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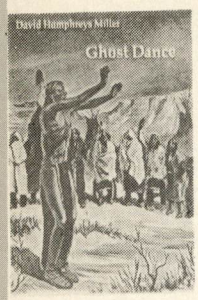

TW15—GHOST DANCE. By David Humphreys Miller. Originally released in 1959, *Ghost Dance* focuses on Indian viewpoints as it traces the rise of the widely misunderstood Sioux religious movement that culminated in 1890 at Wounded Knee. "A compelling narrative."—Raymond J. DeMallie. University of Nebraska Press.

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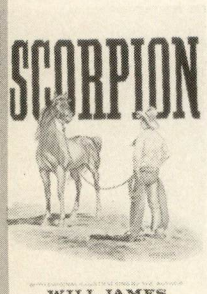

TW16—SCORPION. By Will James. A delightful account of a completely incorrigible and high spirited horse, *Scorpion* is James at his western best. "We enjoy it keenly because we feel in it the life of the range, colorful and sportsmanlike."—*New York Times.* University of Nebraska Press.

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TW12—OLD JULES. By Mari Sandoz. In this masterful biography of her pioneer father, Sandoz reveals " a good deal of America in Old Jules. . . . It is. . . an enthralling story and an experience in citizenship."—*Saturday Review of Literature.* First published in 1935. University of Nebraska Press.

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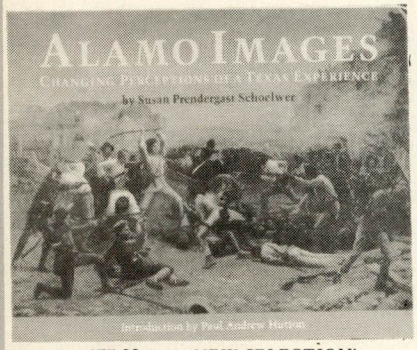

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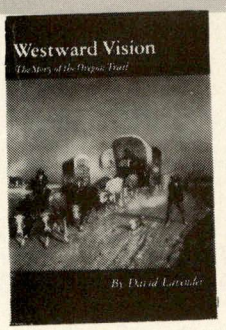

TW17—WESTWARD VISION: THE STORY OF THE OREGON TRAIL. By David Lavender. First published in 1963, this sweeping study describes the efforts of emigration societies, missionaries, and early pioneers, as well as the routes they took to the "Promised Land." "This is an original and lusty book."—*Book Week.* University of Nebraska Press.

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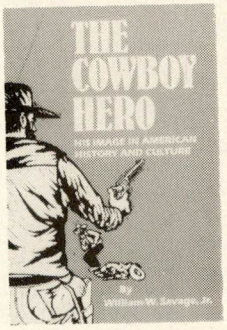

TW18—THE COWBOY HERO: HIS IMAGE IN AMERICAN HISTORY AND CULTURE. By William W. Savage, Jr. Savage reviews the cowboy in his various guises—as a cowhand, as a musician and stage performer, and above all as a man's man, whose true love may be his horse. Funny and ironic, *Cowboy Hero* is "fast, interesting reading."—*Denver Post.* University of Oklahoma Press.

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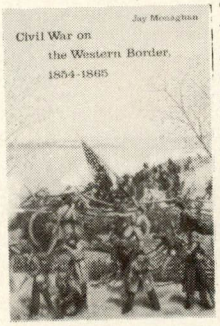

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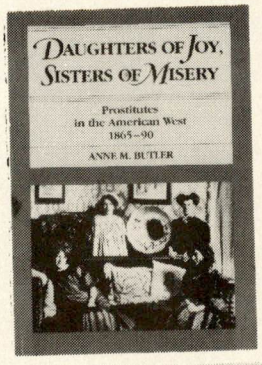

TW1—DAUGHTERS OF JOY, SISTERS OF MISERY: PROSTITUTES IN THE AMERICAN WEST 1865-90. By Anne M. Butler. "Frail sisters," "fallen angels," "soiled doves"—whatever they were called, these women lived lives of nearly anonymous destitution. Anne Butler's account of their lives bears little resemblance to popular depictions in film and fiction. It reveals instead an existence on the brink of despair. University of Illinois Press.

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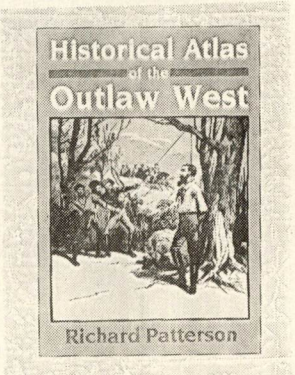

TW22—HISTORICAL ATLAS OF THE OUTLAW WEST. By Richard Patterson. A state-by-state, town-by-town guide to the infamous acts of western outlaws, this lively written reference meets the needs of the armchair traveler and the reader on the road. Johnson Books.

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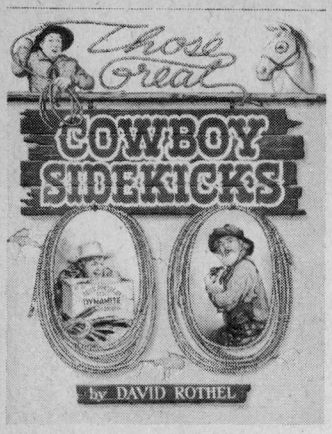
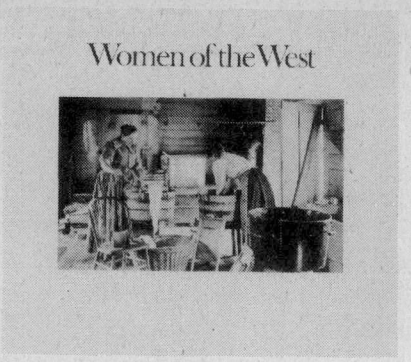


TW11—THOSE GREAT COWBOY SIDEKICKS. By David Rothel. A fascinating look at such fondly remembered comic character actors as George "Gabby" Hayes, Smiley Burnette, Andy Devine, and thirty-six others, much of the story is told through the reminiscences of the sidekicks and the cowboy stars. WOY Publications. **Paper, $17.95.**



TW5—WOMEN OF THE WEST. By Cathy Luchetti in collaboration with Carol Olwell. This richly illustrated volume is a collection of true stories about eleven "everyday women of history." Their lives are reconstructed through their own letters, diaries, and journals. Special emphasis is also given to minority women in the West. Antelope Island Press.

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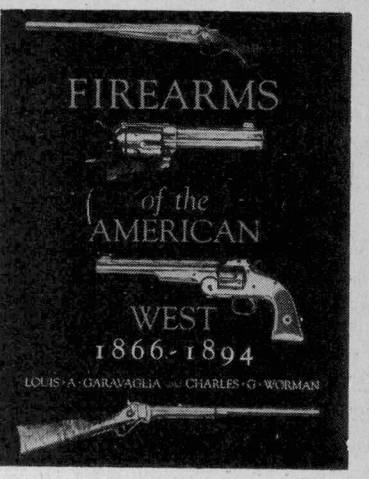

TW14—FIREARMS OF THE AMERICAN WEST, 1866-1894. By Louis A. Garavaglia & Charles G. Worman. The second volume of an acclaimed study, this lively written and thoroughly researched, oversized book examines guns as integral elements of the frontier experience. University of New Mexico Press.

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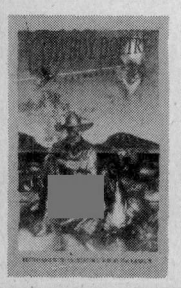

TW13—COWBOY POETRY: A GATHERING. Ed. by Hal Cannon. Compiled as an outgrowth of the first Cowboy Poetry gathering, this collection of classic and new western poetry expresses the tough, honest, and hard-bitten spirit of a unique culture. Peregrine Smith Books.

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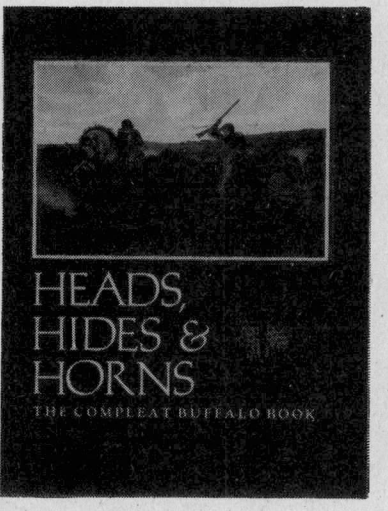

TW23—HEADS, HIDES & HORNS: THE COMPLEAT BUFFALO BOOK. By Larry Barsness. Combining superb art and history, this book tells the story not only of the buffalo but also of the relationship between buffalo and man on the North American continent. "A model of scholarship narrated in a breezy style."—Dee Brown. Texas Christian University Press.

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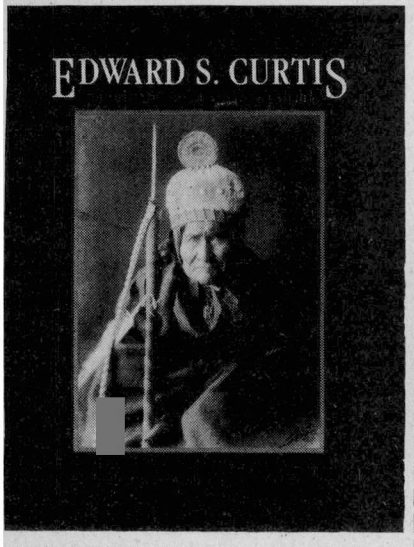

TW21—EDWARD S. CURTIS: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF A SHADOW CATCHER. By Barbara A. Davis. This beautiful book is the first comprehensive biography of this extraordinary man who spent over 30 years photographing the Old West and the American Indian. Chronicle Books.

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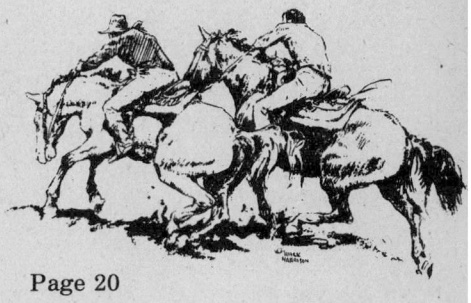

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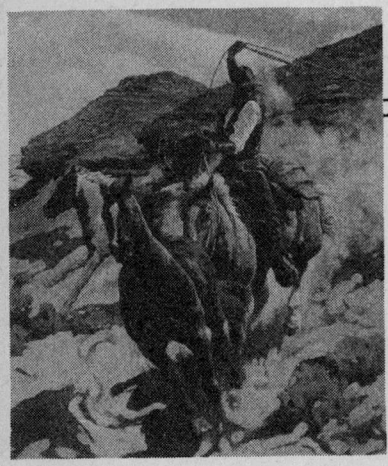
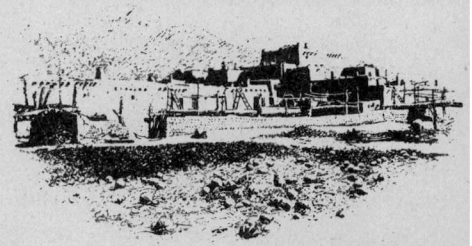


OUR COVER

"Color Him Caught but Not Convinced," by Mick Harrison, illustrates the horse chase in "Castlewood Creek and the Silver Cup."



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From the Editor

I'm sure you remember "The National Game Out West" from the April 1985 *Frontier Times*. It's Nellie Snyder Yost's unforgettable true story about an uproarious baseball game in an 1880s Nebraska cowtown. The "athletes" are the most unlikely bunch of ranch hands ever to don baseball gloves, and Nellie's thoroughly researched account is one of those rare stories that can make you laugh out loud.

Nellie Snyder Yost

We just found out that Nellie has won the Western Writers of America Spur Award for "The National Game Out West," and we're mighty pleased for her. We happened to hear about Nellie's award before she did, so when I called to congratulate her she was taken by surprise. But after only a moment's hesitation, she responded, "This is my second spur. Now I can make both sides of my horse go fast!" Her first was for a book, *Boss Cowman*.

The Spurs are not ordinary, every-day awards. Winners are selected by members of the Western Writers of America, a national organization of published western authors including such names as Dee Brown (*Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*), Louis L'Amour (*Silver Canyon*), and our own historical consultant, Glenn Shirley (*Law West of Fort Smith*). With the competition open to WWA members and non-members alike, the awards are considered the Oscars of western writing.

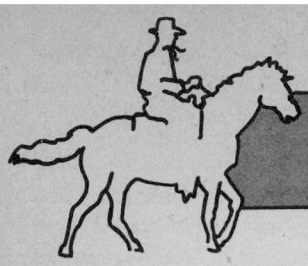
"The National Game Out West" won the Best Western Short Nonfiction category. It is a real achievement to earn one Spur Award. Earning two of them is a remarkable feat that requires talent, energy, and dedication. Nellie possesses all three traits, and she came by them honestly. Born in a sod house in northeast Lincoln County Nebraska, she grew up on the Snyder ranch in the beautiful Sandhill lake country of McPherson County. She is the daughter of A.B. "Pinnacle Jake" and Grace McCance Snyder.

Nellie began writing more than forty years ago, publishing her first book, *Pinnacle Jake*, in 1951. Ten others have followed, including *No Time on My Hands*, a biography of her mother, who lived on three Nebraska frontiers and became nationally famous as Nebraska's quilt lady. The book *Buffalo Bill: His Family, Friends, Fame, Failures, and Fortunes* earned Nellie a Cowboy Hall of Fame Wrangler Award and a trip to New York to be interviewed by David Hartman on *Good Morning America*. In 1975 she was accorded the Western Writers of America's highest honor, the Saddleman Award, for "bringing dignity and honor to the history and legends of the West."

Nellie is a member and past president of the Nebraska Writers Guild and a member of the board of directors and past president of the Nebraska State Historical Society. She is a colonel in the Nebraska National Guard, a colonel in the Great Nebraska Navy, and a colonel in the Cody Scouts. Her many other achievements include honorary membership in Beta Sigma Phi and the Buffalo Bill Stamp Club of North Platte, where she lives with her husband, Frank A. Lydic, who is a writer of rhymed verse. She was first listed in *Who's Who in America* in 1972.

You might recall that Chuck DeHaan's *Frontier Times* cover painting, "Winter Songsinger" won a spur award for 1984. That makes this our second Spur since moving to Oklahoma. Now we can make both sides of our horse go fast, too. But we may not be able to keep up with a grand lady from Nebraska, Nellie Snyder Yost.

John Joerschke



Truly Western

Letters from our readers

Face Out of the Past

In April '86 TRUE WEST, page fifty-four, you published a photo, "The Mess Wagon," credited to Kirkland. As I looked at it closely, I thought I recognized one of the men as Tom Shaw, an old Wyoming rancher who came up the trail from Texas in the 1870s and 80s, and finally settled on a ranch in the Cottonwood. Tom had been at our ranch several times, and he still had the big moustache that I remembered as a kid.

I looked in my copy of *Footprints on the Frontier*, by Virginia Cole Trenholm, which is a good history of southeast Wyoming, printed in 1945, in a limited edition of one thousand. On page 162 (facing) is the same photo you printed. The title of this is "'Duck Bar Chuckwagon in Goshen Hole.' Duke Gardner behind left wheel, and Tom Shaw, seated left of right wheel." The author also credits this photo to Kirkland; but in your copy, the title, "The Mess Wagon," is legible, and the name of the photographer is "Walker," Cheyenne. Your photo "No. 1, Supper on the Round Up" has Walker's signature. "The Mess Wagon" shows what appears to be "No. 25," so it is likely a different outfit.

I have four photos taken by W.G. Walker, photographer, Cheyenne, Wyoming, taken in 1898. They are of a buffalo bull, caught and tamed by my grandfather, Noah Hudson, and some cross-bred buffalo and black angus cattle.

Granddad was on his way to Denver to start a Wild West show, but became a Christian and decided show business was not for him. The buffalo bull, "Jumbo," billed as the "Prairie King, stands almost six feet tall, and weighs almost a ton," was sold to Elitch's Garden in Denver, who had a struggle getting the brass knobs off his horns. When my grandmother saw this news in the newspaper, she laughed, and said, "Why, I put those on myself."

Jumbo finally died and was mounted and placed in a Denver museum for many years. But that's another story.

Just thought someone might be interested in the identity of the crew in "The Mess Wagon," and to correct the credit for the photographer. Incidently the Duck Bar was Tom Shaw's brand. His brother, Jim, also had a ranch not far away.—**Cal Darst, Spokane, WA.**

Burlin____

The postcard photograph in "Answer Man," March '86 TRUE WEST, could be Burlington, Colorado. Might a Burlington reader confirm this?

Concerning the editor's response to Clarence E. Cook's question, "how much land did Lucien B. Maxwell own," ranches in New Mexico are generally sized by section. The 97,000 acres would be 151.5 sections, just a middlin' size ranch by New Mexico standards. I recall an article in the Santa Fe *New Mexican* a few years ago telling the size of Maxwell's grant, which was of impressive size. I don't recall any figures. I hope someone will research this question, as I find it interesting.—**Byron W. Oldham, Nebraska City, NE.**

Editor's note: Because the boundaries described in the original grant were extremely vague, the extent of Maxwell's holdings was the subject of a debate that was finally settled by the United States Supreme Court in 1887. Maxwell's property was at one time thought to total some 97,000 acres, but the boundaries were eventually extended to include over 1.7 million acres—an impressive figure even by New Mexico standards!

Roundhouse gets Around

Howdy. Just picked up the February '86 TRUE WEST and I'll tell you that the picture of the "Pueblo" roundhouse on page forty *sure ain't*. It's a picture of the Salida, Colorado, roundhouse. So you folks tell author, John Norwood, that he, and you, got it wrong. And don't worry, I'll still buy your magazines.—**Steve Englert, Salida, Colorado.**

Editor's response: The Pueblo and Salida roundhouses are very similar in appearance. After seeing other photographic evidence in Steve Englert's possession, we and author John Norwood agree that the TRUE WEST photograph is of the Salida roundhouse.

The Other Side of the Coin

I am sure you realize there are many Indian people who read your magazine. We find the articles great, but occassionally something is said that ruffles one's feathers. There is another side to what *really* happened in the TRUE WEST. The Indian was more than an enemy, he was a living, breathing, caring human being, caught up in a war, just as his enemy, the white settlers.

I would like to respond to Jack Steed's comments in "Truly Western" March '86 TRUE WEST. In his questioning of Andrew McMains' story, he states, "I know a little about this period and have tried to check my facts very carefully."

Is it not a fact that the U.S. War Department has differing reports on the battle itself? Is it not a fact that Black Kettle considered himself safe from attack? Is it not a fact that most of the men were out of camp? Is it not a fact that Major Elliott was killed by returning men after finding the camp destroyed? Is it not a fact that of the over 100 Cheyennes killed only a dozen were men? Is it not also a fact that the fifty-three captives were women and children?

Now as to the question of whether the battle was a massacre or not, I suppose that depended on which side you were on and whose reports are correct. The dictionary defines a massacre as "the unnecessary, indiscriminate killing of a number of human beings." I think the above mentioned attack qualifies easily.

Mr. Steed is right about war disgusting all caring men. But one must always remember that much was done by *both* the white and the red man in our history.

You see, I cannot consider the Washita a "victory by surprise attack," and Custer's last stand a "massacre." Wasn't Custer defeated by a surprise attack? I'm not trying to undermine the men who fought with Custer, even though I have no great love for the

General himself. Like I have said, it's all a matter of which side you were on. May it all end in peace someday.— James Outland, (member of the Sioux [Lakota] Nation), Fall City, WA.

Outlaw Hoax

I have been a fan and avid reader of TRUE WEST magazine for many years, and a consistent subscriber for approximately ten years.

In the story, "The Great Outlaw Hoax" by Steve Eng, [February '86 TRUE WEST] certain statements are incorrect and pertain to my past ancestry. On page eighteen, column two, paragraph two, a reference is made to a Mrs. Beulah Chunn. Beulah has been my wife since December 1946. Although she had been in the family for only two years when the September 1948 incident occurred, she had often heard my grandfather speak of his father's relationship with Jesse James, and of the times he had lived in the Nashville, Tennessee, area under the name "Mr. Howard." In September of 1948, Beulah did attend the state fair. I had to work and did not accompany her. Upon seeing the booth where Jesse James supposedly was, she had to give her name and a reason to see him. She told the front man at the booth that if this was the real Jesse James, he would have known her husband's great-grandfather. At this the man replied, "Who, 'Stiff Neck' Chunn?" She said yes, and he replied, "Jesse spoke of him when we got into Nashville." This somewhat startled my wife, because my great-grandfather did indeed have a stiff neck, and was referred to in exactly that manner. Upon being admitted to see the individual claiming to be Jesse James, she found that due to his extreme age, she could not understand much of what he said. However, during the talk, he made references to a dog. This was also a noteworthy statement, because my great-grandfather was a dealer in livestock and owned a very remarkable shepherd dog, who accompanied him everywhere, including restaurants and hotels. Therefore, she knew that this man had at least some familiarity with my great-grandfather, but she could not question him further to verify if this was indeed Jesse James. We later received a letter wanting Beulah to sign an affidavit that she believed him to be Jesse James. Since she could not be positive, she elected not to sign.

My great-grandfather used to tell about a time he went to pick up Mr. Howard at the train station. Mr. Howard was coming in from Kentucky where he had been on a mule buying trip. The train station was covered with policemen. As Mr. Howard was getting off the train he asked one of the policemen what all the excitement was about. The man said that Jesse James was on the train. Mr. Howard replied, "I'm glad I'm not him!" He then got in the buckboard with my great-grandfather, and they rode away.

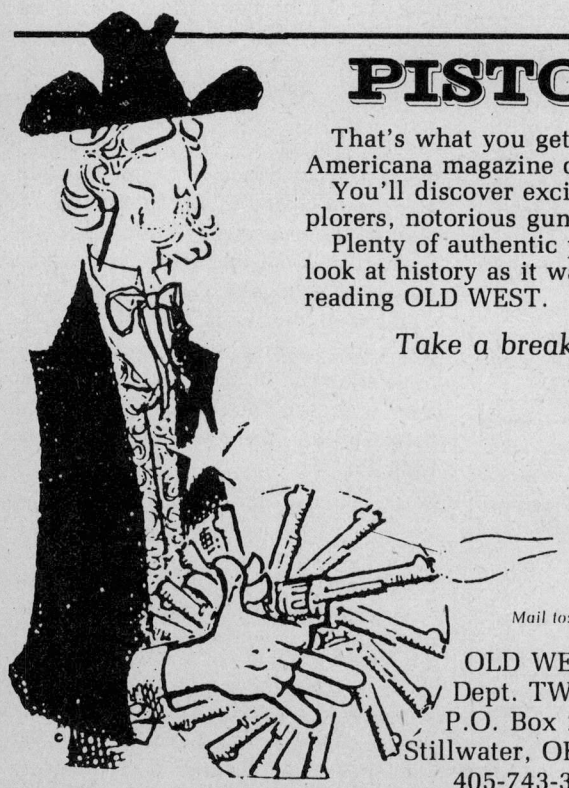
My great-grandfather said whenever they went into a restaurant, Mr. Howard would always pick a table where he could sit with his back to the wall. They visited with Frank James who was living at Whites Creek. He was supposed to be a cousin of Mr. Howard's. I don't know what name he was using.

Later, after Jesse left Nashville, he wrote my great-grandfather a letter expressing how he had enjoyed their relationship and explained who he was. When Frank was pardoned later on, he went with a Wild West Show. It came to Lewisburg, Tennessee, our hometown. Great-grandfather carried my grandfather and his brothers to the show, and they all met Frank.

Keep up the good work! You keep on writing, and I'll keep on reading.— **Douglas W. Chunn, Franklin, TN.**

Following the Harvest

I was about seventeen-years-old in the spring of 1929. I, along with three friends of about the same age, headed south into Texas to follow the harvest back north. We were about two months too early, so we headed for the oil fields around Pampa, White Deer, and Borger, Texas. At that time they were mere tent cities, full of drifters, oil workers, and what have you. We all got jobs; I was



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driving a four horse hitch of four white mules hauling thirty foot lengths of well pipe into the fields from the railroad siding, or pipe yards. The wagon had low wheels with steel tires about a foot wide to ride atop the sand. I believe we were earning 30¢ per hour, and I do mean earning! We were sleeping on the ground on blankets at the edge of the camp, and living on bread, bologna, and milk when we could get it.

This lasted for a bit over a month, and then we moved on over the Mineral Wells to the brick yards. We were only there for a matter of two or three weeks, then moved up into Oklahoma, thinking that the harvest would soon start.

We wound up at Blackwell and Ponca City. We got jobs at the Miller Brothers 101 Ranch near Ponca City, herding hogs on muleback. The ranch at that time was almost a city in itself. It had its own packing plant, grocery store, dry goods, and cattle and machinery. It was a going money making enterprise. There was a large black bear in a cage just outside the grocery store door that always attracted much attention. There was another unique thing about the ranch. I wonder if any of the old-timers remember it. Some time prior to 1929, one of the Miller brothers was killed in a car accident. Shortly after that the road past the ranch was regraded and made into a sort of roller coaster effect, with very short dips to slow traffic down. It worked, as I remember watching cars as they went by at a very slow speed.

We were on the 101 for only a couple of weeks when the wheat harvest began. We got jobs with a farmer by the name of Thompson a short ways out of Blackwell. The combine I was operating was supposed to be one of the first in the area. I have many pictures of it. I believe it was a John Deere. We got into the swing of the harvest and kept working north. The four of us split up in Nebraska, and two went home.

Another fellow and I ended up the harvest in North Dakota the day before Christmas. We caught a freight into Minneapolis and from there to Prairie Du Chien, Wisconsin, called my dad and he came to pick us up. We came home broke, but we sure had an education I never forgot.

Good luck, keep the good stories coming. I hope Mr. Small's health has improved.—**C.J. Weller, Sparta, WI.**

Punitive Expedition

I would like to respond to the letter from Liazaro Dominguez in "Truly Western," February '86 TRUE WEST. I fully agree with Mr. Dominguez that my choice of words was not precise in describing General Pershing's activities concerning the Punitive Expedition. In review of my comments as published in the December '85 TRUE WEST ("Truly Western"), I should have stated, as a major general he was Commanding General of the Punitive Expedition in Mexico against General Francisco (Pancho) Villa.

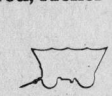
On March 9, 1916, General Villa, with approximately 1,500 men, attacked Columbus, New Mexico. With permission from President Venustiano Carranza, President Wilson ordered General Pershing into Mexico to assist the Mexican government in carrying out punitive expeditions against Villa. General Pershing entered Mexico on March 16, 1916.

President Carranza, after a time, protested to President Wilson about the activities of General Pershing and the continued presence of American troops. The United States War Department issued orders forbidding attacks on Mexican civilians, making it difficult for Pershing to carry out his expedition. Skirmishes occurred between American and Mexican troops, one of which, at Carrizal, created a critical situation. President Wilson mobilized 75,000 National Guardsmen into Federal Service and moved many to the Mexican border. A joint commission from Mexico and the United States was formed to resolve disputes arising out the the Punitive Expedition, and American troops returned to their home stations.

From a military point of view, the Punitive Expedition was considered of value in light of the extensive field training given to the Regular Army and the National Guard which aided in World War I mobilization and training activities.—**John M. Gabel, Oakland, CA.**

Saddle Makers

My husband and I have an old saddle made by the Price Brothers—Saddle Makers of Graham, Texas, around the turn of the century. It has a high cantle, narrow swell, and tall horn. We have reason to believe it was connected to a well-known outlaw in New Mexico. We are hoping someone can provide information on the Price brothers and when they operated the saddle shop in Graham, Texas.—**Mrs. Cecial Allred, Ackerly, TX.**



Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by Western Publications will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address and zip code. Photos welcome. Address all letters to Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

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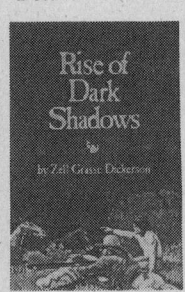

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Western Roundup

Places to go and things to see in the West

SPRING MOUNTAIN VINEYARDS

Visitors to Spring Mountain Vineyards will doubtless feel they have previously seen the stately Victorian-style manor house which sits adjacent to the winery, and no doubt they have. The home is featured at the beginning of each week's episode of the popular television series *Falcon Crest*.

The manor house is not open to the public, but the winery itself leaves one with no cause for disappointment. It is built in similar Victorian style, richly adorned with a magnificent chandelier which originally hung in the manor house and with a profusion of stained glass, much of which was created by owner Michael Robbins.

Wines are aged in a century-old tunnel dug into the hillside behind the winery.

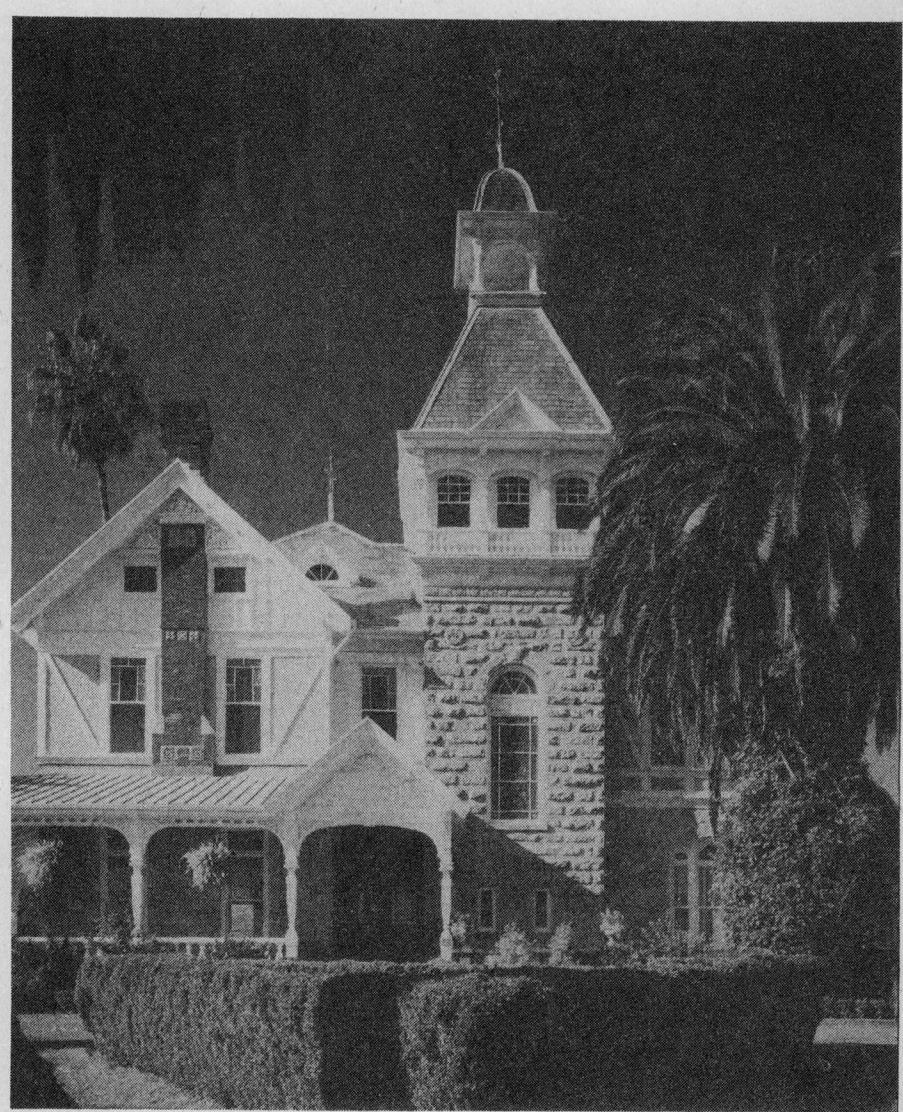
Tours are by appointment only from 10:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. daily. The winery is located west of St. Helena, California. For further information and directions, write Spring Mountain Vineyards, 2805 Spring Mountain Road, St. Helena, CA 94574, or call (707)963-5233.

