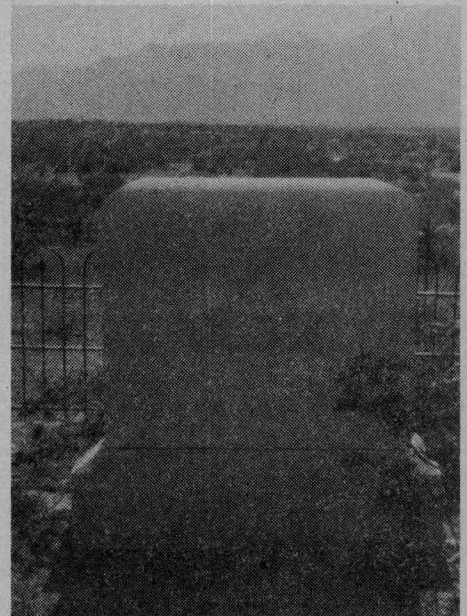


The saloonkeeper at the hotel fixed us a good meal—though that was the day when women didn't dare go into a saloon. It was the only place we could have gotten a meal.

We loaded our injured neighbor into the car with him protesting, saying he could not stand the trip. His wife, however, told him that neither could they stand a hotel bill for two or three weeks.

The doctors had Uncle Joe take some diphtheria serum back home to give to his three other children and three cowboys from our ranch. He was shown

Grave of John W. Cox in Socorro, New Mexico.



how to give the shots. Everyone seemed to get along all right but me. My arm swelled to about three sizes larger but in time it went down. It was Uncle Joe's first time for anything like that and he did the best he could.

ONE of the most unusual experiences I've ever had, happened one summer and that was after we had a car. A hired hand had moved his family to the ranch; they had three small children. He had a brother working there also. All the folks had gone to town except my sister and me and this brother.

Late that evening the woman of the family sent her four-year-old boy to tell us to hurry to her, that she was real sick. When we rushed into her house she was passing out but managed to tell us where her medicine was and how to give it.

That woman went into one of the hardest seizures I've ever witnessed. It took my sister and me and the woman's brother-in-law to hold her on the bed. She chewed her tongue until we had to put a spoon in her mouth. After two hours or so she came to enough to tell us we were giving her medicine too often and told us to beat the white of an egg and give her to counteract it.

We were so scared that I suppose we thought more medicine would bring her out of it. She went back to having the hard convulsions. Twice we decided she was dead as she would stop breathing. We would step back from the bed believing no one could live that long without getting a breath. Finally she would come out of it and start gasping for air. We struggled all night with her and about ten o'clock the next morning a man and wife came horseback from down the canyon. Were we glad to see them! They took over so we could get something to eat. The woman was beginning to come out of it by the middle of the evening when the folks came in from town.

They immediately put her in the car and started to the hospital—the "closest" one, still a hundred miles away.

I never did know what was wrong with that woman but I do know we certainly would have been relieved to have a doctor



Chow time chuck wagon at the ranch.

in charge. She survived whatever she had and lived on for many years, so I was told.

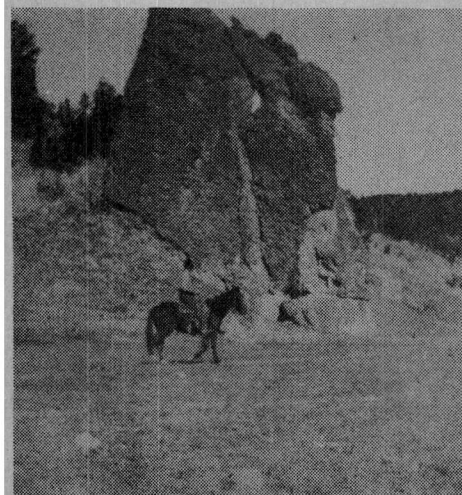
So that was what living was like in such a remote and thinly settled country as New Mexico was at the turn of the

century. I've often thought about those times and wondered how we could have gone through so much. I guess it was because there was no way out, we just did the best we could.

At the chuckwagon.



Famous rock near Datil, New Mexico.



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Midnight Alarm

(Continued from page 36)

person on the ranch. Ed was liked by everyone. The seizures that troubled him became less violent and less frequent. He became part of the ranch, he and his horse.

My father, Sid Overton, was the boy with Ed in the "midnight alarm." I heard him tell the story many times. That is how I happened to know it so well.

Talking it over with Dad many years later, when he was assistant attorney for the City of San Antonio and had considerable influence in the affairs of the state, I said, "My, you surely did put up an argument for Ed, didn't you!"

A look of amusement came into his eyes. "Yes," he said, "I suppose I did. You might say it was my first case, and I put all I had into it." Then looking over his glasses at me with a twinkle in his eyes, he added, "And I won it!"

Eccentric Men of La Porte

(Continued from page 20)

nary sniper. In a bend of a stream he hit a pocket, a rich deposit of gold flakes concentrated in one small area. Some say it paid almost \$800. The little man was elated and looking up decided that the gold had washed from the hill towering above him. He set to work and staked a claim at that location, added a cabin and began the laborious process of tunneling into the hillside to find the main gold vein.

Johnny had determination and faith. He was convinced that his tunnels would lead to a fortune, and he burrowed more than 3,000 feet into the rugged hillside—alone and unaided. Meanwhile, the supplies for this large enterprise all crossed the ridge from town on the little man's back. In the summer the trail was steep and hard to traverse, but in winter, when covered by ten-foot snow drifts, it was

negotiable only by skis or snowshoes.

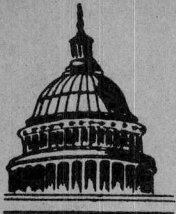
The amazing thing about Johnny's dream of riches was its persistence. After reaching an age when a fortune offered few rewards he could still enjoy, the old sniper continued to probe the familiar hillside. But the dream never came to pass. One winter day Johnny mounted his skis at Reilly's and began the long climb over the ridge. Just beyond the crest he rested and visited with the caretaker of an old mine (someone else's golden dream, unproductive for many years). The caretaker noticed an unfamiliar discomfort in the old man's eyes and that evening buckled on skis and went to check the Simms cabin.

The sturdy little prospector sat before the cabin window where over the years a deep depression had been worn in the floor at the foot of his habitual seat. Johnny didn't move; he was alive but paralyzed by a stroke. Four men worked all night to reach the cabin and bring the old man over the ridge to La Porte in a hand-drawn sled. Johnny Simms' search ended in the county hospital where he died at age eighty-two.

Today the town is a modern community. The old houses have slowly tilted to the ground and modern "A" frames have taken their places. The road up from the valley has been paved and commercial electricity silently lights the night. In the midst of restored La Porte its new inhabitants "rough it" for a weekend or perhaps ten days; rising early to drag their boats to the lake or push their jeeps across the ridge into Poker Flat for some good fishing. But the gardens no longer exist and the only flowers are the wild lilies in the cemetery. When summer ends the "A" frames are shuttered and padlocked and La Porte tries to become a ghost town, as we once prophesied. But they don't let her die. The body of the town continues long after its true spirit aged and passed away.

The pines slowly reclaim yesterday's mining camps.





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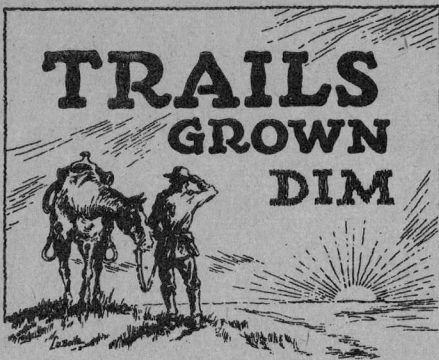
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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. 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.

Small

There was a large family of Smalls who were Quakers in southeast Virginia before the Revolution. We have been unable, so far, to make any connection to our clan, although it may exist.

We are descendants of John Small, a Scotch-Irish immigrant who lived in Virginia. The family migrated to Kentucky and Tennessee around 1800, and from there various branches spread across the country until by the 1850s they lived in all of the South and the West.

We have at present over 2,500 persons listed who are descended from John Small, but we are still missing many branches of the family. Even if your Small connection is not to our family, you are invited to write. We may be able to help you find a clue, as in many years of research we have much information on other Small families in our files. All letters will be answered as soon as possible.—Mrs. Leo R. Behnke, 1400 Bowron Rd., Space 9, Lakeside, Oregon 97449

Tom Delmoe

My great-great-uncle, Tom Delmoe, was born in Switzerland and came to the United States with a brother Joe, ages unknown. I was told he settled first in Utah, then on January 27, 1879 he and his brother divided what cows they had. Joe went to Nevada. Tom started out from southern Utah with thirty-five head of dairy cows and calves headed for Butte, Montana. I would like to know when he reached Butte, and how. I do know he had the first dairy in Silver County and would like to know where and for how long.

Tom had a niece and nephew in Mon-

tana, and while he was there he changed the spelling of his name to Delmoe, to agree with theirs. Maybe this looked more American to them.

He moved to a place in Jefferson County on the Big Pipestone Creek where he farmed. Later a large dam was built on the creek to provide water for the ranchers down on the Pipestone Springs and Bench area. This lake covered his first ranch and bears his name, Delmoe Lake. He built across the lake and I'd like to know the year and how long he lived there.

Uncle Tom had a moustache and a long white beard. He never married, and when he was in his eighties he lived with his niece, Castina Strozzi on the Little Pipestone Creek. He passed away there December, 1922 and is buried in Butte. I think he was eighty-six when he died.

It has been nearly a century since his journey to Montana, but I do hope there can be someone who knew him or has a picture of him.—Mrs. Thomas T. Fellows, Box 261, Whitehall, Montana 59759

James Barnett

For years now I have been trying to trace my grandfather, James Barnett, and his family. James was an Osage Indian from around Weleetka, Oklahoma. He was born about 1890, son of David Barnett, mother's name unknown. James married Clara Tannery in 1910 at Holdenville, Oklahoma. They had two sons, Hubert and Dorris, then were divorced in 1919. James is believed to have been an interpreter for the Indians and either the courts or the oil companies.

