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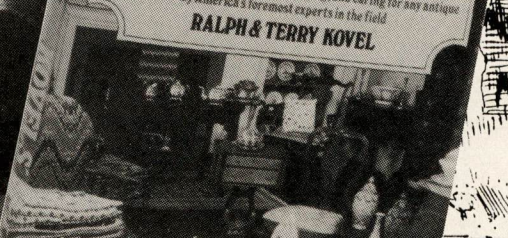


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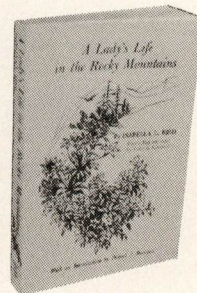
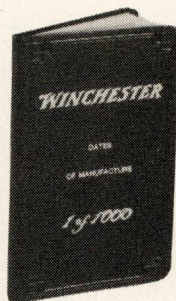
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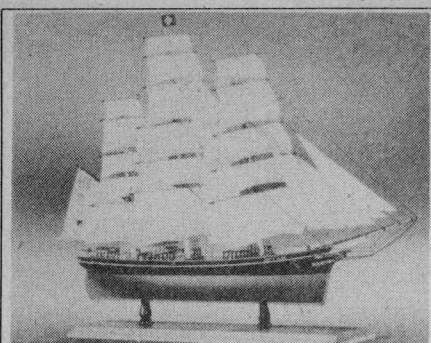
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 Desert Sunset

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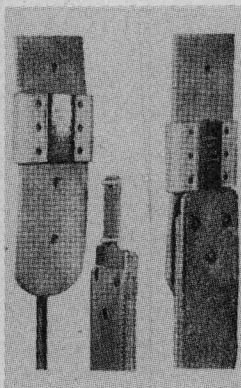
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Hosstails SMALL TALK

Jack O'Neill was telling me of some experiences he'd had while cowpunching in his youth. From now on this story is his.

ON AN isolated ridgetop in Montana, bordering our cattle range, was an old abandoned house. It was scaly from constant beatings from the weather, and its filigreed gables, high on the second story, gave it a spooky appearance.

In fact, some cowhands (and cowhands are not uncommonly scary people) actually swore they had seen strange, yellow eyes glaring out of the windows of the old house.

People said it was haunted. But people are always saying old houses are haunted, so Ed, who was riding range with me, and I didn't pay much attention. We did begin to get curious, though, as we rode near the old house. We noticed the tall weeds and dead brier bushes spread over what once was a yard. It sure was a fine spot for a lonesome ghost to hang around. A ghost wouldn't have any trouble getting through the briars.

Of course, Ed and I didn't have the faintest idea just what kind of "ghost" was in that doggone house. If we had, maybe we wouldn't have gone in at all. But once you do go in...

Funny thing, I had been thinking about panthers when we stopped in front of the house late that afternoon and talked each other into exploring it.

I've had a good deal of what you might call talking acquaintance with panthers in my day. I was mulling them over in my mind. I was thinking about that first time, way back when I was a boy.

It was a bitter, cold day, and I had worked my way up near the top of a

lonely, timbered butte. I stopped to rest when, from around the side of the mountain, came a horse and buggy really splitting the cold air.

The driver, a woman, was whipping the horse frantically and yelling to me. She pointed back up the mountainside as she shouted. I couldn't hear what she said, but I looked where she pointed.

Standing with its front paws on a fallen tree, and glaring at me was a big tan, black-mugged panther.

I climbed on my horse and made good time. I turned around and ran all the way down the mountainside to home. I don't know whether that panther took a step after me or not. But I did remember another time, and I thought about it as Ed and I shoved open the front door of the haunted house, when something that must have been a big panther barely missed when it lunged down on me from a tree.

I was living then at the M-Bar Ranch. It was a vast, primitive land then.

I was riding back home after a visit to a little town nearby. Dusk settled down and it was lonesome, eerie ride — the kind that sets your imagination working.

Mine worked. I thought I heard sounds, stopped now and then to listen, moved on. About a mile below the summit of a big hill I stopped again, to listen and to let my little mare rest.

Suddenly her muscles tightened, she flinched, quivered, and snorted. My skin tightened and prickled.

The mare wheeled and started off, shying off to the left as she groped along the narrow trail, stiff-legged.

I didn't have a gun, or even a knife. I searched frantically in my pockets for some paper, figuring I could fire it up and scare off the panther. By then, I was positive a big cat was lurking somewhere up

above us, maybe ready to spring. I was scared.

Suddenly, there was the violent swish of a tree limb close above us. My horse sprang to the side. Something whizzed past my face so close I actually felt the breeze. A moment later I heard it crash into the brush across the trail.

The little mare climbed, in frenzied lunges, up the steep grade. It wasn't until we reached the summit and headed down the grade at a gallop that I began to feel at ease.

Did the panther deliberately attack? If you'd been where I was — you wouldn't even argue the question...

OTHER "panther stories," true ones, came to my mind. There was the "man who disappeared" over west of Alsea Valley many years ago. He went after a horse that was being annoyed by something — probably a panther. His torn clothes were found later. Nothing more.

There was the night when I was absolutely positive I heard the screams — I even recognized the voice, I thought — of a woman who lived not far from our home. I rushed out into the night, calling her, only to see a huge cat vanish.

The woman hadn't called. That time a she-panther had lost her mate.

When you live in panther country most of your life and keep brushing into them in strange ways, you find that panthers are tougher, more hair-raising, and more dangerous than some people claim.

I've even seen them attack calves with me and other cowhands riding not far away. When a panther is starving or protecting its young or wounded — look out!

WELL, let's get on with that haunted panther house.

We'd glanced at the old place off and on for years, wondering, curi-

ous. Now we were going to find out. The battered door creaked and sagged as we pushed it open. We moved along, and were entering what looked like a small pantry when we heard a board overhead squeak. We exchanged glances.

"We ain't been invited here," Ed said.

We started up the sagging stairs. It was dark going. The sun was down and little light seeped into the dingy old house. Ed moved ahead of me. That suited me fine.

We entered a room, stood still, waited until we could see a little better. Nothing in it. We pushed on across the room to a door leading into another room.

A noise came from beyond that door.

"Our host's bedroom," Ed said. "Or should I say hostess?"

We took another step. Then we found out something about the nature of that host — that ghost of the haunted house. A low, deep growl came from beyond the door. It was the unmistakable growl of a

panther. It was probably a she-panther with her young. She was warning us.

Should we go on? Ed didn't ask or argue. He just said, "Light this and keep behind me when I kick the door in." He handed me a twisted paper torch. I fired it up.

As Ed reached for the door-knob, we heard a light thudding sound, then the creaking of ancient bedsprings. Our "host" was in bed — probably right beside her young. What a reception we were in for! Ed kicked open the door.

That's when we saw the eyes. In the flickering light of my paper torch they looked like cubes of white hot charcoal, and they burned holes right on through our eyes and out the back of our heads. I never saw such an eerie, ghostly, scary sight in my life.

I turned and ran and so did Ed. We mounted our horses and ran them awhile before reining in and looking back. Whatever was behind those eyes wasn't following.

It satisfied our curiosity all right.

We decided to let the haunted house stay haunted — not because we believed in ghosts. It just seemed a shame to ruin a long-standing reputation like that house had.

NOBODY likes to get any kind of rate hike notice—and we sure don't like to send them. That's why you haven't received notice of a raise in subscription rates for *True West* since June of 1979. But you know the old inflation story. It keeps chipping away.

Even so, we're raising one year subscriptions only a buck. So it'll look like this effective July 15: up from \$8.95 to \$9.95 for a one year subscription and from \$15.95 to \$17.95 for two years. You still have plenty of time to extend your subscription at old rates before the deadline. That's the way I do it on the mags I subscribe to.

See you later—Hosstail



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

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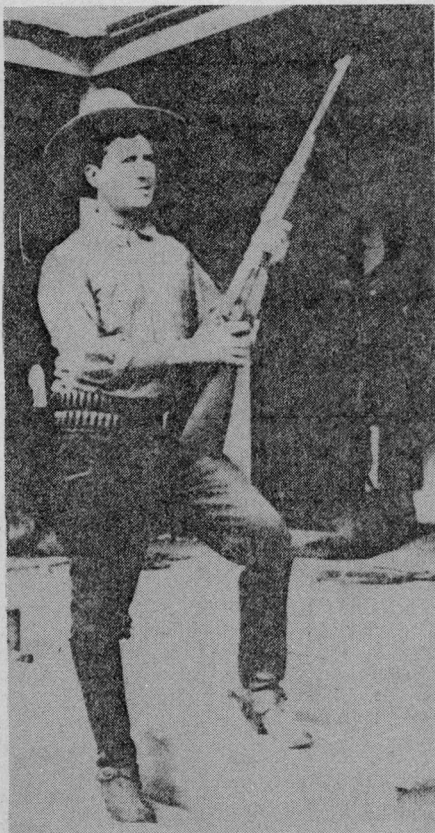
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Truly Western

Echoes From The Rio Grande

While reading "A Perilous Border" from *Echoes From The Rio Grande* in the March issue of *True West* I was greatly surprised and pleased to read about my grandfather, Nat. B. Malone on page 19. My mother, sister, and I were living with him in 1925 due to the recent untimely death of my father, James N. Malone, a former Texas Ranger. As a railroad Special Agent he was arresting a Mexican bootlegger on a moving freight train near Uvalde, Texas on July 9, 1924 when they had a gun battle and both were killed. I was four years old at the time and my sister was born two weeks after my father's death. Our



James N. Malone

July 1982

home was at Del Rio, Texas. — N. B. Malone, 409 Cedar Street, Kilgore, Texas 75662.

After reading "A Perilous Border" in the March issue I got to thinking about a Colt .45 automatic that I traded for last summer when I was on vacation in Montana. On the back of the holster is: "Presented to Captain A. C. Arnett from Lieutenant J. C. Doyle, September 1916 (this might be 1915) for distinguished service on the Mexican Border." I thought this might be of interest to relatives. — Richard Beard, Box 84, Denio, Nevada 89404.

I am proud and happy to advise you that The Pan American University has selected my book, *Echoes From The Rio Grande*, for use in the history classes. This was a surprise to me. I spent five half-days making tape recordings with Dr. Hubert Miller, professor of history at the University. I also turned my manuscript over to them. I have also turned over to the Hidalgo County Historical Museum at Edinburg all of my artillery called "The Tools of the Trade" and they have made a beautiful glass display case to hold it. The case contains a Winchester rifle Model 1892 with shortened but stock and barrel for quick use in the brush; a Colt revolver, Model 1892, with pearl grips; a machete knife with a leather sheath for hacking through the brush, taken from a Mexican bootlegger after a gun fight on a ranch near Benavides around 1921;

and other mementoes. Mr. Tom Fort has charge of the exhibit.

On March 19 last year Valley Films KZLN, PBS in Los Angeles, California made a TV program from my book. They spent about four hours making the film but they didn't advise when it was to be aired. However two regular winter visitors — one from Kansas City and one from Topeka — have told me that they had seen the film on TV cable #9 last April and that it was good. — John R. Peavey, 611 N. 35th Street, McAllen, Texas 78501.

Candian Badman

I read "Jack Dubois, Alberta's Rustler King" in the March issue with much interest as I was born and raised in Alberta and am familiar with the area. Loveland was a post office near the present day village of Galahad where I resided many years ago. The author of this story failed to mention the area where the culprit was caught the second time, other than it was in Paddy Nolan's office. He was a well-known lawyer in Calgary, so the above mentioned office would be in that city. I might mention that some of the area in the story included the Paint Earth Creek territory which had the distinction of being one of the worst areas in Western Canada for horse and cattle rustling in the early days. — Vernon E. Bittle, 544 S. Fourth Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85701.

Victor, Colorado

I am presently in the United States Marine Corp and stationed in California. I walked into the PX to buy a magazine and chose your March issue of *True West*. As I was looking through the magazine I saw "The Victor Walter Heist" by Hank Givens. I can't tell you how glad I was to see my home town in the magazine. I believe this convinced me to continue to buy the best magazine — *True West*. I truly thank Hank Givens for such an outstanding story. I have lived in Victor all my life and will soon be discharged and return home. — Dave Burgert, P.O. Box 496, Victor, Colorado 80860.

Another Unusual Headstone

I read "Buried - Along With Their Stories" in the February issue and was impressed with the old photos. Maybe someone has seen my baby brother's unusual gravemarker in Arkansas City or Florence, Kansas. My father made a concrete cross and used marbles to spell out "Ernesto Apodaca, son of Eusebio Apodaca and Felician Valles Apodaca." It is dated 1919 or 1920.

We lived in a three-room boxcar on the Santa Fe railroad and I remember many boxcars being moved by the train when a flood came. Sometimes water got as high as the wheels on the cars.

I hope someone can take a snapshot of my brother's gravemarker and send it, or a negative, to me. — Mrs. Lucille Martin, 25 E. Atchison Street, Fresno, California 93706

Summer's Coming!

I would like to thank you for the many hours of pleasure I have gotten from your magazine. I get them through the Books for the Blind. Prior to losing my sight two years ago I picked up *True West* and *Frontier Times* at newsstands when I could find them.

Bill Judge

Bill Judge, lately retired curator of the Fort Caspar Museum (Casper, Wyoming) died in Seattle, Washington January 3, 1982.

He was born August 22, 1907 at Watson, Missouri. His family moved West when Bill was a boy, and he came to Casper in 1934.

His great interest in the history of the West covered many years of study and research. He was a frequent contributor to Western Publications, as well as other magazines. His booklet, *Old Fort Caspar*, is considered by many historians to be one of the most comprehensive accounts of the fort for which the city of Casper is named.

Bill and his wife Virginia were appointed curators of Fort Caspar in 1965. Under

their management and direction many new exhibits were obtained and exhibited.

He was an active member of the Wyoming Historical Society, Natrona County Historical Society, and was on the board of the Yellowstone Park Region.

Bill was also a member of the Muzzleloaders and the Bass Fishing Society.

According to Virginia, "[For] the last 18 months Bill was able to fish, and work with his Black Powder guns, to his heart's content." Certainly he seemed happy when we heard from him Christmas. He told us he finally had time to write and planned to do so. The stories would have been about the old-time Indians — and they would have been keepers, you can count on it.

I have worked in construction throughout most of the West and as a history buff have visited many of the places I read about in *True West*. Now that I can't work anymore and have a permanent address, I would

like to subscribe to it. My wife listens to the books and would like to have the magazine for reference when we vacation. — Gus T. Watts, E. 9907 Wellesley, Spokane, Washington 99206

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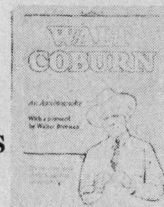
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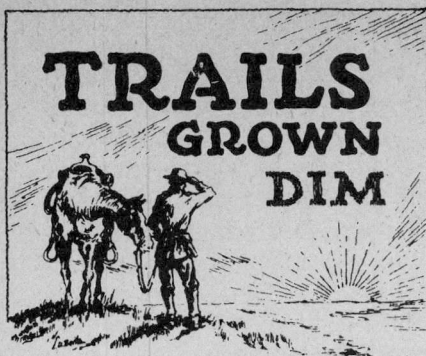
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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief.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

Files-Medlyn

I am trying to find my mother's family. They lived in northwest Arkansas in the late 1800s and early 1900s.

Moses Lillian Files died at Avoca, Arkansas in 1935. His body was sent to Eagle, Nebraska. Sam Files died in 1974 or '75 in Benton County, Arkansas. Who were Elliott and Frank Files? They lived southeast of Pea Ridge, Arkansas.

My grandfather was John Files and my grandmother was Martha Elizabeth Medlyn Files. She died in the 1950s. They had four children: Jack, Cora, Hugh and Clara Marie (my mother).

Jack married Moe Foreman of Bentonville, Arkansas. He was killed in an accident in the 1940s and is buried at Joplin, Missouri.

Cora married ? Johnstone. They had one son, Sonny, and lived at Bakersfield, California where she died in 1946 or '47.

Hugh served in the infantry during World War I. He was a postmaster at or near Flagstaff, Arizona in the 1940s.

Clara Marie was born at Avoca, Arkansas on September 29, 1906. She married a man named Johnson

in the late 1920s. They had two children, Lavonne, born 1927 and Faye, born 1930. Their married names are unknown to me.

My mother married Dan Scott in the early 1930s. Two children were born in Guthrie, Oklahoma: Emory Zephaniah on August 4, 1937 and Harriett Elizabeth on November 27, 1939. My mother died February 20, 1949 at Guthrie.

There was a Files family reunion at Pea Ridge, Arkansas in 1972 and 1974. If anyone has a list of those who attended, I would like to have a copy.

I would appreciate hearing from anyone who may have information on my family — Harriett E. Scott Thompson, Rt. 1, Box 282, Catoosa, Oklahoma 74014.

Postert

Johann Wilhelm Postert, known as William Postert, was born February 2, 1859 in D'Hanis, Medina County, Texas. He was last heard from by a letter to my father, Joe Postert, in 1880 or 1882. Some say he could have gone to Cuba during the Spanish-American War.

Any information about him or his descendants will be appreciated. — Louis F. Postert, P.O. Box 54, Bandera, Texas 78003.

Treva Richardson

I am seeking information on my husband's sister, Treva Richardson and his mother, Jennie Richardson Sexton, who lived in Oronogo, Missouri. My husband's father was Clarence Richardson, a miner. Due to a broken home my husband lost track of them fifty-five years ago. Treva would be seventy-two years old now. We do not know her married name. The last contact we had with her was in Joplin, Missouri. — Mrs. Clyde Bryant Richardson, 1717 No. Harvard, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74115.

Frazee-Sturgis

I am searching for information on Elmer George Frazee who was born at Plankinton, Dakota Territory

circa 1888. He was the son of George Washington Frazee and Lowella Mary Hoffman. Elmer George Frazee vanished without a trace in the summer of 1905 while herding cattle on the family ranch near Plankinton.

I am also seeking information on second Lieutenant Jack Sturgis who was a member of the U.S. 7th Cavalry under the command of George Armstrong Custer. Jack Sturgis was the only member of the 7th Cavalry whose body was never recovered at the Little Big Horn. His father was commander of Fort Meade which is located one mile east of the city of Sturgis, South Dakota. Any help would be gratefully appreciated. — Marvin Dale Frazee, Reg. No. 23086-175, P.O. Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048.

Garrett

My grandfather, William Garrett, was a streetcar conductor in Kansas City, Missouri in 1888 when my father, George Neval Garrett (who died at age 90 in 1978) was born in Rosedale, Kansas. My father never saw his father again after my grandmother, Belle Hinshaw Garrett, died about 1892. My father, his sister Juanita who once lived in Fort Smith, Arkansas, and an older brother, Clyde, with whom he had no more contact, went to live with relatives.

My father never knew where his mother was buried but thought it was around Strasburg, Missouri.

Can anyone tell me if William Garrett married again, had a second family, where and when he died, etc. and tell me anything about his and my grandmother's ancestors? — Robert H. Garrett, 1334 Pepperwood Drive, Modesto, California 95350.

McCaslin-Boyles

I am seeking information regarding the families of my grandparents, William David McCaslin and Mary Adaline Boyles. We believe they were married somewhere in Illinois or Indiana, perhaps migrated to

(Continued on page 61)

DARK DEED AT SAN MIGUEL

**Jim Beckwourth stumbled onto a scene of carnage . . .
and narrowly escaped becoming its next victim!**

By **WILLIAM B. SECREST**
Photos provided by author

THE MAIL RIDER came in at an easy gallop, the horse covering the ground effortlessly as only an animal familiar with routine can do. The sky was bright and the evening bitter cold. In the moonlight dead grass on the low hills flanking the road looked almost like snow. As the dark shape of old Mission San Miguel came into sight, Jim Beckwourth could already taste the hot coffee that would be poured for him.

Reining up before the row of buildings appended to the main chapel, Beckwourth swung to the ground and stood patting the neck of his mount when he suddenly realized that something was wrong. No one had run out to meet him — and the silence! Where were the Reeds?

Two years before, in 1846, William Reed and a local Spanish rancher had bought all the mission buildings except the chapel and priest's quarters. Now Reed and his family, along with some servants, lived there while he raised sheep and farmed. Often travelers or friends meant that there were a dozen or so people staying in the old buildings, but this evening there seemed to be no one about.

Beckwourth stepped onto the porch still listening intently for a sound to break through the gathering darkness. But there was no sound.

THE DISCOVERY of gold in California in early 1848 had resulted in one of the greatest gold rushes in history. First arrivals were from

Mexico and South America, but soon Europeans, Australians and Hawaiians were flooding down the gangplanks of ships which choked the port of San Francisco. Crews deserted and followed their former passengers into the goldfields.



Jim Beckwourth. From a daguerrotype made about 1855 in Bonner's Life of Jim Beckwourth (1856).

United States Army posts, freshly garrisoned from the Mexican War, also had high desertion rates, as did U.S. naval vessels at anchor. The military was helpless to halt the constant drain on its manpower and it was not uncommon for officers and men sent after deserters to also disappear into the gold country.

The few other coastal military ports had the same problem. The U.S. sloop of war *Warren* had arrived at Monterey in August of 1846 and brought the first news of the American declaration of war against Mexico. The *Warren* represented a show of force on the coast,

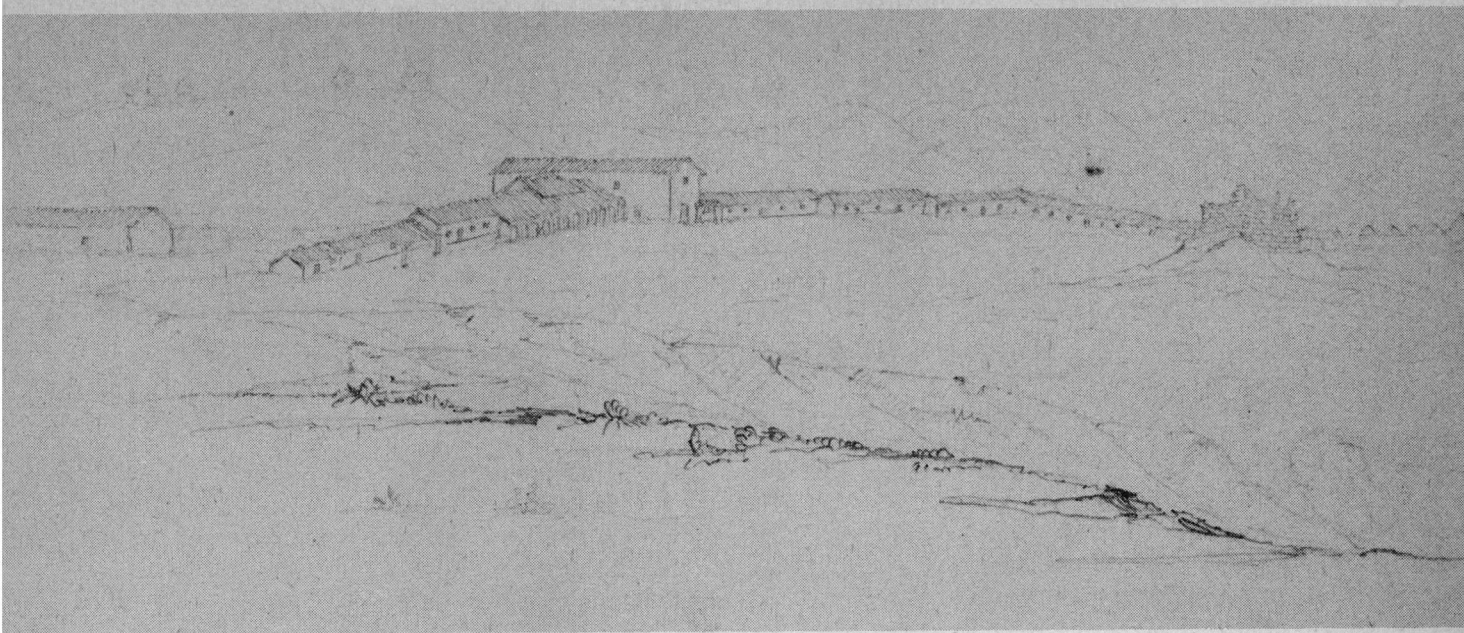
but also made several visits to Mexico and kept a line of communication open between San Diego, Monterey and San Francisco.

It was probably in the spring of 1848 that seamen Peter Quin and Peter Remer, together with two other sailors and two Marines, deserted from the *Warren*. Quin was twenty years old and Remer twenty-one. Both were from Dublin, Ireland. The six deserters quickly blended in with the hordes of gold-seekers scrambling about the foothills of the lofty Sierra Nevada mountains.

Many of these newcomers expected to merely pick up gold from the ground. A few weeks of shoveling dirt from dawn to dark, with little to show for the effort, quickly discouraged those not used to such work. Soon, disappointed adventurers were drifting back from the Mother Lode Country into the cities. Among these stragglers in late 1848 were Quin and Remer.

Discouraged, broke and casting about for an opportunity of any kind, the two deserters headed west to Mission San Juan Bautista, in the coast range of mountains. They were dangerously close to Monterey, but the country was so undeveloped and communication so poor that they apparently felt safe. Rewards of up to \$500 each had been offered for deserting seamen by Commodore Thomas C. Jones of the Pacific Squadron. These reward notices were published in the Monterey newspaper, the *Californian*, but word had gotten out that deserters who had returned on their own had been given limited punishment.

At San Juan, the old mission



Courtesy The Bancroft Library

Mission San Miguel as it looked about the time of the murders. Sketch was drawn by a traveler, H.M.T. Powell, in 1850, and shows the colonnaded padres quarters to the left of the main chapel and the huts of the Indians strung out to the right. Only the chapel and a portion of the outbuildings exist today.

chapel and its attendant quarters flanked one side of a plaza, while various one- and two-story adobe structures filled in the other sides. There were permanent residents here who traded or farmed the orchards and vineyards nearby. Quin and Remer stopped here for a few days. The California missions had been secularized in 1833 and except for the chapel and priest's quarters, their lands and buildings had been sold or used as the nucleus of a pueblo, or settlement. Up and down the old Camino Real, or Royal Highway, the abandoned and deteriorating missions stood like rotting sentinels of an old order, now giving way to change.

Many Indians who had formerly lived at the missions had quickly fled the memories of the padre's harsh tutelage. Others, with no other ties, had remained and worked for local rancheros or lived off the land in one way or another. Miners traveling from the coast, sailors, soldiers, Mexican vaqueros and wanderers of every description mingled at these missions, then moved on their way.

Traveling south, Quin and Remer stopped at another mission, the desolate Nuestra Senora de la Soledad, in the then barren Salinas River Valley. Here there were not even trees or shrubs, much less orchards.

The following year, traveler Ross Browne noted that a "more desolate place cannot well be imagined. The old church is partially in ruins, and the adobe huts built for the Indians are roofless, and the walls tumbled about in shapeless piles."

AT Soledad the two deserters encountered a sailor named Sam Bernard, probably another of the throngs of seamen who had jumped ship. The men had been at the mission but a short time when they met two other disgruntled miners from the gold country. Joseph P. Lynch was a former corporal in G Company of the New York Volunteers, but it is not clear whether he deserted or had been mustered out that fall of 1848. He had just arrived from the mines with a man named Peter Raymond who had acquired the dubious distinction of probably committing the first murder in the gold country.

