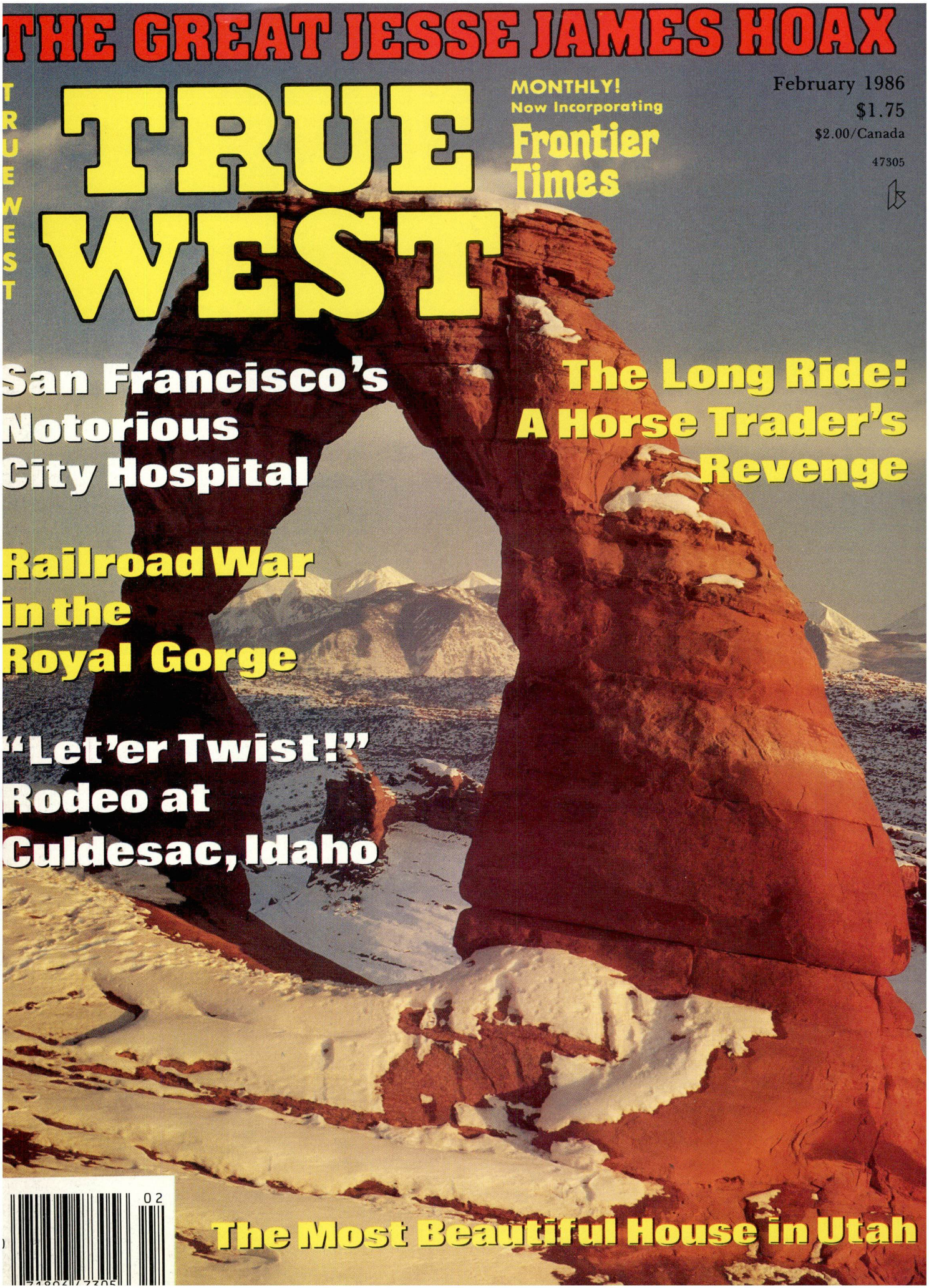

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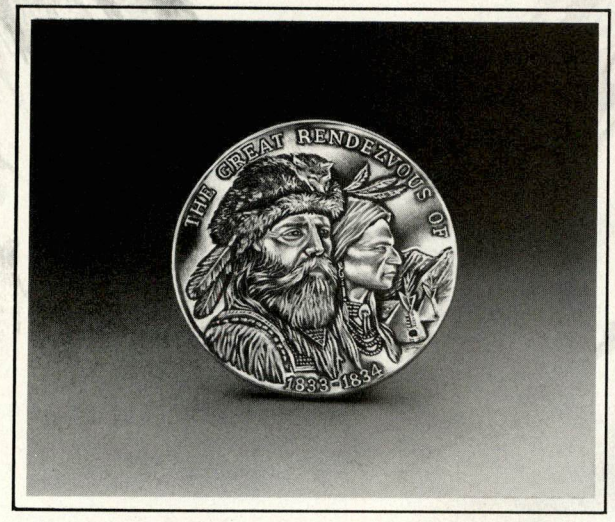
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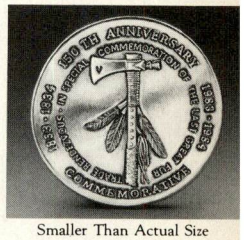
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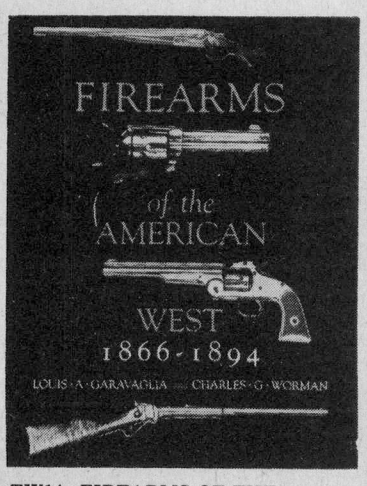
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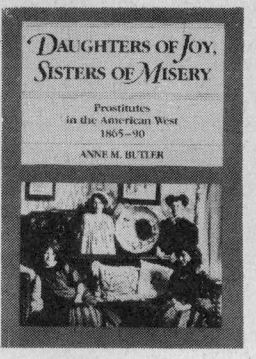
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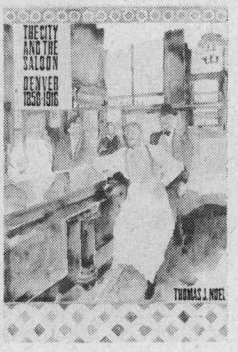
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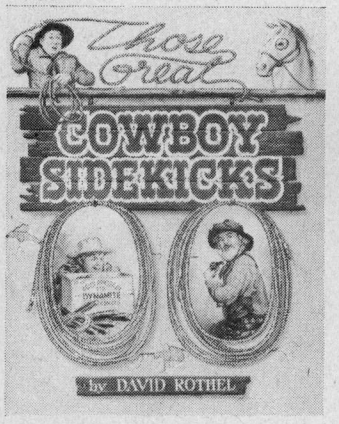
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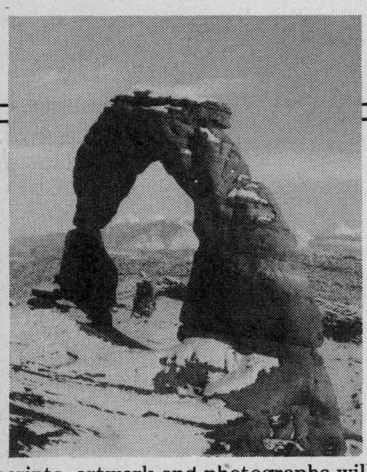
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OUR COVER

Ed Cooper captured the wintry serenity of Arches National Park in Utah's La Sal Mountains.



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From the Editor

When you visit our offices in Stillwater, one thing you'll notice posted prominently in a number of highly visible locations is a big sheet of green paper with the words "TRUE WEST/ OLD WEST DEADLINES" printed in large, threatening type. Over those words is a cartoon of a slightly dazed individual who presides over a desk piled with papers, files, and other unidentifiable objects. He is pressing a button on his intercom and asking the unresponsive machine, "What year is this??"

Deadlines can be confusing, all right. And since we started publishing TRUE WEST every month instead of in alternating months with *Frontier Times*, I'm not quite sure what issue I happen to be working on at any given moment. Right now, for instance, I don't know when I should be observing my first anniversary in the editor's chair here at Western Publications. My first issue was the February, 1985, *Frontier Times*. So, logically, the February, 1986, issue would be the appropriate choice. But this is a February TRUE WEST; my first issue of TRUE WEST was last March, so maybe I should wait another month to celebrate. On the other hand, we published an extra, undated Special Issue of TRUE WEST when it returned to monthly publication, so I was actually on the job a full year already last month.

As you can see, I'm having trouble making up my mind. But one thing I'm sure of is that I've had one heck of a lot of fun in the last year. TRUE WEST readers have seen to that. You really keep us on our toes; when you don't like a story or an issue or when we make a mistake, you let us know about it. We appreciate that, and we learn from what you have to say. When you especially like an issue or story, though, you let us know about that, too, and it goes without saying that we enjoy those letters. But what I've learned to appreciate most of all over the past year is your loyalty to TRUE WEST. Even when you think we've finally gone too far you seem to always give us a chance to get things back in order. So with your continued feedback and help, I don't see how we can help but continue making TRUE WEST better and better.

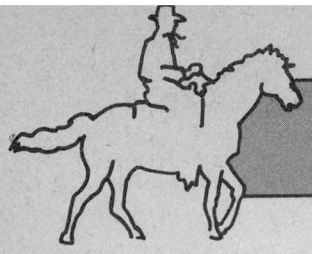
Of course, that's not to say that we have any big changes in store. I closed my first editorial last year by saying essentially the same thing. We didn't have any plans for major alterations in TRUE WEST; we just planned to bring you an even better variety of true stories about the West. One of my favorites in the last year was Nellie Snyder Yost's "The National Game Out West," an account of baseball as played by old-time cowboys in Cody, Nebraska. Then there was *Cowboys, Cooks, and Catastrophes*, Reba Pierce Cunningham's popular series of autobiographical stories about her life on a Wyoming ranch in the thirties. And who could forget Helen Butler's article, "Mother's Mare," which won the Oklahoma Writers Association Creme de la Creme Award.

Being an editor, I especially liked two stories about frontier journalists. The first was Paul Taylor's "The Biggest Liar in the West," on T.S. Harris, a California gold rush newsman with a wild sense of humor. The second was Gary C. Wilson's "When the Devil Went Down to Waco," on Texas' fiery opinion-maker W.C. Brann.

And what would TRUE WEST be without the "shoot-'em-ups," the action packed stories of shootouts, Indian fights, outlaws, and lawmen that have been our trademark over the years. We've had some good ones in the last twelve months—Glenn Shirley's "The Diamond Greed of Cowboy Parker," Ted Yeatman's "Jesse James in Tennessee," Charles F. Ansell's "Massacre at Manco Burro Pass," and Larry Underwood's "Lonesome Charley's Last Fight," to name just a few that I'm partial to.

Well, those have been some of the highlights for me. I'm sure you have favorites of your own. In the meantime, I'm going to make the same promise for my second year here as I did for the first. We might try some *little* changes here and there—the ones that you like, will stay; the ones you hate will go. But overall TRUE WEST will include the same wide variety of articles and photographs that you've been so loyal to over the years. And one thing will never change. They'll all be as true as we can make 'em.

John Joerschke



Truly Western

Letters from our readers

Western Women Outlaws

I've been a long-time reader of TRUE WEST and have always enjoyed it. I'm glad it will be published every month now. How about digging up some stories about the outlaw molls. The women outlaws or outlaw wives and girlfriends. I know you've published some, but there are many more stories to tell. I would also like to see more stories about Indians.

I love Chuck DeHaan's painting, "Winter Songsinger," and will be ordering a print. I'm happy he won the WWA Spur Award. His paintings are beautiful!—**Wanda Knight, Oil City, PA.**

Unequaled Editor

I thoroughly enjoyed Gary C. Wilson's "When the Devil Went Down to Waco" (Dec. '85 TRUE WEST), though it might have been more appropriately entitled "When the Devil Went *Up* to Waco," since Brann was meandering north after unsuccessful stops in the newspapering business in San Antonio and Austin when he landed in Waco and stirred up a hornet's nest. Brann was perhaps the only man in history who could write successfully with his pen dipped in smoking hydrochloric acid. There are a couple of points that need clearing up, though, and a point or two about Brann that TRUE WEST readers might well enjoy.

First, the *Iconoclast*, as Brann published it in Waco, was never intended—by Brann or anyone else—to be considered as anything so mundane as a mere newspaper. The *Iconoclast* was a journal of literary effort, achievement, and opinion—mostly opinion, and mostly the opinion of William Cowper Brann, at that—the like of which is no longer published anywhere. It was no local journal, either. The *Iconoclast* enjoyed international circulation; and Brann's polemics on Waco, Baylor, and in particular the Teixeira pregnancy were savored in Great Britain and on the European continent, something which did little to salve the fury of Waco's Baptists.

Second, the Waco *Iconoclast* was not the first one. Brann founded the original *Iconoclast* in Austin, after a stint on the San Antonio *Express*. It was not successful, and if Brann wasn't quite bankrupt when he went to Waco, he was surely broke. Brann sold the original *Iconoclast* to a South Carolina-born bankteller-cum-publisher named Will Porter.

Porter had an unfortunate tendency to bet on slow horses and clumsy fighting chickens, and to finance his ventures he got sticky fingers in his bank job. An Austin National Bank bookkeeper named W.H. Lyons found a shortage of nearly a thousand dollars in Porter's accounts, and he deserted his job, his wife, his tabloid, and the U.S. for the warmer and (in those days) friendlier climate of Nicaragua. He eventually returned to the U.S., did a stretch in the federal penitentiary in Ohio where he met a singularly ineffective but almost unbelievably imaginative Oklahoman named Al Jennings. Upon release he went to New York. There he became O. Henry, the undisputed master of the only purely American literary form, the short story. Porter's Austin tabloid, the lineal descendant of the original *Iconoclast*, was called *The Rolling Stone*.

Porter's association with Jennings paid dividends in later years. He filled the writer's ears with tales of a completely imaginary career "on the border," and O. Henry used those stories as the basis for a character called the Cisco Kid.

Now Waco, to my knowledge, has never made any claim to being the "original, one-and-only Six-Shooter Junction," though anywhere from a dozen to a hundred other Texas towns have. If Waco is making that claim, the riverbend city is a Johnnie-come-lately. The original Six-Shooter Junction is Hempstead, slightly north and somewhat west of Houston, and the name came from what Six-Shooter Junction residents called the "hat game." When a hat blew off a man's head on the main street of town it was considered a public target, *so long as the hat remained in motion.* Any armed citizen could potshot the hat. Once the hat came to rest it was no longer fair game, and any shot fired at a stationary hat was prosecuted as "reckless discharge of a firearm in public."

After Brann's murder a handsome monument was erected over his grave. The gravestone featured a profile portrait of the handsome editor carved in low relief into the stone. Under cover of darkness some unknown Brann-hating Wacoan slipped up on the dead man and put a bullet in the portrait's temple. Brann's tombstone with the lead-splashed profile still stands in Waco.—**C.F. Eckhardt, Seguin, TX.**

Snake River on the Loose

Whoa up there boys. You've hit a foul ball. I've been reading "Shadow Warriors," by Jim Hitt, in December '85 TRUE WEST. The article states that most of the outdoor scenes of "Covered Wagon" were filmed in Snake River Valley, on the border of Utah and Nevada. Well, I was raised in the area and the name of the valley is Snake Valley, not Snake River Valley. You would have lost a beer on that one. You've still got a darn good magazine. Keep up the good work.—**Pat Collins, Ely, NV.**

Minor Error—Major Implications

While perusing TRUE WEST Dec. '85, I noticed an innacuracy in "Truly Western." The letter from John M. Gabel, "Expounding on Soldier Dead," states John J. Pershing . . . was Commanding General of the Punitive Expedition against Mexico in 1917 . . . The fact is, the Punitive Expedition of 1917 was led by General John J. Pershing against Doroteo Arango Francisco Villa after his raid on Columbus, New Mexico.

The then President of Mexico Venustiano Carranza disavowed any responsibility by the Republic of Mexico for that raid. He then proceeded to grant General Pershing and his forces permission to enter Mexico in pursuit of Villa and though there may have been some minor skirmishes between the Mexican

and American forces when the Americans went beyond the territorial limits they were allowed to be in carrying out their pursuit and punishment of Villa, at no time were formal battles engaged in between Mexico as a nation and the Americans.

All in all this issue of TRUE WEST was entertaining reading. I've been reading this publication almost since it began in 1953.—**Liazaro Dominguez, Sonora, TX.**

designed by James Earl Fraser.

I had the pleasure of meeting Big Tree in 1966 in Galveston, Texas, at the Moody Center where he was appearing at a coin show. He was over 100 years old, but was alert and seemed eager to answer my questions. He told me about meeting Geronimo. He also gave me a wooden nickel with his picture on it.

The same day I met Big Tree, another Indian walked in and joined our conversation; ninety-six-year-old Sioux



Above from right to left: Ron Whitewolf Morgan and his wife Adrienne posed with Iron Eyes Cody at a February, 1977, Houston, Texas, rodeo. Right: Chief John Big Tree was one of three Indians who posed for Indian Head Nickel.

Familiar Faces

I must say how I enjoyed the article "Shadow Warriors, Real Indians in the Movies," by Jim Hitt (TRUE WEST, December '85) which mentions two Indians I've met.

I first met Iron Eyes Cody at the Houston Rodeo in 1977. After the usual small talk about Hollywood, we got down to talking about our Indian people. He was most excited that day because he had become a grandfather. Iron Eyes has an excellent museum and often uses his own clothes and artifacts in his films.

Mr. Hitt mentions Chief John Big Tree, a full-blooded Seneca. Big Tree appeared in a number of films but had a most interesting life outside of Tinsel Town. He was one of three Indians who posed for the Indian Head Nickel, William Red Fox, a cousin of Chief Crazy Horse, who told us about his life. Red Fox was an interpreter for Bill Cody's Wild West Show. I filled my notebook that day with information from the two historians.

Keep the articles on Indians coming. We love TRUE WEST.—**Ron Whitewolf Morgan, Redwater, TX.**

Proper Billing

Shame! Jim Hitt's, "Shadow Warriors: Real Indians in the Movies," TRUE WEST, December '85, never mentioned Red Wing. Red Wing was the *first* full-blooded Indian star actress in the movies. She played opposite Dustin Farnum in "Squaw Man" 1913. Although you did not mention her, you did picture her without knowing it. The photo on page 45 is of the cast of

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"Squaw Man" not "Covered Wagon" as stated. Dustin Farnum is in the white shirt, with no hat and no scarf around his neck. Red Wing is in front and to the left of him.—**Ed K. Thoden, North Arlington, NJ.**

Blundering the Battle

In "General Stand Watie and the Indian's Confederacy" by Norman K. Johnson, in September '85 TRUE WEST, the statement is made, ". . . the main battle that would be the "Gettysburg" of the Copper-Confederacy, Prairie Grove, Missouri, December 7, 1862." The battle was in Arkansas, not Missouri.—**A.L. Cawley, President, U.W. Arkansas Civil War Round Table, Rogers, AR.**

Author's response: Mr. Cawley is correct. I apologize for placing Prairie Grove in Missouri. I was using notes taken from Stephen B. Oates' book *Confederate Cavalry West of the River* (University of Texas, 1961 p. 87) and inadvertently substituted Missouri for Arkansas since he was writing of the effect the battle had on Missouri.

This is even more inexcusable since I have visited the battlefield in Arkansas many times. Please forgive the error and unintended insult to Arkansas.

Postscript to Stand Watie

The Stand Watie story (TRUE WEST September '85) was very interesting and focuses attention on an area of the Civil War often ignored by historians. Much of author Norman Johnson's research must have been taken from Jay Monaghan (1891-1981), who was one of the most respected writers of that bloody conflict, especially of campaigns west of the Mississippi.

Author Johnson failed to mention one of the last important victories in which Stand Watie participated.

Johnson does relate the dubious victory Watie's Indians won September 15, 1864, at Wagoner, Oklahoma, when they routed Federal guards and killed a Negro crew of unarmed hay cutters.

As Monaghan points out, Watie's force had joined with Brigadier General Richard M. Gano's troops in this particular campaign. They had a combined strength of about 2,000 poorly equipped, rag-a-tag soldiers. Two skeleton regiments were from Texas. As most of the small army were Indians, Gano had little control over them in battle, for Watie carried rank equal to the white officer.

Only four days after the hay meadow fiasco, Watie and Gano attacked a 300 wagon train under Major Harry Hopkins while it was bound from Fort Scott, Kansas, to Fort Gibson, Oklahoma. This was near the same Cabin Creek where Watie had failed to take another wagon train, July 1, 1863.

This time the Confederates routed the Federal escort and managed to haul away some 130 wagon loads of badly needed supplies before fresh troops came up the road from Fort Gibson. No doubt these goods helped Stand Watie stay on the war path more than two months after General Robert E. Lee surrendered at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

Interest in the second battle of Cabin Creek is part of my family heritage. My great-grandfather, Captain Robert W. Carpenter, from Plano, Texas, was under General Gano when the Rebels sacked that wagon train.—**Roy "Cap" Carpenter, San Angelo, TX.**

Call for Stories About Black Cowboys

I have subscribed to TRUE WEST for many years. I really enjoy the magazine. I would, however, like to see more stories on black cowboys, desperados, stagecoach robbers, gunfighters, etc.—**Rocky Jackson, Chicago, IL.**

Incensed About Indiscriminate Killing

I am, and have been for a number of years, a subscriber to TRUE WEST and OLD WEST magazines. I enjoy reading them very much, with one exception. I wish I had never seen the October '85 issue of Frontier Times because of one revolting picture of a "huntswoman," on page 12. The animals she killed were a mother bear and her two cubs. Referring to her as a "huntswoman" tells the story. She was not being attacked by the mother bear; she was hunting an animal to destroy it. This is a repulsive picture of the woman, with her foot on her "kill," as if she has really done a great feat. No matter the time (the picture was taken in 1902), people like that woman are to thank for animals' being brought to the brink of extinction. People are still doing the same today—only they have to hunt longer to even find an animal to destroy.

I am not against guns; I own two rifles. I enjoyed your stories on firearms. They were very good, but her picture ruined my enjoyment. I do not hunt, nor does any member of my family. We love animals and see beauty in

them as living creatures, not bloody fur and feathers. I just don't like to see animals killed for no reason other than sport, be it 100 years ago, or in the present.—**Hazel Flanary, Greensboro, NC.**

Give Our Regards to Reba

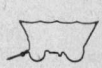
I congratulate TRUE WEST/Frontier Times on the humorous installments of *Cowboys, Cooks, and Catastrophies.*

In February 1985 my husband, John, and I subscribed to TRUE WEST after much hurried effort of trying to find it on the newsstands before all were bought. We moved from northern Idaho to Nebraska in 1984, and I met Reba Cunningham through the Lincoln Women's Club.

Reba is a very much alive, vibrant, and positive person. Since our first meeting she has become one of those precious people in my life. If I were the judge, I'd say that woman was bound for a halo. She unpretentiously does good. She always extends a welcome with, "Can't you come in and have a piece of pie or some of my newly canned-pear honey," or whatever she has been canning or baking that day. After sitting and listening to her yarns and devouring her pies, one goes home wondering why there can't be more in the world like her. She is also a listener as we tell her about our dreams and goals, with a few suggestions and helpful ideas to spark us, for she's been through it all, the heartaches, hardships, loneliness, and the happiness during her abundant life. It is a warm experience to be associated with her.

My husband's father, who now is recuperating from a near death episode, reads the installments of *Cowboys, Cooks, and Catastrophes* in your magazines. His wife told us he hasn't chuckled like that in years.

With all the chuckles and the giving of proceeds from her writings to hungry children it's got to be a better world. Thanks to your magazine for bringing us her delightful stories with Bud McCaulley's wonderful illustrations to enhance them.—**Frances E. Marks, Seward, NE.**



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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Western Roundup

Places to go and things to see in the West

Five Civilized Tribes Museum

Oklahoma is derived from two Choctaw words: Okla, meaning people; and humma, meaning red. The literal meaning of Oklahoma is red people. The name is applicable to the state with the largest Indian population of any state in the Union.

The Five Civilized Tribes Museum in Muskogee, Oklahoma, was established to preserve and promote interest in the traditions, histories, and cultures of the Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Creek, and Seminole tribes of American Indians.

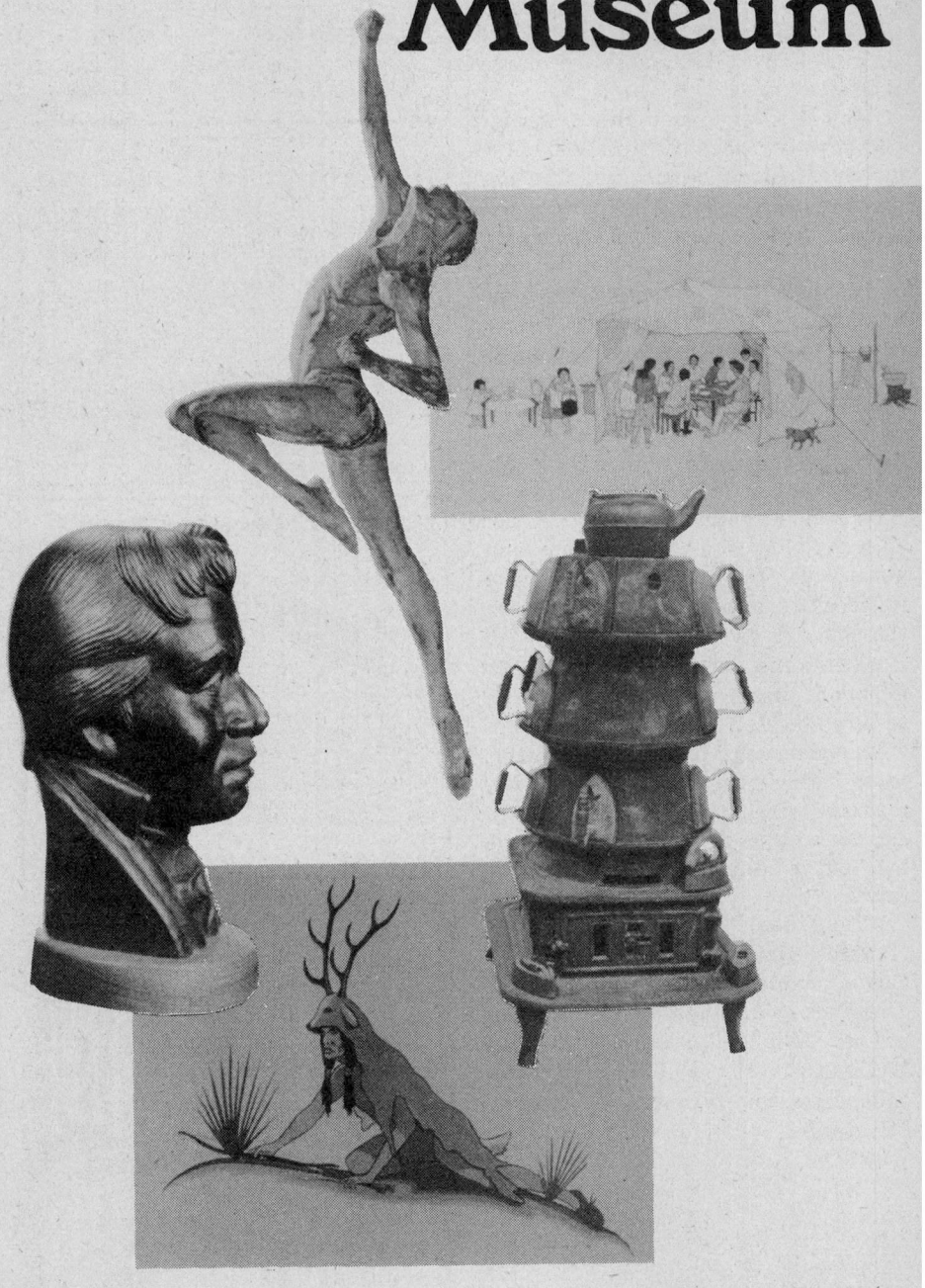
Through the exhibition of Indian paintings and sculpture the museum encourages development of native talents, increases appreciation for the genius of Indian painting, and creates an awareness of the influence of the Five Civilized Tribes on Oklahoma and America.

Nationally and internationally renowned Indian artists who are members of the Five Civilized Tribes show at the museum annually at the Master Artists Competition.

Cherished treasures of Indian heritage are preserved in the Five Tribes Exhibit Room. High levels of social, cultural, educational, and economic accomplishments are chronicled in five individual collections of the Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Creek, and Seminole. Exhibits include early day conveniences, branding irons used by ranchers of the Five Tribes, intricately designed costumes, ceremonial robes, and documents. People and events of historical importance can be seen in the tribal photo gallery.