I believe James had brothers and sisters: Robert, Tom, Nellie, Mary, Bell and Avery. Any information would be much appreciated.—Mrs. Gwendolyn Van De Walker, P. O. Box 774, Mt. Shasta, California 96067

Carroll-Shelton-Puckett-Barr

Hugh Carroll who was killed in McDonald County, Missouri by Federal Scouts during the Civil War was born in Virginia in 1804. About 1825 he was in east Tennessee, probably Claiborne County where he married Ann (Anna) Shelton. Was her father Ralph Shelton who died in that county between 1837-1846? Hugh and Ann Carroll had five children born in Tennessee: Ralph, 1826, my great-grandfather; John, 1828; Henry, 1832; James, 1834; and Samuel, 1836, who was killed in McDonald County during the Civil War.

Moving on from Tennessee through Missouri to McDonald County where they settled, their additional children were: Thomas and Christopher, 1838; Sarah, 1842; Mary, 1846; and Martha, 1847. Was John Carroll, son of Hugh and Ann Carroll, known to have been in Arkansas with his sisters Sarah Carroll Puckett and Mary Carroll Walker in 1867, the "Honorable" John Carroll of Carroll County, Arkansas? Mary Carroll Walker, a widow, was back in McDonald County, Missouri in 1871 where she was married to John L. Barr, a lawyer, who became prosecuting attorney of that county. What became of James, Christopher and Martha Carroll? Henry moved to California, Thomas to Louisiana and he was

never heard of again. Information regarding any descendants would be appreciated.—Mrs. Charles C. Pace, 2105 Laurelei Avenue, San Jose, California 95128

Wyatt and Mulkey

The Mulkeys and Wyatts came via wagontrain in 1847 to Willamette Valley, Oregon. They settled near Marysville, now renamed Corvallis. William B. Mulkey's folks settled on a ranch near Burnet Woods at Harlan, Oregon. The Wyatts were at or near Philomath. Their daughter-in-law, Ebbie Wyatt, had a book on their travels but she died and her things were sold. I just missed seeing the book and am anxious to get a copy. I'd like to hear from anyone knowing about it or the publisher's or author's names.—Mrs. Maybelle Sausser, 831 Haynes Way, North Bend, Oregon 97459

Joseph Square Miller

My grandfather, Joseph Square Miller, was born 1835 at Tioga, New York. They must have been one of the feuding tribes, so much so that to my knowledge none of his children were very congenial nor did they know their father's parents. Neither these nor their mother's parents' names were on the death certificates.

Joseph married Julia M. Ransom, born 1842 at Wayne, Pennsylvania, on July 4, 1861 at Lanesboro, Pennsylvania. Rev. Hare performed the ceremony.

In the early 1870s, after having five children in Pennsylvania, they started west and stopped over in Nebraska where Joseph was sheriff for two years and three more children were born. They arrived in Oregon early in 1881 just before the birth of my mother. After living in other areas and another child, the tenth, was born, they settled at Cecil, Morrow County, Oregon on a homestead. Grandma died there in 1912. Grandpa retired and lived at his son's home in Grandview, Washington and died there in 1921.

If anyone knows anything about this family of mine, please write and help me with my search.—Estelle M. Alley, 1113 E. 10th Street The Dalles, Oregon 97058

Robert C. (Red) McMMain

Robert C. (Red) McMMain was my uncle. He was my dad's youngest brother. I last saw him in Louisiana about 1918 when I was only about thirteen years old. His last known address was Ashdown, Arkansas and that was, as well as I can remember, about 1950. He married Miss Ellen McDaniel about 1916 in Louisiana. I have heard he had two daughters but I don't know who they married. I will be glad to hear from either or both of them and will answer letters from them.—Webster P. McMMain, 4105 Avenue B, Austin, Texas 78751

Rebeca Knight

About 1875 my great-aunt, Rebeca Knight, married a rancher in South Dakota. Her married name has been forgotten. We know she had some children and would like to hear from members of her family.—Bay Knight, 1418 Eddy Lane, Eau Claire, Wisconsin 54701

Sumpter Valley

(Continued from page 15)

from Kansas to the town of Weston, Oregon. It seems odd that a saddle horse was not used to herd the loose cattle as they followed the wagons, but Mom, along with other children some of whom were brothers and sisters, kept the milk cows and other livestock moving, though allowing them time to graze and always keeping in view of the wagons.

The Henderson family, like so many before and after them, had as their destination the Willamette Valley. But the hand of fate struck the wagontrain while camped at Weston with typhoid fever. That changed the plans, not only of Gramp and Gram, but also of many more. Mom lost two sisters and one brother in this epidemic, and as the new graves increased it became harder and harder for some of the people to move on and leave their loved ones in a strange and lonely land. I feel that the grave of some family member caused many a homestead to be staked out that under other circumstances would have been left for a future time when transportation was available.

Like many other children who were taught at an early age to compete with the elements for survival, my mother learned her lessons well. She learned how to keep meat fresh over an extended time. She learned how to pickle, can, preserve, to make sausage from pork scraps, to make head cheese from beef or pork, to make light bread that had its beginning from home-made yeast. All I remember about Mom's yeast was that she started it with potatoes. She also kept the sourdough crock going with home-made yeast.

PERHAPS all of us have a few special memories connected with our youth. One of mine is the way our kitchen smelled, especially in the fall. Each evening when we returned from school, Mom always had a snack prepared for us, as it would be perhaps three hours before supper. We had the chores to do, milking the cows, separating the cream, feeding the pigs, so Mom always fortified us with some food before we began. Sitting in the kitchen, eating a bowl of milk toast, or fresh cooked doughnuts or pie or cake with a glass of cold buttermilk, was heaven to a growing boy.

The joy of relieving my hunger was enhanced by the aroma of the many projects that Mom had going all at one time. The smell of fresh baked light bread, of doughnuts frying, peaches, pears, apple butter simmering, of sauerkraut fermenting, dill pickles, of mince meat and corned beef—the fragrance of each project mingling with the other created the most delightful scent I have ever experienced. There was never a bit of food or material wasted. She had the ability each meal to prepare the exact amount of food required to satisfy the appetite of four children and herself, with just enough left over to feed the dog. As we had no refrigeration, it was important to avoid waste.

In Weston Mom lived with Gramp and Gram Henderson for ten years. At age

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twenty-three she married Joseph Hudspeth. It is unclear to me, but perhaps the Hudspeths and Hendersons may have come from Kansas to Weston in the same wagontrain. My mother and Joseph were married on October 29, 1896. Joseph was twenty-seven.

According to pictures and spoken testimony, he was an extremely handsome man, six feet one inch in height, with black curly hair, a very fair skin, dark brown eyes, square broad shoulders, forty-four inch chest tapering to a thirty-one inch waist. He was a top hand and could ride the rough string or take over ranch management. He, in fact, did manage some of the ranches for the Pacific Livestock Company. He and my mother lived on and managed several of their ranches—the ranch of Mann Lake, Alford, and Juniper.

For a few short years, my mother was to know the joy of being happily married to a kind and considerate man. On August 7, 1897 their first child, Wallace, was born. On October 4, 1899 the second child was born, a girl they named Georgia, and to Mom it seemed her world at last was complete.

Then, in the late nineties, Joseph became ill. This illness continued for several months. Mom told me of the frantic

search for a doctor who could diagnose and cure the ailment. They used all their meager savings. The doctors held consultations, but medicine in those days was still in its infancy and on April 5, 1901, Joseph passed over the barrier, leaving my mother heartbroken, with debts piled high, with a little boy three years old and a little girl of sixteen months. It seems quite harsh and sad that after only five years Joseph was taken from the woman and children he loved so much.

After the death of Joseph, she once again took residence with her parents at Weston and accepted the challenge of caring for her two children and helping supplement the income.

William Hudspeth, a brother of Joseph, during this time was working as a miner in the area of Bourne, Oregon. It became his habit each month to mail my mother, who at that time was his sister-in-law, part of each monthly check. This continued for two years, and on June 23, 1903, he and Mom were married.

After their marriage they returned to Sumpter Valley and for the next three years lived at the town of McEwen, my father working in mining and logging. On February 16, 1906 my brother, Greene, was born. On March 1, 1906 my



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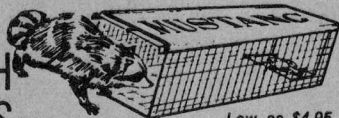
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parents moved onto their homestead, as mentioned before, with one team of horses and one wagon that contained their meager possessions.

With now a family of five, and only sixty dollars, the future was before them. It would seem the odds of survival were great. Part of the 160-acre homestead contained many giant and virgin yellow pines; pine that on today's market would sell for two hundred per thousand on the stump.

SUMPTER VALLEY with its timber, mineral and ranch resources attracted men from many walks of life—railroad construction, mining, transportation and ranching, and also a few independent men who desired to work alone or in a two-man partnership. Some of these men became woodcutters, not on the basis of a daily wage, but cutting and stacking the wood for a specific amount for each cord. The trees were felled, sawed, split and piled to season dry. The only tools were a crosscut hand-operated saw, a splitting maul and wedges. A man working alone could average two cords each day, or two men would average four and one half cords.

My father engaged the Kennedy brothers, Tom and Will, as woodcutters and they began reducing the giant pines into stove wood at the going price of one dollar each cord. This wood was shipped on the Sumpter Valley Railroad to Baker, where independent wood yards sold and delivered it throughout the city. The first season of harvesting the timber for wood returned a net gain for my parents of \$900, which of course did not include the labor of my father for hauling the wood to the railroad and loading the cars.

Someway the folks were able to secure several milk cows, a few chickens and a brood sow. Also, by the fall of 1907, a 40' x 40' log barn was erected. The barn is still substantial and in use. The outside perimeter of the 160 acres was fenced with a four-wire barbed wire fence, the wire strung on tamarack posts that were split by maul and wedge. To accomplish so much in the allowed time, it is certain there were no eight-hour days or forty-hour weeks.

I suppose my parents were operating partially on borrowed money because in a short period of time they accumulated a medium-sized herd of dairy cows, chickens and pigs despite the expense of haying machinery, and the ever increasing cost and effort of improving the land, the main ditch that had its head from Powder River, the fencing and construction of barn, chicken house, corrals and an addition to the main dwelling. The old homestead today looks much as it did from my earliest memory, with the exception that the old original house of rough lumber has been replaced with one of native granite. It is still getting its water supply from the well my father dug and walled with rock. This well always produced an abundant supply of sparkling cool clear water.

