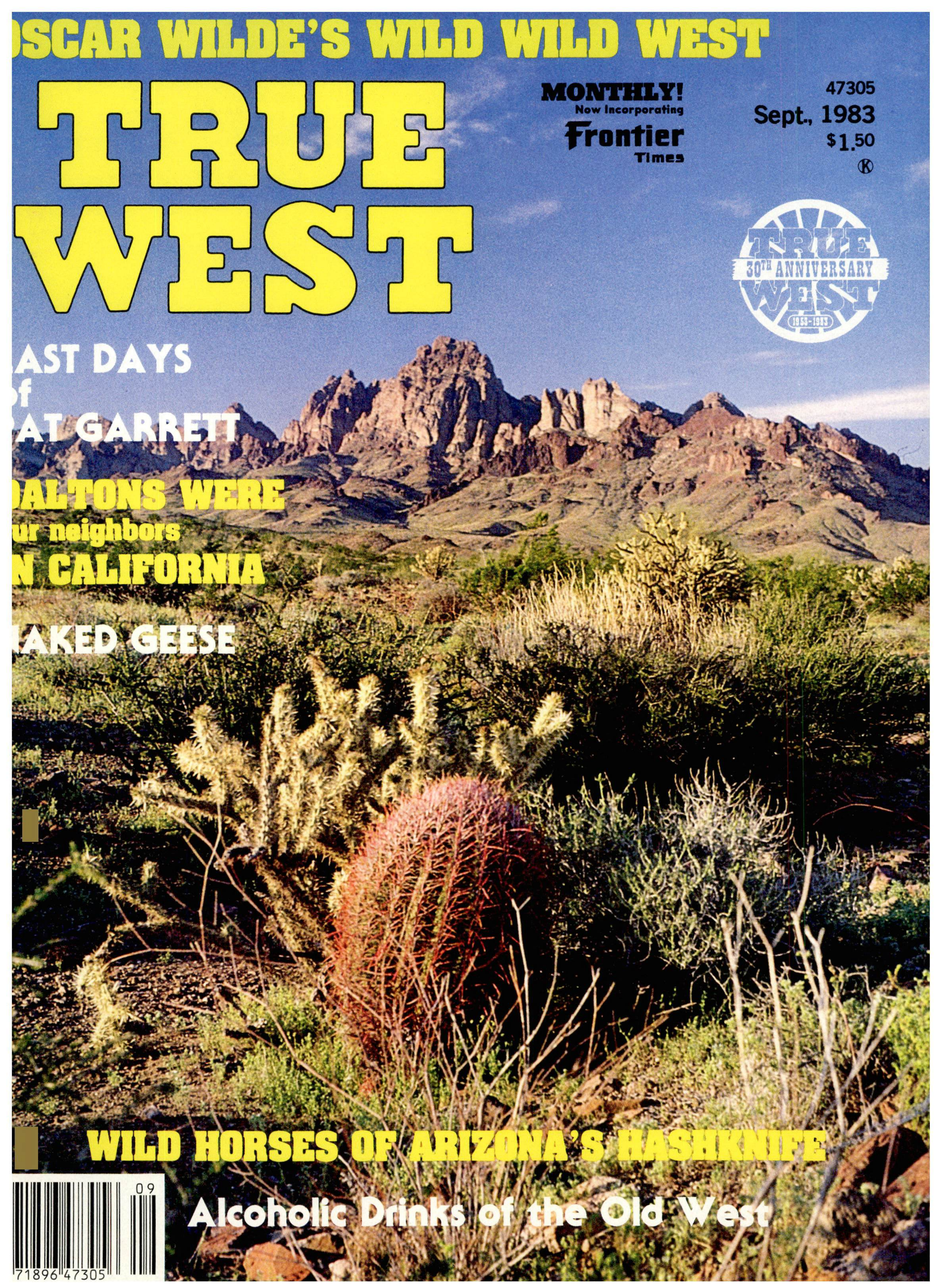
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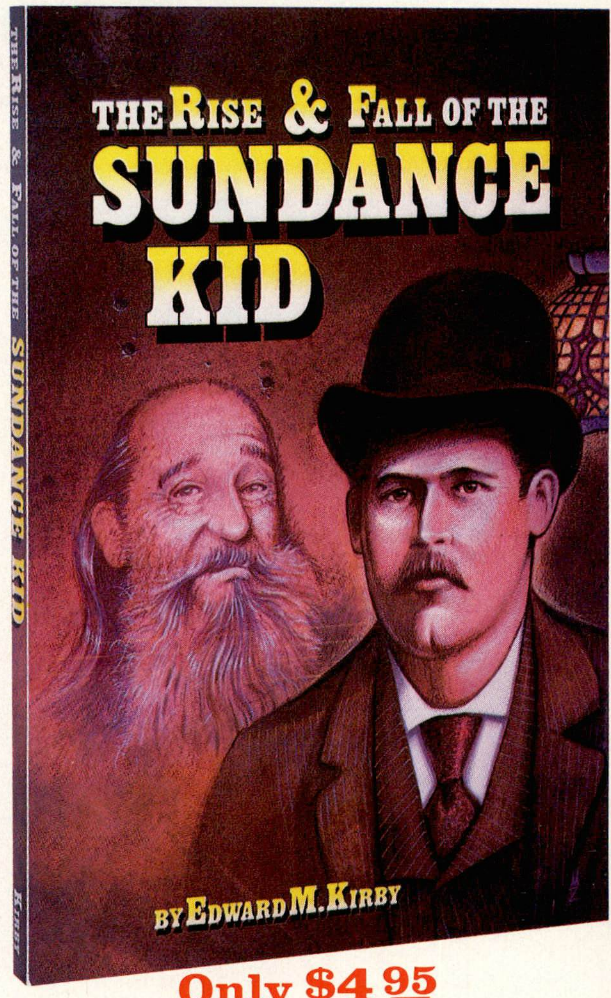

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- Plus many other interesting details about The Sundance Kid's illustrious life...many of them previously unknown!

TRUE WEST
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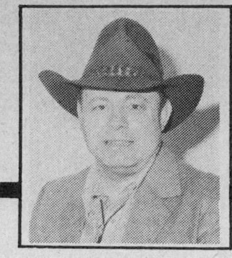
From The Editor



Every so often editors make mistakes. We try not to make too many. We can't catch every typographical error and there's going to be times when fiction passes for fact. But with reference books and people who'll advise we hope this is not too often.

So what can you say when you make a mistake twice — in two published articles? And worse, it is a great big picture and not an itsy-bitsy word or phrase? What you do is admit the mistake and hope those who saw the original will see the correction.

In the March 1983 issue of TRUE WEST we ran a photo that yours truly took on a recent visit to Montpelier, Idaho. It's of the Tri-State Bank of Montpelier. When I visited the bank, employees were most courteous and showed me around answering my questions about how the bank was robbed by Butch Cassidy in 1896. In the information below the photo I said the bank "looks about the same today as it did when Butch Cassidy and his gang paid an unwelcome visit in 1896."

Well, Butch Cassidy robbed the Montpelier Bank all right, but not this bank — and it was not in this building.

J. P. Wilde, a Montpelier historian, quickly set me straight after the story appeared. He said "someone certainly misinformed you concerning the picture on page 28."

"The bank that you show was not built until 1911. True, it was built by the same banker, G. C. Gray, that Cassidy, Bob Meeks and Elza Lay did rob on Aug. 13, 1896, but the bank was up the street by nearly a full block, directly opposite the present First Security Bank.

"The building structure of log walls still remains but is now covered over with a variety of other materials. It is now connected to other buildings on both sides. At the time of the robbery it was a single structure. It has served as a saddlery, a shoeshop and is currently the Montpelier Montgomery Ward Catalogue Store."

A call to Dora Lee Caldwell, owner of the store, confirmed Wilde's letter. Dora said she bought the building fifteen years ago and except for an awning it had when it was a bank, it looks about the same as it did in 1896.

"There's no hitching post in front of course," she added.

Thanks to Mr. Wilde for setting me straight on the bank that Butch robbed.

This is not the bank that Butch Cassidy robbed. The bank he robbed was up the street.

In the same letter, Mr. Wilde takes me to task for saying "Cokeville, Wyoming, was headquarters for several outlaws including Hugh and Charles Whitney and Charles Manning." He continues "I think that statement is also erroneous since after robbing the Cokeville bank, the Whitneys were never back in Cokeville again until the day Charlie traveled through there on his way to give himself up to the governor of Wyoming on June 15, 1952. Hardly headquarters, it seems to me."

But, Mr. Wilde, I've got you there. Hugh and Charlie Whitney arrived in Cokeville in April 1907. See Charlie's confession. And they were in and out of Cokeville from then on until the bank robbery in 1911. See "My Father Was a Train Robber," August 1983 TRUE WEST. Charlie Manning, also an outlaw, lived there even longer — from before 1911 to his death in 1914. Cokeville clearly was headquarters for these three bandits and several others.

So one out of two isn't bad. But I hate to make any mistakes.

In this issue. You enjoyed Leon Metz's account of tracking Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid in the August TRUE WEST. Leon continues his story in this issue with "The Last Days of Pat Garrett."

Madoline C. Dixon tells of an outrageously funny happening in a small Utah town. You'll want to know who stripped the naked geese.

Also on the light side is Richard K. Knaub's tale of Oscar Wilde in the Wild West. The English playwright's visit to America caught the fancy of cartoonists if not of the miners and cowboys he was trying to captivate.

Knaub, professor of theater at the University of Colorado, Boulder, reports that at least his garb was good for a laugh.

We give Old West collectors some space in this issue with Warren Anderson's piece on collecting documents and Clay Tontz' tonsorial item — early weapons for whiskers. We call it "Cutting Up in the Old West."

William Norin's grandfather was a neighbor of the Dalton brothers when they lived in California. Most people think of the Daltons as Oklahoma-Kansas robbers, but several of the Dalton boys lived for a time in California and began their outlaw careers there. See "The Daltons Were Our Neighbors in California."

Sophie Morigeau was born in Canada but spent much of her life in the Northwestern corner of Montana where she ran a store and owned a ranch. Gordon Gilmond of Kalispell, Montana, writes warmly of this woman who represented a particular struggle on the frontier.

There's still time for Cheyenne. This magazine reaches homes in late July and goes on newsstands about Aug. 1. So there's time to remind you of the big TRUE WEST 30th anniversary shindig at the Hitching Post Inn in Cheyenne, Wyoming, on Saturday, Aug. 6, at 7 p.m. We'll all be there waiting to meet you.

A major event of the party will be the appearance of Ed Kirby, author of *The Rise and Fall of the Sundance Kid*, published by Western Publications. The book is an exclusive of TRUE WEST and many are already saying it's a fascinating account.

Kirby will autograph copies of his book and we will be giving them away FREE for subscriptions or extensions to TRUE WEST. See ad in this issue.

— Jim Dullenty

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TRUE WEST

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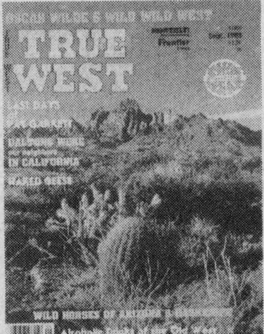


OUR COVER

The Turtle Mountains of California north of Blythe and Needles form the background for this desert view taken by photographer James R. Mitchell of San Diego. Mitchell, a math teacher, track coach and gemologist, has spent more than 20 years exploring and photographing the Southwest and has written nearly 200 articles on mines and minerals of the United States.

Manuscripts, artwork and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope of sufficient size for return with all submissions. Mail to 700 East State St., Iola, WI 54990. Copyright 1983 by Krause Publications.

Hosstail's Small Talk

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

THE HISTORY OF TRUE WEST PART V

In writing an account like this it is easy to get bogged down with details; however, if you are writing the history of anything, certain facts have just about got to be included. I am sitting here, dictating away and trying to feel that I am having a chat with one of you folks who dropped by and asked about some of the early adventures in getting TRUE WEST on the go.

We continued making our family trips out West to the mountains during the early part of August. This went on for years. The Rocky Mountain West was glamour country to us — beautiful, exciting and adventurous. We were really having a love affair with the West.

Actually, none of this has changed much. I can get just as excited over a proposed trip into that real western country as I did back in the early 1950s.

Upon returning from these trips, I would write all about our adventures, people we met and include all the interesting anecdotes. There would follow a shower of letters wanting to know more and asking specific questions.

The office force was gradually expanding as Western Sportsman gained momentum. All this time we were running one badman article in each issue. Response from readers began to give us the impression that a magazine on the history of the Old West was being demanded by subscribers since 80 percent to 90 percent of the comments in those letters were on that one badman story.

Hoss, Jim and Liz looking over a new issue of TRUE WEST.

We finally began to build up a little nest egg and had $9,000 salted away in a bank account. This was what we used to start the magazine on the history of the Old West that our readers seemed to be asking for.

In the first edition of TRUE WEST, Summer 1953, we listed Lisbeth Field as my secretary. We found Angel Leshikar, a person who proved to be a strong right arm. She was listed as advertising manager. Bill Faris was field editor, Dev Klapp was associate editor. Elizabeth was in charge of circulation. And we had several part-time workers.

That room in our home at 3303 Bridle Path began to get real crowded. There were five people, five desks, filing cabinets, etc., crowded into one room. We really needed some breathing space. When one of our neighbors, who was a realtor, told us about an old house for rent on 19th Street and West Avenue in Austin, Texas, practically on the University of Texas campus, we were ready to look it over!

It was owned by Dr. James D. Glynn. His initial renting fee was $100 a month if we would keep the place up. Ten years later it was still $100 a month!

Mrs. Berry (Elizabeth's mother) and her brother offered to go in with us on the rent and use a couple of rooms. That was one of the best moves we made in those early days. The old two-story University of Texas boarding house had ten rooms and two baths. We had no idea that in a matter of a few years this space would be too confining and we'd have to move again.

In those days neighbors made no objection to having a business in your home if there were no offensive advertising signs, etc. Otherwise, we wouldn't have been able to operate. Our office furniture and second-hand typewriters had been bought from an Army surplus place in San Marcos. We really learned how to "make things do" in those days. This training came in handy because it was quite a while before money started rolling in even to the extent of our being able to buy what we actually needed.

Starting TRUE WEST was one of the most exciting things that has ever happened to me. The whole office force was excited also. We made up a pot and wrote down our estimates of what the first newsstand sale would be.

Some of those wonderful people actually anticipated a sale of 95 to 98 percent, which is a fantastic sale even for a well-established magazine. A brand-new product thrown in with all the competition that is vying for business on the newsstands has about as much chance as a puppy thrown into a pool filled with crocodiles.

Having found that the business world was no bed of roses, I at least held my estimate down but failed to get low enough. The sale came out at 49 percent and there were some long faces in our group. However, there are well-known magazines that are glad to get a 50 percent sale.

Our mail was fantastic and how we looked forward to it each day. Mostly we got compliments and encouragement along with a healthy amount of dollar bills and checks. We started out quarterly and charged 25 cents per issue, $3 for 12 issues. Starting with the September 1954 issue, we made it bi-monthly.

I had read so many "goody goody" letters in other magazines and state-

ments by publishers that "we are taking the country by storm" that I was determined to be factual about our progress and told the staff every letter of criticism was to be published. I believe that gave readers confidence in us.

I told the readers that we would make mistakes since we profess to be human and we would appreciate being corrected in every instance. Even the smallest mistakes were pointed out.

We began to get letters of commendation on being so truthful. We would get letters from nieces, uncles, grandchildren and whatnot of badmen characters, and they were all proud of the fact that they were kin to these notorious characters. Fact is, that was one of the great elements in our early success — so many people actually knowing, being friends or kin to, or having heard about these characters through friends and relatives. It made them seem more real.

Even with all the good things going for us, we ran out of money on the third issue. Our national distributor had persuaded me to use slick paper and use four-color covers. That shot our expenses way up and the nest egg we had saved was spent in a hurry. I'll never forget saying to Elizabeth, "Honey, don't you wish we had our $9,000 back?"

However, the Steck Company believed in us and gave us credit as did several other companies and I went right back to my country boy ways. I cut the pages down from 64 pages plus covers to 48. I went to a two-color cover and cut expenses everywhere I could. The results were surprising. Our newsstand sales continued to rise and I don't think we lost a single subscription by cutting pages and color. That is what saved us in those early days.

I was constantly shopping for a good printing rate, since this was the highest item in putting out the magazine. We went to Columbia University Press in Columbia, Missouri, for a while, then to Hirshfield Press in Denver, Colorado, and back to the Steck Company, where we stayed.

During coffee break time one afternoon a man with a wooden leg came by and we invited him to have refreshments with us. In the course of our conversation he said he always wanted to wear a cowboy boot. Now this may be a shade hard for you to believe. I still can hardly believe it myself.

Justin Boot Co. had sent me a single boot to show us the quality of their product. I still don't remember why I didn't send it back since it was of no use to us.

When the man made that statement, I asked Joe Jr. to go look in our storage garage and bring me that boot. We fully expected it would be for the leg that was missing or the wrong size. Can you believe that boot was for the correct foot and was exactly the right size?

I told the man he could have the boot and you should have seen the expression on his face. He was as happy about it as a kid with a new red wagon, and it made the whole staff feel good for days to come.

Dr. Walter Prescott Webb visited us regularly. He became President of the American Historical Society while he was an honorary member of our staff and it was quite a prestigious thing to list him and his comments about our magazine. His moral support in those days was a real booster.

We really had our hands full with two magazines now (Western Sportsman and TRUE WEST). About this time we had a run-in with our national distributor. The wholesaler in Cheyenne, Wyoming, was getting only 200 copies and wrote me that he could use three or four times that many since he sold out sometimes in two days after receiving the magazine.

"Starting TRUE WEST was one of the most exciting things that ever happened to me."

I wrote our distributor about it but nothing was done. They were sending 200 copies to Elizabethtown, New Jersey, and selling only a fraction and I couldn't see why they couldn't take 100 of those and send them to Cheyenne.

This was happening in several cases, and I finally called the president of the company and asked wouldn't they move more copies to the West and go a little lighter on eastern distribution?

He told me very firmly that it was their policy to distribute by region (so many copies per region) and they could not deviate from that policy. Even in our hardest days I kept my independent attitudes and confidence in my ability to run a successful publishing company, so I told him it would be necessary for us to "deviate" from him and do our own distributing.

That's when Elizabeth came in. She kept a regular check on all wholesalers. Those selling below 50 pecent would be cut and those magazines were sent to wholesalers selling 70 percent or above. This changed the picture almost immediately. We were making a good newsstand sale at last.

We went along on this basis for some years until in 1958 I got a call from George Davis, president of Kable News Company, in New York City. He was very complimentary about TRUE WEST. He asked me to fly to New York and that Kable would pay all expenses whether we made a deal or not.

I did just that and really had the red carpet rolled out for me in New York. I had no idea why I was getting such nice treatment from such well-known people in the trade. New York made me feel like I was walking in cotton 40 feet tall. It really is hard for a country boy to get used to a city like that.

While I was discussing a possible contract with George one day, Mr. Campbell, who owned the company, stuck his head in the door and said, "George, are you treating our boy all right?" I'll never forget how good that made me feel. It was a gentle goose to my morale and made me think, "Well, maybe I do amount to something in this powerful field of publishing."

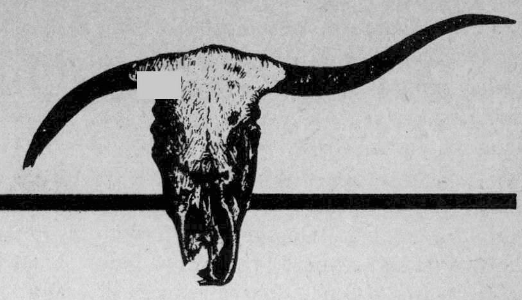
It became increasingly hard to pull each issue of Western Sportsman out of the fire from an advertising standpoint and take care of the growing pain of TRUE WEST at that time. So when a man from the Pacific Coast approached me with an offer to buy Western Sportsman, I let it go.