The museum's reference library is the only library in the world devoted exclusively to the Five Civilized Tribes, and is available for research and consultation.

Unique among museums, the art and artifacts that document the story of the



Among the many fine art and historical treasures on exhibit at the Five Civilized Tribes Museum in Muskogee, Oklahoma, are, clockwise from top left: "Stickball Player," sculpture by Jerome Tiger; "Cooking! Even at Pow Wows," by ValJean McCarty Hessing; stove with pressing irons from the Creek Girls' Boarding School in Eufaula, Oklahoma; "Deer Stalker," by L. Dano Keyes; and "Pushmataha," sculpture by Willard Stone.

Five Tribes are housed in a building where history was made—the original structure of the Union Indian Agency, built in 1875 to consolidate the affairs of the Indians of the five nations.

The museum is located on Agency Hill, Honor Heights Drive, Muskogee, Oklahoma. It is open to the public every day except Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Years, weekdays 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., and Sundays 1:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. There is an admission charge of one dollar for adults and twenty five cents for students; children under six are admitted free. Guided tours are available.

The 1986 calendar of events includes: a Student Show open to the public March 9–April 3; "The Women," an invitational art show, open to the public April 6–29; Masters Competition, open to the public September 21–October 16; and Competitive Art Show, open to the public September 22–October 14.

Benson Collection on Exhibit

"Cortes to Catherwood: Mexican Treasures in the Benson Latin American Collection" now on exhibit in Sid Richardson Hall on the University of Texas campus at Austin, focuses on materials from and about Latin America.

Named in honor of its former director, Dr. Nettie Lee Benson, the collection includes 491,000 books, periodicals, pamphlets, two million pages of manuscripts, 15,000 maps, 18,000 microforms and various other materials. The collection has been built over the past sixty years through direct purchases from booksellers and collectors, exchange of publications with Latin American institutions, and gifts from publishers, governments, and individuals.

The current exhibition is in the Rare Books and Manuscripts Reading Room and will end March 2, 1986. Viewing hours are 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Monday through Friday and 1:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. Saturday. For more information write: The University of Texas at Austin, News and Information Service, Box Z, UT Station, Austin, TX 78713-7509.

Willa Cather Pioneer Memorial

The newest addition to the Willa Cather Pioneer Memorial, in Red Cloud, Nebraska, is a century-old little red schoolhouse, donated by Red Cloud resident and charter member of the foundation, Harry Obitz, as a memorial to his wife.

Constructed in 1885, the building was used for classes through 1959. Mrs. Obitz purchased it in 1960, and the couple set about the task of reconstructing the schoolhouse, its contents, and outside buildings and equipment to recreate a typical turn-of-the-century school and playground.

The schoolhouse joins six other buildings which make up the Willa Cather Historical Center.

For information about the Center write to the Willa Cather Pioneer Memorial, 326 North Webster, Red Cloud, NE 68970.

C.M. Russell Art Auction

The 18th Annual C.M. Russell Action of original western art will be held in the Heritage Inn, Great Falls, Montana, on March 20-22, 1986.

Over 100 rooms will exhibit artists' works from across the United States and Canada. Daily art seminars and the exhibit rooms are open to the public free of charge.

Two seminars for the 1986 Russell Auction will be: "Charlie Russell and His Country," presented by Bart McDowell, Assistant Editor of *National Geographic*, and Sam Abell, photographer for the magazine; and "Charlie Russell's Yarns," a one-man show by Raphael Cristy. Cristy is a Michigan native whose telling of stories and anecdotes in Russell's own words, is illustrated by 350 color slides of the artist's paintings, sculptures, and sketches.

For more information contact: Great Falls Advertising Federation, P.O. Box 619, Great Falls, MT 59403, (406)761-6453.

Custer Battlefield Preservation Committee

While the Battle of the Little Big Horn is the most well-known historical event in the Western United States, the national park commemorating that event comprises only 732 acres of publicly owned land. But, almost 9,000 acres of land were involved in the battle and that land looks today much as it did in 1876. The disturbing news is that many of those other 9,000 acres are now for sale, and development threatens the Custer Battlefield, just as it threatens many other historical parks across the country.

An organization has been formed to collect tax-deductible contributions for the purpose of purchasing some of the historically-significant land around

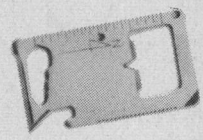
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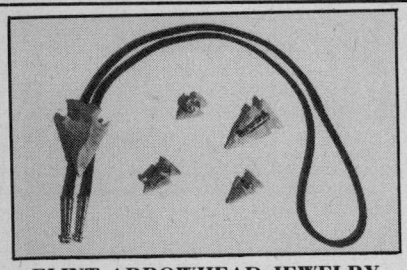




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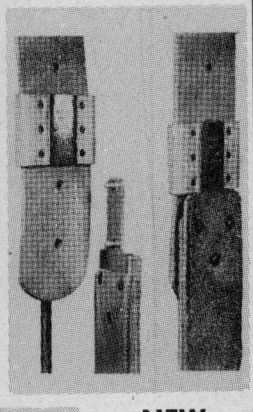
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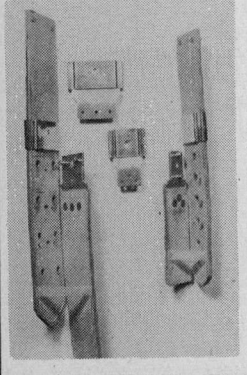
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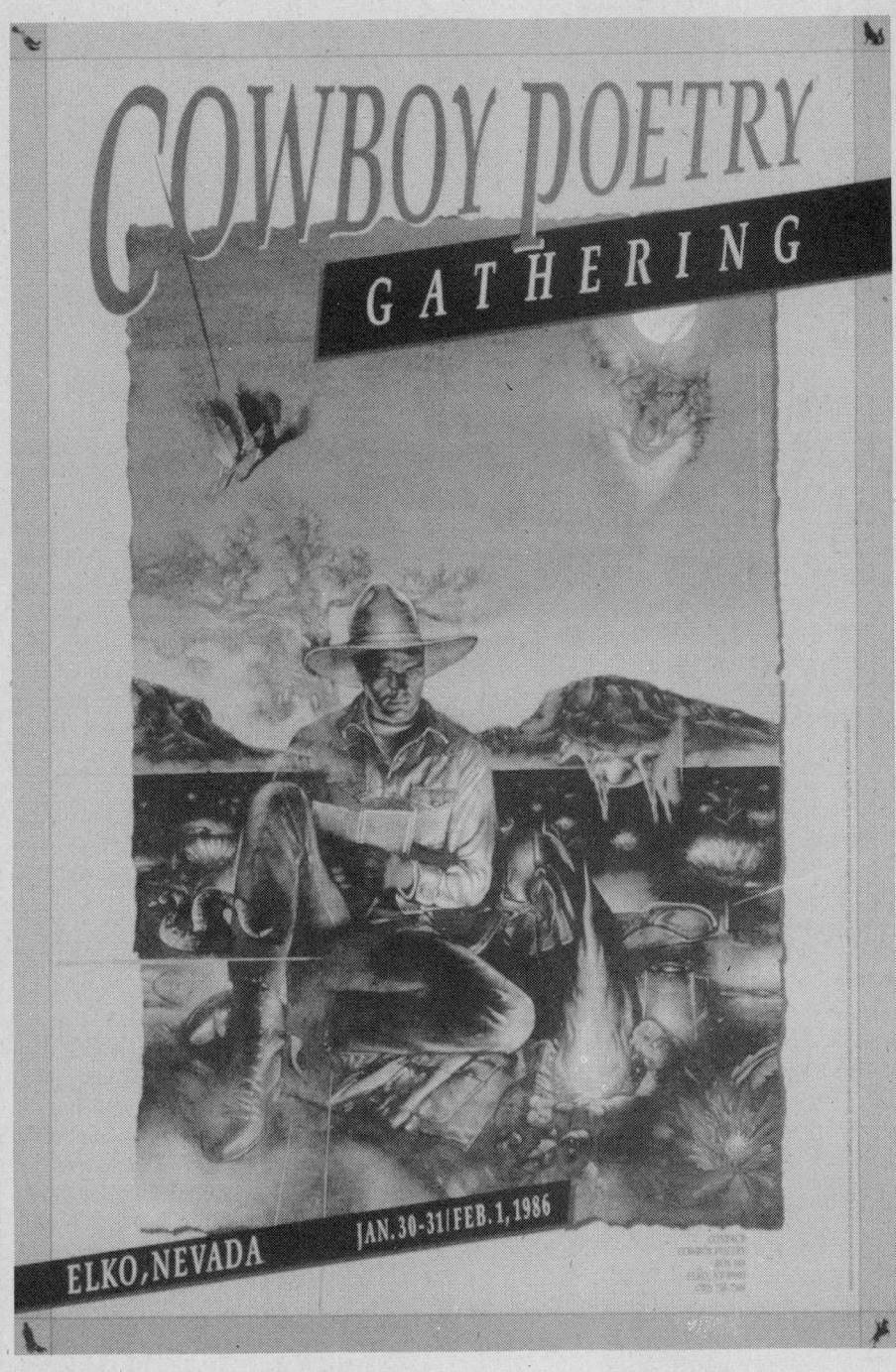
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Custer Battlefield National Monument, to be incorporated into the national park holdings. Custer Battlefield Preservation Committee, Inc., Box 7, Hardin, MT 56034, is conducting an international fund-raising campaign for these tax-deductible gifts, and will welcome contributions in any amount.

Little Big Horn Associates

The Ellis Reference & Information Center of the Monroe County Library System, Monroe, Michigan, has been designated the official depository for the papers of the Little Big Horn Associates.



The Annual Cowboy Poetry Gathering 1986 is being held at Elko, Nevada, January 30 through February 1, and is sponsored by the Western Folklife Center and Northern Nevada Community College, with support from the National Endowment for the Arts, Nevada Humanities Committee, and the Nevada State Arts Commission.

This international association of students, historians, collectors, and writers committed to the study of the life and times of George Armstrong Custer, was founded in 1967. It produces a quarterly publication *Research and Review*, which contains scholarly articles and book reviews written by Little Big Horn Associates members, and a newsletter *Research and Review* published eight times each year. These publications, along with copies of official documents of the organization, will be placed at the Ellis Reference & Information Center as part of the Custer Collection.

The Monroe County Library System's central location and the library's significant holdings in regard to General George Armstrong Custer and the Battle of the Little Big Horn, including the world renowned collection of Dr. Lawrence A. Frost, were the major reasons cited for this official action by the Little Big Horn Associates.

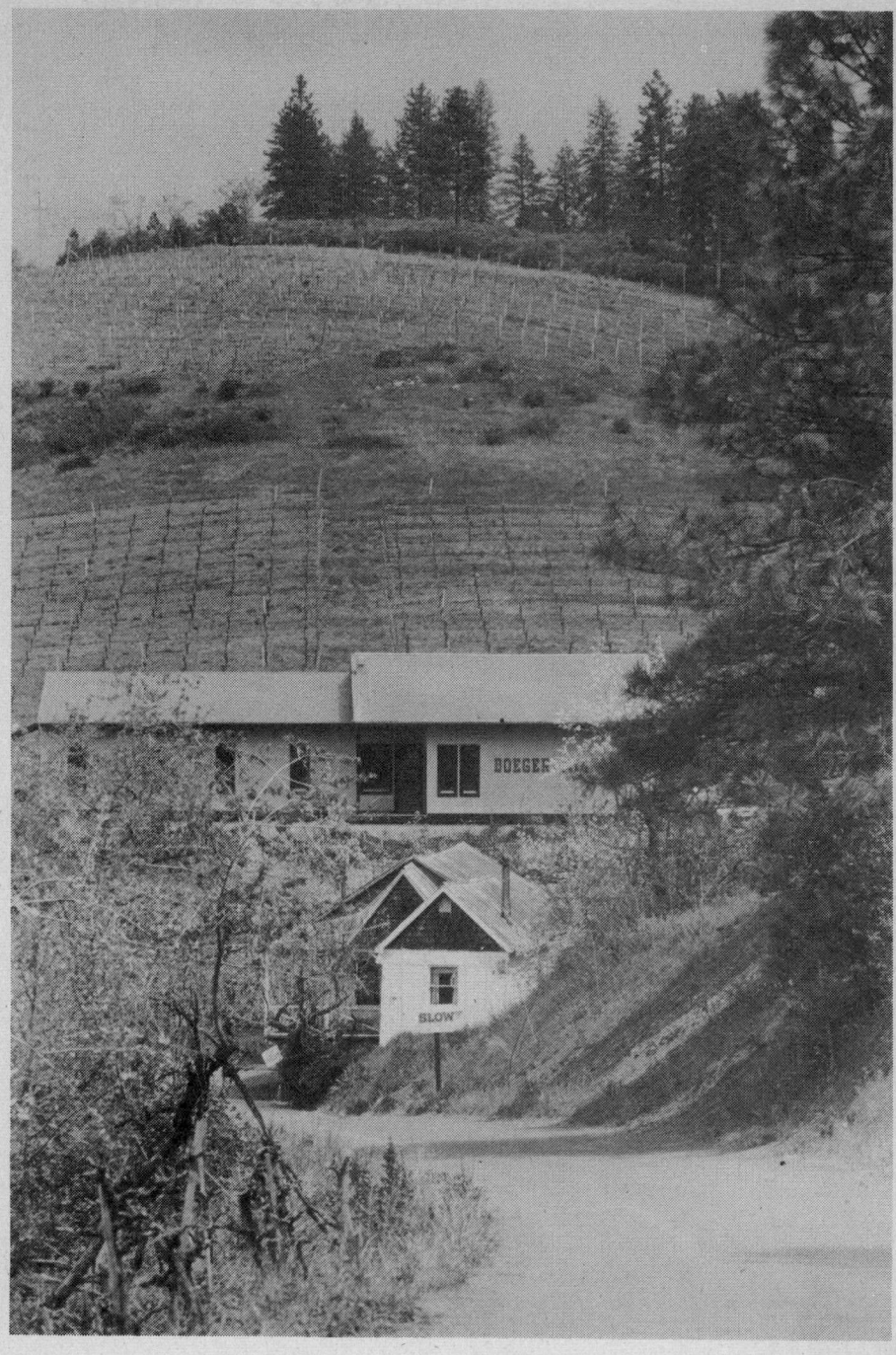
The public is invited to view the Custer collection by appointment. For information contact the Monroe County Library System, 3700 So. Custer Road, Monroe, MI 48161.

Boeger Winery

Boeger Winery and vineyards lie in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada range, just east of the historic town of Placerville, El Dorado County, California. Gold miners settled El Dorado County in the late 1840s. Grape vines were planted in the area, the high elevation of which provided a favorable growing climate for premium wine grapes. When gold became scarce, miners turned to growing grapes and making wine. By 1890, there were more than 100 wineries in the Sierra Foothills. The historic stone wine cellar and distillery at Boeger Winery were built during this period, operating from the 1860s through the 1920s when prohibition closed their doors and farmers throughout the region pulled out their grape vines to make way for other crops.

It was not until the late 1960s that grape growers rediscovered the area, which was granted the "approved viticultural area" designation by the federal government in 1983. There are now more than 600 acres of winegrapes planted in the region.

Still standing and used today as their tasting room, the century-old stone wine cellar at Boeger Winery is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. The ceiling chutes, through which crushed grapes were fed from the second floor production area, can still be seen, as well as the wine press, and other articles collected by the Boegers. An old dam, rock-walled creek and giant, ancient fig trees surround a picnic area adjoining the picturesque cellar.

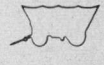


Boeger wines have won numerous awards in competitions and have received national attention and recognition.

Visitors are welcome in the tasting room from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Wednesday through Sunday, and are encouraged to bring picnic lunches.

Boeger Winery, built in 1973, was the first modern-day winery to locate in El Dorado, and today it is the largest of the region's seven bonded wineries, having over 40,000 gallons of wine in storage, producing 10,000 cases annually.

For more information and directions to the winery write to Boeger Winery, 1709 Carson Road, Placerville, CA 95667.



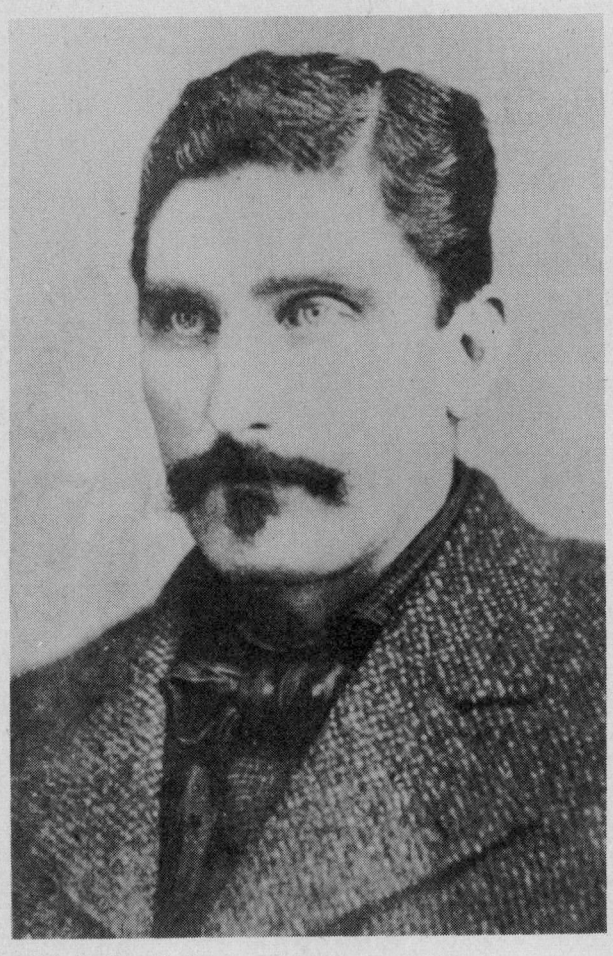
Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least six months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information including photos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

Prince of the Boomers

By CHUCK PARSONS

Who is the man in this photograph? Shelly Darby, 17080 Mission Street, Hesperia, CA 92345, owns a print of the photo. She points out S.W. Ong's trademark on the front and asks for help in identifying the subject.

The man shown is David L. Payne, known in Oklahoma history as the "Prince of the Boomers." An Indiana native who migrated to Kansas in 1858, he became acquainted with much of the Southwest as a frontier guide and scout. He is best known as a professional promoter for opening the Indian Territory to white settlement. He not only led settlers into the territory but helped establish settlements as well. By taking along newspapermen he popularized the cause of homesteading in the Territory and made it well known in the East.



David L. Payne is known in Oklahoma history as the "Prince of the Boomers."

Jesse James in Alabama. The possible travels of the James gang are always a fascinating topic. V.M. Scott wrote concerning one such trip from Florence, Alabama to Mobile. "I don't know how James was traveling, but the route . . . at that time would have brought him through Curry's Station, which is about 3½ miles northeast of Talladega." Scott discusses an old house with an inconspicuous trap door and a local legend that James spent at least one night there.

First, it is likely that Jesse and his brother Frank spent some time in Florence, as it is close to Muscle Shoals, where they robbed the United States Army paymaster on March 11, 1881. Mobile is at the other end of the state, but it is possible the Jameses traveled there. I know of no documentation that they were ever in Talladega, but that does not rule out the possibility.

Brand Books. "Do you have any information on a book listing cattle brands and their origins? That question comes from John Taylor, 877 2150 Road, Austin, CO 81410.

I do not know of any book strictly devoted to brands. But several excellent, readily available volumes on the cattle industry contain some information about branding. I suggest *The Range Cattle Industry*, by E. Everett Dale; *The Longhorns*, by J. Frank Dobie; *When Grass Was King*, by Maurice Frink, W.T. Jackson, and A.W. Spring; *The Chisholm Trail*, by Wayne Gard; *The Day of the Cattleman*, by Ernest S. Osgood; and *The Trail Drivers of Texas*, by J. Marvin Hunter.

When the Roll is McCalled up Yonder. When was Jack McCall executed for the murder of Wild Bill Hickok? Bill Kirley, P.O. Box 944, Corning, CA 96021, asks one of the few questions dealing with outlaw and lawmen that is not subject to controversy. McCall was legally hanged on Thursday, March 1, 1877.

"Bloody Dick" Seymour. One of the West's most obscure characters was Richard "Bloody Dick" Seymour. Emmet Hoctor, P.O. Box 341, Plattsmouth, NE 68048, who has written about other characters in the past, now asks what is known of Seymour. I always enjoy getting new questions from an old friend.

Precious little is known of Seymour. Possibly the son of an aristocratic or prominent English family, he appeared in the Deadwood Territory in 1876. Along with Wild Bill's famous pard, Charley Utter, and John James Ingalls, he formed a partnership to deliver mail and express between Deadwood and Fort Laramie. Known as the "Pioneer Pony Express," it made its first runs in July, 1876. Among its riders were Charley Utter and his brother Steve, H.G. Rockafellow, Herbert Godard, J.W. Burns, Brant and Dick Street, and Seymour. How he earned his nickname and what happened to him after 1876 are mysteries.

Another Ringo? Did an outlaw named

Ringo Kelly live during the late 1800s? That question comes from Erma Tressa, Route 1, Box 416, Whitewater, TX 75791. "He once may have been in the Muleshoe, Texas, area visiting a relative about 1925. He was from back east, possibly Wisconsin."

I could not say there never was a Ringo Kelly. But for someone to use the nickname "Ringo" in the late 1800s is suspect as neither the real John Ringo nor his name was well known until the twentieth century. I suspect this may be another case of someone creating for himself an exciting youth. Or it could have come from a western novel.

Stumped, by golly! I need help from readers with these two questions, both concerning western songs. The first is from A. Mote, 1820 Lincoln Road E, Helena, MT 59601. "Back in the thirties I used to listen to a cowboy singing program from Del Rio, Texas. It featured Roy Faulkner, whose theme song was 'I'm Just a Yodeling Cowboy.' Does anyone remember the words and/or music to the song? Where is Roy Faulkner now?"

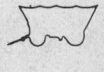
The second question is from Mrs. John Jarvis, Route 1, Box 211, Medical Lake, WA 99022. She remembers part of a song that went

My old pal Fiddlin' Billy,
I wonder where you are at
With your old brown fiddle
And old white floppy hat.

I wanted to see what was behind the hills.
Then I saw the valley.
We tread along the highway, Bill,
I trotted down the alley.

But now dear friend, I'm coming back.
Will you meet me there old pal,
To pal for me the devil's dream?

This may not be an exact transcription, but Mrs. Jarvis would like to know the rest of the song. Readers, we need your help with these musical questions!



If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names and addresses will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions.

February 1986

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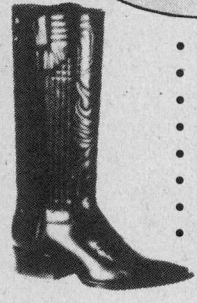




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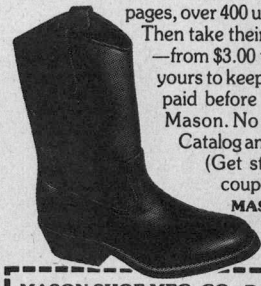
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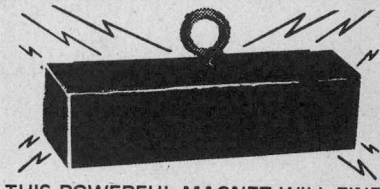
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Cole Young r, Billy the Kid, Jesse James?



Photo courtesy Associated Press, New York, NY

THE GREAT OUTLAW HOAX

By STEVE ENG

The bedfast "Uncle Jesse" wore a cowboy hat, Buffalo Bill goatee, and flourished a sixgun. He claimed his whiskey and doughnuts breakfast was a "sure cure for bile."

1948! Roy Rogers and Gene Autry were riding the TV screen, John Wayne was driving cinematic cattle in *Red River*, and country music entertainer Hank Snow was aiming for a Hollywood career as "The Singing Ranger." In Nashville, cowboy hats and boots were becoming part of a musician's uniform. Then, in September, part of the Wild West returned to Nashville in the shape of "Jesse James," exhibited at the Tennessee State Fair like a two-headed calf.

But hadn't Bob Ford, slain Jesse James back in 1882? "No!" retorted "Jesse"—otherwise known as J. Frank Dalton and supposedly 101 years old; instead of Jesse, a "stand-in" named Charlie Bigelow had really taken Ford's bullet. Jesse (Dalton) had dodged the Pinkertons and the historians some sixty-six years.

In the atomic age, with his memories of Quantrill's Civil War guerillas, Dalton seemed straight out of a time machine. Yet in a way he was up to date. There had been Orson Welles' 1938 "Martian" radio hoax . . . Pearl Harbor . . . then the 1947 flying saucer scare. Anything might explode in the media!

This Dalton was a kind of UFO (Unidentified Frontier Oddity) himself; appropriately *Amazing Stories* science fiction editor Ray Palmer had announced on radio May 18, 1948, that in Lawton, Oklahoma, resided the secretly-surviving Jesse James! Palmer's underground monster fraud had just been curtailed by his publisher after breaking all sales records. (The monsters reportedly had used thought waves to melt Palmer's typewriter keys.) The four-foot-tall Palmer always thought big; soon he was searching for Quantrill's lost trunk of papers to prove Dalton was Jesse James. Perhaps to recover from the 1947 flying saucer hoax (he was indirectly blamed for two deaths), Palmer planned *Jesse James Western* Magazine, nominally edited by the West's most famed bandit. Dalton, however, signed contracts with too many promoters, and Palmer dropped him in favor of editing occult and cave monster magazines.

The day after Palmer's Chicago radio flash, the Lawton *Constitution* bannered "Jesse James is Alive! in Lawton." Its editor, Frank O. Hall, forsook his career to manage briefly his white-haired find. With reporter Lindsay Whitten, he wrote *Jesse James Rides Again*—1948. It reveals Jesse James at age sixty-nine flying airplanes in World War I and includes a picture of Dalton braving a mob of 30,000 at Lawton. One of the pamphlet's main "authorities" is an ancient black man, John Trammell, who later would insist Dalton was *not* Jesse. Another is Al Jennings, who had transformed his involvement in a lone, bungled robbery into interviews, films, and books. He would have been a teenager when Jesse officially died; still he insisted: "It's him . . . there ain't a bit of doubt on earth. This here is Jesse James." Jennings toured rodeos with Dalton, and the two posed smiling and aiming their revolvers for the cover of a Ray Palmer magazine. Inside along with an article and phoney photographs of Jesse James, are others about ghosts and ESP. Jennings later denied identifying Dalton, blaming reporters; yet to historian Carl W. Breihan he laughed, "They paid me, why not?" In the words of Stewart H. Holbrook, the Dalton charade afforded "a fine employment opportunity for aged liars."

Opposite: J. Frank Dalton was attended by "Colonel" James Davis and "Brushy Bill" Roberts, while recovering from a broken hip, in January, 1950.

OTHER "James Gang members" were named as witnesses to Dalton's authenticity; however, none of the witnesses were known to historians. *The National Police Gazette*, which had for years reported on Hitler's clandestine life in Argentina, jumped into the fray, announcing that Dalton's body marks matched Jesse's even though they did not. Since no autopsy report survives, suspicious circumstances were invented to surround Jesse's death. Nonetheless, a mere glance at contemporary records reveals an autopsy was performed, and witnesses of all kinds identified the corpse, which was openly displayed.

Projecting dime-novel emotions onto Frank James, the Dalton promoters asked why he had not avenged Jesse's murder? The answer, of course, was simple. It was not necessary; sooner or later a publicity-seeker would kill Bob Ford, exactly as happened. Anyway, Frank had been going straight for years, knew his brother was courting disaster, and wanted a pardon and respectability. But had there not been stories of Jesse's possible survival after his death was reported? No. Folk sentiment required the opposite. The traitorous assassination of America's Robin Hood brought a satisfying close to a romantic myth risen from now healing Civil War emotions. As author Homer Croy observed, Jesse had been dead for twenty years before anyone said otherwise; then the claims were not folklore but cheap sideshow sensationalism.

To fill gaps in the true James story, Homer Croy hastened to Nashville in August, 1948. While the guest of historian Stanley F. Horn, he interviewed around thirty genuine informants. Then he journeyed to

Charles Drake of Davenport, Iowa, spotted his brother (lower right) in a phony James Gang photo, made in 1901 or 1902. Others shown are Joe Bailey (lower left), Jasper Pratt (upper right), and Charles Stackhouse (upper left).

Chicago to confront Dalton. The bedfast "Uncle Jesse," wore a cowboy hat, Buffalo Bill goatee, and flourished a six-gun. He claimed his whiskey and doughnuts breakfast was a "sure cure for bile." "Jesse" informed Croy he had ridden with the Brazilian cavalry and Pancho Villa and had fought against the British with the Boers. But he could not identify "Red Fox," Jesse's Tennessee horse. He also lacked Jesse's shot-off fingertip, mustering only a missing fingernail. Croy admired Dalton's unsuccessful effort to extract $1,000 for a personal appearance in Northfield, Minnesota, when the real Jesse had netted not a penny there. And Croy was delighted when the old character threatened to kill him.