My folks had been located on the homestead two years before my birth, and the family then consisted of eight—my father and mother, my Grandmother and Grand-

father Hudspeth, and us four children. Gramp and Gram had advanced in years, and it became necessary for someone to care for them.

My grandfather died late in the fall of 1910. His request had been that he be buried at Burns, Oregon in Harney County. At the time of his death it was impossible to honor his request, as the roads that crossed several high mountain passes were closed due to an early and heavy snowfall. The alternative was to bury him temporarily in the cemetery in Sumpter.

A promise made is a debt unpaid, and the following spring when the mountain passes were open, when the first spring buds were awakening, when all nature was rejoicing as new life began, my father disinterred Gramp and, loading the casket in the wagon, began a lonely journey of 150 miles. My father's nephew, Ray Hindman, accompanied him. Ray was nineteen at the time. Ray told me of this trip, and the mental anguish; preparing food over a campfire, lying in their blankets at night with the knowledge that Gramp was there in the wagon box—Gramp who had blazed many trails of his own but this time was returning to a place from whence no traveler returns.

In the fall of 1911 my grandmother died, and again the roads were choked with snow, so Gram was also buried in Sumpter. The following spring my father once again had to make this 150-mile journey by team and wagon. This time, however, he made the trip alone, and I have often thought of the sadness that he must have experienced. How lonesome he must have been, as the campfire died and the stars came out, with nothing but a coyote on some distant hill to keep him company.

IN THE FALL of 1912 my father's health began to decline. As a little child of four, I remember his absence from home; I remember the great joy I always felt at his return. He was consulting doctors in Baker and Salem. On the advice of one doctor, Dad went to Arizona, hoping the warm dry climate would improve his health. But his illness was confined to his nose and throat, and although doctors did their best it was a situation that they did not have the knowledge to treat. They knew where the trouble was but did not know how to correct it. I have often wondered if his condition was perhaps strep throat, which our present drugs could have cured in a matter of days.

On October 1, 1913 my father entered the St. Elizabeth hospital in Baker, but all to no avail. Surrounded by his family, he died on October 13 at age forty-seven.

Once again my mother gathered her grief and children and returned to the ranch—the result of a total of fifteen years of marriage to two good men who were full brothers. The bills had accumulated; the ranch was still in development; her four children ranged in age from sixteen to five. But my mother attacked all problems with vigor. No obstacle was too large. When things looked hopeless, she charged straight ahead.

Wallace, my older brother, due to necessity, left high school in the second

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year. My sister Georgia continued on to graduation. By determination alone, the labor and management of my mother and Wallace kept us on the road my parents had planned.

As we reflect back at the lot of some individuals, it would seem tragedy stalked their paths. In 1914, one year after my father died, my Grandpa Henderson died; in 1918 my Grandma died. Death was not a stranger, it was more like a constant companion. The typhoid fever that had claimed the life of two sisters and a brother, the loss of her husband, and of friends who came West with them, all these sorrows created a dauntless determination in my mother to face and overcome any obstacle in her path. Each spring when the winter wheat was reaching for the sun, when the sunflowers and camas were in bloom, she made an annual journey to Weston to attend the graves of Joseph, her sisters and brother and her mother and father.

For seventeen years after the death of Grandma there was no new sorrow due to death. Then came the final blow. My brother, Greene, was killed in a hunting accident at age twenty-nine. Mom lived sixteen years following the death of Greene, and for sixteen years when his name was mentioned, the tears would flow from her eyes. But those tears were the only tribute she paid to fate. In every other way she accomplished what she had come West to do—she secured the future for the rest of us.

Tom Watson—Long-Time Cattle Buyer

(Continued from page 21)

and a huddle of cabins and corrals. What adventure!

Not far to the north lay Brown's Hole, a mountain-walled valley partly in Wyoming and already notorious as a hideout for outlaws. When occasional strange riders sifted out of the distance, Tom would ease himself in the saddle and pause to pass the time of day. During these encounters, especially after a big cattle sale, Loren was fidgety about that money pouch Tom carried. He was afraid to guess how many thousand dollars it contained. He'd bet these men of the backwash could smell that money.

Tom trusted everyone. The only reason he wore a six-gun was to knock the head off a sage chicken or grouse when he needed something for the frying pan, or to put a cow critter out of its misery if it broke a leg.

If no cabin was in sight he would stop beside the trail wherever night caught up with him, throw his saddle and pouch on the ground, and after a supper fire, roll in a blanket and sleep like a baby. Strangely enough, in all the time Loren accompanied Tom, the cattle buyer's trust was never abused by the itinerants of the Lower Country.

Between roundups Tom did freighting. Once he bought a hundred head of steers from the Morgan brothers on Collum Creek. A man named Joe Carrol and

Loren helped Tom break them. They would yoke two together, turn them loose, and let them fight it out. There was grass for the steers to eat while they were learning about that yoke, and after a day or two, they would be gentle. Then Tom would chain them to the load and start. After he was through freighting, he fattened his steers on grass and took them to market. He made a pile of money that year.

He established the Thos. B. Watson Mercantile Store in Meeker, but left its management to others, perhaps relatives. Tom was occupied with business he knew more about—cattle.

IN these years he was riding high. Thousands of head of cattle ranged over the magnificent summer pasture of Routt, Grand, and adjacent counties as more and more ranchers discovered the grassy hills and the abundance of feed. The big outfits managed their own drives, but the small ranchers still depended on Tom Watson.

By then the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad had built along Eagle River as far as Wolcott (originally called Russell), and though stock from Lower Country was still driven to Wamsetter or Rawlins to be shipped on the Union Pacific, cattle from the Upper Country could now be loaded out from Wolcott.

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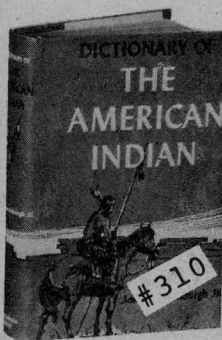
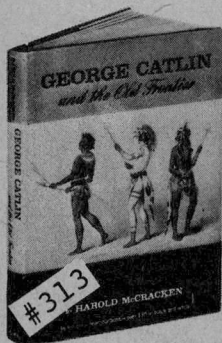
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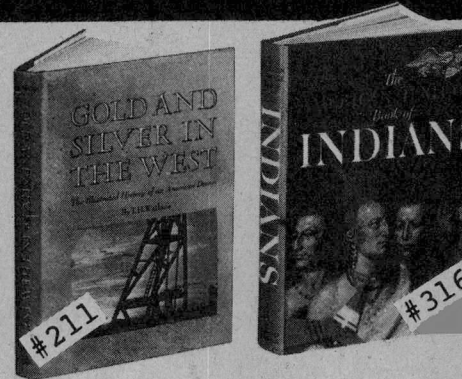
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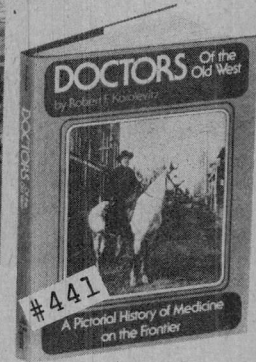
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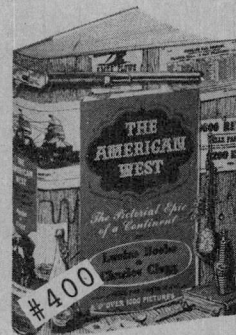
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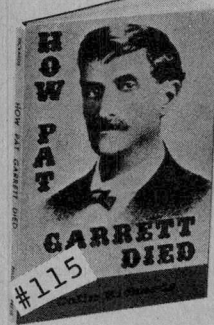
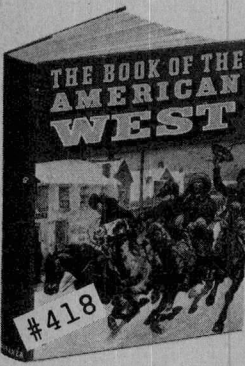


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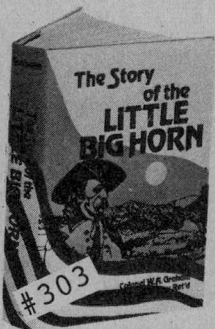
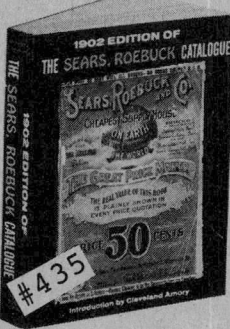
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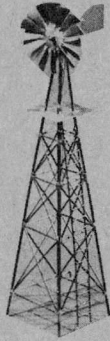


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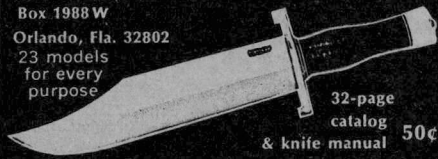
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day a steer got down in a car that was being loaded. No amount of prodding could get him up. Tom had his men build a little pen around the steer to keep the other cattle from trampling him. This took considerable time, and the trainmen grew impatient and said they would have to move the train regardless. Tom snorted, "You are not going to roll that train till I am ready!" And they didn't.

Though Tom appeared easy going, those who worked for him always knew he was the boss. Cowboys, accustomed to drift from one spread to another, could not have told why they elected to stay in Tom's crew or why they sweated blood to do what he required.

In the fall of 1889 what Tom required was the impossible, or so it seemed. For some reason there had been a delay in the final roundup, and it was the latter part of November when Tom's cowboys finally shoved 2,300 steers as far as the Toponas flats and held them there while Tom loped his horse thirty-four miles to Wolcott to make shipping arrangements. The November weather was unpredictable. Winter was due any minute.

Tom returned with bad news. The D&RG could furnish cars for only 800 cattle. The other 1,500 steers could not stay on the Toponas flats because this high country would soon be snowed under and there would be nothing for them to eat.

"Boys," Tom said, "if we can't get these critters to Denver on the railroad, we'll have to drive them there. Rollins Pass is the shortest way."

