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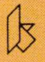

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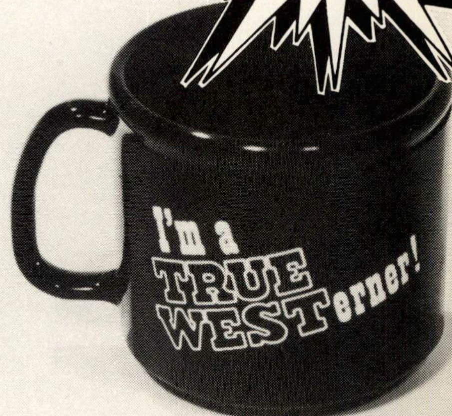

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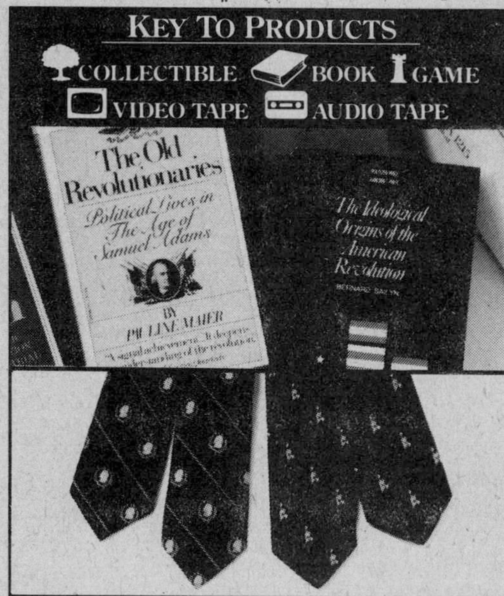

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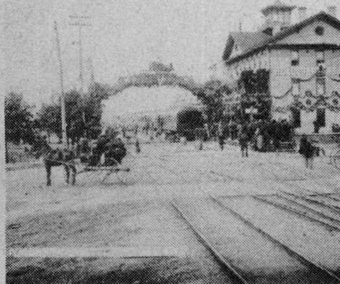

Photographer F. Jay Haynes left a remarkable record of the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad, the subject of "Final Spike at Gold Creek," in this issue. (Cover photo courtesy Haynes Collection, Montana Historical Society, Helena, Mt.)

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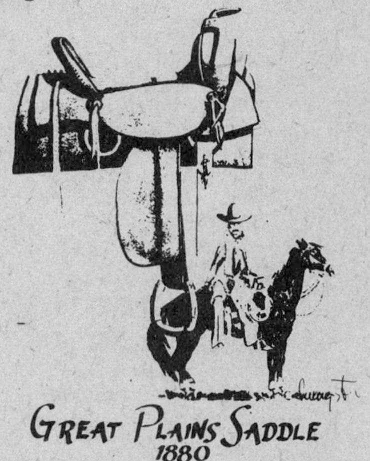

GREAT PLAINS SADDLE
1880

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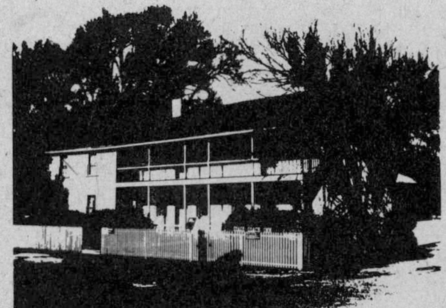

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From the Editor

Hold on to those back issues of TRUE WEST, folks! They may be worth more than you think. At the Western Writers of America convention in Sheridan, Wyoming, this past summer, Volume 1, Number 1 of TRUE WEST sold at auction for forty dollars. Of course, the very first issue of any magazine is one of the most valuable, but there are other rare issues of TRUE WEST that likely would fetch a handsome price.

Seeing the bidding for a copy of TRUE WEST go so high was just one of the many highlights of the convention. The best part of all, naturally, is the opportunity to get together with a bunch of friendly, talented writers and historians. It's impossible not to come away from a WWA gathering without plenty of exciting new ideas for TRUE WEST stories, and I can't wait to share the finished articles with you in the coming months.

At the convention I also had a chance to pick up a hot-off-the-press copy of a brand new WWA sponsored book, *The Western Writer's Handbook*. If you've ever aspired to be a western writer, this handbook edited by Jim Collins is the place to start. It includes chapters on writing any type of western book, story, or article you can imagine. There is plenty of sage advice from some of the real giants in the business, and—if you've ever thought you had a good story for TRUE WEST—there's even a chapter on writing nonfiction western magazine articles by one of the lesser lights, yours truly.

The convention wasn't all business. Sheridan is surrounded by fascinating historical sites, and we had an opportunity to do plenty of sight-seeing during the week.

The sites of the United States Cavalry's two worst defeats by Indians are both within easy driving distance of Sheridan. The scene of the Fetterman Massacre, where Captain William Fetterman and eighty others were wiped out by hostile Indians on December 21, 1866, is a lonely, windswept knoll. You can still see the wagon ruts of the Bozeman Trail nearby, and if you listen carefully you can still hear the fighting.

Why Fetterman led his command over Lodge Trail Ridge and what happened afterward have been hotly debated points ever since the battle, for the were no white survivors. In some ways a trip to the site only heightens the mystery, but if you want to appreciate the desperate struggle of the Indian Wars you should at least once visit the beautiful, rugged country where the battles were fought.

The site of Fort Phil Kearny, the post from which Fetterman led his ill-fated command, is a few miles away. The fort was burned after being abandoned in 1867, but there is a good museum and the locations of numerous landmarks are clearly marked, shedding new light on frontier military life. From there, it's a short drive to the fort's pinery, where a handful of troops successfully fought off several hundred Indians in the Wagon Box fight of August 2, 1867.

After you've seen the Fort Phil Kearny sites, you'll probably be caught up in the Indian Wars and will want to drive the eighty miles north to the Custer Battlefield. The mass grave of the troopers who died with Custer is marked by a single, monolithic monument atop a hill high above the Little Big Horn River. Stretching away from the monument for nearly three-quarters of a mile are over two hundred white headstones marking the spots where the men in Custer's command fell. Once again, a visit to the battlefield heightens the mystery of what happened on a day when there were no white survivors, and your first glimpse of the monument and markers will be a heart-stopping experience.

There are plenty of other things to see and do in Sheridan. For a taste of the life of a wealthy Old West cattleman, be sure to visit the Bradford Brinton Memorial. And just south of Sheridan is Johnson County, scene of the notorious Johnson County War.

The folks in that part of the country are friendly and take great pride in their history. If you ever want to take a great vacation in an area steeped in western lore, pack up a few history books and head for Sheridan, Wyoming.

John Joerschke

Face on the Barroom Floor

I received the July TRUE WEST some days ago and read the article about Central City, Colorado. The author took down the highlights, along with a few photos, but missed the best part—namely, the Face on the Barroom Floor in the Teller House. There may be some doubt as to who the painter was, but it does attract a lot of visitors.—**Howard Blackburn, Alamogordo, New Mexico 88310.**

Editor's Note: Well, shoot, it's our fault about the Face on the Barroom Floor. We figured the subject had worn about as thin as the paint on the floorboards after all these years and told author Pat Wendleton not to include anything on that famous painting. But you're right, Pard, that dark-haired beauty is still drawin' crowds in Central City!

Gold Hill Memories

"Three Strikes and You're Out" by Wayne S. Christiansen in the August TRUE WEST brought back memories. My family and I have more than just a passing interest in Gold Hill. In fact, my father, Gerald H. Higgs, was one of the stagecoach drivers referred to. The stage contractor was a man named Sheridan. He owned the Sheridan Ranch, which is located eight to fifteen miles south of Gold Hill at Ibapah. Dad was hired to drive the stage from the railroad at Wendover, Utah, south to Gold Hill, Clifton, and Ibapah, a run of some sixty miles. It generally took about two days there and two back. When he was hired, Dad was fourteen years old. He fought off a robbery attempt with a .25/35 rifle when he was fifteen, and he killed a marauding bobcat one night over a campfire. He was the last—and youngest—stagecoach driver on that route. Just a few years later he was a fighter pilot in World War I.

I was introduced to Gold Hill in 1938, forty-nine years ago. I met Mrs. Gerstner, the postmistress, Leoffler Palmer (not Loeffer Palmer), and Cecil Woodman, the son of Colonel James Woodman. Cecil and I have remained friends; he is presently in his eighties and I am sixty-five.

Leff Palmer and Mrs. Gerstner gave me several gifts. Chief among them was a series of three-by-four-foot maps of Utah, Nevada, and Idaho. These maps by Rand McNally were dated near the turn of the century and showed all railroads and towns at that time but very few roads.

Sheridan has long since passed on; however, his grandson (my second cousin), Jay Hicks, took over the ranch, which is now the headquarters of the Paiute Indian Reservation.

I still have the maps and other material things from Gold Hill, but mostly I have the wonderful memories of all the history that took place because of Gerald H. "Turk" Higgs, stagecoach driver and man of the West.—**Gerald B. Higgs, Sandy, Utah.**

Quanah Parker

I am much interested in Quanah Parker, the son of Cynthia Ann Parker, who was kidnapped by Comanches at the age of nine. She later married chief Peta Nocona. Why did he use his mother's name of Parker? I would be happy to hear from other readers who are interested in this fascinating man.—**Gladys E. Halter, Camarillo, California 93010.**

Editor's Note: Quanah is said to have added *Parker* to his name when he turned himself in to live on the reservation. He likely was motivated by his desire to make his way in the white man's world. A good place to start

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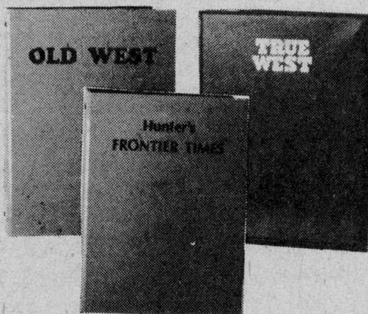

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reading about Quanah Parker would be Clyde L. Jackson and Grace Jackson's biography, *Quanah Parker: Last Chief of the Comanches.*

A True Pioneer

My grandfather, Jim Wright, was a true pioneer. He and a friend hunted wild mustangs and shipped them on trains and sold them. Then they broke them for the buyers. He was born and raised in Texas. My own father was a cowboy. He worked on ranches in Texas, Oklahoma, and Montana.

I'd like to see more stories about pioneer women. You know, you have lots of ladies reading your magazine, too. While it's great to hear of our old sheriffs and bandits, let's have more stories about early-day teachers and homemakers and how they coped with everyday living.—**Jody Clare Gould, Paramount, California, 90723.**

Wringing Wet

I haven't had to dry out TRUE WEST since it started coming out of Stillwater. When Joe "Hosstail" Small had it in Texas, it sometimes came so wet from all his crying that I had to hang it out in the hot sun to dry. Then when you opened it up and started to read it, Hoss would get you to crying and the magazine had to go back out in the sun to dry again. TRUE WEST is great! Keep up the good work.—**Calvin F. Dennis, Fresno, California.**

Editor's Note: Mama taught me not to cry in public, but some of the things Joe used to weep about in his crying editorials would still help out. Get your friends to subscribe to TRUE WEST; give subscriptions to TRUE WEST for birthdays, Christmas, or just to be neighborly; if you can't find it on the newsstand ask for it; and if you do find it on the newsstand, move it to the front of its shelf (but not out of place) where people can see it. TRUE WEST readers have always gone out of their way to help us sell mags, and we know we're mighty lucky to have that kind of help.

Barrelful of Clippings

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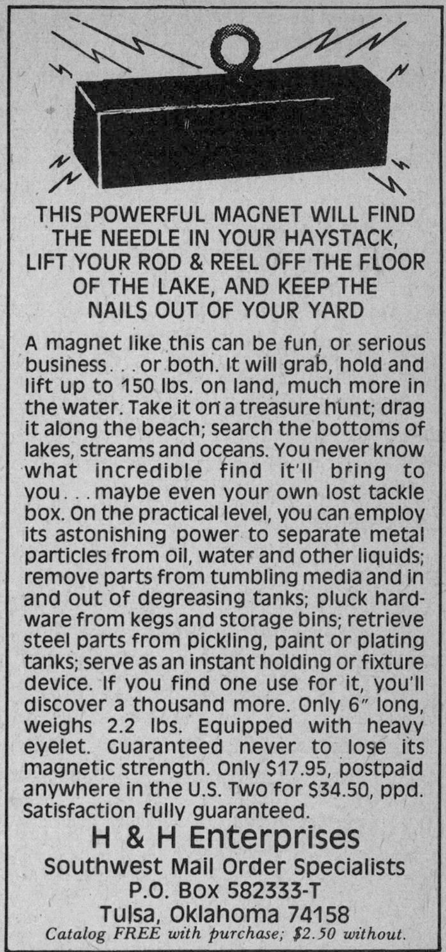
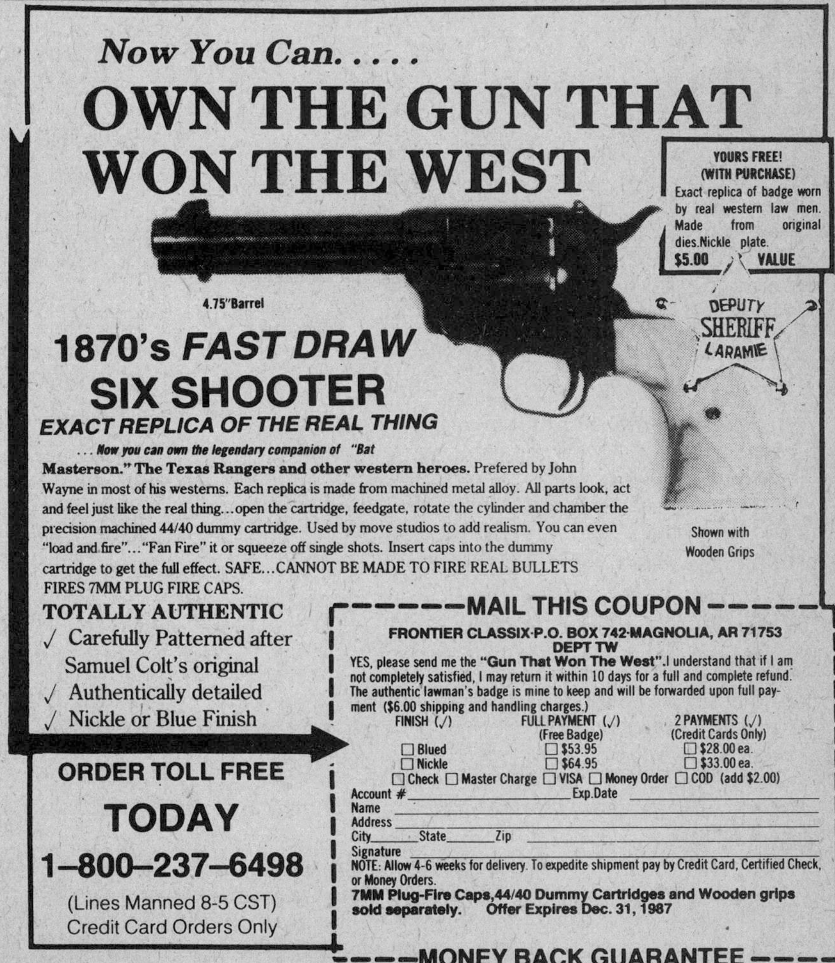




Last month I finally dragged our old travel trailer down to see J. Marvin Hunter's Frontier Times Museum in Bandera, Texas. I remember what Joe Small wrote about the time he went to Bandera to buy the Frontier Times name and a complete file of the magazines from J. Marvin Hunter. Mr. Hunter told Joe that a barrel sitting on the floor went with the deal. "When you get ready to put out an issue," he said to Joe, "just reach in this barrel and get a handful of clippings." A quick look in one of your blue reprints of Hunter's *Frontier Times* will tell you that was his way of putting together an issue!—**Jim Bowlin, Santee, California.**

All Ears

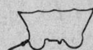
An article about collecting bounty for phoney ears in our local paper reminded me that the practice is nothing new. Back in the 1920s, some counties in Wisconsin paid ten cents a head for striped gophers, fifteen cents for crows, and fifty or seventy-five cents for hawks.

Not many hawks' heads came in. Crows were smart, so not many of them were brought in either. But one elderly fellow who handled the bounty for two counties was careless about storing or disposing of heads that already were paid for. Some farm boys soon got wise to that, and while a few kept him busy in front of his house, others slipped around back and stole the gopher and crow heads. About a week later they'd come back and sell him the same heads again.

When gophers and crows became scarce, the boys would soak a red squirrel's head or a chipmunk's head in kerosene to turn it black and make it difficult to recognize. They would sell it as a gopher's head. They also sold blackbirds' heads as "young crows."

Sometimes they would let the illegal heads become quite ripe, knowing the old man wouldn't look close at a bunch of "stinking bounty heads." Eventually the old man (or the county treasurer) got wise to all those tricks, and the bounty was dropped to about one cent per head for gophers, five cents for crows, and ten cents for hawks. That wasn't worth the expense of hunting, so that ended the illegal and profitable bounty.

The gopher hunting wasn't limited to the boys; many adults, including some from villages and small towns took part in the sport. Some gophers were hunted with .22 rifles. Others were trapped or even "drowned out" by pouring one or two pails of water down the gopher hole. That forced the gopher to come up for air or drown, and either way the result was fatal. Even the farmer's dog helped catch them. It was great sport in the hard times of the 1920s.—**Walt Thayer, Wenatchee, WA.**



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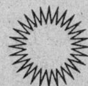

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Treasure Trove

A popular misconception about southern Nevada is that nothing existed there until 1947 when gangster Bugsy Siegel opened the Flamingo Hotel on what was to become the Las Vegas Strip. While it's true that the Flamingo helped to put Las Vegas on the map, a trip to the Southern Nevada Museum proves there was life before Bugsy.

Located just off the Boulder Highway, about ten miles from downtown Las Vegas, the Southern Nevada Museum is a historical treasure trove brimming with artifacts that tell the story of southern Nevada's development. Just as Southern Nevada has continued to grow and change, the museum, which began as a small private museum in 1968, has evolved into one of the state's finer public museums.

One of the first things you notice about the museum is its spaciousness. The museum property encompasses about twenty acres, which gives it plenty of room. The amount of land has allowed the museum to develop several special exhibits, including the reconstruction of a nineteenth century Nevada ghost town and the development of Heritage Street, an ambitious plan to create a street lined with restored buildings and homes representing various eras in southern Nevada's rich past.

Nevada Commission on Tourism

Just minutes from Las Vegas, the Southern Nevada Museum offers fascinating displays detailing the history of Southern Nevada. Highlights include this authentic ghost town consisting of buildings from historic mining camps.

Already, five historic buildings have been located on Heritage Street. Inside, each has been restored to original condition with period furniture. Visitors will find that entering a historic home also triggers a recorded self-guided tour.

The oldest sturcture, the Giles/Barcus House, was actually built in the mining camp of Goldfield around the turn of the century. A typical two-room house popular in early Nevada mining towns, it was built of lightweight materials that were easily transported—kind of an early mobile home.

The Beckley House was built in 1912 by Will Beckley, one of Las Vegas' first successful businessmen. The California-style bungalow is representative of the type of houses that prevailed in desert communities for the first two decades of the twentieth century. The Beckley family resided in the house until 1978. A year later the house, which was the last pioneer home in downtown Las Vegas, was relocated to Heritage Street to be preserved.

In addition to the historic homes, Heritage Street also contains a replica of a nineteenth century newspaper office, complete with authentic turn-of-the-century newspaper presses and equipment.

The Union Pacific Railroad, which

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also helped to boost the development of early Las Vegas, has donated several pieces of railroad equipment, including a shiny black locomotive that is on display near the museum entrance.

While mining was more profitable in northern and central Nevada, southern Nevada's development was equally influenced by the quest for mineral wealth. The museum has an interpretive trail that winds through displays of antique mining equipment and leads to a Nevada ghost town. The ghost town—actually the remains of an early twentieth century mining camp—consists of buildings preserved from real mining ghost towns that have been maintained in a state of arrested decay. Visitors will find plenty of good photo opportunities among these picturesque ruins.

A unique exhibit is the replica of a prehistoric Nevada Paiute Indian camp. The campsite includes examples of a grass and pole lodging, hunting tools, and other artifacts.

The cornerstone of the museum complex is the restored Boulder City Depot, which originally served passengers on the Union Pacific spur from Las Vegas to Boulder City. Built in 1931, the depot was relocated to the museum property in 1976 and has served as musuem headquarters since 1979. A restored Union Pacific caboose and railcar are parked adjacent to the depot, giving it the appearance of still being in use.

Inside the depot, visitors will find exhibits ranging from fossils of prehistoric sea life and dinosaurs to ancient tools and baskets created by Nevada's original inhabitants, the museum also maintains a rotating gallery. Recent displays have included a history of neon in Las Vegas. A gift shop offers a variety of souvenirs and books about Nevada and the Southwest.

Within the next year, work will begin on a new exhibit hall that will allow the museum to display more of its collection of southern Nevada artifacts at one time.

The museum is open daily from 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Admission is one dollar for adults and fifty cents for children and seniors. Tours are available by appointment for schools, clubs, and groups. For more information contact the Southern Nevada Museum, 1830 S. Boulder Highway, Henderson, Nevada 89015 or call (702) 455-7955.

George Armstrong Custer Collection

The George Armstrong Custer Collection of the Monroe County, Michigan, Library System is a burgeoning archives of materials on General Custer and the events surrounding and shaping his life. Now encompassing over thirty-five hundred items, and still expanding, the collection contains books, pamphlets, maps, manuscripts, motion pictures, slides, magazines, newspapers, paintings, photographs, sound recordings, and memorabilia. This includes the Lawrence A. Frost Collection of Cursteriana acquired by the library system in 1977.

The Monroe County Library System is committed to the continuation of the highest level of Custer scholarship. Donations and contribuitons to this public resource in the form of materials, bequests, and contributions are welcome, with appraisals and tax letters cordially supplied.

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use the collection by appointment. Arrangements may be made in advance by phoning the library at (313) 241-5277 or sending a letter to the Monroe County Library System, 3700 South Custer Road, Monroe, Michigan 48161. Materials in the collection do not circulate. Library staff will be happy to assist individuals in gathering necessary items from the collection. Because some restrictions are placed on photocopying, library staff will make all copies and there will be an additional charge above the normal copying fee.

Reiss Collection Acquired

The C.M. Russell Museum in Great Falls, Montana, has acquired twenty-five works by artist F. Winold Reiss, donated by his grandson, Peter T. Reiss and a major oil entitled "Oriental Girl in Costume" donated by Reiss's son, W. Tjark Reiss.

Reiss is best known for his Great Northern Railroad calendars, depicting portraits of Indians. He ranks among America's finest portrait painters. Winold Reiss' works are on display in several major galleries, including the National Portrait Gallery in Washington, D.C.

The unique body of work donated to the museum by grandson Peter Reiss, is a mixed-media collection of portraits Reiss completed from study trips to the Blackfoot Indian Nation in Browning, Montana. His first trip to the reservation was in 1919, whereafter he spent several seasons painting in both Browning and Glacier Park.

Born September 16, 1886 in Karlsruhe, Germany, Winold Reiss was the son of Fritz Reiss, one of Germany's most famous portrait and landscape painters. He attended the Royal Academy of Fine Art in Munich, perfecting a technique that allowed him to blend the modern with traditional, thus creating his own unique style. After his death, his ashes were scattered in Glacier Park by the Blackfoot.

For more information contact the C.M. Russell Museum, 400 Thirteenth Street North, Great Falls, Montana 59401-1426 or phone (406) 727-8787.

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

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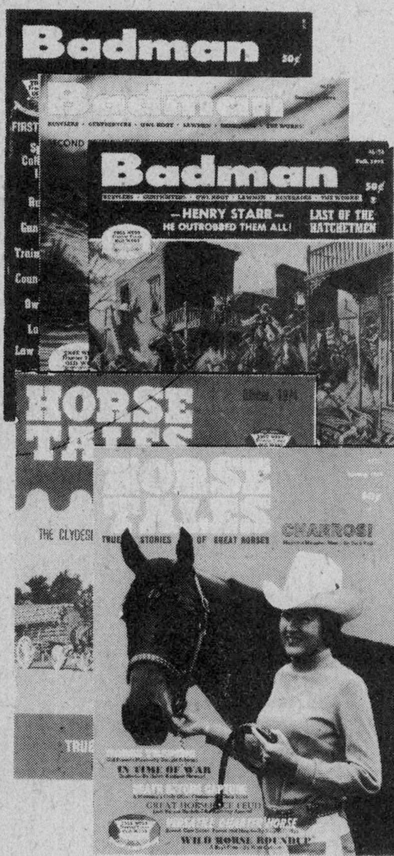

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Answer Man

By CHUCK PARSONS

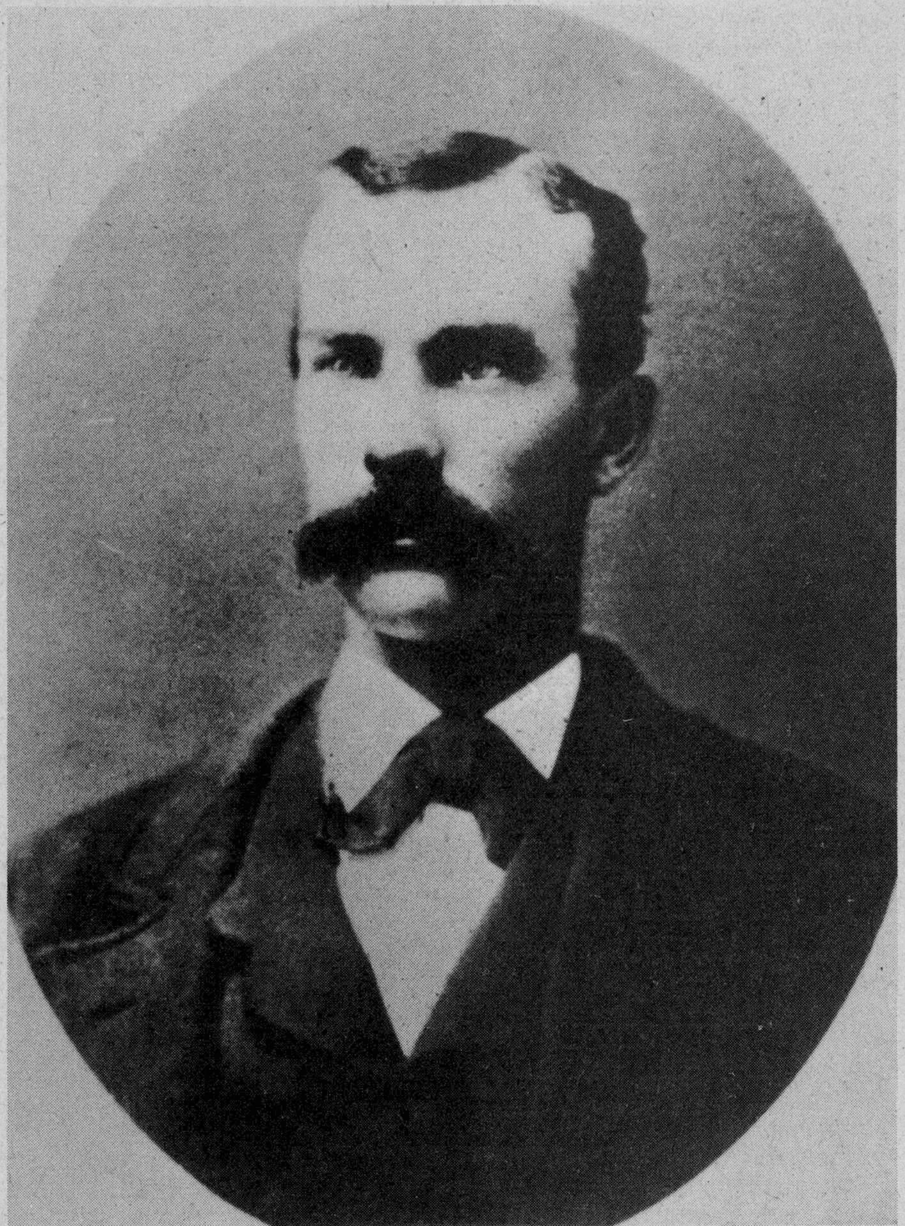
John Ringo Befo

Although John Ringo is one of the most written about Old West gunfighters—and one whose biography is confused by many legends, contradictions, and downright lies—surprisingly I have not received many questions about him. Mr. J. Brookfield, Box 424 Jasper, TX 75951, recently asked several. "Please send me the information you have about John Ringo before he arrived in Tombstone . . . whether he ever wore two pearl-handled pistols, and whether he was the fastest gunfighter known in the 1880s."

It is very possible that at some time Ringo wore or carried twin pearl-handled pistols, but none have been documented. At his death he was armed with a single Colt six-shooter, serial number 222; it did not have a pearl handle. He also had an 1876 model Winchester, serial number 21896.

There are significant gaps in our knowledge of Ringo's life before Tombstone. He was born in the Midwest in 1850. The census record for Wayne County, Indiana, shows the family living in "Washington Clay Township." Martin Ringo, the father, is listed as thirty-one years of age, his wife, Mary, twenty-four. The couple had but one child, John P., two-months old. The census was taken in September, which would suggest a birthdate of July for John P. Ringo.

