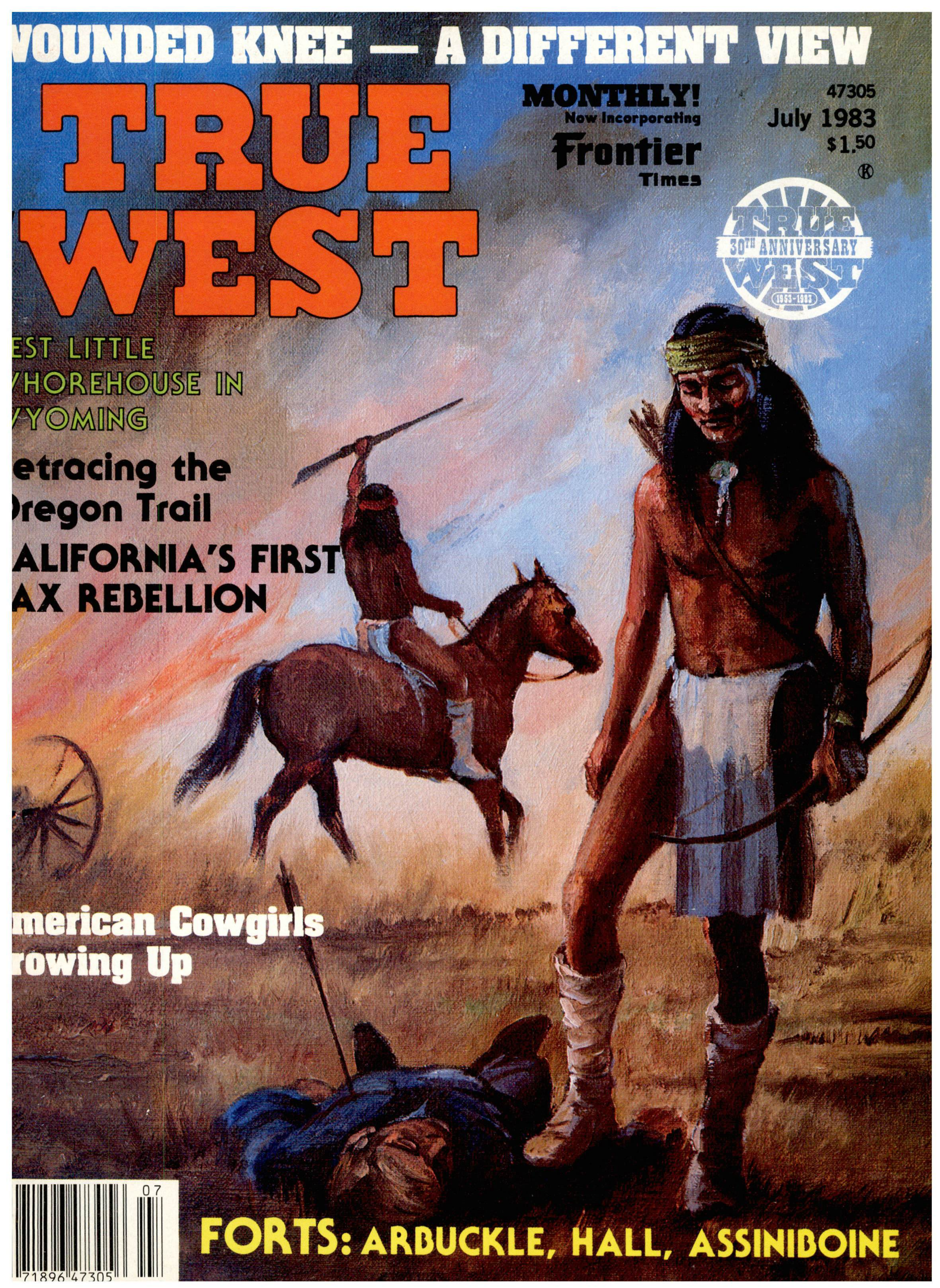
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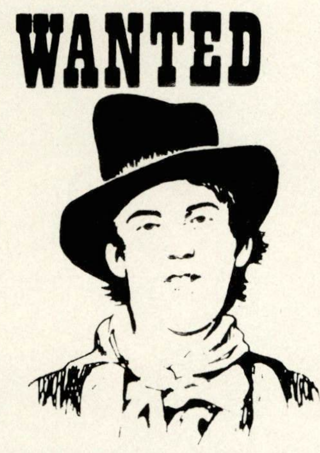

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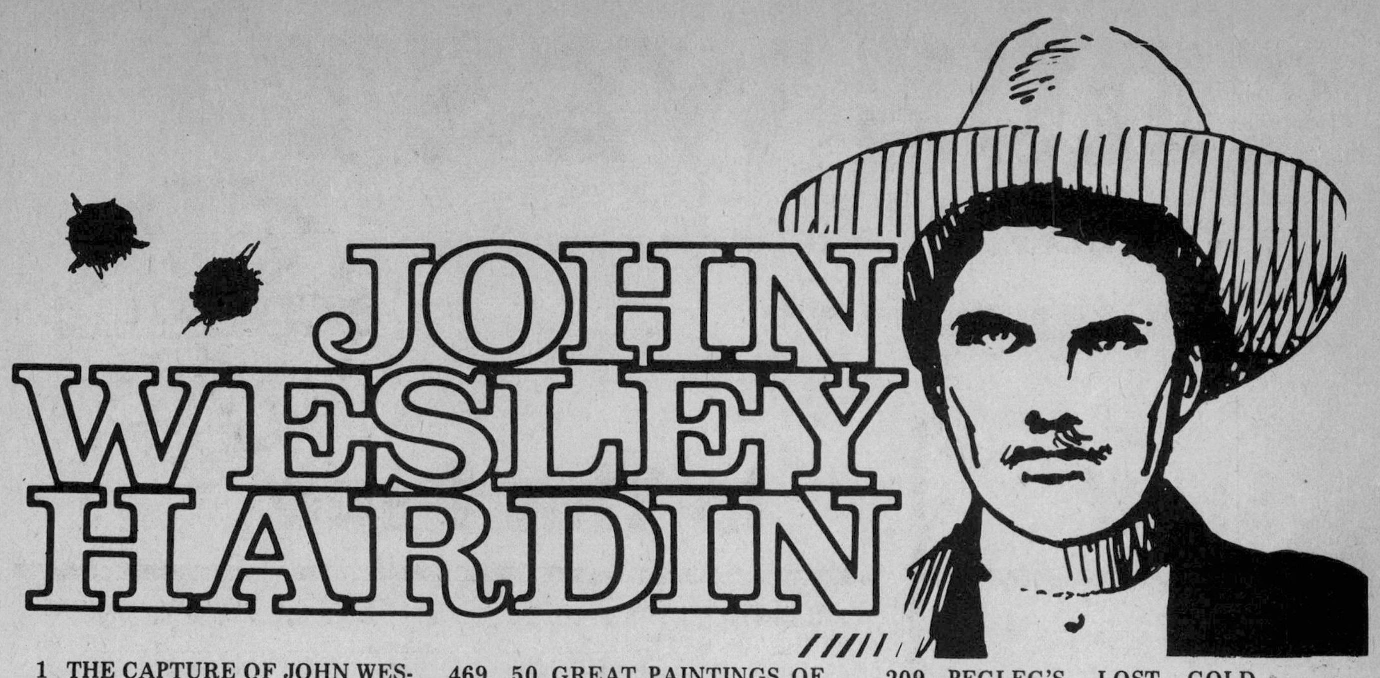

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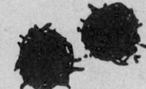

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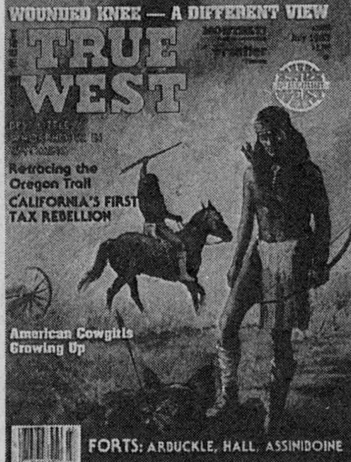


OUR COVER

In this painting the Apaches are victorious. In our lead story, "Wounded Knee — A Different View," the victor is not as certain. Both soldiers and the Sioux died. This painting, entitled "Apache Raid," was done by Gordon G. Pond, Winslow, Arizona. His paintings of Indians and southwest landscapes appear in many public and private collections.

Manuscripts, artwork, and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope of sufficient size for return, with all submissions. Mail to 700 East State St., Iola, WI 54990. Copyright 1982 by Western Publications.

From The Editor

Most of us know that Owen Wister wrote *The Virginian.* But what many of us may not know is that Wister was a good photographer. Jini Accuntius of Austin, Texas, found a batch of Wister's photographs while rummaging around in the Archives Division of the Texas State Library.

The photos are the result of a visit Wister made to a polo pony ranch in Texas and provide an unusual insight into a Texas ranch of that time. However, it seems Mister Wister didn't pay much attention to identification of his photos. As Mrs. Accuntius wrote:

"Here is the best of the Wister collection that can be identified. His handwritten captions are cryptic at best. Most of the people photographed are not identified, but a lot of the horses are. (He was very big on photos of the horse's rear-end. In some the underbelly of the horse is the main feature)."

Strange man, that Wister. In the collection of photos in this issue there are some of horses but no rear-ends or underbellys.

As I write this I'm getting ready to leave for a week of ghost-towning (visiting and photographing ghost towns) in Arizona. If I get anything worthwhile you may see it in future magazines.

Some people are addicted to ghost-towning and many are readers of this magazine. So we like to have a ghost town story about every other issue. In addition, the December issue for years has been the special ghost town, treasure and mining issue.

If there is a theme to this issue, it is the military on the frontier and our lead story, "Wounded Knee — A Different View," essentially tells the Army side of the conflict. The story might as well be titled, "Bury Your Bleeding Hearts at Wounded Knee."

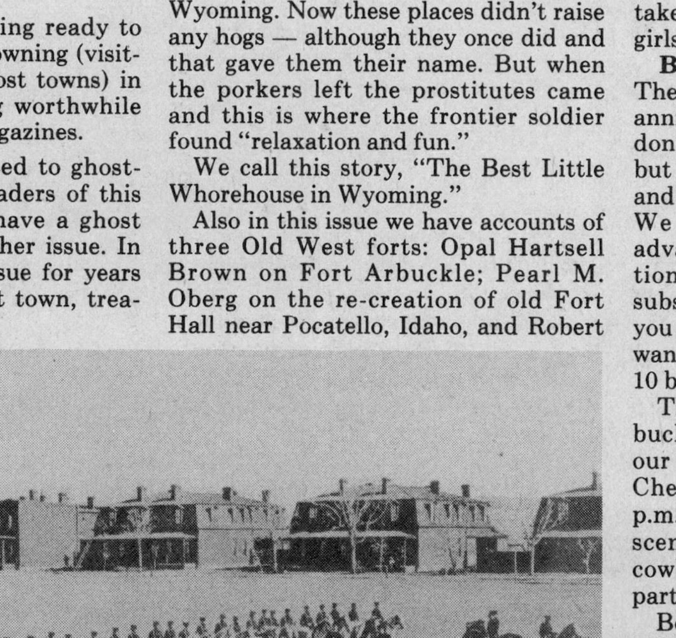
The traditional view has been that the army incited the Sioux Indians to violence and is responsible for the tragedy. Nothing could be further from the truth, according to John Carroll, a military historian living in Bryan, Texas. Carroll used documents readily available to anyone — Court of Inquiry records in the National Archives — to tell a different story.

There is no question, Carroll says, the Indians had legitimate gripes about their treatment by the government but the fact is the Indians started the shooting and the army did everything it could to prevent bloodshed.

Also with a military theme is the story by Willah Weddon and Marion M. Huseas on "hog ranches," and one particular "hog ranch" near Fort Laramie, Wyoming. Now these places didn't raise any hogs — although they once did and that gave them their name. But when the porkers left the prostitutes came and this is where the frontier soldier found "relaxation and fun."

We call this story, "The Best Little Whorehouse in Wyoming."

Also in this issue we have accounts of three Old West forts: Opal Hartsell Brown on Fort Arbuckle; Pearl M. Oberg on the re-creation of old Fort Hall near Pocatello, Idaho, and Robert C. Lucke's account of Fort Assiniboine near Havre, Montana. Robert and his family have long been interested in the history of the Havre area, and they have been a part of it as well. For decades, the Lou Lucke Co. store was an institution in Havre. Robert's uncle, Al Lucke, developed one of the finest historic photo collections available anywhere. Robert is the author of two books on notable homes in Havre.



Cavalry inspection at Fort Assiniboine, near Havre, Montana. Photo is from the Robert C. Lucke Collection. See story this issue.

Everyone knows Californians rebelled against higher taxes by passing Proposition 13. But it may not be so well known that California had a tax rebellion in 1851 — and it was led by the Indians! Dr. David M. Van Horn, an archeologist, tells of this, the only major Indian uprising in southern California.

Teresa Jordan, Portland, Oregon, recently got good reviews for her book published by Doubleday called *Cowgirls, Women of the American West.* Shortly her next book, *Rodeo — Celebrating One Hundred Years,* is to be released by Oasis Books of Edmonton, Alberta. From the second book, we have taken an excerpt we call simply "Cowgirls."

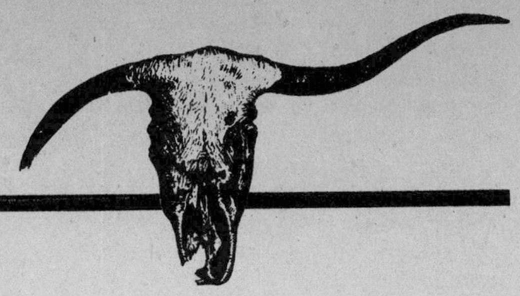
Better hurry on the buckles. They tell me those TRUE WEST 30th anniversary belt buckles are going fast. I don't know if we made it clear or not, but these are strictly **limited edition** and when the supply runs out, that's it. We notice most everyone is taking advantage of the three-year subscription extension deal. For a three-year subscription or extension, cost $26.50, you get a buckle FREE. But if you just want the buckle, we'll send you one for 10 bucks.

The whole TRUE WEST staff bought buckles and we'll be wearing them at our big 30th anniversary hoedown in Cheyenne, Saturday night, Aug. 6, 7 p.m. The Hitching Post Inn will be the scene; there'll be a hosted bar, food, cowboy dance band, book autograph party, favors and more.

Best of all, many of TRUE WEST's writers, artists, illustrators and photographers will be there. Among those planning to make it are Joe and Elizabeth Small, Hood River Blackie, Bill O'Neal, Barbara Blackburn, Robert DeArment, Chuck Parsons, Kathryn Wright and many others. We sure are hoping to see you there too.

— Jim Dullenty

Truly Western



Jesse's John Hancock

The enclosed photo is from my father, Fred Scrivner. It is of his autographed book which was signed by Jesse James.

My father knew Jesse James. Is there any way of finding out if this signature is by the same Jesse James? I would also like to know if anyone has a record of Jesse's school days. — **William E. Scrivner, 133 N.E. 53rd Ave., Portland, OR 97213.**

Friend Fred Februrry 1890

Rember me dear bool
When on those lines you look
Remember it was Jesie
Who wrote this in your
Book

Forget me not
Charles C Bair

your friend
Jesie James

Chickens After Dark

I started my subscription to TRUE WEST with No. 6 in the early 1950s. I enjoy the several publications.

I like truth when it's the other fellow who's getting it. But I think the western calendars would be better if someone pointed out to painters that they should be as careful with the rest of the details as they are in portraying pistols and horses. Poor W.H.D. Koerner ("Timber for the Mill") has never hauled firewood, certainly not timber, on that contraption he painted.

Gary Lynn Roberts had chickens running around outside after dark! And he never hitched a pair of burros to the carreta he painted. It made me so weak from laughter that I hid the darned calendar, fearing my friends would see it and die.

It's a fact, the 1982 calendar I put away immediately because of the prevalence of the gun motif.

When I studied painting I was told: "Don't fake. You can't paint what you don't know." I have nothing but the greatest respect for Joe Rader Roberts and regret his passing. He knew his craft but he sure fouled up the horse's legs in the June 1981 calendar.

We all make mistakes. Even Charlie Russell, in his late period, painted a grizzly with three rear paws. Bill Mauldin drew three drunk GIs that had seven arms.

We make mistakes, we can live with them and laugh, too but we should try to overcome that which is due to ignorance.

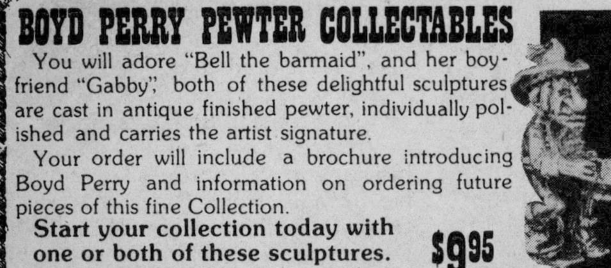
I am past the age of 72. — **Henry Schnautz, RR 3, Box 296, Evansville, IN 47712.**

Custer Loot Found?

Regarding Kathryn Wright's story, "The Mystery of Custer's Lost Gold" in March, 1983 TRUE WEST, it is possible Custer's loot may already have been found.

Three boys working on a crew stumbled upon it while exploring the Pryor Mountains on their day off. The loot, described as "no small amount" was divided three ways.

This information came to me through a California tourist who probably never heard of Custer. He stayed overnight at my small campground in eastern Montana and inquired about Indian campsites in hopes of finding some artifacts. One of the three boys had shown him his one-third of the loot and his description



of the bag's contents immediately brought to mind Custer's loot.

I endeavored to question him further but was called away to register another camper. I returned to the site to find he'd retired and early the next morning he was gone. I copied his name and address from the register but made no effort to contact him. — **May Billing, Jordan, MT 59337.**

Biggest Gold Specimen

I saw your mention of the new Frontier Museum in Temecula, California, in the December issue of TRUE WEST's Western Roundup.

I went to it and the thing that blew me away is that John Bianchi, the museum owner, has got a well-documented, 20-pound gold specimen from 1932 on display.

It came from the Diltz Mine at Mariposa. Of course, history shows lots bigger, but they were all supposed to be junked for the money. I don't doubt this specimen's the biggest left in the world, including Australia. I am a mineralogist and should know a little. — **A. Willson, Box 496, Niland, CA 92257.**

Another Fish Story

I have all the TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES magazines. On the back of Vol. 1, No. 1, 1953 TRUE WEST is an advertisement by the Ithica Gun Company showing a group of fishermen fishing in a small fishing hole.

That isn't too unusual. But all the fishermen aren't in New York, as we have this same thing going on our place here in Valier, Montana.

The canal that fills Lake Francis at Valier runs through our back yard. For many years, 500,000 sockeye or Kokanee salmon were planted in the canal in our yard. After two years they would come back up the canal to spawn. The fishermen would come here from all over the state to snag them. The limit was 35 per day and they weighed from three to five pounds.

I have seen as many as 75 fishermen all snagging in one small hole at one time. Ten to 15 thousand salmon would come up every night, and with any luck most everyone would have their limit within an hour.

To make it convenient for everyone, the season would open at 8 a.m. and close at 5 p.m. By 8 a.m. there would be a hundred fishermen standing on the bank waiting for someone to call the time. Then it would go off like the Battle of the Bulge.

The big bamboo poles with 10 feet of wire and a three-point snag hook with a pound of iron tied to it to make it sink fast would start flying.

You took your life in your hands to go near them. I have seen the fishermen snag and tear each others' clothes and boots half off each other. I have seen them reach right between each others' legs to get a fish.

One morning there were about 75 fishermen standing waiting for someone to call . A kid had come out to fish, too. He remarked if you got near that bunch of maniacs you'd get killed. So about ten minutes early he yelled, "Go!"

And the hooks started to fly. The game warden was there. He ran over to the kid and said, "I should arrest you for hollering 'Go'!"

The boy said there wasn't any law against hollering go. He said he could holler go any time or any place and there wasn't any law against it. And he said if the warden didn't want them to fish, he could go over and stop them.

"Stop, hell," the game warden said. "If you go within a rod of that bunch they'd kill you deader than hell." So he just got in his car and drove off.

In our yard we have a big school bell on a 25-foot tower, and you can hear it for a mile or more, so for the benefit of the fishermen, every morning at 8 a.m. we would ring the bell. That stopped all the confusion. — **Paul E. Bruner, Valier, MT 59486.**

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by TRUE WEST will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address and zip code. Photos welcome. Address all letters to TRUE WEST, Iola, Wisconsin 54990.

WE NEED YOUR HELP!

Several readers have complained that magazine stores and magazine racks in grocery stores, department stores and the like either are not carrying TRUE WEST and OLD WEST or sell out quickly.

It will help us greatly to know where our magazines are not sold and where they are not stocking enough magazines to meet the demand.

We'd like to have you contact magazine stores in your area, and the managers of stores which sell magazines with other items, and ask them if they sell the magazines; if they don't, why not; if they do, ask them if they can get an adequate supply, then let me know.

I'll send you a little token of our appreciation for this valuable help. Thanks.

— Jim Dullenty
Editor

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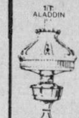

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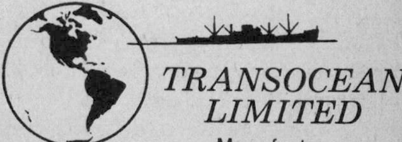

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Hosstail's Small Talk

Who better could write a history of TRUE WEST than its founder and publisher, Joe Austell Small, better known to everyone as Hosstail? Starting with the April issue and continuing more or less regularly through the rest of the spring and summer, Joe is celebrating the 30th anniversary of TRUE WEST by giving a complete history of the magazine. This is his third enstallment. — Editor.

HISTORY OF TRUE WEST PART III

While I edited Southern Sportsman at the Steck Company, I kept up my story writing by working nights. Then in 1942, I quit editing Southern Sportsman to put full time in writing and was saving regularly so I could get back into publishing.

When World War II came along, the publisher of a magazine put out in Denver, Colorado, called Western Sportsman, went back to his old job as a major, I believe, in the Air Force, and I bought out Western Sportsman for a very small sum, which I did not pay but promised to pay out in monthly payments when "things got better." It was my idea to publish Western Sportsman and Southern Sportsman under Sportsman Publishing Company and sell advertising for both magazines as a package, providing regional coverage and national circulation. It wasn't a bad idea at all, and since then it has been done very successfully. However, my lack of funds was almost disastrous.

I got into writing for the pulps more of less by accident. Fred Gipson came by to see me. He was on his way to Beeville to go to work for the Beeville Picayune. He said he had just been "fired" by the Corpus Christi Caller-Times. That was in 1942. I had met Fred at the University of Texas and liked him a lot, so I tried to cheer him up.

I told him, "Fred, you're a good writer and you know it." He looked at me halfway viciously, straight in the eye, and said, "If you believe I can write, you are the only one who believes it. I've tried too much and I can't make it."

Smalls' house at 3303 Bridle Path. The second-floor room with the two windows was the first office of TRUE WEST.

The pulp westerns and the pulp detectives had caught on and the westerns in particular were developing a growing and loyal following. I suggested to Fred that he try his hand at the westerns.

"Why don't you put your life in my hands for just six months and let's see what happens?" I asked him. When you are young as we were then, you tend not to see defeat, only challenges. I wanted to see if I could be an agent and sell Fred's stuff. So I created "Bill Manning, Literary Agent of the Southwest." I may have been the only literary agent at that time between New York and the West Coast. I felt like it anyway. I would send out Fred's stories. Fred was bad on plotting, so I had him go down and buy some old pulp magazines at the second-hand store. I told him to just read a story and get the framework of it as if he was building a house — to study the plot of each one of them — and it would improve his plotting.

He took some of the plots — they were all about the same, you know — and built his beautiful writing...oh, he was a beautiful writer...(remember *Old Yeller?*) around them. He sold from the word go.

I remember I sent his first story to Rogers Terrill at Popular Publications. They were publishing a whole string of magazines: Dime Western, Thrilling Western and others. Anyway, Dime Western had the biggest circulation then. Up to that point, I hadn't written any at all for them. That's what gave me the idea to write later — when I got so successful at selling Fred's stuff.

I told Rogers Terrill, "Listen, many of those stories you are carrying are written by drugstore cowboys. I want you to know that anything I send you from Fred Gipson is going to be the real thing. If he says a cowboy said something a certain way, that's the way he said it, because Fred is a real, dyed-in-the-wool rancher himself."

So Rogers bought the first one. That started it off. Then I got Fred to write a humor story. But that didn't come out just right. So we had a rejection. After that I just told him to go on and write his way. Ninety-five percent of his stories were sold as soon as he wrote them. He got so confident that he was putting a little porch onto his house and he sent me a story one time and said, "Joe, send this up to Mike — I need some money fast." I was working through Mike Tilden then; Rogers Terrill was managing editor.

Fred said, "Send this up to Mike and get me a check on it soon because I need some money to buy shingles."

The story he sent was beautiful. I couldn't stand it. I sent it to The Saturday Evening Post. In return, the editor at the Post wrote a beautiful rejection. I sent the story to Collier's and got a really terrific letter accepting it for $500. In those days that was all the money in the world. The editor who bought the story wrote, saying, "Where have you been keeping this author? We want more from him."

Fred came down from Mason. I handed him the check and the letter. He stood quiet for a bit, and then he said, "I

wonder how many we can sell them in a month?" Collier's was a weekly then.

From then on I sold Fred's stuff to slicks as well as pulps.

It was along about this time, I think, that I decided to try my own hand as a pulp writer since I was having such good luck. I finally had got to where I was acting as agent for ten writers. They came in. I didn't go out and hunt for them. I didn't have the heart to charge them a reading fee. They were all friends. They were taking up too much of my time.

One of them was Curt Bishop, who went on to become a published book writer and novelist. Curt was in New York once visiting editors at the various publications. An editor asked him, "How's old Bill?"

Curtis asked, "Bill who?"

The editor looked at him strangely and said, "Bill Manning, your agent."

Curtis said, "Oh, well. Yes, of course! Bill's just fine!"

None of those editors knew that Bill Manning was a nom de plume.

Finally, I decided to take advantage of that. I'd been writing all my life, practically. So why couldn't I write pulp fiction? After all, I was born on a little ranch in Texas.

I wrote Rogers Terrill. I was still dealing with him part of the time. Popular Publications had started Argosy by then and he was editing Argosy but still reading for their pulps. In my letter as Bill Manning, I really built up this Joe Small fellow. I laid it on thick, and sent Rogers my first fiction story. You talk about having crust.

Rogers wrote a letter back and said, "I'm glad to see that (Bill Manning) stationery. It means good fiction, good quality fiction." This time, though, he wrote, "I don't quite see all these wonderful possibilities that you write about Joe Austell Small. But on your word that he's good and is going to make it all right, I'm going to buy the story." And he bought it.

I sold to him from then on.

In those days, they started you out at a quarter-cent a word, believe it or not. They would raise you finally to one-half cent a word. If you got on the cover, got your story mentioned and your name on the cover, they paid three-quarters cent a word. Then finally, if you got on the cover regularly they raised you to one-cent a word.

After that first sale to Terrill, I hit regularly.

Most of the pulp publishers had editorial offices in New York City and business offices some place else.

Those western sales helped pull us through the Depression and keep us in the publishing business.

I had one in Mammoth Western and the cover blurb pushed Joe Austell Small's novelette entitled "Mrs. Hell." That was a 9,900-word story I did one weekend after receiving a telegram offering me $100 for 10,000 words. They sent me a check for $99 because I was short 100 of the total number of words they ordered.

Most of the writing I did in those early days was to support a publishing habit I developed early in life. As I mentioned, I published Southern Sportsman and later Western Sportsman as well. I was writing for the pulps and also for the slicks. The slicks included Coronet, Sportsmen's Digest, Hunter-Trader-Trapper (which later became Outdoorsman) and Sports Afield, all non-fiction. At one time I wrote for 20 magazines, not counting the pulps. Magazines like Travel, Motorboating, Yachting, Highway Travel. They were paying me $300 and up per story and I plowed that all back into my publishing venture.

Those western sales helped pull us through the Depression and keep us in the publishing business.

Reader's Digest picked up one of my animal stories out of Western Sportsman, which I called "Valiance of the Wild." They retitled it "Heroes of the Animal World." It was great publicity. We got subscriptions to Western Sportsman from all over the world (it was published in their foreign editions also).

My goal was to publish both Western Sportsman and Southern Sportsman with different editorial coverage, each regional in flavor but with a national circulation. As I said, I wanted to sell advertising for the two as a unit.

It was a good idea which is being used now. In fact, Time, Newsweek, and most magazines of that caliber are selling advertising on a regular basis. But it was tough going in those days. I laughingly told my readers that I had to send the good stories to other magazines to make enough to publish Western Sportsman, which was just about true.

But I had friends in Austin who encouraged me: J. Frank Dobie and Walter Prescott Webb among them. I published both Sportsman magazines out of Austin.

It was almost impossible to get paper to publish small periodicals during the war. Southern Sportsman had fallen on hard times. After I returned from my duties in the Army, I was asked to drop by The Steck Company. I hoped it was about a job, but they wanted to sell back all interests in Southern Sportsman instead. I bought it on an easy pay-out agreement. Now you know how stupid I was! Publishing, like searching for gold, can get into a man's blood.

Can you believe it when I say that in 1946 we decided to take all our savings and revive Western Sportsman with the September 1946 issue. I mention this (and have written in some detail about the "before TRUE WEST magazines") only because Western Sportsman, for instance, was the direct cause of TRUE WEST being conceived.

My family had it rough while I was gone. Liz worked and tried to make a home for our two sons and that was plenty hard on all of them. We were evicted from our rent houses two times and after Hitler was beaten we got approval to build a house while I was in the service. Since our lot was already paid for, we didn't have to make any down payment and I remember the monthly payment, including taxes and insurance, was $54 a month. We were sure proud of that house at 3303 Bridle Path. We built the house on the first lot we bought and saved the corner lot as a yard for the boys to play on. In days to come we had terrific football games in that yard. Our yard was popular with neighborhood boys.

Hard days? Almost impossible, but all we had ever known was a hard life. But those were some of the most rewarding days of our lives. Still right now, even I can hardly believe that both of us decided to take our entire earnings and plunge back into the publishing field! There would never had been a Western Sportsman nor a TRUE WEST if I had known as much about that business as I know now! And can you believe that I had total confidence in myself as a publisher. Why? I was afraid you'd ask that. Who was it who wrote "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread?" There was never a better example of it than my early publishing experience. — Hosstail.

Western Roundup

America's Famous Showman-Scout

William F. Cody reportedly killed 4,280 buffaloes in eighteen months working for the Kansas Pacific Railroad as a buffalo hunter from 1867 to 1868. This job earned him his legendary title "Buffalo Bill."

If you are interested in more information on this man, the place to visit is the Buffalo Bill Ranch State Historical Park in North Platte, Nebraska. Here Cody's house, barn and original outbuildings are preserved by the Nebraska Game and Parks Commission. Learn about the introduction of his Wild West Show in Omaha in 1883 and his apparent founding of the the town of Cody, Wyoming, in 1896.

Admission is free to the grounds which include interpretive displays, movies, exhibits and other information about America's most famous showman-scout. It is open daily from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. from Memorial Day to Labor Day; weekends it closes at 5 p.m.

The home of legendary William F. Cody in Buffalo Bill Ranch State Historical Park, North Platte, Nebraska.

Holliday Train. The Cyrus K. Holliday train, donated to the Kansas State Historical Society by the Santa Fe Railway, was moved into the new Kansas Museum of History in February. It will be a central feature in the main exhibit gallery of the new museum now under construction west of Topeka.

A Kansas City, Kansas moving firm volunteered its services to truck the locomotive, tender, and two late 19th Century passenger coaches from the Santa Fe shops where the rail cars were in storage, nine miles across town to the museum facility.

At the museum site the locomotive and each car will sit along the north wall of the 19,000-square foot general history gallery against a mural background yet to be completed.

The Cyrus K. Holliday, a 2400 class 2-8-0 locomotive, was built by Baldwin Locomotive Works for the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway in 1880. Originally engine number 132, it was converted in 1900 to an 0-8-0 wheel configuration, renumbered as engine 2414, and later used as a "shop goat" to move rail cars and engines around in the Argentine yards in Kansas City.