It was one of the hardest things I ever did in my life. It was almost like selling one of my own kids; however, it did allow us to respond to readers' request for TRUE WEST on a monthly basis. I brought out Frontier Times on a bimonthly basis and told our readers that it would be much easier for us to have another title that would stay on the newsstands two months than it would be to increase TRUE WEST to a monthly.

I have found something during my efforts to produce a concise, interesting history of TRUE WEST — I will never be known as a writer of history. It is one thing to write the account of a trip, or the story of an interesting happening just writing in general, but it is quite another thing to start at the bginning and proceed with deadly accuracy in relating the history of just about any project — even if you were the project director yourself!

I had better cut here and come back later. — Hosstail.

Truly Western



Story is Just a "Story"

I am writing in regards to your "From the Editor" column and the article "Another Survivor of the Custer Battle" published in the May issue of TRUE WEST.

I find it difficult to understand how anyone can accept the fact Mr. Owens' story is anything more than just that — a story. You state Owens spent months researching records in the National Archives and elsewhere, and the results of his findings were presented in this issue.

This article is based only on an old newspaper clipping — and one that isn't even accurate. There appears to be no additional collation to substantiate this idea. The reproduction was exceedingly difficult to read, but I was able to make out, and I quote, "Billy was taken in charge by an officer in Gen. Reno's command."

1. Major Reno was never a general.
2. Specifically, what officer? Comanche gets credit of three or four people caring for him.
3. Why ship one horse to Fort D. A. Russell and Comanche and the entire 7th Cavalry to Fort Lincoln?

I am certain Mr. Owens is aware that history records one horse being returned to the steamer *Far West* as a survivor. Mr. Owens might address his theories on the fact that the supposedly second horse was not accorded the same treatment and the reason thereof. No place can I find any account or suggestion that a second animal was provided for as a survivor of the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

While I can't agree with Mr. Owens as such, I can agree most probably quite a few horses were taken by the Indians. Also, many were shot and used for breastworks, but as far as an old and inaccurate newspaper clipping being allowed to amend history and requesting Dr. Frost to endorse it is asking too much. — **Robert J. Perry, 420 W. Todd Ave., Reed City, MI 49677.**

Comanche, once believed to be the only survivor of the Custer battle.

Speeding Horses

While reading the May, 1983 issue of TRUE WEST, I decided those old stagecoach horses surely had high-speed rear ends.

I gathered this from reading "Stagecoach — The Bus of the West" by Raymond Schuessler.

On page 35 he states that many drivers considered a three mile-a-minute horse the slowest worth driving. Well, I'll tell you right now, if 180 miles an hour was considered slow, I'd hate like heck to have caught the fast stage.

Whoa, Raymond, I believe that one has slipped the halter.

The only work animal I ever saw that I thought was doing close to 180 mph was the time one of our farm mules got away from me with Pa's brand new scratcher hitched on behind. — **Victor Nunnelley, Rt. 4, Box 251, Jasper, AL 35501.**

Raymond Schuessler's Reply: In my original copy, page 4, third paragraph, the text reads:

"Many drivers considered a three minute horse the slowest worth driving. 'Through in six hours' was the boast of some stage companies over a 60-mile run."

This is self-explanatory and should have ran as it was. No one had to be told whether it was minutes or hours. If the second line noted that 10 miles an hour was good mileage, then the first sentence naturally referred to three miles an hour. If I absent-mindedly stuck in "three miles a minute" when asked for clarification, it was thoughtless and stupid.

New Info About Old Story

Recently I came upon some new information concerning my story, "The

Day the Mountain Fell," in the December, 1982, issue of TRUE WEST.

Regarding the naming of Brownville, Colorado, I stated it was named by Thomas Brown. Brown was in the gulch in the late 1860s but apparently he didn't stay or do the naming. He accompanied his cousin, George Brown, who discovered and patented the Brown lode in Wide-awake Gulch, two miles west of Brown Gulch.

The Brown Mine in Brown Gulch was originally named the John Brown lode, patented by Jerome B. Chaffee who later became a U.S. senator. The Brown Silver Mining Company was based in Philadelphia and had William H. Brown as superintendent at the Brown Mine.

One historical source said Brownville and Brown Mountain were named for William Brown or his father, John Brown. Another source, Theodore F. Van Wagenen, who came to Colorado in 1871, wrote that Brownville was named for J. Warren Brown, a capitalist from the East. This may or may not be the case as J. Warren Brown was not in Brown Gulch, but had a mine and mill east of Silver Plume called the South American. Perhaps the town was actually named for all these Browns since there were so many!

One additional note on Brownville concerns the slide. Besides the final slide of 1912, there were two previous slides. One in 1892 was caused by the excess water of the spring thaw, collapsing H. M. Griffin's retaining walls and sending the Seven Thirty's dump — rocks, mud and logs — down to Brownville. Several mine buildings along the way were destroyed. William Payne's house near the Terrible Mill was buried with all his family's goods. Two cars of quarried granite on the track were buried also. But Brownville citizens rebuilt.

A slide in 1895 repeated that of 1892. It destroyed the old Lampshire boarding house which was not the same as the Lampshire hotel later wrecked.

Again the citizens rebuilt, only to be convinced of the futility of their efforts in 1912. — **MaryJoy Martin**

Head Lice a Lie

I have been a reader of this magazine for a good many years and I like it very much. There are many stories I find interesting as well as educational. However, you have one writer that I find very obnoxious and his stories I have reason *not* to believe and some of them I claim to be outright lies.

I am referring to the writer who goes by the name of Hood River Blackie. I am 75 years old and I've been around a little myself and I've heard stories over 50 years ago that he tells.

Just a while back he had a story about head lice that I claim is a lie. I heard that story told over fifty years ago, except the person who told it called himself Tex K.T. And I heard a man who called himself Okie Red tell that story over 50 years ago. I also heard it from others.

In the April issue that story about the hobo in the White House is like the one I heard from an old hobo who visited Woodrow Wilson in about 1919 when Wilson was president. His claim was that he and Wilson went to school in the same class for seven years. — **Ivan Merritt, 918 Hanley St., Casper, WY 82604.**

Hood River Blackie's Reply: As you may know, I was once one of the head historians for the state of California and I get "feelings" about letters and historical articles.

My assessment is that this is from some old pal or someone playing a trick to see how mad I'll get. The whole thing does not ring true. I was in a position similar to an editor when I was a state historian and I had a knack for sorting truth from fiction.

My boss said I was a master psychologist and used to see to it that I handled all important mail so as to analyze it as I have this one. I sense here he is well aware the story is true.

Thank You, Chuck

In spring last year I was introduced to TRUE WEST by a new pen pal from Ohio. He arranged to have a sample copy sent to me and I became an immediate subscriber.

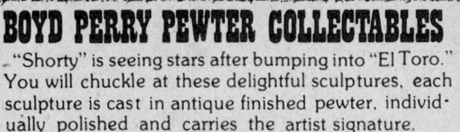
I've enjoyed this past year of reading TRUE WEST and I look forward to each issue, its stories each month, the columns, the ads. And I must compliment you on the composition. It is a pleasure to read each story completely through without the story continuing to a back page in the magazine.

And a very large thank you for the addition this year of your Answer Man column by Chuck Parsons. His vignettes colorfully depict the material sought. It is a pleasure to read the results of skilled research and knowledge. — **Mrs. Rosemary K. Johnston, 125 Hempstead Gardens Dr., West Hempstead, NY 11552.**

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

CORRECTION

A drawing on page 45 of the June issue of TRUE WEST was identified as having been done by Pink Simms, an old-time cowboy. Two readers say it was done by Charles M. Russell and is a well-known Russell drawing. A spokesman for the University of Oklahoma Library which supplied the drawing and identification said the library has been unable to substantiate that the drawing is by Simms but they can't confirm that it is a Russell. Simms might have copied a Russell drawing, the spokesman said.



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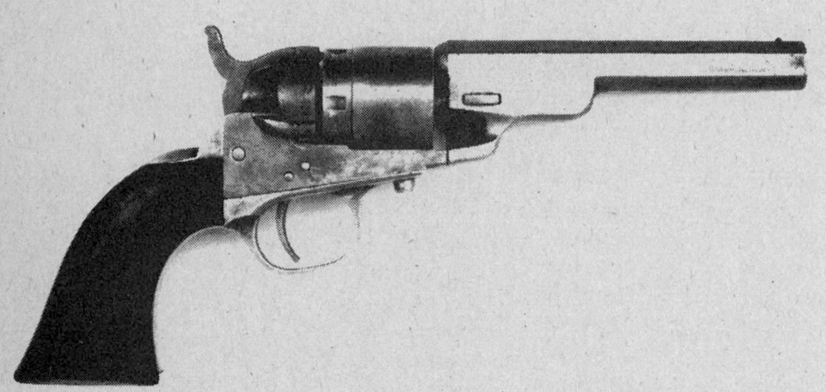
The Answer Man



Courtesy Vernon Kelch

Pistol from Northfield, Minnesota, bank raid, picked up from the street by C. P. Ofstos on Sept. 8, 1876.

Jesse James Guns. There are countless guns which supposedly were used by Jesse James and among those are many said to have been used by Jesse and his brother, Frank, during the James-Younger gang's attempt to rob the bank in Northfield, Minnesota.

Very few of these guns can be authenticated. There seems to be a good chance, however, that a pistol owned by Paul Chilgren, a lifelong resident of Northfield, was at least used by someone involved in the bank raid (see pistol photo).

Vernon Kelch, 167 E. 4th St., Junction City, OR 97448, supplied the photo and says the pistol has been in the family since Sept. 8, 1876, the day following the famous raid.

On the morning after the raid, merchant C. P. Ofstos picked up the pistol from the street. None of the local residents claimed it so it was assumed it was dropped by one of the gang. It has been passed down in the family since that day.

The pistol is a 38 rimfire with a five-shot cylinder. The barrel is 4½ inches with front sight a small brass bead. The serial number 4621 is on the bottom of the barrel, bottom of frame, trigger guard and butt plate.

It appears this weapon could have belonged to one of the James gang members.

Anonymous Author. Who was the "citizen of Denton County" who wrote the "Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang?" This book was printed in a cheap edition in 1878 by Monitor Books of Denton, Texas, and has been reprinted several times.

Edwin Ewell, Box 27, Ardmore, OK 73401, believes his grandfather, C. W. Geers, was the author although his name does not appear in the book.

The late Ramon F. Adams, who was certainly an authority on outlaw and lawman books, concluded that the author was Thomas E. Hogg. I have to agree with Adams. Still, C. W. Geers may have helped write it or have interviewed residents of Denton County who knew Bass.

Mysterious Inscription. Selwyn Keane, 8 Mayer Place, Ranui, Auckland, 8, New Zealand, has acquired a 41 calibre Colt single action revolver manufactured in 1904. On removing the grips he found in exquisite longhand what appears to be "Willie Felder Gila Texas."

I have not been able to locate this person or place. So far as I can tell there never was a Gila, Texas. Perhaps readers can help.

Threepersons in Canada. Mrs. Jean Blakley, RR 1, Millarville, Alberta T0L 1 K0, wrote regarding an earlier letter we had on Tom Threepersons:

"In Alberta, he is very well known as a young Indian from near Fort McLeod in southern Alberta who won the saddle bronc riding at the first Calgary Stampede, put on by the late Guy Weadick in 1912. Competing against riders from Canada, the U. S. and Mexico, Tom was first, winning a large purse, trophy saddle and silver belt buckle.... Here in Alberta his greatest claim to fame was the great ride he put up in 1912."

Meanest Tribe. Who was the most famous Indian chief and which was the meanest tribe? Those are two of several questions on Indians from William Bell, 788 McConnell St., Memphis, TN 38112.

Both of these are asking for opinion rather than historical fact.

Of the chiefs, I'd say quite obviously that Geronimo, Cochise, Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Quannah Parker and Joseph were the most famous. As to the "meanest" tribe, perhaps the Comanches would say the Tonkawas, a small Texas tribe, were the meanest. The Tonkawas were cannibals with a taste for Comanche flesh. But tribes weren't "mean," individuals, both white and Indian, were.

In Search of Ben Kilpatrick.

Arthur Soule, 60 Goshen Road, Dedham, MA 02026, is researching the life of outlaw Ben Kilpatrick, the "Tall Texan." He wanted to know some sources.

A good place to begin would be the back issues of TRUE WEST and OLD WEST. The Western Publications Index has about two dozen references to him. Pinkerton's, Inc., in New York might also help. There is much on Kilpatrick in the several books by the late James D. Horan. Our readers might also help.

— Chuck Parsons

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

Checking Out of Jail

By TOM BEAN

I was well acquainted with Bill Bobbett and Lee (Hookey) Clary, two early settlers in Cottle County, Texas. They were both cowmen and they knew the ups and downs of the cattle business. During the Depression of the 1930s, they shipped cattle to market which didn't even pay the freight.

In the old days before trucks shipped them, cattle were shipped by train to markets, one of which was in Kansas City, Missouri.

Hookey and Bill shipped several cars of cattle to Kansas City and got a free ride in the caboose of the cattle train. They arrived in Kansas City one evening in time to carouse all night long. They woke up in jail. Counting their money, they found just enough to pay the fine.

Bobbett said to Hookey, "If you let me have what money you've got, I'll get out and cash a check and get you out."

Hookey said, "Hell, Bill, they won't even take your checks at home."

REEL COWBOYS

Broncho Billy and the Baby

By BILL O'NEAL

This short film was made in 1908 and starred Hollywood's first cowboy hero, Broncho Billy Anderson. The movie was based on a Peter B. Kyne Saturday Evening Post short story which was filmed six times, most popularly by John Ford in 1948 as "Three Godfathers," starring John Wayne.

"Broncho Billy and the Baby" was a one-reeler shot around Golden, Colorado, for $800. Tremendously popular, the little film earned $50,000 durings its first release and generated hundreds of other Broncho Billy westerns ("Broncho Billy's Last Spree," "Why Broncho Billy Left Bear Country," "The Treachery of Broncho Billy's Pal," "Broncho Billy's Love Affair," etc.).

Broncho Billy Anderson

Broncho Billy was born Max Aronson in 1882. In 1903, calling himself G. M. Anderson and claiming that he could ride a horse like a Texas Ranger, he talked his way into an appearance in the landmark film, "The Great Train Robbery."

He mounted his horse from the wrong side and promptly fell off, but later learned to ride at a Texas dude ranch. Convinced that western pictures had tremendous potential, he directed a few movies in New Jersey, tried his luck at film-making in Chicago, then headed for California.

Weather conditions and scenic locations in California proved ideal for western films. With George K. Spoor, a screen equipment distributor, Anderson formed Essanay Motion Picture Co.

Despite his progress, however, Anderson felt that a continuing character was necessary for sustained popular interest in the dime novel tradition of western literature. When preparing to film "Broncho Billy and the Baby," producer-director Anderson could not find a suitable leading actor, so he assumed the role that paved the way for William S. Hart, Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, Ken Maynard, Gene Autry, Roy Rogers and a host of other western stars.

Anderson was not handsome, had a chunky build and never becamr a graceful rider. But in time he learned to handle a rope expertly and because of his rugged physique he was believable in fight scenes. The sets and costumes in Broncho Billy westerns were scruffy and realistic, partially because the Old West was still so close.

By 1920 Hart and Mix had eclipsed Anderson, who produced Laurel and Hardy comedies for a time, then left the movie business. He died in 1971, a true pioneer in motion pictures.

Researching the Conspiracy that Led to

The Last Days of PAT GARRETT

By LEON METZ

In the August issue of TRUE WEST, Leon Metz described how he researched Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid and came to write the book *Pat Garrett, A Story of a Western Lawman*. The book is considered a classic in the lawman history field. Now, Metz details the agonizing research on Pat Garrett's final days.

— Editor

WHEN researching the Pat Garrett biography for the University of Oklahoma Press, I often asked New Mexicans what their grandfathers thought about the sheriff. Almost to a man they shook their heads, saying, "Look what he did to poor old Billy."

That attitude is an interesting commentary on human behavior, for what else could Pat Garrett do? The Kid stood in the midnight darkness of Pete Maxwell's Fort Sumner, New Mexico, bedroom, and pointed a 41 caliber revolver at Sheriff Garrett while whispering, "Quien es?" (Who is it?)

Garrett could have said, "It's me, Billy. Old Pat. I've come to take you back to hang." The Kid would have blown him through the wall. So Garrett did the only sensible thing. He fired a couple of quick shots and then barreled out of the room.

Garrett's years following Billy the Kid's death were not easy. He spent money buying drinks for New Mexico legislators just to collect the $500 reward legally owed him. Charles W. Greene, editor of the Santa Fe New Mexican, used his influence to help Garrett get paid and then talked Pat into a biography of Billy the Kid.

Courtesy the author

Author Leon Metz, left, with Jarvis Garrett, son of Pat Garrett, in El Paso, Texas, in 1982.

Garrett's friend, journalist Ash Upson, ghost-wrote the biography. Upson, who had a weakness for Hostetter's Bitters, a popular snake-bite and nervous-stomach remedy, blamed Greene when the book flopped financially. Upson claimed Garrett had been badly swindled, and that "the Santa Fe printer took five months to do a month's job and then made a poor one."

Pat Garrett ran for re-election as sheriff and was defeated by his friend John Poe. He then campaigned for the territorial legislature and failed. One newspaper claimed "the notoriety he received from his success in killing Billy the Kid has upset his brain." Garrett suspected attorney W. M. Roberts wrote those remarks, so when the two men met in Lincoln, Garrett bashed him with a Colt 45 and left the lawyer sprawled unconscious in the street.

TEXAS Panhandle cowboys went on strike in 1883, and the ranchers suffered serious cattle losses. The LS Ranch hired Garrett as a captain of the Texas Rangers. Although several arrests were made, Garrett suspected his real purpose was to kill men. He disbanded his unit of the rangers in the spring of 1885, and went to Roswell, New Mexico.

Garrett dreamed of seeing the Pecos Valley flourish. He devised a grandiose irrigation scheme, but his imagination in promotion completely outran his abilities. He aligned himself with financial dreamers, some of whom sank fortunes into the project. When it finally did pay off, the wealthy entrepreneurs conveniently forgot where the inspiration originated. With no acknowledgment or appreciation for his contribu-

tions, the other partners forced Garrett out.

A disappointed Garrett took his family to Uvalde, Texas, where for the next few years he ranched and raced horses. John Nance Garner, vice president during the Franklin D. Roosevelt administration, considered him a friend and the two became poker playing cronies.

But Garrett was restless and his opportunity to start over came in February, 1896. Colonel Albert Jennings Fountain and his nine-year-old son, Henry, had disappeared near the White Sands of southern New Mexico. The governor feared murder and once again the Territory needed Pat Garrett.

Colonel Fountain lived several years in El Paso, Texas, served in the state legislature and was involved in the bloody Salt War controversy. After killing a man, Fountain moved 40 miles north to Mesilla, New Mexico, and established a Republican newspaper, the Mesilla Independent. He became a scourge of outlaws. Several outlaws were slain while attempting to escape Fountain's posse. Oddly, he also unsuccessfully defended Billy the Kid for murdering Sheriff William Brady. The meager evidence indicates Fountain did the best he could.