The Ringos moved to Missouri in 1856. In May 1864, with teenaged John and three young daughters, the family began the trek west to California. Mother Ringo kept a diary in which she gives John's birthdate as May 3, 1850. Errors such as a few months—or even years—were not uncommon in early census records.



Courtesy the Ringo family and Dave Johnson

John Peters Ringo

On the way West, Martin Ringo accidentally shot himself, leaving Mary Peters Ringo a widow with four children. She and the children reached their destination, however, and for a few years Ringo was a Californian.

Although it frequently has been written that Ringo's real name was *Ringgold*, that obviously was not the case. The census record is clear in the spelling R-I-N-G-O. In her diary, Mary also refers to her husband as "Mr. Ringo." It is true that at times John was known as "Ringgold," for contemporary newspapers do use that name. But his real name was John Peters Ringo.

Ringo's life from the mid-1860s in California to his arrival in Texas a decade later is among the gaps in his biography. He first appeared in the Mason County area in 1874. At the time a bitter feud was raging. It is known today as "The Hoo Doo War" or simply "The Mason County War." Ringo was closely associated with ex-Texas Ranger

re Tombstone

Scott Cooley, Joe Olney, and George W. Gladden, to name but a few of those involved.

The Mason County War grew out of the stealing and killing of cattle and eventually acquired ethnic overtones, as many of the settlers were German and relatively new to the American way of dealing with cattle thieves. Ringo participated in the bloody vendetta, and if one believes the contemporary press he was a leader of the Scott Cooley faction. During the feud, however, he participated in only one known killing, that of James Chaney.

On September 7, 1875, Chaney (or Cheyney) lured two of Ringo's friends—George W. Gladden and Moses Baird—into an ambush. Gladden was badly wounded and Baird was killed. Paid fifty dollars to lead the pair into the trap, Chaney did not long survive the deed. On September 25, Ringo and Bill Williams visited the Chaney ranch. Unsuspecting, Chaney invited them in for breakfast, and while he was washing his face they killed him.

By January 1876, Cooley and "John Ringgold"—as the Austin *Statesman* identified him—had been arrested and placed in the Burnet County jail. Soon they were transferred to the Travis County jail in Austin. This was the first of several newspaper items that would deal with Ringo, thus giving him a statewide reputation. Over the next two years he would be transported to and from Austin in a series of legal steps.

In the spring of 1876 a group of forty men "liberated" Ringo from the Lampasas County jail. On November 7, 1876, the *Statesman* reported Ringo's conviction for threatening the life of Burnet County Sheriff A.J. Strickland. It noted that Ringo "was regarded as one of the most desperate men in the frontier counties."

In August 1877, the notorious John Wesley Hardin was captured and began his years of jail and prison. When he wrote his autobiography some seventeen years later he named George W. Gladden and John Ringo as two of his cellmates. Gladden and Hardin later would be prisoners in the state pen at Huntsville in the 1880s.

In 1877 and 1878 Ringo was frequently in jail, out on bond, or being arrested and taken to jail. On February 4, 1878, Texas Ranger Sergeant Henry W. McGhee and four other rangers arrested him for disturbing the peace in Junction City. He was delivered to the sheriff of Kimble County. On May 31, 1878, the Galveston *News* reported the charge against him for the murder of James Chaney had been dismissed on a motion of the district attorney.

STRANGE AS IT may seem, there is strong evidence that Ringo served as the elected constable of Mason County Precinct 4 in November 1878. No further records indicate how long he served or any of his exploits as a lawman. But he could not have served long, for in December 1879 he was in Arizona. The Tucson *Star* of December 14 reported his only known shooting scrape after he left Texas. Entitled "More Of It," the item stated, "Last Tuesday night a shooting affair took place at Safford in which Louis Hancock was shot by John Ringo. It appears Ringo wanted Hancock to take a drink of whiskey, and he refused saying he would prefer beer. Ringo struck him over the head with his pistol and then fired, the ball taking effect in the lower end of the left ear, and passed through the fleshy part of the neck, half inch more in the neck would have killed him. Ringo is under arrest."

Any number of writers have reworked the drinking quarrel into a gun duel in which Ringo defends a lady's virtue by killing Hancock, who supposedly had insulted her. Some writers place the shooting in Tombstone although it clearly was in Safford.

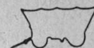
Occasionally we can locate Ringo outside the Tombstone area. Billy Grounds wrote home to his mother on May 4, 1880, mentioning that he bought a horse from Ringo for sixty-five dollars. The letter was written from Shakespeare, New Mexico. By then, Ringo was closely associated with the Clanton and the McLaury families and the others who are now well-known as part of his life in Tombstone.

It would be impossible to say how "fast" a gunfighter Ringo was. He never had to prove his ability or dexterity with a six-shooter in a life and death situation where speed may have been essential. Since no one ever risked challenging him in a face-to-face shoot-out, we can only speculate. Without some type of gunfight record it is impossible to discuss his speed, even though deliberation was more important in a life and death situation.

He missed some golden opportunities to demonstrate his ability with a gun. Since he was not at the gunfight near the O.K. Corral, we can only guess at its outcome if he had been there in top fighting form. In addition, he and Doc Holliday almost got into a shootout in Tombstone on January 17, 1882, but they were stopped by a local policeman named Flynn before guns were fired.

Ringo's speed may be unknown, but there is no question about his bravery. After his body was found sitting under an oak tree, a bullet wound to the right temple, the Tombstone *Epitaph* of July 14, 1882, eulogized Ringo as "a recklessly brave man, who would go any distance, or undergo any hardship to serve a friend or punish an enemy. While undoubtedly reckless, he was far from being a desperado and we know of no murder being laid to his door. Friends and foes are unanimous in the opinion that he was a strictly honorable man in all his dealings and that his word was as good as his bond."

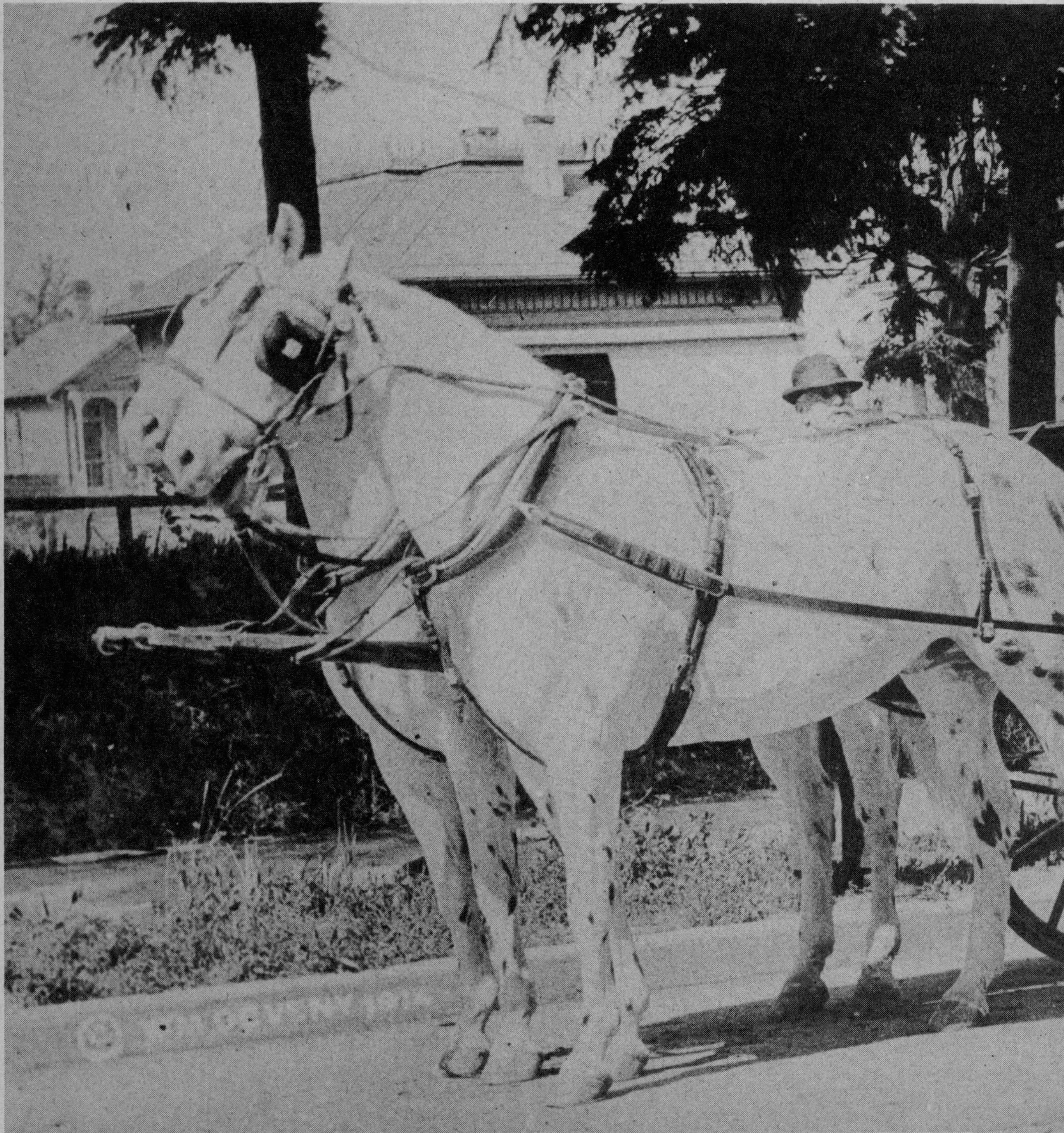
Editor's note: For more on Ringo, see our book review of *John Ringo: The Gunfighter That Wasn't* in this issue.



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.

Was There a Bo

A sharp-shooting Oregon podiatrist may have



The two Buffalo Bills in 1914, driving the matched team of Appaloosas with matched harnesses Bill Cody used in his

gus Buffalo Bill?

doubled for showman William F. Cody

By LAWRENCE A. FROST

Mrs. Mable DeVeny

show and stabled in Portland.

Did Buffalo Bill Cody have a double? Some think so. A story often told in northern Oregon is that of the reputable and respected Buffalo Bill DeVeny. As a pioneer podiatrist, Dr. William DeVeny first began treating foot ailments in Portland, Oregon, then a city of 46,000, in June 1893.

No one will deny he was a large, handsome man with many characteristics similar to those of Buffalo Bill Cody—the long, shoulder-length hair common in that time, a sweeping mustache, and a lengthy goatee. In a photograph of DeVeny and Cody seated side-by-side in a buggy, DeVeny appears to be a bit taller.

Doc DeVeny was born in Henry County, Illinois, December 18, 1852. His mother died when he was nine. At the age of ten he left home to work for a farmer until he was twelve.

Wanderlust was a family curse. Perhaps it originated with his great-grandfather Pierre, who marched with the remnants of Napoleon's army when it tramped through the heavy snow of Poland to France. Doc, as everyone called him, was a nomad by heritage.

He tried many occupations, including the rough life of a circus, a medicine show, and a barnstorming minstrel show. He did everything but take the role of a professional performer for seven years, traveling through the East, South, and Midwest. Through it all, he managed to remain honest and stay sober.

Not yet eighteen years old, five years after the Civil War in 1870, DeVeny returned to his old home. An uncle there decided to move to central Nebraska. DeVeny was determined to accompany him but changed his mind. He took a Union Pacific train to Omaha, then continued to Hastings, where he obtained employment until he turned eighteen and was old enough to take out a 160-acre claim on Crooked Creek.

There he met a man who gave him a formula for removing corns. After experimenting with it, he traveled to Omaha and other cities nearby, exploiting his entry into the practice of chiropody. The next two years were spent

Mrs. Floetta DeVeny Ide

Buffalo Bill DeVeny and an unknown friend.

studying subjects of practical value, particularly anatomy and medicine, in an effort to perfect a technique for removing corns "instantly, painlessly and permanently."

For several years he practiced in Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, and Nebraska.

On his twenty-seventh birthday, December 18, 1879, DeVeny married Martha R. Ellis, a professional photographer. She taught him her art, and they set up a photographic gallery in Glenville, Nebraska. Outfitting a wagon as a photographic gallery and darkroom, they traveled to Judson, Arkansas, to open a studio. Finding business poor, DeVeny entered the real estate business.

In May 1886, he moved to Wichita, Kansas, with his wife and two children. Fortune favored them, for they now had a healthy bank account.

Their next move was to Dodge City. Though business was good enough to make the average man settle down, DeVeny's roving spirit prevailed. A new town called Ulysses beckoned from the west. DeVeny answered the call and established a photographic studio there. Business was fairly good.

At the time, it was common practice in Kansas to carry a holstered .45 Colt revolver. DeVeny, not to be outdone, had the habit of hanging a pair of .45 Navy Colts from his belt.

One day, while riding in a friend's wagon near Ulysses, he passed the house of a settler whose wife was having little success chasing a chicken. He suggested that she use a gun and shoot its head off.

She replied, "But I have no gun."

"Well," he said, "I have a reliable .45 here and I think I can hit it if it will stand still."

As he recalled, "Just then her little boy came chasing the fowl past us, about twenty yards away. It was going pretty fast but I was determined to risk a shot—and I shot its head off as slick as if it had been cut off with a sharp ax."

DeVeny made little of it, commenting that it was nothing, that if an object that large and that close couldn't be hit, the gun should be thrown away.

On the return trip to Ulysses, he and his companion neared a prairie dog village. At the side of one mound sat an owl with five young ones. His friend said, "There is a pretty good mark; suppose you see if you can shoot that old owl's head off."

DeVeny noted that it was about thirty yards away but feared his chicken decapitation feat would be negated if he missed the owl. He offered the excuse that killing the owl would leave the little ones motherless. But his friend insisted DeVeny was afraid he would miss.

DeVeny gritted his teeth, drew his gun, aimed and fired. The owl was headless. He waved aside the compliments that followed as if the feat were of no consequence.

The dead owl was thrown into the wagon and they returned to town. Once there, the neighbor told the story and displayed the headless owl. Several days later the husband of the woman who owned the chicken recounted that incident. DeVeny said, "It soon became noised all over that part of Kansas that Buffalo Bill DeVeny was the best shot in Kansas."

BUFFALO BILL DeVeny was a showman. There was no doubt about that. It was so much a part of him that he promoted his newfound reputation by copying Baron von Munchausen, the legendary teller of tall tales.

One story he quietly told in a number of carefully selected places was of his ability to hit six dimes in six seconds at twenty paces using his thumb to throw the hammer on his single-action Colt revolver—remarkable shooting, if true.

DeVeny received many offers to utilize his talent, but he eluded every one. He would have no part in the killings some of those enterprises were certain to elicit. He had never shed human blood, and he had no intention to start, no matter how tempting the offer.

In 1892 his wanderlust recurred. He traveled to Hastings, Nebraska, this time, to reside there for only three or four months. Then it was Westward Ho! once again for his family. They headed for the Pacific Northwest, arriving in Portland, Oregon, in the spring of 1893. Perhaps gentle persuasion played a part in his settling down, for it was in Portland that he spent his remaining years.

DeVeny thought Portland the finest city he had ever seen. There was no reason to search further. Here was a Valhalla that supplied everything he sought. The scenery was beautiful, the weather ideal, the people friendly, and foot trouble common. The only thing lacking was qualified foot doctors. He responded by purchasing a large house for his growing family, which now totalled three boys and three girls.

Dr. Hans L. Pearce bought the DeVeny podiatry practice from DeVeny's son, William, Jr., in 1945. It was Pearce who first alerted me to the intriguing story of his predecessor. Pearce was firmly convinced that "this pioneer podiatrist actually doubled for Buffalo Bill Cody and performed feats of marksmanship and showmanship which helped to make the Cody name a legend."

Pearce was thorough in his research. In eighteen years he interviewed and exchanged letters with countless acquaintances of Dr. Buffalo Bill DeVeny. There were many discussions with his sons and daughters, with colleagues who practiced podiatry in Portland when DeVeny first arrived there, and with a close friend of the pioneer foot doctor.

In the rare book section of the Portland Public Library, Dr. Pearce discovered a copy of *Law and Order on Western Plains*, a softcover book written and published by DeVeny in 1915. It was a personal account of his life up to that year. Although Buffalo Bill DeVeny and Buffalo Bill Cody maintained a friendship for many years, there is no mention of Cody in the book. Nor do any of Cody's writings mention DeVeny.

Pearce discovered that at the age of twelve DeVeny apprenticed to an elderly Saint Louis physician who had a traveling medicine show. Exactly what his duties were is not recorded. Several years' experience with the old physician provided him with training equal to that of most Westerners who hung up a shingle proclaiming a profession in medicine. A license to practice was not necessary. Nebraska did not require one until 1881, Iowa until 1886, and Kansas until 1901.

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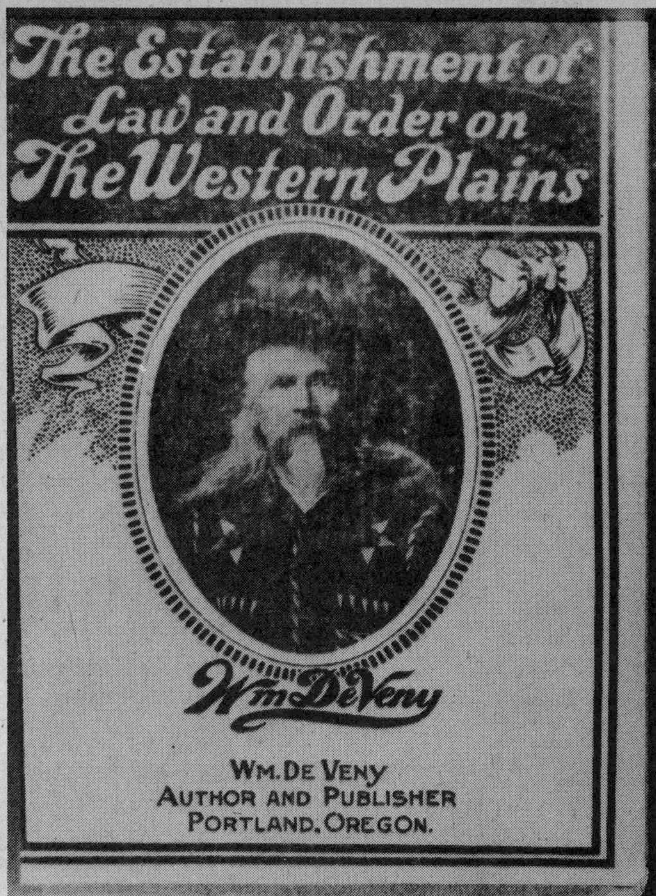
Dr. DeVeny's business card fails to mention his talents as a showman.



Dr. Hans Lee Pearce

The cover of DeVeny's book in the Portland, Oregon, public library.

In 1872, DeVeny struck out on his own. He traveled through Nebraska in his covered wagon, dispensing herbs, ointments, and the corn and callous remedy he had acquired. The income was plentiful but usually took the form of skins of buffalo, mink, otter, and beaver, though gold dust was frequently given for his services. After each segment of his travels, he would convert his receipts to cash. Apparently he acquired the name "Buffalo Bill" at that time because many of his dealings were in buying and selling buffalo hides.

In 1948 Dr. Pearce met an old-timer named Colonel Theodore A. Penland. Penland, then 101 years old, exhibited a clear and alert mind. He had known Dr. DeVeny in Kansas and Nebraska during their younger years and was able to relate many interesting stories of that time.

When Buffalo Bill DeVeny first settled in Oregon, podiatrists were known as chiropodists, a term brought to this country from England. Though DeVeny had enough background to practice medicine and did so when the occasion demanded, he had no liking for the art. There were no medical practice laws in effect in the Northwest at the time; since he was skilled both in chiropody and in medicine, he could practice in the field of his choice. By his own admission, he knew he was the best foot doctor in the entire Northwest, so he chose to practice the profession of a chiropodist. As such, he prospered. He also enjoyed

the satisfaction of being able to give the vast majority of his patients immediate relief, an uncommon result when treated by an M.D. in those days.

DeVeny's skill in relieving foot ailments, his cleanliness (he boiled all instruments before using them), his active participation in community affairs, and the similarity of his appearance to Buffalo Bill Cody's attracted much attention.

Cody opened his first Wild West show in Omaha in May 1883. Dr. Pearce had great difficulty tracing DeVeny's tracks from 1883 on. He was involved in land deals around Dodge City at that time. Pearce believed "he was appearing in shows around that area in Bill Cody's place" but could find no evidence that really happened except from Commander Penland, "who states this was known among his close friends around Dodge City and Hastings."

Cody and DeVeny were look-alikes. Because they also acted alike and dressed alike, they were difficult to tell apart. It was said they were working the old double game. Cody could not be everywhere he was scheduled. He needed money and DeVeny yearned for the footlights and the smell of sawdust. They kept in touch by Western Union and were exceedingly careful not to be seen together.

Dr. Pearce had been told that a Portland stable housed a buggy and a team of Appaloosa mares that left town by train whenever DeVeny did. If true, it was a well-kept secret, for even the DeVeny family was unaware of any details.

Buffalo Bill Cody was no ordinary showman. Though a handsome, flamboyant, charismatic figure during his show years, he had built a credible reputation earlier as a daring plainsman, scout, and buffalo hunter. His accomplishments had been magnified, heroized, and ofttimes fictionalized, but he always emerged from these adventurous legends as an outstanding Westerner.

As a boy in 1857 he was employed by the military freighters, Majors and Russell. As an apprentice bullwhacker, then as a rider for the Pony Express, he acquired a knowledge of a hardy way of life necessary for survival.

How did these two look-alikes meet? Dr. Pearce con-

Kansas State Historical Society

Buffalo Bill Cody and his fan club.

tends that the two had met in Nebraska as boys. There certainly would have been opportunities for them to meet again when DeVeny traveled with the medicine show, for their paths were bound to have crossed.

Though there is no record that Cody had any kind of foot trouble, disorders from wearing cowboy boots and misfit shoes were common in those days. The high heels so necessary on the boots of the roping cowhand throw the forefoot into the crowded, pointed front of the boot, forcing toes together, causing hammer toes, bunions, and ingrown toenails. Cody badly sprained an ankle when thrown from a horse during a performance in England around 1902, but no other foot injuries or disorders have been reported.

The references to his habit of removing his boots and wearing slippers after a performance indicate some form of foot discomfort. Cody wore a lower heel along the lines of a cavalry boot, and he did not wear the extremely pointed-toed boots commonly referred to by shoemen as a narrow toe or needle toe; nonetheless, his boots were pointed enough to cause toe deformities or to aggravate them. In any event, if Cody had foot trouble in Portland, he certainly would have sought the services of an old friend for relief.

Paul Fees, curator of the Buffalo Bill Museum at Cody, Wyoming, and his predecessor, Richard Frost, in a search through the Buffalo Bill Historical Center files, were unable to find any reference to Buffalo Bill's having suffered from a foot problem or any evidence that Cody and DeVeny maintained a correspondence. And there was no indication that anyone substituted for Cody in the Wild West shows. Fees suspected that DeVeny sought Cody out to help promote his book. If DeVeny had intended to sell the book in large numbers, that would have been an excellent promotion; however, only one hundred copies were printed, hardly worth the expense of owning matching apparel and maintaining identical buggies and teams.

Cody authority Don Russell of Elmhurst, Illinois, knew of nothing to support the story of the impersonation. Frank Lydic of North Platte, Nebraska, once a neighbor of DeVeny, says he never heard of the Buffalo Bill impersonation until long after DeVeny was dead. Another resident of North Platte, Cody biographer Nellie Snyder Yost, said it was news to her.

Members of the DeVeny family told Pearce that Buffalo Bill DeVeny would receive a telegram from time to time causing him immediately to disappear for a week or two. When he reappeared, he would be well-supplied with cash. The family asked no questions and DeVeny volunteered no explanations. The story of the association was carried to the grave. Other than the photos of the two Buffalo Bills in the buggy, the pair apparently were never seen together. The family seemed never to know of the mysterious association and assumed DeVeny was out of town on business while his three sons and three daughters maintained the podiatry office during his absence.

A story is told of one woman who became suspicious when she discovered there were two Buffalo Bill acts

Library of Congress

Buffalo Bill Cody in his prime.

Cody opened his first Wild West show in Omaha in May 1883. Dr. Pearce had great difficulty tracing DeVeny's tracks from 1883 on. He was involved in land deals around Dodge City at that time. Pearce believed "he was appearing in shows around that area in Bill Cody's place" but could find no evidence that happened except from Commander Penland, "who states this was known among his close friends around Dodge City and Hastings."

running concurrently in different places. But no dates or locations have ever been given to substantiate the tale.

Colonel Penland told Dr. Pearce that Bill Cody was a faker. He recalled that while Buffalo Bill Cody was in Europe, he saw posters of Buffalo Bill Cody appearing in Denver. According to Penland, while Bill Cody was appearing in London Bill DeVeny was appearing in Denver. Penland added that Cody never showed west of Denver, DeVeny always appearing in his place.

Cody had given the rig and team of Appaloosa mares to DeVeny so he could appear at Cody's engagements west of Denver. The fee for each appearance was $1,500, which they split, according to Penland.

The records seem incomplete, but Buffalo Bill Cody was advertised with the Sells-Floto Circus in Portland, May 18 and 19, 1914, the year of the copyright on the photograph of the two Bills seated in the buggy. DeVeny's book was published the following year.

Some think the constant pressure of travel during Cody's heavy schedule caused him to drink excessively. It really did not. Cody drank often and heavily simply because he happened to like liquor, particularly at the end of a heavy season on the road. Perhaps stories about his drinking have been grossly exaggerated to make it appear that he had an unusual capacity for liquor. One often repeated story was that he drank from ten to twelve tumblers of whiskey each day. Once he solemnly promised to limit himself to one drink a day and complied by filling one large schooner with enough whiskey to carry him through an entire day.

In his later years he had physical problems, but by then he drank only moderately. If the story of his occasional drinking binges was the reason for his secret alliance with Doc DeVeny, who was a teetotaler, it hardly would have been true in 1914. By then Cody was at an age where he had every reason to protect his once healthy body.

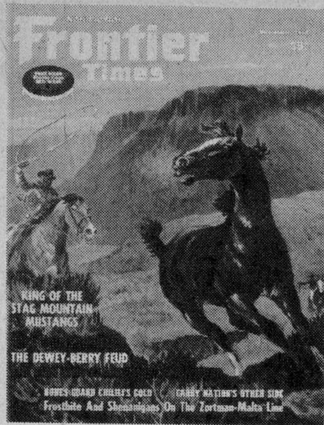
It would be interesting to know the entire story of Cody and DeVeny's unusual friendship. Respected Cody biographers and buffs tend to discredit the tale. Yet Dr. Pearce seemed to have uncovered a coverup. Perhaps someday someone will find undeniable evidence to prove or disprove that a chiropodist in Seattle was a bogus Buffalo Bill.

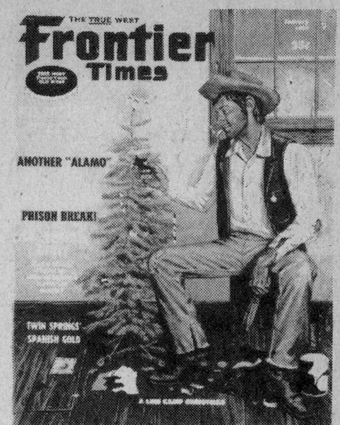
Mrs. Mabel DeVeny

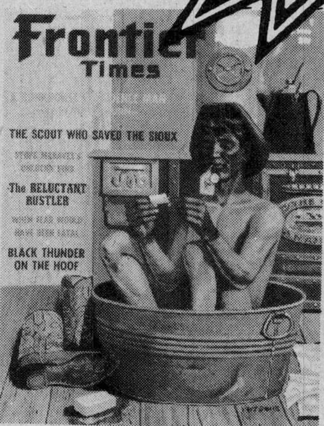
Dr. DeVeny as he appeared throughout his adult life while practicing in Portland.

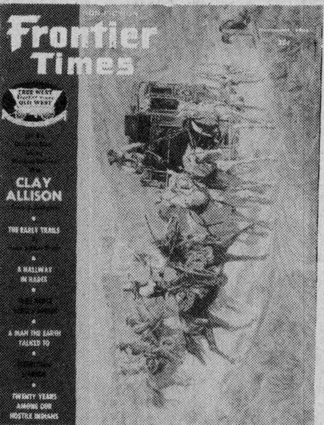
SOURCES

The written and oral information provided by the late Hans Lee Pearce, D.P.M., of Portland, Oregon, was paramount. Mrs. Dewane P. DeVeny and Mrs. Lewis A. Ide of Portland provided family background and photographs. Others providing information and assistance were: Mrs. Hans Lee Pearce, Portland; Frank Lydic and Nellie Snyder Yost, North Platte, Nebraska; Mrs. Lisabeth M. Holloway, Center for the History of Foot Care and Foot Ware, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Paul Fees and Richard Frost, Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming; and the late Don Russell, Elmhurst, Illinois.









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It was a simple act . . . and not an unusual sound. The driving of a railroad spike . . . and the metallic clink of maul meeting spike.