Little is known of Raymond before he showed up at Coloma in late 1848. This was the site of the original gold discovery the previous February at Sutter's sawmill. On the night of October 1 Raymond was drunk and violent. John R. Von Phister and several others were sleeping in the sawmill when Raymond staggered to the door and demanded liquor in a loud and abu-

sive tone. Von Phister got up and succeeded in quieting him, but as the two shook hands, Raymond suddenly plunged a knife into the unsuspecting peacemaker. When the killer tried to escape, he was seized by the others in the mill. Raymond was taken to Sutter's Fort where he was held until a court of some kind could be convened in that unsettled country.

Late that month, however, he managed to escape with the help of a friend. A reward of \$5000 was immediately offered by the alcalde of San Francisco. The military governor of California also offered a reward, but Raymond disappeared.

Taking an assumed name, Raymond headed west toward the coast. Along the way he joined up with 28-year-old Joseph Lynch, a native of the principality of Hesse-Darmstadt, a section of present West Germany. The two traveled for a time with several other miners who were leaving the goldfields with their earnings. Along the way, two miners were murdered by Raymond and Lynch and their gold divided between them.

When the two killers turned up at Mission Soledad and met Bernard, Remer and Quin, they offered to share their stolen gold with them until the group's fortunes improved. All five were strangers in a raw,

thinly-populated new territory. They were desperate men, used to a hard life that had made them takers. They had seen ranchers, merchants and miners getting rich in this golden land and they were bitter that fortune would not smile on them.

Allowing a mission Indian named John to accompany them, the men decided to keep moving south. As they traveled along the old mission road, Lynch, Raymond and John rode horses or mules, while the three sailors walked alongside on foot.

Heading south, the men were nearly always in sight of the river. They were traveling over the large Mexican land grants that stretched the length of the Salinas Valley. Pozo de Los Ositos, San Benito, San Lucas and San Bernardo ranches covered thousands of acres used for grazing the tough and wiry Spanish Longhorn cattle. Farther south was the old Mission San Miguel, and beyond there the many grants and *ranchos* which dotted the coast to Santa Barbara.

Cattle, bears and other wildlife were occasionally sighted on the long, lonely stretches of road, but they passed few people. It was early December 4, 1848 and the men didn't look forward to camping out in the crisp, cold weather. From what they had heard they could find

shelter at Mission San Miguel. By 3 p.m. the chapel and scattered out-buildings came into view and the men were greeted by the resident of the rambling adobe building.

WILLIAM REED was an ex-English sailor who came to California in the 1830s. He later served as a pilot and mate on the schooner *California*. He settled along the coast and liked the people and the land. He married Maria Antonio Vallejo, thought to be an illegitimate daughter of the famed General Mariano Vallejo of Sonoma. In 1846 Reed and a neighboring rancher, Don Petronillo Rios, purchased the mission property. While ranching in the area, Reed moved his family into the colonnaded portion of the mission buildings and frequently hosted travelers along El Camino Real.

There were generally a dozen or so people about the old buildings — Indians, travelers, visiting friends and relatives. The Reeds had a four-year-old son and Mrs. Reed was well along with another pregnancy. Mrs. Martin Olivera was visiting at the time to serve as midwife. With Mrs. Olivera were her daughter and a young grandson. In addition, a young brother of Mrs. Reed was visiting. An Indian servant, a five- or six-year-old Indian boy and a youthful Negro made up the other

inhabitants of the Reed quarters.

Reed greeted the six travelers and exchanged news with them. After supper the men warmed themselves around a fire and compared mining experiences. Reed himself had recently returned from the gold country, having sold a herd of sheep there at a nice profit. He told his visitors that he had acquired more gold than his "son could lift."

Pete Raymond had stolen some thirty ounces of gold from the two Americans he had murdered, and he now traded it to Reed for silver coin. After smoking for awhile, the men all retired to one of the abandoned, adjoining buildings where they rolled up in their blankets.

The following morning the travelers again resumed their journey south along the mission road. Lynch and Raymond rode ahead of their walking companions. Shortly the two horsemen stopped for a few moments, then abruptly turned and headed north again. The others followed. They had devised a plan.

When the men again rode into the mission compound and tied up their horses on the afternoon of December 5, they were greeted by the surprised host. Telling Reed that they wanted to spend one more night at the mission before resuming their journey south, the men threw their blankets in their old room. The rest of the afternoon was spent helping Reed cut firewood.

After supper the men again relaxed around a fire in one of the rooms. The women and children remained in other quarters. It was about 7:30 p.m. when Sam Bernard stood up and went behind the bench where Reed was sitting. On the pretense of building up the fire, Bernard chopped some small logs, then suddenly turned and loomed up behind Reed. Swinging a glistening arc, the ax flashed down and split Reed's skull in one powerful stroke. Reed had no sooner slumped to the floor in a heap than the Indian John pounced on him and buried his knife in the body.

Orders were quickly given and the men disappeared into the rooms that made up the Reed family quar-



From Engelhardt's history in Author's Collection

An early view of the Chapel of Mission San Miguel as it appeared before modern restoration.

ters. Pete Raymond was one of the first to burst through the doorway where the women and children were staying. He had the ax in one hand and a cutlass in the other. A woman's piercing cry shattered the night air, followed by another and another, mingled with the shrieks of the children. Peter Remer claimed later to have stood outside in the hallway until Raymond called him in:

"When I went in he had killed the whole of them, the women were lying all over the floor — there were two little boys, one an Indian, under the bed, Mike [Raymond] pulled them out and killed them too — they, Mike and Barnberry [Bernard], then went out into another room where there was an old Indian — they shot two loads into him, Lynch shot one and Barnberry the other, they then went in with the ax and knocked him on the head . . ."

In a frantic search for Reed's gold, the murderers broke open chests and dumped the contents on the floor. They stopped momentarily to open more jugs of wine, then continued the search. Exactly what they found would never be known. Finally, after searching every room, the men prepared to depart. Raymond wanted to set fire to the place, but it was feared the crime would be discovered sooner.

For some reason it was decided to move the bodies to the carpenter's shop. Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Olivera were dragged out, along with Mrs. Olivera's daughter and her young son. The four-year-old Reed boy and Mrs. Reed's brother were next. Then came the black boy and young Indian. The old Indian servant's body was apparently left where it had fallen.

Packing whatever valuables could be carried, the killers were preparing to leave when they heard Jim Beckwourth, the mail carrier, galloping into the mission compound.

BORN IN Virginia about 1798, Beckwourth's father was a plantation overseer and his mother a slave. The family moved to Missouri in 1810 where Jim joined trapping



Author's Collection

Joaquin Carrillo, one of the vigilante court that convicted the murderers. He was later the first District Judge of Southern California under American rule.

expeditions at an early age. He was with Ashley, Bridger, Sublette and other noted mountain men and also lived with the Crow Indians for a time. He also fought in the Seminole Indian War and his name is mentioned frequently in expedition journals and memoirs of the time. He was living in Santa Fe when news of the California gold rush was first announced. He traveled to Los Angeles as part of a military escort, then headed north up the coast toward Monterey.

In April 1847, General Kearny of the American occupational forces initiated a mail service between San Diego and San Francisco. The mail, primarily military, was sent north from San Diego by courier and south from San Francisco at the same time every other Monday. The couriers would meet at Dana's Ranch the following Sunday, exchange packets, then start back.

Jim Beckwourth obtained one of the mail rider appointments for the northern route. He had exchanged mail at the Dana Ranch and was returning north when he rode into the desolate and strangely quiet Mission San Miguel on the evening

of December 5, 1848. He described dismounting and entering the house to a biographer a few years later:

"I walked about a little to attract attention, and no one coming to me, I stepped into the kitchen to look for some of the inmates. On the floor I saw some one lying down, asleep, as I supposed . . . This seemed strange, and my apprehensions became excited; for the Indians were numerous about, and I was afraid some mischief had been done. I returned to my horse for my pistols, then, lighting a candle, I commenced a search. In going along a passage, I stumbled over the body of a woman; I entered a room, and found another, a murdered Indian woman who had been a domestic. I was about to enter another room, but I was arrested by some sudden thought which urged me to search no farther. It was an opportune admonition, for that very room contained the murderers of the family, who had heard my steps and were sitting at that moment with their pistols pointed at the door . . ."

Beckwourth had seen enough and sprinting outside to his horse he quickly mounted and rode for the nearby Rios Ranch. Rounding up a group of vaqueros and Indians, he returned with them to the mission. As he again set foot inside the bloody quarters, he noticed that the scene had changed:

"On again entering the house, we found bodies all thrown together in one pile for the purpose of consuming them; for, on searching further, we found the murderers had set fire to the dwelling, but according to that Providence which exposes such wicked deeds, the fire had died out."

Although the killers later denied it, Beckwourth's assertion, that they had intended to burn the bodies and the evidence, makes sense. With the area alerted, Jim now headed north for Monterey. Another courier was dispatched to the village of San Luis Obispo to summon the alcalde for an investigation. When Alcalde John Price arrived the following day he made a formal report on the discovery of the bodies. Trackers

quickly determined that the killers were headed south on the mission road and word was sent to Don Cesario Lataillade at Santa Barbara. A posse of fifteen men was quickly formed and the search began for the murderers.

At Monterey, Beckwourth burst into the office of young Lieutenant William T. Sherman. Destined to be a famous Civil War commander, Sherman was at this time adjutant to Colonel Richard B. Mason who was in charge of the Military Department of Monterey. Jim told his grisly story to the young officer, concluding with — "Lieutenant, they killed them all, not even sparing the baby." When Colonel Mason heard the rider's story, he immediately dispatched Lieutenant Edward Ord and two men to investigate the situation and "pursue the murderers to the death." It was shortly before midnight when Ord and his two troopers galloped off towards San Miguel.

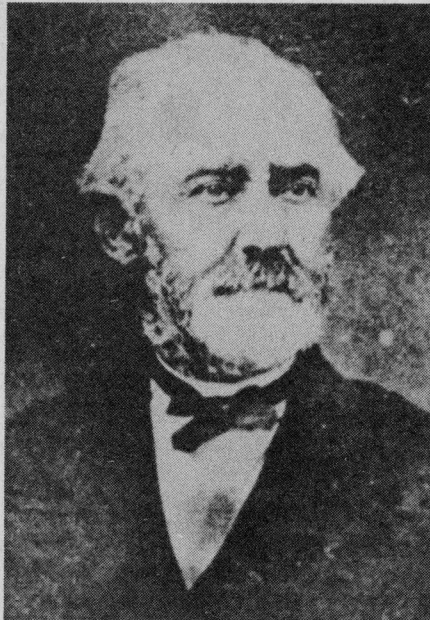
Considering the disordered times, primitive state of society and vast, unsettled country, the investigation and pursuit of the killers was swift and deadly indeed! Lieutenant Ord and his men picked up what information they could at the mission, then pressed on down El Camino Viejo. At Dana's Ranch they heard further news of the fugitives' movements.

RAYMOND, Lynch and their confederates made a dry camp just north of Rancho Paso de Robles after leaving the mission. They made an early start the next morning and camped the following night near Mission San Luis Obispo. Here, the Indian named John left them. The following day they obtained some horses from the Alamos Rancho, then kept moving, preferring to stay off the road. They bought four more horses at Rancho Los Dos Pueblos, then passed Santa Barbara and camped about a mile south of town.

Alcalde Price had sent Trifton Garcia to Santa Barbara with news of the murders, and a vigilante-type organization was quickly formed.

The old Spanish laws were still in effect at this time and American civil law was not yet being administered. On December 11 the Santa Barbara posse located the killers on the beach, about six miles south of town.

The killers saw the posse crest a wind-swept sand dune, and galloped down the beach in a desperate attempt to escape. With the exception of David Streeter and Charles Hefferman, the posse was made up entirely of native Californians who



Author's Collection

Arriving in California with the Wolfs-kill party in 1841, Lewis T. Burton was a prominent rancher and store-keeper when he served on the jury that convicted Remer, Quin and Lynch.

were tough and born to the saddle. They had no trouble catching up with their quarry.

In the mad dash along the beach, Ramon Rodriguez shot and mortally wounded Sam Bernard, then rode alongside the dying outlaw and shoved him from his mount. As he was falling Bernard shot and killed Rodriguez, then fell to the ground. Quin had been wounded and, with Remer and Lynch, was quickly rounded up and held under guard. Already a pursued murderer before San Miguel, Pete Raymond knew he stood no chance once he was in the hands of the law. He leaped from his horse and plunged into the crashing surf. As several of the possemen

lined up on the beach and began shooting at him, he swam out to sea. He drowned and his bullet-riddled body later washed up on the beach.

With Rodriguez draped across a saddle, the three captured fugitives were then herded back to Santa Barbara.

Lieutenant Ord and his two men arrived in town shortly after the capture and were probably present when the men were questioned by three members of the vigilantes. Joe Lynch made a twelve-page statement, Quin eleven pages and Remer made his mark to his eleven-page confession. All admitted complicity in the crime and were found with Reed's property in their possession. Naturally the murders were blamed primarily on the two dead men, Bernard and Raymond.

On December 24 a jury was made up of such distinguished Californians as Pablo de la Guerra, Lewis Burton, Joaquin Carrillo and others. At least one member of the posse, Charles Hefferman, was also on the jury. The verdict was a foregone conclusion and was reported by Lieutenant Ord on December 26:

"Santa Barbara, Cal
December 26th, 1848

The jury met, pursuant to adjournment, at 9 o'clock this morning, present all members.

... All were found guilty of murder, having murdered in cold blood, one or more of ten souls ...

... and that these three men ... are hereby sentenced to the highest punishment awarded by law ...

Which sentence will be executed on Thursday, the 28th of the month, between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock A.M. ... being shot to death ...

(Signed by all twelve jurors)

The foregoing findings and sentences in the cases of Peter Remer, Peter Quin and Joseph Lynch are

approved by authority of Col. R.B. Mason, Gov. of Cal.

EOC Ord
1st Lt. US Artillery”

The men were granted last rites by the resident padre at Santa Barbara Mission, then taken to a ravine near town and shot. Along with Rodriquez, the three desperadoes were all buried in the mission cemetery.

A reasonably accurate account of the capture was given in the new San Francisco newspaper, the *Alta California*, on January 25. The story was related by a mail carrier named Pierson, probably Beckworth since this was his middle name. After noting that the captured men had been taken to Santa Barbara, the paper reported they were then “tried and shot. Thus the five are disposed of.”

Although Colonel Mason was at first disturbed at the harsh vigilante justice meted out to the San Miguel killers, he was satisfied that justice had been done after he had learned all the facts. “Great credit is due yourself and the citizens of Santa Barbara,” Mason wrote to Don Lataillade, “for promptness and energy . . . in pursuing and apprehending that band of outlaws who have been committing such horrid acts of barbarity through the country”

The killers had a certain amount of gold and silver in their possession when captured, but there was no large treasure such as Reed was reported to have had. Just what happened to Reed’s gold is unresolved to this day.



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NOTICE!



Heck Thomas, slayer of Bill Doolin and famed lawman of the Oklahoma and Indian territories, outwitted Sam Bass in a Texas train robbery but did not kill him. Due to a copy error in last month’s issue, the death of Bass was attributed to Heck Thomas. Thomas worked with the Guardsmen to eliminate the Dalton and Doolin gangs and subdued “Hell’s Half Acre” in Perry with Bill Tilghman.

“Glenn Shirley spins a good yarn. Heck Thomas is a man worth meeting and the meeting will be pleasurable.”
—*San Francisco Chronicle*

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By **ROBERT K. DeARMENT**
Story and illustrations
From **Knights of the Green Cloth:
A Saga of the Frontier Gamblers**
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Santa Fe's

IN CONTRAST to eastern America, where during the nineteenth century public gambling was an exclusively male activity, the Western frontier did produce a few professional women gamblers. That there were not more was explained in blunt fashion by Dan Spencer, veteran boom camp bartender: "Gambling was a man's job, like prize fighting or steer roping . . .

Most of the girls knocking around the towns in those days was too dumb to make professional gamblers and those that was smart enough would generally rather get the boys excited about *them* than about cards."

But the very paucity of females in the early West undoubtedly contributed to their acceptance by the sporting fraternity. In the new camps a woman — any woman — was an attraction, and gambling hall entrepreneurs were quick to exploit

La Tules was as adept at dealing out political secrets as she was at dealing monte



From Harper's New Monthly Magazine, April 1854

Dona Maria Gertrudis Barcelo, known throughout old Santa Fe as La Tules.

feminine allure to draw customers to their tables. Crooked owners found that distaff dealers, by playing to the chivalrous natures of their tough patrons, gained a certain advantage; the same trapper, cowhand, or miner who would unsheath a weapon at the first suspicion of cheating on the part of a male dealer would laugh and josh a dainty female caught in an identical offense.

The influence of Mexican culture in the Southwest played a part in the development as well. When the first Anglo trappers struck the isolated Mexican settlements they found gambling a long-established custom. Men and women of all classes regularly patronized the *salas*, or gambling halls, and women were frequently employed as dealers. A banking game similar to short faro was most popular, and the Americans called it "Spanish monte" to differentiate it from the notorious skinning game, three-card monte. The American players were soon dubbed "Los God Damnes" by the women dealers who heard the expletive so frequently.

MOST FAMOUS of these Mexican gambling women was a Santa Fe

Gambling Lady

monte dealer and gambling hall proprietress named Dona Gertrudis Barcelo, known throughout the city as La Tules. For a century the origins of this woman were shrouded in mystery. She was born about 1805 in Barcelona, Spain, in Sonora in Old Mexico, or in Taos, New Mexico, depending on which of her stories was accepted, for she told them all at various times.

In one account she was brought from Spain by her mother, who died in New York, and the young girl made her way alone across the continent to Taos and, eventually, Santa Fe. In another, she came to Taos with her father, Joaquin Barcelo, a soldier, who was killed by Indians. In yet another, she came to the New World from Spain at the age of fourteen with her lover, a Spanish lieutenant.

Gossip had it that she had been an adolescent street prostitute in Taos, where she caught the roving eye of a Spanish officer named Luis Corzo Velazquez, who brought her to Santa Fe as his consort. Later she was said to have taken up with a gambler named Gonsalvez who ran a *sala* on El Calle de San Francisco. Gonsalvez died or departed, so the story went, and his mistress was left with a sizable stake and the gambling house which she parlayed into a fortune.

In an effort to learn the true history of the mysterious La Tules, Fray Angelico Chavez in the late 1940s researched the old Catholic church records and discovered that Gertrudis was the daughter of Juan Ignacio and Dolores Barcelo, a respected family of Valencia, a small village south of Santa Fe. On June 20, 1823 she married Manuel Antonio Sisneros at the nearby town of Tome, and subsequently

gave birth to two sons. Sisneros established his family at Santa Fe, and being a hunter by trade and adventurous by nature, disappeared for long periods.

Gertrudis had an innate bent for cards and soon was dealing monte in a public gambling hall. Capitalizing on her charm and beauty, she built up a sizeable and loyal clientele and

in a few years had accumulated sufficient winnings to purchase her own *sala*. A long, low adobe building, situated at San Francisco Street and Burro Alley, this gambling house, which was to become one of the best-known in the West, extended the width of an entire block to Palace Avenue. The owner, called by her patrons Tules, an

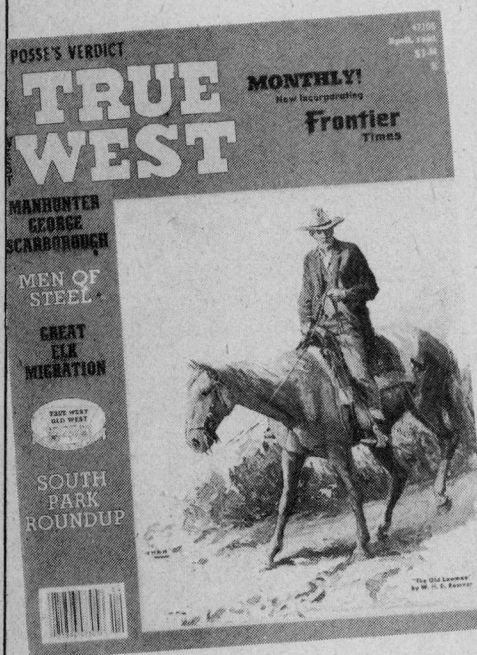


From Harper's New Monthly Magazine, April 1854

The old Santa Fe gambling house of La Tules.

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had catered to the Mexican common soldiers garrisoned at Santa Fe, but the woman gambler soon began to attract the major politicians and leading merchants of the city to her place of business. As her profits mounted, she completely renovated the building and installed finely carved furniture from Spain, Turkish carpets, and elegant glass mirrors and crystal chandeliers hauled by bull train from the United States. Private quarters were provided her important guests, where they dined on sumptuous meals prepared by celebrated chefs brought from Mexico City. In attendance for the patrons' pleasure were the most beautiful courtesans of the city. Influential men of the province and visiting dignitaries from the distant capital of Mexico City were guests at the *bailes*. During his infrequent appearances in Santa Fe, Manuel Sisneros, La Tules' husband, often entertained the customers with guitar music and improvised comic songs for which he was noted.

But it was Gertrudis who was undisputed monarch of her realm. A female servant followed her everywhere and, in the ancient custom, fell to the floor and allowed her body to be used as a footstool at the bidding of her mistress. La Tules owned jewelry, fine gowns, and houses in various parts of the city. She had a remuda of mules and an elegant upholstered carriage that conveyed her in state to fiestas in nearby villages. She rode with one of her leather-bound gold chests at her feet and an armed escort of uniformed guards, superbly mounted.

Don Maule Armijo, governor of New Mexico, was smitten by the beautiful and exciting gambling lady. It was generally believed in Santa Fe that he had taken her for his mistress and had provided a suite of private rooms in the governmental palace to pursue this liaison. Certainly, Armijo spent much time with La Tules, and she became privy to the secrets of government, information she was to use later in a manner that may have changed the course of history for the United States.

affectionate diminutive of Gertrudis, was always the center of attention as she presided over her monte table, but through most of the length of the building a variety of games, staffed by male employees, was offered. At the far end, space was reserved for the *bailes* or balls the proprietress often presented.

By the time the bearded, buckskinned traders and trappers from America began arriving in increasing numbers in the 1840s, La Tules was a Santa Fe institution, renowned for her gambling skills as well as the beauty of her olive skin, dark auburn hair, and flashing black eyes.

The *sala* of La Tules originally

ONE OF THE first Anglos to leave a description of early Santa Fe's most famous gambling personality was Josiah Gregg, who made several trips to the provincial capital during the years between 1831 and 1840 as a trader on the Santa Fe Trail.

In 1843 he wrote of "a certain female of very loose habits, known as La Tules," and, as an illustration of the "purifying effects of wealth and character," sketched the rise to riches and social standing of the woman. "She still continues her favorite 'amusement,' being considered the most expert 'monte dealer' in all Santa Fe. She is openly received in the first circles of society: I doubt, in truth, whether there is to be found in the city a lady of more fashionable reputation than this same Tules, now known as Senora Dona Gertrudis Barcelo."

Matt Field, who arrived in April, 1840, later wrote: "Our introduction to fashionable society took place at the house of Senora Toulous, the supreme queen of refinement and fashion in the republican city of Santa Fe . . . Senora Toulous was not handsome, her only pleasant feature being an eye of shrewd intelligence, lit up during our interview with that expression of mischievous brightness which can make any countenance agreeable. Her figure was neat, her manners free and not ungraceful, and, on an after occasion, when she moved through the waltz with one of the young American visitors, the really elegant ease which she displayed would have made her an object of attraction in a soiree dansante at Washington. This fine lady had become wealthy by dealing monte . . . and her bank was open almost every evening . . ."

G. Douglass Brewerton met La Tules in 1844. "When I saw her," he recalled, "she was richly but tastelessly dressed — her fingers being literally covered with rings, while her neck was adorned with three heavy chains of gold, to the longest of which was attached a massive crucifix of the same precious material." In another written

account Brewerton was even harsher in his assessment of La Tules, describing a woman "whose face . . . bore most unmistakably the impress of her fearful calling, being scarred and seamed, and rendered unwomanly by those painful lines which unbridled passions and midnight watching never fail to stamp upon the countenance of their votary."

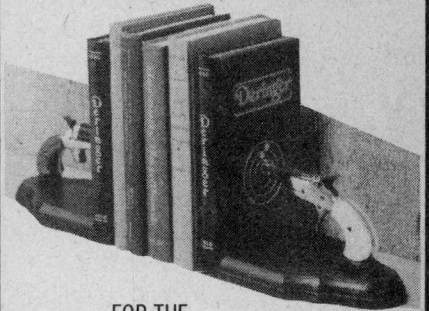
Susan Magoffin, who became in 1846 the first American woman to cross the Santa Fe Trail, found "a stately dame of a certain age, the possessor of a portion of shrewd sense and fascinating manner necessary to allure the wayward, inexperienced youth to the hall of final ruin." Mrs. Magoffin added with a contemptuous sniff that the celebrated gambling lady wore false hair and teeth and that, as a final mark of her degradation, she smoked cigarettes.

Undismayed by these less-than-flattering American opinions, La Tules continued to prosper. She had amassed a great deal of gold over the years and, since there were no banks in Santa Fe or Taos, made several shipments to banks in the United States. The story goes that freighters escorting one of these shipments, packed in twenty buckskin bags loaded on ten mules, were ambushed by bandits and buried the treasure in the desert. They were killed by the bandits without divulging the location of the cache, and treasure seekers ever since have been searching for the hidden La Tules gold.

Senora Barcelo set no limit at her table and many men tried to break her without success. Matt Field described one onslaught by a Kentuckian who vowed to break the bank of La Tules or break himself in the attempt. The game continued all night as the tide of fortune moved back and forth between dealer and player.

"The cards fell from her fingers as steadily as though she were handling only a knitting needle. But the man opposite to her exhibited the full reverse of this. His fingers trembled, as, with an affectation of unconcern, he drummed upon the table; and his eye watched each card as it fell with searching and intense

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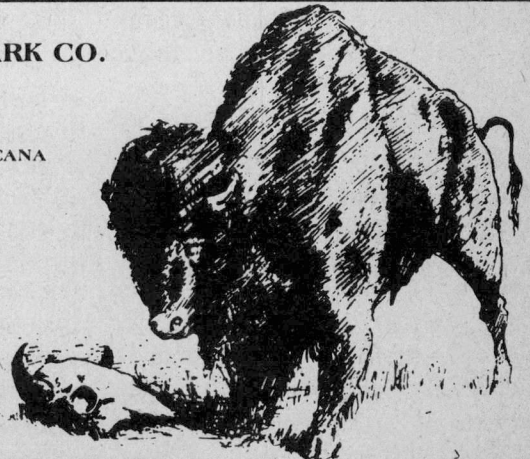
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scrutiny The slip, slip of the cards, now and then the jingling of coin, as the stakes were removed or replaced, alone broke the midnight stillness."

Once La Tules paused and called to an attendant to bring a new pack of cards, but the trader objected:

"No, Senora, we have played so far with this pack, and they are good enough for the rest of the game."

"Toulous smiled as courteously as though she had received a compliment, although the abrupt objection and the tone of the delivery evidently betrayed a suspicion of foul play Without speaking she waved back the attendant who presented the new cards and went on dealing the former pack as composedly as one might lounge upon the ottoman reading the latest novel."

Luck now ran with the Kentuckian and he began to double his bets. La Tules was obliged to call for a new bag of gold and a pile of glittering coins was poured onto the table before her. "'Yes, pour them out, old lady,' said the trader, in a loud voice, as he lifted his newly filled tumbler of Pass Whiskey to his lips. 'Pour the yellow rascals out; we may as well make one job of it before morning!'"