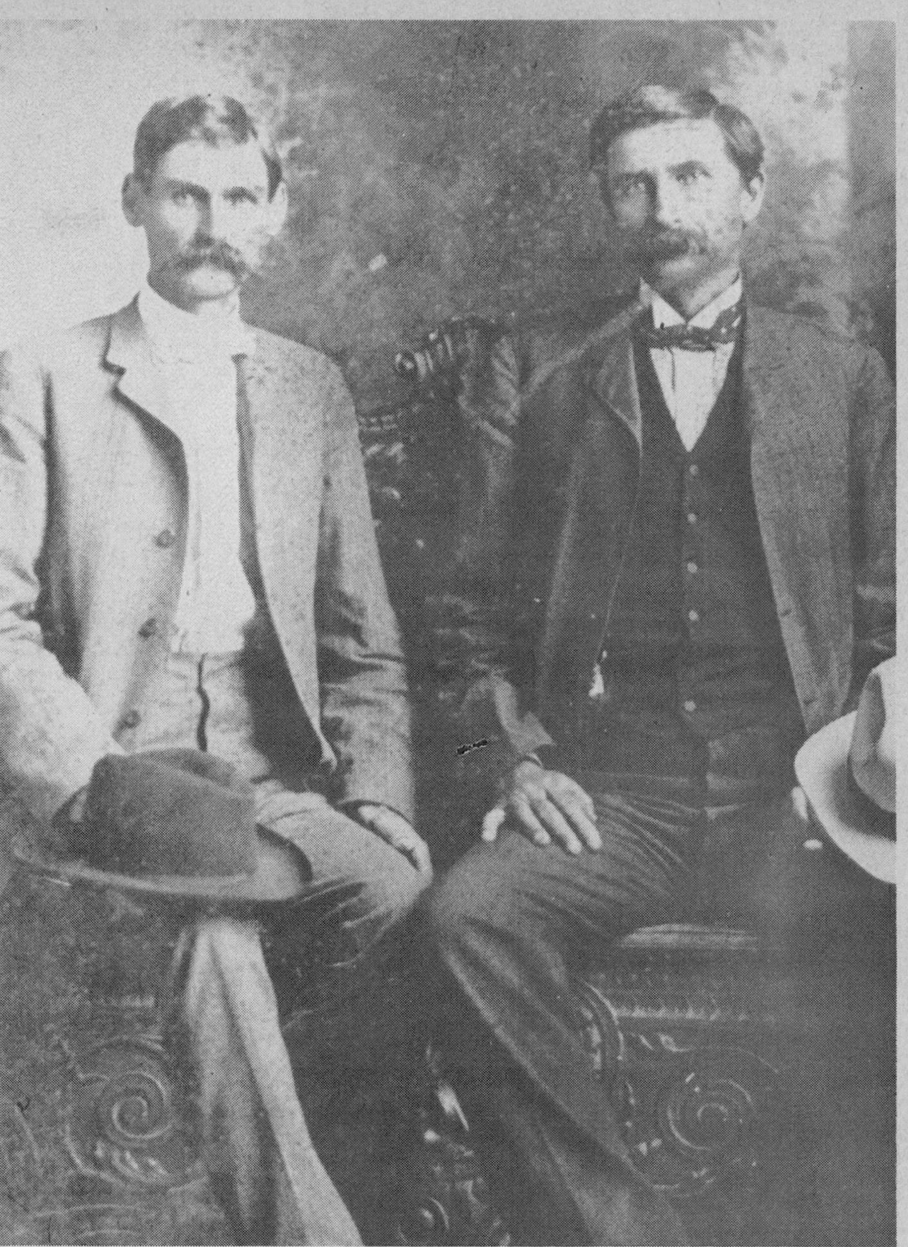
Opposition to Fountain was organized around the ambitious Democrat A. B. Fall, one of the region's brightest and most aggressive politicians. He is primarily remembered for the Teapot Dome Scandal. Fall drew his strength from Oliver Lee, a cattleman-gunman near Alamogordo, New Mexico.

Fountain swore out rustling warrants in Lincoln against Lee and his cowboy sidekick Jim Gililland and Bill McNew. However, between Tularosa and Las Cruces, Fountain and his son vanished. A posse recovered the buggy and found large pools of blood.

Governor William T. "Poker Bill" Thornton asked Garrett to become Dona Ana County sheriff. Suspicion naturally fell upon Lee, Gililland and McNew, but their chase and eventual arrest is too involved for this article. They went to trial in Hillsboro, New Mexico, where Fall won an acquittal.

IN researching Pat Garrett, I was intrigued by the frequent rumors of James Gililland's alleged confession in later years. Old-timers suspected he felt guilty about his part in the killings, but nobody ever personally heard him say that. On a hunch I visited his niece at Red Rock, New Mexico.

Red Rock is perhaps 20 miles north of Lordsburg. The postmaster said she lived beside a dry lake bed five miles farther.



Courtesy Jarvis Garrett

Pat Garrett, right, and his brother, Hillary. Photo probably was taken in El Paso around 1900.

I headed out of Lordsburg on a dirt road, cleared a brief hill, them slammed on the brakes and almost slid into the Gila. The bridge had been washed away. A surveying crew working both sides of the river lined up the site for a new bridge.

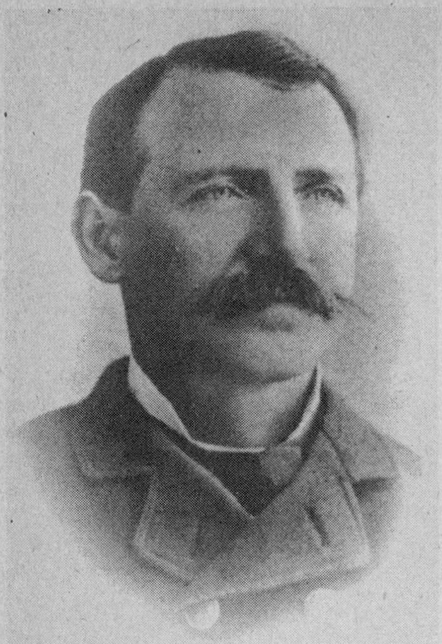
I asked how to cross and they pointed to a rope on pullies secured by cottonwoods on each side of the stream. It resembled a mechanical clothesline. I shinned up a slender cottonwood, stepped into what looked like an orange crate and the surveyors jockeyed me over. Upon reaching the opposite bank, someone held a ladder while I climbed down.

An hour later, wearily I reached a dry lake bed with no house visible. Assuming the house was still farther, I noticed the road skirted near the bed then doubled back across a ridge. I thought I could save walking time by taking a shortcut across the desert, scaling a modest cliff to the trail and resuming my trek.

The cliff was steeper than expected. I dropped my notebook when almost to the top and slid back to retrieve it. Finally I reached the road — and saw a house hidden by mesquite back down the hill near the lake bed.

The lady was home, but had no personal knowledge of the confession. Like me, she had heard rumors.

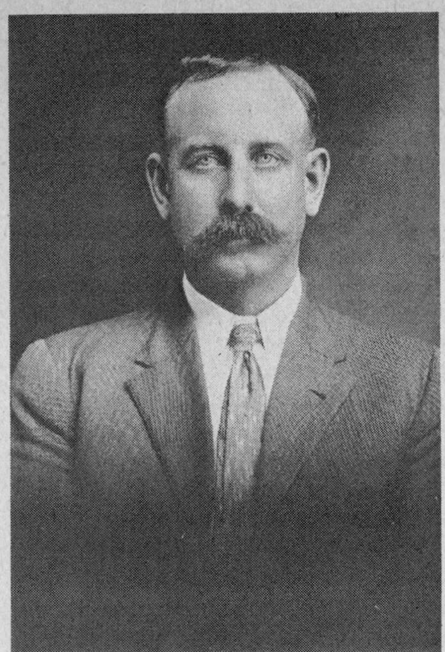
She kindly drove me back to Gila. By now the surveyors had gone. They left



Courtesy W. H. Keleher

Col. Albert Jennings Fountain

Oliver Lee



Courtesy R. L. Madison

James Gililland

THREE MEN INVOLVED IN THE LAST DAYS OF PAT GARRETT

the box on the opposite side of the river and removed the ladder.

My main concern was reaching the ropes, for with those I could return the box to my side, climb in and work my way across. To my relief she drove the old truck underneath and said, "Get on the roof and jump for it." I made the lunge and, arms aching, towed the box over.

At this moment, two Mexican boys appeared and said they needed a ride. One was short and stocky with a large sombrero. The other was taller and muscular.

I decided the chubby fellow and I could squeeze into the box, although I should have thought that the two of us might break the line. I would sit while he pulled on the upper rope. The muscular man would stand on the pickup roof and assist with the pulling. To my way of reasoning, I had already done my share of the work just getting the box to our side.

The extra weight dropped us to within a couple feet of the muddy water, but not into it. However, the man standing on the truck gave a strong tug and almost yanked my passenger out. He hung with both hands grasping the rope. Only his toes hooked the box. I frantically grabbed his belt and jerked him back into the box. In doing so, I knocked his sombrero off. The last we saw, it was spinning downstream and heading for Yuma, Arizona.

DURING the following weeks, I continued investigating leads regarding the alleged Gililland confession. A lucky break occurred when a 1950 newspaper published a list of individuals digging for Colonel Fountain's grave in the San Andres Mountains.

Like any good Sherlock Holmes I reasoned these people knew something I didn't. I looked for the searchers' names in the El Paso telephone book and came up with a "Frank Burris."

He, his father and his brother, Snooks, had sought the Fountain grave because of Jim Gililland's confession a few years earlier. Frank had never heard Gililland's confession but his father and brother knew the story intimately. They had purchased the Gililland ranch and lived there for nearly a year with Gililland. The elder Burris was now dead, but Snooks lived somewhere in Tucson, Arizona.

Within a week I checked into the Pioneer Hotel and spent four days seeking the elusive Snooks Burris. He lived on a mountain ranch near Vail. For over an hour my car followed dry arroyos and creek beds to the destination. However, my quarry wasn't there. A friendly cowboy said, "Hell, old Snooks ain't here. He's been in town for the last week at the Pioneer Hotel."

In frustration I bumped my way out of the mountains, drove hurriedly back to Tucson and waited until two a.m. for Burris to return. He didn't, so I left him a note with my name and address. I listed the information I was seeking and asked him to get in touch with me.

Two weeks later he wrote, saying he had heard the confession many times. However, he refused to divulge the contents by phone or mail. If I wanted to hear it, I would have to make another trip to Arizona.

It was three months before I could afford to return to Tucson again and once more I missed him. Burris had left for California without leaving a forwarding address.

Nearly a year went by as I tracked him to a ranch in northern California near Sacramento. By phone we agreed to rendezvous at the home of his friend.

I was there but Snooks wasn't. A friend said he had gone to Reno, Nevada. I waited two days for Snooks to return, then went to Reno myself and lost all my money.

Unable to wait longer, I did what I should have done in the first place. I called him at the California ranch. He answered, said he had changed his mind about going to Reno and had been awaiting my arrival.

The ranch was much more convenient to find than the place near Tucson. But first he insisted that we take a tour. For two hours we traveled by jeep across streams and over mountains. It had to be the most beautiful ranch in northern California.

At his trailer I turned on the battery-operated tape recorder. The chatty Snooks Burris said he and his father had purchased the Gililland ranch many years ago and Jim Gililland stayed to help count and round up the cattle.

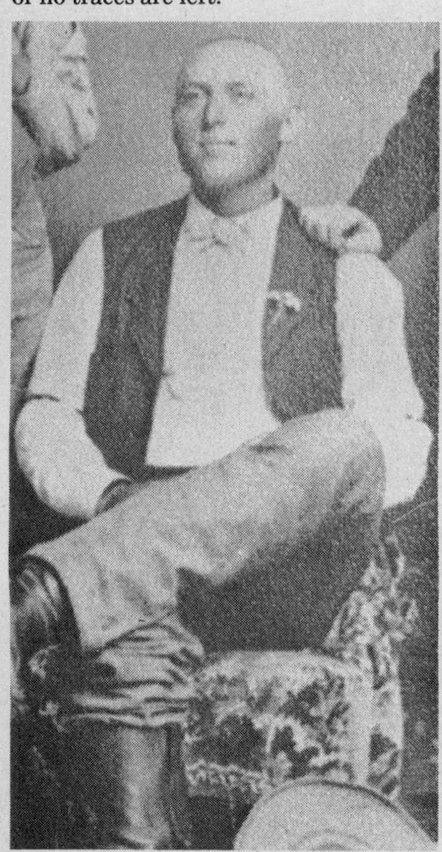
"If I heard that story about the killing once, I heard it a thousand times," Snooks said.

Gililland apparently drank a little and when he was in his cups he would begin laughing about the event, for he dearly hated Fountain.

"He (Gililland) had a peculiar laugh, and it went har, har, har," Burris said. The cowboy told of how he, Bill McNew and Oliver Lee waited near the trail, then rode alongside the Fountain buggy and fired revolvers. "Har, har, har, that old S.O.B. jumped like a big toad," Gililland said. It was known that Fountain's body lept from the wagon as the bullets exploded. He landed between the traces.

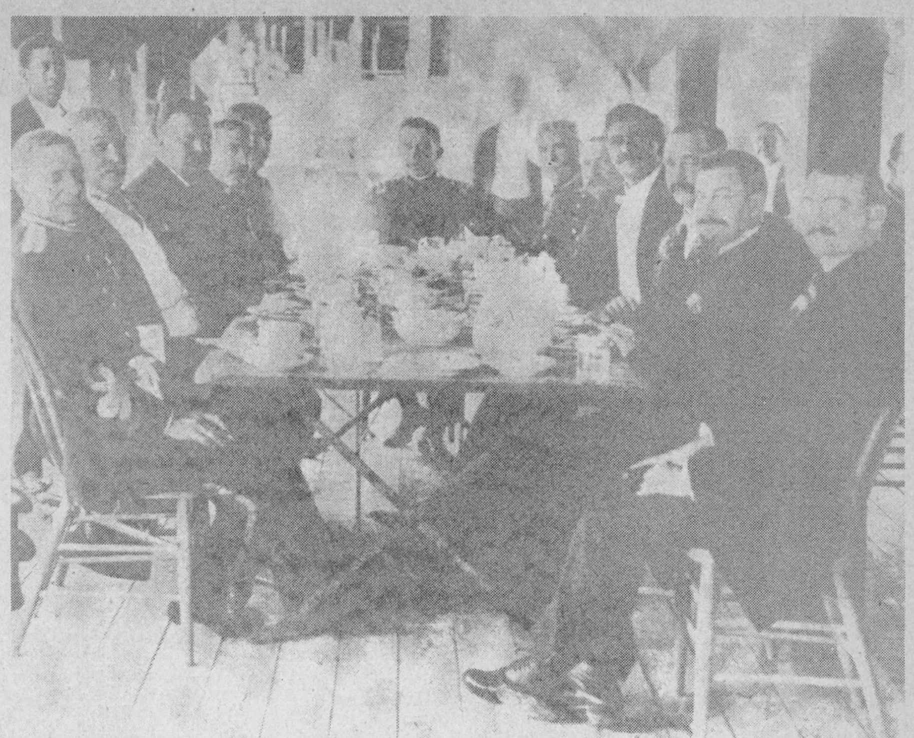
That left Henry Fountain and Gililland could not describe what happened next without crying. "We drew straws. I drew the short one, so I pulled my knife, took the kid by the hair and cut the little feller's throat," according to Burris' quote of Gililland.

The slayers buried the bodies in the San Andres Mountains, but over a period of time even Gililland forgot where. Following Gililland's death, searchers dug in various locations, but 50 years after the event, the bodies either were not there, had been moved or no traces are left.



Courtesy Hal Cox

Wayne Brazel, slayer of Pat Garrett. Brazel normally did not shave his head and it is a mystery why he did so.



Courtesy University of Texas El Paso Archives

This photo lost Pat Garrett his job. Third on left is President Theodore Roosevelt. Third and fourth on right are Tom Powers and Pat Garrett. The photo was taken at 1905 Rough Riders convention in San Antonio, Texas.

So is this really what happened to Colonel Albert Jennings Fountain and his son? I don't know. I personally accept the Burris statement, but obviously it is not suitable evidence for a court of law. Legally the case remains unsolved. It probably will always be New Mexico's greatest murder mystery.

As for Snooks Burris, six months after we talked, he died in a California auto accident. I attended his funeral in El Paso.

FOLLOWING the acquittal of Lee, McNew and Gililland, Pat Garrett resigned as sheriff and went to El Paso, Texas, where President Theodore Roosevelt appointed him Collector of Customs. Garrett involved himself in numerous controversial cases stemming from a too diligent enforcement of his duties.

He also became friends with Tom Powers, the nefarious proprietor of the Coney Island Saloon in the city's downtown. In 1905, a Rough Riders convention took place at San Antonio, Texas. Garrett was invited and because Powers wanted to meet the president, Pat took him along. However, Garrett hesitated to introduce Powers as a saloon keeper, so he called him a "West Texas cattleman." The three had their pictures taken together, but within days the press printed the photos with captions explaining exactly who Powers was. Roosevelt growled that Garrett had misled him and refused Pat's apology.

He did not dismiss Garrett from his post as so many stories have indicated. Roosevelt simply did not reappoint him for another two-year term in 1906. There was nothing Garrett could do except return to his ranch in Dona Ana County, New Mexico which he had purchased while sheriff.

Garrett's death two years later is a long and complex story. I suspected secret hotel meetings in El Paso, money changing hands, hired guns taking up positions in the sand hills, a young and gullible cowboy named Wayne Brazel taking the blame for a murder he did not commit.

As it turned out, none of these oft-repeated allegations were true. Brazel actually did it. The evidence is overwhelming and, in a way, disappointing. Few things are more disconcerting than having your favorite conspiracy theories destroyed.

The family buried Garrett in the Oddfellows Cemetery at Las Cruces and later transferred him to the Masonic graveyard. A large granite stone says GARRETT. You can search all of New Mexico and find no other monument to his memory.

NAKED GEESE

By MADOLINE C. DIXON
Photos Courtesy of Author
Illustrations by Bud McCaulley

WHAT would you think of looking in your neighbor's yard and seeing a flock of stripped down geese waddling around in a daze like a gaggle of Sunday morning cowboys after a three-day toot?

Well, that's what the residents of Payson, Utah, saw about a hundred years ago and their descendants are still chuckling about it.

The story was handed down by Estella Dixon Harper, who died in Payson in 1957. She left behind many amusing tales of events which had occurred during her 96 years.

One of these concerns some geese which were kept at a hotel by John Harvey Moore. Moore was the owner of a rather imposing structure, for its time, that stood at the corner of Pleasant and Main streets in Payson (now First West and First North). Today a portion of the old hotel still stands as originally built. The Eckersley Apartments surround all but the western side of the old building.

Estella Harper said she arrived in Payson as a child and she later recalled a huge sign, some ten feet by three or four, which read "Moore Hotel." Moore and his family established the hotel through the enlargement of their house built in 1852, just two years after Payson was colonized. The hotel was open to travelers whether they arrived via coach, carriage, buggy, wagon or on horseback.

It was by the latter mode of travel that a lone horseman arrived in 1857 carrying the news of the infamous Mountain Meadow Massacre near Beaver, Utah. The man stopped for food and an exchange of horses before proceeding to Salt Lake City. He carried the information to Brigham Young of an

Estella Dixon Harper (1861-1957), as she looked when she was queen of the Utah centennial celebration in Payson, Utah, in 1947. She told the story of the naked geese. Photo at right shows the west side of what is now the Eckersley Apartments in Payson. This section looks much the same as it did in 1857 when it was the Moore Hotel.

event which was probably the greatest black mark in the history of the Mormon Church.

Numerous travelers stopping at the hotel were invited to enjoy the comfortable sleeping rooms that offered four-poster beds laced with rope and fitted with cornhusk or straw mattresses and feather pillows. Furniture included handmade wash stands, bureaus, chairs, tables and cupboards.

The pillows were filled with feathers that came from the geese the Moores kept in their yard. The geese were an important part of the Moore household.

Table scraps were thrown to the geese from time to time and a neighbor lady, who was known to have made grape wine, also threw food to the fowls.

One Sunday the hotel owner and his family were preparing to leave for church when his wife looked out of the window and uttered a cry.

"What's the matter?" asked Moore.

"The geese!" she said. "They look like they're dead!"

The husband looked out the door. "Ah," he said. "Tis so. What could have killed them?"

After much excitement, Moore and his family decided to pluck the creatures before going to church. The feathers would be needed for stuffing when they next made feather pillows for the upstairs rooms. And so, working together, the task was soon accomplished and they left the naked geese in a heap in the yard.

On the way home from church, they met a friend. "What's the matter with your geese?" the friend asked.