Zane Grey's West Society

The Fourth Annual Zane Grey's West Society's Convention will be held June 9–12 in Flagstaff, Arizona. The convention will be held at the Holiday Inn. Activities will include a western barbecue and a bus tour to IMAX, a giant-screen (80′×70′) motion picture theater showing a movie of the Grand Canyon. The tour continues to the canyon itself, Wupatki Ruins, and Sunset Crater. A book auction which will be held the afternoon of June 10.

Texas

The Palo Duro Canyon is the setting for *Texas*, produced by the Texas Panhandle Heritage Foundation in cooperation with West Texas State University, nightly, except Sunday, June 15 through August 20. The stage is set in the Pioneer Amphitheater, built as a memorial to the people of the panhandle in cooperation with the State of Texas. The play has received international recognition and is recognized as an official play of the state.



Ed Cooper Photo

The manor house at Spring Mountain Vineyards has gained notoriety from being featured in the prime-time television soap opera *Falcon Crest*.

The Haney House in Maple Ridge, British Columbia, was built in 1878. Now owned by the municipality of Maple Ridge, the home has been restored and is open to the public.

Visitors can explore Palo Duro Canyon, located twenty-five miles southeast of Amarillo, Texas, in the comfort of their car, by hiking, by horseback riding, or by taking a ride on the Sad Monkey Railroad. A barbecue dinner is served before every performance and camping facilities are available.

For more information write: *Texas*, Box 268, Canyon, TX 79015.

Haney House

Thomas Haney grew up in Paris, Ontario, and came west in 1876 with his father-in-law, Daniel Callighan and two brothers-in-law. They decided to settle in British Columbia, where Thomas purchased 160 acres of river-front land in the then sparsely populated municipality of Maple Ridge. The land contained large deposits of clay suitable for Haney's brickmaking trade, and his river-frontage provided him access to the paddlewheel steamers which served the tiny settlements along the Fraser River.

Annie Haney followed Thomas to Maple Ridge, and her father, Daniel Callighan, helped build Haney House in 1878. Originally built as a two-story, frame farm house, family photographs suggest it may have been patterned after the more elaborate limestone and wrought iron home of Thomas' brother in Paris, Ontario. The scroll work and turned wooden posts of Haney House show the sense of aesthetic value the Haneys brought with them. The Haneys were devout Catholics, and Roman Catholic services were held in their home until 1881.

In 1882 Thomas laid out the townsite and named it Port Haney. He gradually decreased the size of his holdings through donations of land to churches and by selling property to private individuals.

Haney House remained the residence of Haney descendants until 1979 when it was willed to the municipality. The house was restored for display of the many furnishings and artifacts of three generations of the Haney family to be maintained in perpetuity for the interest of visitors and future generations.

Haney House is located at 11612 224th Street, Maple Ridge, British Columbia. Visitors are welcome to tour the museum on Wednesdays and Sundays between the hours of 1:00 p.m. and 4:00 p.m.

Colorado Historical Society

Exhibitions and special events being held at Colorado state museums include: "Faces of Trinidad: Photographs from the Aultman Collection," El Pueblo Museum, 905 South Prairie Ave., Pueblo, Colorado, showing through August 24. Faces of Coloradans, from turn-of-the-century dandies to ruddy coal miners, portraits taken by the famed Aultman Studio in Trinidad, are presented in this poignant exhibition.

"Jewish Life in America: Fulfilling the American Dream," showing at the Colorado State Museum, 1300 Broadway, Denver, Colorado, through June 15, is a nationally touring photo panel exhibition which describes the American Jewish experience from 1654, when the first group of twenty-three Jews ar-

rived in New Amsterdam, to the present day.

"Romance of the Rails: Railroad Paintings by Howard Fogg," and "The Dining Car Remembered," concurrent shows, focus on the romance and elegance of the railroad experience. On view at the Colorado State Museum, Denver, through August 10, "Romance of the Rails" features Colorado artist Howard Fogg's recordings of America's mighty railroads—colorful engine portraits against magnificent western backdrops. The dining car is remembered with some 200 objects related to early railroad dining—china, flatware, table linens, and more.

"Navaho and Pueblo Textiles" will be on view at the Bloom/Baca House and Pioneer Museum, 300 East Main St., Trinidad, Colorado, through September 1. Examples of Indian rugs, blankets, dresses, and sashes, spanning from 1840 to 1940 will be on view in this colorful exhibition. The blankets are from the Traditional Period of Navajo weaving (1870s and 1880s) and include two pieces given in 1878 to Joseph Abbott, Indian agent to the Utes.

A selection of porcelain, pottery, and glassware from the mid-nineteenth century to the early twentieth century collected by Phebe McAllister, will be on display at the Pearce-McAllister Cottage, 1880 Gaylord, Denver, Colorado, June 3 through July 8. Pieces included are from Europe, the Orient, and America.

National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History

The 1986 NOLA rendezvous will be held at the Ramada Downtown Inn in Tucson, Arizona, July 23–26. The opening session with the keynote speaker will begin at 9:00 a.m. July 24. Activities will include a day-long bus tour of Tombstone and will conclude with the annual awards banquet the evening of July 26.

Yellowstone County Museum

The front door of Yellowstone County Museum, at the Billings Logan Airport, Billings, Montana, opens into a typical living room of the 1890s, a social center for many years after the cabin was built in 1893 by Paul McCormick senior. When the cabin was moved from its original site to its present location, a stonemason removed and numbered each stone of the huge fireplace and reassembled it to its present beautiful condition. The cabin originally had a sod roof which has been covered with a shingle roof. Even yet on windy days it is not unusual for some of the earth to sift down through the ceiling logs.

The museum was founded in 1953 and officially dedicated in 1956. It is a rare treasure chest of old time articles. On display are saddles, brands, Indian artifacts, dioramas, guns, jewelry, horse drawn vehicles, clothing, pictures, a sheep herder's wagon, a roundup wagon, and many other western articles and scenes.

Old 1031 Class L-7, the last Northern Pacific steam switch engine operated in Billings, was donated by the N.P. after traveling 700,000 miles in the service of the vast area.

The museum is open to the public Tuesday through Saturday, 10:30 a.m. to 12:00 p.m. and 1:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. Admission is free.

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Captain Jack's C

By CHUCK PARSONS

The famous poet scout, Captain Jack Crawford, once posed to be photographed with Jim Blain. Both men are holding rifles and wearing bandoliers, pistols, and knives. Blain's daughter, Mabel Pickering, Box 245, Oroville, WA 98844, sent the photo, asking me to identify the rifles.

Identifying a particular firearm from a photo is tricky, but it appears that Blain, at left, is holding a .44 caliber Robinson rimfire rifle. The Robinson was manufactured by A.S. Babbit, Plattsburgh, New York, from 1870 to 1872 and then brought out by Winchester. Crawford's weapon appears to be a Model 1866 Winchester .44 caliber rimfire carbine. Those are my "educated guesses," arrived at by comparing the photo to other sources. The photo likely was made in the early 1870s.

An Unexpected Find. Some time back when I was digging through county census records from Texas, I made a very interesting discovery. The Fayette County, Texas, census of 1870 includes a name familiar to TRUE WESTerners, "Dallas Stoudenmire." Stoudenmire is best known for his brief, violent career as the El Paso "Town Tamer." In his excellent biography of Stoudenmire, Leon Metz wrote, "According to his own story, Dallas settled near Columbus in Colorado County, Texas, and farmed in 1867. For several years he must have lived and roamed about in that vicinity. No account of his life during this period has filtered down through the decades (a strong hint that he may have been in Mexico at least on occasions)."

If the *Dalas* Stoudenmire on the Fayette County census is the same man as the *Dallas* Stoudenmire who later tamed El Paso—as is likely—he was living with the family of William Burke in 1870. Burke, a thirty-four-year-old white male was born in Arkansas. His wife, Mary, aged twenty-eight, was born in Texas. Curiously, where the $4,000 real estate and $5,000 personal estate would ordinarily have gone on the line for head of household, census enumerator A.L.D. Moore listed it as Mrs. Burke's property. Besides three children and a student living in the Burke household, Dalas Stoudenmire is listed as a twenty-two-year-old field hand born in Alabama. The lawman was born in Aberfoil, Macon County, Alabama, on December 11, 1845.

Captain Jack Crawford and Jim Blain armed themselves to the teeth for an encounter with a photographer.

The Burke family's post office was Oso, which is only a memory, as it was abandoned after the railroad bypassed it for Flatonia. The household is described as being "between Halletsville Road & Buckner's Creek."

Since I never did find what I was originally looking for in the census records, the find was especially serendipitous!

Tom Horn's Grave. "Where is Tom Horn buried, and is his grave marked? Is the grave of his alleged victim, Willie Nickell, marked, and where is it?" A reading of Will Henry's fine novel, *I, Tom Horn*, prompted Charles R. Luton, 109 West First Street, Danville, IL 61832, to write with those questions.

Tom Horn's grave is in the Columbia Cemetery in Boulder, Colorado. It is marked by a handsome stone bearing the inscription, "In Loving Memory of Tom Horn, 1861-1903." As yet I have not located young Willie Nickell's grave.

Billy Clanton Photos. Young Billy Clanton was killed at the "O.K. Corral" gunfight against the Earps. Stephanie Pannozzo, 15860 Del Prado Drive, Hacienda Heights, CA 91745, would like to know why there were not photos of Clanton.

First, the only authenticated photo of Clanton is of him and the two McLaureys in their caskets. It is among the most often reproduced photographs from the Wild West. At least two others have been put forward as photos of Clanton but neither has been authenticated or accepted by historians. Other photos of Billy Clanton may have been made, but due to carelessness apparently have not survived.

Jesse James in Alabama. A question in the February "Answer Man" about the James Gang being in Alabama brought an interesting letter from Thomas H. Ward, American Detective Institute, P.O. Box 418, Fairfield, AL

ıns

35064. A half-century ago, Ward visited the home of a Mrs. Gilmore, who told him that years before, Jesse James had visited her home. On leaving, Jesse rode his horse around a tree in the front yard and fired his pistol into it.

Ward recently visited the old place. "The tree is still standing . . . her home place was about one-half mile west of a town named Tekoa, which is gone now. Her house, too, is gone. The road in front of Mrs. Gilmore's house curved around the tree. For years the county wanted to straighten the road, but she would not let them cut the tree. My father said it was well known around the neighborhood that Jesse did spend the night with the Gilmores and did shoot into the tree as he was leaving the next morning. He was on his way to Mobile. This was not reported to the law, as he was a hero to those people."

Thank you, Mr. Ward, for sharing that interesting folklore with us!

Department of Corrections. The March "Answer Man" included an item on the Younger brothers. My friend, Marley Brant, who is preparing a book on the Youngers, kindly wrote with several corrections. The Youngers' mother was Bursheba Leighton Fristoe, who was born in McMinnville, Tennessee, and moved to Independence, Missouri, as a young girl. Only one of her and Henry Younger's fourteen children, Alphae, died in infancy. The rest grew to adulthood. Charles Richard, "Dick," died at the age of twenty-two in 1860. James' middle name was *Hardin*; Robert's was *Ewing*, and he was born in 1853.

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

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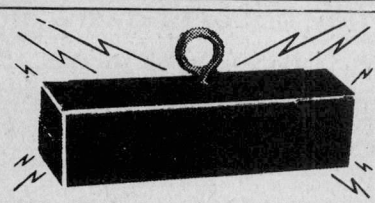

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Kreeger's Toughest Arrest

By ROBERT K. DeARMENT

At midnight, August 14, 1909, Undersheriff Lewis Michael Kreeger set out to make the toughest arrest of his career. For more than thirty years he had served Las Animas County, Colorado, and the city of Trinidad, its county seat, as an officer of the law. During those years he had established a reputation as a fearless and efficient lawman and one of the quickest and deadliest hands with a six-gun on the frontier. He had confronted desperadoes of all stripes and emerged unscathed from countless deadly situations. But now he was to take on the most difficult assignment of his life.

Out flashed Kreeger's six-gun. His first shot hit Brown's plunging horse in the head, killing him instantly. As Brown leaped from his falling horse, Kreeger put a bullet in his groin. The cowboy hobbled away, firing as he went. Kreeger hit him with two more shots. Brown finally fell to the street, snapping his empty six-shooter as he lay dying.

Lew Kreeger was born December 26, 1848, in North Carolina, one of John William and Catherine Speas Kreeger's eleven children. In 1850 the family moved west and homesteaded land south of Kansas City near a village later to be called Lee's Summit. While still in his teens, Lew, accompanied by a brother, moved farther west by wagon and ox team to Taos, New Mexico. There he took employment with a government surveying contractor. In the course of his travels with the surveying party he visited the southern Colorado town of Trinidad, perched at the entrance to the Raton Pass near the New Mexico border. He liked the town and in 1867, at the age of eighteen, moved there permanently. Trinidad would be his home for the rest of his life.

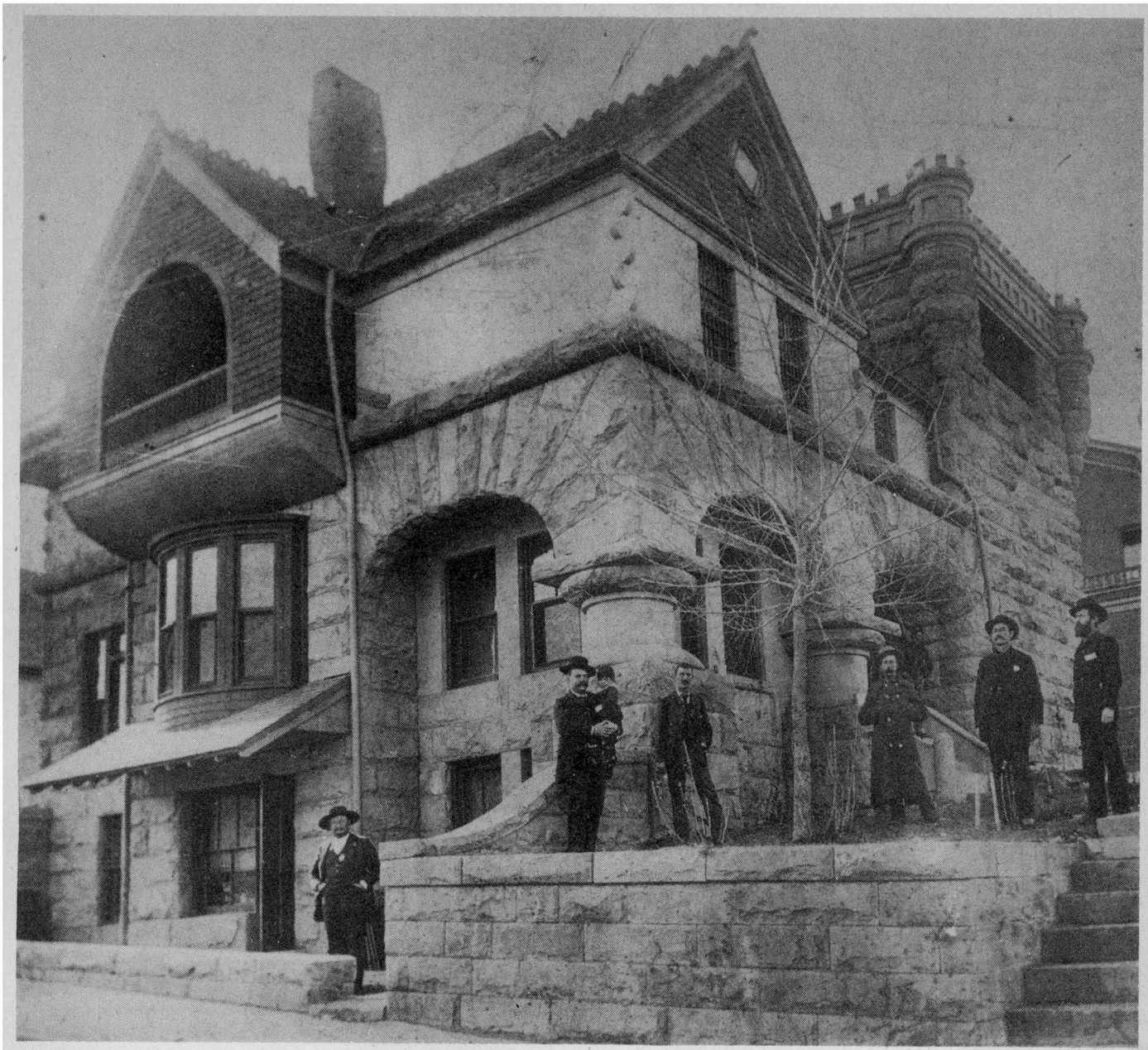
Kreeger had somewhere acquired the skills of a carpenter, and in the rapidly growing community of Trinidad he helped construct new homes and business buildings. He was said to have built the first coffins fashioned in Trinidad, but the new profession he entered in the mid-seventies required him to fill a few coffins rather than nail them together. His first peace officer's job was that of constable. During the ensuing decades he would hold municipal positions as policeman and city marshal and county posts as jailor, deputy sheriff, undersheriff, and sheriff.

It was said that five men fell before Kreeger's gun, but no one knows for sure. Kreeger avoided publicity, rarely talked to reporters, and was reticent even with close friends and family members regarding his experiences. Strangely, at target shooting with a rifle he was notoriously inept. "It was a joke as to really how poor a shot with a rifle that Kreeger was," recalled F.M. Gooden, who belonged to a rifle club with Kreeger during the 1890s. "He couldn't hit a four feet by six feet target 200 yards away."

But it was different when Kreeger dropped his rifle sights on a man. Gooden remembered that once Kreeger went to make an arrest and spotted his quarry fleeing fully a half-mile away. He threw up his rifle and squeezed off a shot. Down went the man, a bullet through his arm. When spectators marveled at what seemed a remarkably lucky shot, Kreeger winked and said, "I just wanted to wing the fellow."

Whether lucky or deadly with a rifle, Kreeger was universally acknowledged as highly skilled with a handgun. Gooden called him "a dead shot with a pistol," and others who saw him unlimber his six-gun agreed. Several who challenged that ability paid dearly for their error in judgment.

In 1879 a black desperado started a ruckus in a Commercial Street saloon. Kreeger, then a Trinidad con-



Courtesy of Old Baca House-Pioneer Museum, Colorado State Historical Society

Sheriff Lew Kreeger and his deputies posed in front of the Las Animas County jail in 1893. From left: Sheriff Kreeger; Jailor C.C. Murray holding Kreeger's youngest child, Phoebe; Deputy Sheriff Squick Kreeger; Deputy Sheriff K.E. Kross; Jailor Harry Lewis; and Undersheriff O.T. Clark.

stable, entered through the swinging doors to quell the disturbance. When the troublemaker pulled a gun and threw a wild shot in his direction, Kreeger drew and fired with one swift motion, and the man became a candidate for one of those pine boxes.

One Kreeger gunfighting story, probably apocryphal, is typical of the tales inspired by the man and his kind. Kreeger is said to have entered a saloon where a group of thieving, tinhorn gamblers had set a trap to assassinate him. At a signal, one of the gang was to extinguish the single coal-oil lamp. Instantly another, the triggerman, was to blast the officer. Kreeger smelled trouble the minute he set foot in the place and from his position at the bar sized up the situation in seconds. The light went out, flame from six-gun muzzles stabbed the darkness, and a body crashed to the floor.

When another lamp was lit and the smoke lifted, Kreeger was still at the bar, but the gambler lay in a slowly spreading pool of blood. Among the crowd who converged on the scene was a friend of Kreeger's who asked what happened.

"That feller back there decided he'd get me, but I guess he miscalculated," drawled Kreeger. "I had to shoot him."

"But, Lew, how could you get him in the dark?" he was asked.

Kreeger stubbed the rough floorboards with his boot. "See that crack? Well, I put my heel on it and when the light went out I just squatted down and shot along that crack."

The friend's gaze followed the crack along the saloon floor. It led straight to the body of the would-be assassin.

Lew Kreeger's most celebrated gunfight occurred on December 30, 1881, when he was city marshal of Trinidad. A pair of cowboys, Rice Brown and Riley Brooks, had been carousing in the city's saloons. When they brandished revolvers, two of Kreeger's deputies warned them to put away the shooting irons and ride out of town before they got themselves in deep trouble. The cowboys collected their horses from Bryant's livery stable, apparently in preparation to leave. Satisfied, the officers departed. But a few minutes later when Marshal Kreeger appeared on Commercial Street, he found the mounted cowboys, loudly cursing the city officers. Kreeger crossed the street, took hold of Brooks' bridle, and told him to get down.

Rice Brown then leveled a revolver at Kreeger, shouted, "Let go of that horse or I'll kill you!" and immediately fired. The ball tore a path through the lawman's coat but failed to injure him.

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Kreeger had released his grip on Riley Brooks' horse when Brown opened fire, and now Brooks jerked his gun and triggered a shot at the officer. Again Kreeger was lucky; the bullet sliced his vest. Brooks wheeled, dug spurs to his mount, and raced out of town. It was two years before he showed his face in Trinidad again, and when he did, Kreeger promptly slapped him in jail.

A Southerner, Lew Kreeger was a Democrat by inclination, but never played an active political role; however, when Republicans led by mayoral candidate John Conkie captured control of the Trinidad city government in April 1882, Kreeger lost his position as city marshal. The job was appointive and new Mayor Conkie promptly pinned the badge on the vest of an old pal and Republican stalwart, W.B. "Bat" Masterson, recently arrived in Trinidad. Bat came with imposing law enforcement credentials; he had helped maintain a semblance of order as a city officer during the wildest years of Dodge City's reign as the

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At an eating contest staged at the free lunch counter of the Bonanza Saloon in January 1883, he had been the odds-on favorite. The News *remarked that it was worth attending just to "see Kreeger wield the big spoon."*

Cowboy Capital, and he had served a term as sheriff of Ford County, Kansas, headquartered at Dodge. He had built a deserved reputation as a tough, fearless peace officer; with the aid of a lurid and overblown press, he had also gained fearsome renown as a deadly mankiller. Shrewdly, Masterson named Kreeger his chief deputy and left him alone to hold the peace in town as he had done for years. Meanwhile Bat drew his $75 monthly city marshal's salary and devoted most of his time to a faro game he set up in one of the saloons. Lew Kreeger accepted the arrangement stoically, adjusted to his reduced pay of $60 a month, and did his job.

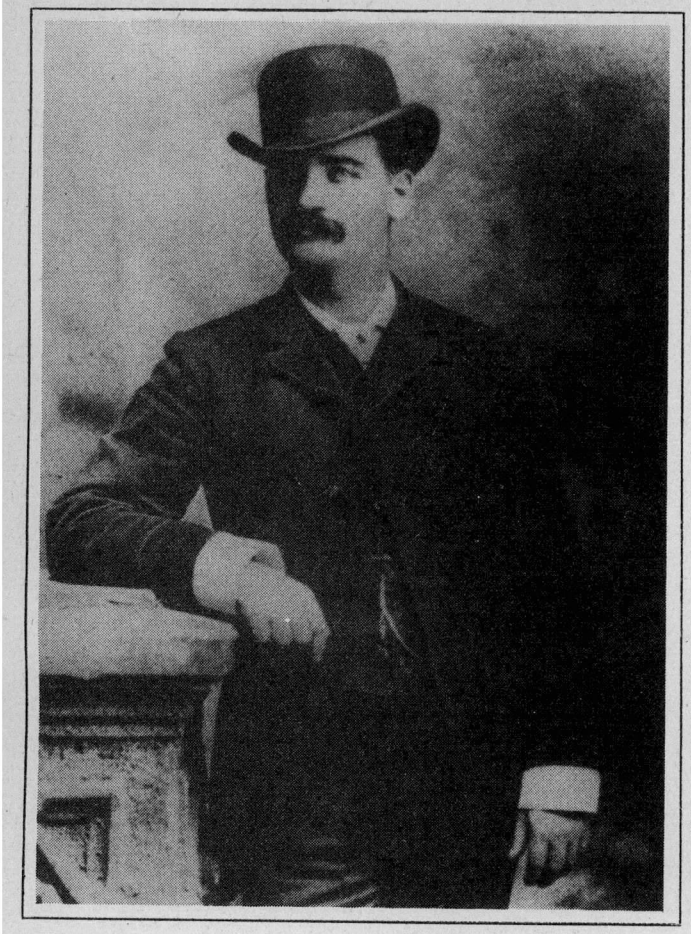
Courtesy of Old Baca House-Pioneer Museum, Colorado State Historical Society

Lewis M. Kreeger was for more than thirty years the foremost lawman in Trinidad and Las Animas County, Colorado.

During the year that Masterson held office as Trinidad's chief law enforcement official, the city charter was changed to make the marshal's job elective. In April 1883 Kreeger ran against his boss on the Democratic ticket and was overwhelmingly elected, 637 votes to 248. Masterson was greatly impressed by Kreeger's popularity. In a letter to the Trinidad *News* the following January he said, "It would be next to impossible for me or anyone else to say anything that would be accepted by the average Trinidadian as a reflection on the official competency of Kreeger. He is recognized by them as their official 'demi-god.' Therefore, it would be absurd for me to say anything derogatory to his well established character as a brave and efficient officer of the community."

But Bat could not resist taking a back-handed slap at the man who had deposed him. Kreeger was famous

for his voracious appetite. At an eating contest staged at the free lunch counter of the Bonanza Saloon in January 1883, he had been the odds-on favorite. The *News* remarked that it was worth attending just to "see Kreeger wield the big spoon." Kreeger retained his championship, turning away all challengers, including Bat Masterson. In his letter a year later Bat wryly noted, "In the estimation of Trinidadians no country can produce Kreeger's equal. As a gormandizer—I am of the same opinion."



Courtesy of Kansas State Historical Society

W.B. "Bat" Masterson took the city marshal's job from Kreeger for one year but was soundly defeated by Kreeger at the polls.

Lew Kreeger served several terms as city marshal and in the 1890s was elected sheriff of Las Animas County, a post he held for two years. Most of his long career was spent in the office of undersheriff, serving a succession of sheriffs who held the position as a political plum and relied on the veteran Kreeger to handle the demanding and often dangerous work of law enforcement. In later years he changed his party affiliation to Republican. Political parties were never of great concern to him; rounding up lawbreakers was his lifelong obsession.

As a county officer he came to know every foot of ground in Las Animas County. Preferring to work alone, he would set out on a typical manhunt in a buggy, trailing a saddle horse, with a large dog as his only companion. If he had to leave the road to trail his quarry cross-country, the dog would remain to guard the buggy until his return.

One of the most notable of Kreeger's hunts was for a man named Felix Martinez. In a murderous frenzy Martinez had axe murdered five members of a family named Garcia. He had kidnapped the sole survivor, a sixteen-year-old girl, and taken to the hills. Kreeger trailed the killer for two days and nights through a snow storm. After sixty grueling miles he finally ran the fugitive to ground. When Kreeger approached the cave where Martinez had holed up, the crazed man turned his rifle on the girl and killed her. According to Kreeger's official report, Martinez then shot himself. Later Kreeger confided to close friends that the killer had tried to shoot it out and he had finished him off.

It was said that five men fell before Kreeger's gun, but no one knows for sure. Kreeger avoided publicity, rarely talked to reporters, and was reticent even with close friends and family members regarding his experiences. Strangely, at target shooting with a rifle he was notoriously inept.

In 1869, when he was twenty years old, Lew Kreeger had married Julianita Gurule, a girl he had known since Taos days. Six children were born to the union, one son and five daughters. The firstborn was William Squire, nicknamed "Squick" as a child. The name stuck and it was as "Squick" Kreeger that Lew's son was known as boy and man. Predictably, he was the apple of his father's eye. Kreeger tried to lead him into following the lawman's profession, using him as a deputy or a posse member as he matured.

But there was a wild streak in the boy, and as he grew older he began to drift deeper into association with some of the criminal elements of Trinidad. In the summer of 1909, he took up with an all-around tough named Leandro Martinez, who had drifted into town. Friends of the Kreeger family shook their heads sadly and predicted serious trouble ahead for young Squick. Martinez was under indictment on a forgery charge and, according to the local newspaper, had "figured in numberless shooting affrays" before taking residence in Trinidad.

AT ABOUT 5:30 on the afternoon of August 3, 1909, Squick Kreeger and Leandro Martinez staggered out of the Office Saloon on Commercial Street. They reeled across the sidewalk, scattering passersby. Kreeger, described in a newspaper report as, "very, very drunk and in an ugly mood," pushed back his coat, revealing the butt of a .45 revolver in his hip pocket. He was approached by a city officer named Wilkerson, who attempted to disarm him. Squick lashed out suddenly with a vicious blow and knocked the officer to the sidewalk. As Wilkerson struggled to

his feet, Martinez threw down on him with a cocked revolver.

City Marshal Masengale from the neighboring town of Sopris happened on the scene at that moment. Seeing a fellow officer threatened, he leveled a pistol at Martinez and ordered him to put down his weapon. For several tense seconds the angry men glared at each other over the barrels of their six-shooters while Squick and Wilkerson grappled on the ground. Then Martinez slowly lowered his gun.