In 1940 the locomotive was restored in the Topeka shops to its original appearance and was eventually renamed and renumbered the Cyrus K. Holliday, Number One, to commemorate the first Santa Fe locomotive of that name.

The train will become a key element for interpreting many important segments of Kansas history, including immigration and settlement, transportation and communication, shipping of agricultural commodities, manufacturing, and the rise of political and economic reform movements.

Annual Assembly. The Order of the Indian Wars announces its 1983 annual assembly at the Prude Ranch, September 15-17 in Fort Davis, Texas.

Registration is on the 15th; panels featuring topics such as "The Buffalo Soldiers" and "The Camel Experiment" and a dinner are scheduled for the 16th. On the last day there will be a tour of the ranch led by Doug McChristian, superintendent of the Fort Davis National Historic Site. Speakers throughout the event will include Lawrence Bartlett, Leon Metz and Dr. Don E. Alberts.

For more information contact the Order of the Indian Wars, Box 7401, Little Rock, AR 72217.

Dean Krakel to Speak. Dean Krakel, executive vice president of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City, will address the opening session of the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History Rendezvous in Cheyenne, Wyoming, on Thursday, Aug. 4. The meeting will be held at the Hitching Post Inn. The session starts at 9 a.m.

Krakel, author of the book, *The Saga of Tom Horn*, will speak on the topic,

"Who Killed Willie Nickells?" Horn was convicted of killing 14-year-old Nickells and was hanged for the crime in Cheyenne in 1903.

Krakel has been at the Cowboy Hall of Fame since 1966. Prior to that he was at the University of Wyoming in Laramie.

The Krakel speech kicks off the three-day rendezvous which will host such speakers as Kathryn Wright of Billings, Montana; Mabel Brown, of Newcastle, Wyoming, who will speak on lawman Joe LeFors; Bill O'Neal, author of *Encyclopedia of Gunfighters* and *Henry Brown, Outlaw Marshal;* Hank Clark, organizer of a California gunfighter group; Lee Berk, freelance writer who will speak on Butch Cassidy and the Winnemucca Bank robbery, and many others.

Hood River Blackie, America's leading hobo writer and contributor to TRUE WEST and OLD WEST, will be banquet speaker. The banquet is scheduled Friday night, Aug. 5, at 7 p.m. It will be preceded by a no-host get-acquainted cocktail hour at 6 p.m.

Other events include a bus trip to Laramie to tour the American Heritage Center and NOLA room at the University of Wyoming on Saturday, Aug. 6, at 10 a.m. Then at 7 p.m., TRUE WEST will host its 30th anniversary celebration. There will be a hosted bar for two hours, food, a cowboy dance band, and among those expected are Joe and Elizabeth Small and the entire staff of the magazine along with many of its writers, artists, illustrators and photographers.

All events are open to the public. Registration fee for the NOLA rendezvous is $40 (includes speakers and coffee breaks, banquet, bus tour and party). For Krakel and two days of speakers, $20; for the banquet only, $20. The TRUE WEST celebration is free.

To assist in planning, send a postcard or note telling how many are attending, date of arrival, which events you will be attending and whether you will be staying in the Hitching Post Inn to NOLA, Western Research Center, University of Wyoming, Box 3334, Laramie, WY 82071.

Raise Your Bows. If you like fiddle music, you'll enjoy the 13th Annual State Fiddler's Championship at the Payson rodeo grounds in Payson, Arizona.

The musical competition will be held on September 24-25, 1983. Saturday's events will begin at 10 a.m. and Sunday's will begin at 11 a.m.

Admission fees are $4 for adults, $3 for senior citizens, and $2 for children. For more information, contact the Payson Chamber of Commerce, 474-4515.

Threshing Bee. A bit of nostalgia with post-migration farming and household activities will accentuate the annual Dufur Threshing Bee in Dufur, Oregon, August 13 and 14.

A parade both days will complement displays of old-time farm machinery, a blacksmith shop, an old grinder circled by oxen, and draft horses. There will be horseshoe pitching and scarecrow dressing contests, activities for children and tours, among other events.

Since 1974, the Dufur Historical and Cultural Society has sponsored the threshing bee, and each year a pioneer citizen of the Dufur community is honored.

For more information write the Annual Threshing Bee Committee Chairman, Rt. 1, Box 15, Dufur, OR 97021.

Wyoming Writers. "How You Can Make $20,000 a Year Writing" is one of the topics scheduled to highlight the 10th Annual Wyoming Writers' Workshop June 3-5, 1983.

The workshop, in Sundance, Wyoming, offers speakers and critique sessions along with an awards dinner on Saturday night, June 4. A display of works by Wyoming writers will be set up during the workshop also. Manuscripts, which should be submitted before the 3rd, will be critiqued for a $5 fee.

The workshop is possible through partial funding from the National Endowment on the Arts through the Wyoming Council of Arts. For more information, contact Judy Johnson, Star Rt. 2, Box 24, Sundance, WY 82729.

In the Footsteps of Lewis and Clark. On July 25, 1806, Captain William Clark inscribed his name at Pompey's Pillar, 28 miles east of Billings, Montana (U.S. 10 and 312 and Interstate 94). Today this historic point is the only remaining physical evidence of the entire Lewis and Clark Expedition and is well worth seeing.

This — Montana's first landmark — was autographed by a man whose maps were used by Western explorers. The northeast side of the pillar is the only accessible side.

Lewis and Clark's expedition covered eleven states. In Clark's journal there is a description of how they signed the pillar. There is also a pine box display case with sketches depicting methods of Indian burials along with items found at the burial grounds. This area near the pillar was often used as a burial place.

This national historic landmark is open June 1 to September 1, from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. The map at the Visitor's Center lists the points of interest.

Stars Attend Film Festival. John Russell, John Agar, Susan Oliver and Beverly Garland.

Those are just four celebrities who will be attending the Memphis Film Festival in Memphis, Tennessee, August 3 through 6, 1983.

A galaxy of guest stars, a massive film program, musical entertainment by the stars and an awards banquet will highlight the event which will be held at the Holiday Inn Rivermont. Several of the performers who entertained at last year's awards banquet and show are expected to return this year.

Country music entertainment will include Merle Travis and Leon McAuliffe, former steel guitar player for Bob Wills.

Registration is $40 for 4 days for each individual; $50 for a couple. For more information write Memphis Film Festival, 100 N. Main Bldg., Suite 3008, Memphis, TN 38103.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least six months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information, including black and white photos, to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, Iola, Wisconsin 54990.

This Tragedy Occurred Because

WOUNDED KNEE —

It is conceivable that the Wounded Knee affair has been written about, discussed and argued almost as much as the Battle of the Little Bighorn. But unlike the latter, which is bogged down in mysteries and questions, Wounded Knee was thoroughly analyzed and resolved shortly after it occurred. The questions arose only in recent years when writers, bent on the business of creating guilt, have revised history.

By JOHN M. CARROLL

First, we should understand that armies do not make war, governments do. Second, there is no morality in warfare, a fact that historians so often do not consider. And third, it is necessary to re-define the word "massacre."

Webster defines massacre as the act of killing a number of human beings under circumstances of atrocity or cruelty; cruel or wanton murder. Webster fails to mention self-defense. But Webster's definition is too general. What is to distinguish this from an attempted battle where none are killed? Where many are killed? What is the difference between a battle and a small conflict?

Washita, Sand Creek and Wounded Knee were battles by any possible measuring device, but there were survivors, many of them. Thus, they were not massacres but simply battles.

Custer's fight at the Little Bighorn resulted in no army survivors. The soldiers were dispatched by women, children and men alike in "a cruel and wanton murder." That was a massacre. Wounded Knee was an unintentional conflict in which there were dead on both sides and many survivors on both sides. Nothing more. It was not a massacre no matter what the historical revisionists wish it to be called.

There is, in the National Archives, a body of literature untouched but by a handful of persons. Yet it is the most significant accumulation of facts ever assembled on this incident. Whether it has been ignored by accident or by choice is not known but without it no honest story of Wounded Knee can be told. It is the result of the Court of Inquiry which includes testimonies, written statements, narratives and reports by participants, both military and civilian. It can't be ignored — but it has been.

The most telling statement found in those papers came from Frog, of Big Foot's band, taken on Jan. 7, 1891, by P.

The antagonists: The army, left, and the Sioux ghost dancers.

This army unit was part of Battery E, 1st U. S. Artillery. Wounded Knee and won the Medal of Honor.

Courtesy Library of Congress

Courtesy Library of Congress

A Few Hotheads Created Chaos

A DIFFERENT VIEW

F. Wells of the Missionary Episcopal Church at Pine Ridge, South Dakota:

". . . The firing was so fast and the smoke and dust so thick I did not see much more of the fight until it was over. I heard some one saying: 'Indians, all of you who are yet alive, raise your heads; the white man does not wish to kill you.' I raised my head and saw a man standing among the dead and I asked him if he was the man they called Fox, and he said he was, and I said, 'Will you come to me?' And he came to my side. I then asked him who that man laying there half burned was, and he said 'I understand it is the medicine man.' And I threw at him (the medicine man) my most bitter hatred and contempt. I then said to Fox 'He has caused the death of all our people.'"

Ralph Andrist, in his book, *The Long Death,* reveals the typical prejudice that is found in much writing — along with lack of research — when he says:

". . . When the frozen bodies were thrown into a common grave, not one of the ministers or priests who was in the area to lead the Sioux into the gentle religion considered it worth his trouble to bring God's presence to the bleak burial."

But the Rev. Perrig's diary (Special Collections, Marquette University) details their efforts in bringing aid and comfort to wounded, dying and frightened Indians. This was at the Holy Rosary Mission.

The Rev. Francis Craft testified: ". . . I went out to see if I could be of any service, as malicious whites on or near all the agencies, during the present excitement have by misrepresenting the intentions of the army, caused such a state of alarm and suspicion among the Indians as to make it possible for the least excitement or misunderstanding to precipitate serious trouble. . . . It is possible that nothing might have occurred had not one young man, said to be the son of Big Foot, suddenly fired.

"The soldiers did not fire until they were actually compelled to, and after the Indians had fired many shots . . . If women and children were killed in the shelling of this camp, the Indians who caused it are to blame."

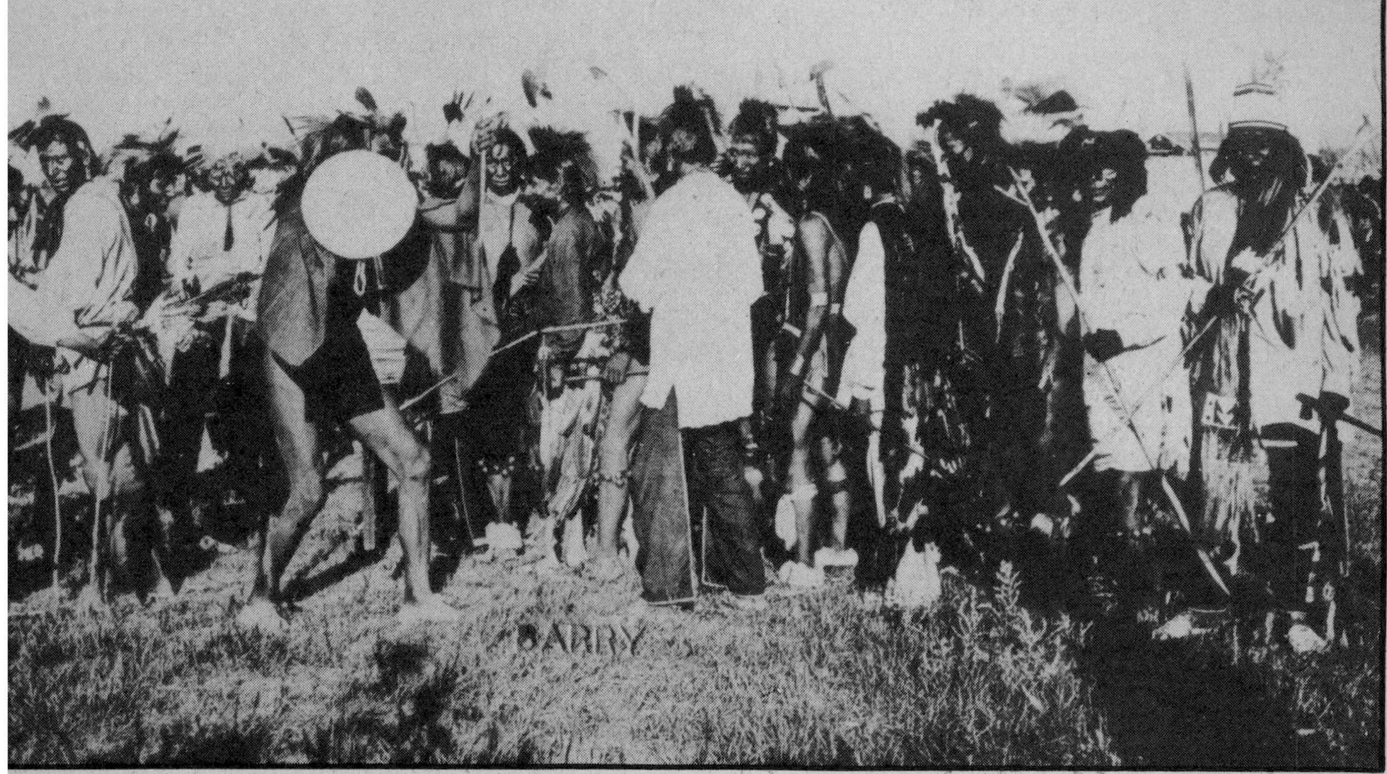
Father Craft could not attend the funeral and burial for he was severely wounded, receiving several knife wounds from the Indians.

Father Jutz was not at the burial either because he was busy preventing the torching of the Roman Catholic mission and school, activities that predated the battle and continued after the fighting stopped.

The following statement by Help Them, son of Heart Man, who then lived on the Pine Ridge Reservation, is revealing:

"For some time before that, the medicine man had been going around through the maneuvers of the ghost dance. He stopped, turned around facing a crowd of young Indians (who were

rporal Paul H. Weinert is seated behind the Hotchkiss gun with which he drove the Sioux from the ravine "pocket" at



standing together with their guns concealed under their blankets) and spoke to them, but I could not hear what they said, though I heard them all answer 'How!' Shortly after I heard a white man saying something in excited tones, which I could not understand, and looking around, I saw some of the Indians throw off their blankets and raise their guns; one of the Indians fired a shot. I did not recognize him. As I turned around, I heard a few shots following the first, then the firing began so fast, I could not tell what happened after that. The medicine man had been telling the Indians all the way that the soldiers' bullets could not reach them (the Indians) no matter how the soldiers would shoot at them."

The Military Viewpoint

As early as October 1890, trouble was anticipated. Major Guy V. Henry, 9th Cavalry, at Fort McKinney, Wyoming, in a letter to the Department of the Platte at Omaha, Nebraska, warned of troubles that could result from the "medicine man" in Nevada.

Henry had been warned by Scout Frank Grourard and both felt that this Indian would cause trouble because he was sending emissaries throughout the Northwest. The Nevada Indian was Wovoka, but Henry did not mention his name or refer to the ghost dance.

However, Henry ended his letter recommending that "measures be adopted to suppress the tendency to a growing excitement among the tribes north of here and elsewhere."

This warning arrived at the Department of the Army after Nov. 21, 1890. The news stirred some action in Washington and the Adjutant General ordered General Nelson Miles, who was already in the field nearby, to look into the matter.

The Indian agent at Pine Ridge, D. F. Royer, telegraphed Washington on Nov. 11, 1890, requesting permission to come to Washington to explain the ghost dance. This was denied and he was advised to handle all matters by telegraph. Many historians have pictured Royer as a worrier, too scared to do his duty. Perhaps he was the only one who could foresee the extent of the approaching storm.

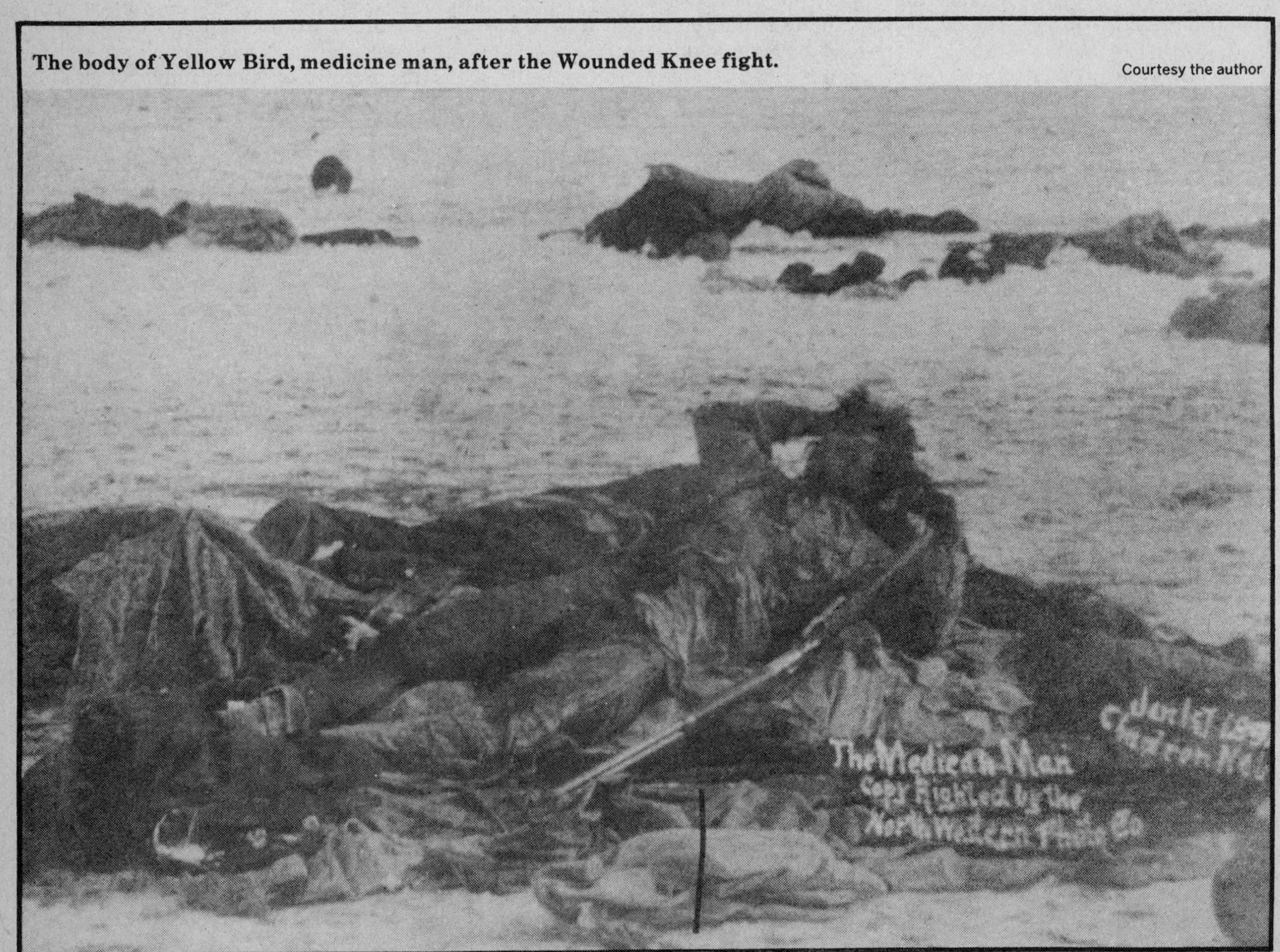
Meanwhile President Benjamin Harrison advised the commanding general of the Department of Missouri to place troops in readiness. The agents were advised to do the almost impossible, separate the well-disposed Indians from the hostile Indians.

By Nov. 15, the Interior Secretary advised the Secretary of War that the ghost dance excitement was increasing among the Sioux; that the Sioux were selling their cattle and buying rifles; that the police were powerless and that the Indians were doing as they pleased. All discipline had broken down and yet the agent was asked to separate the two sides.

Agent Royer advised the Commissioner of Indians Affairs on Nov. 17, 1890, that the ghost dance was originated by Kicking Bear. Royer said the ghost dance had grown from its first introduction and was becoming increasingly popular. He advised that the "killing of Frank E. Lewis (a school teacher) on April 4th last, is believed by the Indians here to be the result of Kicking Bear's ghost dance schemes."

Also, on the 17th, the military began to swing into action. Field pieces were provided and ammunition for them was given to the cavalry. Every troop was given two six-mule teams and ten pack animals.

General Miles wired Washington on the 18th that he had ordered troops to the Pine Ridge and Rosebud agencies "to give protection, encourage the loyal and restrain, if possible, the turbulent." He advised that the military would use



The body of Yellow Bird, medicine man, after the Wounded Knee fight.

Courtesy the author

every effort to "restrain and avoid an outbreak, or at least bridge over the time between this and severe cold weather" for he feared "any other course may precipitate hostilities."

These words are important for they show the military hoped to avoid bloodshed. Some of the Indians did not want a confrontation and neither did the military. Only a small number of malcontents were agitating for war.

The Pine Ridge agent had reason to be alarmed and to ask for troops. Citizen communities surrounding the Pine Ridge and Rosebud reservations and as far away as Colorado were clamoring for troops to protect them. Father Perrig said ranches and homes had been burned prior to the outbreak at Wounded Knee. A school teacher had been killed earlier that year. Each request for help came independently and as the result of Indian activity in each state. But there was no change in Washington's plans for preventative measures, no plans for aggressive action unless the army was attacked first.

General Schofield requested the enlistment of 500 Indian scouts from loyal Sioux believing this would help deter an uprising. Again, the army was more interested in avoiding conflict than initiating it. His request was approved.

The grievances of the Indians were not ignored. On Nov. 23, 1890, General Brooke wired General Miles that the Indians should continue to receive rations as usual. He acknowledged the reduction in the previous year's beef and noted the failure of crops then and the past years. He insisted the Indians' just claims be granted without delay. Miles concurred. But this was the responsibility of the Interior Department, not the War Department. The military was caught between.

The measures the army took to avoid confrontation often are not reported by historians. There was a series of telegrams, letters and endorsements originating on Nov. 24 and culminating on the 26th which amply illustrate this.

General Brooke telegrammed Miles on the 24th saying he took measures to avoid a confrontation. However, he cautioned that action must be taken to calm the Indians. Miles replied that all action should avoid serious war.

Copies of this exchange were sent to General Schofield who forwarded them to Washington. He reported that action to be taken by the troops depended largely on the decision of the President. There was no outcry from any source to avoid hostilities, only the posturing of the disaffected Indians. Avoidance was uppermost in the minds of military commanders, a posture for which they are seldom commended.

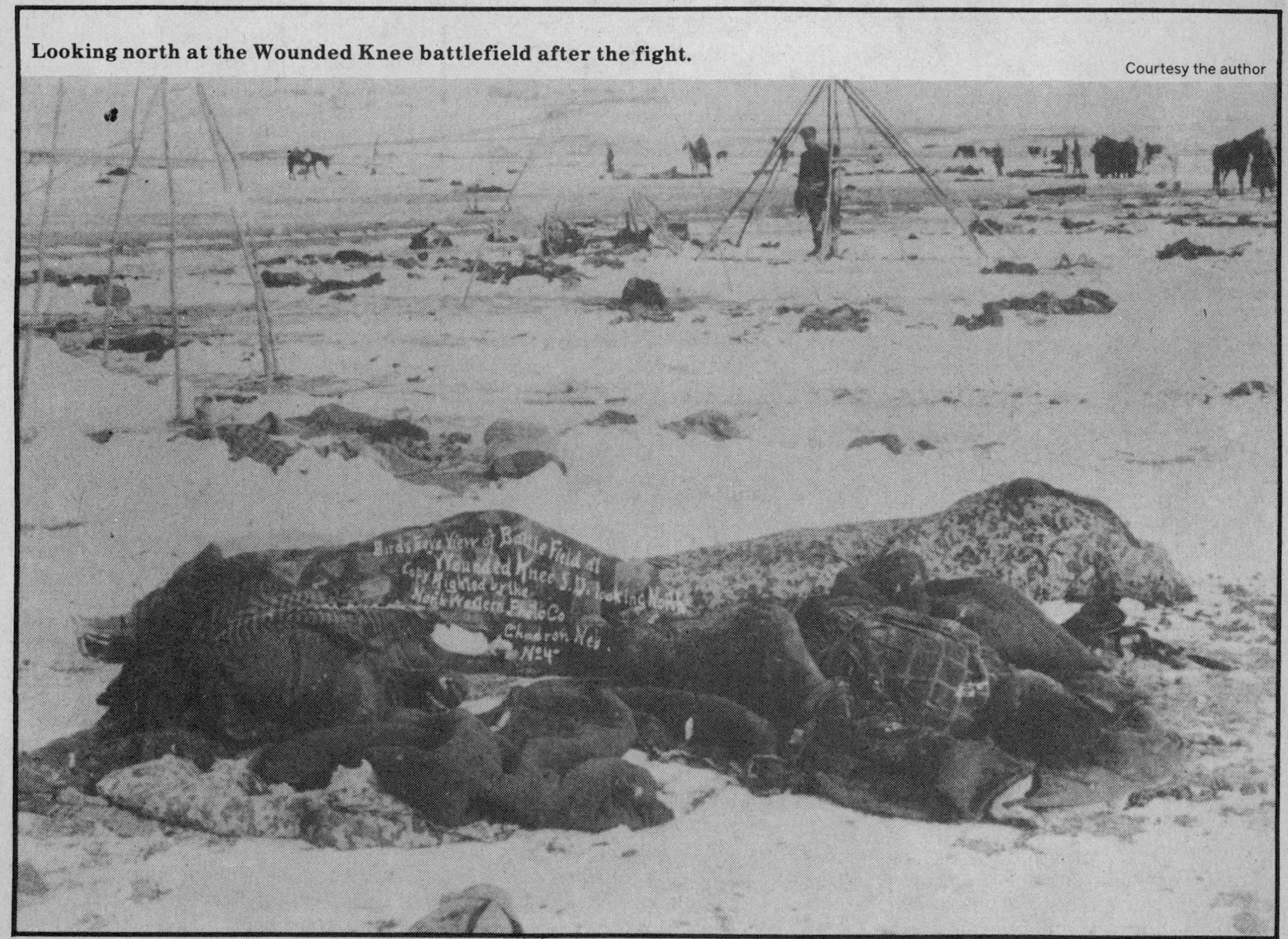
Miles learned that the Indians at Fort Peck, Montana, had 400 Winchester rifles and sixty rounds of ammunition for each warrior. Indians had been gathering and selling bones for cartridges. He identified Glasgow, Montana, as the trading post where the Indians could purchase what they wanted.

Scotty Phillips, a pioneer who lived at the mouth of Grand Stone Butte Creek, wrote the governor that a band of 12 Sioux armed with rifles and ammunition had camped at his house. He said they were defiant. One Indian even told Phillips he looked forward to beating out the brains of children and drinking the blood of women. These Indians were anxious for war. Phillips also reported he and other settlers were losing goods and livestock to marauding Indians. The settlers predicted an uprising quickly.

Then from New England City, North Dakota, several settlers wrote the Secretary of War that they were within one day's ride of Sitting Bull's camp and he had threatened them. A troop of cavalry was sent to protect them. But other set-

Looking north at the Wounded Knee battlefield after the fight.

Courtesy the author



Courtesy National Archives

INDIAN RINGLEADERS

Short Bull, left, and Kicking Bear, were considered the apostles of the ghost dance religion among the Sioux. The Indian agent at the Pine Ridge, South Dakota, reservation informed his superiors the ghost dance originated with Kicking Bear. But the ideas came from a Nevada Indian, Wovoka. Ghost dance "schemes" led to killings and to Wounded Knee tragedy.

tlers expressed fears and the army was hard pressed to protect them all. In addition, the army was having problems of its own with red tape and logistical support.

It is important to note that though various army units were sent to Pine Ridge, it was not to have their "grudge fight" with the Sioux as many writers have said. The soldiers were brought to the scene because it became obvious the Indians were going to war.

The Indian Viewport

The government clearly was at fault for not honoring all terms of the treaties with the Indians, the major reason for Indian dissatisfaction. That was, of course, the Indians' reason for going to war; it was a short-sighted view to be sure. Only a handful of hostiles would make the coming weeks miserable for the entire Indian community.

It is important to note that many — perhaps even a majority — of Indians were not hostile though all were probably disgruntled and disappointed with government action, or lack of it.

A report, written on Nov. 27, by Pine Ridge agent Royer illustrates the frustration of the "progressive" Indians:

"American Horse, Fast Thunder, Spotted Horse, Pretty Back and Good Lance, with American Horse as spokesman, said they thought the late Sioux commissioners (General Crook, Major Warner and Governor Foster) had something to do with starting this trouble. . . . We were made many promises, but have not heard from them since. The Great Father says if we do what he directs it will be to our benefit, but instead of this they are every year cutting down our rations and we do not get enough to keep us from suffering. General Crook talked to us and after we signed the bill they took our land and cut down our allowance of food. . . ."

Meanwhile federal troops continued to be compromised by inefficiency and red tape. Equipage and transportation of the troops caused the most problems. There apparently were no operating procedures so that division commanders could take immediate action when necessary.

Then on Nov. 29, 1890, the first major incident occurred which would culminate in the tragedy at Wounded Knee Creek. This was the arrest and death of Sitting Bull. All Indians then became suspicious and more hostile.

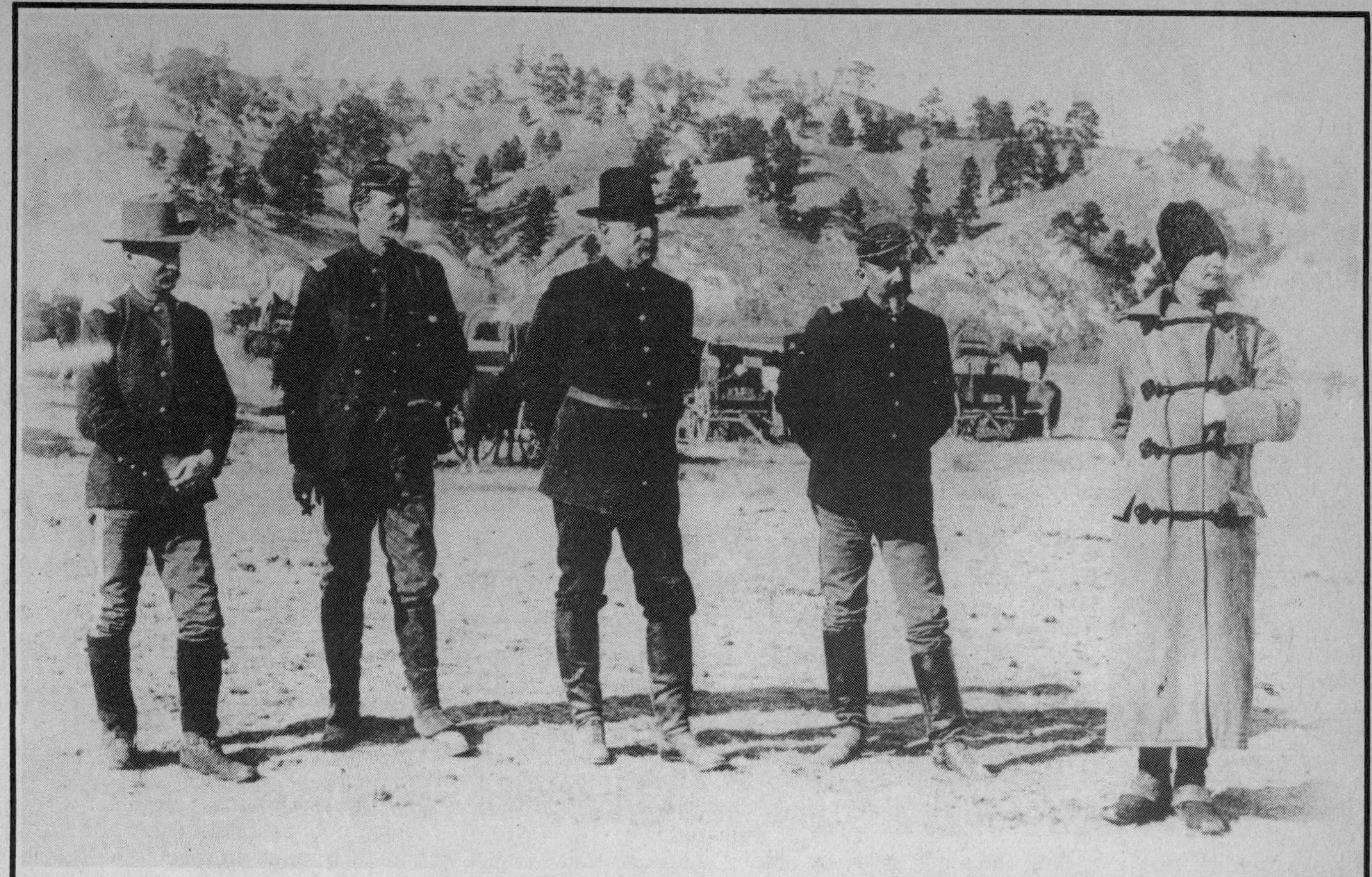
By Dec. 1, 1890, it was obvious many Indians were moving off the Rosebud and Pine Ridge agencies and heading for the badlands. In their wake was much horse and cattle stealing.