Dawn was approaching when the flow of fortune reversed and ran steadily in the dealer's favor. The trader refused to slack off on his wagers, "swearing that he would make or break before he left his seat; concluding with an imitation of the cock that was crowing outside, and drinking the health of the Spanish lady in the again refilled glass which was at the moment handed to him When daylight was peeping through the door cracks, Senora Toulous once more swept the table, and the reckless trader was left without a dollar.

"'Wake snakes!' shouted the sturdy Kentuckian, as he jumped up from the table and commenced dancing about the apartment. 'Wake snakes! Hail Columbia! I'm off for California to-morrow! and, I say, old lady, I'll see you again in the fall!'"

"The Senora curtsied and disap-

peared through a side door with the dignity of an Empress and the same skillfully modeled smile, followed by her attendant with the heavy bags of gold and Mexican dollars. That man is now fighting under the Mexican Government against the dreaded Comanches, and this was the third time he had hazarded the earnings of years, and sacrificed them at the monte bank!"

IN 1846 came the war between Mexico and the United States. As General Stephen W. Kearny at the head of a column of 1,700 Americans approached Santa Fe, Governor Manuel Armijo assembled a force of 4,000 to protect the city. At the critical juncture the governor's confidant, Dona Gertrudis Barcelo, prevailed upon him to withdraw his army without a fight. The city could be destroyed, she argued, and to what purpose? Don Manuel should lead his men into Old Mexico. She would remain behind to gather information from the Americans which she would report to him. At the propitious moment he would return, surprise the Americans, and win a great victory.

Don Manuel was not hard to convince. In the golden coach his subjects called "the wheeled tarantula," surrounded by his ninety-man bodyguard, and leading a personal caravan loaded with \$50,000 worth of American manufactured goods, he quickly withdrew from Santa Fe. On August 19, 1846 General Kearny marched into the city without a shot being fired.

During the American occupation, the gambling *sala* of La Tules prospered as before. Now her patrons were American officers and civil authorities. General Kearny, before turning over the city to the newly appointed governor Charles Bent, and Colonel Sterling Price, who was to command a small garrison of occupation troops, planned a grand ball that was intended to cement relations between the Americans and the Mexicans. Senora Barcelo was greatly perturbed to learn that she had not been invited, but General Kearny was even more cha-

grined when he was told that the military treasury contained insufficient funds to pay for the event. La Tules contacted the general and suggested a solution: she would lend the United States Army the necessary money if she were taken to the ball on the arm of an American officer. The grand ball was held and in attendance was Dona Gertrudis Barcelo, escorted by Colonel David P. Mitchell.

On yet another occasion, La Tules and her treasury came to the aid of the United States military. Colonel Alexander Doniphan received urgent orders to take a detachment to Chihuahua but lacked funds for the necessary provisioning. Again the senora came forward with the capital, \$1,000, which was lent to the United States Government at two percent per month interest. Properly provisioned, Doniphan led his Missouri Volunteers into Mexico and won a major victory at the Rio Sacramento.

In the Mexican-American struggle La Tules was playing both ends against the middle. She promised Don Manuel Armijo that she would provide him with information concerning the American military strength. Now, as the days of occupation lengthened, Armijo infiltrated agents into the city with orders to lead a revolt against the occupation forces. In Mora and Taos rebellions had already erupted, and the time was ripe, Don Manuel believed, to take over the capital from the few hundred American soldiers garrisoned there.

In the secluded chambers of Dona Barcelo's *sala* the conspirators held secret meetings to prepare for their uprising. They included Colonel Don Diego Archuleta, Don Tomas Ortiz, Miguel Armijo, Padre Juan Felipe Ortiz, Nicolas Pino, Manuel Chavez, Domingo Baca, Pablo Dominguez, and Juan Lopez. The surprise attack was planned for Christmas Eve, 1846. At the sounding of the church bells, Charles Bent was to be seized in the governor's palace, and Colonel Price was to be taken in his quarters. A special squad was assigned the task of spiking the American guns. Without

leadership or cannon, the Americans would fall easy prey to Don Manuel's army, which would launch a synchronal attack on the city.

A week before Christmas, La Tules requested a meeting with Charles Bent and told him of the scheme. On Christmas Eve the Americans were ready. Secret orders were issued to arrest the ringleaders moments before the ringing of the bells. La Tules, perhaps suffering remorse at her betrayal, warned Diego Archuleta and Tomas Ortiz two hours before the appointed time that the coup should be called off because the Americans now knew about it. Archuleta and Ortiz fled the city and escaped the general roundup of conspirators a short time later. Don Manuel and his army never returned to Santa Fe.

La Tules had been instrumental in preserving American control of Santa Fe, but war has its ironies. Governor Charles Bent, believing the danger was over, repaired to his home in Taos, where, on January 19, 1847 he was slain in an uprising of Indians and Mexicans. Among those killed in an effort to protect him was Manuel Sisneros, husband of the woman who had saved the governor less than a month before.

During the American occupation, Santa Fe became what one soldier called a "great gambling mart," with more than a hundred monte tables in operation." Finally, in September, 1847 the American officers suppressed gambling and banned the sale of liquor to soldiers. The sala of La Tules was excluded from his edict, of course, since she did not cater to common enlisted men but entertained only wealthy and powerful mercantile chiefs and the highest military and government American officials. The profits mounted.

In 1850, Dona Gertrudis Barcelo employed an American attorney to draw her last will and testament. Less than two years later she died quite suddenly and was buried on January 17, 1852. In accordance with her instructions, the funeral was very elaborate. Carrying out the

directions in precise detail was the Right Reverend Juan Felipe Ortiz, once denounced as a conspirator by La Tules. Named as heirs in Gertrudis' will were a sister, a brother, and two stepdaughters. No mention was made of her sons, Jose Pedro and Miguel Antonio, whose fate remains one of the mysteries surrounding this unusual woman.

In the 1940s writer Ruth Laughlin researched the life of La Tules for her novel *The Wind Leaves No Shadow* and acquired an oxhide money chest and a monte table that had once belonged to Santa Fe's most famous gambler. These two items are the only tangible remaining legacy of La Tules — except, of course, for that treasure buried in the desert.



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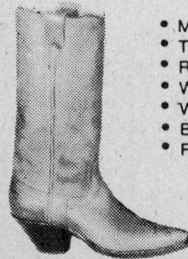
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By
RICHARD J. COYER
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SENATOR Thomas H. Benton called it a “heavy penalty for a nation to pay for a lame runaway Mormon cow, and for the folly and juvenile ambition of a West Point fledgling.” And when it was all over, the men of the 2nd Infantry probably agreed with him.

Benton was referring to the government’s decision to station troops on the Upper Missouri River because of the massacre of Lieutenant John L. Grattan and thirty soldiers near Fort Laramie in 1854. Grattan and his force had been sent out to look for a cow that had strayed from a Mormon wagontrain. The young officer (only one year out of West Point) and his troops accosted a small band of Brules and accused them of stealing the animal. The Indians denied any knowledge of the incident. Grattan continued to throw accusations at the Indians, who managed to keep calm under the abuse. But when the soldiers opened fire with their artillery

“WE’LL NEVER FORGIVE OLD HARNEY”

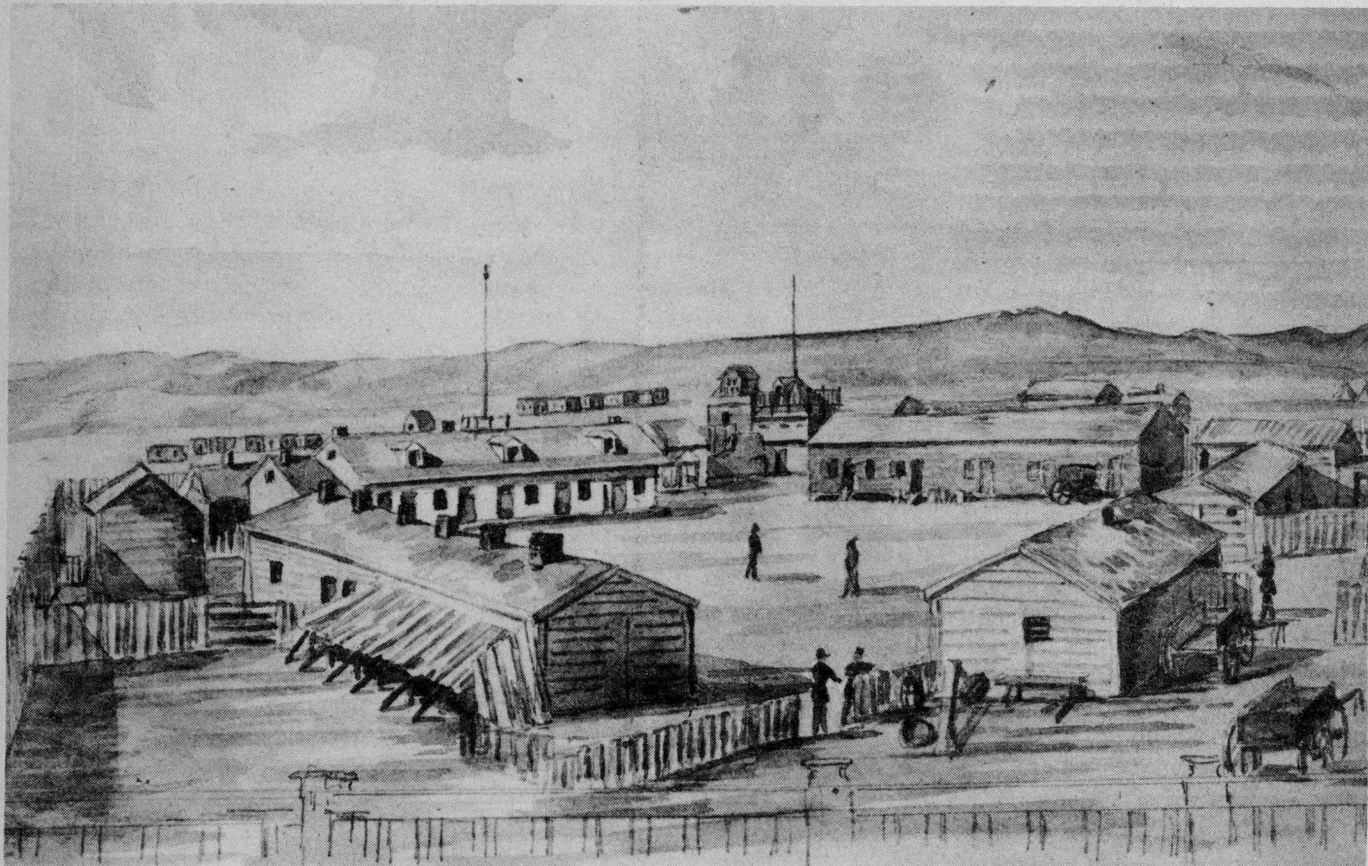
—song of the maltreated 2nd

pieces, the Indians lost their self-restraint and surged forward, wiping out the small detail.

Americans cried out for the government to avenge the soldiers’ deaths and Congress and the War Department decided it was time for a military presence in the northern part of Nebraska Territory. The Army had no trouble choosing an officer to handle the job. They contacted Brigadier General William S. Harney, who was vacationing in Paris with his family, with orders to

report to St. Louis immediately.

Now the Army had a much more difficult problem to solve: where to station the troops? The Quartermaster’s Department felt it had a solution — an old fur trading post called Fort Pierre. Military officials contacted Pierre Chouteau and Company, owners of the post, about purchasing the fort. In March 1855 an officer from the Quartermaster’s Department met with an agent to discuss details of the purchase. His report to the Quartermaster Gen-



Fort Pierre, Nebraska Territory, circa 1856.

Courtesy Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art

eral after the meeting painted a rather dismal picture.

According to the agent's description, Fort Pierre was "unfitted for a depot of supplies for any considerable body of troops." The size of the post might be sufficient to contain ordinary stores and subsistence, medical supplies, and quarters for officers, but was totally unsuited for the large number of troops and ani-

Infantry at Fort Pierre

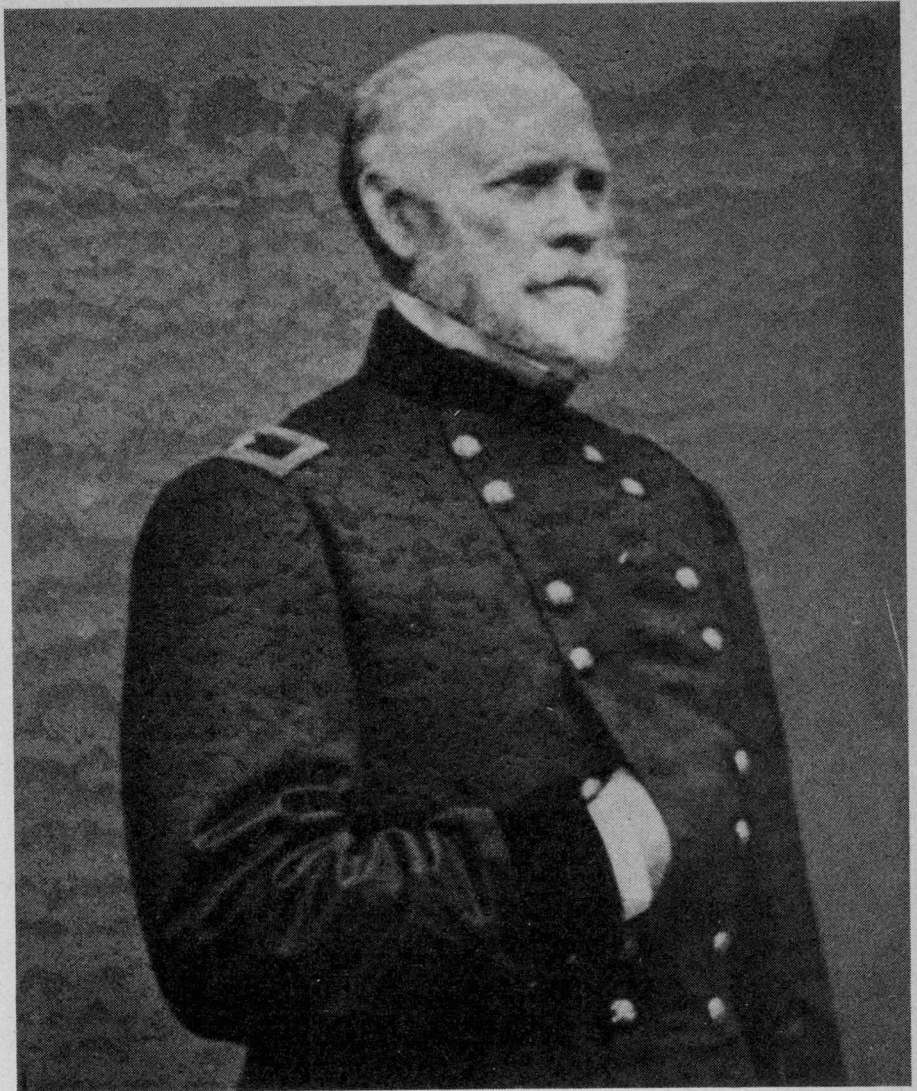
mals the Army planned to send. The surrounding area was mostly dry prairie, providing little forage for the animals. The only land suitable for growing crops was an island in the middle of the Missouri, several miles downstream.

The officer pointed out that the Army would have to transport all supplies, including fodder, by boat. But the river was not navigable in many spots near the post. Therefore the government would either have to buy, or build, shallow draft vessels, an additional expense.

After giving such an uncomplimentary report, the officer conceded that the post was the only one in the area capable of maintaining communication with Forts Laramie and Leavenworth. He suggested the government buy Fort Pierre and begin securing steamboats to transport the troops northward.

AS ALL these high level decisions were being made, six companies of the 2nd Infantry, stationed at Carlisle Barracks, commenced preparing the old fur post for a winter campaign. The men marched out of Carlisle on June 2 and boarded trains while bands played and a crowd cheered. The officers rode in passenger cars. The enlisted soldiers found their accommodations less luxurious — they rode in boxcars with only a single bench running down the middle of the car.

The train took the troops through Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Toledo,



Courtesy National Archives

General William S. Harney.

Chicago, and stopped at Alton, Illinois. Here the soldiers spent several days quartered in barns and farmhouses. Then they marched to the wharfs and boarded steamboats for the final leg of their journey.

As the steamboats churned their way up the Missouri River a problem arose that the Army had not foreseen. The river was unusually low, in fact veteran trappers claimed this was the lowest they had seen the river in twenty years. When the transport reached the vicinity of Fort Leavenworth one boat, carrying Company D, hit a snag and could not be freed. Another boat pulled alongside and all the men were removed safely, and not a moment too soon. As the rescue boat pulled away the stricken craft's boiler exploded, tearing the boat apart, and it sank into the

mud. This incident was just a foretaste of troubles that were to come.

Since all the other steamboats were full, the unfortunate men of Company D had to be left at Fort Leavenworth until another boat could take them to Pierre. The stranded infantrymen had to be quartered in old, ramshackle stables. A cholera epidemic was sweeping through Leavenworth at the time and several men in Company D would die before another steamboat arrived.

By early July the steamboats reached the vicinity of Fort Pierre, but the low stage of the river hampered their progress. Most ships had to leave the men and supplies many miles short of their destination. On July 7 the boat carrying Colonel William R. Montgomery, commander of the contingent, and

his staff arrived at Fort Pierre, and Montgomery formally took possession of the fort. A few days later another ship arrived bearing two companies.

Soon after they disembarked and unloaded the supplies, these new arrivals discovered they were not allowed to move into the fort. Most of the buildings inside the compound were dilapidated. The few decent structures had been claimed by the commanding officer and his staff, wives, clerks, and the sutler. The rest of the soldiers had to camp outside and guard the supplies.

Over the next month the ships managed, little by little, to transport the rest of the troops and supplies to Fort Pierre, including trouble-stricken Company D. Now they all had a chance to see the condition of their new home. Besides the buildings being in miserable shape, the stockade wall was rotted and several logs had fallen out. As for the area around the fort, it was nothing but hard, dry prairie as far as the eye could see. The agent had claimed that on Farm Island south of the fort there were 500 acres of corn, potatoes, and cucumbers. Upon investigation a detail found only five acres cleared and only three of those under cultivation. The officer in charge of the detail found the corn too green for human consumption, so he had it cut for

forage. The rest of the crops had been devoured by grasshoppers.

ONE OFFICER had this initial impression of the surrounding terrain: "I have to state that so far as I have had an opportunity to see and examine the country in the vicinity of Fort Pierre, I have found it a barren and desolate waste. I hardly think any language too strong to be used in speaking of it . . . There are none of the essentials (except water) at this post necessary to sustain a military post."

After all supplies had been hauled into the compound, the soldiers began erecting their quarters. The Quartermaster's Department had sent along several portable cottages, each one large enough to hold one company. The walls consisted of upright studding grooved on two sides so panels could slide through, and there were roofs of thin boards covered with tar paper. The cottages stood on posts off the ground. As a result, they wobbled badly when anyone walked inside. Each building was heated by two wood-burning stoves and the structures were all painted red — inside and out.

As the cleanup of the trading post continued, an abrupt change of command took place. Colonel Montgomery received an order from the Adjutant General's Office informing him that he was under arrest and must report to Fort Leavenworth to stand trial. The Secretary of War claimed that Montgomery, while serving as commanding officer at Fort Riley, conspired to have the nearby town of Pawnee made the capital of Kansas, and organized a land association so he and the other officers at the post could profit from the sale of land. Montgomery left Fort Pierre on September 14, and Major Henry W. Wessells assumed command. The court found Montgomery guilty and dismissed him from the service.

On the same day that Montgomery left Fort Pierre, a dispatch arrived which caused great excitement. General Harney had taken

the field against the Indians, leading a force comprised of companies from the 6th and 10th Infantry, 2nd Dragoons, and the 4th Artillery. Now he called on the men of the 2nd Infantry to join him. All work stopped at the post and preparations began for the coming campaign. Now they would get to do some Indian fighting, instead of housecleaning chores!

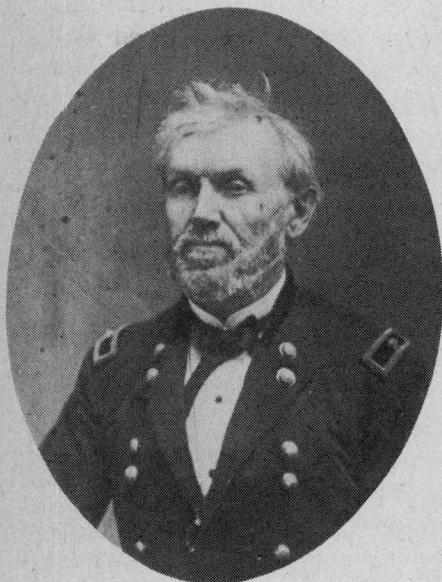
On September 16, a column made up of five companies (the sixth stayed behind to continue work on the post) marched out of Fort Pierre, unaware that their assistance was no longer needed. Harney and his men had already defeated a band of Sioux near Ash Hollow a week before his message reached Fort Pierre.

The march across the Badlands gave the soldiers their first taste of campaigning on the prairie. Wagons that accompanied the column had to carry not only ammunition, food, and water, but also wood for fires and feed for the animals because the prairie could not supply these essentials. The nights became progressively colder, a considerable change for the soldiers who had previously served in California. As one lieutenant observed: "I expect we will all be frozen to death . . . at least those of us who have been stationed at Fort Yuma."

After marching for over a week a courier intercepted the column with new orders from Harney. The general reported his victory over the Indians and told the men of the 2nd Infantry to return to Fort Pierre and complete their preparations for winter. So the "Great Expedition" turned around and headed back.

General Harney finally reached Fort Pierre on October 19, and got his first glimpse of his new headquarters. He may have been in a jubilant spirit after his victory over the Indians, but when he saw the fort his mood turned to dismay and anger. Harney bellowed and raged about conditions at the post and the few improvements that had been accomplished.

"I have never visited a post where so little had been done for the com-



Courtesy National Archives

Henry W. Wessells.

fort, convenience and necessities of the troops, as at this place, when the length of time and number of troops present are considered.

"The troops of the 2nd Infantry . . . arrived here the latter part of July last, and were available for all purposes necessary to render the position comfortable for the winter."

He noted that the only work done to the post was the erection of the portable quarters. None of the kitchens had been finished and latrines were located so far from the quarters that many of the soldiers could not find them at night. "The surface of the earth was covered with human excrement and very offensive," grumbled Harney.

Harney harangued the officers for not pushing the men harder in completing improvements. "It was unfortunate," he lamented, "the troops did not arrive in this country earlier; it was unfortunate they were stopped here; and most unfortunate of all, was the absence of a commander of energy, experience and industry."

ALSO UNFORTUNATE for the men at Fort Pierre was the approach of winter. The post quartermaster felt it would be impossible to quarter so many men and animals in there during the cold weather. A large number of the garrison should be sent out into cantonments and fend for themselves until spring, he decided. The prospect of being exiled on the prairie during the dead of winter must have scared many of the soldiers. One officer, explaining to his wife the possibility of living on the prairie like the Sioux said, "It may be destruction to the Indians, but will be the death of us likewise."

On November 1, Harney issued his order assigning companies to cantonments. He sent groups of men to the north and south of the fort and also dispatched several companies from the 2nd Infantry to camp on the opposite side of the Missouri. These soldiers must have felt totally cut off from the com-

mand, but it turned out to be a stroke of good luck.

On the east side of the river was a large forest. While the men temporarily lived in tents, they cut down some trees and constructed large, sturdy cabins. They also built fireplaces out of stone to heat the cabins. The accommodations were much better than those at the post. The companies that remained behind had to live in the portable cottages, where hoarfrost collected on the walls daily. They were able to insulate the floors of the cottages by filling the space underneath with dirt, but the wood-burning stoves could not combat the cold air that seeped through the thin walls. Even the government-issued blankets were too thin for this type of weather. Most soldiers bought buffalo robes from visiting Indians.

By February 1856 the weather had warmed up enough that the exiled companies could come out of their cantonments and rejoin the command at Fort Pierre. At the same time Harney sent a message to the Sioux Nation telling them to attend a peace council at the post. The council took place on March 1-5, with all the tribes being represented except the Oglalas (who attended a second council on April 19-20). Harney was able to extract an agreement from the Indians promising to return stolen property, to stay away from the emigrant trails, and to turn any braves guilty of these crimes over to government authorities. In return Harney pledged that the American government would keep the whites from trespassing on native lands and would restore annuities to the Indians. (Congress never ratified this treaty.)

With a peace council concluded, an end to hostilities seemed assured. The War Department felt Fort Pierre had served its usefulness and could now be abandoned. Men in the 2nd Infantry must have been delighted at the prospect of leaving this post, but their hardships were not yet over.

On April 22 a storm struck the

fort and lasted until early May. "I was never so disgusted in my life," wrote one officer. "It rained almost as much in doors as out. We had quite a variety while the storm lasted, — rain, hail, snow and thunder." The fury of the storm tore apart many of the portable quarters. The soldiers were able to save some of the buildings by bracing the walls with boards and passing ropes over the roofs and tying them to the ground. Hail killed some of the cattle and horses belonging to the command. A supply train which left the post shortly before the storm began was stranded just a few miles away, bogged down in mud.

On May 25 a steamboat arrived bringing the wives and families of some of the officers as well as Colonel Francis Lee, who relieved Major Wessells as commander of the 2nd Infantry contingent. There also arrived a message from the War Department ordering most of the troops to report to Fort Leavenworth — all except the 2nd Infantry. Harney had earlier suggested that the Army establish a new fort a hundred miles to the south and call it Fort Randall, in honor of Daniel Randall, a former paymaster. The Army agreed with this suggestion and gave the 2nd Infantry the responsibility of building and occupying the new outpost.

So the first soldiers to arrive at Fort Pierre would be the last to leave. One year after their arrival, the men of the 2nd Infantry disassembled the portable cottages and other buildings of Fort Pierre and loaded them onto steamboats which took the structures southward where 100 recruits waited to reassemble them as Fort Randall. And as these men went about their duties, remembering all that had happened to them during the past year, they probably sang this song:

*Oh, we don't mind the marching,
Nor the fighting do we fear,
But we'll never forgive old Harney
For bringing us to Pierre.*

By
IKE OSTEEN

Photos provided by author

WOULD you like to hear about my first trip to Elkhart in a wagon? I doubt if you will remember it very long, but I know I will never forget it. It started pretty early one morning when my mother woke me up by saying, "Get up, sleepy head, your daddy is going to take you to town with him."

When I realized what she had said I was out of the bedroom of that old half dugout and into the kitchen before she had finished talking. I am sure they had not told me the night before because they knew I wouldn't sleep a wink. I am also sure that trip would have made a wagon freighter for life out of me if Henry

Ford hadn't come along with the Model T and put the long-eared mules out of business.

The freighters of western Baca County, Colorado would leave their homes about one day's travel from our place. They would camp at our place, thirteen miles west of the Colorado-Kansas state line and thirty miles from Elkhart, Kansas. They would leave our place early the next morning and make Elkhart in time to unload that day.

They would stay in the wagon yards at Elkhart that night, load up early the next morning and be back at our place for another night stop, and then on home the following day.