Among the gathering crowd was another city policeman named Egan, who attempted to assist Wilkerson in the arrest of Squick Kreeger. It required the combined efforts of the two officers and two bystanders to subdue the enraged Kreeger and force him into a delivery wagon pressed into service to deliver him to the hoosegow. When searched, Squick was found to have two revolvers and "a quantity of ammunition sufficient to have killed a small regiment."

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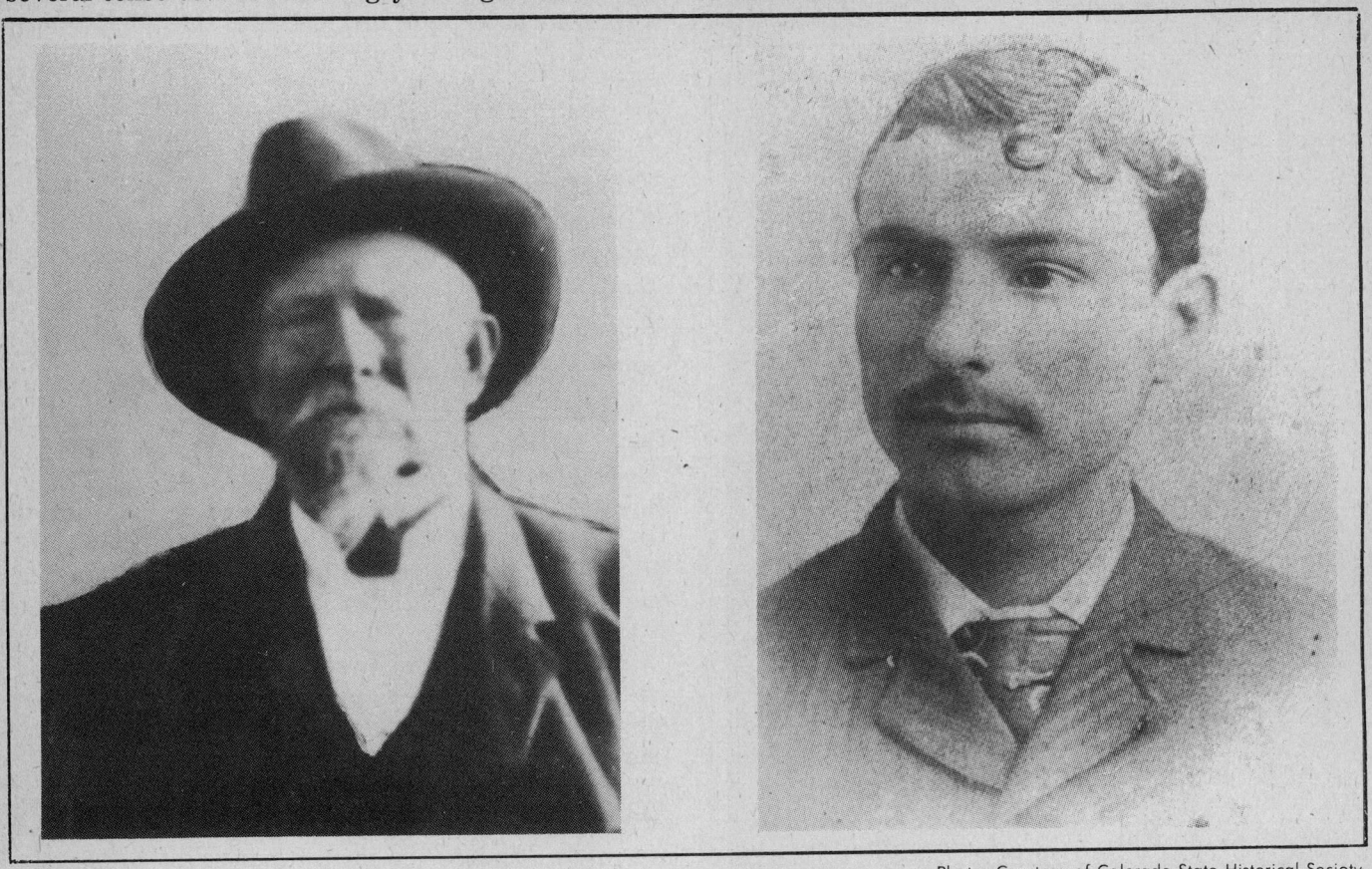
Perhaps only a few Trinidad old-timers were aware that the altercation took place within yards of the spot where Marshal Kreeger had faced two belligerent drunks in a deadly confrontation almost thirty years before. But it is certain that Lew Kreeger remembered.

Only eleven days after that affair, on Saturday, August 14, 1909, an attempt was made to rob the paymaster of the Victor-American Fuel Company, traveling with $10,000 in cash from Trinidad to Gray Creek, some ten miles east. William C. Hunn and R.G. Holt, representing the company, arrived in Trinidad that morning in a buggy accompanied by two mounted, armed guards. After picking up the payroll money at the bank, Hunn and Holt started back for Gray Creek in the buggy. One of the guards was sent ahead on the road, the other trailed behind.

Midway on the return trip, Rafael Martinez, the lead guard, topped a rise. As he rode down the reverse side, he was fired upon from ambush. The bullet struck his arm, breaking the bone and toppling him from his horse. The men in the buggy and the trailing guard, hearing the shot, raced to the top of the hill. They were in time to see the bushwhackers scattering in different directions, evidently having lost their nerve after shooting the guard. The payroll was untouched and the bandits' only booty was the guard's horse, which they took with them.

Shortly before the robbery attempt, employees of the fuel company at Gray Creek discovered the tele-



Photos Courtesy of Colorado State Historical Society

After the events of August-September 1909, the family and friends of Lew Kreeger (left) watched him turn into an old man. His son, William Squire "Squick" Kreeger (right), served eight years in the Colorado state penitentiary.

phone lines had been cut. Suspecting a plot to rob the payroll, they telegraphed officials in Denver, who relayed the information to Trinidad. Las Animas County Sheriff J.S. Grisham, Undersheriff Lew Kreeger, and Deputy Sheriff Oscar Vandebur quickly set out in an automobile on the road to Gray Creek. They reached the scene soon after the excitement. The payroll was escorted on to Gray Creek, and the wounded guard, suffering from shock and loss of blood, was rushed to a hospital. Sheriff Grisham and Kreeger then returned to Trinidad, where posses were organized to scour the hills for the bandits.

That afternoon one of the posses cornered a sweat-drenched and dust-caked rider in an arroyo near El Moro. He was carrying a loaded and cocked rifle and riding a jaded horse taken from a ranch near the site of the attempted robbery. Recognizing Leandro Martinez, the officers placed him under arrest on suspicion of complicity in the crime and took him to Trinidad. Sheriff Grisham was convinced he had the ringleader of the bandits in his jail and gave orders to bring in Martinez' known associates. He looked his undersheriff in the eye and said, "Lew you know we'll have to bring in Squick. Do you want someone else to do it?"

Lew Kreeger shook his head. "It's my responsibility. I'll do it." And that night Lewis Kreeger made the toughest arrest of his career.

Six members of what the papers called the "Martinez Gang" were arrested and charged in the case: Leandro Martinez, W.S. "Squick" Kreeger, Charles Areliano, Vicente Marquez, V.B. "Red" Bruce, and Charles Tumleson. Eventually Areliano and Marquez were released for lack of evidence. Tumleson confessed and turned state's evidence, naming Martinez, Squick, and Red Bruce as co-conspirators. He was not prosecuted. Lew Kreeger worked as hard as his fellow officers to develop the case against the remaining three, Martinez, Bruce, and his son, Squick. The evidence was so overwhelming that the three entered guilty pleas.

ON SEPTEMBER 25, 1909, Squick Kreeger was sentenced in Las Animas County District Court on three counts. He received a sentence of from five to six years for conspiracy to robbery, six to ten years for assault to murder the payroll guard, and ten to fifteen years for robbery of the guard's horse and saddle. The sentences were to run concurrently. Red Bruce got five to six years on the conspiracy charge alone. Leandro Martinez received a sentence of ten to twenty for conspiracy, assault, robbery, and larceny of livestock. All were sentenced to the state penitentiary at Canon City on September 28.

On June 16, 1912, while assigned to work on a road gang, Martinez escaped from custody and was never seen in southern Colorado again. Three months later, on September 16, 1912, Red Bruce was released on parole. Of the "Martinez Gang," Squick Kreeger alone remained in prison.

In August 1908; when the payroll robbery was attempted, Lewis Kreeger was sixty years old, a strong, vigorous man who could stay in the saddle long after others half his age were ready to make camp. He stood ramrod-straight and his eye was clear and piercing. Only his white hair, mustache, and goatee betokened his years. But from the day his son was taken in chains to prison, Lew Kreeger started to die. His family and

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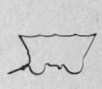
associates watched him turn into an old man. Soon, unable to perform his duties as undersheriff, he resigned. He was appointed night jailor, but his decline continued and even those light duties became more than he could handle. Early in 1913 he was confined to his home, and by late spring he was completely bed-ridden.

On August 3, 1913, Lewis M. Kreeger died. It was four years to the day since Squick had had his first break with the law. Shortly before the end Kreeger expressed a wish to see his son once more, and his wife wired the governor, requesting permission for Squick to come to Trinidad. Kreeger died before that request was answered. But on learning the story of the veteran lawman and his wayward son, Governor E.M. Ammons put in motion the legal machinery which resulted five months later in the commutation of Squick's sentence to seven years, eleven months; on January 22, 1914, young Kreeger was paroled. He discharged his sentence on July 29, 1917, and evidently avoided trouble with the law thereafter.

At Lew Kreeger's death, a Trinidad paper called him "the most noted man-hunter in the southwest, the oldest and most widely known officer in southern Colorado. . . He put in more hours on duty than any man who ever wore a star in this section of the country." He was ". . . always on hand to carry a payroll to the mining camps and has transported more than a million dollars during his years as an officer. In his long period of service. . . Kreeger perhaps made more arrests, covered more territory, and figured prominently in more notable criminal cases than any officer in Colorado."

Today he is almost forgotten, one of the many courageous and dedicated lawmen who played such an important part in establishing order on the turbulent frontier and whose memory is fading from public consciousness. But Lewis Kreeger stands unique among that noble band, an officer who, with unswerving devotion to duty, put his only son behind bars.



Dollar and I found ourselves being squeezed in the back of the wedge. I sought to take hold of her and pull her back, but it was like trying to stop an express train. The power of that mare was unbelievable! Even now, blocked on all sides, she was still trying to "bull" her way through the tangle of horseflesh, biting, punching, and kicking her rivals even while maintaining a dead run.

Castlewood Creek and the Silver Cup

By J.B. CORRAL

From His Diary Edited by Doreen-Marie Corral

I realize, looking back, that of all the holidays in my childhood it was the summer holidays which I most enjoyed and to which I most looked forward. I loved Christmas, of course, but I loved summer more.

Perhaps the infatuation stemmed from the fact that until I was fifteen I attended a military boarding school in San Francisco, and each June, coming out on the train, after nine months of viewing the box-like, pastel houses that clung to the cliffs of the city, the vast sweep of the Sierras never failed to move me. Then, too, after months of stifled city living, there was so much excitement to look forward to: the inspection of the spring-born foals, the breaking of the three-year-old broncs, the moving of the cattle to summer ranges. To me, every day was the Fourth of July.

But my most precious memories are of the Race.

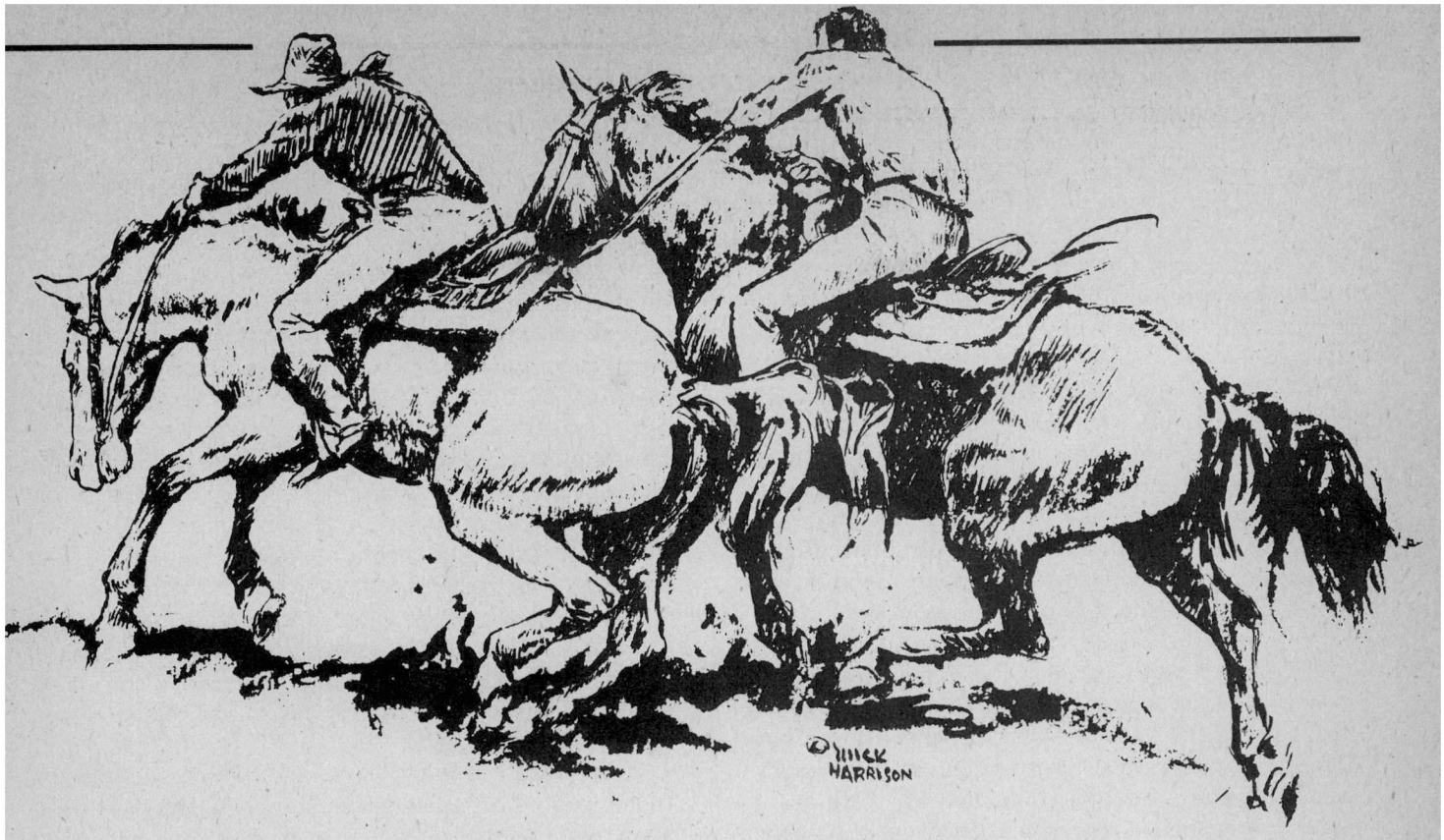
Each August, along towards the end of the month when most of the summer work was done and before the fall branding began, a track would be laid out along Castlewood Creek and here the cowboys would race their cow-ponies for $500 and a silver cup. Crafted from silver mined from the hills around Shane City, Nevada, there were few things more incongruous for a cowboy than that silver cup, with its Victorian curlicues and four fat cherubs around the base. But each year, twenty, thirty cowboys from ranches on both sides of the Cal-Neva Line would line up to try and win it. My brother, Nicky, on an ugly, rat-tailed iron-gray he called "Warsaw" had the luck to win the Race twice. I, on the other hand, was seventeen before I even got the chance to ride in it.

Part of my problem stemmed from the fact that, despite my father's running 300 horses on both sides of the Line, I was relegated to riding Topsie, a chunky, brown mare with no speed to mention. Earlier on, Nicky had also been alloted a "loser" by the name of Jingo, but by helping a Mr. Constantino sell fruit and vegetables from a broken-down handcart in San Francisco, he had managed to save enough money to buy Warsaw in Stockton and had thus beat the system.

I, on the other hand, had two jobs in the city, and failed at both of them. Once I was appointed groom of the school commandant's horse, a nasty bay mare to which I am eternally grateful for one day breaking away from me while I rode her along the Wharf, upsetting two fish carts and a wagon selling tortoni Napolitano, and thus getting me out of that job. And then one Christmas I got a job as an "angel" in one of the big department stores down on Market Street. It was my job to stand in the window, complete with a wig of golden curls, a staff, and a set of glittery wings, and entice passersby to come in and spend money.

My stint as an "angel" ended abruptly on the night of December 20, 1911, when after eight hours of standing in the window, the clip on the harness that held my "wings" in place jammed, and I had to walk the ten blocks back to the school dorm with my four-foot "wings" flapping in the breeze behind me.

Ten dollars, even in the autumn of 1912, did not buy a race horse, and since I was determined to appear at Castlewood Creek on anything but old Topsie, I had



Illustrated by MICK HARRISON

little choice but to try and catch myself a better prospect.

In 1912, "progress," as they called it, had already begun to nibble away at the Old West—Carson City had a waterworks, paved streets, and an electric trolley, and even we had a "horseless carriage," an old Buick, the first one in the Gorge. But mustang horses still ran in Black Rock Desert, north of Pyramid Lake, on the Nevada side.

FUNNY HOW some things are imprinted on the mind. I remember the day we rode off for the wild ones as if it were yesterday. A day of big clouds, sailing along before a boisterous wind that whipped down the entire length of the Sierra Nevada. Nicky and I riding side by side, our saddle bags stuffed with provisions, our twenty-twos jammed into the gun-boots beneath the stirrup leather. Though I was to spend another sixty years riding the gorges, valleys, and plains of the Sierras, I never again was able to recapture the feeling of that day.

Maybe it was because then, in 1912, we were not aware that the Old West was gone forever. We had seen the changes, of course, but we were not farsighted enough to see that those very changes would one day destroy our world or that forty years later the rugged mountain pass that Nicky and I rode would become a concrete thoroughfare with four lanes of cars.

Even today I cannot comprehend that road, for in its place I see once again that faint, rugged mountain pass, hear again the squeak of saddle leather as our horses ambled along, see Nicky once again, in fringed buckskin, a red silk sash at his waist, astride Warsaw. My brother was a wise man and a brave one, and the fact that he was killed at Chateau-Thierry in June 1918 remains the great tragedy of my life.

If many things have changed, there are a handful which have not. Black Rock Desert is one of these. It was then, as it is now, a waste place of the earth. Baked hardpan, hard and gray as marble. Scraggly sagebrush. Old volcanic rocks piled one atop another as if by a giant's hand. But in the Granite Range mustangs ran and probably still do.

We came upon a band right off: scraggly creatures, some solid-colored, others two-toned, all with hooves so soft from alkaline water that you couldn't get a shoe to stick on them if your life depended on it. What we were really after was the band that belonged to a stallion known as "The Whistler," on account of his unearthly, screeching neigh. Twice before, the sorrel stallion had been captured and always he had had a choice band of mares with him. Obviously the old horse had a good eye for females, and I hoped to capitalize on his "taste" for my own benefit. I intended to pick my "race horse" from his band of mares.

It took Nicky and me three weeks to find the Whistler, and twice, on the verge of starvation and frustration, we almost chucked the expedition and turned back to Reno. In the end, when we did find him, it was almost too easy. We merely breasted the rim of a dry wash, chanced to look down, and saw them:

the Whistler and twenty-odd mares slow-footing it through the wash.

We had an advantage in that we were upwind from the band. We could swoop down behind them and they wouldn't even know what had hit them, run them three miles down the wash to American Horse Canyon—there was an old brush corral there from a round-up three years before—slam them in, cut out the mare we wanted, and free the rest. If all went well, it would take no more than an hour or two.

BUT TOPSIE had other ideas. Even though it was late in the year, she was ripe for breeding, and spying the stallion coming along the wash, she suddenly began to squeal, her iron-shod hooves drawing sparks from the rocks as she plunged and pawed. I managed to pull her up, slap her nose, and within two minutes she was calm again, standing looking down into the wash with one hindleg bent like an old cow.

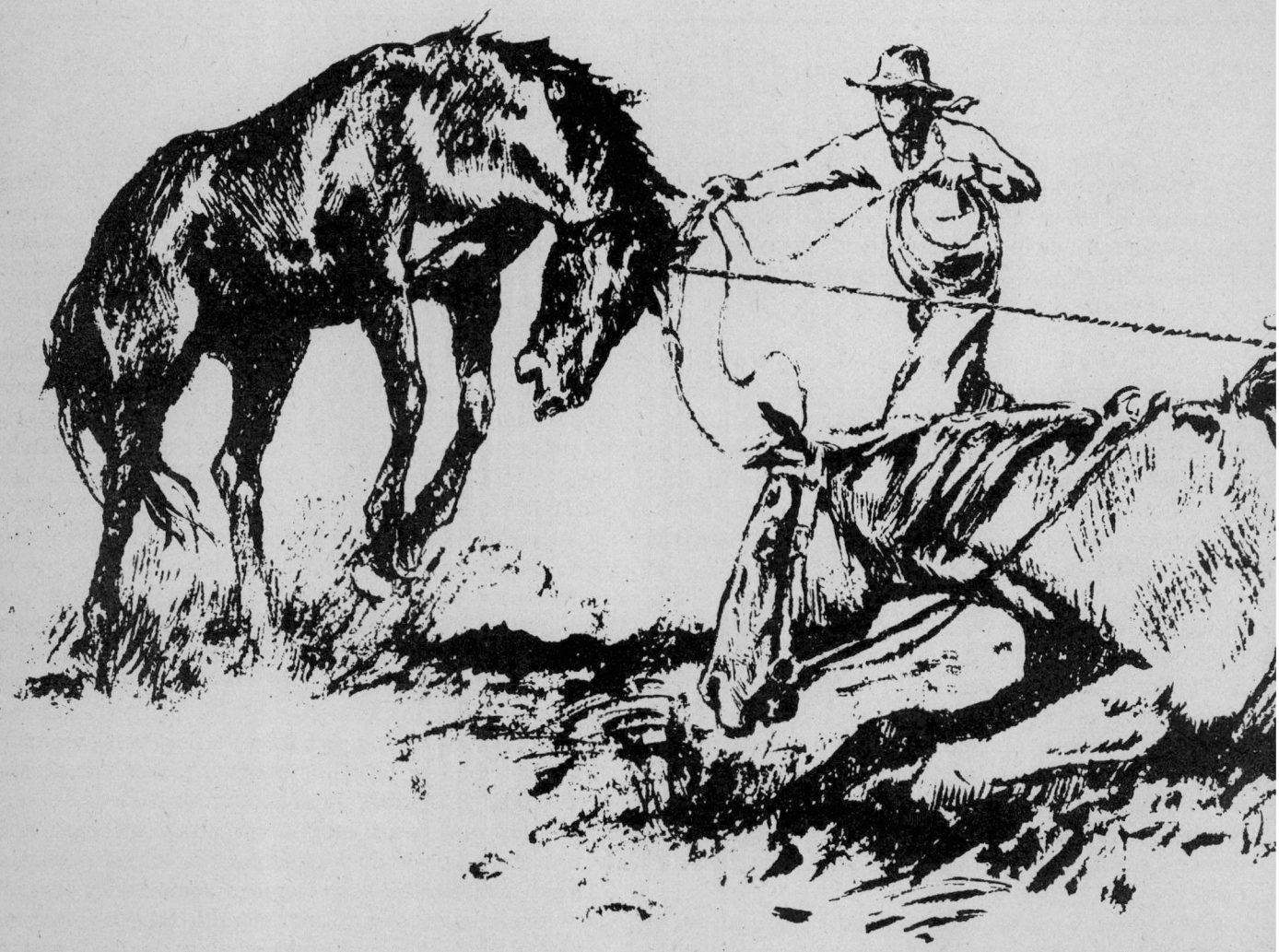
But it was too late.

Alerted by Topsie's antics, the Whistler had turned his mares and was now running them back down the wash toward the open desert. I sat there dumbfounded, seeing my one chance at the silver cup vanish in a cloud of dust. Topsie, the cause of it all, seemed about ready to fall asleep beneath me, her one moment of romantic rebellion forgotten. But Nicky already had Warsaw plunging down the slope of the wash, hoping to overtake the band and turn them back toward American Horse Canyon. Even as I saw him hit the bottom of the wash and start to run, I knew he'd never make it. He was twenty lengths behind the band and losing ground at every step.

I followed the rim of the wash around and came out on the edge of Black Rock Desert. A fading line of dust was all that remained of the Whistler and his band. But I wasn't aware of a feeling of loss, only of astonishment. In the mouth of the wash, buried in a cloud of dust and gravel, stood Warsaw, both forelegs torn and bleeding, desperately "working" a rope. At the end of the rope was a black mare. And Nicky, hatless, blood staining his buckskins in a dozen places, was on the ground trying to get a rope around the mare's flailing forelegs. I moved in with Topsie and within seconds we had the wild mare tied up and lying on her side.

Nicky and I made a cautious inspection of the mare. She didn't look like a mustang, more like a thoroughbred: fine-boned head, narrow barrel, very slender, long legs.

"She looks too good," I said. "Maybe she belongs to someone. Perhaps George Hancock. He's got thoroughbreds on his place south of Mount Rose."

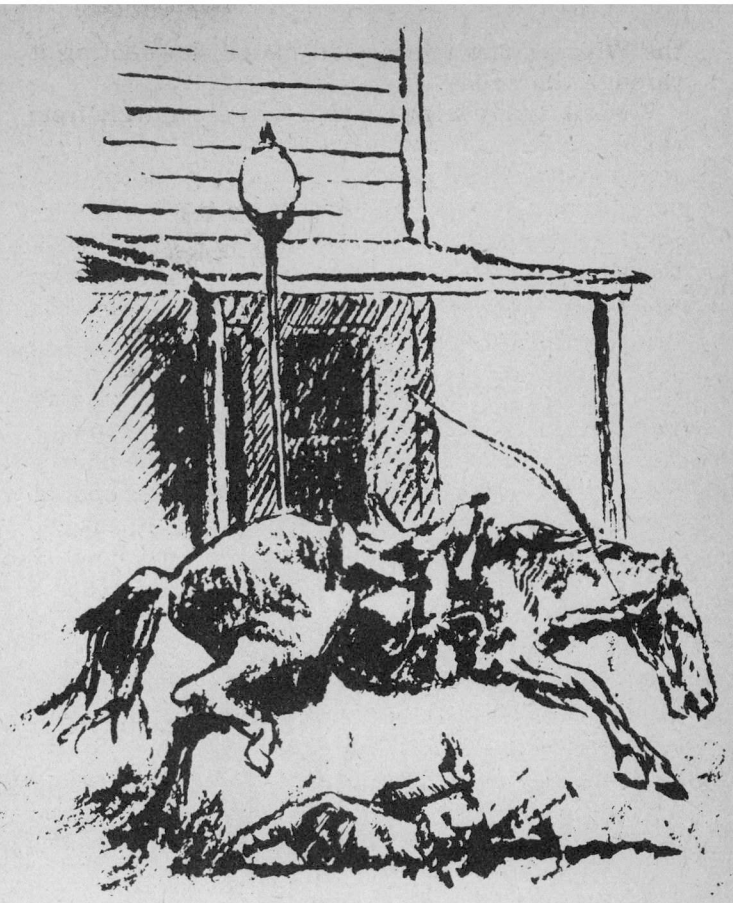


But Nicky was positive that she didn't. When his first rope had snagged her, she had retaliated by going down in a rolling, running ball, pulling Warsaw off his feet and dragging him on his knees for ten feet. Only a wild horse would do that. And a crazy one at that.

Many curses and much torn flesh later, we managed to get the mare into American Horse Canyon, where we intended to break her. Only to my everlasting shame I couldn't do it, and Nicky had to do it for me.

We branded her on the day of the first snow. European-style, on the inside of the right hindleg, so as not to mar her hide—a small "JB" and, beneath it, another European affectation, a "picture" brand, two jagged pieces of lightning. Now, all I needed was a name.

Even as autumn slipped into winter and the snow piled up in drifts outside our ponderosa-pine ranch house, I still agonized over a name for the mare. None of the genteel, eastern thoroughbred names I had chosen fit that spooky, high-headed, vicious animal. The ranch hands simply called her "The Bitch," but I didn't want that name in the Castlewood Creek race program. Finally, Nicky solved the problem. He came staggering into the study one blustery December day with blood on his buckskins and a knee like a balloon. The mare had thrown him against the corral rails and had then come back and kicked him until he bled from the ears. Slapping a steer steak on his knee to draw out the swelling, he said: "That mare's not worth a dollar. Not a dime—not a nickel—not a damn!" I didn't want to name her "Damn," so I called her "Dollar" instead.



I believe I'm the only person to be fined in Virginia City for "disorderly conduct" on a horse.

In the mouth of the wash, buried in a cloud of dust and gravel, stood Warsaw, both forelegs torn and bleeding, desperately "working" a rope. At the end of the rope was a black mare.

They say that horses break your heart, and it's true. Dollar broke mine. I loved her. She hated me. I wanted her to be a race horse. She wanted to be free. Saddling her was an ordeal; bridling her was out of the question. She snapped four curbs in seven days and I had little choice but to put her in a "Cheyenne" bridle, a bitless rawhide bridle that consisted mainly of two simple half-hitches around the lower jaw. Of course, it was suicide. Most of the time I couldn't stop her. I believe I'm the only person to be fined in Virginia City for "disorderly conduct" on a horse. I also believe that I'm the only "customer" of Tanner's Mortuary to wake up. The good citizens of Gold Hill, after seeing Dollar wrap me around a light post, evidently thought a doctor was a waste of time and dispatched my prone body directly to the undertaker.

But whatever else Dollar was, she was fast. I used to train her on an oval path just north of Skeleton Creek and the times she clocked on my Tiffany watch were extraordinary. Good enough for the "name" tracks: Juarez, Tijuana, the Fairgrounds. And certain-

ly four or five seconds faster than anything destined to line-up at Castlewood Creek. I knew Dollar could win the Race. My only problem was getting to the post in one piece.

Shane City—five saloons, one hotel, and a Chinese restaurant—was the closest thing to civilization for twenty miles on either side of Castlewood Creek. Once a boom town of four thousand souls, it had regressed to a population of fifty-six when the Lower Comstock dried up in 1891. That Shane City continued to exist was largely due to the Race. It was no secret that the city and its good citizens pocketed some $30,000 off of the Race each year, not all of it on the up-and-up.