On the same day, the army pulled together for the first time. General Schofield advised the Department of the Platte that four Hotchkiss mountain guns plus 1,000 rounds of ammunition had been sent from Benicia Arsenal to Rushville, Nebraska. He also advised General Ruger that all the troops then at Fort Leavenworth had been ordered to any point desired by him or General Miles. He then ordered the entire 1st Infantry from the Division of the Pacific, the entire 5th Infantry from the Department of Texas and the 7th Infantry from the Department of Missouri to the Department of the Platte.

In the meantime the distribution of rations to the Indians was accelerated in hopes of preventing an outbreak. But Indian disaffection was not placated by this cosmetic effort. And the Indians were still ghost dancing.

Following the death of Sitting Bull, there was much movement of Sioux bands and families. On Dec. 22, 1890, Agent Palmer wrote the Commissioner of Indian Affairs from Cheyenne River Agency that many of the Cherry Creek and Standing Rock Sioux had arrived at his agency. He also reported the remainder of the Cherry Creek camp had joined Big Foot.

But on that same date, Miles wired Washington he believed nearly all of Sitting Bull's followers had been captured and that Colonel Sumner reported the capture of Big Foot's band numbering about 150. Miles characterized



Courtesy Smithsonian Institute Bureau of American Ethnology

ARMY OFFICERS AT PINE RIDGE

Officers involved in the Wounded Knee fight included, left to right, Colonel Frank Wheaton, Colonel James W. Forsyth, Brigadier General John R. Brooke, Major S. M. Whitside and Major Guy V. Henry.

Big Foot as one of the most defiant of the Sioux. On the 24th, Miles again confirmed contact between Sumner and Big Foot at the latter's camp on Cheyenne River. But Big Foot's assurances had been deceiving. The Indians did not report to Sumner's camp but fled south.

On Dec. 27, General Ruger wrote Washington stating he had met Big Foot's camp on Dec. 21 and had ordered the Indians to come into his camp at Norseille's Ranch. The Indians demanded something to eat. The general ordered fresh beef and rations to be distributed. He also reported many more Indians were on their way to Fort Bennett to surrender. But Big Foot eluded Ruger and continued moving south.

The Battle of Wounded Knee

Then, on Dec. 29, at Wounded Knee Creek, in southwestern South Dakota near its border with Nebraska, fighting broke out. Miles wired Washington:

"General Brooke telegraphs Forsyth reports that while disarming Big Foot's band this morning a fight occurred. Captain Wallace and five soldiers killed. Lieutenant Garlington and fifteen men wounded. The Indians are being hunted up in all directions, none known to have gotten their ponies. General Brooke also reports that many of the young warriors that were going out from camp in Bad Lands to Agency have gone towards Forsyth. All troops have been notified. Colonel Forsyth had two battalions Seventh Cavalry and Hotchkiss gun. Other troops are in close proximity."

In reality, the Wounded Knee Creek fight resulted in 25 white dead and 39 wounded. Estimates of Indian casualties vary, but known dead totaled 53 and the wounded, 44.

The behavior of the 7th Cavalry at Wounded Knee immediately became controversial. President Harrison directed an inquiry be made into the killing of women and children at Wounded Knee Creek. On Jan. 4, 1891, General Miles relieved Colonel James W. Forsyth of his command. Miles also ordered a full-scale inquiry to determine if Forsyth had improperly disposed his troops and if noncombatants had been killed indiscriminately. Major J. Ford Kent, division inspector general, and Captain Frank D. Baldwin, acting assistant inspector general, were appointed to a court of inquiry. They began taking testimony on Jan. 7, from cavalry officers and civilians.

The court verdict was reported on Jan. 18 and forwarded to Washington with a long endorsement by Miles strongly condemning the behavior of Colonel Forsyth. Although Miles' belief that troops had not been properly disposed was supported by Kent and Baldwin, the officers of the 7th Cavalry did not agree. They mostly defended their commander on troop disposition and indiscriminate killing.

Major General John M. Schofield, commanding general of the army, and Secretary of War Redfied Proctor disagreed with Miles' view of the report.

Schofield believed the investigation showed the 7th Cavalry under trying circumstances exhibited discipline and great forbearance. Proctor concurred that no further proceedings were necessary. He ordered that by direction of the President, Colonel Forsyth would resume command of his regiment.

The nearly 2,000 pages of testimony and documents reveal that a major military presence at Wounded Knee was meant only as a show of force to impress a few hostiles and that the government favored a peaceful solution.

The military was nothing more than the arm of the government. It is also apparent that Forsyth understood the

strategical weakness of his troop deployment. His was a peaceful but forceful show of strength only to prevent conflict. Yellow Bird, the Sioux medicine man, saw to it that just the opposite occurred.

Forsyth did not anticipate a fight. Wounded Knee happened because a few hotheads, some with good reason, created chaos on that unfortunate day in December 1890.

Some Testimonies

Major S. M. Whitside: "After completing the search of the tepees it was decided to scare the bucks . . . who sat or stood with their blankets about them. While the search was carried on in the village, a ghost dancer was haranging the bucks in a loud and excited tone, dancing the while . . . . When a few Indians had been searched and but two arms discovered, a medicine man suddenly arose, spoke in a loud tone, threw some dirt in the air, one shot was fired by an Indian and was instantly followed by a volley from most of the Indians . . . who commenced firing at the troops . . .

The troops were cool, and in one instance at least that came under my observation, directed a party of squaws, who showed themselves, to a place of safety, guarding them through the fight."

Captain Myles Moylan: "I think the killing of the women and children was entirely unavoidable, for the reason that when the bucks broke a large number of them made a rush for this ravine and in order to get there they had to pass through the tepees where the women and children were. I would say in addition that I repeatedly heard cautions given by both officers and noncommissioned officers not to shoot squaws or children."

Captain Charles A. Varnum: "The Indians all seemed to rise with a purpose of passing through to be searched, when I saw five or six bucks throw off their blankets and bring up their rifles. I turned to Major Whitside saying my God, they have broken . . . ."

Courtesy U. S. Military Academy

General T. H. Ruger

Courtesy National Archives

General John R. Brooke

In the testimonies, statements and reports, not one individual, not military, civilian, Indian, priest or scout placed any blame on the troops for the fight at Wounded Knee Creek. To a man they all pointed to the single figure of Yellow Bird as being the one who caused this disaster.

Far too much has been written about this event, yet few have told the truth, it being more profitable and the "in thing to do" to blame the military and extend unjustified sympathy to the Indians.

Most of the Indians were victims of their own leaders whose actions precipated the military response at Wounded Knee. The military cannot be blamed for that. Almost to a man, they reported they did not anticipate a conflict and were surprised when it occurred. If there is any blame — and there is plenty to go around — it should be with the United States government and its policies and with a few hostile bands. Many innocent Indians and the military should remain blameless.

The affray at Wounded Knee Creek did not end the events at Pine Ridge Agency. The Drexel Mission fight and the brutal murder of Lieutenant Casey were yet other incidents requiring the most delicate negotiations by the military which was still attempting to prevent more bloodshed.

A study of all the records relating to Wounded Knee will some day produce a more balanced and unbiased history of that terrible and yet unavoidable incident in South Dakota.

Courtesy National Archives

Buffalo Bill, left, and General Nelson A. Miles look over Wounded Knee battlefield in January 1891.

Courtesy Prorodeo Hall of Champions and Museum of the American Cowboy

Cowgirls of the early 1900s are, from left, Rene Hafley, Fox Hastings, Rose Smith, Ruth Roach, Mabel Strickland, Prairie Rose and Dorothy Morell.

COWGIRLS

How the Fairer Sex Succeeded In the Rough World of Rodeo

By TERESA JORDAN

One day in 1929, Alice and Marge Greenough announced to their folks that they wanted to leave the family ranch near Red Lodge, Montana. Jack King's Wild West Show needed women bronc riders and the sisters figured that was as good a chance as any to get into rodeo.

Packsaddle Ben Greenough hated to lose his girls. Already his three boys had caught the rodeo bug and left, and these girls were good hands about the ranch. As good, really, as the boys in breaking horses, working cattle, fixing fences. But Packsaddle Ben figured you shouldn't keep a body where it doesn't want to be, and he told Alice and Marge, "You have more guts than good sense, anyway, so go on. Just take Old Willy with you."

Old Willy — that was the Greenough name for willpower. Alice and Marge sidled right up to Old Willy, and 50 years later, after rodeo had taken them all over the United States and Canada, and into a good many foreign countries, the sisters can say that they never once had to write home for money.

RODEO. Few people think of it as a career for women, but for nearly 100 years it has provided women with an opportunity for money, travel and fame. In the 1930s, the Greenough sisters and other top hands like Tad Lucas and Ruth Roach made as much as $10,000 a year — not bad for women in the heart of the depression. By the early 1980s, the top barrel racer in the Women's Professional Rodeo Association

(WPRA) brings home close to $50,000 a year.

Little Annie Oakley blazed the trail when she joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in 1885, just three years after he started his legendary show. Annie Oakley was tiny, pretty and immensely skilled with a gun. Audiences all over the world fell in love with her; she became a special favorite of the English Royal Court.

In spite of the image she projected in her 16 years with the show, Annie Oakley was not really a cowgirl. She could not even ride a horse when she first joined Buffalo Bill, and sharpshooting was not any more a rodeo event then than it is today. Still, the success of Little Sure Shot demonstrated the public hunger for women in daring, active roles. The wild West fascinated America and the rest of the world. If it included women, so much the better.

It didn't take long for other wild West show promoters to jump on the bandwagon. Pawnee Bill (Gordon Lillie) coached his wife, May, as a sharpshooter and she joined his Historical Wild West in the late 1880s. From then on, Pawnee Bill, Buffalo Bill and other wild West shows featured more and more women performers. Rodeo, too, sensed the public interest in female talent. Annie Shaeffer rode a bucking horse at the 1896 Fort Smith, Arkansas, show and soon other rodeos featured cowgirl bronc riding contests or exhibitions. After the turn of the century, these events became more common.

BY 1920, rodeos regularly featured three cowgirl events — ladies' bronc riding, trick riding, and cowgirls' relay race. Most women who competed in one event competed in them all; they had to if they hoped to make a living.

In ladies' saddle bronc riding, women had to ride the horse for eight seconds (men rode for ten) and they could ride with two reins (men rode with one). Like the men, they rode one-handed and if their free hand touched the horse, they were disqualified. Most women bronc riders rode with hobbled stirrups — stirrups tied together so they would not move freely when the horse bucked. This was supposed to make the horse easier to ride, but it could prove dangerous. Bonnie McCarrol hung up in her stirrups in Pendleton in 1929. She had lost her reins and could neither grab the horn nor come free of the horse. The bronc whipped her back and forth. When finally her feet blew out of the stirrups, she hit with ground with tremendous force. Eight days later she died of her injuries.

As a rule, men and women rode different broncs. The women's string had showy buckers but the real outlaws were kept for the men. That was the idea anyway. In truth, horses moved back and forth between the two strings and women saw their of outlaws.

Although it never received as much press, trick riding was as exciting as bronc riding and required as much skill. Each contestant made up tricks to perform off a horse running at full speed.

Her routine consisted of stands, drags, vaults and anything else she was brave enough to try, even passing under a galloping horse's belly. She earned points for the difficulty of her stunts, the ease and grace with which she executed them, the number of straps used (for hand or toe holds — the more straps, the lower the score) and the speed of the horse.

This story excerpted from a book soon to be published titled *Rodeo . . . Celebrating One Hundred Years,* **Copyright Oasis Books Ltd., Edmonton, Alberta.**

Mabel Strickland ties her steer at the Pendleton, Oregon, rodeo in 1925.

Courtesy Prorodeo Hall of Champions and Museum of the American Cowboy

Courtesy Prorodeo Hall of Champions and Museum of the American Cowboy

Relay races were held at rodeos with race tracks, which included most of the big shows like Cheyenne and Pendleton. Each cowgirl rode three race horses. She circled the track on one, then changed to the second, and finally the third. Vera McGinnis invented the flying change — jumping from one horse to the next without hitting the ground. The cowgirls brought their horses into the changing station at a dead run, so this stunt made the race even faster and more exciting.

Bronc riding, trick riding, and the relay race were the standard events for women, but cowgirls performed in other capacities as well. Lucile Mulhall roped steers and did some trick roping (one of her specialties was the five-horse catch). Teddy Roosevelt once dared her to rope a wolf, which she did, much to his delight. Mabel Strickland roped steers in the 1920s and 1930s. Although she was occasionally matched against men, she usually roped for exhibition. Fox Hastings bulldogged steers — again, almost always as an exhibition.

The 1920s and 1930s were golden years for women in rodeo. Purses were good and rodeos plentiful; big shows seemed to run forever. One year Madison Square Garden had 50 performers, Boston had 30. The rodeo women were celebrities, their names known nationwide. They were wined and dined in every city, and the top magazines and papers gave them lengthy coverage. They were the heroines of a public long in love with the wild West.

But this glamorous era came to an end. There were never more than 15 or 20 women who competed on a regular basis, and their numbers were dwindling. In large part, women's rodeo became a casualty of the war: Rodeo stock grew scarce, as did transportation resources. Rodeo producers found it hard to maintain two strings of broncs. There were far fewer women than men, so the producers cut the women's event. Few owners could still afford to maintain a relay string so the cowgirls had few race horses to ride. Trick riding purses were down and costs were up; few women competed.

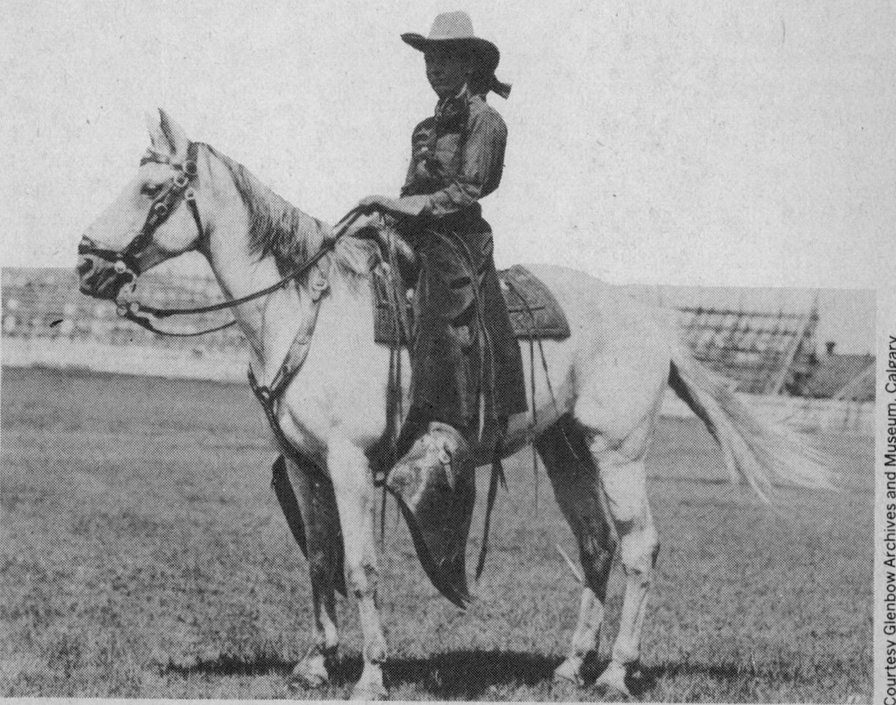
THE turning point for women in rodeo came in 1941. That was the last year Madison Square Garden featured a ladies' bronc riding contest and other rodeos followed suit. The relay race was dead or dying. Trick riding continued but as an exhibition rather than a competition.

In 1942, Madison Square Garden replaced the cowgirl bronc riders with "sponsors" or "glamor girls" — pretty cowgirls chosen to ride in the grand entry and barrel race. Old-time rodeo hands complained that the girls were chosen for glamor rather than skill. Some could barely ride. They added color, but no one took them very seriously.

The event is significant, however, for the Garden was the first major rodeo in the North to feature a barrel race. Women had been barrel racing for some time in the Southwest, but not until 1942 did the sport begin to realize acceptance on the professional rodeo circuit.

Very little happened in women's rodeo over the next few years. Rodeo fans grew used to seeing the barrel race on the program and women who wished to compete in other events did so only on a local, jackpot basis. Then in 1948, three ranch cowgirls, Nancy and Barbara Binfold and Thena Mae Farr,

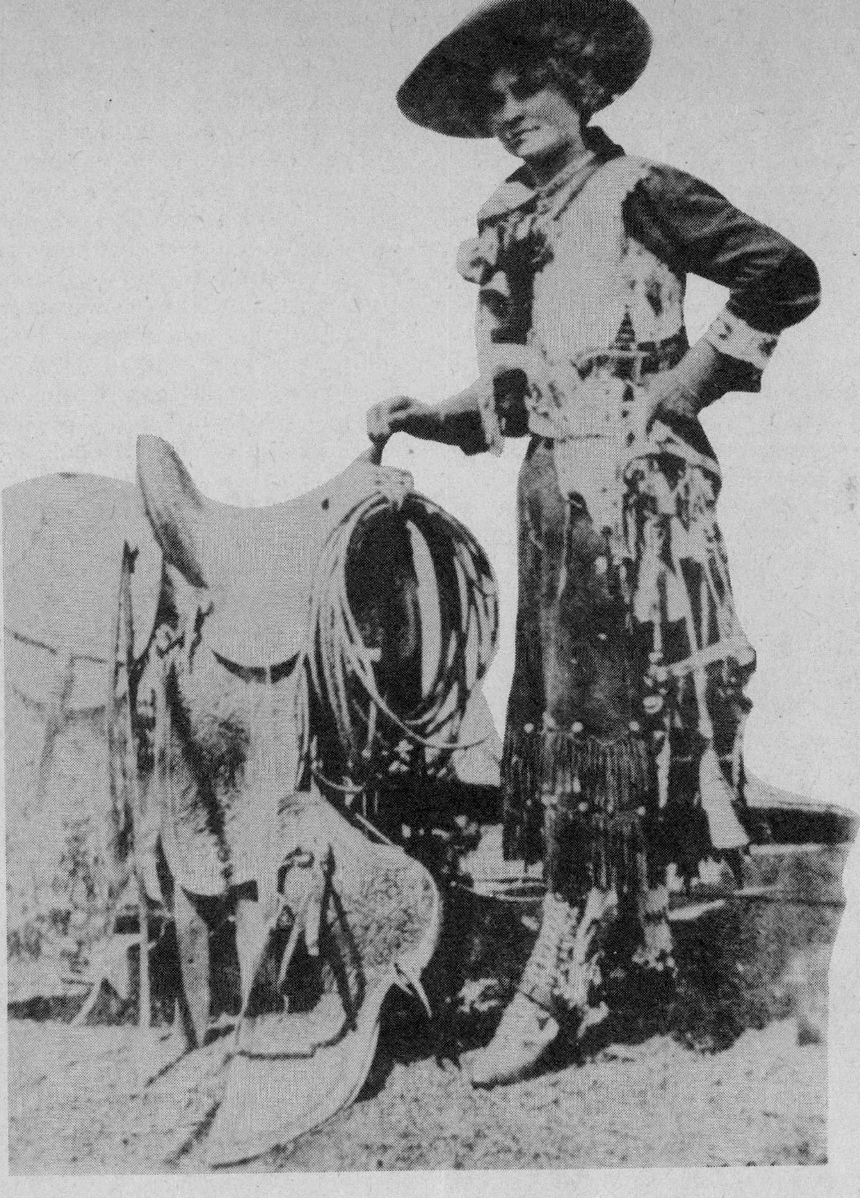
At left: Dorothy Morell Robbins photographed in 1914 at Stockton, California. Below: Fanny Sperry on her horse at the Winnepeg (Manitoba) Stampede, circa 1915.



Courtesy Glenbow Archives and Museum, Calgary

COWGIRLS

Famous cowgirl Alice Greenough, below, was photographed at Madison Square Garden, New York, in 1940. At right, the cowgirl with the saddle is unidentified but the photo was taken at the 101 Ranch in Oklahoma, date unknown.



Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

Courtesy Prorodeo Hall of Champions and Museum of the American Cowboy

organized the first all-girl rodeo in Amarillo, Texas. Cowgirls from all around met to compete in calf roping, bull and bronc riding, the barrel race and other events. A dispute arose over the way one cowgirl tied her calf. There were no rules to settle the argument. The cowgirls realized they needed some standards. As they set down rules and regulations, the Girls Rodeo Association (GRA) was born. It became the Women's Professional Rodeo Association (WPRA) in 1981.

In 1948, the GRA had 74 members and staged one rodeo. By 1981, the WPRA had over 2,000 members and sanctioned 15 all-girl shows, featuring seven official events: Bareback bronc riding, bull or steer riding, team roping, steer undecorating, goat tying, calf roping and barrel racing.

Women ride for six seconds in both rough-stock events, one-handed or two-handed. Riding with one hand, they are disqualified if their free hand touches the animal. If they ride two-handed, they are disqualified if one hand comes free of the rigging. Most women ride broncs two-handed and bulls one-handed. Team roping maintains essentially the same rules as the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association (PRCA).

Steer undecorating is the women's version of bulldogging. The contestant works with a hazer and snatches a ribbon off the steer's neck. In goat tying, the cowgirl rides from the starting line to a goat on a 10-foot tether, dismounts, throws the goat, and ties it. Goats are amazingly wiry creatures and the event is much harder than it sounds. WPRA calf roping may be either break-away or tie-down. If the calves weigh over 220 pounds, the rodeo must have break-away.

Tie-down roping is the same as in the

PRCA — cowgirls catch, throw, and tie their calves. To barrel race, each contestant runs her horse in a cloverleaf pattern around three barrels; shortest time wins. Knocking over a barrel brings a penalty of five seconds.

Barrel racing is the mainstay of the WPRA, by far the most well-known and best paying event in contemporary women's rodeo. Over three-quarters of WPRA members compete at nothing else.

WITHIN the WPRA, there are two groups of barrel racers, comprising two echelons of competiton. One group barrel races at the all-girl shows where they also compete in other events. The second group competes only in barrel race and runs at PRCA shows. These women ride horses bred and trained specifically to barrel race, and here you'll find the fastest barrel horses in the world. At large contests, often less than three-tenths of a second separate the top six barrel racers. It takes an extraordinary animal to compete at this level. For this reason, barrel horses are the highest priced performance horses in rodeo. A price of $20,000 is increasingly common; $40,000 or even $50,000 is not unheard of.

A WPRA barrel racer who runs at PRCA shows can race several hundred times during the year; an all-around cowgirl has only the 12 to 15 all-girl rodeos where she can compete in her several events. Not surprisingly, the difference in potential winnings between the two groups is great. In 1980, All-Around Champion Cowgirl Gloria Paulson competed in all WPRA events except bull and bronc riding and earned $8,111, the highest earnings of any all-girl rodeo competitor.

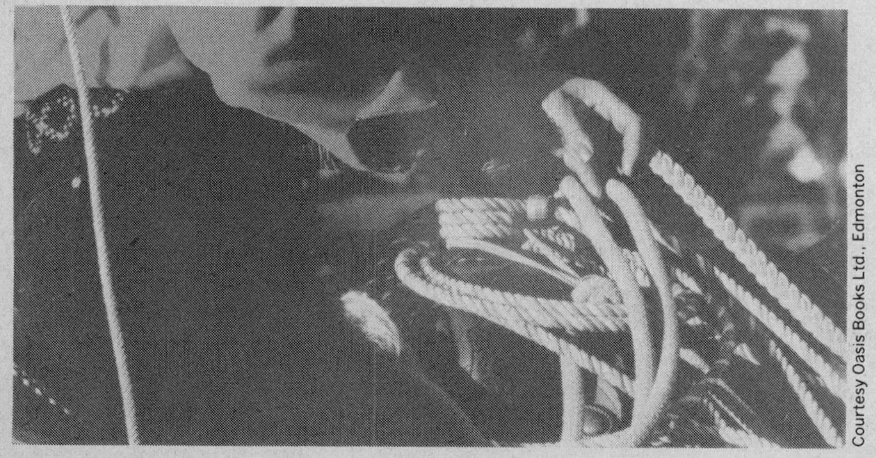
The 1980 World Champion Barrel Racer, Martha Josey, won more than $48,500 in her one event. That year, the WPRA awarded nearly $800,000 in prize money and the bulk of it went to barrel racers on the PCRA circuit.

To understand how these two separate levels of competition evolved, think back to that barrel race at Madison Square Garden in 1942. By the time the GRA was formed five years later, rodeo crowds were used to seeing barrel race at professional rodeos. The GRA barrel racers had a national circuit ready and waiting for them. The other events were no longer customary at the men's shows so a new circuit had to arise to accommodate them. The GRA barrel racers could enjoy the benefits of the PCRA's much larger structure — its audiences, promotion, and purses. The all-girl shows had to create their own structure from scratch. Perhaps if the "glamor girls" had roped calves instead of run barrels at the Garden, we would see women perform in a different capacity at PRCA rodeos today.

Rodeo. The home of the cowboy. The home of the cow**girl**! For nearly a century, women have been integral to this great Western sport — as mothers and wives of contestants, as rodeo secretaries, as talented and daring participants. Today, with WPRA prize money nudging the million dollars-a-year mark, rodeo takes its place in the world of women's professional sport.

Courtesy Prorodeo Hall of Champions and Museum of the American Cowboy

A classy lineup, these cowgirls are from left, standing, Fox Hastings, Bea Kirnan, Rose Smith and Mabel Strickland and seated, Ruth Roach and Florence Randolph.



Courtesy Oasis Books Ltd., Edmonton

Closeup shows ropes used by a woman calf roper at the Salano rodeo in California.

Owen Wister was a writer — but did you know he was also a good photographer?

By Jini Accuntius

Photos Courtesy Texas State Library

In 1893, Owen Wister, author of* The Virginian, *traveled to Texas with a bachelor crony (Harry Groome) to visit the ranch of a fellow Philadelphian, Fitzhugh Savage.

While there, he gathered stories that would later turn up in what would become the prototype for hundreds of western novels, films and television shows.

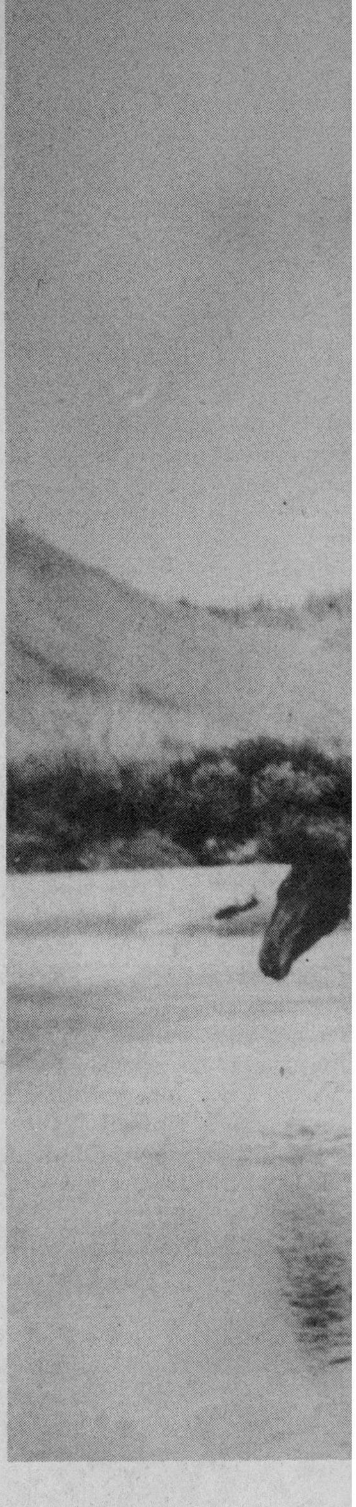
Among the stories picked up on his Texas jaunt was the humorous highlight of* The Virginian *in which our hero and a rowdy comrade switched the clothing of all the babies piled in a dark corner at a dance and all the parents returned home with someone else's kid. Unfortunately, there is no photo documentation.

Also during his two-month stay at Savage's Seven Springs Ranch, near Brownwood, Wister shot more than 100 photographs of the area.

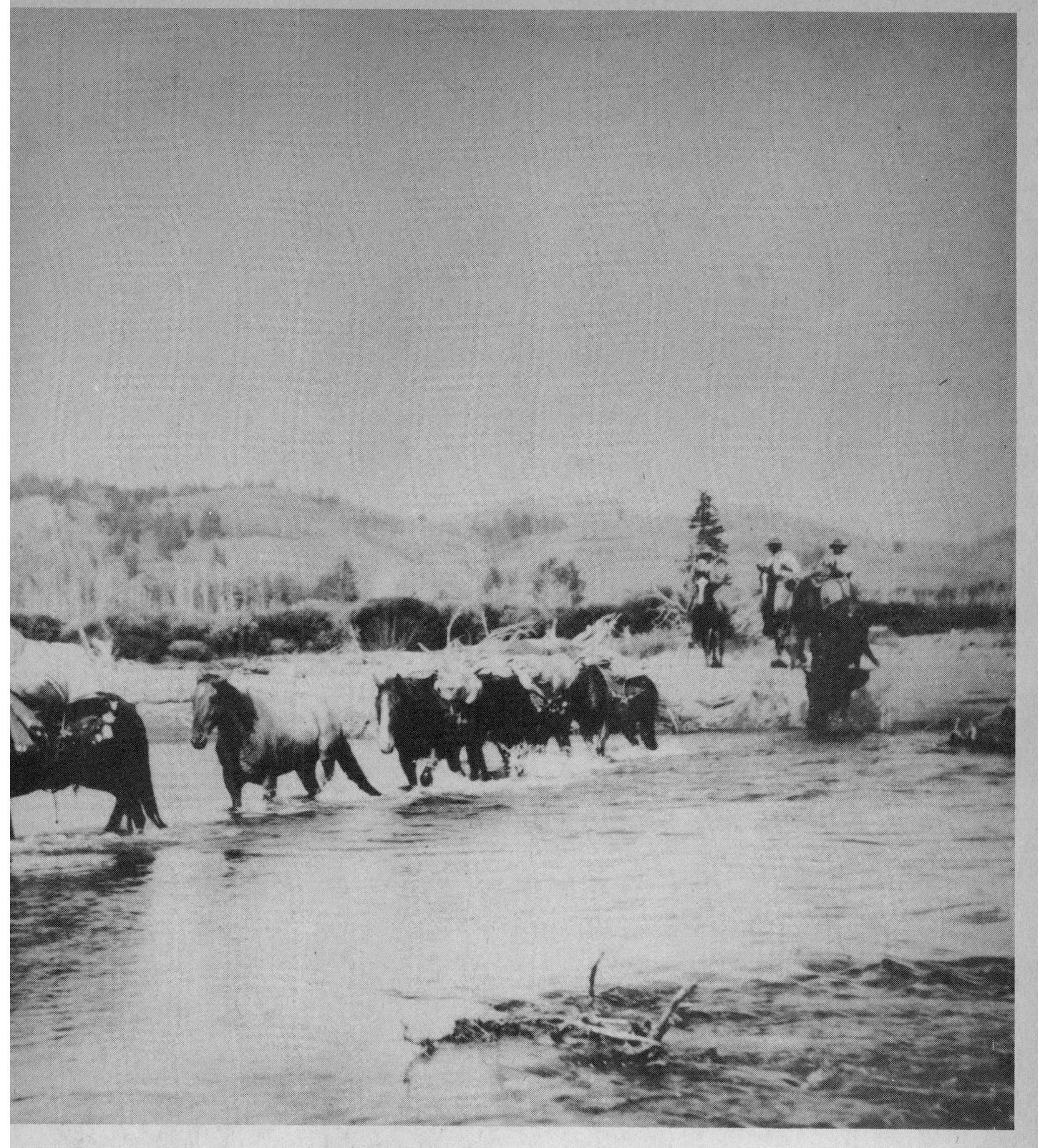
These photos were donated to the Archives Division, Texas State Library in Austin (in 1969) by Wister's daughter, Fanny Kemble Wister (Mrs. Walter Stokes), who edited* Owen Wister Out West, *a compilation of his journals and letters (The University of Chicago Press, 1958). None of the Texas photos appear in the* Out West *book.