I guess we were really running a wagon yard but I didn't realize it until I was several years older. Kinda like being in the center of a

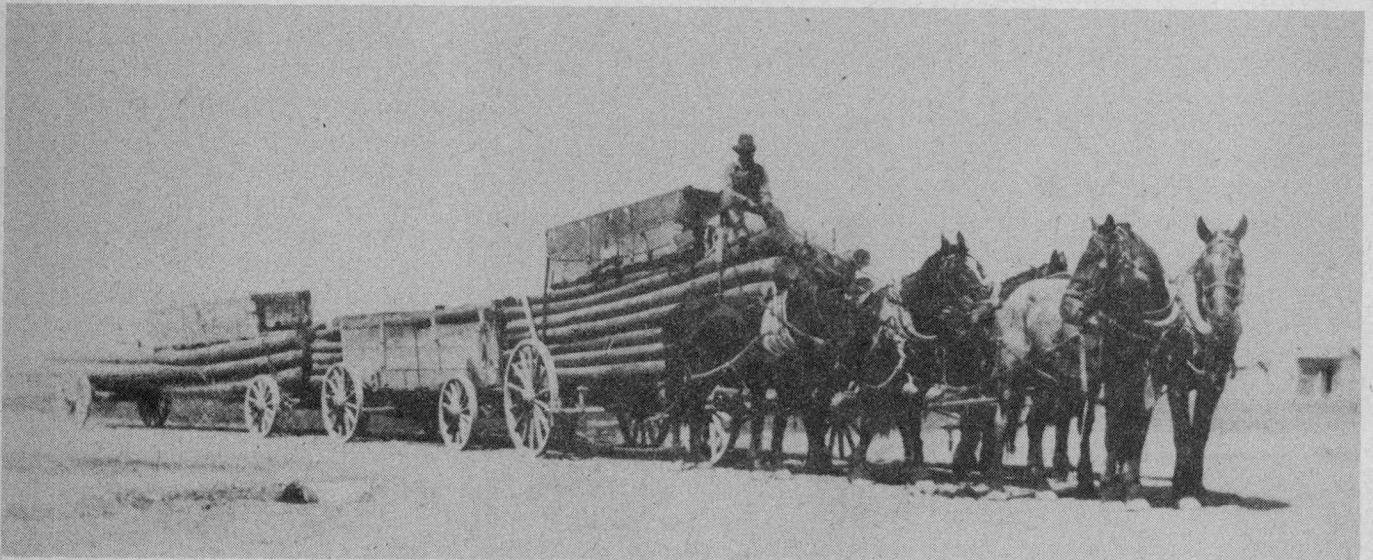
tornado; you can't see it twisting when you are in it. I thought we just happened to have a big red barn. Most barns were red if they were painted. Red paint and linseed oil was the cheapest paint you could buy. We had a good well and the old wooden wheel "Challenge" mill kept the tanks and the dirt pond full of water. We had feed to sell if a freighter ran out, or had rather buy ours than carry his own.

THERE was no question about it; I was in hog heaven that morning when Mother said Dad was going to take me to Elkhart with him. I ate a pretty good breakfast of biscuits and gravy, an egg, a good sized piece of home cured fried ham along with butter, jelly, all the raw whole milk I could drink, and a dish of hot coarse ground wheat which we cooked for breakfast food. Mother had fried extra ham which she made into sandwiches, along with six hard-boiled eggs, a jar of cooked brown Mexican beans, a raw onion, and a sack of hard sugar cookies for our lunch. That way we wouldn't have to cook at noon when we stopped to

THE RED FRONT FEED BARN

Here's where you changed from a
to a "man" of importance —

Taken from *A Place Called Baca*
©1979 Ike Osteen; Springfield, Colorado



Lee Rosengrants stopped many times at the Osteen barn. On this trip he took three wagonloads of threshed maize to town. To haul the telephone poles he took the wagonbeds off the front and rear wagons, lengthened the coupling pole holding the front and rear wheels together and loaded the poles. He then put the wagonbeds on top of the poles to get them back home. The center wagon is loaded with groceries and other items. Notice the tall pole at the rear wheel of the front wagon. This extended the brake lever up above the load and with a rope or wire on it the driver could pull on the brakes when going down hills.

rest and water the teams, eat our lunch, and visit with other freighters both coming and going.

Elmer Terry tells me he counted sixty-seven wagons on one of those noon stops. He says they were all four horse and two-wagon outfits except Ralph Miller had six horses on his two wagons and George Montgomery had two horses on a single wagon. I say horses, but they were mixed horses and mules. We had four mules on our two wagons as my dad had rather work mules than horses, and we always had eight head of mules around.

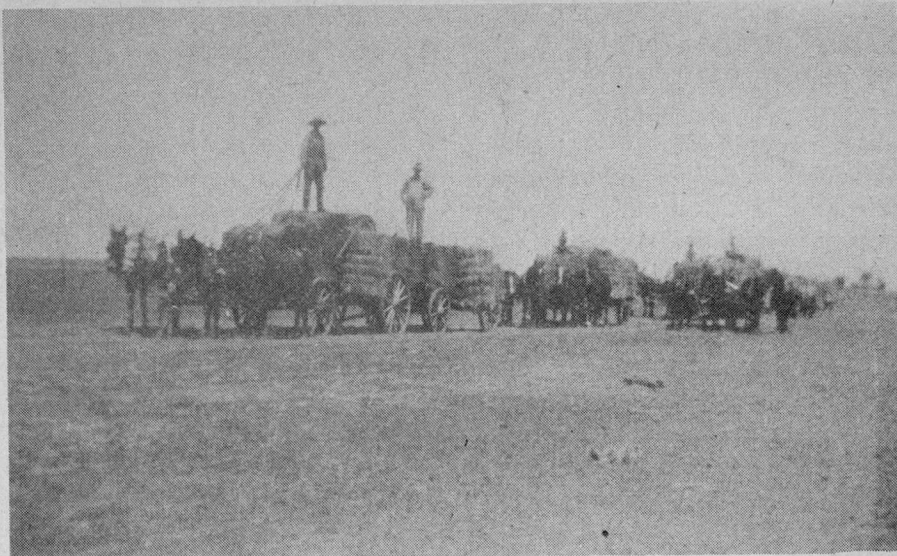
Our two wagons were loaded with threshed maize. Our bedroll and grub box was on the front wagon, and this trip we could use the old spring wagon seat. When you were hauling baled broomcorn you couldn't use the wagon seat and it took quite a long extension pole on the brake rod to be able to reach and use the brake.

On my trip there were only two other freighters to leave our barn the same day we did. No boy ever felt bigger than I did as we pulled out with one freighter in front and

big-eyed kid a freighter!



The old red barn on the O. K. Osteen farm as it looks today. Many wagon freighters of Southeastern Colorado stayed overnight here on their way to and from Elkhart, Kansas. One of the author's jobs was putting a year's supply of bundled feed into the barn's spacious loft. Ike charged the freighters a nickel per bundle for the feed. Many freighters slept in the loft but Ike's dad made them empty the matches from their pockets first.



The Harvey Bryan family raised a lot of broomcorn in Baca County. Some of the older Bryan boys had gone to harvest wheat in Kansas and their dad let three younger children help drive these wagons carrying bales of broomcorn to Elkhart. Left to right: Harvey, his son Ray, eight-year-old son Carl, and daughters Hazel and Pearl. The Bryans stayed all night with the Osteens on this trip.

another behind us. Years later I figured out why my dad didn't take the lead or bring up the rear.

After we had gone about five miles the mules had worked off a little extra vinegar and settled down to the steady clop, clop which they could hold all day. Dad passed the lines to me and said, "You drive awhile." Boy-O-Boy! Here we were freighting along and I was on the lines already. Of course I couldn't reach the front end gate with my short legs, and the weight of the lines just about pulled me off the

spring seat, without me pulling on the lines. Dad noticed this and got behind the wagon seat and pushed it forward until I could put my feet on top of the front end gate. Then he dropped off our wagon and got on the wagon behind us to visit with that freighter.

He could see me and he knew all along that with the wagon in front and one behind, our old mules didn't even need a driver. In later years I saw many teams with the lines half hitched around the brake while the drivers doubled up on wagons or walked beside them and visited. Their teams would go mile after mile without any trouble. I didn't know all that at the time and you can just imagine how important I felt high up on that old spring seat really muleskinning down the road!

We made it to the Cimarron River hill and there things changed. Before you started down that hill you stuck a post through the spokes and under the axle, and tied it there, or used a chain wheel lock which many freighters had on their wagons. The locked wheel kept the wagons from rolling too fast.

At the bottom of the hill you stopped and unhooked your trail wagon. If your team could pull the one wagon across the river sand you were lucky or had a good team. Then you un-hooked and went back for the other wagon. If your team

couldn't get you across, a man named Garrison lived there on the river and for \$2.00 he hooked on with his mules and snaked you over. Most freighters were hard pressed for \$2.00 and they would double up with their own teams and help each other across. When you came back from town to the river it was the same thing in reverse. You dropped the trail wagon and took your lead wagon all the way to the top of the river hill. Then you came back with the team and picked up the trail wagon.

Boy, was I glad my mother didn't hear the words I heard for the first time that day. She would never have let me go to town on a freight wagon again. I can't prove it, but I am certain the muleskinning vocabulary originated right there on the old Cimarron River crossing about two miles below the old Point of Rocks landmark and about eight miles north of Elkhart.

After the river crossing, the rest of the trip into town was uneventful. Dad did take the rifle out of the leather scabbard and shot a young long-legged jackrabbit. He sent me out to get it and he skinned and dressed it as we rode along. Then he washed it out with water from the stone water jug which was sewed into an old cottonseed cake sack, and put the rabbit in our grub box.

We got into town in time to unload the milo at the elevator. All the men got a big laugh at me when our wagon was unloaded. I had never seen a wagon unloaded at an elevator and when it started raising up and the maize started rolling out the back into the elevator pit I hollered and said, "Dad, our wagon is going in that big hole!" He laughed with the rest of the men and then showed me how the thing worked.

After we got unloaded we went to the general store which had a big sign painted on the front reading Blackburn and Firmin General Merchandise. There we loaded all the articles which would not be damaged if it rained that night. These were put in the trail wagon. I don't remember all the items, but I carried out buckets of axle grease,

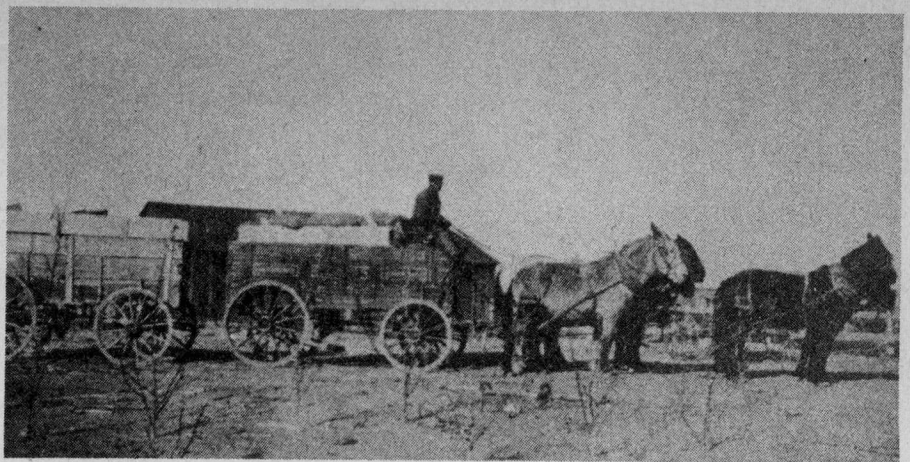


Photo courtesy Augusta Streeter Meyeres

Frank Streeter had a cattle spread ten miles south of the Osteen barn along the Cimarron breaks. On this trip Frank had hauled grain to Elkhart and was returning with his wagons loaded with 100 pound sacks of 41% cottonseed cake to feed his cattle.

and small sacks of nails and staples. Then while Dad was loading the heavy things, I just wandered around in the store looking at things I had never seen before. I didn't ask a single question because I had already been laughed at once at the elevator. When the wagon was loaded we went to the wagon yard.

WE STAYED at the Red Front Feed Barn. They had a large corral around the barn, with feed and water. If you had a mean horse or mule or a green team there were stalls in the barn for several head. If the barn filled up and you had one that would give trouble in the corral, you tied your mean one to your wagon and he spent the night there. Dad unharnessed our mules and turned them loose in the corral.

We then went to the water tank and washed our hands and faces. Some other freighters had already cooked their supper so we used their fire to fry some potatoes and eggs. After eating and putting things back in our grub box Dad unrolled our bedroll in the empty wagon bed. He told me I could rest while he joined the other men around the fire where they were smoking and talking and telling each other what was wrong with our country.

Have you ever slept in a wagon yard? Well, at this late day you won't ever have the chance, but believe me it is an experience you will never forget. I heard another new word or two as late arrivals

tried to unharness in the dark and find their way around the yard. In a couple of hours things quieted down and Dad came back to our wagon. He asked me if I had been asleep. I said, "No, I have been watching all the stars come out." I asked him how many stars there were and he said, "Well, a few seem to fall every night but I guess a few new ones are born because there seems to always be the same number of them up there."

He took our bed out of the wagon and put it on the ground under the wagon. We slept under the wagon so in case a loose horse came around he wouldn't step on us. We had more room under the wagon than we would have had inside the wagon bed. I went to sleep with all my clothes on except my shoes, and I was thinking we must be closer to the stars here than we are at home because they seemed to be so low.

I was still sleeping when Dad rolled me over and said breakfast was ready. He had already cooked the young rabbit and I didn't spend much time getting my shoes on and washing in the cold water before I was eating. Dad had a gallon fruit can on the fire and coffee was boiling in it. He said if I was big enough to be a freighter I could have some coffee. He told me to take the pliers and pour some coffee in my tin cup. I got hold of the pliers with both hands and caught the top of the bucket. To pour out any coffee I had to get both hands over the bucket

and the steam almost made me drop the whole thing. I finally got a little in my cup but it had ashes in it and I just knew it wouldn't be any good.

I had never been allowed to drink coffee at home. I tasted it and burned my tongue and told Dad it was too hot. I asked him if I could put some cold water in it. He said it was my coffee and I could drink it any way I wanted to. I filled the cup with water from our jug and then I drank it just to prove I was a great big freighter.

We rolled up the bedroll, harnessed two of the mules and hitched to the empty wagon. By that time the store was open and we loaded up at the grocery store of Welsh and Tucker. Several sacks of Diamond M flour (50 pound sacks), two sacks of sugar (100 pound sacks), and several sacks of potatoes. They were not peck-size paper sacks or the mesh 12-pound sacks you find in the stores today. I recall a wooden box of raisins, one of dried apricots and one of prunes. I know Mother had given Dad a list of many smaller articles and he spent some time gathering up all of them. I could carry the gallon syrup buckets, one at a time, and various other articles, but wherever I put them Dad had to rearrange them so I know I wasn't too much help.

We went back to the wagon yard and got the other two mules and the trail wagon. Our last stop was the ice house. It was called the ice plant

and we could drive up alongside. The door was about level with a wagon. I have more fond memories of that place than any other place in town. While Dad and the men were wrapping paper around the big 100-pound cakes of ice, then putting some straw around that and our bedroll tarp over the outside, I was eating the biggest dish of ice cream I had ever seen up to that time. It was my first dish of store-bought ice cream. It was in a paper dish with crinkled sides and they gave me a wooden spoon to eat it with. I got to keep the spoon. I guess they had never seen a country boy getting acquainted with city ice cream before. I don't know who paid for it, but I recall they filled my dish brim full twice more before Dad told me that was enough and we had to go. That was our last stop in town and we crawled on the old spring seat and headed those long-eared mules towards the Cimarron River crossing and home.

ON May 25, 1970 I was in Elkhart and took a snapshot of the area where the old Red Front Feed Barn used to be. Nothing looks the same after civilization moves in on it, and that patch of ground with the lumber yard and oil station and all the modern buildings in no way resembles the Wagon Yard. I'll bet the stars don't even seem as close when you look at them through all those electric lights and wires.

I called on Emory Addington who bought our cattle for years. I talked with Sheriff Carver who has been around there since 1908. I saw Al Smith, now in the insurance business. I wanted to see Mrs. Guy Tipton but they informed me she had passed away that very morning. Addington, Carver and Smith all knew what I meant when I asked if they remembered the monkey that ran loose around town. It would climb trees and chew off small branches and drop them on people as they passed underneath. Sometimes it would jump down on them and then onto the ground. He gave a lot of dogs trouble and tangled up "green" teams causing them to break harness or wagon tongues.

Sheriff Carver recalled the fellow who had killed a sow bear with two cubs. The cubs were brought into town and, since they liked sweets, all the kids and many grownups fed them lots of candy. One day a drummer came into town on the train. He had his candy sample case in hand and the cubs smelled the sweets. That was all it took. They made for him in a run and he dropped the case and out-ran them. When the townspeople told him what it was all about he said, "Well, I knew Elkhart was the end of the line, but I didn't think it would be so wild that you would have bears meeting the trains."

The wagon yards had a few fights, but the trouble makers generally stayed away from the Red Front Barn. Most of the freighters there were hard working, law abiding family men and they were not in town to have a good time. Of course, if you parked your empty wagon on the small hill where there was an unwritten code that only loaded wagons would park, then you could expect to be whipped or move your wagon. The loaded wagons would park on the slope so next morning when the tires were frozen to the ground the load could be started easier.

How many of you are old enough to recall the song, "I wish I'd bought a half a pint and stayed in the Wagon Yard"?

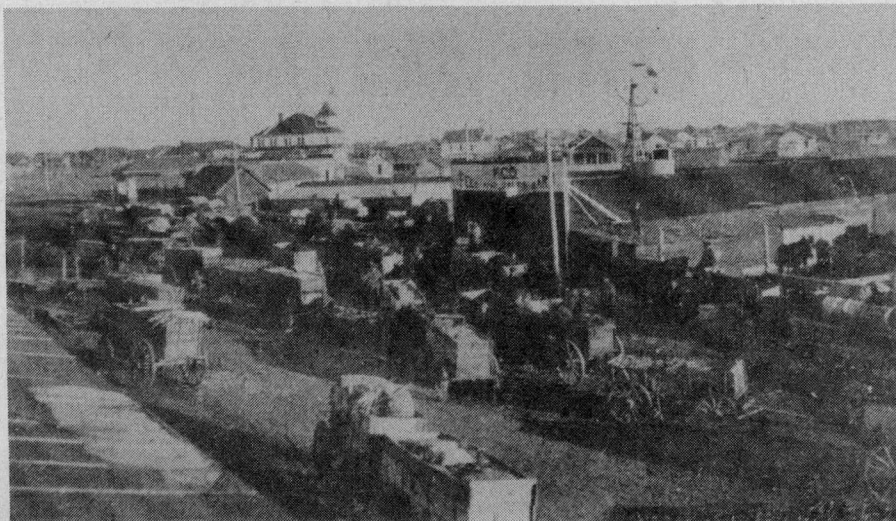


Photo courtesy Tri-State News; Elkhart, Kansas

The KCO Feed and Sales Barn in Elkhart, Kansas about sixty years ago when the town was only eight years old. Schoolhouse in left background; church in back center.



EXPENDABLE

By
N. SAM BROWN

Photos provided by author

FIVE MILES southeast of present-day Salome, Arizona a pioneer town named Harrisburg, from 1886 to 1906, provided the central supply point for mail and necessities for families, miners and prospectors within a fifty-mile radius. In the

days when travel was by stagecoach, mail often carried on horseback, and provisions arrived by wagon and team, the town's contribution to the settlement of that portion of western Arizona was great. Now a private ranch, the Harrisburg of Arizona's Territorial days has

passed into history, and only its cemetery remains to remind us that a trading center ever existed on the site.

A much traveled wagon road passed through the area as early as 1867, but it was not until the Indian Wars had died down in Arizona Territory that prospectors spread out singly and in pairs in the Harquahala and Harcuvar Mountains that surround what is known today as McMullen Valley.

In 1876 George A. Ellsworth came to the area from Yavapai County and dug a shallow well by hand. He set up a stage station he called Centennial at a point where the ephemeral Centennial Wash cut through a low, hilly portion of the Harquahala Range and formed a large underground supply of water. In addition to water, a few provisions were available, and these necessities were instrumental in encouraging the widespread prospecting that was underway in the area by 1878.

Among the early prospectors who took up residence was a stocky and determined man who rarely used his given name of William Beard, preferring instead to be known as Bill Bear. Evidence of his preference in name is found on mining claims recorded at the Yuma County courthouse, and on his gravestone in Harrisburg's cemetery. His name became legend in the early days along Centennial Wash, and is synonymous with the town of Harrisburg which he helped lay out and build.

In 1879 Ellsworth succeeded in establishing a Miner's Meeting with written by-laws and with members who could assist inexperienced prospectors with proper procedures in laying out and recording claims. The results of his efforts are recorded in many columns of glowing reports in the *Arizona Sentinel*



Bill Bear.

HARRISBURG

outlive their purpose . . .

(Yuma). The February 21 issue declared that Centennial Wells, on the road between Yuma and Prescott, was fast becoming a mining center.

By September 26 a group of investors from California operating under the name Oro Milling and Mining Company had purchased a ten-stamp mill in San Francisco and had it shipped via steamer to the mouth of the Colorado River; there, the machinery was transferred to a smaller boat to travel upstream some 300 miles to Ehrenberg. From Ehrenberg, the Bancroft Brothers



These two photographs and the one on the following page, as far as the author has been able to find out, are the only ones in existence of the old Harrisburg. The one above shows the "twin" adobe buildings with a common porch where a few unidentified men are standing. At right is the general store which also contained the post office and the Harrisburg-Congress Stage Office. The saloon is on the left. Top right: The same building in an advanced state of deterioration.

supply wagon was hired to haul the equipment to Centennial Wells. The number of residents in the isolated community by 1880 resulted in the establishment of a small post office under the name Orville. However, the anticipated success of the California investors did not develop, due, according to some historians, to their lack of knowledge of the mining business and lack of adequate funds.

IN JULY 1881 the post office was settled at Centennial Wells with Ellsworth as its postmaster for a short time. However, he soon resigned from that position to devote his time to promoting mining in the district that now carries his name. The arrastre method of mining was used by individuals, some of whom reportedly made excellent wages from the gold they obtained in this manner. Scattered along Centennial Wash were small communities with several arrastres in operation. Using Indian laborers with pack-burros for transporting

ores from the various mines, these small pools of civilization lived at the only dependable source of water in the valley near the Centennial Wash that drained the entire area.

Then, unexpectedly, tragedy struck. In the winter of 1883 a heavy downpour near the head of the wash caused a flash flood that washed away the camps, destroying wells and arrastres. Many of the people saved their lives by climbing into the sturdier mesquite trees and clinging there until the flood had subsided. The event seems to have marked the beginning of the end of this particular mining period, for by March 1886 the post office at Centennial Wells had been discontinued.

However, by mid-1886 the men who would found the town of Harrisburg on the old Centennial Wells site were already in the valley taking up abandoned mining claims. At the head of the list for numbers of claims recorded is Bill Bear who was working with Frederick A. Trittle, ex-governor of the Arizona Terri-

tory who resigned that post in 1885 to devote his time to mining, and Horace E. Harris, a financier with much mining experience.

In July 1886 the *Weekly Arizona Miner* (Prescott) reported that a mill and machinery were being set up near the old site of Centennial Wells, and that a new town was growing up around the mill. Bill Bear was in charge of much of the work, and among the first adobe homes to be constructed was one for his wife Mary, who was as devoted as her husband to this lonely land. The town was called Harrisburg in honor of Horace E. Harris who invested considerable money in the project. By September 15 the Articles of Incorporation of the Harris Gold and Silver Milling and Mining Company, located in Harrisburg, Arizona Territory, had been filed at the county seat in Yuma. Under the supervision of Bill Bear, mining machinery was operating by October. Another well had been dug and equipped with a steam pump capable of producing water around the



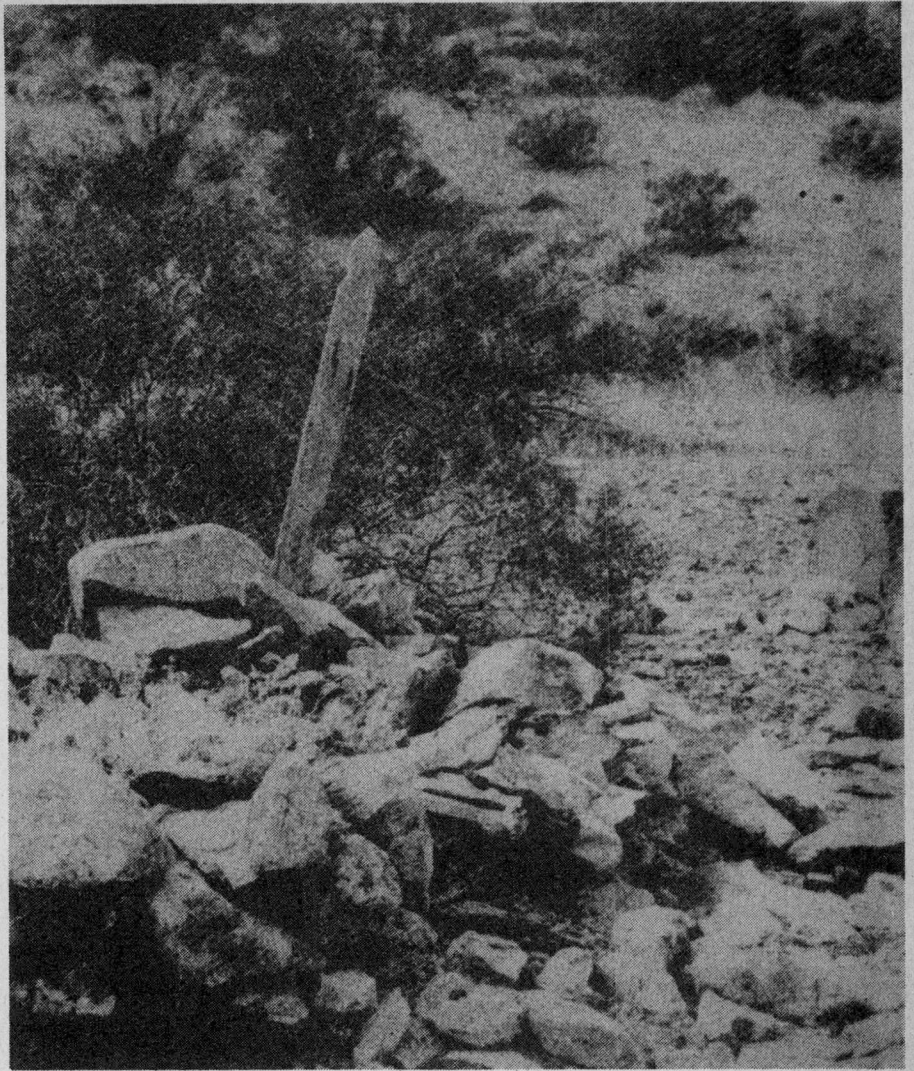
A wagon and team of four horses crossing the flooding Centennial Wash toward the ore mill. The Centennial Wash is 100 miles long and drains the entire McMullen Valley during rainy seasons.

clock. Bids were opened to obtain freighters to haul ore from the surrounding mines to the ore mill.