On September 17 the latter-day Dalton gang finally arrived in Nashville. Like Presidents Wilson, Harding, and, later, Kennedy, "Jesse" stayed at the Hermitage Hotel, but his aroma was of sawdust and snake-oil. Part of the "Cavalcade of Amusements" sideshow, he was compared to P.T. Barnum's Cardiff Giant hoax.

Photo courtesy of the *Tennesseean*





The James Boys and the Younger Brothers

Courtesy of the Library of Congress

With Dalton was Orvus Lee Howk, sometimes styled "Jesse James III," a purported grandson, who warned: "If you want to try to prove this isn't Jesse James, you'll be calling millions of people in Oklahoma and Texas nothing but out-and-out liars." (What became of Jesse's home state, Missouri?) Dalton was making the trip "to prove that crime does not pay." Pressed about his interest in Dalton, Howk responded "There is no interest—and it is costing us a lot of money." Howk announced they soon would visit Jesse Edwards James in California.

Dalton had vivid memories—or good advance briefing. Mrs. Beulah Chunn was convinced he had known her grandfather; even though he would have been only around eight when Jesse died, H.E. Umensetter professed to have known Frank and Jesse and confirmed Dalton's authenticity. Dalton knew the name of R.C. Vardell's grandmother, who had lived next door to Jesse at 709 Fatherland Street. That could have been gleaned from the city directory, though. W.B. Harvey was enthusiastic but without evidence. On the other hand, Byrd Douglas of Lincoln, Tennessee, had met

"Colonel" James Russell Davis was a frequent witness that J. Frank Dalton was really Jesse James. Davis himself claimed to be Cole Younger.

Frank James in 1906; his father had trained horses with Jesse. Dalton could not answer correctly any of Douglas' questions.

Now Dalton divulged he had secretly written the script for the 1939 film, *Jesse James.* (Perhaps the ostensible scenarist, Nunnally Johnson, had been a "stand-in" like Charlie Bigelow.) The *Tennessean* ran pictures of Dalton next to fake photos of young "Jesse James," probably previously planted pictures of a youthful Dalton. As with Jesse James pistols, photographic spuriana outnumber the real, one hundred to one.

THE MOST colorful witness to surface in Nashville was "Colonel" James Russell Davis, supposedly 108. He looked 75 to Carl W. Breihan. Such longevity, Davis asserted, owed to "minding my own business"; perhaps to enforce his privacy, he wore his pistol to bed. He had been a local Ku Klux Klan leader. At the claimed age of 102 he had planned to enter a cross-country truck race until his doctor intervened. He renewed his driver's license at 108. In World War II he had tried to enlist, boasting of his marksmanship. He alternately claimed Union and Confederate Civil War service. He also told people he had been a spy under an unstated name during World War I. He would have been in his seventies. Just before Dalton's "Jesse" debut, Davis nervously burned his personal papers.

Was Davis really born in 1840 in Columbia, Texas? As proof he cited the "Jim Davis" allusions in William F. Drannan's, *Thirty-One Years on the Plains and in the Mountains* (1899), which bibliographer Ramon F. Adams calls "the life of a braggart" whose almost every statement is false. Drannan was a barbershop old-timer, with unproven Kit Carson memories, a "scout" costume and, like Dalton, the regulation Bill Cody hairstyle. Like other mystery men around Dalton, the enigmatic Davis sought secrecy simultaneous with celebrity. He acquired a New York agent to arrange radio, TV, and film contracts.

Before Dalton left Nashville he spoke at the Dixie Gospel Tabernacle at 408 Fatherland Street, a building that had briefly housed the Grand Ol' Opry and was on the site of a reputed James home. Jesse's daughter, Mary, had been baptized there in a 1933 religious revival. No exterior photograph survives; it burned and was replaced by a housing project.

Soon Dalton became a fixture at Meramec Caverns, Stanton, Missouri. Since the early 1940s the caves had been touted as a James hideout after the Gads Hill robbery. But ex-guerillas would not have been likely to risk capture in a cavern; the Jameses had headed southwest toward Bentonville, Arkansas, then reentered Missouri. Tens of thousands of visitors, however, still thrill to "Jesse's Secret Passage." The Caverns' owner had an enterprising son-in-law in Rudy Turilli. Once clad only in a "caveman" leopard-skin he had dashed up eighty-six steps of the Empire State Building before police checked his progress. That bit of publicity for the caverns cost him ten days in jail.

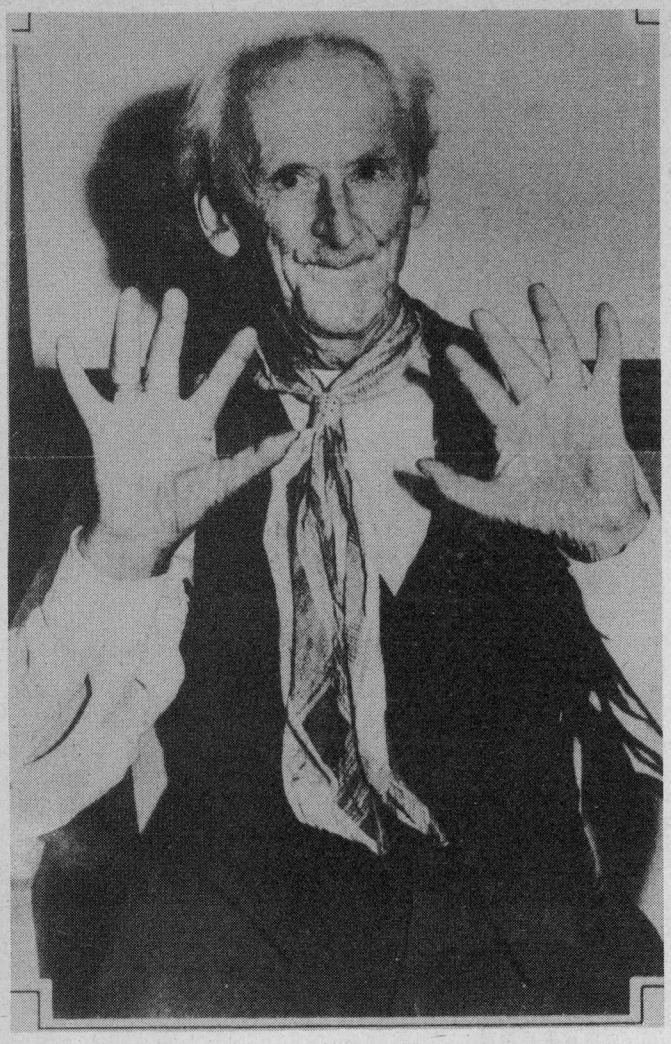
Now with Dalton as a living shrine Turilli planned a much-heralded 102nd birthday party for Jesse James. Turilli drove ten hours to Nashville to invite "Colonel" Davis to the festivities; but the Colonel jammed a .38 revolver into Turilli's face and gave him thirty seconds to vacate his porch. Turilli drove back to Stanton and learned the secret password Dalton had neglected to give him; then he returned to Nashville,



Circa 1935 "Happy Jack" Frank Dalton ridiculed Jesse James imposters as "cheap notoriety seekers." After adding a "J." to the front of his name in 1948 he claimed that he, too, was Jesse James.

where Davis was won over. The colonel pulled his gun only once on the return ride. Over the years, Turilli logged 98,000 miles researching Dalton, a historical snipe hunt that evidently avoided the real James Farm at Kearney, Missouri, or the library of the State Historical Society at Columbia. Instead, Turilli "one of America's foremost experts on Jesse James," was booked into theater lobbies promoting *The Great Missouri Raid* in 1950.

Present at Dalton's birthday celebration was a comparative youngster, Brushy Bill Roberts, allegedly 89. In later chronicles Roberts became Dalton's son. Big-game hunting novelist Robert Ruark was there; already in three credulous columns he had treated Dalton like a prize bagged quarry. The journalists apparently had overlooked Dalton's publicized 1947



William John James often asked, "If not Jesse James, then who am I?" until he was silenced in court by the wife of Jesse Edwards James in 1932. He died in an Arkansas mental hospital in 1947, paving the path for J. Frank Dalton's succession as "Jesse James."

birthday party—when Dalton was not yet Jesse, but a mere Quantrill veteran with a different birthdate!

Before he died Dalton was interviewed by Dorothy Kilgallen, Hal Boyle, Bob Considine, even Eleanor Roosevelt. He wanted to see that Missourian in the White House, but President Truman declined. Knowing authentic James history, having visited a Quantrill reunion, Truman was imbued with his state's "show me" scepticism.

Undaunted, the three musketeers—Dalton, Davis, and Brushy Bill Roberts—attempted to upstage the Lone Ranger and Hopalong Cassidy by appearing on national radio and East Coast TV—NBC's "We the People," January 13, 1950. Harold Preece, author of the legitimate *The Dalton Gang* (1963), had been suspicious of Dalton since his pre-Jesse days in 1947, and was in New York for the show. It was one of the funniest moments of his life.

Then came the circuit court hearing at Union, Missouri, March 10, 1950. Financed by Turilli, Dalton was trying to change his name "back" to Jesse Woodson James. Like the jaded gunfighters in Peckinpah's classic *The Wild Bunch*, this pseudo-James gang—with Dalton on a stretcher—marched fatalistically toward formidable opponents. A Dalton emissary had once offered the lawyer Jesse Edwards James and his wife Stella $50,000 to accept Dalton as their long-lost father. Instead, the Jameses now sent an attorney denounced by Davis as a "young whippersnapper." Stella had already trounced in court John James, an earlier Jesse imposter, in 1933. Now, as she noticed, Dalton was flaunting as evidence the same documents once used by his predecessor in imposture.

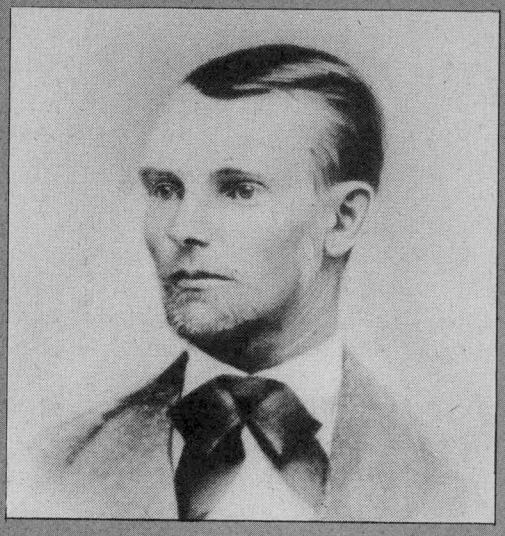
Spectators at the hearing included a number of school children, perhaps on a field trip to learn a lesson in civics if not in western history. The youthful, eighty-year-old judge respected neither age nor outlawry. He declared that if Dalton *were* Jesse he should slink away to his hideout in shame, praying for forgiveness—and if he were not, the court was not going to abet a fraud. Davis died fighting. He declared, "I'm too old to be messed with. . . one foot in the grave," and two days later his other foot slipped in, too. The martyr to Dalton's cause was shipped back to Nashville, where his marker in Mt. Olivet Cemetery is dated "1840-1950."

SADLY, Davis was buried as Davis. Toward the end he had admitted to being outlaw Cole Younger; two pro-Dalton books even impart that new information. That versatile witness, John Trammell, who had backed Dalton and later repudiated him, supported Davis with this secret Younger history on TV in 1954: some compliant "stand-ins" had been paid for over two decades to rot in prison impersonating the Youngers. The penal substitutes were the "Dodson brothers," historians please note. Trammell was now supposed to be about 114.

By then, as Jimmy Durante was wont to say, "Everybody's tryin' ta get inta da act." On November 29, 1950, Brushy Bill Roberts "surrendered" to the Governor of New Mexico in his mansion. He claimed to be seeking clemency for his past crimes as Billy the Kid! A posse of witnesses, historians, and the sons of Sheriff Pat Garrett shot him down. They clung to their theory that Garrett had killed the Kid in 1881, and not some luckless "stand-in" named Billy Barlow. Heart-broken, Roberts died three weeks later. To revive Roberts' desired reputation, C.L. Sonnichsen and William V. Morrison wrote *Alias Billy the Kid* (1955). Published by no less than the University of New Mexico Press, it was the only Dalton-related book not printed by a vanity press. Roberts' Dalton associations are skirted, irrelevancies are documented, and affidavits from Dalton cronies add dubious baggage.

Passed from promoter to promoter, after the circuit court hearing, Dalton was found ill and broke in an east Austin hotel in September, 1950, and taken to a hospital. He died August 15, 1951, at Granbury, Texas. Earlier Carl W. Breihan had been rebuffed when he wanted to x-ray Dalton; nor was there an autopsy according to the death certificate although one later was claimed to jibe with the one performed





Before becoming "Jesse James" Dalton posed as a Quantrillian (left). The real Jesse (above), who spent life seeking anonymity, no doubt would have been bemused by Dalton's publicity campaign.

on the real Jesse. Dalton is listed as "Jesse Woodson James" but Jesse's father's birthplace is incorrectly given as Virginia, and the mother named is someone wholly new, "Zerelton Dalton" of Georgia. "Jesse's" birth data is also incorrect: April 17, 1844, Louisville, Kentucky; it was supplied by Lee Howk, who later said "Woodrow" was the middle name.

The hoax, however, did not end with Dalton's death. In 1954 Lee Howk resurfaced in the Nashville news, with an alleged niece of "Jesse," Cora Lee Anderson, who posed with Dalton's hat and pistol. Later Anderson claimed she was Dalton's daughter—Jesse James "relatives" often improve upon their genealogy over time. Howk told how the Confederate Underground, or Knights of the Golden Circle, headquartered in Nashville at the Dixie Tabernacle site, had plotted a second Civil War. The James gang had robbed to support that noble movement; guns and gold were cached all over the South and West. One Nashville Dalton backer, W.B. Harvey, even dug a large hole looking for such riches, squandering first his family fortune and then his Social Security checks to finance treasure hunts. He gave $1,500 to subsidize a pro-Dalton book. The Dalton-derived KGC myth revives in *Treasure* (June, 1984).

Many amazing Dalton pamphlets and books followed. They pose false questions, open closed issues, shift the burden of proof to others, disorient and distract the reader with post-1882 escapades, flagrantly flout logic and history, misspell basic names and botch dates, and their bad writing whines with petulance and paranoia. They claim Missouri politicians and historians and, presumably, the James Farm at Kearney conspire to stifle truth; they accuse the family of Jesse Edwards and Stella James of denying Dalton because they are mere "Bigelows," like the "stand-in" killed when Jesse got away. These classics of western mytho-Americana include the Hall/Whitten 1948 fantasy; Phyllis Argall, *The Truth About Jesse James* (1955), which is anything but; Henry J. Walker, *Jesse James the Outlaw* (1961), a book unveiling Davis as a secret federal judge; Jesse Lee James III, *Jesse James and the Lost Cause*, aptly titled, considering its tunnels under Nashville and special Negro branch of the KKK, which Ramon Adams calls "a burlesque on history"; and the widely-distributed, Rudy Turilli, *I Knew Jesse James* (1967). It is "just one big mistake," says Adams; certainly the cover was a mistake, with its offer of $10,000 to anyone who could prove the author wrong. The daughter-in-law of Jesse James did just that in 1970; the jury trial verdict was upheld on appeal in 1971. Turilli, died the following year at only fifty-three. Despite Stella's victory the pamphlet continued to be sold and was joined by one on the caves boosting Dalton but omitting the court fiasco. A rival book on Dalton accuses Turilli of having wanted to dig up Dalton's corpse for display at the museum. Dalton is at least displayed in wax effigy, as is Turilli himself. Outside a sign assures "No Gimmicks" and promises "The Most Authentic Story Ever Told About Jesse James." With the real James Farm in the same state, Missouri could use a historian's Ralph Nader to redeem its "show me" good name.

Such volumes pale, however, before the most astounding of all western books, Del Schrader's (with Lee Howk, "Jesse James III") *Jesse James Was One of*

his Names (1975). In his post-1882 afterlife, Dalton appears under seventy-three aliases as a kind of bandit Horatio Alger hero, helping Edison, Henry Ford, and Howard Hughes get started. He serves in the United States Senate and stashes Golden Circle treasure everywhere. Instead of a mere 109 in 1950, the spry Davis has aged to 127.

Then for variety, Robert E. Highley, *Jesse James, Though Officially Dead Lived On For 65 Years* (1981) asserts that John James, not Dalton, was Jesse. There is even a recent romantic novel, *Leather and Lace: The Trembling Heart* (1982) by Dorothy Dixon, incorporating the Charlie Bigelow hokum about Jesse's not dying.

As for Dalton, Jesse James was only one of his games. He claims to have been in Deadwood, South Dakota, in the Wild Bill Hickok days; two dubious Calamity Jane tales claim Dalton kin. Some carnival show people told Carl W. Breihan that he was a genial barker known as "Happy Jack" Dalton in the 1900s. Around 1911 he was composing articles with his wife for newspapers along the Mississippi; at Memphis around 1913 he supposedly helped alleged Quantrill veteran "Captain" Kit Dalton pen his wretched *Under the Black Flag* (1914). Kit Dalton had worked with Frank James in his wild west show; if "Happy Jack" had, too, or if he had worked with Frank at the Standard Theater in Saint Louis as he once claimed, it would explain everything.

DALTON probably helped ex-Quantrillian Joe Vaughn forge his posthumously-published "diary" *This Was Frank James* (1926). It says one Sam Collins was a paid "stand-in" during two court trials, while the "real Frank James" (Vaughn) hid out in Arkansas. Collins, it asserts, was also a "stand-in" in Frank's marriage bed. Frank's wife Annie kept quiet about the alleged masquerade for over sixty years! Adams finds it among the most "brazen bits of writing" he has read, too illiterate to be Frank James's. Vaughn even has a "Frank James" tombstone; the book was reprinted in 1969 with added testimony from the ever-helpful "witness," John Trammell. Perhaps Dalton was a Vaughn cousin or brother.

Carl W. Breihan tracked down Dalton in 1929 marrying a "Cattle Annie" imposter in a plane over Albuquerque for the notoriety. At the time he affected to be one of the famous Daltons until Emmett Dalton, bandit-turned-screenwriter and contractor, shot him out of the sky. Breihan's photographer friend Noah Rose recalled Dalton's strutting in San Antonio in the early 1930s, probably already planning to become Jesse James before the John James debacle deterred him. As Frank Dalton he published two Quantrill/James memoir pamphlets in 1935 in which he attacked James imposters, since too many people including himself had identified Jesse James's body for there to be any doubt! (Bear in mind, though, that at this time he was masquerading as Quantrill and Bloody Bill Anderson living on in secret.)

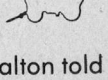
By the late 1930s he was attacking the *Jesse James* film he would later boast of having written, and denying any kinship to *the* Dalton clan; but by 1943 he had rejoined that outlaw family, in a booklength article rife with errors. In 1941 the "secret daughter" of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane emerged, with Dalton mentioned in her "mother's diary"; like Dalton later, she got on radio's "We the People" and netted a pension and rodeo appearances. She was exposed as a fake and, perhaps, a Frank Dalton protege. In 1947 Dalton wrangled a Quantrill pension with a witness who lived at his address, unknown in other records. The next year his March 8, 1848, Goliad, Texas, birth was revised to September 5, 1847, Centerville, Missouri, to fit Jesse James's. Presently a Dallas writer Alan Withoff is researching Dalton's actual movement in Texas in the 1920s–1940s, and may just establish his identity.

Some Dalton defenders say he was "Kentucky Jesse James" born in 1844; apparently they were just joking in 1948 when he was "Missouri Jesse" of bandit fame. Others have, by affidavit, altered Dalton's Texas death certificate to agree in date and place of birth with the famous Jesse's erecting a matching tombstone and garnering much 1983 wire service coverage complete with phoney Frank and Jesse reward posters. On July 26, 1984, Orvus Lee Howk, the ostensible grandson of Dalton died, and attempts at placing his ashes with Dalton were foiled. Howk went out in style, overwrought with the ecstacy of having persuaded an Australian film company to take Dalton seriously. Earlier, on March 7, 1984, NBC's "Real People" TV show gullibly aired the Turilli museum version of history, despite advance knowledge of Stella James's 1970 court victory. For journalistic integrity, examples like the Howard Hughes "will" and the Hitler "diaries" come to mind. Turilli himself once said that in inches, his Dalton press coverage would stretch the labyrinthine length of his caverns.

The night before the "Real People" segment, the Calamity Jane "diary" was dramatized on another network; Dalton's legacy thus was run two evenings in a row for millions of viewers.

Frustrated Nashville historians were unable to get a hearing on the wire services or local TV. Raping history is usually deemed a victimless crime and responsible rebuttals are much less exciting. Finally some imposter enthusiasts gathered at the Nashville James Gang site on May 19, 1984, the anniversary of Dalton's 1948 Lawton emergence. A charter was read to bewildered bystanders, founding the J. Frank Dalton Memorial Society—its purpose to honor the achievements of the West's greatest charlatan and his accomplices.

Fittingly, a neighbor, irritated at the event, threatened to call the police.



In an interview in Nashville, September, 1948, Dalton told reporters, "I'm Jesse James. . . I once killed a couple of men out on White's Creek Pike." He was then reminded there is no statute of limitations on first-degree murder.

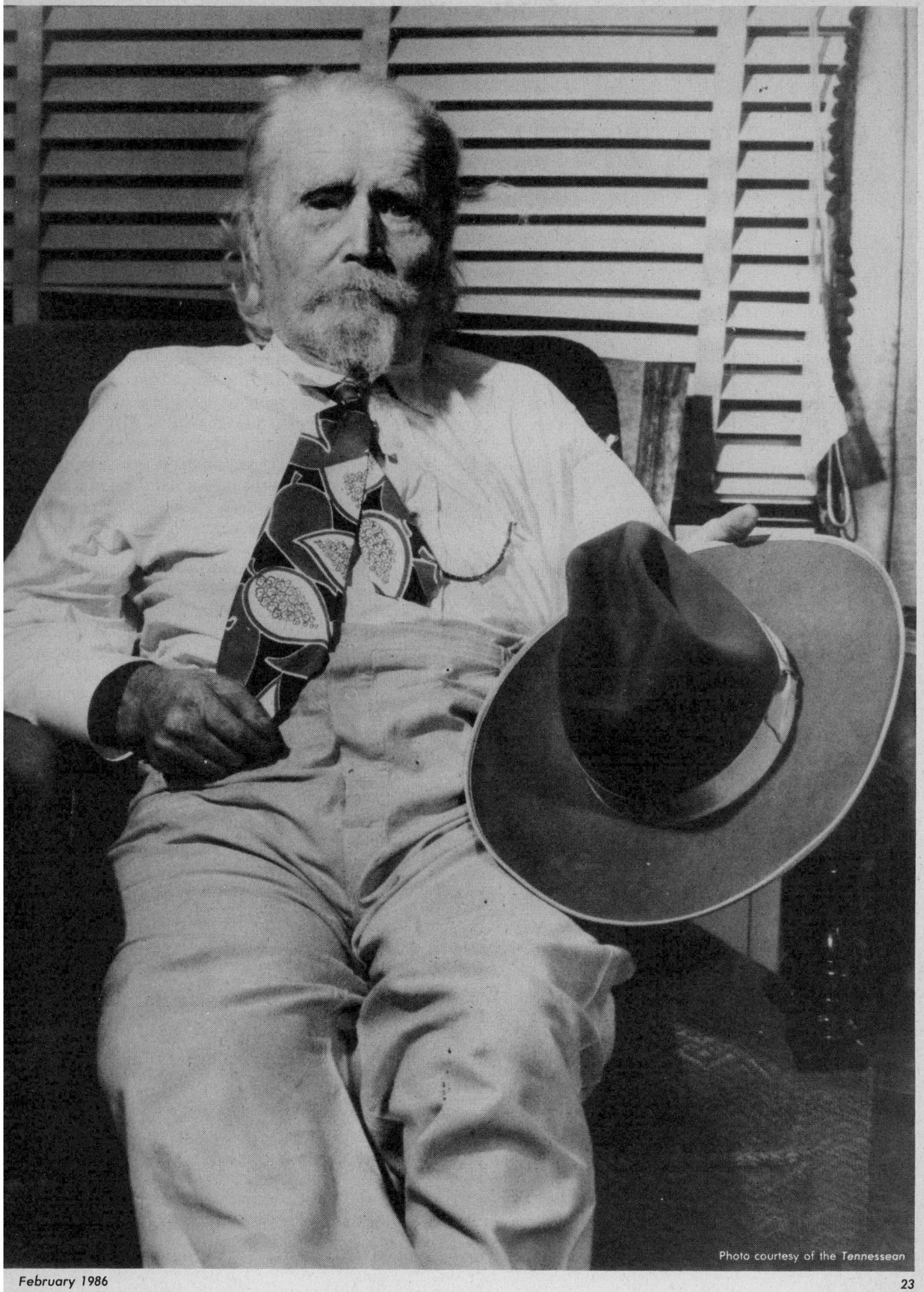
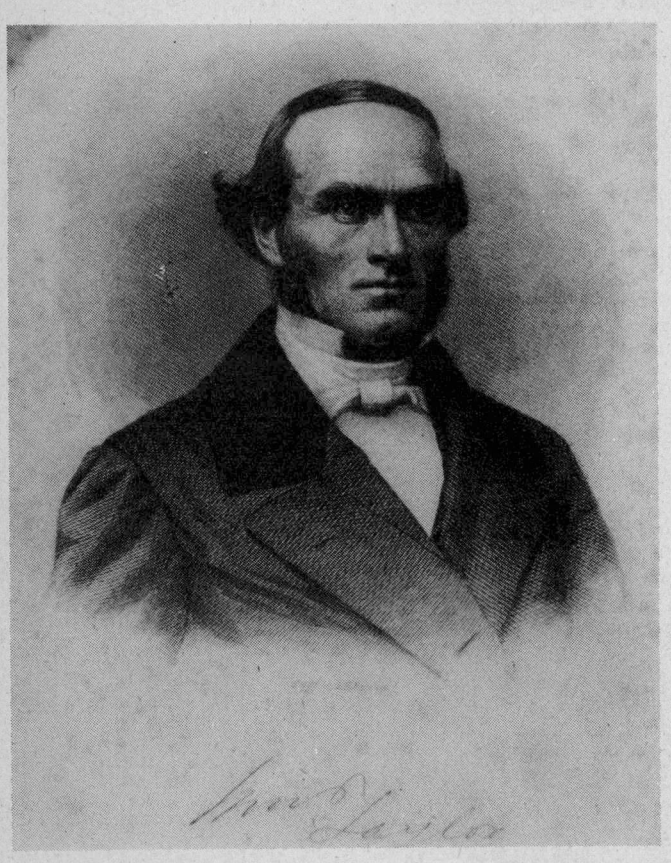


Photo courtesy of the *Tennessean*

By MARGARET W. ROMANI

Photos Courtesy of the Author

San Francisco



Reverend William Taylor, a Methodist minister, fought to improve conditions in the City Hospital during the year 1849–50.

I thought the up-stairs rooms were filthy enough to kill any well man, who would there confine himself for a short time; but I now saw that, in comparison with the others, they were entitled to be called choice *rooms, for the privilege of dying in which a man who had money might well afford to pay high rates."*

In the mid-nineteenth century, before Sir James Simpson's discovery of the anesthetic properties of chloroform or Joseph Lister's work on antiseptics and sterilization of instruments, San Franciscans had a horror of the hospital, thinking of it as a lazaretto where sick men went to die. At the beginning of the Gold Rush, the city had no sanitary facilities, no aqueducts or reservoirs, and no sewers. There were not even gutters in the streets to carry off waste. Hospital facilities were non-existent; few doctors had hung up their shingles; and institutions of higher learning for the training of physicians were thousands of miles and many months away. Into this town poured a sudden influx of people from all corners of the earth, bringing with them disease and death.

During the winter of 1849–50, the congregation of Reverend William Taylor's Methodist Church organized the "Strangers' Friend Society" to relieve the sufferings of the immigrants. Out of that temporary organization, another important movement grew. A committee was appointed to petition the city council for the erection of a municipal charity hospital. "The city fathers seemed well pleased with our suggestions and plans," wrote Taylor, "and said it would be just the thing needed if they had the money to carry it into effect."

Instead of building a hospital, however, the city council continued its practice of farming out the care of the sick to the lowest bidders. The city paid physicians four or five dollars a day for each charity patient. Doctors sometimes provided the treatment they were paid for; just as often, they seem to have pocketed the money and neglected the sick. Because the city paid the doctors in scrip which was practically non-negotiable even at a discount, many of the physicians who contracted with the city for the care of indigent people became discouraged and resentful.