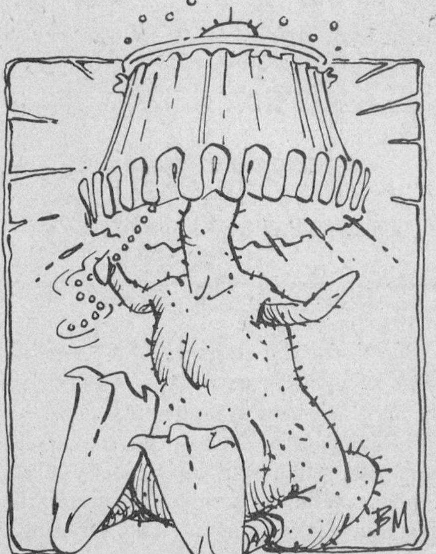
"Matter?" moaned the heartsick innkeeper. "They're dead! That's what's the matter."

"Dead nothing," said the friend. "But I never saw such an odd sight in my life. They're waddling around your yard with their feathers off, falling all over each other like they can't stand up."

It was so. The geese were dead all right. Dead drunk! They had eaten fermented grape pulp dumped over the fence by the wine-making neighbor.

Estella Harper said the story went the rounds of Payson kitchens and parlors and she was still chuckling over it in 1947, when she was honored in Utah as Centennial Queen of the small community, Payson, in central Utah.

In due time the Moore Hotel reverted to a residence for two families. Then in 1916, when the great Strawberry Irrigation Project was completed, it was revitalized as the Strawberry Hotel. In 1949 it was converted to the Eckersley Apartments.



DELEGATION ROBBED

Members of the Johnson County (Wyoming) delegation to the state legislature were chlorophormed and robbed by burglars while they were sleeping in a Cheyenne home on the night of Dec. 4, 1890. Members of the Fremont County delegation suffered a similar experience the next night while sleeping in another Cheyenne residence.

— Annals of Wyoming, 1948

England's Bad Boy Draws Big Crowds Oscar

By RICHARD K. KNAUB

Photos Courtesy the Author

WHEN the miners and cowboys lined up with the locals at the "opry house" they were looking for lively entertainment. To learn that one of the biggest drawing cards in 1882 was a long-haired Englishman in knee-breeches and silk stockings talking about interior decoration might seem surprising.

But the westerners showed up and plunked down their hard-earned dollars because they had laughed themselves silly at an opera which made fun of Oscar Wilde and now they were getting a chance to see the man in person. What could be a bigger laugh?

The opera which poked fun at Oscar was called "Patience" and in it a character named Bunthorne was more interested in lilies and sunflowers than the beautiful girls surrounding him. Now Oscar, with all the Bunthorne trappings, was taking advantage of the "Patience" mania and exhibiting himself as a lecturer.

People actually came to see the character Bunthorne and stayed to hear Oscar Wilde whether they liked him or not. At least his get-up was good for a laugh.

Whether Oscar Wilde got everything he wanted in America is unknown. Whether the cowboys and miners got what they thought they were getting when they plunked down their dollars is only discernable from some of the editorials of the day.

After a successful beginning in New York in early January of 1882 and a tour along the East Coast, Oscar set out to conquer the rest of the country. By March 20, he was ready for the most

OSCAR WILDE ON OUR CAST-IRON STOVES.
Another American Institution sat down on.

Thomas Nast, here, and other American cartoonists had a field day with Oscar Wilde pillоring his dress and behavior. But wild Oscar didn't mind because it brought paying customers into the theater.

Wilde's Wild West

rugged part of his journey.

The trip from Omaha to San Francisco was 100 hours and 1,918 miles by train. It was a long journey even if passengers no longer had to worry about wild Indians. It had been 12 years since Custer was killed at the Little Bighorn.

NATURALLY, Oscar had paid the $100 first class fare and even the $14 extra for his sleeper, but there were 230 stops between Omaha and San Francisco and worst of all, there was no diner on the train. The best the Union Pacific could supply was a loud gong advertising a dinner stop of 30 minutes. Travelers had to dash off the train and into the shanty restaurants for hot beefsteak, cold roast antelope, cold chicken, ham and eggs, stewed tomatoes, cold boiled potatoes and buckwheat pancakes for dessert. Coffee, tea or water completed the meal.

This was hardly the dining style to which Oscar Wilde was accustomed. There were no damask napkins and no vintage wines so Oscar may have found those eating stops unaesthetic, but at least they broke the monotony of the Great Plains.

The conductor suggested that target practice might help and would serve to polish a necessary skill for the still rugged West. Oscar cabled to his agent in Denver shortly before his arrival that he had been practicing his marksmanship by shooting sparrows off telegraph wires and that "my aim is as lethal as lightning."

Nevertheless, Oscar's observation that the "prairies remind me of a piece of blotting paper" suggests that the trip was anything but pleasant.

Three hundred and forty miles from Omaha lay Julesburg, Colorado. It seemed almost proud of its claim to the "wickedest town in America" and reminded travelers that train robbers had raided the express car for $20,000 twice within five years. Oscar no doubt felt lucky that Jesse James was currently hiding out, though a train robbery would have broken the monotony.

Cheyenne, Laramie, Reno and on he

A sedentary Oscar Wilde lounges on his American tour before a performance. Americans in 1882 lined up to see this long-haired Englishman in knee-breeches and silk stockings.

Westerners showed up and plunked down their hard-earned dollars. Whether the cowboys and miners got what they thought they were getting is only discernable from some of the editorials of the day. Whether Oscar Wilde got what he wanted in America is unknown.

Oscar Wilde dressed in his fineries.

went until the four days finally passed and California turned out to meet him. After a few hours rest, Wilde was ready to show the people of San Francisco why he was there.

OSCAR was a hit in California. He was wined and dined, his lectures were well attended and people hung on his every word. In fact, the cliche words from "Patience" were the rage and his audiences used them as he did.

Things were "too exquisitely too too," "too utterly utter" or "too sweetly sweet." It was hardly surprising that some of the more rugged Californians wanted to put this strange creature to a test. The image he portrayed was hardly that of the he-man by which all westerners were measured.

A "Miss Nancy" the livelier young men of the Bohemian Club labeled him and set out to get him drunk. Amid shouts and laughter and encouragement the game began. If Oscar was aware of the scheme, he gave no clue. All through dinner and on into the night he took the drinks as fast as they came, voice unblurred and unceasing while, one by one, his hosts slipped numbly to the floor.

When no one was there to respond to him anymore, Oscar looked about, shrugged into his great cloak and strolled back to his rooms at the Palace Hotel — alone.

The second California attempt to "entertain" its visitor was staged at the Cliff House, a famous roadhouse seven miles from San Francisco. A Ned Fry and a Captain Foster invited Oscar to the bar and then to a game of dollar ante.

"What is dollar ante?" Oscar dreamily inquired in a mezzo soprano high. They explained and gave him a seat and chuckled to themselves. At first nobody got very far. By and by it was Oscar's deal, and he caressed the cards gently and distributed them mournfully, like crumbs at communion. Everybody went in. The captain took two cards; Fry took one and Oscar one. The captain bet five dollars and Fry raised him five. Oscar murmured dubiously, but put up his portion.

"Ten harder," said the captain.

"Ten more than you," remarked Fry.

Oscar knit his brow and said, "The o'ershadowing sky is murky, but I must stay. I will — how do you phrase it, call? I will call on you."

The captain joined the merry throng. He laid down his cards with a smile of triumph.

"Three aces," said he.

"Full hand," said Fry proudly and reached for the money.

"Too-too," the poet murmured and laid down four deuces.

OSCAR gave his fifth lecture within ten days in the San Francisco area and prepared to leave for Salt Lake City. This train trip, though no more comfortable, may have been taken with less concern than the previous trip because headlines across the country bannered the news that train robber Jesse James was killed in St. Joseph, Missouri. Jesse had been living under the alias of Thomas Howard until one of his own men, tempted by a reward, shot him in the back.

Other headlines were more concerned with the moral threat posed by the Mormons of Utah and Oscar was curious to see this community of plural marriages led by John Taylor, successor to Brigham Young.

Though he had a brief meeting with Taylor, "the Poet Laureate of Zion," and a tour through the Tabernacle which he described later as "having the shape of a soup kettle with decorations suitable for a jail," Oscar wasted no time in Salt Lake City.

Even though he was met by a big crowd and a bellboy with a large sunflower in his lapel, Oscar found little to recommend the town or its people. He described the women as "commonplace in every sense of the word." But he didn't say it until he was out of the state.

AND now, Colorado was awaiting him. In fact several of the more colorful

Denver citizens had been preparing for him in a special way. Denver might be a frontier town and Colorado the newest state, but the locals had no intention of appearing any less cultured than their East or West Coast counterparts.

Though there were certainly people of culture in Denver, it was people of the other kind which made most of the headlines. The silver strikes in the Rockies for which Denver was a jumping off place filled the town with miners, both wealthy and broke. In addition, there were the cowboys who tended the longhorns on the plains to the east and used Denver as their "relaxing" place.

There was much competition among the shady ladies of Holladay Street for their attentions. The aesthetic revolution proposed by Mr. Wilde seemed like a subtle way to advertise and some of the women took full advantage of it, as was reported in the Denver Republican:

"Miss Minnie Clifford, one of the noted queens of the demi-monde, was arrested yesterday, in company with a companion named Emma Nelson, for a very queer offense. The two started out yesterday for a stroll.

"Miss Minnie has of late become a disciple of Oscar Wilde, and desirous of testifying her respect and admiration for the great aesthete, she placed upon her hat between the port gangway and the rudderchains an immense sunflower fully a foot in diameter.

"This, of course, attracted attention and caused comment, to which the gentle apostle of the aesthetic responded with a smile. The police suddenly stopped the celebration in honor of the coming of Oscar."

The fair apostles were taken before Justice Sopris, who discharged them with a mild lecture.

A limp Oscar Wilde.

Oscar Wilde's comments on American life often put him at the mercy of cartoonists as here, Thomas Nast. Nast, in Harper's Bazaar of June 10, 1882, shows Oscar commenting that western miners were the "only well-dressed men I have seen in America."

CHIEF of Police James Lomery, in an attempt to clean up his city, issued an order to his force the day before Oscar arrived which prohibited known prostitutes from riding or driving within the city. He ordered the police to apprehend any "who are found walking on the streets attired in a dress that would attract unusual attention or cause a meretricious display, and make complaint against them for keeping or being inmates of houses of ill-fame."

Poor Chief Lomery stirred up a hornet's nest with his order. A report in the Tribune described a routine incident:

"Tom Ryan attempted to arrest two drunken chippies. One of them got away, but he got the other into a beer wagon and hauled her to jail. When she saw that she could not escape, she amused herself by kicking beer barrels into the street from the wagon."

Minnie and Emma of the sunflower and lily were surely gratified to find such notables as Eugene Field, editor of the Tribune, coming to their aid. His headline read "The War on Asthetics" and stated, "The Chief of Police makes an order against the rage for 'Too Utterly Too' costumes."

American cartoonists made fun of Oscar Wilde, but it was a different story in England. Here an English cartoonist depicts followers of Wilde, personified by the distraught woman, waving goodbye as he sails for America.

An even more unexpected ally was a Mrs. Chuchill, editor of The Colorado Antelope, a paper dedicated to "the interests of humanity, woman's political equity and individuality." She used the headline "Another Blow at the Liberties of Women" and shrieked "In free America, woman is not permitted to wear a sunflower. The scarlet women of Denver are not permitted to adorn themselves with sunflowers. It is supposed that they be blue women after this."

Even the ordinary citizens were concerned. A letter to the editor in the Republican below the Chief's unfortunate order inquired as to whether the writer would have to bring in her new walking dress, which was being made in the city's finest shop, for the chief to pass on. Since it was of the finest brocade, "Old Lady" as she signed herself, was concerned lest she be considered "meretricious" and arrested.

By the time Oscar arrived in Denver there was a capacity audience waiting at the Tabor Grand Opera House. Knowing his train was going to be late, Oscar slipped into the baggage car to don his soft-collared shirt, velvet knee-breeches and silk stockings. With his "costume" covered by his great cloak and with his slouch hat pulled low over his eyes, he was both ready to avoid the crowds waiting in the snow and mud at the train station and to dash straight into the theater for his lecture.

Fortunately, fellow poet and Tribune editor Eugene Field spotted Oscar before the crowds did. He hustled Wilde into a closed carriage and rushed him to the theater. Oscar was interested only in the paying audience and so ignored the pleas to "stick your head out and let us see you."

The careful timetable which the papers had published was discarded. Oscar was to have five minutes to get from the train to the Windsor Hotel, ten for his toilet, fifteen for supper and five more for picking his teeth and attaining a comfortable composure with a final five minutes set aside for getting him to the opera house and onto the stage. Instead, Oscar dashed in the stage door of the theatre, drank half a bottle of champagne, and some thirty minutes late, strolled daintily onto the stage.

Horace Tabor, builder of the opera house and then candidate for U. S. senator, had spared no expense to provide an aesthetic background for the speaker. The stage was filled with trailing vines and lilies, heavy Turkish curtains and carpets and delicately carved furniture. A single calla lily rested on a center table.

The stage carpenter was quoted in the press, "I can't quite catch on to what this aesthetic business is, but I'm trying to get up something that will be attractive and new. The novelty will be in keeping with the aestheticism if the attractive element is not."

AT the end of the lecture, Field and Wilde hurried to Oscar's hotel where a late supper had been prepared. Oscar hardly had said to the waiter, "Take away the tea and bring me a bottle of wine," when the admiring fans arrived.

Oscar, a gentleman to the last, put aside his supper and entertained. One of those present was wealthy Haw Tabor who parlayed a grubstake for two successful miners into $4 million by 1882.

Tabor built the Windsor Hotel and opera house in Denver, and in Leadville, home of his famous Matchless Mine, he also built the opera house where Oscar was scheduled to lecture the following night. As a special gesture of hospitality, Tabor invited Oscar to tour the Matchless during his Leadville stay. Oscar eagerly accepted.

When the guests departed, Oscar fin-

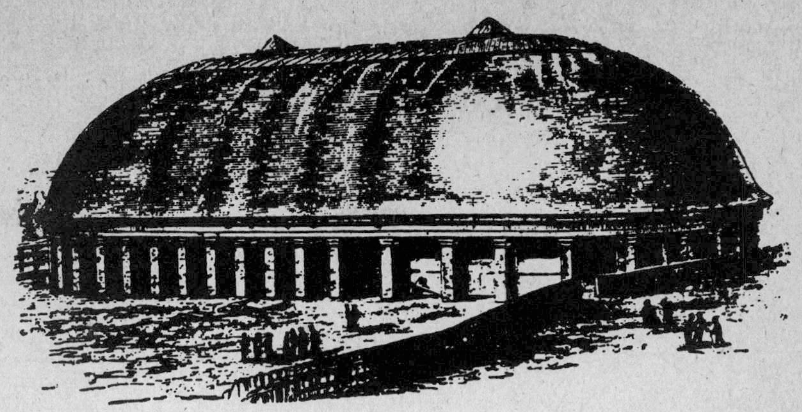
ished his meal and got what sleep he could before catching the bumpy, lurching South Park train early the next morning.

The reviews next day were critical of Oscar's lecture, but the house had been full and so were Oscar's pockets. Although reviewers seldom were complimentary to Oscar as a lecturer, he found this a way to achieve notoriety and make money with little effort.

Another miserable day greeted Wilde as he set out for Leadville via the South Park Railway. The trip was rough and cold even though Oscar spent part of it riding in the engine cab with a friendly Irish engineer.

By the time he reached Leadville, Oscar was ill. Chances are his late nights, his drinking and the altitude had something to do with his condition. But more than one reporter suggested it was the violent reputation of the town itself which contributed most to Wilde's illness. The mining town was said to have grown from 1,200 to 60,000 in six months though the itinerant population was extremely difficult to count.

Said to be the wildest town on earth, Leadville had had two murders the week before Oscar arrived. One victim had been shot in front of the very theater where Oscar was to speak. The Denver News reported a Leadville citizen killed a policeman and was indicted for it. "Leadville, as a whole, is determined that this shooting on sight whenever convenient must be stopped," the paper said.



THE MORMON TABERNACLE
"It has the shape of a soup-kettle," said Oscar Wilde, after he was safely out of Utah. This drawing appeared in a London publication in 1882.

THERE were rumors that some of the young bucks of the town were going to give Oscar a "reception." Whatever the cause of his condition, Oscar was whisked off the train and into the hotel via the ladies' entrance. A local doctor was summoned who provided a prescription which soon put the ailing poet back on his feet. Joking about his Leadville experience later, Oscar said that, when informed that he or his manager would be shot on sight should they come to Leadville, his response was "nothing they could do to my manager would intimidate me."

It may not have been so funny to Oscar then, but the local doctor diagnosed a "case of light air" and for one dollar, according to Oscar's expense account, the local druggist got him ready for his evening lecture.

Oscar's version of his visit was far more colorful and self-complimentary than that reported by the newspapers:

"I read them passages from the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini and they seemed much delighted. I was reproved by my hearers for not having brought him with me. I explained that he had been dead for some little time which elicted the inquiry, 'Who shot him?' They afterwards took me to a dancing saloon where I saw the only rational method of art criticism I have ever come across. Over the piano was printed a notice: 'Please Do Not Shoot the Pianist — He is Doing His Best.'

"The mortality among pianists in that place is marvelous. Then they asked me to supper, and having accepted, I had to descend a mine in a rickety bucket in which it was impossible to be graceful. Having got into the heart of the mountain I had supper, the first course being whisky, the second whisky, and the third whisky."

Though Oscar apparently lied about his choice of subject and the response to the lecture, the visit through the saloons and the drinking bout in the Matchless mine are accurate. Oscar wasn't booed off the stage, but the high point of the lecture, as reported by the press, was a squalling baby. Oscar paused and said, "I wish the juvenile enthusiast would restrain its raptures until the end of the lecture." A voice from the crowd shouted that the baby's cries had been the best part of the evening.

The Denver Times reported that "the most notable feature of Mr. Wilde's lecture was the rather boisterous good humor of the audience. Translated into everyday language, it probably means bad manners."

When he returned to England, Oscar told his audiences that a trial had been held on the stage of the Leadville opera house just before his lecture. The defendant was found guilty and hanged on the spot. As the rope snapped tight, the hanged man grabbed it and started himself swinging from side to side until his ever widening arc allowed him to grab on to the scenery at the side of the stage. As he clung there, members of the audience shot at him with their revolvers.

This may have been the final stage to which Oscar's imagination took the true story of the shooting of the previous week, but it was only a colorful story of the West as Oscar saw it, not as it was. Another Wilde invention was that a speaker lecturing the previous week had been shot by a member of the audience while turning his back on the crowd to examine a chromo-lithograph lantern slide.

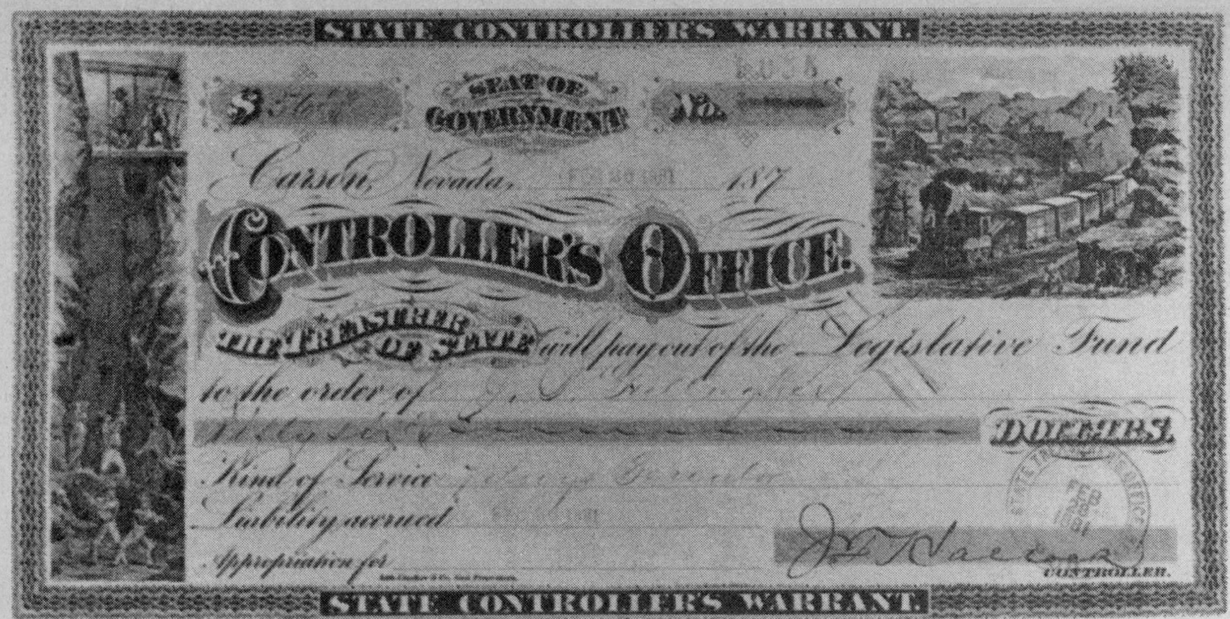
"Which shows that people should never look at chromo-lithographs," Oscar declared.

