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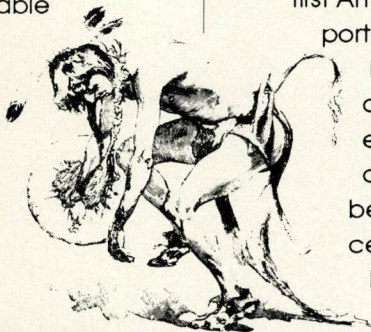
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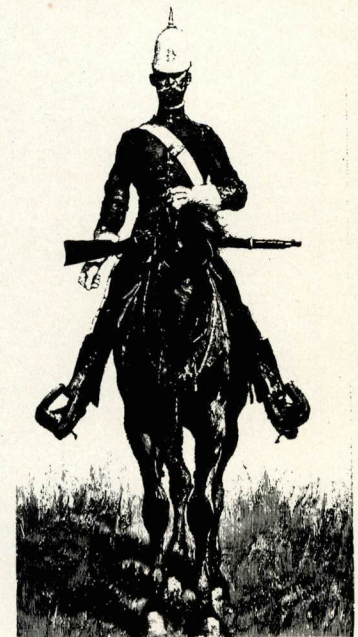
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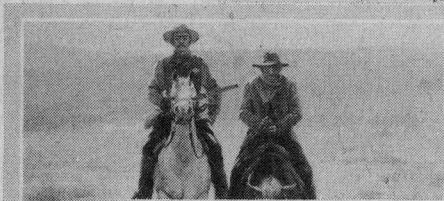
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OUR COVER

Chuck DeHaan, of Graford, Texas, has been a favorite of TRUE WEST readers for many years. We started 1987 with a feature on Chuck last January, and it seems fitting to close the year with another of his beautiful oil paintings, "Watchin' His Backtrail."



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From the Editor

There's been a lot of talk this past year about cowboys. The bad thing is that not much of the palaver has anything to do with the genuine article.

A real cowboy, as you folks all know, is simply a feller who hires on to work someone else's cattle. (The owner of the cattle is usually called a cowman.) The cowboy is supposed to take care of the cowman's animals at all cost to himself. On the range he was expected to do what he was told, to put in long hours, and to do his often dangerous job efficiently and—at least so far as his employer's herd was concerned—honestly.

But lately when people use the term cowboy, they mean something entirely different. Especially in the eastern press, the word has been applied to politicians and diplomats and spies and Wall Street traders—the sort of critters down through history who have just naturally taken the law into their own hands and made up their own rules. Tain't complimentary, neither. These days, when you call me cowboy, smile!

For instance, you've probably heard the term *cowboy diplomacy*. It apparently can mean anything from dealing with other countries by bullying and threatening them to inventing foreign policy that violates the spirit if not the letter of our nation's own laws.

Now I surely don't want to say anything against those worthy government officials or businessmen who have been accused of behaving like cowboys. But I do want to come to the defense of the term *cowboy*, for I think it's being mightily abused when applied to the goings on in New York and Washington.

One western writer I know recently suggested that the difference between the cowboys in Washington and the cowboys on the western range is the "Cowboy Code of Ethics." It's more commonly known as the "Code of the West," but by any name it includes a number of general principles like never shoot first, never tell a lie, always be polite to women and kind to children, old folks, and dogs, and always keep the bunkhouse neat and clean. Somewhere down the list is "do an honest day's work for an honest day's pay."

Unfortunately, the so-called Code of the West is mostly a product of fiction and movies. A cowboy had to know his job and do it well or he wouldn't be a

cowboy for long. Beyond that, few cowboys rode the Code of the West's righteous trail. If they had, Dodge City, Wichita, and Abilene would not have enjoyed the unsavory reputations they did. There would have been no need for the Bat Mastersons, the Wyatt Earps, the Wild Bill Hickocks, the Bill Tilghmans, or the Dave Mathers of history and legend. There would have been no range wars in Lincoln County, New Mexico, or Johnson County, Wyoming.

Even so venerable a cattleman as Charles Goodnight, who had an unusually high sense of justice and fair play, thought nothing of shooting a few Indians or Mexicans if they interfered with his plans. He made his own rules and enforced them by whatever means necessary. And I doubt that the presence of a lady would have stanchied the famous flow of profanity in his conversation.

If you try to judge working cowboys of the past according to the fictional Code of the West, most will come up short, and it starts to look like *cowboy* might not be such a poor choice of words after all to describe bureaucrats and businessmen run amok with power. But the headline writers and the speechmakers are forgetting one thing: whatever else he might have done, a cowboy was expected to be honest at least with the cowman who employed him. If he wasn't, he was fired—or worse—and that was the end of it.

If we can't call the shady politicians and traders *cowboys*, what can we call 'em? There is another word from the cattle industry that can be applied more accurately. It's a word that Helena Huntington Smith points out in her book on the Johnson County War, *The War on Powder River*, implies "a man of energy, a hustler who rose early and rode far in order to get ahead in the world"—all attributes of the so-called cowboys on the East Coast. But it also implies dishonesty and deception. It's a word we all know. Don't call 'em cowboys. Call 'em what a cowboy would have called 'em. Call 'em rustlers.

John Joerschke

Truly Western

Fort Point Guard

I am one of the blind people who read your magazine via the sound sheets produced by the American Printing House for the Blind. I am going on sixty-seven years old and have been totally blind since 1969. I listened to the article about Fort Point in San Francisco in the September issue with great interest.

I did guard duty below the Golden Gate Bridge in 1943 with only a fence between me and Fort Point. I was a member of the Naval-Marine detachment of the California State Guard stationed at Camp Golden Gate immediately west of Fort Point and north of the Presidio. I often talked to the army guards on the other side of the fence.

We were inactivated a few months later, and I spent the rest of the war working as a journeyman marine pipefitter for Consolidated Steel

Shipyard in Wilmington, California.—**Bruce Edward Brant, Hollywood, California.**

Home Run

I would like to compliment Wayne S. Christensen for his excellent story on Gold Hill, Utah, "Three Strikes and You're Out" (August TRUE WEST). I am a longtime reader of your magazines and look forward to more articles by this fine writer.—**Ken Smith, West Valley City, Utah.**

Biting the Bullet

In reference to my article, "The Bullet that Killed Jesse James" (October TRUE WEST), I apologize for two obvious errors. First, the bank Jesse planned to rob with the Fords was in Missouri, not Nebraska as stated. Se-

cond Jesse questioned the Fords about Liddil's surrender, not his death as I stated in error.—**Phillip W. Steele, Springdale, Arkansas.**

Exception Taken

We take exception to some of the assertions in Phillip W. Steele's article on the bullet that killed Jesse James (October TRUE WEST).

We dispute the first sentence—that southern sympathizers who hated railroads and banks "created the legend of Jesse James." Jesse was really nobody in the public mind till John Newman Edwards began his ten-year campaign of editorials and a book glamorizing the James gang; he kept it up for more years after Jesse's death.

The article's second sentence has ex-Confederates wanting to "rise again," which is the "Second Civil War" myth

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utilized by J. Frank Dalton and his backers. Why would the South wish to rise again, and what evidence is there that anyone contemplated this? In fact, ex-Confederates in Missouri passed a resolution at their reunion in Moberly, Missouri in 1881 condemning all such bandits for giving a bad name to southern veterans and patriots (St. Louis *Republican*, September 10, 1881.

Yes, "the circumstances surrounding his death" made Jesse immortal," but not for the reasons Mr. Steele advances. A friend in the ranks betraying the outlaw leader—the Judas motif—tapped deep into the wellsprings of folk tradition.

What evidence has Mr. Steele that "the public could not believe" that Ford could pull off Jesse's death? There was initial skepticism about Jesse's death, for one reason only: Jesse had been reported killed in 1869 by George Shepherd, and people didn't want to be hoaxed again. But by displaying the body and having an autopsy and public inquest, authorities allayed all doubts for at least twenty years till impostors began appearing.

What "doubts and many questions surrounding the assassination" did the impostors play up when they did emerge? There weren't any, but that never stops dedicated impostors in a carnival sideshow with their forged affidavits.

What researchers does Mr. Steele know who "speculate that [Jesse] was testing the Fords" when he took off his gunbelt? How would you test the Fords unarmed, anyway? If they were not trustworthy, what did he think would happen? That's like using a wet finger to check a power outlet!

And finally, if the missing bullet turns up, what are "the many questions that still remain concerning the death of Jesse James" that such a discovery "might resolve once and for all"?—**Steve Eng and Ted Yeatman, Nashville, Tennessee.**

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by Western Publications will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address and zip code. Photos welcome. Address all letters to Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.
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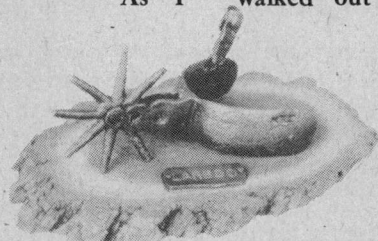
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The 210-year-old Mission San Jose y San Miguel de Aguayo is the most elaborate of four "sister" missions to Texas' famed Alamo. As Spanish conquistadores and Franciscan missionaries spread a new language, religion, and way of life northward from what is now Mexico, they established a quintet of missions along the jade-green river named for Saint Anthony. The Alamo (Mission San Antonio de Valero) was first built in 1718. Then, in relatively quick succession, four more missions were established along the river.

At first, church and state cooperated, melding religious and military authority in Spain's part of the New World. Then politics changed and the secular

government in Mexico City lost interest in missions far to the north. Trade with New Spain's seat of government slackened, and in the 1770s, priests from San Antonio's missions undertook the first Texas cattle drives—not to

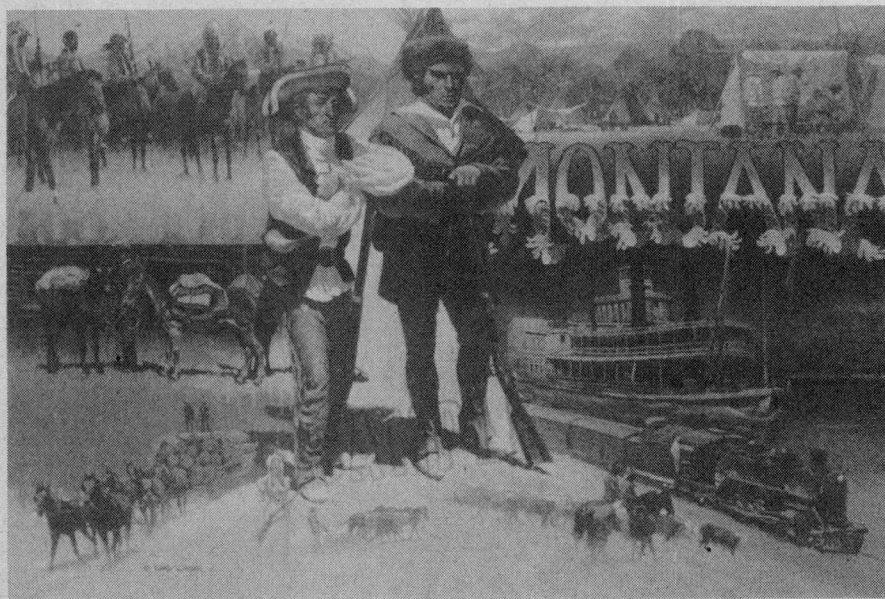
railheads in Kansas (the locomotive would not be invented for another thirty-five years), but to trade with the hated French at New Orleans.

As the nineteenth century dawned, the missions declined in influence with their Indian charges as well. But the missions had done their work; they were the nucleus for the settlement of much of today's American Southwest.

For the next 150 years, mission walls and other buildings deteriorated to piles of rubble, although the chapels were maintained by the church to actively serve their parishes, as they still do today. In November 1978, Congress made the San Antonio missions—Concepcion, San Jose, San Juan, and Espada—part of the National Parks system. In the decade since, the four missions have been largely restored and are located on a well-marked "Mission Trail" that snakes along the San Antonio Missions National Historical Park, 727 East Durango, San Antonio, TX 78206.

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one-half years is the creation of a major oil painting by Gary Carter. Gary, whose work has appeared on Western Publications covers (November 1986 TRUE WEST), was first commissioned by Centennial '89, Inc., a private company to create the painting. It has since been officially sanctioned by the Montana Statehood Centennial Commission as the exclusive limited edition reproduction from oil. It was further awarded exclusive status as "The Governor's Edition."

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Beautiful, Daring Western Girls

The Kansas Committee for the Humanities, an affiliate of the National Endowment for the Humanities, has awarded an \$8,299 grant to the Kansas Museum of History for a gallery publication and programming related to the temporary exhibit, "Beautiful, Daring Western Girls: Women of the Wild West Shows," that will open in the museum's special gallery on December 18.

The exhibit, organized by the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming, focuses on the lives and careers of women who toured as performers with Wild West exhibitions from the 1880s to the 1920s. On view through July 10, 1988, a special preview for Society members will be held from 4:30 to 7:00 p.m., Thursday, December 17.

Exhibit programming funded by the KCH grant will include a lecture and film series. The lecture series in January, March, and April 1988 will feature: Kristine Fredriksson, Texas Tech University, Lubbock; Sarah Blackstone, Seattle, Washington; and James Hoy, Emporia State University. They will address topics related to women's roles and historical involvement in Wild West exhibitions and rodeo, and early rodeo in Kansas. The film series will run four weekends in February 1988, featuring a documentary film on ranch women; "Heartland," the story of a woman homesteader; and two movies illustrating the popular image of western women.

The grant will also fund the produc-

tion of a special gallery guide and activity booklet for the use of museum visitors. For more information contact the Kansas Museum of History, 6425 West Sixth Street, Topeka, Kansas 66615 or telephone (913) 272-8681.

Fremont County Pioneer Museum

The idea to build a museum to house the memorabilia and artifacts of the early settlers of the Lander, Wyoming, area was begun by the Fremont County Pioneer Association in 1908. The Association itself had been formed in 1886.

The region had long been inhabited by Native American populations, dating to prehistoric times. Historically, the Crow tribe lived in the area from the late 1600s until approximately the 1860s. The Shoshones arrived in the mid-1700s. The Wind River Indian Reservation was established for the Shoshones in 1868 and the Northern Arapahoes later moved there in 1878.

The area was first traveled by white trappers by 1810 and was a crossroads for the fur trade from 1822 to 1840. Ear-

ly explorers, including Captain B.L.E. Bonneville and Captain John Fremont explored the country in the 1830s and 1840s.

Lander saw its beginnings in 1869 when a small military post, Camp Augur, was established to provide protection for the newly established Wind River Reservation. A few settlers gradually moved down from the dying gold camps on South Pass and the small crossroads was known as Pushroot. The town was officially called Lander in 1875 when a post office was established. In 1884 a townsite was platted and Lander became the seat of Fremont County, also established that year.

Some of the first cattle and sheep in Fremont County and Wyoming were brought into the Lander vicinity around 1870. Agriculture has always been important for the local economy, and for a time around 1900, Lander was known as the "apple city" for the wide variety of apples grown nearby. It was the largest community without a railroad in the western United States until the Chicago Northwestern arrived in 1906. Until that time, Lander had received

goods by ox and horse freight. Lander had electricity by 1892 and telephones by 1901. It remains a progressive and historical center for Fremont County.

A new video theater features showings of films on the local area and Wyoming. The museum also has a research library and picnic grounds available for public use, and a well-stocked gift shop. September 15 through May 14, visiting hours are 1:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m., Monday through Friday. May 15 through September 14, hours are 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Monday through Saturday, and 1:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. Sunday.



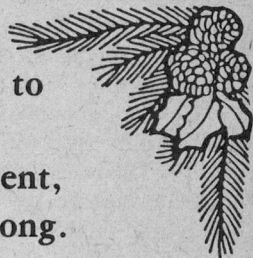
Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least four months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information including photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.



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Violence Prone Mannen Clements

Mannen Clements was a violence prone Texas rancher who, among other things, took part in the notorious Sutton-Taylor feud and helped his cousin John Wesley Hardin escape from jail. He was killed in a gunfight while campaigning for the office of sheriff in Runnels County. Mr. William H. Bonney, Star Route, Box 109, Kennard, Texas 75847, points out that he has seen Clements' first name spelled both M-a-n-n-e-n and M-a-n-n-i-n-g and asks about the discrepancy.

The problem probably arises from the fact that Clements' Christian name was Emanuel and any diminutive form would be open to various spellings. Also, many people writing letters and such a century ago had only a rudimentary education and would use different phonetic spellings. For example, in John Wesley Hardin's large collection of letters, Hardin-Clements family members used five different spellings—M-A-N-N-I-N, M-A-N-I-N, M-A-N-N-I-N-G, M-A-N-I-N-G, and M-A-N-N-E-N. In his autobiography, Hardin used the spelling M-A-N-N-I-N-G, but the family Bible uses M-A-N-N-E-N. Still another spelling was used by 1880 McCulloch County, Texas, census enumerator P.S. Stark, who lists Manen Clements, age thirty-three; his wife Mary H.; and two children, Manen, Jr. and Sarah J. The census taker likely was among the better educated people in the county.