On this and the following pages we see some examples of Owen Wister's photographs in Texas.

"Horses Crossing Stream" is Wister's succinct caption for the photo at right. Years later, this photo of horses being driven across a stream would become a standard shot in Hollywood films set in the golden era of the cowboy.



OWEN WISTER —

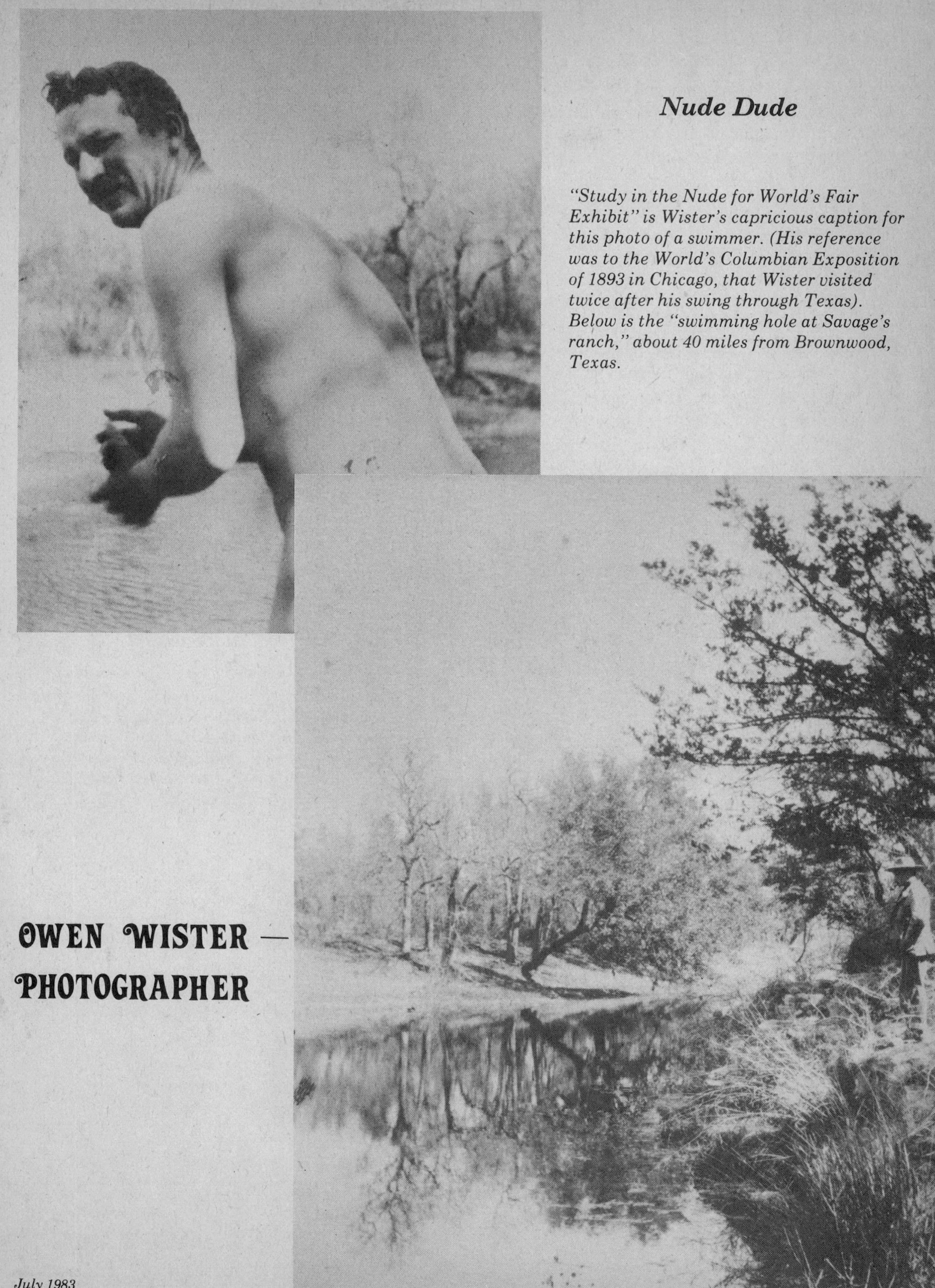


FRONTIER PHOTOGRAPHER

OWEN WISTER — PHOTOGRAPHER

Owen Wister in photo at right. Below: Not surprisingly, polo was the popular afternoon diversion for Wister and his friends at the ranch where cow ponies were trained to be polo ponies for sale in the East. Their evening activities ran to card-playing and whiskey-drinking.

Polo Ponies!



Nude Dude

"Study in the Nude for World's Fair Exhibit" is Wister's capricious caption for this photo of a swimmer. (His reference was to the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 in Chicago, that Wister visited twice after his swing through Texas). Below is the "swimming hole at Savage's ranch," about 40 miles from Brownwood, Texas.

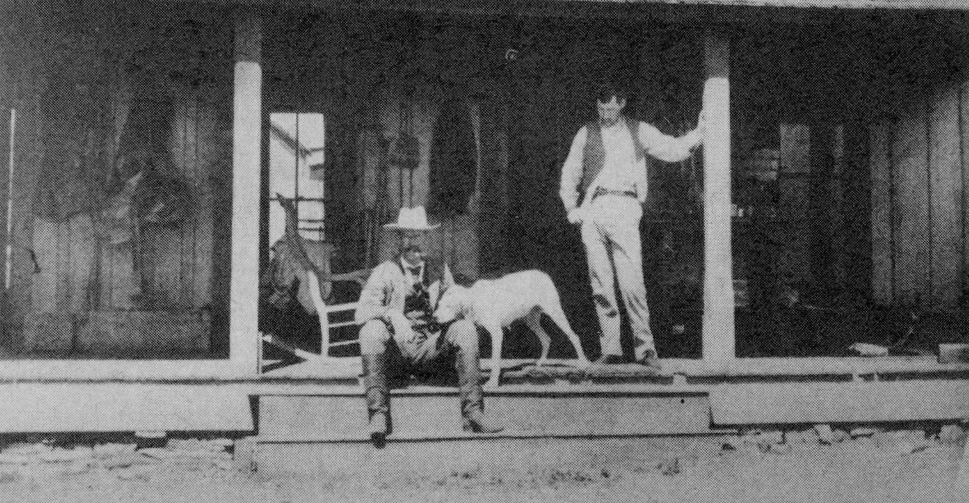
OWEN WISTER — PHOTOGRAPHER

Cover Pose?

Dapper Fitzhugh Savage, right, who could have posed for the cover of The Virginian, *welcomes Wister and guests to his ranch — which reminded the novelist of a New England farm "owing to the prevailing effect of orchard." Below, Homer, the 280-pound cook at Savage's Seven Springs Ranch, yells "Chow time!"*

Below, Frank Conover (standing) entertains the photographer and Fitzhugh Savage at his ranch within riding distance of Seven Springs. Conover was a classmate of Wister's at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire. During the evening, said Wister, "we unexpectedly caroused to such a note that next day I was obliterated and poor Frank was entirely so."

OWEN WISTER — PHOTOGRAPHER



CALIFORNIA'S FIRST TAX REBELLION

It Was Led By the Indians!

By D.M. VAN HORN

SOUTHERN California's Indian Tax Rebellion is an obscure historical event today but there was talk of little else in late 1851 Los Angeles. While the Mexican or "Californio" elite seethed over loss of governmental control to the Americans, the Indians struggled in search of social and economic parity.

The volatile climate flared into war when the County of San Diego attempted to implement a new policy of Indian taxation. This held that mission Indians should be taxed as citizens while all other Indians were "wild" and therefore exempt. Among the mission Indians who were compelled to pay taxes by the sheriff were the Cupeno, a small group living in the village of Kupa on Agua Caliente Creek near what is now Warner's Spring.

Immigrants poured into the southern portion of the state at the outset of the gold rush in 1849. The southern route to the gold fields began on the Colorado River near its junction with the Gila River, then across sweltering Imperial Valley to San Diego.

A few enterprising Yuma Indians living on the Colorado seized this opportunity to go into the ferry business. The story goes that fares were paid when the passengers left the east bank, again in mid-stream, and yet again upon disembarking on the west bank. The Yuma's unique business soon found competiton in the form of one Dr. A.L. Lincoln. His new ferry company boasted an incredible $60,000 profit after only three months of business. Not satisfied in sharing the wealth, Lincoln's whites destroyed the Yuma's boat and murdered an Irishman in Indian employ.

Chief Juan Antonio (d. 1863). This sketch is after a photograph of a descendant said to closely resemble the old chief.

Initially outraged, the Yuma's anger was soon tempered by good business sense. Their war chief, Cavello en Pelo paid a visit to Jack Glanton, Lincoln's foreman and the man who had murdered the Irishman. Cavello en Pelo proposed to split the lucrative ferry business, the Indians carrying all of the pack animals while Lincoln's outfit transported passengers and baggage. Apparently rendered unreasonable by his greed, Glanton struck Cavello en Pelo with a club and ejected him from the premises. Infuriated, the war chief called a council of his people where it was agreed that the white ferrymen should be eliminated.

The Indians waited until a raucous party of Lincoln's ferrymen returned from a trip to San Diego. Warily moving in under cover of darkness, Cavello en Pelo found Jack Glanton snoring easily in his bed. Glanton never awoke before the Indian crushed his head. Lincoln and nine other ferrymen perished at the hands of the Yuma braves. The Indians then hauled the bodies outside, piled them together and set the corpses ablaze.

Only three ferrymen managed to escape in the confusion. Totally without provisions, they somehow survived the tortuous journey across the valley to San Diego where they told their tale. News of the massacre soon led to the construction of a tiny military outpost, Camp Independence, six miles below the confluence of the Gila and Colorado rivers. It also set the stage for Chief Antonio Garra's first move. Garra was chief of the Cupeno Indians.

LITTLE is known about Garra's early life. He may have been born a Yuma although he said he was a baptized "Saint Louis" Indian (i.e. an Indian connected with the Mission San Luis Rey). Literate and highly respected, Garra regarded the taxes as an unbearable injustice. According to his later testimony, he was originally prompted to rebel by two prominent Californios who remained bitter over the Mexican loss of California to the Americans:

"I was advised by Joaquin Ortego and Jose Antonio Estudio to take up arms against the Americans.... They advised me to this course that I might revenge myself for the payment of taxes, which has been demanded of the Indian tribes. The Indians think the collection of taxes from them a very unjust measure."

Believing that he would have the sup-

J. J. Warner with some of his Indian *vaqueros*. This early photograph probably was taken after the Garra uprising. All photos with this story were supplied by the author.

port of the Californios as well as the Indians when hostilities broke out, Garra proceeded to sow the seeds of rebellion among the surrounding tribes. The plan was to organize a coordinated descent upon all American settlements in California. The place to begin was the gateway to American immigration at Camp Independence.

On Nov. 10, 1851, seven men and 1,500 sheep took the ferry across the Colorado. They included two Sonorans and a German named Neagle. Four miles west of the river, the group found itself completely surrounded by hostile Indians who demanded they turn over their blankets and all provisions. Twelve Indians and five sheepmen were killed in the ensuing fight.

Neagle escaped death by hiding in a clump of brush and he eventually made it to Camp Independence where he related what happened to the commander, a Lieutenant Sweeney. One of the Sonorans was killed in the fight and the other was seriously wounded. Miraculously, the latter survived not only the battle but a trek past the Salton Sea and up the sand-choked Coachella Valley. He arrived half-dead at the rancho of Paulino Weaver, a mountain man and close friend of the Indians in the San Gorgonio Pass.

The Sonoran told Weaver that his life had been spared because the Indians had been instructed by their leader not to kill Californios or Sonorans. He named Antonio Garra as the leader and instigator of the massacre.

MEANWHILE, an Indian attack on Camp Independence faltered. Garra and the Yumas who had joined him in the massacre squabbled over dividing the sheep and Garra subsequently left. The Yumas under Cavello en Pelo found Camp Independence forewarned, thanks to the efforts of Neagle. They succeeded in burning some of the defenses around the stockade and showered arrows on Lieutenant Sweeney and his men for several nights. But the Indians could not take the fort. Shortly after, Garra arrived at the camp of the Los Coyotes Cahuilla located a few miles northeast of his own Cupeno territory. There he found his son and Chief Chapuli plotting a two-pronged attack. One contingent was to rid the village of Kupa of any Americans while the other was to pillage the rancho of J.J. Warner.

Originally from Connecticut, Warner was an adventurer and trapper who had worked as a clerk for Jedediah Smith in New Mexico. He began trapping in California as early as 1830 and settled in Los Angeles where he was a vigilante for a time. Said to have been addicted to politics, Warner was no stranger to violence. During the political wars in Los Angeles, his arm was broken when he refused to permit a search of his residence. He was later slashed with a sword in the street in front of his house over the same issue.

About 1844, Warner obtained a grant to the area around Agua Caliente where Gara's village of Kupa was located. There he set up a ranch, hiring Cupenos as farm laborers. Working for Warner left the Cupenos very short on pay and long on floggings. There is little doubt that Warner's treatment of the Cupeno

MAP OF IMPORTANT LOCATIONS DURING 1851 UPRISING

Village of Kupa. Burned by army troops in 1851. This probably shows the reconstructed village.

was one reason his ranch was selected for destruction. The other was that Warner's ranch became a key stopping point along the route from the Colorado to Los Angeles.

The simultaneous attacks came shortly after midnight on Nov. 21, 1851. Chapuli led a contingent of his Los Coyotes Cahuilla to Warner's rancho while young Garra took a small party to Kupa where they arrived at the house of Bill Marshall. Described as a "small man with regular and rather agreeable features," Marshall jumped ship in San Diego in 1844 and went to work for Warner. He became a renegade white after marrying a Cupeno woman and setting up a general store in the village of Kupa.

Garra's Cupenos burst into Marshall's house where they found and seized three sleeping Americans: Fiddler, Ridgeley and Slack. The Indians stripped the three naked and dragged them to the local burial ground where they were bound, stabbed and then clubbed to death. Moving on to the house of Kupa's alcalde, they found another American, Joe Manning, along with a Sonoran named Verdugo. Manning was brutally beaten and then impaled on a lance. Verdugo was spared on account of his Mexican blood. The Indians distributed Manning's belongings with each receiving money, hardware, or an article of his clothing. The brutality of these murders aroused panic in San Diego and Los Angeles.

In the meantime, the Los Coyotes Cahuillas under Chapuli attacked Warner's ranch. But Warner had been warned of the impending attack from an Indian informant two days earlier. He had sent his family to San Diego and remained to defend his property with the help of only two young boys, one of whom was an Indian youth named Santos.

Aroused from a fitful sleep by the yelling attackers, Warner left his bed and reached for his rifle. In seconds, he was at the door. Two horses tied next to the house had been cut loose and more than twenty Indians were running around outside. Warner fired and killed two as the remaining marauders ran for cover. Realizing that he could not remain barracaded in the house without means of escape, Warner and the boys dashed for the barn. Santos left to attempt to negotiate with the attackers but did not return. Warner and the remaining boy saddled a horse and staged a daring escape leaving the Indians to loot and burn the rancho.

IT WAS December 1 before a detachment of volunteers under Major Fitzgerald reached Warner's rancho. The place was a blackened ruin and all of the livestock had been run off save three cows. The corpse of an Indian shot by the ranchero lay stretched before the threshold of the ranchhouse. A wounded dog sat howling in the charred debris. Moving on to Kupa, the volunteers found the village deserted, its Cupeno occupants all having left to join Chapuli's rebels in Los Coyotes Canyon. The bodies of the murdered Americans were found with their hands still tied. The slashes and bruises on the corpses left no doubt as to the manner of their death. Fitzgerald buried the murder victims and then burned the ancient village of Kupa.

Their situation now desperate, Garra and his son spent the ensuing days attempting to bring other tribes into the revolt. The most powerful of these were the San Bernadino Cahuilla led by Chief Juan Antonio. A man in his seventies by this time, Antonio was described by Judge Benjamin Hayes as "very stout, scarcely five feet four inches tall — short and thick — wiry even in old age, and with an aspect about the eyes, nose and brow, that came nearer to that of the African lion than I have ever seen in another human face."

Antonio had a long history of siding with the Californios against other Indians. He got his start working for the prominent Lugo family who owned the immense Rancho San Bernadino. They authorized Antonio to kill Indian rustlers who were constantly stealing rancho livestock, a task which Antonio seems to have pursued with great vigor and relish. A strict disciplinarian, Antonio was in the habit of dealing with fatal altercations among his people by burning the victor alive with his dead victim.

Garra seems to have reasoned that the Californio support for his war against the Americans would encourage Chief Juan Antonio to join his forces, but unknown to Garra, Juan Antonio was also on friendly terms with the American mountain man, Paulino Weaver (to whose rancho the fortunate Sonoran had escaped following the massacre on the Colorado).

Perceiving danger of imminent war, Weaver succeeded in convincing Juan Antonio to side with the Americans. He fitted the old chief and his Indians with mounts and provisions and Juan Antonio set off to capture Garra.

The task was easily accomplished. Juan Antonio simply arranged to meet Garra outside the village of Razon near Los Coyotes Canyon. Garra obliged thinking that Juan Antonio and his powerful force were about to join the rebels. When they met, Antonio had Garra bound and stripped. He was about to murder him on the spot when another Indian pointed out that Garra would quickly meet his fate at the hands of the Americans. So Juan Antonio returned to his village of Sahatapa near Weaver's ranch. There he and his prisoner awaited the arrival of General Joshua Bean's militia from the Rancho del Chino.

WHEN Bean and his troops arrived,

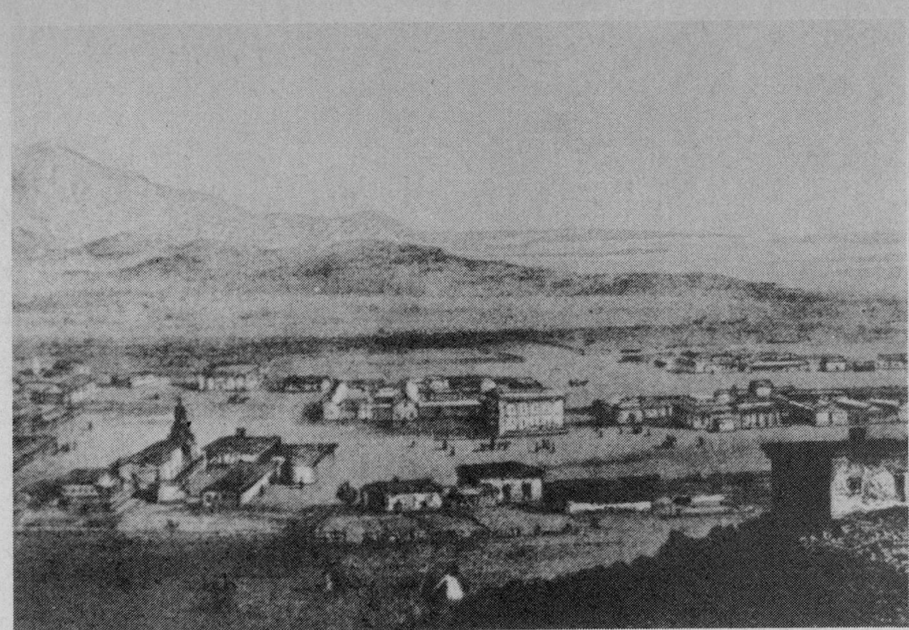
they found Garra under the guard of no less than 250 of Juan Antonio's Cahuillas. Not about to turn over his captive unrewarded, it cost Bean three days of negotiations supplemented by an array of gifts to convince Juan Antonio to give up his prisoner. Apparently thinking that he was better off in the hands of the Americans, Garra agreed to encourage his son to give himself and a few others up as a part of the bargain. Bean returned to Rancho del Chino with Garra and waited for word of the younger Garra's arrival from Juan Antonio. Obedient to his father, young Garra showed up at Sahatapa shortly afterwards. Bean was duly notified and set out for Juan Antonio's village two weeks later.

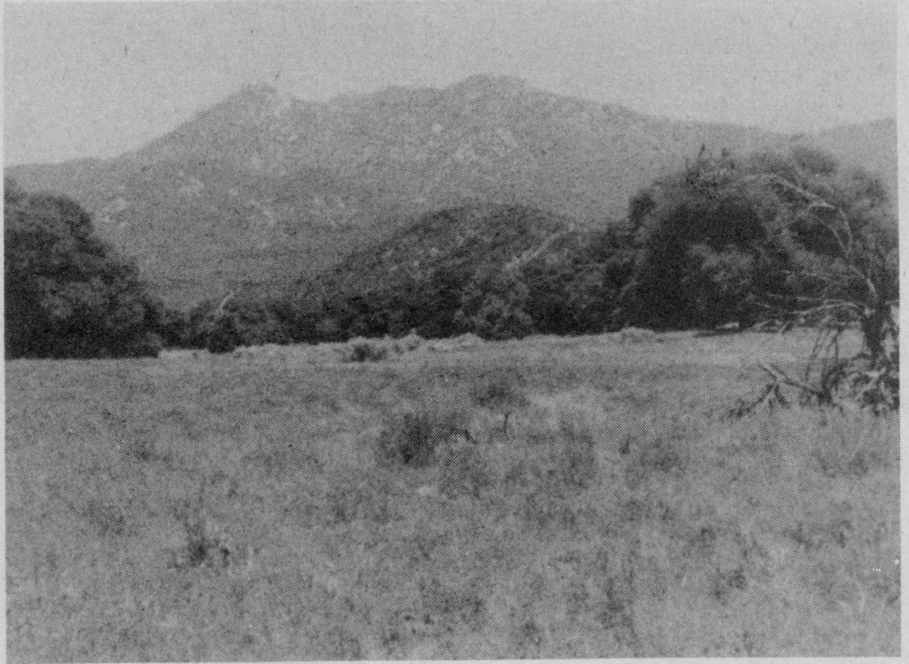
On the day General Bean was to arrive, Chief Antonio had decided to mingle with his prisoners. True to character, he could not resist directing several insulting remarks at young Garra who promptly pulled a concealed knife. He stabbed Juan Antonio, the blade passing through portions of the old chief's left arm and side.

Antonio's men were about to dispatch the would-be assassin when they spied the dust of Bean's troops on the horizon. The arrival of the Americans not only saved young Garra from Juan Antonio's enraged Indians but also had the positive effect of further improving American-Cahuilla relations. General Bean had brought American offers of official peace supplemented by many generous gifts which left the chief and his people well pleased. Juan Antonio and his Cahuillas promised to continue to act in a friendly manner and the citizens of the state of California promised to protect Cahuilla lands and property as well as Antonio's position of supreme authority.

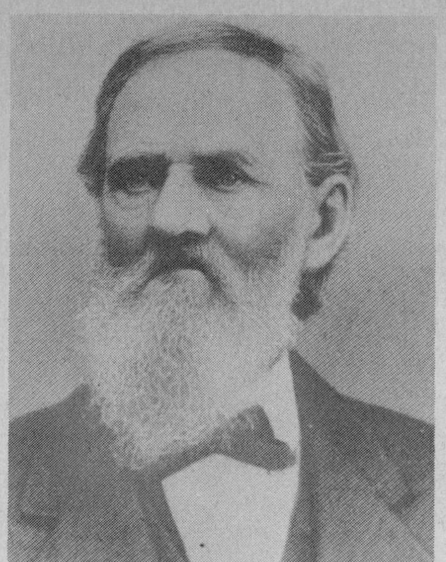
Unfortunately, Chapuli's Los Coyotes Cahuilla, who remained holed up with Garra's Cupenos, knew nothing about the treaty. Indeed, the news of Garra's capture had not entirely convinced them that their cause was lost.

On the very day Bean and Juan Antonio were signing their agreement, Captain S.P. Heintzelman was preparing to assault Los Coyotes Canyon with a small detachment of army troops from San Diego. He and 46 of his men met between 30 and 40 Indians led by Chapuli at a small stream. After a brief exchange of fire, the Indians broke off and fled into the swamps nearby. Chapuli died in the skirmish along with seven of his companions. The shootout was the final armed conflict to take





Top photo shows the pueblo of Los Angeles before the uprising. The drawing shows the town in 1850. Bottom photo shows area of Kupa as it looks today. Nothing remains of the village. At right is Juan Antonio's brand, in use by the Cahuilla to this day. Photos of the protagonists in this uprising are difficult to find because there was little photography on the West Coast in the early 1850s.



J. J. Warner, who was despised by the Cupeno for his exploitation of Indian labor, survived an attack to serve as interpreter at Garra's trial.

Thomas W. Sweeney was a brigadier general by the time this photo was taken.

place in connection with Garra's uprising.

THE Garras and their fellow conspirators were tried by military tribunal. The general panic among the Americans at Los Angeles and San Diego had resulted in a declaration of martial law. Bill Marshall, the renegade white storekeeper from Kupa was convicted of high treason and hanged in San Diego on the afternoon of Dec. 21, 1851. The fall from the scaffold was too short and his neck did not snap when the trap opened. Marshall struggled violently but was left dangling for an hour and a half.

Young Garra was tried at Rancho del Chino where the charges were treason for levying war against the United States, murder for killing the four Americans at Kupa and robbery for sacking J.J. Warner's place. At first young Garra denied any knowledge of the murders or robbery. But it happened that the tribunal included General Joshua Bean and his son Roy. Roy Bean testified that he had helped to transfer the prisoners from Juan Antonio's village to Chino and that during the journey, Garra had confessed that he had been in command of the Cupenos who committed the Kupa murders.

This evidence combined with a statement made by Bill Marshall prior to his execution was sufficient to elicit a confession from young Garra. He was shot to death by a firing squad on the morning of Dec. 27, 1851.

The elder Garra was taken to San Diego where he was turned over to Lieutenant Sweeney, the same army officer who had commanded Camp Independence on the Colorado. Although invited, Sweeney refused to sit on the court which ironically enjoyed the benefit of J.J. Warner's services as interpreter. The charges were treason, murder and robbery. Garra pleaded innocent to all charges except having stolen sheep following the massacre on the Colorado. Major McKinstry, Garra's court-appointed defense counsel, argued that Garra was the leader of an Indian nation and that he had a perfect right to make war on the United States and the state of California. The argument proved effective against the charge of treason but Garra was convicted of the remaining charges and sentenced to die.

General Bean requested that Lieutenant Sweeney's men execute Garra but Sweeney refused, maintaining that the proceedings were those of the state and that as a U.S. Army officer, he could not participate. Alternative men were selected, ten of whom led Chief Garra to the site of his execution late in the afternoon of Jan. 10, 1852. The chief comported himself with great dignity and bravery prior to being blindfolded and shot to death while kneeling over his own grave.

Organized Indian resistence to American control of southern California died with Antonio Garra. American citizens of California breathed a sigh of relief. The Indian war was over. That Garra's uprising began as a tax rebellion is largely overlooked in the historical annals of the state.

He Had the Coldest Room

By BEN GARTHOFNER

THERE used to be a log hotel in the little cowtown of Jordan which was the county seat of what was then Dawson County, Montana. The town was just a wide place in the road so to speak, without telephone, telegraph or railroad. It never did grow much and never had a railroad but became quite modern otherwise with telephone and telegraph and a black top road from Miles City.

At that time in the teen years of the 1900s, the hotel was operated by Mr. and Mrs. Hash and was called the Hash House. It had rooms in the basement as well as upstairs and a large combination office, lobby and dining area. To one side stood a large coal and wood heating stove which provided the only heat in the winter.

But as heat has a habit of rising, those basement rooms became cold during the bitter cold nights of winter. There was a man named George Ayers who ran the only bank in town and he kept a room in the basement year around.

One frigid night around eleven o'clock an old wolfer by the name of Bill Cherry rode into Jordan, put his saddle horse in Hash's livery barn, and entered the lobby of the hotel. His sheepskin coat collar and whiskers were white with frost.

Just as he reached the heating stove, Ayers stepped from the stairway of the basement intending to warm up by the stove. He took a quick look at Bill's face and exclaimed, "For God's sake, man, what room did you have?"

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The Answer Man

Will the Real Jesse James Please Stand Up? Jesse James was said to have been in so many places during his outlaw career that even if he had been able to be in two places at once, he could not have covered all the territory. One such place was Minnesota.

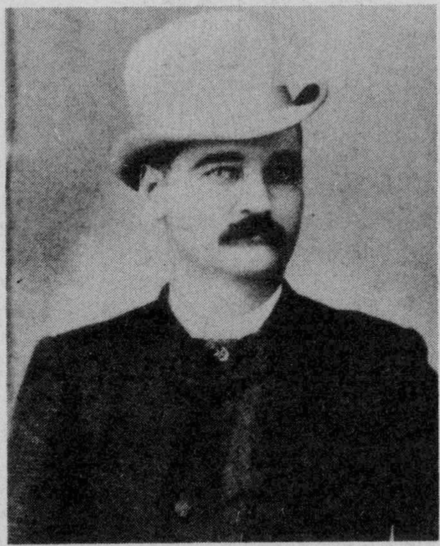
Jack Fox, 309 E. Main, Madelia, MN 56062, asks if there is any "real proof" that Jesse was ever in Minnesota.

It is difficult to answer this because "real proof" is a relative thing. Jesse never was arrested nor did he stand trial in Minnesota. But there is enough evidence that he was in the state — for the Northfield robbery — that it could probably convince a jury.

For example, brother Frank James in a letter reprinted in the Spring 1983 issue of OLD WEST stated that Jesse was outside the Northfield bank during the attempted robbery. Also, Cole Younger later stated that the James brothers were there.

As early as Sept. 12, 1876, five days after the ill-fated robbery attempt, the Mankato (Minnesota) Weekly Review quoted a citizen named Robinson who said he had seen and spoke with Jesse James when the gang was in Mankato. Robinson had known Jesse in Mexico, Missouri and he felt he could not have been mistaken.

Bat Masterson Prior to New York. Along with people like Wild Bill Hickok and Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson was one of the greatest personalities of the Old West. A fine biography, by Robert K. DeArment, has been published, yet people still want to know more. Perhaps it is because he was a link between the Old West (his Dodge City and Tombstone days) and the modern era (his stint as a New York sports writer before his death on Oct. 25, 1921).



Bat Masterson

Robert E. Lane, Box 104, Elgin, OK 73538 wonders when Bat left Tombstone and what happened of historical interest before he died in New York.

His years after Tombstone were probably just as exciting as his years before. He left Tombstone in April 1881 to answer a call for assistance from his brother, Jim, in Dodge City, Kansas. Bat returned to Tombstone for a time but left in January or February of 1883 to help friends Luke Short and W.H. Harris in Dodge City in the so-called "Dodge City War."

This received a lot of attention but it was a bloodless war. One of the most famous photographs of western lawmen shows the "Dodge City Peace Commission" which included Bat.

In Dodge City on July 21, 1884, "Mysterious Dave" Mather killed T.C. Nixon. Both were Bat's friends and he was called as a witness at Mather's trial. On Feb. 8, 1887, Bat was in Fort Worth, Texas, when Luke Short shot and killed lawman Jim Courtright. Bat was a friend to both men.

By this time Bat was a big time gambler and boxing promoter based in Denver. If he ever went to Tombstone again it was only as a visitor.