One story which was true, however, was Oscar's visit to the Matchless mine. After his lecture a representative of Horace Tabor met him and he returned to his hotel to put on clothes more appropriate for his night on the town. Dressed in slouch hat, corduroy coat and long, tight trousers, he joined the guides.

Leadville was ablaze with saloons and casinos which featured "female bathers, daring tumblers and other dramatic attractions." Less formal entertainments had been known to include foot races among pretty young prostitutes totally unencumbered by clothes. There would have been plenty of sights for Oscar to see that night as well as every kind of sensual delight to enjoy.

After a round of the major pleasure palaces, the party wound its way to the

(continued on page 51)



STATE CONTROLLER'S WARRANT

$ ... SEAT OF GOVERNMENT No.

Carson, Nevada, ... 187

CONTROLLER'S OFFICE.

THE TREASURER OF STATE will pay out of the Legislative Fund

to the order of J. S. Gallagher

DOLLARS.

Kind of Service

Liability accrued

Appropriation for

CONTROLLER.

STATE CONTROLLER'S WARRANT

State officials were overpaid even 100 years ago as shown in this Nevada warrant to Senator J. Gallagher who received $56 for a week's work. Dated 1881, the warrant has a collector value of approximately $30.

OLD WEST DOCUMENT COLLECTING

By WARREN ANDERSON
Photos Courtesy of Author

THERE is a curious fascination about the history of the early American West that captures the hearts of Americans and people all over the world.

The Old West represented but a brief period barely covering a single generation yet the western mystique refuses to flicker out. In fact, the interest in this era draws a larger audience every year.

This interest has grown into the actual collecting of authentic early western collectibles. Some of the more popular collectibles of the Old West include weapons, bottles, barbed wire, photographs, law badges, mining equipment and cowboy paraphernalia. While these have been in demand for several decades, one area that was largely overlooked until recently was collecting old western documents.

The growing interest in these documents has climbed to new heights not previously seen in other collectibles too. Why the change in collector appeal?

Documents are the least expensive of early western collectibles. They are easy to store and view in display books. They can be framed and displayed in homes and offices.

Some documents are attractively printed and their scarcity is assured because few are available. Combine this with the adolescence of this collecting field and the reasons for the surge in activity are easy to understand.

These "wanted" western documents include old checks and banking documents, stock certificates and bonds, express and telegraph documents, letters and envelopes, land grants, warrants, railroad and mining documents, autographed documents, invoices, receipts and other miscellaneous documents.

PAPERS dating between 1850 and 1910 are of most interest to buyers and sellers. Westward expansion began in the 1850s and didn't close until the early 1900s when the last of the great mining camps of Tonopah, Goldfield, Cripple Creek, Butte and Jerome began to exhaust their great ore bodies.

It can be safely assumed that most early western documents are gone forever. Of the hundreds of small mining camps that saw boom and bust cycles, documents were usually disposed of rather than stored and filed. Fires and floods have taken their toll.

Still, some types of early western documents are satisfying collector demand while others are very rare and "one of a kind." Determining the scarcity of a document and understanding the factors that determine the collector value is important for potential collectors to know.

The most important pricing factor is whether the document has been signed by a notable westerner. Current prices on autographed documents start under $50 and run into the thousands of dollars. It basically depends upon who the person is and what type of document was signed.

Collecting autographed western documents can be rewarding both historically and financially but it requires a larger bankroll and additional searching not only in the western document "market" but in such specialized fields as scripophily (stocks and bonds), autographs and checks.

A second pricing factor is the attractiveness of the document. While some documents such as invoices and receipts are plain, others such as stocks and bonds often are well illustrated with engravings or artwork. They are sometimes printed in several colors.

The age of a western document is another consideration. A safe rule is the older the document, the fewer there are and the fewer there are, the higher the collector value.

Those documents that date in the 1850s and 1860s are the most difficult to find because many parts of the West were still unsettled.

Documents from the 1870s and the 1880s are somewhat easier to find. With the transcontinental railroad built and Indians herded onto reservations, settlement spread rapidly. Still, documents from certain areas during this time are hard to find.

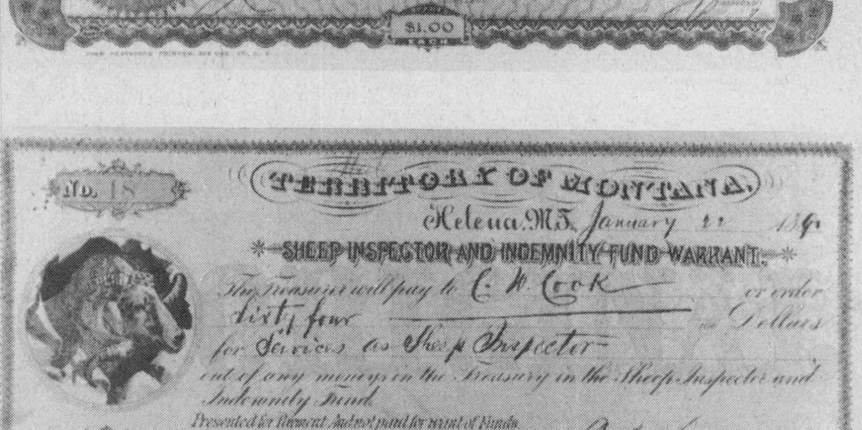
Those dating between 1890 and 1910 are still fairly plentiful depending upon the type of document. These are usually the least expensive because of their abundance.

Many western documents have some historical value and this is another factor. Autographed documents usually have the most historical value but there are other documents with their own historical significance.

An example would be a Wells Fargo document, a mining stock from the Comstock Lode or a check from Tombstone or Dodge City. Although some research may be involved, the rewards are worth it because it gives the document more meaning and purpose.

Also important is the condition of the documents. Some have wrinkles, creases and ragged edges while others are crisp as if they were left untouched since the day they were used.

Collectors usually have to accept whatever condition a document is in unless there is more than one available. Unless the document is of special significance, those with large tears, water stains or other imperfections should be avoided.


TERRITORY OF MONTANA.
Helena, M.T. January 22 189
SHEEP INSPECTOR AND INDEMNITY FUND WARRANT.
The Treasurer will pay to C. W. Cook or order
Sixty four Dollars
for Services as Sheep Inspector
out of any moneys in the Treasury in the Sheep Inspector and Indemnity Fund.
Presented for Payment, And not paid for want of Funds.
$64.
Territorial Auditor.

Top left: This draft from the Colorado Territory shows Denver in 1867. Collector value — $60. Middle left: George Wingfield, Nevada mining king of the 1900s and millionaire at age 26, signed this stock valued at $50. Bottom left: Signed by Charles W. Cook who was the first white man to fully explore Yellowstone Park in 1870, this stock is valued at $150.

THE earliest documents from the 1850s and 1860s seen for sale today are usually those from the West Coast where the population was greatest.

Combine all of these elements and one can get a general idea of the pricing structure on early western documents. It is also half the battle in learning about this collecting field.

Interesting finds in early western documents continue to generate plenty of exciting tales. In early 1982, a dealer of scripophily sold a group of 1870 railroad stocks to another dealer for $75 each. The certificates were issued to "Fremont and Martin" and signed by both men on the back when they were cancelled.

Unbeknownst to the selling dealer, "Fremont" turned out to be none other than John C. Fremont, the famous western explorer and presidential candidate. This same certificate later sold at a New York scripophily auction for $270.

An autograph dealer in Texas recently offered a New Mexico Territory mining stock signed by Pat Garrett for $200 in his catalog. According to this dealer, several dozen requests were made for the one certificate. On the scripophily market it would sell for more than $1,000 today.

Of course, all western finds aren't this notable but new and unusual discoveries are being made every year thanks to careful research by collectors and dealers.

Finding dealers of paper collectibles who have a good selection of western documents is not an easy task because there are very few who specialize in them. For many dealers western documents are only a small part of their inventory.

Antique and collectible shows which are held in major cities are a good place to search. Most shows are advertised in local newspapers. The same applies to coin or stamp shows.

Some dealers advertise in the classified pages of antique and collectible publications. There are about two dozen such publications.

With many early western camps and towns eroding to the ground, documents are about the only tangible proof of their existence. And as the combining forces of Mother Nature and man continue to destroy what little is left, early western documents will remain highly valued remnants of our pioneer heritage.

More Valuable Documents

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF COLORADO

CAPITAL STOCK 500,000

50,000 SHARES OF $10 EACH.

Union Pacific Consolidated Mining Co.

OF COLORADO. NON-ASSESSABLE.

This is to Certify, That ... is entitled to ... Shares of the Capital Stock of the Union Pacific Consolidated Mining Company, full paid and non-assessable, transferable only on the books of the Company in person or by attorney upon surrender of this Certificate.

Countersigned by

Treasurer. President. Secretary.

SAN ANTONIO DISTRICT LOWER CALIFORNIA

Triunfo Gold & Silver Mining Co.

CAPITAL 1,573,200 DOLLARS

SHARES 200 DOLL EACH

SAN FRANCISCO March 1st 186

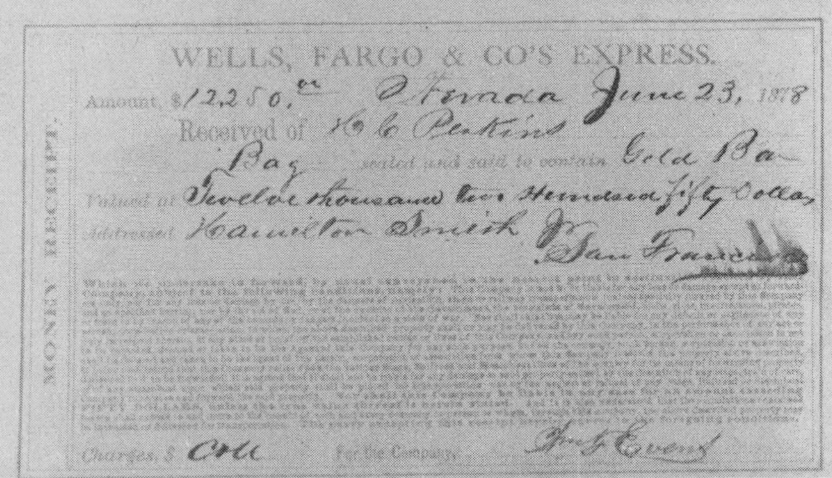
This certifies that ... is entitled to ... Share in the Capital Stock of

TRIUNFO GOLD & SILVER MINING COMPANY.

Transferable on the books of the Company by endorsement hereon and surrender of this Certificate.

INCORPORATED

Secretary. President.



WELLS, FARGO & CO'S EXPRESS.

MONEY RECEIPT

Amount $12,250.00 Nevada June 23, 1878

Received of H C Perkins

Bag sealed and said to contain Gold Ba

Valued at Twelve thousand two hundred fifty dollars

Addressed Hamilton Smith Jr San Francisco

Charges, $ Coll For the Company.

Top: Valued at $50, this stock for the Union Pacific was originally printed in three colors. Middle: Although technically worthless because it was never cancelled, this stock is worth $100 or more. Bottom: Wells Fargo documents are prized by collectors. This one is worth about $35.

Cutting Up in the Old West

Collecting Early Whisker Weapons

By CLAY TONTZ
Photos Courtesy the Author

LET'S give another cheer to the embattled pioneers who fought off Indians, claim jumpers and hordes of grasshoppers all week and on Saturday faced up to a real ordeal — that of mowing a heavy growth of whiskers with the new-fangled contraption laughingly called the "safety razor."

Following the Civil War, safety razors became popular even though they could slice the face or painfully snarl the whiskers. Many of the razors were no safer than the old favorite straight razor; they just had removable blades.

At the turn of the century, improvements were made. Because money was scarce, shavers got a lot of mileage out of each blade. My father bought a little hoe-shaped Enders razor around 1910 and was still using it in the 1920s.

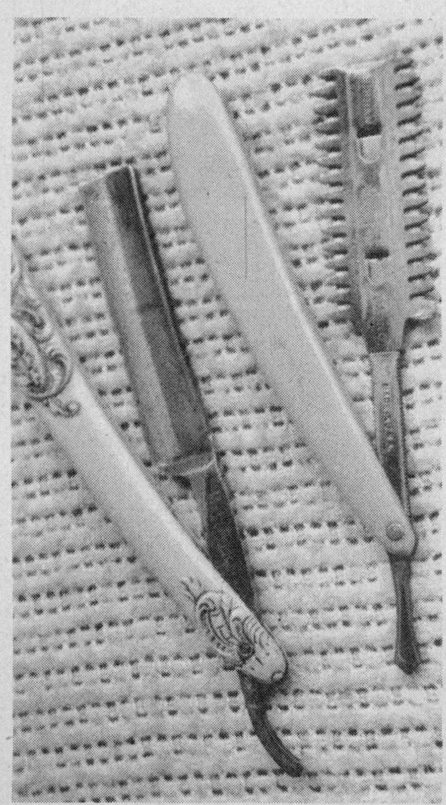
To better understand how our ancestors lived, I have had a complusion for many years to search for their artifacts. Among these are old, unusual safety razors. One of my cased sets is priceless. At least that is what the former owner, a fruit jar collector, said.

Stalking the safety razor has brought surprises and rewards. Take the Arnold Fountain safety razor. Prowling a Goodwill store, I came upon a battered shoe box containing dozens of pencils, ball point pens and a few old fashioned fountain pens.

A large old pen caught my eye. Perhaps I ought to buy it I thought. I picked it up and opened it to see if it had a pen point. It didn't. But it had something better: A built-in razor. In spite of its name, the long, slender blade looked lethal. Near the box I found the cardboard case for the razor.

Someday, as I continue stalking the "safety" razor, I shall find it: The razor to end all razors. It will be in near-mint condition, maybe a little splotch of blood on it. The design of the handle will be such that the lucky user had to

Below: Razor at right is a later or transition model of old-style straight razor at left. Photo at right: Shaving brushes as advertised in a turn-of-the-century catalog.



H. G. LIPSCOMB & COMPANY

SHAVING BRUSHES

"BELLE MEADE" ASSORTMENT

Contains one dozen brushes, assorted color handles, with white bristles. Sold only by box of one dozen.

"Belle Meade" Shaving Brushes .... Per Dozen, $1.50

No. 775 ASSORTMENT

Contains one dozen brushes, assorted color and design handles, with white bristles. Sold only by box of one dozen.

No. 775—Shaving Brushes .... Per Dozen, $1 80

No. 1103

Maroon enameled wood handle and ferrule; white bristles; rosin set ferrule, corrugated.

No. 1103—Shaving Brush .... Per Dozen, $1 50

Half-dozen in a box.

No. 100

Natural finish hardwood handle; white French bristles; rosin set, red twine, wrapped ferrule.

No. 100—Shaving Brush .... Per Dozen, $2 50

Half-dozen in a box.

No. 116

Brown enameled wood handle; long pure French bleached bristles, wire drawn and cement set; orange twine wrapped ferrule.

No. 116—Shaving Brush .... Per Dozen, $4.00

Half-dozen in a box.

No. 126—Black enameled wood handle; white bristles

SHAVING BRUSHES

No. 1622

Fine white wood handle, polished and varnished; imitation black rubber ferrule; white French bristles, set in cement.

No. 1622—Shaving Brush .... Per Dozen,

Half-dozen in a box.

No. 1X—"NEVERSHED"

Black ivory finish wood handle; non-corrosive pure aluminum ferrule; selected odorless white bristles, put together and in handle with waterproof cement. Will wear to the ferrule without shedding bristles.

No. 1X—"Nevershed" Shaving Brush ... Per Dozen,

Half-dozen in a box.

No. 7—"NEVERSHED"

Black ivory finish wood handle; non-corrosive, pure aluminum ferrule; selected odorless white bristles, put together and in handle with waterproof cement. Will wear to the ferrule without shedding bristles.

No. 7—"Nevershed" Shaving Brush ... Per Dozen,

Half-dozen in a box.

No. 6—"NEVERSHED"

Black ivory finish wood handle, octagon shaped; non-corrosive, pure aluminum ferrule; long, pure white, selected odorless bristles, put together and in handle with waterproof cement. Will wear to the ferrule without shedding bristles.

No. 6—"Nevershed" Shaving Brush ... Per Dozen,

Half-dozen in a box.

No. 1470

Black hardwood handle, with fancy nickel connection to ferrule; imitation black rubber ferrule; long, selected badger mixed hair, set in cement

This is a close view of the rare Collins "safety" razor with its round blades the size of a silver dollar.

twist his neck painfully as he tried to shave. With this wonderful razor, inserting or removing the blade usually resulted in a slashed finger or thumb. Moreover, it will have been designed in such a way that twelve straps will be required to set it up for use — all those steps necessary to circumvent patents of a competitor. It will be in a handsome case and a tiny folded paper will declaim that this razor will make all others razors obsolete.

It will be one of three of its kind left on earth because the other 97 were hurled to the floor and stomped into small bits by the users filled with loathing frustration and fury. About as one would feel toward a rattler striking at one's wrist.

Below left: Cased Star Razor made before turn of the century. Device on right is a blade sharpener which flipped the blade on a strop. Below: Safety razors came packed in a variety of cases. Burma Shave jar at top of photo.

The Daltons Were Our Neighbors in California

By WILLIAM NORIN

ONE evening my father came in from the field and told us that a family had moved in across the river. We were all excited with the welcome news.

"I do hope they will be neighborly," my mother said. "It would be so nice to run over for a starter of yeast and sit down and chat a bit."

This is how my late Aunt Tessie described the arrival of Will Dalton* and his family on the Estrella Plain in central California. Another aunt told how my grandmother, Molly McDonald, used to exchange pies with Mrs. Dalton, the former Jane Blevin of Livingston.

My late Uncle Allen recalled Will Dalton always wearing long white chaps. Once Will scared Allen, who was only six at the time, by unhitching the youngster's mare colt and pretending to ride off with it. Allen chuckled when he told the story. He said he cried plenty when Will teased him.

Neighbors of my grandfather, Lockie McDonald, shared his attraction to Will Dalton. Most of the people on the Estrella Plain stood up for him and even willingly appeared as witnesses for the defense in Tulare County when he was tried in 1891 for the Alila (Earlimont) train robbery.

Will had been active in county politics and in 1890 served with my grandfather's brother, Murdock, as an Estrella delegate to the County Populist Convention.

Eventually, when things got too hot for them in the Oklahoma Territory, Grat, Emmett and Bob Dalton joined their brother at the Cotton Ranch, which Will had rented from a San Francisco judge named Cotton. The brothers rather quickly became assimilated into the not too frequent recreational activities of the day.

Aunt Tessie related: "On Saturday nights all the neighbors would gather for a dance and box supper at the Keyes Canyon schoolhouse. We usually danced waltzes to the strains of music from a tinny old piano. At one of the socials young Emmett Dalton asked me to dance with him. He was a handsome man, very polite, and I was delighted to be his partner."

Not all of the Estrellans shared my aunt's enthusiasm for the newly arrived Dalton brothers. Folk were nervous because the boys always wore their guns — even while farming. After a hard day's work in the fields they would engage in target practice.