New Mexico Lawman. Fred Fornoff is probably best-known for his investigation of the murder of Pat Garrett. He was a policeman and later city marshal of Albuquerque, a deputy U.S. marshal, and a captain of New Mexico Mounted Police in the 1900s. Mr. George E. Virgines, whose numerous articles and books are familiar to many TRUE WEST readers, is researching Fornoff with the intention of perhaps writing a full-length biography. He writes, "Hopefully you or your many readers might come up with a few references, in-



McCulloch County, Texas, horse raiser Mannen Clements, Sr.

formation, or answers. Anything would be most appreciated." I would guess that many readers will have firsthand information on Fornoff to share with Mr. Virgines.

Both Sides of the Law. In the 1870s Bill Tilghman was a buffalo hunter and frequent companion of such nefarious characters as "Hurricane Billy" Martin and "Dutch Henry" Borne. His later years were spent much more honorably as one of the West's most famous and respected lawmen. Mr. Joseph Wasicek, 2753 Valley View Drive, Bath, Pennsylvania 18014, asks, "When and where was Billy Tilghman born?"

Tilghman was born July 4, 1854, at Fort Dodge, Iowa, and he grew up near Atchison, Kansas. He was deputy sheriff of Ford County Kansas and marshal of Dodge City, 1884-86. He took part in the Kansas County Seat Wars in 1888 and 1889. The rest of his life

was, for the most part, involved in law enforcement. From 1911 to 1913 he was chief of police in Oklahoma City. In 1924, at the age of seventy-one, he accepted the position of city marshal of Cromwell, Oklahoma. On November 1 of that year he was killed by a drunken prohibition agent named Wiley Lynn.

Battle Flags. A request for a description of George Armstrong Custer's guidon comes from Mr. William A. Rogers, Jr., 5602 Kenwood Street, Camp Springs, Maryland 20748. I checked for that information in a number of the many, many sources on Custer. According to W.A. Graham, the guidon carried immediately behind Custer to indicate his presence on the field was a swallowtailed flag. The top half was red, the bottom blue, and in the center were crossed white sabers.

Another of Custer's flags is in the Custer Battlefield Museum. It is also a swallowtail, with the traditional thirteen stripes of the U.S. flag. In the field of blue are two circles of stars. The inner circle has thirteen stars, the outer circle nineteen, and in each of the four corners is one more star, for a total of thirty-six. Five of these flags went down with Custer, but today only two are known to exist.

Horses and Pinkertons. "Who trained the famous racehorse Dan Patch?" That question comes from Ms. Marie Pine Harvey, 3506 NE 82nd Street, Vancouver, Washington 98665. Over the years, Dan Patch probably had several trainers. The first possibly was Millard Sanders. In 1902 Dan Patch was purchased by M.W. Savage of Minneapolis, and a different trainer probably took over. In 1904 Harry Hersey was a trainer as well as a driver. In 1905 Dan Patch set a mile pace record of 1:55¼, which was his fastest in harness.

Ms. Pine also asks, "Did the Pinkerton Detective Agency have an operative named William Townsend Pine working

True West

Ranger Captain J.H. Rogers said of Tom Goff, "He was one of the quickest men with arms, and the best shot I have ever known in the service." Yet on September 13, 1905, Goff was shot and killed with his own gun by a prisoner named Augustin Garcia. The murder occurred a few miles north of the Rio Grande between Big Bend and Terlingua in southwest Texas.

Thomas Jefferson Goff was a Texan! He never quite forgave his parents for leaving Texas for Keytesville, Missouri, where he was born on March 11, 1871. He had no recollection of Missouri, though, because his family moved back to Texas when he was eighteen months old. He grew up on a ranch in Throckmorton County, where he learned to ride and rope with the best and to shoot better than most. By the time he was twelve his marksmanship was legendary. He brought down small game with a single shot to the head, using either a Winchester rifle or a Colt Frontier pistol. Those abilities as a horseman and sharpshooter would be responsible for his being recruited as a Texas Ranger in 1893.

When he was about fifteen years old he went to work as a cowboy with the Reynolds Cattle Company. Headquartered on the Clear Fork of the Brazos River just ten miles from home, the company was a natural place for young Tom to go to work. He figured he could ride home about once a month to see his parents, but it did not turn out that way. About two weeks after going to work for Reynolds, he found himself among a crew of cowboys headed for South Texas. They were to put together a herd of cattle to be driven to Reynolds' recently acquired ranch in North Dakota.

The crew traveled south to the northern part of Nueces County before turning back north. Criss-crossing back and forth, cattle were gathered and bought near Beeville, Goliad, Karnes City, and

Cuero. Before the herd reached Gonzales, it had grown to about three thousand head. After the cattle were branded and the wagons loaded with supplies, the herd was pointed north and northwest.

The trail they followed generally was the one established by Colonel Jack Potter in 1882. It cut off the old Western Trail near Albany and led northwest to Goodnight's Palo Duro ranch, then across the plains to Tascosa, where it

The freak spring snowstorm hit them hard, scattering their herds, which got mixed up with some herds of XIT cattle. Many of the cattle and horses were lost and froze to death. It took several weeks to round up and sort the surviving cattle and get them back on the trail.

In the summer of 1893, the Reynolds Cattle Company was back in South Texas. This time they were buying cows and heifers to be wintered at their ranch on the Clear Fork before starting up the trail to Colorado and North Dakota in the spring. Since they were buying to stock their own ranches, they were being more selective and looking for the best cows available. Thus, they had come farther south than usual, where good cows were easier to find. The Reynolds had been fortunate to buy about two hundred head of longhorn cows with calves from the Red Durham bulls imported by the King Ranch. The cows cost about double the going price, but their calves would grow much more beef than a straight longhorn and would become the best herd in North Dakota.

The Reynolds wagons and crew were camped on a little creek about halfway between Alice and Kingsville. One day just as they were finishing their noon meal, a Texas Ranger rode into camp on a horse lathered with sweat and completely tired out. He said his name was Captain J.H. Rogers, and he asked the wagon boss to loan him a fresh horse

and a good man. He was pursuing some renegades who had robbed a shipping company in Corpus Christi and made off with several thousand dollars. He had lost them because his horse had played out, but he was reasonably sure of the trail they would take toward the Mexican border.

The boss nodded to Tom Goff, who quickly caught and saddled his best horse while the wrangler caught a good one for the Captain. Tom's saddle gun was a .30-40 Winchester, and he carried a Colt .44 Frontier pistol on

Tom Goff, Texas Ranger

By John E. Sparks

Photos Courtesy of the Author
Unless Otherwise Noted

He was assigned to cover a wide area on both sides of the Nueces River, but his home base was to be a little town called Casa Blanca—at the time the most lawless place in all South Texas. When the railroad came through, gamblers, thieves, thugs, and other camp followers doubled Casa Blanca's rowdy population.

crossed the Canadian River. From there the trail led north through eastern Colorado and Wyoming. The Reynolds herd arrived at the North Dakota ranch in the late summer of 1887.

When Tom Goff finally returned to Texas to see his family, he had been gone almost a year. At age sixteen he had already "been up the trail and back." During the next five years, he helped make several more drives for Reynolds, including the drive of 1892, which met a blizzard south of Fort Morgan, Colorado, on the first of June.

his belt. The Ranger said he hoped Tom knew how to use them. Tom did not reply, but the wagon boss said he understood the Captain had asked for a good man. The Ranger smiled and swung into the saddle.

Captain Rogers had a hunch the outlaws would think they had lost him and would pull up somewhere to rest their horses. Since he thought he knew approximately where they would be, he led Tom at a fast gallop through the trees, hoping to circle around them and head them off. The Ranger's hunch proved partly right. But instead of cutting the outlaw's trail ahead of them, he and Tom saw the four men jogging their horses through the trees directly in front of them.

The captain motioned to Tom to turn off through the trees and try to outflank them while he would attempt to overtake them from behind. Tom could see a clearing up ahead and rode hard, parallel to the bandits. Before the Ranger could break out of the trees to the wide trail, one of the robbers saw him, and they all spurred their horses to a fast run right on down the trail.

The outlaws probably thought the Ranger was still riding his jaded horse and they would quickly leave him behind. They had not yet seen Tom Goff, as he was about fifty yards off the trail to their left, but he was reaching the clearing just as they rode into it. He already had his rifle out of the scabbard but had no time to dismount for a better shot. Facing the fleeing robbers, he pulled his horse to a stop, stood high in the stirrups, and fired two shots as quickly as he could lever a second cartridge into the chamber of his rifle.

His first shot killed the second horse from the lead, and his second shot dropped the lead horse. Their riders were thrown and trampled in the scramble. The third outlaw reined his mount to avoid the fallen horses, at the same time raising his pistol to fire at the

Ranger bringing up the rear. Before he could pull the trigger, Tom Goff's third shot hit him in the shoulder and knocked him off his horse. Of the four renegades only one was not hurt, but he was standing with his hands in the air when Captain Rogers arrived.

By the time Tom rode up to the confused pile of horses and men, the Ranger was collecting the outlaws' weapons and two saddlebags filled with the money



Texas Ranger Tom Goff at Karnes City, 1895.

they had stolen. He ordered the uninjured man to see what he could do for the badly bleeding bandit who Tom had shot in the shoulder. Of the two men whose horses had rolled over them, one was groaning about broken ribs and the other said he could not stand up because His leg was broken. There was not much fight left in any of them.

The Captain observed that both horses had identical wounds, their necks

broken by slugs from Tom's rifle. When he asked Tom why he had aimed for the neck, the answer was straightforward. Tom had learned that shooting a deer or antelope just behind the head did not ruin much meat. And an animal shot in the neck would die instantly and not jump up and run off as they sometimes did when shot through the heart.

Captain Rogers asked Tom if he had ever killed a running horse before. Once,

Tom explained, he had shot a crazy bronc that had thrown a cowboy who had a foot hung up in a stirrup. Finally the Ranger asked Tom how many shots he had fired. Three. Rogers informed Tom he was too good a man to be punching cows; he should be a Ranger. He added that not even General Mabry, who commanded the entire Ranger force, could complain about him wasting ammunition.

Although Rogers insisted Tom should enlist immediately, Tom agreed only to think about it while finishing the cattle drive. On the way up the trail with the herd, Tom did not mention the idea of joining the Rangers to any of the other cowboys. But he was beginning to think more and more that he might like a change from eating trail dust and fighting snowstorms. He had always liked South Texas, and they sure didn't have any Colorado blizzards down there.

When the herd reached the home ranch on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, Tom asked for a couple weeks off to visit his family. He arrived at his father's ranch in early

November. Tom planned to tell his folks that he was thinking about joining the Rangers, but he had no intention of mentioning the episode with Captain Rogers. But he had hardly entered the house when his seventeen-year-old sister, Nellie, handed him a letter that had come a week or two before.

It was from Captain Rogers in Alice. The family told Tom they thought he might be in trouble when the official



Thomas Jefferson Goff at age fifteen.



Texas cowboys on their way back south after wintering in South Dakota with the Reynolds

looking letter arrived. Rogers began by thanking Tom for saving his life and saying that he would be forever indebted to him. He went on to say that General Mabry had been told how Tom's marksmanship and steady nerve had led to the outlaws' capture. The general had urged Rogers to make every effort to recruit Tom into the Rangers.

With coaxing, Tom reluctantly told his family a watered down version of what had happened. He modestly asserted that he just happened to be there and was not a hero. But his siblings were not convinced. He had always been a hero to them, and the idea of his becoming a Texas Ranger made them idolize him even more.

When Tom went to see Captain Rogers, the first thing he saw were the words in a frame on the wall, "No man in the wrong can stand up against a man in the right who keeps on a-comin'." The old-time Ranger who first spoke those words probably did not realize they would become the Texas Rangers' slogan. On December 10, 1893, Thomas Jefferson Goff was sworn in as a Special Texas Ranger and assigned to Company E of the Frontier Battalion, commanded by J.H. Rogers at Alice. Rogers ex-



Tom's parents, James Meadow Goff and Nellie James Knight Daniel, were married in 1865.



Cow Boys from North Dakota. Photographed at Rapid City, by Locke & McBride, Deadwood, S. D.

Cattle Company in 1887 or 1888. By age sixteen, Tom had been "up the trail and back."

plained that his Rangers were stationed in various small towns from Karnes City down to Kingsville and usually worked alone unless something big came up and he called them together. He had a theory that a Ranger circulating in the area acted as a deterrent to criminal ac-

gamblers, thieves and thugs, and other camp followers soon doubled its population. Captain Rogers told Tom he should have little trouble keeping the peace, for he had spread the word about Tom's marksmanship and the capture of the four renegades.

At a fork in the trail, the prisoner took the wrong path. When Goff tried to ride up over the rocks to turn Garcia back to the other trail, his horse slipped and fell. The Ranger's leg was pinned. He had his pistol on his belt, but his rifle was in its scabbard, within easy reach for Garcia.

tivity and saved a lot of gunplay and bloodshed.

Tom was to cover a wide area on both sides of the Nueces River, but his home base was to be a little town called Casa Blanca. At the time the most lawless place in South Texas, Casa Blanca had grown into a town of shacks and tents around the lone whitewashed-adobe trading post that gave it its name. The building of the railroad between San Antonio and Corpus Christi had brought construction workers; then saloons,

December 1987

Tom Goff served as a Ranger in South Texas for the next three or four years and intermittently thereafter. In 1897 his father left Throckmorton County and moved his family to Greer County, Oklahoma. Tom was on assignment at Waco in 1898 when his eighteen-year-old brother, Charley, came to ask for help getting a job as a Ranger. Tom scolded him and told him to "go back to Oklahoma and stay close to Pa."

In 1899 or early 1900, Tom married a girl named Ruby. The federal census

of 1900 lists them as living in a boarding house in Waco and gives his occupation as "bookkeeper at the produce firm." According to Goff family opinions (which are no doubt biased), Tom was a handsome Ranger when Ruby met and married him, but she did not want him to continue in that dangerous occupation. Having a better than average education for the times and being good with numbers, though, could not keep Tom behind a desk. He worked at a number of "town jobs" and about 1903 returned to Throckmorton, where his brother-in-law Luke McCabe helped him



Tom Goff's brother Charley had ambitions of joining the Rangers.

The State of Texas,



Adjutant General's Office.

Warrant of Authority and Descriptive List.

This is to Certify That the bearer is a Private in Company C Ranger Force, State of Texas, and this is his Warrant of Authority as a Ranger, under an Act of the 27th Legislature of the State of Texas, Approved March 28th, 1901, and Descriptive List for identification, and will be exhibited as his authority to act as a Ranger when called upon for his credentials. This warrant must be surrendered to Company Commander by bearer when discharged. This Warrant of Authority and Descriptive List is signed by the Adjutant General under seal of office and attested by Company Commander.

Name T. G. Goff Rank Private
 Age 36 yrs Where Bore Keokuk Mo.
 Height 5 ft 10 1/2 in Occupation Teamster
 Hair Dark Place Where Colorado Texas
 Eyes Gray Reenlisted When May 1st 1905
 Complexion Dark Reenlisted by Whom Capt. J. H. Rogers

Given under my hand and seal of office, this 1st day of July, 1905.

John W. Adair, Adjutant General.
 Attest: J. H. Rogers, Capt. Commanding Co. C, Ranger Force.



Written across Tom Goff's warrant of authority is a note on his death near Terlingua, Texas. Tom's brother James Robert (right) corresponded at length with Captain Rogers concerning the murder.

get a job in a bank. Ruby liked it, but Tom was miserable even though they now had a baby, "Little Tom."

Tom had always kept up with Captain Rogers' whereabouts. Finally in April 1905 he left Ruby and Little Tom in Throckmorton with his half-sister Lucy

mediocre sort of mount also purchased in Colorado City.

Captain Rogers no doubt remembered Tom's first assignment to the rough-and-ready railroad camp of Casa Blanca when he sent him to a similar situation at Terlingua. Until the cinnabar

Rogers' theory that a visible Texas Ranger helped prevent crime apparently held true, for there is no record of any major crime or disturbance in the area from May 1905, when Tom Goff arrived, until September 13. On that day he was killed by a Mexican prisoner with his own rifle. According to official reports, a newspaper story, and eyewitness accounts, it happened as follows.

Tom already had his rifle out of the scabbard but had no time to dismount for a better shot. Facing the fleeing robbers, he pulled his horse to a stop, stood high in the stirrups, and fired two shots as quickly as he could lever a second cartridge into the chamber of his rifle.

AUGUSTIN GARCIA WAS a surly troublemaker even when he was sober. On September 13, 1905, he was drunk, looking for a fight, and generally raising hell at a saloon in Big Bend. There was no jail at Big Bend, so when Ranger Goff took Garcia into custody, he had to take him to Terlingua, where there was a primitive hoosegow. Since Garcia did not have a horse, Goff rode behind him as he walked up the rocky trail.