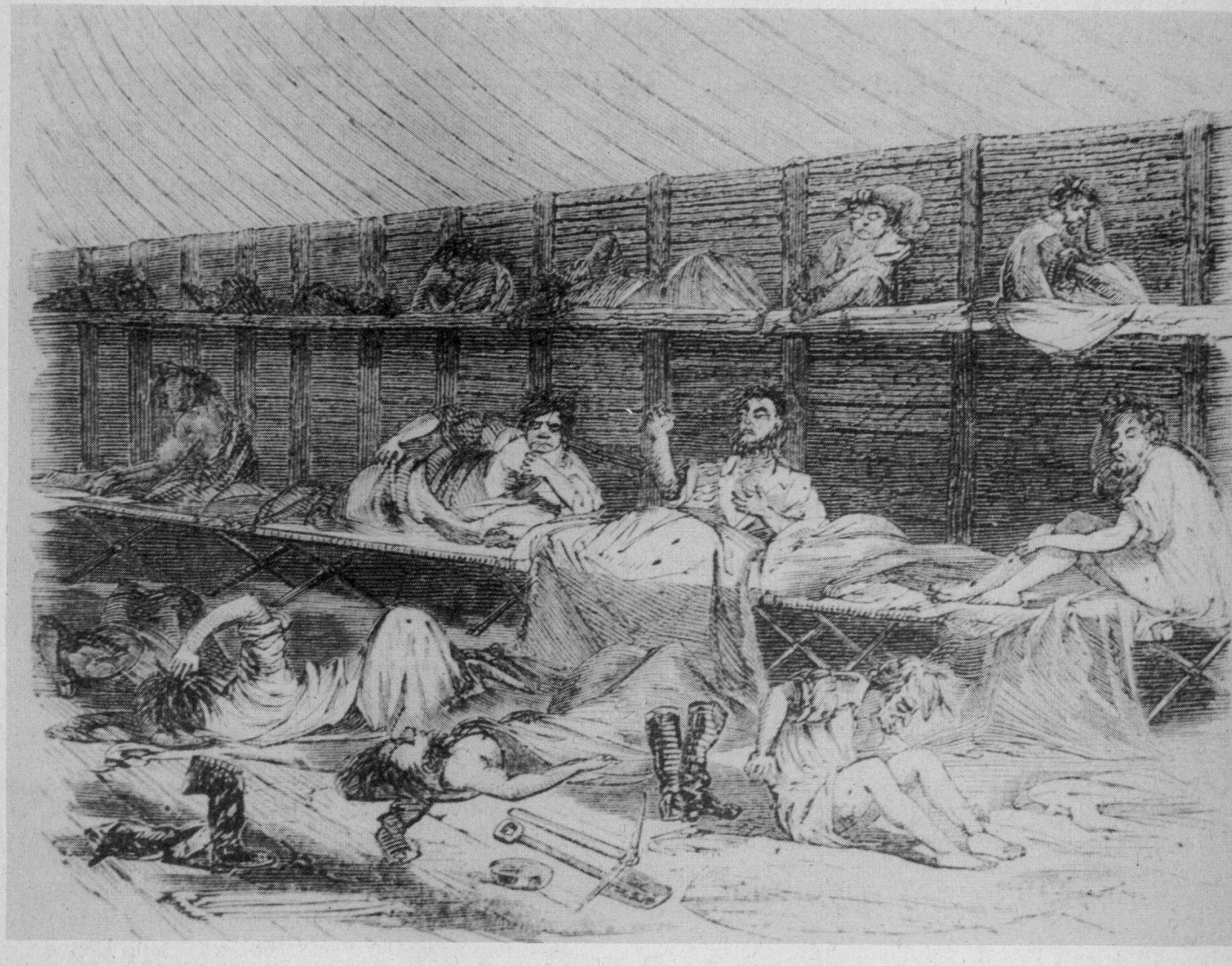
In the preface to his book, *The New and the Old*, Dr. J.W. Palmer referred to himself as the first "City Physician of San Francisco, in 1849." He arrived in the city penniless, without even his medical instruments, which he had sold to sustain himself. Soon he had a lucrative practice, and a little later he added the official appointment to his private duties.

One day while Palmer was visiting with another doctor, "two forlorn wretches, one far gone in consumption, the other utterly disabled by rheumatism, were brought to the door by comrades not much better off

Samaritans

than themselves." The Alcalde had given the men a written order for the doctor to render all immediately necessary relief and attend them professionally at their lodgings. He was also ordered to provide them with the proper medicines, nursing, and nourishment, and charge the city for his services. Palmer quotes the doctor's ironic comments upon the situation:

> Now here is the beauty of being a doctor in good standing in this golden anomaly of a city, called San Francisco. These men, being sick, destitute, friendless, and completely wretched, apply to the Alcalde for relief. There is no public hospital, no hospital fund, no city-physician. The Alcalde cannot quarter them on the Town Council, for the simple reason that the Town Council is here today and gone to-morrow, their tenure of office being regulated for the most part by the vicissitudes of business in their respective vocations—lightering, mule-driving, peddling, or barkeeping, as the case may be. He cannot convert the Town Hall into a hospital; for what was a



Crowded conditions in verminous lodging houses contributed to the causes of disease in San Francisco.



During the exceptional winter of 1849–50, waist-deep mud made the streets of the city unhealthful and dangerous.

rum-shop yesterday will, as likely as not, be a church to-morrow. He can hardly share his own couch with them; since, even if its dimensions were more liberal then they are, soft planks are but poorly adapted to the joints of this man or the lungs of that. So he sends them to me, to be bedded and boarded . . . I am to provide them with the necessary medicines, nursing, and nourishment; that means that I am to clothe, nurse, and cook for them, till they die or get well, at my proper expense . . . And I am to attend them professionally at their lodgings; that means that I am to perform perilous navigations through the municipal quagmires two or three times daily or nightly . . . And I am to charge them to the City; that means that I am to present my humble bill a great many times to the Town Council . . . by the time I have become quite desperate and have exhausted my resources of interest, bribes, and blasphemy, they will refer it to a long succession of special committees to be audited, . . . and finally, the Comptroller will put the crowning glory on the whole, by ordering me to be paid in city script, at fifty cents on the dollar.

During that eloquent complaint, Karl Joseph Krafft entered the doctor's quarters to ask him to examine a poor fellow who had no friends or money but did have a "notion he'd like to live a little longer." Upon hearing the doctor's tirade, Krafft suggested that the three of them take the indigent patients to the Alcalde immediately.

In short time, they had dragged their astonished invalids from their bunks and conducted them in solemn procession to the Alcalde's office. Pushing straight to the green table in front of the judge's bench, Krafft abruptly interrupted the business of the court with an extraordinarily effective oration:

> Your Honor, and Gentlemen:—We are very sick, and hungry, and helpless, and wretched. If somebody does not do something for us, we shall die; and that will be hard, considering how far we have come, and how hard it was to get here, and how short a time we have been here, and that we have not had a fair chance. All we ask is a fair chance; and we say again, upon our honor, Gentlemen, if somebody does not do something for us, we shall die, by God! We have told the Town Council so, and offered to prove it; but they were busy running streets through their own lots, and laying out graveyards in everybody's else's, and so, you see, they wouldn't fash themselves with our case. Our friend, the doctor here, will tell you all about us. He hopes you will take us up,



Mr. Karl Joseph Krafft, the flamboyant German adventurer, made an impassioned speech about the care of the sick in San Francisco during the Gold Rush.

> and pass us at once; and he thinks, as we do, that if something isn't done for us, very soon, we shall be setting fire to the town first, and then cutting all our own throats.

Krafft concluded his melodramatic speech by personally starting a fund for a hospital and passing his hat to the assemblage. "The appropriation of a hospital fund, and the first steps toward the founding of a City Hospital, followed closely upon Mr. Krafft's coup de main," wrote Dr. Palmer.

It is impossible not to wonder if Palmer's nameless physician friend could have been the notorious Dr. Peter Smith, who contracted with the city for the care of indigent patients in his City Hospital, which Reverend Taylor described as a veritable hellhole. "In the fall of 1949, as I walked down Clay-street, one day, my eyes rested on a sign, in large red letters, 'CITY HOSPITAL.' I stopped and gazed at it till my soul was thrilled with horror. The letters looked as if they were written with blood."

Reverend Taylor resolved to visit the patients in the hospital. The physician in charge, however, did not welcome him as warmly as he had hoped. The doctor warned that the rooms were full of very sick people and that singing and praying might make the patients much worse. "In fact," said the doctor, "I would prefer that you would not visit the wards unless some particular man wishes to see you." Reverend Taylor was not a man easily discouraged, and he asked the doctor to accompany him to see that he did no injury to anyone. When the doctor said that he had no time, an old patient, Captain Welch, volunteered to conduct Taylor through the wards.

First the old man led Taylor to the "pay rooms" upstairs. Each held from four to twelve men. Taylor talked to each man, then gave a few words of sympathy and religious instruction to the group, sang some verses "in a soft strain," and prayed in an audible but subdued tone of voice. He wrote that he also distributed religious tracts to the men, "who had nothing else to read, and nothing to do but read."

From the "pay rooms," Captain Welch took Taylor to the wards where the "city patients" were lying on cots so close together that a man could scarcely pass between them.

> I thought the up-stairs rooms were filthy enough to kill any well man, who would there confine himself for a short time; but I now saw that, in comparison with the others, they were entitled to be called *choice* rooms, for the privilege of dying in which a man who had money might well afford to pay high rates. But these "lower wards" were so offensive to the eye, and especially to the olfactories, that it was with great difficulty I could remain long enough to do the singing, praying, and talking I deemed my duty.

Aside from bringing the patients spiritual consolation, the clergyman evidently rolled up his sleeves and ministered to their physical needs, raising and turning them, smoothing their beds, giving them water, and feeding some of the convalescents good homemade bread from Mrs. Taylor's kitchen.

The nurses who were supposed to perform these duties were usually men, unsympathetic, careless, and rough in their handling of patients. Since they were not persons of the highest caliber, they received very low pay, and they were defeated before they started because there were too few of them to perform all the necessary tasks.

A patient named Switzer, who died in one of those wards, once told Taylor that he lay whole nights, fevered and suffering from a raging thirst, while a cup of tea stood on the shelf above his head. He was too weak to reach it.

Sometimes men died during the night without anyone's knowing it. In the morning, the nurses who discovered the body reported the death. A coffin would be taken from the supply kept on hand in the storeroom. The body would be placed unceremoniously in the coffin and carried directly out to the dead cart.

Old Captain Welch introducted Reverend Taylor to another shipmaster, Captain Lock, who was daily growing weaker. When Captain Welch saw how his old friend was being neglected, he complained to the doctor on duty that Lock had had no attention for forty-eight hours and was dying from sheer neglect. "Well," replied the doctor, "let him die, the sooner the better." After Lock's death, the doctor held a grudge against Welch and took out his petty spite by turning the old man out of his bed.

Welch was in the hospital for treatment of a "sore leg," which the doctor now told him had to be removed because it was "mortifying." Since there was no operating room, several doctors came to his room with a table, surgical instruments, and some straps. He refused to be strapped to the table, saying that if he was going to die he'd prefer to do it with both legs attached. The doctor lost his temper and shouted at Welch, "If you don't obey orders immediately, and submit to the rules of this house, you shall leave it this day." The captain limped off on his bad leg and never returned.

Taylor tells of another patient who preferred to take his chances outside the City Hospital.

> John Purseglove, a good Methodist brother, who had just arrived in the city, sick and destitute, was sent to the hospital; but finding that he was sinking daily, and would soon die if he remained there, he prayed to the Lord to give him strength, . . . and according to his faith, so was his effort, for he immediately crawled out, and without saying a word to doctor or nurse, or anybody, he scrambled away by the aid of a couple of sticks, determined, if he must die, to die somewhere else.

Some church members found him, fitted up a room for him, and cared for him until he recovered. He firmly believed that by leaving the hospital he had "slipped right out of the clutches of death."

Taylor did what he could to get sick people away from the pernicious influence of the hospital. In the winter of 1849–50, so many patients were dying of scurvy that he admonished the men in one ward, "My friends, what are you doing here? You are cooped up in this miserable place, without fresh air, without sunshine, without exercise, and without vegetable diet . . . You had better be turned out in San Jose Valley to graze, like old Nebuchadnezzar, than pine away and die." He advised the patients to go to the sand hills near the city where a wild lettuce grew and to eat the greens with a little vinegar. One week later, he was surprised to see how much the men had improved under that regimen.

Opposite: Dr. Palmer, shown treating a female patient for a stab wound, was one of the men instrumental in acquiring suitable public hospital facilities in San Francisco.

Instead of sending loved ones to the hospital, members of Taylor's church cared for sick and destitute people of the congregation in their homes. "I have no recollections of more than three Methodists who died in the San Francisco Hospital . . . Indeed there were but very few hospital patients connected with any church," he remarked.

Mentally disturbed people, however, could not be cared for in the community, and many of them were placed in the City Hospital. One man whom Taylor visited thought he was in prison and suffered all the horrors of false imprisonment, never able to discover with what offense he had been charged. Another was a cheerful fellow who believed he was Daniel Webster's secretary. His hallucinations conjured up important men of the day with whom he carried on conversations with all the "politeness of a French dancing-master." A demented patient who was considered extremely dangerous was kept laced in a straight-jacket in a basement room of the hospital, "dark, damp, cold, and cheerless as *Hades.*" Another violent man, confined in the hospital stables, raved day and night and tore off his clothing even in the coldest weather. Mrs. Arington, who lived near the hospital, asked permission of the director to visit the patient and bring him his meals once in a while. With her kind treatment, he ceased his ravings and, in time, recovered.

Dr. Smith and the other physicians who had contracted with the city for the care of patients had deep grievances against the Alcalde and the Town Council, who expected them to pay good gold out of their own pockets for the upkeep of patients and then repaid them in scrip. In the course of one year, the amount of city indebtedness to Dr. Smith alone grew to $64,431. The city fathers maneuvered to fund the floating debt by converting it to stock at ten percent per annum, but creditors were not obliged to accept the settlement as an actual or implied contract. They were free to sue the city, and Dr. Smith did.

In February, 1851, Smith recovered a judgment against the city for less than one-third of the money due him, and in July the sheriff auctioned off what was thought to be enough city property to pay off the sum. But the commissioners had fought so hard against the sale and had made so many statements about its illegality and the clouded titles that would result that many citizens were discouraged from attending the sale. Bargain hunters, speculators, and gamblers snapped up choice pieces of property, including city wharves and the old city hall. As might be expected,



the sum recovered from the sale was insufficient to satisfy the judgment. The sheriff was forced to sell even more city property. Water lots worth half a million dollars went for almost nothing—and still that first judgment was not covered.

Meanwhile, Smith brought another suit for the remaining $45,538 the city owed him and received judgment. This time 103 water lots, 27 blocks on South Beach, and 7 one-hundred-vara lots were put up for sale. The commissioners sought an injunction to halt the sale, but their appeal was disregarded. When that strategy failed, Colonel J.W. Geary and Judge P.A. Morse, on behalf of the board, guaranteed to secure to Smith from their own private funds the whole amount of the judgment. So great was Smith's resentment, however, that he turned down their offer with contempt.

Rebuffed, the commissioners tried yet another tack. Their lawyer, Solomon Heydenfeldt, who later became a justice of the state supreme court, suggested publishing an announcement that the property could not be sold by the sheriff because it had been placed in trust to satisfy all the city's creditors. The argument was that all the property the city owned was not enough to satisfy all the creditors and that there should at least be an attempt at equalization. As before, the sheriff went on with the auction; as before, the property brought ridiculously low bids. Ironically, when the suit finally reached the state supreme court, Judge Heydenfeldt was on the bench. The court found the sales completely legal and gave clear title to the purchasers.

The authors of *The Annals of San Francisco* called Smith's actions hasty and preference-seeking. They stated that through those legal judgments, the community had lost millions which would have relieved the public of annually increasing taxes. Dr. Taylor noted that the money the property was worth would have built a dozen charity hospitals and "supported them by endowment for fifty years."

Part of the debacle may be attributed to the losses caused by incendiary fires plaguing the city during the period. San Francisco lost property worth millions. Dr. Smith's City Hospital was destroyed by fire in October, 1850. That fire, supposed to have been the work of an arsonist, endangered the patients' lives. Firemen and citizens took great risks to rescue them; nevertheless, several patients were burned severely.

The citizens of San Francisco had an understandable horror of hospitals, but it took Reverend Taylor to begin the demand for reformation. "To transcribe in detail the hospital scenes which have been daguerreotyped on the tablets of my memory," he wrote, "would make a volume so large, and so revolting . . . that the reader should sicken and turn away from it before he could read half through it." Still, Taylor's writings called attention to the appalling condition of patients in the hospital and started the reformation of the city's accommodations for the sick. In 1851 and 1852, the state legislature passed acts to establish a state marine hospital and to provide revenues for it. By the end of 1853, the federal government had built the United States Marine Hospital. Those two hospitals, together with several others of semi-public or private nature, finally provided for the needs of the sick in San Francisco during the second half of the century.

The Long Ride: A Horse Trader's Revenge

By HELEN BUTLER

As the war in Europe dragged on and it looked like our country would get into it, the price of horses—especially broke stuff for cavalry units—went up and up. Father kept up with the market through his newspapers, the *Stockmen's Journal*, the Omaha *Bee*, and a little weekly out of St. Louis called *The Horse & Mule Breeder*. He also got the livestock edition of the Denver *Post*, a little Cheyenne weekly, and the two Lander papers. It didn't bother him that some of them were weeks old by the time he read them, and Mother said that Arthur Sanderson never threw away anything with ink on it.

Father was a great stacker. He made stacks in corners, behind doors, and under the furniture. About once a year Mother took a stand. She admitted that paper was necessary for starting fires, cleaning glass chimneys and windows, and stuffing between logs when the chinking fell out. It was indispensable in the outdoor closet, but there wasn't room in the house for all his papers and his family, too. Father grumbled but eventually the older stacks wound up in the bunkhouse. From there they went to the barn, the blacksmith shop and the granary. He saved them all in one place or another, the same way he saved pieces of wire, rope, leather, canvas, broken tools, and machinery. You never knew when you might need them. True, he could fix most anything from a broken axle to a leaky tea kettle, but there were limits to Mother's patience with his bachelor habits.

There was one place, though, that nobody dared disturb—the top of Father's oak desk. He and a lawyer in town had traded a horse for the desk the year he and Mother were married. The spring couch, the book case, and the big round dining table all represented a horse or two, but they were in the public domain and not for Father's use only. He kept the drawers locked so we never knew what was in them. But on top he kept all his letters tied in little bundles with pieces of string from his jumper pockets. Besides the letters were almanacs, catalogues, calendars, railroad tables, freight advertisements —Mother occasionally swished them off with the feather duster; otherwise, she ignored Father's filing system, which was a faulty one. Sometimes he spent hours hunting for things he couldn't find. Because he had the same droning hum for both states of mind, it was hard to tell if he was disturbed or just bemused.

Some of his old letters had to do with his being a state sheep inspector before he married Mother. Some were from Connecticut even before that. One with a black border around it was both a terror and a horrible reproof. Sometimes when we kids were alone in the house, we took it from its packet and reread it. It said Father's mother had died in Meriden. It made our stomachs feel strange. We folded it back in all the right creases and returned it to its proper place until the next moment of irresistible temptation to taste the forbidden, the awful and the incomprehensible. The woman who wrote it was Father's sister—our aunt—the one on the right-hand side in the picture of Father's family that Mother kept in an old suitcase under her bed. The other sister in the picture was sickly with something called "epilepsy." Whatever that was, it had worried Mother when she learned about it on her wedding visit to Connecticut, and she had prayed that it would never show up in us children. We were not to talk to Father about it, or to anyone else, for that matter. We usually forgot about it until the black bordered letter reminded us.

Father never figured at his desk. There was no room, of course, and he said the light was poor. He took a straight chair to the bedroom window and figured in school tablets propped on his knee. With all of his papers spread over the bed, Mother had to go somewhere else for her afternoon rests when he was trying to decide whether to sell his range stuff to the horse buyers or to ship them east himself. Help was hard to hire, freight rates were high. He figured to sell off down to his two-year-olds. The price might never be better.

We kids hoped Father would do his own shipping and go to Omaha. Whenever he did that, he came home with things never seen in the Lander stores or in the mail order catalogues—shoes with brass buttons and patent leather toes and cuffs, stuffed monkeys, and books with pictures of jungle birds and elephants. For Mother he brought all the things she needed to develop and print the pictures she took with her Kodak—little packets of chemicals, sensitized paper, a ruby lamp, and a gadget with a spring on the back called a "contact printer." Mother waited until night and, with only the ruby light to see her way around, used the kitchen pantry for her dark room. It was exciting to help and watch a picture of someone—usually, one of us—suddenly begin to come up in a pan of magic fluid. Then, even though water from the well was sometimes scarce, the picture had to be washed several times before it could be hung to dry with a clothespin on a wire strung across the storeroom.

Sometimes the things Father brought home weren't opened till Christmas. But knowing what we did about horses and how long it took just to go to Lander, we were skeptical of Santa Claus and his reindeers. Since Aunt Maye did the sewing she made lists of things for Father to buy, and by simply turning them over to one of the older lady clerks, he earned undeserved praise for his good taste.

WHEN WAR was declared the country filled with horse buyers. They came to the ranch that summer in buckboards and buggies and on horseback. One came in a car all the way from Denver. We had seen a few cars, mostly Fords, scuttling around Lander, but this car was a Willys-Knight with a fine sounding horn. Even though it cost a great deal of money, Father said it was a fool's toy. No man with any sense would have started out with his family in June—or any other time—with no heavy wraps, no blankets, no food, and just a car to depend on. It was a hundred miles of

Huber wanted to buy the geldings the minute he set eyes on them.



Illustrated by Mick Harrison

dirt road from Rawlins to the top of Beaver Divide. A late storm came up with snow and high wind. The car stalled between Sweetwater and the Beaver and if they hadn't stumbled onto a sheep camp, they would have perished.

Father was disgusted with such ignorance, but Mother was delighted with the Denver lady. They stayed three days. She helped Mother with the meals and they did a lot of talking while the men were out of the house. The boy, however, was a great disappointment. He was afraid of our dogs, and his mother wouldn't let him get on a horse or walk around where he might run into snakes. We were glad when Father didn't make a deal and the Denver people left so we could lead our regular lives. The lady wrote to Mother and sent a gift, a wood burning set which she kept for many years. The wood burning iron was heated with an alcohol lamp. After a little practice, Mother made some pretty pictures and designs on the wood from boxes of dried apples. At Christmastime she turned cigar boxes into personalized handkerchief boxes for everyone in the family, whether they needed them or not. She took the tobacco smell out of the wood with camphor oil, but Aunt Maye thought it was a toss-up as to which smelled worse.

It was midsummer before Father finally got his price for his range horses. He sold them to Roy Huber, a lean, redhaired man from Dubuque, Iowa. Huber came to the ranch twice before the deal was closed and both times he ate dinner. He was cleaner than most of the men and his manners were better. He didn't eat off his knife and he didn't swig his coffee. He took his hat off in the house without Father's having to tell him to, and when he left he thanked Mother for his meal. Mother flushed. She liked Mr. Huber. Few of the men were that thoughtful. But Father disliked him; he thought Huber was what he called a "skinflint." Father rode into town to make sure the bank would honor Huber's check. One man's money was as good as another's, but at the same price Father would have preferred dealing with someone else.

The third morning after Huber's men had driven the herd off the ranch for the Wamsutter shipping pens on the Union Pacific, Father made a jolting discovery. He had fenced off a draw to hold the horses that weren't for sale. Now it lacked four geldings, young three-year-olds which, as he said, he was "bringing along." If Father had any pet horses, the geldings were pets. He had hand raised them, castrating and branding them himself. They were out of picked mares and a big black stud Father had paid two hundred dollars for as a yearling. Father didn't pretend to raise blooded stock, but given another year of good handling they would make top riding animals and bring two to three times the price.

Huber had wanted to buy the geldings the minute he set eyes on them. He raised the price and even threatened to call off the entire sale unless Father would throw them in. Father just chewed his toothpick and shook his head. Father had a perverse streak. For anyone else, he might have named a price but not for Huber. Huber got angry and his face turned red as his hair. Father looked around and saw us kids listening as we always did when anything interesting was going on. He told us to get along back to the house, and his tone of voice said to be quick about it. What happened afterward Father often described simply as a fairly strong chewing match. In the end business prevailed and the deal was closed without the geldings.

Actually, Father was being sentimental about the three-year-olds. They were his showcase merchandise, and he would take an allowable pride and satisfaction in selling them to the right owners. It might take a little time, but he never worried much about time; the right buyer always came along. Too, in the next year or two, he would have to replace Ben, his top horse, an eight-year-old gelding.

Nobody rode Ben except Father. Ben was part of the ranch, an extension of Father's legs. He rode him with an easy bit, a light saddle, and a single cinch



loose enough to allow plenty of lung expansion. Ben had all of the four *S*'s that Father looked for in a good horse—size, stamina, speed, and style. When Father swung onto his back, man and horse became working parts of a good machine. Ben threw his head, chewed his bit, switched his tail, and did a couple of side steps, eager to be off. He was a chestnut, Father said, but he looked like a dark sorrel to the rest of us who had never seen a chestnut. His only markings were a long face blaze and Father's brand on his left elbow. He was high in his withers and sloped to slender hindquarters like a man who has too little waist to keep his trousers up. Why he was named Ben we never knew.

Certainly, Ben was a wise animal. He was to a horse roundup what a trained sheep dog is to a herder. Father never rode with spurs or chaps, only boots that he ordered from Denver with a heel just high enough to keep his foot from slipping through the stirrup. Ben could turn on a dime and leap like a frog. Those mornings when Father wasn't at the breakfast table and Mother said he had left before daylight to horse hunt, we knew the concern in her voice was just another of her needless worries. Father was riding Ben. Ben never stepped in prairie dog or badger holes. He could smell them ahead. Ben never stumbled over rocks or loose brush. Ben was the best horse in Fremont County, and Father would bring in his bunch of horses and be home in time for supper.

Nothing was more exciting than sitting on top of the big corral fence with our feet hooked under the pole below, scanning the flat as far as we could see for the dust cloud of the herd coming in. We had spy glasses that we passed around and fought over. We could watch only to a certain point; then we knew we had to climb down fast and get out of sight or the horses would be spooked away from the corral. Even so, it sometimes took a second or third pass to get them into the wide chute. Once the gate was shut, Father threw off Ben's saddle and bridle. Lathered and quivering, Ben would nicker off to his favorite spot and lie down and roll in the dust until he had cooled off. When he got through groaning and shaking himself, we opened the barnyard gate and let him in to the trough for a long drink. Father seldom rode him hard two days in succession. He had other horses but none he thought so much of as Ben.

So it was Ben that Father rode the 130 miles to Wamsutter on the Union Pacific. With luck he might get there before the herd was loaded and shipped. Where Roy Huber might be made little difference; if they were still in the country, Father would recover his geldings whatever the circumstances. He was angry when he left—his nostrils were white—and it didn't help that Mother was sure any man as polite as Mr. Huber couldn't be a thief. Huber's men, she said, had just made an understandable mistake.

"MISTAKE, HELL!" Father said. Mother asked him not to take a gun, but he slipped his safety-catch Colt into his pocket, anyway. He told us kids to mind our Mother; he would be back as soon as he could. He traveled as light as possible, with only a wool blanket rolled into his yellow slicker behind the saddle and his pockets stuffed with cheese and crackers and dried prunes from the storeroom. For Ben there were a few pounds of oats tied in a gunny sack. The water bag he would fill at the Sweetwater on the way. We stood in the yard, watching him ride off along the section line fence until he was out of sight. It never occurred to us that Father might fail in any mission he undertook. But as we turned back into the house to finish eating our soudough pancakes and eggs, Mother sighed and shook her head with a barely audible, "Oh, dear."