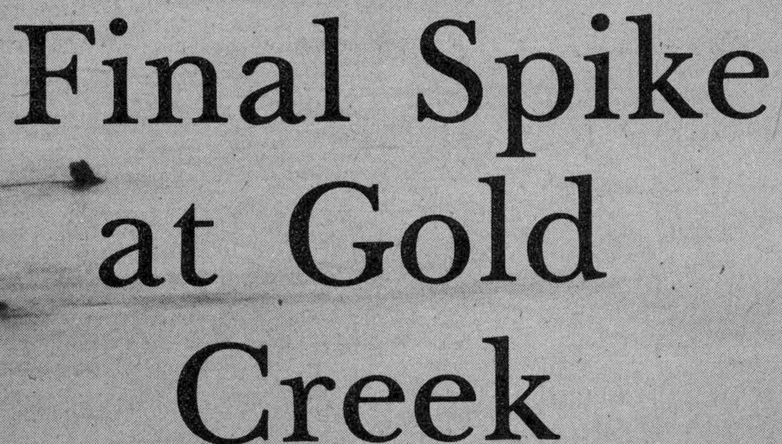
But the Pacific Northwest would never be the same.

The event was the driving of the final spike to complete the Northern Pacific Railroad's northern transcontinental line from Lake Superior to Puget Sound on September 8, 1883, near Gold Creek, Montana Territory.

Conceived in the 1840s, chartered in 1864, more than thirteen years and many millions of dollars in the building, the new rail line marked the end of one era and the beginning of another. Now the railroad had set the stage for a new surge of settlement and development, providing easier access to markets for farmer, rancher, and miner and bringing new lands into production. There would be new towns and cities, new business opportunities, increased importance for Montana's rich natural resources. Within six years, Montana would attain statehood.

Construction of the NP was marked by years of drama and trauma, political and corporate maneuvering, financial finagling, engineering ingenuity, and more. Work started on the east end at Thompson's Junction, Minnesota, in February 1870 and on the west end at Kalama, Washington Territory, in March the following year. The drama built day by day, month by month, year by year, until the final few weeks it reached a frenzied climax—

The testing of a span of the Bismarck Bridge in Dakota Territory, October 21, 1882.



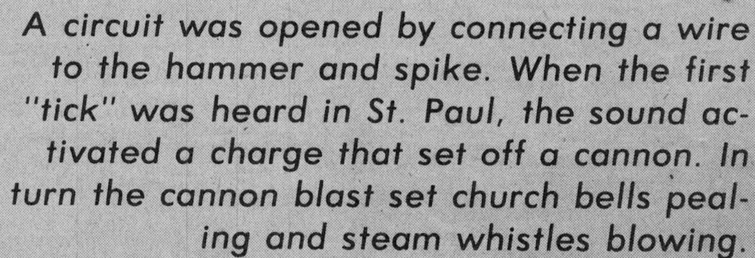
Final Spike at Gold Creek

By PAUL FUGLEBERG

especially in communities along the northern route.

Five Northern Pacific trains—four from the east, one from the west—worked their ways toward each other. They were scheduled to meet at the mouth of little Independence Creek just east of Gold Creek, a small community west of the Continental Divide.

Most interest focused on the four trains from the east, known as the "Gold Spike Excursion." The locomotives pulled some of the most elegant passenger cars on wheels. The excursion was an expensive one for the NP. Company president Henry Villard had invited a variety of dignitaries in the fields of science, commerce, finance, literature, and government to join the excursion and witness the completion ceremony.



A circuit was opened by connecting a wire to the hammer and spike. When the first "tick" was heard in St. Paul, the sound activated a charge that set off a cannon. In turn the cannon blast set church bells pealing and steam whistles blowing.

F. Jay Haynes Photo, Last Spike Committee and Montana Historical Society

Northern Pacific paid the bill for more than 400 guests, including a party of at least thirty people from England and another thirty from Germany. Added were scores of dignitaries and diplomatic corps personnel from statewide posts.

In the first section rode NP president Villard, his family, and their German friends. Heading the list of dignitaries on the second train was ex-President Ulysses S. Grant, along with many of the British guests. The third and fourth sections were comprised of various American guests and press representatives.

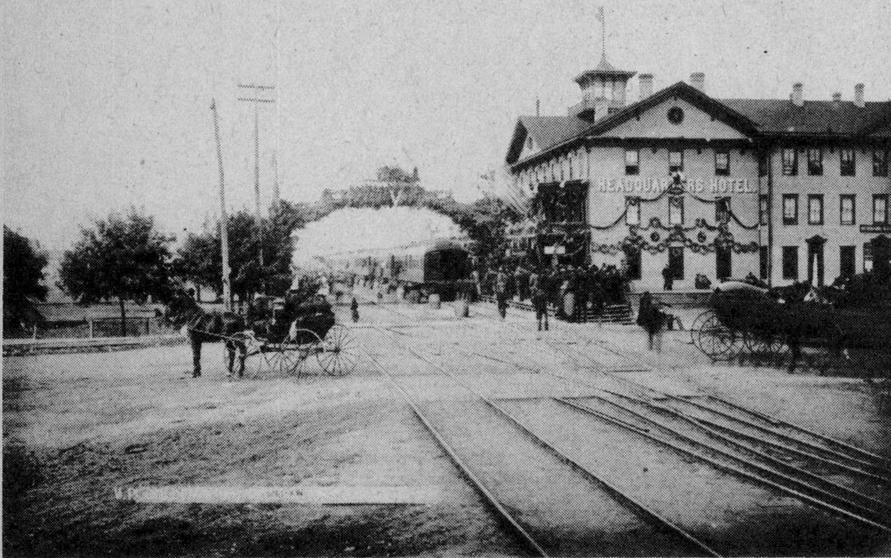
Villard was widely criticized for the NP's lavish hospitality. Many said the money would have been better spent reducing some of the increasing deficits caused by delays and cost overruns. Others, however, viewed the excursion as an investment rather than an expense. They saw it as a grandiose advertising program in which participants would be so impressed that they would write about what they had seen and encourage others to invest or settle in NP country.

Despite the criticism, the westbound trains were given rousing welcomes. Many communities tried to outdo each other's hospitality and celebrations. Villard was given a hero's welcome all along the main line.

All the while, deficits increased and NP stocks plummeted.

The trains flirted with disaster more than once. Two accidents delayed the dedication program a day. Tunnels through the Bozeman and Mullan pass areas had not yet been completed, so temporary switchback lines were constructed on steep, twisting grades up, over, and down the mountains. As the Villard section rounded a sharp curve, a rail turned and set part of the train on the ground. There were no injuries, but the trains were delayed several hours.

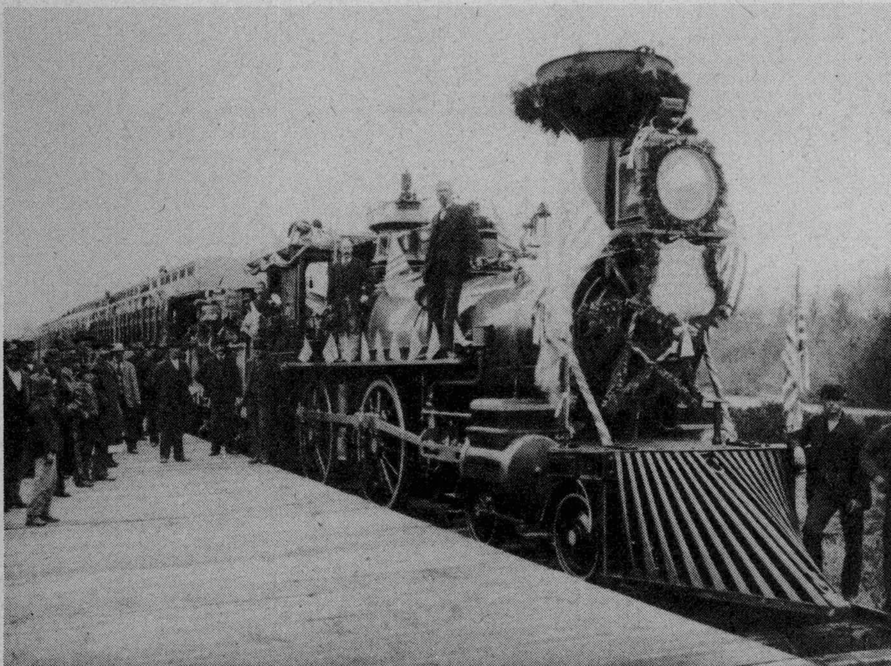
Former President Grant's section, too, experienced misfortune. On the Mullan Pass switchback, a coupling broke. The cars in the back separated and rolled backward down the four-degree slope into the engine of the following section. The British minister and seven staff members were shaken, none seriously, but the car was badly damaged.



F. Jay Haynes Photo, Last Spike Committee and Montana Historical Society

The Headquarters Hotel (above) in Fargo, Dakota Territory, was the scene of a lavish reception for the Villard expedition. The first Northern Pacific train from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Portland, Oregon, passed over the last spike on September 3, 1883 (below).

Haynes Foundation Collection, Montana Historical Society, Helena, Mt.



NOT ALL HAZARDS were so unpleasant. So well were guests wined and dined at community celebrations that many were exhausted by the time they reached the site of the last spike on September 8.

Ironically, while the trains ran late on the final stretch to Gold Creek, Villard had earlier experienced the opposite problem. His trains had run early—*two weeks* early—and that had really caused trouble.

It happened on August 22, 1883, when the *actual* last spike connecting the east and west lines was driven. With guests enroute from Europe and elsewhere, Villard wanted to keep word of the completion on August 22 from the eastern press so the "official" last spike ceremony would not be spoiled. Somehow the lid was kept on, but the local press was not to be denied. Both the Helena *Inter Mountain* and the *Helena Weekly Herald* ran accounts of the occasion.

Helena residents were advised of the pending completion on Tuesday, August 21. A special train was made up and departed Helena at 6:30, the next morning. It included the Pullman coach, "St. Paul," and two cabooses. At Elliston, the car of General A. Ander-

son, Chief Engineer, was added. At Avon, the Anderson car and the "St. Paul" were left on a siding and everyone crowded into the two cabooses.

Near the mouth of the Little Blackfoot, the group partook of picnic lunches and "pocket packages." By noon the special had rolled into Garrison, and a few miles later it arrived at the end of the westbound tracks. The passengers walked briskly to the last spike site at Independence Creek. Track laying crews were about two miles apart and were rapidly closing the gap.

The *Weekly Herald* reported, "It seemed but a little while till the tie men hove in sight—those from the west first, and fifteen minutes later, those from the east. Then followed the rail-layers in the same succession, those from the Pacific direction appearing from behind a curve a quarter of a mile away, followed quickly by those from the Atlantic, around another bend, nearly a half-mile distant."

THE WESTERN CREW had risen an hour earlier that morning to get a head start. It paid off. At 2:00 p.m., the west crew reached the center point. The crowd responded with lengthy, loud cheers. The east crew finished a half-hour later. The time for the "actual" driving of the last spike was at hand. Some 600 workmen and several hundred spectators, including miners and ranchers in addition to the Helena delegation, watched as the last lengths of rail were cut to fit the gap—three feet off one rail, five feet off the other. Then a large circle was formed so all could see.

The final spike was driven home in two blows—one each by M.T. Fitzpatrick and Michael Gilford, the foremen of the two track laying crews.

A brief but eloquent speech was delivered by Major Martin Maginnis, and then construction superintendents P.B. and W.O. Winston broke open baskets of champagne provided by the contractors.

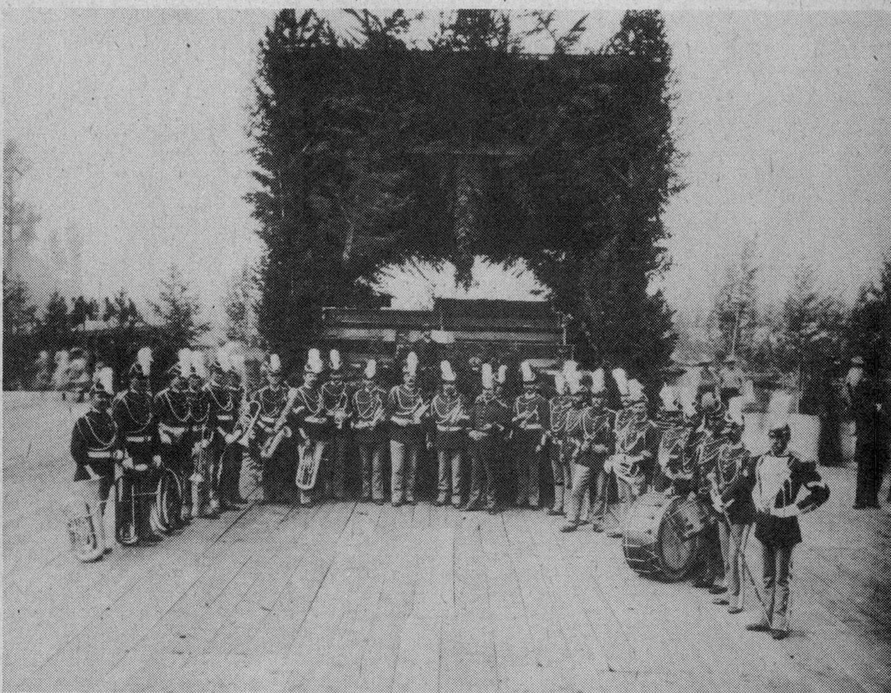
The two newspapers reported slightly different times for the event. The *Inter Mountain* placed the completion at 3:10 p.m.; the *Herald* reported things wrapped up by 3:00 p.m.

The *Herald* proclaimed, "The great railroad is finished. There is complete passage way by the Northern Pacific from ocean to ocean. Montana shouts the glad news, and the country rejoices from end to end." The observation, of course, was a bit premature for Villard's purposes. The glad news was more of a whisper . . . and the loudest shouting and national rejoicing came on September 8, when the Villard excursion reached the Gold Creek area with its "official" last spike.

Haynes Foundation Collection, Montana Historical Society, Helena, Mt.

Crow Indian council members (above) were among those attending the Northern Pacific's last spike ceremonies September 8, 1883. The Fifth Infantry Band of the United States Army (below) performed at the ceremony.

F. Jay Haynes Photo, Last Spike Committee and Montana Historical Society



The September 8 ceremony was a humdinger. Villard saw to that. A pine bough-bedecked pavilion with seating for more than a thousand persons was constructed. A plank platform reached to the roadbed, where the final thousand feet of track would be laid.

Folks converged on the Gold Creek site from all directions by many means—from ankle express and Indian travois to coaches, buggies, and horseback. The crowd was estimated at 3,000 to 5,000.

The special train from the west arrived, followed by those from the east. The Army's Fifth Regiment Band serenaded the crowd; six cannons were in place, ready to boom salutes at appropriate times.

In mid-afternoon, the ceremonies began. Preceding the laying of track were speeches by NP officials, visiting guests, government spokesmen, and President Grant.

Then came the race between east and

west track laying crews to see who would be first to reach the last spike site. The east crew's rail car was pulled by a huge black horse, just as he had done since leaving Mandan, Dakota Territory. The west crew's car derailed, enabling the east to win.

Time for driving the final spike neared.

Sometimes historical detail can be like a snarled fish line—the more you try to untangle it, the knottier it becomes. The important thing to remember is that an event happened, when, where, why, and the results. A case in point is the difference over who really helped drive the last spike and who finally drove it home.

Eyewitness accounts vary. The Livingston *Enterprise* reported "Mr. [H.C.] Davis . . . struck the first blow on the spike. Others followed, among whom were [NP] President Villard, Mrs. Villard and their infant son; Hon. Fred. Billings, Carl Schurz, Senator Dolph of Oregon, and last by General Grant who actually completed the work." Journalist E.V. Smalley's account added an unnamed Indian chief to the spike drivers.

OSWALD Garrison Villard, President Villard's son, was present and later criticized a painting in the state capitol which showed Grant with a gold spike. In a letter to the Montana Historical Society Library in April 1924, he commented that "General Grant was not visible in the crowd at that time."

George A. Bruffey, in a 1925 Butte *Daily Miner* article titled "Eighty-one Years in the West," wrote that he was really not sure who drove home the last spike. He said that Grant, Villard, and Rod Leggat, a Butte delegation member, all had swings at it. *The Montana Past*, an anthology compiled by Michael P. Malone and Richard B. Roeder, credits H.C. Davis with the honor. They also comment on the number of reports that had Grant finishing the last spike. In *The Northern*

Historic Reenactment

Paul Fugleberg Photo

The wail of an American Standard steam engine whistle sounded over the rolling hills in Gold Creek country, perhaps for the last time, August 25–28, 1983, as the centennial of the driving of the final spike was commemorated at nearby Deer Lodge.

The 1880s vintage 4-4-0 steam locomotive and its tender were trucked from the California State Railroad Museum to the Grant-Kohrs Ranch National Historic Site, where centennial festivites were centered. There it was placed on a half-mile of old Milwaukee Road trackage, which ran parallel to existing Burlington Northern trackage originally laid by the Northern Pacific.

Thousands of photographs were taken as the locomotive rolled up and down the tracks and took part in daily reenactments of the driving of the final spike. Notable figures of American political and railroad history were protrayed by Utah's Golden Spike Players, local actors and volunteers from the audience. The three hours plus of 1883 speechmaking were condensed into twenty-five minute reenactments.

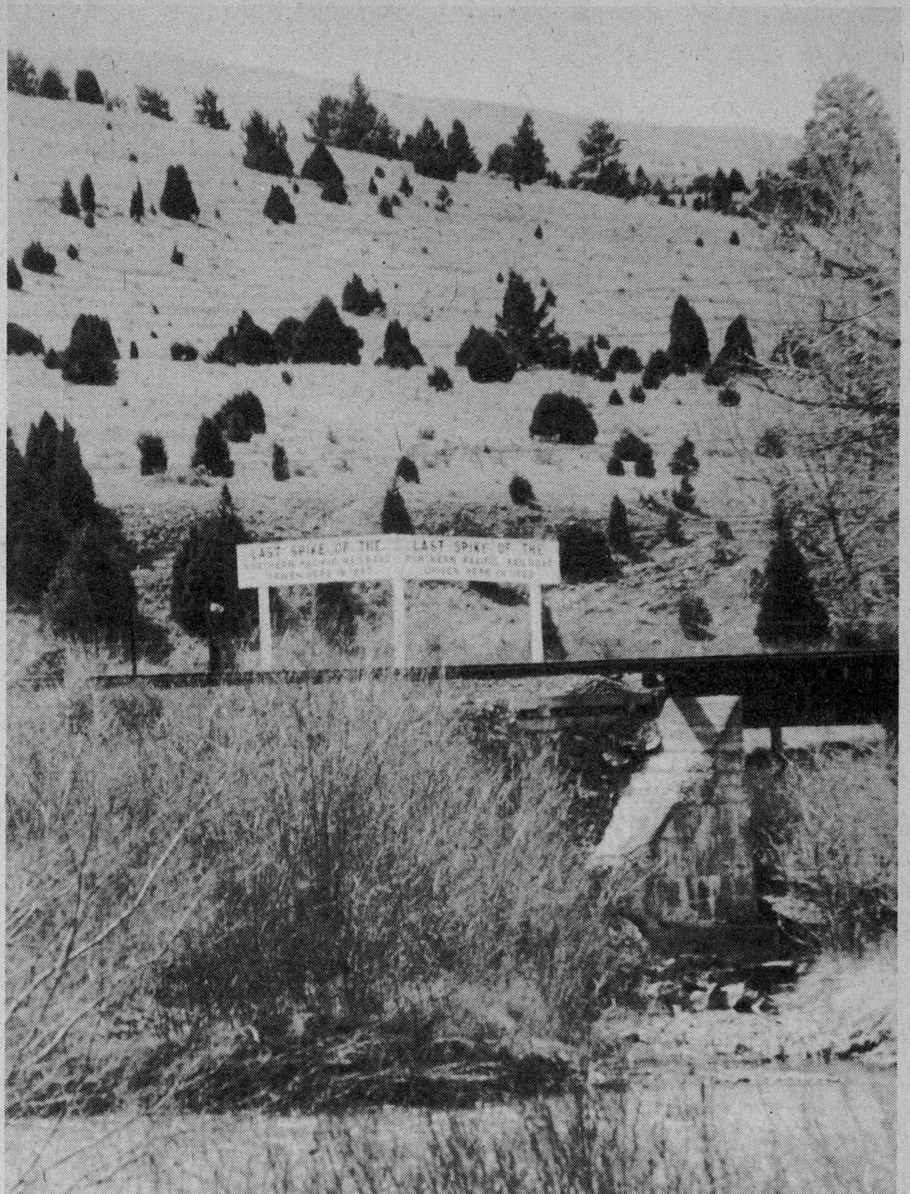
Other centennial activities included a railfair; buffalo barbecue and pancake breakfast; old-time hootenany; fiddlers jamboree; square dance and street dance; an 1880s style show; beard growing contest; a two-night pageant, "Of Spikes and Trails," which described Deer Lodge in 1883; an ecumenical church service; and a hand-cancelled postal cachet issued at the Gold Creek, Montana, Post Office on September 8, 1883.

Pacific: Main Street of the Northwest, Charles R. Wood says, "Mr. H.C. Davis . . . hit it first, followed by Villard, Billings, Grant, Secretary of the Interior [H.M.] Teller, and finally the last blow by Davis."

The consensus is that Davis was probably the man who struck the first and last blows. He had also driven home the first spike in Minnesota more than thirteen years before. It is also generally agreed that the final spike was the same spike driven by Davis in 1870.

There is even confusion about Davis' employment. Among other things, he was identified as a "general utility for the NP traffic department," an "assistant general passenger agent for the NP," and still other witnesses said he was employed at the time by the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad. The official list of the Villard entourage, carried in the September 1883 edition of *The Northwest*, shows Davis with the latter company.

EVEN IN 1883, Americans had the desire to be a part of history—if not to be present personally then at least to know about important events as they unfolded. An Associated Press representative was there but had to ride a special locomotive to Helena, three and one-half hours away, to file his story. There was also a press contingent on the trains, but they would be even slower. So Villard, with his public relations savvy, saw to it that the next best thing was arranged. Officials wired the final spike and the sledge hammer. Theoretically, when contact was made between the two, the impulse would be relayed east to Saint Paul, Chicago, Buffalo, New York, and Boston and west to Portland.



Paul Fugleberg Photo

It's still wide open country near Gold Creek, Montana, where the Northern Pacific's final spike was driven home. This is the scene today as viewed from Interstate 90.

The long-distance audience had a long wait. Originally scheduled between 10:00 a.m. and noon, Montana time, the festivities never got started until mid-afternoon. Finally at 6:10 p.m., Saint Paul time, word was flashed that everything was ready . . . the spike would be driven in a few minutes.

The circuit was opened by connecting the wire to the hammer and the spike. At either 6:14 or 6:18 p.m. (reports differ), the first "tick" was heard. In Saint Paul, that simple tick set off a chain reaction. The sound activated a charge to a connection that set off a cannon. The cannon blast set church bells pealing and steam whistles blowing.

A split second later something happened that would would prevent easterners from further sharing the instant coverage. Today's TV networks would call it "technical difficulties." Lightning struck a telegraph pole near Billings and broke the connection. At 8:00 p.m., NP officials in Saint Paul were advised by telegraph from Gold Creek, "Golden spike was driven at 6:13 p.m., your time. Lost all wires just as we started."

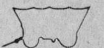
At any rate, the mission was accomplished. The Northern Pacific had opened vast new frontiers with a ribbon of steel connecting east and west.

As soon as the festivities were over, Villard and his guests reboarded their trains and continued the journey over the remainder of the new transcontinental line. Railroad laborers dismantled the pavilion and planked deck, and the area soon returned to its natural state, scarred only by the railbed. Even today, it remarkably resembles the scene that workers saw as they laid the rails and prepared for the grand celebration.

A simple V-shaped sign marks the site of the dedication. Designed primarily for passengers of long since discontinued North Coast Limiteds, the sign can be seen from nearby I-90 by those who are specifically looking for it. The inscription reads simply, "Last spike of the Northern Pacific Railroad driven here in 1883."

SOURCES

This article is based on contemporary newspaper accounts and clippings on file with the Montana Historical Society, Helena, Montana.

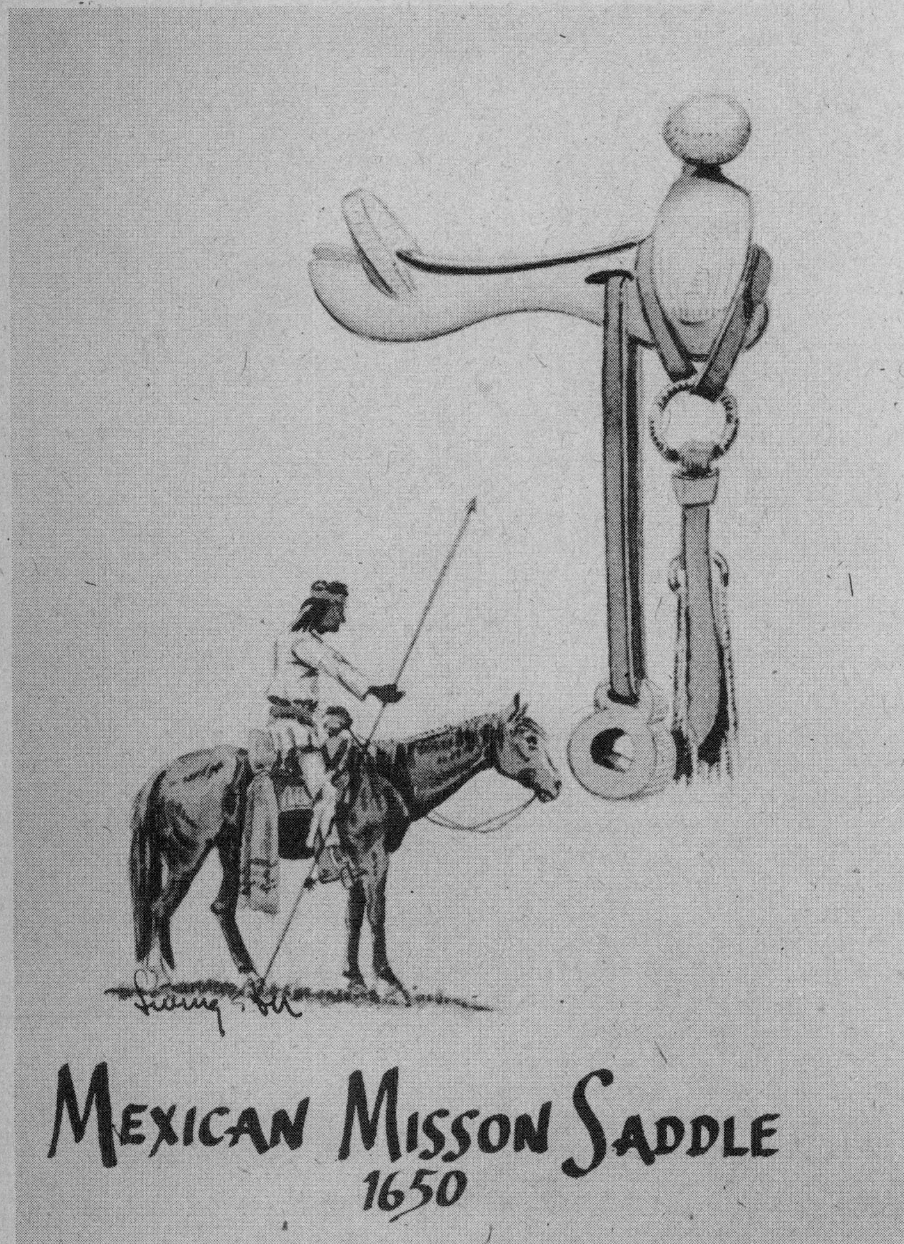


By PHIL LIVINGSTON

The Long Reign

Illustrated by the Author

Horses, horsemen, and saddles have been major components in the civilization of the western hemisphere ever since Hernando Cortez landed at Vera Cruz, Mexico, nearly five centuries ago. Without horses—and saddles to cinch on horses' backs—it is doubtful that the Spanish Conquistadores would have achieved the success they did against the Aztecs. The Indian warriors of Montezuma were terrorized by horses, which they thought were gods. Cortez turned that to his advantage and conquered Mexico. Since that beginning in 1519, horses have been inseparable from the development of the New World.



By 1600, early Mission Saddles already were being adapted to agricultural use in the New World.

With the horses, the Spaniards brought cattle to the Americas. Wherever their expeditions went in pursuit of gold and converts, a bawling herd of cattle went, too. That would give rise to a ranching industry that spread north to the Rio Grande, across the Great Plains, and into the frozen wastes of Canada. To handle those half-wild cattle, there had to be mounted men, following a tradition almost as old as civilization. The Spanish Conquistadores brought to the Americas a way of life, a profession, that endures to this day.

WHERE YOU FIND horses, you find saddles. The development of the cowboy saddle, the constant modification of a tool to meet the changing demands of its use, parallels the growth of the ranching industry. The primary reason for changes in the saddle was the different methods of handling cattle that evolved in North, Central, and South America. Each area had its own needs, and saddles were redesigned to accommodate them. No longer just a pad to give the rider comfort or to support a warrior in battle, the American saddle took on a new look in answer to the ancient designer's credo, "Form follows function."

The first saddles brought to the New World, of course, were war saddles. They followed the traditional lines of the European knight's pavillion, yet showed the unmistakeable influence of three centuries of the Moorish occupation of the Iberian Penninsula. They were designed, both front and back, to provide support to the rider during battle.