At a fork in the trail, Garcia took the wrong path. When Goff tried to ride up over the rocks to turn Garcia back to the other trail, his horse slipped and fell.

McCabe and went to see Rogers at Southwest Texas headquarters in Colorado City. On May 1, he reenlisted in the Frontier Battalion of the Texas Rangers, Company C, at Colorado. He must have arrived there broke, for he bought a rifle and a new hat on credit. Since Rangers had to furnish their own horses, he probably was riding a

and quicksilver mines were opened at nearby Big Bend, Terlingua had been a border trading post that served local ranchers and the small Mexican pack trains that crossed the Rio Grande at Lajitas about ten miles down the rocky trail. Now the influx of rowdy miners had created a boom for business and problems for the peacekeepers.

The Ranger's left leg was pinned; he had his six-shooter on his belt, but his rifle was in the scabbard beneath his right knee. With the horse practically on top of him, Tom had trouble drawing his pistol, but Garcia had no problem jerking the rifle out and firing at his captor. The first shot missed but the second hit Tom in the side and lodged in his spine. He died a few hours later.

GARCIA RAN off through the rocks and canyons and eventually crossed back into Mexico. When Captain Rogers learned of Tom's murder, he immediately dispatched two Rangers to look for the killer. Sheriff Walton also sent several deputies from Alpine, and a group of volunteers from the Terlingua area joined the search.

The Big Bend area is the most rugged terrain in Texas. Much of it is too rocky and steep for horses to travel except along a few dim trails. A man running for his life on foot could cover the ground much faster than mounted pursuers. After about a week it became ap-

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Alpine, Texas , Sept, 14th-05.			
Genl. John A. Hulen,			
Austin, Texas.			
Private Goff shot at Big-Bend by Mexican prisoner perhaps fatally yesterday. Will leave for the scene at once, no further particulars party not yet captured.			
J. H. Rogers, Capt Rangers.			

After informing General John A. Hulen of Goff's death, Captain Rogers immediately began his investigation.



Tom Goff was buried in Throckmorton, Texas, in September 1905.
December 1987

parent that the lawmen were not going to find Garcia, and the search was called off.

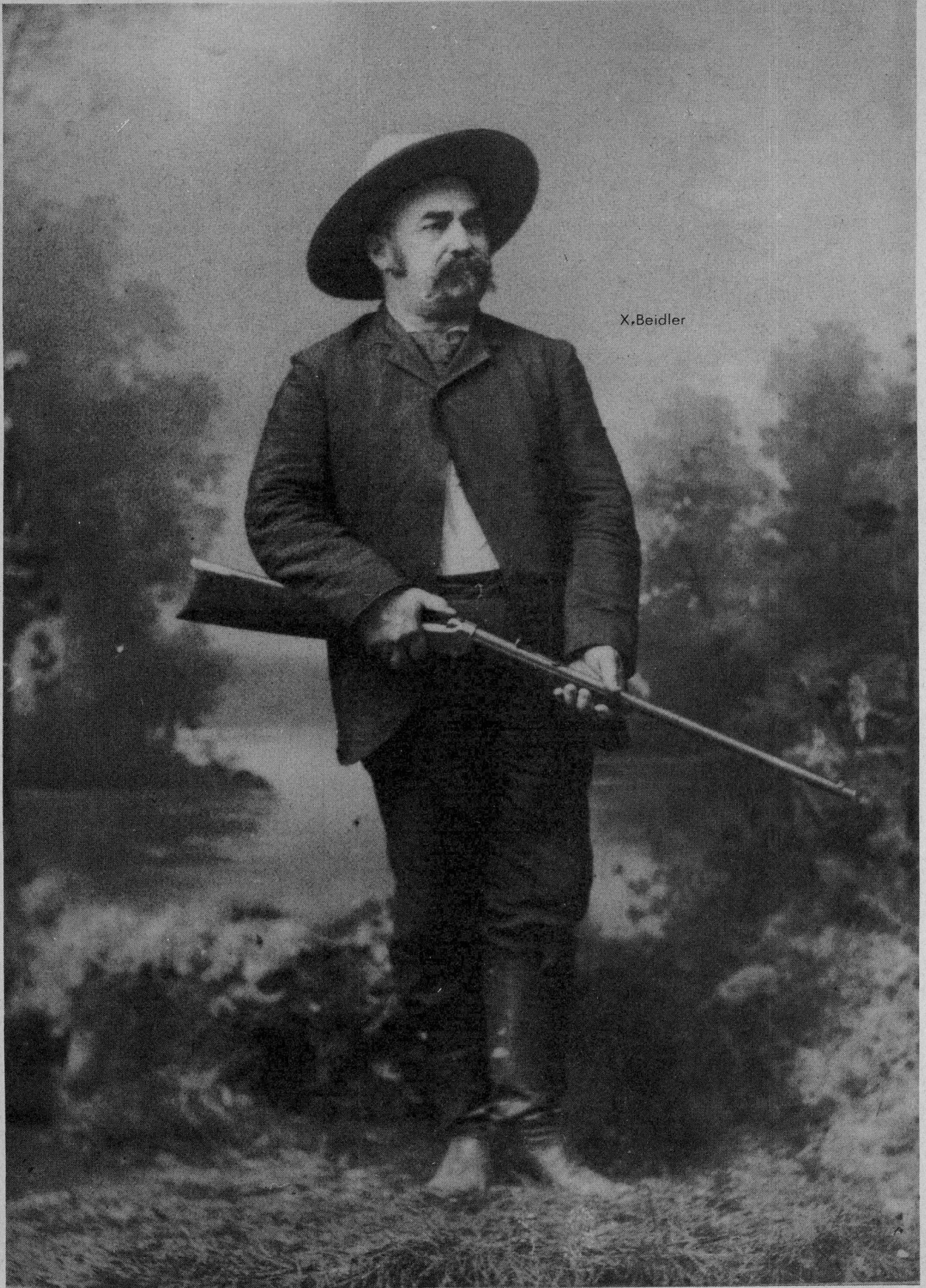
The Rangers had learned that Garcia was wanted for a couple of killings in central Mexico. But he apparently chose to cross back into his homeland rather than risk being found by the Texas Rangers. A \$200 reward for his capture with a good description of him was posted at all the little towns and ranches on both sides of the Rio Grande, but to no avail. All efforts to find him were fruitless and he escaped, no doubt pleased that he had outwitted Texas justice and had a good rifle to boot.

Soon after the killing, Tom Goff's body was transported from Big Bend to Alpine by team and wagon. Captain Rogers had the coffin placed in the living room of his home and conducted a brief funeral service there. Rogers then accompanied the body to Throckmorton, where Tom was buried beside his grandmother. Someone later had a crude sandstone marker placed at his head. With no dates or any indication of the remarkable career of the lawman buried there, it states simply, "Tom Goff."

SOURCES

This article is based on contemporary newspaper accounts and documents and on interviews with surviving members of Tom Goff's family.





X. Beidler

One of the West's most courageous characters was a little man whose head looked too large for his body. "X" Beidler joined the Montana vigilantes at the hanging of George Ives, one of the infamous gang supposedly headed by Sheriff Henry Plummer. At the tense moment when Ives seemed about to sway the crowd with pleading for his life, Beidler, who had been watching the scene from the roof of a cabin, yelled, "Ask him how much time he gave the Dutchman!" referring to Ives' brutal murder of

By CHRIS MCGONIGLE

Nicholas Tiebalt. Without further discussion, Ives was lynched.

Beidler had been a freesoiler with John Brown in Kansas before he came to Virginia City, where this story takes place. Plucky and always ready for an adventure, Beidler seemed drawn to the heart of the action, wherever it was. During the days when the vigilantes were writing Montana's history in blood, Beidler's droll sense of humor supplied some welcome comic moments. When asked whether he didn't feel for the poor victim of his noose, Beidler replied, "Yes. I felt for his left ear."

The hanging of Ives was the pivotal event in the history of the vigilantes. Ives had come close to getting off, and the vigilantes realized that public trials were risky. These "human wolves," as Beidler called them, were eloquent in persuading the crowd to spare their lives. Wilbur Fisk Sanders and Beidler, together with several other men, decided the time had come to dispense with public trials and take the law into their own hands. During the winter of 1863, battle lines were drawn in Virginia City. Ives' death had convinced the so-called Plummer gang that their days of wholesale mayhem and bloodshed were numbered.

Christmas was near as Beidler, Sanders, and several of their friends sat in the saloon, reminiscing about Christmas repasts. About all they could



Montana Historical Society, Helena

The interior of the "Hangman's House" in Virginia City, Montana, recalls the days when the vigilantes were at their peak.

look forward to, they lamented, was buffalo hump. Even basics like flour were hard to come by—the following year, a ninety-eight-pound sack would be selling for as much as eighty dollars, a hardship that would cause riots in the mining town. Then Al Smith mentioned

that he knew where a guy could get turkeys and squash, if he would undertake the trip. Nothing loath, Beidler quickly volunteered. Since Ives' hanging, he had found himself with time on his hands, and what he loved was action. Smith told Beidler that a farmer named

X Beidler's Christmas Ambush



Montana Historical Society, Helena

Madame M.A. Eckert photographed the hanging of Joseph Wilson and Arthur L. Compton (above) on April 30, 1870. Virginia City (right) was a typically violent frontier mining town.

When the lead warrior fired, Beidler noted that the ball fell a few feet short. He reined in Gray Eagle, did a quick turnaround, and fired, shooting the Indian through the heart. Enraged, the remaining Crows charged X, firing their weapons, but X spurred Gray Eagle ahead of them and gained a safe lead. Twisting in the saddle, he picked off another brave as they came in range.

Spying an outcropping, X decided to hide himself and his booty in the rocks, certain that a delay on his part would alert his friends to come looking for him. As he headed for the summit, he was suddenly aware that the Indians, rather than firing at him, were likewise hiding themselves and their horses down below.

Then he saw why. From over the pass came four heavily armed white men. His friends! He thought they must have become concerned and set out looking for him. But X was wrong. While he had been gone, word of his departure had spread among the outlaw gang. Rumors flew. Was X gathering evidence against them? Had he doubled back and was he now tracking their every move? Had he gone for vigilante reinforcements? Any way they figured it, it sounded bad, so they set out after X, hoping to ambush him and eliminate at least one of the



Baumgartner had the treasure they sought over at Hellgate, about 150 miles west of Virginia City. Each man anted up two ounces of gold dust, and the bargain was struck.

Beidler set out early next morning on his favorite mount, Gray Eagle. He was heavily armed with a Spencer carbine and two Colt revolvers. In those days travel was dangerous business, and one didn't set out on any errand, however innocent, without plenty of guns and ammunition.

Beidler's trip went smoothly, and he managed to buy turkeys for twenty-five dollars each and squash for five dollars each. He was making his way home with

his bounty lashed to his saddle as he reached the south end of the Deer Lodge Valley. He was thinking without much enthusiasm that he would soon be crossing the mountain pass that separated him from home when a band of Indians suddenly appeared from the pass. They were Crows, recently returned from a buffalo hunt, and they had been harassing settlers in the area.

As soon as the band, which numbered fourteen, spied Beidler, they let out war hoops and set upon him at top speed. Confident of his weapons and his skill, X decided to gauge the range of the Crows' firearms. He fell back, allowing them to approach within 300 yards.

self-appointed law officers bent on spoiling their fun.

X saw that the men he thought were his rescuers were going to run smack into the Indians. He waited until they approached, then fired one of his revolvers to get their attention. To his surprise and horror, instead of freezing in their tracks, the men bore down on him with even greater speed. When they

lived. He realized he had mistaken the white men. But now what? It was foolish to hope that the Indians had forgotten about him. He waited and watched as the Crows, looking up at him, argued among themselves.

Then into the silence of the white valley came the sounds of yet another party of men. This time, X could see by their mounts that they were Sanders,

wearily turned their horses homeward.

Virginia City was to see many more Christmases, but it is not likely the day ever was celebrated by a more grateful group of men than those who gathered there in 1863. As they lingered over their roast turkey and squash pie, they exulted in Beidler's good fortune. They laughed at the way those Indians had taken care of some of their work for them. And, by golly, maybe the Crows would think again before they took on a white man. It was the only favor the outlaws ever did them.

X reined in Gray Eagle, did a quick turnaround, and fired, shooting the Indian through the heart. Enraged, the remaining Crows charged, firing their weapons, but X spurred Gray Eagle ahead of them, and gained a safe lead. Twisting in the saddle, he picked off another brave as they came in range.

came abreast of the Indians, the braves fired, and three of the white men went down. A fierce hand-to-hand battle followed, the Indians furious at the loss of two of their comrades, the whites with their appetites whetted for a different battle than they found themselves fighting. When the smoke cleared, X saw five of the braves taking scalps and one of the white men galloping away toward Virginia City.

Relief swept over X, but it was short-

Hall, Brown, and Smith. The Indians saw them, too, and quickly herding the riderless horses in front of them, exited the valley by a wide margin.

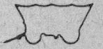
X was delighted to see his friends. Together they inspected the corpses of the men, and confirmed that they were indeed some of Plummer's men. The only survivor of the affray, they decided, must have been Plummer himself. Retrieving his plunder from the rocks, X and the others buried the outlaws and

SOURCES

In addition to miscellaneous clippings in the X Beidler file at the Montana Historical Society Library in Helena, the following sources were used in the preparation of this article.

Langford, N.P. *Vigilante Days and Ways*. Missoula, MT: Montana State University Press, 1957.

Sanders, Helen Fitzgerald and William Bertsche, Jr., eds. *X Beidler, Vigilante*. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1957.



Montana Historical Society, Helena



The Taos Ghost



Author's Photo

After his return from fighting Apaches in Arizona, Smith Simpson became one of Taos' leading citizens. This oil portrait, now cracked with age, was painted in his middle years.

Only ten days after his arrival at the site of Fort Goodwin, Captain Simpson and his company were ordered out on an Indian scout in the Pinal Mountains. While the command was moving forward in Apache country, they were ambushed and Simpson was shot...

Some years ago an apparition suddenly materialized in front of the startled eyes of a guest staying in the old adobe building which houses the Harwood Foundation in Taos, New Mexico. The ghost, a man, appeared dressed in knickers and a military tunic. He spoke, saying, "I just thought you should know I was here," and then he disappeared through the wall.

Other reported sightings of this apparently benign spectre have occurred, some as recently as fifteen years ago, but instead of causing screams of ter-

By JACQUELINE DORGAN
MEKETA

ror and fear among the patrons, researchers, or librarians utilizing the facilities of the art museum-library-meeting place, he is considered a sort of colorful addition to the historic structure. After all, these modern-day citizens are guests in his former home, for the ghost has been identified as Captain Smith H. Simpson, who was a local celebrity in Taos during life and has managed to remain one even now, seventy-one years after his death.

Smith Simpson's local fame, however, is not based on his materializations from some nether world but rather on his actions while he was very much alive. The most famous incident occurred in 1861 when the Civil War tore the country apart, causing heightened emotions which turned friends into enemies. Far from the bloody battlefields in the East, the tiny settlement of Taos nestled in the pine-covered mountains between Santa Fe and the Colorado border. But even there, emotions ran high.

Ever since the United States had conquered the territory in 1846, the American flag had flown from a short flagpole on the plaza in the center of the town. But once the War began, Southern sympathizers kept tearing it down.

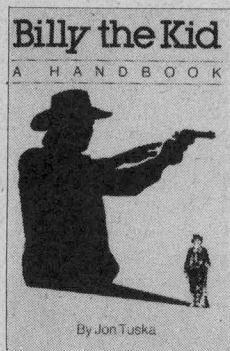
Smith Simpson, a staunch Union man, soon decided he had had enough. Taking a group of men, he made his way to Taos Canyon and there selected a very tall, slender cottonwood which the men felled, trimmed, and carried back

BOOK MART



TW25—A DYNASTY OF WESTERN OUTLAWS. By Paul I. Wellman. Wellman shows that the organized gangs of robbers and killers—from Quantrill to Floyd—who roamed the Midwest and Southwest from the 1860s to the 1930s went to the same school and were aided by each other's notoriety. First published in 1961, *Dynasty* "is a thriller... but at the same time it is a cool, sane study."—*New York Herald Tribune*. University of Nebraska Press.

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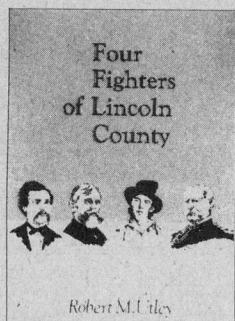
TW24—BILLY THE KID: A HANDBOOK. By John Tuska. Considered the last word on the legendary outlaw, Tuska's book explodes the myths and corrects the errors perpetrated by historians, novelists, and filmmakers. "An excellent book—the best to date on the Kid and the making of the legend."—*Western Historical Quarterly*. University of Nebraska Press.