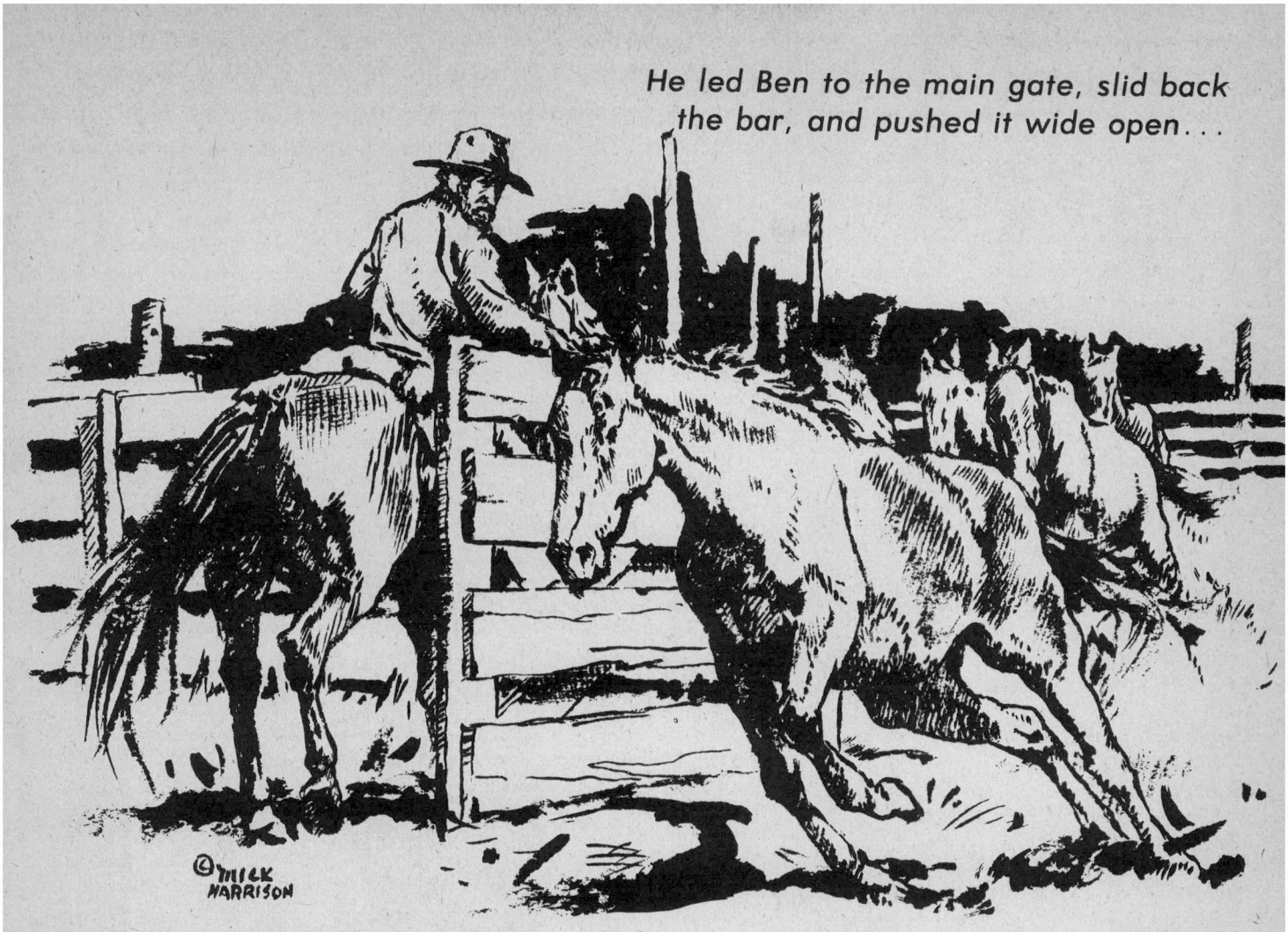
Once he crossed the Beaver and came up on the plain, Father left the well worn Rawlins road and struck out in a straight line south and east. Every mile saved would buy precious time. Nobody knew the Great Divide Basin better then Arthur Sanderson, who called it his Big Bedroom. He had hunted cattle, sheep, and horses there, and he had been lost in it a couple of times when he was new to the country. Years later, he had taken Mother through it on their honeymoon camp trip in a buckboard from Rawlins, where they were married, to his cabin on the Beaver. It had been late June, a little earlier than now, but the weather had been equally fine and there were still primroses, and sego lillies, and a few cactus in bloom. Although Mother thought it was all lovely, she kept asking when they would see some people. Father was blissfully unaware just then that his life-style and hers were never to meld in heavenly bliss; he knew only that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

At the Sweetwater Ben drank long and deep. Father drank, from the collapsible aluminum cup he always carried. He filled the water bag. There would be no more water until they hit Sulphur Creek, which tasted strongly of its name. A little distance beyond the crossing the still visible ruts of the old Oregon Trail led west to South Pass.

Through the Antelope Hills with their loose soil there was no trail to follow. Horse and man together had to decide on the best route from one point to another, into and out of cuts and washes, around upthrusts and rock faces. They kept to their southward course in a fast walk, only now and again breaking into a short, muscle-stretching lope that relieved the monotony for both of them. By noon, Father shed his jumper and laid it across the saddle in front of him. He pulled his black hat brim closer over his blue eyes so he could gaze more comfortably at the alkali flat he had to cover before he came to the first of the little chain of lakes where Ben could drink again. Ben was running sweat on his neck and flanks, but his breathing was easy and rhythmic as his gait. The sky was bright, with only a stray cloud now and then or a lost bird flashing its wings in the distance.

To his left Father was leaving the Green Mountains behind, sloping west to the Seminoes. To his right rose the ribs of the Great Divide. There were still some pockets of snow below timberline. In the basin where he traveled there was no green, only the gray blue of the sage and the sparse grass.

An hour before the last watering, Father gave Ben some oats and a short rest–grain and water needed spacing in a horse's belly to avoid gas and bloat. Father stretched his own legs and uncinched and reset Ben's blanket and saddle. A little over thirty years ago he had crossed the basin the first time, a green kid from Connecticut who had worked his way west and was on his way to Lander just to see what it was like. He had heard that the Hole-in-the-Wall



gang sometimes showed up there. Nearby were Fort Washakie and two Indian tribes. If he didn't like the country he would go on up to Montana, maybe Canada. He had bought his first horse. He had a few dollars left and he could always find a job. He rode with Bob Gaylord, a young fellow from Kansas, about his own age. They put down their bedrolls and cooked and ate together. Whatever Father was looking for he found—or continued to search for—in Fremont County. He cast his vote for statehood there, and he never left. Gaylord stayed on, too, and became the County's perennial sheriff. Although the two men and their families remained friends, Father never could vote for Gaylord. He was a damned Democrat.

When he set out for the last thirty miles across Red Desert flat, Father fixed his eyes on the highest point of the Divide as it coiled south. To come straight into Wamsutter he needed to miss the crest by ten miles to the west. Before it got too dark, he looked at his watch, then urged Ben to go a little faster over the hard, windpacked bed. Darkness gathered in patches and closed in quickly under an early half-moon. A light wind came up; Ben's gait continued easy in the cooler air. At the first gleam of the railroad tracks, Father struck a match and flipped open the lid of his watch—nine o'clock, twelve hours. He followed the tracks west. Thunder rolled at a great distance, and lightning played threateningly before the little cluster of lights that was Wamsutter appeared in the dark. He knew the layout of the pens, and the lightning flashes would help him to see.

A freight train waited on the siding between the shacks and the pens. The sheep and cattle pens were empty. Father rode straight to the last and tallest of the plank corrals. In it milled uneasily about fifty horses that had not bedded down, frightened by the hissing of the locomotive and the shunting of cars. He dropped Ben's reins and climbed to the top of the loading chute. He gave a sharp whistle and waved his arms. The horses began circling. It took several passes to pick out his geldings. On the last pass the four of them bunched together and, in a final flash of light, he knew he was not mistaken. There was nobody in sight, but whatever he planned to do, he should do it fast. The rest of the horses were not Sanderson horses; the animals Huber paid for had already been shipped. These were better animals bound for a better market. Even if he had to do it at the point of a gun, he had to stop shipment. He jumped off the chute and had his foot in the saddle stirrup when the solution to his problems struck him. Like most good ideas, it was too simple to have come to him right off. He led Ben to the main gate, slid back the bar, and pushed it wide open. The first horse to see the opening led a thunderous stampede for the prairie.

Father watched until the last pounding hoofbeat died away. Weary and hungry as he was, he smiled to himself. In a way, he and Huber were even. His geldings would cut out, head back to the ranch where they were raised, and be there before him.

Mother was always afraid Father would run into Huber somewhere and there would be trouble, but Father said he had skipped the country. Nobody ever heard of him again, which was a good thing because Father was not much on forgetting or forgiving.

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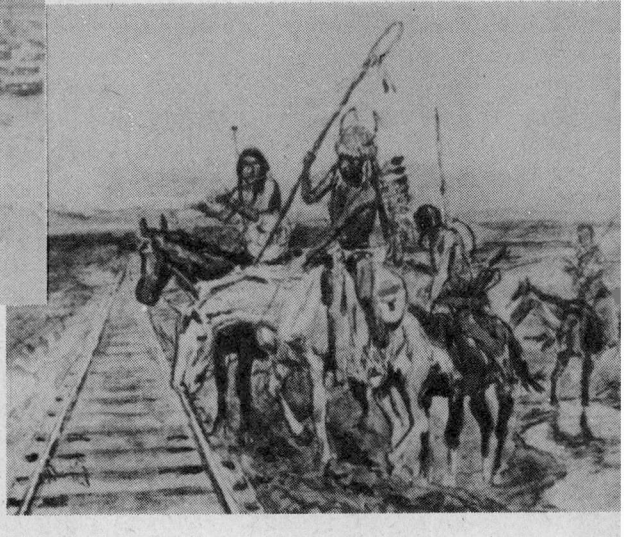






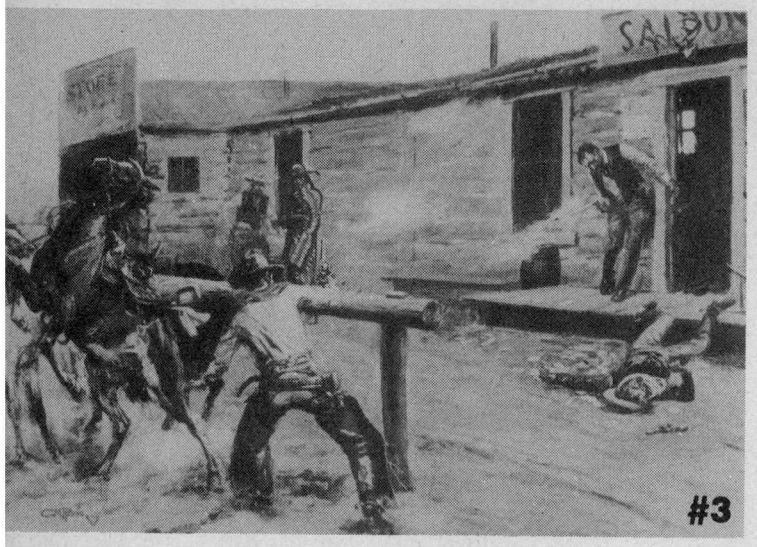






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The Royal Gorge

Years later veterans of the "war" would reminisce about the arsenals kept by both sides, the forts, the seiges and melees, and the recruitment of "soldiers." But they uniformly ended up grinning that verbal battles—at most, fist or club swinging—outnumbered shootouts with flowing rivers of blood.



About the only thing worthy of printing in Colorado's newspapers when 1878 began was that it was leap year. Before the year was out, however, the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe and the Rio Grande Railroads would liven things up with disputes first over Raton Pass and finally over the Royal Gorge. What excitement the railroads failed to provide the press invented, and thus was born the "Royal Gorge War."

The first of the two disputes began when engineering officers from both railroads boarded the same passenger train on the newly completed Rio Grande between Denver and El Moro. Although neither confided to the other his reason for going to El Moro, both were there to begin work on a railroad grade in order to guarantee a claim to prior occupation over Raton Pass. Whichever railroad gained control of the pass would be assured of access to the territory between the Rockies and the Pacific Coast.

When they arrived at El Moro the Rio Grande party had a nightcap or two and retired for the evening. The Santa Fe group, on the other hand, rented a buggy and a fast team and high-tailed it for Uncle Dick Wooten's hostelry at the top of Raton Pass. Wooten had rights to a toll road occupying the only feasible route over the pass.

A dance was in progress when the Santa Fe group arrived at Uncle Dick's. They bought several rounds of drinks for the house, which made them all *muy simpatico*. Too, the Rio Grande's William Jackson Palmer had refused to build a railroad into Trinidad from El Moro and was thoroughly despised by everyone in the area. So when the dance ended, the dancers were ready and willing to join their generous *amigos* from the Santa Fe in a pre-dawn excursion down the pass to start building a railroad.

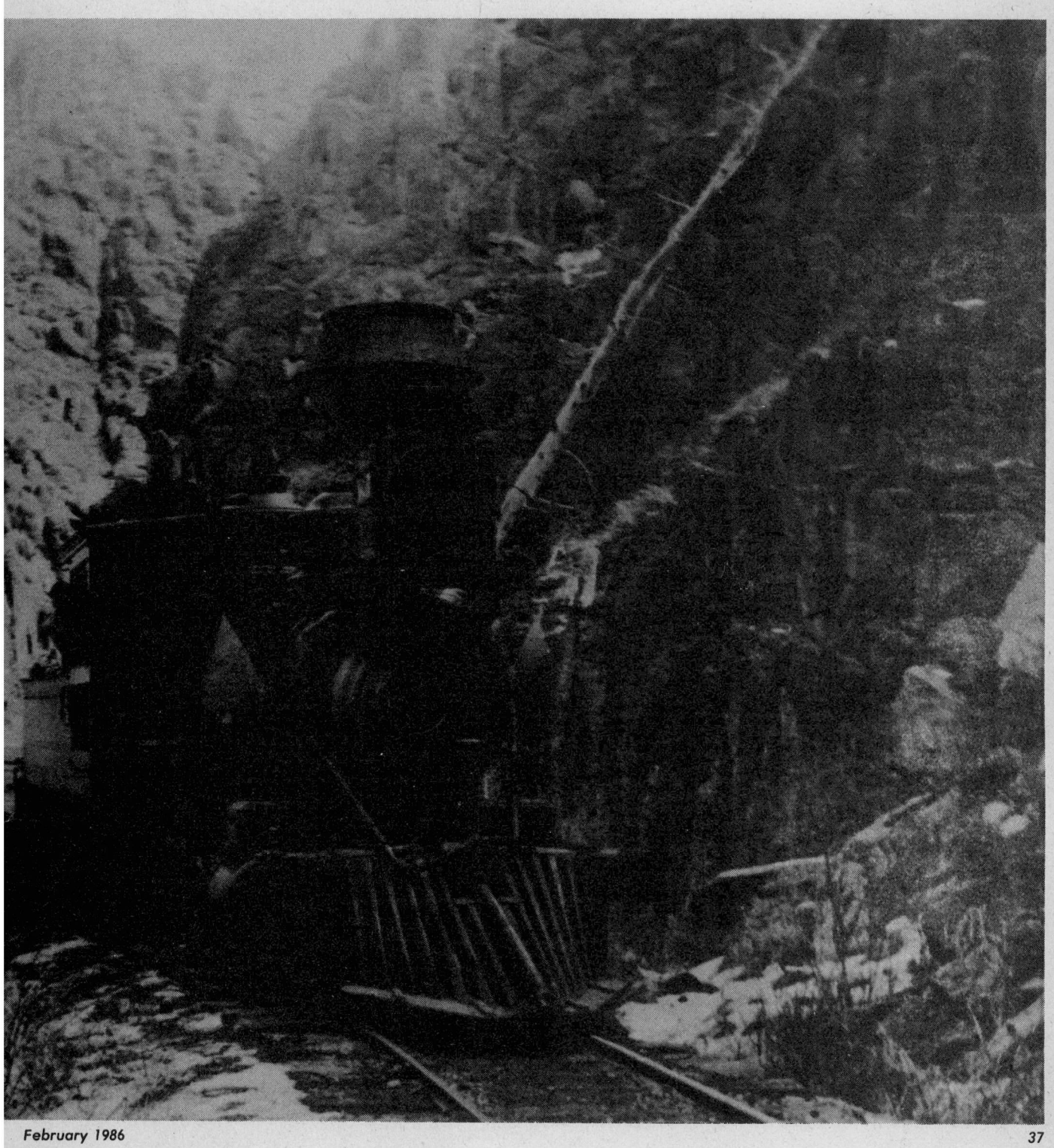
Assembling every digging tool they could lay their hands on and a few more jugs of Uncle Dick's "Taos Lightning," the crew rushed down the toll road and

Construction train Engine Number 228, used in the excavation and building of the railroad in the Royal Gorge, was built by Baldwin in 1877.

War

By JOHN NORWOOD

Photos Courtesy of the Author



started throwing dirt for the proposed grade. When the Rio Grande men showed up later, it was too late. A good night's rest and a leisurely breakfast had cost them the battle.

When the Santa Fe offered Uncle Dick $50,000 for his rights to the route, he allowed he would not know what to do with that kind of money. All he wanted was twenty-five dollars a month, payable in groceries, for as long as he or any of his heirs remained alive. The deal was made on a handshake. Wooten died in 1893; his wife in 1916. Along with free passage on the Santa Fe, they received the payments until their deaths. Payments to each of Uncle Dick's ten children continued. Eventually the grocery stipulation was changed to cash. In 1925 it was doubled; in 1930 it was increased to $75. The last child to receive payment was Miss Fidelis Wooten, an invalid daughter.

The Rio Grande half-heartedly attempted to find an alternate route up Gallinas Creek. When it became apparent the Santa Fe had preempted the only feasible route in that region, Palmer sent an encoded telegram ordering his men to move out for the Royal Gorge and establish prior rights for a westward line to Leadville and beyond. But as it went over the wire, a Santa Fe telegrapher read it and decoded it. The starting gun for the Royal Gorge "War" had been fired.

Gold had been discovered in the Leadville district in 1860. By 1867 production by placering had petered out, and, in 1874 two miners, Alvinus B. Wood and William H. Stevens were left wondering what the "black mud" that had clogged the gold washing sluices was. Assayed in St. Louis, it proved to be carbonate of lead containing from twenty to forty ounces of silver per ton.

Wood and Stevens kept their secret and started buying up claims. But in 1877 August R. Meyer, who had been buying their shipments of "black mud," let the cat out of the bag, and the Leadville boom was on. The Santa Fe and the Rio Grande both sent scouting parties there and quickly decided they wanted part of the action. But both continued to give priority first to establishing what they considered more lucrative routes to the Southwest and the Coast. Only after the Raton Pass issue was settled did their attention turn to Leadville.

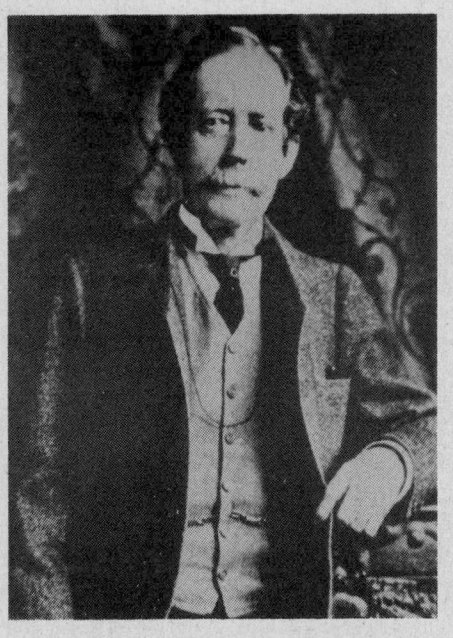
When word of the road's competition for the right of way through the Gorge got out, newspaper editors took advantage of its potential to increase circulation. The struggle was quickly dubbed "The Bloody War for the Royal Gorge." If contemporary news stories were to be believed it was the bloodiest encounter since the Battle of Gettysburg.

Factually, though, with the exception of bloody noses, black eyes, and bruises from pickaxe handles, little blood was shed. Years later veterans of the "war" would reminisce about the arsenals kept by both sides, the forts, the seiges and melees, and the recruitment of "soldiers." But they uniformly ended up grinning that verbal battles—at most, fist or club swinging—outnumbered shootouts with flowing rivers of blood.

Wanting in on the railroad action, the people of Canyon City had chartered their own railroad, the Canyon City and San Juan, a "paper" railroad that never built any track. At the beginning of the war, hating the Rio Grande as so many communities did, Canyon City gave control of the CC&SJ to the Santa Fe.

While the Rio Grande moved equipment and men to Canyon City by rail, the Santa Fe raced there by buckboard. Stirred up by Santa Fe representatives, Canyon City residents grabbed their shovels and headed for the Gorge to start making grade. Not to be caught napping this time though, the Rio Grande had infiltrated a working party into the Gorge and started work. A stand-off continued for several days while both sides built grade.

Then, in an amazing coincidence, both sides sent out marauders the same night to destroy the other's work. The Rio Grande party's black powder charges blew up part of the Santa Fe grade. But the echoes of the blasts had hardly died when similar explosions hit the Rio Grande's roadbed up in the Gorge.



William Jackson Palmer was the conceiver, builder, owner, and guiding light of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad at the time of the Royal Gorge War.



The fort and "army" at the west end of the Royal Gorge was known as the

The Santa Fe finally obtained an injunction ordering the Rio Grande to cease work in the Gorge until the dispute could be adjudicated. The Rio Grande faction waited until dark to leave the canyon. On the way out, they dumped all of the Santa Fe's equipment and supplies into the Arkansas River.

The courts ruled neither side could do further work until priority of occupancy was settled, thus moving the conflict from the battlefield to the courts. Farcically the courts then ruled that both claimants could build through the Gorge and had equal rights. But there was hardly room in the gorge for even one railroad, and both sides' diligent efforts had already shown no other railroad route from Canyon City to the Upper Arkansas was possible.

On the basis of that ruling, the Santa Fe discharged its army of about 300 men, offering to pay them off at the rate of $1.50 per day. Claiming they had been promised $2.00 plus $3.00 for any night work or guard duty, the disgruntled soldiers cornerned the Santa Fe's bosses in Canyon City and threatened them. The Rio Grande meanwhile got back in everyone's good graces by pay-



"Deadline." Note there are no glamorous uniforms and no Winchester rifles.

ing up promptly at the promised rates and providing free transportation for each man back to his point of employment.

A cold war followed. Lawyers did the fighting while the railroads dug in. At the upper end of the canyon, the Rio Grande posted a sign reading "Dead Line." About four miles beyond, at present-day Parkdale, they built a rock fortress. Some three miles beyond, where a water tank once stood at Spikebuck, they built a timber and rock fortress. The two strongholds were manned by "soldiers" recruited from the wagoneers in the San Luis Valley, from out-of-work miners, or from anyone who asked for a job. Among them were numerous former Santa Fe recruits who had decided the Rio Grande paid better.

One man—now long gone—described his time at the Parkdale fortress. Living in tents or in the open they were furnished fine grub by the Rio Grande. They spent their time on guard lazing in the sun, shooting the breeze, chewing tobacco, and having spitting contests. With the plentiful ammunition provided by the Rio Grande, they practiced at targets, shooting magpies, crows, and prairie dogs. Or, they hunted rattlesnakes for skins to make hatbands.

The only fighting they did was against hordes of vicious mosquitoes. He says he never saw such large, bloodthirsty "critters." He relates that one evening while relaxing around a campfire the men saw a jackrabbit come down to the river's edge for a drink. One of those mosquitoes zoomed down, impaling the rabbit on its long proboscis. With the rabbit still kicking, the mosquito flew across the river. There it landed on a large rock and devoured its helpless prey.

Life was almost as good for the Santa Fe adherents—mostly Dodge City mercenaries—who occupied the Rio Grande roundhouse at Pueblo under a complex arrangement of court orders and lease agreements. According to legend, Bat Masterson and a Mr. Thomas, Dodge City marshal, led those forces. But Masterson says nothing about being there in his memoirs, and his presence is likely another invention of the contemporary press.

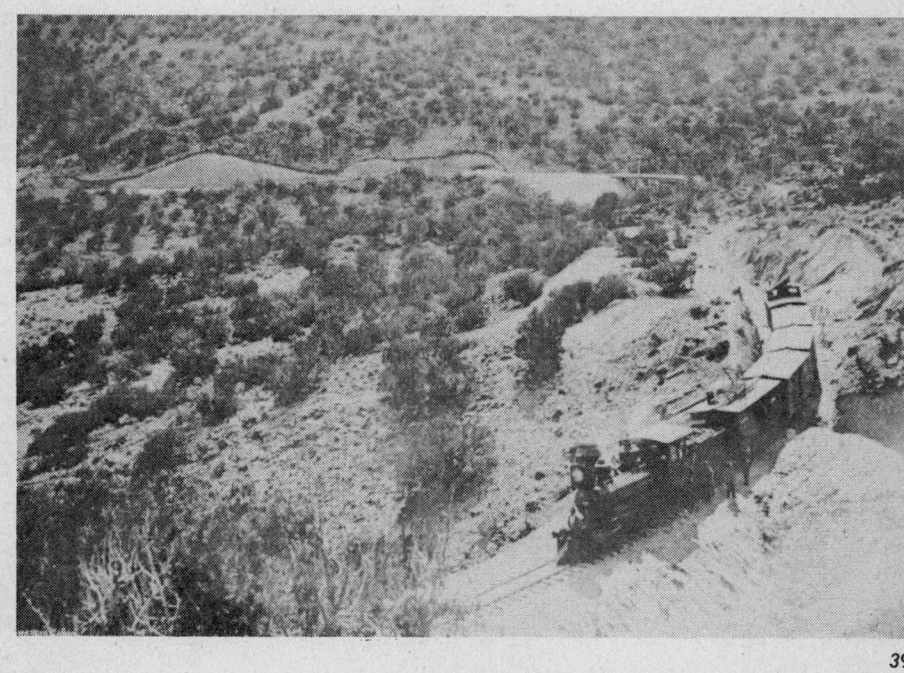
It was claimed that the biggest gambling house in the country was not too far from the roundhouse. It boasted six faro banks, four roulette wheels, one "Hieronymus bowl," four tables for hazards and craps, two for stud poker, two for draw poker, one for short faro, one for vingt-et-un, and one for high suit. There was a bar with free lunch.

Since the warriors wore no uniforms, both sides mingled freely in that establishment. Likewise, which side any customer belonged to when visiting the numerous cribs or parlor houses was not considered. The soldiers drew big wages for the times, so the parlor houses attracted more business than the cribs.

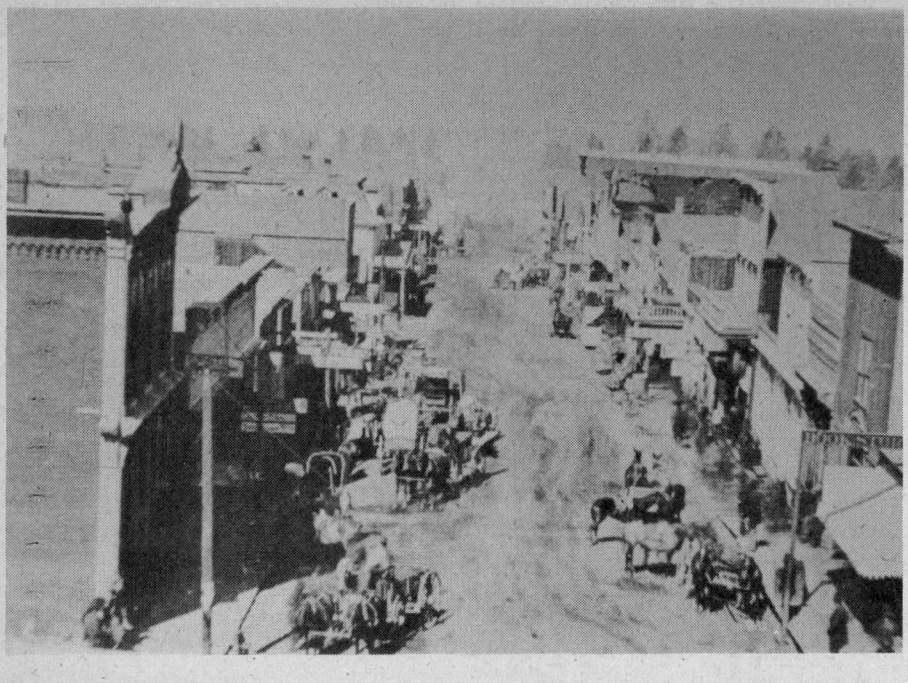
Like all the best things in life, though, the good times came to an end. Legal battles were myriad; injunction followed injunction; and there were even injunctions against injunctions. In April, 1879, rumors flew that the Rio Grande, disgusted with the court delays, would take possession of the route by force. The Santa Fe again recruited mercenaries. With Coloradans finally on its side, the Rio Grande had most of its soldiers appointed deputy sheriffs.

The presence of correspondence about an inventory of available firearms and ammunition in Rio Grande archives indicates Palmer may have contemplated taking the line by force. But the planning did not begin until nearly a month after the United States Supreme Court reviewed the case and ruled in favor of the Rio Grande on all aspects. The Supreme Court issued its decision April 21, 1879, but by mid-May there still was no indication the Santa Fe intended to leave.

The May 28 inventory of firearms at Pueblo listed one box of rifles, thirteen pistols, and ammunition; at El Moro were six rifles and six pistols; at the Trinidad Mine, twenty rifles, twenty pistols, and ammunition; at Walsenburg, ten rifles and six pistols. On June 5 a secret shipment from Denver to Pueblo included thirty pistols, twenty carbines, and ammunition. The day before, twenty-five pistols with ammunition had been received at Pueblo. The total count on June 6 numbered 207 pistols, 259 rifles, and a plentiful sup-



Photographed in Comanche Canyon, Engine Number 77 was an early day Denver & Rio Grande freight train.