Deep

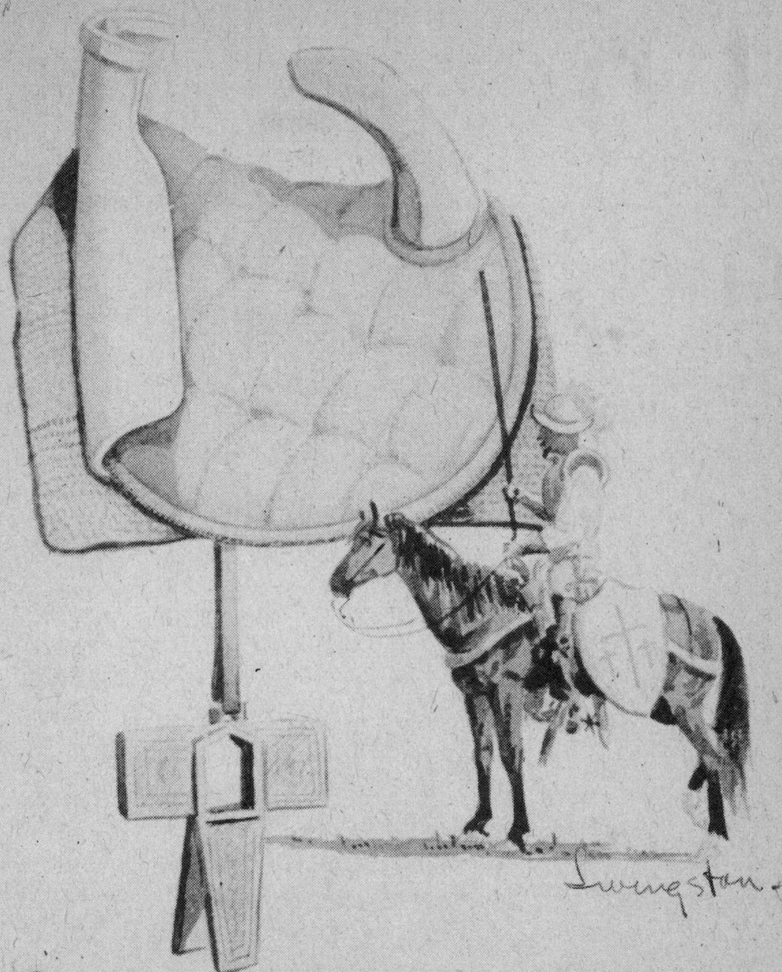
of a

Seat

As Spanish colonization spread from Mexico towards Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California, the ranching industry kept pace. Each settlement was originally a mission with an empire of land, cattle, sheep, and horses. It took mounted men—skilled riders, and livestock handlers—to husband the wild herds and to protect them from Indian raiders. The men charged with the job were quick to modify their equipment to meet the challenges of a new environment and a new profession—*vaquero*. Since those long-ago days, horsemen and cowboys have not stopped searching for a better way to handle their livestock and a more comfortable, more functional saddle to do it in.

Today's smoothly crafted saddles, fitting both horse and rider, bear little resemblance to the bulky, bowl-like rigs that Cortez's soldiers cinched on the backs of their seasick steeds that morning in 1519. Materials and workmanship have improved the product; changing use has modified it; yet even to a person who has never spent a day 'a horseback, the basic framework of the cowboy's throne remains the same after all these years.

Thirteen saddles serve as historical prototypes of what has been a continuing outgrowth of the North American horseman's need for a more functional, more comfortable seat. Among those thirteen models, there has been constant modification and improvement.

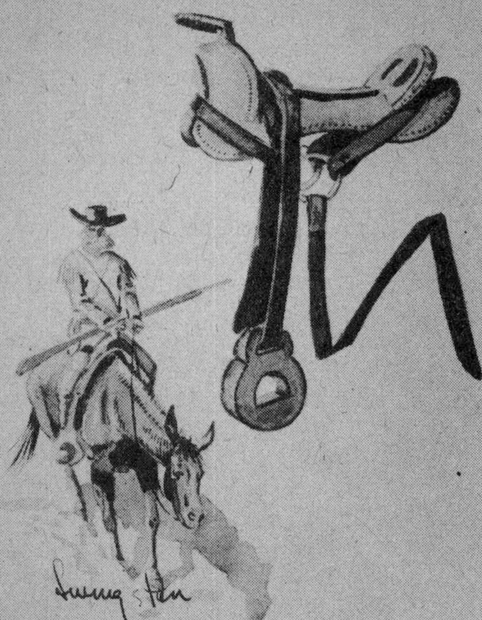


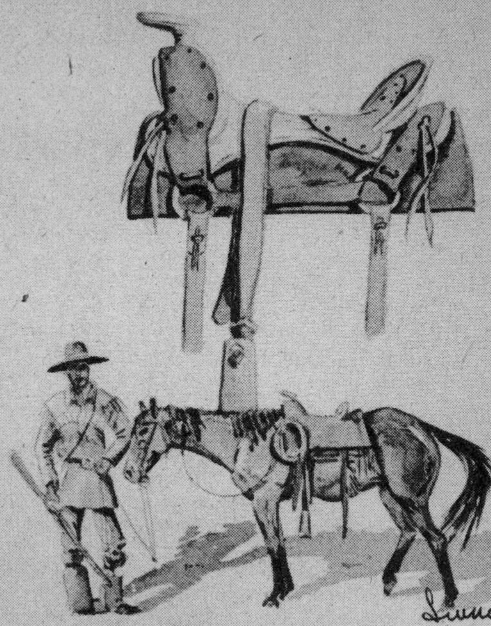
The Spanish War Saddle was made with one purpose in mind—to help keep a horseman mounted during battle.

Spanish War Saddle

A short seat, high front, and wraparound cantle all combined to provide maximum support, to brace the rider against the shock of a lance thrust from an opponent in battle. The wooden tree, or basic framework, was covered with cloth, leather, or velvet and often quilted. The rigging, which fastened the cinchas to the tree, was located midway between the fork and the cantle. A breast collar and a breeching around the horse's hind quarters, or a crupper under the tail, helped to hold the saddle securely in position. Stirrup leathers were looped over the tree bars, directly behind the fork, and supported cast metal stirrups that could weigh up to fifty pounds each.

Where you find horses, you find saddles. The development of the cowboy saddle, the constant modification of a tool to meet the changing demands of its use, parallels the growth of the ranching industry.





Based on earlier Spanish versions, the Santa Fe Saddle was popular among trappers and traders throughout the West. The Early Texas Saddle was built to withstand the hardships of cattle roundups and trail drives.

A stripped-down version of this saddle is still in use among the Spanish *vaqueros*, who also still use a long prod pole, or pike, to handle their cattle.

Early Mission Saddle—1600

By the beginning of the seventeenth century, livestock raising had become a principal industry of New Spain. The ranches originally grew up around the missions, where the Indian converts were trained to herd the cattle. Those early ranchers learned that, while the pike was an effective tool among the gentler cattle of Spain, it had little value in handling the wild longhorns. Then some enterprising Spaniard realized he had to be able to reach out further to catch a bunch-quitting steer. He tied an eye in the end of a rawhide stake rope, built a loop, and learned to throw it accurately. With that tool and mounted on a fast horse, he was able to "reach and get 'em"—until he discovered he had to be able to stop what he caught.

At first, he tried tying the end of the lariat to the horse's tail. But that created problems, especially when a mad steer made two or three circles around the horse and rider. After a wreck or two, the vaquero-to-be decided a portable snubbing post that he could twist the rope around was the answer. He pulled Dad's old war saddle out, whittled down the front to form a big ball that he could dally his reata around, and he was in business.

Quick to realize the advantages of the reworked trees, saddlemakers began to build their own versions. The result was a wooden tree with a low fork topped by a big ball, a lower cantle, and slots cut in the tree bars so the stirrup leathers would not slide. The four pieces of wood were held together by wooden dowels. To help hold the saddle in place, the rigging was moved forward, directly under the fork and the rings were held in place by leather or rawhide straps that passed around the fork. Stirrups were cut from a single block of wood, replacing the heavy metal stirrups of the Conquistadores.

The basic outline of the cowboy's saddle had come into being.

Ranchero Saddle—1700

The saddlemaker's next step was to provide more strength and greater comfort. The wooden tree, with a smaller, higher horn, was covered with rawhide. This cover was sewn on wet. When it dried, the rawhide contracted and pulled the parts of the tree together even tighter than the wooden pegs did. This procedure is still followed, and nothing better has been found to give the wooden tree the right combination of strength and resilience.

The rigging was in the centerfire or Spanish single position, with the rings attached to the tree by leather straps. A heavy leather cover, called a *mochila*, was slipped over the top of the bare tree, leaving the horn and part of the cantle exposed. Often small pockets were attached to the front of the mochila. Behind the cantle was a removable leather skirt that covered the horse's rump, protection for the dress of a senorita when she rode double behind her caballero.

The heavy, handcarved wooden stirrups were covered in front by a unique type of tapadero. Made from three circles of leather, these taps allowed "toe room only" in the stirrups.

Santa Fe Saddle—1800

Appearing in the late 1700s or early

1800s, at the outset of the beaver trade, this saddle was an outgrowth of the earlier Spanish versions. It is likely that some gringo visitor to Santa Fe, the center of Mexican trade with the States, realized the advantage of the riggin' and replaced his flat "American" saddle as rapidly as possible. Other traders were quick to follow suit, with models being manufactured in Saint Louis and other supply points. Soon this was one of the most popular pieces of equipment on the Plains, ridden from border to border and from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean by trappers, explorers, and early cattlemen. The paintings of Miller, Russell, and Remington frequently depict the Santa Fe saddle in scenes of the period.

The broad, flat horn and slots in the cantle for handholds were as much a part of the tree as the rawhide cover. The rigging was attached to the tree with leather straps and in the centerfire, three-quarter, or Spanish single position as the owner desired. Frequently a mochila was used or a blanket thrown over the bars for padding.

Stirrups varied from the Mexican carved wooden style, to steamed and bent flat wooden ones or even iron rings, although the latter must have been cold on moccasin-clad feet.

The Spanish War Saddle, the Early Mission Saddle, and the Santa Fe saddle gave rise to all other western saddles, regardless of regional differences. Tree style, rigging placement, and exterior covering and decoration may vary, but the basic saddle remains the same.

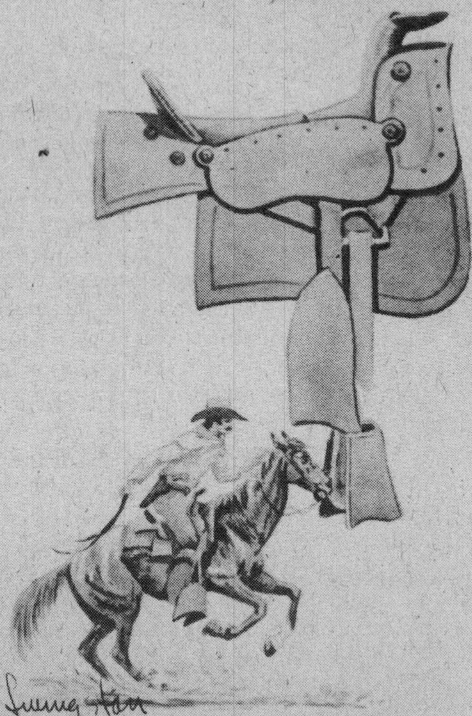
During the 1800s, two diverse styles of horsemanship, roping, saddles, and equipment developed. Known as the California and Texas methods, each resulted from stock handling methods and the temperament of the cowboys in specific parts of the country. The differences continued until the early twentieth century, when increased communications and the rise of big-time rodeo and horse shows occurred. Today the two branches of horsemanship have become intertwined, utilizing the best of both methods.

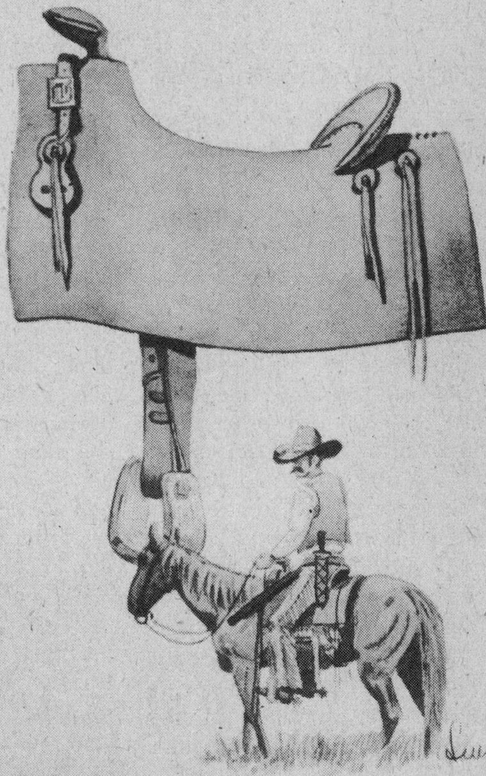
Early Texas Saddle—1840

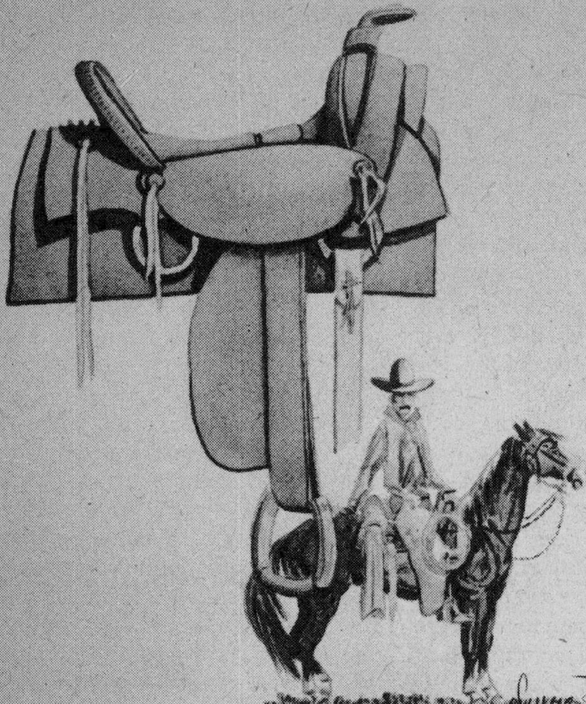
By the 1840s, Texas, with its growing Anglo population, had gained its independence from Mexico. The only real wealth that the newcomers had was in their land and the herds of longhorn cattle that grazed on it. The cattle were rounded up from the ranges and driven to slaughter houses along the Gulf of Mexico, where the meat and hides were shipped East or trailed overland to New Orleans. In the thorny thickets along the Nueces River, where there was no room to dally and play his catch, the Texas cowboy used a short manilla rope and tied it to the saddle horn. The technique required a stronger saddle than ever before.

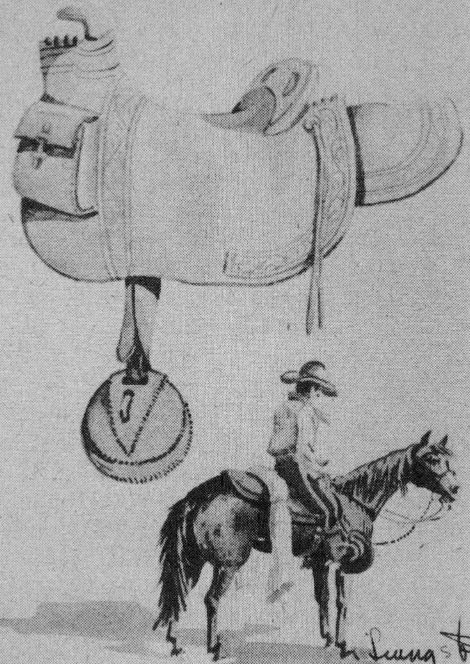
The new saddles, often made by the men who rode them, had a lower fork and cantle than their Mexican predecessors. The front rigging went over the fork of the saddle to help hold it down when roping big stock. A rear rigging was added to keep the back of the bars down when a heavy steer hit the end of the rope. A Three-quarter seat of heavy leather was tacked over the back of the seat and cantle for rider comfort. Often, the dependable mochila was used to protect the tree from the

The Hope Saddle combined the best of Spanish and Yankee ingenuity with a new innovation, fenders. The Texas Applehorn was named for its large, domed horn.









The Great Plains Saddle was used by countless cowboys as the cattle industry spread north from Texas. The Spanish Ranchero Saddle was put to similar use on the Pacific Coast.

elements. Stirrups were wide, of steamed and bent wood, and frequently covered with hog snout taps.

Hope Saddle—1850

Introduced from the States, the Hope model was a combination of the old Santa Fe saddle and American ingenuity. The wooden tree was leather covered on the fork, horn, bars, and cantle. The saddle had a three-quarter seat. Front and back housing, seat jockeys, and small skirts under the bars also were added.

A new innovation, the fender, was attached to the stirrup leathers to protect the rider's lower legs from horse sweat. Steamed and bent wood stirrups usually were covered with leather hoods.

Ridden by all classes of horsemen, the Hope saddle was especially popular with military men, who were introduced to it in Texas before the Civil War. Officers on both sides of that conflict continued to use it in preference to the regular issue military saddles of the period.

Texas Apple Horn—1870

This Texas native, a favorite with trail drivers for two decades, followed countless thousands of longhorns up the trails to the Dakotas, Kansas, and points north. Its rawhide covered tree had a flat, slanted cantle and a large, domed horn that gave the saddle its name. Both horn and cantle were completely leather covered, an improvement from earlier models.

Small skirts, lined with felt or woolskin, were under the tree to keep the saddle blankets from slipping. The dependable mochila, this time of two pieces of leather sewn down the middle of the seat, protected the tree and gave the rider extra comfort. The rigging, usually in the Spanish single or double positions, was screwed and nailed to the tree. Stirrup leathers were wide, with or without fenders, and supported flat doghouse stirrups of bent wood.

Texas Trail or Great Plains Saddle—1880

By the eighties, the cattle industry had spread north over the Great Plains. Its equipment was dominated by Texas' influence. Trail driving was an established business, with hundreds of thousands of longhorns heading up the trails each year to populate the northern pastures.

The trail, or Great Plains, saddle was built on a rawhide covered tree along the lines of its predecessor, the Apple Horn. Its horn, however, was broad and flat. Fork, horn, bars, and cantle all were leather covered, and a three-quarter seat made from several pieces of leather was built in. The mochila was replaced by large, square skirts lined with either woolskin or felt. Side jockeys, along with front and rear housing, covered the top of the tree.

The rigging, strongest yet, was the full double. A heavy strap went from front ring to front ring, with a wrap around the horn to hold it in place. Called the "Sam Stagg," it was to endure in Texas for more than half a century. The rear rig straps passed over the back bars and a connecting strap held front and rear rings together.

Stirrups were wide, flat-bottomed, and often were covered by short taps since so many of the trail drivers originally came out of the South Texas brush. The entire saddle was built for rough, tough use with the rope tied hard and fast to the horn.

BOOK MART

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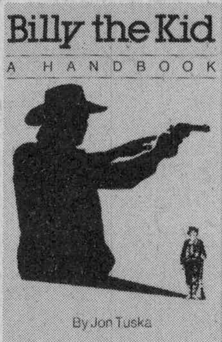

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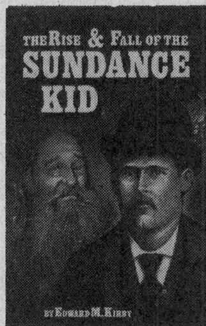

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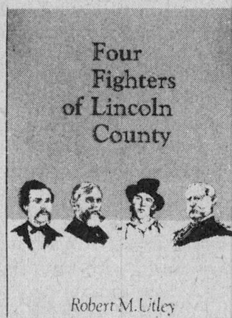

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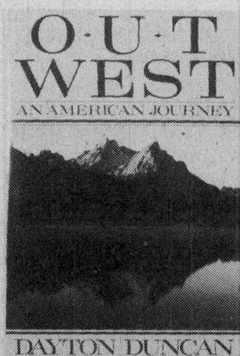

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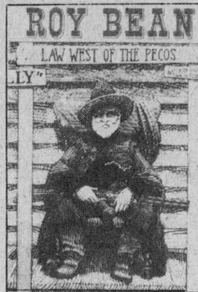

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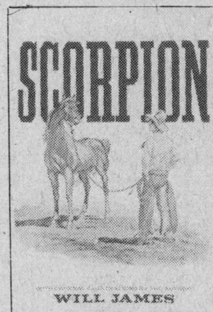

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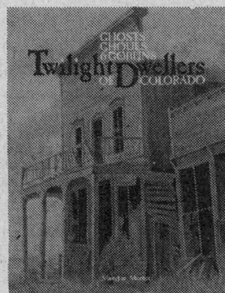

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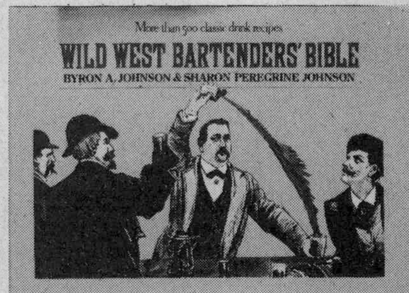

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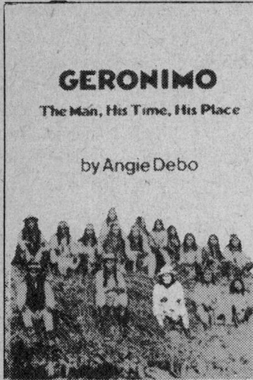

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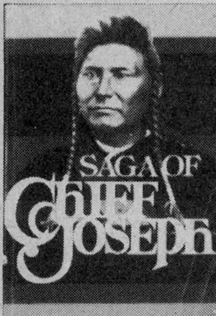

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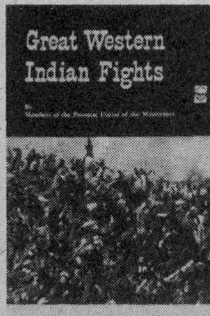

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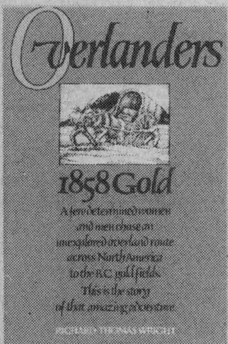

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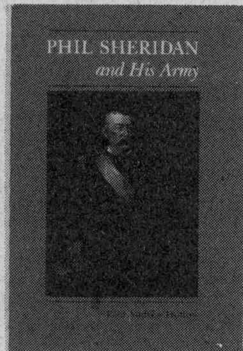

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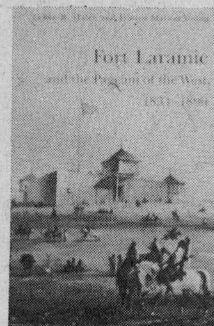

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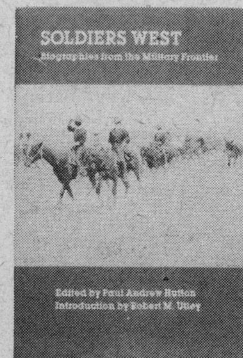

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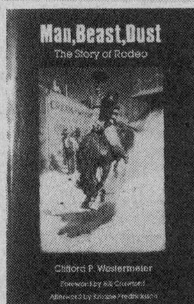

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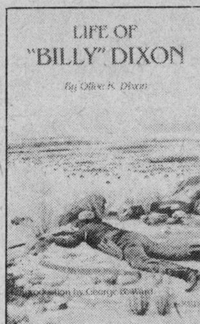

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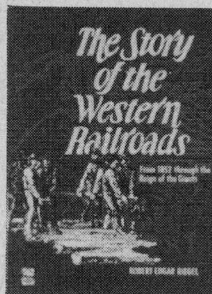

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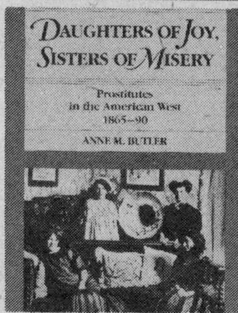

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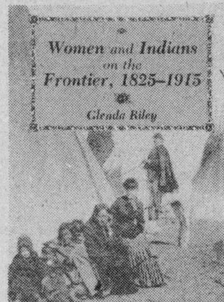

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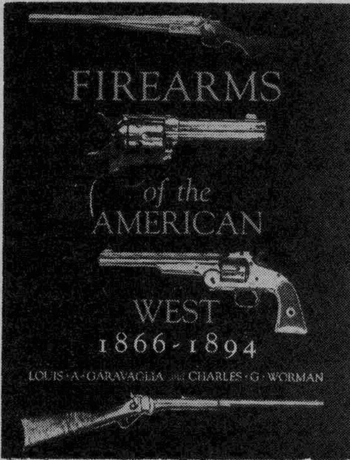

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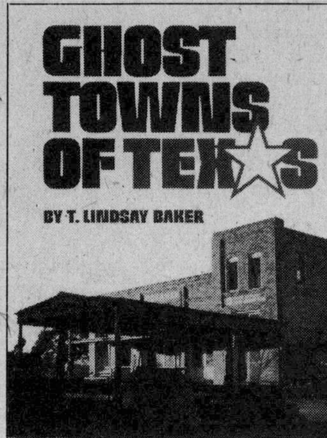

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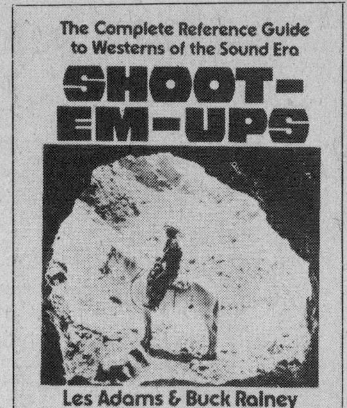

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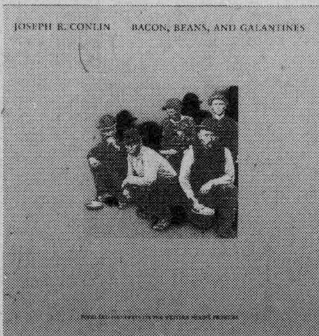

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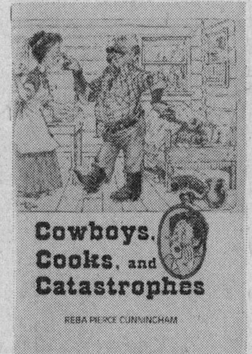

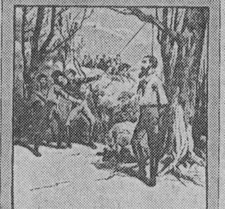

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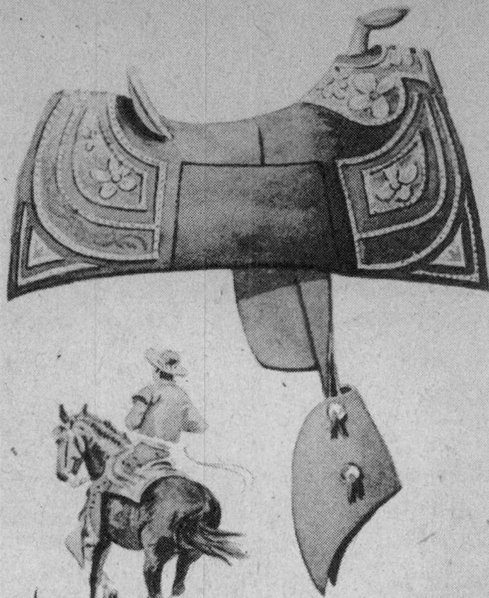
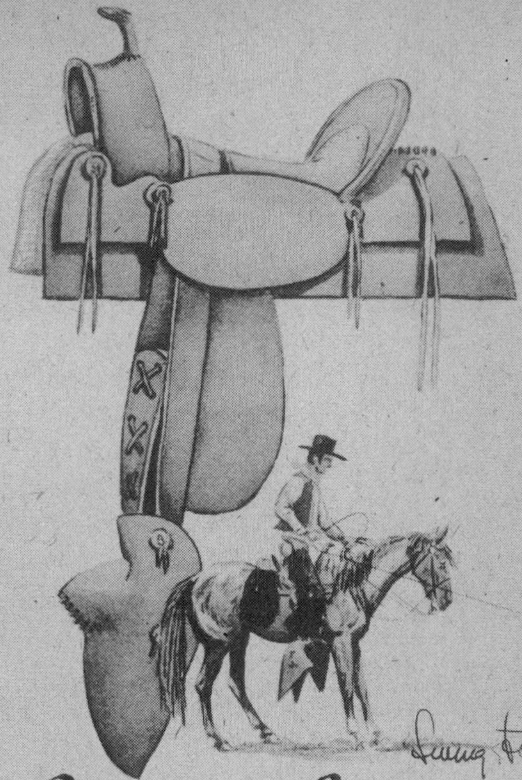




The California Ranchero Saddle was developed to accommodate Spanish riding methods. By 1870, influenced by gringo riders, it had evolved into the California Saddle.

California Ranchero—1830

On the Pacific Coast, a separate style of horsemanship evolved following the old Spanish influence. Horsemanship rose from simply training a mount to almost an art form, and the flash-reined horse was a prize possession. For the rancheros, saddles and riding equipment became an elaborate display, glittering with silver and gold. While the workaday vaquero was not as flamboyant, he still followed the traditions laid down by his forbears.