He divided his crew. Part of them cut out the 800 steers and headed them for Wolcott, and the rest pointed 1,500 bawling cattle toward Rollins Pass via Gore Range and Middle Park. Tom had to accompany the train shipment. Though Loren would have preferred to go with him, he was delegated to the Rollins Pass bunch. A man named Temple acted as boss.

Neither Temple nor any of his crew had ever been over Rollins Pass. None had signed on to make such an extended drive, but not a man suggested turning back. How far away the Denver stockyards were nobody knew—150—175 miles maybe. The distance did not matter much—what mattered was that some of those miles were straight up and down.

THE MEN watched the weather. If a storm came up, the odds were stacked against ever driving that herd to Denver. Loren had heard tell how snow could drift ten, twenty, forty feet deep in no time at all.

At first the sun shone out of a blue sky. Everything went well until the drive reached Hot Sulphur Springs where the cattle spooked, took to milling, and shoved one rider and about a dozen steers off a high bank into Grand (Colorado) River. Horse, rider, and steers finally scrambled out. The boys gathered the scattered herd, moved on a couple of miles, and made camp for the night.

Two evenings later, camp was made east of Fraser far up a mountain near timberline beside a road of sorts that had been blasted out of rock some fifteen years before. That road had been built

originally to open Middle Park to wagon travel, but had proved too steep and difficult and had been abandoned in favor of the better Berthoud Pass road. Maybe it was the sharp wind that made the steers and horses so ornery. Loren sure wished for Tom.

The plan was to cross the pass early next morning. The crew had no tents. Loren and a cowboy named Buck were sleeping under a stunted pine tree. Some time in the night Buck jabbed Loren in the ribs with his elbow. "Wake up, kid. Let's see if we can fight the snow off our bed!"

Snow! The worst had happened. Loren could hardly believe a blizzard could have whipped in so fast. He thought he was going to be blown right off the mountain before he could reach the chuckwagon where the rest of the crew were looking for gunny sacks to wrap around their feet. They tore blankets in strips to tie around their ears under their hats.

The cattle were gone and so was the cavy. Disappeared. Vanished. Nothing anywhere but swirling whiteness. All that the crew had were their night horses and the chuckwagon teams that had been tied up.

As soon as they could fork frozen saddles, Loren and half a dozen others went looking for the herd. They were able to find only about 300. By now it was daylight. Temple, the boss, decided to take the 300 head and the chuckwagon on over the pass, leaving part of the crew to continue the search. The snow was falling so thick he had to put a horseman on each side of the chuckwagon so the cook could tell where to drive.

Loren and the cowboys who were plowing through the drifts hunting for the lost cattle, finally met up in a little park. They had had no luck whatever. It was near noon and the storm had broken some. While they were talking things over, a noise made them look up the slope above timberline. Here came the lost cattle in a long swinging trot, bawling their heads off. They had evidently drifted before the storm until they had come to a bluff wall where they must have stood for hours, lashed by the blizzard. Their coats were glazed with a sheet of ice. With a yell Loren and his friends made a wild run and managed to bend the leaders around the mountain toward the pass.

Somehow they shoved the herd over the divide and were lucky enough to drop down near Jenny Lake on the east side. Then they had to locate the men with the chuckwagon and the rest of the herd. One of the outfit pulled his six-gun and shot three times. He was answered by shots from down the mountain. Thus the two crews found each other.

Finally the storm quit. After four days of bucking snow, the cowboys managed to get most of the cattle and horses back together. Seventy-five of the steers were missing.

The rest of the way was downhill. The gaunt cow ponies that had had nothing to eat except the little they could paw out of the snow, laid back their ears and fought the herd the remaining sixty or eighty miles to the Denver stockyards.

Temple and his men put the cavy in

a pasture and rode the streetcar to the Interocean Hotel where the crew who had traveled by way of Wolcott had arrived days earlier.

Loren remembered tramping into the warmth of the hotel lobby and seeing Tom standing there with his hat on. Temple blurted, "I hate to tell you this, Tom. We lost seventy-five of your steers."

And Temple's crew, who had done the impossible—driven 1,425 steers over Rollins Pass in a winter blizzard—shuffled their feet and looked at the floor.

Tom's face cracked into a grin. "That's okay, boys," he said, "I wouldn't have blamed you if you had lost the whole works." He turned to the hotel clerk. "These are my men. Give them the best you have!"

Loren, the kid, remembered Tom's big horny hand on his shoulder. This was the first time he had been called a man.

THE STORY of Tom Watson ought to end here, for the final chapter is hazy. As years went by and Loren Bird became a full-fledged cowboy (one of the finest), and took up a ranch, he saw the graying cattle buyer infrequently.

It is known that Tom continued to ride a long-legged horse over the old beef drives till after the turn of the century. What is not known is under what circumstances luck finally turned against him. Those who could have told are long dead. Perhaps the Thos. B. Watson Mercantile Store at Meeker overextended its credit. Rumor persists that the person or persons Tom had left in charge of the store "rooked" him. Or a bad cattle market could have wiped him out.

In 1903 he made his last visit to the Bird home in Yampa and died there on September 24 at the age of sixty-five. His scuffed money pouch was empty.

The ranchers and cowboys he had helped so many years dug down in their pockets and bought a granite marker for his grave, which can be seen in the Yampa cemetery today. It reads:

SACRED TO THE
MEMORY OF
THOS. B.
WATSON
APR. 15, 1838
SEPT. 24, 1903
THIS MONUMENT
ERECTED BY HIS FRIENDS

The four words at the bottom would have suited Tom Watson far better than any mention in a history book.

Rattlesnake Joe

(Continued from page 31)

in our little jungle, talking about old times and old friends, but of the latter most were dead and gone. So we had a drink to first this one, and then that one. I noticed old Joe was getting drunk, and I felt kind of woozy myself but I didn't care, maybe we could call back yesterday.

We questioned each other about where the old-time hobos had to go if they were still alive, and where and how they had died if they were dead. It took about half the bottle to cheer us up, but finally we were laughing and telling funny stories of things that happened years ago. When

Joe asked me whatever happened to his old pal Black Jesus, I had a piece of information for him to gladden the old man's heart. I told him Black Jesus lived in an old shack about half a mile west of the yard limit sign at Lordsburg, New Mexico. What a place for someone named Jesus to live—in Lordsburg!

When I told him this, Rattlesnake Joe really got excited and vowed he would catch the next eastbound freight as soon as we were through eating. He hadn't seen his old pal for nearly six years and had heard he was dead.

I assured him old Jesus was very much alive but had got too old to climb into a box car so he quit the road. He too was over eighty. Joe said he and Black Jesus had been on skidrow in Chicago in 1912, and had shipped out to gandy dance on the Great Northern.

Our steaks got done and we ate them and Joe said it was time to go. I know how he felt. Black Jesus was someone from his youth, but I hated to see him try to hang one out while he was drinking. There seemed to be no way of stopping him, so I walked back up into the yards with him. I soon found I needn't have worried. He didn't stagger or show any signs of drinking. He was in luck, a freight was sitting there waiting to head east, and old Joe made for it.

He walked up to an empty box car and tried to climb into it, but couldn't make it the first time. I didn't want to hurt his feelings by helping him get in so I turned my head and pretended I was looking over the yards. Finally he spoke to me and I could tell he was very reluctant to ask for help. But he did, and so I boosted him up into the box car and stood there talking to him while he waited for the train to pull out.

And as I looked at his lined and weatherbeaten old face I couldn't help but marvel at him. Here was a man who should be in a rocking chair but was still on the go after seventy years spent as a hobo.

He was a kind-hearted old fellow, and would feed or help any man who asked him, black or white. Rattlesnake Joe is one of the last real hobos, and he is the type of a man anyone would be proud to call "friend."

All at once the point unit blew the highball and I knew my old friend would soon be gone over the rails he had ridden a thousand times, and on into the deserts of New Mexico where an old pal waited to talk over earlier days. How I wanted to go with him and see the meeting with Black Jesus at Lordsburg.

The train started with a jerk just as I finished shaking hands with the old fellow for the last time, and as it pulled out a part of me seemed to go with it. I was reminded of some lines from a poem I once had written:

From its place down on the siding,
With its lonesome whistle blowing,
Outward bound with hobos riding,
Made him think once more of going.

It sure made me think once more of going, for here I stood on twin ribbons

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of steel that stretched across America and bound the whole country together. A man had but to know the routes and changes, and all America was his.

I watched the train slowly gather speed, and the wind of its passing seemed to call to me in a way that was almost irresistible. I wondered as the train vanished if any of the rail riders who were on the road now would have any idea who they were seeing when they saw this old man on the train. A part of American history going his way, just like he has been doing since 1904.

I hope Rattlesnake Joe will do what he said he would—build a shack beside Black Jesus and quit the road for good. I would hate to walk down into the jungle someday and hear that they found Joe dead along the tracks. Will I ever see him again? You bet I will. Someday I'll show up at Lordsburg, where I hope to see not one but two old shacks and two ancient black men sitting there resting after a lifetime on the rails. I know we will all be grinning as I take the whiskey out of my pack; then once more we'll drink to those who have gone on.

Last Cruise of the Yankee Blade

(Continued from page 25)

I leaped over the railing and floundered toward the nearest beast, which I managed to grab by the tail. I hung on until he had towed me to shallow water.

I let go and swam the rest of the way, getting to the shore in time to see the bulls emerge, shake their heads, snort and cross the sand to a path leading up the cliff.

THE FEW swimmers who had reached land were lying exhausted on the sand.

A woman was patrolling the shore, eyes strained over the water. Suddenly she plunged into the surf and swam beyond the breakers. She came back supporting an exhausted man who would have drowned without her help. I learned later she was Mrs. Jane Elwell. Eventually she was officially credited with rescuing twenty persons.

The fog completely cleared, revealing three lifeboats coming across the open water. The first to land was manned by Captain Randall. He had come ashore to select a campsite. The women and children in the boat were a sorry sight.

One of the men told us the first boat launched was manned by the chief mate. It was loaded with women and children. Struck by a heavy, curling wave, it capsize, rolled about and was dashed against the rocks. There were no survivors.

The third boat to arrive was loaded with supplies—food, water, and a few tools. Immediately, on being unloaded, it, like the others, returned to the *Yankee Blade* for another load. Captain Randall remained, to lead us up the trail the bulls had taken. There he staked out a camp-

site on the sandy, arid ground.