A Thorny Question. Bill Cellers, Route 1, Box 273, Drain, OR 97435, who has had a long career as a cowboy, wants to know when the tumbleweed — Russian thistle — was introduced into the American West. Bill has read novels of the early West which mention the tumbleweed and he doubts if the weed was in the United States that far back.

If Bill's books were set in the West prior to 1870, then he is right and the writers are wrong. According to one agricultural bulletin this weed was first observed in the United States in Bon Homme County, South Dakota, about 1873.

There are several species of plants known as tumbleweeds but the best known is the Russian thistle which can reach a size of three feet in diameter. When the plant reaches seed maturity it usually is broken off at the ground and rolled over the land by the wind.

Who Was Mickey Free? Mickey Free, both because of his name and his exploits, was a well-known Army scout in the Apache wars. To some, such as author Angie Debo (in her book on Geronimo), Free was the enemy of the Apaches. Others think he was a great scout.

Lorene Murrell, 500 N. Houston, Russelville, AR 72801, asks where the John Ward ranch was located at the time Apaches raided it and kidnapped the son of a Mexican woman living there. She asks if this child was later known as Mickey Free.

The answer is that this was the child

eventually called Mickey Free. The mother was Jesus Martinez, born about 1830. She had married a man named Tellez. Their first child was Felix, born in Mexico in 1848. After Tellez died the woman married John Ward and lived on the Ward ranch on Sonoita Creek, several miles southwest of present-day Patagonia, Arizona. On Jan. 27, 1861, a group of "Coyoterro Apache" raided the ranch and Felix Martinez Ward was carried off. Thus, this boy of mixed Mexican-white parentage was raised part of his life as an Apache.

Free served as scout and interpreter and as an Indian policeman. His service was dated from Dec. 2, 1872, until July 1893. He died on Dec. 31, 1915. His mother died in late 1867. John Ward died in late October of the same year.

All About Zoe. Some think Bill Tilghman of Oklahoma was the greatest lawman in the West. One of those is Anthony Pomaro, 68 Neptune Place, Colonia, NJ 07067, who asks if Bill's wife, Zoe Tilghman, is still alive.

The answer is that Zoe Agnes Stratton Tilghman died on June 13, 1964, in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. She was 83. In addition to the well-known biography of her husband, she authored a biography of Quanah Parker, edited several publications and taught poetry writing for the University of Oklahoma extension division.

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, TRUE WEST, Iola, WI 54990. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names and addresses will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to publish all questions.

Tarantula Juice

A cowboy's name for whiskey. In the words of Muley Metcalf, a few drinks of some of it would "have a man reelin' 'round like a pup tryin' to find a soft spot to lie down in," or, as another said, "knockin' 'round like a blind dog in a meat shop."

REEL COWBOYS

Tricking Villains

By BILL O'NEAL

"Spurs" was released in 1930 by Universal Pictures. One of the early sound westerns, the movie starred the legendary Hoot Gibson. "Spurs" focused on a rodeo which Hoot won, along with a pair of silver spurs, $1,000 in prize money and heroine Helen Wright.

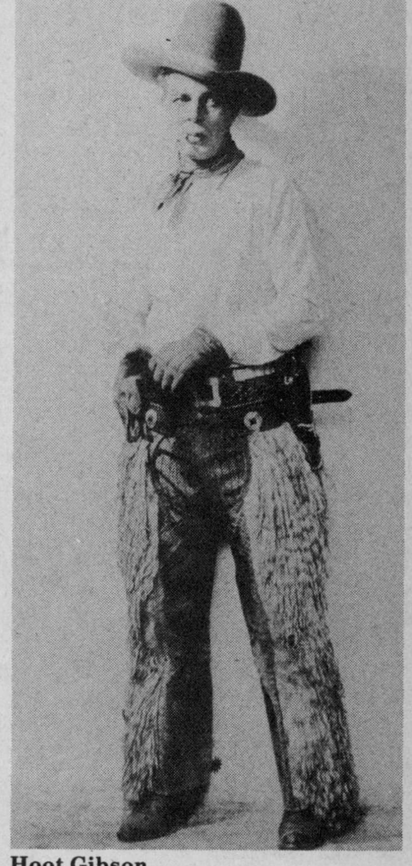
In real life, Hoot was a genuine rodeo star. Edmund Richard Gibson was born in Tekamah, Nebraska, in 1892. He acquired his famous nickname when he worked as a bicycle messenger for the Owl Drug Company (not, as sometimes claimed, because he hunted hoot owls at night).

While a teenager, Hoot was employed as a cowboy and horse wrangler and in 1912, he emerged from rodeo competition in Pendleton, Oregon, with a silver-plated saddle and a trophy proclaiming him All-Around Champion Cowboy.

Hoot traveled with various Wild West shows. As early as 1910 he performed stunts in motion pictures. In Hollywood he roomed with a young director named John Ford who placed Hoot in westerns with Harry Carey. But in 1917, Hoot volunteered for military service and was shipped to France with the Tank Corps.

When he returned to Hollywood he became a western star, developing a unique screen image as a plain-dressed cowboy with a sense of humor who tried to trick villains instead of shooting them. Often Hoot did not wear a sixgun, borrowing one from another character when gunplay was unavoidable.

Off-screen the Hooter whooped it up at Hollywood parties, became a renowned womanizer and cavorted about in expensive cars, motorcycles and a private airplane. He made the Hoot Gibson Round-Up an annual Hollywood event which displayed such spectacular ridin' and ropin' that footage from the Round-Ups was used in western films through the 1940s.



Hoot Gibson

During his peak years, Hoot earned $14,500 per week. Although he made a successful transition to sound films, in the later 1930s his career declined. In 1943, he accepted a Trail Blazers series at $800 per movie. Now middle-aged, he had gained weight. Co-star Ken Maynard had gained much weight, but when Ken suggested dieting, Hoot snorted, "Not for that kind of money."

Hoot's last appearance in a western was in John Ford's 1959 cavalry film, "The Horse Soldiers." The Hooter died of cancer in 1962 at the age of 70. But in 1930, when he produced and starred in "Spurs," Hoot Gibson made his name so indelible that more than a half century later he is one of the most identifiable western stars in screen history.

FOLLOW THE OREGON TRAIL

Oregon Trail wagon ruts still visible near Guernsey, Wyoming.

For a Vacation You'll Remember — Retrace America's Road to Empire

By WILLIAM T. SCHMIDT

NO part of American history has been more romantic than the opening of the trans-Missouri West along the Oregon Trail. By joining a west-bound wagon train on the Missouri frontier, any American family could become at once explorers, Indian-fighters or empire-builders. The great American dream of "Manifest Destiny" — a nation stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific — became a reality on the Oregon Trail. Between 1840 and 1870, almost 400,000 people completed the 2,000 mile trek leaving behind a grave for every one hundred yards of trail.

The history of the Oregon Trail is revealed in letters, diaries and reminiscences of trail veterans. It is therefore a subjective history of wind and wetness, hunger and fatigue, fun and fear, birth-pains and death agonies. It is ultimately a history of triumph and defeat, experienced not by heroes but by ordinary men and women.

For those who wish to know it better, the trail is well marked and easy to follow, its historic points enlivened by a score of superb museums, interpretive displays and "living history" programs. Two excellent trail guides are still in print: Irene D. Paden's *The Wake of the Prairie Schooner*, and Gregory M. Franzwa's *The Oregon Trail Revisited*. For the literary-minded, Bernard de Voto's classic *Across the Wide Missouri* is available. The traveler should read at least one good trail book; then he should begin his odyssey where the emigrants started theirs, from under the arch which commemorates St. Louis, Missouri, as the gateway to the West.

The emigrants rendezvoused at St. Louis in early springtime. They usually traveled by steamboat up the Missouri River to jump-off sites scattered between Independence, Missouri, and Omaha, Nebraska. Steamboating on the Missouri was dangerous and expensive, but it saved three weeks of slogging through the Missouri bottomlands. Boilers blew up and keels fouled on snags, sawyers, and sand bars. Cholera took passage also — daily burials occurred when the boats stopped for wood along the bluffs of the serpentine river. A berth in cabin cost $6, space on deck went for $2 less. Most opted for open-air accommodations, bunking down amid nervous stock, dismantled wagons, and an array of household goods.

Debarking upriver became a bawling, braying bedlam as teamsters wrestled animals and wagons onto narrow quays, then forced their way to muddy ramps leading up and away from the river. Before moving to assembly areas outside town, each wagon party paused long enough to procure needed provisions.

Guidebook writer Lansford Hastings recommended a maximum load of 2,500 pounds per wagon, to include (per emigrant): 200 pounds of flour, 150 pounds of bacon, ten pounds of coffee, 20 pounds of sugar and ten pounds of salt. This basic list could be augmented by rice, beans, dried fruit, vinegar, tea, crackers and saleratus (baking powder).

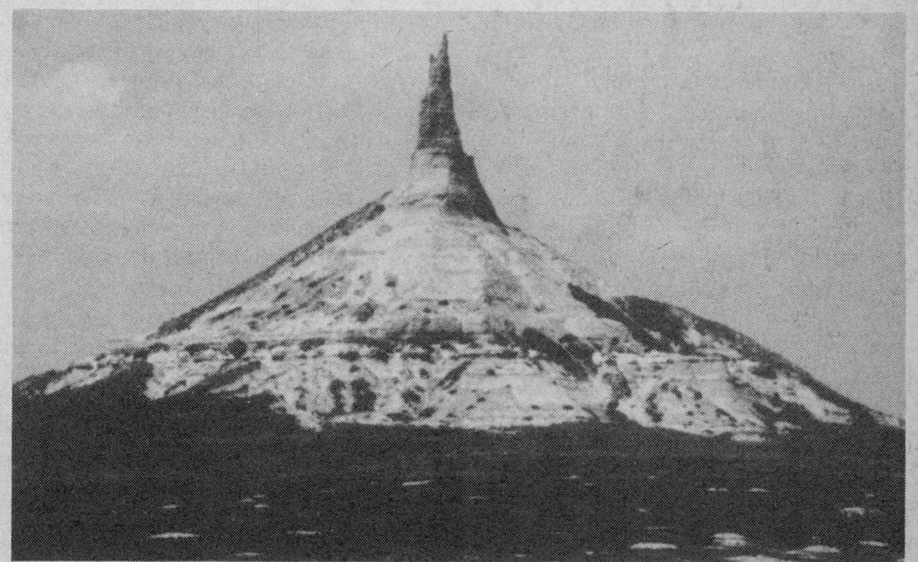
Cooking ware included dutch ovens, kettles, coffee pots, long-handled spiders (skillets) and perhaps a tin reflector oven for baking bread. Metal dishware traveled better than china. Weapons, farm tools, clothing, a medicine chest and furbelows dear to womenkind made up the balance of the load.

All this went into a light, sturdy two-horse wagon, the familiar Conestogas being far too heavy for the Oregon Trail. Six or eight oxen or a half-dozen mules pulled the rig. Drovers generally preferred oxen because they cost less, required minimum feed and care, and were seldom stolen by the Indians.

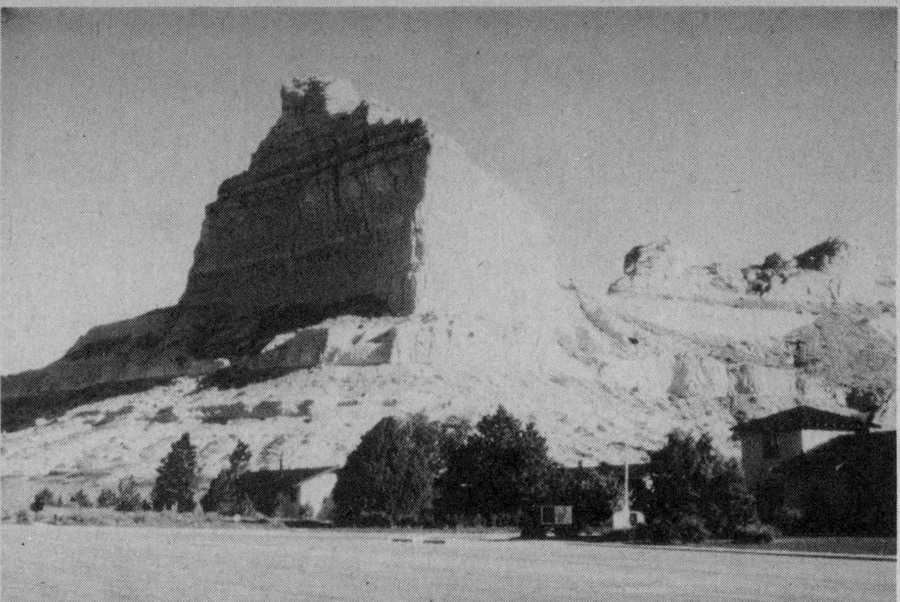
At the edge of town, wagon parties joined together to form a train, or organized as a quasi-military unit with an elected captain and a hired guide, usually a recently unemployed mountain man. Since they would be traveling outside the formal jurisdiction of United States law, the emigrants swore to abide by a constitution intended to maintain a satisfactory level of order on the trail.

With preparations completed, they waited patiently for the word to hitch up and go. Bound by nature's rigid timetable, they could not depart the Missouri until the life-sustaining prairie grass turned green. If they waited too long, an early autumn snow might block their passage over the coastal ranges. One day in late April or early May, the guide would signal a taciturn assent and the great adventure would begin.

The wagon trains moved out on a trail opened by fur traders' caravans —



Chimney Rock, the Oregon Trail's most famous landmark. Emigrants expected it to fall down during the next hard rain but geologists say it has eroded less than 30 feet in 200 years. It is located east of Scottsbluff, Nebraska.



Oregon Trail marker at left was put up by State of Nebraska in 1912. Photo at right shows Mitchell Pass, Scott's Bluff, Nebraska. This barrier extending from the bank of the Platte River several miles to the south forced wagons over difficult terrain as they detoured around it.

northwest from the Missouri River toward the valley of the Platte in southeastern Nebraska. Most everyone remembered the first few weeks on the Kansas prairies as "good times." Heavy rains, flooding creeks, pestiferous Indians, picayune leadership — even the dreaded cholera failed to dampen spirits enthralled by the beauty and bounty of the grasslands. Flowers spangled treeless hillsides; the children delighted in decorating pagan-fashion the horns of the oxen. The land lay fertile beyond expectation; knee-high grasses sustained an almost unbelievable profusion of wild game: Deer, elk, antelope, turkeys and (during the early years) the ubiquitous buffalo.

At Fort Kearney the emigrants paused, posted letters home, then turned their wagons west along the Platte, leaving behind the hospitable prairies and venturing out at last upon the stark and sombre short-grass plains. Though the river bottom is heavily timbered today, 19th Century observers found it devoid of tree, bush or weed, except for a few willows and cottonwoods fringing fire-proof islands in the broad, shallow river.

Plodding along in clouds of dust which often obscured the lead span of oxen, bumping across deeply rutted buffalo paths, they averaged ten or fifteen miles on good days, considerably less when the wagons bogged in deep sand, or spring rains slashed the soil to gelatinous mush. A few days west of Kearney, depression began to sap the energies of all but the tough-minded.

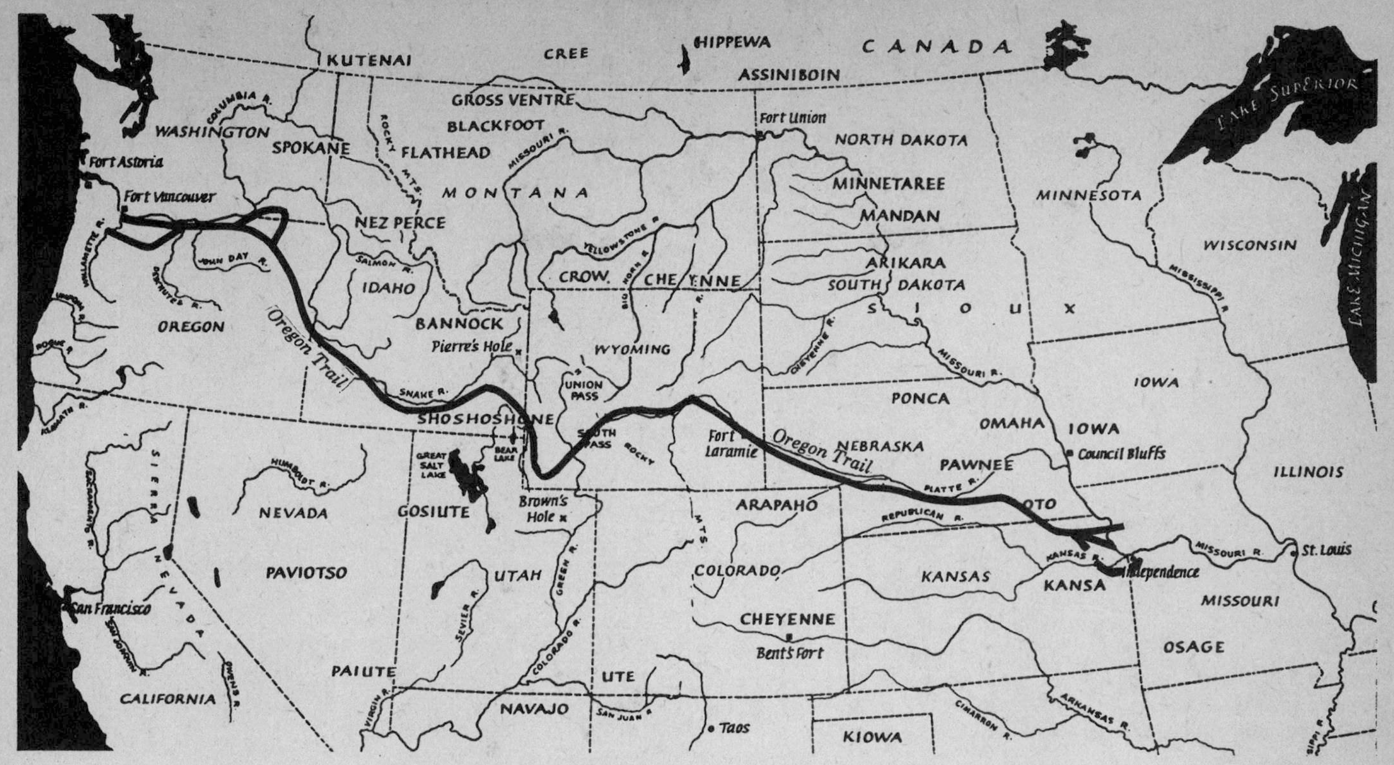
Oppressed by the sheer emptiness of the high plains, apprehensive at the sight of every passing Pawnee or Sioux, stupefied by cataclysmic thunderstorms, the emigrant mind slowly numbed. Bodies failed too, as cholera, dysentery and a variety of accidents sent thousands to premature graves — graves left unmarked for fear of despoilation by Indians or wolves.

Lacking wood for fuel, the women, after some initial reluctance, gathered the dry buffalo dung which littered the plains. "Bois-de-vache" surprised them by producing a hot, odorless flame that boiled coffee, bacon and beans as efficiently, if not as romantically, as the traditional campfire. Ironically, what seemed an embarrassing necessity west of Kearney became a lamented loss west of Laramie where neither wood nor buffalo chips could be found and only the quick-burning sagebrush could be utilized for fuel.

A more acute source of embarrassment for the ladies resulted from an almost totál lack of privacy on the plains. Constantly gripped by diarrhea and lacking the smallest bush to hide behind, emigrant women either made use of the omnipresent slop-jar carried in every wagon, of found relief screened by the outstretched skirts of sympathetic companions. Commercial toilet paper first appeared in the 1850s. Five hundred sheets sold for fifty cents, so one can be certain that very few emigrant families attempted to carry a five-month supply with them.

But all was not discomfort, toil, and trouble beside the Platte. The sight of Chimney Rock, right where the guidebooks said it would be, lifted the spirits of everyone. Rising nearly five hundred feet above the valley floor, it had fascinated passersby since Robert Stuart first discovered it in 1813. Every man worth his salt clambered over loose rocks and rattlesnakes to the base of the chimney, where he engraved in the soft stone an impermanent record of his passing.

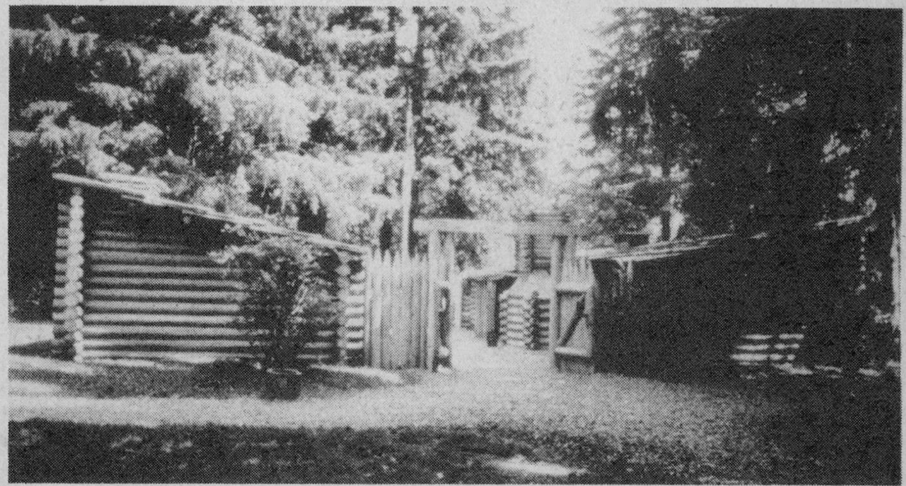
The author, William T. Schmidt, professor of history at the University of Southern Mississippi, Hattiesburg, recently retraced the Oregon Trail from Missouri to Oregon. Here, he briefly describes what he found and provides a few of the hundreds of photographs he took.



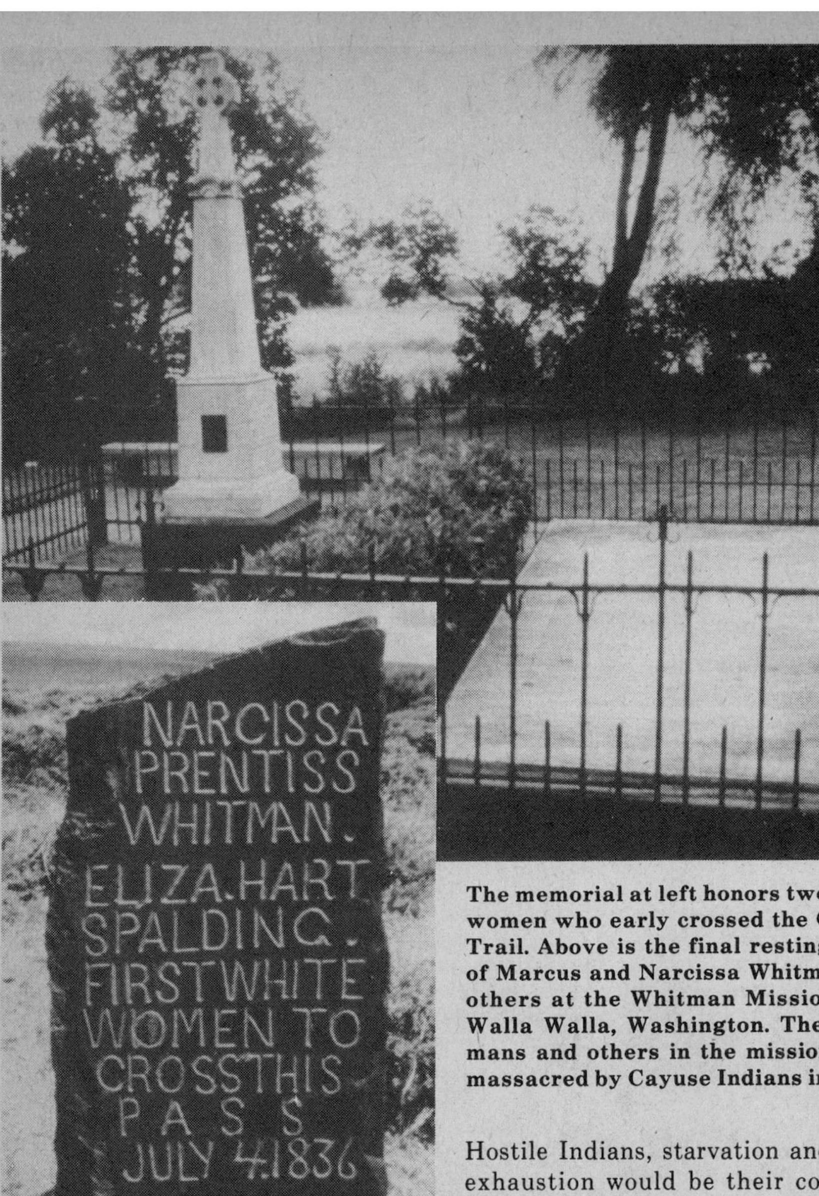
Scotts Bluff, a seemingly impenetrable barrier of rocks lay just ahead. From its ramparts one could see the dim bulk of Laramie Peak, 10,000 feet high, an outpost of the Rockies standing guard over Fort Laramie and the trail's most important rest stop. With lightened steps the emigrants drove ahead, three more dry, hard days to the fort. Stumbling from exhaustion, they waded Laramie Creek up the ramparts of the adobe-walled stockade, under which they refreshed themselves, recruited their stock and quietly commended one another for having survived the first third of their travail.

Two or three days later, in clean clothes and lightened wagons, the migrants moved on, camping the first night at the base of Register Rock. After supper the men hurried to carve their names on the sandstone walls, seeking to establish some small claim to immortality. Troubled by a foreboding awareness of what lay ahead, the captains led their trains north to the dangerous crossing of the Platte River at Casper. Hundreds of men drowned here (seven in one day) trying to swim cattle across deep and treacherous currents. The Mormons established a ferry in 1847 — they charged too much for the poorest Gentiles, but the ferry did save many Christian lives.

On the west bank the wagons turned south over broken, desolate hills, past alkali ponds which poisoned thirst-crazed animals — 75 miles of pure hell across the first real desert experienced



Top Photo: Fifteen miles west of Independence Rock, the Sweetwater River cut a narrow channel through granite hills. Mountain men called it Devil's Gate. Bottom: At the end of the Oregon Trail is Fort Clapsop near Astoria, Oregon. Lewis and Clark wintered here in 1805-1806.



The memorial at left honors two of the women who early crossed the Oregon Trail. Above is the final resting place of Marcus and Narcissa Whitman and others at the Whitman Mission near Walla Walla, Washington. The Whitmans and others in the mission were massacred by Cayuse Indians in 1847.

by men from the green forests of eastern America.

On they trudged, upgrade, slowly, steadily, 100 miles to the summit, climbing so imperceptibly that it was hard to know when one crossed the 7,500-foot divide. After pausing at Pacific Springs to drink water intended for the Western Sea, the trains drifted down to the Green River, either by way of Fort Bridger to the southwest or directly across the dry and difficult Sublette cut-off. Intercepting the conveniently oriented Bear River on its northerly course to Soda Springs, the wagons rolled into Fort Hall on the Snake River.

Here the emigrants rested for the final time. They knew now that their worst trials were yet to come, on the deserts along the Snake and in the forested gorges of the Oregon mountains. Hostile Indians, starvation and total exhaustion would be their constant companions the rest of the way. Only those with nerves, stamina, and patience to endure ultimate hardship would arrive safely at the final destination. Many did not make it, but of course most did, or we would not have a trail to follow or a story to tell.

Late in the fall, after rafting down the turbulent Columbia River, or forcing a gut-wrenching passage around Mount Hood on the Barlow Road, the weary travelers gratefully unhitched their teams in that secular Eden: The Willamette River Valley in Oregon.

Today the prairie dogs, wolves and buffalo are largely gone, the rivers tamed and diminished by dams and irrigation canals, the Indians ground down by an alien culture, and the wagon tracks nearly obliterated by farms and freeways. No longer can we go west by packhorse or wagon as our forefathers were forced to do. Nor can we shoot a buffalo, fight an Indian or starve to death along the way.

But all has not been lost. The trans-Missouri West remains a place of uncommon beauty, romantic history and high adventure for those of us susceptible to its charms. When we get off the interstate highways and slow down a little, we can still see and feel the silty flow of the North Platte, the remote snows of the Wind River Mountains, the chilling stillness of a desert midnight. When we face the hard, cold wind scourging South Pass on almost any July dawn, we can be again in a playful way and for a magic moment a mountain man, a forty-niner or a pilgrim on his way to Zion.

Historic Sites on Oregon Trail

1. Jefferson National Expansion Memorial, St. Louis, Missouri.
2. Fort Osage, Sibley, Missouri.
3. U.S. Army Museum, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.
4. Pony Express Museum, St. Joseph, Missouri.
5. Pony Express Museum, Marysville, Kansas.
6. Harold Warp Pioneer Village Museum, Minden, Nebraska.
7. Fort Kearney State Historic Site, Kearney, Nebraska.
8. Ash Hollow State Historic Site, Lewellen, Nebraska.
9. Chimney Rock National Historic Site, Bayard, Nebraska.
10. Scotts Bluff National Monument, Scotts Bluff, Nebraska.
11. Fort Laramie National Historic Site, Fort Laramie, Wyoming.
12. State Pioneer Memorial Museum, Douglas, Wyoming.
13. Fort Casper Municipal Park Museum, Casper, Wyoming.
14. Fort Bridger State Historic Site, Fort Bridger, Wyoming.
15. Old Fort Hall Municipal Park Museum, Pocatello, Idaho.
16. Massacre Rocks State Historic Site, Glenn's Ferry, Idaho.
17. Three-Island Crossing State Historic Site, Glenn's Ferry, Idaho.
18. Farewell Bend State Park, Huntington, Oregon.
19. Whitman Mission National Historic Site, Walla Walla, Washington.
20. McLoughlin House National Historic Site, Oregon City, Oregon.
21. Fort Vancouver National Historic Site, Vancouver, Washington.
22. Fort Clatsop National Historic Memorial, Astoria, Oregon.

BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN WYOMING

By WILLAH WEDDON and MARION M. HUSEAS

THOUSANDS of miles from their homes in the heat and cold and isolation of Wyoming, could frontier soldiers have any fun during off-duty hours? Old records show they did.

Wine, women and gambling were the most popular forms of amusement at Wyoming frontier posts and elsewhere in the West. Other entertainment was provided in larger forts and many activities were devised as a result of frontier ingenuity. But when a soldier wanted to "whoop it up" he most often looked for a bottle, a belle and a gaming table.