There were few things more incongruous for a cowboy than that silver cup, with its Victorian curlicues and four fat cherubs around the base.

Nicky and I arrived on Thursday (the Race was on Sunday) and stabled Warsaw and Dollar at Horace Webster's Livery on Main Street, which offered free stabling for Race entries. "The stable's yours, boys!" Old Man Webster would say each year, jovially handing out small sacks of Kentucky oats. But Webster got his dollar out of the Race just like everyone else. It was no secret that on the night after the Race he paid the winning horse a visit and cut off its tail hair, whereby he sold it to Eastern tourists at $20 a lock. But he'd been skunked in 1911 and 1912, when Warsaw won, because Warsaw was a "rat-tail" and only had about a dozen hairs. For ourselves, we put up at the Sequoia, where we paid the same for two tough steaks as for a four-course meal with wine at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco.

By Saturday afternoon, the population of Shane City had swelled to 6,000, with the overflow camping out at Harmony Hill, the local cemetery, where it cost $10 to bunk out on a grave. At the Metropol Casino on Main Street, Warsaw was the two-to-one favorite in the betting pools, while Dollar was tagged at ninety-eight-to-one. In fact, the only person I could find who had a ticket on her was old Benjamin Scully, the town drunk, who had told Jimmy Bender, the bet-taker at the Metropol, that he wanted to "bet a dollar," and Bender, skunk that he was, had given him a ticket on Dollar.

Nicky drew the number one post, the best one for a fast breaker like Warsaw, and I was genuinely happy for him. Destined to be the unlucky brother, I drew number fifteen, the worst post in the field. It put me smack in the middle of the thirty-horse field. If Dollar broke fast, I'd be okay; if she broke slow, I'd be pinched back to the rear of the field during the long run down the backstretch to the far turn, and hopelessly out of contention.

Her usual, bitchy self throughout the post parade, Dollar arrived at the start barrier dripping with sweat, and I remember thinking, in a panic, "She's left the damn race in the gate!" I completed the casualty list with eight bone-deep cuts on my hands, courtesy of the narrow reins of the Cheyenne bridle.

BARELY ALIVE as we were, it was no surprise that we broke late. We came flying out from the barrier a half-length behind the leaders. The horses inside came out in the shape of a flying wedge with Warsaw in the lead. The horses outside pushed over, and Dollar and I found ourselves being squeezed in the back of the wedge. I sought to take hold of her and pull her back, but it was like trying to stop an express train. The power of that mare was unbelievable! Even now, blocked on all sides, she was still trying to "bull" her way through the tangle of horseflesh, biting, punching, and kicking her rivals even while maintaining a dead run. Steering her was out of the question, and I did not attempt it—I merely held the reins and let her go.

By the time Dollar split the Double Bar entry at the top of the stretch, the track was a blur to me, and I was conscious only of the endless white fence slipping by. I knew that Warsaw was somewhere in front of me, for I had not passed a gray horse, but I could not see him, and for a second I wondered if perhaps I had died and had not realized it. Then I saw his ugly, gray hindquarters in front of me and knew that I was still alive. And to this day I don't know how I passed him; all I know is that I did.

Three days later, I rode Dollar up to Black Rock Desert and let her go. She had given me what I wanted most, victory in the Race. So I gave her what she wanted most, her freedom. I never saw her again. Nor did I ever ride in another race. In 1918, Shane City finally died, a casualty of the War and changing times, and with it went the Race. There is nothing there anymore but a street of empty buildings, crumbling away in the wind, an overgrown cemetery, and a silver plate affixed to the one remaining wall of the Metropol, listing the winners of the Race.

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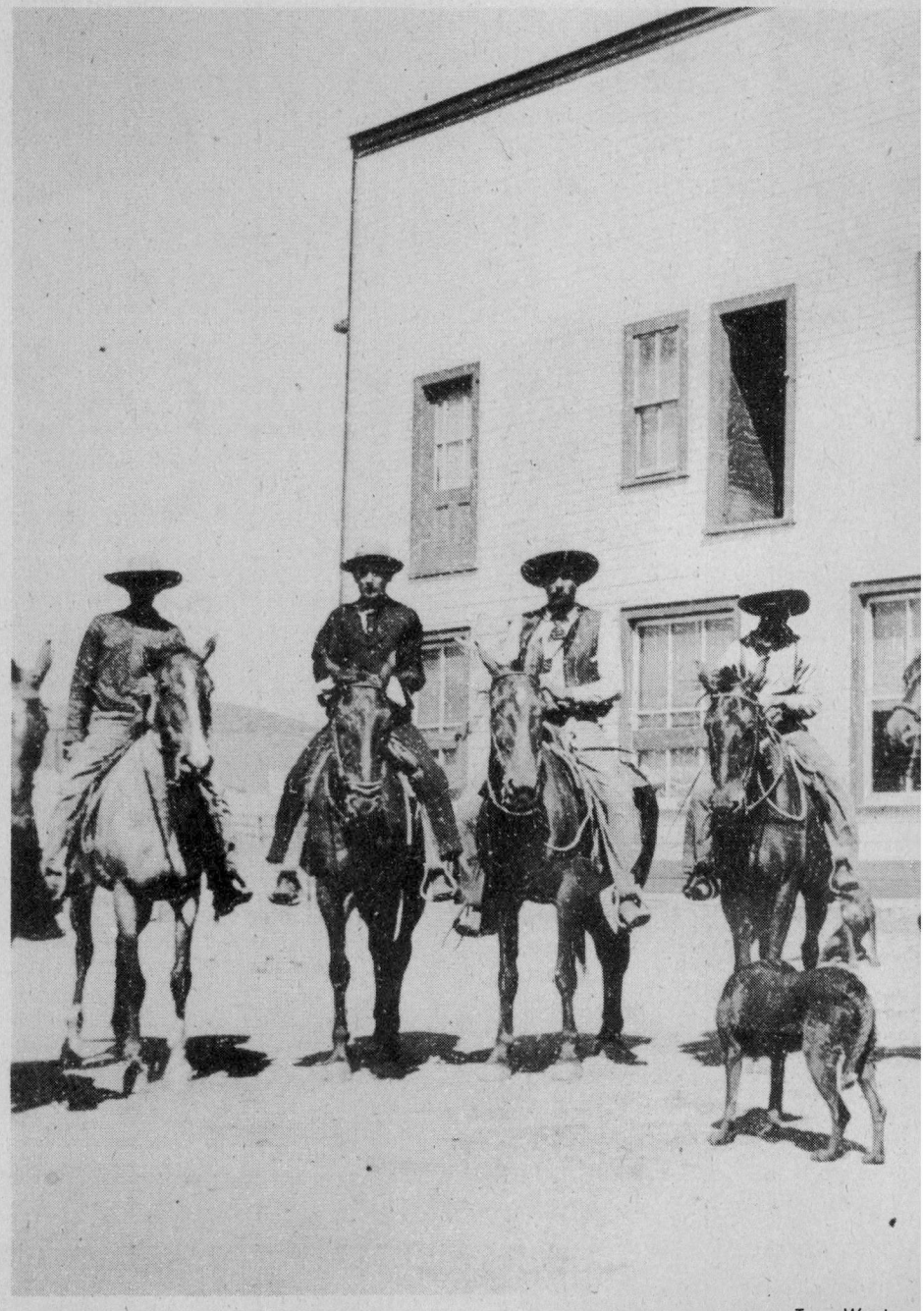
By BUD McKANNA

Gallows and Gunfights in Old San Diego

Beginning in 1850, California suffered through a half-century of social change and violence. Sometimes motivated by racial hatred, often triggered by serious crimes, violence flared up throughout California. That era of social and economic upheaval was marked by vigilante movements, lynch mobs, and numerous shootings. Though somewhat less spectacular than a San Francisco, Hangtown, Hanford, or Los Angeles, San Diego endured the same fits of violence. Lynch mobs prevailed during that turbulent era. With San Francisco as their model for vigilante "justice," supporters throughout the West took the law into their own hands. San Diego was no exception.

Robberies and murders often spurred lynch mobs to action, particularly in the rural countryside of San Diego County. Because law enforcement seldom reached beyond the outskirts of town, anyone captured by a mob could expect to receive the ultimate penalty—death by hanging. Many citizens believed it proper to execute troublemakers, and few were thwarted in their role as judge and jury. In December 1875, a gunfight during a robbery at Gaskill's Store in Campo ended in the shooting death of Theodore Vasquez and the capture of two other Sonorans, Jose Elvira and Raphael Garcia. The coroner's jury concluded that the wounded Elvira and Garcia were "taken during the knite of the fifth and hung by a party of unknowne men." Jerry Gaskill admitted to the jury that he "was guarding the prisenors when the gang of men came in the room . . . tied my hands and took the prisenor out of the room. That is all I no of the prisenors now deceased." The grammar and spelling might be amusing, but the results were dramatic—both died by hanging at the hands of a lynch mob.

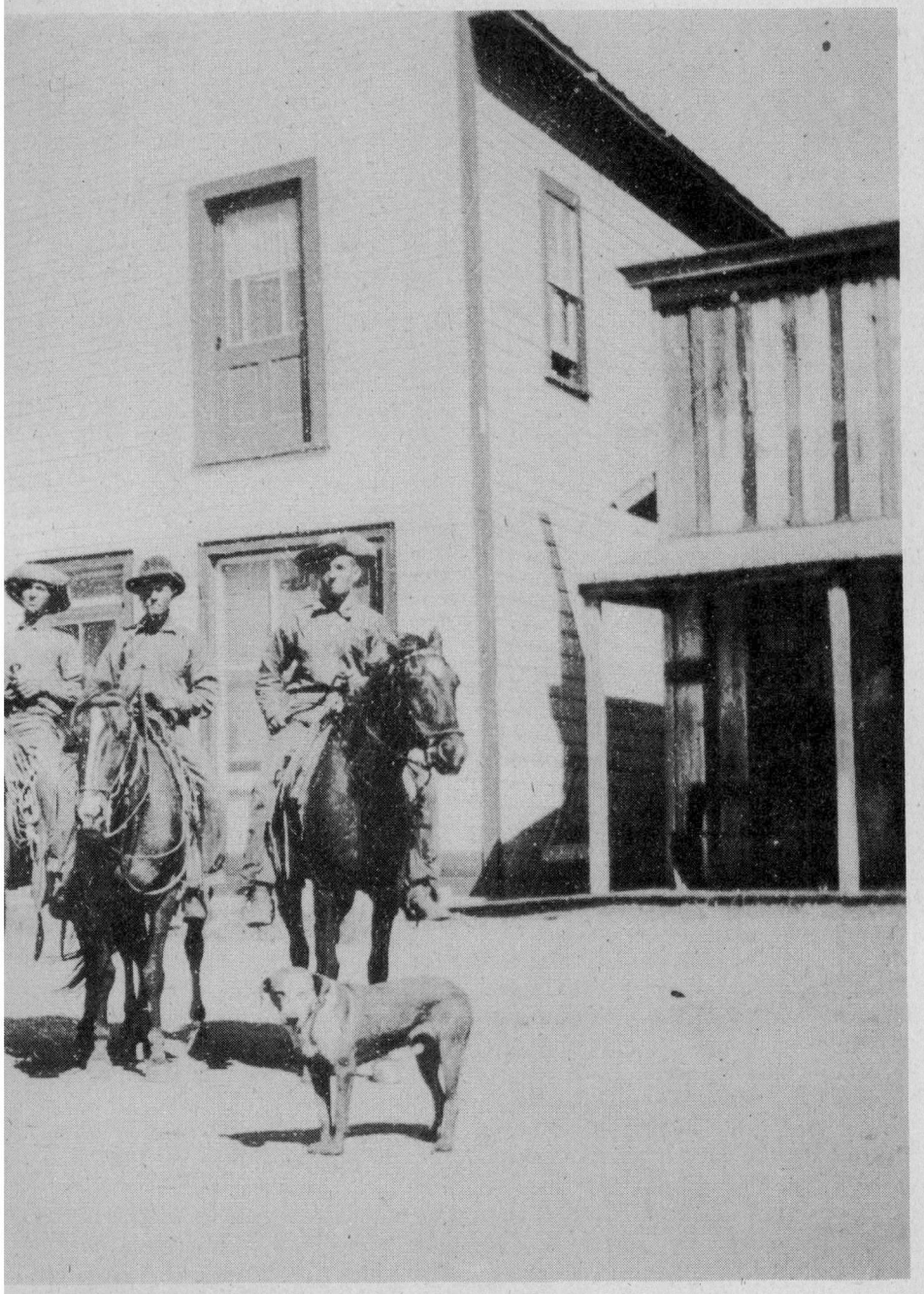
Three years later on June 22, 1878, a mob overpowered a guard, put a sack over his head, and seized Juan La Cruz, an Indian, from the jail in Julian, a small gold camp situated in the Laguna Mountains. The coroner held an inquest after the body was discovered hanging from a tree in a nearby woods. The jury concluded that "persons unknown" spirited La Cruz from the jail and hanged him. Less than a month later a mob of from twenty to thirty men wearing sack masks and armed with rifles and shotguns seized Refugio Baca from a jail in Temecula and hanged him from a nearby cottonwood tree. Testimony established that he had been hanged ten



Constables sometimes admitted to having little experience in handling weapons or in law enforcement. John Bludworth, a Del Mar constable, stated that he had fired his weapon at suspects only twice; both times the suspect escaped. In one case the lawbreaker fired back; in the other the unarmed assailant fled on foot.

feet high, but no one could identify the rope or any of the perpetrators. The mob were listed as "persons unknown." In April 1890, Banning law enforcement officers arrested and jailed Anastacio Lugo on unspecified charges. One day later authorities found Lugo hanging from a telegraph pole along the railroad about a mile east of Banning, in the eastern part of the county. Once again the coroner's jury heard the testimony of the jailers and other parties and concluded the victim had been hanged by "parties unknown."

Not all victims were taken from jails by mobs. On December 15, 1878, officials of San Diego County jail found Jose Ramon Laguna hanging from a rafter in his cell. His hands were tied behind him. One of the jailers who testified before the coroner's inquest jury stated that the victim had "been very uneasy" and asked whether "there were vigilantes here like there was in Los Angeles." The jailers could not explain the presence of the rope. They had searched him thoroughly before placing him in the cell. Despite the sheriff's testimony that the victim's hands were tied, the jury found "that he came to his death by hanging himself."



LYNCHINGS took their toll of victims, but they were not alone. San Diego lawmen often became involved in shootouts while trying to arrest suspected felons. On occasion there was a hint of impropriety on the part of law enforcement officials trying to make the arrest. They were, after all, only human, often underpaid, and sometimes unqualified to perform adequately as constables, marshals, or deputy sheriffs.

On August 23, 1872, Los Angeles Deputy Sheriff Adolfo Celiz attempted to serve Jesus Buteris with a murder warrant in San Luis Rey Township. Celiz had tracked Buteris to a ranch where he found him eating a watermelon. Celiz asked Buteris his name. Buteris answered and "put his hand behind to draw his pistol and commenced shooting." Buteris fired at Celiz' deputy, hitting his horse instead. In the turmoil, Buteris made a break, but Celiz drew his pistol and fired twice, killing him instantly. Testimony supported Celiz' statement, and the jury concluded Celiz acted in an appropriate manner

A quiet moment in Temecula, near San Diego, where Refugio Baca had been lynched by an angry mob.

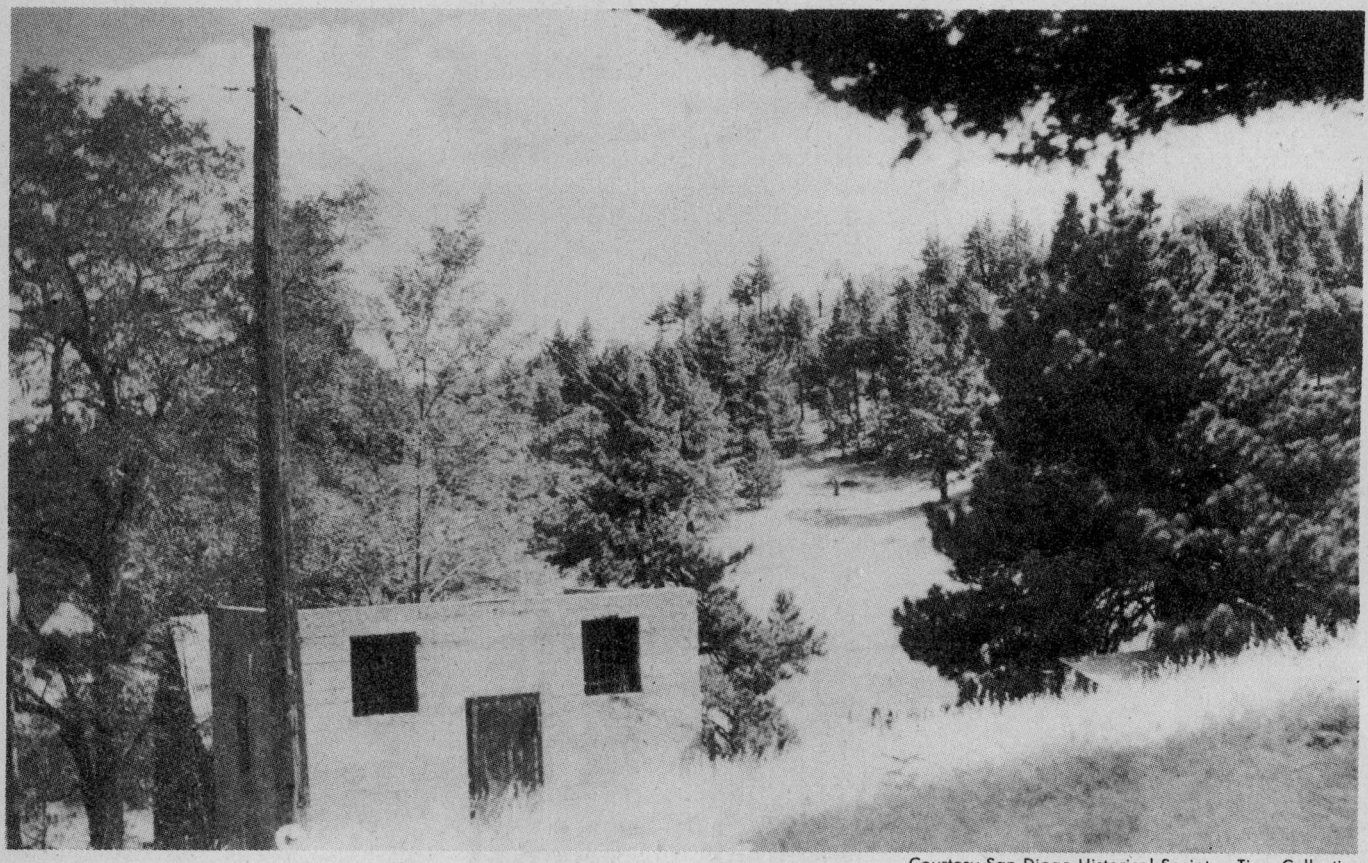
in the performance of his duty.

There were, nevertheless, occasions when law enforcement officials seemed to act hastily. On January 23, 1887, Frank Pablo apparently shot and injured another Indian in Julian. Several citizens in the street came upon the victim and asked what had happened. A companion of the victim pointed out Pablo, then mounting a horse, as the perpetrator of the crime. Five men trailed him to a house on the outskirts of town. When they called for Pablo to surrender and come out with his hands up, he refused to answer. They believed him to be armed and dangerous. Tom Bimily, one of the posse, entered the house with a Winchester rifle. He scuffled with Pablo, who tried to seize the gun. Bimily fired and killed him. Although Pablo had no gun on his person or in the house, the jury found the killing justifiable.

Life in the gold camps encouraged violence. Hedges, a gold camp on the eastern flank of San Diego County, reached a population of around 1,000 or more in the mid-1890s. Rough-and-tumble miners, armed to the teeth with pistols and knives, often required lawmen with similar talents and equipment. On December 18, 1896, Deputy Sheriff Smarr entered a saloon and ordered Juan Flores to raise his hands. He did. Witnesses testified that Flores had both hands raised in the air when Smarr fired. Flores had no weapon in either hand and apparently made no move toward his gun. Yet the coroner's jury found in favor of Smarr. Little wonder that Hispanics complained that justice applied only to Anglos in San Diego County.

In November 1887, Constable Clarence F. Gedney killed Samuel Rohn on the streets of San Diego. In that urban setting, the consequences were much more serious. The district attorney filed charges and prosecuted Gedney for Rohn's murder. Testimony revealed that Gedney and Officer Meiggs had been following a man acting suspiciously and came across Rohn lying on the steps of a house in the red-light district. Gedney struck a match to identify the sleeping figure and aroused the drunken Rohn, who jumped up, accosting the constable. Gedney exclaimed, "Stand back or I'll shoot." Rohn replied, "Shoot if you dare." When Rohn moved toward him, Gedney apparently felt threatened; he shot and killed Rohn. After several days of intense testimony a jury found Gedney not guilty. That was the first of many controversial trials involving peace officers who had shot suspects.

Constables sometimes admitted to having little experience in handling weapons or in law enforcement. John Bludworth, a Del Mar constable, stated that he had fired his weapon at suspects only twice; both times the suspect escaped. In one case the lawbreaker fired back; in the other the unarmed assailant fled on foot. Fortunately, no one was injured in either situation. But, in April 1895, J.L. Lamar aroused Bludworth from sleep around noon and informed him of a problem involving a Mrs. Margaret J. Fraizer. She claimed that James Smith had accosted her at her home. "There is a shot-gun in the house and he is a dead shot," she stated. Armed with a rifle and pistol, Bludworth attempted to arrest Smith without a warrant. He and Lamar searched Fraizer's house without finding Smith. He then told Lamar to get the buggy while he looked in the barn. Smith was sitting on a box in a horse stall. Bludworth ordered him to come out of the barn, "Jimmy I got a warrant for you." Smith replied; "You have, you god damned son of a bitch." Smith lunged at Bludworth with a knife, and the constable fired his pistol twice, killing his assailant. The coroner's jury found that Bludworth had acted



Courtesy San Diego Historical Society—Ticor Collection

The old Julian Jail. Frank Pablo, an Indian suspected in a non-fatal shooting no doubt would have preferred incarceration to the fate he met when scuffling with a posse member. He was shot and killed.

Courtesy San Diego Historical Society—Ticor Collection

San Diego Police in 1887.

properly in the performance of his duty.

Serving warrants could be dangerous business. One of the bloodiest battles in San Diego County occurred January 18, 1888, in Moosa Canyon eighteen miles east of Oceanside, when a land dispute erupted in violence. The results were similar to those of the Hanford Mussel Slough shootout. Levi P. Stone received an ejectment order from the justice of the peace to remove squatters from his property. Oceanside constables D.M. Breedlove and Archibald Freeman, Stone and his two sons, Stockman Reed, a local farmer, and two others set out to forcibly eject the Burnham and McConaghy families from the land. Earlier attempts to get them to leave had been met with threats from the McConaghy brothers, so the posse came heavily armed and ready for trouble.

CONSTABLE BREEDLOVE approached the house, ordered Percy McConaghy to leave and, with the aid of his deputy, attempted to carry him to a wagon. Then the shooting began. Who fired first is unclear, but within three or four minutes Percy and John McConaghy and Mrs. James Burnham were dead. Stockman Reed had received a mortal wound. The deaths sent shock waves through the county. Although the coroner's jury did not assign responsibility for the shootings, testimony suggests that Reed may have killed one of the McConaghy brothers while Freeman apparently shot Mrs. Burnham and the other McConaghy. John McConaghy inflicted the damage on Reed and wounded Breedlove. The San Diego *Union* criticized the actions of the court and the posse, suggesting it had been a pointless battle that never should have occurred. Three years later a jury found Constable Freeman innocent of first degree murder charges involving Mrs. Burnham. The trial was an anticlimactic close to that tragic land dispute.

Other law enforcement officials encountered equal difficulties serving warrants. In September 1895, Constable B.F. Hubbert tried to arrest Ysidro Renterias for attempted murder. Hubbert tracked him through the mountains of eastern San Diego for four days. He and Assistant Deputy Juan Castro finally located Renterias in some hills near Mesa Grande. Castro walked around the hill one way and Hubbert the other. Renterias spotted Castro first and fired one shot, killing him instantly. Hubbert, approaching from the opposite direction, rapidly fired six shots from his .44 Winchester. Renterias dropped dead. At the inquest the coroner asked Hubbert if there were any cartridges left in the magazine of Renterias' rifle. Hubbert replied, "there were seven loaded shells." The jury found that Hubbert had acted in a prudent manner.

In April 1896, Deputy Sheriff Frank Thing and his brother Sam tried to serve a murder warrant on Santiago Sotias in Tecate, on the Mexican border. Frank spotted his quarry and stated: "Santiago, I want you." Sotias replied: "Well, you'll never get me." As Frank started to dismount, Sotias appeared to reach for his pistol. His weapon already drawn, Sam Thing fired, killing Sotias. The victim, however, had no weapon. Some Mexicans in the border town threatened the Thing brothers, but nothing came of it.

The most controversial nineteenth century police-related killing in San Diego occurred in July 1891. C.W. Breedlove, a constable deputized by

Courtesy San Diego Historical Society—Ticor Collection

The front doors of the San Diego City Jail, about 1912.

U.S. Marshal George E. Gard, and five other men beat Joseph R. Brown, a twenty-seven-year-old sailor from the cruiser *Charleston*, and several other seamen with police billy clubs. When Brown died, it created quite a stir. Police arrested and incarcerated the six suspects. The San Diego *Union* reported they "were perfectly willing to accept the protection afforded by the stone walls and iron bars."

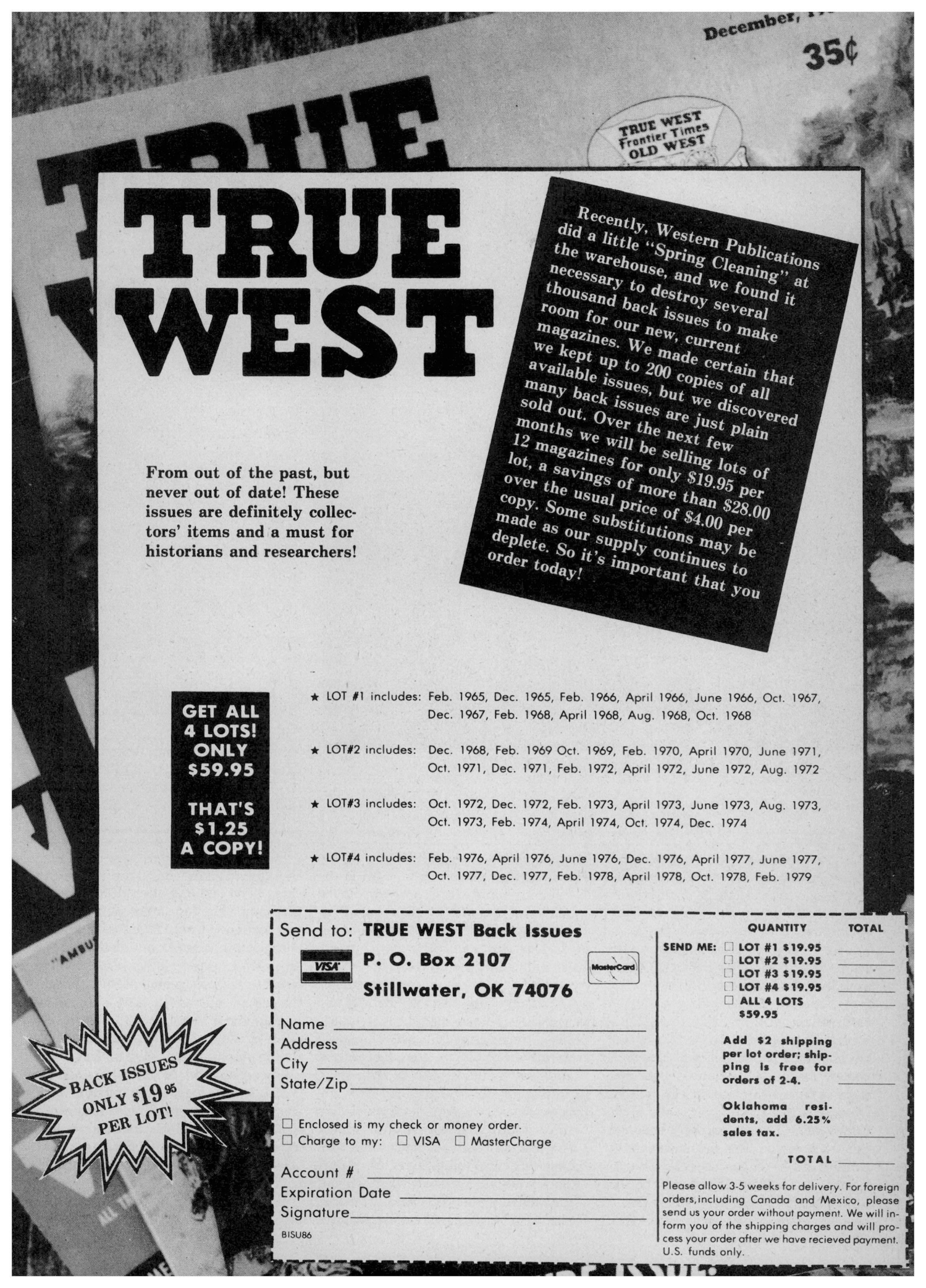
The next day a huge crowd gathered to hear testimony before the coroner's inquest and overflowed into the streets. Obviously siding with the sailors, the crowd made many hostile comments. Some wanted to take the law into their own hands. One hollered, "Get a rope!" Another said, "Drop them out the window." More police were summoned to keep order. The coroner's jury consisted of twelve men, including several respected businessmen. Throughout the testimony some of the jurors displayed open contempt for Breedlove and his men. The tone of their questions to the witnesses and comments about Breedlove indicated they were anything but impartial.

Fifty witnesses were available for testimony; most appeared hostile to the U.S. marshals, Peter Cassidy, owner of Cassidy's Saloon, related how he prevented one of the men from hitting Brown with his billy. That drew applause from the audience and approval from the jurors. Virtually all testimony verified that Breedlove struck the fatal blow. U.S. Marshal Gard claimed that "Breedlove was not sworn in. He is not a United States deputy marshal." Police Chief Crawford admitted that he gave a list of AWOL sailors to Gard. It was common for the U.S. marshal to apprehend AWOL sailors and turn them over to the ship's captain for a ten dollar reward. Gard, however, asked the chief to hand the list to Breedlove. Crawford assumed that Breedlove had been deputized to handle the problem—and gave him four police billy clubs.