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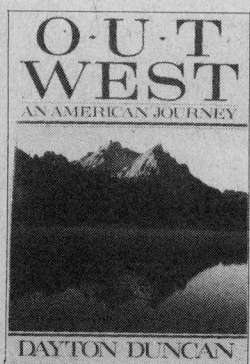
TW40—THE RISE AND FALL OF THE SUNDANCE KID. By Edward M. Kirby. A thorough study of Harry Longabaugh, alias the Sundance Kid, outlaw companion of Butch Cassidy, Kirby's book explores the Kid's early life in the East, his entry into outlawry, and his career with Cassidy. Kirby also stirs controversy by contending that Longabaugh did not die in South America, but lived until 1955 in California and Utah. Western Publications.

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TW64—FOUR FIGHTERS OF LINCOLN COUNTY. By Robert M. Utley. A well-known western historian, Utley focuses on Alexander McSween, Billy the Kid, Nathan Dudley, and Lew Wallace in a balanced reexamination of the issues and personalities involved in the famous Lincoln County (NM) War. "Utley's strength lies in his instinctive, intelligent perceptions and flowing, eloquent writing."—Leon Metz, *True West*. University of New Mexico Press.

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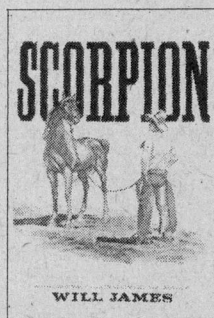
TW41—ROY BEAN: LAW WEST OF THE PECOS. By C.L. Sonnichsen. A new edition of a popular, lively biography, *Roy Bean* profiles one of the most colorful figures of the American frontier and one of its least likely heroes. Sonnichsen shows in astonishing detail the shady side of western law and entrepreneurship. University of New Mexico Press.

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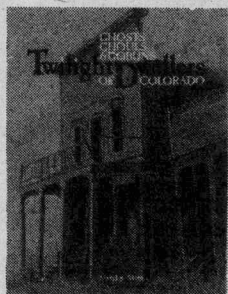
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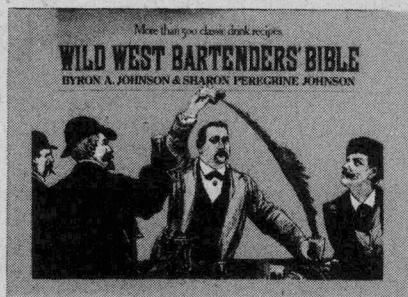
TW16—SCORPION. By Will James. A delightful account of a completely incorrigible and high spirited horse, *Scorpion* is James at his western best. "We enjoy it keenly because we feel in it the life of the range, colorful and sportsmanlike."—*New York Times*. University of Nebraska Press.

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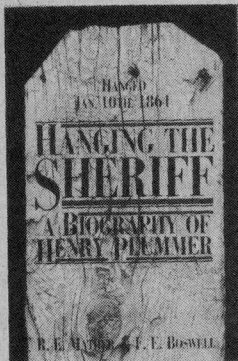


TW52—WILD WEST BARTENDERS' BIBLE. By Byron A. Johnson & Sharon Peregrine Johnson. This beautifully designed and illustrated new book, reconstructs the golden age of the American saloon with chapters on who became saloonists; saloon architecture, furnishings, and stock; and the daily routine of a saloon. It also contains more than 500 recipes from rare bartenders' guides published between 1862 and 1906. Texas Monthly Press.

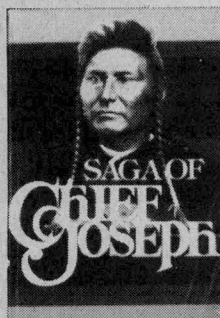
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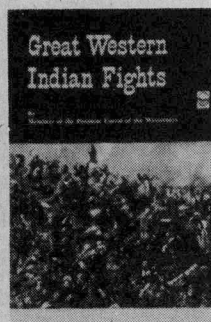


TW68—HANGING THE SHERIFF: A BIOGRAPHY OF HENRY PLUMMER. By R.E. Mather & F.E. Boswell. Meticulously researched, this new book, projected to stir much controversy, challenges traditional accounts of Plummer's life. The authors bring new evidence to the Plummer story, alleging his innocence in all crimes attributed to him. University of Utah Press. **NEW SELECTION!** Cloth, \$17.95



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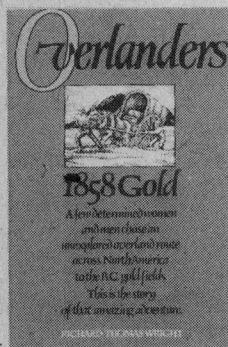
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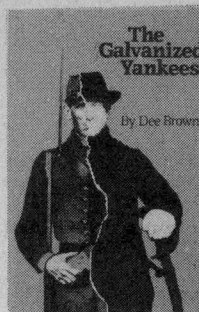
TW54—THE NEGRO COWBOYS. By Philip Durham & Everett L. Jones. More than five thousand Negro cowboys joined the round-ups and served on the ranch crews in the cattleman era of the West. Lured by the open range, the chance for regular wages, and the opportunity to start new lives, they made vital contributions to the transformation of the West. "Described in lively prose and vivid detail"—*Time*. University of Nebraska Press.

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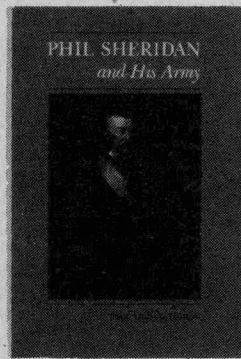
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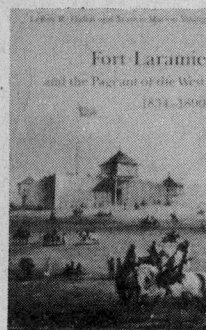
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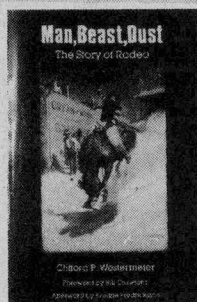
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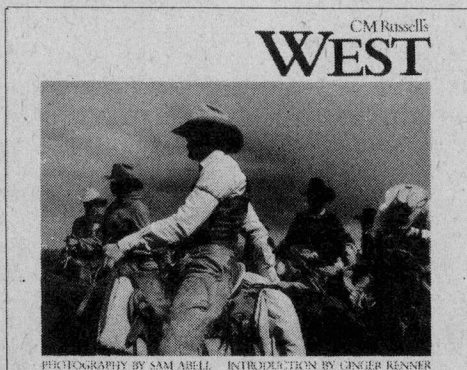
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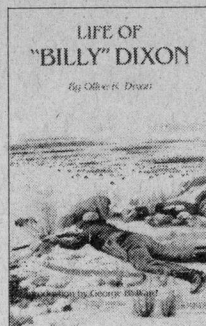
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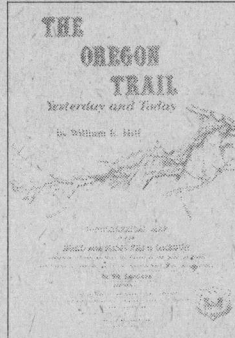
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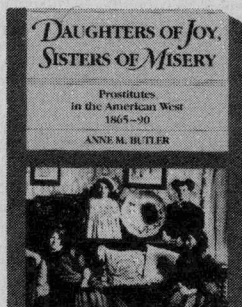
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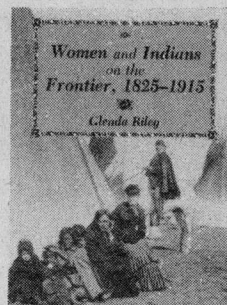
TW67—THE OREGON TRAIL: YESTERDAY AND TODAY. By William E. Hill. Blending maps, guidebooks, emigrants' documents, old drawings and paintings, together with recent photographs, Hill takes the reader along the trail in an easy to follow manner while examining its realities and dispelling its misconceptions. Caxton Printers.

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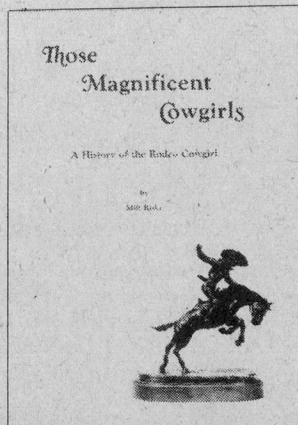
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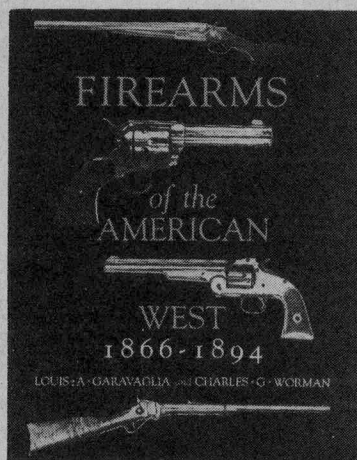


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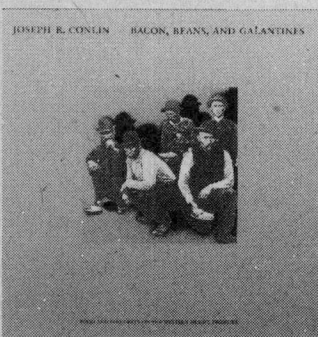
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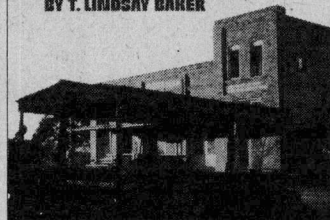
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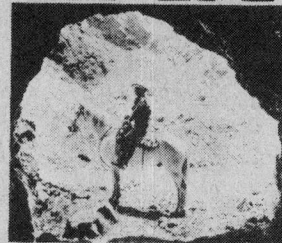


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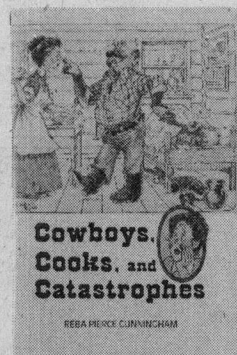
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to the plaza. Although somewhat crooked, it was sturdy, and with the help of his friends, Kit Carson, Ceran St. Vrain, Thomas Boggs, and other now-famous mountain men, Simpson nailed the flag to the pole and it was raised aloft with cheers.

To emphasize his determination in the matter, Simpson spread the word around town that anyone who dared molest the flag would be shot. And to assure that their country's banner remained undisturbed, the group went to St. Vrain's nearby store and took turns standing guard.

Since the flag was nailed to the cottonwood, it flew day and night instead of being lowered at dark. When military officials in Santa Fe learned of the incident, they permitted Taos to fly the flag twenty-four hours a day. As a result of the actions of Simpson, Carson, and the others, Taos today boasts the distinction of being the first place in the United States, by tradition, to fly Old Glory day and night.

SMITH SIMPSON was a colorful character and more than once he put his life in jeopardy for his beloved country. Simpson was an adventurous and self-reliant man, born in New York City on May 8, 1833. He was the grandson of a Revolutionary War soldier who reputedly was with George Washington the night he made his famous Delaware River crossing.

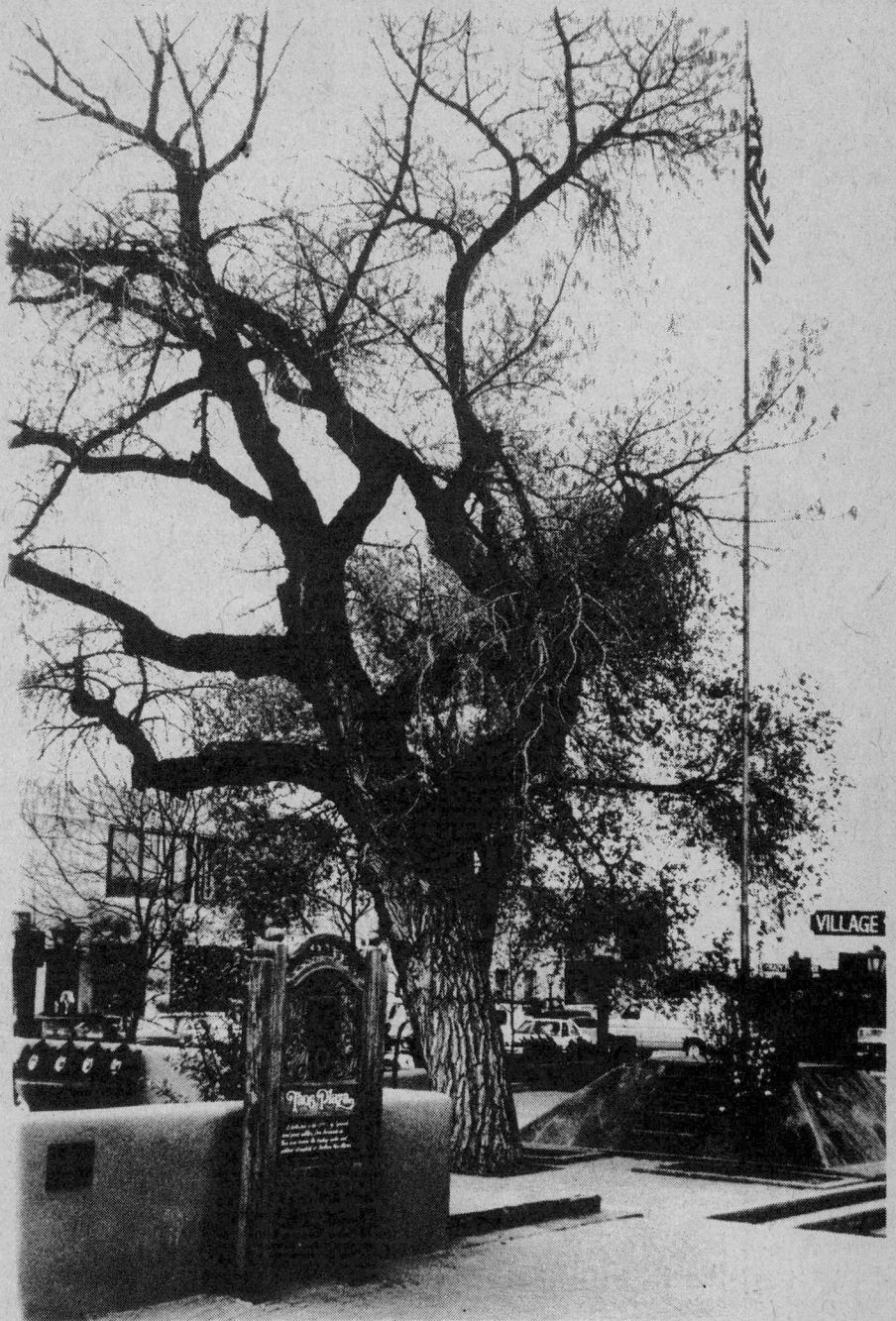
Simpson was orphaned at sixteen when both his parents died of cholera. The boy set out to make his own living, working first in Pennsylvania and later in New Orleans as a clerk. Later, while in Saint Joseph, Missouri, Simpson obtained a position as second clerk with the chief quartermaster for New Mexico and traveled to Santa Fe, where he worked for the military until the outbreak of the Ute War in 1855.

Simpson enlisted as commissary sergeant in the battalion commanded by his friend, Lieutenant Colonel Ceran St. Vrain, which saw service for six months from January to July 1855. During that time the chief guide for the command was Kit Carson, and the troops chased and engaged the Muache Utes and Jicarilla Apaches throughout the mountains of south central Colorado during one of the bitterest winters the area had experienced in a long time. During the campaign Simpson received a gunshot wound to his right leg in a pitched battle with the Indians, who were reported by another participant to have "offered great resistance and fought with reckless valor." During the fight, Simp-

son lost his pistol, and it was not until days later when the command returned to Fort Massachusetts that he was able to have his wound dressed properly and be given medical attention. However, he continued to serve until the unit was disbanded in July.

native city, New York. There he ran into an old friend, A.W. Reynolds, an Army captain in the quartermaster corps. As a result, he wound up hiring on once again as a clerk and returning to Santa Fe.

Although busy and happy in Santa



Elaine Querry Photo, Courtesy of the Taos News

Even today visitors to Taos will see the American flag flying day and night in the Taos plaza, a tribute to Simpson's patriotism more than 125 years ago.

After his discharge Simpson ran a government express for several years, a job which required him to ride all over the West through much hostile Indian territory. In 1857 he traveled to Mexico City, then to Brownsville, Texas, on to New Orleans, and then back to his

Fe, Simpson could not rid his mind of memories of Taos, a singularly beautiful village he had first seen during his military service of 1855. The town, situated next to an ancient Indian Pueblo, was an early Spanish settlement which later became a trading center for



Author's Photo

Kit Carson's dying wish was carried out when his body was brought to Taos for burial. Smith Simpson (right) never forgot Carson, his close friend, and is seen here placing flowers on the grave around the turn of the century. Simpson was wounded in the leg by Apaches (below) during his service as a captain in Arizona from 1864 to 1866.

many French fur trappers and mountain men. Lying at an altitude of 7,000 feet, the area was not only blessed with an abundance of natural resources but also an invigorating climate and impressive physical beauty. Simpson decided to make Taos his home.