In February 1887 the mill at Harrisburg was crushing thirty tons of ore daily. Thirty-six men were said to be working in the mines, twelve men were working at the mill, and many others were employed to haul ore from the mine to the mill, as well as wood to fire the steam-operated machinery. On February 9, 1887 the Harrisburg post office opened with Bill Bear as its first postmaster. In addition to other duties, he managed the general store and stage office which were housed in the same building. Next door to the store, and sharing a common porch, a twin adobe building housed a saloon. Across the street, a Chinaman operated a rooming and boarding house. Several substantial buildings housed such mining-town necessities as a business office, an assay office, a blacksmith shop and a livery stable, and a storage building. Perhaps a quarter of a mile from the business section, several adobe homes were constructed at widely separated distances for businessmen and their families. Tent houses were used as temporary dwellings, the numbers increasing and decreasing with the transient population. Several newspapers predicted that Harrisburg would become one of the most outstanding mining towns in Arizona Territory.

Unfortunately, the ore in the district was found to carry a stubborn flux which prevented economical separation of gold, and by late 1887 discouragement had set in. The mill, able to process only custom ore, lay idle part of the time. Many men lost jobs, but those who had established homes in the town picked up enough work to keep food on the table, and spread out into the hills to prospect for themselves. The dream of striking gold came true for one group of miners, and that may be the only reason that Harrisburg continued as a town.

RICH GOLD was found a few miles west of Harrisburg in the fall



Courtesy Western Prospector and Miner

Grave of an early-day miner in the camp cemetery at Harquahala, Arizona.

of 1888 which set off a strike that brought hordes of men into the valley. Investors, financiers, promoters, mining men, and prospectors swarmed across the hills. Tent houses were set up in Harrisburg to serve as stores and saloons. A steady stream of supply wagons came and went. Special stagecoach lines were brought into action from railroad stations and the major towns to and from the district.

The Harqua Hala Bonanza, as the mine was called, was indeed rich. To Harrisburg, with its excellent water supply in a surrounding desert, the discovery was a lifeline that kept the town strong and provided work for many of its residents. The water lines that were laid from a well at the western tip of Harrisburg across the hills some four miles to the Harqua Hala Bonanza provided its sole source of water for many years.

Inevitably, with the rapid influx of men into the district, and additional saloons that were ever-present in gold rush towns, there came a raft of disagreements. In January 1889 a lad named Alonso Johnson drifted into Harrisburg from Yuma. He was around town a few days when he became involved in an argument with a fellow from Phoenix named Peter Burns. In a fit of anger, Johnson threatened Burns with a wrench. Burns was not a man to back down in the face of danger. He calmly pulled his pistol and shot Johnson, abruptly ending the argument and the young man's life. After some deliberation, the coroner's jury released Burns, deciding he had acted in self-defense.

An incident took place in July 1890 when John Doten, another young man in Harrisburg, tangled with Justice of the Peace Frank

Wells. Doten came out on the losing end and immediately charged Wells with assault and battery. After evidence was heard from both sides, Wells was acquitted. But Doten had not yet learned his lesson. Two months later, he got into a fight with Antonio Herrera and won the fight by using a sharp axe on his opponent's head, killing him instantly. At the trial that followed, Doten pleaded self-defense, but the jury gave him a ten-year sentence for manslaughter.

Bill Bear's wife Mary became so ill in 1890 that he quit his position as Harrisburg's postmaster to care for her. After a lingering illness, she died in 1891 and was buried in the little cemetery across the Centennial Wash at the base of the first hill. Then Bill closed their home. With a burro to carry his bedroll and simple needs, this man who had been a stabilizing influence in Harrisburg, took to the hills, threading the seventy miles of lonely canyons and dry washes between Harrisburg and Yuma, seeking solace in the

silent places on the desert. Friends were concerned. They began asking questions, and gradually news of the "burro man" trickled back to his town by word of mouth from other prospectors who came upon him in out-of-the-way places. Sometimes they carried supplies back to him.

"He's out there," the prospectors would say, "camping in a clump of mesquite, haunting little known coves, digging in abandoned mining pockets. Don't say when he plans to come back in."

It was almost a year before Bill returned to Harrisburg to stay for various lengths of time in the adobe he had built for Mary. He came back a grizzled old prospector, dark as an Indian from long exposure to the desert sun. Before long he was gone again. He prospected, finding promising ore. He sold mining claims only to take them back again when payments were not met according to agreement. At times he worked at other mining camps, but he always returned to Harrisburg. When queried about it, he replied, "Always intend to come back. And when my time is up, I want to be buried over there by my Mary."

ABOUT A YEAR after Bill had left the post office to care for his wife, William Moffatt took over the store and post office. He was a genial man who made many friends in the little town. On a hot night in August 1900 he was sleeping on a cot on the front porch of his store. In the dark, and wearing no shoes in a successful attempt to muffle all sounds of his approach, a robber struck the sleeping storekeeper on the head with a length of steel which was normally used for drilling ore. The blow killed Moffatt instantly. The murderer took the moneybag from beneath the dead man's pillow and fled.

When the deed was discovered the following morning, a posse was quickly formed and a search was underway. The man did not cover his or his pony's tracks well. He was apprehended that same day on the old wagon road a few miles to the northwest. He was taken to Yuma,

where he was later tried and hanged.

Moffatt had no immediate family; a nephew came out from an Eastern state to take over the store and post office. But the isolated little community which was still being served by stagecoach and supply wagons was an unaccustomed burden to him, and he leased the place out with an option to buy. In 1902 John and Sadie Martin bought out the business and moved from the San Marcos Mine, six miles to the north, to Harrisburg.

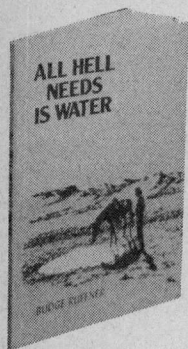
Mining in the Harquahala and Harcuvar Mountains had continued through the years. Many notices of "rich strikes" are cited in old newspapers, but none ever matched the wealth that the Harqua Hala Bonanza produced. Toward the end of 1902, rumors that a railroad was to be built through McMullen Valley surfaced, and once again a rush of prospective gold seekers descended upon Harrisburg. The town, as rumors of the railroad became a reality, experienced a last bright fling of glory.

Not only were old gold mines reactivated, but copper ore was being found in quantity in the district. There was great activity as mines changed hands. Men of wealth began to invest in the area, installing machinery and building fine homes at the mines. Harrisburg's social life became noteworthy. There were dances and card parties, dinner parties, and picnics. Through all of it, the excellent climate and plentiful underground water supply was extolled.

Only when the Santa Fe had completed its final survey for the branch line called the Arizona and California Railroad, was the future of the first town in northern Yuma County doomed. The long-coveted railway was laid out to by-pass Harrisburg!

In 1904 Salome was founded five miles north of Harrisburg at the terminus of the first portion of the railroad that had started west from the Santa Fe line, six miles north of Wickenburg. By March 1905 Salome had its own post office, a

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When Harrisburg's post office closed on September 29, 1906, former businessmen had already moved on to set up new towns and new stores along the Arizona and California Railroad. Except for Bill Bear and a few other prospectors who continued to live in the buildings, Harrisburg gradually became a ghost town. Transients came and went. Only occasionally were the old men seen on a hot afternoon, gathered on the front porch of the deserted store and saloon, reminiscing about days gone by.

As the years passed, so did Bill Bear's old friends. Harrisburg's adobe buildings crumbled; its dusty streets were empty. And still, after wandering between the old town and Yuma, seeking someone who could talk with him about the past, Bill continued to come home. It was while he was on one of his trips to Yuma in 1920 that Bill died and was buried in a Yuma cemetery. It seemed that his often voiced desire to be interred beside Mary in the cemetery of the town he loved was not to be. And except for a quirk of fate our story would end here.

It was in the early 1930s that James L. Edwards, then supervisor for an Arizona highway construction and maintenance crew along the pioneer road between Ehrenberg and Wickenburg, noted the neglect of several old cemeteries. Knowing some of the hardships early settlers had endured, he felt compelled to try to preserve the burial sites. Edwards approached his supervisors with a plan that included donating his time to refurbishing the cemeteries and constructing suitable monuments to memorialize the early pioneers. His suggestion was accepted, and Harrisburg's cemetery was among those chosen to be refurbished.

While work on the latter was in progress, Sadie Martin, who had come to know Bill Bear during the years she and her husband operated the general store in Harrisburg, remembered his request to be buried beside his wife. She suggested to proper authorities that

granting old Bill's last wish might be a fitting dedication ceremony for the cemetery.

Late one afternoon in 1936 Bill Bear's remains were removed from the Yuma grave and taken in an Arizona Highway truck to Harrisburg. At Centennial Wash, where a group of residents waited, the casket was strapped to the back of a burro. On cue, an aging prospector led the plodding burro up out of the wash and, followed by a procession of men and women in single file, proceeded to the open grave. That brief ceremony, which was an integral part of the dedication project, was the final service performed in Harrisburg's cemetery. Old Bill Bear had at last come home to stay.



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STRAY LEAVES

This horse was bred to run, and he did — but in a different way, on a different track

By
LUCIAN B. JACKSON
Photos provided by author

LUCIAN B. Jackson ordered a Thoroughbred stud from England in 1898 and the transaction was handled by the American Jockey Club in New York City. The horse was shipped by the breeder to Canada, where he was held in quarantine for sixty days, according to government regulations.

After some minor problems were cleared by the United States Department of Indian Affairs, the horse was finally shipped to Addington, Indian Territory, the nearest railroad loading pens to the Jackson Bar W. Ranch, close to the old Mud Creek Crossing.

Addington was about twenty-five miles from the Bar W. Ranch and travel was limited to horseback, carriage or wagon. Just about every

white family in the Choctaw-Chickasaw Nation was at the stock pens to see the first foreign, imported, Thoroughbred horse ever to be shipped to this part of Indian Territory.

People were sitting on the fence or looking through the rails at this very ugly specimen of English Thoroughbred. They were all snickering or laughing when Lucian (Lute) Jackson climbed up on the fence to see what all the merriment was about. Lute was a very disappointed cowboy when he first observed the monstrosity that had cost him the enormous sum of \$785.

St. Swithen, descendant of the most royal Thoroughbred family in England, was without a doubt the most unattractive package of horse-flesh Lute had ever seen. His head looked somewhat like a mule's and his long pointed ears further enhanced that impression. His back

was as straight as an arrow, from stem to stern, and his feet were as large and as flat as a plate and big enough to hold a roast pig.

The most redeeming features about this three-year-old English horse were his golden sorrel color, his white stocking feet and the broad white blaze down his face and muzzle. What many of these amused residents of Indian Territory wouldn't realize until years later was that this ugly duckling would become famous among horse racing people of the Southwest.

St. Swithen sired several colts that also became famous in those early years. The first to gain recognition was the little mare, Dixie Minor, who set many track records at Tijuana, Mexico. The dam of this race mare was the famous, little "Sam Bass Mare" that Lute obtained from his cousin Frank Jackson after Bass was killed in



Men, left to right: Big Boy McCaskle and Pardee Harmon, ex U.S. Marshal. Horses, left to right: Old Ebb, Stray Leaves and Wild Rube.

Round Rock, Texas.

This old mare raised two outstanding colts by the English stud before she died shortly after the turn of the century. In 1916 two fillies, sired by St. Swithen, were shipped to the Prince of Wales for his stud farm near Quebec, Canada.

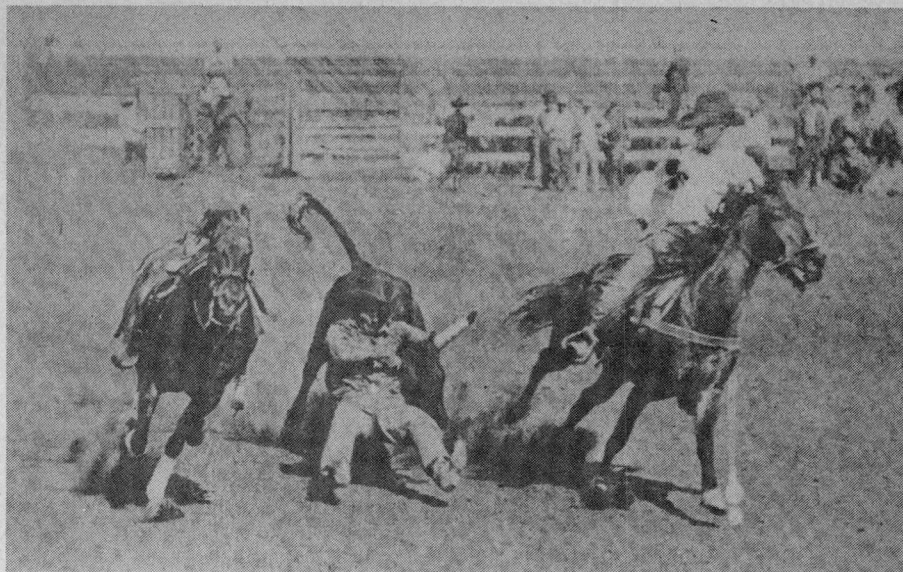
ABOUT THIS TIME another Jackson-bred horse was making his debut to the public, destined to become famous in an entirely different endeavor than racing. Stray Leaves is still remembered by many old rodeo cowboys today. He was considered by many to be the first famous bulldogging horse in the world, and gained his renown under the guidance of early-day dogger, Mike Hastings.

Stray Leaves came into this world in the most unusual manner. His dam, Lady Greenbratleton, gave birth to the foal at the edge of a shallow lake. He only survived because his head was above the water line.

On April 7, 1909 Lute found the almost-dead colt. He and his wife Louise nursed the little chocolate-colored chestnut with a small star on his forehead. He was named Stray Leaves by Mrs. Jackson when she learned that the colt was found covered by strayed and drifted leaves.

Stray Leaves was sired by the English stud, St. Swithen, and was registered as a Thoroughbred with the American Jockey Club, New York. Due to the handicaps of his early life he never reached the customary weight of a Thoroughbred; he never weighed more than 900 pounds at maturity.

The little horse showed great promise as a runner, so Lute started training Stray Leaves and another two-year-old, Wild Rube, in 1911. The two colts were being conditioned for races to be held during the Jefferson County Fair at Ryan, Oklahoma. This little town was near the old Chisholm Trail cattle crossing between Spanish Fort, Texas and Ryan, on Red River. This Jefferson County Seat was later moved a few miles north to Waurika, Okla-



Milt Hinkle Photo

Bulldogger Mike Hastings hangs on to an ornery one. Below: Lucian B. Jackson on Bulldog Bobby — both around nineteen years old.

homa.

On August 10 these two horses were poisoned by a culprit or culprits unknown. It was believed that a mixture of arsenic and molasses was added to their feed. Wild Rube died, but Stray Leaves lived an unusually long and interesting life.

Lute had a working agreement with a horse breeder and trainer from Sallisaw, Oklahoma, a Dr. McDaniel who annually raced at Tijuana, Mexico. In 1912, McDaniel took his string of horses to Mexico, as he usually did every year. He took Stray Leaves along because he showed so much promise. But it was discovered shortly that the little horse couldn't run the distance of a Thoroughbred because his wind had been broken by the poisoning. He had to be sent back to the ranch.

Lute Jackson started using the little horse as a cowhorse on the Bar W. Ranch and discovered that the horse had phenomenal speed up to about 300 yards. So he let his nephew Pete Pemberton start training Stray Leaves as a roping horse.

In the latter part of August 1914 this little sorrel horse made himself very popular during the Comanche Indian Pow Wow at Comanche, Oklahoma (once called Comanche Springs). Held by the Territorial Indians, this Indian gathering preceded the Anadarko Celebration by quite some time.



Lute had attended this Pow Wow for many years before statehood, had raced his horses here against the Indians as far back as the 1870s and was well respected by the Comanches.

During this Indian picnic Stray Leaves was introduced and went on to become one of the greatest of rodeo horses. He won three events at the Pow Wow and eventually became one of the winningest horses in rodeo bulldogging events.

Although Pete Pemberton was still in his teens, he was becoming quite proficient with the rope. He practiced in the cow lot on milk pen calves every Sunday without the

knowledge of the rest of the family.

At the Comanche Rodeo, Pete had entered the Calf Roping without telling Lute. Lute planned on running Stray Leaves in the Indian Races later in the afternoon.

Lute was both pleased and angry when he learned that a kid named Pete Pemberton had won the calf roping event. But there was something else Lute was unaware of. Pete had agreed to let another boy use Stray Leaves in the new event called bulldogging. This young novice was to pay Pemberton two dollars for using the horse.

When Lute learned that a boy named Mike Hastings had won the new sport of bulldogging on an unknown horse called Stray Leaves, he became even more upset. He felt

his chances for winning a race with the tiring horse were slim.

The big Indian event was the Buffalo Hunt held just before the Horse Races in the afternoon. Several buffalo were released in the crude arena and a few chosen braves were allowed to ride their bareback ponies out and kill the buffalo with bows, arrows and lances. The meat from this kill was to supply the feast of Indian Pashofa that night and a barbecue for everyone the next day. The most interesting part of this event was watching the Indian women butcher the downed buffalo. Many observers witnessed them stripping and eating raw parts of the slain carcass as they worked.

The horse races were usually held in the afternoon as the last event

before the feast and dancing at night. Several matched races were run but there were one or two open races where eight or ten horses would run for a jackpot. It was one of these races that Stray Leaves won easily. He went on to win two matched races before the meet ended.

MIKE HASTINGS was an aspiring young roper, but he was also becoming interested in the new sport of bulldogging. He made Lute Jackson an offer of \$150 for Stray Leaves. Since a good horse in those days could be bought for about \$50, Lute thought this a very good offer and sold the Thoroughbred. The pair became famous in later years in competitive bulldogging.

From 1915 to about 1917, Mike Hastings and Stray Leaves made rodeo history, winning almost every dogging event held in the United States. During World War One, Hastings served his country and about 1922 he and Stray Leaves started their rodeo career over again.

They won at Cheyenne, Denver, Kansas City and Fort Worth and in 1923 they won at the Chicago International as well as Madison Square Garden.

Although Hastings was a burly, aggressive sort, he was well respected among rodeo people. Rodeo was his life. He achieved more in his career than most modern-day cowboys will ever know. In 1924 Stray Leaves was about fifteen years old, which is considered old for a performing rodeo horse. But he and Mike Hastings were still winning on the rodeo circuit.

Tex Austin, a promoter of Western shows and rodeos, started gathering a group of well-known rodeo stars to make a tour of England with his Wild West Show.

Of course, as most promoters do, Austin had to seek financial help to underwrite the costs of this venture. He was casually acquainted with Cub Dillard, one of the eldest sons of J. H. (Foot) Dillard, a prominent cattleman and owner of one of the biggest ranches in Oklahoma.



Left: Mabel Bulard, daughter of sheriff, Gainesville, Cooke County, Texas. Middle: Elizabeth Hastings, aunt of Mike Hastings, Gainesville. Right: Louise Hargis, author's mother at age sixteen, Calisburg, Texas. Photo was taken in 1894 in Ardmore, Indian Territory.

Cub Dillard was aspiring to be the manager of the extensive Dillard Ranches. He agreed to finance Tex Austin in this unusual and precarious promotion, providing Austin would first promote and manage a rodeo to be held on the ranch in southern Oklahoma, near the little town of Ringling.

Ringling was named after John Ringling, a partner in the Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey Circus. This little settlement was to be the winter headquarters for the circus. A railroad spur was built by oilman Jake Hamons and Ringling. This branch line originally served Lone Grove, Wilson, Healdton and Ringling. It has been completely abandoned, and Ringling town has never seen an elephant, tiger nor a giraffe!

The Dillard Ranch Rodeo was held July 3-5, 1924 and all the livestock used in the roping and riding events came from the ranch. Big three-year-old steers were used instead of bucking bulls; two-year-old Hereford steers were used for roping, as well as cows and calves for the wild cow milking and calf roping. The bucking horses were gathered from the sixty head of mares and horses that roamed the ranch's big south pasture.

Lute Jackson, Foot Dillard, Roy Spradling and Floyd Randolph rounded up and cut the livestock to be used for the show. While they had the cattle gathered, Foot Dillard cut out thirteen head of big fat cows to be barbecued for the crowd the first day of the rodeo.

The Dillard Ranches comprised four separate units — the big headquarters ranch one mile east of Ringling, the Butcherknife place four miles south, the Claypool or Shotgun Ranch west, and a small steer ranch near Apache, Oklahoma.

Vida Jackson had married Foot Dillard in 1923. She was his second wife and they had two children: James H. and Jerry H. Dillard. James was a district judge when he died several years ago. His wife Jean now owns and operates the JHD Ranches near Ringling. Jerry still owns the Butcherknife or Rocking



The Dillard Ranch.

Diamond Ranch south of Ringling.

Many rodeo celebrities were invited by Cub Dillard to come to the ranch and spend a week or two before shipping out to England. Some were there earlier, and it was during this time that I became well acquainted with several of these rodeo people. I was fourteen years old as was my friend Ted Dillard. We automatically became the "gophers" for these famous people, and of course we were all eyes and ears.

There were two residences for the cowboys and cowgirls while they waited to go to England — a bunkhouse and the fourteen-room ranch house. Ones I remember most were Floyd and Florence Randolph, steer roper and trick rider; Buck and Tad Lucas, roper and trick riders; Chester Byers, trick roper; Hugo and Mabel Strickland, roper and trick rider; Bryan and Ruth Roach, bulldogging and bronc riding; Lucille Mulhall, trick riding and exhibition bronc riding.

Others were Mike and Fox Hastings, Grace Runyon, Turk Greenough and wife, Shorty Kelso, Richard Merchant, E. Pardee, Jonas DeArmon and Ben Johnson.

Of course Ted and I remember Milt Hinkle very well because he would sit on the bunkhouse porch

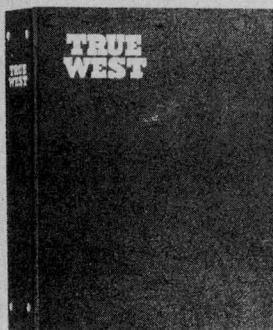
and spin yarns about his ability as a bulldogger. Later he proved he was just as good as he said he was. I am not sure, but I don't think he went with the group to England.

TEX AUSTIN was a person you could never forget. He was a very colorful man. My father called him a dude or a dandy. He wore a large white hat and fancy boots, tight, highly decorated pants and a white embroidered shirt. He was not a very big man, but he left you with that impression. Up until the trip to England he had been highly successful.

Austin bought the old Forked Lightning Ranch near the little settlement of Pecos, New Mexico on the upper Pecos River. This transaction was in the late twenties or early thirties. After Austin's death, the ranch was sold to the movie actress Greer Garson and her husband, Mr. Fogalson. They still own and operate the ranch and run Santa Gertrudis cattle.

After the Dillard Ranch Rodeo, Austin was left with the difficult task of picking the limited number of contestants he could take to England. But he gave them all a choice if they paid their own way, and many did go at their own expense.

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The rodeo livestock was also very limited. As well as I can remember, Austin held a meeting on the bunkhouse porch and listed the number of animals that could be shipped to England: three dogging horses, five roping horses, steer and calf, two trick riding horses, one trick roping

horse, Chester Byer's spotted horse, seven dogging and roping steers (to be used in each event), ten bucking horses and ten bucking steers (no bulls). The roping calves were to be bought in England.

Austin's booking agent in England had arranged for seven appearances in the London area and two elsewhere. But the stolid English people were not interested in this unusual and raw sport. After the first four or five shows it became very apparent that the Wild West

Show was fast getting into financial trouble. To make matters even worse, The Royal Society for Cruelty to Animals stopped the use of spurs and flank cinches on the bucking stock. Then to cap that off they stopped the roping completely.

After two more performances before no-show crowds, Tex Austin called it quits and started trying to recoup enough funds to get his cowboys and cowgirls back home.

Some of the stock had already been attached by hotel and pub owners so it was decided to sell the rest and some of the equipment. But returns were still so small that Mr. Dillard had to wire them \$6,000 to supplement the costs of their passage back to the United States.

Only one animal was allowed to return — Mike Hastings' little sorrel dogging horse Stray Leaves — because he was insured by Lloyd's of London.

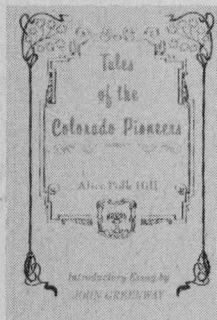
Later, at Fort Worth, Texas while Chester Byers was performing, it was announced that his old spotted horse was also included in the group that survived the English catastrophe. Of this I am not sure.

Mike Hastings retired Stray Leaves shortly after the trip to England and later gave him to Roy Spradling to use as a part-time cowhorse on his ranch west of Ringling, Oklahoma. The horse died on the KW ranch in 1931, just four miles west of where he was foaled in 1909 on Lute Jackson's Bar W. ranch.

Hastings bought a black horse from Milt Hinkle in 1925 and used him for two or three years before letting Cub Dillard have him to settle a debt. This horse, Bulldog Bobby, was used on the Dillard ranches for a few years and died about 1935.

Although the modern day bulldogger is much better trained and the times are much faster, I and other old-timers often wonder how our young cowboys today could cope with a 700- or 800-pound steer in comparison with the little Mexican steers now being used.

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THE LONG RIFLE

The Long Rifle by Robert Lagemann and Albert Manucy (Eastern Acorn Press, distributed by Publishing Center for Cultural Resources, 625 Broadway, New York, NY 10012, 32 pages, \$3.95 paper, 8 x 7 inches).

This is a concise study of the Long Rifle made famous by Daniel Boone and Andrew Jackson's Tennesseans early in this nation's history.

The attractive booklet contains thirty-five drawings, photographs, and engravings that show how the rifle was crafted and used, and how it was perceived and recorded by several nineteenth-century artists including Howard Pyle. Pyle's colorful painting of George Rogers Clark with his Long Rifle is reproduced on the cover.

Eastern Acorn Press is the publishing imprint of the Eastern National Park & Monument Association. The booklet provides for interesting reading and is a valuable reference work. Recommended.

INDIAN COUNTRY

Indian Country of the Tubatulabal by Bob Powers (copies available from the author, Box 204, Kernville, CA 93238, 103 pages, \$18.95 hardcover, 9 x 11½ inches).

This attractive book focuses on the Tubatulabal Indians, the only tribe to survive the coming of the white man in the Kern River Valley region of California.

In telling their story Powers stresses that the Tubatulabal were peaceful people. He chronicles their

lifestyle as hunters and gatherers who followed the water of the Kern River as it flows down the canyons of the southern Sierra Nevada Mountains.

Powers describes how the Tubatulabal made their annual trek to gather pinon nuts, of their religion that includes jimson weed, their year-long ceremony of death, and the seemingly uncanny powers of the Tubatulabal witch doctor and the tribal clown.

The author's life-long friendship with members of the Tubatulabal tribe dates back to days when they attended school together. Powers points out that there are fewer than a dozen Tubatulabal Indians living in the Kern River Valley who speak the "happy talk" language of their tribe fluently.

The book, nicely illustrated by Jeanette Rogers, includes many historic photos and maps. The book's publisher is Westenlore Press of Tuscon, Arizona. Recommended.

FREMONT CANNON

The Fremont Cannon: High Up and Far Back by Ernest Allen Lewis (The Arthur H. Clark Co., Box 230, Glendale, CA 91209, 168 pages, \$32.50 hardcover, 9½ x 6½ inches).

Author Ernest A. Lewis presents the story behind a brass cannon taken West by John C. Fremont on his second expedition in the last century. The cannon was taken as far west as California's Sierra Nevada range. There, somewhere near present Coleville, California, the expedition encountered deep snow and steep ascents. They left the cannon to the elements on Jan-

uary 28, 1844.