The California ranchero saddle included a mochila, heavily decorated with gold wire-laced designs, that covered the wooden tree. The horn, tall and slim, was shaped for a rapid dally and complemented the artistry with which the vaqueros could handle a braided rawhide reata that could be up to seventy-feet long. Occasionally a simple piece of leather was tacked over the bars to give a firmer seat under the mochila. The stirrups were of bent wood or metal and frequently protected by tapaderos.

The Californio used the centerfire rigging, following the tradition that had come from Mexico so many years before.

California Saddle—1870

By the seventies, gringo influence began to appear, although the vaquero continued to use centerfire rigging, a tradition that remained strong until the early twentieth century when the three-quarter and finally the full double took over. Another innovation becoming popular among cowboys and saddlemakers was a steel horn that bolted to the fork. It was many times stronger than a wood horn carved from the original block.

The California tree had a high A fork with a slender steel horn. The flat cantle also was high—five or six inches—and helped give a secure seat on pitching horses. All parts of the tree were leather covered, and a three-quarter seat covered the bars and part of the cantle. Skirts were large and square. Side jockeys and front and rear housing completed the saddle.

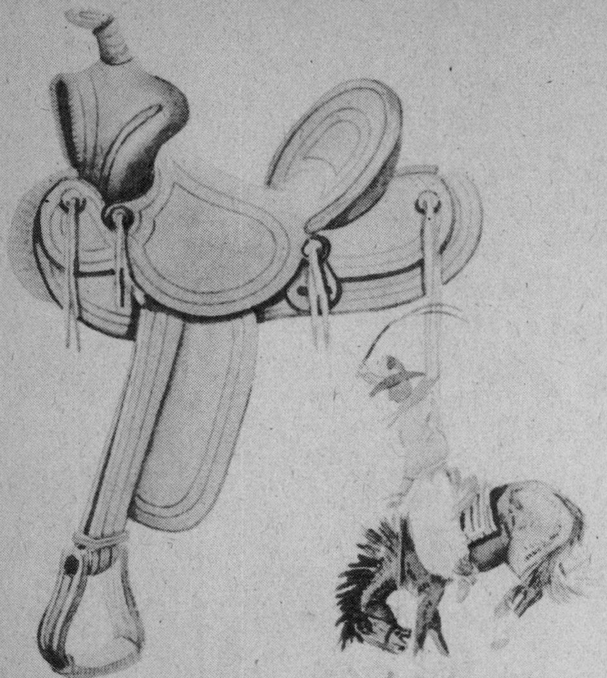
Tapaderos up to twenty-eight inches long frequently were used with the metal-bound, Ox Bow stirrups. A final touch of fashion was to sport saddle pockets with long, bearskin-covered flaps behind the cantle. The pockets, or *cantinas*, matched the Californio's chaps to coordinate his outfit.

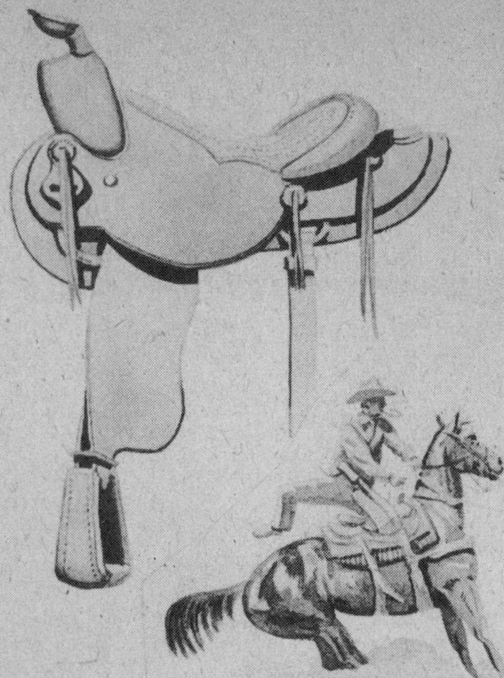
Although the overall look of the saddle had changed to a one-piece seat/cantle and round skirts by the 1890s, the trees remained the same.

Swell Fork Bronc Saddle—1910

This new innovation took the ranchland by storm at the turn of the century. For years, rough stock riders had tied a rolled up blanket just behind the fork of their saddles for a better leg grip. Now saddlemakers designed trees with wide, undercut forks that provided an excellent grip, especially when combined with a short seat and a high, dished cantle. Some of the early swell forks went too far, up to twenty-two inches. It's no wonder that some cowboys referred to them as "bear traps" or "freaks" since it was almost impossible to get out of them.

A steel or brass horn bolted to the fork of the rawhide-covered tree was sometimes left uncovered. The most popular rigging was the three-quarter, although the centerfire was used as well. The leather covering was the late California style, with a one-piece seat/cantle and small, round skirts. Ox





The Swell Fork Bronc Saddle was designed to keep its rider aboard a tough, hard-to-sit horse. The Slick Fork Roper grew out of professional rodeo roping and steer wrestling needs.

bow stirrups were in favor with the twister, easier to hold on a pitching horse than the wider ones favored by Texans.

The saddles were well designed for their purpose, riding tough, hard-to-sit horses. Swell forks in a multitude of widths and styles are part of most saddles built today. They are most noticeable on the contest bronc and the flat seat cutter.

Low Roper—1940

With the rise of professional rodeo, specialized equipment was developed. The high, undercut fork and deeply dished cantle were a fine combination for bronc riders, but for ropers and steer wrestlers they were a hindrance. The timed event boys wanted to be able to get away from their mounts as rapidly as possible.

Forks were low and narrow, usually eight or nine inches wide, and supported a pelican horn, a modification of the big Mexican horn. Cantles also were low, so low in fact that they gave little support against a hard starting roping or dogging mount. The riggings were stout and full double to get "as much horse as possible between the cinchas."

To the one-piece front housing, seat, and cantle, saddlemakers added a padded seat for rider comfort. The wider, rolled back cantle binding was termed a "Cheyenne roll" after the location of the shop where it was originated. Skirts were rounded and lined with woolskin. For a firm footing when the roper stood to make his throw, deep, wide tread stirrups were used, leather covered to add the weight needed to prevent them from hanging in a fast dismount.

Today's Saddle—1970

Staggering and bewildering describes the multitude of tree styles available today. Ropers, cutters, bronc riders, barrel racers, ranch cowboys, and pleasure riders all have saddles designed especially for them. While the rawhide-covered wooden tree survives, many trees are now made from plastic. The full double rigging, both ring and in the skirts, has taken over from the old centerfire or three-quarter, and Texas and California styles have blended completely.

Saddles come with high and low cantles, wide and narrow forks, round or square skirts, plain, fancy, or so heavily ornamented with silver that they are almost impossible to lift. Custom saddle makers ply their trade in the time-honored fashion, and factories mass produce hundreds of saddles in a single style.

Regardless of the style, though, beneath it is the unmistakeable outline of the Spanish war saddle, the Santa Fe saddle, and the Texas Trail driver saddle that helped to shape an American way of life.

SOURCES

Author Phil Livingston has spent thirty years in and out of the saddle studying old saddles and talking to saddlemakers. In addition to old-time saddlemakers' catalogs, he recommends the following sources.

Beattie, Russel H. *Saddles*. Norman, OK: University of Oklahoma Press, 1981.

Rice, Lee M. and Glenn R. Vernam. *They Saddled the West*. Cambridge, MD: Cornell Maritime Press, 1975.

Camp Floyd, Utah and the Fairfield Inn

The Fairfield Carson Inn became Colonel Johnston's headquarters while his office was being built inside Camp Floyd.

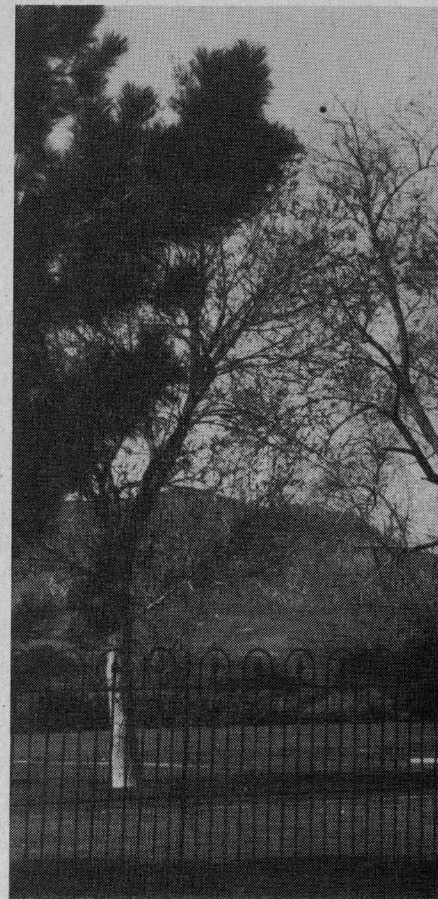
By ROBERT BARDSLEY

Photos by the Author

Camp Floyd, Utah, was once the largest military installation in the United States and its territories. Located in the Cedar Valley near Fairfield, today the only reminders of the once famous fort are a cemetery and a couple of historical markers.

Camp Floyd was established during the administration of President James Buchanan. In the fall of 1857, Colonel Albert Sidney

Many markers in the local Fairfield cemetery bear the same inscription, "Killed By Indians."



The Camp Floyd cemetery is the only real reminder of the post that was once the largest military installation in the

Johnston, with about 3,000 men, was sent to the Utah territory by Secretary of War John B. Floyd to quell an uprising of Mormons. In June 1858 the Mormon leaders and the United States Government reached an agreement which ended the famous Utah War.

After the agreement was signed, Colonel Johnston marched his troops through the streets of Salt Lake, then continued to the Cedar Valley, where they set up camp. The construction of Camp Floyd, named for Secretary Floyd, began immediately.

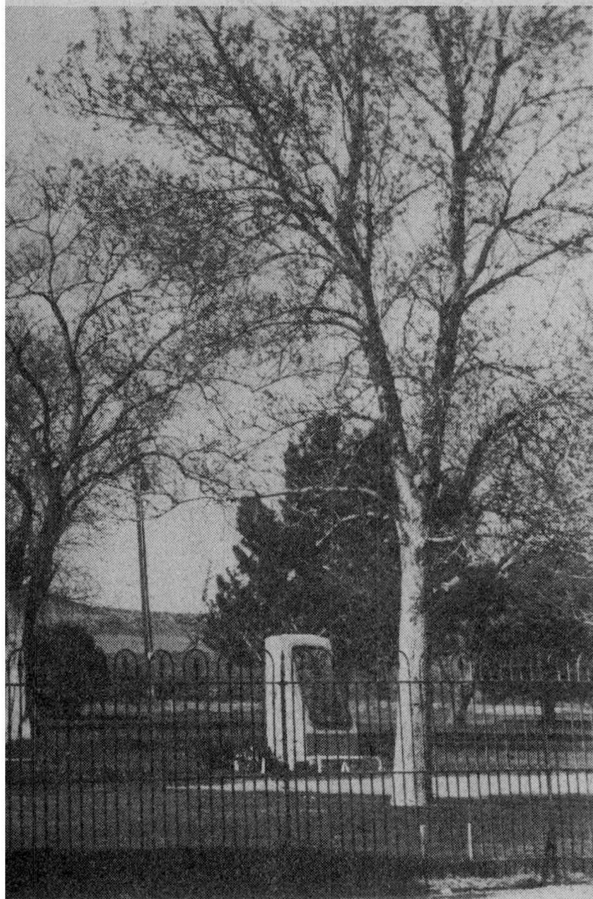
While the fort was being built, the federal government employed many local people, and most of the materials were supplied by local sources. Economically, the area flourished.

John Carson, one of the town's founders, built a large inn across the street from Camp Floyd's main gate. It had accommodations for the many prominent visitors that visited Camp Floyd. It became headquarters for Colonel Johnston while his office was being built inside the fort. The Fairfield-Carson Inn also became the first major station West of Salt Lake City for the Overland Stage and the Pony Express.

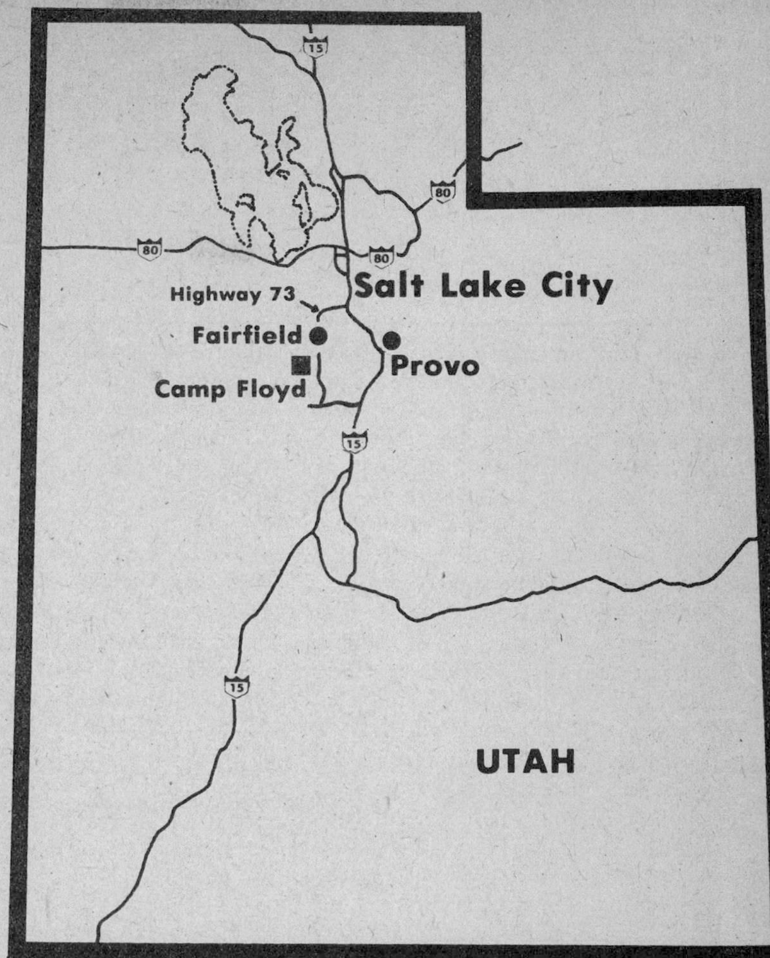
After Camp Floyd was completed, what had been a rather small Mormon town became a typical military town. Saloons, gambling halls, prostitutes, and others came to town to "relieve the soldiers of their money." The population grew, and in 1859, Fairfield, once a beautiful little town with numerous springs and green meadows, became the third largest city in Utah.

Despite the post's economic benefits, bad blood and bitter rivalries between the military and the local citizens arose. The government claimed the fort was there to protect civilians from Indian attacks and to patrol the Pony Express and stage route. That was true, but the townspeople were aware that the government also wanted to keep a watchful eye on Mormons.

Camp Floyd remained large and strong until the outbreak of the Civil War. Colonel Johnston was promoted to general and sent to help out in the southern states. In



United States. It is still well kept, with the American flag flying overhead.



Ghost town enthusiasts will find Fairfield and Camp Floyd within easy driving distance of Provo and Salt Lake City, Utah.

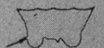
1860, Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, commander of a Mormon battalion during the Utah War, replaced Johnston as commander of the fort. As hostilities in the South continued, men and supplies at Camp Floyd were reduced drastically.

When Secretary Floyd and General Johnston were reported to have defected to the South, the post's name was changed to Fort Crittenden for Kentucky senator John Crittenden. It remained Fort Crittenden from February to May 1861, when the Pony Express brought orders to abandon it. All soldiers were ordered to report to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and await further instructions. In less than two months, the fort was razed and what was not salvaged was destroyed. Almost overnight the population vanished, and once again, Fairfield became a small Mormon community with only its original settlers. What once had been the largest fort in the United States was reduced to rubble and ashes.

The Cedar Valley is a fascinating place to visit. The Fairfield-Carson Inn still stands and has been restored to its original state. Tours through the building and grounds are conducted, and the inn is listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

About a mile south of the inn is the Camp Floyd military cemetery. Surrounded by a wrought iron fence, it is well kept and the American flag still flies overhead. The cemetery, too, is on the National Register of Historic Places. The local Fairfield cemetery, where the original town founders are buried, also is quite interesting, with many markers inscribed "Killed by Indians."

During winter, the Cedar Valley has a large population of bald eagles. If you plan to visit the area from November through March, be sure to watch for those magnificent birds of prey among the many large cottonwood trees. You are almost assured of spotting one.



Hugh Cameron, the Kansas

By DAVID DARY

Photos Courtesy of Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Many old-timers may recall the stories about an old hermit who once lived in a tree and slept in a box near Lawrence. He was a colorful character who wore buckskins and a stocking cap and carried a staff, like that of the old hermit of Biblical times. During the late 1880s and early 1890s, young men and women who were attending the University of Kansas often went to see him. Most of these young people viewed him as something of an oddity, a freak, and something that every student should see.

During the late 1880s and early 1890s most of the students at KU made at least one pilgrimage to his hermitage, which was located about three miles north by northwest of Lawrence, on the south bank of the Kansas River. During this time, most of the students were ordered off the land by the hermit, who waved a shotgun in their faces. By the late 1890s, however, he had become more sociable. From time to time he would permit students to sit around his campfire as long as they respected his property. The young people, usually only a handful of them, would listen to the stories that he told. And his stories were viewed as just that—stories. He would relate how he had known Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Stephen A. Douglas, and other prominent men in the nation's capital, how he had worked in the government in Washington, how he had helped to found the city of Lawrence, and how he had become a brigadier general after the Civil War.

Most people in Lawrence, then a town of about ten thousand, scorned the old hermit. He was not held in high esteem by most, and they criticized him for turning his back on society. Others accused him of shrouding himself in the mystic glory that his imagination fancied, and still others labeled him as an outcast. In truth, few people seem to have known the facts or even sought them. The Kansas Hermit, as he was called, was one of the founders of Lawrence in 1854, and he had known many famous people.

The old hermit's name was Hugh Cameron. He was born in Perth, Fulton County, New York, about ten miles east of Saratoga Springs, on October 29, 1826. His parents were Allen Cameron and Catherine Frazier, and Hugh grew up on their farm. As a boy he helped his father with the chores, and he educated himself without going to school. By the age of eighteen, however, he had a strong desire to learn, so he entered a normal school and received a formal education. Soon after the election of Zachary Taylor as president in 1849, young Cameron, then twenty-three years old, traveled south, where he soon became employed as a teacher of mathematics in the Rittenhouse Academy in the nation's capital.

In 1849, Washington, D.C., was not a large city. Cameron soon became acquainted with such prominent men as Daniel Webster, Stephen Douglas, and Henry Clay; he also became friends with Gen. William L. Chaplain, an abolitionist from Albany, New York. Three months after Cameron began his teaching job, Chaplain was arrested while trying to sneak several slaves, who belonged to two southern lawmakers, north to Pennsylvania. The city marshal in the capital arrested Chaplain a few miles north of the city and placed the abolitionist in jail.

After learning that Chaplain had been jailed, Cameron visited him behind bars. The administrators of the Rittenhouse Academy soon learned about Cameron's visit and promptly fired him. A day or two later Cameron was attacked by a mob of proslavery men on the streets of Washington, who handled him roughly. When it appeared that Cameron might be killed, Henry Clay, then a United States senator from Kentucky, stepped in and saved Cameron's life.

How Cameron made a living in Washington during the weeks and months that followed is not known, but later, Thomas Corwin, Secretary of the Treasury, offered Cameron a job as a clerk. Cameron accepted the position and worked at the Treasury Department for six months. It was then, however, that he suffered a lung hemorrhage. Cameron was given a sixty-day furlough from his job to recuperate; but when it came time for him to return to work, he resigned from his government job.

> *"Cleanliness was not one of the Hermit's virtues and he would live in one spot until so much trash had gathered as to almost crowd him out. Then instead of having a general house cleaning day he would have a house moving. He would move his valuables . . . and set fire to his habitation."*

Doctors apparently had told Cameron that he needed much exercise to strengthen his lungs. It was then that Cameron, about twenty-five years old, "took a subscription agency for *Harper's Monthly* magazine." Selling subscriptions gave Cameron more exercise as he walked around the city. He did well, but his health did not improve. How long he sold magazine subscriptions is not known, but by 1853, Cameron had decided to go west.

Determined to strengthen his lungs, Hugh Cameron walked westward from Washington, D.C., to St. Louis. The journey must have taken nearly a year. In St. Louis he met the first Emigrant Aid Society party from Massachusetts, which was bound for Kansas Territory and what would become Lawrence. Cameron was voted a member of the party; he even served as chariman during a meeting in Saint Louis, when the party passed resolutions "of confidence and thanks for the services of the Aid Company." But Cameron had to pawn his overcoat in St. Louis to obtain

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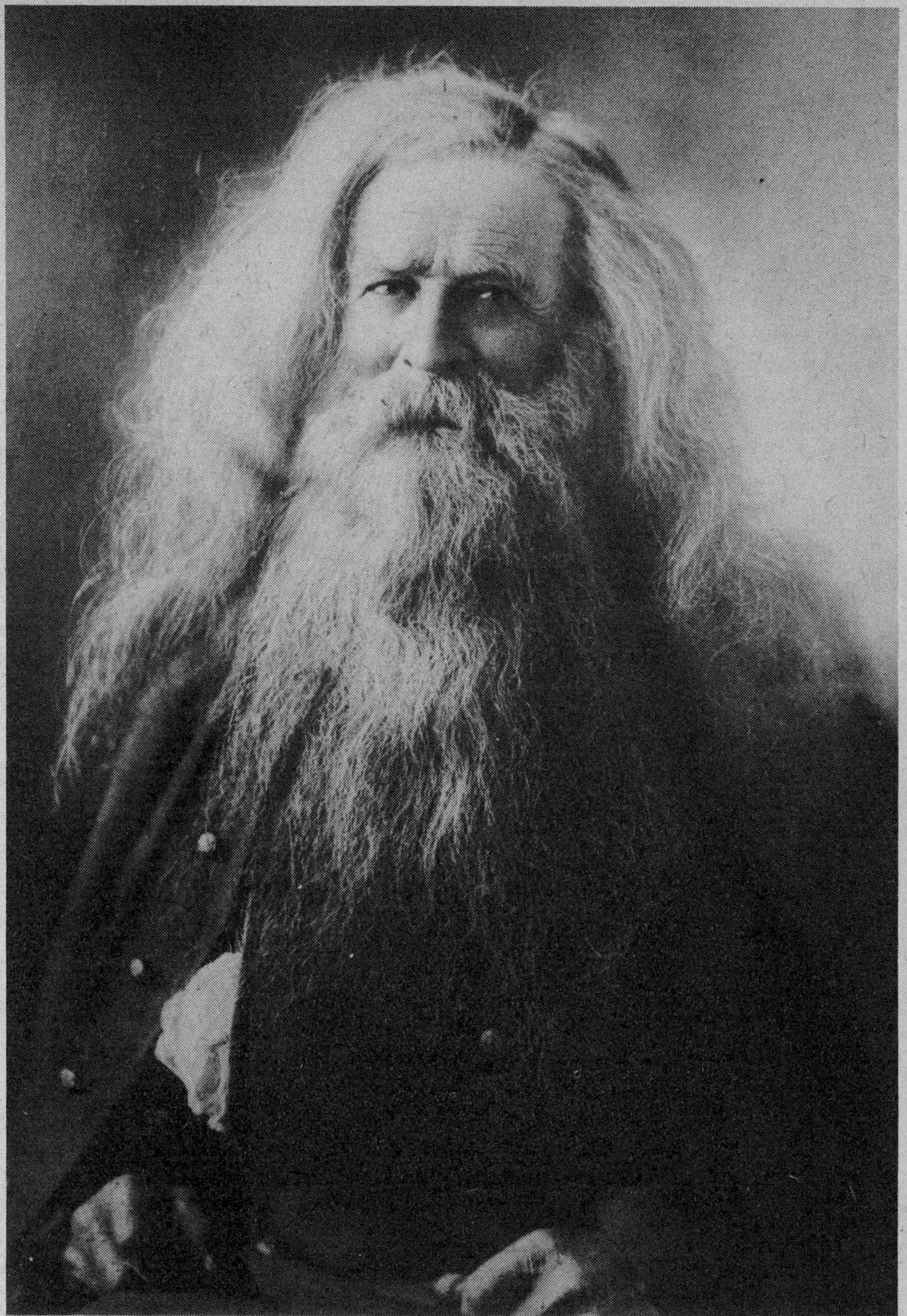
Second in a series of four chapters to be reprinted from the author's new book, More True Tales of Old-Time Kansas, *University Press of Kansas, 1987. Used by permission.*

Hermit

enough money to pay his boat fare to Kansas City, Missouri. After arriving in Kansas City, Cameron reportedly walked to the spot where Lawrence, Kansas, stands today. Cameron was then about twenty-eight years old.

On November 29, 1854, when the first formal election was held in Kansas Territory, Hugh Cameron was one of eleven men of the pioneer party to vote; his name appears on the voting list. By then, Cameron had staked a claim north by northwest of Lawrence. Later he would call this claim Camp Ben Harrison.

A biographical sketch that appears in A.T. Andreas's *History of Kansas*, which was published in 1883, contains much information on Cameron. Most of such sketches that appear in the book were provided by the subjects and were published only after the individual had agreed to purchase a copy of the book. The volume was something of a vanity publication insofar as the biographical sketches are concerned. Because of this, it is likely that the information on Cameron's early years in Kansas was written or at least provided to a writer by Cameron. His biography reads in part: "He denounced the lawlessness of the Free-State men, because he would not inforce all their acts; and also by the border ruffians, because he condemned their infamous conduct. His property was freely taken by both parties and his life was constantly in danger. Gov. Reeder appointed him a judge at the first Territorial election, and when the polls were surrounded by more than 1,000 ruffians [most were from Missouri], he did not abandon his post, although others fled. In making out the returns, he secured a certificate from the two judges (elected by the ruffian invaders), that the votes cast at his precinct were not all by legal resident voters; and the returns being made in this form, furnished the Governor valid grounds on which to declare the election void, which he did."



Hugh Cameron

Governor Wilson Shannon next appointed Hugh Cameron as a justice of the peace in Douglas County. Cameron issued only one warrant during the term of his appointment; this was for the arrest of Jacob Branson, a Free State man. For issuing the warrant, Cameron was "menaced and threatened" by the Free State forces, but he did not leave Lawrence. Cameron was arrested and taken before James H. Lane and Charles Robinson. Lane demanded that Cameron resign as justice of the peace, but Cameron refused to do so. He was free, only to be taken prisoner soon after by another mob and "subjected to many and gross indignities," according to Cameron's biographical sketch in *History of Kansas*.

In 1857 the territorial legislature granted Cameron a charter to establish a ferry across the Kansas River opposite his land. He was given a ten-year privilege of landing on the north side of the river on the Delaware Indian reserve. Cameron probably built the ferry and operated it, although I cannot locate any proof of this. The ferry—called Cameron's ferry—does appear, however, on an 1857 map of Douglas County, which was produced by J. Cooper Stuck. The ferry was located about two and one-half miles up the Kansas River from Lawrence. Cameron, however, apparently abandoned his ferry soon after the Civil War had begun. After the battle of Wilson's Creek, west of Springfield, Missouri, early in the war, Cameron volunteered

Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston Railroad Bridge across the Kansas River at Lawrence, Kansas, 1867. Hugh Cameron was among the community's founders.

for service in the Union Army and became a first lieutenant.

His military record in the *Official Military History of Kansas Regiments* (1870), which was produced by the adjutant general, relates that Cameron later became a captain and was placed in charge of Company G, Second Kansas Cavalry, on December 27, 1861. In the following April the unit designation was changed to Company F, and by August, 1862, the Second Kansas Cavalry, with Cameron and his unit, were moving south into Indian Territory. There they secured the archives and the treasure of the Cherokee Indian Nation at Tallequah, the Cherokee capital. The unit returned to Kansas, escorting John Ross, the principal chief of the Cherokee nation, his family, and other Indians, as well as the archives and the treasure.

In the fall of 1862 the Second Kansas Cavalry moved south again, this time into northwestern Arkansas, where they engaged the enemy on several occasions. In one instance, Cameron is credited with having checked the enemy's advance by racing with his company to aid other units of the Second Kansas Cavalry that were about to be overrun.

There is one mystery concerning Cameron's military career. On January 12, 1862, he was sent on a scouting expedition to Huntsville, in northwestern Arkansas. He did not return until January 20, but the reason for this is not known. No written account was ever made of that scouting trip, according to official records, but on the day when Cameron returned, a first lieutenant named J.C. French preferred charges against Cameron, who was then arrested. What the charges were is not known, and they seem to have been dropped soon after Cameron was arrested.