Uncle Allen told me that the Daltons

From left, Grat Dalton, at age 24, when he lived in California; Littleton Dalton, about 1888, who lived in California and stayed on the right side of the law, and Frank Halter, who loaned Will Dalton the saddle ridden by Emmett Dalton at the time of the Alila, California, train robbery. Photo taken at Grat Dalton's trial in California.

Grat Dalton, courtesy N. H. Rose; Littleton Dalton, courtesy Mrs. Martha Bolton, Frank Halter, courtesy Frank Halter. All reprinted by permission from *Dalton Gang Days*, by Frank F. Latta, Bear State Books, Santa Cruz, California (1976).

would hang a small piece of buckhide to a tree and then ride in circles shooting at this small target. At one time, Allen counted more than a hundred slugs in that old oak tree, which still stands on the bank of the Estrella River.

My relatives became very nervous when they would see the Daltons riding back from Paso Robles with large amounts of cartridges.

During their prolonged visit to brother Will's place, Emmett, Bob and Grat drove mules for Will's other neighbor and brother-in-law, Bill Blevin, but only for a few days at a time. The rest of the time they spent drinking and brawling in San Miguel, Paso Robles, and San Luis Obispo's various watering spots.

Will Dalton and another brother, Littleton, worked on Emmett, Bob and Grat for a month trying to get them to settle down and go to work — but to no avail. Littleton always remained law-abiding. Will eventually led his own outlaw gang.

Late in the afternoon of Jan. 28, 1891, Will and his brothers borrowed Frank Halter's saddle, as well as some money from my grandfather, and headed east. Will explained that he was taking his kin to Salinas where he had gotten them a job. No one stopped to remind him that Salinas was north, not east! Some probably said "Good riddance."

Nine days later a Southern Pacific train was held up in Tulare County. The cry went out immediately, "The Daltons did it!" The search for the outlaws wound its way across the Coast Range to Estrella where the boys were holed up with their brother Will.

Some of the neighbors saw Sheriff O'Neill and Bill Smith, an express company detective, coming up the trail heading for Will's ranch house. My grandfather rushed over to Will's house and alerted the boys. They scrambled into the house and into the attic where they stayed all night until the lawmen left in the morning.

Luckily for Smith and O'Neill, they didn't hear the boys in the attic. Years later Emmett told how they were waiting with their sidearms cocked and ready to blast the officers.

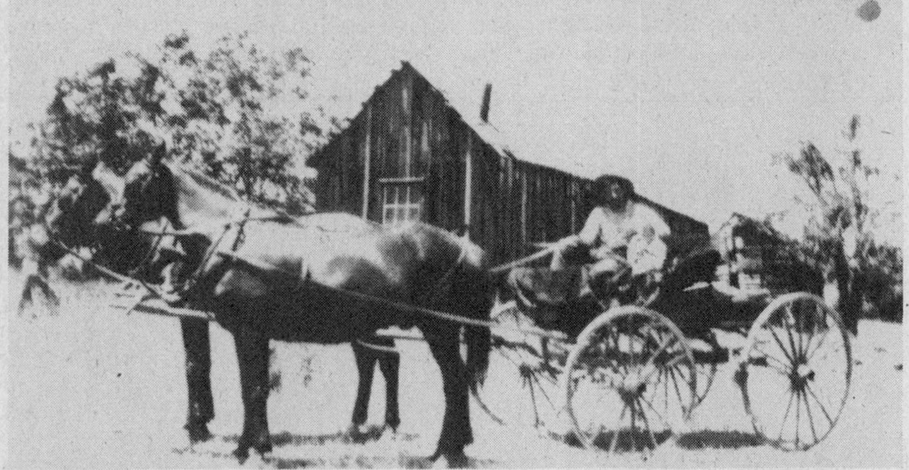
Thanks to help from neighbors, the Daltons hid in a draw for a few days. Then, when the heat was off, they rode out to Bitter Creek where my granduncle, Frank McAdams, boarded them for a few days. He gave them fresh mounts, which eventually took them out of the state.

All except Emmett were killed at the scene of their crimes, Bob and Grat in Kansas and Bill in Oklahoma. Emmett was captured in Coffeyville, Kansas, and given a penitentiary term. He was later pardoned and returned to southern California where he became a successful but boastful citizen.

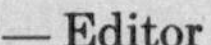
In later years, Emmett sought his good friend, the senior McDonald, who was living in Oakland at the time. They broke bread and reminisced about their early days on the Estrella Plain. Emmett was married by this time as was my Aunt Tessie, who had learned the two-step from him to the accompaniment of a rinky-dink piano. He remembered her and signed his autograph in a copy of a book he had written about the Dalton exploits.

One must wonder what would have happened to the Dalton boys had they listened to Littleton, who tried to convert them to a more peace-loving life style in San Luis Obispo County.

Photos Courtesy of the Author



Top photo: Loughlin McDonald, grandfather of the author, and his bride, Mary McAdam, in 1878. The Daltons were his neighbors. Bottom photo: Loughlin McDonald in his spring wagon, the most popular form of transportation until the turn of the century.



* In this story, the author, William Norin, refers to Will Dalton who was also known as Bill Dalton. Bill's real name was Mason Dalton.

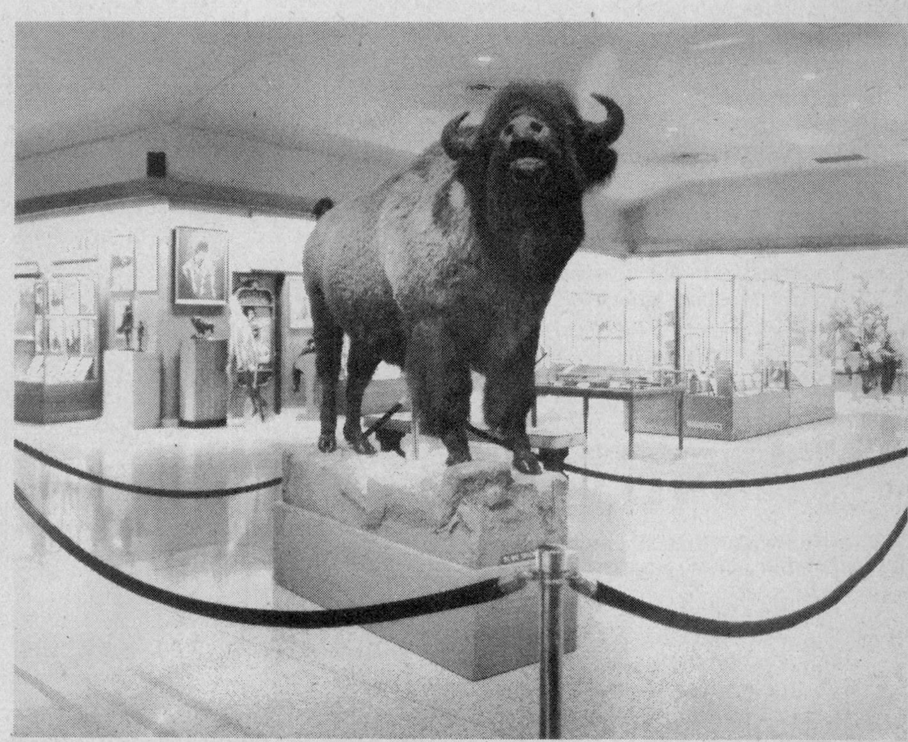
— Editor

Rocky Mountains Art Exhibit

The work of landscape artists who came to the Rocky Mountains during the period 1820 to 1900 will be the focus of a new art exhibit appearing at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming.

Entitled "The Rocky Mountains: A Vision for Artists in the Nineteenth Century," the show is scheduled to run through Sept. 23, 1983. Painting styles will range from the English watercolor tradition to American Impressionism.

Approximately 90 works of art will be exhibited in the museum's Center Gallery. The show will feature works by artists such as Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Moran, Alfred Jacob Miller, John F. Kensett, Sanford Gifford, Worthington Whittredge and others.



One of several displays at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming.

The Living West. Come to Cimarron, New Mexico, where the Old West still lives.

Cimarron Days, September 17-18, 1983, will be celebrated here with mountain men, carriage rides, a beard contest and a craft show. Located on U.S. Highway 64 on the Old Santa Fe Trail, the town boasts a four-story western museum called the Old Mill Museum housed in a mill built for Lucien B. Maxwell in 1862.

The hours of operation are 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily from May 1 to Labor Day weekend. It is closed on Thursdays.

Events include a chuckwagon barbecue and an oldest continuing rodeo in the United States.

Outlaw Family Reunion. A reunion of the families of Jesse James and Cole Younger will be held at the Jesse James Birthplace Farm Historic Site, Kearney, Missouri, September 16-18, 1983. Though not related, James and Younger were closely associated in the public mind.

The event will include meetings of the two families, the annual meeting of the Friends of the James Farm which is sponsoring the affair, a barbecue, the annual Frank and Jesse James Pistol Marksman Contest, as well as a rodeo, parade, street dance, and other events sponsored by Kearney during its annual James Festival.

Historical programs, tours of the newly restored Jesse James Birthplace, the family cemetery, Liberty bank, etc. will be organized. Registration will include membership in the Friends of the James Farm.

For information write James-Younger Reunion, c/o James Farm, Rt. 2, Box 236, Kearney, MO 64060.

L'Amour Anniversary. With more than 130 million copies of his 84 books in print, Louis L'Amour is the highest ranked bestselling western frontier novelist. He is also celebrating his 30th anniversary as a published author this year.

In August of 1982, L'Amour received a special National Gold Medal by the United States Congress. He was the first novelist in American history to get it.

The novels of this writer have been translated into more than a dozen languages including Swedish, French, Danish, Japanese and Norwegian. More than 30 of his western books and stories have been bought for films and television.

L'Amour taught himself to write fiction through close readings of de Mau-

passant, Trollope and Stevenson.

Savage Display. A pair of kidskin slippers covered with silk and decorated with Venetian glass beads and a pair of wooden sunglasses are just two unusual artifacts displayed at the exhibition "They Call Us Savages."

The exhibition, which opened in March, is located at the Witte Memorial Museum, 3801 Broadway, in San Antonio, Texas.

Many of the items shown here have never been exhibited before at the museum. The selection of artifacts includes a rare Arapaho baby carrier, a Navaho chief's blanket, Eskimo ceremonial masks, earthenware pottery, fetishes and toys.

There are nine featured cultures including the Plains Indians, the Shoshone Diggers, Arctic Eskimos, Northwest Coast Indians, The Iroquois, Plateau, Southeast and Southwest Indians.

The Witte Museum is open Tuesday through Sunday from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission is $2 for adults and $1 for children under twelve. Saturday and Sunday are free until noon.

Famous Painter's Museum. Situated in the heart of artist Charles Russell country is the C.M. Russell Museum and home in Great Falls, Montana.

Next door to the museum is Russell's log cabin studio which was built in 1903. It was opened to the public in 1930 and in 1975, the Russell home was opened.

The Trigg Collection of paintings is the nucleus of the museum's permanent Russell acquisitions. The permanent collection features many well-known masterpieces such as "Jerk Line" and "Buffalo Hunt." Oils, watercolors, sketches and bronzes make up much of the collection.

Summer hours are Monday through Friday, 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.; Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sunday, 1 to 5 p.m. It is closed on Mondays.

Admission is $1.50 for adults, $3 for a family, and 50 cents for students.

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Well-Preserved Indian Structure. Montezuma Castle National Monument is one of the best-preserved prehistoric Indian structures in the Southwest. It is located high on a limestone cliff on the north side of Beaver Creek, a tributary of the Verde River, in central Arizona.

The castle was named by settlers who believed, erroneously, that it had been built by Aztec Indians on their way to Mexico. Apparently the structure was built by Indians about 1250. These Indians built house clusters of limestone and river boulders laid with adobe mortar. The five-story castle contains 20 rooms and is inaccessible except by ladders.

Tours are not taken into the castle but a self-guiding trail offers good views of the structure. The national monument site is open daily from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. June 1 through September 7, and 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. the rest of the year. Admission is $1 per car.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DIRECTORY OF WESTERN HISTORY ORGANIZATIONS AND FACILITIES

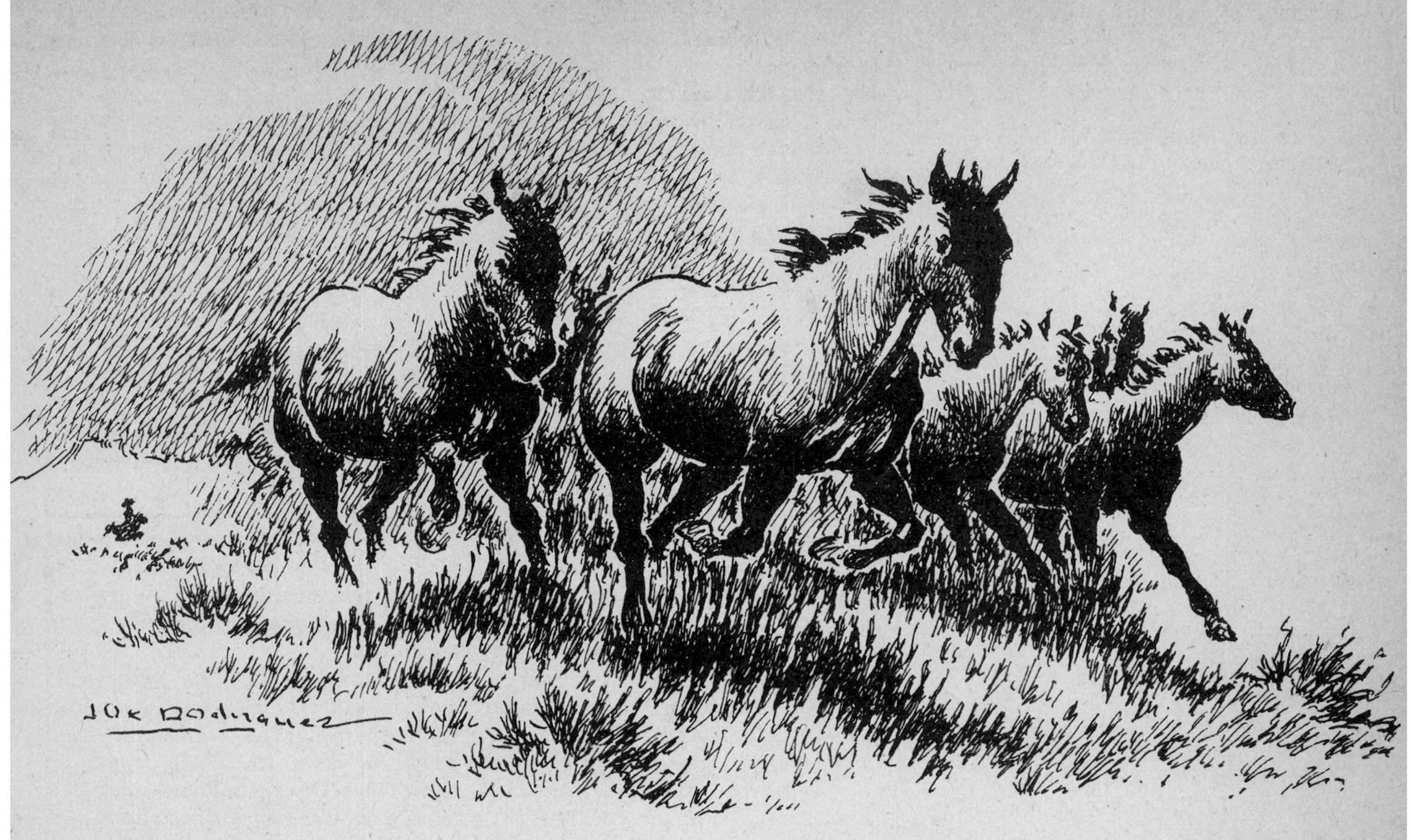
Are you an officer or a member of a western history group, club or association? If so, send the name and address of your organization to TRUE WEST and in the December issue we will list your organization.

Send us the name, address, annual individual dues and a brief statement of the purpose of the organization. For example: El Paso Historical Society, 321 El Paso St., El Paso, TX 79924. $10. Collect and preserve history of El Paso.

Any **western** history group qualifies for this listing, no matter where it is located. Western history museums, libraries or facilities associated with **western** history are also welcome to send a listing. There is no charge. Deadline is Aug. 1, 1983.

Send listing to: Mary Haefner, Editorial Assistant, Western Publications, 700 E. State St., Iola, WI 54990.

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



WILD HORSES OF THE HASHKNIFE

Story and Illustrations By JOE RODRIGUEZ

WHEN I was a boy, men talked about wild horses much the same way that outdoor men talk about elk or deer in the backwoods today. And they talked about hunting them with the same enthusiasm, though most of all of the "hunts" were for the purpose of catching them alive for domestic purposes.

Some of those old-timers telling their yarns around the potbellied stoves had been horse runners in the Grants area of New Mexico, an area of malpais and far-flung prairies of yellow grass.

My father, I remember, once bought two of these horses. They weren't much in comparison with today's better breeds, but they had steel bottom. I should know; I rode one of them on a 100-mile trip practically without stopping. I was crossing strange, lonely country and I wasn't too sure the horse would stay with me if I went to sleep.

Needless to say, when the long ride ended, the horse was without a wet, ruffled hair or sign of fatigue. And I discovered that my fears had been groundless. He proved to be a faithful creature until the day he died of old age in a snowstorm some years later.

Northeastern Arizona was once a mecca for the wild horse. Old-timers still tell yarns about bands of them in the Rim country, along the Mormon Lake and shallow lake regions, Anderson Mesa and north, bordering the Indian country.

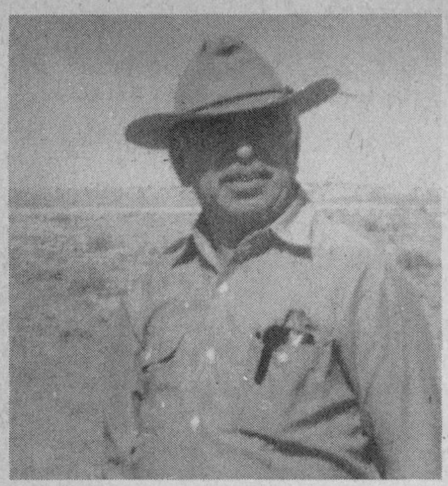
Zane Grey's *Wild Horse Mesa* and *Wildfire* were written about wild horses of that locality. Bands that I saw from Canyon Diablo and eastward to the Little Colorado River were mostly strays led by renegade stallions. However, they were well on their way to becoming wild horses with miles of caprock country to roam in.

Certainly no horse could match the coiled-spring movement of the free horse in the open. The stallion's challenge, the flurry of alarm, the arched necks, all merged with an energy and grace reminiscent of a band of gazelles. Their gamboling and posturing at play equalled any circus clown's antics.

"Broomtails," the cattle ranchers called them and they had very little use for them. But, since Arizona's northern range country was still unfenced for the most part, these horses had free rein in their comings and goings. Not very much could be done to control them.

An occasional burro herd also frequented the watering places. These were strays left over from the many sheep outfits that followed the trails over the Mogollon Rim from the winter grazing lands in the vicinity of Phoenix.

In the late 1920s and in the 1930s ranchers in many areas became determined to clear the grazing lands of the mustangs and burros so grass would grow. Train loads of these creatures



Author-artist Joe Rodriguez at the site of the early horse roundup.

began to cross the country to packing houses and canneries, there to be made into pet food.

ABOUT that time I did two or three stints with the Hashknife Cattle Company. One of them was in a move by the Hashknife to rebuild a portion of the Navajo reservation boundary fence and round up various wild horses grazing on a portion of the rangeland north of Joseph City. This area is bounded on the south by the Santa Fe Railroad and on the north by the reservation along a region of Painted Desert land referred to as the badlands. An area of about twelve miles wide and twenty miles long lies between these two east and west parallel lines.

Most of the horses on the Hashknife range were Indian horses with a fair sprinking of wild broomtails. Because of years of association, the broomtails made fairly good converts of their Indian cousins until there wasn't much difference between them.

And if ever a bunch of horses and their environment fitted each other, these did. The rainbow colors of paints, appaloosas, sorrels, roans and what-have-yous melded nicely with the many-colored mounds and gullies of the Painted Desert country.