Leadville, the end of the line for the Royal Gorge railroad, July, 1880, was a bustling little town, as shown in a photo taken before the smelters were built.

different version. Jenkins, they say, had arranged a liaison with the wife of a Rio Grande soldier away to the wars up in the Gorge. The husband came home unexpectedly, and Jenkins had to grab his pants and climb out a window. Carrying his clothing and his gunbelt he backed over the sill. His pistol fell from its holster, struck on its butt and discharged, as Colt's single-action revolvers were prone to do. The ball struck Jenkins in the fleshy part of his buttocks. The wound was painful but not so damaging that he was not able to pull on his pants and find a doctor.

In the course of the evictions at outlying points a few lacerations and contusions resulted. It is not proven any shots were fired, despite the large arsenal listed in the inventory. If the truth be told, neither side displayed much loyalty. Partisanship was commensurate to the amount paid for service.

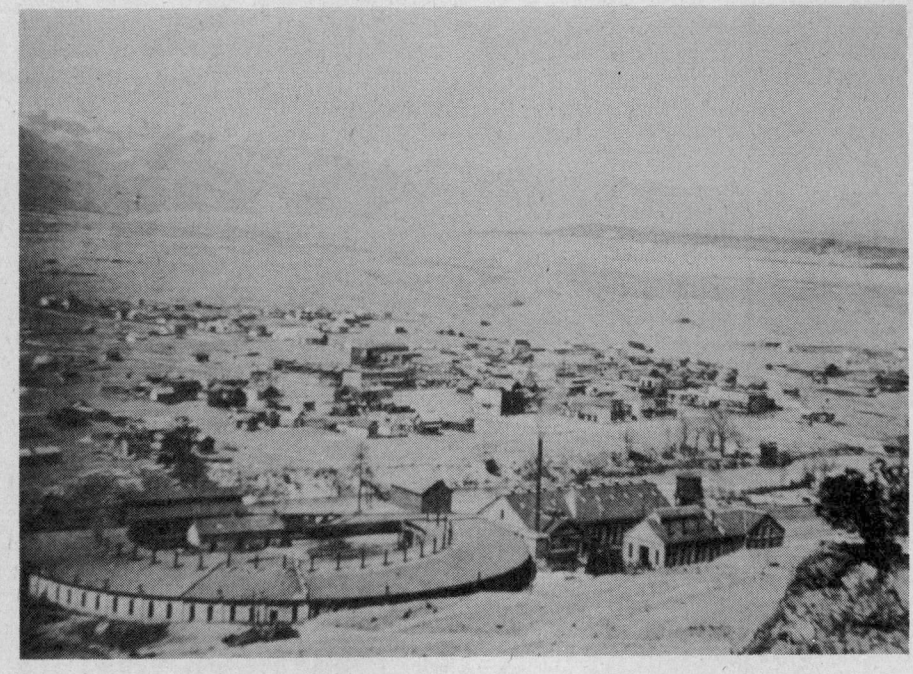
After the court edict it quickly became apparent that the Santa Fe would not be paying their soldiers much longer. And to any thinking man it looked like both railroads, already desperate for money, would go bankrupt dividing what little business there was. The "war" over, the Rio Grande built through the Gorge to Leadville in July, 1880.

ply of ammunition.

By the First of June the situation was tense. In a small-scale imitation of Sherman's march through Georgia, the Santa Fe was destroying telegraph lines and otherwise discommoding the Rio Grande. Judge Bowen, a sympathizer and crony of Palmer and the Rio Grande hierarchy, ordered the Santa Fe to cease any operation on lines leased from the Rio Grande and to get off them in toto. Bowen's order might have been influenced by his ownership of a big mine and mill at Summitville. The mine's success depended upon the Rio Grande's proposed line from the railhead at Wagon Creek to Del Norte, Colorado, in the San Luis Valley. The Santa Fe claimed collusion and still gave no indication they would comply with Bowen's order. On June 12, two days later, the local sheriff at Colorado Springs, backed by a dozen deputies and Company B of the First Colorado Cavalry moved to oust the Santa Fe from Colorado Springs. They found the depot locked and full of armed Santa Fe men. A loud verbal battle erupted, but no shots were fired. The depot was surrendered at 9:30 a.m.

At Pueblo, the sheriff and 150 deputized Rio Grande employees moved in on about 400 Santa Fe people holed up in the roundhouse. Shots pierced the blue Colorado sky. Again, with the alleged exception of Henry Jenkins, no one was wounded. According to the Dodge City *Times*, "Henry Jenkins, of Sheriff Masterson's posse, was shot in the back by a drunken guard of the Rio Grande forces . . . the unfortunate man was climbing out of the depot window." Other accounts say it was the roundhouse window. Anyway, Jenkins was not seriously injured.

Old-timers who tell it like it was and did not have to protect the vanity of Dodge City gunfighters tell an entirely



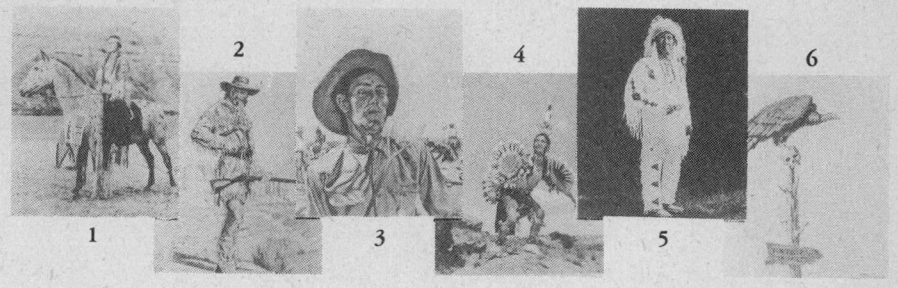
Santa Fe "soldiers" forted up in the Pueblo roundhouse (lower left corner of photo), but were eventually evicted without incident.

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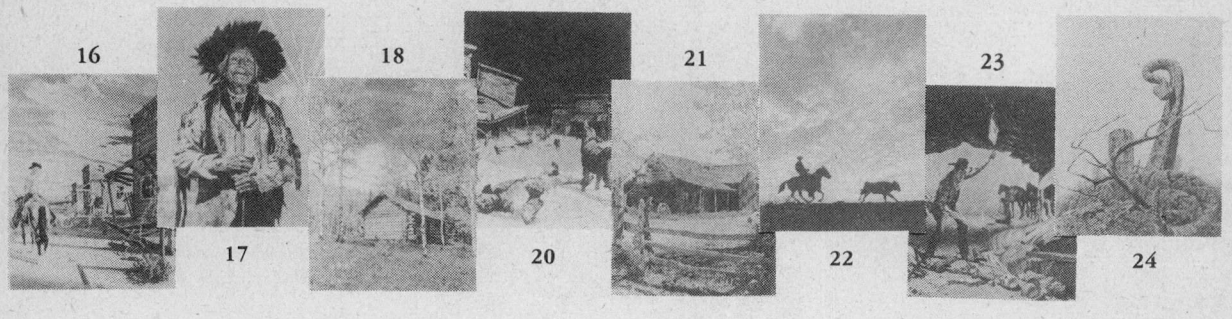
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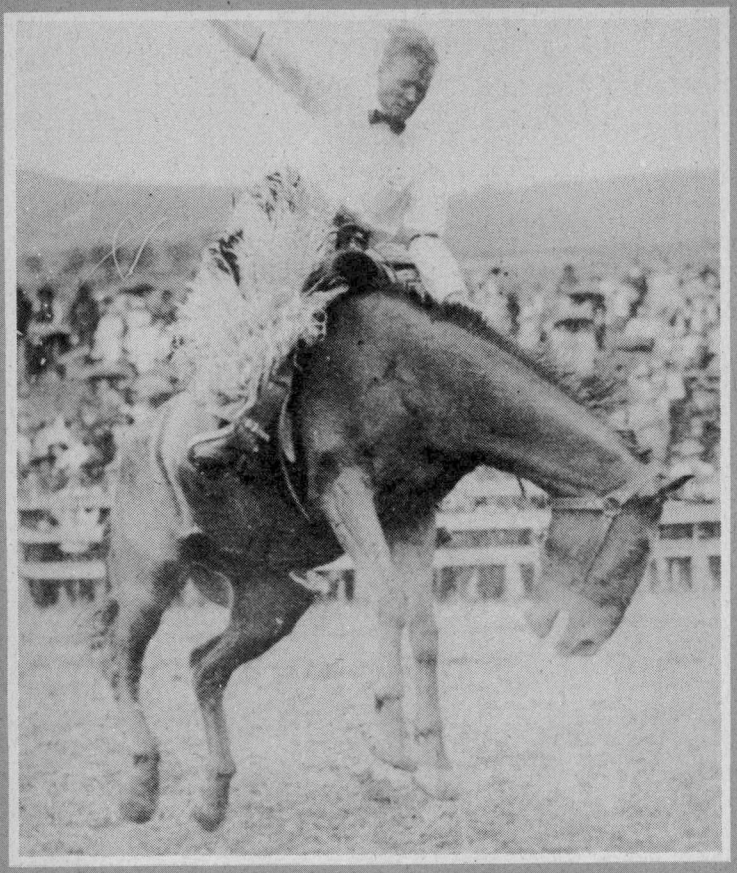
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Jack Banks rode Gravedigger at the May 21, 1914, Culdesac Rodeo.

Let 'er Twist!

Culdesac, Idaho -1914-

By BOB LOEFFELBEIN

Photos Courtesy of FRANK HOPKINS

In 1914 Culdesac, Idaho, was not much smaller than it is today. But on May 20, the town named from the French *cul-de-sac*, meaning "bottom of the bag" or "dead end street," changed drastically. On that date every year the community hosted a rodeo. The West was still wild, and the rodeo drew over 2,000 people from as far away as Lewiston, where the Camas Prairie Railroad originated a special train for rodeo aficionados.

The train left Lewiston at 8:00 a.m. and departed Culdesac for the fourteen-mile return at 6:00 p.m. To prod late-coming celebrants, warning whistles were sounded half an hour before departures.

Among those advertised to appear in the affair was Jackson Sundown, an Indian rider famous for having won the large Pendleton, Oregon, Roundup. So expert that he was disqualified from competing at Culdesac, Sundown was scheduled only for a demonstration ride. Other riders in 1914 included Tillie and Johnnie Baldwin, George Weeks, Red Pruitt, Tom Dills, and Ed Crow.

The Nez Perce Indians had established a campsite near the rodeo grounds and entered into the spirit of the celebration with war dances and costumed paraders.

The Lewiston *Tribune* summarized the day's events as follows:

Culdesac—May 21, 1914—People from all the sections accepted the invitation of Culdesac residents and participated fully in the annual Roundup Celebration.

"The people from the surrounding country arrived in the forenoon, as did the train from Lewiston. There wasn't a vacant spot in any stable or yard and the feed barns did a rousing business as hacks and buggies filled the area.

"The parade was led by the Culdesac band, followed by the Nez Perce Indians in full regalia. Cowboys and cowgirls, 600 in number, rode behind in twos. The spectacle brought cheers from the



The Culdesac community cowboy band led the parade for the rodeo. They found a new way to show off their colorful neckerchiefs.

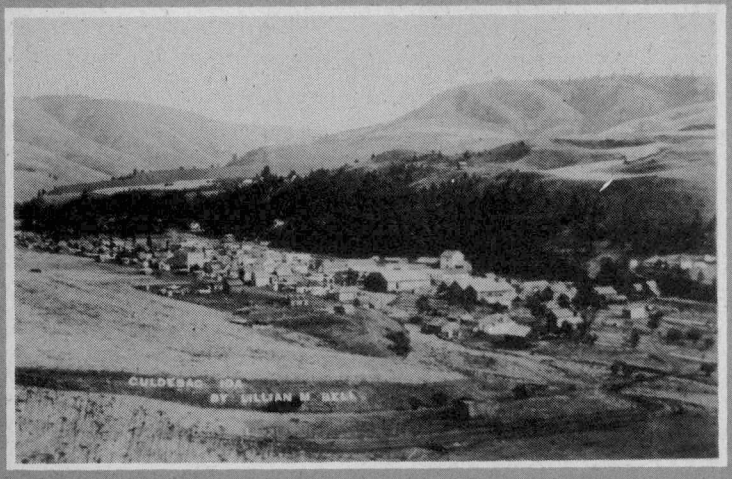


A Nez Perce encampment became part of the annual Culdesac Rodeo, with the Indian families "doing the town" like everyone else, in all their finery.

In a peaceful invasion, the Nez Perce Indians paraded and held "war dances" for townspeople and visitors.



Let 'er Twist!



The town of Culdesac, Idaho, grew by 2,000 people at annual rodeo time. In 1914, a special train brought rodeo fans from as far as Lewiston, fourteen miles away.

crowds lining the streets.

"The show opened at 1 p.m. and it was well toward 5 p.m. when it ended.

"While Jackson Sundown, the famous rider, was barred, he did put on an exhibition with the big bull owned by Len Henry. He was supposed to ride the bull 'straight up.' He rode straight up for a few seconds and then quit riding. Sundown found himself in a heap on the ground.

"Some of the men riding the bucking horses were Charley Parks on Lightheels, Ed Crow on Tanglefoot, Simon Matthews on Rainbow, Tom Dills on Doc, Red Pruitt on Wapshelia, George Cowhide on Corkscrew.

"The preliminary events were provided by Manager Al Fonberg, John Gibbs, Walter Law and John Law and Charley Parks. They rode some good buckers, but they did not have the jump in them that was provided for the main contest.

"The spectacular features were provided by the Baldwins, Tillie and Johnnie. They have added several new riding stunts, and they brought cheers from the crowd that filled the grandstand to its capacity, overflowing to cover the slope of the hill and lined the fence for a distance of 300 feet.

"Tillie rode one of the hardest buckers and rode him well with liberal use of quirt and spurs."

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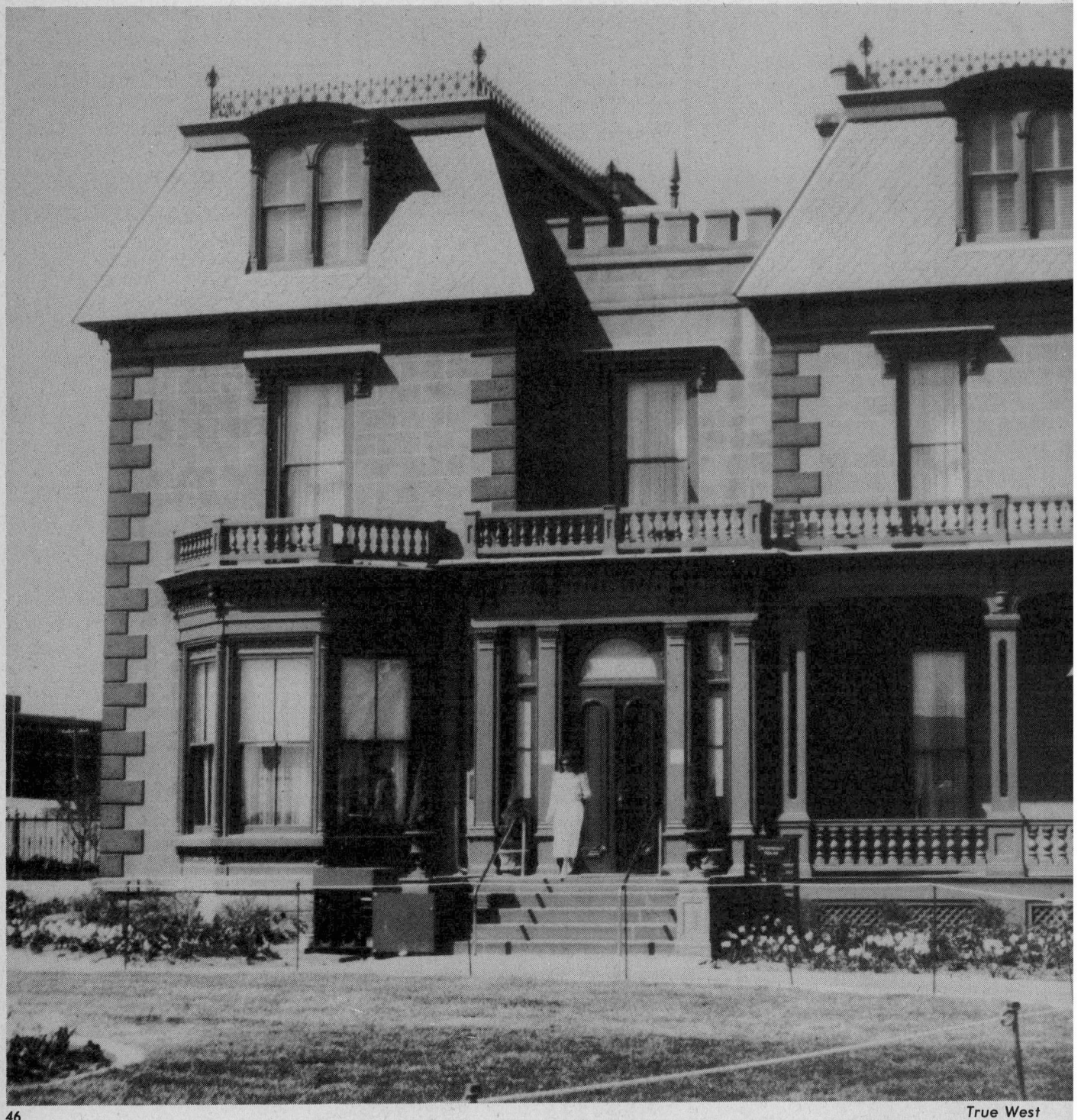
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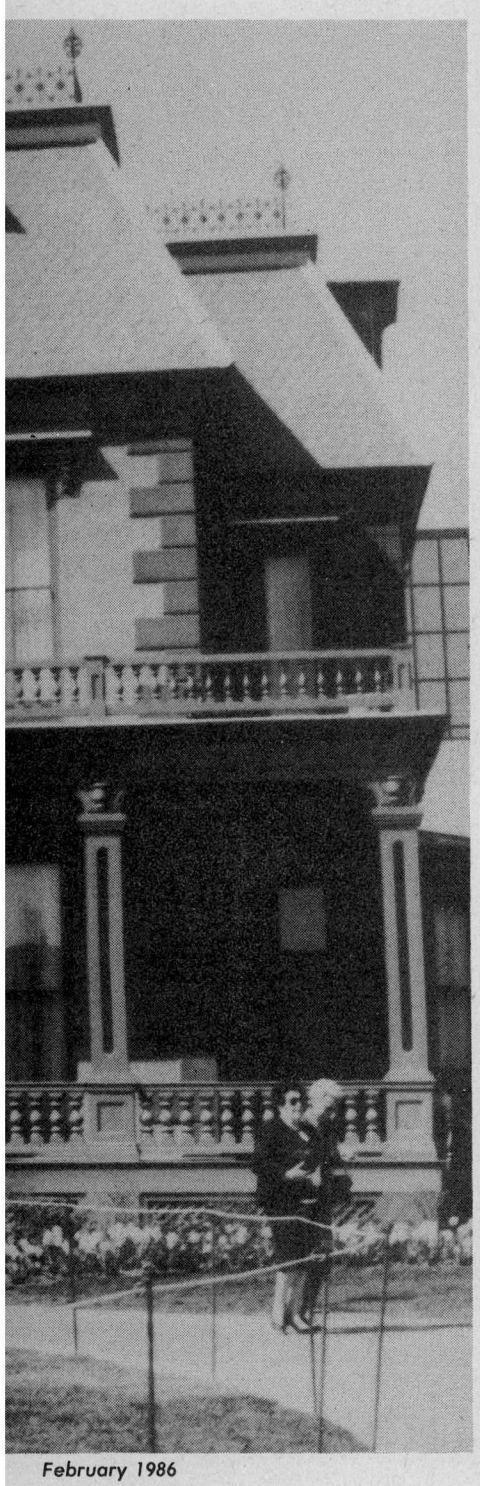
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With a glamorous estate that occupied nearly a full city block, Jennings began to indulge his penchant for entertaining. Dozens of gala events ranging from the marriages of his offspring to various Mormon celebrations were staged with unprecedented success.

By DAN WEEMS

Photos Courtesy of the Author
Except where noted

Set in the heart of downtown Salt Lake City, the Devereaux Mansion has brought renewed prestige to the area. Newly restored and richly adorned, the mansion refuses to be dwarfed by the skyline of the surrounding buildings. One of the West's first great estates, it is literally entangled in history and richly deserves its newfound glory and renovation.

From its earliest conception in 1855, Devereaux stood apart from the simple, vernacular-style homes that Mormon pioneers had erected in their first eight years of residency. Originally built as a cottage by William Staines, the home's many Gothic features reflected his English descent.

As the ornate design set the building apart, so did its location. In accordance with Utah's territorial laws, with which all existing homes complied, no structure was to be more than twenty-five feet from its frontage access road. Staines' as yet unnamed home sat back a full 135 feet, in flagrant violation of the law. It can only be assumed that Staines' close association with Utah's powerful founder, Brigham Young, held resentful tongues in check.

Staines admitted to locating the house in violation of the law better to suit his horticultural plans. Stating "it is my business to decorate and beautify Zion; it is part of my religion as much as meetings, praying or singing," Staines began—a little self-centeredly—on his own home. His background as a renowned horticulturist served him well. By 1855, he had the West's most stun-

W.C. Staines was the original builder of the cottage-style home that would later be transformed into the historic Devereaux.



Courtesy of the Utah Historical Society

ning array of exotic plant life, and an impressive orchard surrounded the entire estate.

Though greatly pleased with the home, Staines parted with it the following year to pursue personal business ventures and to fulfill his church callings. He went on to become noteworthy serving as Utah and Mormon historian; horticulturist in charge of the temple and tabernacle grounds, as well as Brigham Young's mansion; and, eventually, one of the West's most heralded immigration officers, ushering nearly forty thousand settlers into Utah and its neighboring states.

In 1858 the house first assumed historical significance, becoming the temporary home to the new territorial governor, Alfred Cummings. Appointed by his friend, President James Buchannan, Cummings had to overcome the Mormon's adverse reaction to his replacing the extremely popular Brigham Young. Nonetheless, Cummings soon endeared himself to the Latter Day Saints by displaying integrity, thoughtfulness, and a fairness of mind. Joined by his wife the following year, Cummings lived at Devereaux until 1866. Staines, who still owned "the beautiful home," then sold it to Brigham Young's son, Joseph.

Joseph Young chose not to live in the dwelling, opting instead to sell it to William Jennings at a $3,500 profit. Summarizing the complex William Jennings in a simple statement is nearly impossible and would no doubt do him an injustice. Like Staines, he was a well-respected horticulturist of English extraction. He later served in the same horticultural capacities as Staines. One of the shrewdest business men to have lived in the early West, Jennings became the first bona fide millionaire in the entire state.

No expense was spared on the home Jennings was to name "Devereaux," and soon it began to reflect its owner's diverse personality. At a glance the home would have seemed ideal for its new owner, but that was not the case. Besides being a highly touted philanthropist, Jennings was a polygamist. To accommodate his two wives and twenty-five children the house would need much expansion.

Procastination was not among Jennings' faults; a stately three story west-side addition was dedicated December 23, 1868. Designed by E.L.T. Harrison and William Paul, it drew high praise from the city's elite. From its wrought iron mansard roof to the formal ballroom, which contained Utah's first hardwood floor, its richness was stunning.

Not a man to rest on his laurels, Jennings acquired much of the adjacent properties and expanded the grounds. New outbuildings were built and Staines' practical landscaping was transformed into a more stylish formal garden, complete with fountains.

In 1876, Jennings implemented plans for still another addition and set off for England. There he purchased the finest goods the world had to offer, including crystal, china, and silver sets.

In 1877, with a new east wing to compliment the west addition, the home was formally christened "Devereaux" after the estate of Robert Devereaux, the Earl of Essex. With a glamorous estate that occupied nearly a full city block, Jennings began to indulge his penchant for entertaining. Dozens of gala events ranging from the marriages of his offspring to various Mormon celebrations were staged with unprecedented success. The Devereaux often accommodated parties for more than three hundred people. Massive train lights illuminated the grounds and music filled the air until the wee hours of the morning. To cater the events, the influential



Courtesy of the Utah Historical Society

The house and grounds of the Devereaux mansion, at its peak, encompassed more than half a city block.



Courtesy of the Utah Historical Society



Courtesy of the Utah Historical Society

Above: The two Mrs. Jennings pose for a family portrait with eight of their twenty-five children. Right: William Jennings served as host to a wide array of famous political figures, wining, dining, and lodging them in his luxurious mansion.

Jennings had private train tracks laid right up to the rear of the building. Otherwise unobtainable exotic foods and refreshments always were served in abundance.

In 1882 Jennings' secret political aspirations were realized, and he was elected mayor. Many voted for Jennings because of his home and hospitality, believing that a mayor who could honor visiting politicians and dignitaries with such style would hasten Utah's admission into statehood.

WITH A SLIGHT alteration to his home—the addition of a fine wine cellar—Jennings set out to fulfill his part of the bargain. His distinguished guests were always surprised by the home, cuisine, and entertainment. Among the more illustrious guests were President and Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant, President Rutherford B. Hayes, Vice President Schuyler Colfax, Generals W.T. Sherman and Phil Sheridan, and Secretary of State William H. Seward, along with the governor of Canada and the Japanese ambassador.

Devereaux's reign lasted more than a decade, an impressive feat for a building that would soon fall into decline. Following a short illness, William Jennings died in 1866. Priscilla, his widow, lived in the house until the 1890s. She was succeeded by William's eldest son, Frank, and his family, who lived in the house until 1903.

Ironically, the railroad William Jennings had fought so hard to bring into the valley would bring with it the decline of the area surrounding Devereaux. For nearly eighty years the stately building served the whims of speculators, first as a rehabilitation center for alcoholics, and later as subdivided low rental residences. It finally fell to use for storage of outdated mining equipment.

Stripped of the surrounding proper-



Courtesy of the Utah Historical Society

Stripped of its ornate features and formal gardens, the Devereaux served as an office-warehouse in the 1950s.



The "marble" columns on either side of the second-floor entry are of pine construction with a painted marble facade.

clear lacquer. So impressive was the method that it was also used in the Mormon tabernacle. Its quarter-sawn "golden oak" benches and huge "marble" pillars are actually pine.

Another item requiring special attention was the partially destroyed ballroom floor. When Jennings ordered furnishings from back east, he insisted that the shipping crates be made of hardwoods. When the crates were unpacked they were torn apart and crafted into an intricate parquet floor that, with much restoration, still adorns the collossal room.

Standing as it was in its peak years of 1876–1880, Devereaux displays a banistered staircase and beveled ceilings still unequaled in the entire valley.

Each Saturday the home is open to the public. Free guided tours attract hundreds of awestruck sightseers. The elegant Devereaux House Restaurant is operated by the private enterprise that helped to fund the restoration project. In some restored buildings, a privately operated restaurant might be a perversion of history, but not in Devereaux, which was built expressly to relax and entertain. If William Jennings could see his magnificent home today, he would be wearing a smile of contentment.

ties, Devereaux's lavish gardens died and the fruit trees fell prey to the heavy tracks of the delapidated equipment stored on the grounds. Adding insult to injury, a 1979 fire started by a rail-riding transient almost spelled the end of the structure, which had been acquired that year by the State of Utah.

For two years the majestic building's charred and abandoned remains sat in limbo. Public concern had placed the structure on the list of historical places, but no funding for such a massive renovation could be found.

In 1981 a unique three way partnership was formed among the state, the city, and private enterprise, finally making funding possible. Aside from the obvious hardships of the task, the partnership was confronted further with the difficulties of restoring such detailed work as grainer's art. With no hardwoods indigenous to the state, Jennings had used pine. Mormon craftsmen then painstakingly hand painted the distinctive grains of oak, walnut, other woods, and even marble over the pine. The "grain" was then sealed in with several coats of



Sitting in the midst of the newly developed Trade Center, the Devereaux mansion shows Salt Lake City's pride in its heritage as well as in its future as a progressive metropolis.

The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance

By Bill O'Neal

Three of Hollywood's biggest names—John Wayne, James Stewart and John Ford—were united in *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*. The noted Western director had worked with both stars individually, but Wayne and Stewart had never before co-starred. This 1962 oater was not without flaws, but it boasts scenes of powerful conflict and rich, colorful characterizations by a company of veteran actors.

John Ford, whose memorable Westerns were more numerous than those of any other director, lensed *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* in black and white and mostly on sound stages. Although he often had created sweeping panoramas in Monument Valley, Ford always felt that artful use of black and white photography yielded more interesting compositions in terms of shades and shadows.

John Wayne and James Stewart were too old to play Tom Doniphon and Ransom Stoddard, the young leaders of frontier Shinbone. But their well-established Western images gave them the heroic presence their roles required.

Ford, as usual, assembled a crowded stable of talented character actors. Edmond O'Brien vigorously chewed the scenery in a blustering portrayal of Dutton Peabody, frontier newspaperman. Ken Murray, as Doc Willoughby, was almost as good, and sonorous John Carradine added a superb scene as the political orator, Starbuckle. Woody Strode was silent but physically impressive as Pompey, Tom Doniphon's black ranch hand, while Andy Devine was effective in comic relief as Link Appleyard. Strother Martin and Lee Van Cleef were perfect as the accomplices of villain Liberty Valance.