J. Kennedy, bartender in the Court Exchange Saloon, further testified that Breedlove recruited two men in the saloon and ordered drinks around. They left with "a pretty good load on." Within a few hours one sailor had been beaten to death and several others seriously injured. The coroner's jury found that Breedlove unlawfully killed Brown with a billy club and that four other men "were present, aiding and assisting in the killing." The perpetrators of the beatings survived a trial. One year later the San Diego *Union* reported that authorities found C.W. Breedlove's body in the desert. No one could explain how he died or whether it was murder or suicide.

SAN DIEGO lynch mobs followed the patterns of vigilante groups throughout nineteenth century California. The coroner's records and the San Diego *Union* do not list the lynching of a single Anglo. Lynch mobs hanged only Hispanics and Indians. Further, the coroner's inquests provide evidence that Hispanics and Indians were more likely to be victims of homicides than perpetrators. All the hangings except one occurred in the rural backcountry. Racial hatred ran deep in rural San Diego County and law enforcement seldom reached beyond the outskirts of San Diego.

The poor quality of law enforcement officers during the nineteenth century also contributed to the lynchings. Low pay, poor training, lack of experience, and the tendency to shoot first caused a number of problems. Little wonder that the public often ridiculed police, constables, sheriffs, and marshals. The hostile reception given the U.S. marshals in San Diego in 1891 is a good example. Constable C.W. Breedlove, with little training himself, recruited five other men to earn a few dollars by arresting AWOL sailors at ten dollars a head. It backfired and created a major incident that almost turned into a vigilante movement. Fortunately, cooler heads prevailed and finally controlled the situation.



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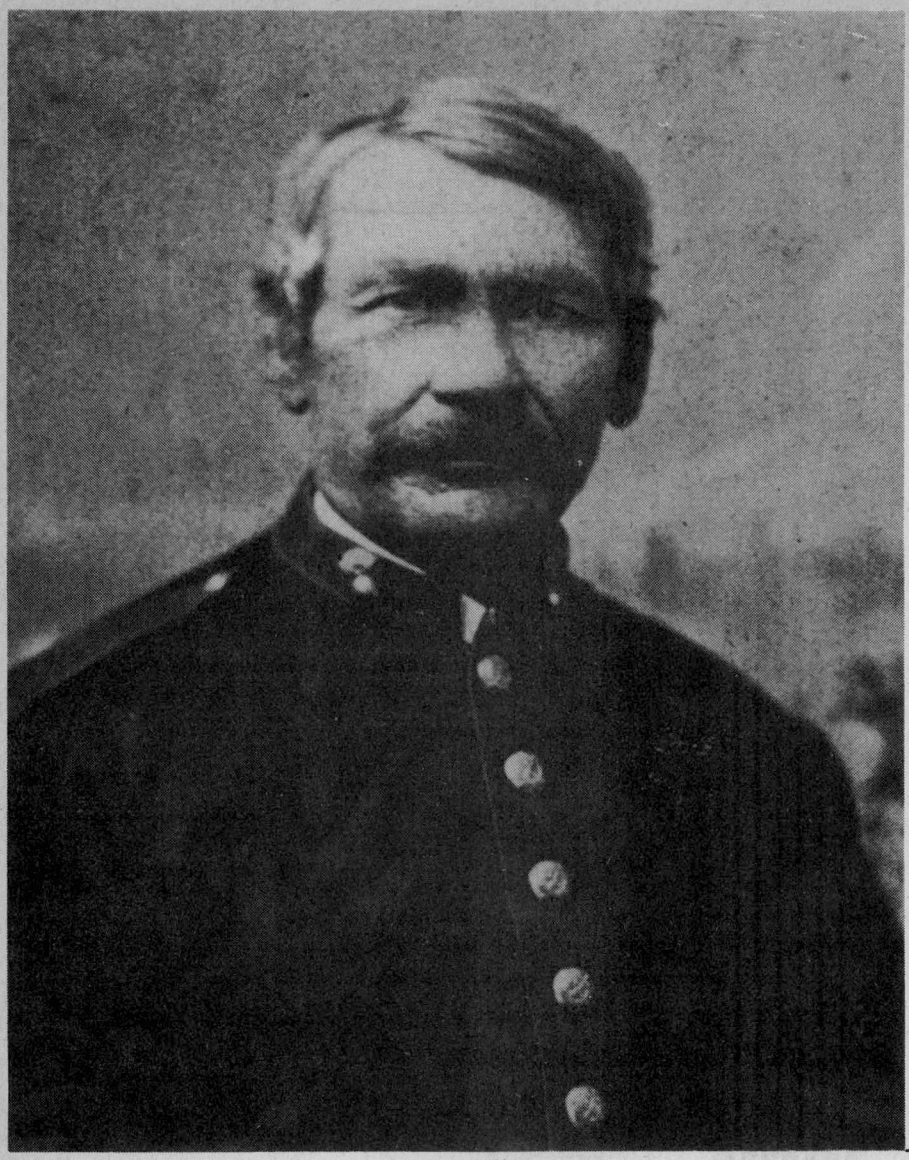

Sergeant Forty

Sergeant Leodegar Schnyder (1813–1896) spent nearly half a century at Fort Laramie. He is pictured in the $90.00 uniform given him by the trappers and traders that came to the fort for protection after the Grattan massacre.

By KIT COLLINGS

History is not made only by generals such as Custer and Sherman. Sometimes the works of little known men like Sergeant Leodegar Schnyder leave their mark. Known for his valor and sense of duty, according to legend Schnyder saved Fort Laramie from falling into the hands of Indians.

Swiss-born Leodegar Schnyder enlisted in the army in 1837, at the age of twenty-three. He would see fifty-two years of active service in the United States Army.

Part of the original garrison assigned to Fort Laramie, the first permanent post in the West, First Sergeant Schnyder arrived there in 1849 with the ox-drawn carts of Company G, Sixth Infantry. He already had experience fighting the Indians in Florida and in the Mexican War. His Mexican War service is disputed. Some say he sat it out at a remote post, others say he was wounded in the thigh, which caused him to walk with a limp. Schnyder is first mentioned in the post records on September 17, 1851. Probably because he had experience as a book binder, he was appointed the assistant librarian for Fort Laramie. In 1852 Schnyder successfully applied for the position of Ordnance Sergeant for Fort Laramie. Highly respected by all the commanders of the fort, he held that position until 1889.

An incident near Fort Laramie on August 19, 1854, would spark the Plains Indian wars. A Mormon wagon train was camped about ten miles from the fort. One of their cows wandered into the Indian camp and was killed and eaten. The Indians offered $10 for the lame cow. The Mormons, however, did not feel that was adequate, and they complained to the commandant of the fort. Two years out of West Point, Brevet First Lieutenant Fleming was in temporary command. The only other line officer, Brevet Second Lieutenant John Grattan, was one year Fleming's junior. Also a recent West Point graduate and anxious to launch his career, Grattan persuaded Fleming that this was his opportunity. Grattan was sure of easily arresting the thief and returning to the garrison with him, he lacked the tact and experience necessary to complete his mission.

The garrison was mustered, and Grattan called for "volunteers on perilous

Leodegar Schnyder – Years at Fort Laramie

When word of the incident reached the post, Fleming panicked. At last he realized how seriously undermanned the day's actions had left the post. Only ten men remained. Fleming wanted to surrender the fort to the Indians; however, Schnyder and his men refused and put their commanding officer in the guardhouse so he could not interfere with their efforts to protect the fort. Although the report is controversial, there is no doubt that Leodegar Schnyder was the backbone of the fort's defenses. Since he had experience fighting the Seminoles with Zachary Taylor, it is likely that his advice was followed by men fresh to the frontier.

service." Twenty-nine men volunteered and were accepted, seriously jeopardizing the strength of the undermanned fort. Schnyder refused, believing there would be trouble. He tried to caution Grattan. But when the young lieutenant would not listen, Schnyder supplied all the ammunition Grattan requested, including two howitzers and their limbers.

THROUGH A series of tactical errors, the attempts to arrest the cow killer were fruitless. In the end one Indian was wounded and Grattan's entire command lay dead. Some of the Indians then proposed to attack Fort Laramie.

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Schnyder took his wife and infant daughter along with two or three other women and the ten men at the garrison into Fort John, the crumbling adobe building originally purchased by the government from the American Fur Company five years before. It could be more easily defended than the frame buildings erected by the army. The men hastily repaired one of the blockhouses, probably the one above the main entrance of the old fort. That vantage point would allow them to open the doors for people seeking shelter and to get fresh water, for it was nearest the Laramie River. The water reservoirs in the bastions were filled to douse incendiary arrows; the cannons were loaded; guards were on duty at all times; and Fort Laramie was prepared for a siege.

Perhaps Schnyder used the same technique that he is known to have used later when Indians would again raid near the fort. To make the fort appear better defended than it actually was, he had the men place stovepipes between wheels removed from wagons to simu-

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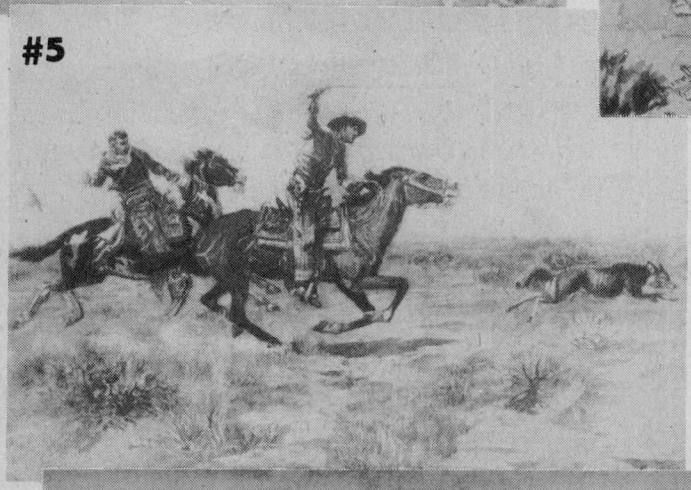

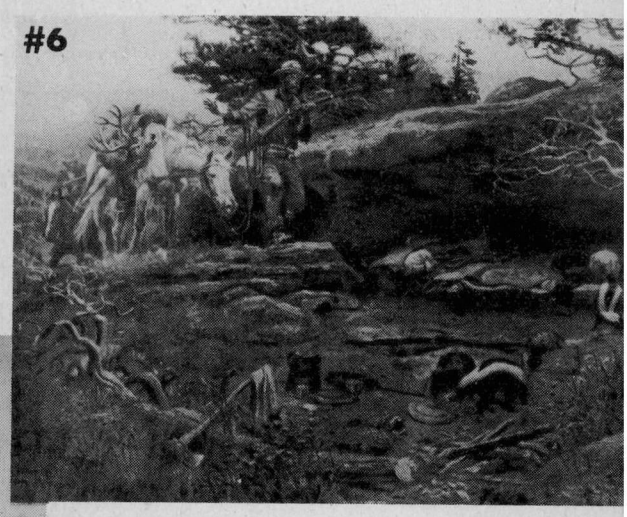

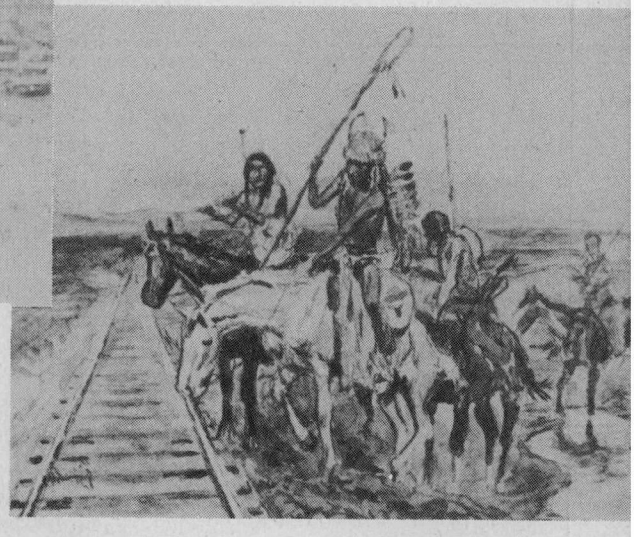

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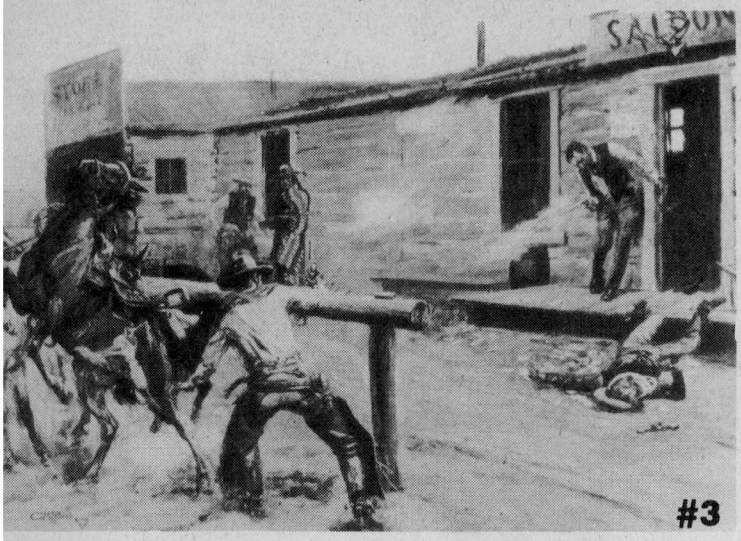

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Photos Courtesy of Fort Laramie Historical Site, Fort Laramie, Wyoming

Left: Julia Gill Schnyder, Leodegar's second wife. Known as "Cross-eyed Julia," she was born in Ireland and was a laundress at the fort. Right: Charlotte and Charles Schnyder, two of the children born to Julia and Ordnance Sergeant Leodegar Schnyder, photographed in the 1880s. Note the girl is cross-eyed, as was her mother.

late more cannon. They cleaned up and loaded several obsolete cannon. Civilians and women, too, donned uniforms and walked a beat as sentries. The garrison nervously anticipated an attack by the Sioux. Rumors of horse-stealing raids and Indian demonstrations heightened the suspense. Nine days after the massacre, the Indians appeared on the hills around the fort. A few shells fired from the cannon scattered them. There were no fatalities, but Lieutenant Hugh B. Fleming was wounded. The requested reinforcements finally arrived on November 12, 1854, ninety-five days after Grattan and his men had ridden out of the post.

What Schnyder really did to save the fort is a matter of conjecture. His efforts, however, were appreciated, for the nearby traders and trappers who had come into the adobe fort for protection rewarded him with a fine, imported broadcloth uniform made in New York. The soldiers gave him a fine sword to go with the uniform.

Schnyder had trouble providing for his family. In 1853 and again in 1876 the post records note he requested either that he would not have to pay the transportation costs added on to goods he purchased at the commissary or that he be transferred to a post nearer a railroad.

Whether because of the fancy uniform, the hash marks that went all the way to his sergeant's chevrons, or the medals on his chest, Schnyder was usually given a higher rank than he deserved by observers. For instance, James Sherrod recalled,

> An immense herd of buffalo drifted across the country right by the post the soldiers were all away from the post after the Indians, two or three massacres having been reported, except a company of artillery left behind as a guard. When the buffalo appeared the captain of the artillery sent some of his men out to kill some meat, but they were not experts at the tasks and were letting all the buffalo get away. At this the captain became angry, and ordered others of his men to bring him out a field-piece. They brought out a five pounder, which he loaded with grape and canister. He trained the gun himself on the herd and blazed away, killing thirty buffalo with one shot. I never saw in all my life such a slaughtering! Old *General* [italics added] Schnyder was in command of the post but he

was away after the Indians. Upon his return he heard of the performance, and was terribly angry. That captain had a very narrow escape from a court-martial over the matter, but it was patched up in some way, with an agreement that it was never to occur again.

Appointed postmaster in 1859, Schnyder, who believed that rules were not to be broken, quickly established a policy for delivering the mail. Since Schnyder was the post's ranking NCO, all other enlisted men saluted him. If they did not salute on approaching the window to pick up their mail, Schnyder ordered them to the rear of the line. He delivered the officers' mail to their homes beginning with the commanding officer of the post and ending with the lowest second lieutenant, which meant doubling back on many occasions. Should an officer meet the sergeant on his route and ask for his mail, he was informed that he would receive it at the proper time.

The Schnyder's second daughter, Mary, was born in 1862. Little is known about Schnyder's wife. A few years ago a local publication ran an article stating that Leodegar's first wife died shortly after Mary's birth. It prompted Leodegar's great-granddaughter to inform Fort Laramie that her great-grandmother had not died but left Leodegar and went back east. Life on the frontier was difficult. Whether personal problems, the growing number of Indian raids, the War between the States, or a combination of all those factors caused Schnyder's wife to leave without her children is a matter of speculation.

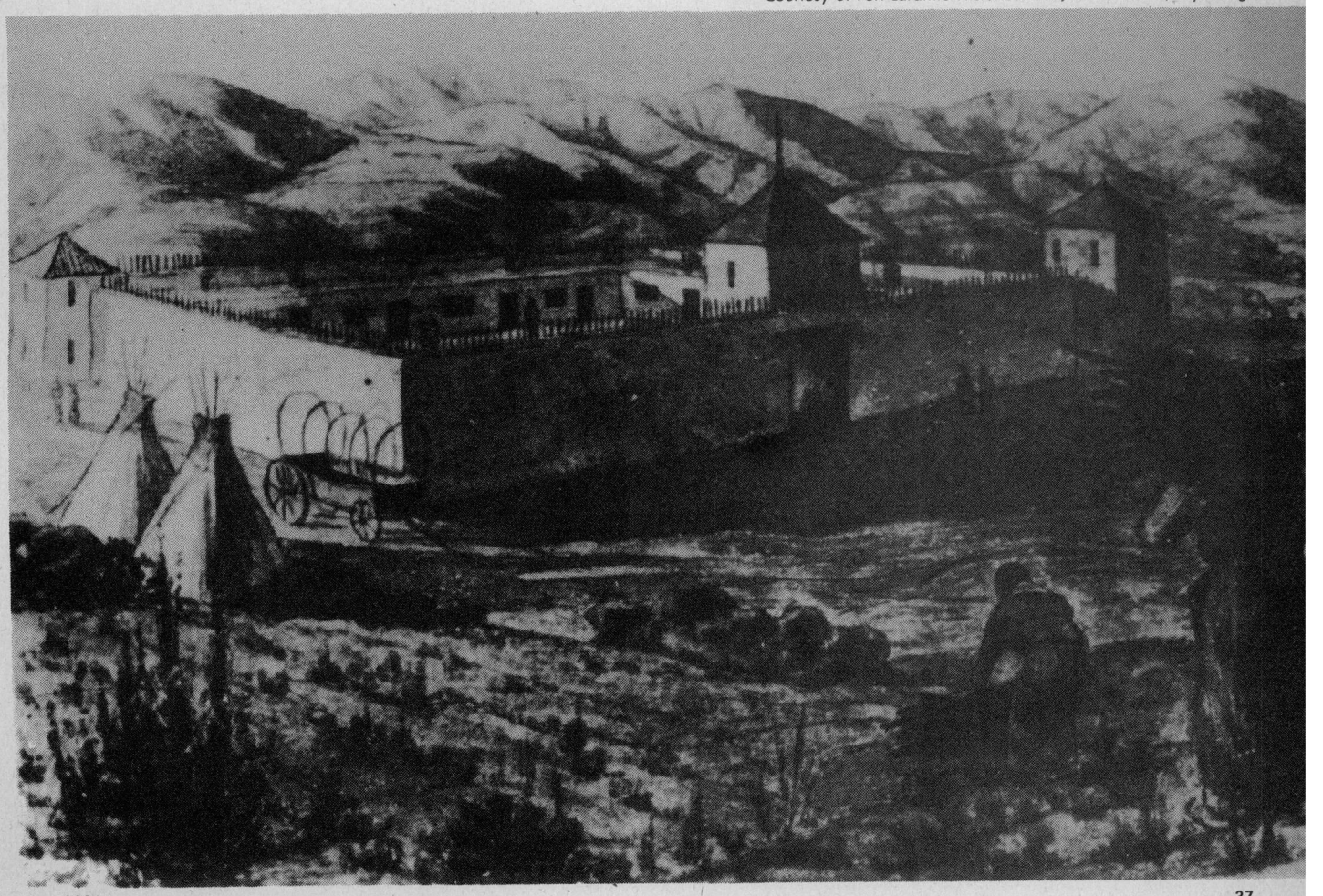
To make the fort appear better defended than it actually was, he had the men place stovepipes between wheels removed from wagons to simulate more cannon. They cleaned up and loaded several obsolete cannon. Civilians and women, too, donned uniforms and walked a beat as sentries.

On October 20, 1864, Leodegar remarried. His new wife was a laundress. A soldier's diary recorded the event. "The Wedding 'down street.' Sergt. Schnyder to cross-eyed Julia. Band serenades them. Big supper. Must be going to have a cold winter as weddings are all the rage." There are conflicting statements as to the number of children born to that union. Louisa was born in 1867. Charlotte in 1870, and Charles in 1876. One report says Charles died as a young child and was buried at the fort. Another says he died unmarried in 1895. Yet Leodegar's obituary notice in 1896 states he left two sons and two daughters.

AT ANY RATE Schnyder had trouble providing for his family. In 1853 and again in 1876 the post records note he requested either that he would not have to pay the transportation costs added on to goods he purchased at the commissary or that he be transferred to a

Fort John, the old adobe fort where Schnyder and others sought safety after the Grattan Massacre. They probably made their stand in the tower above the main entrance to the fort.

Courtesy of Fort Laramie Historical Site, Fort Laramie, Wyoming



The non-commissioned officers' quarters, photographed in the 1880s, were most likely Schnyder's last home at Fort Laramie.

post nearer a railroad. The transportation costs added on to the family's necessities were more than his pay could handle. But when President Lincoln offered Leodegar a captaincy during the Civil War, he declined the higher rank and pay, saying he would be of more value on the frontier fighting Indians.

The only action Sergeant Schnyder saw against a rebel occurred when he was raising the flag one morning. A Southerner rode into the post and fired on the flag. Sergeant Schnyder did not wait for orders but ran to the storehouse and secured two dragoon pistols. With one in each hand, he opened up a cross fire on the rebel, wounding him in the arm and killing his horse.

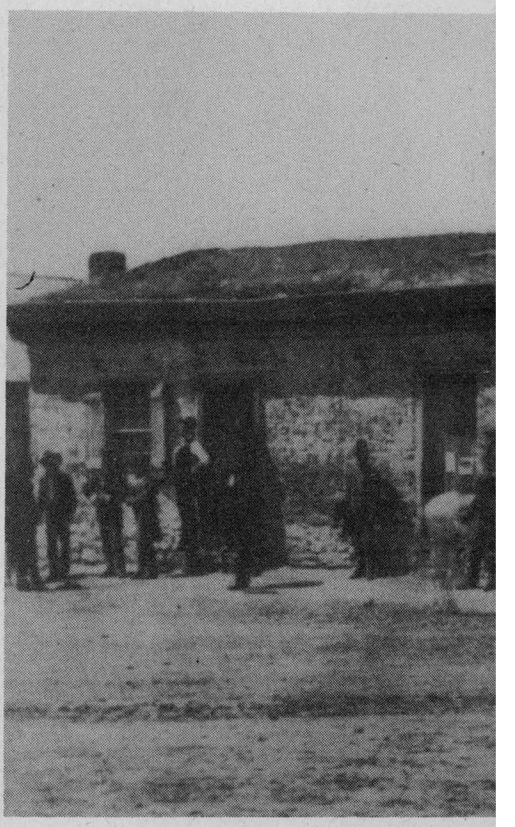
On February 4, 1865, Leodegar again helped with fortifications against the Indians. The Cheyennes and their Sioux allies attacked the small telegraph station at Mud Springs. Before the wire was cut the telegrapher sent out a call for help to Fort Laramie. Two detachments were sent, leaving Fort Laramie dangerously undermanned. Schnyder stayed at the Fort to construct a battery that would forever bear his name.

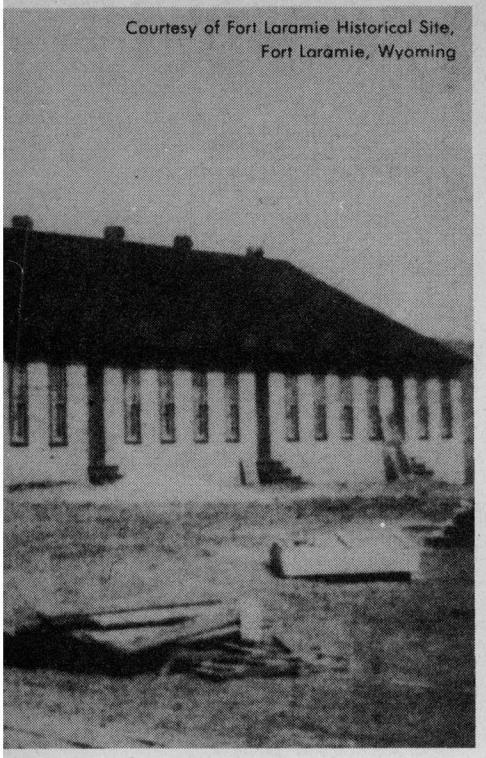
After the Civil War, Fort Laramie became a staging area for the Indian campaigns. Occasionally, Schnyder was left in charge while all the other men were out on campaign. During that time he would again use the stovepipe and wagon wheel deception.

THE FORT changed from a rough frontier post, to one with a board walk along officers' row with lights and vines. Yet there still was danger. In 1883, Schnyder's daughter was at school when a stray shot from the practice field wounded her.

In 1876 Schnyder was relieved of the postmastership and assigned other duties. On September 24, 1886, the adjutant general ordered him to the fort at Clark's Point, New Bedford, Massachusetts. That may have been to keep track of the ordnance stores left behind when Clark's Point was abandoned. Or

"When the buffalo appeared the captain of the artillery sent some of his men out to kill some meat, but they were not experts at the tasks and were letting all the buffalo get away. At this the captain became angry, and ordered others of his men to bring him out a field-piece. They brought out a five pounder, which he loaded with grape and canister."





Courtesy of Fort Laramie Historical Site, Fort Laramie, Wyoming

The sutler's store housed the post office on the right hand side, where Leodegar was postmaster.

as a newspaper article would recall,

seventy-two year old, Ordnance Sergent Leodegar Schnyder, having grown very old, the government concluded to send him to the national soldiers' home. Being informed of this, Snyder [sic] begged piteously to be allowed to remain at Fort Laramie, and be buried there. The government refused his request and ordered him to leave for Cheyenne and proceed from there by rail to the home. Poor Snyder obeyed, saying "orders are orders, and I never disobeyed one in my life." But when they drove up with an ambulance drawn by four mules, the old man cried like a child and stated that he had "come to the post with an ox-team" and requested that he be allowed to depart in the same manner. His last request was granted . . . [the procession] consisted of a decrepit wagon, drawn by six oxen, in which was seated an equally or more decrepit man in military uniform bearing a sergeant's chevrons. This creaking conveyance was proceeded by a military guard, and was followed by every commissioned officer, a band and every enlisted man stationed at the post. The column rumbled over the Laramie River bridge, halted where the road crossed the reservation boundary. The old man reared shakily to his feet, came to rigid attention, with tears streaming down his seamed visage, stood at 'salute' while the band played and a volley in his honor was fired. Then, while the company stood at salute, the wagon with its woe-begone occupant rolled southward on a two day journey to Cheyenne. So did Ordnance Sergeant Snyder bid farewell to the United States army in which he had served for 53 years and to the post at which he had spent 40 years of this period.

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On November 12, 1890, an act of Congress retired Sergeant Schnyder at full pay. Leodegar spent his final years at his farm in Nebraska. Six years later the old soldier passed away and was buried with the uniform and sword rewarded him by the men with whom he shared the block house after the Grattan massacre—the night that legends say he saved Fort Laramie from attack by the Indians.

Courtesy of Fort Laramie Historical Site, Fort Laramie, Wyoming

James Farm Home, Clay County, Missouri. The log structure on the back of the James farm home in Clay County was there when the Reverend Robert James acquired the 275 acre farm and moved there with his wife Zerelda and young son, Frank, in 1845. Jesse James was born there on September 5, 1847, his sister Susan November 25, 1849. Dr. Reuben Samuel built the addition to the original home. Frank James died there on February 15, 1915; his wife, Annie, on July 6, 1944; and his son, Robert James, on November 18, 1959. The home remained in the James family until 1978, when it was acquired by Clay County, Missouri. Restored, it is now a museum operated by the Missouri Department of Parks and Historical Sites. It also serves as headquarters for the Friends of the James Farm.

JESSE JAMES SLEPT HERE

By PHILLIP W. STEELE

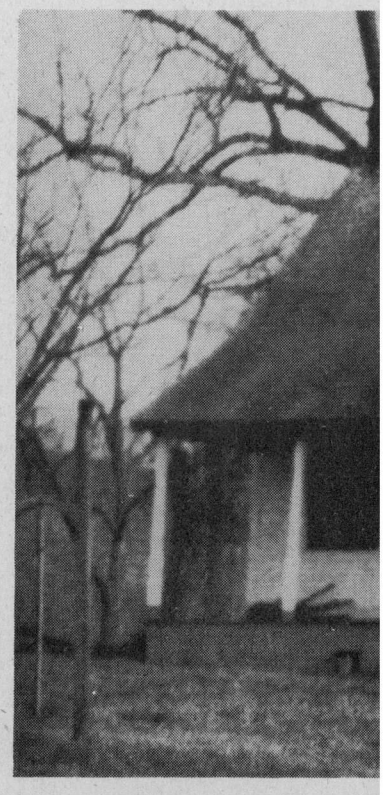
Photos Courtesy of the Author
Except Where Noted

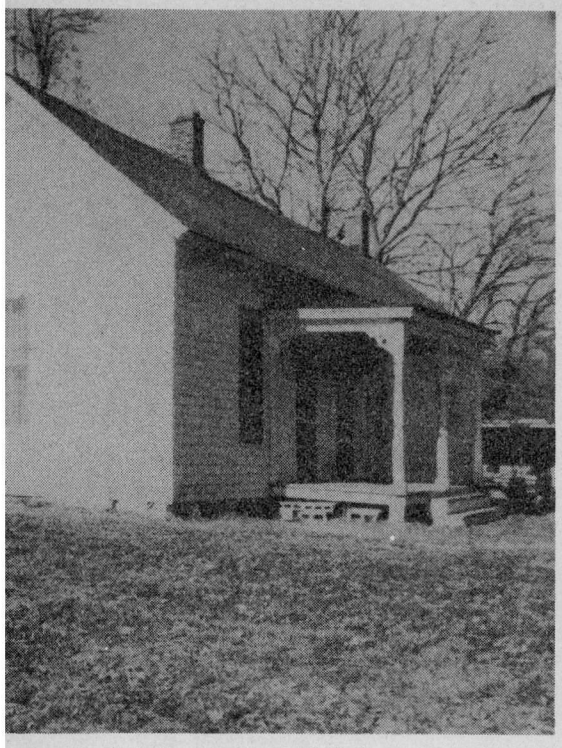
Surprisingly, at least eleven of the homes where Frank and Jesse James once stayed are still standing. Two of the homes, Jesse's birthplace in Kearney, Missouri, and the home in which he died in Saint Joseph, Missouri, are publicly owned, restored, and operated as museums and tourist attractions. Frank James' home on his ranch near Fletcher, Oklahoma, was acquired by Herbert Wolsner and moved to Cache, Oklahoma, in 1969. There it is restored and proudly shown by its owner by appointment.