For some years it was thought that a cannon in a Nevada museum was the Fremont cannon. Lewis, however, presents his findings and shows that the bronze twelve-pound mountain howitzer in the Nevada Museum at Carson City is not the cannon abandoned by Fremont.

As to the whereabouts of the Fremont cannon, Lewis believes that Indians probably found the cannon and hid it under an overhanging ledge or in a natural depression. Lewis concludes that the cannon is still lost somewhere near the West Walker River on or near Mt. 8422, but the area, notes Lewis, "is bitterly cold" with deep snows in the winter, "and millions of ants mar the way" in the summer.

Lewis includes two pages of advice in the book for prospective cannon searchers. This fascinating story is told in seven chapters plus an appendix, bibliography, notes and index. The book is volume XI in the publisher's Frontier Military Series. Highly recommended.

FRONTIER BOTTLES

Bottles on the Western Frontier by Rex L. Wilson (University of Arizona Press, Box 3398, Tucson, AZ 85722, 144 pages \$40.00 hardcover, \$19.95 paperback 12 x 9 inches).

This new and very handsome book is a guide to containers — bottles — that might be found by collectors and hobbyists at historic sites in the Old West. The contents of this book are based on archaeological excavations at Fort Union, New Mexico, and Fort Laramie, Wyoming. Photographs and descriptions of nearly 450 bottles from thousands that were recovered are included. The bottles were manufactured between 1850 and 1900.

The author observes that most of the bottles were located in old privies, beneath barracks floors and in abandoned rubbish heaps long covered by earth. The author is senior archaeologist for the National Trust for Historic Preservation.

Bottle collectors will find this

(Continued on page 62)

John Sutter's son seems proof of the

By
ERNIE HOLYER

Photos provided by author;
Courtesy Gene W. Holyer

AGAINST A backdrop of white-washed adobe bricks, bookshelves, and a bottle-filled cupboard sits a remarkably lifelike figure of John Augustus Sutter, carefully weighing the gold sample brought to him by James Wilson Marshall from the sawmill under construction at Coloma. Marshall, eager to hurry back for more gold, should it be the real thing, stands beside the crude table, eyes fixed on the pair of scales before Sutter. This tableau commemorates that fateful January evening in 1848 when gold became a reality in California, and it can be seen by visitors to Sutter's Fort, State Historical Monument in Sacramento.

History books tell us that the gold discovery was the worst thing that could have happened to Sutter, self-styled empire builder in what used to be California wilderness under Mexican rule.

Cold, hard facts point a different direction, however. It is true that Sutter's employees ran after the gold and his crops went to waste. But how could a man owning hundreds of square miles of rapidly appreciating land get to the brink of ruin when everybody around him managed to get rich? Being at the source of opportunity, how could Sutter lose out where others prospered?

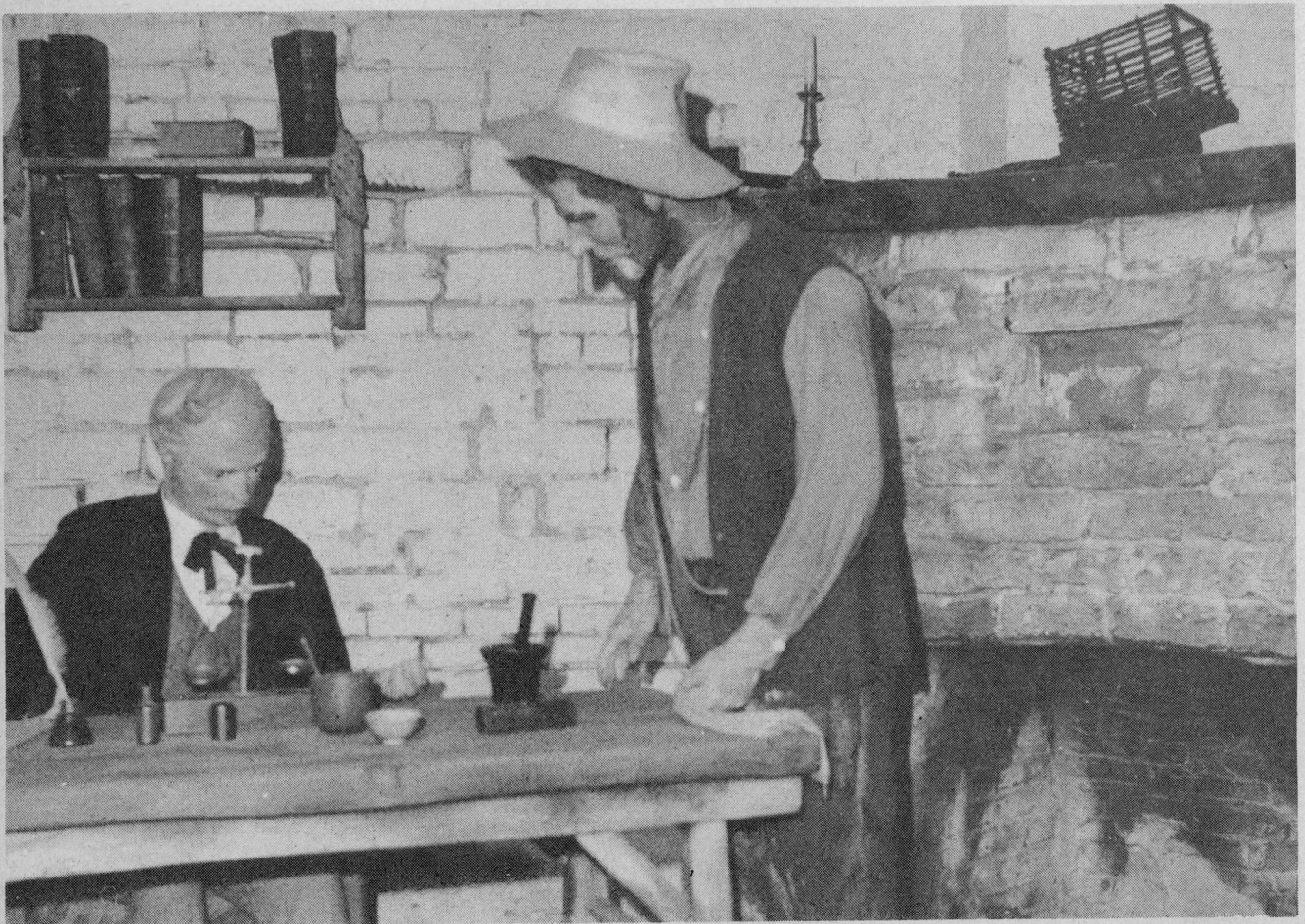
The truth is that Sutter's ruin was brought about by his excessive drinking. Under the influence of brandy and champagne, he fell victim to every swindler who

approached him with flattery and listened to his compulsive boasting. Elated in the company of admirers, off guard under the influence of alcohol or too stupefied to care, he entered into disastrous partnerships, borrowed money, and let his debts slide until an avalanche of creditors smothered him.

Although only forty-five at this critical time, "the old man," as the master of New Helvetia (the land grant on which he built his fort) was called, had aged mentally and physically far beyond his actual years. His face was red and bloated, his eyes baggy, his hairline receding.

Employee Heinrich Lienhard states in his memoirs that his master had become a habitual drinker and recalls incidents when he had to put Sutter to bed after the latter blacked out.

In the summer of 1848, the fort



Sutter and Marshall, in this scene at Sutter's Fort, secretly test gold samples found on John's property.

biblical admonition . . .

became a bottle-littered gathering place for gamblers, moochers, leeches and crooks seeking to enrich themselves in a hurry at someone else's expense. Sutter, ever the affable host, drank with his numerous callers. Only once or twice a week, on the advice of Dr. Bates, his physician — or because he was too sick to indulge — Sutter refrained from drinking and stayed in bed instead.

When sober he no doubt worried about his most pressing debt. The Russian American Fur Company was threatening to attach all his properties unless he paid the \$31,000 balance for Fort Ross and Bodega, purchased in 1841, the year he built "Sutter's Fort" under the Mexican flag.

Also, he must have remembered the wife and four children he had left behind, virtually without means, in Switzerland.

Below left: John A. Sutter. Right: Johann Augustus Sutter.

SINS OF THE FATHER

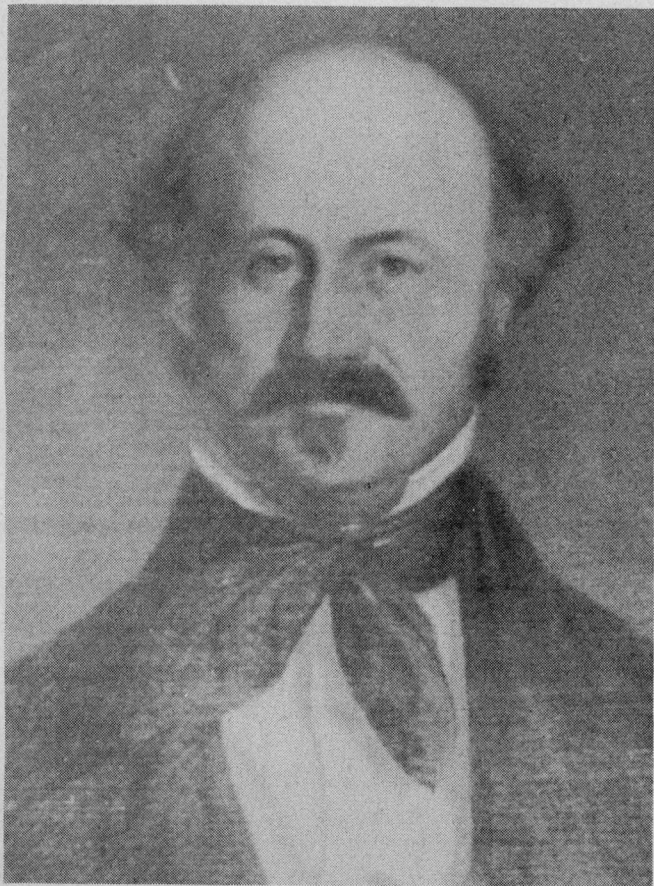
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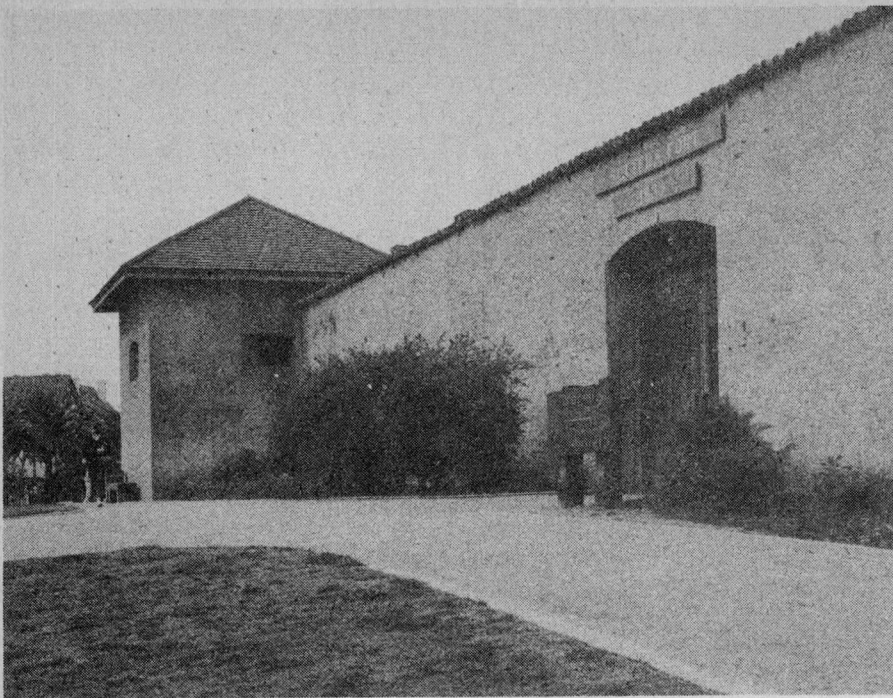
GERMAN-BORN, of Swiss parents, Sutter had romanced and finally married Anna Dubeld. The day after the wedding the bride presented him with a son, and his mother-in-law set him up as a shopkeeper in Burgdorf, Switzerland. Several years and three children later, Sutter was bankrupt. Too easy-going, he had lent and borrowed too much money. Rather than facing a prison sentence, he escaped to America.

In search of fame and fortune, he traveled to New York, Missouri, the

Pacific coast, Hawaii, Alaska, Monterey. California provided him with the chance he had been looking for — a king-sized spread that allowed him to reign supreme. The fact that this spread was an outpost, far from the reach of civilization, suited him. No gendarmes this time!

Once established, he was in no hurry to burden himself with his conventional family, but now, news trickled into the fort that his eldest son and namesake, Johann Augustus, had saved his meager earnings as a clerk to pay his way to





Entrance to Sutter's Fort.

America. Worse, the boy already was en route to the fort.

Instead of welcoming his son, Sutter disappeared. When Johann, now twenty-one years old, entered the fort, Sutter's Indian squaw Mary greeted him with a tirade of words and threw pots and pans at him.

The slender youth was pale and shaken, partly from his lengthy voyage, and partly from having heard

accusations against his father made by several individuals in San Francisco.

Johann said, "Having never before heard that my father was affected with the dreadful vice of drinking and other disorderly habits, I really would and could not believe it until further proof . . . My father had gone to the mines and was only expected to be back in some days, so that I was left alone



Central building of Sutter's Fort. Upper floor served as banquet room and office. Basement sheltered guns and brandy. Sutter carried the basement keys himself.

with my reflections about the rumors. At last, after a week of terrible excitement and anguish, my father, whom I had not seen for fifteen years, arrived."

The meeting, apparently happy at first (both men cried), soon turned sour, for Sutter could not deny his vice. His son wrote with disgust, "Hardly a day passed on which he himself and his clerks, partners, Indians, etc., were not on a general frolic intoxicated."

Young Johann Augustus had been brought up with Christian principles in an orderly society. His world collapsed on seeing his father's demoralized conduct.

Since the young man appeared to have come to stay, Sutter thought up a scheme to shake off his creditors. Soon after Johann's arrival, on October 14, 1848, Sutter saved his indebted properties by transferring them into his son's name. It was a desperate measure and did little to endear the two men to each other. Johann was dismayed at the staggering number and amount of debts. He clashed sharply with his father, with the result that the elder Sutter, fortified with brandy and his favorite squaw, took to the mines like a madman and let himself become snowbound through the winter of 1848-49.

Johann was left with a very bad taste in his mouth. He retained Peter H. Burnett, an able lawyer, as his general manager and began to stake out a new town called Sacramento City near the boat landing. Sacramento City lots sold quickly and enabled the duty-bound man to pay off not only the Russian American Fur Company, but also the seemingly never-ending swarm of creditors who buzzed into the fort.

THE ELDER Sutter did not appreciate his son's accomplishments. "Had I not been snowed in at Coloma, Sacramento never would have been built," Sutter fumed during an interview with Bancroft many years later.

Some years back, he had staked out a town near the fort, which he called Sutterville. It had been one of

his pet projects, and now his son had carried out his own plans. Double-talking friends (who had been rejected by Johann) influenced Sutter against his son while sharing drinks. The old man grew so furious, he accused the youth of mismanagement and threatened to send him "back to Switzerland in chains."

Ironically, after freeing his father from enormous obligations Johann found himself forced to borrow cash to send for his mother, sister and two brothers. The employee Lienhard was scheduled to leave on June 20, 1849 to bring the waiting Sutter family to America.

Shortly before the trusted employee departed, Johann came down with a violent and mysterious illness. He later expressed the belief that he was "drugged and poisoned" by Dr. Brandes, his physician and business partner. His illness was used shamelessly to transfer the Sutter property back into the hands of the father. The honest and capa-

ble Burnett, young Sutter's general manager and land agent, was fired.

Sutter again accommodated the crooks and swindlers who flattered him. After dismissing Burnett, Sutter carried on business as usual. His own statement illustrates his business dealings:

"I commissioned other agents to place on the market the unsold lots of Sacramento, agreeing to let them have a rather high percentage of the profit. However, my choice did not prove to be a fortunate one. One of them made a fortune out of me in a very short time. As my agent he earned some \$80,000 The next agent sold a great many lots and never accounted for them. Besides this he borrowed \$5,000 at 10 percent per month interest He did not tell me a word about it and in 1856 the debt amounted to \$35,000."

Sacramento City, located at the busy boat landing, flourished. The more distant Sutterville fared

poorly and was in decline by the summer of 1849.

Early that year somebody bought the fort from Sutter for \$40,000. Sutter withdrew to his Hock Farm on the Feather River and built a spacious home.

Sutter's Swiss family arrived in San Francisco in January 1850. Wife Anna, daughter Eliza, and sons Emil Victor and Alphonse Wilhelm moved to the Hock Farm, Sutter's newly-built home on the *sobrante* land grant which reached all the way to Marysville.

Johann, still violently ill, was shoved off to Sacramento City despite his condition. He was put into business there with Dr. Brandes and two other men. Misunderstood by his father, swindled out of a fortune and disgusted with the world, the broken young man fled to Mexico, hoping to save his life and health.

John Augustus Sutter, the Swiss adventurer who had treated Indians

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BUNKHOUSE BROWSING

by Perry Peterson

First there was Death Valley, one of the earth's most formidable regions — not the kind of place most people care to call "Home Sweet Home."

Then along came Walter Scott, known best as "Death Valley Scotty." Without batting an eye, the legendary Scotty moved in on Death Valley and laid a permanent claim on a big, fantastic part of its history. He would associate himself with Death Valley for the rest of his life — and for all time.

Then came author Hank Johnston and his book *Death Valley Scotty: "The Fastest Con in the West,"* providing a fine pictorial history of the man and his friends, relatives, shenanigans and "prospects."

Death Valley Scotty popped in and out of the limelight for decades, making himself the world's most famous prospector. Living from 1872 (probably) to 1954, he was a mysterious desert rat who could be hard to track down. At the same time, he loved publicity, and promoting himself was Scotty's best-played game, whether he played it with true style or with flat-out, dangerous deception. He wasn't called "The Fastest Con in the West" for nothing, and it seems that he often worked hard to earn the title!

Now in its second printing, Johnston's book proves that the truth about Death Valley Scotty is far more engrossing than all the fiction. The story begins with a forward by Horace Albright, former director of the National Park Service who became acquainted with Scotty. Expressing a sentiment that countless people must have felt by now, Albright writes, "He was a hero to a boy of seventeen, but not for long. His bizarre adventures, his extravagant claims of secret mines and their richness in gold, his tall tales and outright shenanigans toppled him from the pedestal on which I had placed him. Nonetheless, I never had any reason to dislike him personally." It's hard *not* to like

Scotty, especially when he comes across so often as a big kid up to his usual tricks, even though his games eventually brought him humiliation in courts of law (and a shining black eye, as one of the hundreds of photographs reveals).

Scotty's appeal was in his *style*. His most successful prospecting was done in the pockets of his grubstakers, especially those of his longtime and good friend Albert Johnson. But Johnson was perfectly willing to fund Scotty's ventures, such as the famous castle in Death Valley, and he admitted it. Though Scotty's highly visible bankroll never came from his mysterious "gold mine," he sure knew how to invest it in publicity. In fact, one of America's greatest publicity stunts was Scotty's record-breaking locomotive run from Los Angeles to Chicago, the "Coyote Special," which is described in detail, among other stunts, in Johnston's book.

Scotty once said, "I'm a one-man circus. The world is the audience. Death Valley is the arena and I'm the ringmaster, performers, and menagerie." His words held a tinge of his days with Buffalo Bill's Wild West, but he had left behind his interest in that traveling show by the time he said them. What he didn't leave behind, however, was his showman's blood, and he began to enact his Death Valley performance immediately after he quit working for Cody. Buffalo Bill had ordered that Scotty's pay be withheld when he missed an opening show in New York City. Scotty promptly quit. Not expecting such a reaction, Cody pleaded with him to return, but he would not.

By chance, Scotty's wife had a couple of rich ore samples from a gold mine tour in Cripple Creek, Colorado. Those two rocks marked the beginning of the legend of Death Valley Scotty. Scott took the samples to affluent Julian Gerard and told him that they came from his mine in Death Valley. Gerard decided to grubstake Scotty, who then hit the Road West, arriving at

Death Valley just as the booms were dying out. As the author aptly puts it, "They called him Death Valley Scotty, and he mined a brand new kind of ore — publicity."

From that time on, Scotty would poke around Death Valley, talk about his secret mine, collect and live on money from his partners, go on what appeared to be outrageously extravagant spending binges, and do what he could in general to make headlines. Many times, however, Scotty's manners would bring grief with the publicity.

There was the "Coyote Special," for which "Scotty paid" \$5500; it ran from L.A. to Chicago in less than 45 hours, attaining a speed of 106 m.p.h. near the end of the run. There were other train rides. There was the crunching auto wreck on a speed-run from L.A. to Pasadena. There was "The Battle of Wingate Pass," a near tragic hoax meant to frighten people away from the "mine." There was the stage play "Scotty, King of the Desert Mine" of which Scotty was the star. And last but far from the least was Scotty's surprising, fascinating relationship with wealthy Albert M. Johnson. It would lead to the construction of the famous Scott-Johnson castle that now stands in Death Valley.

This is a mere taste of everything Hank Johnston includes in *Death Valley Scotty: "The Fastest Con in the West."* The author's research is reliable and specific, and his writing holds the excitement this story deserves. A large-format, hardcover presentation, the book displays scores of revealing photographs, newspaper clippings and drawings. Simply, here is *the* story of Death Valley Scotty, now available on the Bunkhouse shelf for \$18.95. Order your copy from **Western Book Co., 700 E. State St., Iola, WI 54990**, and check our ad in this issue for dozens of other books, including many new additions.

with kindness upon his arrival in California in 1839, and who had taken pity on strangers who straggled over the Sierra Nevada, showed no mercy toward his own son.

GLAD TO BE rid of his firstborn, "Captain" Sutter again lived it up.

Champagne banquets were held in his Hock Farm home and the park-like setting surrounding it. Self-appointed dignitaries paid homage to the Sacramento Valley's pioneer settler and colonizer — and slid cleverly-written contracts under his bloodshot blue eyes. Sufficiently

inebriated, Sutter signed them all.

Within a year's time, he again found himself without money, friends or servants. Even so, his fabulous wealth was not as yet exhausted. Much land was left. But while Sutter wasted his time and energy on bubbling banquets,

hordes of squatters settled on what they considered to be free land.

At Sutter's landing the argonauts scrambled out of sloops which had carried them up the Sacramento River from San Francisco Bay. Climbing the mile and a half to Sutter's Fort, they stared at roaming livestock and crops gone to waste.

On the rise, a two-story building thrust its gable above crumbling adobe walls flanked by dilapidated bastions. The fort's gate stood wide open. A motley assortment of men squatted in the guard room, playing cards, cursing, and taking swigs from a brandy bottle.

The card players directed the newcomers to the gold-laden foothills northeast of the fort where they appraised the land for future use.

The following troubled times found Sutter hard pressed. He could not stop the hordes of squatters. They even invaded Hock Farm, cut down his trees, and helped themselves to whatever they could get.

In dismay, Sutter threw himself upon the mercy of expensive lawyers and appealed to the courts. Lawsuits hung over his head but he had driven away Johann Augustus and Peter H. Burnett, the two men who could have saved his fortune. Now he faced the consequences alone.

The U.S. courts at first confirmed both of his Mexican land grants — the immense *sobrante* and the huge New Helvetia — then reversed the decision of the *sobrante* grant. The confirmation of New Helvetia (48,827 acres) brought little joy, for Sutter had signed away this property in parcels.

Time- and money-consuming legal battles put mortgages on Sutter's remaining real estate holdings. To pay his lawyers, he was forced to sell Fort Ross and Bodega on the Sonoma coast.

Public opinion turned against the bankrupt man. To top it all, a vagrant set fire to his beautiful Hock Farm residence (1865). Subsisting on temporary government relief of \$250 a month (the California Legislature had voted him

\$1,500 as a pension in 1864, to be paid in five years), Sutter moved to Washington, D.C., in hopes of persuading the U.S. Congress to reverse the court's decision on his *sobrante* grant.

From 1866 on, Sutter suffered from a liver ailment and rheumatism. He could be seen at the doorstep of Congress year after year. Leaning on his once elegant cane like the beggar he was, he tottered from office to office, pleading for his case to come up.

When the Forty-sixth Congress adjourned on June 16, 1880 the "Bill for the Relief of John A. Sutter" had not been processed. Two days later, the 77-year-old Sutter died in his room at the Mades Hotel near the Capitol.

Although Johann Augustus Sutter, Jr. had suffered much grief and despair after meeting his father in California, he recovered years later and became a respected businessman and United States Consul in Acapulco, Mexico.



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By
GRACE HAYES JONES
Photos provided by author

TRAGEDY ON SALMON FALLS CREEK

CONTACT was the name of a post office located in a small country store in northeastern Nevada. The lone building sat beside the highway that led on down to the town of Wells. The country is very rugged, with desert-like lower elevations. In winter, snow can be seen on the mountaintops, and even up into spring in some places. These mountains are the sources of streams that flow the year round.

It is a sparsely settled area. Only a few ranches are scattered here and there where water provides sufficient grazing for livestock. Of course, mining is a principal industry in Nevada. At McGill, farther south, a big smelter operated for years and, a few miles beyond, near Ely, is the spectacular Ruth Mine, one of the largest open-pit operations on earth.

In 1940 our family lived on the outskirts of Spokane, Washington. One day, when I walked over to our box on the mail route, I was surprised to find a letter addressed in my husband's handwriting to his brother: "Henry Jones, Contact,

Nevada." My husband's name, "Walter Jones," was in the upper left-hand corner. But what really puzzled me were the words stamped on the envelope — DECEASED, RETURN TO SENDER.

A few hours later a phone call came from a reporter with one of the Spokane daily papers. He wanted some information about a man named Henry Jones who had been killed recently in Nevada. I told him about the letter that had

been returned. "That's all I know," I said. "I think you should talk with my husband. He isn't here now but will be back this evening."

We were able to learn a little more from the second call but the next morning the *Spokesman-Review* carried this item.

Brother of Local Man Is Murdered

A lonely cabin near Contact, Nev., was the scene last week of a murder in which a Spokane man's brother was killed, the Associated Press reported from Elko.

The murder victim was Henry Jones, 57. His brother, Walter W. Jones, a fuel man, lives at N6404 Perry.

Sheriff C.A. Harber at Elko announced yesterday that robbery apparently was the motive for the slaying. Henry Jones' body, with a small-caliber bullet in the head, was found Friday by Constable Del Hardy in Jones' isolated cabin. The cabin was partly burned.

Lived Near Ritzville.

"I knew he was dead, but I didn't know he had been murdered," Walter W. Jones said when the Associated Press dispatch was read to him over the telephone. "I sent a letter to him and it has just been returned with the notation he is dead."

He explained he and his brother for many years lived with their parents on a farm in Adams county, near Ritzville. Walter said he last saw Henry Jones about seven years ago in the Spokane district. Henry then was en route to California and moved to Nevada about two and one-half years ago, he asserted.

Reports from Elko said officers buried the body near the cabin.

Although Walter seldom heard from Henry, his older brother, he had written regularly and always enclosed a check. It was never for a very large amount but was enough



Photo of the Lewis Jones family taken at Dayton, Washington Territory about 1890. Standing, left to right: Lucy, Albert and Henry. Seated, left to right: Mary Jane, with Walter on her lap, and Lewis.