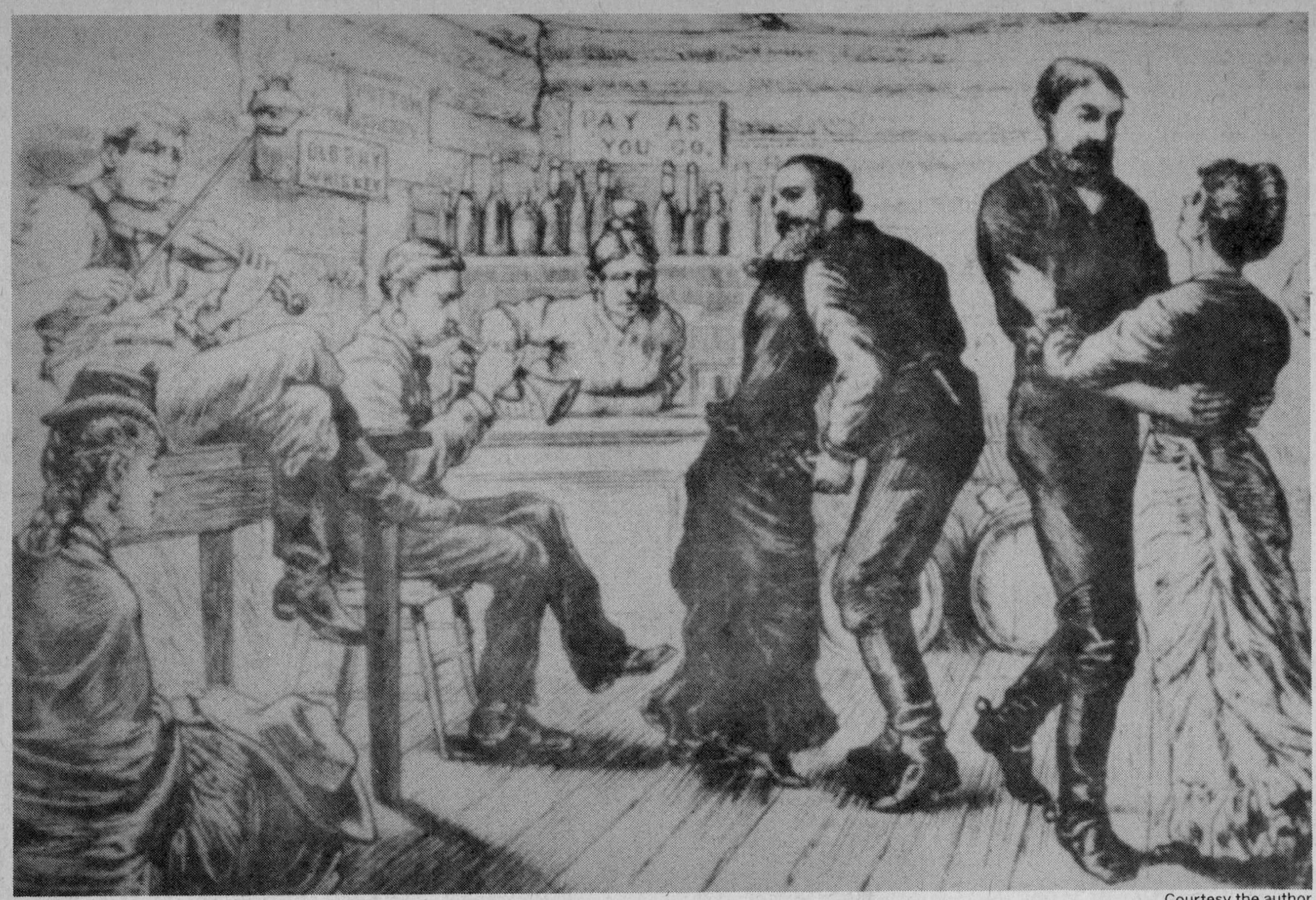
Since the army took a hard line against such goings-on, "hog ranches" sprouted up just beyond the boundaries of military reservations to fill the demand. Here lonely soldiers were provided with liquor of questionable compositon, prostitutes and games of chance.

The combination whorehouses and saloons were called "hog ranches" because of their original locations. Pork was scarce and the government purchased it by bid or contract from hog raisers. To supply the fresh pork, in pre-refrigeration times, the hogs had to be raised near the army posts. But they were required to be kept an odor-safe distance of two or three miles, and hope-

Courtesy Wyoming State Archives

BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN WYOMING

This is Three-Mile Ranch, a "hog ranch" located three miles from Fort Laramie, Wyoming, as it looked after it fell into disuse. During its heyday it was the scene of merriment and murder by both soldiers and outlaws.



Courtesy the author

Artist's rendition shows what it was like inside a "hog ranch" near frontier forts. Signs on wall offer "Bottom Sherry" and "Old Rhy Whiskey," but warn "Pay as you go."

fully downwind, from the post.

The only women allowed to live on army posts were officers' wives and a few laundresses. Then only with special permission of the commandant. So any other women in the vicinity who wanted to be near the troops stayed at hog ranches. The pork raisers faded into obscurity but the name stuck to the centers of ill-repute.

In Wyoming, Fort Laramie, Fort Fetterman, Cantonment McKinney and Fort McKinney at Buffalo all had hog ranches nearby. The ranches were from three to six miles from the posts, depending on the attitude and authority of the commander at the time. Although the army could not legally do anything about the ranches, many mysteriously were set afire and reduced to ashes. Other ranches moved closer to the forts.

One of the most notorious hog ranches was the "Three-Mile" located on the Laramie River about three miles west of Fort Laramie. Opened as a road ranch for travelers in 1872 by two cattle herders from Texas, Jules E'Coffey and Adolph Cuny, it consisted of six two-room cottages, a dwelling built of concrete, a one-hundred-foot-square corral built of sods 12 feet high and various outbuildings.

The main building had a courtyard in the center with a well. The walls were more than eighteen inches thick and were plastered on the inside. This establishment was a considerable step above the "Six-Mile" hog ranch which had been in operation six miles from Fort Laramie since 1860.

E'Coffey and Cuny were aware of the proximity to Fort Laramie and the profits to be made by providing entertainment to the soldiers who drew $13 pay each month. They also catered to cowboys, muleskinners, bullwhackers and had no scruples against doing business with outlaws on the run.

In addition to proceeds from a faro bank and billiards, the partners sold liquor made in their own rum mill, described as "the worst kind." They also brought in eight to ten women from Kansas City and Omaha to provide "companionship" for their clientele.

What kind of women lived on the frontier? They were a tough lot. They had to be hard to survive the frontier life in the late 1800s. A few soldiers' wives, laundresses and prostitutes were the only women camp followers who didn't either die or return east in those days.

The prostitutes on hog ranches had a particularly rough time of it. They dealt with drunken soldiers, gunfighters and killings on a regular basis. They were slapped around, belted with gun butts and sometimes they were victims of a shooting when they incurred the wrath of a customer.

"A prostitute's standing in her profession depended on her clientele and...when a woman went to the dogs, she went to the soldiers, the lowest level in the customer's scale," according to one account which added, "These women were seldom more than vile and diseased whores."

The women wore old soldier uniforms. There were no feathers or satin

gowns. Surviving below-zero temperatures in winter blizzards and entertaining men in their small rooms or "cribs" left no time for the fancies.

Lieutenant John G. Bourke recalled in 1877, "Three miles (from Fort Laramie) there was a nest of ranches, Cuhy and Scoffey's and Wright's, tenanted by as hardened and depraved a set of witches as could be found on the face of the globe.... In all my experiences, I have never seen a lower, more beastly set of people of both sexes."

Calamity Jane (named in various accounts as Mary Jane Canary or Conarry and Martha Jane Cannery) was the most famous woman who stayed at the Three-Mile hog ranch. By the time she was 17, she was consorting with railroad section gangs in Cheyenne, Wyoming, and spent more than one night locked up in the jail there by N.K. Boswell, frontier lawman. No beauty either, she wore men's clothing as a part of her disguise as a teamster.

Calamity Jane loved the company of men but she was not one of the women they slapped around. The situation was reversed, in fact, on occasions such as in Dodge City when she made a cowboy singer dance while she fired at his feet. She didn't like a remark he made about her underwear. She did, however, crave booze and would succumb to exploitation of any man to obtain a drink.

Courtesy Wyoming State Archives

Frontier soldier passing time by writing home.

There is a poignant aspect to the lives of the women on the hog ranches. Lonesome little graves east of the Three-Mile remain as evidence that some of the women bore children. Despite filth, heat or cold, they must have felt something in these births — if only the pain. Some babies must have lived and, like Calamity Jane, grew up to make their own way in a harsh world. (According to reports, Calamity Jane's mother was a prostitute and later a madam in Montana, about 1866.)

Evidence of hog ranch activity is contained in a report by the assistant surgeon at Fort Laramie who wrote in 1869, "The prevailing diseases at the post and vicinity are rheumatic afflictions and venereal diseases, cases of the latter being quite numerous."

Other hazards related to the hog ranch included the return trip to the fort. One soldier fell from his horse and died from "alcohol and exposure" on the prairie. Another, in a drunken stupor, caught his foot in the stirrup as he fell from a horse and was dragged to death. And there was a soldier who lost his way in bitter weather, gave up in despair and shot himself.

Although six or seven murders were committed during the previous eight months at the hog ranch, they were apparently overlooked by the officers at the fort. When a soldier was murdered there on July 4, 1867, that might also have gone unreported but the hog ranch was pillaged and burned by a company of cavalry sent out to investigate.

This was likely to reach the newspapers and stirred Lieutenant Colonel Innis N. Palmer, post commander, to

Courtesy Wyoming State Archives

Frederic Remington's painting titled "Christmas Eve in a Sibley Tent," shows frontier soldiers celebrating.

write to his superior in Omaha with an explanation.

Their establishment was in ruins and Cuny and E'Coffey soon came to ruin themselves. Cuny died late in 1876 from a beating and nine months later, E'Coffey was shot and killed by a road agent.

Fort Laramie's problems with outside entertainment may have been eased, but less than a month after Lieutenant Colonel Palmer sent his explanation of trouble at the hog ranch to his superior, he had to write another letter defending the honor of the fort itself.

He had been told the chaplain of Fort Phil Kearney had reported, "The Post at Fort Laramie was a perfect whorehouse." Palmer considered this "a serious reflection upon the officers at this post inasmuch as it represented the moral condition of the post in the most deplorable state," and he said "there must be some mistake in the matter."

About a month after Fort Fetterman was established in Wyoming Territory, Major William Dye, commander, wrote to Palmer indicating he, too, was faced with difficulties.

"Today, I send a disreputable character en route to Omaha for dealing in whiskey, etc., etc., causing a great deal of trouble amongst the men.

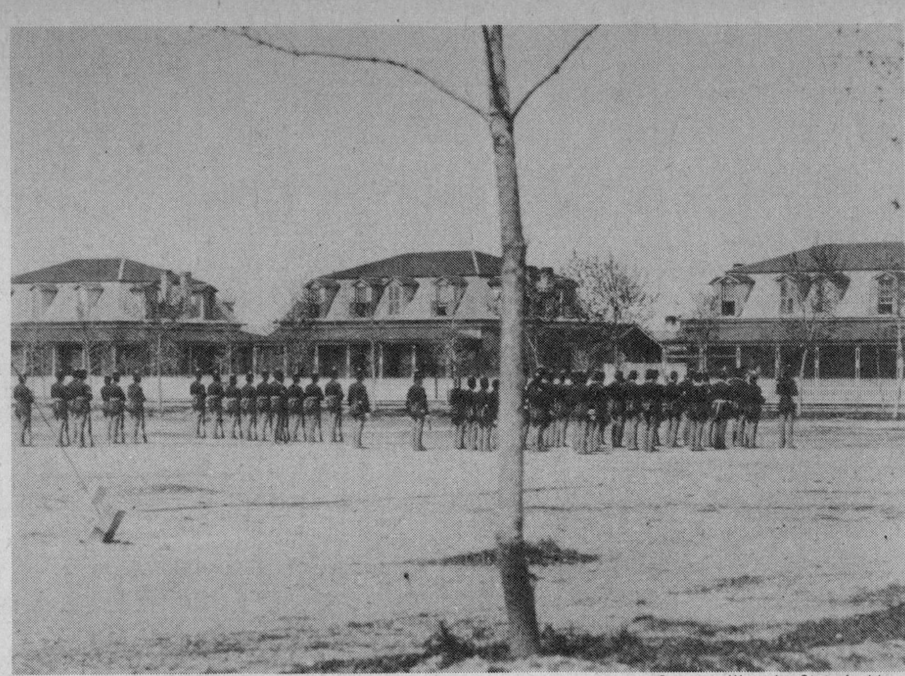
"I have the honor to request that you will furnish her with the necessary transportation and rations to the next post. She is rationed up to the last day of this month."

While obviously bouncing the lady from the fort, no one could accuse the major of not being a gentleman about it.

But this was just the beginning. Throughout daily journals of Fort Fetterman there are accounts of women leaving the post, usually by mail train and accompanied by discharged soldiers. All this, despite having a hog ranch of its own nearby.

As if shipping wild women away from army posts was not enough, post commanders had a problem of keeping liquor from coming in. Drunkenness was a matter of concern and the army issued regulations to control the quantities of liquor available. But liquor could be purchased by soldiers on leave and it was not unusual for an energetic businessman to pull his whiskey wagon up to the fort boundary, just beyond the reach of the military.

On October 25, 1870, Brigadier General C.C. Augur wrote General of the Army William T. Sherman, that soldiers from Fort Rawlins, Utah Territory, went to Provo City with permission from their commander to have supper



Courtesy Wyoming State Archives

A scene at Fort Laramie, Wyoming, in 1885. Here men of the 7th Infantry under General John Gibbon are in a dress parade formation.

and a dance to celebrate payday. It wasn't long until the mayor of Provo telegraphed Augur that the soldiers had become drunk and disorderly "and behaved in a most disgraceful manner toward some of the citizens of Provo."

After an investigation, charges were preferred and the guilty soldiers were to face a court-martial. In an attempt to quell this type of trouble, Augur recommended that the men be paid monthly.

If two-month intervals caused the soldiers to go berserk when they got paid in Utah, consider the reaction of the men stationed in Fort Laramie in 1865, who were awaiting the arrival of the paymaster in November, for the first time in eight months!

To Sherman's credit, he agreed paydays occurred so seldom the troops considered them holidays and requested the Secretary of War to consider Augur's recommendation they be paid at shorter intervals.

Gambling may have out-ranked lust and thirst in over-all participation. Bets were made on everything from checkers to horse racing. Eben Swift, who served on the Plains in the late 1870s, recalled:

"The game of poker had a strong hold on the army in those days. I have seen officers in the field, before the tents were pitched, put a blanket on the ground and sit down for a game."

Despite popularity of the vices, there were troops who claimed no part of them. Frank Tubbs' letters to family members in Ohio, from 1864 to 1868, illustrate this.

Tubbs wrote to his father from Fort Leavenworth, February 25, 1864: "I have...tuched nothing to Drink tall ma I am going to come home as Strait as I left."

From Fort Laramie, May 11, 1864, he wrote his sister: "You said in your letter that ma wanted to know weather I had drank any thing to make me drunk or not. tell ma that I have not for that is something that I dont do and I prommist her that I would not drink any thing...."

Meanwhile, those at the forts tried to keep busy and have a good time. Special meals for everyone on the post and sometimes a fancy dress ball marked Thanksgiving as well as Christmas. The extent of the festivities depended on where the troops were stationed.

On New Year's Eve, the ladies often planned a holiday hop in their quarters. The enlisted men also held dances and since there were no women, they drew straws to determine who would be the "female" partners for the evening. A ribbon on the sleeve indicated the fellow who was one of the ladies.

An occasional wedding or christening was also cause for celebration.

If a post was fortunate enough to have a band, concerts were regularly scheduled. And there was usually a banjo, guitar or harmonica among the men who played and sang their favorite songs to pass the lonely evenings.

Some forts had their own theater group. In 1859, men at Camp Floyd built a small theater and one of the sol-

Courtesy Wyoming State Archives

Calamity Jane — "she craved booze and would succumb to exploitation of any man to obtain a drink."

dier-actors raided the quartermaster's department for supplies of mustard, red pepper, ox blood or whatever else he could find to get colors for the scenery.

In addition to the soldier performances, professional civilian traveling theater troupes appeared at the forts. Minstrel shows were among the most popular and created a great deal of excitement on rare visits.

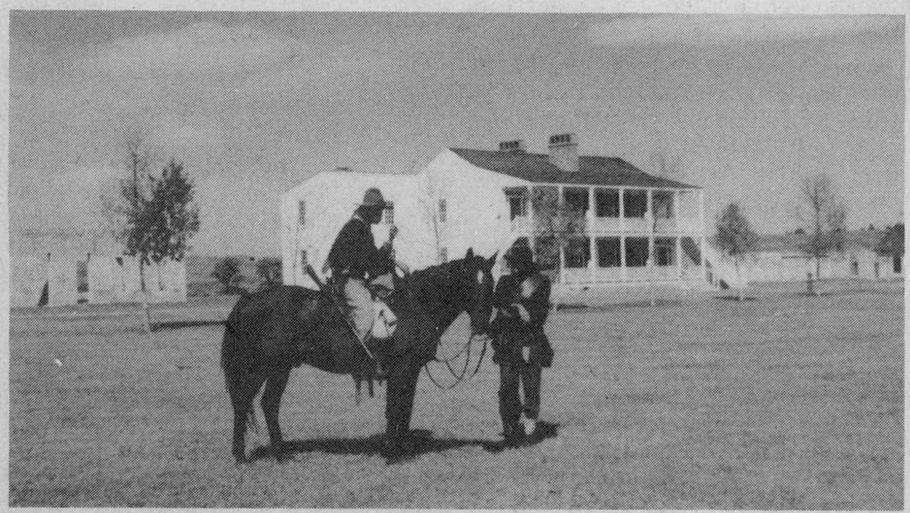
Although hunting expeditions were popular, they were primarily enjoyed by officers rather than the enlisted men. Between September and December, the post journal for Fort Fetterman reads more like a register of a hunting lodge than a military post. Hunting parties came and went with great regularity. Most of the trips were of a few days duration, but one, to the Black Hills in eastern Wyoming, lasted two weeks. In fact, the 4th Infantry stationed at Fort Fetterman was transferred to Fort Laramie under a temporary commander because their commander was away on a hunting expedition.

There were pastimes for the lonesome enlisted men to enjoy. Some posts had small libraries for those who could read. By 1874, Fort Fetterman's library not only carried several newspapers but had 250 books. The men could go fishing or swimming, bicycling, ice skating or roller skating. They also enjoyed foot races, horse races and other events.

Officers and enlisted men, however, shared one interest — baseball. Games were played throughout the summer and most military posts had their own teams. Competition ran high between the posts, as well as companies, but games were hampered to some extent by distances involved.

The Fort Fetterman team, however, resolved the problem by hopping aboard the mail train for a game at Fort Laramie and returned several days later with the mail. The next month the Fort Laramie team arrived at Fort Fetterman by the same way and returned victorious on the next mail train.

With ingenuity like this, there must have been some fun for everyone, despite the hardships, while stationed in the Old West.



Courtesy the author

Recent photo shows two men dressed in period cavalry and infantry uniforms at Fort Laramie, Wyoming. "Bedlam," the unmarried officers' quarters, is in background.

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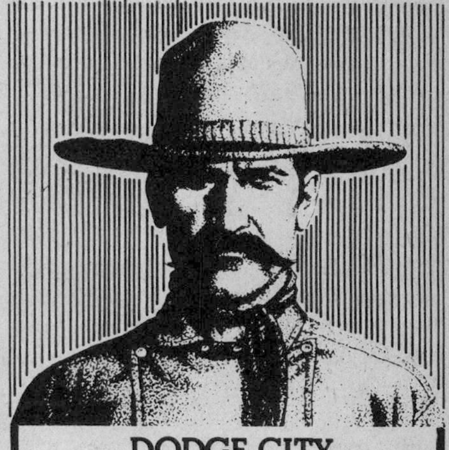

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Descendant of Nathaniel Pope

I have been told that I am a descendant of Nathaniel Pope. He was a colonel and was given a land grant in Virginia by King Charles II about 1627. Nathaniel's daughter, Ann, married George Washington's ancestor, John Washington, and was provided land by Colonel Pope.

My great-great-grandfather's name has been lost. I believe he lived in Cynthiana, Kentucky. Three sons served during our Civil War. My great-grandfather, Sam Pope, and his brother Robert were veterans of the army. One son fought for the south. A daughter was named Madge.

Sam and Robert eventually homesteaded around Colgate, North Dakota. My grandfather, Walter, was probably born in Iowa. — **Alvin "Bud" Christopherson, No. 3 Oak Hill Dr., Oroville, CA 95965.**

Gates-Hampton

Joseph Hampton Gates (maybe called Hampton) was born in 1825 in Alabama. He was the son of John Gates and Martha Jane Hampton Gates.

His last known home was in Hopkins County, Texas, in 1850 in the household of James and Martha Maxwell. — **Mrs. Vernon W. Hill, Rt. 2, Box 1508, Poteet, TX 78065.**

Tiffany-Swailes

I am looking for any information or persons related to the following: John Tiffany and family. They left New York State in the 1840s for Wisconsin. John's children were Leander, Herman or Heman, Mariette and George Samuel.

Herman/Heman, my great-grandfather, married Mable Swailes/Swales of Canada. They had four children born in Iowa and one born in Kansas. The family left O'Brien County, Iowa in 1884. They homesteaded in Jewell County, Kansas.

Herman and Mable had five children: Hattie Tiffany Craig; James Cyrillo, my grandfather; William John; Charles E; and Lillice Jane, who was adopted by the Woods family when her parents died in the early 1890s.

Are Herman/Heman and Mable buried around their old homestead northeast of Salem, or in cemeteries located within a ten-mile radius? Do John D. Tiffany's and his children's names look familiar to the Tiffanys who originated in New York State? — **Judy Tiffany Montaba, Rt. 3, Inez Court, Plymouth, WI 53073.**

Wilson

Frederick William Wilson lived in Redding, California in the 1900s and established the largest combined blacksmith, farrier and wheelright shop in the area at that time.

He was educated for his trade in Red Bluff. He and his wife Emma had two boys and two girls. One son, Roy Charles Wilson, was born Sept. 27, 1900, and had a boy and a girl by his first marriage. We would appreciate hearing from any relatives. — **Mrs. W.H. Brown, 5135 Carol Dr., Sparks, NV 89431.**

Burcham-Ragsdale-Lester Bass-Baird-Hamilton

Who were the parents of George Washington Burcham, my maternal grandfather? I have no information on his place or date of birth.

He was married to Rebecca Ragsdale (1861-1891), daughter of Druary and Lucinda (Benson) Ragsdale. George came to Lincoln County, Missouri, about 1890-1891. Did he die there and where is he buried?

Who were the parents, brothers and sisters of Robert W. Lester and his wife, Anna F. Bass, both born in 1813 in Virginia? They were my great-grandparents.

Who were the parents, brothers and sisters of McLain/McLane Baird (1824-1884), my wife's paternal grandfather? He married Sarah Lusby Hamilton. — **Louis W. Lester, 250-B Alvarado St., Chula Vista, CA 92010.**

(continued on page 62)

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient. If possible, please type your query; if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places. Please limit letters to 150 words or less. Photos are welcome. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

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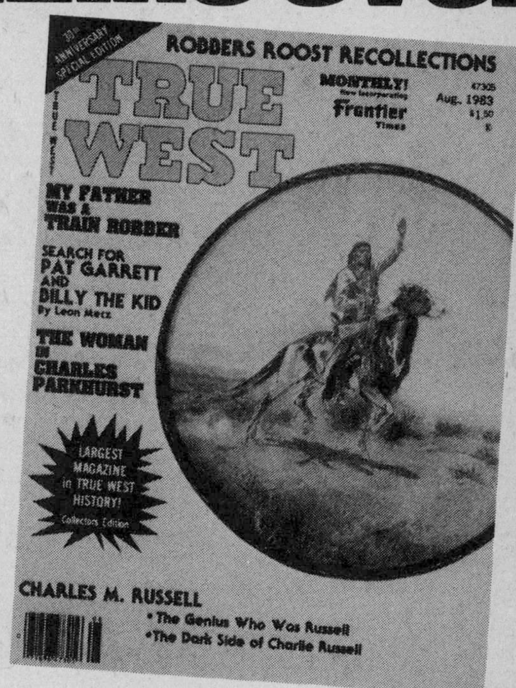

Get ready for our big August issue of TRUE WEST! It's chock full of lively articles from some of the best western writers alive today including Pearl Baker, Leon Metz, Bill O'Neal and many more. Over 100 pages make this Collector's Edition of TRUE WEST the largest issue since TRUE WEST began publishing in 1953.

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- My Father was a Train Robber by Mary E. Stoner
- Recollections of Robbers Roost by author Pearl Baker
- The Genius that was C.M. Russell by Helen Clark
- The Dark Side of Charlie Russell by Jim Hartwick
- Medicine Lodge Bank Robbery by Bill O'Neal

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- Many other articles on characters of the West like Doc Holliday and McNelly's Rangers

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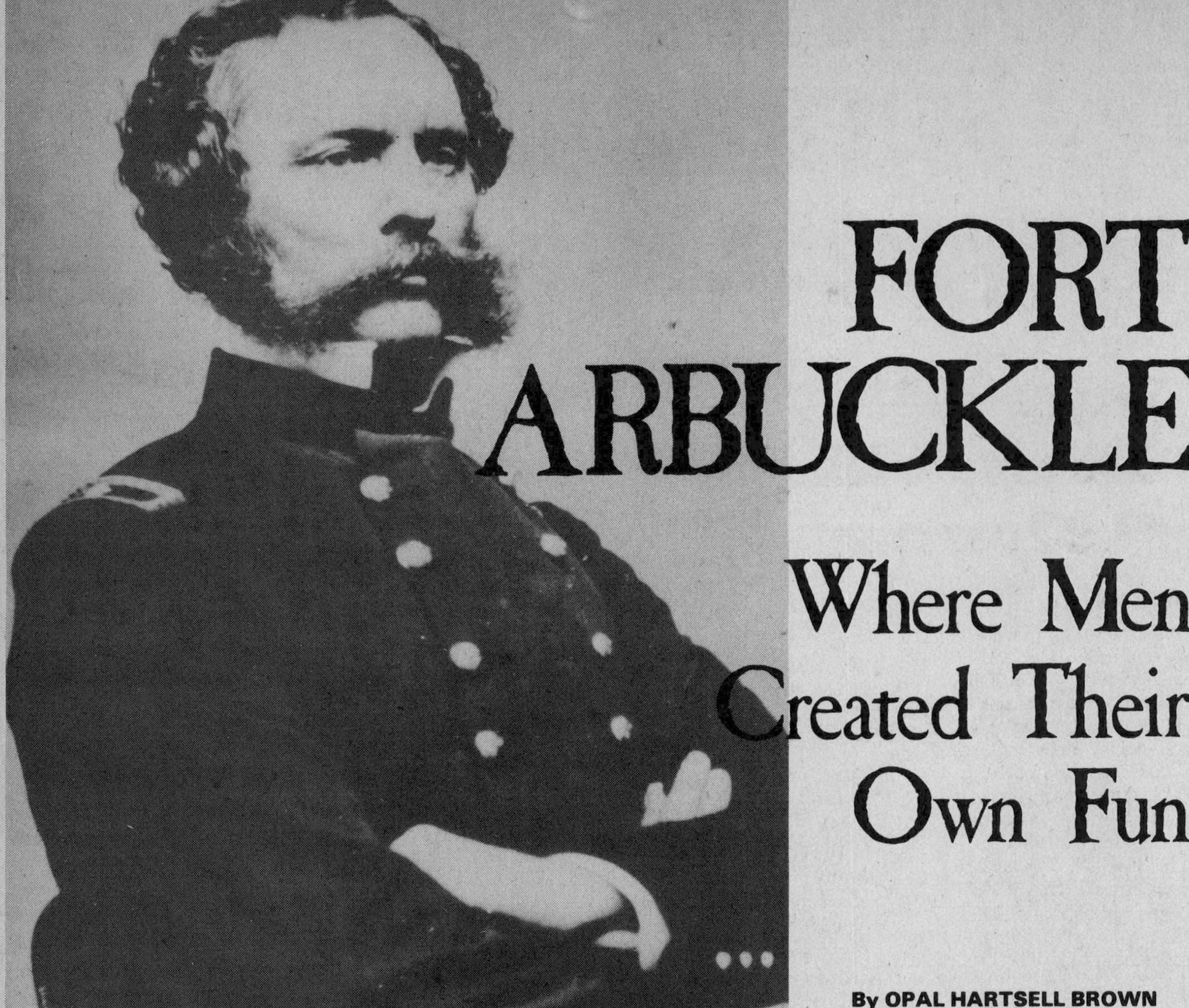


FORT ARBUCKLE

Where Men Created Their Own Fun

By OPAL HARTSELL BROWN

Courtesy Fort Sill Museum

Captain Randolph B. Marcy who directed the establishment of Fort Arbuckle, Indian Territory, in April 1851.

LIFE at Indian Territory's Fort Arbuckle was a paradox of excitement and boredom. When ox trains were not bringing in supplies and surprises, Indians were not raiding, or battles were not raging, soldiers had to create their own amusement: Killing rattlesnakes, racing horses, and deserting.

Located at the site of a former Kickapoo Indian village, the fort stood on Wild Horse Creek, eight miles west of present Davis, Oklahoma. Captain Randolph B. Marcy from New England was in command. His wife Mary and daughter Fannie were with him.

The farthest west Army post at the time and the most important, Arbuckle was to control the wild Indians squatted here and there, protect the newly arrived Choctaws and Chickasaws from the Kiowas and Comanches to the west, patrol the Texas border, and guard travelers to California. It was a gargantuan assignment.

Four months before, Captain Marcy had established Camp Arbuckle, 30 miles north near the Canadian River. It had proven unhealthful so he had orders to move. He took Creek Indian guides and went south to a location which had a large spring in sight of the Arbuckle Mountains.

Marcy assigned Lieutenant Lyers and some troops to build a road to the new site. It took three weeks to slash through fallen timber and to level creek banks. Then it took two days to move. At the new location, the soldiers set up tents and planted gardens.

When the Marcys left, Camp Arbuckle was given to a group of Delaware Indians.

Mrs. Marcy described the scenery en route to Fort Arbuckle as the most beautiful in the South. Along the route were grand views of the mountains.

Where the new fort was to be built they found a Kickapoo village of wigwams. Nearby were the "oddest houses" she ever saw, Mary recalled. Made of bark and rush mats, they resembled beehives.

Although Mary was attracted to Fort Arbuckle, she grew lonely. On a trip to Fort Washita with the captain, she saw the first white woman in three months. On the way back, a

storm struck and they took refuge in the home of an Indian.

MARCY supervised the construction of the fort. Buildings were built from hewn logs. Clay chinking was used between the logs. Each building also had puncheon floors, clapboard roofs, and stone fireplaces. The materials were secured nearby. Civilian carpenters and stonemasons helped at $2.50 a day.

One Christmas, Fort Arbuckle's menu listed bear, buffalo tongue, venison, prairie hen, wild turkey, goose, duck, quail, and pigeon.

Desertion was a problem. A deserter was given 50 lashes on the bare back, dismissed, and literally drummed off the post. Even so, the problem continued.

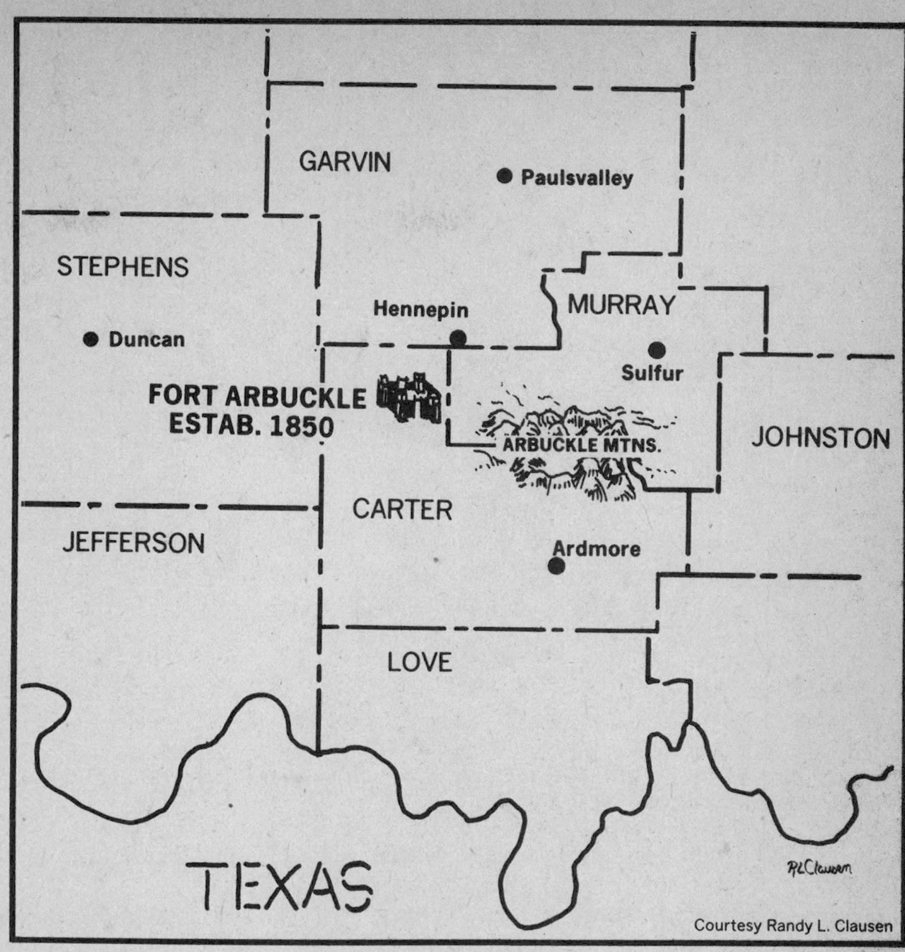
Couriers transported messages between the forts. That method became so dangerous, white men refused to go. Indians in pairs were drawn into service. On August 4, 1853, Fort Arbuckle got a post office.