After Jesse and Frank's father, the Reverend Robert James, died in a California mining camp in 1850, their mother, Zerelda, was married briefly to Benjamin Simms. In 1856, when Frank was thirteen years old, Jesse nine, and their sister, Susan, only seven, Zeralda married Dr. Reuben Samuel. Dr. Samuel's father, Fielding Samuel, left Clay County, Missouri, along with other members of the Samuel family and settled near the Clifty community in northwest Arkansas. There they built a log home in 1870. Stories within the Samuel family tell of Jesse and Frank often staying at the home during visits to their relatives in Arkansas. Still in the Samuel family, the home is well-preserved as a private residence.

From 1865 to 1881 Frank and Jesse often stayed at the home of their uncle, George Hite, near Adairville, Kentucky. It was at the Hite home that Jesse attempted suicide in 1870. He was suffering from a lung wound he received during the Civil War and distraught over his sister's plans to marry Allen Parmer, from Boonsboro (now Cane Hill), Arkansas.

Susan and Parmer were married on November 24, 1870, and moved to an Arkansas farm owned by Allen's father.

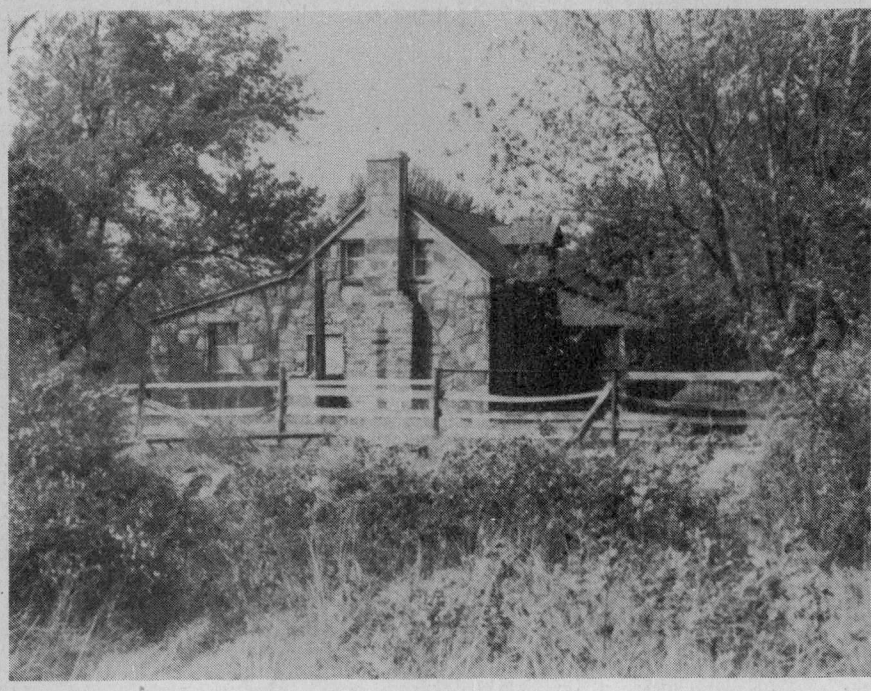




Courtesy of Ted Yeatman

George Hite Home, Adairville, Kentucky. Frank and Jesse James were frequent visitors at the home of their uncle, George Hite, near Adairville from 1865 to 1881.

Fielding Samuel Home, Clifty, Arkansas. Near Clifty, Arkansas, about 1870, Fielding Samuel, Dr. Reuben Samuel's father, built a log home which is the right portion of this home now owned by Kenneth Samuel. According to family stories, Frank and Jesse visited here often, posing as brothers of Ed Samuel's wife, Nancy Vaughn Samuel.



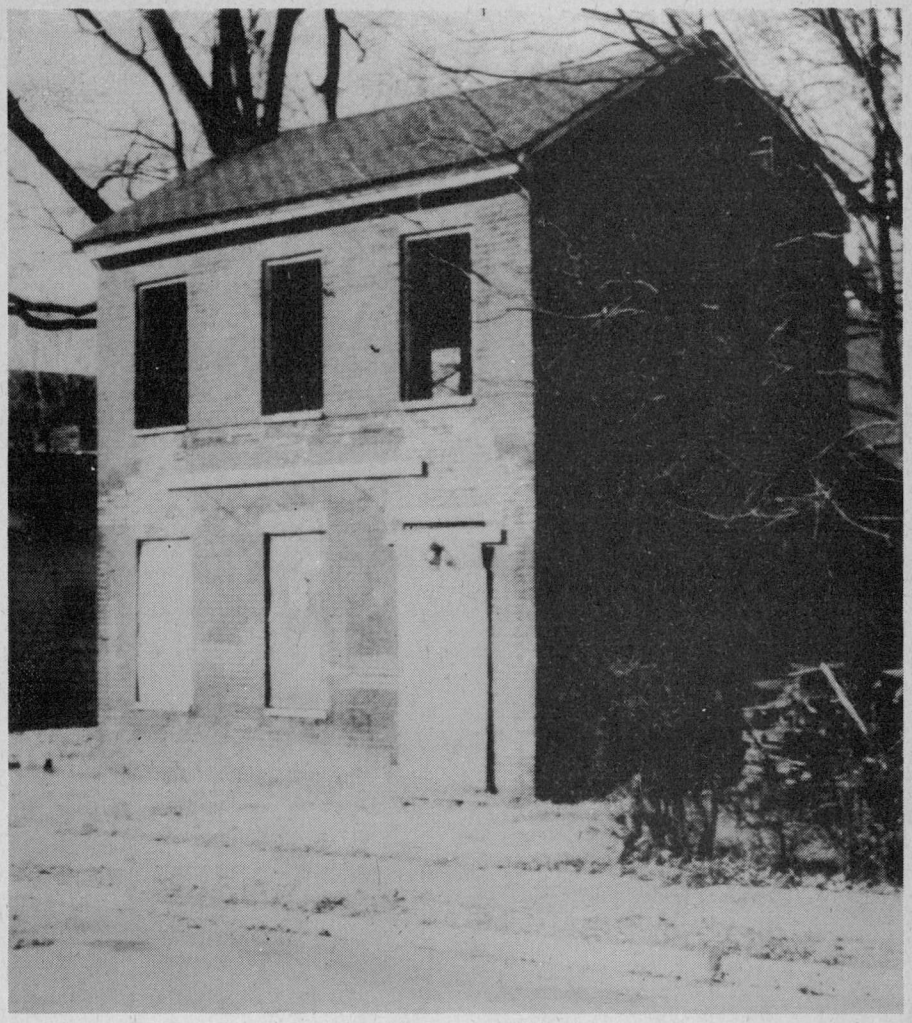
Parmer Home, Cane Hill, Arkansas. After their marriage, Susan James and Allen Parmer moved to a farm owned by Allen's father in 1870. Now covered with stone siding, the home was originally a two-story log structure. Jesse and Frank James often visited the Parmers here.

Parmer Home, Archer City, Texas. Allen Parmer and his wife, Susan James Parmer, built this ranch home near Wichita Falls, Texas, in the Archer City community. Susan died in childbirth there on March 3, 1889.

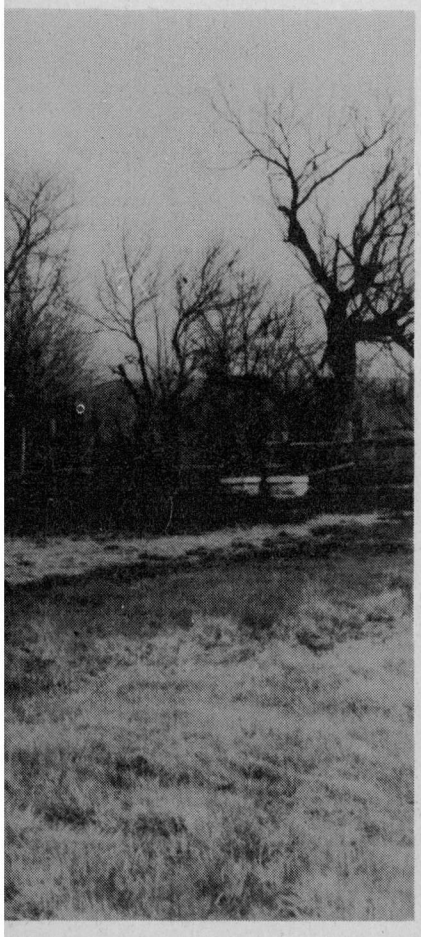
They built a two-story log home, where their first child, Robert Archie, was born in 1872. The Parmers left Arkansas in 1873 and, after a few months in Sherman, Texas, settled near Wichita Falls, Texas, in the Archer City Community. The Parmer's Arkansas home is now covered with stone siding and serves as a private residence; their Texas dwelling, where Frank and Jesse stayed on several occasions, is in a state of disrepair.

From 1875 to 1881, Jesse and Frank took refuge from the law in the middle Tennessee region. Both lived there with their families under the aliases of John Davis Howard and Ben J. Woodson. Jesse's children were all born in middle Tennessee. Twins, Gould and Montgomery, died in infancy and are buried on the Link Farm at Big Bottom in

711 Fatherland Street, Nashville. This two-story brick home in Nashville's historic Edgefield district is currently being restored by its owner, Bill Beard. Long a legendary James site, its authenticity was confirmed by Steve Eng in 1979. Eng interviewed Russell Vardell, whose grandfather had lived next door in 1881 and ran a blacksmith shop and livery stable across the street where he cared for "Mr. Howard's" horse. Nashville City Directories substantiate Vardell's claims.



Courtesy of Dr. J.E. Reuther, Wichita Falls, Texas

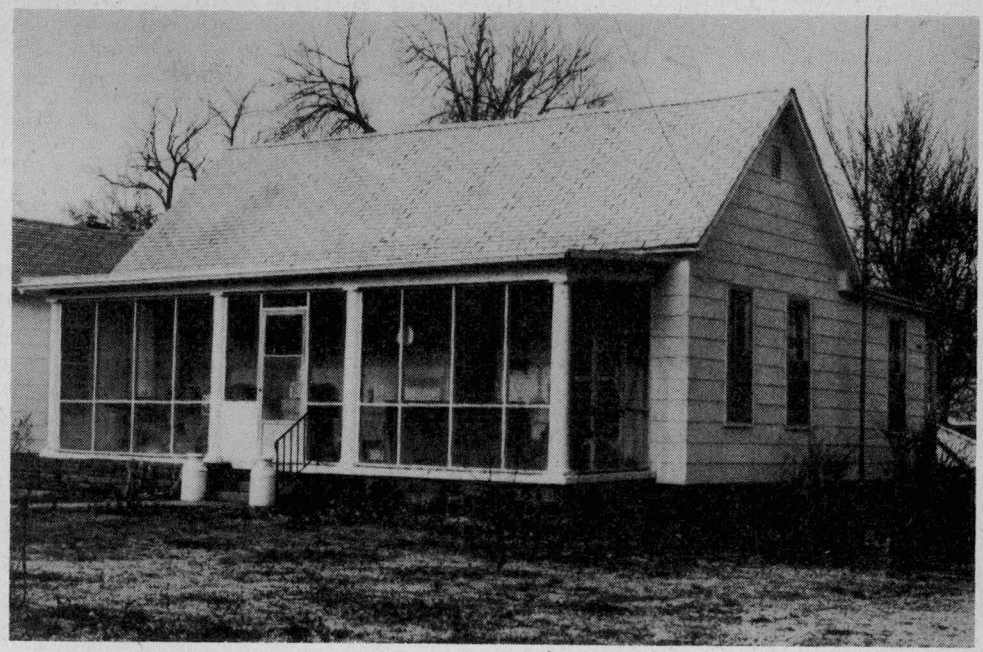


903 Woodland, Nashville, Tennessee. Jesse James lived at this home in Nashville's Edgefield District in January 1881. A century later, members of the Tennessee Western History and Folklore Society mounted a campaign that resulted in its partial restoration.

Hydes Ferry Home, Nashville. Under the aliases of John Davis Howard and Ben J. Woodson, Jesse and Frank James lived together with their families at this home on Hydes Ferry Road in northwest Nashville, Tennessee. During their years in middle Tennessee, Jesse worked as a grain buyer and Frank was employed by the Indiana Lumber Company.

Jesse James Home, Saint Joseph, Missouri. Jesse James moved to this home at 1818 Lafayette Street in Saint Joseph in November 1881. Bob Ford killed Jesse there on April 3, 1882. In 1939 the home was moved to the Belt Highway as a tourist attraction. Acquired for the Pony Express Historical Association in 1977, it was moved to a museum near its original location.

Courtesy of Ted Yeatman



Courtesy of Sandy Burns, Nevada Daily Mail

Frank James Home, Nevada, Missouri. After being legally acquitted of all crimes, Frank James worked for a while as a shoe salesman in Nevada, Missouri. He lived at this home at 520 South Cedar Street during the period of 1883–85.

Frank James Home, Cache, Oklahoma. Frank James acquired a ranch near Fletcher, Oklahoma, in 1907 and remained there with his wife, Annie, and young son, Robert, until his mother's death in 1911. He sold the ranch and returned to the family farm in Missouri. The home served as a museum and tourist attraction before being moved to Cache, Oklahoma, in 1969.

Humphreys County. Jesse Edwards was born in Nashville on August 31, 1875, and Mary Susan on June 17, 1879. Friends of the James Farm members Ted Yeatman and Steve Eng of Nashville have located and documented four James homes. Frank's home at 814 Fatherland Street in Nashville was destroyed many years ago, and the street number no longer exists. The other three homes remain.

Because Frank and Jesse James are among America's most significant folk heroes, the preservation of the homes they once occupied is most important. The Friends of the James Farm organization is dedicated to researching and preserving all aspects of James history. It is hoped sufficient public interest can be developed to encourage preservation of the dwellings.

A Cotton Mission

By PAUL TAYLOR

On April 12, 1861, the guns of the Southern Confederacy fired on Fort Sumter and announced the opening of the American Civil War. That event was not without significance in the development of Mormon leader Brigham Young's desert empire. A war between the North and South would disrupt the nation's cotton supply. Since cotton had already been grown in southwestern Utah, Young felt the impending cotton shortage could be turned into an opportunity to colonize the Virgin River country.

Establishing a cotton-growing colony would help clothe the saints and would contribute to the economic and industrial independence of Mormondom. Should the Civil War continue, any surplus cotton could be sold in the world market.

Plans were laid for an immediate "call" of settlers to colonize southwestern Utah. The task would be a difficult one, demanding courage, faith, and persistency. The little twenty-eight-family colony at Washington, called in 1857, had already shown that men of ordinary character would fail in such an undertaking.

Only men with an unfaltering faith in the leadership of the church and an immense endurance of hard knocks could be depended upon. One of the proverbs characterizing the early pioneers of the Dixie Mission was to the effect that they were so extremely loyal to the "call" of their church that, had they been called to build their home on a barren rock, they would have done so willingly and would have remained there un-

Courtesy of the Utah State Historical Society

During the early days of colonizing, Brigham Young called people with special talents, such as this choir, to move to the Cotton Mission. Young felt good music and dramatics would help settlers better take the hard knocks of frontier life.

A Cotton Missionary's Lament

Once I lived in Cottonwood,
And owned a little farm,
But I was called to Dixie,
Which did me much alarm.
To raise the cane and cotton
I right away must go,
But the reason why they called me
I'm sure I did not know.
I yoked old Jim and Bolly up,
All for to make a start;
To leave my home and garden
It almost broke my heart.
We moved along quite slowly
And often looked behind,
For the sand and rocks of Dixie
Kept running through my mind.
When we reached the Sandy
We could not move at all,
For poor old Jim and Bolly
Began to purr and loll.

I whipped and swore a little,
But could not make the route
For myself, the team, and Betsy,
Were all of us give out.
I feel so weak and hungry now,
I think I'm nearly dead.
'Tis seven weeks next Sunday
Since I have tasted bread.
Of carrot tops and lucern greens
We have enough to eat,
But I'd like to change my diet off
For buckwheat cakes and meat.
My wagon's sold for sorgum seed,
To make a little bread,
And poor old Jim and Bolly
Long ago are dead.
There's only me and Betsy left
To hoe the cotton tree;
May heaven help the Dixieite
Wherever he may be.

Poem written by colonizing saint in 1864 reveals widespread dejection in Cotton Mission.

doned by authority of Erastus Snow.

Other factors independent of the Cotton Mission undermined cotton production in Dixie. The close of the Civil War reopened the blockaded ports of the South and those states once again began to sell cotton. With the completion of the first transcontinental railroad in May 1869, Southern cotton products could be supplied easily even to the West, once a market for the saints.

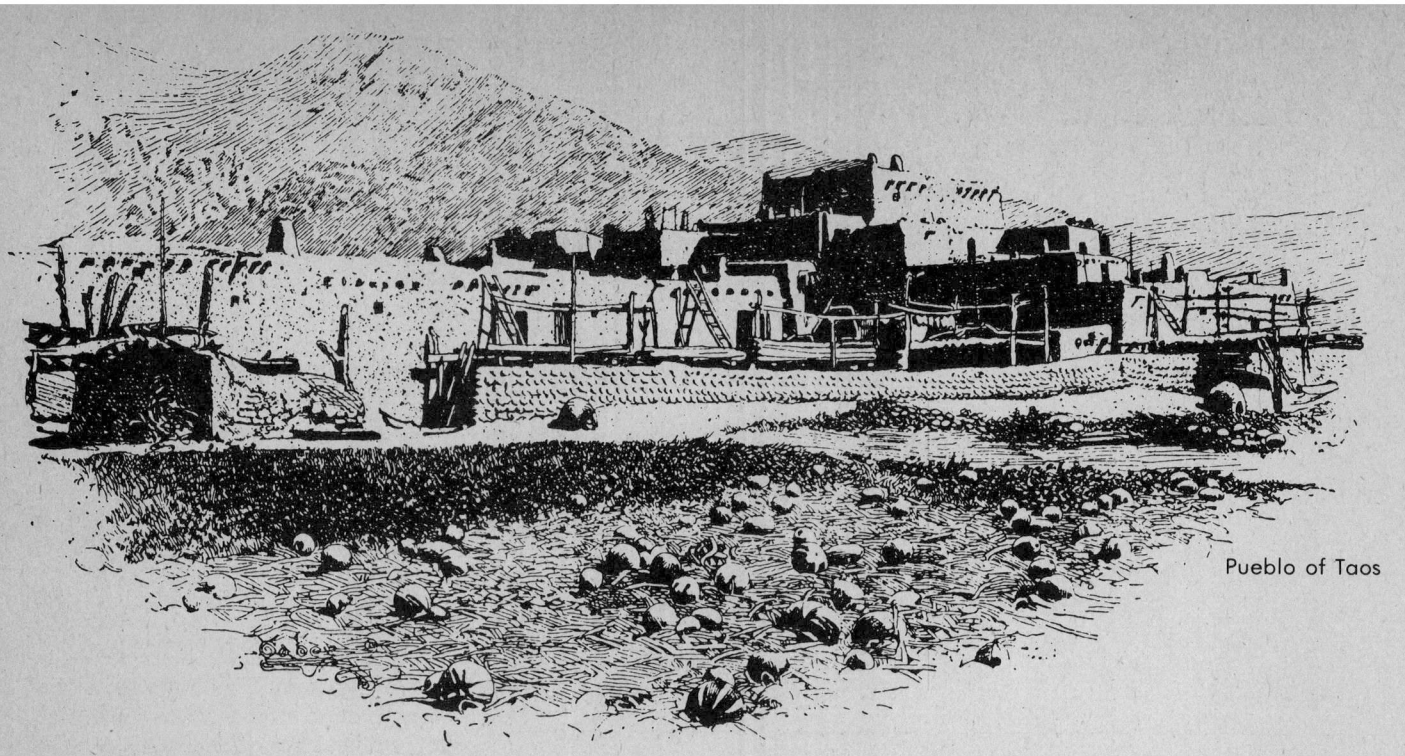
In the midst of those events, the nearby mines of Silver Reef were discovered and developed. Prospectors, miners, businessmen, and camp followers rushed in, creating a new market for the Cotton Mission. Immediately the struggling cotton factory could sell its complete output for cash. In addition, lumber, shingles, and logs were needed for construction at the mines. With their teams and wagons, the cotton farmers were equipped to supply those products as well.

Although located in Brigham Young's Dixie of the Desert, Silver Reef was distinctly not a part of it. Young and his co-workers were attempting to build a culture based on a religious life, while Silver Reef's guiding force was the love of mammon. Thus, Young vigorously opposed the settlers' fraternizing or trading with the miners. Yet, a review of the financial assistance rendered to the Cotton Mission by that uninvited friend reveals the truth of a statement made by Judge E.O. Hoge of the Reef during a political campaign: "The People's Party [meaning the saints] are indebted for their present condition to the Gentiles who have made it possible for them to subsist and support their families."

Another factor that helped revive the cotton industry was the resettling of the Muddy Mission in 1887. A small group of United Order enthusiasts under the leadership of Edward Bunker founded the settlement of Bunkerville, Nevada, in the lower Rio Virgin Valley. Some three years later a neighboring community, the present Mesquite, was also settled. Those new communities produced comparatively large amounts of cotton, which helped to keep the Washington factory in operation.

Early manufacture at the factory was not profitable. Young sold his interests to a local concern for $44,000, payable in installments. When about $4,000 had been paid, he canceled the balance of the debt to encourage the enterprise. Yet the factory served an important function in Dixie for many years, not only as a source of clothing and employment, but also as a trading place for other goods. The establishment operated with varying degrees of success until 1910, employing as many as seventy persons. Although the cotton-growers within Brigham Young's Dixie labored under discouraging handicaps and the production of cotton was not financially successful, goods found their way into most Mormon communities and helped meet the need for cotton fabrics. In light of what the Mission accomplished for the saints in the isolated West, the results stand out in bold relief.

A Cotton Mill built of native sandstone, 1865–67, still stands among twentieth century homes in Washington, Utah.



Pueblo of Taos

The Taos Uprisin

By PHIL CARSON

On May 13, 1846, Congress made official what was already real and inescapable: the United States was at war with Mexico. President Polk ordered that Mexican ports be blockaded and the territory invaded at strategic points.

To expedite the latter objective, Colonel Stephen Watts Kearny of the 1st Regiment of U.S. Dragoons was given command of a force of 1,600 men. This "Army of the West" included regiments commanded by Colonels Alexander W. Doniphan and Sterling Price. The army's orders were to capture Santa Fe and occupy New Mexico.

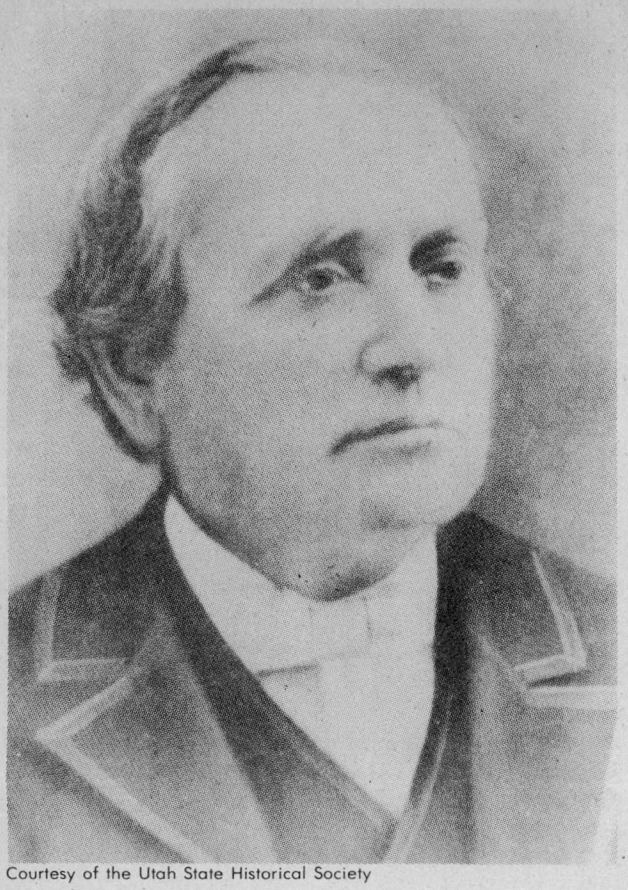
To preserve the painstakingly established valuable trade with Santa Fe the Americans wanted to avoid violence. To that end, Kearny was preceded to the New Mexican capital by James Magoffin, a long-time resident of Chihuahua and veteran trader in the Internal Provinces. Magoffin knew every man worth knowing in New Mexico. Under confidential directions from the President, Magoffin was to attempt to arrange a "bloodless" occupation.

On August 12, Captain St. George Cook and Magoffin entered Santa Fe, where they met with Governor Manuel Armijo and his chief military officer, Colonel Diego Archuleta. The Americans presented Armijo with Kearny's terms—if Armijo would surrender, the American force would make a peaceful occupation. If Colonel Archuleta had his way and the New Mexicans resisted, bloodshed would follow with the Americans certain victors.

The Magoffin Papers, first published in 1967, revealed that Magoffin persuaded Governor Armijo and Colonel Archuleta to surrender with "a large bribe." That explains the odd behavior of the New Mexican leaders four days later at Apache Canyon. Armijo and Archuleta gathered the New Mexican forces at that strategic route into Santa Fe as if to resist the Americans. By all accounts, the narrow canyon could have been defended indefinitely by the Mexican force. At the last moment, however, Armijo capitulated to the American general, disbanded his men, turned tail and fled south to Chihuahua. Colonel Archuleta followed. Kearny proceeded to Santa Fe and raised the Stars and Stripes over the capital that evening, August 18, 1846. New Mexico had been conquered "without the firing of a single shot."

IN ACCORDANCE with his orders, Kearny established a civil government of American and New Mexican officials. He then proceeded to California, sending Colonel Doniphan to Chihuahua and leaving Colonel Price in command at Santa Fe.

Some prominent native families and officials, including the lieutenant governor, Juan Bautista Vigil, actually welcomed the American invaders. They were tired of distant decrees from Mexico City and the dishonesty of Armijo. But the New Mexicans were not of one mind on American rule. There were grumblings that Armijo had surrendered prematurely. A score of influential citizens—including Don Diego Archuleta—resolved that the Americans should suffer revenge and Mexican control be regained.



Courtesy of the Utah State Historical Society

Erastus Snow (1818–1888) was in charge of the Dixie Cotton Mission.

til released from that call.

To make the selection, leaders carefully surveyed the entire church. Families were selected from over fifty wards (parishes) and branches of the church. By the October Conference of 1861, the list named upwards of 300 families. A company of Swiss immigrants, twenty-six families that had just recently arrived in Utah, was also called. The call, conducted by reading before the assembled saints the names of those selected to found the colony, was issued during the October Conference. Many, perhaps most, of those called were not aware they had been selected until they heard their names read in conference or until some friend told them their names were on the list.

Although some failed to respond to the call and others murmured their complaints, the social atmosphere within Mormondom at that date was such that the great majority willingly accepted the mission. They were not, however, unaware of the probable hardships awaiting them, but undaunted they prepared to go. Homes, orchards, and farms wrung out of hard labor and sacrifice during the years since they arrived in Utah had to be exchanged for a spot in the undeveloped frontier. Each family disposed of their property at the best possible profit . . . or, more often, loss . . . collected an "outfit," and stood ready to answer their leaders' call.

One faithful pioneer recorded his unexpected call south.

> At an evening meeting in the city, I was informed by Apostle George A. Smith that I was selected as a missionary to the south, on what was known as the Cotton Mission. This news was very unexpected to me. Volunteers were called for at the Conference to go on this mission, but I didn't think it meant me; for I had a good home, was well satisfied and had plenty to do.
>
> But when told I was selected to go, I saw the importance of the mission. To sustain Israel in the mountains we had need of a possession in a warmer climate, and I thought I might as well go as anybody. Then the spirit came upon me that I felt to thank the Lord that I was worthy to go . . .
>
> I went right to settling up my business and preparing for the journey. I paid my debts and collected some that was due me, and in a few days was ready for the journey, with two wagons, six oxen, 17 head of cattle, and 45 sheep. Not seeing any chance to sell the farm which consisted of 35 acres of choice land water-tax paid, and 15 acres of it fenced, I let my neighbor move into my house . . .
>
> We go with joy, leaving our happy home which had cost us about four years hard work and was just getting the farm to cultivation that would produce in one year enough to last us a half a dozen years.

Immediately following the call in October, hurried preparations were made and a series of meetings were held in Brigham Young's School House. Those who were to go south were instructed by Young concerning their new field of labor. The call, they were told, was a mission equal in importance to that of preaching the Gospel. Young also expressed his desire to have a city located on the slope just north of the confluence of the Virgin River and the Santa Clara. The location had caught his fancy during his visit to the Rio Virgin in 1859. The city was to be named St. George in honor of his co-laborer, Apostle George A. Smith, the Father of the South.

The company was ready to leave for the Cotton Mission by November 1, 1861. Many are the pioneers' stories of their passage over the Black Ridge Mountains. Some years previous Peter Shirts, road supervisor of Washington County, had built across the ridge something alleged to be a road. One part was so steep it was called "Peter's Leap"; there, many found it necessary to transfer cargo from the wagons to the shoulders of the men who carried it to the bottom of the hill. The wagons themselves might have got down the hill by dragging cedar trees behind them as brakes; other stories say wagons were taken apart and let down piece by piece.