—only a pilgrimage to his murdered brother's isolated home could ease Walter's grieving heart

for a man living alone as Henry did in an isolated area on Salmon Falls Creek. By "living off the land" he was able to supply many of his needs.

Henry never married, and during his earlier years lived with or near his two younger brothers. Later, Walter began looking after his affairs; it was not considered a burden and worked out satisfactorily for both.

Their grandparents on both sides were pioneers of Oregon in the early 1850s. Their mother Mary Jane Noble was born near Lebanon, in the foothills of the Cascade Mountains. Their father Lewis Jones was twelve when his family migrated from Rockford, Illinois. It has been told that Grandfather Isaac Jones was killed by Indians on the Oregon Trail.

Henry was born at Waterville, Washington Territory. After that the family lived for a time up the South Santiam River several miles above Dayton, and in 1893 homesteaded a few miles below Ritzville. From there the family scattered,

some going to the Spokane area and various places.

My first acquaintance with Walter's family was when he bought a section of timber land on either side of Strong Creek, a mile or more above the little town of Hope, in northern Idaho. Henry's cabin had been in a secluded spot a short distance from where his two younger brothers lived. Since he seldom went anywhere, they supplied him with whatever he wanted.

I soon met the others but never knew Henry. In fact, few people ever saw him. He was what we termed "a recluse," but there were other men too who lived off by themselves. They liked to work in the woods — enjoyed the peace and quiet it afforded and no one thought anything of it. By the time I came into the family, Henry had left the area.

ARTHUR, the youngest brother, and his family were living in Sandpoint when we learned of the tragedy. It was a dreadful shock. Walter slept scarcely at all that first night. The next morning, after he had read the paper's account of the murder, he just sat there. I felt so sorry for him. After a bit, he looked over at me. "What can I do? I've got to do something."

"I don't know. Is there anything you *can* do?"

"I have to call Art. I hate to do it but I'll have to. I think I'd better phone the sheriff at Elko first, though. I need to know more of the details."

Sheriff Harber was soon on the line. I stood near Walter and could hear almost every word. "When your brother didn't come for his mail as usual, the postmaster at Contact got suspicious. He notified us and I sent some men out there

right away. It wasn't a pretty sight."

The sheriff described the scene at Henry's cabin briefly and as judiciously as he could. "They looked the situation over — tried to learn what they could. They didn't know what to do. After talking it over, they decided to bury your brother right there near the cabin. You see, there's no road — only a winding foot trail. It's several miles. That's awful rough country — craggy and up hill and down all the way over to Salmon Falls Creek. If you haven't seen the like, you can't imagine. And even though it's cooler this time of year — well, it might have taken several days. They didn't know what to do — did the best they could. I'm sorry — I hope —"

"That's all right. I just wanted to know," Walter assured him.

He appreciated the man's reticence and did not press him for any more information or details. At least he knew that the body had been taken care of. That was the important thing at the moment.

After the conversation, my husband sat brooding for a long time. Then he began talking as if to himself. "I know what I should do. I will never be satisfied until I go down there. It's a long trip but I'm going to Nevada and find the place where Henry lived — and died."

I kept quiet and let him talk. "I'll get with the sheriff and the men who went out to Henry's place. I'll get one of them anyway, to take me there. Maybe Art will go with me. I'll call him right now."

ARTHUR'S decision to make the trip — he wanted to start the next morning — helped Walter's spirits. For that time of year where we lived — it was toward the middle of February — the weather was mild. There had been little snow and



Henry Jones, perhaps on the Union Pacific Railroad, according to the author.

since there were no high mountains to cross, they anticipated little trouble. I insisted, though, that they take some extra blankets, as cars were not so well-heated then.

After they left Spokane, they headed south, passed through Colfax and Pullman, and struck the highway just above Lewiston, Idaho. At Boise they turned southeast, toward Nevada. Soon after passing the little town, Filer, just a short distance west of Twin Falls, they headed south toward Nevada.

In Elko County they crossed Salmon Creek but that was downstream a long way from where their brother had lived.

When Walter came home, he told me about the spot where Henry had spent his last days. They had stopped briefly at the Contact store and post office. The man there said he had dealt with their brother ever since Henry came to that part of the country. They sometimes chatted if no one else was around.

"I'll keep a lookout for any clues," he assured Walter. "I'm sometimes leery of characters who stop in here but if there's no indication of evil intent, I've got nothing to go on. I'll



Location of Henry's home on Salmon Falls Creek near Contact, Nevada.

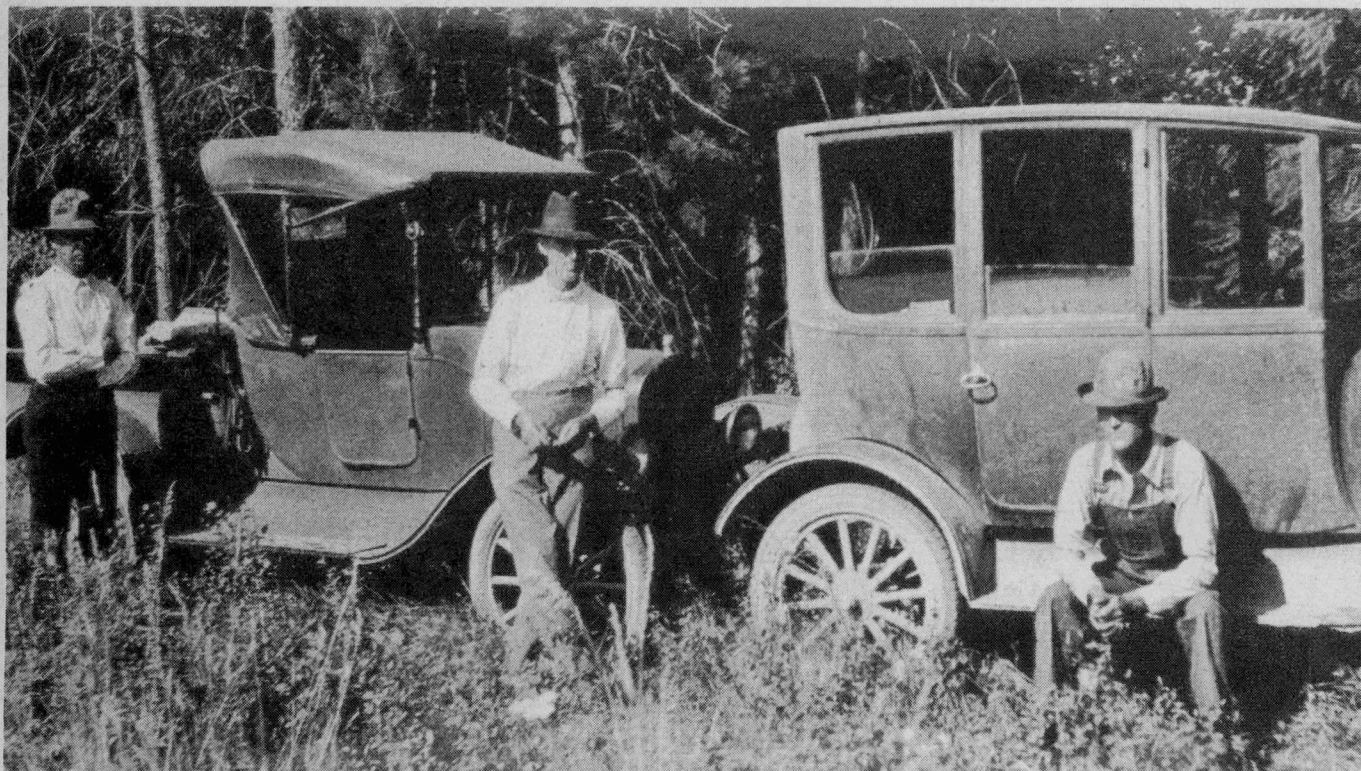
sure keep my eyes and ears open and report anything I feel warrants investigation."

Walter said they thanked him for what he had already done, especially his part in notifying the authorities when he became suspicious. They then went on to Elko, the county seat, to find the sheriff.

"Sheriff Harber was courteous," Walter said. "The other men were, too. They all answered our questions as well as they could and tried to be helpful. They had come to the

conclusion that there were two culprits. The evidence, they thought, showed that. They thought robbery was the motive but could not be sure. The sheriff said it was almost impossible to track anyone in that wild country, and I could believe that after seeing some of it. The sheriff said it was like the old saying about hunting a needle in a haystack."

The men had found Henry's little dog guarding his body. They took it back to Elko and Mrs. Harber took



The three Jones brothers, left to right: Henry, Albert and Walter.

care of it. "It was a golden cocker," Walter said. "The sheriff offered it to us but it was getting good care and I could tell that Mrs. Harber had already become attached to it. We decided to just leave it there. I can imagine how much Henry thought of his little pet. It must have been a lot of company to him."

Two men from the sheriff's office guided Walter and Art over the rugged trail to Henry's cabin. "They told us that it was about seven miles," Walter said, "but by the time we got back to the highway, it seemed like we had gone fifty. I have been over some rough places but nothing quite like that."

He took his camera and when the snapshots were finished, I could picture, quite well, what life had been like on Salmon Falls Creek.

Even though it was a sad reminder of their brother to see Henry's cabin, the place was not so desolate as they had imagined that it might be. It was quiet and peaceful, a most unlikely spot for the murder of a man who had never purposely harmed anyone.

Henry was only fifteen but had taken over as cook and homemaker when their mother died. Arthur was four years old; Walter was ten. Lucy, their sister was married and had a family of her own; Albert, the oldest child, was twenty-six and lived on his own homestead. The boys' father often worked away from home to help out with the meager income from the farm. At those times, Henry had to run the house and take care of the outside chores also. He did all this willingly and to the best of his ability. The others knew they could always depend on him.

Henry, from early childhood, had been quite shy, and losing his mother evidently was a blow from which he never recovered. Perhaps that is what turned him toward his solitary way of life. If you have no one, you will lose no one. Salmon Falls Creek must have been a balm to his lonely soul.

In 1965, while living at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, Walter and I

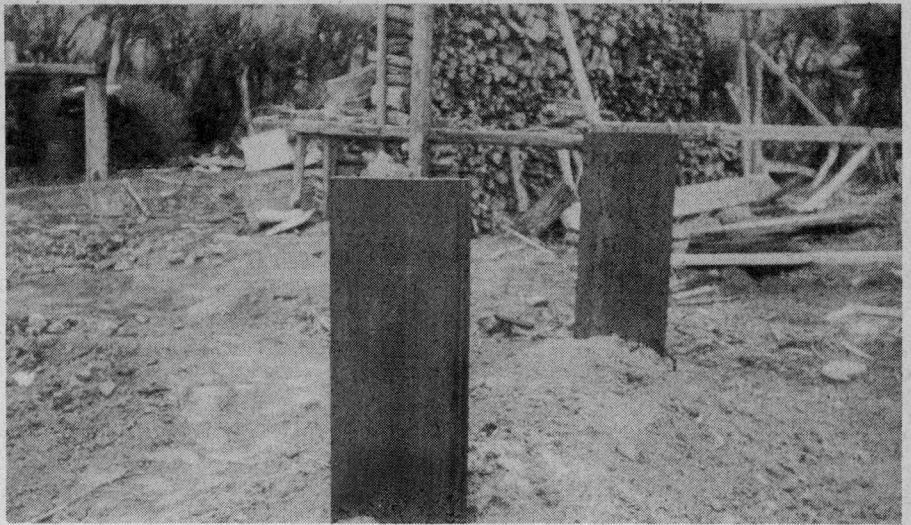


Photo of Henry's gravesite taken by Walter.

decided to go south for the winter. We traveled much of the same route Walter and Arthur had taken so long ago. Just south of the state line in Nevada, I checked the road map for Contact. It was only a few miles farther. As we came close, I saw the one building beside the highway and knew the post office was still there — the name was in plain view. I had thought Walter would want to stop but we sailed on by. I glanced over at him and he was looking straight ahead. He did not talk but he surely must have been reminded of the time he and Arthur were there twenty-five years before.

He seldom spoke of his brother Henry any more. It was as if he was trying to block the tragedy from his memory. It would have been better if he had shared his thoughts but that was not his way.

It was after Walter died in 1972 at the age of eighty-three that I became more aware of his deep feelings. I was going through some of his personal things. A carton held papers, clippings, mementoes, and the like — nothing of any monetary value and the most I had seen before. Then, beneath a piece of newspaper in the bottom of the box, I noticed a small envelope. Inside were three snapshots. They were not new, but where had they been taken? Two showed rugged scenes with pools of water along the course of a stream. Small trees were in

masses in a few places. In one, I saw where uneven pieces of firewood had been ricked up. There was an old galvanized wash tub. Some timbers and debris were scattered about. "That must have been Walter's bachelor home, long ago," I concluded.

Then I saw the two slabs of wood extending upright. It looked like a grave between them. I got the reading glass, a present Henry had given Walter a long time ago. I read what had been printed on one piece of wood: HENRY F. JONES FEB. 9 1940. These were pictures taken on Salmon Falls Creek. I realized, as never before, how Walter had tried to shut out all thought of his brother's violent death.

Even though I did not know Henry Jones personally, I can imagine what he meant to my husband — his faithfulness to the family when Walter was only a boy. When Henry was in his thirties, there was a girl he wanted to marry. She was so young — not even half his age. Eventually she married someone who was close to him, but he showed no resentment. That surely, however, took him one step nearer to a lonely desert region of Nevada and the banks of Salmon Falls Creek. He should have been allowed to grow old there — except that a man, or men, never identified shot him dead and torched his home.

By
GENE K. GARRISON
Photos provided by author

THE OLD CARTWRIGHT RANCH

ON December 1, 1934, at the age of sixty-eight, Jackson Manford Cartwright sat down with pencil and paper, and began writing family stories he had heard from his parents, aunts and uncles.

“Long before the revolution my ancestors came over from Europe and settled into Illinois. They pioneered Illinois. I was born there in the year of 1866. We left there in 1869 bound for California to pioneer that State,” he wrote.

His Uncle Jack had heeded the cry of “GOLD!” and had gone to California in the 1850s in hopes of striking it rich. He ended up farm-

ing near Chico in the Sacramento Valley, so that’s where the Cartwrights headed.

They gathered the few belongings that would travel well in a covered wagon built by Uncle John, who was a blacksmith. J.M.’s father, Reddick J. Cartwright, hitched up four mares — a sorrel, a brown, a black

and a dun. Other families went with them, but J.M. didn’t say how many wagons there were in the party. However, an article by Roscoe Willson in the August 16, 1970 issue of *Arizona Magazine* states that there were ten or twelve families, most “equipped with Conestoga-type ‘prairie schooners’.”

The wagontrain stayed within sight of the Union Pacific railroad tracks so it couldn’t wander off course. Even so, these pioneers were wary because they had heard from United States soldiers guarding the tracks that the Sioux were on the warpath about sixty miles north of the railroad.

Crossing the Platte River in Nebraska made an impression on little Manford, as J.M. was called then. Reminiscing years later with his cousin J.A. Riggins, Jr., he recalled how the family piled bedding and supplies high up in the covered wagons so they wouldn’t get wet. Apparently there was no ferry across this river. “My younger sister and me were sittin’ up on top of the stuff piled high so it wouldn’t get wet and they said I was acryin’ and wantin’ to go back home. I don’t remember that, but I do remember Sis and I sittin’ on top of that beddin’.” He also remembered how the wagon rocked as they traveled across quicksand.

The North Platte River required a different kind of crossing. “The river was up. We dissembled the wagons and put them on little flatcars that the section crew had and run ’em across on a tressle [trestle]. It seems to me now that it looked more like a spider web than anything else. They put Mother, my sister and me on flatcars and run us



Jackson Manford (J.M.) Cartwright and his bride Beulah.

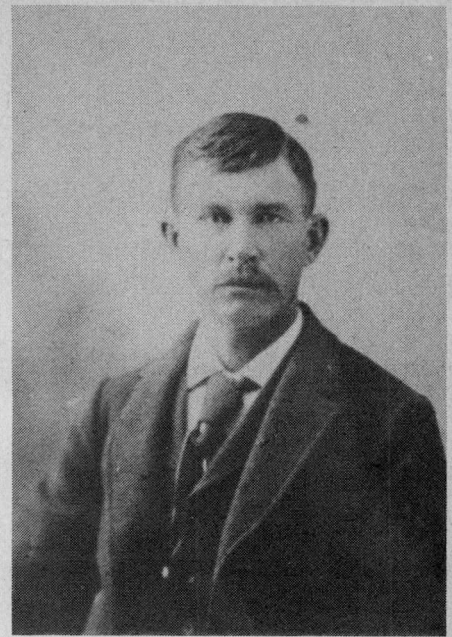
across there. As I looked down off of this tressle I could see the older boys and the horses down there. They got on 'em bareback and swam 'em across the Platte River."

Birth and death accompanied their wagontrain, as often happened. One woman in the party was accidentally shot by her husband; her body was cremated on the plains. And Uncle John and Aunt Martha Cartwright had another daughter by the time they arrived at Uncle Jack's farm.

It was harvest time, so they didn't spend much time resting up from their four-month journey. Actually, they felt that the trip was made without much hardship, as there was plenty of grass, water and wild game.

But it wasn't the Indian battles that made the Cartwrights decide to make the rugged move to Arizona. It was the snow. After a particularly hard winter Reddick J. Cartwright happened to read some literature about sunny Arizona and decided the territory had possibilities.

In May of 1874, when J.M. was eight years old, his family started for Arizona along with several other families and the few cattle they owned. This time the covered wagon trip was a more difficult one. Water and grass were scarce, so the cattle became thin. There were thirty- to sixty-mile stretches without water. When they were fortunate enough to find grass and water they would rest for a week or so and then start out, not knowing when their ani-



J.M. as a young man.

One of Arizona's most successful spreads was the result of the owner who knew how to "keep his courage up and his overhead down"

WHEN J.M. was four or five years old, his family decided to strike out on their own. They moved to a ranch in Modoc County in the northeastern part of California and started in the cattle business in a small way.

There was a Modoc Indian uprising about thirty miles from the ranch. General E.R.S. Canby was sent to quell them. In J.M.'s account of the confrontation, he wrote:

"He arranged for a piece conference between the lines, both sides to leave their arms behind. When they met the women had their weapons concealed under their blankets and at a signal from Cap Jack they killed Gen Canby and his aids, then fled to the lavy beds around Tuly Lake where after weeks they were starved out and captured. Cap Jack Scar faced Charley and Shagnasty Jim were hung. I remember the day Capt Jack was hung. I remember quite well the scare that went thru the small settlement in Goos Lake Valey."

mals would drink again.

They stopped at a place called Summit Springs, between Las Vegas and Fort Mojave, but there wasn't enough water so they took the stock about twelve miles across the hills to the Colorado River and rested them for the sixty-mile trip to Fort Mojave. There was not a drop of water that whole distance except for the water they hauled in barrels lashed to the running gears.

"The night before we made our start," J.M. wrote "the Indians stole old Flory, one of our best mares. We substituted a young horse, Barney." Losing Flory put them behind, but that wasn't the end of their troubles. "That night we lost our way and our teams tired out." That meant that at daylight the leader of the Cartwright group had to climb a sand dune, locate a stage road and send two of the older boys ahead with containers for water. They made it to the river before noon.

With rested and watered horses, spirits were rejuvenated and the journey continued. But that new

surge of energy didn't last long. The horses gave out on the Hardyville toll road and the gatekeeper had to go out with a fresh team and haul in the bedruggled group.

They sold the cattle in Nevada, crossed the Colorado River at Fort Mojave and went through such specks on the map as Beale Springs, Walnut Creek, Williamson Valley and American Ranch. They arrived at Prescott, Arizona in September 1874.

The Cartwright men got jobs with L.A. Stevens herding cattle and shucking corn. They farmed a little, raised a garden and cut wood. "Paw made shingles — the best shingles made around Prescott." Eight-year-old Manford would stand at one end of a crosscut saw and help cut down the pine trees.

At the July 4th centennial celebration in Prescott, Manford remembered seeing "more fights that day than I ever saw in my life, before or since."

At the end of that year Reddick Cartwright got the urge to move



Jack Cartwright shows the Cartwright Ranch branding iron.

again. He had heard of the Salt River land, investigated and thought the prospects looked good.

"It took us about seven days to come down, I think. We went from Prescott to what they call Iron Springs, stayed overnight there. Colder than blazes. Then we went down to Kirkland and the wind was ablowin' and it was cold. Met a man who turned his kitchen over to us. The women folks was in there who done the cookin'."

The next campground was Date Creek, then Martinez Creek, Cottonwood Station, and at the Agua Fria River. "There was a station

there and you had to buy water. "We left there and come into Phoenix and stopped about a half mile north of Five Points. It was January 5, 1877."

They farmed south of town that spring and in the summer moved northwest of Phoenix, still working old Kit, one of the four horses they had driven from Illinois. Phoenix at that time was a small group of adobe buildings with brush and mud roofs.

J.M. Cartwright described his own start in the cattle business in 1877 when he was eleven. "Father gave me a heifer calf and shortly after that my older brother gave me another. These I hurded on the desert around where Glendale is. After the country began to settle up with fence law (it was before the barb wire age) it was necessary for me to either sell or move away from the farming district. I chose the later. I had eight head of cows and heifers at this time, April 1882. It was fortunate at this time that a man we knew in California, Jim Weymoth, was gathering a few here and a few there, placing them on the present range, for his labor he took one half of the increase for three years. In 1885 we divided up. At that time I branded JMC left hip."

In 1887 J.M.'s father traded a piece of land [at what is now 51st

Avenue and Thomas Road in Phoenix] for 150 cows, calves and heifers. These were mingled with the JMCs and branded CC on the left hip, with two splits on the right ear and an underbit on the left ear.

When J.M. was sixteen he persuaded his father to let him take a few cows up to Seven Springs, at that time about fifty miles northeast of Phoenix. That ranch was homesteaded and remained in the family for ninety-eight years. It was sold in 1980.

Most of this family history is in a tattered, leather-bound scrapbook that Jack Cartwright, J.M.'s son, treats with loving care. It contains letters from relatives telling who married whom, how many children they have had, and who died. A cousin, John Jennings, wrote in 1851 from Greencastle, England.

Newspaper clippings about J.M.'s association with various cattle organizations fill the book. There is even a photo of J.M. with a young Barry Goldwater.

J.M. attended every spring and fall roundup at the Cartwright Ranch since 1882 except for two. His brother Charles was associated with him in the cattle business. They were progressive ranchers and replaced range bulls with pedigreed bulls when they learned it would improve the beef.

Even though the ranch was miles from the nearest town, Mrs. Cartwright had modern plumbing in her kitchen. It was fed by water piped from an overhead spring.

In the *Arizona Republican* of June 2, 1929 was this comment about J.M. Cartwright: "I'll tell you what makes a success of that outfit. Cartwright keeps his courage up and his overhead down. He is one of the few cattlemen of Arizona who passed through recent depression in the business in comfortable circumstances. He kept up with the times and profited as a result."

J.M. is credited with the story of an old-time cowman who was watching a dude cross the street. "That fellow," J.M. said, indicating the fancy shirt, chaps, ten-gallon hat and boots, "is trying to look like



J. M. Cartwright (right) in later years with Barry Goldwater.

what I've been tryin' not to look like for forty years."

The original cattle in Arizona, J.M. said, were red shorthorns. They were interbred with Herefords. In those days cattle were on the open range. At roundup time the various outfits with cattle grazing common ground would circle the herd, let them graze during the day and corral them at night. Those big community roundups were the forerunners of the rodeo. Cowmen from each ranch were always trying to outdo each other.

For early cattle drives on the Cartwright Ranch, cattle would have to move under their own power to the nearest railroad station. Sometimes they would stampede, and the sound of their thundering hoofs at night meant nothing but trouble to the cowboys who had to round them up and head them in the right direction.

In October 1939 J.M. Cartwright, then seventy-four, was injured when his horse stumbled and fell on him, puncturing his abdomen with the saddle horn. J.M. was about fifty miles from the nearest hospital, but he managed to ride horseback several miles to an emergency cabin where he rested for several hours. His brother Charles and several ranch hands helped him ride the ten miles to his house. They then put him on a cot on the back of a truck for the trip to the hospital. Although he was in critical condition, he survived and lived in reasonably good health until just before his 96th birthday. That accident, however, ended his participation in roundups.

During his lifetime he had developed the ranch from a few head of cattle owned by a sixteen-year-old in 1882 to one supporting 3,000 head.

J.M.'s son Jack managed the ranch from 1939 until his son Allen became foreman about 1973. But Jack was still present for roundups, branding and cattle drives. He can remember fence-mending and all-day trips to Phoenix for supplies over a dirt road which wound past abandoned gold and silver mines.

Rattlesnakes, mountain lion, coyotes, bears and javelina were commonplace then on the ranch, as they are now.

As he sits in comfortable Western garb by the pool at his Cave Creek home, Jack Cartwright can look in a northeasterly direction and see the 6-L Ranch which he bought in 1935. It adjoined the original Cartwright Ranch and when purchased brought the total acreage up to 65,000.

Now the Cartwright Ranch, known in early records as the Cartwright Allotment, is owned by the Earl Johnson family and is managed by one of their sons, Eddie. And Jack Cartwright, who no longer works the spread, says a little wistfully, "Every day I think about the ranch."

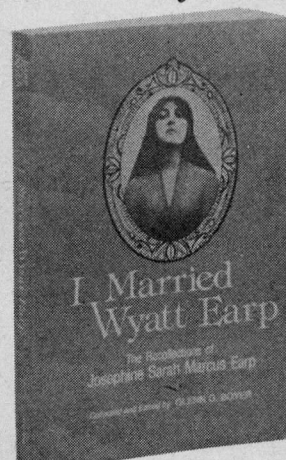


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Wild Old Days!

CINDERELLA OF THE CAPTIVES By Opal Hartsell Brown

Photos provided by author

DURING THE mid-1800s, roving Indians of the Southwest captured countless Caucasian and Mexican children, one of whose stories parallels that of the fairy tale, Cinderella. She was Lizzie Ross, who became the adopted daughter of a Texas future governor and general, Lawrence Sullivan "Sul" Ross.

Her story began the foggy morning of October 1, 1858, four miles southeast of present Rush Springs, Oklahoma. Chief Buffalo Hump and some of his Comanches had been on a peace mission to Fort Arbuckle, near present Davis, and had stopped to visit their friends, the Wichitas.

The Wichita village of 125 grass huts stretched 200 yards along the fertile valley of Rush Creek. Stubble and ungathered vegetables marked their gardens. A similar, but smaller, village of Wacos lay about a mile north.

Hosts and visitors were still asleep when scouts of the Second U.S. Cavalry from Texas discovered them. Unaware of the Comanches' peace mission, the Texans had orders to "punish" them for recent raids south of Red River.

Maj. Earl Van Dorn, leader of the Cavalry, ordered nineteen-year-old Lt. Sul Ross to release the Indians' 500 horses grazing nearby, then storm the south end of the village with 135 friendly Indians: Waco, Tawakoni, Tonkawa, and Caddo from the Brazos River Reservation. Van Dorn would attack the north end.

After horses scattered, rifles and shotguns spat fire and lead, hatchets and knives flashed, arrows whizzed. A group of Indians fled toward the creek. Ross, Lt. Van Camp, Sgt. Alexander, and a Caddo intercepted them, discovering they were women and children.