Mail hacks and ox wagon trains provided diversion. The tarp-covered wagons were drawn by six to eight yoke of oxen, whose bells heralded their arrival. Sometimes, a woman arrived.

When Major Whiting's daughter came, there was a big celebration. One young woman was followed there by an admirer whom she had rejected at another post. She rejected him a second time. He stabbed himself to death.

In 1854, Fort Towson, in Indian Territory, was abandoned. The men were transferred to Fort Arbuckle. That same year, Mormons traveling through stopped and spent several days. Dr. Glisan, post physician, treated the sick among them. At the request of the soldiers, the elders preached.

Trouble between the Comanches and Wichitas developed causing the Wichitas to flee to Fort Arbuckle for protection. They remained there for some time.



Courtesy Randy L. Clausen

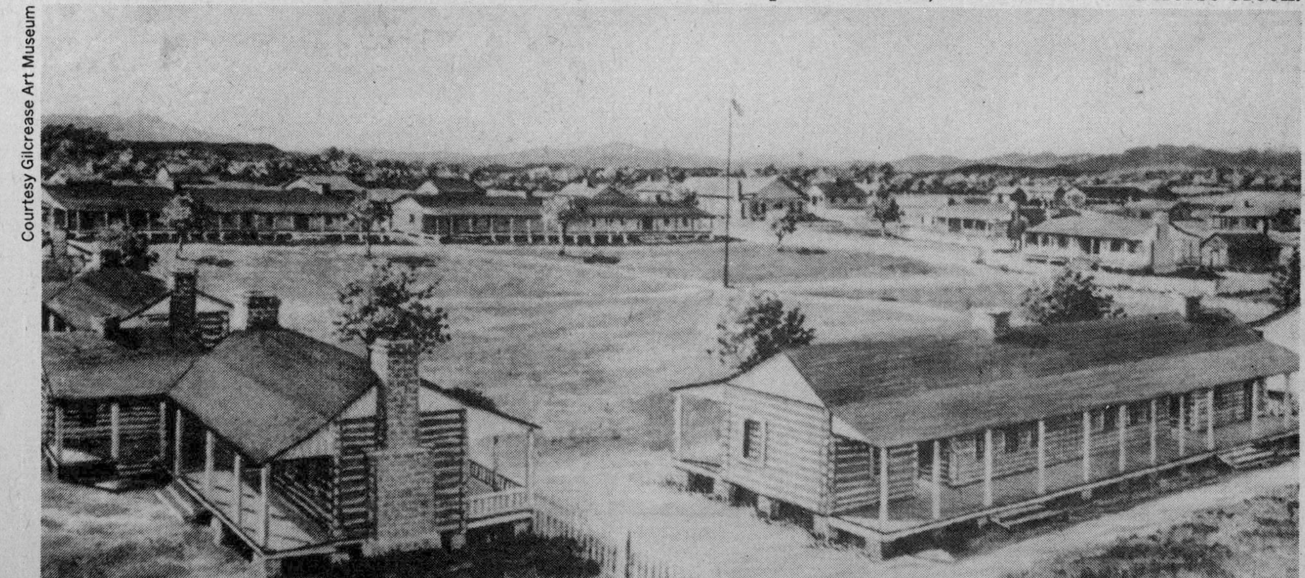
Fort Arbuckle was abandoned in February 1858. In June of that year, Lieutenant James E. Powell and Company E, First Infantry reactivated it. Then came the Civil War.

In April 1861, the war department sent Second Lieutenant William W. Averell to Fort Smith with orders to abandon the military posts in the Indian Nations. Lieutenant Colonel W.H. Emory of the First Cavalry, in command of forts Washita, Arbuckle, and Cobb, wasted no time complying with orders.

The two companies from Fort Arbuckle, two from Fort Cobb, and some from Fort Smith joined Colonel Emory on May 3 about a mile north of present Davis. They camped for the night and, with loaded wagons, took off the next day for Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

One account said the train included 750 soldiers, 150 women and children,

Fort Arbuckle, 1851-1870, eight miles west of present Davis, Oklahoma on Wild Horse Creek.


Courtesy Gilcrease Art Museum

Courtesy Fort Sill Museum

Former slaves of the 10th Cavalry helped rebuild the fort after the Civil War. The Plains Indians called them "buffalo soldiers" because of their black, kinky hair.

and several other non-combatants. Black Beaver was guide.

The inhabitants, left to the mercy of rampaging Indians and to the Confederates who came in from Arkansas and Texas, were alarmed. The rebels occupied forts Arbuckle and Washita.

The Territory was a bridge to the West: Everybody wanted it. The Confederates needed its supplies and wanted it to join in cecession from the Union.

Deserted by the Union, most of the Chickasaws and Choctaws joined the Confederacy. Albert Pike was supposed to equip and pay the Indian soldiers, lay out roads in the Territory, build and maintain camps, and establish a postal system. Railroad and telegraph systems were specified. But lack of money prohibited improvements.

The Territory was organized into military districts with General Ben McCulloch of Texas in command. Tandy Walker, a Choctaw, was second in command.

Eventually, the Choctaws and Chickasaws had one mounted rifle regiment trained by Colonel Douglas Cooper, the Choctaw agent. The Caddoes had a battalion.

The tribes north of the Canadian River were divided in their allegiance and fought among themselves. They suffered as much from atrocities committed by each other as they did in battles on their lands. Schools in all Indian nations closed and normal activities slowed.

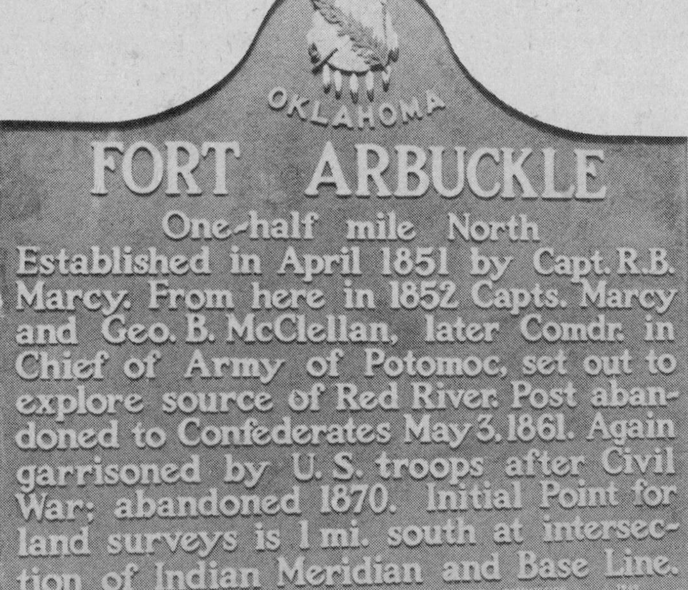
Late in 1863, Union troops reoccupied the Territory north of the Canadian and Arkansas rivers. The Chickasaws guarded that line against invasion.

In February 1864, Colonel William Phillips and 450 Union troops slipped by the Canadian guards to distribute warnings to surrender. One historian said they came to within a few miles of Fort Arbuckle before returning north. Along the way, they confiscated corn, hay, and food.

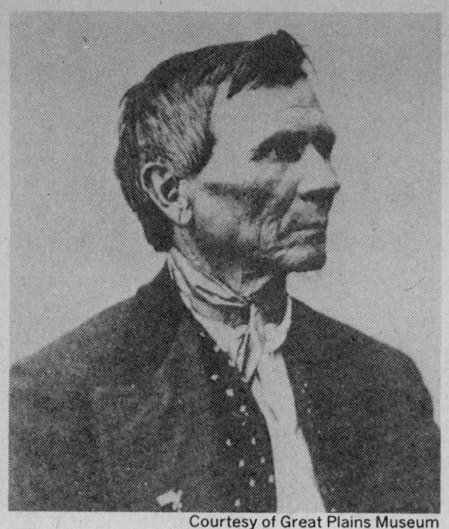
Peter Pitchlynn surrendered for the Choctaws on June 19, 1865. General Winchester Colbert surrendered for the Chickasaws and Caddoes on July 14, 1865.

Federal troops reoccupied Fort Arbuckle on November 18, 1866. Included were two companies of the Sixth Infantry and two black companies of the 10th Cavalry. Because of the Negroes' black, bushy hair, the Indians called them "Buffalo Soldiers."

The 10th Cavalry, recently organized with some 200 men, was composed of



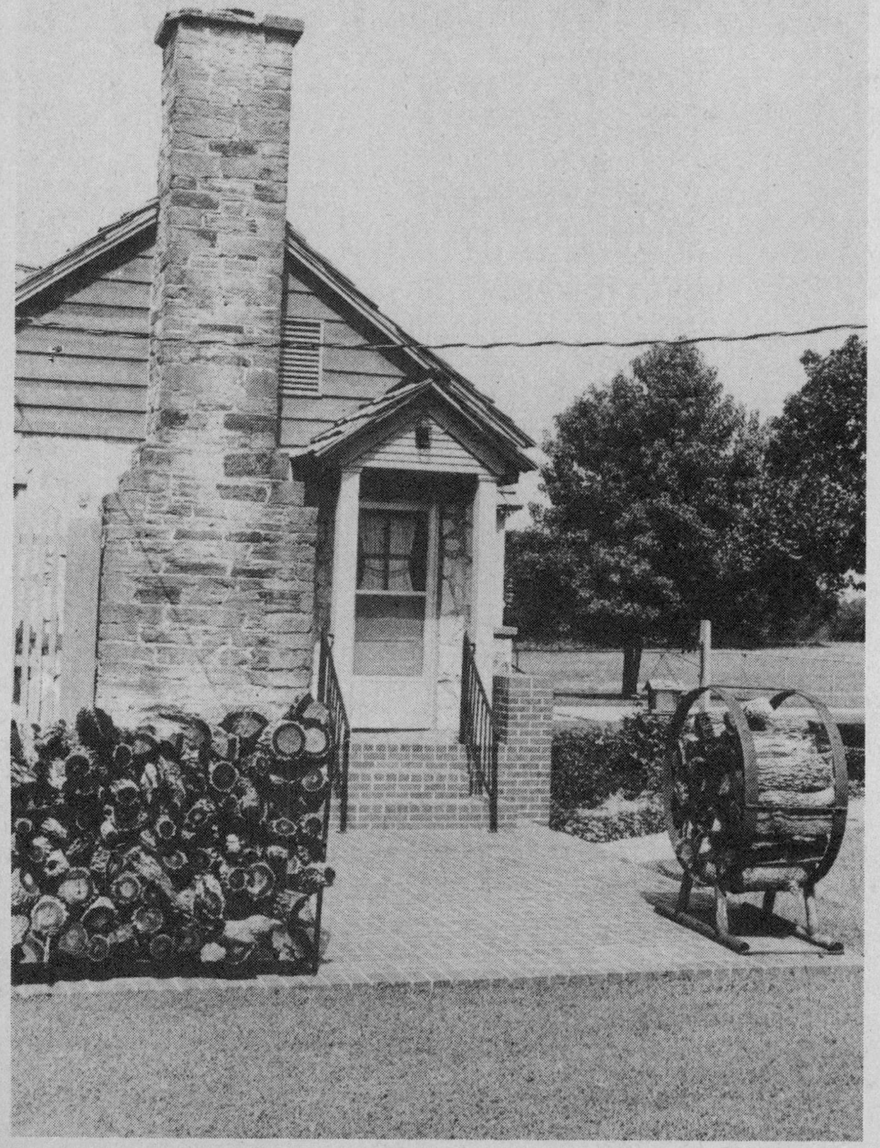
Courtesy of Author



Courtesy of Great Plains Museum

Courtesy of Author

Above: Black Beaver, a Delaware scout who helped Marcy establish Fort Arbuckle. Right: A marker eight miles west of Davis, Oklahoma. Below: One of the fort's original chimneys built into a ranch house.



Courtesy of Author

new recuits, farmers and ex-slaves. They had to be trained so the post had to be rebuilt and enlarged. Few troops were available for patrol duty.

Caddo scouts were brought in to assist, but they were not completely successful against the Comanches who intensified their raids against the Chickasaws. By the time news of their atrocities would reach Fort Arbuckle, the raiders were always gone. The Comanches even stole the Indian scouts' horses. The Chickasaw Nation became known as "Scalp Alley."

In an effort to impress and warn the Indians, Fort Arbuckle's commander invited several chiefs to see an arms demonstration. When everything was in order, he directed the firing of a cannon. The shell struck the dairyman's cow. The chiefs dashed after the animal and dressed it for food. They then hurried back to the commander requesting, "Do it again."

Despite the activity surrounding the post, soldiers became bored. Fort Arbuckle's old records, now in the library at Fort Sill's Museum, picture life during post-war days.

There was little reading material in the post library. It was discovered that one of the men in charge was smuggling the few books which came in into his own quarters.

At one time it was reported the bread was musty and should not be eaten. One source of corn was the Smith Paul ranch, where it was shelled, sacked, and transported to forts Arbuckle and Cobb by ox wagon. Captain J.B. Rife, company commander, wrote he had been compelled to send corn purchased for forage thirty miles to a mill, and it required ten days to get forty bushels ground.

One communique stated flour had not been properly sacked for shipment over 200 miles of rough roads. Some sacks burst.

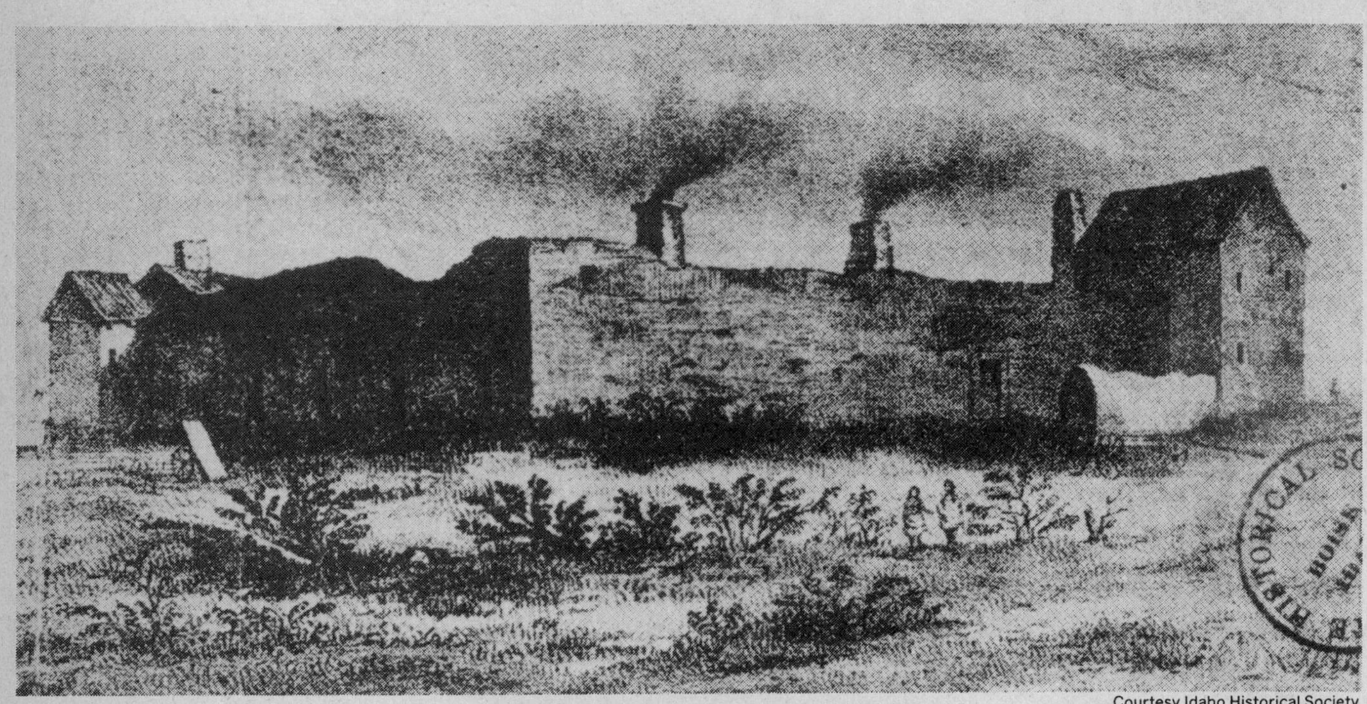
The scouts at Fort Arbuckle, who had to provide their own horses, asked for and eventually received 40 cents a day for feed.

In March of 1868, J.H. Levenworth, Indian agent for the Comanches and Kiowas, sent a message he expected trouble and needed a large body of troops. There was not a "large body" at Fort Arbuckle.

On April 19, 1869, Fort Arbuckle was declared a military reservation. General Phil Sheridan planned to use it as a base of operations farther west. He stored

(continued on page 62)

OLD FORT HALL:
at the crossroads of the West



Courtesy Idaho Historical Society

Old Fort Hall as it was...

Photo by Royce Stauffer

...and as it is today (replica).

By PEARL M. OBERG

OLD Fort Hall in southeastern Idaho played a key role in determining whether the Pacific Northwest became American or English territory.

The fort that kept the possession of the whole Northwest hanging in doubt for a number of years was built in 1834 as a fur trading post by American Captain Nathaniel Wyeth of Boston.

Wyeth selected the Idaho location to plant his home-made American flag as a challenge to the supremacy of Great Britain, which was trying, through the instrumentality of the Hudson's Bay Company, to claim ownership of the Oregon country.

It was a good location, as historian Bancroft noted, because it was from this point that roads radiated in every direction, to Missouri, to California, to Utah, Oregon, Montana and British Columbia. And it was near the old war grounds of the Bannock, Blackfoot and Crow Indians.

THE HUGE Hudson's Bay Company was incorporated in London in 1670, and was given a charter which allowed it to make laws, exercise civil and criminal jurisdiction over countries that came under its sway, to declare war and to make peace.

The company's business was trading with Indians and trappers — selling supplies and buying furs. The company maintained a monopolistic control over the whole of the Northwest and Canada for more than two hundred years because no one challenged its authority.

Wyeth left Fort Hall in charge of his men while he traveled on to the West Coast. While he was gone, the Hudson's Bay Company built Fort Boise with the purpose of putting Fort Hall out of business.

The British hoped that they could prevent the Americans from getting a foothold west of the Rocky Mountains. American interest in the area rested primarily on beaver. Peter Skene Ogden said if the "beaver were all killed off the Americans would no longer be interested in the great Northwest."

With the funds of the giant company behind them, Fort Boise could well afford to undersell to the Indians and trappers and pay a higher price for their furs.

All this had its intended affect on Fort Hall and was the cause of its downfall.

Under Wyeth's ownership, the fort became a stopping place for trappers, hunters, emigrants, miners, missionaries and Indians.

BUT FINANCIAL difficulties led Wyeth to lower the Stars and Stripes and turn the bastion over to Thomas McKay with the Hudson's Bay Company. The company flew its own flag, instead of the British Union Jack, over the fort.

Soon after the company took charge, it named Captain Johnny Grant to run the fort and ordered him to prevent wagons from reaching the Columbia River.

Grant was an astute manager of the fort. He pursuaded the emigrants that it was impossible to take their wagons further unless they would take the Raft River turnoff and go to California. He also spread fears further east on the Oregon Trail that the Indians were savage and the mountains impassable.

Communication between the company's trading posts was maintained by couriers. One of the best was a half-breed Canadian named Michaud LeClair. LeClair would start from Fort Hall with dispatches for the company's headquarters in Montreal in the dead of winter with only three articles, a hunting knife, bow and arrows and snowshoes.

With these he secured his food, cut firewood and skinned animals. He wrapped himself in the skins at night to keep warm. He could cross any river or wasteland, reach his destination and return safely.

Michaud spent his later years in the vicinity of Fort Hall and Michaud Flat is named for him.

The Rev. Henry Spaulding, his wife, Eliza, and Dr. Marcus Whitman, and his wife, Narcissa, were among the early travelers to reach Fort Hall. They planned to set up Indian missions near the Columbia River. The two women were among the first white women in that country.

Because the Whitmans and Spauldings were missionaries, the company felt no threat and helped them establish their missions, Whitman near present-day Walla Walla, Washington, and Spaulding near present-day Lewiston, Idaho.

DURING Fort Hall's hey-day as a fur center, about one million dollars worth of furs were taken out in one year. Some 80,000 beaver pelts alone left the fort worth $12 each in St. Louis.

One party of mountain men did attempt to take their wagon beyond Fort Hall to the Columbia. That group, which included William Craig and Joe Meek, was forced to abandon the wagon box when they reached the Blue Mountains in Oregon. But they got the running gear across.

Courtesy Royce Stauffer

A corner of the Fort Hall replica with blacksmith shop, tower and storage building. Fort Hall is located near Pocatello, Idaho.

Travelers remembered that most wagons remained at Fort Hall. One diary spoke of fifteen acres of abandoned wagons drying in the sun.

After his first journey west through the fort, Dr. Whitman returned on his way to the east. He hoped to enlist government aid for his mission. In the east, he found little help so he started west again. This time he gathered a train of some 200 wagons. There were 875 people in the train, many of them in families who were bent on farming in the new land.

Captain Grant, following his orders, told the pioneers that it was folly to try to get to Oregon country. But Whitman knew better and he had it out with Grant.

Whitman told the emigrants, some of whom had already unloaded their wagons, that they should "load up your wagons! I will take you to the Columbia." And he did just that. It may have been Whitman's action which broke the hold of the Hudson's Bay Company on Oregon immigration.

Gen. John C. Fremont also visited Old Fort Hall. In his journal, on Sept. 18, 1843, he wrote:

"This evening I rode up to Fort Hall and purchased from Mr. Grant several very indifferent horses and five oxen in very fine order, which were received at the camp with great satisfaction and one being killed that evening (for food), the usual gaiety and good humor were at once restored."

One author estimated that 300,000 people traveled past the fort from 1836 to 1848. After that, the California "gold rush" resulted in the discovery of a shorter route. Travelers would leave the Old Oregon Trail near Soda Springs, Idaho, and take the Hudspeth cutoff.

FREMONT recommended sending troops to guard the Oregon Trail at Fort Hall, but troops were not stationed there until 1849, delayed because they were needed in the Mexican War.

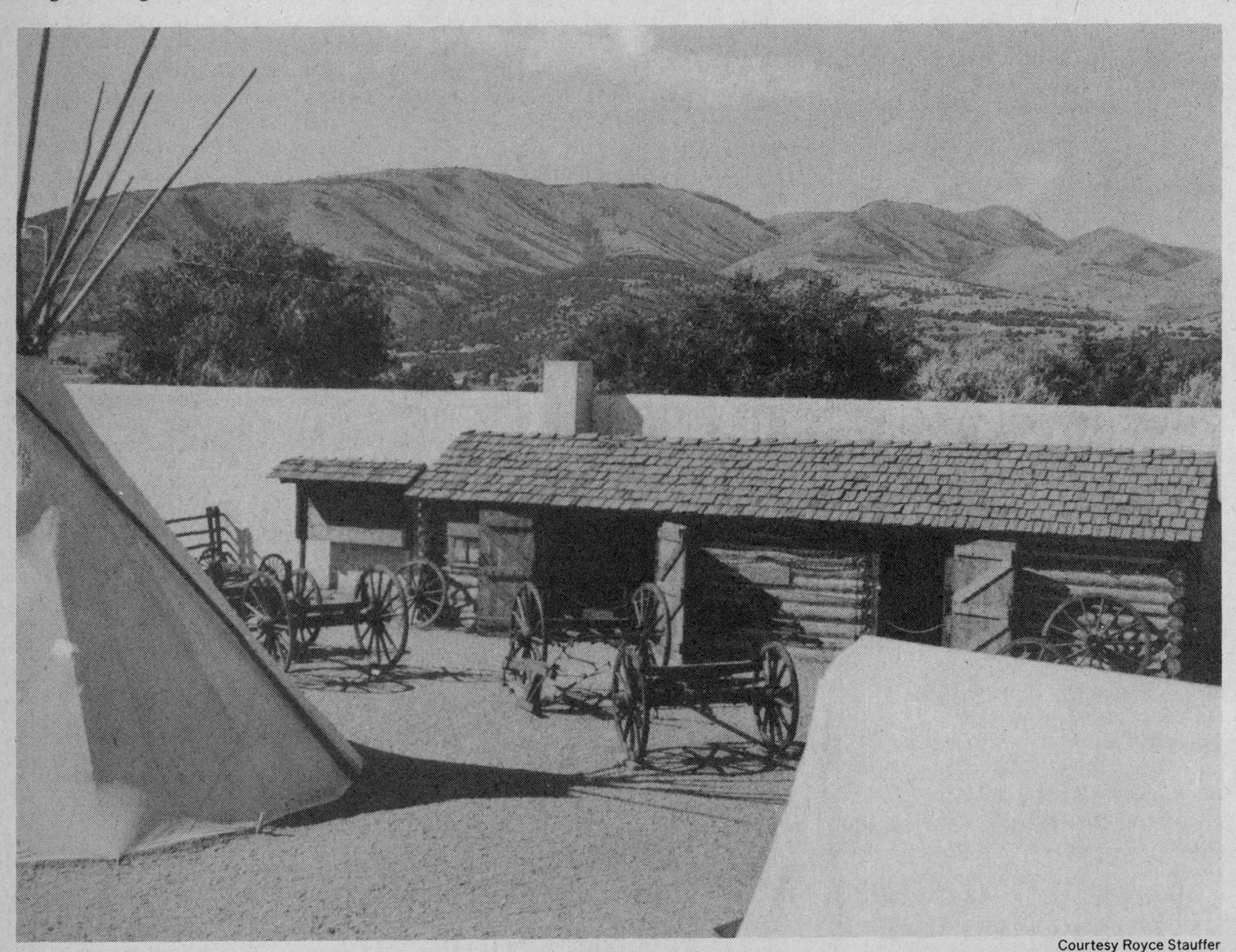
According to information handed down by Indians and trappers, the first U.S. soldiers were stationed on Pocatello Creek, about 12 miles southeast of old Fort Hall. At one time the old entrenchments and rifle pits could be seen there.

Shortly after, Cantonment Loring was built some five miles north of Fort Hall. But Loring only lasted a few months because the main line of travel shifted to the south.

The Hudson's Bay Company abandoned Fort Hall in 1856 because of continuing Indian hostilities. The company was unable to keep its lines of communications open to its forts in Vancouver, Washington, Walla Walla, and Boise. Two trusted couriers were killed by the Indians. Some goods from Fort Hall were transferred to Montana's Flathead Post.

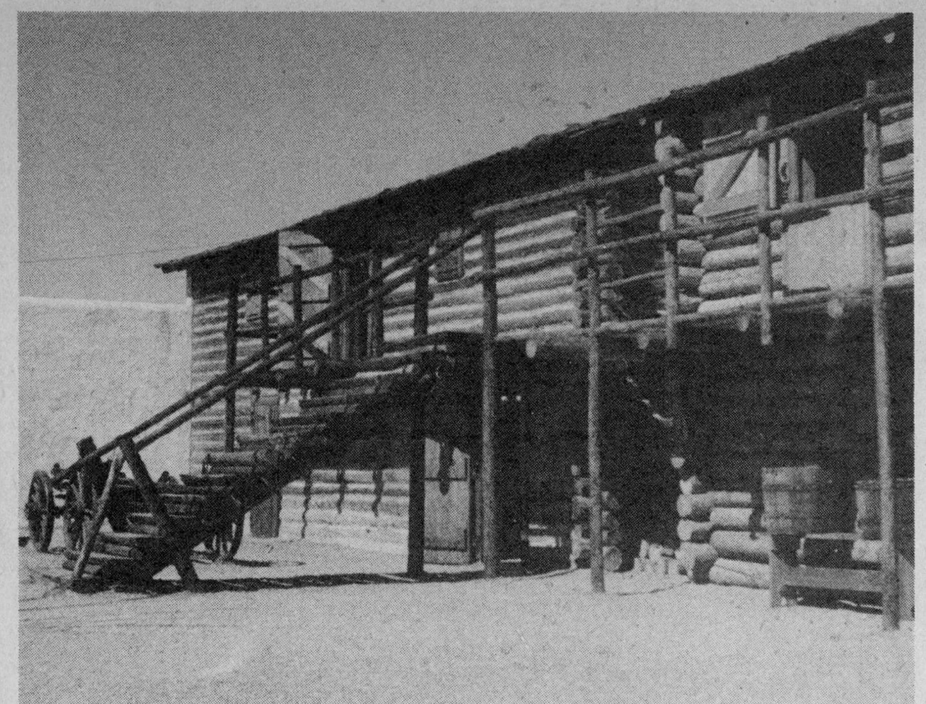
In 1863, the Snake River flooded and the walls of the abandoned fort were swept away in the water. For more than forty years, no one, save some Indians and a few old-timers, knew where the original fort site was.

The lush meadows of the "Bottoms," surrounding the old location, were a favorite wintering place for freighters with their stock during the period of the



Courtesy Royce Stauffer

Wagon assemblies stand in front of the blacksmith shop at the Fort Hall replica.



Courtesy Royce Stauffer

Storage rooms and sleeping quarters in the Fort Hall replica.

1860s and 1870s, when great wagonloads of supplies were taken to the mines in Idaho and Montana.

EARLY IN THE summer of 1906, residents along the Old Oregon Trail were surprised to see a covered wagon, complete in every detail, plodding eastward. Guiding the outfit was a white-haired and bearded man of 75 years, Ezra Meeker. Meeker had traveled the trail west in 1852. His purpose, he said, was to map the old trail and arouse an interest in preserving historic landmarks while they still could be found.

His venture created considerable interest and Dr. Minnie Howard, an historian, worked hard to generate support for building a replica of the old fort on the site. Only the dirt bank that once surrounded the fort remained.

It was not until Ezra Meeker's second trip, in 1916, and after Howard and others consulted with old Indians and old-timers, that the exact location of Fort Hall was found. A marker later was placed at the site, but always the dream remained that the fort could be rebuilt.

After some forty years, a committee took up where Howard and others left off. Work on building a replica started in 1964 after much research and planning. All available copies of the old fort's history were studied and a complete set of plans was obtained from the Hudson's Bay Company Record Society in London. This showed the original layout including storage rooms, sleeping quarters, office and blacksmith shop. The company had occupied the fort for 22 years.

The original site was not possible for the replica, so it was built in Ross Park in south Pocatello, more accessible to tourists and in a place where it could be maintained by the Pocatello Parks and Recreation Department.

Every effort has been made to keep each detail authentic, from the whitewashed outer walls to the log buildings inside. The living and sleeping quarters are furnished as they were during that period. Artifacts, dug up at the Fort Hall site, are on display.

The Fort Hall Indians also have contributed much to telling of the Old Fort Hall story. Paintings of the late Jimmy Dann depict the Indian story as it has been handed down from generation to generation.

Visitors from all over the world have visited the replica. The message it tells is that the future of the Pacific Northwest hung by a thread at Fort Hall. It could have become part of the British Empire.

HOW TO KEEP THEM DOWN ON THE FARM

By BILL O'NEAL

AT the turn of the century in Duval County, Texas, Pedro Gonzalez owned a 24,000-acre cattle ranch that had originated in his family from an old Spanish land grant. Gonzalez — known to everyone as Don Pedrito — had 24 children, 12 boys and 12 girls. When his *ninos* began to reach marriage age, Don Pedrito initiated a generous and unique family custom.

Each year one of his children would marry in a grand ceremony held at the ranch. Don Pedrito's nephew, Emeterio Barrera, who cowboyed for the nearby King Ranch, attended several of these *fiestas* and he recalls that the eating and drinking and dancing went on all night. Then Don Pedrito would present the newlyweds a title to 1,000 acres as a wedding gift.

During a quarter of a century every one of the 24 Gonzalez children married and each in turn received his or her 1,000 acres. The munificent Don Pedrito kept only his old ranch house and a few acres for himself, but during his old age he was surrounded by his children and grandchildren working and living on Gonzalez land.

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FORT ASSINIBOINE

It was so big it scared away the Indians

By ROBERT C. LUCKE

Photos Courtesy of Author

IN 1876 and 1877, Montana was rocked by two Indian campaigns, the Custer Massacre in the southern part of the state and the Nez Perce retreat which ended near what is now Chinook, Montana.