Life in Taos really suited Simpson. He settled on a farm and kept busy with agricultural pursuits and stock raising. In his free time he often helped his friend Kit Carson with some of his clerical work or bookkeeping. It was during this period that the still-remembered flag-raising incident took place.

With his strong Union sympathies so evident, it is to be wondered at that Smith Simpson did not join the volunteer forces being raised in New Mexico Territory to defend the area against a Confederate force of Texans which soon invaded. His Taos friend, Ceran St. Vrain, was made the original commanding officer of the First Regiment of New Mexico Infantry Volunteers upon its inception that July of 1861, and when he was forced to resign for personal reasons shortly thereafter, Kit Carson assumed command. In addition, a number of friends and acquaintances who had served with

Simpson in the 1855 Ute War also enrolled in the unit.

Simpson, however, remained a civilian from 1861 to October 1863 during the period when, after several battles, the Confederates were defeated and forced to retreat back to Texas and while the Mescalero Apaches and Navajos were being pursued and fought by the volunteer troops. In late 1863, however, when a new regiment of infantry volunteers was being raised to guard the Santa Fe Trail against the Plains Indians and to attempt to control the hostile Apaches of Arizona and southwestern New Mexico, Smith Simpson finally decided to get a taste of the soldier's life.

SIMPSON WAS able to recruit enough men in the Taos area to fill a company. Most of the personnel were Spanish-speaking Hispanic natives of the area, although the first sergeant and lieutenants were Anglos. Simpson was commissioned a captain and after the company had completed its training at Fort Union they received orders to prepare to go on active field duty as part of the Apache Expedition, which was to be sent to Arizona.

First the unit was forced to march 400



True West

miles south, mainly following the Rio Grande, until they arrived at the town of Las Cruces, only a few miles north of the Mexican border. This was the headquarters and staging area for movement of men and supplies to Arizona. The company was allowed only a four-day respite before heading westward to Arizona, where they established Fort Goodwin, which began as nothing more than rough brush huts which the men constructed.

While on duty in Arizona, Captain Simpson and his men were involved in numerous long scouts against the Apaches. The soldiers were trying to chase and capture the wily Indians through the inhospitable deserts and rugged mountains which were the Apache's home territory. It was difficult and hazardous duty, the problems compounded by a constant lack of rations for the men and feed for the animals, by extremes of heat and cold, and by a lack of potable water in many instances. General James Carleton, who directed the Apache Expedition from the comfort of his Santa Fe headquarters many hundreds of miles away, had a grand vision of quickly subjugating the Apaches. With that aim, he expected the units to be highly mobile and decreed that the men in the field could

carry no food other than meat, bread, sugar, coffee, and salt. He allowed them only one blanket apiece for bedding, saying, "To be encumbered with more is not to find Indians." Some of the scouts lasted up to thirty days, and this spartan regime, combined with the necessity to drink any water which could be found, even brackish, affected the men's health.

and loss of sensation in the leg and foot.

Simpson continued on with the expedition despite his wound, even requesting permission to lead his men on one foray when the major in command wanted to leave him behind in camp because of his injury.

When Simpson or his men were not out on Indian scouts or escorting military trains and messengers through

Simpson's long friendship with Kit Carson was a close one, and it has been written that Carson's last words were "Tell Simpson and Tom Boggs that I wish to be buried at Taos." Simpson spearheaded an effort which resulted in the erection of Carson's headstone.

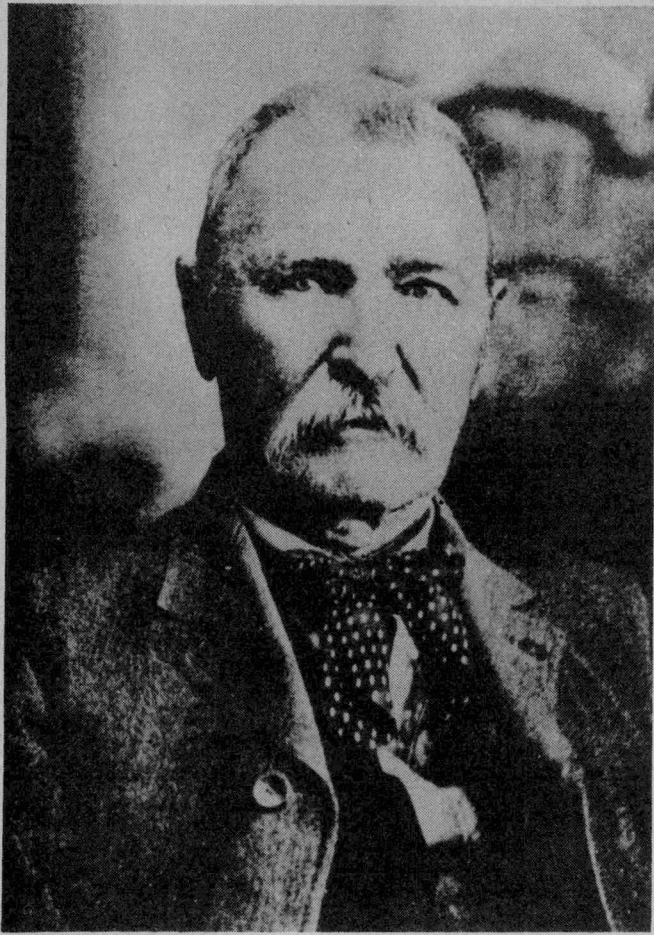
Only ten days after his arrival at the site of Fort Goodwin, Captain Simpson and his company were ordered out on an Indian scout in the Pinal Mountains. While the command was moving forward in Apache country, they were ambushed and Simpson was shot just below the ankle on his left leg. Somehow the ball had splintered and four fragments entered his leg, causing an injury to the Achilles' tendon which permanently resulted in partial paralysis

hostile Apache country, they were kept busy with the construction of the fort. Timber had to be cut in the mountains and hauled down, adobe bricks had to be made, corrals, quarters, and warehouses built, the animals cared for, gardens planted, water hauled, firewood gathered, and myriad other jobs done.

Surprisingly, Captain Simpson's concern for the welfare of his men centered not so much on the Indian enemy but upon the shortage of supplies for his

National Archives





Author's Photo

Even as an old man, Simpson retained his military bearing and straightforward gaze but was widely known as a genial, generous, kindly man.

command, caused by their great isolation. The New Mexicans were good soldiers. For centuries their forefathers had survived in the Southwest's harsh conditions and these Hispanos had learned their lessons well. Their familiarity with the flora, fauna, and Indian ways prevented any deaths that could have been attributed to field operations during the company's three years of service.

What did take its toll was disease, mainly brought about by an inadequate diet. Groups of Pinal and Coyotero Indians in other areas practically cut off the delivery of supplies meant for Fort Goodwin the first two years. At one point the major in command reported that there had been no grain at the post in over five months. Also lacking fresh vegetables, the men were soon suffering terribly from scurvy and related diseases. Attempts to put in gardens during the warm weather were thwarted by late freezes and, as one man put it,

"the army worm destroys everything as soon as it comes up."

In spite of all the hardships, Captain Simpson's company completed their mission and many of the Apaches in the area offered to surrender. When their

Simpson could not rid his mind of memories of Taos, a village he had first seen during his military service of 1855. The town, situated next to an ancient Indian Pueblo, was blessed with natural resources, an invigorating climate, and great beauty. He decided to make it his home.

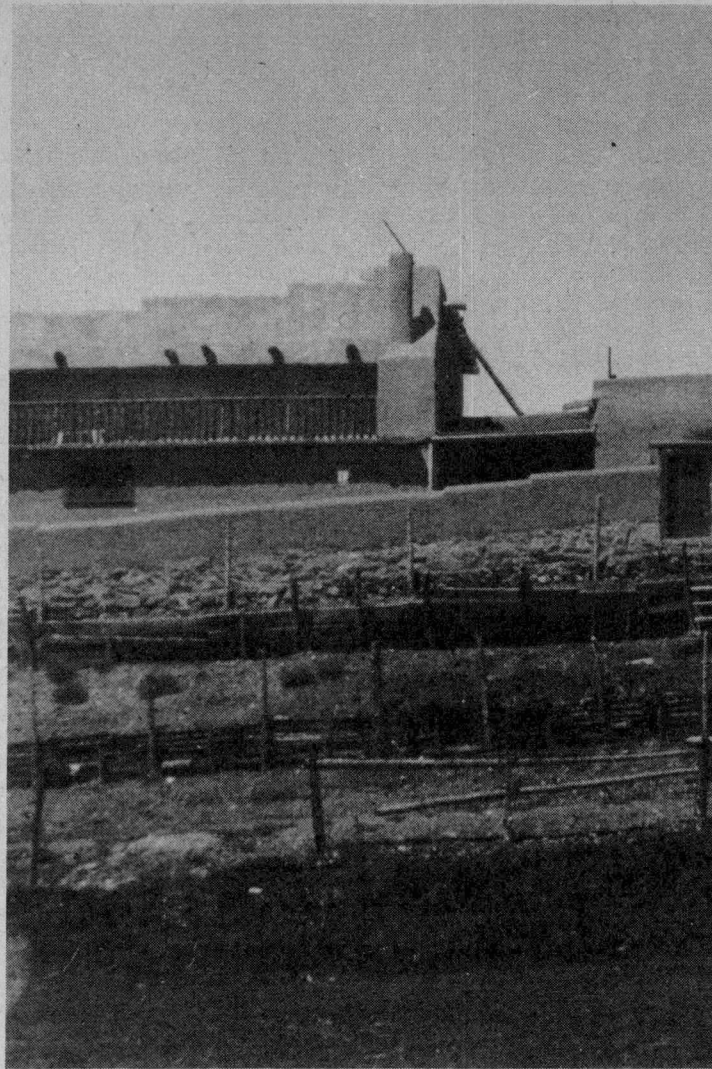
enlistments were up in 1866, the company was disbanded and Simpson returned home to Taos. Within a short time he married Josepha Valdez, a member of one of the oldest families in Taos. Josepha was described as "very tiny, with big, coal-black eloquent eyes, silky black hair, a perfect lady of dignity."

Soon the babies began coming, and Smith Simpson bought a small adobe home on Ledoux Street. It probably had been built about 1825. As his family enlarged he added on to it, and one of his seven children later recalled long

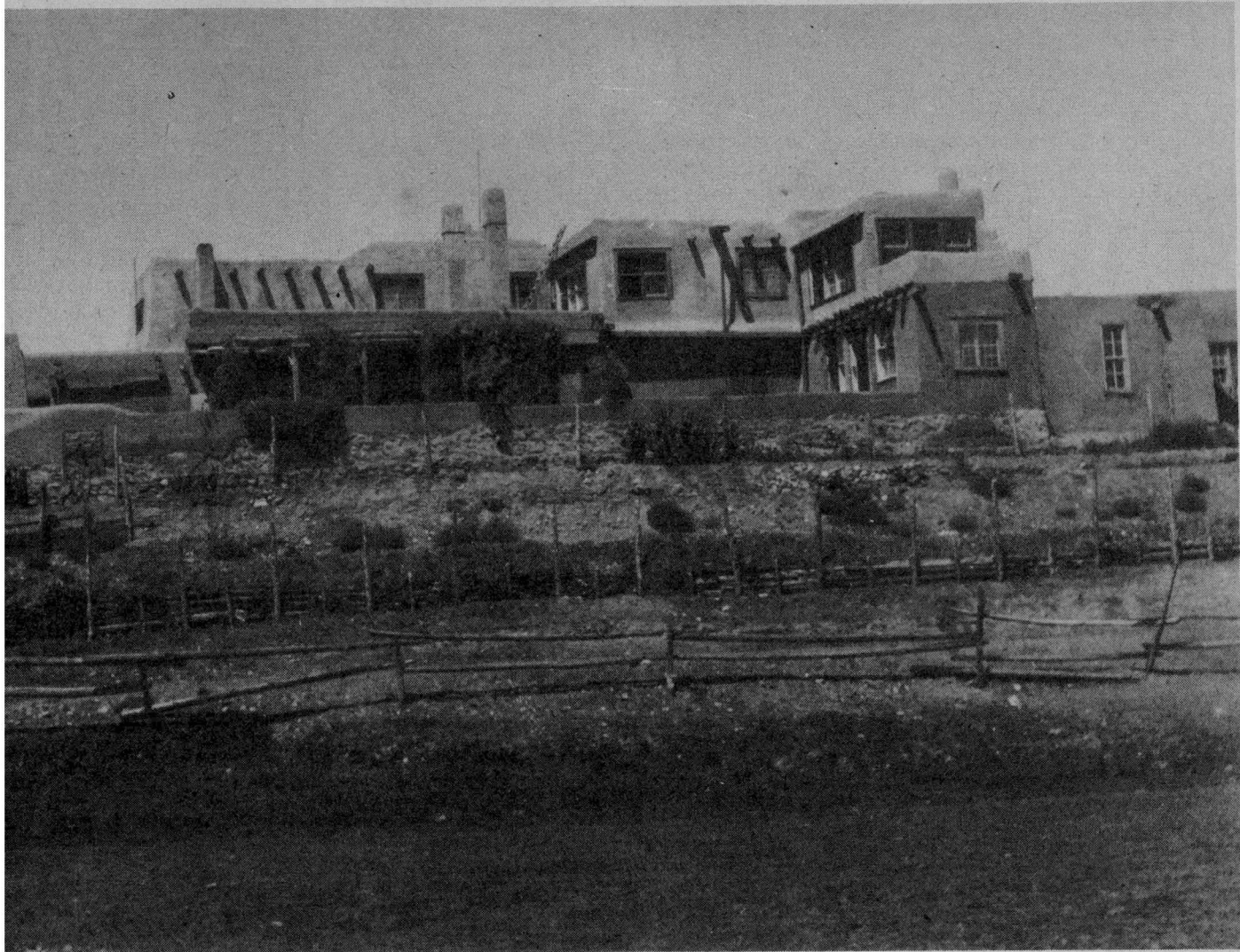
summer evenings when the captain, home from his many lengthy business travels, would sit in the yard with his wife and watch the sunset while the children played nearby on buffalo robes.

The Simpson family became one of the most prominent in the scenic town. Simpson raised stock, farmed, and was

True West



Smith Simpson's house as it looked in 1920. It is here that



Burt Harwood Photo, Courtesy of Harwood Foundation of University of New Mexico

his ghost is said to still roam.

engaged in the land-grant business, real estate loans, and various other activities. He was renowned as a genial and pleasant man who always was courteous to strangers and who always had a place at his table for the hungry or an unexpected guest. This kindly, generous disposition seems also to be attributed to his ghost, which is mentioned with affection by those who believe in the sightings.

Smith Simpson's long friendship with Kit Carson was a close one, and it has been written that Carson's last words were, "Tell Simpson and Tom Boggs that I wish to be buried at Taos." The great frontiersman's wishes were carried out. Simpson personally spearheaded an effort which resulted in the erection of a headstone supplied by the Santa Fe Grand Army of the Republic post, and for years the Simpson family decorated Carson's grave with beautiful flowers.

Smith Simpson outlived his old
December 1987

friends, succumbing in 1916, less than a month before his eighty-third birthday. For more than fifty years he had been able to see Old Glory proudly flying night and day in the Taos Plaza, a tribute to his actions. Shortly before his death he said, "I am the only one left, but the flag is still there."

AFTER SIMPSON'S death his home was purchased by an artist and enlarged. Eventually a foundation was established to operate the home as a cultural center for the community. Even today, Captain Simpson's ghost is a topic of conversation among employees of Harwood Foundation. Librarians working alone at night swear they often sense a "presence" nearby, and every unexplained incident is attributed to Simpson, who is viewed as a mischievous spectral prankster. Should a book fall from a shelf in an unoccupied room, the lights flicker without reason, or an important paper be misplaced, the in-

evitable comment is, "The Captain must have done it."

SOURCES

In addition to the military service and pension records of Smith Simpson from the National Archives, the following sources were used to prepare this article.

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Meketa, Charles and Jacqueline. *One Blanket and Ten Days Rations*. Globe AZ: Southwest Parks and Monuments Association, 1980.

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Theodore Weichselbaum was not unique as Kansas pioneers go. In many ways he was typical: he was determined to succeed, and he was one of many immigrants from Europe who found a home and made good in Kansas. While his experiences seem, in

to learn English; but the store's owner spoke only German. Discouraged, Weichselbaum quit his job and became a peddler. In his daily contact with New Yorkers, he soon learned English.

One day he ran into some friends from the old country. After having arrived in

with them to Cincinnati, where they gave him goods and money and told him he should go west, open a store, and sell their clothing in the new territory called Kansas.