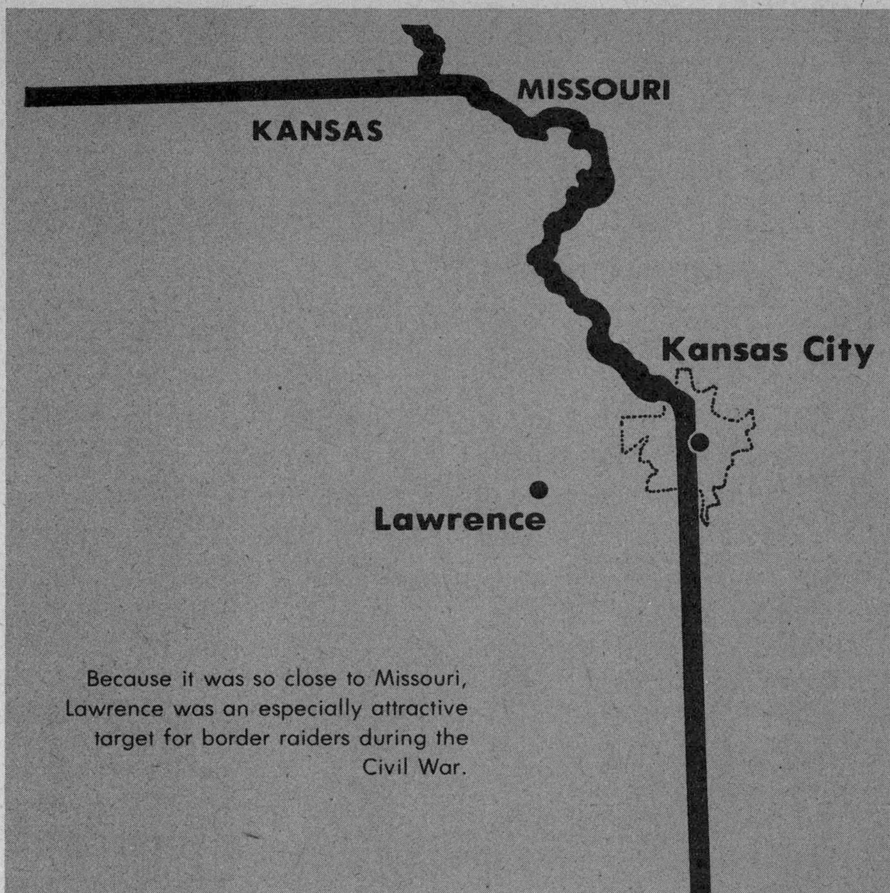
Cameron's career is otherwise spotless. And on February 8, 1864, he was promoted to lieutenant colonel of the Second Arkansas Cavalry. In the late summer of 1865, Cameron received an honorable discharge at La Grange, Kentucky. Later, as copies of documents that are on file at the Kansas State Historical Society show, Cameron was brevetted as a colonel and then as a brigadier general of volunteers for his meritorious service.

Cameron returned to his land along the Kansas River north by northwest of Lawrence and resumed farming. He held the southeast quarter of section 14, tier 12, range 19, in Wakarusa Township; he called his farm Glen Burn. According to postal records, Cameron applied for a post office at Glen Burn. His request was granted, a post office was established there on March 12, 1875, and Cameron was appointed postmaster. For reasons that are not known, however, the post office was discontinued less than nine months later, on December 8, 1876. It may have been closed because of a lack of business.

It was at Glen Burn that Cameron established a journal "devoted to sobriety, equality and equity" for the working man. Titled *Useful Worker,* it reflected Cameron's longstanding beliefs in the value of the working man. The journal, however, was not successful. Its failure may have been tied to Cameron's broken romance with a woman name Mary Phelps from Missouri. Soon Hugh Cameron, who had once been boldly outspoken and aggressive with his fellowmen, turned away from civilization and began to live

the life of a hermit. He gave up living in a house, he moved his belongings into the out of doors, and he gave up the luxuries of organized society.

"The out-of-doors and fresh air were his two hobbies and perhaps never has a mortal in the past century lived in queerer places than the old hermit," wrote one Lawrence newspaper editor, who described Cameron's method of housekeeping as follows: "Cleanliness was not one of the Hermit's virtues and he would live in one spot until so much trash had gathered as to almost crowd him out. Then instead of having a general house cleaning day he would have a house moving. He would move his papers and other valuables and set fire to his habitation and pitch camp anew. This process was kept up for years . . . and during the time he lived the lonely life of a hermit he had more than a half dozen homes on his camp site."



Because it was so close to Missouri, Lawrence was an especially attractive target for border raiders during the Civil War.

EARLY IN THIS century a Lawrence newspaper man went to Cameron's camp, which was located on some bluffs, called Cameron Bluffs, north by northwest of Lawrence. It was a crisp October evening as the reporter sat on a fallen log before a campfire, with the hermit standing silhouetted in the glow from the dying embers of the fire. The reporter listened as Cameron related the following story: "You read in the Bible of the prophets of old. . . . How to become a seer, a prophet, one had to bury himself alone in the woods. Your old Scotch bards would often bury themselves in the mountains. [At this point Cameron began to sing a quaint and weird Scotch ballad. The reporter had to stop Cameron and bring him back to the subject at hand.] I wanted to become a seer so I buried myself here in my woods. Some day the vision may come."

Cameron was eighty years old in 1906, and his health was beginning to fail. His last camp on Cameron Bluffs was visited by a Lawrence newspaper reporter, who described it as "a kind of tepee of logs" located in a grove of trees. Inside, Cameron kept an old trunk which contained his valuable papers. His bed was a couch, and from his bed at night he could view the stars through gaps in the logs.

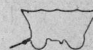
As Cameron got older he became more sociable. He often talked with visitors, and he encouraged people to visit him. This continued when he moved into Lawrence in about 1907, as he began to spend more time with people. Cameron, with his long white hair and beard, rode in most parades after he moved to town. He rode a mule, with the stars and stripes draped gracefully around him.

Cameron's move into Lawrence did not change his living habits, however. His city home was just as unusual as his country home: his bedroom was a wooden platform, constructed in a large maple tree at the corner of Louisiana and Penn (Fifth) streets. Below the tree there was a creek. Cameron dug out a wide area in the creek bank, roofed it over, and established his kitchen and dining room there. He placed his old trunk in the makeshift room. Soon, Cameron had a telephone installed in his cave. Whether or not he used the phone much is not recorded, but it was there, and it worked. And in the Spring of 1908 he sought to have electricity installed in his Lawrence home.

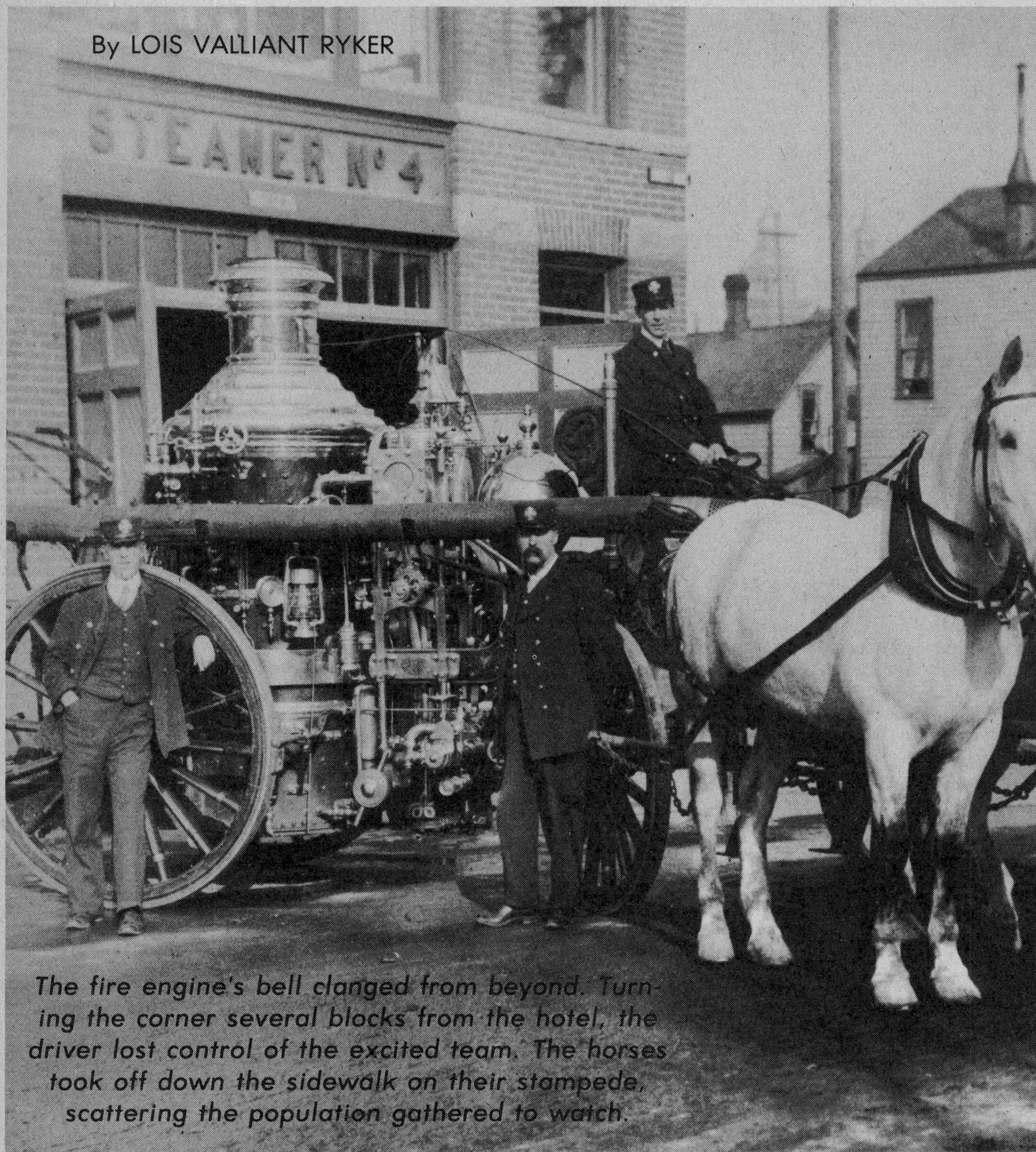
On Monday, December 7, 1908, Cameron learned about the death of an old friend, A.H. Case of Topeka. Cameron appeared at the Case home the following afternoon. He wanted to attend the funeral, but he was disturbed to learn that it would be on the following day. Cameron visited with the widow and other friends until about 9:00 p.m.; then he said his feet were cold, so he asked to be allowed to sit near a gas stove in a bedroom. He remained by the stove for several minutes; then he returned to the sitting room and lay down on a lounge. Mrs. Case awakened him an hour later and insisted that he stay the night. He did not object, so she led him to a bedroom on the second floor, and he went to sleep.

On Wednesday morning, December 9, 1908, Cameron did not come downstairs for breakfast. Thinking that he wanted to rest, Mrs. Case did not disturb him. When he had not come downstairs by lunchtime, a friend of Mrs. Case went upstairs to arouse him and remind him of the afternoon funeral. Cameron did not answer the knock on the door, and when a hired man entered the room, he found Cameron unconscious. Cameron was then taken to a Topeka hospital, where he was pronounced dead. Doctors said that he had suffered a stroke of apoplexy. It was ascertained that Cameron had two sisters living in Lawrence, and they were informed of his death.

The Kansas Hermit was no more. Hugh Cameron never did see his vision, and fate did not will another wish—to die in the out of doors that he loved so much. But history will remember Hugh Cameron as a man who chose to be different.



Spooked Te



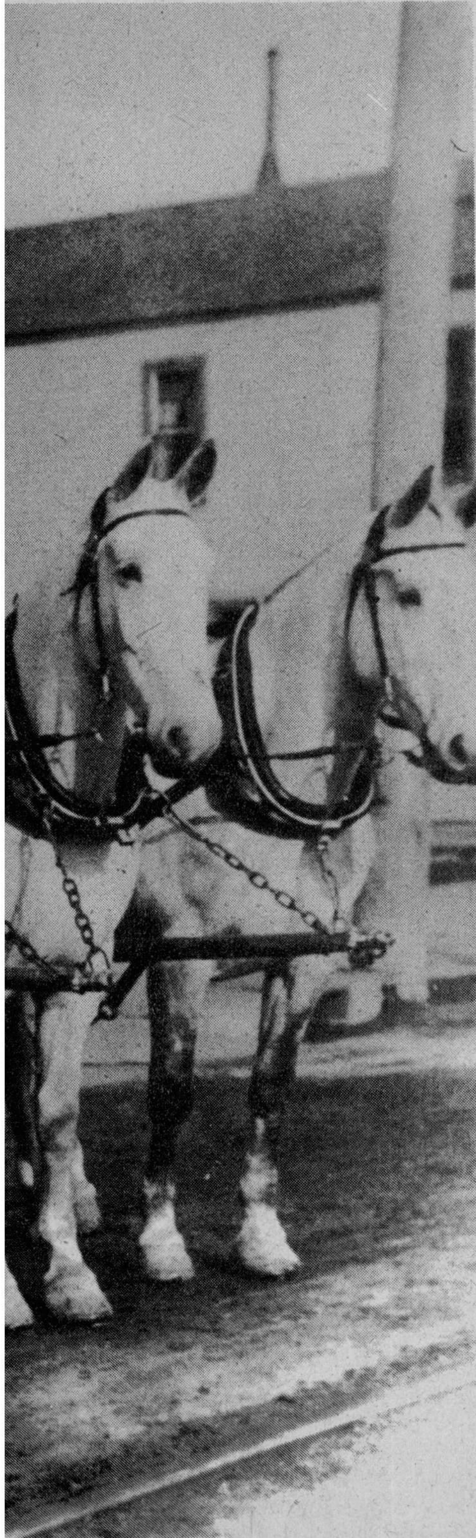
By LOIS VALLIANT RYKER

The fire engine's bell clanged from beyond. Turning the corner several blocks from the hotel, the driver lost control of the excited team. The horses took off down the sidewalk on their stampede, scattering the population gathered to watch.

Three-horse fire engine, Spokane, Washington, 1892. The teams were not always so docile as they appear in this photograph.

ams

Eastern Washington State Historical Society, Spokane



There were no mounting insurance rates to worry about and no traffic tickets, but driving a team of horses or a single animal hitched to a buggy sometimes proved hazardous. Inept teamsters and the fracturing of city ordinances caused many accidents and not a little embarrassment, which might also include being very dead or being guilty of snuffing out the life of another driver or pedestrian. Maybe traffic tickets as we know them weren't given out, but arrests were made and sentences handed down.

As early as 1889 Nelson W. Durham, editor of the *Spokane Falls Review*, became so incensed with the increasing number of traffic accidents and fatalities that he campaigned through his newspaper. He called attention to the need for better driving by teamsters on the city's streets. He thought the city council should pass an ordinance requiring all unattended teams and horses to be tethered to a hitching post so that unruly animals could not bolt and charge down a busy street, endangering life and limb of the citizens. He suggested that errant teamsters' animals should be impounded if such an ordinance were disobeyed, but did not mention what he thought should be done to punish the human culprit.

Too often innocent persons were the victims of teams running out of control. In February 1907, two young brothers, sledding down a street marked off for the purpose, collided with a runaway team. One of them was killed outright, and the other was seriously injured. Dragging the doubletree, the team was suddenly interrupted in its flight when the wooden bar butted a telephone pole and snapped. The two horses were scrambled in a heap of flying hooves and eerie screams of pain and fright.

Firemen, racing their rigs and teams to a fire, were in an especially hazardous occupation. One, Josiah Traconni, had more than his share of trouble. While he was serving on a fire truck enroute to a blaze, the truck collided with a pole in turning a corner on two wheels. Traconni was thrown out. Although he was seriously injured, he recovered.

Traconni left the fire department's risky work and bought a hack with which to make his living. Driving his single horse, he misjudged his speed on turning a corner and nudged a guy-wire to a pole. The hack tipped, dumping Traconni onto the rough dirt street.

After spending months in the hospital recovering from these injuries, he continued driving his hack. Into his first week's business, he crossed the bridge over a river just as a streetcar rumbled toward him from the opposite end. They met in the middle of the span. The streetcar went past, but not before Traconni's excited horse took control of matters on his own impulse and bolted. Before Traconni knew what had happened, the front wheels crimped sharply, throwing him out. The back wheels ran over him. Once more the unfortunate man was disabled.

The firewagons with their sturdy teams were a boon to a growing city like Spokane, Washington. In 1902 the populace depended upon the quick response of the firemen. For instance, Andy Kjos, an old transient who rented a cheap hotel room, found himself in a contest with the bedbug population. He tried exterminating them customarily by saturating his mattress with kerosene. In his intensity, he forgot to exterminate his lighted cigarette. The fire lit the entire room. Acting responsibly, although a little late, Kjos grabbed a pitcher of water off the commode and tried to douse the flames. The hotel's population was alerted, and everyone dashed out into the street. The landlord called the fire department, then took time to accost his foolish tenant.

The trembling, guilt-ridden Kjos quickly explained his method of eliminating bedbugs. "That was a fool thing to do!" bellowed the landlord. "You could have killed us all!"

The old man, standing at the curb with the other tenants and curious onlookers nodded feebly, conceding, "It was all them bedbugs. Like to have drove me crazy! You shoulda done something, expecting somebody to live with all that livestock!"

The fire engine's bell clanged from beyond. Turning the corner several blocks from the hotel, however, the driver lost control of the excited team. The horses took off down along half the sidewalk on their stampede to duty, scattering the population gathered to watch the spectacle. Luckily no one was hurt. The driver finally brought the team back into line and checked the horses abreast the burning hotel.

The firemen jumped to their task, connecting the hose to the nearby fire hydrant to finish the job Kjos had begun with the water pitcher. Kjos suffered only singed eyebrows and scorched reputation. The bedbug inhabitants were permanently exterminated, as the old man had initially intended.

Ogling the mess of water and smoldering debris, the irate landlord made a hasty decision. "That's it, Kjos!

Start walking. I don't need no tenant like you."

"I'm paid to the end of the week!"

"That'll just about take care of the damage. Get what's left of your stuff and clear out."

So the transient and the bedbugs evacuated the premises.

Speeding was not all that uncommon a problem even before the advent of the automobile. Teamsters racing down city streets were numerous, guilty not only of driving runaway animals but of sheer recklessness. One young woman was knocked from her buggy when two young men, whipping their horse to a frenzied gallop, collided with her rig at an intersection. She was thrown out. The two drove on without stopping. Hit-and-run. Another driver following witnessed the incident. He halted his horse and hurried to help her. "Ma'am, are you hurt badly? Do you want me to take you to the hospital?"

She struggled to sit up. Shaken and frightened, she was in mild shock, but lucid. "I don't think I'm too bad. I would like to be taken home to Mother. We live back there a few blocks. I just left her." She raised a stricken face. "Why did they do that—just drive off without stopping?"

Her own excited horse was checked and the rig steadied as people gathered. Informed of the hit-and-run, they were incensed and promised the young victim the two would be found and arrested. Aptly described by the good samaritan, the culprits were located. They were not strangers to the authorities. They had been stopped earlier in the day and warned. Now they were drunk and out of control. Driving under the influence was no stranger to the police chief's blotter even in the days of buggies and teamsters.

Sometimes surprises were brought to public attention. Joe Tocke was a peddler seen around town. A fixture familiar to everyone, he lived a hermitic existence. He drove with his old battered slouch hat pulled over his brows, and his tattered shirt exposed his awkward attempts at mending. As he drove up and down the city's streets, the pots and pans hanging from his ancient wagon clanged to advertise his approach. He had a city permit to peddle his second-hand items and was a law-abiding citizen, although very poor. He ate his meals in a greasy spoon cafe on upper Main Avenue and rented a cheap room in a nearby rooming house. Always polite and deferring, Joe greeted interested housewives with his oft-repeated spiel and was treated kindly. He didn't seem to make many friends and took care of himself. One of the colorful characters about town, Joe Tocke was considered harmless.

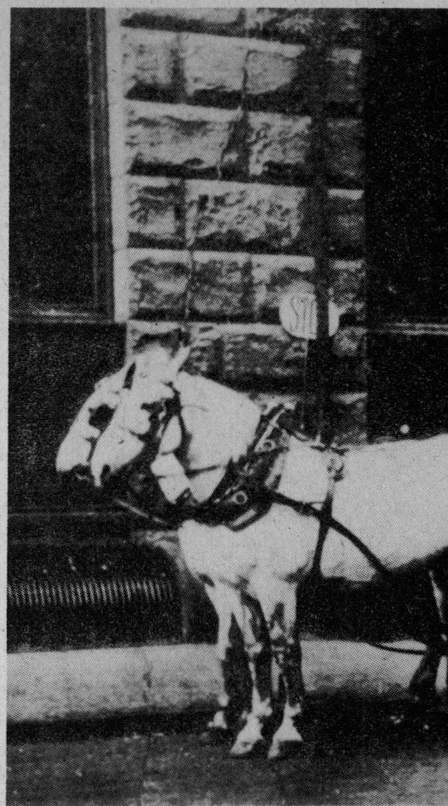
One November day in 1913, Joe's horse lost its footing on the icy pavement and plowed into a telephone pole. Joe was catapulted head-first into the pole and killed instantly. Sympathy for the lonely peddler spread when the daily paper reported his accident. He would be missed as a common sight around town. When the pauper's funeral was over and his room cleaned of his belongings, the tidy sum of $154,473.00 was found under his sagging mattress. The state acquired $572.00 in an inheritance tax. No one claimed his estate, so the balance went to real down-and-outers and sympathy for the old codger soon abated.

In the cities out west, not everyone owned a rig and horse. Streetcars offered transportation for those who had no other means of getting around. Despite the continual schedule and the periodic noise of the lumbering transits, not all animals were accustomed to their approach. A team would shy at the clanging and the sight of the monstrous contraption. Bolting out of the driver's control, they made their own tracks down the street toward an invisible, undeclared destination.

In one instance a teamster was thrown from his rig and piled into a pole that supported the trolley wires. Human heads were not designed to butt sturdy cedar poles. The man suffered the fate of others hurled head-first into such posts. He died instantly. The runaway team was checked several blocks away by an able, alert citizen. It appeared there was no avoiding the regularly spaced telephone and trolley-wire poles. Only when underground cables were utilized nearly a half century later were the poles finally dispensed with.

There were many freak accidents no one could foresee or prevent. When a horse bolted as his bridle strap broke and dropped against his face, the driver of the wagon, a house painter, was thrown out, but not clear of the wagon. His foot caught in the spokes and he was dragged down the graveled street by the frantic horse. A man rushed out to check the animal and to save the driver, but the man was already dead from a broken neck and internal injuries.

Not all the accidents occurred on city streets. In the country a farmer near Saint John, Washington, was inept at handling his horses. Frustrated and angry, he shouted invectives, he applied several methods of extreme punishment usually with a jabbing pitchfork or a healthy yank on the bit—to enforce his commands. He made enemies of his stock. One cantankerous red roan caused him more grief than the others. Old Pete dumped the farmer from the saddle and shoved him brutally against the stall wall, breaking a few of the man's ribs and nearly squeezing him to death. Old Pete also bit him when the opportunity arose.



Four-horse hitch on the Wallace-Spokane

Another time Old Pete stepped on the farmer's foot, which swelled painfully and made it difficult for him to get around the barnyard. For five days running that fall of 1911 the old Dutchman had "accidents" with the red roan. One confrontation was surely the last. Old Pete planted a well-aimed hoof on the Dutchman's jaw and the man dropped to the barn floor dead.

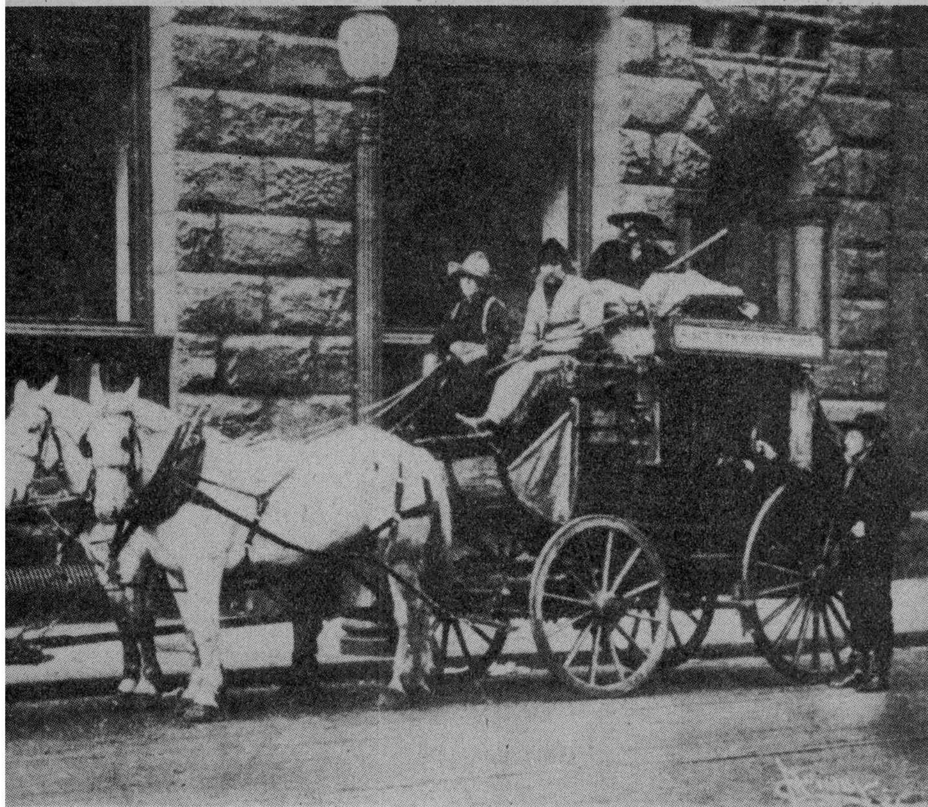
Numerous reports of accidents came from neighboring towns. In Wallace, Idaho, a mining community in the panhandle, the firewagon started out to tackle a fire in July 1904. The tongue cracked, and the hook-and-ladder wagon tipped. The three firemen were thrown clear, fortunately. But the town judge wasn't so lucky. Hearing the bell he rushed from the courtroom to join other curious spectators at the curb. The tipped rig fell on him. People calmed the

hitch bolted. The driver shouted to his passengers, two well-dressed ladies, "Ladies, make a leap for it and save your lives!"

Sawing on the reins and yelling coarse commands, the driver stayed with the coach until he finally brought the horses under control. One brave woman had pushed open the half-door and jumped, rolling onto the dusty roadside in a tangle of frills and furbelows, plumes and velvet. Her friend, too unnerved to jump, continued on the hair-raising ride until the coach was steadied, screaming uncontrollably, which indelicate sound was no incentive for the active teams to take things a little easy.

Once the horses were under control, the driver turned the stage and hurried back to pick up the lady who had jumped. She couldn't stand. Her leg had been broken in her brave attempt to save herself. The driver helped her into the coach and drove to the hospital in the city where she received attention and the concerned sympathy of her more fortunate friend.

With the advent of the automobile in the first decade of this century along city streets and along country roads it seemed likely that runaway teams would no longer be a hazard to one's health. Editor Durham, who had expressed his indignation at the increasing number of accidents caused by unruly horses, hardly could have foreseen the danger of the new contraptions. The continued campaign for safety remains an integral part of existence in the 1980s. Conditions haven't changed all that much with the driving under the influence, the rear-ending, the speeding past stop-lights and the collisions at intersections. Horse and buggy days may be past, but transportation, being a human enterprise, will always warrant caution for drivers.



Eastern Washington State Historical Society, Spokane

stage, late 1880s.

excited team and righted the rig to free the magistrate, who was merely bruised. With that brief interruption the firemen climbed aboard and rushed on to the fire. Friends smoothed the judge's rumpled spirit and black robes and helped him back to his august chambers, relieved for him that he did not appear to be seriously injured. The mob followed the fire engine to assist with unrequested advice at the scene of the house fire, with time out later to speculate on the judge's true condition and why the wagon tipped.

Stages had their share of trouble with runaway teams. The old-timers around Harrington, Washington, a farming community, tell of a runaway four-horse hitch harnessed to the stage coming down the hill into town on its regular run. The leaders, frightened by a jackrabbit crossing the road, leaned into the traces. The wheel team caught the excitement and joined the race downhill. The driver shouted to his three passengers, "Jump for it! Now!" He obeyed his own command by leaping to the dust beside the road as the teams dashed wildly toward the station.

The two more courageous, or perhaps more frantic, passengers pushed open the door and jumped, rolling in the dust to save themselves from certain death when the stage smashed. The third man, paralyzed by fear, clung to the tipsy coach as it careened down Main Street to the station. Hardy wranglers, waiting to tend the stock, managed to halt the horses. Luckily the coach did not overturn on the steep incline. The trembling single passenger stepped down with the solicitous help of other patrons waiting to board.

Back up the hill the bruised and wobbly stage driver picked himself up, rallied with an effort and shuffled down to the station. With a curt nod to the people observing the near disaster, he pulled himself up into the seat, grabbed the reins, and turned the quieted team around, driving back to pick up the two passengers who had jumped with him and who limped down the road toward town to resume their journey as originally designed. The passenger who stayed in the careening stage climbed in once more, if with less confidence than when he boarded it in Spokane, Washington, many hours before.

Passengers in another stage from Mullan, Idaho, to Spokane, met similar trouble but with less fortunate effects. A long line of freight cars rumbled past at a crossing on the flat east of the city, not a pastoral sight or sound to which teams were accustomed. The four-horse

SOURCES

In addition to contemporary newspaper accounts from the *Spokane Falls Review* and the Spokane *Spokesman-Review*, the following books were used in the preparation of this article.

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The Bullet That Killed Jesse James

By PHILLIP W. STEELE

Photos Courtesy of the Author

Following the Civil War, defeated and impoverished southern sympathizers and others who had cause to hate the railroad companies and banks created the legend of Jesse James. With dreams of rebuilding someday to rise again, ex-Confederates found satisfaction and hope in the James-Younger gang's strikes against the railroads and banks, most of which were owned or controlled by Northern interests.