Valance was played with snarling cruelty by Lee Marvin. Black-clad and wearing his revolver butt-forward, Marvin viciously battered James Stewart during a stagecoach robbery, tripped Stewart in a crowded cafe, savagely beat Edmond O'Brien to a bloody pulp with the butt of his riding whip, battered one of his own confederates, and with drunken sadism shot Stewart in the arm and leg before taking aim for the fatal shot.



John Wayne and James Stewart co-starred for the first time in *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*.

The fatal shot, however, struck Liberty Valance. Marvin tottered, fell, lurched to his feet, then collapsed in a dying scene that capped one of the classic portrayals of Western villainy.

There are scenes of moving nostalgia in the movie. It opens with an elderly Senator Ransom Stoddard and his wife, Hallie, played by the lovely Vera Miles, returning by train from Washington, D.C., to Shinbone to attend the funeral of Tom Doniphon. They encounter the aged Pompey and Link Appleyard, who inform them that Doniphon's last years were lonely and destitute.

Then the film flashes back to the early days of Shinbone, when large cattle interests tried to impose control over the Territory through the brutal methods of Liberty Valance and his henchmen. Ransom Stoddard, a young, idealistic lawyer, is nearly killed by Valance even before he can reach Shinbone to open his practice. He is taken to Shinbone by Tom Doniphon and Pompey, then nursed by Hallie. Still determined to bring learning and respect for the law to Shinbone, Stoddard is warned by Doniphon that he must learn to shoot and defend himself against Valance. Doniphon and Valance nearly clash, but eventually Stoddard faces Valance during an obvious mismatch in Shinbone's main street. Incredibly, however, Valance is killed—by Stoddard, it is assumed.

Now a celebrity, Stoddard is boosted for political office, but he is wracked by guilt over having slain another man. Doniphon, however, convinces Stoddard that he, Tom Doniphon, fired the fatal bullet. Relieved and reassured, Stoddard commences a highly successful political career and wins Hallie's hand. Doniphon, dispirited by the loss of his girl and, perhaps just as much, by the imminent end of the frontier, deteriorates to a neglected relic. The intrepid frontiersman Tom Doniphon is just as much a victim of advancing civilization—represented by Ransom Stoddard—as the outlaw Liberty Valance.

The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance reflected John Ford's darkening conviction that frontier America, for all its harshness and danger, offered a more fulfilling lifestyle than the comfortable but vapid culture of civilization. At film's end, Dutton Peabody's words are repeated: "When the legend becomes a fact, print the legend." John Ford had spent a lifetime printing the legend on film, but as his career neared its end he began to doubt the "facts" he had so compellingly lensed.

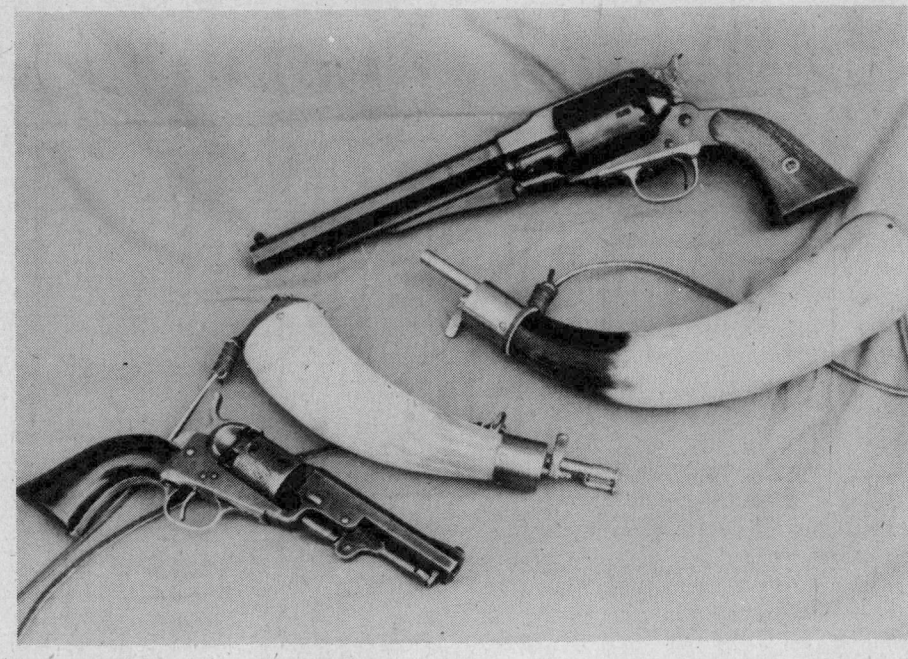
POWDER HORNS

By ROSCOE LeGRESLEY

Photos Courtesy of the Author

Old inventions are often set aside in favor of more modern innovations. Occasionally, however, the "old ways" come back into favor among historians or hobbyists. One example of this phenomenon is the current interest in the black powder guns used more than a century ago.

So popular have black powder firearms become that exact duplicates are being manufactured in the United States and abroad to satisfy the huge demand. Along with the guns themselves, enthusiasts want all the accoutrements that went with their grandfather's weapons. Those include ball molds and powder horns. As they are made in steel to precise specifications, ball molds must be purchased from supply houses. Powderhorns, however, can be made by anyone with time, patience, and a few simple materials.



The cap and ball pistol at top is a new .44 caliber Lyman Remington replica. The bottom pistol is an original .31 caliber Colt which has been in the author's family for over one hundred years. It was purchased new in 1860 by a grandfather who was a circuit riding preacher.

The most important part of the powderhorn is, of course, the horn. It can be any length from six to twelve inches long. Horns can usually be found around cattle corrals at branding time in the spring. They can also be obtained—nearly always free of charge—at packing plants, large or small, wherever cattle are butchered. If neither cattle corrals nor packing plants are convenient, horns can be purchased in the rough from many sporting goods supply houses at a nominal cost.

One advantage of buying a horn from a supply house is that its hard core has been removed. If the core has not been removed, the horn must be boiled in water for about twenty minutes. Then the core will slip out, and the horn must be allowed to dry.

The simple tools needed to make the powderhorn include a half-round rasp, several different grades of sandpaper, a sharp pocketknife, and a quarter-inch drill.

Many raw horns have fingernail-like pieces sticking up from the surface. They may even go completely around it. Such horns should not be discarded, for beneath the protusions beautiful bands of color will nearly always be found.

The half-round rasp should be used to file the entire horn as smooth as possible. The horns are relatively soft and cut easily, so care must be taken not to remove too much material. When the horn is fairly smooth, the edge of a sharp knife can be used to smooth the file marks. That process can be repeated with the sharp edge of broken glass. The broken glass, of course, is razor sharp

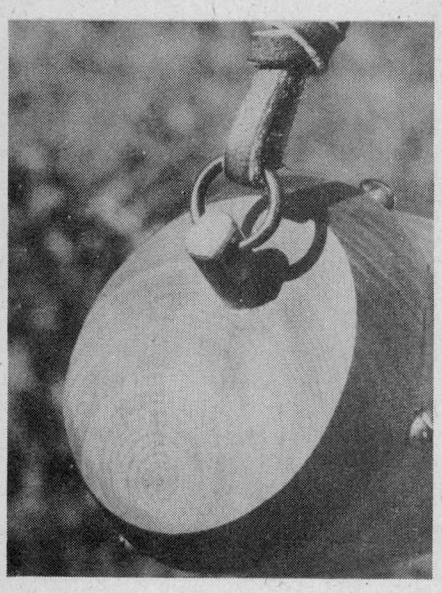


Roughing out the horn is done by scraping or using a heavy rasp.

and must be handled carefully.

When the horn is smooth, it is time to trim both ends with a hacksaw. The larger end should be trimmed only enough to be made even. About an inch should be sawn off the smaller end. The remaining, blunted tip of the horn is solid. A quarter-inch hole, which will allow the powder to flow out of the horn, should be drilled from the center of the blunted end into the hollow part of the horn.

Next the horn should be sanded, starting with coarse paper and continuing with finer and finer grades until it is perfectly smooth. By then its colors and patterns will have emerged. They can be brought out and beautifully polished with the same kind of rubbing compound that body and fender men use to rub out a paint job, along with lots of elbow grease. The smoother the horn is



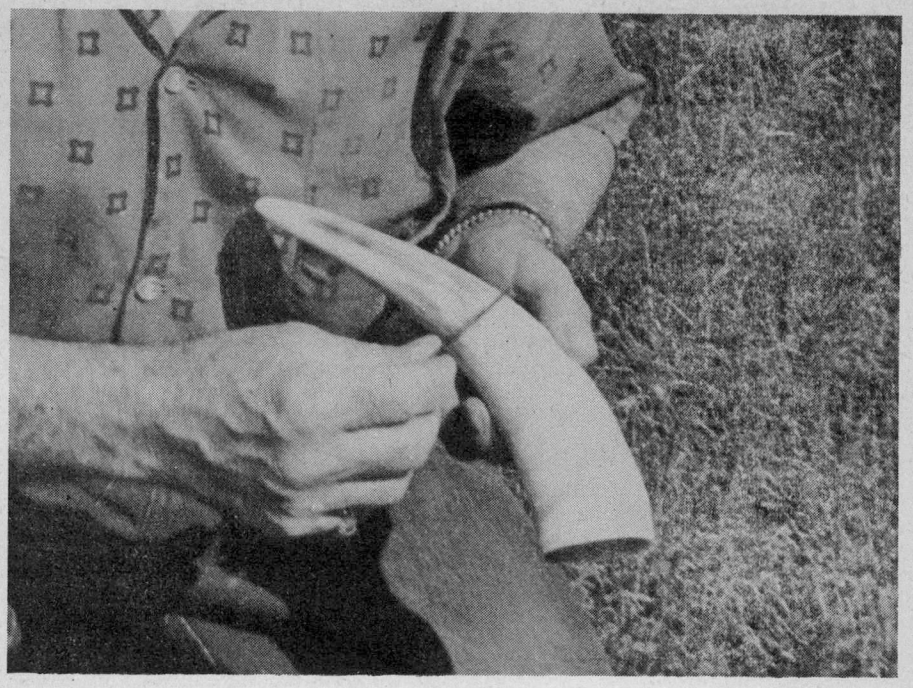
A piece of wood can be made to fit as a plug and to hold the ring used to carry the horn.

rubbed, the more beautiful it becomes.

When the polishing is complete, the horn itself is finished. Its larger end must then be closed with two wooden plugs. As it will fit inside the horn and will not be seen, the first plug can be made of any kind of wood. It must be cut and sanded to fit snugly inside the horn and should be a half-inch thick to take the screws or nails that will hold it in place.

When the first plug is properly fit and installed, a second plug is formed and glued or nailed to the inside plug. Walnut, birdseye maple, and yew wood are good choices for this plug, since it will be visible.

The smaller end of the horn, from which the powder will be poured, can be

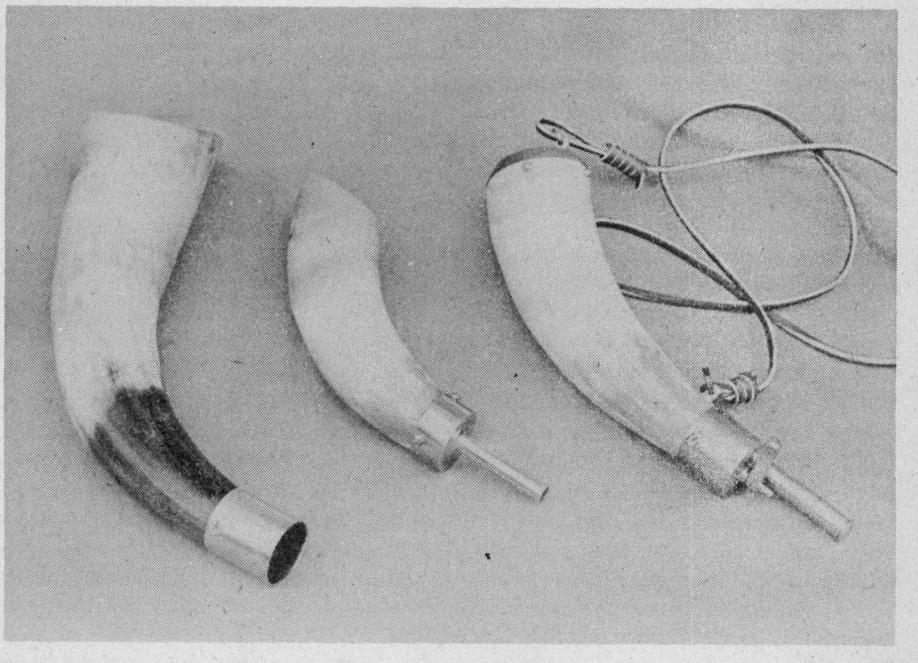


To scrape the outside of the horn, some prefer to use the edge of broken glass which cuts quickly and smoothly.

fitted either with a wooden plug or with a brass fitting made of plumber's tubing. The brass adds a touch of beauty to the finished powderhorn.

All that remains is to attach a carrying thong to the horn. The fitting on the large end can be either a piece of five-sixteenths-inch diameter brass rod or a wooden plug. The fitting at the smaller end should be brass rod, which can be purchased at any welding shop. The thong itself can be made of either a leather strap or a rawhide boot lace.

A good coat of wax will further enhance the finished horn's color. It can be used in black powder shooting or simply as a decoration. In either case, it is a beautiful, historically accurate reproduction that will last practically forever.



The fittings can be made of brass tubing. A large rung fits snuggly onto the small end of the horn. Soldered onto it is a smaller tube through which the powder can flow into the barrel of the gun. The horn at far right has been fitted with a simple powder measuring device and rawhide carrying thong.

Who Shot Garf Miller?

I am seeking information on John Streck McLaughlin, who was born in Canada, Texas, or New Mexico, in the 1850s. About 1900 he was a salesman in or near Pasco, Washington. After 1900 he drove a stagecoach from Fort Garland, Colorado, to the Trinidad, Walsenburg area. He had a brother, Thomas Strech McLaughlin. I would like to know if Thomas stayed in New Mexico. His father was at Fort Craig about 1860–1865. A sister, Susana, married and went to California. Another sister, Mary Ann, died at a young age, and is said to be buried in Missouri. Their mother, Mary, died in 1882, at Fort Randall, South Dakota, and is buried in the old army cemetery.

I would also like to hear from anyone in Colorado during the miners' strike of 1913–1914. I would like to know the name of the preacher who was shot off a motorcycle by Garf Miller.

Shorty Martinez, a deputy from Walsenburg, was taking Garf back to trial from Albuquerque, New Mexico; the train was in Glorieta Pass when a snow storm hit the area. Could Garf have escaped at this time, and later become a deputy sheriff in Arizona or Colorado?

Several years later, someone, believed to be a bootlegger, shot Garf in the head. Garf survived, but always had a red spot on his forehead. I would like to know who shot him.

At one time the Colorado militia beat Garf up and threw him off the Toltec bridge in or near Trinidad. I would like to know more about this incident. I know he was in the Joplin, Missouri, area for some time after escaping from the militia about 1914.

I would also like to know if the arrest warrants for Garf were torn up, because he later settled in the area and raised a family. His first wife, Lillian Jones, was



Garfield, Robert, and Lillian (Jones) Miller.

from Ada, Oklahoma, and his second wife was from Pitcher, Oklahoma.—**Sharon J. Myers, 269 Myers Ave., Little Valley, Roseburg, OR 97470.**

Hayes

I am seeking information on the descendants of General Edward Mortimer Hayes, Indian fighter and Civil War veteran, in the 4th, 5th, 7th, and 13th Cavalry. He was born in Ireland, in 1842. He lived in Ohio, District of Columbia, and North Carolina, and was interred in Arlington Cemetery.—**Charles E. Fetherston, 1209 Butch Cassidy, Wimauma, FL 33598.**

Warfield

I am seeking descendants of my great-great-grandmother Margaret Yoe Warfield, born in Pennsylvania in 1828. She married Henry Warfield, who died in 1897 and was buried in Arbor Vitae Cemetery, near Madera, California, where Margaret lived until her death in 1909.

They had nine children: George and Jesse, who lived in Madera, California; Will and Mary, who lived in Vallejo, California; Maria and Sylvania (my great-grandmother), who lived in Pennsylvania; Jane, Emma, and Bess.

Margaret was an Indian. I would like to find out what tribe she belonged to and any other information pertaining to her and her descendants.—**Federick A. White, Sr., 249 Kimbel Drive, Phoenixville, PA 19460.**

Gregory-Robb-Payne-Reniss-Schwiezer

I am seeking information on the following people. John D. Gregory, born May 17, 1830, in Cincinnati, Ohio, and died in 1893 in Racine, Minnesota. He married Olivia M. Robb, born in 1836, in Trumbull County, Ohio. She died in 1893, in Hamilton, Minnesota. They had one child, Elmira Ann, born in 1864, in Springbrook, Iowa. She died in 1944, in Racine, Minnesota. Elmira Ann married

Charles Payne, born in 1856, in Adams County, Wisconsin. Charle's parents were Almon Payne and Polly Reniss.

Michael Schwiezer was born in 1830 or 1832, in Wittenburg, Germany. He married a lady named Catherine, who was born in 1832, in Wittenburg. According to the 1870 Wisconsin census they had seven children: Catherine (Katherine), born in 1855, in New York; George (Gustof), born in 1857, in New York; Christian (Albert), and Caroline (Carrie), born in 1860, in New York; Emily (Amelia), born in 1862, in Wisconsin; Louis (Lewis), born in 1865, in Prairie Du Chine, Wisconsin; Christoph (Chris), born in 1868, in Wisconsin.

Any information about these people will be greatly appreciated.—**Sandra Jerome Atwood, 2205 Country Club Drive, LaPlace, LA 70068.**

Roberts

I am trying to trace the movements of my grandfather, Thomas Charles Roberts, of Comers Rock, Virginia, through the Midwest during the period of 1893 to 1930. I know he went to a ranch near Deadwood, South Dakota, in the winters of these years to work, digging irrigation canals to earn enough money to maintain his Virginia farm. I have heard he had relatives in the area. I have a copy of a photo taken of him at the Locke and McBride Studio of Deadwood, and the curator of the Adams Museum there placed it in the mid-1890s. If anyone knows of his activities there, or of the relatives mentioned, I would like to correspond.—**Dan R. Roberts, 1541 Mission Dr., Douglas, AZ 85607.**

Hughes-Wyatt-Rushing

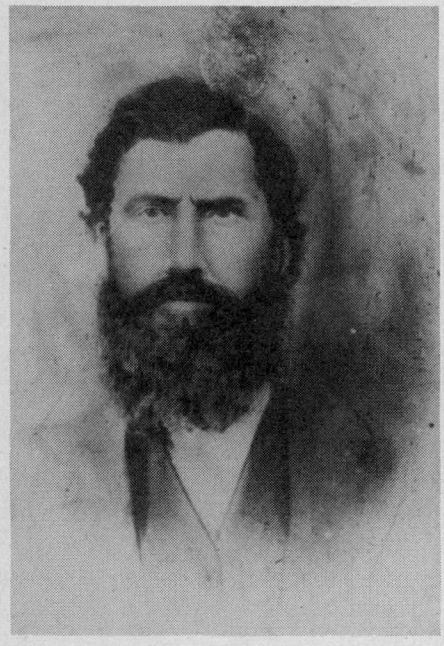
I am seeking information on the following people: the parents of F.M. Hughes, who was born in 1825, in Marion County, Tennessee, and died in 1920, in Collins County, Texas; William Carmi Wyatt's parents, and his date of death. He was born in 1854, in Indiana. I would also like to know the names of Issac Rushing's parents. He was born in 1800, in North Carolina, and died in 1853, in Natchitoches Parish, Louisiana.—**Edith Barham, 6634 Canyon Drive, Amarillo, TX 79109.**

Henry-Martin-Berry

My great-grandparents, Thomas Henry and Melissa Self Martin, lived in Scott County, Arkansas, and had two sons, John Millard and Marion Wesley. Tom later married Martha Britt and lived in Brown and Floyd County, Texas.

My grandfather Wesley married Sarah Caroline (Sallie) Berry in Vernon, Wilbarger County, Texas, on June 18, 1891. Wess died in 1937, in Floyd County, and the paper listed the following as brothers and sisters: Noah, Oklahoma; Jess, Dalhart, Texas; Claud, Oklahoma; Perry, McKinney, Texas; John, Arkansas; Mrs. Selma Clinkscales, Dallas, Texas; and Mrs. Allie Dismuke, Oklahoma.

Sallie's parents, John W. and Mary,



Thomas Henry Martin

died around 1873, and Sallie lived with her grandparents, William and Mary Hawkins, in Stephens County, Texas, in 1880. Her sisters and brother were: Mollie Griffin, Bamie Brown, Delila Jane Hatchett, and James French Berry. Sallie is buried in Floyd County, Texas.

Any information about these people and their families will be appreciated.—**Carolyn Sue, Rt. 1, Box 90, Lockney, TX 79241.**

Alexander-Gipson

I am seeking information on my great-great-grandmother, Becky Alexander. Becky was probably born around 1850. She married James W. Gipson (Gibson). They had six children: Allbor, Pat, Colonel, Ollie, Angela, and Doc. Doc was born February 22, 1881, in Kentucky. He died July 6, 1928, in White County, Tennessee. Doc was married to Elizabeth Mary Bell. Elizabeth was born May 1, 1883, in White County, Tennessee. Doc and Elizabeth had ten children.

I would like to hear from anyone related to or having information on any of these people.—**Gail Gillis, Box 916, Parowan, UT 84761.**

Puckett

I am seeking information on the descendants and ancestors of my great-great-grandfather, Thomas Puckett. He was born February 2, 1814(15), in Martinsville, Ohio, to James Puckett. James was born October 24, 1788, in North Carolina. James's wife was Sarah Lynnville (Lundville). I believe she was born in North Carolina. James's father was Thomas Puckett, who was married to Mary (Margaret) Taylor, a relative of President Zachary Taylor. The Pucketts were Quakers. James's son Thomas had four wives during his lifetime. He died January 31, 1910, in Greenville, Iowa. His first wife was Mathilda Dicky. They were married April 1, 1835, in Clinton County, Iowa. His second wife was Mae Galmear, born in Terra Haute, Indiana. The third is unknown and the fourth married Thomas in 1900, in Clay County, Iowa. Between his first three wives there were nine children, Martha, Oscar, Isaac, Isreal, Isiah, Isom, Ella, Annie, and Noah.—**Hale Williamson, P.O. Box 593, Malta, MT 59538.**

Jackson

I would like to hear from any descendants of my grandfather, James William Jackson, born in 1851, in Cumberland Gap, Tennessee. I believe he was related in some way to President Andrew Jackson. He had a son, William Albert, born in 1881 in Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, and a son, Harry Leroy and daughter Mary Elizabeth.—**Mrs. J.D. Sutton, Rt. 5, Box 298, Russell Springs, KY 42642.**



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.

By BARBARA BLACKBURN

Somethin' from Nothin'

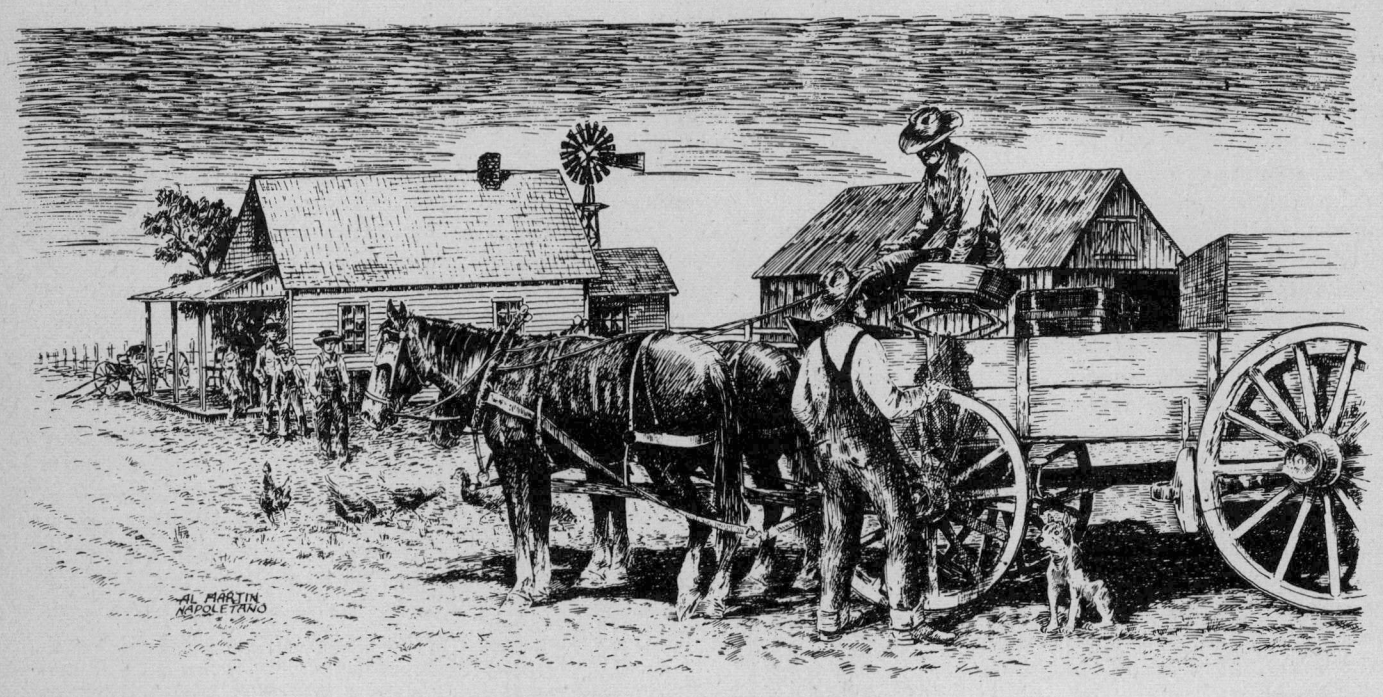


Illustration by AL MARTIN NAPOLETANO

When the cupboard was bare, the frontier woman was forced to invent new dishes. She substituted and improvised to turn nearly nothing into something special. Take, for example, vinegar pie, cake without eggs or milk, pea sausage, and mock oysters—they are all substitutes for other dishes.

When the cow was dry and the chickens weren't laying, the frontier homemaker still made moist cakes by adding some raisins and hoarded spices to sugar, fat, flour, and soda. The recipe survived the lean years into the plentiful ones and reappeared during the depression, to serve well the Merrell family, of Houston, Texas.

Although dried apples were usually in good supply, sometimes they ran out. Without apples, folks still made "apple" pie; their recipe for pie filled with crackers is still popular today. Soda crackers, sugar, spices, water, and lemon juice or vinegar made a tasty mixture to fill a pie crust. Ellen McGowan Biddle was one of the first women to record the scanty recipe in her *Reminiscences of a Soldier's Wife.*

An imitation lemon pie could fool many folks who lived far away from lemons. Buttermilk was the magic ingredient. Vinegar, like buttermilk, made a fine stand-in for lemon juice in a pie. When lemons were readily available, cooks often still chose to make the buttermilk version.

The rose geranium cake was created during the Civil War when vanilla beans were impossible to obtain. The flavor was different but just as delicious in its own right. The cake pan was lined with the rose leaves of the rose geranium plant. Great-grandma made extract from roses as a substitute for vanilla.

Making syrup with corn cobs seems more unusual than making cakes with rose geraniums. But when corn cobs were abundant and maple syrup was in short supply, corn cobs and sugar made a tasty imitation. It could be poured over griddle cakes and mush.

Supper's fried mush was often breakfast's porridge. Puddings and porridges were made from whatever was available, often cornmeal or graham flour.

Other grains, such as rice, supplemented a little meat. When money was short and unexpected company knocked on the door, a lot of rice or

potatoes combined with a little meat to make a substantial meal. Whatever "Mother Hubbard" had in her cupboard went with the meat and rice.

When tins of oysters were in short supply at the store and cans of tomatoes lined the pantry shelf or fresh ones abounded in the garden, mock oysters were made. The mock food often became as famous as the original. Bertha Trelling's family in Joshua Tree, California, preferred the tomato oysters over the seafood ones.

When frost was approaching but the tomato vines were still productive, green tomatoes were floured and fried, with milk added to make green tomato gravy.

If sausage meat was lacking, black-eyed peas took its place. The pea sausages were eaten at meals all times of the day—mornings with eggs and biscuits and nights with vegetables. Many pioneers were forced to vegetarian diets when there was no meat.

Beans—red, brown, or white—were often the main source of frontier nourishment. They were good, filling, and cheap, and there were always leftovers. If there were not enough for another meal, Carolyn Stewart's Collinsville, Oklahoma, family added them to cornbread.