Weichselbaum arrived in Leavenworth, Kansas Territory, in 1857. But

Theodore Weichselbaum Trader and Beer

retrospect, romantic and filled with adventure, he is remembered more for a brewery that he built and for the fine German beer that he produced.

The story of Weichselbaum began when he was born in Furth, near Nuremberg, Bavaria, on June 10, 1834. At the age of twenty-two he came to the United States, landing in New York City during the summer of 1856. There he found a job in a jewelry store, where he hoped

America a few years earlier, they had built a small business into a large wholesale firm that manufactured clothing, which was located in Cincinnati.

By DAVID DARY

to learn English. While they were visiting New York City on business, they offered Weichselbaum a job. Being single and anxious to make good, he accepted. He returned

he did not like the town, so he went south to Kansas City and decided to open a store on Main Street. He stocked the small store, opened its doors, and waited for customers; but few came. He soon realized that conditions along the border were unsettled because of the Free State and proslavery troubles in Kansas. His business was so poor that he decided to go farther west, away from the troubles. After talking to several



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T.R. Davis' illustration of the Sutler's Store at Fort Dodge, Kansas, appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, May 25, 1867.

people, Weichselbaum decided to locate his store on the frontier near Fort Riley, one of a handful of military posts then scattered across the West.

Loading his goods into three wagons, Weichselbaum, with the help of a few hired hands, followed the old military

baum: Maker

road south to near Gardner in what is today Johnson County, Kansas. There he turned west and followed the Santa Fe Trail until he reached a point 110 miles southwest of Kansas City. There he turned north and followed the Mormon Trail. Mormons followed this trail north to present-day Nebraska, where they joined the Oregon Trail and traveled westward to the Great Salt Lake.

Weichselbaum and his wagons traveled north on the Mormon Trail until they reached Whiskey Point, near Fort Riley. In 1857, Whiskey Point was a small settlement that had many saloons and a few stores. "The soldiers bought whiskey there," wrote Weichselbaum, who did not stay long. He turned north-eastward and followed the river for about five miles, to what was then the settlement of Ogden, the county seat of Riley County and the location of a government land office. There he located an empty log cabin, made arrangements to use it, and opened his store.

"I SLEPT on my counter," he later recalled, and business was good. It was so good that within a few months he moved into a larger log cabin, which had a loft. There Weichselbaum slept on a bed. "In 1859 I put up my first stone building, the one in which the post office is now (1908) kept," he recalled.

In the same year that Weichselbaum built his first stone store, he was appointed postmaster. He later recalled: "My commission is dated October 26, 1859. It was signed by the President [Buchanan]. . . . I also had the post office under Lincoln and until Grant's administration, when the Republican party put me out. I was postmaster twice under Cleveland's administration."

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Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Theodore Weichselbaum

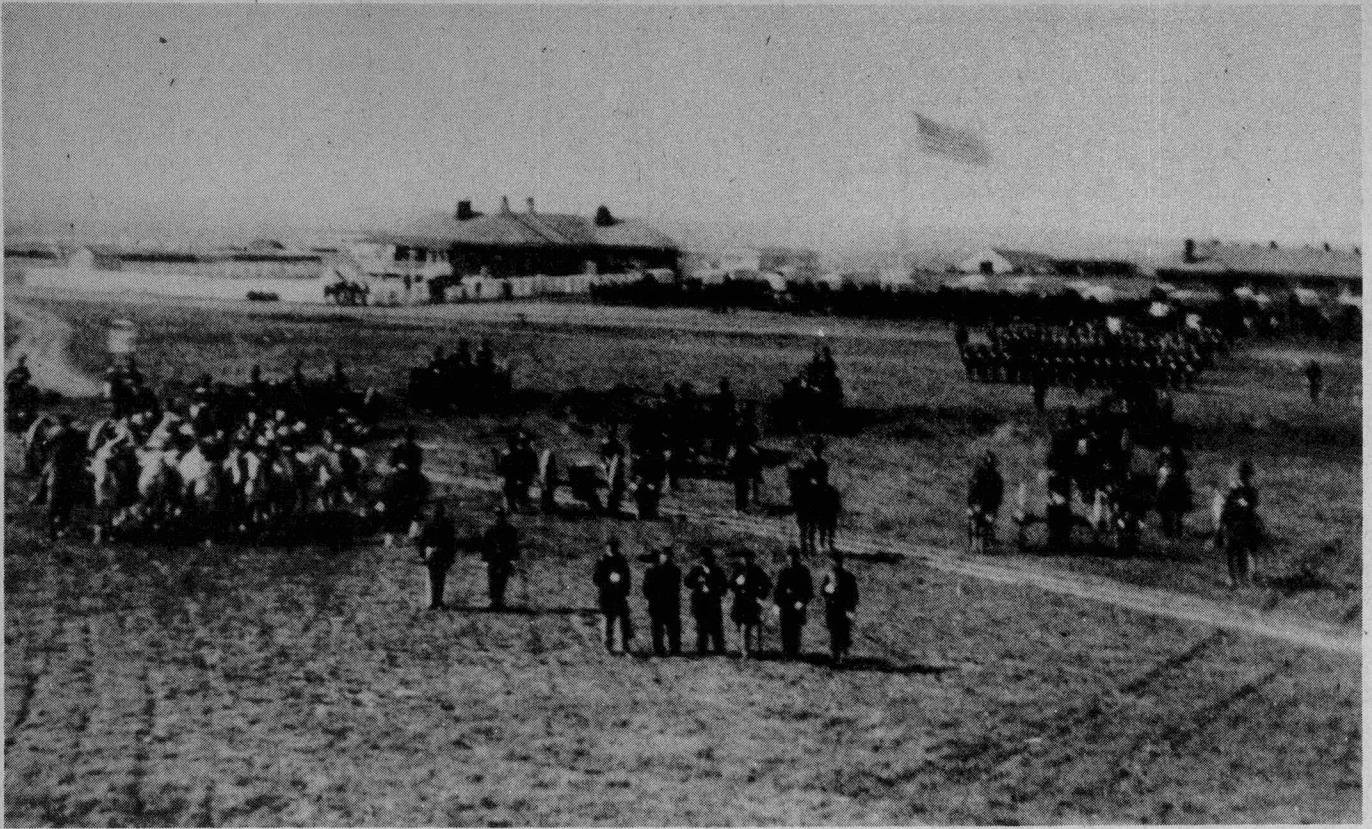
During the late 1850s Weichselbaum expanded his business interests, becoming a partner in the sutler's store at Camp Alert (later Fort Larned); and during the 1860s he became financially involved with the sutler stores at Forts Dodge, Harker, and Wallace in Kansas and Camp Supply in Indian Territory. He wrote:

"I think it was in 1868 that I opened the sutler's store at Camp Supply. . . . When Major Inman (chief quartermaster for the Western Department) and I went down to Camp Supply, soon after it was opened, we had an escort of ten Cheyenne Indians. They would always have fresh buffalo meat ready for us in camp. I traded with the Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Kiowas between the Arkansas River and Camp Supply."

He also remembered that when George Armstrong Custer was stationed at Fort Riley, Weichselbaum, at his home in Ogden, had entertained Custer and his wife.

About 1860, Weichselbaum received a governmental contract to go to Camp Albert to produce hay for the military. He recalled: "The government allowed me sixty-five dollars per day from the time I left Fort Riley until I returned. I had about ten wagons and about ten extra hands. The men did the mowing with scythes, a half-dozen great big Dutchmen, all in a row. I cleared twenty

Last in a series of four chapters reprinted from the author's new book, More True Tales of Old-Time Kansas, University Press of Kansas, 1987. Used by permission.



Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

The parade ground at Fort Harker, 1867. During the sixties, Weichselbaum was financially involved in the sutler's stores at several Kansas posts.

dollars a day for my own services. I was gone thirty days."

During the early 1860s, Weichselbaum dealt with Captain Nathaniel Lyon, who was in command at Fort Riley. Weichselbaum remembered that Lyon "would punish soldiers by making them carry two or three sticks of cordwood on their shoulders. There would always be some of the men marching up and down there. Lyon was a little fellow. He was a terrible growler. He was smart. He was a hard nut. He was an honorable man, and a good friend to me."

When the Civil War broke out early in 1861, Weichselbaum carried the first news from Fort Riley to Fort Wise, located in present-day eastern Colorado. As he remembered, it was in April of that year, and he drove an ox team.

"I took a soldier's wife out there to her husband. He was a bugler in the company. She begged me to take her out. I asked her \$20 for the trip, 500 miles out and the same back, but I took some Indian goods out and sold them, so made something. In those days there was only one mail from Independence, Mo., to Fort Union, N.M. The same animals they started with had to go through the whole trip to Fort Wise."

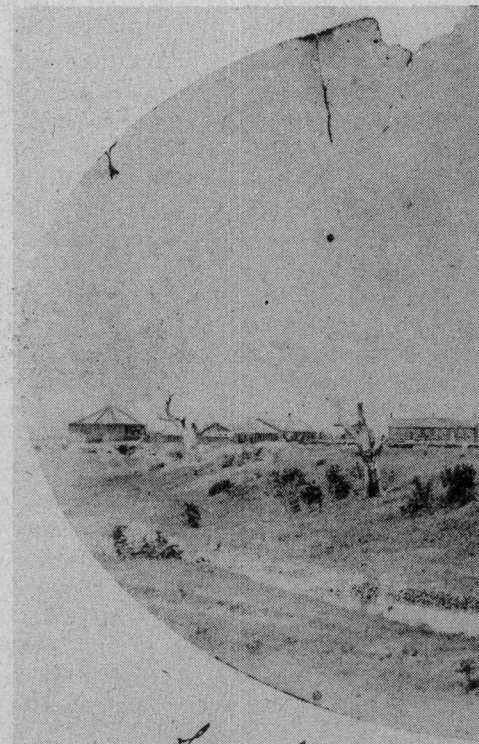
During the 1860s, while Weichsel-

baum was involved in the sutler stores, he hauled thousands of buffalo robes to Leavenworth with his teams. He later wrote: "I sold them there mostly to W.C. Lobenstine, for from five to six dollars apiece cash. He made so much money from his trade there that he went to Milan, Italy, and was still there when I last heard of him enjoying the fruits of his Kansas trade."

In June, 1862, when he was twenty-eight years old, Weichselbaum married. There was little romance involved, however, for his wife came directly from Germany. As he wrote: "I had never known her or seen her. My parents picked her out for me and sent her out. They made a good selection—the best woman that ever lived." She presented Weichselbaum with eight children, four of whom lived.

Weichselbaum obtained merchandise in the East. He would go to St. Louis, New York, and Chicago about once a year to buy his goods, which were then shipped by steamboat down the Missouri to Leavenworth and then freighted

by Weichselbaum's own wagons to Ogden. "Once," he recalled, "I think it was in the spring of 1859, I brought several barrels of whiskey and salt, heavy goods, from a steamboat that



Fort Larned, November 1869.

Weichselbaum was already doing business at the fort in the 1850s, when it was Camp Alert.

came up to Ogden [on the Kansas River] and landed the goods on the bank for me. The river was high. I think this was the only time a steamboat reached Ogden."

In his travels across the prairies and plains, Weichselbaum never had much of a problem with Indians. For one reason, he never took chances. "Whenever the Indians became hostile," he wrote, "we made our trips after dark. The Indians were afraid to tackle anything they could not see. I have driven many a night between Larned and Dodge, fifty-six miles, by myself."

In May, 1869, Weichselbaum sold his interests in the sutler's stores and turned his full attention to operating his Ogden store. Not quite two years later, in 1871, he decided to build a brewery in Ogden:

"I BUILT a large brewery, with cellars underground, and employed four or five men, who were originally brewers in Germany and had come directly from the old country, and knew all about the making of malt. We made beer from barley and hops. The grain was raised in our neighborhood. I bought lots of barley right in the county and made malt of it. The hops I bought from St. Louis dealers."

Weichselbaum did well as a brewer; his income from beer sales grew to about a thousand dollars a month. Even though he had to pay his men and buy materials with the money, the profit was

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



Author's Photo

Theodore Weichselbaum (second from left) with author David Dary's grandmother and mother. The man at the left is unidentified.

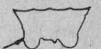
good. And he not only hauled his beer to saloons in Riley County but to other neighboring counties as well. Some of it was shipped by rail to Hays, Kansas.

On May 1, 1881, however, the prohibition law went into effect in Kansas. After ten years as a brewer, Weichselbaum was forced to close his brewery. He lost \$15,000, for which he received no compensation from the state. Another brewer named Walruff in Lawrence planned to take legal action. He asked if Weichselbaum wanted to join him. Weichselbaum said: "No, I have lost enough already. I will stop where I am." And he did.

About thirty years ago there were still a few old-timers around Ogden who remembered Weichselbaum's beer.

Most of them considered it very good, but they are gone now. As for Theodore Weichselbaum, he was forty-seven years old when he was forced to close his brewery. He returned to his store, which he had continued to operate.

In 1896, Weichselbaum's wife died. Four years later, in June, 1900, when Weichselbaum was sixty-six, he married Bertha Koch. For many years he took pride in the fact that he was the oldest merchant still in business in Kansas: he had operated his store in Ogden for more than a half a century. On the evening of March 11, 1914, at the age of eighty, Theodore Weichselbaum died peacefully in his Ogden home.



Baron de Bastrop:

Historians say the "Baron de Bastrop" was a con man, a liar, a fake, and a thief. But historians also acknowledge that if it had not been for this kindly old flim-flam man, Texas still would belong to Mexico.

When I was six and seven years old, in 1921 and 1922, I lived in Bastrop, Texas. In that town, the

Baron de Bastrop was a hero, a man revered and honored, an example of a Prussian nobleman who left castles behind to come to the New World.

Most of our neighbors in Bastrop, Texas, were descended from German emigrants, and most of them spoke German in their homes then. Most of those who were not German were Mexican, speaking Spanish. It seemed appropriate that the local hero should be the Baron de Bastrop, first a Prussian soldier under Frederick the Great and later a soldier of fortune for the King of Spain.

That was the story in those days. Now historians say the baron was a fake, that he was in reality a Dutch commoner, Phillip Hendrick Nerine Boegel, formerly Collector General of Taxes for the province of Friesland in the Netherlands. In 1793, when the French invaded Holland, he absconded with the tax money he had collected. From that time on, he was an outlaw, wanted by both Holland and France.

Arriving in Louisiana, which belonged to Spain at that time, he Latinized his name to Felipe Enrique Neri, added the title Baron de Bastrop, and passed himself off as a Prussian nobleman a bit down on his luck in the wildly changing world of the late 1700s and early 1800s.

The French Revolution was followed by Napoleon Bonaparte. Heads rolled. Nothing seemed sacred. Through the turmoil, the "Baron de Bastrop" remained an avid royalist. In Louisiana, in the late 1790s, the baron lived quietly, dressed well, was a pleasant conversationalist and was much welcomed by other royalists. Having been a valet to a nobleman in his youth, the man who now passed himself off as a "baron" knew the niceties of polite society and must have been out of place in contrast to the unwashed ruffians

wandering in and out of New Orleans at the time.

Carondelet, the Spanish governor of Louisiana, gave him a land grant. The baron was welcomed into the governor's palace at any time. The lucky Hollander took his land grant, founded the towns of Bastrop and Mer Rouge in Louisiana, and engaged in other

By LEE SOMERVILLE

land trade.

Meantime, in 1797, Moses Austin, a Connecticut Yankee, came to Spanish Louisiana trying to make a fortune in land deals. In New Orleans, Moses Austin and the Baron de Bastrop became friends. In 1800 Spain ceded Louisiana to France. The Baron de Bastrop hastily left for Spanish Texas before the French moved in. Moses Austin had become a Spanish citizen, hoping it would help him with Spanish authorities. It didn't. Now with the Spanish gone, he waited. In 1803, France sold Louisiana to the United States, and Moses Austin became an American citizen again.

The Baron de Bastrop, an avid royalist, was always welcome at parties and receptions at the homes of Spanish officials. In Texas, in 1805, the Spanish government granted him permission to establish a colony between Bexar and the Trinity River. Later Bastrop had a freight business in San Antonio. In 1810, he became the second alcalde in the Ayuntamiento, or council, at Bexar. At that time, the council had jurisdiction over what is now all of Central Texas.

In December 1829, Moses Austin, the Connecticut Yankee and land promoter, arrived in San Antonio with a proposition: if he were given a land grant, he would fill it with settlers from the United States.

Instead of going through all the courtesies and niceties of protocol, Moses Austin demanded an audience with Governor Martinez. Martinez was shocked and affronted at the crude approach. He didn't like Yankees.

Moses Austin waited a bit longer, then took action. He burst into the palace, waved his petition and began his sales talk. It nearly got him killed. Martinez told him if he didn't leave Texas

immediately, or at least get out of San Antonio, he would be jailed.