Jesse James' legend was well established before his assassination on April 3, 1882. But the circumstances surrounding his death catapulted his name into immortality. The public could not believe that an unarmed Jesse James was shot in the back of the head by an associate who was a guest in his Saint Joseph, Missouri, home. Surely Jesse, who had successfully eluded capture for some seventeen years, would not have been so careless.

Though his murder was extensively investigated and fully documented by a lengthy inquest and though his body was viewed by thousands and unquestionably identified, the public still had difficulty believing Jesse James was finally gone. Such doubts and the many questions surrounding the assassination led many glory seekers to claim they were Jesse long after his death. The last such claim was made by a man known as J. Frank Dalton, who died in Granbury, Texas, in 1951 at an assumed age of 104.

One aspect of Jesse James' death which has been continually researched and debated over the years is the bullet from Bob Ford's .44. Such questions as why little mention was made of the bullet at the time of the killing, what happened to it, and does it still exist are yet to be answered.

Living in Saint Joseph under the alias of Tom Howard with his wife Zee and children Jesse Edwards and Mary Susan, Jesse was low on funds. He began planning his next bank robbery. His former gang members were scattered. Brother Frank James was in exile in Virginia, trying to lead a new life under the alias of Ben J. Woodson. The Younger brothers were in the Minnesota State Prison. Jesse had little chance to select proven associates for another robbery attempt.

Charlie Ford, a friend of the James family was wanted for several lesser crimes. Jesse gave the youth refuge in his home. Charlie convinced Jesse to let him and his younger brother Bob take part in the bank job. When Jesse and Charlie rode to the Ford farm to discuss the matter with him, Bob enthusiastically agreed to help. He returned with them to Jesse's home.

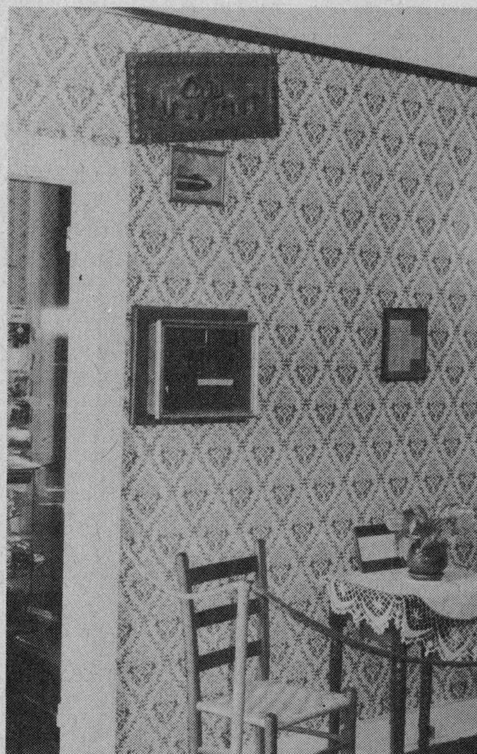
Apparently totally unaware of an agreement the Fords had made with Missouri Governor Thomas Crittenden to capture him, Jesse openly planned a Nebraska bank robbery with his houseguests. His first suspicions of the Fords seem to have arisen at the breakfast table on April 3, 1882. Zee had prepared a large meal for Jesse, the children, and the guests. Reading a newspaper while eating, Jesse noticed an article about the death of former gang member Dick Liddil. "Why didn't you boys tell me about Liddil's death?" he suspiciously asked the Fords. When they explained they did not know about it, Jesse commented no further. Many researchers feel the incident made Jesse question the Fords' loyalty and led to his next actions, which were intended to test them.

Around half past nine, Jesse left the breakfast table and walked into the parlor. He was followed by the Fords. By that time they must have appeared nervous over the Liddil matter.

It was an unusually warm day for early April. Jesse had kept the window shades drawn and the windows closed to avoid being seen wearing his gunbelt by passersby on the street. But that morning he raised the shade and opened the window to let the fresh morning air into the stuffy parlor. He then removed his coat and laid in on a daybed. Explaining he was afraid of being seen from the street, he also removed his gunbelt and placed it near his coat. As Jesse was never known to remove his weapon in front of anyone other than his immediate family, that action has led many researchers to speculate that he was testing the Fords.

Walking about the room, Jesse noticed a picture on the wall needed dusting. Some reports indicate the picture needed to be straightened. But since he had a feather duster in his hand when he died, Jesse's concern that the picture was very dusty when the window shades were opened and light filled the room seems to be the more reliable report.

Jesse's next action has also led to a great deal of speculation. He was five-feet, nine-inches tall and easily could have reached the picture from the floor, especially with the feather duster. Yet he stood on a chair to dust the picture. That Jesse was not normally concerned



The place where Jesse James died as it appears today. The framed bullet hole is not authentic.

with housekeeping, that he removed his gun in the presence of two questionable associates, that he opened the shade and window, and that he stood on a chair all leads to speculation that he may have suspected the Fords.

While Jesse stood on the chair, Bob Ford drew his gun and aimed at the back of his head. Just as Jesse turned to look at him, Ford fired. The bullet crashed into Jesse's skull just below the right ear. Its force smashed his head into the wall, causing a wound to the left temple. Jesse James fell dead to the floor.

Later that day Dr. George Catlett, superintendent of the Saint Joseph lunatic asylum; Dr. Jacob Geiger; and Coroner James W. Heddens conducted a thorough post-mortem examination at the Sidenfaden Funeral Home. Their report to the authorities says little more than that the bullet had lodged in the left temple and was removed. Some of those who saw Jesse's body thought the bullet had exited through his left temple and entered the wall. But according to the medical report, that wound was caused by a combination of blood forming around the bullet and a blow to the head as it hit the wall.

No mention seems to have been made at the time as to what was done with the bullet. Modern ballistics tests to determine the gun that fired a particular bullet were unknown then, and the Fords had readily confessed to the killing. So there would have been little interest in or use for recovering the bullet that killed Jesse James.

The home where Jesse was killed has been a major tourist attraction for many years. One of the first owners and promoters of the home as a museum was Walter Meierhoffer, a Saint Joseph undertaker. Meierhoffer had the home moved to a major highway near Saint Joseph, where it would be more accessible to tourists. There, William A. Settle, author of *Jesse James Was His Name*, first interviewed Meierhoffer in 1945.

At that time the home featured a hole in the wall where the bullet supposedly had lodged after exiting Jesse's head. The bullet hole must have been

Jesse James was photographed in death by R. Uhlma at Sidenfaden's funeral home the day after he was killed.

manufactured by the home's original owner to heighten interest in the home. Without such physical evidence, the simple cottage would have had but little intrigue. At any rate, the bullet hole remains in the wall and is now encased in glass where the home is located and operated by the Saint Joseph Pony Express Museum.

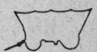
The medical team that examined Jesse's body clearly reported that the bullet was removed from Jesse's head. It stands to reason that one of those men—Dr. Catlett, Dr. Geiger, or Coroner Heddens—wanted to keep the famous bullet that killed Jesse James.

Milt Perry, superintendent of Clay County Missouri Department of Parks and Historic Sites, also serves as curator of the James Farm Museum near Kearney, Missouri, and as executive secretary for the Friends of the James Farm. Perry has uncovered only one lead to the bullet's possible location. A newspaper reporter in the Kansas City region once reported talking to an elderly daughter-in-law of Coroner Heddens. The lady recalled seeing the bullet encased in glass and proudly displayed on Heddens' mantle at his retirement home in Pasadena, California. But the names of neither the reporter nor the daughter-in-law were recorded at the time.

James writer Carl Breihan claims that the famous bullet was last owned by Barrett S. Heddens, Jr., a descendent of Dr. James Heddens. Breihan says he once saw the bullet and further reports it was stolen from its position of prominence on the mantle of the Heddens home.

The James Farm Museum hopes the bullet may still be stored away in someone's attic and will someday surface. The Smith and Wesson .44 Bob Ford used to assassinate Jesse James has been identified and documented and is preserved in a private collection. If the bullet that killed Jesse could be located, comparison techniques used in today's crime labs might solve once and for all the many questions that still remain concerning the death of Jesse James.

While Jesse stood on a chair, Bob Ford drew his gun and aimed at the back of his head. Just as Jesse turned to look at him, Ford fired. The bullet crashed into Jesse's skull just below the right ear. Its force smashed his head into the wall, causing a wound to the left temple.



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By MIKE BLAKELY

A Ghost of a Ch

Josiah Wilbarger's house has been well maintained through the years and still stands in Bastrop, Texas.

Josiah Wilbarger pulled the saddle from his mount and fastened rawhide hobbles around the animal's forelegs. Two of Wilbarger's companions, Strother and Christian, did likewise with their horses. But Haynie and Standifer had Indians on their minds and left their saddles cinched, merely staking their horses to graze.

The party had spotted a lone Indian that morning while searching for headrights—lands suitable for settlement by Stephen F. Austin's American colonists in Mexico's Texas. They had given chase but the well-mounted Comanche had escaped.

The horses grazed—two saddled, three hobbled—as the five men ate their lunch on the bank of an unnamed tributary of the Colorado River. It was noon on a hot August day in 1833.

In an instant, a barrage of Indian gunfire and arrows shattered the tranquility in the shade of the post oaks. Haynie wheeled and killed an Indian with a shot from his muzzle-loading rifle. An Indian rifle ball killed Strother. Another ball of lead broke Christian's leg, and Wilbarger took an arrow in the leg trying to help him. Another blast from an Indian rifle killed Christian, and a second arrow pierced Wilbarger's other leg.

A group of mounted Indians had almost surrounded the white men. Haynie and Standifer made a dash for their saddled ponies as the Indians captured the three hobbled ones. Wilbarger limped desperately behind. He yelled to Haynie and Standifer and stumbled in their direction as they mounted.

Over their shoulders, Haynie and Standifer saw Wilbarger take a rifle ball in the back of the neck. Blood gushed under his chin where the projectile exited, and Wilbarger pitched forward to the ground. The escaping horsemen saw scores of Indians rushing for Wilbarger's scalp. They jabbed their spurs into horseflesh and rode hard for the nearest cabin, the home of Reuben and Sarah Hornsby.

On Maynor Road, now a residential street in northeast Austin, Texas, a granite monument marks the site where

ance

Josiah Wilbarger heard a sound like distant thunder as one of his attackers wrenched the flesh from his skull. He lapsed into unconsciousness as the Indians left him naked and bleeding in the Texas wilderness.

Wilbarger's scalping occurred. A little basic arithmetic applied to the chiseled dates of Wilbarger's birth and death, and the date of the scalping, reveals that Wilbarger was no ordinary scalping victim. He lost his hair on that tragic day in 1833, but he didn't lose his life.

The rifle ball that passed through Wilbarger's neck didn't kill him but temporarily paralyzed him. He felt no pain and remained conscious, but could not twitch a single muscle. The Indians scalped Christian and Strother and cut their throats. Then they fell upon the helpless Wilbarger.

The rifle wound under Wilbarger's chin had already bloodied his throat so the Indians used their knives only on his scalp. Several Comanches stripped him of his clothing. Wilbarger heard a sound like that of distant thunder as one of his attackers wrenched the flesh from his skull. He lapsed into unconsciousness as the Indians left him bleeding and naked in the Texas wilderness.

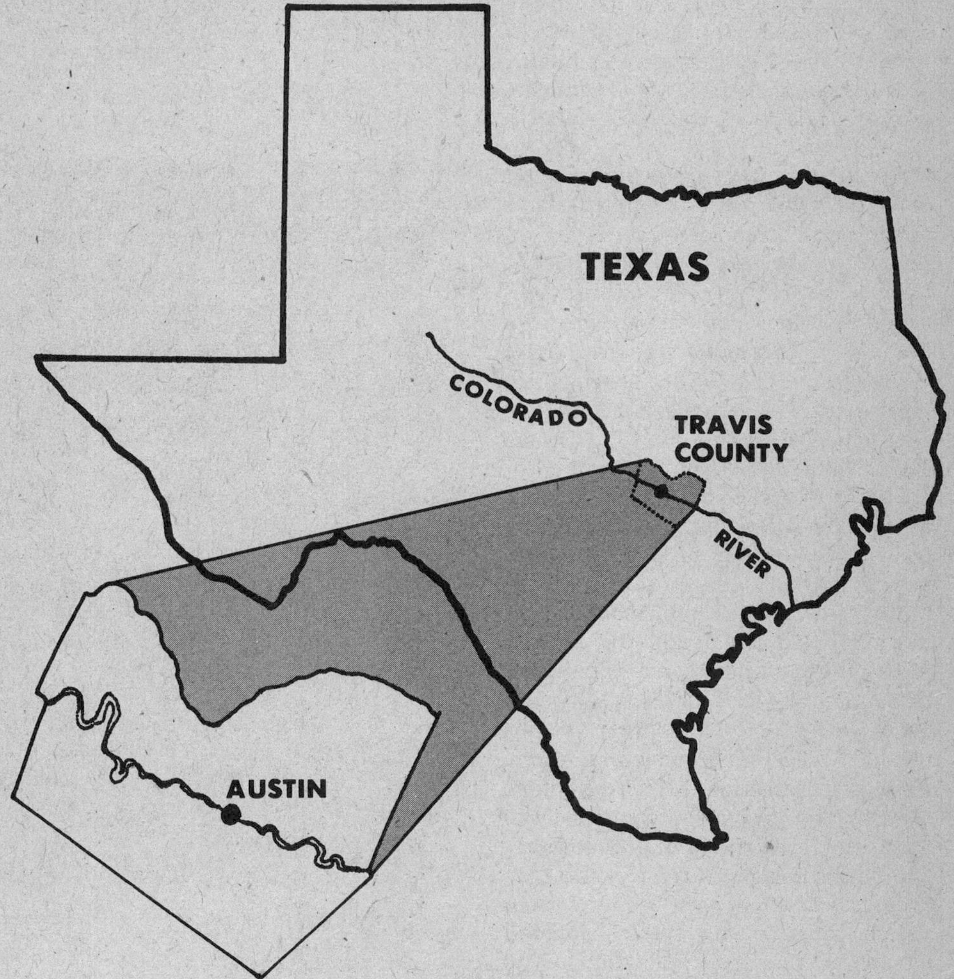
Wilbarger woke later in the afternoon, in anguish from his wounds. He found the strength to crawl to the creek, where he drank and cooled himself in the water until numb. He then fell asleep on the creek bank.

Before nightfall, Wilbarger awoke again. After another drink, he ate some snails that he found on the creek bank. He discovered with horror that blowfly maggots had hatched and gone to work in the exposed flesh of his scalp. The Indians had left a sock on one of Wilbarger's feet. He stretched it over his head to prevent further depredations by the flies.

The hooting call of an owl and the howl of a distant coyote convinced Wilbarger that twilight was nigh. He decided to crawl to the Hornsby cabin, six miles away. After 600 yards, Wilbarger collapsed. His legs, swollen from arrow wounds, would no longer drag forward. Dried blood caked his head and neck and stained the rest of his naked body. He leaned against a post oak tree and awaited death or rescue—whichever would find him first.

Haynie and Standifer had long since reached "Hornsby's Fort," where they had launched their expedition earlier in the day. Reuben and Sarah Hornsby occupied the farthest cabin upstream on the Colorado River of Texas. Explorers and potential settlers used it as a jumping-off spot. When Haynie and Standifer arrived on lathered mounts with news of the ambush, Reuben Hornsby sent a rider downstream to the settlement of Bastrop, where Josiah Wilbarger lived, with a request for reinforcements. Reuben Hornsby feared an all-out attack on his cabin. He knew volunteers from downstream would not arrive until daybreak.

The attack on Hornsby's Fort never came. The recruits from downstream arrived at dawn the day after Wilbarger's scalping. A party rode out to recover the bodies of Wilbarger, Strother, and Christian for burial. But before they reached the point of ambush, the riders discovered Wilbarger, near death, against the trunk of a small oak tree.



Reuben Hornsby and the astonished volunteers wrapped the survivor in a sheet intended for his corpse, held him in a saddle, and delivered him to the sanctuary of Hornsby's Fort. Sarah Hornsby nursed the scalped victim back to health until he could endure the trip down to his home in Bastrop.

The scalp never grew entirely back over Wilbarger's skull, so his wife made silk caps from one of her dresses to protect his odd wound. Josiah's brother, J.W. Wilbarger, wrote in his famous book, *Indian Depredations in Texas*,

that Josiah's exposed skull became diseased and exfoliated, finally exposing the brain.

Josiah remained relatively active despite his wound. He had a gin near his house with a low beam over a doorway. One day in 1845, Josiah Wilbarger entered the gin and accidentally hit his head on the beam. The blow to his weak skull caused his death soon after the accident. He was forty-three years old. In 1932 the State of Texas moved the graves of Josiah Wilbarger and his wife to the Texas State Cemetery in Austin, about three miles from the fateful site where friends and enemies alike had left him for dead in 1833.

Such are the facts concerning the life of Josiah Wilbarger. But verifiable facts alone don't complete his story. A remarkable incident—one of the variety that escapes any possibility of documentation—holds the legend of Josiah Wilbarger's rescue. J.W. Wilbarger termed it a marvel and a mystery. J. Frank Dobie, in his *Tales of Old-Time Texas*, called it "The Dream That Saved Wilbarger."

Wilbarger received a visitation while waiting in the dark at the base of his oak tree with a sock on his head. He saw before him an image of his sister, Margaret, who lived in Missouri. Sister Margaret told Josiah not to crawl any farther. She told him to stay with his little oak tree and wait for help that would come within a day. Wilbarger saw his sister's visage turn and move effortlessly in the direction of Hornsby's Fort.

Sarah Hornsby also experienced an apparition that night. She woke every man in the house and tried to convince them that she had seen Wilbarger in a dream, bloody and naked, leaning against an oak tree. But Haynie and Standifer repeated the facts. They had seen him fall. No man could survive the Comanche scalping knife.

Sarah Hornsby went back to bed, but the dream occurred a second time in vivid detail. She rousted the men again and prepared an early breakfast, insisting that the riders would find Wilbarger alive under an oak. She had Wilbarger's bed ready when he arrived. Sarah Hornsby and Josiah Wilbarger amazed everyone as they compared their phantom sightings.

Within a few days, the fantastic story of Wilbarger's vision and Sarah Hornsby's premonition had circulated throughout the American colony in Texas. Weeks later, the recovering Wilbarger received a letter from Missouri that convinced many of the colonists of the true spiritual impact of his visitation. The letter brought news of Wilbarger's sister, Margaret. She had died the day before his famous tribulation began. She spent her first night in the grave as Wilbarger clung to life against the trunk of an oak tree in Texas.

SOURCES

Noma Hornsby Kluge and Myrtle Hornsby Callan, descendants of Reuben and Sarah Hornsby, were interviewed for this article. Both women know the legend well, having heard it as children from their parents and grandparents. Other sources were:

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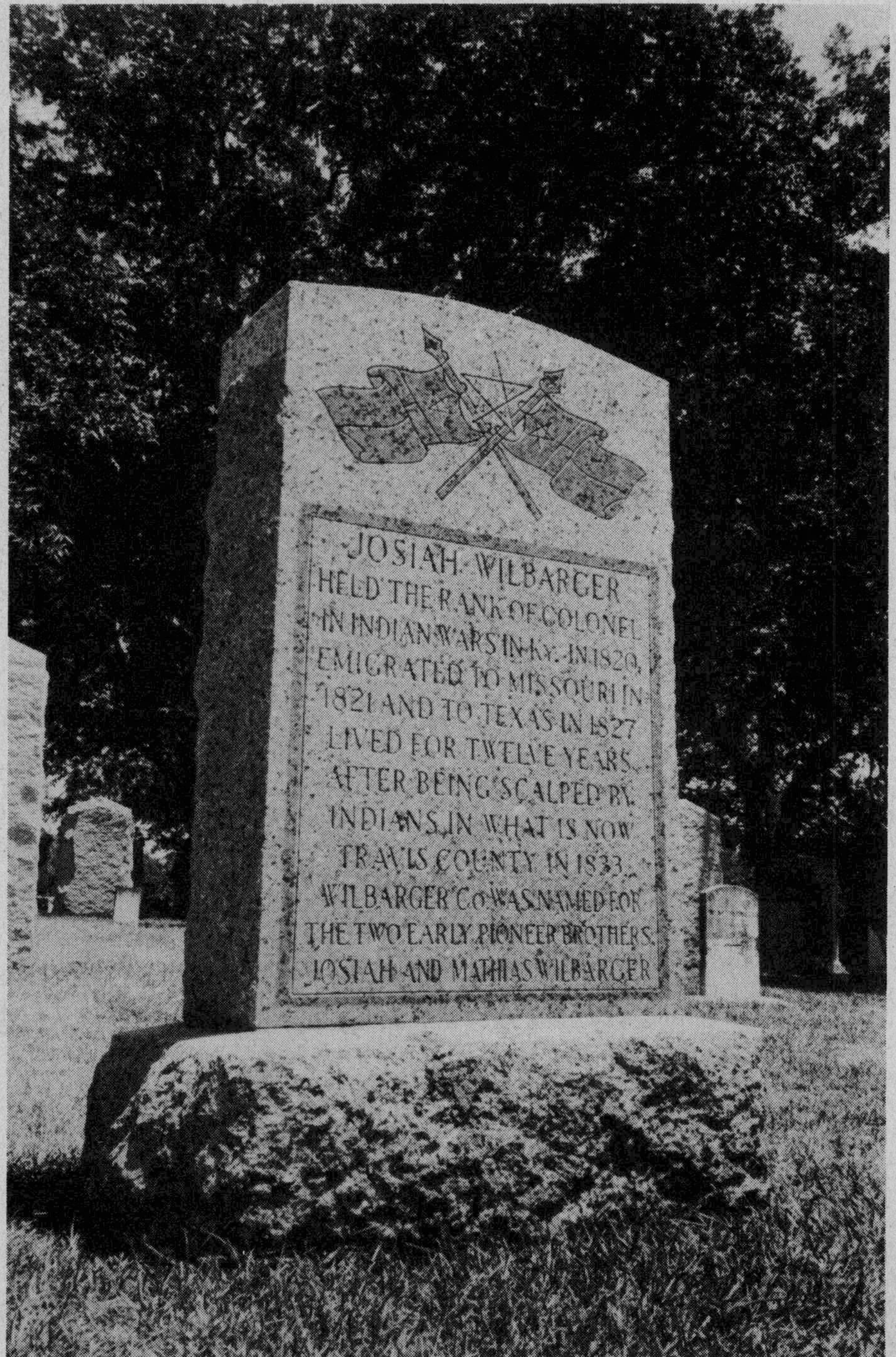


Wilbarger is buried at the State Cemetery in Austin, Texas.

By BILL O'NEAL

The Man Without a Star

Contrary to the suggestion of its title, *The Man Without a Star* does not concern a lawman with no badge. Instead, Kirk Douglas portrays a happy-go-lucky cowboy trying to follow the fading star of the rapidly-disappearing frontier. Civilization is represented by barbed wire, and saddle tramp Dempsey Rae (Douglas) detests both civilization and wire.

Kirk Douglas shows "The Texas Kid" (William Campbell) the scars from an encounter with barbed wire.

During a notable career as a screen star, Kirk Douglas played in many Westerns: he was an intense peace officer in *Along the Great Divide* (1951); a swindling timberman in *The Big Trees* (1952); a carefree mountain man in *The Big Sky* (1952); a wild-eyed scout in *The Indian Fighter* (1955); a vicious and robust—despite an occasional cough—Doc Holliday in *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral* (1957); a vengeance-minded lawman in *Last Train from Gun Hill* (1958); a black-clad shootist in *The Last Sunset* (1961); a doomed modern cowboy in *Lonely Are the Brave* (1962); a ruthless wagonmaster in *The Way West* (1967); a gunhand opposite John Wayne in *The War Wagon* (1967); a cheerful convict in *There Was a Crooked Man* (1970); a gunfighter, of course, in *A Gunfight* (1971); and a parody of a western bad guy in *The Villain* (1979).

In these Westerns Douglas was at times violent, humorous, tragic, and always energetic and forceful. *The Man Without a Star* was his most versatile Western role. He twirls a six-gun with the expertise of a Wild West Show performer; he struts and swaggers and laughs and fights; he even sings and plays the banjo. It is a bravura performance: Douglas' gunfighting cowboy is one of the most vibrant and appealing heroes in any Western.

The supporting cast is excellent. Redheaded Jeanne Crain is beautiful but hard as a selfish ranch owner from back East. The leading villain is a leering Richard Boone, appropriately pummeled into a barbed wire fence by Douglas in the final reel. William Campbell plays a greenhorn dubbed "The Texas Kid" because he claimed to have trailed cattle across "the Texas River." Claire Trevor is a handsome and warm-hearted saloon woman with a soft spot for Douglas. Jack Elam is a murderous knife artist, Sheb Wooley a fist-swinging cowboy, and Jay C. Flippen the foreman who sneaks an astounded Douglas into the ranch house for a look at Crain's *inside* bathroom.

In addition to numerous rich characterizations, *The Man Without a Star* bursts with romance, fist fights, stampedes, humor, and excitement (indeed, there was an inferior remake in 1969 titled *A Man Called Gannon*). In the end Douglas, having vanquished Crain and Boone, is offered a herd by the small ranchers. Unwilling to settle down, he passes up opportunity and friendship, restlessly riding off to follow a Western star that soon would no longer exist.

Books

Long-Overdue Biography of Johnny Ringo

JOHN RINGO: THE GUNFIGHTER WHO WASN'T. *By Jack Burrows. University of Arizona Press, 1615 E. Speedway, Tucson, AZ 85719. $21.95 clothbound, $22.95 postpaid.*

This is a long overdue book. It will not be the final word on Ringo, since it is obvious the author was unable to obtain access to all the Ringo family resources and, for whatever reason, did not consult some important Ringo scholars and collections. As a result, some parts of the book are surprisingly superficial. Nonetheless, every western editor should have a copy on his reference shelf, since other parts are valuable. Its strongest recommendation is that it could put a stop to the flood of romantic fiction about "Gentleman Johnny Ringo" and to the notion that his real name was Ringgold.

Author Jack Burrows exposes the empty claims about Ringo that have been retailed by "dust jacket historians": Ringo the paragon among gunfighters, knight errant, protector of virgins, and sundry related drivel. (He didn't have a single gunfight.) Burrows shows beyond question that Ringo was, at best, a drunken, dissolute crook; at worst, a murderer and that his family held that opinion of him. Even John Wesley Hardin complained at having to be jugged in the same hoosegow with him. Burrows shows that Ringo's reputation was based solely on the work of writers, starting with Walter Noble Burns' book, *Tombstone.*

One of Burrow's major strengths is that he is usually immune to the "debunker syndrome" that rejects mountains of persuasive evidence to embrace molehills of idiotic innuendo. His book reveals considerable research, foremost, revelations by Ringo's own family. (They were almost insanely ashamed of him.) But the author obviously did not avail himself of several Ringo collections that could have strengthened his work.

Academics should love Dr. Burrow's scholarly passage about Ringo's burial site: "Just back of the Sanders' ranch house, in the umbrageous creek border of black jack and live oak, stands a five-stemmed black jack oak tree, whose massive canescent trunks ratoon from a single root . . ." Doctor, that's known simply as "black oak" out "chere". The one at the grave is intertwined with a white ("jack"[?]) oak—both, by the way, are live oaks—a most unusual occurence, which accounts for the *canescence* of a couple of those purportedly *ratooning* stems, but not all of them. The shape of the leaves and color of the bark are quite different.

One cannot miss the central theme of the book: "Ringo was suicidal due to environmental factors, and the mystery of his death is no mystery—he simply popped himself off with his .45." A tenuous proposition, indeed, since the descendants of every pioneer family along west Turkey Creek, where Ringo died, are mortally certain that *someone* killed him, though they can't agree who. Some also think the killer carried the body to where it was found. Why is that? In the case of the late Ben Sanders (on whose ranch Ringo was buried), he told anyone who would listen that his Uncle Henry, then fourteen, saw Ringo's dead body and was absolutely sure there were no powder burns as there would have been if he had committed suicide. The author takes pains to rationalize this away at the risk of incurring a verbal double hernia. He suggests, for instance, that all the powder burns went inside the wound. But this improbable assumption does not overly detract from the obvious value of this fairly informative book.

On balance, this is a welcome book, not entertainment for everyone, but especially useful for the serious western researcher. Sadly, it includes no photos on this photo-rich subject.—**Glenn G. Boyer, Rancho Huachuca, Arizona.**

Pioneer Apparel

HISTORIC DRESS OF THE OLD WEST. *Written and illustrated by Ernest Lisle Reedstrom. Blandford Press, distributed by Sterling Publishing Company, Two Park Avenue, New York 10016. $17.95 clothbound.*

The Old West, in spite of numerous good books, left us vague about what the average settler wore whenever he went forth to shoot a buffalo or defend his home. Reedstrom's book has now straightened out most of the record. He has studied thousands of photos, examined original clothing and personal sketches, and has duplicated the frontiersman as he must have looked, painting him in breathing, almost living color.

In a sense, the ten chapters tell the story of the West: Plains Indians, Fringe People, Pioneers, Gold Seekers, Hide Hunters and Buffalo, Soldiers, Gamblers and Soiled Doves, Outlaw Days, Lawmen and Agencies, and the Cowboy. Reedstrom not only paints life and culture, he describes it in prose, as well as with frequent pictures.