When the butter ran out, the barnyard goose came to the rescue. Goose fat could be preserved and made a tasty spread for bread. The pioneer cook cut raw fat from the goose into small pieces, combined it with onions, tart apples, and marjoram, and fried it all slowly. After straining it, she added a bit of salt.

You don't have to wait for hard times to cook these recipes. If you are out of some of the ingredients, create a new variation from your cupboard.

RECIPES

SPICE 'N RAISIN CAKE

- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup shortening
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1½ cups water
- ½ cup raisins
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon cloves
- 1½ teaspoons nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon baking soda, dissolved in a tablespoon of warm water
- 2 cups flour

In a small pan, boil the sugar, shortening, salt, water, raisins, cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg for 5 minutes.

Let ingredients stand until cool. Add the baking soda and the flour. Bake in a cake pan for 30 minutes at 375° F.

MAKE BELIEVE LEMON PIE

- 2 cups sugar
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 4 eggs, separated
- 2 cups buttermilk
- 1 tablespoon lemon extract
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 9-inch pie shell
- pinch of cream of tartar

Beat together sugar, flour, 4 egg yolks, and 1 egg white. Add buttermilk, extract, and butter. Pour into shell. Bake at 350° F. until filling just quivers in the center when shaken gently.

For the meringue, combine remaining three egg whites with a pinch of cream of tartar. Beat until stiff peaks form. Spread the meringue over the pie and brown under the broiler or in a very hot oven.

CORN COB "MAPLE" SYRUP

Boil clean corn cobs in water; then remove the cobs and add brown sugar. Boil to a nice, thick syrup.

MOCK OYSTERS

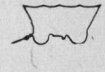
- 4 large tomatoes, peeled, chopped, and mashed, or 2 cups canned tomatoes
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- bacon drippings

Add seasonings and sugar to tomatoes. Combine flour and baking powder and add to tomato mixture. Melt a small amount of bacon drippings in a skillet. Drop batter by tablespoonfuls and fry over moderate heat. As batter sets, shape "oyster" with spatula. Fry on both sides until richly browned.

PEA SAUSAGE

- 2 cups black-eyed peas, cooked and drained
- black pepper, sage, and salt to taste
- ½ cup flour
- ¼ cup oil or grease

Mash the peas with a fork. Season to taste. Add just enough flour to make it all stick together. Shape into patties and fry in hot oil or bacon grease until brown.



True West Recipe of the Month

Sausage has been an important meat staple for more than 5,000 years, probably due to the use of odd bits of meat being preserved by curing. The name sausage is derived from the Latin word for salt. Lee Shambaugh, Box 44, Bringhurst, IN 46913, hints that your local market may stuff this for you.

POTATO SAUSAGE

- ½ pound raw pork
- ¼ pound raw potatoes
- ¼ pound raw onions

Grind all the ingredients together. Hand mix and season to taste. Stuff in natural casing.

Boil about 10 minutes; then fry in grease.

(To increase the amount of sausage, increase the pork, potatoes, and onions in proportion.)

Western Publications will pay $5 for each original recipe published. Of special interest are old family recipes dating from the Old West period (1830–1910). Barbara Blackburn, Western Publications cookery specialist, will judge recipes according to interest, preparation ease, originality, and authenticity. Send to Barbara Blackburn, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Recipe copies cannot be returned.

STOLEN GOLD

By ARTHUR IVES

Illustration by TOM HENRY

Stretching along the southern border of British Columbia is an area particularly rich in mineral wealth. There, many mines have been dug, stripped of their treasures, and then abandoned. Much copper, lead, silver, and zinc remain to be won, but the glory days of mining have passed. The great metal, of course, is gold—the magic talisman whose mystery has lured generations of men to the four corners of the earth. This border area, along what is now known as Highway 3, abounds with stories of early mining ventures, lost lodes and stolen gold. Nowhere is this more true than in the Rock Creek area.

The story is told that gold was first found at Rock Creek by two American soldiers with despatches from Fort Colville in Washington. These two troopers apparently had been forced to make a detour north of the barely defined border in order to escape the attentions of some extremely unfriendly red gentlemen. The riders probably followed the Kettle River northward and then westward until they came to a wide and rocky canyon. They camped there for the night. They probably did not sleep very well, and it likely was a cold camp for they would have been riding light. In the morning one of the men went to the river for a drink of water. Bending to drink, he noticed something glittering in the gravel. Curious and hopeful, he picked it up. It was a gold nugget.

Duty, Indians, everything was forgotten as the men excitedly searched for more gold with little more than their bare hands. They stayed several days, collecting a number of nuggets before going on with their business.

The year was 1858. That year the colony of British Columbia had been formed to deal with the hordes of eager miners flocking northward from California to the new diggings on the Fraser River bars. It took a while for the news of the soldiers' find to get out. Some months later a wandering prospector named Adam Beam finally heard about it when he visited Fort Colville. He made his way to the area now known as Rock Creek, prospected around, and also found gold. In the ensuing years over half a million dollars worth of the precious metal was washed from the creek. The richest area was named Soldiers Bar.

Camp McKinney was one of the gold towns to spring up there in the years that followed. Today, like so many others, it is nothing more than one or two abandoned cabins, memories, and a secret. Somewhere between Camp McKinney and the town of Oliver are hidden two bars of gold that still wait for some lucky finder. At today's inflated price for gold they should be worth quite a few dollars.

August 18, 1896, was an unusually cold, bleak day when George McCauley left the Cariboo Mine in a horse and wagon. He was carrying two bars of gold in saddlebags. For some reason he chose to drive alone, apparently convinced he would be safe.

Probably unchanged from when it

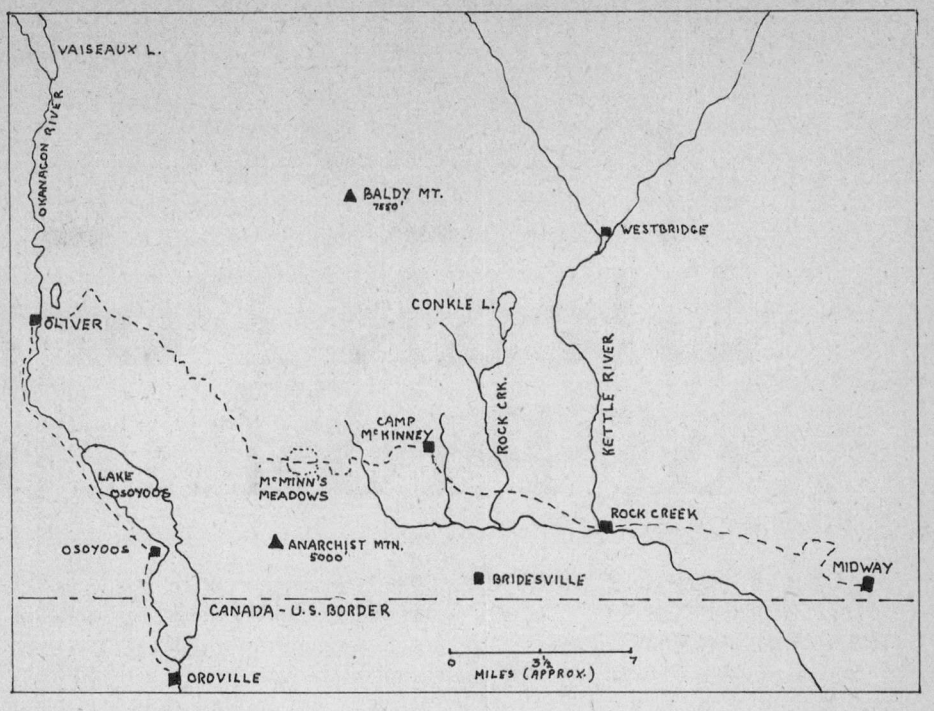


was first slashed from the wilderness, the road from Camp McKinney to Oliver is narrow, tortuous and hilly. It remains heavily wooded with Douglas fir, western larch, and thick scrub, with occasional patches of swamp. The area is still almost uninhabited, and even in a car the road is difficult.

Forty minutes after McCauley left the mine, at a place called McMinn's Meadows a lone gunman stepped in front of the wagon and curtly ordered him to stop. After removing the saddlebags with their precious load, the robber ordered him to drive on.

McCauley headed for the nearest police post, which was at the village of Midway. When he reported the robbery at the mine, two of the Provincial Police were promptly ordered out. All travelers were stopped and searched, but that was rather like bolting the stable door after the horse was gone. The robber had several hours' start, and they never did find the gold. They did, however, find the empty saddlebags along with some empty whiskey bottles.

Some weeks later the police got an unexpected break. They received an anonymous letter claiming that a fellow called Matthew Roderick had threatened to kill the writer if he ever told anyone who had committed the holdup.



An investigation followed. Matthew Roderick had, indeed, been living at Camp McKinney at the time of the robbery. Furthermore, on that particular day, had stayed away from work, claiming he was sick. Roderick must have had a guilty conscience, for when the police went to interview him they found the bird had flown—in great haste by the look of things.

The hunt was on. Some months later the suspect turned up in Seattle where he was promptly put under surveillance by the local police. Roderick stayed in Seattle for several weeks. Then one day he packed his grip and took the train for Oroville, which is situated conveniently on the Canadian border at what is now Osoyoos. At Oroville he bought a horse and rode north across the border, heading up the west side of Lake Osoyoos to the gold camp of Fairview, now part of Oliver. Then he headed east along the Camp McKinney road.

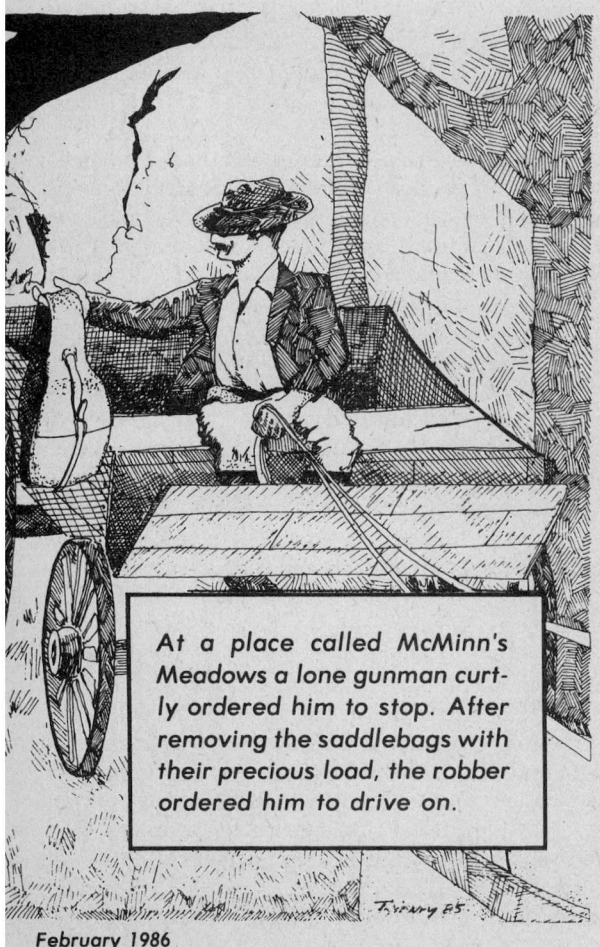
Alerted by Seattle police, the Provincials had a couple plainclothesmen ready to follow his trail as soon as he crossed the border. Brazenly, Roderick rode straight to Camp McKinney. Playing it cool, he rested up for several days before making any attempt to retrieve his loot. Then he left the camp quite openly and rode back toward McMinn's Meadows. The two constables tagged along close behind.

Reaching a creek, Roderick dismounted. Did he realize he was being followed? We shall never know, for the police, thinking he had reached the place where he had hidden the gold, foolishly opened fire. Matthew Roderick was killed instantly.

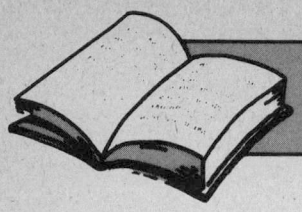
It must have been a very chastened and red-faced pair of policemen who reported back to their superiors that they had made a mistake and there was no gold. Perhaps it would be as well to draw a discreet veil over the tongue lashing that must have blistered the very paintwork.

Another version of the robbery claims there were not two but three bars of gold, one much smaller than the others and of a size that could be put in a pocket. That might account for the time that elapsed before Roderick returned to Camp McKinney to retrieve the other two bars from their hiding place.

As far as anyone knows the two bars of stolen gold are still wherever Matthew Roderick cached them. Maybe one day someone will find them—assuming, of course, that some enterprising fellow has not already done so and, like Br'er Rabbit, "laid low and said nuthin'."



At a place called McMinn's Meadows a lone gunman curtly ordered him to stop. After removing the saddlebags with their precious load, the robber ordered him to drive on.



Bleak Portrait of Prostitution

DAUGHTERS OF JOY, SISTERS OF MISERY: PROSTITUTES IN THE AMERICAN WEST, 1865–1890. *By Anne M. Butler. University of Illinois Press, 54 E. Gregory Dr., Champaign, IL 61820. $16.95.*

If the title leads you to expect a titillating book, forget it. This study of prostitutes in the West from 1865–1890, is a scholarly work filled with references and devoted to historical research.

Author Anne Butler holds a doctor of philosophy degree and is a faculty member at Gallaudet College in Washington, D.C. She traveled 8,000 miles through twelve western states culling information from police records, jail registers, military correspondence, newspapers, and cemetery records.

Some of the material came from "a long forgotten invaluable set of Laramie [Wyoming] municipal records stored in the back of the police vault in the Albany County Courthouse."

From 1850 to 1900 there were an estimated 50,000 prostitutes in the trans-Mississippi West. They generally worked in one of four manners, ranking in this order: brothel dweller, saloon and dance hall worker, crib woman, or streetwalker.

Butler contends that along the route to their ultimate historical obscurity, the prostitutes made unmistakable contributions to the development of frontier institutions. Just what that contribution was, however, is not made apparent in five of the book's six chapters.

Those five chapters reveal the lives of a prostitute who had no compassion. They fought with each other, stole from each other, barely eking out enough money to pay their fines, taxes, and high rents. They also had to pay for their own "shoddy finery" and travel expenses.

Their marriages were unsuccessful and their children were born under a social stigma from which very few ever escaped. The women were isolated from society. They united only to make funeral arrangements and then returned to their competitive ways of "utter deprivation . . . destitution . . . in lives with no comfort."

From officers and the law, Butler found little help for prostitutes. For example, she refers to "The Tombstone crowd" as "willing to reinforce local vice for the promotion of civic and personal gain." As for newspaper reports, they were "permeated by attitudes of ridicule, scorn, humor or maudlin sentimentality . . ." Butler concludes, ". . . the press remained an ineffective apparatus for social reform."

The military gets a drubbing, too: "The frontier army, on the one hand, cultivated the entrenchment of institutionalized vice while, on the other hand, officials denounced and deplored its existence."

Only in the chapter, "Legal Entanglements," is there support for the contention that prostitutes contributed to the development of a frontier institution . . . the courts. They paid poll, property, and school taxes. They were called in as witnesses in murder cases. They were comfortable in the courts, Butler contends, as most appeared regularly. Charges ranged from theft, bad debts, and vagrancy, to disturbing the peace.

Records show some prostitutes were fined and then released to earn enough money to pay the balance due. In other cases the local officers would pitch in to pay the fines levied on a particular prostitute.

Indignation permeates the book. There is unqualified criticism for the lack of community social agencies, including churches, to offer assistance to prostitutes.

Butler demonstrates a mastery of the English language and the background of a sociologist. Too bad she couldn't have interviewed Big Nose Kate.

—Willah Weddon
Stockbridge, MI

Literary Alchemist

A SENDER OF WORDS: ESSAYS IN MEMORY OF JOHN G. NEIHARDT. *Edited by Vine Deloria, Jr. Howe Brothers, Salt Lake City. $15.95.*

The poet laureate of the West has not yet been crowned, but John G. Neihardt is an odds-on favorite over such versifiers as Badger Clark and S. Omar Barker. Neihardt has a cult following today rivaled only by those of a handful of western prose writers—Vardis Fisher, Frank Waters, Frederick Manfred. Fisher is dead, but Waters and Manfred contibute chapters to this book, as do Scott Momaday, Dee Brown, Alvin Josephy, and editor Vine Deloria. Neihardt's writing culminated in powerful blank verse, not doggerel, and he collaborated with an Oglala prophet and visionary to write what is considered a western classic, *Black Elk Speaks.*

Like all such volumes, this collection of fourteen disparate essays by an equal number of authors is uneven. Lightweight reminiscences, which serve to document Neihardt's continuing influence, contrast with bio-historical and critical statements by scholars. But, overall, it is an informative and worthwhile book.

Neihardt captured the tension of the

white-Indian frontier, the conflict of cultures on the Plains. He came to know the Omahas and Sioux as well as white trappers and troopers. A down-to-earth journalist-professor, he was also a real poet—"a sender of words"—who turned historical incidents into the stuff of classical poetry and Norse sagas. He first served a long apprenticeship in letters, writing now-neglected short stories and an account of his descent of the Missouri River by boat before writing *Black Elk Speaks* and his *Cycle of the West,* which includes *The Song of Hugh Glass.* He finally transmuted history, anthropology, and religion into genuine literature through some kind of personal alchemy with words and ideas, perhaps (as Deloria suggests) because he was as much a mystic, in his way, as Black Elk himself.

None of the contributors is harshly critical. This is a collection of tributes and testimonials by disciples. The nearest thing even to a tap on the wrist is a reference to the romantic-mystic Neihardt's neglecting to mention a fact that was bad for the "image" of his Oglala visionary—Black Elk was a Catholic convert!

—Richard H. Dillon
Mill Valley, CA

Uncommon Cowboy Writer and Artist

WILL JAMES: THE SPIRIT OF THE COWBOY. *Edited by J.M. Neil. University of Nebraska Press, 318 Nebraska Hall, Lincoln, NE 68588. $12.95 softbound.*

Will James grew up as a cowboy, an artist, a writer, and an alcoholic. He died of cirrhosis in 1942, three months past his fiftieth birthday.

In a world renowned for its oddities, Will James fit the mode. He was born in Canada of French Canadian parents, and named Joseph Ernest Nephtali Default. For reasons never explained, Default abandoned his country, turned his back on his family, and invented and published in *Lone Cowboy: My Life Story* some of the wildest background tales imaginable. He believed that only someone from the American West could be a "real" cowboy, so he claimed Montana as his birthplace. He adopted Will James as his name, but had an early fondness for other aliases. He suffered through an unhappy marriage, but found some satisfaction when his work made him better known during his lifetime than either Frederick Remington or Charlie Russell.

James wrote and published twenty-five books in twenty years, and had a stronger reputation as a writer than an artist. While his books lacked literary strength, they brilliantly captured the cowboy dress, experiences, and spirit. Several foreign countries reprinted them, and five books became motion pictures.

Although James had little formal art training, his 1,250 lifetime pieces showed outstanding talent and attention to detail. Approximately seventy-five were in watercolor or oil, the balance in pencil or ink. His best work involved action, and he had no equal in sketching the cowboy and horse.

This oversize book of eighty-seven pages has heavy, expensive paper and numerous photos, several in color. It is an exhibition publication of the Nicolaysen Art Museum of Casper, Wyoming, distributed by the University of Nebraska. William Gardner Bell wrote the biography; Jane Nelson evaluated James as a writer; and A.P. Hays evaluated him as an artist. The book has notes, a few photos, a list of art works on tour, and a page of contributors to the traveling exhibition.

—Leon C. Metz
El Paso, TX

Amalgam of Art and Anthropology

CAPTURED HERITAGE: THE SCRAMBLE FOR NORTHWEST COAST ARTIFACTS. *By Douglas Cole. University of Washington Press, Seattle, WA 98105. $17.50.*

"You can't judge a book by its cover" certainly applies here. Nor should you judge this book by its title, introduction, or scholarly theme and vocabulary. The book is rich in Northwest Coast history, but its information concerning United States and European museums gives it a national and international dimension. Well written, it increases the understanding of those who may have only a preconceived mild interest in anthropological collecting.

Cole considers the period from the mid 1800s to the late 1920s, with occasional reference to earlier and later dates. The ethnological collecting sites ranged as far north as Yakutat in Southeastern Alaska and as far south as Grays Harbor on the Washington coast. Specific representatives from such native groups as the Tlingit, Kargan Haida, Tsimshian Gitksan, Bella Bella, Bella Coola, Salish, Makah, and Quinalt, to name a few, are enumerated.

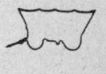
Northwest readers are afforded an opportunity to reminisce and expand on their school history when mention is made of the roles played by explorers Juan Perez, James Cook, George Vancouver, Alejandro Malaspina, Lurii Liseanskii, Lewis and Clark; notables Isaac Stevens, James Swan, Dr. Alexander H. Hoff, C. E. Morrison, George Hunt, and Dr. R. W. Large. Military men, members of the clergy, and business men were also participants in the "scramble."

The author's in-depth research explains how some of the more important Northwest Coast artifacts came to be housed in Berlin, Hamburg, Vienna, and London. "...the city of Washington contained more Northwest Coast material than the state of Washington, and New York City probably housed more British Columbia material than did British Columbia itself."

The ambitions of and the recognition sought by the "collectors" are presented with a degree of intrigue. The competition in collecting and exhibiting, along with the behavior of native representatives at expositions are especially interesting. How would you have shipped a sixty-four-foot long canoe from Victoria, B.C. to New York City in one piece? Would you have dared present the "notorious Winter or Eagle Dance" knowing that any dancer who stumbled was doomed to instant death, on stage, from a tomahawk blow? Those are just two of the many, sometimes bizzarre, activities engaged in by such "collectors" as Spencer F. Baird of the Smithsonian; Vincent Colyer, secretary to the Board of Indian Commissioners; Johan Adrian Jacobsen and Franz Boas of the Berlin Museum; Edward Ayer of Chicago's Field Museum; and George Gustav Heye, founder of the Museum of the American Indian.

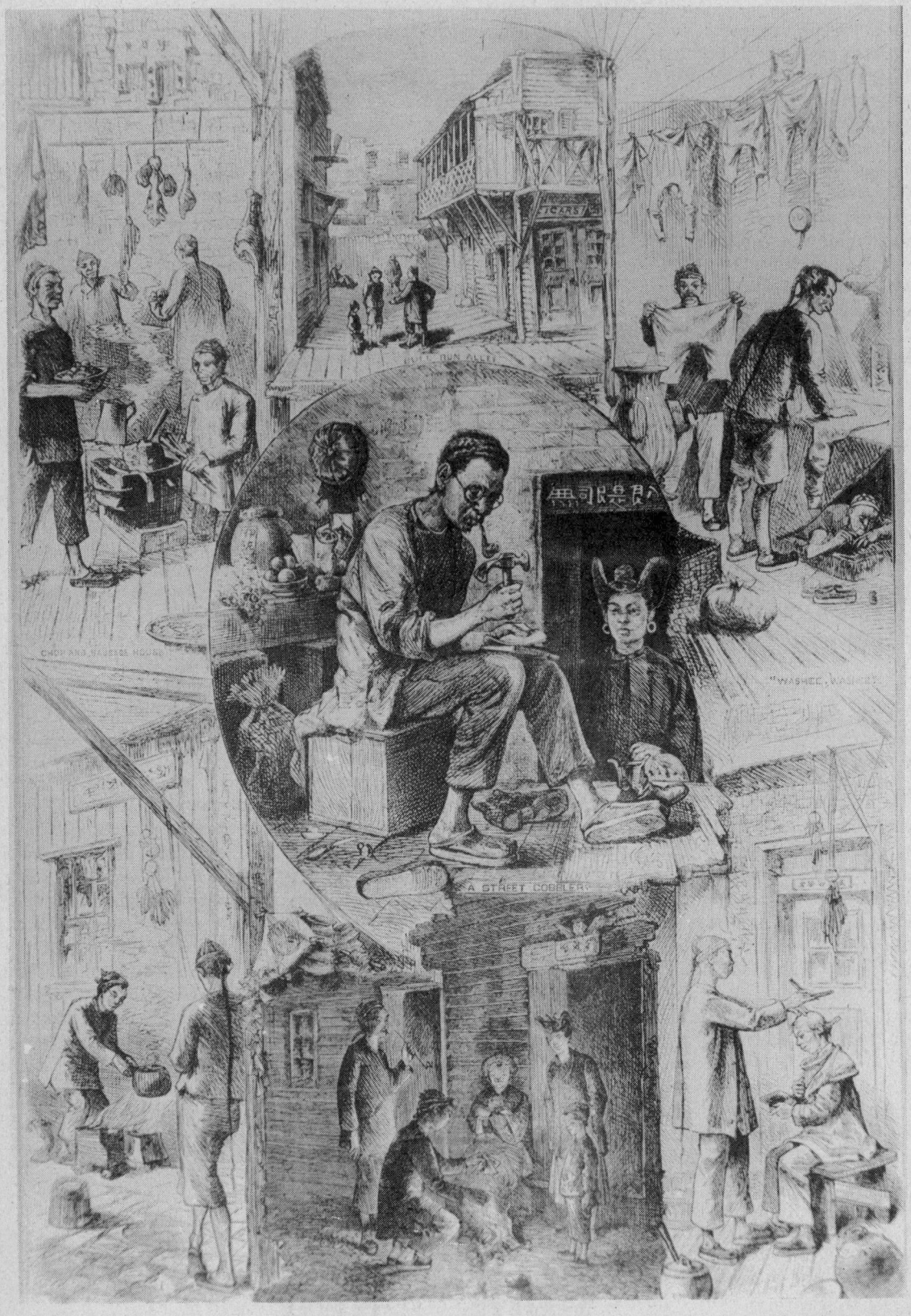
The book contains 311 pages of text with photographs, 51 pages of notes, and a 10 page index. Students of Pacific Northwest Indian history, serious and amateur ethnological collectors, and students of museum artifacts all will enjoy this book.

—Jim Yarbrough
Kirkland, WA



A LOST HABITAT

By BILL HARTING



During the early days of the Comstock Lode, the Chinese living quarters and shops in Virginia City, Nevada, were known as Bull Run Alley. A number of scenes from the area were recorded in pen and ink by C.K. Sears, who apparently was an itinerant artist roaming the countryside in search of a fortune greater than the artistic gift he already possessed.

After a disastrous fire in 1875 destroyed nearly half of Virginia City, Sears' friend W.A. Rogers saw the drawings' value and assembled the group of seven by sizing them into one page.

Rogers worked for the *Territorial Enterprise* newspaper for an unknown length of time. Whether he was a genuine artist or merely an opportunist, he knew how to put Sears' sketches to work for himself. The *Enterprise* carried no illustrations at that early date, so Rogers had them printed elsewhere.

Intrigue surrounds the final ownership of the sketch. It is hinted that Sears discovered Rogers had reproduced the sketches without permission and from then on only one man collected the rewards. The source of that rumor, however, does not say which of the two men got the money or how the disagreement was settled.

Although a thorough search of the Nevada Historical Society produced another copy of the drawing, evidently from a book published in 1877, no other works by either of the two men could be found.

The copy shown here was obtained in 1948 from an artist and collector living in Virginia City. His cherished copy of the drawings was taken from an early tabloid. But for that quirk of fate the drawings would have disappeared long ago, with the way of life they depict.

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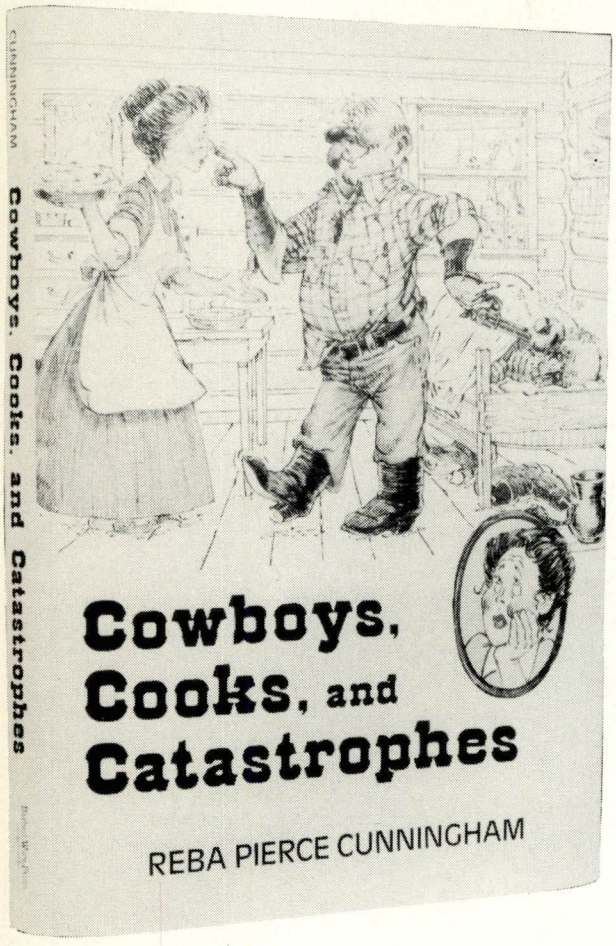
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