Utterly dejected and amazed, the old man stumbled out of the palace, tears of rage and frustration streaming from his eyes. Head down, he almost collided with his old friend from New Orleans,



Illustrated by
AL MARTIN NAPOLETANO

True West

Con Man or Hero?

the Baron de Bastrop.

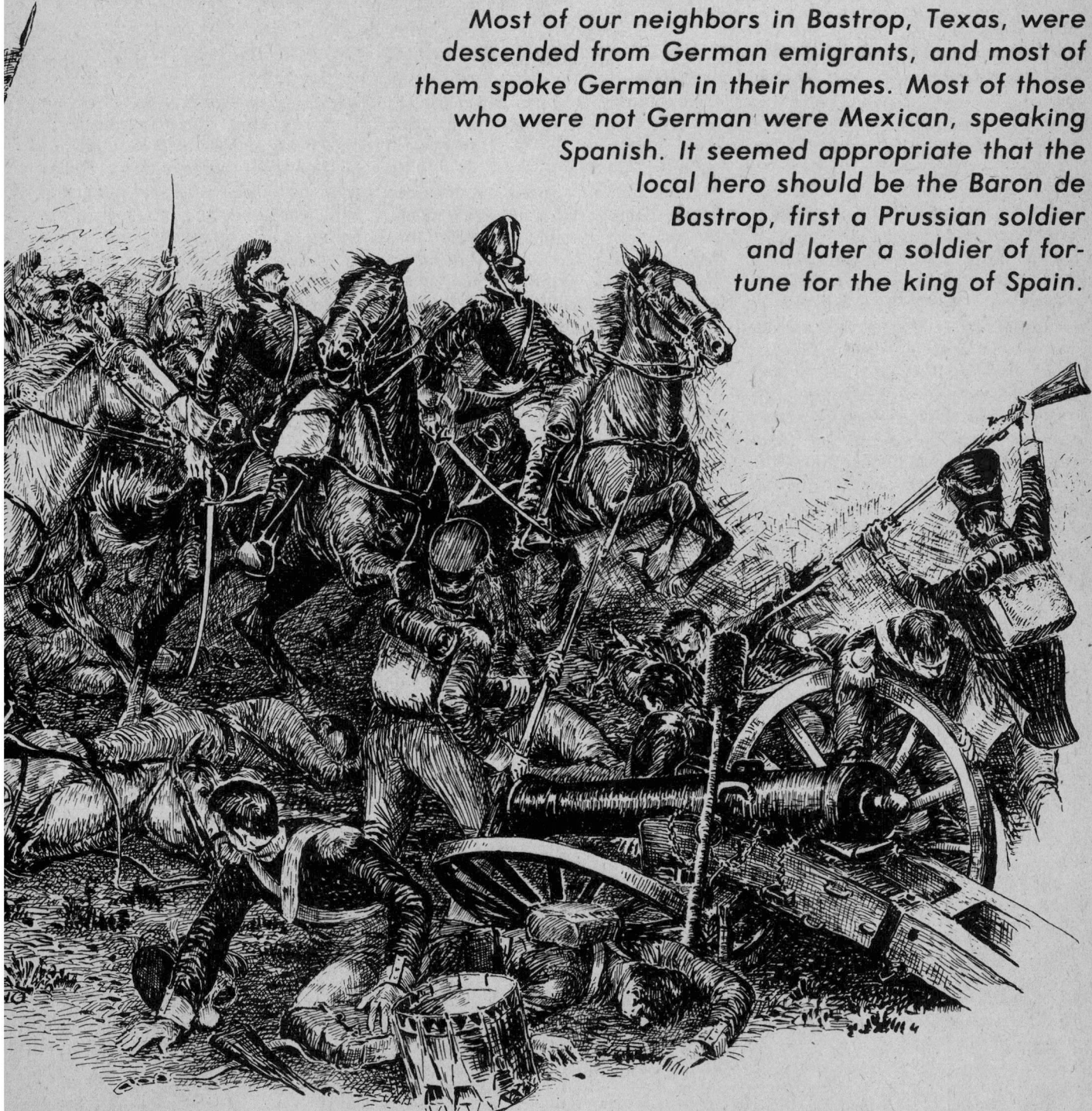
Historians call this a "chance encounter" and a "stroke of luck" that changed the history of Texas. Not too long ago in Fort Worth, historian Wayne Barton and I discussed this marvelous coincidence until late one

night. He had an interesting thought. "Bastrop was a con man," he said. "Perhaps he gave money to the governor's servants now and then. Probably one of those servants ran to tell him that here was a chance to make money."

We'll never know. Anyway, Old

Moses Austin stumbled blindly into his friend just outside the governor's palace. Bastrop listened, read Austin's petition, then acted. He arranged for Austin to be allowed to remain in San Antonio (then called Bexar) for further conference. He assured his friend,

Most of our neighbors in Bastrop, Texas, were descended from German emigrants, and most of them spoke German in their homes. Most of those who were not German were Mexican, speaking Spanish. It seemed appropriate that the local hero should be the Baron de Bastrop, first a Prussian soldier and later a soldier of fortune for the king of Spain.



Governor Martinez, that though Austin was a crude Yankee, he had been a loyal subject of the Spanish king at one time in Louisiana. Working with palace officials, Bastrop rewrote Austin's petition, couching it in flowery phrases and pledging allegiance to the Royal family. Within a week, he had the petition approved by Governor Martinez and the council, requesting permission to settle 300 families in Texas. This petition was later approved by General Arredondo and the council at Monterrey.

After that all sorts of things happened in the still wildly changing world. Moses Austin died and his son, Stephen, decided to head the colonization. Mexico won independence from Spain. Petitions had to be approved again by the changing government.

Bastrop remained with Stephen F. Austin at every step, advising him, guiding him, giving encouragement. Stephen F. Austin received an even greater grant of land than his father had requested. In 1823, Bastrop was appointed commissioner of colonization with authority to issue titles to land. Later, he was elected as representative to the legislature of the newly created state of Coahuila and Texas. From January 1824, until his death in 1827, he served at the capital at Saltillo. Although aging and in poor health, he was called on to make many trips, settle many disputes. He sought legislation

favorable to colonists; he helped pass an act creating a port at Galveston; and he worked hard for the Mexican government and for Texas.

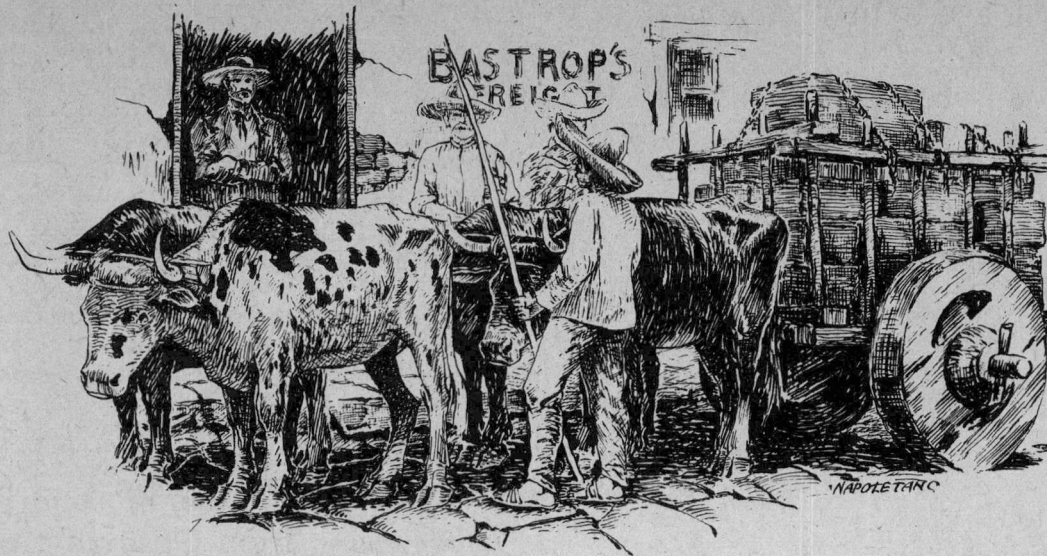
Unfortunately, under the Mexican system, he had no guaranteed salary. He was paid by voluntary contributions from constituents, and these colonists from America were tight-fisted and often contentious. When Bastrop died, his fellow legislators had to pass the hat to pay for his funeral.

The towns of Bastrop, Texas, and Bastrop, Louisiana, as well as the county of Bastrop, Texas, are named for him—or at least for the name he assumed. When I lived in Bastrop more than sixty years ago, the Baron de Bastrop was a much-honored man. Now that historians have found he was a fake, that he was not the Prussian

soldier and nobleman he professed to be, I wonder about him. Why did he live quietly, by himself, all those years? Did he leave a wife and children in Holland when he took off with that tax money? Why was he such a gentle man, always trying to help others? At nights, when he was alone, did he long for places and friends and family he never could see again? When he left with that tax money, was it one step ahead of the invading French army and with the fear that if he didn't steal the money, the French army would?

Why—if he really was a thief at heart, a real con man—did he not become rich as he held one government job after another?

There are many unanswered questions. To my knowledge, we do not even have a picture of the man or a description of him. In my mind he is tall, lean, old, and gentlemanly, but that is just my vision of him. One thing, though, I know. If the Baron de Bastrop had not been in San Antonio, if he had not met Moses Austin just outside the governor's palace on that fateful day in December 1820, Texas would not have been settled by the so-called Anglos who in reality were mostly Celtic-Americans, and if not for the "Baron de Bastrop," Texas today would belong to Mexico. In my mind, he is one of Texas' greatest heroes.



Trails Grown Dim

Clayton-Brown

I am seeking information on any members of the family of Josiah M. Clayton and Mary A. Brown, both born in Jersey City, New Jersey, in the late 1840s or early 1850s. They were the parents of Ashbel H. Clayton, born in Jersey City in September 1878, and of Lillian Clayton. There were two other daughters and three other sons. Some members of the family are believed to have settled in Illinois.—**Paul Clayton, 18 Ansonia Rd., West Roxbury, MS 02132.**

Baldwin-Phoenix-Welsh

I am seeking information on my great and great-great grandmothers. Marcia Leora Baldwin was born (date unknown) in Adrain, Michigan, and died about 1920 in Washington, Pennsylvania. She was buried in Waterford, Pennsylvania. Her father was Joseph O. Baldwin, born August 16, 1828, in Massachusetts and died (date unknown) in Waterford. Her mother was Sarah Corvilla Phenix (dates and places of birth and death unknown).

Joseph was the son of Phineas (1790-?); son of David (1758-1838); son of Thomas (1672-1747); son of John (1622-1687). John was born in England and came to America in 1635.

I am also seeking information on Mary Welsh, the wife of Phineas. All I have is that she died in Cleveland, Ohio. I will answer all replies and queries.—**Marcia Leora Thompson (nee Stanley), 13855 E. Ave. G8, Lancaster, CA 93535.**

Dye-Dyea

I am amazed at the number of Dyes and Dyeas throughout the West and even back east who read TRUE WEST and are researching their ancestors. The family is part Cherokee and had ancestors in the state of Virginia who are difficult to trace because there is so little information on them. One was Ruban Dye, born in the 1800s in Virginia. Another, John Henry Dye, was also born in the 1800s.

Is there a record somewhere showing

the names of the chiefs of the Cherokees in the 1850s and earlier? Dyes and Dyeas were first known in Greece and Rome as *Diose*. They were later known to be in France. Many came to America and changed their names to Dye or Dyea. The family's Cherokee lineage came through the men marrying Cherokee women, as my great-grandfather did in Virginia in the 1800s.—**Dorothy Dye Montgomery, 6103 W. State St. No. 4, Boise, ID 83703**

Rhinehart-Alderman

My maternal grandfather was Caswell Rhinehart; one sister was Serepta Catharine, whose married name was Alderman. She lived many years in Elm Creek, Nebraska, and died there in 1938.

Their parents were Jacob and Elizabeth Rhinehart (nee Shuey) of Waveland, Indiana. A widow, Elizabeth moved to Elgin, Kansas, in 1888 with two daughters, Lizzie and Estaline, and three sons, Morton, William, and Arvad. All lived out their lives in Elgin and are buried there, including Caswell; his wife, Nannie; and two children, Walter and Margaret (Maggie)—my mother.

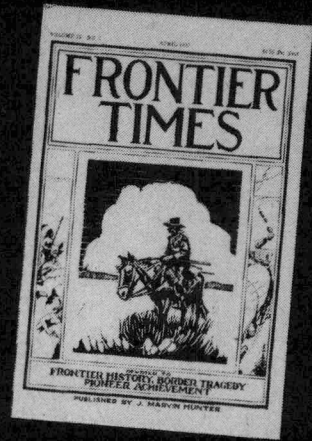
I have the names and birthdates of all Jacob's children and of his parents, brothers, and sisters dating to 1775. I know that Serepta Catharine had one or more children, and I would like to contact her descendants. I will be glad to provide copies of the records to interested descendants and would like to receive other information from them.—**Evelyn M. Haddican, 444-74 No. El Camino Real, Encinitas, CA 92024.**

Clark

I would like to get any information on Joseph Riley Clark, born March 29, 1860. His father was Jasper James Clark, born March 28, 1808, in North Carolina. His mother was Sara Virginia "Miss Sally" Driver, born in 1831 in Lincoln County, Tennessee.—**Martha Watson, Route 1, Box 55 Caney, OK 74533**



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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient. Please type or print your query and limit letters to 150 words or less. Photos are welcome. 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 above is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

December 1987

White Water Bo

LOG OF THE PANTHON. By George Flavell, edited by David Brown and Neil Carmony. Pruett Publishing Company, 2928 Pearl Street, Boulder, CO 80301. \$9.95 paperbound.

This brief but engaging account tells of the river journey of the *Panthon* as recorded in a log kept by George F. Flavell. With an inexperienced traveling companion named Ramon Montéz and a single boat of his own design and construction, Flavell set out to travel the

always deceptive, sometimes treacherous waters of the Green and Colorado rivers from Green River, Wyoming, to Yuma, Arizona. The rivers then ran free, unhindered by dams.

Previous expeditions such as Major John Wesley Powell's in 1869 had been launched to gain new information or new wealth. But as editors Carmony and Brown note in their introduction, Flavell and Montéz "pioneered white water rafting on the Colorado for sport."

Like Flavell and Montéz, the *Panthon* was made of sturdy stuff. According to details provided by John Hislop of Green River, Utah, the 15½-foot *Panthon* was an open boat with a five-foot beam. "It had a 2×4 frame covered with tongue-and-groove planks. The bottom was double planked and reinforced with iron skids made from old wagon tires." There were no airtight flotation chambers.

It had but one pair of oars until another was finally secured at Lee's Ferry. The oarsman faced the bow, downriver, and pushed against the oars, giving him a clear view of the waters ahead. The editors credit Flavell with pioneering that technique.

THOUGH FLAVELL had little formal education, his log is written with considerable color and clarity. Carmony and Brown, who call *The Log of the Panthon* "one of the best of the Western river journals," say that it was little altered for publication. It was written entirely in the wilderness, often to the accompaniment of rampaging waters.

Undaunted by warnings that they, like others before them, would be swallowed up by the waters they challenged, the two daring men set out on that watery trail to high adventure. They put ashore at the head of rapids that appeared difficult, surveyed them, and decided which course to take. Only six times on the entire journey did they decide to line rapids that looked especially treacherous, "four times in Lodore, once in Cataract, once in Marble." They portaged but once, at Soap Creek Rapid, mile eleven, in Grand Can-

yon. It is truly noteworthy that they successfully negotiated rapids which others would not tame again for years to come. Too, according to Carmony and Brown, "They were the first and for 40 years the only adventurers to complete this riverine *Jornada* trusting their lives to a single boat."

Three days out of Green River, on August 30, 1896, Flavell made the first entry in his log. By 4:00 p.m. that day they had entered the rapids at the head of Flaming Gorge. "They spread out so," he wrote, that "it was hard to find a channel through and we were continually bumping boulders and, by carelessness, got hung up on one for about ½ hour." The next day he reported, "The rapids were so thick it seemed like a continual one." On September 2 they entered the Gates of Lodore, which Flavell described as "the greatest sight I had ever beheld."

Following a brief visit with hermit Pat Lynch at Echo Park, Flavell and Montéz made their way through Split Mountain Canyon, which Flavell wrote, "used us worse than all." They pressed on to the mighty Colorado, where "the cataracts of the Colorado and the riffles of the Green were entirely different." Flavell took time out to raise the sides, bow, and stern of the *Panthon* eight inches. Although he had supposed that Cataract Canyon would present the greatest challenge, he admits in his log, "I am compelled to still give the honor to Lodore as being the worst."

After taking on provisions and the extra pair of oars at Lee's Ferry, the two set out to conquer the frenzied waters of Grand Canyon. Often they wondered how the *Panthon* could withstand the torturous beatings it took along the way. Having just run Hance Rapid, Flavell noted, "The rocks are as thick as seats in a theatre, and many are out of the water four feet. It seems impossible to think for a moment a boat could even come through there in one piece."