About five miles of the original barbed wire reservation fence had rotted and collapsed. The idea was to rebuild the boundary fence, leaving an opening for the horses to run through into the reservation and then wire the opening shut after them.

IT was the month of February, but except for frost in the early morning hours, it turned out to be exceptionally mild weather. Eight of us, including the cook and horse wrangler, along with the chuckwagon and the horse remuda, moved bed and baggage to a line camp known as the Fernfeather, a half mile or so from the Navajo Indian Reservation line. For most of that month we dug postholes and stretched barbed wire.

The Fernfeather line camp was one of numerous line camps established by the Hashknife in the early 1880s, when some 30,000 head of their cattle claimed the vast public domain in northeastern Arizona. It was located near a couple of cottonwood trees close to a gravel and sand wash. It was a low squat structure with a stone fireplace.

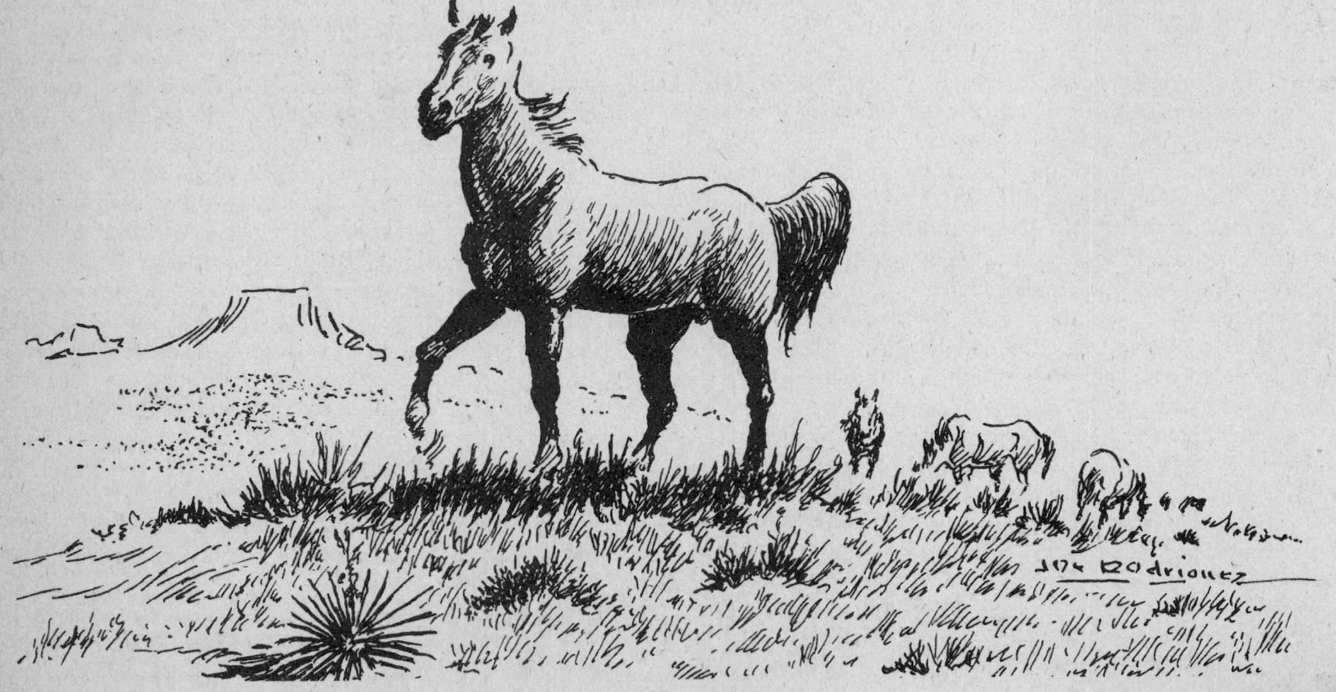
It seemed, of course, that the preparation for the horse run was far more tedious than the actual roundup and it really turned out to be that way. As our fence work began to terminate, the horse wrangler began graining and haying the saddlehorses to get them in good shape. They would need good bottom.

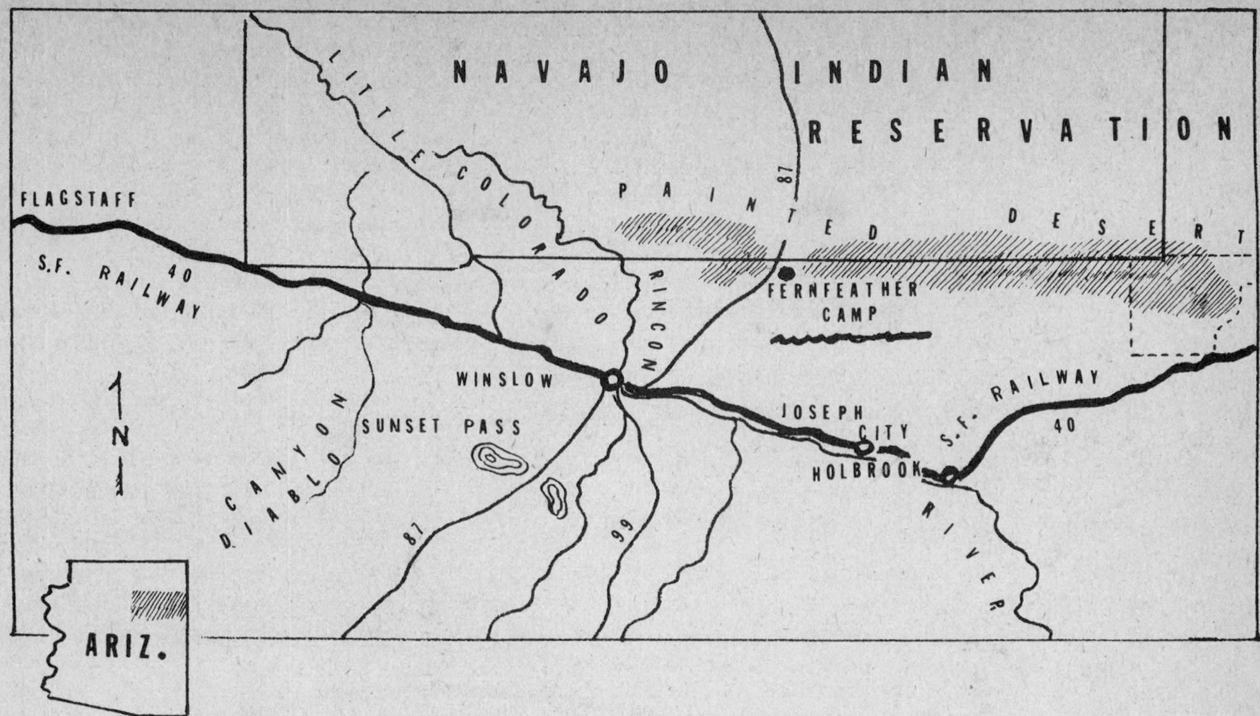
Fortunately, except for the badland gullies, mounds and an occasional cedar, the whole northern Hashknife range was open country. The mustangs could be controlled by riding the skyline, topping the ridges and keeping them going in the right direction.

Plans were made that half of us would remain at the gateway to funnel the horses into the reservation. The others, scattered many miles apart, would ride northward from the railroad some twelve miles south of us, driving the horses before them toward our position. Unlike ordinary horses or cattle, those wild horses needed only the distant sight of a man and the sound of a yell to send them flying.

The drive took three days. The nights were spent by the men and their horses right where darkness fell upon them. Their dry-camp fires were kept lit so that hopefully the animals might not double back. Then, with the dawn, the chase was resumed, the "gather" becoming larger as the riders came closer together. The mustangs were driven toward the impromptu gateway.

In this manner they came toward us in an explosion of color and a thunder of hoofs, their shrill neighing splitting the air like trumpet blasts. I'll never forget the sight of that thundering, painted herd, their rippling muscles and long flowing manes and tails shimmering like





so much silk in the sun.

The sagebrush grapevine had done its bit. Already some twenty Navajos sat their horses hither and yon on their side of the fence. And they flew along with the wild horse stream that flowed across the boundary line like so much water through a break in a dam.

We watched them go in a cloud of dust, clattering as they clawed the rocks of the gullies for footholds. They sped north where, no doubt, they would divide individual bands led by their stallions.

The Indians rode furiously, attempting to hold a flanking position on the herd. But it was the opinion of our group that they could never contain the wild horses. Most of those wild horses were of a kind that would require traps and stockades to hold them.

We closed the gap that had served as the passageway, took care of a few odds and ends, broke camp and went on to other duties in other parts of the range country.

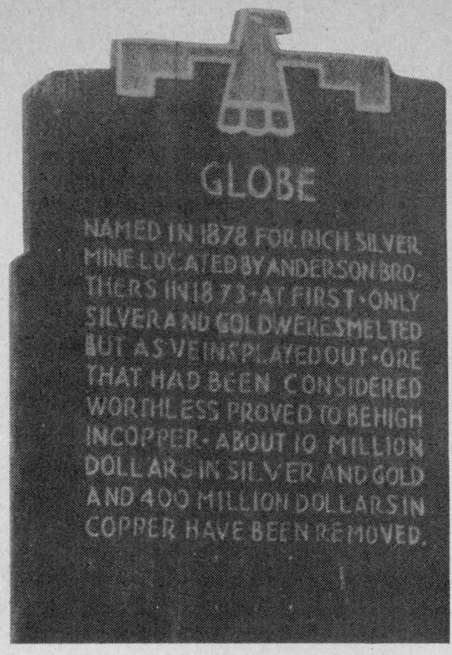
It was many years later that I stood again at the boundary, looking away in the distant stillness. I thought of Hashknife's plans for more grass for their cattle at this place. Seven years or so after our broomtail rouundup the Hashknife was no more.

I have long treasured the memories of the excitement of being close, for a moment, to the now-gone galaxy of wild creatures whose habitat had been the matchless panorama of this north boundary strip of colored sands.

Was he, as he told close friends later, really outlaw Butch Cassidy?

By JIM DULLENTY

Old photos from the William T. Phillips Family Album. Current scenes of Globe taken by the author.



HE WAS A STRANGER

Below is a photo of the Elks Fourth of July parade in Globe about 1910. Note large light-colored courthouse at center.

This is a view from East Street in the southeast part of Globe looking south to the Pinal Mountains about 1910. This reproduction doesn't show it, but photo in Phillips family album had "X" over house at center, presumably where the Phillipses lived.

IN GLOBE, ARIZONA

He was a slender, athletic man in his 30s and she was a frail asthmatic midwesterner, not much for looks but anxious to begin the new life that a sudden turn of events seemed to promise her.

Around him was wrapped a cloak of mystery so tight that even now, 75 years later, it has not come unraveled. They said their names were William T. and Gertrude Phillips and they had every good reason to go to Globe, Arizona. But while Gertrude Phillips was her name, his name may have been Butch Cassidy.

He thought he could find work in Globe, where copper mining was booming, and she thought she could regain her health in the dry, warm climate. They both got what they wanted but they stayed only a year, mid-1908 to mid-1909.

After a year in Globe, they camped in Wyoming and then went by train to Spokane, Washington. In Spokane, the Phillipses spent the remainder of their lives. In Spokane, William T. Phillips told a few intimate friends that he was Butch Cassidy.

But was he really? That is one of the great unsolved mysteries of the Old West. Despite intensive research for the past dozen years, the answer still is not clear.

Butch Cassidy was born Robert LeRoy Parker on April 13, 1866, in Beaver, Utah. His background is well documented since the publication of his sister's book. Lula Parker Betenson published *Butch Cassidy, My Brother,* in 1976. It details young Parker's life.

Parker early fell under the influence of a rustler named Mike Cassidy who worked at the Parker ranch in Utah. The rustler obviously also is a possible source of Butch's outlaw name. From rustling, young Parker graduated into the more advanced ranks of big time outlawry.

PHILLIPS ALBUM PHOTOS

Starting at upper left: Two unidentified persons are standing with Bill Phillips who is at extreme right; Phillips on left and his wife, Gertrude, on right, target practice near Globe (woman in center is not identifed), and Gertrude Phillips poses in her "outlaw" garb. In her younger days this was fun but she eventually renounced stories of her husband's outlaw career.

At age 18, Parker left home. It took several years for Roy Parker to become George Parker and then George Cassidy and finally, Butch Cassidy. Along the way, there were several other aliases.

Butch Cassidy organized the Wild Bunch, a band of outlaws who robbed banks and trains from 1896 to 1901.

In 1901, Cassidy, with the Sundance Kid and Etta Place, fled to South America. There the three established a ranch in the foothills of the Andes but before long they returned to their old ways of robbing banks and trains. Etta may have returned to the United States. For decades the story was told that Butch and Sundance were killed in a shootout with soldiers in a little Indian village called San Vicente, Bolivia. The date usually is given as 1909.

Virtually no current Wild Bunch researcher believes that shootout occurred. Most now believe Butch and Sundance returned to the United States. Butch's last known letter from South America was dated February 1908.

On May 14, 1908, a man calling himself William T. Phillips married Gertrude Livesay of Morenci, Michigan, in nearby Adrian. Gertrude's nephew recalled Phillips had visited Gertrude at her mother's home prior to the marriage but the nephew did not know how long Phillips courted Gertrude. She was 32, a dressmaker and on her way to spinsterhood when Phillips married her.

It is difficult to see how Cassidy could have abandoned South America, (there is no hint he intended to in his last known letter), returned to the United States, traveled to Michigan and married someone in so short a time. And why Michigan? There is no evidence Cassidy had ever been in Michigan.

On the 1908 marriage certificate, Phillips lists his residence as Des Moines, Iowa. But 1908 Des Moines city directories do not list a William T. Phillips. If he was in Des Moines before going to Adrian it makes it even less likely he was Cassidy.

William R. Phillips, who was adopted by Bill and Gertrude Phillips when he was six months old, said his parents "honeymooned" in Arizona. But it was more than a honeymoon.

Gertrude, in a 1938 letter to author Charles Kelly, said "we lived a year in Arizona." On his Spokane Elks membership application form, Phillips listed Globe as his previous address. And several photos in the family album owned by William R. Phillips show his parents in desert scenes, typical of the area around Globe.

John B. Woody, whose mother was an old-timer in Globe, said Phillips may have worked on the copper roof of the county courthouse. He said Phillips was vaguely remembered by Globe old-timers.

That Phillips may have worked on the copper courthouse roof seems logical since Phillip claimed when he got to Spokane that he had worked on the metal domes of several midwestern state capitols including those in Iowa and Minnesota. If he was a metalworker, it would nearly preclude him from having been outlaw Cassidy.

But records do not show that Phillips worked on the domes of any of the capitols he claimed.

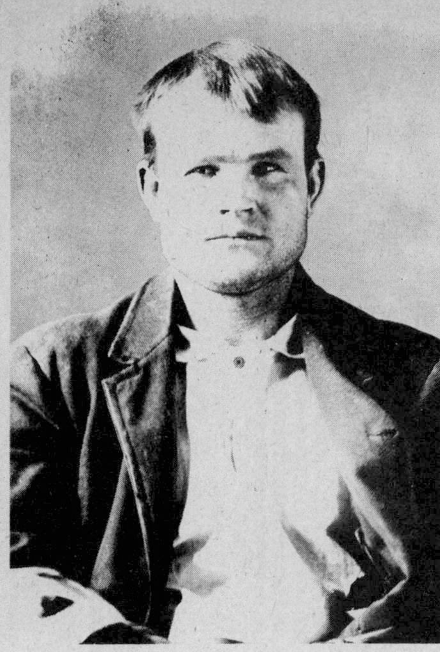
Friends recall Phillips said he built houses in Globe and since the boom was on, this is possible. Although going from outlaw to carpenter seems unusual, maybe he was a laborer or helper.

If anything, Phillips may have been a designer because when he got to Spokane, Phillips began work as a draftsman. He also was an inventor. He invented several mechanical devices including an adding machine, which he tried to sell to the Burroughs Co., a lawn mower sharpener and other devices. He was not successful in any of these.

En route to Spokane, the Phillipses camped along the Big Horn River in Wyoming — a place familiar to outlaw Cassidy. They were there for several weeks. The family album contains photos of this outing. In later years Gertrude recalled the trip to her friends never hinting that her husband might have been Butch Cassidy.

The couple arrived in Spokane at Christmas 1909. They had so little money they had to cook Christmas dinner on a hotplate in their hotel room. But Phillips soon got a job, became a draftsman and by 1918 had his own machine shop. Drafting and mechanical

Recent photos of the Globe courthouse and inscription which shows it was built in 1906, three years before the Phillipses arrived. Phillips, who said in Spokane he had been a metalworker on several state capitol buildings, may have worked on the Globe courthouse. His reasons for going to Globe are a mystery but he could have been prospecting for gold, something he did the rest of his life. Compare front view of courthouse today with view taken circa 1910 on first page of this story.



IS THIS THE SAME MAN?

Photo at left is of William T. Phillips, successful Spokane businessman, taken in 1920s. Photo at right is of outlaw Butch Cassidy, taken in Wyoming prison in 1894.

Here, William Phillips looks like an outlaw. Since he has moustache, the photo either predates Globe or was taken after he got to Spokane, Washington.

skills are hardly ones learned by an outlaw. But such skills weren't as complex then as now.

Phillips became an increasingly successful businessman. He joined the Elks and Masons. He bought a big house and drove shiny new cars. As his business flourished, Phillips became a big spender. He enjoyed booze and women and the fast life.

But though she tried at first, Gertrude could not keep up and she faded into the background. She also did not approve of him telling his boozing buddies that he had been Butch Cassidy.

The prolifigate spending caught up with Phillips and when the crash of 1929 came he lost everything. His business was taken over by two employees.

By about 1933, he started writing a manuscript about Butch Cassidy, driven by the need for money. But publishers wouldn't buy it because they did not believe it to be authentic. Some parts of the manuscript are made up. Butch simply did not do some of the things Phillips wrote about. Perhaps Phillips was embellishing his story. However, the manuscript also contains information not previously known about Cassidy. That information is confirmed by other research.

Broke and desperate, Phillips kept returning to Wyoming hunting for hidden outlaw loot. Even before his fall, Phillips had traveled to Wyoming, in the late 1920s. In 1933, he spent all summer camped in the Wind River Mountains with two Californians. Photos were taken of this trip.

On these travels to Wyoming, Phillips was recognized by old-timers as being Butch Cassidy. Whether these old-timers actually knew Cassidy well and whether it was Phillips who planted the seed in their minds is difficult to tell. In every case where Cassidy was said to have returned to Wyoming it turns out the man was Phillips. This "return" eventually reached the attention of state officials and author Charles Kelly.

Phillips died in the county poor farm in 1937. Shortly thereafter Kelly contacted Gertrude Phillips and in 1938 she wrote him that Cassidy and her husband were close friends but that Phillips was not the outlaw.

However, there are so many peculiarities and outright distortions in Gertrude's letter that it appears to be a coverup and her denials are suspect. Her son said she was embarrased and wanted to end the speculation before it grew.

Gertrude Phillips lived to 1959. Once during those years she was interviewed by a student or teacher from one of Washington state's colleges or universities but the results of that interview have been lost.

One of Phillips' closest friends in Spokane kept his guns and the manuscript in a trunk. The family of this friend has these today.

If this man was not Cassidy, he probably also was not William T. Phillips. On his Elks membership form he said he was born in 1865 in Sandusky, Michigan, to Laddie and Celia Mudge Phillips. But Sandusky did not exist in 1865 and there is no record there of a Laddie Phillips. Curiously, Celia Mudge did exist but she was 12 in 1865 and did not then live in Sandusky. She never married a Phillips and so far as is known, though she had several children, Bill Phillips was not one of them.

So the questions remain. It is known however that Phillips spent a year in Globe and if he was Cassidy he walked the streets of that Arizona town only a few months after he ended his career as the most famous bandit in North and South America.

SOPHIE MORIGEAU — SAVAGE OR SAGE?