We collected quantities of scrub brush for fires. We dug latrines behind walls of brush, which gave us a little privacy.

Noticing it was getting late and the fog was coming in again the Captain said they had to leave and the boats would have to stop coming until morning. We sat around the fire and listened to the mournful knell of the ship's bell as the waves knocked against it. The wreck was now ablaze with lights and we wondered how long she could withstand the battering she was taking.

The next morning, October second, the fog was gone. After breakfast we men brought the bodies that had washed ashore during the night, up the cliff. We buried them deep in the earth and covered the graves with rocks and brush. Among the dead was one woman wearing two life preservers. They had snagged on something and become useless.

The boats brought new arrivals who told us what had happened after the ship broke in two and the lifeboats had been launched. The purser had hurried to the vault to save the valuables but it was already flooded and the water was rising rapidly. He was forced back.

The storekeeper and some crew members broke open the storeroom and brought out food, water and supplies. Everyone was lavish in praise of Henry Randall, Jr., the Captain's son, crediting him with ability beyond his years in the way he handled affairs while his father was ashore.

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The lifeboats had returned to the wreck when a ship anchored outside the reef just beyond the *Yankee Blade*. Then we saw two objects hit the open water. They proved to be lifeboats. One went to the *Yankee Blade*; the other continued on to us. Everyone from camp was crowded around to greet it. The officer in command was from the *Goliah*. He said that Captain Haley could take the women and children aboard and two or three men who were going to Santa Barbara. He would pick up the rest of us on the way back from San Diego.

The officer said the *Goliah* had had to lay to during the heavy fog. She was taking soundings frequently now to avoid going on the reef. When the fog lifted they had found themselves almost on the reef and saw the wrecked ship on the rocks.

WHEN the loaded boat pulled away, we went back to camp. I gave up going to San Pedro. I would wait for the *Goliah* and return to San Francisco.

After the *Goliah* sailed, the lifeboats from the wreck began running again. They brought water and provisions for which we were grateful. Our supply was getting low. During the day we buried the dead bodies that continued to wash ashore and to collect scrub brush to burn at night.

October third was routine. We buried more dead. We dug more latrines. We had to go farther away for our firewood. All newcomers were greeted warmly.

On the morning of the fourth we saw the three lifeboats start as usual, but when they were about half-way one boat pulled away, to our astonishment, and headed up the coast. When the other two arrived, the passengers told us about harrowing experiences of the night before.

The Chief Fireman and several companions had broken into the liquor room and got roaring drunk. Then they searched the wreck for guns and stuck them in their belts, and broke open the bags and trunks. They kept what contents they wanted and threw the rest into the sea.

Several shots were fired and it was rumored one man was killed. They made the miners, at gun point, take off their money belts. They robbed the rest of the passengers of their jewelry and other valuables.

One boat had been loaded with fresh supplies. They commandeered that boat and took off with their loot. No one seemed to know why the brigands weren't rushed at some point, but they got away scot-free.

At night in camp, one of our most reassuring sights was the lights on the wreck, but that night we saw the lights go out. We were all distressed at the remaining men's plight. We learned the next morning that the pilot house and two steering houses were washed away. The one bright spot was that the bell went overboard, too!

The weather was clear both October fifth and sixth, but our food and water supply was very low. Now there were more of us in camp than there were on

the wreck, but the suffering was worse on the ship still clinging to the rocks. It was gradually going to pieces. One big wave at any time could wash it off.

Early the morning of the seventh the *Goliah* came to anchor. We shouted, cheered and danced about wildly. We were a happy welcoming committee that met the lifeboats that rescued us. On the *Goliah* we were welcomed by our former companions, among them the thirty-five men who had walked to Santa Barbara. The regular passengers couldn't have been kinder.

When the last boat from the wreck arrived we were told Captain Randall was the last man off. So battered was the wreck he had to be lowered from the masthead with a rope. When we had all been greeted by Captain Haley, we gathered on the rear deck and stood at attention to bid farewell to a valiant ship.

As we watched, a giant wave hit what was left of the *Yankee Blade*. For a minute she clung stubbornly to the rock, then with a shudder slid into the sea.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 35)

Monterey until a court order was secured to exhume the body and have it examined to determine the actual cause of death.

Manuel Quix, M.D., a San Jose surgeon, performed what was apparently the first autopsy in the history of California. He found that Father Quintana had been asphyxiated. From the marks that he observed about the neck, he suggested that the Padre might have been hanged.

Father Quintana's friends began wondering what they had really accomplished. They now knew what had been the cause of death, but this fact only led them to be faced with more questions. Who would kill a priest and why? Why would anyone put his body back into bed? Or had he been killed in bed? And if so—how? Did the murderers steal something? If so—what? Then back around the full circle again to—who would kill a priest?

MANY YEARS passed and the mystery remained unsolved until one day when an Indian major-domo left the Mission on a business trip to New Year's Point. He knew the Indian dialect spoken in the area, but found it more prudent to pretend that he did not.

While his dinner was being prepared by the local Indians one evening, he overheard one of them saying, "This fellow is from the Mission Santa Cruz. Don't you remember how we killed Father Quintana many years ago?"

The other Indian replied, "Yes, we remember it well, but it was never found out."

"Let us kill this fellow, too, before he gets away."

The listening major-domo pretended to be asleep while this conversation was going on. Leisurely rousing himself, he said to the Indians, "Don't hurry about dinner till I come back. I don't feel very well. I want to go down to the beach and have a bath."

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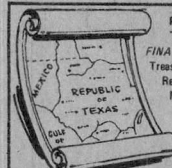
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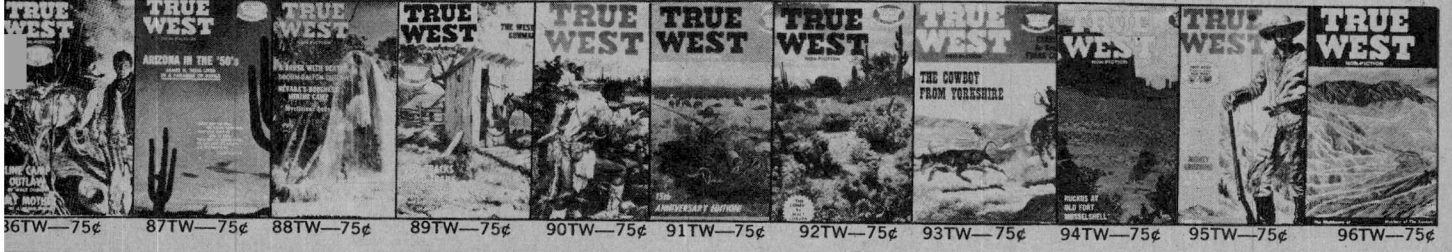
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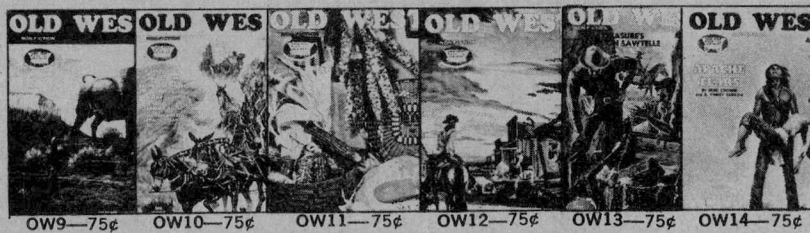


Old West issues
on next page →

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He strolled slowly in the direction of the beach, but as soon as the rocks hid him from view, he quickly found a horse and escaped. He made his way over the mountains to Mission Santa Clara where he promptly went to the authorities and reported the conversation he had overheard. He also recounted to them how he had been able to escape. All this information was immediately conveyed to Monterey. The commanding officer issued a warrant for the Indians' arrest, and they were soon apprehended.

The suspects were taken to Mexico for trial. During the trial they claimed the reason for hanging Father Quintana was that he had devised "torture machines" to punish and subdue the local Indians. An investigation did not verify these accusations.

The Indians were sentenced to be executed, but the priest at Mission Santa Cruz interceded in their behalf, resulting in their being pardoned. Their reprieve, however, was a brief one as all of the Indians involved in the murder were shortly thereafter to die of leprosy.

One thing about this case has always puzzled me—the incident of hanging the priest and returning him to his bed. It is unusual behavior for Indians. Time has made it impossible to determine whether the Indians were indeed guilty, or merely scapegoats for the actual guilty parties.

THE "STRAY HORSE"

By H. F. Steiner

I THINK it was the spring of 1916 that a gray gelding came walking down the road and stopped to drink at our horse trough. This was a round trough, half of it available to stock outside the fence which inclosed it. A gate, made of lumber, permitted us to drive cattle and other animals into the barbed-wired inclosure. At the windmill pump, that supplied water for the tank, was a storeroom intended to be used to cool milk.

George, thirteen, and four years younger than I, saw the stray horse and since the gate was open, stole around the storehouse and quietly got it to enter the corral, then closed the gate. It was not uncommon for stock to wander from their owners' places, and they were automatically captured and held for the owners. This is what we intended to do. The horse was a sort of dappled gray, solidly built, with a brand on his right hip and evidence of having been a work horse. He had white spots that indicated work callouses. He was very shy but not mean, and in the barn he submitted to a halter. An inspection of his teeth showed he was about eight years old. All this information was given to the local newspaper at Beach (North Dakota) after no one around our place could identify the horse.

For several weeks he was left in the pasture, then Father decided to make him pay for his board. He was harnessed and, with three of our other horses, hitched to an eight-foot double disc harrow. After a few days he was again harnessed and, with the other three, hitched up to a grain drill. This was taken to the granary in the yard so that sacks of seed wheat

could be placed on top of the seed box. When the teamster got to the field he would drive along the ends of the field, distributing the sacks of seed for refilling the seeder.

The team was standing in front of the granary while the sacks were being loaded, when suddenly and without apparent cause—as is the way with broncos—the gray jumped forward, frightening the other three, and they began to run away. Since the stray was one of the inside horses of the four-horse team, he could not pull the two on his right, and they did not want to run. This caused them to make a circle and come back into the yard where the farm equipment was kept. One wheel of the drill struck an obstacle causing one tongue to break, and this in turn let the drill veer to one side jamming the horses into a tangled jumping mess.