When a second group dashed past, Ross recognized a white girl about eight years old. He ordered the Caddo to grab her. She screamed, bit, scratched and "fought like a wildcat," but the

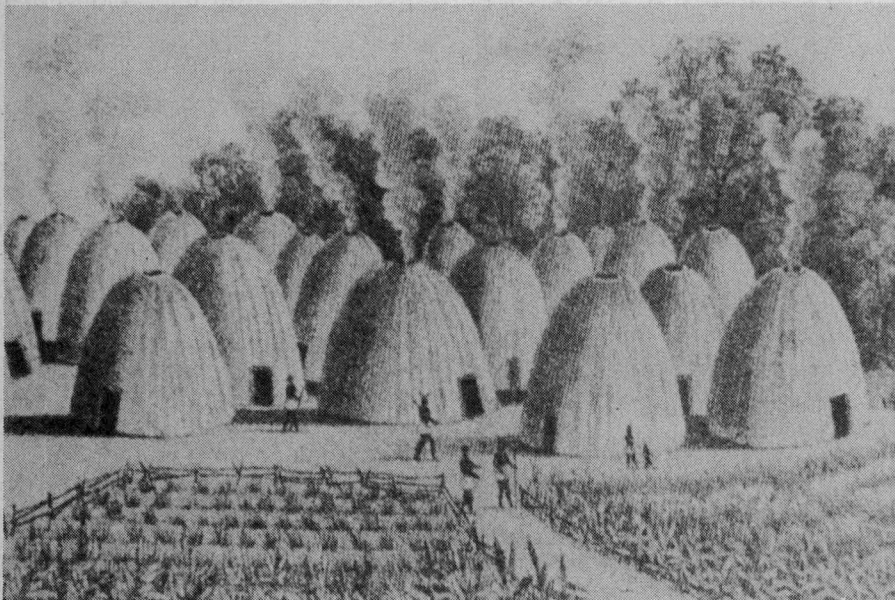
Caddo clung to her.

Twenty-five Comanches cut off Ross from communications with Maj. Van Dorn on the north, shot Lt. Van Camp through the heart, then killed Alexander. Mohee, whom Ross had known at the reservation in Texas, grabbed Alexander's rifle and shot Ross, paralyzing him on one side.

The Indian snatched a butcher knife to scalp Ross, but a Comanche shouted a command, diverting his attention. Lt. James Majors, later a Confederate general, killed Mohee. Maj. Van Dorn caught an arrow in his shoulder and fell. The Caddo and the protesting white child remained unharmed. It was believed the Indians were protecting her.

When the smoke and fog cleared about two hours later, five whites lay dead and seven wounded. Eighty or more Comanches and some Wichitas were killed, many wounded, and several captured. Buffalo Hump and other Comanches escaped.

The Texans burned the lodges, took all the horses and equipment, but the wounded officers tarried



Painted by Geo. Catlin



Courtesy Prairie Lore

Wichita Village on Rush Creek where Lizzie Ross was recaptured in 1858. Right: Likeness of Lizzie from a tintype made at Fort Worth when she was sixteen.

five or six days to recuperate. When Lt. Ross was able, his Indian troops put him on a litter between two mules and took him to Camp Radzimirski near present Tipton. Occasionally, the Indians carried Ross, while transporting the child — much against her will.

At Camp Radzimirski, Ross' group secured an ambulance to take him and the child to his parents' home in Waco, Texas. There she was thrust into strange surroundings and was unable to communicate. Her origin was never known. She had been with the Comanches since she could remember, therefore, she considered herself an Indian. Now she was the "captive" of an illustrious white family of Rangers, Indian fighters, their wives and daughters. She was confined in a Colonial type house on an eighty-acre farm at the southwest corner of town, where slaves helped with the work.

Lt. Ross's mother Katherine, lived up to her sobriquet, "Mother of Waco," by welcoming the little waif. His father, Capt. Shapley P. Ross, an Indian agent on the Brazos River Reservation, and their eight children quickly followed suit.

The two older girls, Margaret and Mary, were married and had homes of their own. Peter, twenty-two, had recently returned from two years military training in New York. He now served as a captain in the Rangers by authority of Governor Sam Houston. There were Annie, whose age was undetermined; Lt. Sul; twelve-year-old Kate; ten-year-old Robert; and William, about four. Mervin had died early in life.

Capt. Shapley, who had helped establish Waco on the site of a former Waco Indian village, had built the first hotel in the town and served as first postmaster. He built and still owned a ferry across the Brazos. It remained a thoroughfare to the West until a suspension bridge was built in 1870.

This frontier family "made a pet of the child," finally calming her. Sul christened her "Lizzie" in honor of his fiancée, Miss Lizzie Tinsley, daughter of a local doctor. Little

Lizzie had a creek upon which to play and children from whom to learn.

WHEN young Sul recovered sufficiently from the wound at Rush Creek, he returned to Wesleyan University at Florence, Alabama, where he graduated in 1859. Meanwhile, Mrs. Ross was a mother-teacher to Lizzie, as she had been to her own children before schools were available.

In 1859, the Brazos Reservation closed, and Capt. Shapley assisted in transferring the Indians — some Comanche, Caddo, Waco, Tawakoni, Tonkawa, Anadarko, splinters of Delaware, Shawnee, Choctaw, and Ioni — to the Indian Territory near present Anadarko.

When some of the Comanches from the Territory continued to raid in Texas, Gov. Houston in 1860 commissioned Sul as a Ranger captain, with orders to "break them" permanently. Capt. Sul took forty Rangers, twenty U.S. Cavalry, and seventy frontiersmen and pursued the Indians.

While marching up Pease River, Capt. Sul rode to a high hill. About 200 yards away, Comanches were dismantling a village. Ross signaled his men to attack. During the melee, the Texans killed an old Indian, whom they thought was Chief Peta Nocona, and a fifteen-year-old girl fleeing behind him on the horse. They captured Cynthia Ann Parker, the chief's white wife, and her two-year-old daughter, Prairie Flower. Capt. Ross picked up a nine-year-old Comanche boy who was hiding in the grass and crying.

Capt. Sul took the boy home with him. One account says he took Cynthia Ann and the baby also, while another says he sent them to Camp Cooper then to her relatives. He could have done both.

But who were the slain man and the captured boy? A descendant of Chief Peta Nocona and other sources say the man was No-Bah. Nocona was in the Wichita Mountains with his older son, Quanah.

The descendant also says that during Cynthia Ann's effort to

escape, she had her son, Pecos, as well as Prairie Flower, on the horse with her. He fell off, but she kept going only to be caught. The Parkers do not know what became of him.

The boy Capt. Sul picked up was taken home with him to become a sort of foster brother to little Lizzie. They were near the same age. Capt. Sul named him Pease Ross in memory of the battle of Pease River. The boy lived on the family plantation which lay six miles below Waco on the Brazos River near Flat Creek. Pease was given permission to return to his people, but chose to remain. He married the daughter of a former slave in the Neil McLennan household.

All the while they served as Ranger captains, Peter and Sul Ross sought treaties with the Indians. When the Civil War erupted, both felt safe in leaving home for the Confederate Army. By then, Capt. Sul was married to Miss Tinsley who accompanied him to Mississippi.

Peter and Sul advanced in the army, with Sul becoming a brigadier general. He fought in 132 battles, during which six horses were shot from under him. Two monuments stand on the Vicksburg Battlefield in his honor. Col. Peter was wounded twice.

When the two men returned home, Sul Ross and his wife moved to the farm for him to recuperate. Peter married Laura Harrison, daughter of Gen. James E. Harrison, in 1866.

All the while, Lizzie was becoming an "educated and accomplished young woman," supposedly in the Waco Female Academy. (A fire later destroyed school records.)

The Waco census for July 5, 1870, listed Charles P. (Shapley) Ross, fifty-nine and a native of Kentucky, as a farmer with real estate valued at \$15,000 and personal property at \$1,000. Katherine Ross, his wife, was fifty-eight and a native of Virginia.

Among the others was Lizzie, "16," an "Indian" born in Indian Territory. The age did not coincide

BACK ISSUES

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with that estimated at the time of capture. She should have been twenty in 1870.

That same year, part of the family went to California. Capt. Shapley went for his health, but did not stay long. Peter went to farm and trade for four years, then returned to Waco. But sometime during that decade, Katherine Ross took Lizzie there on a visit, and Lizzie married a "wealthy merchant near Los Angeles," where she was living in 1884.

Her captor, Gen. Sul, became governor of Texas in 1887 and president of Texas A and M College in 1891. He and his wife had six children. He died in 1898.

One writer listed "little" Lizzie's death in 1886, another in 1903. Whichever, the life of Lizzie Ross had a beginning and end with all the elements of a fairy tale.

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SHOOTOUT IN ROGERS

By J. Dickson Black

Photo provided by author,

IN SOME WAYS the shootout in Rogers, Arkansas was like a Keystone Cops movie. The outlaws backtracked to where they shouldn't have gone. But that was okay — the lawmen weren't where they should have been. The outlaws tried to board a train full of lawmen. And the lawmen hadn't planned to stop the train to chase the escaping outlaw. But let's go back to the beginning...

Early in January of 1891, Harrison and Nim Sheppard, aged twenty and twenty-five, came to Rogers from Lawrence County, Missouri.

They moved in with their brother-in-law Jessie McCullen. For about three weeks they were in and out of Rogers, where they tried hard to leave the impression that they were both very tough.

They seemed to have done a good job of that. It also was noted that they were armed all the time. They ordered two Winchester rifles, .40 caliber, which took a shell carrying 82 grains of powder. As they tried

out their rifles in the hardware store everyone knew these two knew exactly how to use them!

This made Marshal McFarlin think that they might have committed a crime someplace, so he planned to watch them when they were in Rogers.

Two days later Ed Wright, a town officer from Pierce City, Missouri, and A. M. Vandergriff, a deputy sheriff of Monett, Missouri, arrived in town with warrants from Lawrence County, Missouri for the Sheppards.

They were charged with assault and intent to kill. They had beaten a justice of the peace unmercifully and left him for dead after he had had them arrested for disturbing a church service.

Since the Sheppards were within the jurisdiction of Marshal McFarlin, he swore out a warrant charging the pair with carrying concealed weapons.

At about five a.m. on January 23, 1891 Rogers Constable, Wm. Dalton, Wright and Vandergriff, the Missouri lawmen, went by wagon to the McCullen house, which was a mile outside of Rogers. The house was a small box-type with a front and back door.

While two men were watching the back of the house, Dalton and a second officer went to the front door and knocked. As they did, they heard Mrs. McCullen, inside the house, say, "Here they are, boys. You know what you have got to do."

When the door was pushed open the Sheppard boys opened fire with their new Winchesters. The officers returned the fire. Constable Dalton was killed instantly by a ball going through his heart. Nim Sheppard was shot in the hand and dropped his rifle. When Dalton was killed, the other lawman turned and ran for the wagon.

Instead of entering the back door to join the fight, the two lawmen stationed there ran around front to see what was going on. When they saw the lawman running for the wagon they followed him.

During this retreat Vandergriff's hat was shot off, Marshal McFarlin,



Bentonville, Arkansas. Large building at left is the courthouse. It is no longer standing.

was shot in the heel, and Wright was shot through the body. He died a few days later.

The lawmen left at once and went back to Rogers where they organized a posse and returned to McCullen's house. No one was there. After Dalton's body was taken away, the posse spread out in every direction.

THEY soon captured the McCullens and took them to the Benton County Jail in Bentonville. Since no one had been left at the McCullen house, part of the posse rode back later to check on it. They found that the Sheppard boys had returned to the house where they ate lunch. They also had left a note telling their sister Mrs. McCullen to get rid of the rifles they were leaving behind.

Notes were left on each rifle. One read: "Nance got it in the neck." Nance was the name of the gun and on its barrel, close to where it would be held by a person in the act of firing it, was an indenture, showing that this was the gun shot out of Nim Sheppard's hand. The note on the other gun read: "Laura Ann gained the victory." It was thought that must have been the gun used so

unsuccessfully by Harrison Sheppard.

At first it seemed likely that the two had made their way into the hills and were headed for the White River country where it would have been hard to follow them.

That evening word was received that they had been seen north of Rogers and were headed for the railroad track. For a second time that day a posse was formed. This time they boarded the ten-thirty freight going north. Men loaded into every car from the caboose to the engine.

As they were going up a steep grade one and a half miles south of Garfield, the two desperados attempted to climb into one of the cars which held three possemen.

Nim was the first aboard and found himself looking down the barrel of his own Nance in the hands of Tom Blackburn; Harrison heard the noise in the boxcar and turned to run through the brush along the track. Will Oakley took a shot in the dark at the sound of the running man.

Since they had set up no way to signal the engineer to let them off, the lawmen had to ride on until the train stopped at Seligman, Mis-

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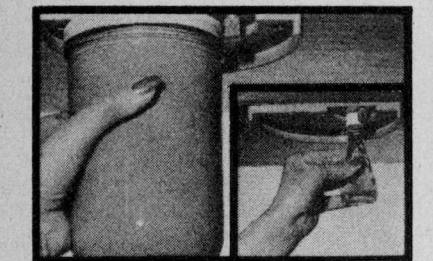
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souri. Here they had to wait for a southbound freight, which finally put them back in Rogers just before daylight on January 24.

Later that morning one group of men took Nim Sheppard to the county jail and a second group went back to where Harrison Sheppard had last been sighted. They found his dead body, lying face down. After a coroner's inquest was held, he was buried at the expense of the county.

On March 27, 1891 Deputy Sheriff A. M. Vandergriff posted a \$500 property bond with the State of Arkansas and Benton County Court to assure that he would return for the trial of Nim Sheppard.

On March 30 Nim Sheppard was indicted for murder in the first degree. He pleaded not guilty. His trial was postponed several times and was finally held on April 14, 1893. Since it couldn't be proved that he had been the one who fired the shots that killed the two lawmen, he was found guilty of manslaughter, and was sentenced to one year in the state penitentiary.

Jessie McCullen was also arrested as having been implicated in the crime, yet the case must have been dropped as no record of his trial could be found.

**I KISSED THE DAUGHTER
 OF BILL ANDERSON**
 By J.J. Bishop

IN 1872 my father took his family from Bell County to Brown County (Texas) to visit my mother's uncle, Israel Clements, who was a brother to her father, James Clements.

Israel was a very early settler in Brown County. He was the first tax assessor and collector elected there for a full term after the organization of the county in 1857. His wife was a sister to Bill Anderson. ["Bloody Bill" Anderson was one of Quantrell's most feared lieutenants.] Her given name was Harriett.

I was very young at the time of the visit, being about six years old, and knew nothing of the guerrilla activities of the Civil War, but I well

remember Bill Anderson. He was a man of rather heavy build, with black hair and large brown eyes.

Israel Clements accumulated quite a herd of cattle, and in the year of 1860 or 1861 drove a herd east to market. It was reported that he brought back \$10,000 in cash for the sale of his cattle. For some time prior to this a man known only as Old George had made his home with Israel, doing chores about the place for his board. At the breakfast table one morning Old George started a quarrel over some trivial matter. Israel thought nothing of it and, finishing his breakfast, walked to the front door of his house. Old George followed him, grabbed Uncle Israel's dirk knife on the mantel, came up behind and reached over Israel's shoulder and stabbed him three times in the breast.

Israel Clements was a tall, long-armed, strong arm. He grabbed Old George, wrested the knife from his hand, and cut him to pieces. Both men fell in the graveled yard and soon expired. The blood of the two fatally wounded men ran together and trickled off on the hard graveled ground.

While the two were lying on the ground bleeding, Israel called to his wife, "Harriett, come hold my head up and let me see Old George die, then I'll be ready to go." She complied with his dying request, and held his head on her knee while he watched Old George scramble and breathe his last. Then in the space of minutes Israel Clements passed away.

The only plausible theory for Old George's actions was that robbery was in his mind, knowing that Israel had brought considerable money home from the sale of his cattle.

WHEN my father was ready to return home from the visit mentioned above, one of Israel Clements' daughters, Texana, sixteen years old, came home with us to live and go to school. The next year she married Sam Petty, a resident of Sparta in Bell County. The young

couple went to Sparta to make their home.

Thirteen years later, during the Christmas season of 1885, Bill Anderson's eighteen-year-old daughter, Mary, came to Sparta to visit her cousin, "Teck" Petty. Teck was my cousin also, so it was very easy for me to meet and get acquainted with the visiting girl.

Mary Anderson was a charming girl. She was symmetrical in form, medium size, black hair, large eyes, and was always smiling. It was Christmas time and dancing season for the young folks. All of the young men in the community became infatuated with this beautiful visitor, and tried to outdo each other in arranging for parties, dates and dances with Mary Anderson. I accompanied her to several parties and danced with her too, but it seemed to me that she was more interested in the other boys than she was in me. I became down-hearted and concluded that I had a poor chance to win her favor.

Time came for Mary to return home, and she was given a farewell party at the home of her cousin, Teck Petty. When the time came for the boys to deliver their goodbyes, we all gathered around her in the moonlight in the yard. Feeling depressed, dejected, and nearly sick with jealousy, I was first to step up to bid her adieu. I took her hand, said goodbye, and kissed her lingeringly on the cheek. That crowd of boys stood dumbfounded as I walked away.

To my amazement I received a letter from Mary a few days, expressing her appreciation for the enjoyable visit she had. She also said that of all the young men she had met there I was by far her favorite. Except for my youthfulness, poverty, and a need for more education, I would have married Mary Anderson, the daughter of the famous guerrilla. What may appear to be trivial events sometimes change the course of a man's entire career in life.



Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 9)

Kentucky and then to the southern part of Missouri, and from there to the Indian Territory before the turn of the century.

W.D. McCaslin said his parents came from Ireland originally. He was born in this country about 1852 and died in Mayes County, Oklahoma in 1935 or '36. Mary Boyles died in Delaware County in July 1915 and they are buried in the Spavinaw cemetery in Mayes County.

It is not known how many brothers and sisters W.D. McCaslin had but names given me of brothers were James, Joseph, Henry and Webster; sisters were Mary Eliza, Mattie, and Holly. I have a picture of Webster taken at a photo studio with a Yellowstone Park address on it. W.D.'s mother died first and for a time his father lived with W.D.'s growing family. I have been told the father's name was James Harvey.

Mary Adaline Boyles was born in 1848 as near as can be determined. Her mother died early in Mary's life and she had a stepmother. We know of two brothers, Will and Joe. Mary was living with her brother Will at the time of her marriage to William David McCaslin.

I have a picture of Mary's father and stepmother. Also a picture of three little boys, Charlie, Henry, and Thomas, dated 1870. The picture is taken from an album which belonged to my grandmother. The photographer is listed as S.P. Eversole, Delphi, Indiana. Clothes worn by Charlie and Henry are of dark material decorated with many white, fairly large, buttons. Mary always stated that she was "Holland Dutch" and the boys' clothing gives that impression.

The above couple reared six children (two died in infancy). It is known that the family lived in southern Missouri in Round Spring, Shannon County and Golden, Barry County before moving to Oklahoma. I do wish to get in touch with my lost relatives of these two families. My mother was a McCaslin daugh-

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Champion. Emma had one brother, William Martin, and one sister, Mary Jane. W.M. Champion died in 1952 and Jane died in 1925. I am the youngest son of W.M. Champion. Any help will be appreciated if anyone knows of this line and I will answer all letters. — Paul J. Champion, 111 Pebble Beach Drive, Mabank, Texas 75147.

Crooks

Richard Thomas Crooks came to America from Scotland before the Revolutionary War. Has anyone over the years kept track of him and his descendants? I would like to hear from anyone who has information. — Inez Crooks Willey, Box 117, Wiggins, Colorado 80654.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 41)

book a must for their libraries. Four appendices provide detailed information on bottle marks, and a fine bibliography lists numerous other sources of information on old bottles.

The book in a valuable contribution and highly recommended for collectors and hobbyists.

CHIEF JOSEPH COUNTRY

Chief Joseph Country: Land of the Nez Perce by Bill Gulick (Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, ID 83605, 316 pages, \$29.95 hardcover, 11½ x 8¾ inches).

This attractive book examines the relationship of the Nez Perce Indians and the white man during the period 1805 to the death of Chief Joseph in 1904. Author Bill Gulick uses the words of the actual participants in helping to tell the fascinating story of the development of the Pacific Northwest. He uses excerpts from diaries, letters, and statements made by Indians and white men alike. But Gulick observes:

"If there is a bias in this book, it is that I have given more credence to statements made by Indians than to words written by white men. Time

and again in my research I have come across references to the importance the Indian placed on telling the plain, simple truth when relating any event in which he was involved."

The book is well written and carefully researched. Unlike many so-called "history books" being published today, this effort holds the reader's attention. The work is enhanced with many historic photographs and sketches, some dating back to 1850. Footnotes, a bibliography, and index are included. Highly recommended.

FORT BLISS

Fort Bliss by Leon C. Metz (Mangan Books, 6245 Snowheights Court, El Paso, TX 79912, 180 pages, \$34.95 hardcover, 11½ x 9 inches).

This handsome new book by a well-known Western writer is a history of Fort Bliss, Texas, one of the oldest, largest, and most important military bases in the United States.

Through words and pictures, including many historic illustrations, Metz has produced what probably will become the standard reference work on the history of Fort Bliss. In sixteen chapters he traces the colorful history of the region and then the establishment of the military post located near El Paso.

Metz' well-written text is supplemented by more than 250 photographs, maps, and other illustrations by such well-known artists as Jose Cisneros, Tom Lea, Antonio Castro and Frederick Carter. Their art enhances this fine regional history.

There is a good bibliography, appendix, and index. Highly recommended.

ILLINOIS FRONTIER

On the Illinois Frontier: Dr. Hiram Rutherford, 1840-1848 edited by Willene and George Hendrick (Southern Illinois University Press, P.O. Box 3697, Carbondale, IL 62901, 155 pages, \$19.95 hardcover, 8¾ x 5¾ inches).

This book focuses on Dr. Hiram

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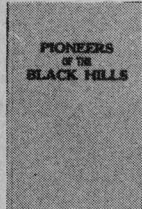
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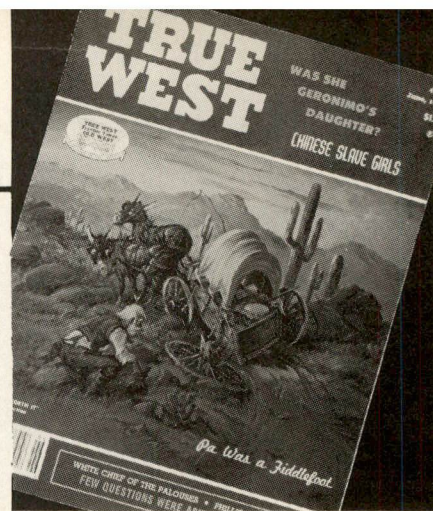
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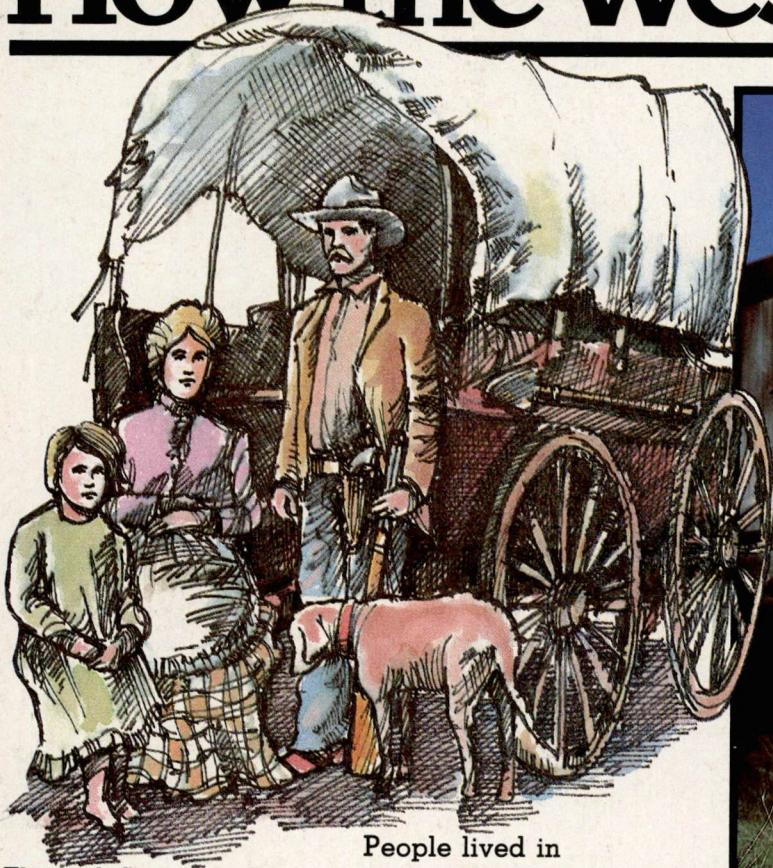
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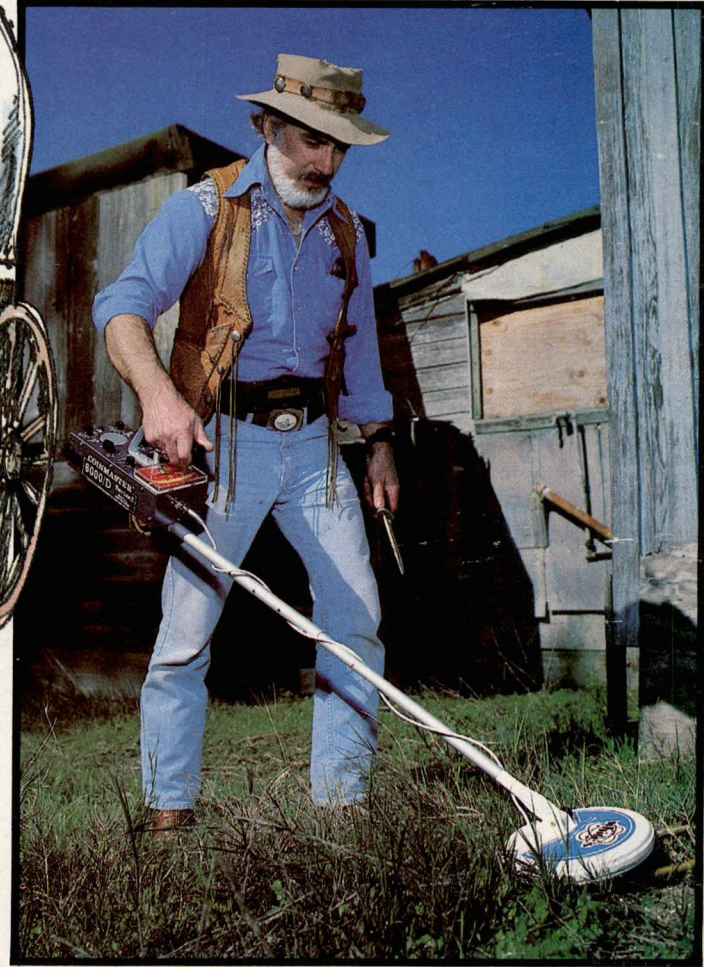
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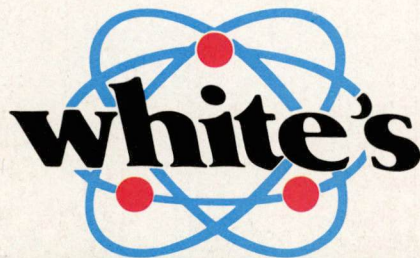
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