Along with these two great events, northern Montana was having difficulties with Canadian and U.S. Indians. As a result nervous settlers demanded protection and the federal government responded by planning a huge fort. The question was where to locate it.

A small mountain range in that part of the country is called the Bear Paws and from it flows several creeks to the north to the Milk River. Those mountain creeks were inspected and Beaver Creek was chosen as the site of the new fort, about four miles above where it flows into the Milk River.

Early in 1879, work began on the fort which was named Fort Assiniboine. This name translated means "Mountain Sioux" (the Assiniboine Sioux were one of the tribes then residing in the area).

The fort was impressive. More than 100 brick buildings were erected. The bricks were made at the site and the whole complex was completed so quickly the Indians said "it just sort of rose out of the prairie overnight."

Fort Assiniboine was so large there was no need for a wall. No Indian battle was ever fought nearby; apparently the size of the fort impressed Indians and whites alike.

The fort, which resembled a small city more than a traditional walled fort, was laid out in a huge half-mile-long rectangle around a parade ground in the center. Buildings were clustered in rows.

There was a hospital, chapel, sutter's store, several enlisted mens' quarters, beautiful officers' quarters, library, theater and numerous other structures. Almost all of the buildings were of brick and some had battlements which resembled a Scottish castle more than a Montana Territory fort.

One of the biggest problems at the fort was boredom, which led to many desertions. Another problem was the low pay. As a result of these troubles, recreational activities were devised. Tennis courts were constructed, polo was played, camping in the nearby Bear

An overall view of Fort Assiniboine in Montana.

Paw Mountains was encouraged, fish were even planted in the mountain streams and in the winter amateur theatricals were performed frequently.

Elaborate twelve-course dinners were commonplace during long winter evenings when temperatures outside dipped occasionally to forty below zero and were accompanied by strong prairie winds.

Even with these diversions, desertion and boredom were still prevalent until the advent of the railroad.

A place known as Bull Hook Bottoms (now Havre, Montana) was made a division point of the new railroad. It was only six miles from the fort and as more people came into the area there was an end to the isolation and boredom.

In fact, Havre, which was known durings its early days as "the bloodbucket of the West," probably caused Fort Assiniboine officials to wish for the good old days when their only problems were isolation, boredom and desertion.

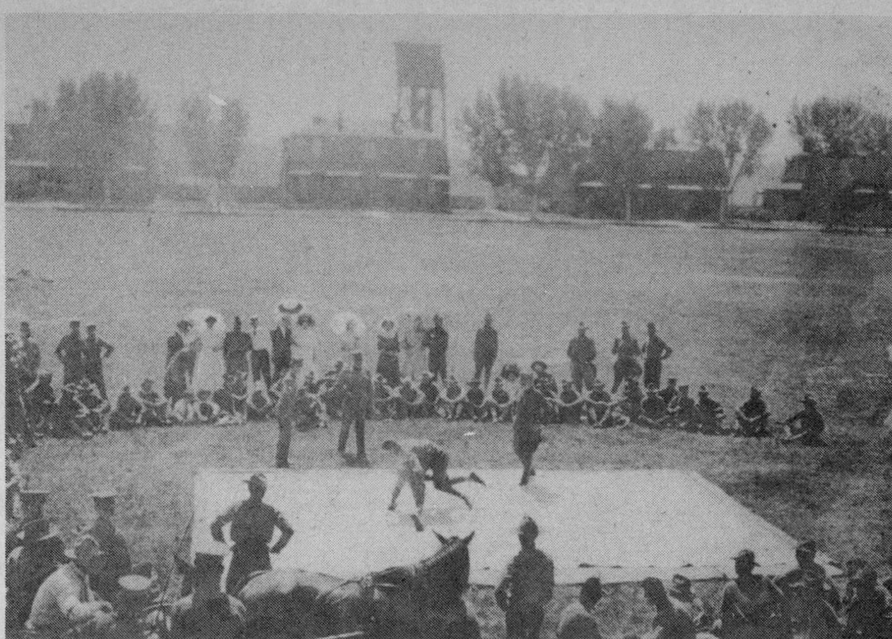
No view of Fort Assiniboine would be complete without mentioning that General John J. Pershing served there as a first lieutenant for almost a year from 1895 to 1896. Most soldiers were transferred from Fort Assiniboine when the Spanish-American War began.

Later, Indian forts became a thing of the past so the fort was officially closed on Feb. 11, 1911.

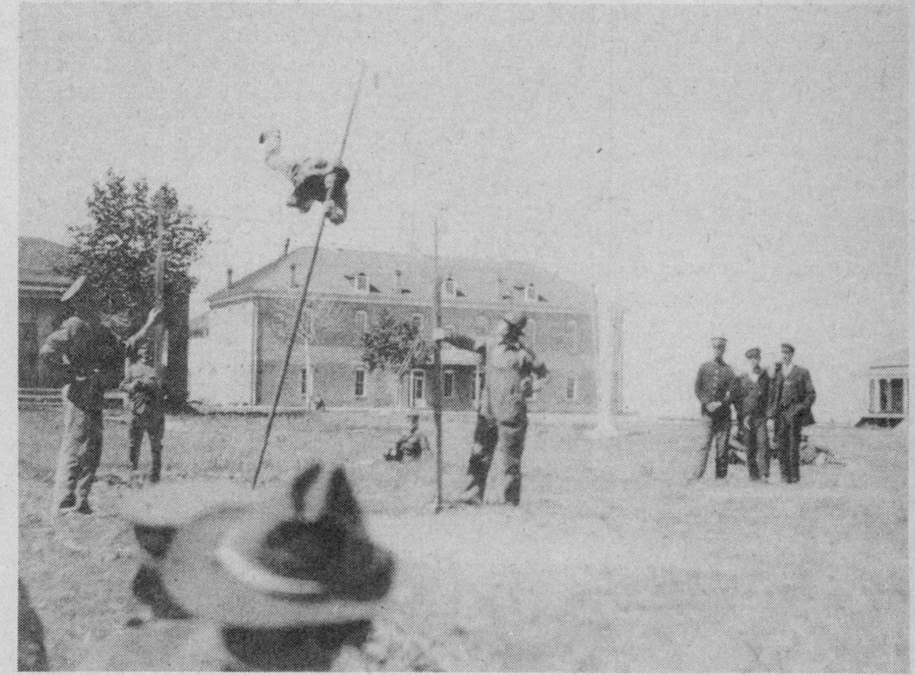
The fort's buildings stood empty for many years. Havre youngsters reported exploring there and even seeing the surgical instruments still in place in the deserted hospital. Several homes in Havre were built of brick from abandoned buildings at the fort. Pershing Hall on the campus of Northern Montana College in Havre was built of these bricks.

Much later the fort became a Montana State Agricultural Experiment station, and remains so to this day. Most of the buildings have been torn down, but those standing are still in use. People connected with the experiment station live in the officers' quarters which were built in 1879 — quite a testimonial to forgotten architects and builders.

Duties at the fort consisted mainly of patrolling various Indian tribes. There was a great deal of tribal feuding between Canadian and U.S. Indians and even between various U.S. tribes. Fort Assiniboine soldiers frequently ended up as escorts for various tribes as they were returned to their original locations.

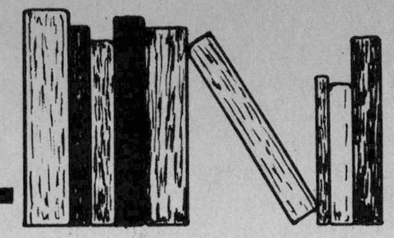


Sunday afternoon at Fort Assiniboine.



Above: Games at the fort. Below: Men who packed soldiers' bodies from Snake Creek Battlefield to Fort Assiniboine.

Books



Wickedness is Indispensable

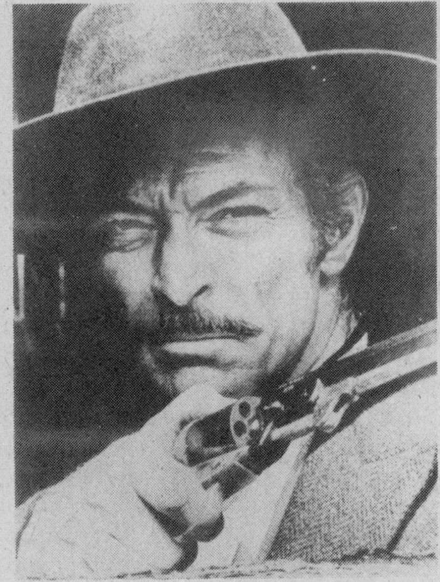
BAD AT THE BIJOU. *By William R. Horner. McFarland & Company, Inc., Box 611, Jefferson, NC 28640. 165 pages. Hard cover. $17.95.*

Most western movie fans relish the presence of formidable, sinister villains. Such desperadoes rarely survive to film's end, but their scoundrelly wickedness is indispensable to an effective frontier drama. Often they are more interesting to the audience than the more virtuous heroes. Just as often their fate is anonymity. Although they are instantly recognizable to veteran moviegoers, the names of these accomplished character actors are usually forgotten.

In *Bad at the Bijou*, William R. Horner distills the results of telephone interviews he conducted in 1976 and 1979 with ten consummate screen villains. Some are as familiar to viewers of western films as John Wayne or Clint Eastwood. Others appeared in only a few westerns. One, Andrew Robinson, who was Eastwood's nemesis in "Dirty Harry," is not a sagebrush scalawag.

Jack Elam has been rolling an evil eye in western films since 1950. L.Q. Jones displayed various shades of villainy in films such as "Ride the High Country" and "The Wild Bunch," in addition to hundreds of television oaters. The late Strother Martin hissed his sleazy way through nearly a score of westerns from "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" to "True Grit." Lee Van Cleef's first film role was the nasty younger brother in "High Noon." Eventually he starred as a pipe-smoking killer in spaghetti westerns. Neville Brand (decorated combat soldier of World War II) scowled his way through gangster movies and westerns.

Others who are discussed included Bo Hopkins, Luke Askew, Robert Donner and Bill McKinney.



Movie badman Lee Van Cleef.

Although these men provide an excellent cross-section of screen villains, the western fan might have hoped for an interview with Robert J. Wilkie, whose toothy grin flashed menacingly in 70 westerns from "High Noon" to "The Cheyenne Social Club." The most glaring omission is Bruce Dern: No one suggests psychotic malevolence better than Dern. He earned a niche in the Western Villains' Hall of Fame by murdering John Wayne in "The Cowboys."

Horner has done his homework. It is obvious that he is knowledgeable about the films of his interview subjects. Western readers will cringe, however, at the spelling of Wild Bill Hickock (page 73) and William Bonnie (page 117). And it is surprising to see a film authority misspell the name of action director Andy McGlaglen (page 114). The book benefits from 44 photographs, an index and a filmography of each subject.

The opening chapter is an arty, pretentious essay on the portrayal of good and evil through the ages. The last three pages are pertinent and would have served as an effective introduction. The final chapter is a penetrating discussion of the role of movies in contemporary life.

The best part of *Bad at the Bijou* is the collection of interviews, which reveal the "villains" to be deeply thoughtful about their craft. Neville Brand, for example, pointed out that "...the villain doesn't think he's a villain....Nobody thinks he's a villain. Even a killer condones what he's done."

— Bill O'Neal
Carthage, Texas

RECORD SET STRAIGHT

EL PASO LAWMAN: G.W. CAMPBELL. *By Fred R. Egloff. Creative Publishing Co., Box 9292, College Station, TX 77840. Hard bound. $12.95.*

The time is April 13, 1881. The scene is El Paso Street in El Paso, Texas. Two dead bodies lie in a buckboard. Next door a noisy inquest is breaking up. Seventy-five Mexican riders nervously finger their rifles. A few Texas Rangers keep a low profile. Pompous Mayor Solomon Schutz cautions city marshal Dallas Stoudenmire to control trouble makers.

Suddenly there is a gunshot and down goes Gus Krempkau, a constable slain by rancher Johnny Hale. Stoudenmire draws, kills an innocent bystander, possibly kills Hale, and then kills the man he had replaced just a week earlier, the former city marshal, George Campbell. Four men are dead in five seconds and a

classic gunfight has become history.

For years historians treated George Campbell as if he had bad breath. Almost nothing is known about him except how he died — and even that, like his three months as city marshal, is subject to controversy. Fred R. Egloff's excellent biography has finally set the record straight.

Campbell was not a run-of-the-mill ruffian. His letters home to Kentucky reveal an articulate, sensitive, modestly educated man with a sense of humor. He had been marshal of Sherman, Texas, before coming to El Paso. At another time and place, he might have bested Stoudenmire.

El Paso was a wicked frontier town and those not looking for a fight were already dead. The railroads had arrived, the population had tripled, and newcomers slept on saloon benches for ten cents a night. Perhaps if the mayor and council had paid Campbell a salary instead of placing him on the fee system (so much money for every drunk arrested, every legal paper served, and so forth), the gunfight might not have happened.

Egloff has placed the shootout and the community in perspective. The battle is detailed. What happened after is tidily wrapped up. This is a 143-page biography with several rare photos. It is also a story of people, politics and border intrigue.

The book itself is a model of design and fine typography. However, the publisher printed only 1,500 copies, so gunfighter buffs might want to get one early.

— Leon C. Metz
El Paso, Texas

SPANISH FOOD LOVERS

THE GENUINE NEW MEXICO TASTY RECIPES. *By Cleofas M. Jaramillo. Ancient City Press, Box 5401, Santa Fe, NM 87502. 40 pp. $2.95 soft bound.*

For all lovers of traditional Spanish food, this charming little recipe book is a personal gift to you from the author.

Containing 75 recipes used in New Mexico and Mexico for centuries, the smart looking book will help you get through the coldest days with hot chili dishes such as carne adobada, enchiladas and posole. Come a change in the season, you learn to prepare a spring chicken (pollo marzeno), green squash (calabicitas), summer vegetable greens and ripe pumpkins, chili rellenos (stuffed green peppers), dried peas and beans.

Included are recipes for desserts such as natillas, biscochitos and empanadas. Among drinks described, there are three recipes for atole.

A little disconcerting, though, is the phonetic spelling of the names of some dishes. Purists prefer "arroz" to "aros" for rice and "natillas" instead of "natias" for a delicious Spanish custard. But, not to worry, if you make it according to these recipes, you can't go wrong.

Cleofas Jaramillo, the author, was a well-known New Mexican from a family long prominent in civic and cultural affairs. A brief biography describes Sra. Jaramillo's life and achievements.

Included is a page of suggested menus and short stories about harvest moons and holy week written by the author. The editors included their own information about New Mexico herbs and spices.

Copyrighted in 1939 and reprinted in a 20-page 1942 edition, this cookbook of genuine New Mexico recipes has long been out of print and unavailable. Santa Fe's Ancient City Press has done a favor and re-issued this information so that we aficionados of traditional Hispanic foods will have something to read and plan while the chili ripens.

Bobette Perrone
H. Henrietta Stockel
Santa Fe, New Mexico

UNRECOGNIZED ARTIST

H.W. CAYLOR FRONTIER ARTIST. *Introduction by Joe Pickle. Texas A & M University Press, College Station, TX 77840. 125 pp. $29.50. Hardbound.*

Remington, Russell and a few lesser known artists have so dominated the field of western art that many strong regional artists were overshadowed and have gone undeservedly unrecognized. Texan H.W. Caylor was one such artist.

Caylor was a man who knew the life of the frontier and painted it with an eye for accuracy and truth. In his day, Caylor was well-known to cattle barons like C.C. Slaughter and to small ranchers and cowboys who called him "The Artist." His work today is treasured by second- and third-generation descendants of the original purchasers. But his reputation, strong with his contemporaries, has diminished over the years.

Now a nicely done book published by Texas A & M Press for the Heritage Museum of Big Spring, Texas, brings the work of Caylor, who died in 1932, to public attention. The book contains 53 full-color reproductions and several black-and-white sketches demonstrating the full range of Caylor's art.

The book was the brainchild of Howard Duff, a Big Spring resident who traveled coast to coast collecting surviving paintings. Expecting to gather perhaps 20, he found 45 and conceived the ambitious idea of a book which would fulfill Florence Caylor's lifelong ambition of establishing her late husband as one of the important painters of the West.

Caylor was a painter of West Texas, the land where he himself ranched and spent weeks and months camping outdoors studying the landscape and observing everything from cattle to quail. Sensing that an historic era was passing before his eyes, Caylor documented the change from open range to fenced pasture and he did it with a strong dedication to detail and realistic representation.

J. Frank Dobie wrote of Caylor's work several times, praising him for capturing the pride and vigor of the longhorn and suggesting that some day a Texas Center should be built and Caylor's work be part of its collection.

The Heritage Museum is that Texas Center and this book testifies to the importance of Caylor's work. The introduction is written by Joe Pickle, former editor of The Big Spring (Texas) Herald who, as a boy, knew Caylor and was fascinated by him.

— Judy Alter
Fort Worth, Texas

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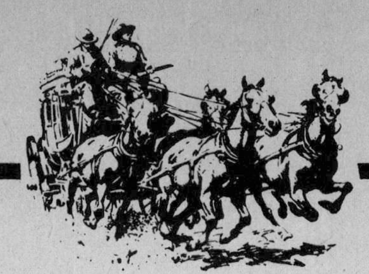
Wild Old Days



The Silver Dollars Bet

By ALBERT A. BACA

Illustrations by VIC DONAHUE

IN February of 1920 a decision was made to hold a roundup on the Billings ranch west of Roswell, New Mexico. Money was gathered and by late April 200 men were driving cattle out of the dry New Mexico mesas.

The times called for men who were as tough as the country in which they lived. Working with wild mustangs, the men used every trick they knew.

At a place called Mesa de los Vaqueros (wrangler mesa), a 40-acre corral had been built into which cattle were driven. Dust rose to choke off the sun as great herds were brought down for branding and castrating.

Every man who had signed on could be given any job, but if there was a specialist, it was the bronco buster.

It was the buster who made the wild mustangs usable. If a roper was lucky, the buster would work a horse three times before turning him over. The buster was kept busy from sunup to sunset supplying the remuda.

The busters had a corral of their own which was divided in two. In the larger section the mustangs waited their turns. In the smaller part, a huge post stood in the middle. The horse was tied to this while it was saddled.

IN every group of men there are those who are true journeymen at their trades and busters were no different.

There happened to be a man called Cruz Rios working that spring and all the men agreed he was the best they had seen. He was a short, heavy man who lived in Mexico and came north to make the circuit every year.

He was worth three times more than the others but even at six dollars a day, he would sometimes meet his match. The ground was no stranger to the little man.

The roundup at the Billing's ranch was in full swing when a man named Celestino Vigil came to Roswell looking for work. He declared himself a buster and was directed to the ranch foreman

who was in town that day.

The foreman agreed to try Celestino and took him out to the camp at midday. The tall, thin Celestino stepped off the truck wearing street shoes, a new hat and a cheap suit. Reaching into the back of the pickup he pulled down his saddle and a cardboard suitcase.

The men sitting around the corral eating their lunch broke out laughing seeing the skinny dude walking towards them.

Cruz looked at the lanky man for a few seconds before setting his plate aside and standing up. He cleared his throat until the others were quiet, then he introduced himself, adding that he was the top hand. Cruz wasted no time in demanding Celestino prove himself as he would have no laggards on his crew.

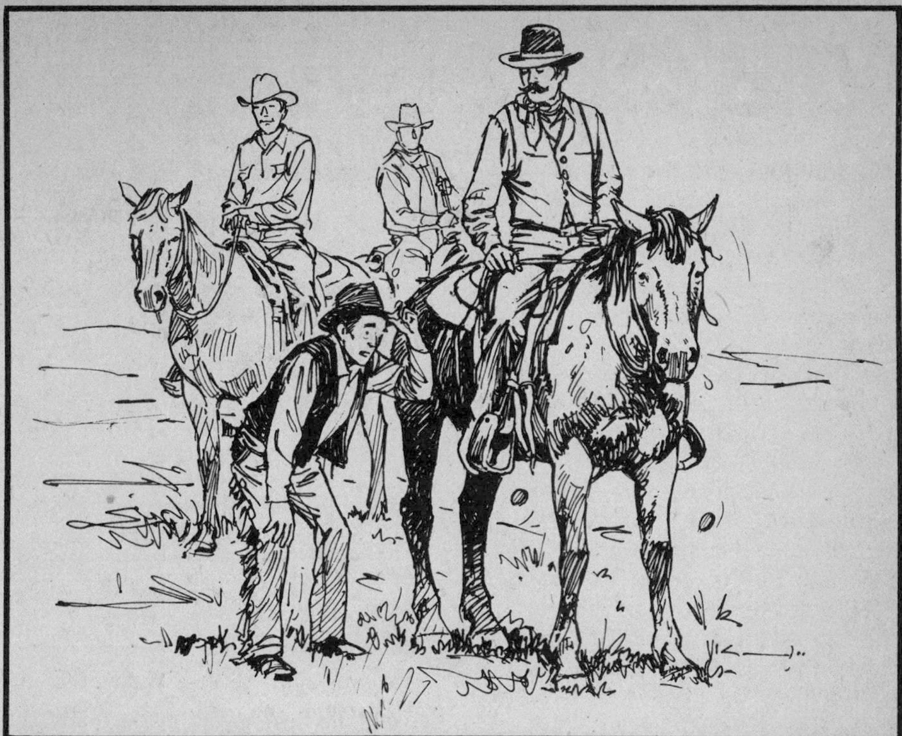
Celestino looked down at the man, ran a finger across his mustache and told him to bring out a horse. Cruz called for a tough little mare which had thrown him that morning. When the horse was tied to the post, one of the men bit down on her ear to keep her still as she was saddled. Celestino walked into the corral dressed as he was. By the time Celestino mounted, a crowd had gathered.

The mare went into her first round of moves and seemed to turn belly up. The gate swung open and man and horse shot through at a deadly pace. Bucking and running, they circled the corral with the men on the ground poking at the horse to make it buck harder.

Celestino's tall, thin frame seemed to fall apart as he rode. His hat bounced around and his suit flew open. But despite his fledgling appearance, he was no ordinary rider and Cruz realized it.

After twenty minutes the horse gave up and stood with shaking legs. Celestino removed his hat, smiled at Cruz and then fanned the horse's head as if to cool her off.

The next morning as the busters were rubbing sleep from their eyes and downing coffee, their talk was about Cruz and Celestino. When Cruz stomped in and poured his coffee, he threw everyone a menacing glance. The tension mounted as everyone waited for Celestino to enter. When he did, the men saw that it was not a dude coming to breakfast, but a working cowhand. His city clothes were gone and from his boots to his hat he showed the signs of a long life on the range.



CELESTINO sat down next to Cruz. The other men peeked over their coffee cups at the two top hands. Halfway through breakfast, Cruz nonchalantly mentioned the horse Celestino had ridden the day before had already been ridden by him.

The noise of the men stopped as everyone heard the insult. Celestino said nothing as he returned Cruz's hard stare. As the two men eyed each other, half the men expected gun play and several left.

In a quiet voice, Celestino made Cruz an offer that had the men around the table quickly pulling out their wallets and placing bets.

Celestino asked Cruz if he had two silver dollars. The bet was a simple one: Cruz would pick a horse and after Celestino mounted, Cruz would place the silver dollars between Celestino's boot and the stirrup. The horse was then to be turned loose, the gate opened and after the horse gave out Cruz would get thirty dollars for each silver dollar that was gone.

Cruz quickly took the bet. He went to the corral and eyed the horses carefully, picking a small mare with a large head. Cruz knew she would buck until her lungs burst.

Celestino walked down to the corral and stood calmly watching as the horse was roped and saddled. He stepped aboard.

Cruz placed the silver dollars under the rider's feet. Celestino adjusted his hat, ran a finger over his mustache and nodded to the man biting the horse's ear. Over two hundred men cheered as the horse went into its fight.

Twice the mare threw herself against the fence. Then spotting the open gate, she shot through at a dead run. Once outside the corral the savage little mare bucked and bolted until she caught her breath and then bucked again. Celestino looked like a whip as he sat on the whirling horse. The mare went through moves no one had seen before, but Celestino held.

The little mustang gave everything until, with bloody foam dripping from her mouth, she stopped near a lake bed. Celestino sat on the horse with an easy grace. Then with a laugh he pulled his feet up and the silver dollars hit the ground.

Cruz might have been a man with a bad temper but he respected his trade and recognized a true journeyman. He walked up to Celestino and extended his hand. The two men became friends after that and not a horse came into the corral that one of them could not ride.

But the life that men like Cruz and Celestino knew in the early twenties came to an abrupt end. Later that same year, both of these men helped lay out one of the first fences across the New Mexico plains.

Cruz went back to Mexico in the winter of 1923 and was never seen again. Celestino lived in New Mexico the rest of his life and even as an old man, he loved to watch the busters working.

Fort Arbuckle

(continued from page 51)

tons of forage there, but rains set in and roads became almost impassable.

That summer, Lieutenant R.T. Jacobs, barely 20 and thought to be the youngest commander in the United States, was left with 100 men to guard the property and supplies. Fire struck, destroying 175 tons of hay despite every effort to save it.

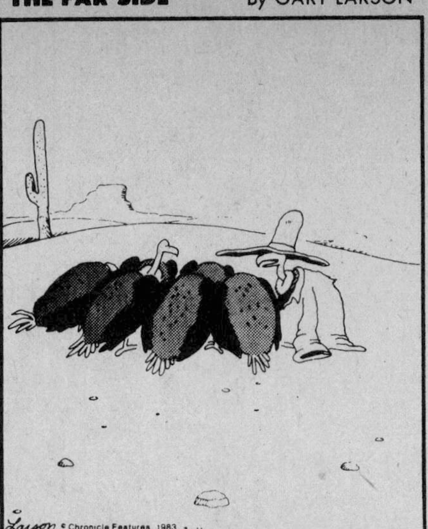
On July 12, 1869, an entry was made in the records instructing Fort Arbuckle to furnish transportation to Fort Richardson, Texas, for two white children, Isaac and Eliza. They had been captured in Parker County, Texas, by Indians, and reclaimed from the Kiowas in Kansas. Cost of transportation was to be refunded by the Indian Service.

That fall, Major James E. Yard, with four companies of 10th Cavalry, arrived at Fort Arbuckle. For a while, stock was driven there for feeding.

Meanwhile, Fort Arbuckle was being phased out, giving birth to Fort Sill, about 90 miles west in the Wichita Mountains. Troops, records, and equipment were moved. Some historians say even the cemetery was moved but no record was found of this.

Colonel Grierson, Fort Sill commander, sent wagon trains to Fort Arbuckle to get lumber and bricks. The troops dismantled the sawmill and took it back. Bricks from Arbuckle were used at the new post for chimneys.

THE FAR SIDE By GARY LARSON

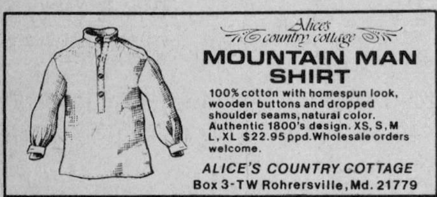


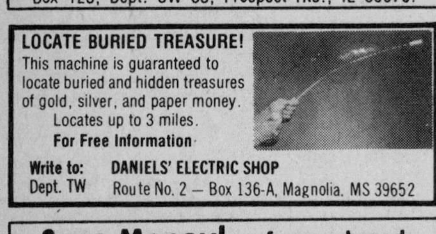
"Hey! Look at me, everybody! I'm a cowboy! . . . Howdy, howdy, howdy!"

Records show Grierson had problems with some of the men left to guard the remaining property at Arbuckle.

After almost 20 years of operation, Fort Arbuckle ceased to exist in 1870. That same year, the future state of Oklahoma was surveyed except the Panhandle.

Fort Arbuckle was returned to the Chickasaws and became part of the Grant Ranch. Only an old building and two chimneys remain of the once important western outpost.





Trails Grown Dim

(continued from page 46)

Purdy-Tidd-Irving Loomis-Alexander

My great-great-grandfather, Francis Purdy, left New York prior to 1826. In Hardin/Logan County, Ohio, he married Elizabeth Tidd.

In 1852 the family, which included Hester, Cynthia Ann (and her husband John Romack), Elizabeth (and her husband George Marsh), Solomon, Lotan, Daniel, Samuel and Marion Newton, left Ohio by covered wagon. Francis died in Waterloo, Iowa I believe.

The family continued on and in 1856 settled in Blue Earth County, Minnesota. There Elizabeth (the mother) married Adam Irving, Solomon married Seodisa (last name unknown), Daniel married Mary Frazier Loomis and Marion Newton married Mary Phillomine Alexander, a Winnebago Indian. **— Dorothy Webb, 1955 Camelot, Las Cruces, NM 88005.**

Walters

I am trying to determine the name of Anthony Wayne Walters' grandfather. They lived in Bell, Coryell, and Lampasas counties, Texas, in the 1860s and 1870s, and Anthony Wayne raised horses on a place north of Copperas Cove on Rock Creek, a tributary of Cowhouse Creek.

My grandfather was a trail driver for a Mr. Tuttle. His name was William Ernest.

I think Anthony Wayne's father was Tilman but I am not sure as Tilman had many brothers. Tilman's father was Moses; his brothers were Robert, Boley C., Andrew C., Wade Hampton, George T., Charles Mote, and maybe Samuel Isaac.

Who was Anthony Wayne's father? He was my great-grandfather, supposedly a Ranger who fought Indians in early Texas. **—Merkel L. Walters, Rt. 1, Box 133F8, East New Market, MD 21631.**

Urquhart-Post

I'm trying to locate a birth and death record for my great-grandfather, Aaron Urquhart, who was born in Alabama probably in July, 1843.

Aaron died in Oklahoma, probably Hammon, and supposedly is buried there. I have not yet found a grave marker for him. Also, I desire information on two of his sons, one of which was my grandfather, Robert Norman Urquhart; the other was Oliver Webster Urquhart.

Robert Norman was born in Ellis County, Texas, in 1878 and moved to Indian Territory before 1900. Oliver Webster was born in Willis County, Texas, in 1876 and died in Texas about 1942. Oliver's wife may have been Evi Post. He supposedly had at least three daughters, one of which may still be living at Greenwood, Texas. **— Raymond L. Urquhart, P.O. Box 249, Woodville, CA 93257.**

Baker-Crawford-Jones-Hess

Each Memorial Day we head over to Cedar County, Missouri, to visit the graves of our ancestors.

Each time we hope to see some distant relatives there, those who went west with their families and are living yet. At first some families went to eastern New Mexico to homesteads in the early 1900s. Some returned. Others went on west. We have lost all contact with any of them.

Some of our ancestors were Absolom and Loretta Jones Baker, John and Keziah Julian Crawford, Thomas and Cordellia McDermott Jones and Mrs. S.A. Eccleston Almira Hess. — **Charlotte and George Cook, 717 West 9th St., Pittsburg, KS 66762.**

Atwood-Bearden

I am trying to trace the movements of my grandfather and grandmother, George Washington Atwood and Fanny Bell Eddy Atwood.

They lived in White Bead Hill, Paoli, and the Pauls Valley, Oklahoma area during the 1880s and 1890s. George worked as a section foreman for the railroad being built in that area at the time. They had two daughters, Mary and Rose, and one son, William Alexander Atwood.

Fanny Bell Eddy Atwood died in 1897 and then George Washington Atwood married Millie Bearden of Madill, Kingston, Willis area and lived in the Willis area for an unknown length of time. Of this marriage was born Dulcie, Sadie Hazel or Hazle, Wesley Wiley, Jasper and John Atwood. — **George M. Atwood, P.O. Box 2549, South Padre Island, TX 78597.**

Jackson-Meegan

I am looking for anyone who might know of Margaret Meegan Jackson. She was born in Ohio in 1874 to Michael and Elizabeth Meegan.

Michael and Elizabeth moved to El Reno, Oklahoma around 1900. They worked on railroads and highways in Oklahoma, Arkansas and Kansas.

Margaret died in El Reno, Oklahoma in 1933. Is Edgar Jackson her son or did she marry him? He was born in Kansas in the 1880s. — **Onnie Morris, Rt. 3, Box 220 A, Roswell, NM 88201.**

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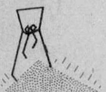

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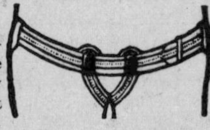

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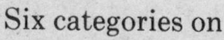

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