After the Grand Canyon, the going was slower and more relaxed. Flavell met a number of Arizona and California friends who knew him as George Clark, or "Clark the Trapper." Montéz went

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his separate way at Needles, and nothing is known of his whereabouts thereafter. Flavell went on alone.

Not long after, Flavell went to Mexico to settle a long-standing grievance concerning the death of two friends at the hands of the Seri Indians on Tiburon Island. The editors report that he died at Hemosillo, Mexico, in 1900 or 1901 and was buried nearby.

To river runners in his time and in our own, Flavell offered these words of wisdom: "We must expect some accidents and expect to hit some rocks. There is only one stone we must not hit, that we must miss at all hazard—our tombstone!"—Robert L. Dey, Rangely, Colorado.

Wild Bill's Pard

GOOD LITTLE BAD MAN. Pruett Publishing, 2928 Pearl Street, Boulder, Colorado 80301. \$8.95 paperbound.

This book's subtitle reads "The Life of Colorado Charley Utter." It was originally published by Pruett under the title "Colorado Charley, Wild Bill's Pard" in 1968.

The quality of the print is adequate for the price, and there are numerous contemporary photos from museum collections that illustrate the period of the book nicely. Their reproduction is in black and white that gives the appearance of photos copied on a Xerox machine. On the whole, however, they are clear and sharp.

I find two faults with the book. One—after only one reading the cover is starting to separate from the pages; two—the title and cover illustration are

misleading. They make the volume look like a western adventure ("shootout") book. It is a far cry from being such. A few incidents of violence do appear, but they are presented in such a low-keyed manner that they bear no resemblance to modern versions of western man-to-man confrontations. This is a history book by a very capable historian, not a fiction or romance writer.

Assembled from personal accounts and newspaper clippings, the book is meticulously researched and carefully organized in chronological order. Yet the narrative is well written, always interesting, and never reads like a journal or diary. It is a dream for those interested in the mining camps of Central City and Georgetown, Colorado; Lead, South Dakota; and Socorro, New Mexico.

Charley Utter (aka Colorado Charley) was first brought to the author's atten-



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tion by an inscription on Wild Bill Hickok's grave. Intrigued, she began tracking Charley Utter and quickly found that during the mid-nineteenth century he was widely known and written about in the gold and silver fields of Colorado, South Dakota, Wyoming, and New Mexico. The challenge was to gather the information available, arrange it logically, and present it in readable form. Agnes Wright Spring met the challenge admirably.

Around Colorado Charley, Spring weaves one of the best descriptions of the gold and silver rushes to be found. The people, life, joys, sorrows, sufferings, and tragedies are presented in contemporary language that is authentic, accurate, and uncolored by exaggerated ideas of what the early West was.

Born near Niagara Falls in 1838, by the age of twenty Charley Utter had built a cabin and was trapping on Troublesome Creek in the Middle Park of Colorado near present-day Kremmling. During the next eight winters it would be the base of his operations.

The Gregory Gulch gold rush was in

full swing by 1859 and by 1870 Charley was involved, prospecting, dealing in leases and sales of mining properties, especially around Georgetown. Also during that period he became a transportation mogul, hauling great tonnages of supplies from Denver to Georgetown and Empire. He was the major packer of ores from mines to smelters in the area. The prominent young entrepreneur took a fifteen-year-old bride, Matilda (Tilly) Nash in 1866. They later separated, although no record of a divorce has been found and little more is known of their married life.

Charley contracted "Black Hills Fever," and by 1876 he was in the transportation business between Cheyenne and Lead. In 1880, he appeared at Irwin, Colorado, in the Gunnison-Crested Butte silver rush. By Christmas of that year he was in Socorro, New Mexico, where he apparently remained until 1884.

In Socorro, Charley was described as a nattily dressed, high-flying gambler. Although a pair of expensive revolvers were among his accessories, there is no

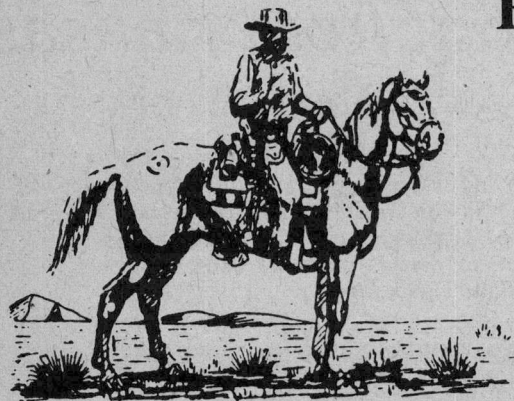
record that he ever drew them or fired at another person. He was accompanied by an attractive female card-dealer, supposedly one of a succession of women.

Charley either lost his charisma or came upon hard times, for after 1884 he quit making headlines or creating legends. In 1888 there is an apparently authentic report of his posing as a doctor in Panama, specializing in Indian folk medicine and operating a drugstore. He is reported to have performed an emergency cesarean section, which mother and child both survived. Another traveler wrote of meeting Charley at his Panama drugstore in 1904, and still another wrote of a similar incident in 1910. By then Charley was in poor condition and blind.

This is a stirring story of an unusual man who made more headlines than any of the "Bad Men" who shot up towns and killed people on Main Street at High Noon. It is also the story of a way of life and an era in the history of the West.—
John Norwood, Arvada, Colorado.



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Hour of the Gun

Many Western movies have dramatized the shootout at Tombstone's O.K. Corral. The two most famous versions, in John Ford's *My Darling Clementine* (1946) and John Sturges' *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral* (1957), are rife with inaccuracies. Although the real battle lasted just thirty seconds, Sturges' version played on screen for several minutes, was fought all over town, and included the death of Johnny Ringo at the hand of Doc Holliday (Ringo in fact committed suicide eight months after the O.K. Corral fray).

A decade later Sturges headed for Mexico with a new cast and his old production crew to film *Hour of the Gun* (1967), a greatly underrated treatment of Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday. While *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral* built up to and climaxed with the famous shootout, *Hour of the Gun* opened at the O.K. Corral and proceeded to tell the story of its bloody aftermath.

For his opening scene, Sturges dressed Doc and the three Earp brothers in costumes similar to the clothing worn by the same characters in *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral*. But he and his writers had done their homework. The shootout in *Hour of the Gun* takes place in less than a minute and is the most accurate version of the fight ever filmed.

James Garner's portrayal of Wyatt is low-key and effective. Even better is Jason Robards as Doc. The superb character actor looks appropriately cadaverous and turns in a fascinating performance as the enigmatic gambler-dentist. Robert Ryan, a veteran of several fine Westerns, is treacherously complex as Ike Clanton. A young Jon Voight plays Curly Bill Brocius but early on is dispatched by a bullet between the eyes from Wyatt.

Sturges does not completely stick to the facts. The McLaury brothers and Billy Clanton, slain at the O.K. Corral,



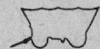
James Garner in a restrained performance as the vengeance-seeking Wyatt Earp of *Hour of the Gun*.

were encased in fancy caskets with windows and taken to Boot Hill in a glass hearse, but in *Hour of the Gun* pall bearers carry them down the street in simple pine boxes. At the trial Doc testifies that he fought in the Civil War, though the real Holiday would have been too young to take part in that conflagration. And the fable Wyatt told writer Stuart N. Lake is perpetuated: he charitably informs a villain that he will count to three—"You draw on two, I'll draw on three." Naturally, Wyatt prevails.

That last absurd scene almost ruined *Hour of the Gun* but there are too many redeeming factors. Following the O.K. Corral, the ambushes of Virgil and Morgan Earp are brutally and accur-

ately depicted. Wyatt and Doc then lead a vicious vendetta against Ike Clanton's gang which, for the most part, is also true to history. Then Doc finally winds up in a Colorado health resort complete with snowy mountains and, presumably, the sulphurous water that hastened rather than prolonged his end.

The film closes with a restrained but touching farewell scene between the two old friends. Although Hollywood never pretends to place factuality ahead of an appealing story line, *Hour of the Gun* is a satisfying blend of history and entertainment—an unusually accurate depiction of perhaps the most captivating single chapter of the Old West.



Wild Old Days

In the spring of 1902, a strange meeting between two women would come to pass on the banks of the Wind River in Wyoming—strange because one was a white woman and the other believed herself to be an Arapahoe. Stranger yet was the fact

By JEAN A. MATHISEN

that the two women actually were sisters. For the Indian woman, Kills-In-Time, known also as Sarah Brokenhorn, who could speak no English, it meant listening to an interpreter translating what her strange visitor said. For the white woman, Mrs. Amanda Mary Fletcher Cook, it meant a thirty-seven-year search for her sister Lizzie had finally ended.

The Fletcher family—headed by Jasper and his wife, Mary—had come to the United States from England in 1861. Young Elizabeth, or Lizzie, as she was called, was born in 1863, and Mary was sick for some time after giving



John and Sarah Brokenhorn. Born Lizzie Fletcher, Sarah Brokenhorn was captured and raised by Indians. Through nearly forty years, Lizzie's sister never gave up hope of finding her.

In Search of Lizzie Fl

birth. The family started for California in 1865, along with three sons and another daughter, Amanda Mary. In company with seventy-five wagons, the Fletchers left Illinois in May.

Weeks later, about thirty-one miles east of Fort Halleck on Rock Creek in the eastern part of present-day Wyoming, the Fletchers pulled aside from the rest of the train to have lunch. Their meal was interrupted by a band of some 300 Cheyennes. Fletcher and the three sons escaped to the wagons, but his wife and daughters, thirteen-year-old Amanda and two-year-old Lizzie, were captured. Mrs. Fletcher was still in ill health, and her captors killed her with a lance. One Indian took young Lizzie and rode off on horseback.

Amanda saw Lizzie once more later that day, but would not see her again for certain until meeting her as Mrs. John Brokenhorn on the Wind River Reservation in 1902. A half-blood told

Amanda that Lizzie cried so much the Cheyennes had to kill her. Amanda's own life was saved by a Chief Menimick, or Neei-Mai-Reau, known to the whites as "Sand Hill." She had been struck with arrows in several places and pulled them out herself.

Amanda's captivity was far different from Lizzie's. She was kept by one brave as a slave of sorts and abused by many of the women. While Amanda remained with the Cheyennes, Lizzie was eventually traded to the Northern Arapahoes and raised as any other Arapahoe child in a warm and loving environment. Once, at the camp, Amanda saw a child dressed in Lizzie's clothing. When she recognized the dress, the child and a woman with her were ordered to leave the tipi. That might have been the time when the two girls were permanently separated.

Amanda's captivity continued into 1866. That spring at a trading camp,

when she asked for soap in English a man named Hanger talked with her. Because she had been told not to go around any whites or speak English, an Indian present hit her in the face and knocked her down. Hanger haggled with them and eventually traded \$1,600 in goods, one horse, and a gun for the fourteen-year-old girl.

She was transferred to Little Raven's camp and then turned over to Major E.W. Wynkoop, special agent at Fort Larned, Kansas. Eventually she was sent back to friends in Illinois and married William E. Cook of Davenport, Iowa, in 1866. Her father was in Salt Lake City, Utah, and her three brothers had gone on to California and Colorado. But nothing had been heard of young Lizzie.

Amanda went on pursuing any trace of her young sister. General George Custer, then commander at Fort Riley, Kansas, wrote to her in 1867, stating he

True West

felt the child was still alive. She had been seen within the past two months and was claimed by Chief Cut Nose, who had given her the name "Little Silverhair" because of her light blond hair. According to Custer's informant, the chief treated her with great affection and always kept her dressed in the most handsome clothing. As late as March 1878, scout Frank Grouard had seen a white boy and girl with the Arapahoes when they were moving onto the Wind River Reservation. Then all trace of Lizzie vanished—until the year 1900.

From 1889 to 1906 the Arapahoe and Shoshone Indians from the Wind River Reservation hauled their freight and supplies from the railhead at Casper, Wyoming, about 120 miles to Arapahoe and Fort Washakie. In August 1900, a white woman dressed in Indian clothing and painted in Indian fashion arrived in Casper with one of those groups. She attracted attention from the local citizenry and when questioned, the white man in charge of the group ex-

boy was better known as "Walks Ahead" or "Walker" Horn.

Sarah could not speak or understand English. Through an interpreter, Amanda told her how she had been captured, how their mother had died, of her own captivity, and of their father's and brother's escapes. To Amanda, Sarah greatly resembled their mother, Mary Lamb Fletcher, and had blue eyes and evidence of a fair skin and freckles. Sarah wanted Lizzie to leave behind her life with the Arapahoes and return to Iowa to live like the white woman she was.

But Sarah Brokenhorn would not go. She replied that she was an Indian and that she was happy to live as she always had, to keep the husband she had. She could not remember a thing about being captured. She was an Arapahoe and with the Arapahoes she would stay. Amanda Mary Fletcher Cook returned home with only a broken heart for company. She had had many bitter experiences, but her sister's refusal to give up her Indian life was the hardest blow she had endured since she saw her mother killed.

Sarah and John Brokenhorn lived out their lives in a small cabin near St. Stephen's Mission. Brokenhorn supported himself and his wife by selling curios. After the 1902 discovery, he was so proud of having a white wife that he would not accept an allotment of land when it was made. He also received a fifty-dollar monthly pension for service as a scout under General Crook. Sarah did laundry and cleaned houses for white residents in nearby Riverton. Their son died in 1909.

In 1923 when several members of the Arapahoe tribe traveled to London with Colonel Tim McCoy to give a prologue to the movie, *Covered Wagon*, Sarah and her husband traveled among the group.

Ironically, the two sisters who were separated so long in life both died in May of 1928. Amanda passed away on May 9 and Sarah "Lizzie" on May 31. Sarah and her husband John were buried in the cemetery at St. Stephens. Perhaps at last there could be an understanding between Amanda Mary and her sister, once called "Little Silver Hair" by the Arapahoes.



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plained she had been captured by the Cheyennes when she was about two years old. She had been raised with and married to an Arapahoe man named John Brokenhorn.

The tale was published in the *Natrona County Tribune* and copied in a number of western papers. The article was brought to the attention of Mrs. Amanda Mary Cook, and there she saw her first clue to the fate of her baby sister, Lizzie.

In the spring of 1902, Amanda Cook went west to Casper and by stage to the Arapahoe sub-agency to meet Sarah Brokenhorn, whom she identified as her long lost sister, Elizabeth "Lizzie" Fletcher. Sarah's Indian name, Ha(h)-nabe-no-ha (Kills-In-Time) may have referred to the killing of her mother. In 1900 when Agent H.G. Nickerson had been anglicizing names, he had assigned her the name "Sarah"; her husband, "John"; and their son, "Columbus". The

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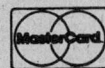
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TRUE WEST AD SCHEDULE

AD DEADLINE	ISSUE DATE	ON NEWSSTAND
Nov. 9	Feb. 1988	Jan. 1 - Feb. 1
Dec. 9	Mar. 1988	Feb. 1 - Mar. 1
Jan. 9	Apr. 1988	Mar. 1 - Apr. 1
Feb. 9	May 1988	Apr. 1 - May 1
Mar. 9	June 1988	May 1 - June 1
Apr. 9	July 1988	June 1 - July 1
May 9	Aug. 1988	July 1 - Aug. 1
June 9	Sept. 1988	Aug. 1 - Sep. 1
July 9	Oct. 1988	Sep. 1 - Oct. 1
Aug. 9	Nov. 1988	Oct. 1 - Nov. 1
Sep. 9	Dec. 1988	Nov. 1 - Dec. 1
Oct. 9	Jan. 1989	Dec. 1 - Jan. 1

For TRUE WEST display advertising information, write American Media Group, Inc., 6600 S. Yale, Suite 1455, Tulsa, OK 74136, or call (918) 496-5552. For classified advertising information, contact Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076 (telephone: 405-743-3370).

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D Baja Shirts

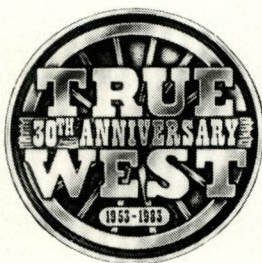
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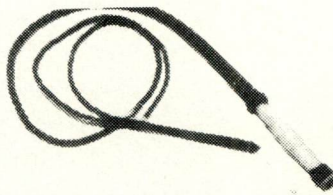
Each \$25.00
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SPECIAL \$15.95
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G Mexican Blankets

Handwoven of blended yarns. Fringed along two edges. Traditional colors, designs. *Classic comfort!*

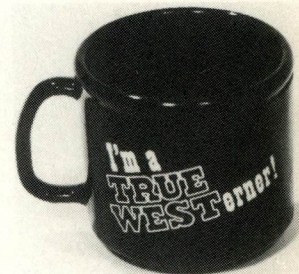
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