On lower Ash Creek the road forked, one branch leading downriver to the future St. George, the other leading to Toquerville and up the "Johnson's Twist" to higher ground near Zion Canyon. The caravan stopped. While their instructions were to build the city at St. George, they were broad enough to permit settlement elsewhere in the Virgin Valley. Apostle Orson Pratt, because of a disagreement with his companion, Apostle Erastus Snow, refused to go on to St. George, but led his followers on to the little settlement of Adventure, about one mile below the present site of Rockville. The great majority, however, felt so strongly about the call to establish St. George that they guided their weary oxen toward the future city of hope. The vanguard arrived December 1, 1861; by the evening of December 3, practically all of the company was in camp.

ONE OF THE most troublesome and discouraging problems the cotton settlers faced was the control of irrigation water. As variable and inconstant as the water supply, the problem was eminent in every community. One day settlers fought flood waters; another day their crops burned in the desert heat. The problem furnished the text for many a sermon.

But amid the darkness were rays of flickering light. The price of cotton was soaring, and despite all the discouragement, 100,000 pounds of cotton had been produced during 1862. Church leaders were still confident. Dixie of the Desert must be developed to supply cotton for the ever-expanding saints. Choice fruits, shrubs, and vines including olives, lemons, grapes, and oranges were imported from California and planted. Ox teams were sent to Salt Lake to bring back cording and thresh-

Courtesy of the author

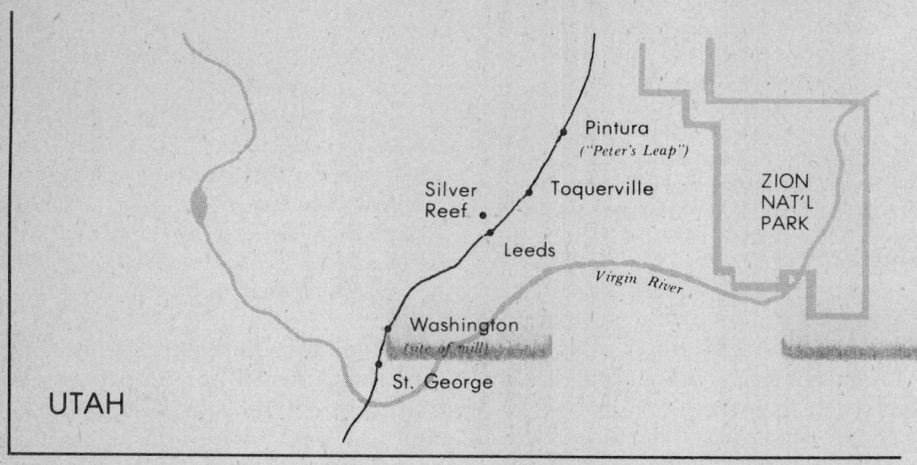
Dwellings built during the Cotton Mission slowly crumble along Interstate 15 a few miles north of Saint George, Utah.

ing machines. Additional colonists were called to assist in building up the south and producing more cotton.

Against Young's wish, considerable cotton was sold in the world market. How much is not known with certainty. Knowing that Young opposed their actions, producers tended to move their cotton out quietly and made no records of such shipments. According to James Bleak, historian to the Cotton Mission, "Within 18 months after the settlement of the country along the Virgin River, almost 74,000 pounds of cotton was freighted east."

Erastus Snow, the Apostle in charge of the Cotton Mission, reminisced some twenty years later, "Cotton was sent from here west to the Pacific Coast and sent thence to New York; also sent north and freighted across the plains by ox teams and forwarded to New York, where it was sold for $1.40 to $1.90 per pound."

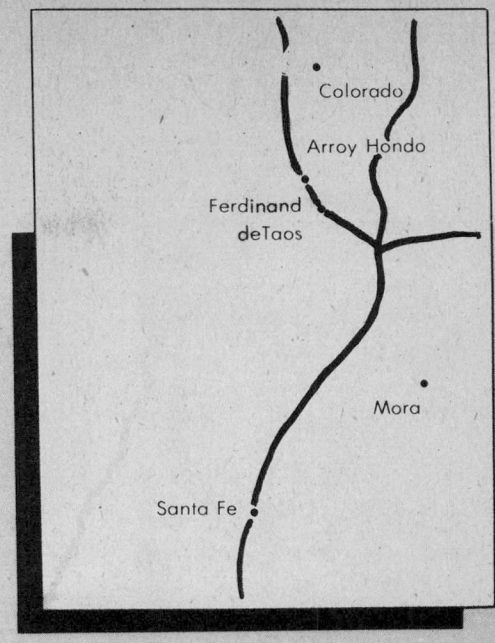
Yet the futility of attempting to produce cotton under existing conditions had been recognized as early as 1864. So in 1870, plans for a new Cotton Mission were underway. The Muddy Colony was established as far south as the little frontier village of St. Thomas, Nevada, (now covered by the waters of Lake Mead). A factory had been built in Washington, Utah, in 1865, and Call's Landing, near the confluence of the Virgin and Colorado rivers, was completed. Southern Utah now had a river port.



IN SPITE OF appearances, all was not well within Dixie. The Muddy Mission settlers worked under adverse conditions. Indians raided fields and destroyed crops. The job of digging ditches and irrigating crops was expensive and discouraging. The saints were reduced almost to poverty. But politics struck the final blow. When the Muddy Valley was colonized it was thought to be within the territory of Utah. When the state of Nevada was created, considerable controversy arose whether the valley was to be left within the Utah Territory or incorporated into Nevada. The final decision placed the Muddy settlements in Nevada.

At that time Nevada had a high tax which the struggling pioneers could not possibly pay. The settlers hung on a few years, hoping the matter somehow could be resolved, but in December 1870, the Muddy Mission was officially aban-

Upon his arrival in San Fernandez de Taos on January 18, Bent was greeted by rumors of imminent insurrection. He scoffed. "Why would anyone want to kill me or my family? Have I not been their friend? Have no fear for me. I will depart with my family in good time." Bent's confidence rested on the sentiments of a significant portion of the populace. As subsequent events proved, it was ill-founded.



NEW MEXICO

g of 1847

By December conspirators were holding secret meetings and planning to murder the Americans and their New Mexican sympathizers and provide for their own accession to office. Each principal was assigned an area of the territory where he was to enlist the support of the populace, thus making the revolt region-wide. The critical goal was to take Santa Fe and kill the highest government officials.

After first setting a date, December 9, the conspirators postponed the revolt until Christmas Eve, hoping to catch the celebrating Americans off guard. The conspiracy failed when the wife of one of the leaders, fearing carnage, informed Colonel Price of the secret designs. Some of the principals were caught and confessed; others escaped.

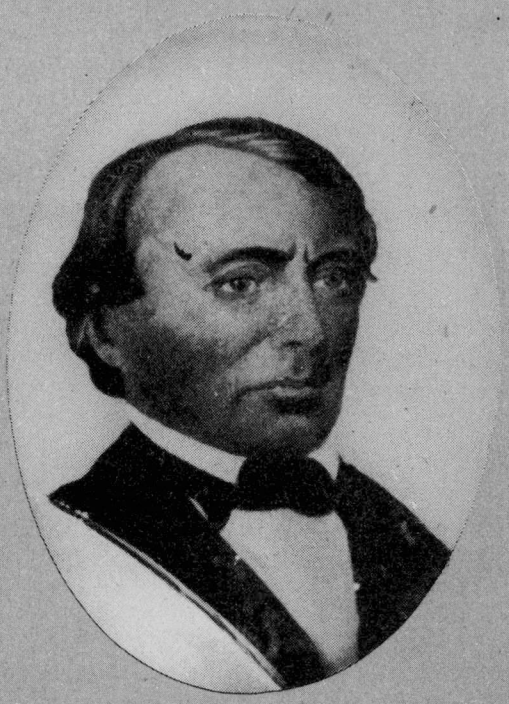
Their initial failure only forged the resolve of the conspirators remaining at large that a second attempt should succeed. This time a "profound secrecy" was maintained.

The newly appointed governor of the Territory, former trapper and businessman Charles Bent, issued a proclamation from Santa Fe in early January 1847 informing the population that a rebellion had failed and explaining the wisdom of accepting American sovereignty. Bent, confident because of his long residence in New Mexico, his even-handed dealings with his adopted countrymen, and his marriage to a Mexican wife, suspected no further trouble. He left Santa Fe for Taos on January 14 to move his family to the capital. Bent was accompanied by the sheriff of Taos, the district attorney, and the prefect.

UPON HIS arrival in San Fernandez de Taos on January 18, Bent was greeted by rumors of imminent insurrection. He scoffed. "Why would anyone want to kill me or my family? Have I not been their friend? Have no fear for me. I will depart with my family in good time." Bent's confidence rested on the sentiments of a significant portion of the populace. As subsequent events proved, it was ill-founded.

Early in the morning after his arrival at San Fernandez—January 19, 1847—a band of insurgents led by a Pueblo de Taos Indian named Tomasito gathered at Bent's home. Rudely awakened on that blustery winter morning, the Governor was soon aware of the mob's violent intent. He tried to talk with them through the closed door. Shots were fired. Two balls passed through the door, hitting Bent in the stomach and chin. The mob forced the door and riddled their victim with arrows. Bent, a powerful man, managed to pull several shafts from his head and face before his attackers fell upon him with axes and knives.

Enfeebled by pain and loss of blood, Bent could offer no resistance as the blood-thirsty mob scalped him alive in front of his family. Seeing that the governor could not be saved, his wife, children, Mrs. Kit Carson, and Mrs. Boggs—both members of the household—broke through an adobe wall into the adjoining house to escape. The terrible mob followed. Mrs. Carson (Josefa Jaramillo) and Mrs. Boggs (Runalda Luna), both Mexican, begged on their knees that the killers spare Mrs. Bent, also Mexican, and her children.



Courtesy of Jaramillo-Bent-Scheirich Collection,
New Mexico State Records Center and Archives
Charles Bent

Courtesy of Shiskin Collection,
New Mexico State Records Center and Archives
General Manuel Armijo

That was granted, but more blood was to spill.

Elsewhere in the settlement, the newly appointed district attorney of Taos, J.W. Liel, was scalped alive, stabbed repeatedly with lances, and dragged through the snowy streets. The virgin snow turned crimson as the Indians ignored Liel's repeated pleas for a merciful death. Finally a Mexican ended his suffering with a single bullet. The American sheriff of Taos, Stephen Lee, was killed seeking refuge on the roof of his home. The Mexican prefect, Cornelio Vigil, an uncle of Mrs. Bent's, also died at the hands of the mob.

Narcisco Beaubien—son of Judge Charles Beaubien, the great mountain man, and a Mexican wife—had the misfortune to be home when the insurgents came for his father. The younger Beaubien knew French, Spanish, and English, had been to college and was one of New Mexico's rising stars. Narcisco and Pablo Jaramillo, Mrs. Bent's brother, managed to hide in a straw-covered trough in the back of the house. But a Mexican servant of the Beaubien's called them to the attention of the bloodthirsty mob: "Kill the young ones, and they will never be men to trouble us." Beaubien and Jaramillo were lanced mercilessly and scalped forthwith. The Beaubien home was left raging in flames.

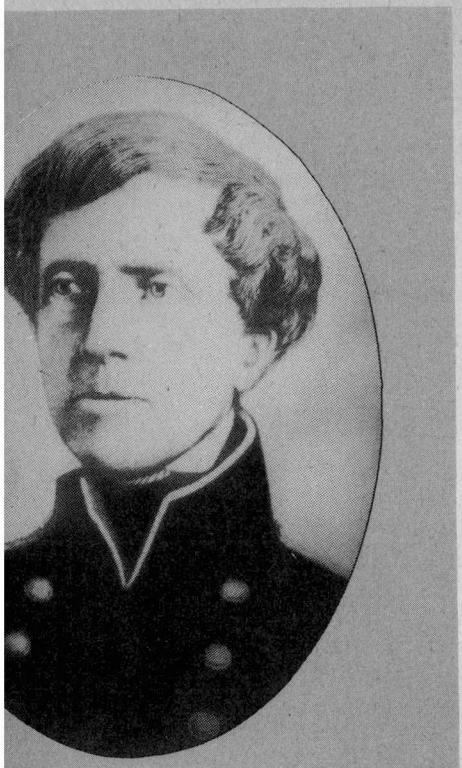
By December conspirators were holding secret meetings and planning to murder the Americans and their New Mexican sympathizers and provide for their own accession to office. Each principal was assigned an area of the territory where he was to enlist the support of the populace . . .

The insurgents moved on the Arroyo Hondo, several miles to the northwest, bringing with them their thirst for revenge. Simeon Turley, a local American distiller of "Taos Lightning," got word of the massacre and the approaching insurgents, but remained unconcerned. He doubted he would be a target of their wrath. With him were eight other men—Americans, French-Canadians, and Englishmen.

Within hours Turley's mill was surrounded by an angry crowd. Turley was told his life would be spared if he surrendered his mill and men, but all other Americans in the valley were to be "destroyed." When Turley refused, the insurgents, numbering in the hundreds, positioned themselves for a seige. The attackers relentlessly fired on the mill while the veterans inside carefully picked them off one by one. The seige continued through the night and into the next evening. Finally, as the grim men inside were running out of ammunition the insurgents set fire to the mill and its buildings. All but two of the defenders perished.

To the north on the Rio Colorado, the northernmost New Mexican settlement, the legendary trapper Markhead and a companion named Harwood were on their way to Taos for whiskey when they were caught by insurgents. Under the pretense of being conducted to Taos to be turned over to the chief of the insurgency, both men were shot in the back, "then stripped and scalped and shockingly mutilated, and their bodies thrown into the bush by the side of the creek to be devoured by wolves."

At Mora, at the eastern flank of the mountains, veteran Santa Fe trader Lawrence L. Waldo of Missouri and his companions were entering town with a



Courtesy of Shiskin Collection,
New Mexico State Records and Archives
Brigadier General Stephen Watts Kearny

caravan, unaware of hostilities. Although Waldo, like Turley, was well-respected in his adopted homeland, he and his companions were killed without mercy.

One survivor of the seige at Turley's mill made it all the way to Santa Fe on foot with news of the violence. Three days later on January 23, Colonel Price and his troops rode north with veteran trapper Ceran St. Vrain and a company of volunteer mountain men. The Americans reached the valley of Taos on February 2, after meeting scattered resistance.

The main body of insurgents retreated to the Pueblo de Taos where they barricaded themselves inside and opened fire. Colonel Price drew up his twelve-pound mountain howitzers and fired ball after ball into the rebel hideout. Nighttime and freezing temperatures forced the Americans to retreat to nearby San Fernandez while the jeers of the defenders mixed with the howling of the wind.

When the sun rose, the Americans marched resolutely back to the seige and resumed pounding the enemy with mortar fire. The insurgents fled to a nearby church, where, according to a contemporary account, they "poured out a galling fire." Captain Burgwin and his First Dragoons dismounted and stormed the front door of the church. Burgwin met his death there, and the charge was repulsed. Burgwin's second in command, Lieutenant McIlvaine, ordered the dragoons to the west side of the church, where they hacked a hole in the adobe wall. The howitzers were run up to the gap and discharged repeatedly into the crowded church. Some of the defenders managed to flee—right into the hands of St. Vrain and his mountain men. Over 150 died. Seven Americans perished and many who were wounded died later.

AS SPRING arrived in Taos, the remaining insurgents were tried. Presiding as judge was none other than Charles Beaubien, whose son had seen no mercy on that bloody January morning three months earlier. Ceran St. Vrain filled the role of interpreter, while the juries were packed with French and American mountain men. George Bent, the murdered governor's younger brother, newly arrived with volunteers from his fort on the Arkansas River, was jury foreman. The outcome was not surprising. As daily court sessions were held, fifteen men were sentenced to death by hanging for their part in the uprising.

Seventeen-year-old Hector Lewis Garrard witnessed the trials and subsequent hangings. After ten months in the West, Garrard was well-regarded by the experienced mountain men. The young man took notes on the events at Taos, as he did throughout his brief sojourn west of the Mississippi. His is the only eyewitness account of the aftermath of the Taos uprising.

Despite the fact that the volunteers—Garrard included—who accompanied George Bent to the valley of Taos went "ready to wade up to their necks in Mexican blood," Garrard's narrative reveals a sober and compassionate man. "It certainly did appear to be a great assumption on the part of the Americans to conquer a country and then arraign the revolting inhabitants for treason," he wrote, as witness after witness, themselves Mexican, provided the prosecution with the damning evidence it sought. "Justice!" lamented Garrard. "Out upon the word, when its distorted meaning is the warrant for murdering those who defend to the last their country and their homes."

On the day appointed for the hangings, compassion aside, Garrard and his companions lent the sheriff their lariats for use as hangman's nooses. Payment was accepted in the form of whiskey. The sheriff's bill of expenses later listed twelve and one-half cents for "soft soap for greasing nooses." The American mountain men soaped the ropes of death as they sat drinking that morning.

Shortly after nine o'clock in the morning on Friday, April 9, 1847, a wagon hitched with two mules was positioned under a large tree outside the Taos prison. According to Garrard, "A death-like stillness reigned. The spectators on the azoteas seemed scarcely to move—their eyes directed to the painful sight of the doomed wretches, with harsh halters now circling their necks."

The condemned were allowed a few last words. There were admissions of guilt and repentance from several men. But the one man sentenced to die for treason asserted his innocence and denounced "the unjustness of his trial, and the arbitrary conduct of his murderers." With the cap of the condemned pulled over his face, he hissed his last words: *"Caraho, los Americanos!"*

The mules were started. The ropes stretched under their loads, and "the bodies swayed back and forth, and, coming in contact with each other, convulsive shudders shook their frames; the muscles, contracting, would relax, and again contract, and the bodies writhed most horribly.

Within hours Turley's mill was surrounded by an angry crowd. Turley was told his life would be spared if he surrendered his mill and men, but all other Americans in the valley were to be "destroyed."

"While thus swinging, the hands of two came together, which they held with a firm grasp till the muscles loosened in death."

It may well be that on Judgement Day, in weighing man's inhumanity to man, the Lord will have to toss a coin to determine which side at Taos deserves the harsher punishment.

REEL COWBOYS

Will Penny

By BILL O'NEAL

I regard *Will Penny* as one of the twenty best Westerns ever filmed. (Perhaps, after nearly three years of "Reel Cowboys," I should soon list my twenty favorite Westerns for TRUE WEST.) Filmed and released in 1967, *Will Penny* starred Charlton Heston in the title role as a cowboy "damn near fifty years old."

Cowboying is the only life Will has ever known. Orphaned as a boy, he has had no schooling—when the cowboys are signing the payroll at the end of a trail drive, an embarrassed Will licks the pencil, then furtively and with effort draws an X. He is even-tempered, but good with his fists or guns when pushed into a fight. Will has no responsibilities or obligations to others, but he is lonely and has enough sense to recognize the stark limits of his future.

While spending a solitary winter at an isolated line shack, Will gives refuge to a woman, Catherine Allen, and her young son, abandoned by their guide as they travel west. Will responds to the boy's need for a father figure and to the cultured ways of the woman, but their growing love—and Christmas celebration—is violently interrupted by Preacher Quint and his sadistic family. A psychotic rawhider, Quint has twice before clashed with Will, once losing a son during a gunbattle over an elk and later nearly killing the cowboy.

Disaster is averted when two of Will's friends and the ranch crew arrive in time to decimate the Quint clan. Catherine urges Will to marry her, but he sadly recognizes that it is too late for him to start a ranch of his own, and he refuses to become a farmer. Catherine reluctantly accepts work as a ranch cook, and Will rides away with his friends—away from his last chance at love and family.

Will Penny is a mature, intelligent film about a cowboy confronted with the restricted options of his way of life. There are splendid scenes of camping and hunting and cowboying in handsome western locales (the town set was originally constructed for *Shane*), and there are scenes of slam-bang action.

Charlton Heston takes aim at the villainous rawhiders in *Will Penny*.

But there are also drama and conflict and strong human emotions and a cast which enriches an excellent script.

The gifted Heston is low-keyed, but he interprets the lonely cowboy with power and complexity. Joan Hackett plays Catherine Allen as a vulnerable but resolute woman; Lee Remick was first considered for the part, but Heston considered her "too contemporary." Will Penny's cowboy friends are capably portrayed by Lee Majors and Anthony Zerbe. Ben Johnson, always at home in the saddle, lends authority as the ranch foreman. Slim Pickens and Luke Askew also contribute authenticity to the western background.

The versatile Donald Pleasance delivers a crazed performance as Preacher Quint. Quint's meanest son is neurotically portrayed by Bruce Dern, who would graduate to ultimate western villainy in 1972 by murdering John Wayne in *The Cowboys*.

Perhaps because of its unhappy ending, perhaps because the public was beginning to lose interest in Westerns—even excellent Westerns—*Will Penny* was a box-office disappointment. But from its opening, critics recognized it as a classic, and any opportunity to view it on television or tape is a genuine treat for the connoisseur of Western films.

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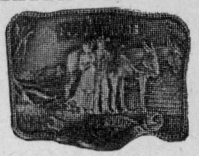

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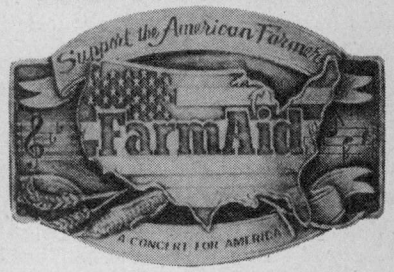

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PHANTOMS IN THE FOG

TWILIGHT DWELLERS: GHOSTS, GHOULS, AND GOBLINS OF COLORADO. *By MaryJoy Martin. Pruett Publishing Company, 2928 Pearl St., Boulder, CO 80301. $8.95 softbound.*

Ghosts, ghouls, goblins, and plain old spooks appeal to many people who will naturally want to read this well-written book about the twilight dwellers. Readers who couldn't care less about ghosts will still find this collection of twenty-two short stories interesting due to the historical background material and to the research done by the author.

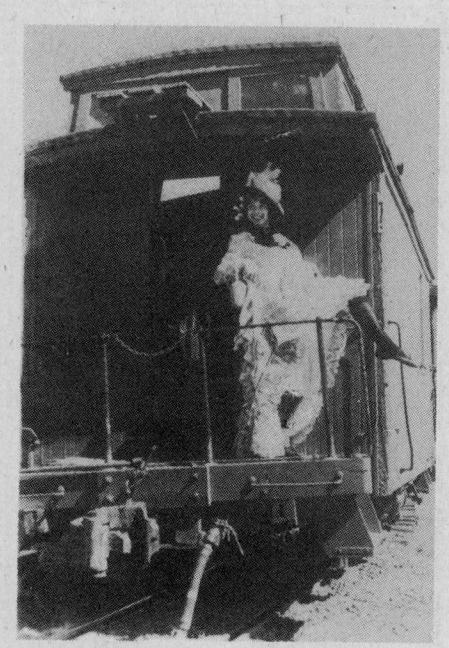
"Since the ghost lights were first seen, Silver Cliff has become nearly a ghost herself. Her rip-roaring, loud, and boisterous days are long passed, her thousands of citizens long gone. She has lost the coveted county seat to Westcliffe and lost the once enormous revenues from her silver mines," writes author MaryJoy Martin.

The once booming mining town of Brownville had dwindled to a population of 100 by the turn of the century, and slides caused by the massive tailings dump buried it forever in 1912. The moving mass of rock and mud moved slowly enough that the residents could escape. Two men were missing, but no one dug for them. "No one dug for anything," Martin points out. "The gray mound that once was Brownville was left behind. The only residents who remained were of the foggy class, those phantom mules and phantom men, and possibly a phantom piano."

The author has an impish (spirited?) streak herself, which appears in her choice of words, apt descriptions, and ability to build up suspense. As a storyteller, Martin moves along, adding embellishments as though she were actually telling the story to an entranced audience. "He let out a sound like a disturbed toad." Claiming she has no intention of becoming a ghost writer, Martin also refers to a chap functioning on defective software.

There are touching stories, too. The cries of the Cheyennes in "Tipis out of the Mist" arouse a strong feeling of compassion. And there was the bride who returned as a ghost to wait for her groom, who had been killed on his way to their wedding.

The writing at times approaches poetry. "Yet fleeting the music, fleeting the feathered breasts, fleeting the life as summer gathers the color of green into yellow, and the full cottonwoods nod in warm wind and white sun."



MaryJoy Martin

The photographs in the book are done in gray tones, adding to their ghostly quality. The book itself is nicely set up on good paper, putting it in the category of a "classy" paperback.

The effect of reading about "spooks" on a non-believer is surprising. After reading the first few stories, interest in the stories increases and apprehension seeps into the atmosphere. A sudden noise can create an unexpected reaction. Ghost reading can be contagious, especially when it is about the ghosts of Colorado.

—Willah Weddon
Stockbridge, MI

American Indian History

NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN LIVES. *By Nancy Oestreich Lurie. Milwaukee: Milwaukee Public Museum, 1985; distributed by University of Washington Press, P.O. Box C-50096, Seattle, WA 98145. $7.95 paperback.*

Readers of TRUE WEST will enjoy *North American Indian Lives*, a well-written introduction to the wide gamut of American Indian history. In fifteen short biographical essays, respected anthropologist and author Nancy Oestreich Lurie presents the accounts of notable Indian leaders, ranging from Opechancanough of the Powhatan Confederacy, Handsome Lake of the Seneca, to the Ojibwe-Cree Métis, Louis Riel.

Lurie directly states the goal of *North American Indian Lives:*

> The following accounts are intended only as an introduction to the Indian side of frontier history. They deal with selected cases and can do no more than suggest the enormously complicated sweep of events as Europeans invaded and claimed the North American continent. Indian persons we know by name and masses of now anonymous tribesfolk were caught in a struggle for survival and pursued courses of action that seemed logical from their perspective. Like all peoples in all times, they included some who put the larger interests of their societies ahead of personal advantage and some who concluded it was wiser to look out for themselves first as the larger interest would take care of itself or was already lost and not worth fighting for.

Lurie achieves her purpose. No doubt regular readers of TRUE WEST are already familiar with Chief Joseph, Sitting Bull, Geronimo, or Wovoka, who are treated in *North American Indian Lives*, but they should be intrigued by Lurie's essays about significant Indians from other parts of the country (and Canada) and from other historical periods.

Lurie's accounts provide an excellent introduction to the "enormously com-

plicated sweep of events as Europeans invaded and claimed the North American continent." After each essay Lurie suggests additional readings for those who wish to learn more about that specific topic.

It is an achievement to introduce three centuries of American Indian experience and to do so in less than seventy-five pages.

—Joseph C. Porter
Omaha, NE

Contemporary Plains Indian History

THE PLAINS INDIANS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. *Edited by Peter Iverson. University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019. $21.95 hardbound, $9.95 paperbound.*

The clarion call has sounded. More articles and books on twentieth-century Indian history are needed. This anthology of eleven articles on contemporary Plains Indian history is a response to that appeal. But I suspect one result of the rush to meet the demands for more studies in this area has been shoddy craftsmanship, a malady this book suffers. Iverson's book is plagued with proofreading errors, which number well beyond the forgiveable few. It is unfortunate that those oversights distract so much from the otherwise excellent writings by well-qualified contributors such as William Hagan, Donald Berthrong, and Vine Deloria, Jr.

It is true that more work is needed on twentieth-century Indian history. And Iverson's anthology helps fill that need. His purpose is to enhance the understanding of recent Plains Indian history and to present some of the best work in the field. All but three of the chapters were previously published as journal articles or book chapters. By assembling them into one volume, Iverson provides the reader convenient access to the work of significant authorities on the Plains Indians.

Each chapter deals with problems faced by the Plains Indians during this century. They have battled to survive the onslaught of non-Indian society, which has tried at various times to separate them from their land base, mineral and water rights, and sovereignty. Moreover, the federal government has mounted periodic campaigns to assimilate them into the mainstream of American life. Those conflicts between Plains Indians and non-Indians are expertly narrated and documented by the authors; however, a major problem given little attention by the contributors is the lack of unity among Indians when facing outside threats. Many Indians claim that until this problem is solved, efforts to combat their adversaries will be futile.

Overall, this book will interest those readers who wonder what happened to the Plains Indians after Wounded Knee. Although slanted to emphasize the plight of the Plains Indians, it is, nevertheless, informative, eye-opening, thought-provoking, and, in places, controversial.

—Tim Zwink
Alva, Oklahoma

Dalton Genealogy

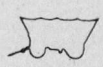
IN SEARCH OF THE DALTONS. *By Phillip W. Steele. Privately printed by Steele. Box 191, Springdale, AR 72765. $2.50 paperbound.*

Author Steele presents a very concise item which is worthwhile for several reasons: he stresses correctly that had it not been for the Daltons' abortive effort to rob two banks simultaneously, resulting in their being "plummeted into instant fame by newspaper headlines" they would be considered insignificant. Secondly, Steele gives credit to the Coffeyville townspeople for their heroic action in fighting back against the gang. Steele has clarified some writers' mistaken claims that the Daltons were related to the James brothers. He explains how the Daltons were related to the Youngers: the father of the outlaw Youngers was a brother of the Daltons. Ironically the outlaw relatives' gangs were both defeated by peaceful citizens defending their town's banks, although sixteen years apart.

Steele attempted to track down living descendants of the Daltons. This pamphlet "is presented as a report on the Dalton Family research project to date." It begins with John Elijah Dalton, great-grandfather of the outlaws, and continues through four generations.

Eleven photos are reproduced here, not of a high quality due to the publishing process. The woman in the photo of Bob Dalton "with his unidentified girlfriend" has elsewhere been identified as Eugenia Moore.

—Chuck Parsons
South Wayne, Wisconsin



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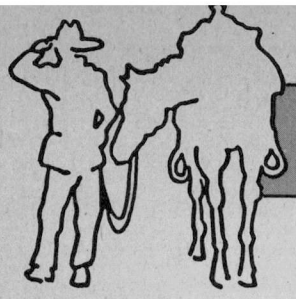


Trails Grown Dim

Western genealogy

Maggard

I would appreciate any information on Guy Maggard, my grandfather, who died in Prague, Oklahoma, in 1949. He married Ettie Bryan. Their children were Clinton, Cecil, Delores, and Gladys. They may have had other children.