Fortunately they had come back close to the granary and were soon calmed down, unhitched, and their cuts and bruises doctored. But this was a lesson. The gray was again put into the pasture since we did not know what to do with him.

A WEEK or two passed and then, probably watching his chance, the gray quietly walked through the gate at the trough and turned up the road that led eventually to the Bad Lands. Again, George saw him. George had a small saddle horse, Bud, in the barn. Saddling as quickly as he could, George tried to catch the gray and bring him back. After a couple of hours and seeing that he could not catch up with the bronco, George returned. After all he was not our horse and was a nuisance anyway.

Another couple of weeks passed, then one noon as we were getting ready for our meal, two strangers rode into the yard and dismounted. They came over to where Father, the hired man and I were, and asked to see the gray gelding we were holding. Father tried to explain the situation but the spokesman would not accept his statements. The man said they had come a long way, and that the notice was in last week's newspaper, and that we had probably sold the horse which he said was worth \$150. They would not accept the hired man's verification of my father's story either.

Now Father was a very generous and trustworthy man and could see that he was stuck. Perhaps he wanted to think, or placate these men, for he said, "Well, it's time to eat. You fellows might as well come in and we can settle this thing afterwards." So we all went into the house and Mother set places for the two extras.

In the living room I quickly told my mother about the problem and got her consent to call our attorney friend, Mr. Keohane. Fortunately I got him before he went to dinner. I explained the situation.

He said, "Howard, don't say anything to the men, but get your father aside and tell him to get the claimants to come into town to my office. Use any excuse—to get a bill of sale or sign papers so that no one else could come along and claim the horse too."

After we had eaten, I said, "Papa, I don't think you have any more blank checks."

He said, "Why sure there are," and he got up and went to his desk in the living room to find his check book. There I told him of the telephone call.

It was two miles into town and took a half-hour in the buggy. The strangers acknowledged the trip was necessary as there were no more checks, and we did not have the cash at home. In town, Father stopped at the bank. Keohane's office was above the bank. The strangers accepted Father's suggestion that there be a bill of sale, and all went up to the lawyer's office.

Mr. Keohane asked the men for proof of ownership of the horse to show "good faith." Of course they had none. He then began to question them about their residence, about references, and they began to fidget. Finally he said things were beginning to look suspicious and perhaps he should call the sheriff.

With that they bolted down the stairs! Mr. Keohane began to laugh. He said stealing horses in this manner was an old Western trick. Father asked him how much he owed because this could have cost him \$150. Mr. Keohane, still laughing, said, "Dave, you don't owe me anything. This is the most fun I've had in a long, long time!"

THE GOLDEN TARANTULAS

By Maurice Kildare

COWBOYS Ben Long and the "Okie" Kid gazed with apprehension at the coal black clouds boiling up in the northwest. It was the cyclone season of late summer. The country was only partly settled in this section of Indian Territory.

They had spent the morning rounding up twenty head of three-year-old steers in the Wilson community and it was midday when they reached an old road. Being trail broke, the steers gave no trouble at all.

The storm making up in the northwest appeared to widen in the sky, but there was no storm cellar in which they could take refuge short of the village of Kittie.

The steers following the seldom used road started up Tom Price Hill. A quarter of a mile behind, the cowboys noticed them lined across the road and beside it. This was strange indeed. The cowboys glanced at the storm clouds which seemed to be hovering in one place, and gave their attention back to the steers. All at once the critters lined out in a run and disappeared over the hill in the direction of Kittie.

The cowboys took out after them. On the hill their horses slowed and then stopped, heads bent groundward, snorting at a golden carpet covering the short grass. The ground was literally covered with pale yellow tarantulas. The cowboys were familiar with the Texas specie (*Myglae Avicularia*); three inches in body length, their doubled bent legs gave them a spread of seven to eight inches. But Texas tarantulas were coal black or very dark brown. The cowboys stared



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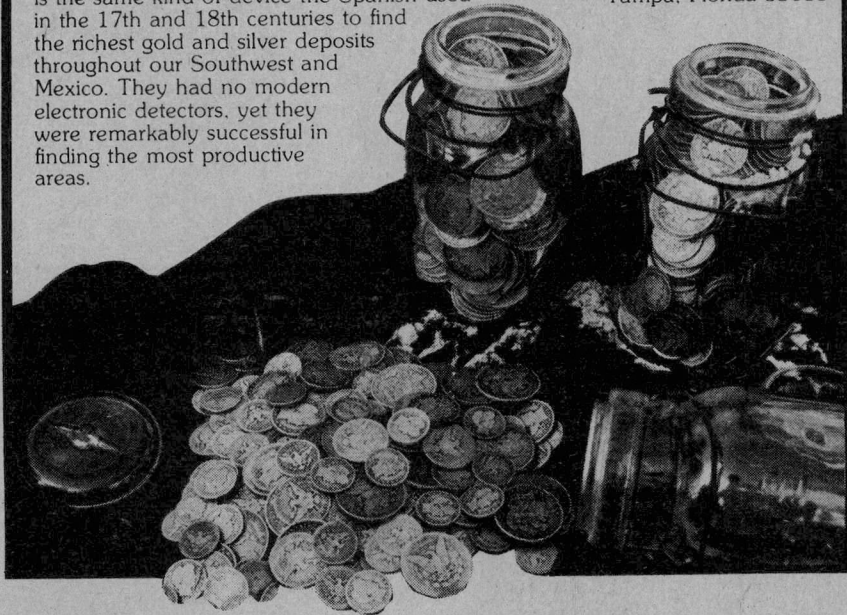
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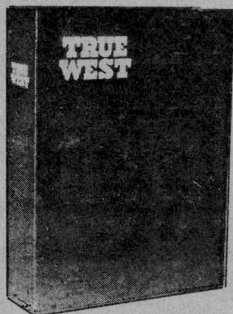
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in surprise for they had never seen light colored tarantulas.

The ground was a crawling mass pointed east and there was no perceivable end to them, right or left. The running steers had killed tarantulas every time they put down a cloven hoof.

Tarantulas generally were believed to be poisonous. But such is not the case. They are a type of trap-door spider, so-called, as they are members of the *Theraphosidae*. The hair on their legs and bodies is finer than a strand of silk. When picked up in the hand the hairs will detach themselves in the grooves of the palm and cause itching.

THE HORSES went into a gallop with a touch of spurs and soon they crossed the ground carpeted with the golden migrants. Meanwhile the building storm took a turn southward.

At Kittie the steers were turned into a pasture of the home ranch. That night at the A-One Bar, cowman Irb Richardson was told of the golden tarantulas. He laughed at the cowboys.

The following morning the Okie Kid took Richardson to the scene where the strange looking creatures had been. The road was filled with those killed by the steers and horses stepping on them but the men scouted around and saw no evidence of the main mass. The big tarantulas traveled so slowly that they would not have been more than three miles from where they were first noticed on Tom Price Hill.

Mystified, Richardson and the cowboy returned to Kittie. People living in the little village and close by said there was no such thing as a golden tarantula. Some of them went to the old road to see for themselves before being convinced.

The *Myglae*, black and dark brown, is common in Africa, Australia, and Central and South America. These tarantulas reached the United States through New Orleans and Texas ports via banana boats. But it is a mystery where a million or so golden tarantulas came from or where they went. Sometimes the creatures live in the ground but most often are found in trees. They spin webs of great size, and insects and small birds are enmeshed in these sticky, malodorous webs.

Later some golden tarantulas were reported in West Texas, and some inhabited a cave in northern Arizona. But they were only a few, not millions like Ben Long and Okie Kid saw.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 32)

title *Uphill Both Ways: Hiking Colorado's High Country* (Caxton \$4.95) by Robert L. Brown, Westerner, historian, photographer and author. Of course, it only seems that way, particularly at the end of a long day, but the natives tell it to the visitors with a straight face. *Uphill Both Ways* is actually a record in words and photos of seventy-eight hikes made by Brown, his family and friends, and it makes a mighty useful guide for those planning Colorado vacations. The photos are great and even if you don't

plan to hike in the high country we think you'll enjoy this book.

A TIGHT REIN!

Rules and Precepts of the Jesuit Missions of Northwestern New Spain (University of Arizona Press, \$8.50 in cloth, \$4.50 in wraps) by Charles W. Polzer, ethnohistorian of the Arizona State Museum in Tucson and an ardent student of the early Southwest borderlands. The author points out that the Jesuit missions were not freelance operations with the missionaries having the privilege of independent action. Rules and precepts in rather minute detail were laid down for the Jesuit missionaries to follow. They were reconstituted from a number of archival sources by Reverend Gerard DeCorme of Mexico and translated by the author. These guidelines of policy and conduct provide an insight into Jesuit mission history and the author includes additional explanatory notes. Maps, a few photos, a selected bibliography and an index supplement the text.

RANGER CLASSIC

More than forty years ago this reviewer was fascinated with the ease with which Captain James B. Gillett held three hundred teen-aged boys spellbound for an hour and a half with his stories of his days with the Texas Rangers. The spot was the Bloys Camp Meeting grounds in the Davis Mountains near his own ranch. His book had been published a dozen years then and was already getting scarce. It had been reissued by Yale University Press after some editing by M. M. Quafie who also provided a new introduction. A new edition has long been overdue and now we have it—*Six Years With the Texas Rangers* (University of Nebraska Press, \$3.95) as Bison Book 624. Gillett wrote vivid prose and this is a classic with a fine new foreword by Oliver Knight that provides a capsule history of the Texas Rangers. Recommended.

GLACIER NATIONAL

Warren L. Hanna's *Montana's Many Splendored Glacierland* (Superior, \$5.95) claims that it has "all you've ever wanted to know about Glacier Park" and this reviewer is inclined to agree. The geology, vegetation, animals, Indians, lakes, passes, peaks and, of course, the glaciers are in it both in the words and pictures. There is an interesting chapter on "Attainment of National Parkhood." Such man-made facilities as trails, roads and lodges and the dude-wranglers get appropriate space and the numerous photos, part in color, are excellent. A must for anyone planning to visit Glacier and recommended for all the wilderness and outdoor buffs.