These 160 pages, complete with bibliography and index, are as good a reference on the subject as you are likely to find.—**Leon C. Metz, El Paso, Texas.**

Fancy Talk, Fancy Food

BACON, BEANS, AND GALANTINES: FOOD AND FOODWAYS ON THE WESTERN MINING FRONTIER. *By Joseph R. Conlin. University of Nevada Press, Reno, Nevada 89557-0076. $27.50 clothbound.*

The plain facts about this book are that it is printed on polished paper in clear, readable type, and you will not find a single error in spelling, punctuation, or omitted words. Photo reproduction on the whole is excellent where standard methods are used, and other illustrations using a novel printing technique are plentiful. The illustrations are all in black-and-white; there are 40 pages of sources and 198 pages of narrative. But enough of the ordinary facts and on to the fact that this is no ordinary book.

This heavily researched work is the story of food and foodways of the Oregon-California bound travelers of

1850 and passed on from camp to camp, settlement to settlement by miners and loggers. Food, its preparation, and its manner of consumption changed but little from the days of Sutter's Fort through Comstock, Virginia City, Colorado, and Montana rushes up until the last big rush to Goldfield.

From the title page to the end, you will enjoy some truly erudite writing that is refreshingly different from the vast outpouring of psuedo-erudition we are expected to spend good money for today. Only a professor of history who has spent a decade researching and compiling material could have authored this book.

Professor Conlin leads us by the hand in exploring the amorphous realm of food and foodways known to the forty-niners, the Oregoners, and the miners and loggers of the period from 1850 to Goldfield, the last of the big mine rushes. He does so on a high academic level that remains readable and delightful. Interspersed among the "high faluting lingo" are frequent surprising turns of phrase such as, "Surely the California gold rush was one of the few booms of its kind in which the hors d'oeuvres were on the scene before the whores."

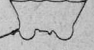
Without its becoming objectionable, the professor does at times get carried away with his vocabulary and command of the English and French languages. For example, the title: I had to make a long trip to the Denver Public Library to find a large dictionary that defined "galantines"—"a dish of poultry, fish, game or other meat boned, stuffed with forced meat, cooked, pressed—covered with aspic and served cold."

I was stumped again by the sub-caption on page 102, "Ontogeny Precapitulates Phylogeny." The words can be found in any college dictionary. (There is no "precapitulate," but you can put it together using "capitulate.") Being biological terms, though, "ontogeny's" and "phylogeny's" meanings must be stretched to fit the section's contents.

An excellent section shows how the miners', immigrants', and loggers' food and foodways are related to and brought on our present fast food eating habits. While you're at it, read the "What Cheer" menu, drool, and wonder at the prices. They are incredible.

Do not take my somewhat spoofing remarks too seriously. Buy the book: it is a gem. But do be prepared to refer often to your English and French dictionaries, and occasionally to your Roget's. You will be the better for finding a book that makes you blow the dust off those references after being so long in the habit of reading pseudo-erudite books that do not require any labor to gloss through. I enjoyed every minute spent with *Bacon, Beans, and Galantines,* and it surely added to the vocabulary of this dropout from the third grade of a little old schoolhouse in the hills of Arkansas.

All of us interested in the West historically and often troubled by nostalgia owe a debt of thanks to Professor Conlin for spending nearly two decades putting together a book that is believable and lays to rest the many erroneous fictional portrayals of life on the wagon trains and in the mining and logging camps of the early days in the West.—**John Norwood, Arvada, Colorado.**



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Trails Grown Dim

Durrett-Sanders

We would welcome information on the Durrett and related families, specifically James Durrett, who was born in Tennessee in 1913 or 1914; James Milton Durrett, who was born in Oklahoma on March 6, 1913; and his parents, Charles Albert Durrett and Cora Missouri Ellen Sanders, who were born in Tennessee.—**Mrs. Norman E. Holt, 437 Del Oro Avenue, Davis, California 95616.**

Anderson

I am seeking information on Jesse Mathew Anderson, who served as town marshal of Boulder Creek, California, sometime between 1908 and 1914. I have his original badge and would like to have it engraved with the correct date.—**William R. Taylor, 4401 T Street, Sacramento, California 95819.**

Guzman-Sambrono

I am seeking information on my uncle, Salome Valles Guzman. The last I heard about him was in 1935, when his brother Bernave Valles Guzman informed my mother, Feliciana Valles Guzman Apodaca, that he was living in the Los Angeles area and that he had a large family.

Both my mother and uncle have passed away. So has my father, Eusebio Salsido Apodaca. It's possible that my Uncle Salome may have added the last name, Sambrono. Anyone having information can write to me. I will answer all letters.—**Mrs. Lucille Martin, 25, E, Atchison Street, Fresno, California 93706.**

Thompson

I am interested in hearing from anyone that might have known my grandfather, John (Jack) Wesley Thompson. He was born in 1895 in Winfrid, South Dakota, and moved, with his family, to near Glen Ulum and Fleak, North Dakota in 1906. He married Anna Estelle (Queenie) Stark in North Dakota in 1915. He left the North Dakota area in 1916-18, without his family, to work on ranches in the Ten Sleep, Wyoming, and Crow Agency, Montana, areas. He reportedly rode in the rodeos in Cody, Cheyenne, and Pendleton. His family lost track of him completely in the early 1920s. His wife and children are now deceased, but he has a curious granddaughter. Any information would be appreciated.—**Jerralee Lyman, 376 W. Heald Street, Sheridan, Wyoming 82801.**

Green

I am enclosing a photograph of my great-uncle, Edward "Ed" B. Green, which readers might enjoy. It was taken in Bishop, California, in 1888.

Edward B. Green

My dad, Charles Eugene Cheesman (1907-1983) had said, "Old Man Ed Green had fought in the Civil War, fought Indians in the West, punched cattle, and traveled throughout the West and South." He was supposed to have been a colorful figure during the last century.

Ed married my dad's Aunt Fannie Herrin in Boerne, Texas, and moved to New Mexico. In his twilight years, they returned to Texas, and Ed died an old man in a Veterans or Masonic hospital in or near Arlington, Texas, during the very late 1920s or early 1930s. I don't know where or when he was born, but I would like to hear from anyone who might be able to shed more light on him. It seems almost everyone who knew him has long passed on.—**David Cheesman, 1805 Shoshone Drive -24, Lafayette, IN 47905.**

Lewis-Patrick-Marlo

I am seeking information on the families of my maternal grandparents. Arnie Lester Lewis was born in Gordo, Pickens County, Alabama; Lillie Virginia Patrick was born in Buhl, Tuscaloosa County, Alabama. Her father's name was Green W. Patrick. Her mother's maiden name of Marlo was the only name listed on Lillie's death certificate. I would appreciate any information.—**Mrs. Karen McCabe, 4913 Prescott Avenue, Lincoln, Nebraska 68506.**

Mason

I am hoping to track down any information concerning a Joseph W. Mason, who originally started as a scout in the army and later became a deputy marshal in Dodge City, Kansas, about 1877. He knew and worked with Ed and Bat Masterson. I hope to find out his birth date, when or if he married, who he married, etc. I also hope to learn what eventually became of him and his children, and who they married. I will appreciate any information.—**Lucy James, P.O. Box 14, Union, Oregon 97883.**

Morse

Approximately fifty years ago, while tiny children, my husband, Andrew, and his brother, Martin, saw their father, Herbert (Harry) Casper Morse, for the last time. With him disappeared the entire Morse family history. The place was El Paso, Texas.

The Morse Society has suggested that

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.

because of the name "Martin" this family found in the Custer County, Grant Township, Oklahoma, census of 1900 may be my husband's: Arthur, born May 1869, Wisconsin, age thirty-one; Mary, wife, born April 1870, Illinois, age thirty; Herbert, son, born June 1896, Texas, age three; Martin, son, born January 1899, Texas, age one. We had thought Herbert was about ten years younger and born in Oklahoma. We have been unable to find anything else.

We would greatly appreciate any information on Herbert Casper Morse and his family.—**Charlene Morse, 3495 Camellia Road, San Bernardino, California 98404.**

Hart

I would like any information on my father, Oliver William Hart, born in Montezuma, Chihuahua, Mexico, around 1890. His folks had a ranch there, I believe. His dad was either killed in a cattle stampede or an Indian raid, but I do not know if this happened in Mexico or in Colorado, where the family eventually moved.

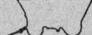
Oliver's mother took in wash for miners and he would take the clean wash back up to the miners in the hills on a donkey. He was doing this at the age of twelve, when he ran away from home. I guess he did some cowboying around Utah and Wyoming and was on a few trail herds. He eventually worked his way up here to Canada. I know he had at least one sister. I don't know if he had brothers; he never talked much.—**Glen Hart, Box 81, Savona, British Columbia, Canada V0K 2J0.**

Kinney

John Kinney was one of nineteenth century New Mexico's baddest bad men. He fought in the San Elizario Salt War, the Lincoln County War, and was head of a rustlers' organization. Kinney was captured in 1883, tried and convicted in Las Cruces, and sentenced to five years in Fort Leavenworth.

Herein lies the problem. The standard presentation of Kinney is that he served his time in the pen. According to *Pacific Reporter*, Volume 9, Kinney appealed his conviction and was acquitted. I believe, therefore, that Kinney, if he spent any time at Fort Leavenworth, served only a fraction of his sentence.

Can anyone confirm or deny whether Kinney spent any time at Fort Leavenworth?—**Bruce Ashcroft, 3716 38th Street, Lubbock, TX 79413.**



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Illustrated by ED WALKER

"Bronco Sue" Dawson

By BRUCE ASHCROFT

Women in the West have come under increasing study, and the full range of their contribution to settling the frontier is just beginning to emerge. Life in the West was hard, and women struggled to cope with dangers, hardships, and uncertainty. One woman who dished out more than she received was "Bronco Sue" Dawson.

In *The Life and Death of Colonel Albert Jennings Fountain,* A.M. Gibson relates that Sue probably was the most generous woman in New Mexico Territory—until she discovered that she could charge money for her services. Then she became wealthy. Blonde and beautiful, brash and unladylike, Sue was unflagging in her profession and took to riding the circuit of cow camps in a covered wagon.

According to the story of Sue's life printed in the Silver City *Enterprise,* the young Susan Warfield emigrated with her parents from Wales to Nevada. A daring horsewoman and crack shot, at the age of fifteen she married Thomas D. Raper in 1870. During an Indian raid, her husband was shot, but Sue strapped him to his horse, killed two Indians, and got him to safety. The two parted company not long afterward, Susan heading to California in the company of a scout named Berry.

Susan and Berry returned to Nevada and stood a series of trials for jewelry theft and stealing cattle. Socorro's John Kenny was magistrate for one of the trials before moving to New Mexico. He related that once, when Sue and her companion were fleeing from the law, Sue held a deputy at bay while her partner, who had been wounded, made his escape. She was arrested, but acquitted of the charges.

After leaving Berry, Sue rustled horses in Nevada's Humboldt Valley with one Robert Payne. Later, she tried her hand at running a stage line between Conejos and San Antonio, Colorado, following a stint living in a Pueblo as Susan Stone. In 1882 she married Jack Yonkers of Independence, Arkansas, and moved to Rio Arriba County in New Mexico. She kept a saloon in Wallace, then the couple moved to Lincoln County.

Sue quickly ran afoul of the New Mexico law. Living with Yonkers in Lincoln County, Sue passed him off as her brother at first. When he died under suspicious circumstances, however, she claimed his property based on the grounds of marriage. Sue ran a "house"

on the Lincoln-Fort Stanton road, living with several different men. She took up with Robert Black, cattleman, and moved to Socorro in 1884. Black ran a saloon while Sue ran a boarding house in the city.

In August 1884, the couple had a terrible fight. Black came home drunk, demanding that Sue return some of his money. Sue called the city sheriff to haul Black away and said that if Black returned she would kill him. The next day Black came back, demanding his money. Sue calmly went downtown, bought a pistol, got someone to buy her some bullets, and returned home. True to her word, she shot Black dead. Sue turned herself in, claimed that Black had attacked her with an axe, and got off. Before killing Black, Sue managed to get the deed to his ranch.

SUE HOT-FOOTED it to Dona Ana where she married a man named Dawson, who was promptly shot and killed by one Frank Goode. Meanwhile, her son, William Raper, had appeared in Socorro and spilled his guts about the Black shooting. Sue was arrested in March 1886 and returned to Socorro to stand trial. She pleaded not guilty and asked to be released on bond. The motion was denied until May 29. Attorneys L.P. Hamilton and Albert Jennings Fountain secured a change of venue in November in light of the inflammatory publicity in Socorro—the district courthouse in Silver City would host the final episode of the "Bronco Sue" show.

In December 1886, Susan Yonkers stood trial for murder. The courtroom spectators were surprised by the appearance of the defendant. Gray-haired, forty-five years old, and with a countenance that evidenced her rough life, Sue was described by the *Enterprise* as "stern looking, tall, rather slender . . . self-possessed, respectable looking, but unattractive."

The defense, naturally, attacked the testimony and character of William Raper. Just prior to his appearance before the Socorro grand jury, he had been tried for assault and acquitted. Sue had paid an attorney $500 to defend her son and had posted bond on his behalf. William had also had his brother, Joseph, indicted as an accessory, and Joseph still languished in jail when his mother went to trial. The twenty-eight-year-old William described a plan involving his mother and brother. Sue would lure Black to bed and Joseph was supposed to kill him. William also related that Black had threatened to turn Sue in for stealing horses and cattle in Lincoln County. The threat, coupled with the desire to get Black's ranch and cattle, prompted the murder. According to Raper, Sue placed the axe near the dead body to support her claim of self-defense.

A tearful Sue denied the existence of the plot and Fountain, her lawyer, hammered on the theme of self-defense. The jury deliberated only a few minutes, and

on the first ballot, voted eleven to none for acquittal. The *Enterprise* concluded that "a jury could scarcely be had in America that would convict a yellow dog of the larceny of a bone upon the accusation of so depraved a witness as a son must be who would have the woman hanged who gave him birth." The reporter also noted strong feelings that Raper should be hanged for turning on his mother.

After the trial, Colonel Fountain had a long talk with his client, who left for Arizona the next day, never to return to New Mexico.

Bronco Sue Dawson lived an unusual life, in an unusual era. She survived in what was very much a man's world by whatever means she could. Even though history has largely overlooked Bronco Sue, her story is as colorful as any in the pages of the Old West.

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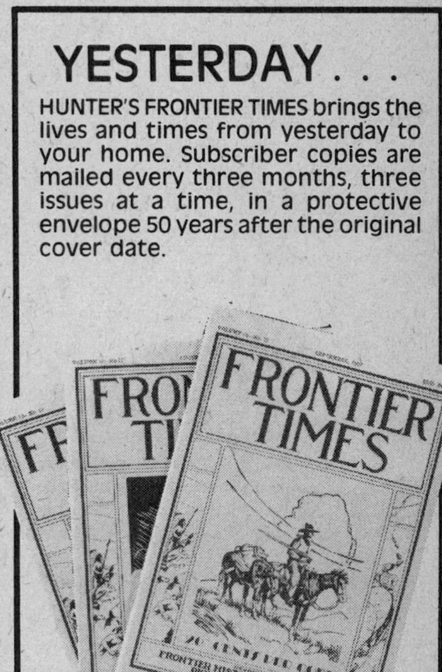

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Stockton Daily Independent.

VOL. LVI. STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA, TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 23, 1889. NO. 69.

OKLAHOMA OPEN.

The Mad Rush of the Boomers.

The Wild Scenes of the Scramble.

Racing for Claims--The Crowds on the Trains--A City in a Day.

Special to the INDEPENDENT.]

ST. LOUIS, April 22.—Special dispatches from Oklahoma say that San Francisco capitalists have sent George W. Perkins to find a site for a town. They will build and call it Frisco.

It is reported that thirty-two town companies are going to make a dash for Guthrie, half that number for Oklahoma City, about twenty for Kingfisher, and there are applicants for sites on almost every section. The trouble between town site companies promises to be as dangerous as among claim hunters.

NO TROUBLE ANTICIPATED.

WASHINGTON, April 22.—General Merritt, at Oklahoma, telegraphs that he will probably need no more troops, and that newspaper accounts are probably exaggerated and will continue to be so. He reports much confusion on the line of the railroad, but he has established a line of couriers between Oklahoma station and Fort Reno, so that hereafter communication can be had with certainty and with fair rapidity.

HOW THEY GOT IN.

CHICAGO, April 22.—A dispatch from Oklahoma City says a party of seven well-dressed men arrived in that place last night, with commissions as Deputy Marshals, entitling them to enter the Territory, and it is believed about thirty deputies will resign to-day and take up claims.

PURCELL, I. T., April 22.—A grand rush was made to-day at noon across the Oklahoma line. Fast horses were in demand yesterday, some selling as high as $500 to parties who wanted to make fast time and select choice claims. The men brought their horses to the banks of the Canadian river and had boats ready to take them across as soon as 12 o'clock struck.

When the clocks struck guns were fired and whistles blown, and immediately trains started across the bridge and horsemen embarked for the opposite shore.

EXTENT OF THE CRAZE.

ST. LOUIS, April 22.—The *Republic's* Arkansas City special says the history of this day will forever be memorial in frontier annals and will leave behind a heritage of litigation which will be fruitful to landsharks and claim attorneys, but destructive to the claims of poor and honest settlers. The Santa Fe began running its sectional trains out of Kansas City last night and picking up cars at almost every station along the route. Hundreds of people were waiting at every depot, and if the cars, all of which were filled before the border was reached, could be coupled, they would make a train miles in length.

In the wild rush for the cars many of the windows were broken by the crowd anxious to secure seats.

THE CAR TOPS COVERED.

At the last station outside of the new Territory there was a great crowd who had forsaken their teams and hoped to get in quicker by rail. There being no room inside they climbed to the top of the coaches, and the entire train from one end to the other was lined with them. In this way the line was reached about 11:05 A. M.

ENTRY BY HORSE RACE.

ST. LOUIS, April 22.—Before the line was reached many wagons were passed from which the horses had been taken, and it was plain they were to be ridden rapidly across the border to locate claims. A little further along the conclusion proved to be correct. The entire county, far as the best field glasses could carry sight, was overrun with horsemen galloping to the southward. The day was cloudless and far away, east and west, clouds of dust could be seen ascending from the hoofs of hundreds of horses marching toward different destinations in most cases, but some of them toward the same on a race for a goal could be easily distinguished. Riders appeared evenly mounted. They ran neck and neck for a mile or two along the trail as far as they could be seen, slashing their horses mercilessly. One saddled, but riderless, horse was seen galloping along the trail, an ominous sign of some accident or fatality which had befallen its rider. Some went in charge of horses and were evidently riding relays toward the goal.

THE CARAVAN'S ENTRY.

Out of the dust which arose toward the east could be seen, after the train had reached the summit of a high ridge, a wagon caravan fully two miles in length, which was being driven at the utmost speed of its horses. These caravans were plainly out-distanced by the wild riders.

After several miles of the Territory had been traversed by the train, it was seen that the best riders were winning the best prizes among the homesteads. The train stopped at a military post where it was evident the force is sufficient to maintain order. Troop "D" of the Fifth cavalry was quartered there and the officers said at the sound of the bugle at noon there had been a move- Thirounons the boomers camped along Firs ler which extended across the ward frontier line and that the riding of been fast and furious ever since, Stue of the prospectors running to thrie to file their entries.

OKLAHOMA'S CAPITAL.

It lacked but a few minutes of 1 o'clock when the train stopped in front of the Guthrie depot. Before the train came to a stop it was seen that somebody was already there. In fact the town was well populated. Tents were numerous on the eastern slope and stakes were sticking up out of the ground like poles in a bean patch. Falling over each other in the effort to get out of the cars, every variety of man along the frontier made an army which soon appropriated nearly everything available. When the second and third sections of the train arrived and found everything cornered except the air and every lot protected by rifles and revolvers there was much profanity. The only recourse was to buy out such holders as were willing to sell. One who has never seen a Western town take shape cannot comprehend how quickly a full-rigged city can be put in running order. Guthrie already has its Main street, its Harrison street, its Guthrie avenue and Oklahoma avenue. At 4 o.clock the first municipal election occurred and nearly 10,000 votes were polled. The leading candidates for Mayor were Adjutant-General Reice of Illinois, William Constantine of Springfield, O., and T. L. Sumner of Arkansas City. A strong dark horse was T. Volney Hoggatt of Huron, Dak.

The Bank of Oklahoma has opened for business with a capital stock of $50,000. M. W. Levy, a Wichita banker, is President. The new city is flooded with business cards representing every profession and occupation imaginable. A mass of mail is expected to reach Guthrie Postoffice every day.

The scheme which practically resulted in the cornering of town lots to-day originated with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, probably in combination with a syndicate which has been hard at work in Arkansas City for a week or more past. Numbers of men have been going into the Territory as Deputy Marshals and others under permits as railroad employes.

Reports from other parts of the Territory seem to show that Oklahoma is being settled peacefully and without bloodshed.

A GLANCE AT GUTHRIE.

ARKANSAS CITY, April 22.—Over 15,000 home-seekers are camped on the grassy upland of Guthrie, the pioneer city of Oklahoma, heretofore an insignificant station in a wild and uninhabited country. The land office was beseiged by an eager and determined crowd of men waiting to file claims upon homesteads. As the afternoon wore on this crowd grew larger, until at the closing time it reached in a regular line far down the street to the railroad station. Dealers in real estate began business before 2 o'clock. In the afternoon the enterprising dealer had as the background for the safe transaction of business, a stock of rifles, placed there by the Government troops on duty at the land office, and near by was the tent of United States Marshal Needler, surmounted by a large American flag.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

The Children Take Possession of the White House Grounds.

WASHINGTON, April 22.—First Comptroller Durham severed his connection with the Treasury Department to-day. It rose out of a refusal by Durham to allow the bill of John I. Davenport of New York for $3000 for "extraordinary expenses" as Election Commissioner during the Presidential election. This caused an open rupture with the Attorney-General. The accounts were then taken out of his hands.

The President appointed as a commission to negotiate with Sioux Indians in Dakota General George Crook, Hon. Charles Foster of Ohio and Hon. William Warner of Kansas City.

Alexander R. Morrison of New Mexico has been appointed Timber Agent.

It is reported to-day that the President has decided to appoint General Frank Palmer of Chicago as Public Printer.

Paul Vandervoort of Nebraska has been appointed Superintendent of Mails at Omaha, and Henry A. Thomas of Massachusetts, Superintendent of Mails at Boston.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

WASHINGTON, April 22.—This being the day when the President declines to see office-seekers, he had a very quiet morning, but by noon quiet was gone, for at least 10,000 happy children of all ages, sexes and colors congregated on the grass swards surrounding the White House and were engaged in the local custom of egg-rolling. The day was beautiful and just cool enough to be pleasant. The children enjoyed themselves hugely, and the President and Mrs. Harrison from the upper windows watched the shifting scenes. Secretary Tracy came over to the White House and was taken up with pleasure at the sight. He sent orders to have the full Marine Band sent to the grounds at once to play for the little ones.

At 1 o'clock the President went down into the East room and shook hands for over an hour with the parents of the children who had accompanied them. Then accompanied by Mrs. Harrison and little Ben and Baby McKee, they went out on the rear portico and watched the pranks of the merry-hearted little ones.

The Delayed Ships.

WASHINGTON, April 22.—No apprehension is felt at the Navy Department respecting the non-arrival of the Monongahela and Brooklyn at their destinations. The Monongahela sailed for Samoa from San Francisco on February 21st. She is deeply laden with coal and stores and is proceeding under sail, so she could hardly make the passage in sixty days unless the conditions were very favorable. The Brooklyn is expected at New York every day. She is about two weeks out from St. Thomas, is also under sail and has had adverse winds.

PIXLEY ROBBERS.

One Caught, the Other Escapes.

Minister Swift Banqueted by Merchants.

A Barkeeper, Beaten for Refusing Liquor, Shoots and Kills His Assailant.

Special to the INDEPENDENT.]

TUCSON, A. T., April 22.—Officers at Nogales claim to have captured one of the Pixley train robbers. The other escaped to Tucson with $8000 or $10,000 of the plunder. Every avenue of approach to the city is being guarded and the officers are making every effort to capture the fugitive. It is reported that the captured man has confessed, claiming that his partner escaped with the funds.

MURDER AND DRINK.

A Man Killed While Fighting for Liquor.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 22.—John Harrington, a deputy in the Assessor's office, was shot and instantly killed at 1:50 o'clock this afternoon in a saloon by Calvin T. Lewis, a young woodsawyer. They quarreled over drinks and Lewis claims that he only acted in self-defense.

Lewis, who was barkeeper at the place, refused to let Harrington have any more liquor, because he was intoxicated. Harrington reached over the bar and struck him, and was going behind the bar to give him a thrashing, as he said, when Lewis got a pistol from a drawer and shot him. When the police arrived Harrington lay with his legs within the bar and Lewis was leaning against the bar in apparent indifference. When asked who shot Harrington he promptly said he shot him and gave his version of the shooting substantially as herein. Annie Larton, Harrington's "woman," who was present, gives the same version of the affair. Lewis says Harrington had several times within a few weeks, threaten to "do him up."

Cunning Convicts Captured.

SAN QUENTIN, April 22.—Two convicts, who have been stowed away since last night, were discovered this afternoon in the factory building. It is asserted that there has been a plot among the convicts to secure pardon for some of their number by making efforts to escape in order that the one who shall disclose it and discover the fugitive may secure a pardon. The men in the present case, Cavanaugh and Fowler, are thieves who have served only a few months each and had little credit to lose. The idea that their escapade was in pursuance of such a plot is strengthened today by the offer of a convict to "turn them up" if he was given a pardon in return.

SAFE ASHORE.

The Danmark's People Were Rescued.

Only One Life Lost in the Wreck.

A Broken Shaft Makes One Leak and an Explosion Makes Another.

Special to the INDEPENDENT.]

PHILADELPHIA, April 22.—The steamer Missouri has arrived with 340 of the Danmark's passengers. The Missouri found the Danmark in a sinking condition April 5th and threw overboard enough of her cargo to admit her taking the passengers and crew of the crippled ship. The remainder of the passengers were left on the Azores Islands. A portion of the crew went from there to Portugal. The Danmark was crippled by the bursting of a steam pipe and the breaking of her shaft. The chief engineer was killed by the accident. The passengers took nothing with them from the wreck.

All the passengers look hearty and bright, and show no signs of the hardships which they endured. The general passenger agent of the Thingvalla line says they will all be forwarded to their destinations in the West from this city.

THE REST IN LISBON.

LISBON, April 22.—Forty-two of the crew and nearly half of the passengers of the Danmark arrived here to-day on the steamship Acor.

The mate says the broken shaft drove a hole through the bottom of the ship and the bursting of the pipe loosened the plates and caused another leak. The after compartment was closed and the ship was not filled at once. The Missouri was sighted twenty-four hours after the accident. During that time it seemed as if every plunge of the Danmark in the rolling of the sea would send her to the bottom, and the terror of the passengers and crew was appalling but they were kept very quiet. The work of transferring them was difficult owing to the roughness of the sea. It is believed that she would have gone down in a few hours more if she had not been lightened by the removal of the passengers.

Shot in a Saloon.

OAKLAND, April 22.—Timothy Mullen was shot in the neck last night at Temescal by William Meredith, a Temescal saloonkeeper, in an altercation over some women with whom Mullen was drinking in the latter's saloon. Mullen's injury was not serious.

Our thanks go to Jim Lyons of Mt. View, Calif., for sending us a copy of the Stockton Daily Independent *from 1889. If you wish to submit original newspapers or photos of interest from the nineteenth century Old West, we would be pleased to hear from you. Send them to:*

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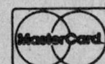

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Nov. 9	Feb. 1988	Jan. 1 - Feb. 1
Dec. 9	Mar. 1988	Feb. 1 - Mar. 1
Jan. 9	Apr. 1988	Mar. 1 - Apr. 1
Feb. 9	May 1988	Apr. 1 - May 1
Mar. 9	June 1988	May 1 - June 1
Apr. 9	July 1988	June 1 - July 1
May 9	Aug. 1988	July 1 - Aug. 1
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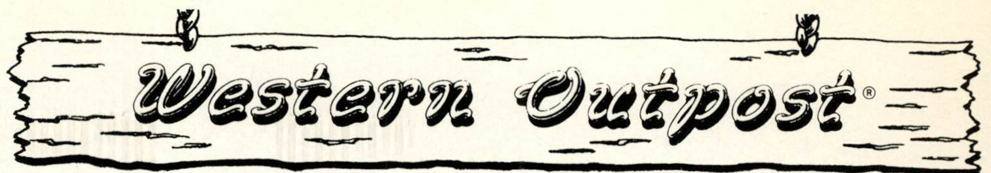

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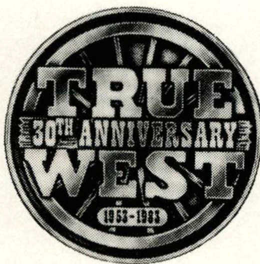

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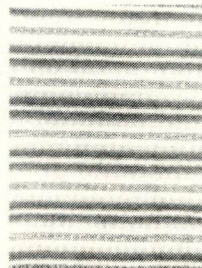

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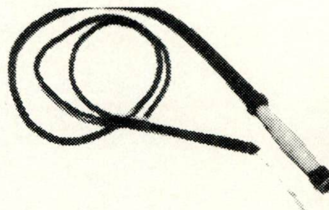

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