Guy's mother was an Indian.—**Rene Maggard, 525 E. Locust, Apt. A, Lodi, CA 95240.**

Humphrey-Clark

I am seeking information on the Humphrey and Clark families. Willis Humphrey was born in the 1840s. He married Mahala Clark. They were originally from Kentucky but moved to Illinois. Willis disappeared when my grandfather, Robert Mitchell, was a small boy.—**Betty Jerzycki, 1002 Kelly Ave., Joliet, IL 60435.**

Chief Chick

I am looking for information on my husband's great-great-grandfather, Chief Chick of the Cherokee tribe. He guarded the capitol grounds at Washington, D.C. He lived in Georgetown. We do not know his wife's name, but we believe they had three daughters. One daughter was Ida Virginia. She was probably born around 1850. We believe Chief Chick's wife had three sons by a previous marriage.—**Mrs. R. Oborne, 11904 U.S. Hwy. 12, Randle, WA 98377.**

Cook

My great-grandfather was Dr. Ira Cook. He lived in Cowlington, Oklahoma (Indian Territory), in the late 1800s. He gave medical treatment to and befriended several outlaws, including the James gang, and, according to my grandmother, delivered a baby for Belle Starr. Relatives of Dr. Cook comprised the "Cook" gang. I would appreciate any information about Dr. Cook and the Cook gang.—**Billy Smith, 1305 W. Parkview, Ozark, MO 65721.**

Kay

I am seeking information on my great-grandparents, Eli and Lettie Kay. They came to Many, Louisiana, in the 1840s from South Carolina. Ten children were born to them before their migration, and three after their arrival in Many. Three of the sons' names were Picksney, Toliver, and Tallaifario. They resided either in Sumpter County or Greenwood County, South Carolina. Eli and Lettie had both died by 1865. They left three minor children, George, Nancy, and Eli Kay Jr., to a Mr. Silas D. Sandell. Eli and Lettie were buried somewhere in Louisiana. I would like to know where.

A man by the name of S.P. Kay served in Company E, Eleventh Battalion, Louisiana Infantry, and was discharged after being held prisoner by Union troops. He was released in Shreveport, Louisiana, and subsequently moved to Smith County, Texas, in June of 1865. I would like to know if he is a relative, as my father's name is S.P. Kay also.—**Jerral R. Kay, P.O. Box 834, Rapid City, SD 57709.**

Wyatt-Hughes-Hood

I am searching for death dates and places of my great-grandparents, and death dates on each of their children. My great-grandparents were William Carmi Wyatt, born in 1854, and Nora Bell (Hudson) Wyatt, born in 1864. They were both born in Texas. Their children were John L. Wyatt, born August 8, 1884; May D., born March 1881; Noble J., born May 1888; Polly C., born December 1891; Rosa L., born July 1894; Climer P., born in 1895. William Carmi's parents were John M. Wyatt, born in Kentucky, in 1825, and Martha, born in 1828. His brothers were Thomas A., James A., and John K. I would like to know their death dates.

I am searching for the names of the parents of John Allen Hood. He was born in 1850, in Copiah County, Mississippi. He died July 28, 1913, in Shelby County, Texas.

I am also searching for the names of the parents of F.M. Hughes, who was born in 1824, in Tennessee. He died in 1920, in Collin County, Texas.—**Edith Barham, 6634 Canyon Drive, Amarillo, TX 79109.**

Megran-Rowland-Shriner

I am seeking information on the Megran, Rowland, and Shriner families.

George W. Rowland was born in Kentucky, moved to Missouri, and joined the Confederacy. He was Captain of Company F, Perkins Battalion, Missouri Regiment, and fought with Porter in northern Missouri.

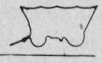
Rosco Emory Shriner was born in Warsaw, Indiana.—**Jim Megran, Box 365, Hawley, MN 56549.**

Manning

I would like to correspond with the descendants of John Manning. He was born February 9, 1781, in Hunterdon County, New Jersey, and died in 1852, in Elkhart, Indiana. His wife, Mary E., was born in New Jersey, in 1783, and died in Elkhart, Indiana, in 1876. Their children were Samuel, born in 1814; John Wesley, born in 1815; William Anthony, born in 1820; and Catherine Stockdale, born in 1825.

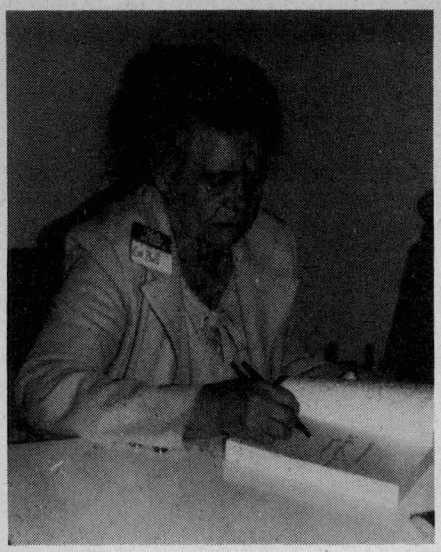
John's parents were Samuel Manning and Catherine Cole. They lived in the Readington area of Hunterdon County, New Jersey.

Names connected to the family tree are Mock, Hull, Apgar, Trimmer, McPherson, Vought, and Inbody.—**Joy Thomas Kortz, 1615 Columbus Ave., Bay City, MI 48708.**



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

EVE BALL
~A Tribute~



Eve Ball

By LYNDA A. SANCHEZ

Among her Apache friends, Eve Ball was known affectionately as "The Old White Lady With Many Stories." She is gone now. Her adobe home surrounded by wild Castillian roses and many flowers will no longer be a meeting place where people gather to tell their legends or speak of history and the way of things. It is silent. A lone and stately spruce grows nearby as a symbol of a talented and dedicated woman's life. Eve Ball, like that magnificent tree, often had to stand alone throughout her ninety-four years. The tree was planted over thirty years before by Ace Daklugie, nephew of Geronimo. He had brought it to her as a surprise, for she was one of the few white women he ever respected in his long life.

Eve Ball's major contribution was the preservation of a people's dramatic yet tragic history. It was written primarily because of her perseverance and dedication. She understood the value of oral history long before it became popular, and her work was accomplished through hours of questioning and gentle prodding. The results included innumerable magazine articles and five books. Her books are presently used in many universities and high school classrooms and, of course, are read by hundreds of people from all walks of life. *In the Days of Victorio* and *Indeh, An Apache Odyssey* are considered classics in oral history. *Indeh* was the culmination of over thirty years of research.

Eve said many times that she considered her last thirty-five years her most rewarding and productive, as well as her happiest. Those were the years she concentrated on recording Anglo, Hispanic, and Indian history. Though she is considered a giant in pioneering oral history, she always cross-checked her work carefully by reviewing government documents, letters, diaries, other written and oral accounts, and archives.

Eve Ball's life encompassed almost a century. It began with roots deep in the Confederate South, progressed to cattle ranching in Kansas, teaching in the oil boom towns of Texas and New Mexico, and ended in the mountain country of southern New Mexico where destiny had seemed to point all along. The serene and beautiful mountain community of Ruidoso would be her home for over forty years. The signs of greatness and of the direction she would eventually follow were already apparent by the time Eve was twelve. Her early years indicated a propensity for reading, boredom regarding traditional education, a love of history and tradition, and an ability to write. Undoubtedly her years as an English teacher refined her writing skills and prepared her for a writing career.

When most of us face retirement, Eve Ball had just started her new career as well as her real contribution to humanity. She dispelled many traditional myths of aging and woman's role in society as she set out in her determined way to write history.

So what if she had to prove herself by riding fence with Sam Jones before he relented to tell her the story of his famous mother, "Ma'am Jones!" Nor did it matter if she had to chauffeur a group of Apache friends in a crowded car all the way to the Gallup Ceremonials; or camp out at White Tail Cow Camp to get a story; or face the implacable leaders of the Apache, most of whom disliked or mistrusted all white people. Eve had grit and she was stubborn. Above all, she somehow knew that the Apaches' story must be told.

All of us who knew this gracious woman over the years will remember her kindness, her willingness to help young writers and students of history from throughout the nation and the world. During the ten years of my personal association with her as her assistant, I saw how she affected people, how she inspired people and gave hours and hours of her time to help others.

Little is known of her personal life, for she rarely talked about herself. Eve preferred to listen. Thus, she gained the confidence of many pioneers and Indian people. Her writing reflected the view from the other side of the fence, as told by those who were there. She rarely made value judgments, which was one reason why individuals confided in her. The Indian people, above all others, trusted this white lady, and through them she became their spokeswoman.

Readers of TRUE WEST undoubtedly remember many of Eve's articles, from "The Buried Money," which won the WWA Spur Award in 1977, to the dramatic "Vengeance of Gouyen." No doubt they also recall her articles on famous horses and their owners.

In 1982 the Western Writers of America conferred upon Eve Ball their highest honor, the Oscar of western writing, the Saddleman Award. In 1983 Senator Pete Domenici made a special trip to present Eve a joint resolution honoring her work to preserve the heritage of the West. She was inducted that same year into the Western Heritage Division of the Cowgirl Hall of Fame. Over the years there were many awards and special honors, but above all else she wanted to be known for her work in oral history.

Eve Ball died on Christmas Eve, 1984. Memorial services were held at the magnificent stone mission of St. Joseph's in the heart of Mescalero Apache country. What better place to pay tribute to Eve than at that monument constructed by her dear friend, Father Albert, and by many Apaches. Music and eulogies in English and Apache were presented by old friends. She is gone now, but we are all richer for her having lived—those of us who have known her personally and those yet to come who will read her many books and articles.

TWO HOBO BEAR HUNTERS

By GUY BAILEY

As Cranky Hank and I pulled into Fargo, we prepared to jump off the freight and head for the jungle.

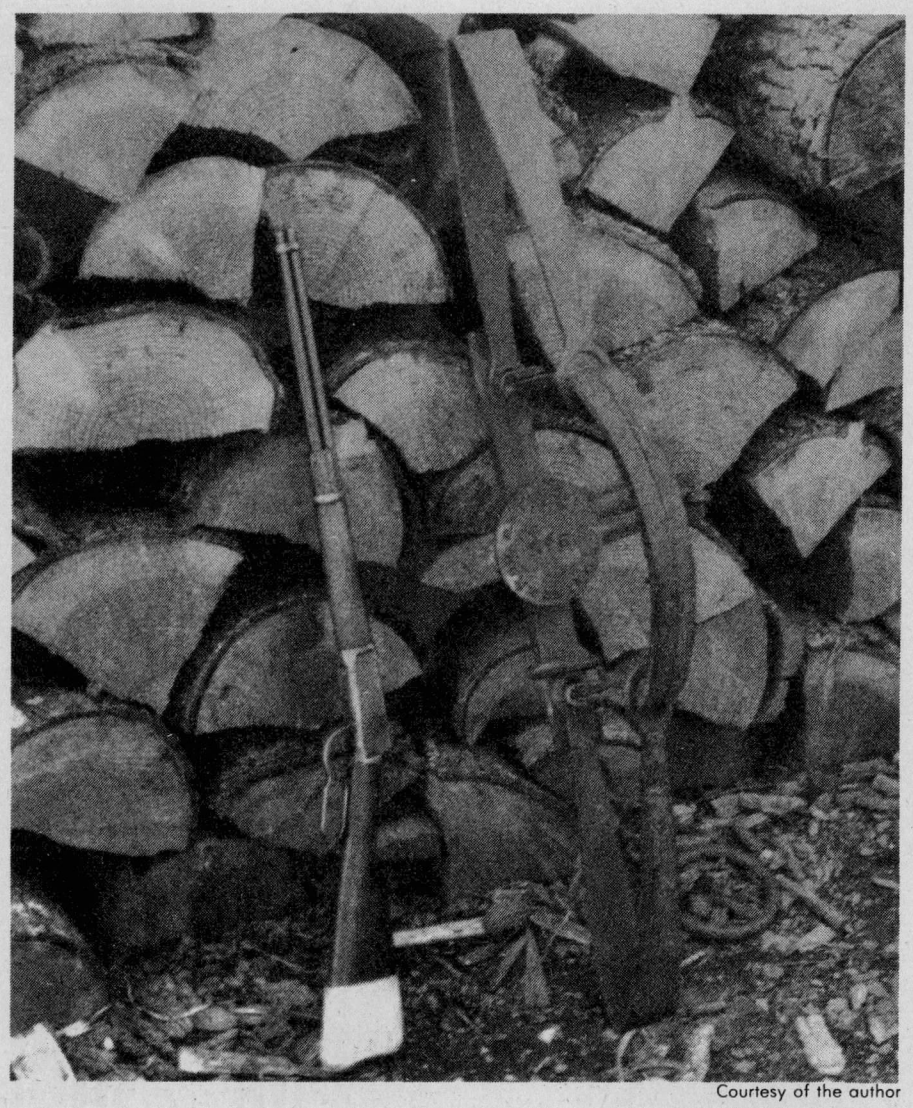
We had to get off before we got into the yards, as the railroad bull, old Humpie Dick, would bust your skull with his club if he caught you in the yards. When we got down to the camp by the railroad bridge we met some old friends who had a big Mulligan stew steaming on the fire. We had a good feed and talked over old times.

The next day we took off on the Northern Pacific and finally got to Park Rapids, Minnesota. Cranky Hank wanted to spend some time with his old friend Max Barren, who lived there. We got to Max's house late that night so went straight to the barn to sleep. The next morning I rolled out of the straw; I could see Cranky's feet sticking out the end of the manger. When I hollered at him to rise and shine, he didn't answer. I went over and found him dead. He had died of a heart attack.

I went to the house and told Max what had happened. He called the sheriff and they took Cranky away.

I looked up my old friend John Hunt, and a couple days later we hopped a freight for North Dakota. We worked for five weeks shocking grain. We made $3.00 a day, so we headed west on the Great Northern with a pretty good stake. We wanted to spend a few days at the hobo jungle in Butte, Montana, so John said we could jump off on the long upgrade east of town and get a venison for the camp. John always carried a model '94 takedown .30/30 in his pack, so in about an hour we had a nice, fat, two-point buck skinned and quartered. About eight o'clock that night a freight came crawling up the long grade. We jumped on, and by midnight we were in the jungle in Butte.

The next morning we got a good oak fire going and had our venison over the coals. With our friends in the camp, we were ready for a big feed at noon. They had scrounged up some bread, spuds, and onions. We were soon enjoying a grand feed.



Courtesy of the author

A number six Newhouse trap similar to the one used by the author and John Hunt dwarfs a Winchester rifle. The first bear the hunters caught nearly escaped, dragging the trap and a 200-pound log.

We stayed in Butte about a week and then headed west as we heard that the Blodell Donovan Logging Company at Clallam Bay, Washington, on the Olympic Peninsula was looking for a bear hunter. Bears can be a great menace to fallers and buckers. They steal the loggers' lunches, and they destroy the young trees by stripping the bark off. They also can be dangerous.

WHEN WE GOT to Seattle, we holed up for a couple of days and then had to buy a ticket on a Black Ball Ferry to get across Puget Sound to the Olympic Peninsula. We caught a ride on the Port Angeles and Western logging train from Port Townsend to Clallam Bay, fifty miles west of Port Angeles.

When we got to the logging camp we looked up the super, and he told us he would give us $25.00 for female bears, $20.00 for boars, and $15.00 for cubs, along with board and room. He said it should take about six or eight months to thin the bear population down to a tolerable size.

John and I went back into Port Angeles and bought two bear traps, one #5 and one #6 Newhouse. A #6 is an awesome machine, made of the best steel; it's four feet long and weighs fifty pounds. It will break a man's leg like a match stick.

When we got back to camp we moved into the bunk shack and at six o'clock went over to the cookhouse for supper. The food was the best—plenty of meat and potatoes and gravy and homemade bread. We soon gained a few pounds.

Monday morning we went out into the woods with our traps. We got garbage from the cookhouse for bait. We had to put up a sign at each trap to keep a man from stepping in it. We saw a lot of bear sign but no bears.

The next day we found a big male in the #6. John put two .30/30 slugs into him. The bear thought the mosquitoes were biting him, and he took off dragging the 200-pound log. We finally caught up to him and John shot him behind the ear, and he was dead. A .30/30 isn't too good for killing bears.

We skinned him and took the hide into camp and went back and got the hindquarters and all the fat we could cut off. The cook wanted the fat for lard. It is the best shortening you can get. The hindquarters made some good roasts.

We salted and stretched the hide, and when we had four, we took them into Port Angeles and got $15.00 apiece for them. We averaged about two bears a week. The boss thought we were getting rich too quick so cut our pay per bear to $10.00 each, regardless of size. We stayed there seven months; at the last we were only averaging one bear a week.

We left the employ of Blodell Donovan the First of May with a poke of $900.00; with the income from the bears and what we had made in the poker games in camp, we arrived in Seattle feeling like kings. We went down to Worshall's and bought new pants, plaid shirts, jackets, and socks. We also bought some fishing gear, and when we got over in Montana, we hopped off our freight and caught some of the most beautiful rainbow and brook trout you could ever want.

July found us on the bank of Potato Lake in Minnesota, getting fat on walleyed Pike. Meanwhile, we had promised Blodell Donovan that we would be back in two years and get rid of their bear pests again.

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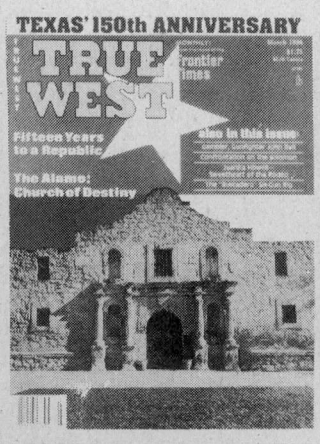
Perkins, Oklahoma



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The San Francisco Call

SAN FRANCISCO, TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 21, 1896.

THE BLOOMER GIRLS AS SEEN ON MONTGOMERY STREET YESTERDAY.
[Sketched by a "Call" artist.]

BLOOMER GIRLS DEFIANT.

They Appeared on the Public Streets and Created a Sensation.

Amusing Comments Passed on Their Costumes as They Flitted About the City.

Two bloomer girls braved the stormy weather and defied public sentiment by appearing on the crowded streets yesterday afternoon.

One was dressed in a light tweed suit. The trousers reached to the knees and were just wide enough to satisfy a police officer, who eyed the pair curiously. She wore black felt leggins and a blue toque. Heavy shoes encased her feet, which she propelled with lofty stride.

Her companion wore bloomers of dark material, tanned leggins and white toque.

Neither of the young ladies carried umbrellas or mackintoshes. They were out to defy public opinion and champion the cause of dress reform.

"The horrid things," said an old lady to her venerable husband, as she stepped to the edge of the sidewalk in front of the Mills building on Montgomery street and allowed the bloomer girls to pass.

"Oh, I just wish I had the courage to wear bloomers," remarked a young woman to her escort, as he held an umbrella over her, while she held up her skirts with both hands and carried a parcel under both arms.

"Well, if I caught my wife out in such a rig I would horsewhip her" declared a downtown business man.

"There are some women who have the courage of their convictions," observed a lawyer.

"Say, Ikey, that's a hot thing," shouted a newsboy to his companion.

The bloomer girls flitted along heedless of their critics, but evidently conscious of the sensation that their bifurcated costumes were causing.

They passed along Market street to Kearny, down Post to Montgomery and along the latter to California, where they dodged into a big building and were lost to view.

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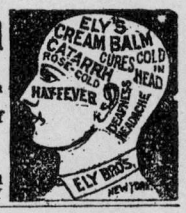

On Page 63 appear excerpts from the book CONQUERING THE WILDERNESS by Colonel Frank Triplett, published in 1895 by the Werner Company. As can be seen by the title page, the publisher spared no words in the introduction of Triplett's work.

Each chapter of the book is illustrated by some of the more famous artists of the period, including Thomas Nast. Unfortunately our copy at TRUE WEST is in its final stages of decay and many of the pages of textual matter and illustrations are beyond recognition.

At upper right is Colonel Triplett's firsthand account of the alleged ambush of Kit Carson's cousin, Bob Carson.

—Randy Clausen, TRUE WEST.

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THE WERNER CO.
1895.

INDIAN ATROCITIES.

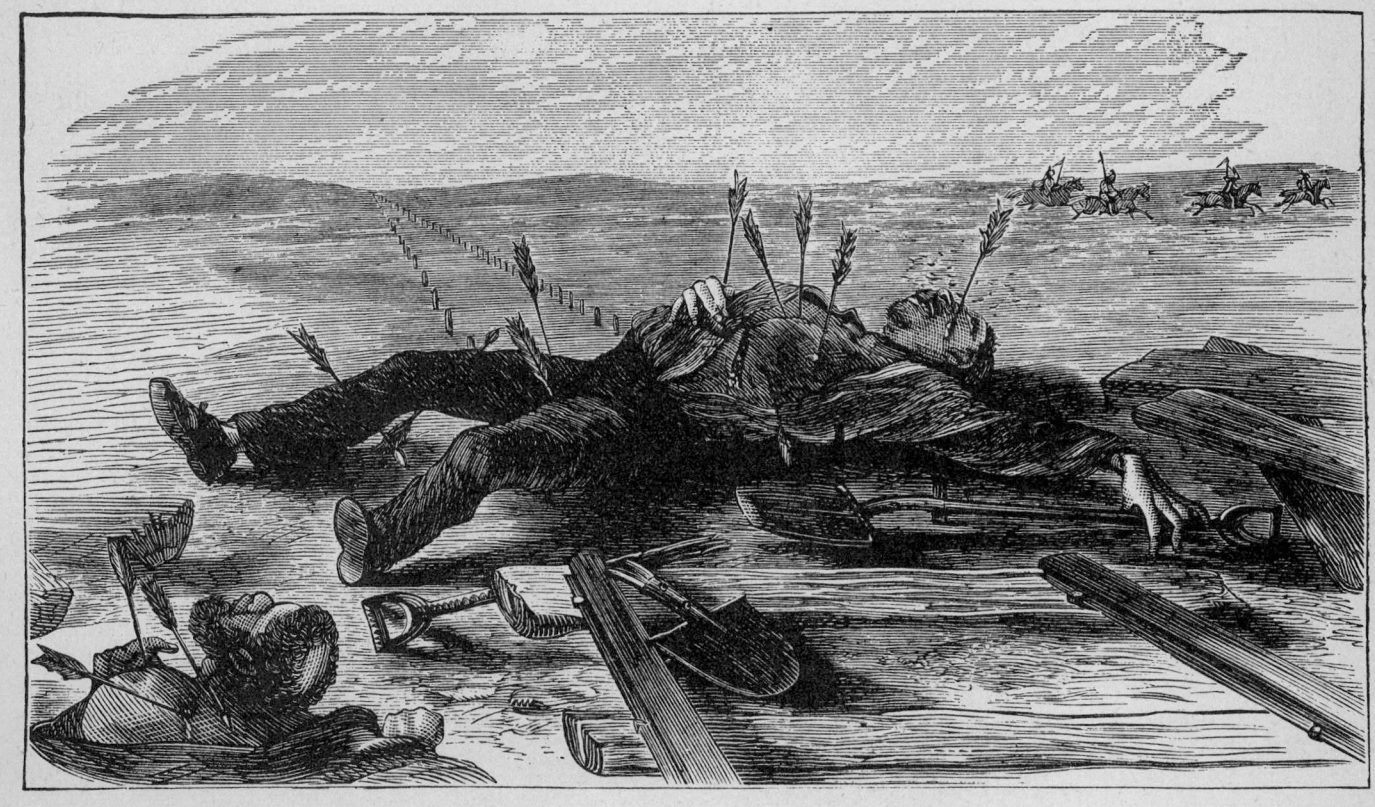
Some small posts, and so-called cities, sprang up along these lines forward as Jonah's gourd, evanescent as mushrooms. These cities might lack everything else, that was metropolitan, but the inevitable brothels, gambling rooms and drinking saloons were sure to be found. Hotels, too, they possessed, grandiloquent of name, but humble of structure. Along with the bills of fare, at these caravanseries, over-night's gossip almost daily provided "dead men for breakfast," and the hillside graveyard, in its rapidly increasing tenantry of men, who had "died with their boots on," became an important affair.

In this ghostly retreat, were laid to rest the bodies of those, who were brought in from terminal sections or beyond. These were generally the bodies of section men, killed while on some solitary errand to the front, or some unprotected and unarmed gang of track-layers, surprised by the pet of the Indian Bureau, and ruthlessly massacred. Often an alarm would come in of "Indians," and a handfull of troopers—too few to be dangerous, too green to be serviceable—would be sent out on a scout along the track. From the top of some prairie swell, they would see, vanishing in the distance, the hard-riding savages, whose light, hardy ponies invariably distance the heavy horses of our cavalry.

Nearer at hand, however, lay evidence that Lo had been here. Stretched on his back, fuller of arrows than ever was Indian quiver, lies some brawny son of Erin, or some fair-haired and golden bearded descendant of the old-time Vikings. Far from his northern home, beside the fretful seas, he had journeyed, to pour out his life-blood upon these thirsty sands. His existence was a round of hardship, his death, a tragic rune. But slay on, western Ishmaelite, in the great plans of destiny these scattered lives are but as the drops in the ocean, and the mighty continent will be belted with these iron bands, though your ire should be ten times more vengeful!

So—lying upon his back, his body stripped, mutilated, and bristling with arrows—did I see old Bob Carson, a cousin of the noted guide and scout, Kit Carson, and a relative of old Alexander Carson, one of the earliest of the trappers and traders. Building a ranche, beside the swiftly flowing waters of the shallow Platte, the savages ran in upon him and butchered him without pity, or remorse.

A party of us going down to recover his body, and give it the rights of Christian burial, had barely time to throw the corpse upon a horse, one man mounting behind, and then the ambushed Sioux and Cheyennes, from the thick willow bushes upon the islands in the river, opened a perfect shower of balls and arrows, but corpse and men escaped them, and Carson now sleeps on one of the lonely sandhills, that keep a sullen outlook on plain and trail and river



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Gentlemen and Scoundrels of Yesteryear

THE ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE RAILROAD

By H. Franklin Greene

(continued from last month)

Soon after news of the attempted hold-up reached Dodge City, a posse headed by Sheriff Bat Masterson was organized. Several gunfighters were part of this posse, and within five days all of the would-be train robbers were in custody. The raid had been a complete fiasco, thanks to the courage and quick thinking of the Santa Fe employees.

Apparently, the city fathers of Dodge City found Bat too proficient in cards, gunfights, and swindles. He was overwhelmingly defeated by George T. Hinkle in an election in November of 1879. Leaving Dodge City, his travels took him to Leadville and Denver, Colorado, then for a short stay in Tombstone, Arizona Territory, and a return trip to Colorado. His final destination was New York City, where he became a United States marshal under President Theodore Roosevelt. It was here that he also became a sportswriter.

On August 15, 1870, train service reached Denver, Colorado, at the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Two former officers of the Maxwell Land Grant, General William K. Palmer of Civil War fame, and a young engineer, Ray Morley, decided that their talents were better suited to railroading. Both went to work for the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad (D.&R.G.). After a short stint, Morley left and moved on to the Santa Fe. Both railroads were vying for the honor of being the first to lay track through the Rockies. The victory eventually went to Morley, defeating his former associate, General Palmer. The best route through the mountains was at a place known as Raton Pass, and Morley early on had been instructed to scout the pass, over which the Santa Fe Trail crossed into New Mexico.

Disguised as a Mexican shepherd tending his flock, Morley was able to make many observations. One in particular was that of a mountainman named Richard "Uncle Dick" Wootton. Wootton claimed he owned charters from both Colorado and New Mexico giving him the right to operate a toll road through Raton Pass. He collected most of his toll fees at gun point from the travelers—stage coach riders, soldiers who marched and freighted, pioneers in covered wagons, Mexicans, and anyone else who needed access to the pass—with the exception of Indians. They were allowed free passage.

Uncle Dick also owned a hotel at El Moro, a small, nearby hamlet. He never kept books; his only records were whiskey kegs. When they were filled with gold and silver coins he had collected, he drove to Trinidad, Colorado, and put his money in the bank.

Eventually, Wootton acquired a partner, George C. McBride. During one of Uncle Dick's extended absences, McBride kept a fifteen-month account of their store sales, hotel receipts, and toll road fees. His records showed they had collected $9,193.64!

In a single year, at least one thousand vehicles, plus people, were accessed tolls. Wagons were charged a dollar and a half, buggies one dollar, horsemen twenty-five cents, and each head of stock five cents. Meals at the hotel cost seventy-five cents, and lodging was fifty cents. An occasional gold rush was good for business. The rush to Moreno Valley in New Mexico Territory in 1867 made Wootton a very wealthy man.

As thousands of Coloradoans used Wootton's toll road, Morley, realizing that Uncle Dick was somewhat of a shrewd, adventurous entrepreneur, convinced the mountainman to sell his toll enterprise to the Santa Fe Railroad on behalf of the best interest of the traveler. Knowing a winner, Wootton quickly closed the deal and became one of the Santa Fe's most enthusiastic supporters.

General Palmer and his D.&R.G. people were not unaware of all the covert activities. Assembling their grading crews and engineers at El Moro, a few miles from Raton Pass, they began to take steps to lay their railroad tracks through the coveted pass. The D.&R.G. workmen, however, made one small mistake. Knowing that the Santa Fe did not have its crews nearby, they decided to spend the night at the local hotel and start work early the next morning.

Uncle Dick Wootton quickly informed Morley that the D.&R.G. workmen were staying at his hotel. Morley had to act fast. He rounded up the town's roustabouts, gamblers, local cowboys, and a number of Wootton's loyal, permanent hotel residents. All assembled just out of town at midnight, and by lantern-light they marched up to the north slope of Raton Pass. By 5:00 a.m. they began grading a right-of-way for the Santa Fe Railroad.

An hour later, the D.&R.G. crew was ready to commence working. Arriving at the pass, they became aware of the Morley's motley work gang of gunmen, gamblers, cowboys, and roustabouts, armed with pistols and shovels. All were busily grading the side of the mountain.

Knowing that possession was nine-tenths of the law, and those pistols were the other tenth, the D.&R.G. crewmen decided against becoming dead heroes. They had also learned that the Santa Fe had hired the notorious Texan gunfighter, Ben Thompson, to guard the company's property. Thompson later reported that the D.&R.G. had offered him $25,000 to surrender the Santa Fe roundhouse to them; however, he refused to do so. Of course, this was his version among many.

Occupation of the Raton Pass by Santa Fe crewmen in 1878 did not mean the immediate laying of track. The seizure, a defensive action against the Denver & Rio Grande, was far in advance of actual construction. During that summer, miles of iron were laid southward from La Junta, Colorado. By the end of the season, Santa Fe tracks were still fourteen and one-half miles short of Trinidad. In the fall of 1878, however, the job was completed, and two thousand people gathered to celebrate the feat.

(continued next month)

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