A DIFFERENT HORSE BOOK

Talking with Horses (Dutton, \$7.95) by Henry Blake, an Englishman, is a fascinating book about communications between horses and man. A life-long study of horses has led Blake to set down the first English-Horse Dictionary—brief though it may be. After all, how many things do horses and men have to talk about? Actually, this is an excellent book on horse training and taming, spiced with

numerous stories of the author's experiences with horses of all kinds. Men and horses have communicated for a long time and reading this book will improve your relations with your horse. A number of good photos increase your understanding of Blake's messages. Recommended.

Mystery of the Washington Letters

(Continued from page 37)

Washington's original estate a large library, clothes, campaign chest, sword, a grandfather clock, letters, etc. In 1849 these items, along with his family, about 100 slaves which he had also inherited, cattle, horses and dogs, farm implements, household goods and food were loaded onto three flatboats which transported them down the Ohio River to the Mississippi River to New Orleans.

Upon reaching New Orleans they took passage on the Morgan Line for Texas. The Washington family decided to stop on the Colorado River and settle near a village called Vox Populi. The settlement was made up of a group of wealthy planters. The small community today is comprised largely of descendants of the original Washington slaves with the Washington name.

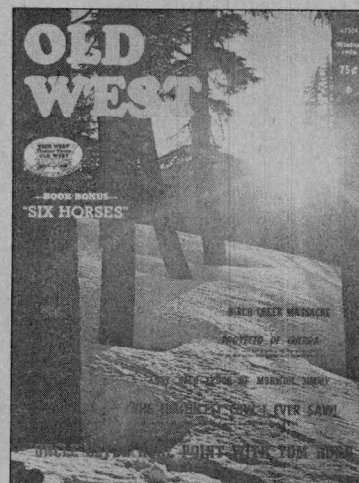
LIKE most Southerners, Dr. Laurence lost his slaves after the Civil War along with most of his land and money. He did have some cattle, however, and with these he hoped to make a comeback.

Laurence had planned to drive the cattle to the California gold fields, but he only got as far as Kansas. He knew nothing about making a trail drive, and decided to sell his cattle to the government. They probably were bought to help feed the Indians.

Laurence remained in Kansas. Apparently his family joined him, as in later years the majority of President Washington's items were found in the estate of the late Dr. John Bowers of Columbus, Texas. It was with Dr. Bowers, his best friend, that Laurence left the majority of his belongings; only the smaller and lighter objects were taken with the Washington family. Laurence had planned to come back later and gather the larger and heavier items but time and circumstance did not permit this to take place. Laurence took great pride in the library he had inherited from his father's estate, to which he added other books to have a very large collection. He must have suffered great mental torment to have had to leave these behind, though they were left with a trusted friend.

In May of 1874, Dr. Washington did return to Texas, but he settled his family two and one-half miles northwest of the new railroad town of Denison near Red River. On June 2, almost a month after Laurence had moved his family to Denison, the editor of *The Daily News* there interviewed him. The editor was shown the packet of letters which George had written to his brother Samuel between 1770 and 1780. The letters were described as very confidential. They contained valuable information concerning the country during "the most exciting period of the Revolution." The editor was also shown

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a sword that was once carried by President Washington. Another fascinating item the editor was to view was the suit worn by George Washington when he delivered his first inaugural address at New York on April 30, 1789. The suit was described as being "made of repp silk of a dark brown color and showing long service." It consisted of "a coat with long tails, a waistcoat or vest that reached half-way to the knees with huge pockets, and the pants cut off at the knees ending with massive buckles." The editor was also shown a field chest which was used by General Washington, possibly during his extensive travels and during his military campaigns.

After Dr. Laurence Washington came to Texas he was never to practice medicine. His plantation had once kept him busy enough and now his other interests

which ranged from medicine, natural science, poetry, travel and politics kept him equally busy. He not only read in English, but French and Latin.

Laurence had a large family when he settled in Denison. He had three sons and three daughters. Laurence's wife was the former Martha Dickinson Shrewsbury whose family was described as being "one of the most aristocratic of the old dominion."

Laurence was to live eight years after he moved to Denison. He was born December 5, 1814 and died August 10, 1882. He was buried in Oakwood Cemetery, the first cemetery of the town. (His grave is located about sixty feet from those of my great-great-grandparents, also early-day settlers of Denison.)

There are two other relatives of Dr. Washington who are buried in the pre-

viously believed vacant part of the family plot. A bachelor son of Dr. and Mrs. Washington, Shrewsbury, 28, who died of tuberculosis, is buried next to his mother. A granddaughter, Annie Fontaine, about seven years old, is buried at the other end of the plot.

Martha, who was born March 16, 1820, died July 29, 1891. Before her death she lived with her daughter, Mrs. George L. Patrick. According to the 1876 city directory, George L. Patrick was a city marshal. He was later to become prominent in political and civic circles.

THE suit of clothing that had once belonged to George Washington, along with his sword, were sold to the Washington Association of Morristown, New Jersey. Both were placed in the Association's museum.

Mrs. Stacy E. Elam, daughter of Emma Tell Washington and George Patrick, sold to a London art collection a letter which George had written to his brother Samuel, asking the latter to administer certain affairs of his estate.

In 1907 Dr. John Bowers of Columbus died. It was with Dr. Bowers that Dr. Washington had left his library and other family treasures. Dr. Bowers willed to one of Dr. Washington's daughters, Mrs. S. T. (Julia) Fontaine of Galveston, a grandfather clock that is said to have been originally from Mount Vernon.

In 1915 the clock was purchased from Mrs. Fontaine's estate and returned to Mount Vernon.

Laurence's library was passed down in the Bowers family, and was later divided among the Bowers heirs. In the 1960s, in an old barn outside of Smithville, Texas, half of the original library of Laurence Augustine Washington turned up—having lain there for who knows how long. The books are now permanently preserved at the University of Texas at Austin.

But the packet of letters which George wrote to Samuel between 1770 and 1780 were never found. They were never sold, or at least there seems to be no record of such a sale. The Patrick house on Gandy Street in Denison was consumed by fire some years later. Were the letters burned or were they given to Mrs. Patrick, or to one of her two sisters, or to one of the three brothers? Maybe this treasure trove of historical information lies hidden away in one of the attics of some old home in Denison, Texas. Or who knows—have you taken a look in the loft of your old barn lately?

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

formation anyone could give me would be appreciated.

I like your magazine. I grew up in the cattle business.—Al W. Norell, Box 254, Wickenburg, Arizona 85358

Life on the Canadian River

I enjoyed very much your story on the Canadian River and I too have a tale to tell! My husband is from New York and he thinks this is a Texas Tall Tale, but it

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SELL BEST BIDS: TW 2-114 minus 1, 3, 8, 108. FT 1-80 minus #74. Montana magazine 74 issues 1954-1973. The West #7 #1 to 1973. Golden West #1 #1 to 1973. All mint. FOB. Phillips, 11302 Sandpoint N.E. Seattle, Wash. 98125.

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is not! We who have lived by the Canadian River know that usually you can not recognize the river that has caused so much destruction in the Panhandle of Texas. Also people who have not lived in the Panhandle of Texas during the 1930 era cannot fathom the amount of sand we used to have—hills and hills of sand.

My dad, Ross Whitby, used to be a drayman in Dalhart, Texas. One of his trips was to haul a load of cow cake to Effie and Dan, whose last name I have forgotten. He took my mother, sister and myself with him on one trip.

The shortest route would be to go through Channing, Texas and park on the opposite side of the river from where Effie and Dan lived. Dan came across the river bed, about one mile wide, with his team and wagon to load the cow cake and take it home.

We were invited to eat dinner with them. During dinner Dan asked if we would like to go fishing. The river bed was dry and the house surrounded by sand hills, so obviously this seemed a foolish question. But Dan took us out about a mile from their house and perhaps a half mile from the river bed and there between sand hills was a small body of water. Dad and Dan fished all day and caught catfish from 18 to 24 inches in length. At the end of the day they seined the water to get the rest of the fish, for the water was being absorbed quickly by the sand and the fish would have died anyway. We went home with some twenty catfish for Dad to eat.

About a year later Effie was ironing, and heard the chickens cackling. She went up to their coop on the hill to see what their problem was. A flash flood came down the river and as she looked, she saw her house gathered into the river. The last she saw of it it was floating down the river with the smoke coming out of the smokestack. It broke up when it had to cross under a bridge.

We lived in Dumas, Texas about 1940 only seventeen miles from the Canadian River. Normally the water was about a foot deep but about this time a flash flood had come down the river and the old bridge was broken up and the water was raging.

I believe *all* stories about the Canadian River!—Adelle Whitby Olney, 2325 Blake Street, San Bernardino, California 92405

More About Dan Patch

Since my letter about Dan Patch was printed in the June, 1973 issue of *True West* I have received letters from all four corners of the United States. I am very pleased to know your magazines are reaching out to so many places. There aren't many good clean magazines on the market any more.

I found two people who still have a picture of Dan Patch and his two sons. They were identical to my pictures. A man in Kansas and an elderly lady of eighty-two living in the state of New York. A gentleman in the State of Washington sent me a snapshot of "The Old Homestead," a picture of a lady and her horse and dog looking at the house, long abandoned. He said theirs was on a calen-

dar dated 1917. So you see your magazines really get around.

Last year I had the pleasure of viewing an old film of race horses on TV. It showed Dan Patch in motion. He looked just like his picture and traveled with the most graceful and fluid motion I have ever seen in a race horse. I wonder how many people still have one of the old books that were put out by D. Mgner, copyright 1883, on breaking and training the horse. I have one. Mine is pretty fragile and is in need of rebinding but I hesitate to trust it to a bookbinder. It has 638 pages explaining how to break and train your horse—a complete chapter on the anatomy of the horse; others on diseases, shoeing, the old medicines (how to mix them, (which veterinarians would scoff at today), all the different shoes for different diseases of the foot, some of which are still being practiced today.

True West, *Frontier Times* and *Old West* are still my favorite magazines. These I have settled on forever. I am planning to retire from taxidermy work in the near future and settle on painting. I was the first woman in Missouri to pass the exam to receive a license to practice taxidermy, and I am still working the year 'round on deer heads.—Lola Adkins, Vienna, Missouri 65582

Any Kissin' Cousins Around?

I have just discovered your wonderful magazines. My brother subscribes to all three, dating back to 1962. I have spent the past two months reading but can't catch up as current numbers are always arriving in the mail.

I am particularly interested in the stories told by the pioneer children, or about them—their hard, rough lives with little or no chance for school; their tragic illnesses and deaths; their need to be alert to the constant threat of danger, and yet their spontaneous joy in the simple pleasures of kids.

In "Trails Grown Dim," as well as in the stories I have come across, family names occur just often enough to pique my curiosity. I would like to find out more about these distant namesakes.

Gruetzmacher (possibly Gritzmacher) was anglicized from Grützmacher when the family emigrated from Prussia in the 1860s. It is hardly a usual name. Two stories of murder in old Portland, Oregon (*Frontier Times*, January 1975 and *Old West*, Summer 1976) mention Charles Gritzmacher as a captain and later Chief of Police. I wonder if anyone could tell me more about him? The male line of my immediate maternal family has long ago run out.

My branch of the Newton family, after emigrating from England and then Ireland, were true pioneers, continuing to travel restlessly west to frontier Arkansas Territory. Great-great-grandfather, having married a Cornell on the East Coast, amassed a plantation fortune and owned slaves. After the Civil War, Great-grandfather Randolph(?) Newton freed the slaves, sold the land and moved to Little Rock. There he built up a mercantile business which the family was still operating in 1922, a year before my grandfather's death. Great-grandfather

married a Sevier from Texas. I would like to know her given name. I'd also like to know how Sevier County, Arkansas got its name.

Grandfather Edward Cornell Newton married Mollie Hutt of French descent. He also introduced telegraphy into Arkansas, having served in the Civil War as a telegrapher.

My father, André Hutt Newton (a city boy—no pioneer!), came to Texas circa 1900 and married my mother, Mattie Gruetzmacher, who was born in Texas in 1879.

I hope any Cornells, Seviers, Hutt, Newtons, as well as the Gruetzmachers, will write. We may be kissin' cousins!—Grace C. Newton, R.N., 5155 Penneck, Beaumont, Texas 77703

Owens Valley

Regarding "No Medals for Men or Beasts" in the August issue of *True West*, the Los Angeles aqueduct was certainly "one area's salvation and another's doom." It was a tragedy for the beautiful Owens Valley, as the cunning removal of the water dried up the river, the lake upon which steamboats once commercially sailed, as well as its use for recreation. This bold and brazen venture brought ruin and desolation to productive farms, gardens, orchards and ranches. This is one project that should have been nipped in the bud.—E. L. Smith, 1950 N. Carson Street, Carson City, Nevada 89701

Charles W. Herbert

Charles W. Herbert, writer and photographer, died June 4, 1976, at age 79. He had the distinction of bringing the first sound movie camera to Arizona. Fox Movietone assigned him "to capture the sights and sounds of the West." This was in 1929. During his lifetime he won many honors. His work appeared in books, magazines, newspapers, motion pictures and television.

Those of you who have been reading us for a long time will remember his wild horse photos which appeared in *True West* soon after the magazine was launched. They were reprinted in the first issue of *Old West*. Over the years there have been other contributions—Charles Herbert wrote excellent articles and performed miracles with a camera.

While he was "capturing the West" on that first assignment, the West was also capturing him. After traveling all over the world he returned to Tucson in 1940 and lived there the rest of his life. He is survived by his wife, Lucile.

OMISSION

The photo on page 23 of the October 1976 *TRUE WEST* should have been credited to Merle Porter, Royal Pictures, 1254 Mount Vernon, Colton, California 92324.

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1367 "...May your blessings be more, Than you've ever hoped for, And your Christmas a warmth, etc."



1316 A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer-May the Peace and Good Will of Christmas always be with you

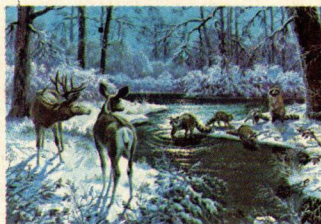
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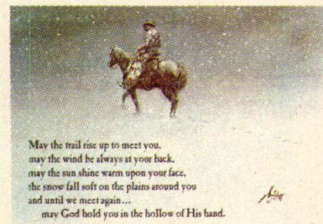
3064 "...the small wonders of the season, etc." - Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



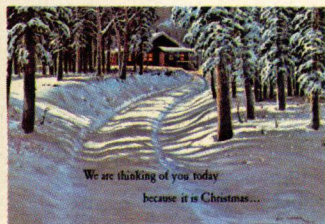
1342 After the Storm-May the meaning of the Season be deeper...As Christmas comes...this year



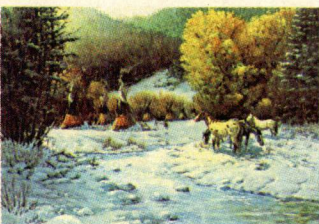
3051 "...silver day is drifting into magic--Christmas night."- May the magic of Christmas be yours



1304 "May the trail rise up to meet you, etc." - Merry Christmas and... a Happy New Year



1364 "We are thinking of you..."-...good will to you is what we mean in...The Spirit of Christmas



1360 "May the...sun shine warmly upon you, etc." -May the Great Spirit bring you Peace...at Christmas



1139 "...We send this card instead of a letter and hope you're doin' as good, etc."- Merry Christmas



1320 Appaloosa Mother-May you have the Spirit of Christmas which is Peace...the Heart...which is Love



1137 Britches patched...O! cow gone dry, Both horses lame, But Merry Christmas just the same!



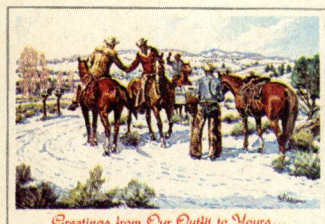
1151 "...to look into the...face of heaven..." May happiness be yours at Christmas and...the New Year



1230 Surprise on the Trail-To wish you a Merry Christmas and a New Year chuck full of Happiness



3072 Take Time to See "...A timid deer" Famous poem inside-Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

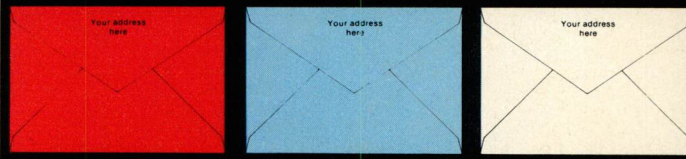


1345 "Greetings..."-With Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through all the Coming Year



1373 "This is the day the Lord hath made, etc." -May the Christmas Spirit remain...through the Year

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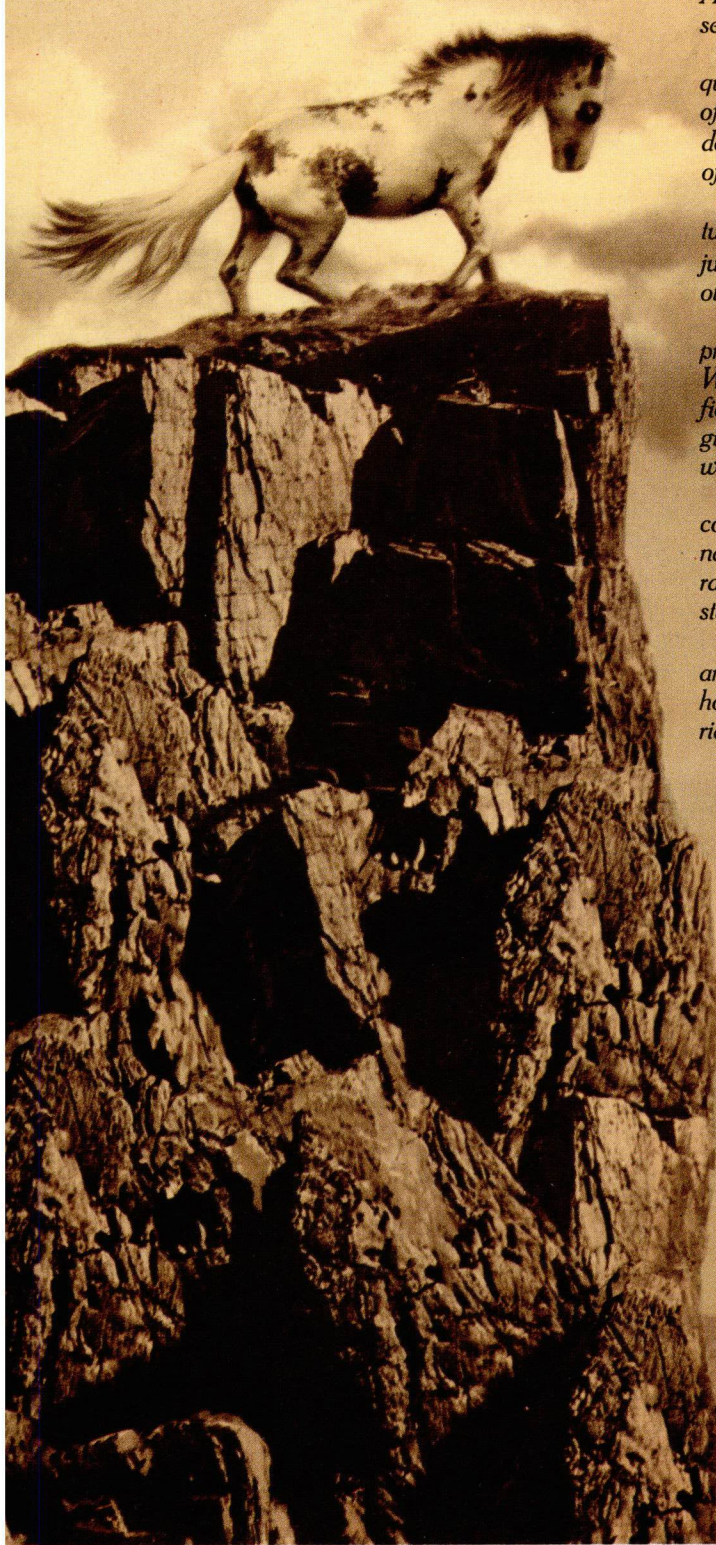
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