By GORDON R. GILMOND

Photos Courtesy of Author

Illustrations by MICK HARRISON

© MICK HARRISON

One-eyed Sophie Morigeau

SOPHIE Morigeau was a child of the times and as a result her exact origins are clouded. She probably was born in the early 1840s in the Windermere country of British Columbia, somewhere between present Banff and Cranbrook. There she spent her childhood as a member of the family of Francois Morigeau.

It is commonly believed her real parents were Hudson's Bay trader Edward Berland and an unknown Indian woman — Berland and Morigeau having traded squaws a few months before Sophie's birth.

Morigeau was reported by missionaries to be a pious man and Berland was known as a religious leader among the Indians. But as one old-timer commented, "It was a queer community in those days; the first thing a white man did was to get a squaw to live with him, and except in a few cases, the squaw was a 'movable feast!'"

However unorthodox Sophie's beginnings, she was a product of the times. The mores of those times, as well as of Morigeau, were to have a strong influence on the path Sophie chose to follow. Whichever fur trader actually fathered Sophie, her character, her life, and her energy matched that of Francois Morigeau.

MORIGEAU came west to work for the Northwest Company. He left their employ and migrated farther west with the Shuswap Indians in 1819, and settled with a few of them in the Columbia Valley of British Columbia. The free and wild life of this rebel band of Shuswaps was apparently just what Morigeau wanted. He took a wife and awaited the arrival of a priest for a formal marriage.

Here are excerpts from the letter written by Father Peter De Smet to Archbishop John Hughes on Sept. 9, 1845, from "The Head of the Columbia":

"The fourth of September.... I found myself at the source of the Columbia (Windermere). I contemplated with admiration those rugged and gigantic mountains where the great river escapes.... Many years had Morigeau ardently desired to see a priest, and when he learned I was about to visit the source of the Columbia, he repaired thither in all haste to procure for his wife and children the signal grace of baptism.

"On the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin (Sept. 8), this factor was conferred on them and also on the children of those Indian families who accompany him in his migrations. This was a solemn day for the desert (wilderness). The August sacrifice of the mass was offered: Morigeau devoutly approached the holy table. At the foot of this humble altar he received the nuptial benediction; and the mother surrounded by her seven children, and six little Indians, were regenerated in the holy waters of baptism....

"The Canadian (Morigeau)! Into what part of the desert has he not penetrated? The monarch who rules at the source of the Columbia is an honest emigrant from St. Martin, in the District of Montreal, who has resided for 26 years in this desert.

"The skins of the rein and moose deer

This is the site of Sophie's original cabin on Indian Creek in Montana.

are the materials of which his portable palace is composed; and to use his own expression, he embarks on horseback with his wife and seven children and lands wherever he pleases. Here no one disputes his right....

"We bade adieu to the Morigeau family on the 9th...."

Sophie, then a baby, was apparently one of the children baptized by Father De Smet.

The Morigeaus, as Sophie was growing up, lived the wild life of Indians — modified by the hard work of an independent business. Morigeau was an independent trapper and trader and it was reported he and another French Canadian were the only two persons in all of eastern Washington who were not in the employ of one of the fur companies.

WHEN Sophie was a young girl, Morigeau moved most of his family to the Colville country, Sophie included. Not much is known of Sophie's life there. In her later years she often spoke of receiving convent training, no doubt at the mission near Kettle Falls, Washington.

Old-timers remembered how men used to exclaim, "Lord, what a handsome woman Sophie Morigeau was in her young days!" Apparently this was the consensus among many of the frontiersmen. But she chose one John Babtiste Chabot for her first husband — although they were soon separated and Sophie did not keep his name. Chabot spent his last years with a daughter and is buried at Ronan, Montana.

Whatever Sophie was doing in her younger years, it was inevitable that the two races should war within her and that she should be drawn to the race most dominant in her world — the whites (although the dominance of the first white men over the red was primarily because of guns and commercial cunning).

Sophie learned quickly at the missionary school. Social graces she learned she never forgot and she turned them on and off as occasion demanded. But the attitudes and actions of her father and the other white men spoke much louder than the words of priests.

Her mother was an Indian and of the "subservient" sex. On the whole, a squaw was merely a red man's hired girl or a white man's commodity — no other feminine way of life was open. Sophie aspired to be white. She wanted to be free and fearless like a man and she wanted to be shrewd and propertied.

Evidently Sophie was separated from Chabot before she came to Montana. Whether any of her subsequent male friends were legally husbands is not known.

WE first hear of Sophie on Tobacco Plains in the early 1880s. Just when she arrived is not known, but by then she had lived so hard a life that she impressed the travelers who wrote of her as being an old woman.

Sophie Morigeau scorned the servile life expected of a squaw and of most women who were even half-Indian and initiated her own enterprise. She built a small log cabin a couple miles north of present Eureka. She started raising cattle. Undismayed that no woman, either red or white, had done such a thing before, she assembled a pack string and ran trade goods from Missoula, Montana, and Walla Walla, Washington, to Fort Steele, British Columbia.

AFTER the first mining boom at Fort Steele was past, Sophie set up a trading post at Windermere, British Columbia. By about 1880, she moved her store to Tobacco Plains in Montana. But during the next few years, while the Canadian Pacific Railroad was under construction, she expanded into boot-legging and spent a good deal of her time in Canada.

George M. Dawson related how white men rushed to get their fingers into this lucrative pie of supplying liquor to the construction camps, and when Sophie — not to be outdone — arrived at Golden with her pack load, the men conspired together and threatened violence unless she stayed out of their territory.

Sophie must have been a formidable competitor. There was a good trail across the mountains to Calgary, then booming, and to Calgary Sophie took her pack train, apparently operating at a profit. However, she always came back to her cabin north of Eureka.

Sophie's early home on Tobacco Plains was built of small logs, which she had dragged in behind a horse. It was mudded on the inside and had a chimney made of sticks and clay. Nearby were the villages of the Kootenais, for this flat along Indian Creek was long a favorite camping grounds.

Dr. George Mercer Dawson, member of a Canadian survey party that stopped on Tobacco Plains in 1883, found two old Indian women living "in the middle of a field, in a one-room store dplete (sic) of provisions." One of the women, wrote Dawson, was Sophie, the daughter of Francois Morigeau, and she had but one eye. Later Sophie moved her cabin-store west to Kootenai Flats.

Explorer A. Stanley Hill wrote of visiting Sophie here in September of 1883:

"September 20. ...Dan...inquired of an old woman in green spectacles, who answered his inquiry with "Me Sophy"...she had plenty of stores. We bought...flour, some rice, ten pounds of venison, and some butter.... September 21. This is a very pretty place for a settlement (on a knoll).... Some Kootenai

Indians were settled near, and were employed in making Indian work, mats, in hunting and fishing, and generally in making themselves useful to Sophy.

"Sophy is a person of considerable energy — had three parties out prospecting mines and possessed a good herd of cattle...."

Explanations of how Sophie lost her eye involve violent conflict — although others insist that a common accident was responsible. At any rate, the blood that flowed in Sophie's veins was certainly neither thin nor chill.

In spite of her aged and one-eyed appearance, it is reported that two men competing for Sophie's favor at about this time were both upstanding, fine-looking white men.

SOPHIE filed for water rights on a spring at Kootenai Flats in order to homestead the property. She began to build up her herds of cattle and horses against the day when she would no longer be able to make long pack trips for trade goods. She found by sad experience that she could not depend on others to bring goods for her. The white man to whom she once entrusted her pack train and the cash to purchase merchandise in Missoula was never seen again on Tobacco Plains.

Sophie followed the sharp practices of white traders in her commercial dealings with the Indians, interpreting them according to her own peculiar ingenuity. At one time she sold a stock of buckskin needles for five dollars cash. When her Indian customers objected that one dollar was usually the top price, she solemnly explained that the white man across the mountains who made these needles died and pretty soon there would be no more needles at any price.

When a great many people flocked to take advantage of the fishing on Sophie's little creek, she levied a toll. If the fisherman refused to shell out, she would simply wade into the creek and splash up and down until all the trout were scared away.

"Sophie always had a bunch of Indians hanging around feeding off of her," one old-timer said. But it was not just the free food that caused the Indians to hang around — and it wasn't just the Indians who hung around. Sophie's company was an attraction in itself. Usually surrounded by a cluster of Indian children, she always had something good to eat in the house and everyone was welcome.

ONE story is that Sophie had a piece of one of her ribs hanging on the wall of her cabin with a pink bow tied around it. She had amputated the rib after it had been broken and was protruding from her side, the result of a run-away accident with a team and buggy.

To all appearances, Sophie never allowed herself to become defeated, as so many are, by her mixed blood. She assumed when needed that she was white and for her patterns of living she adopted the ways of either white or Indian, whichever seemed most profitable in cash or satisfaction — the essential sanity of a savage or a sage.

Sophie was well fixed by the early 1890s. Her herds were growing and her friends among the Kootenais seemed to multiply. But in the winter of 1892-

"...she assembled a pack string and ran trade goods...."

1893, her dealings with certain white men caused her undoing.

During that terrible winter, Sophie, like other ranchers, fed all her hay early in the season and then had to chop brush to feed the starving cattle. It was no use. By spring her 130 cattle had dwindled to 30 skeletons. The horses went the same way.

Sophie was too advanced in years to begin all over. Old-timers assert Sophie was swindled by the men who bought her beef and horses. She had a succession of white men "living with her and off her." These men, sometimes known as Sophie's business partners, "broke her, and she never recovered financially."

Sophie continued to be independent and self-supporting for many years. However, old friends, both white and Indian, forgot her after her wealth and her vitality were spent.

Whatever the causes, Sophie lived alone on her homestead as the new century began. When visiting the Gateway store, she was asked how old she was.

"Well, I wasn't born yesterday," she replied. Some of her other repartee would have the men chuckling that there was was plenty of life in the old girl yet!

About 1915, Sophie became ill and she turned over her remaining livestock, mostly horses, to Bill Davis. Mrs. Davis had been a nurse, and she and her husband cared for Sophie, who was now very old.

Sophie's grave marker in the Eureka Cemetery.

Sophie died in October 1916, and is buried in the Eureka Cemetery, where a large headstone, erected by the Davises, marks her grave.

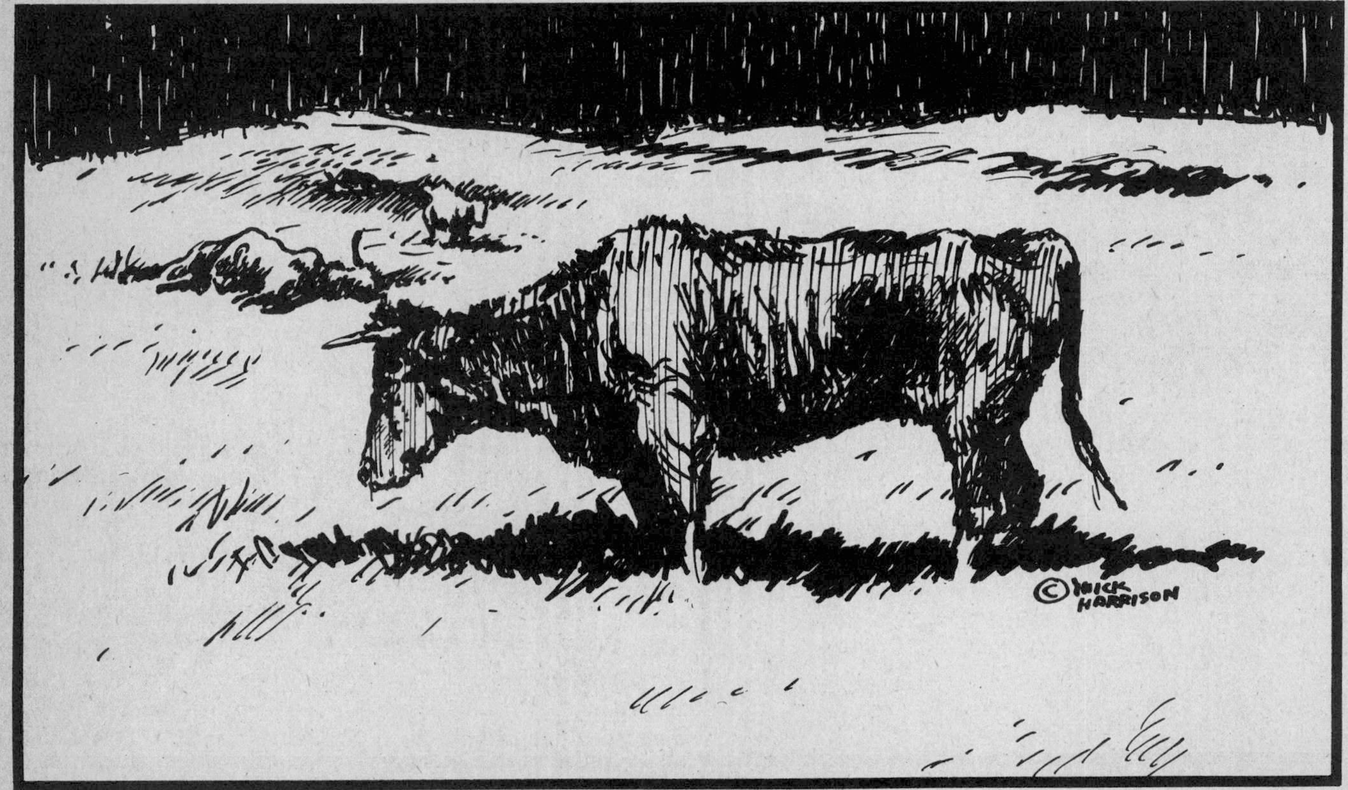
Born of two worlds, Sophie's final resting place lies a mile or so from the site of her original cabin in the lands of the Kootenai, the heart of the Tobacco Plains country she loved so well.

The Pioneers of the Tobacco Plains Country, particularly the ladies among them, wrote a fitting epitaph for Sophie:

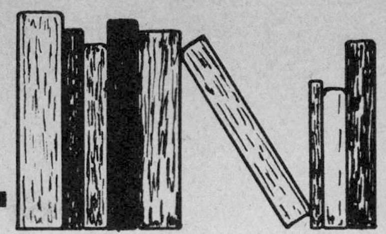
"So the life of Tobacco Plains went on in all its big, little ways, without Sophie Morigeau. The automobiles multiplied, and no longer did men reach middle age without knowing how to handle one — the automobiles multiplied and their owners demanded fast highways to Kalispell, to Missoula, north to Fort Steele, west to Colville, Spokane, and Walla Walla. Sophie who perhaps never rode in a motor car until her own funeral (there were three including the hearse) wouldn't have recognized now the routes she used to travel with her pack string — the long, arduous, old routes, still and peaceful.

"A genuine democrat judges others according to what he himself would have been if he had grown up in the same circumstances. If we thus consider Sophie Morigeau, we confess that in her place and time we probably would have fallen in many of her errors — that we might even have taken public or secret pride in some of them — yet that most ladies of us would have been very ordinary squaws — compared to Sophie."

Sophie's 130 head of cattle were reduced to thirty living skeletons during the terrible winter of 1893.



Books



Sundance Kid, Glamorous Outlaw

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE SUNDANCE KID. *By Edward M. Kirby. Western Publications, 700 E. State St., Iola, WI 54990. Soft cover. $4.95.*

Until now there was no biography of Harry Longabaugh, the Sundance Kid. That's strange because there are so many books on his outlaw cohort Butch Cassidy.

But that is only an accident of history. Sundance's career was every bit as dramatic, as exciting and it was considerably more glamorous. It was Sundance, after all, whose consort was the beautiful female outlaw, Etta Place. The two fled to South America where they lived an even more exciting life than in this country.

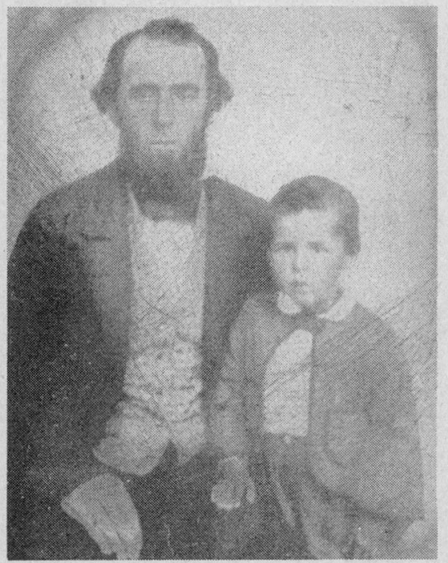
Since this new book is published by Western Publications, we won't offer a traditional review. What follows is a synopsis of the book and a short history of the author, Edward M. Kirby.

For the first time in a book, the Sundance Kid's background is revealed. Only a few years ago no one knew where he came from. There were many stories but none were correct, as it turned out.

Kirby discovered, at about the same time other writers also made the discovery, that Harry Alonzo Longabaugh was born in eastern Pennsylvania and relatives, one of them named Longabaugh, still live there today. The author was given access to family photo albums and was given information others could not get.

As a result, the book contains several truly rare photos including one of Sundance at age four sitting on his father's knee.

The author also was granted access to the Pinkerton Archives in New York, only the second author allowed into them for outlaw research. Thus, the book for the first time details the amazing travels of Sundance and Etta between New York and Argentina. Until now it was thought they fled to South America and stayed there.



Rare photo of Sundance Kid, age four, sitting on his father's knee.

Longabaugh left home at age 14 and tried to find work in Boston. But he really wanted to be a cowboy so in 1882, with relatives, he headed west. He apprenticed on ranches in Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, Wyoming and Montana but in 1887, he stole a horse, saddle and pistol. He was sentenced to 18 months in the Sundance, Wyoming, jail. That's how he earned his famous moniker, the Sundance Kid.

Sundance was released and became a major outlaw. He participated in several train and bank robberies, including at Malta, Montana; Belle Fourche, South Dakota; Wilcox, Wyoming, and Winnemucca, Nevada, to name a few.

Kirby also provides new information on Butch Cassidy and other members of the Cassidy-Longabaugh gang, called The Wild Bunch.

When the law got too hot for them in the West, Butch, Sundance and Etta fled to South America where they established a ranch and were law-abiding for a time. But they returned to robbing banks and pack trains. Most books contend Butch and Sundance died in a shootout with Bolivian cavalry about 1909. However, Kirby claims that Sundance emerged in San Francisco in 1918 using the alias of Hiram BeBee.

This contention and the balance of the book detailing BeBee's life is bound to be the most controversial part of it. BeBee eventually killed a man in Utah and was sentenced to death in the Utah penitentiary. But he died of old age still in prison in 1955.

Kirby is assistant superintendent of schools for northwestern Connecticut and has had a life-long fascination for the West. He began his Sundance research in 1968 and made 23 research trips to the West. He had a host of history buffs help him with this 15-year project.

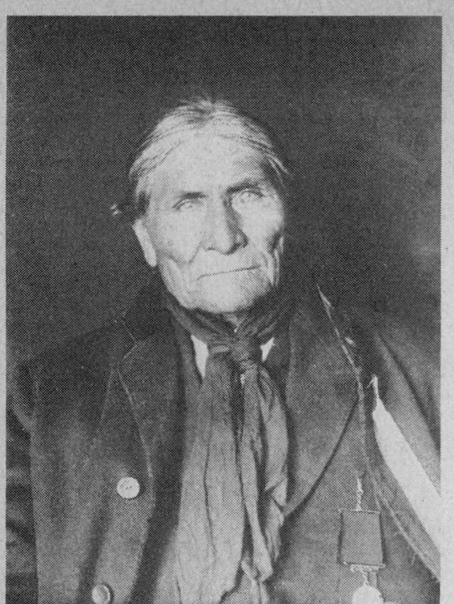
Kirby is a long-time director of the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History and is its vice president-East. His previous book, *The Saga of Butch Cassidy*, was published in 1977.

— Jim Dullenty
Iola, Wisconsin

MOST FEARED INDIAN

GERONIMO: THE MAN, HIS TIME, HIS PLACE. *By Angie Debo. University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019. 480 pages. $12.95. Soft cover.*

During the latter part of the 19th



Geronimo. This photo was possibly taken in Washington, D. C., during President Theordore Roosevelt's Inaugural.

Century, no name struck more terror in the hearts of the inhabitants of the Southwest than Geronimo.

He was probably the most feared and hated of American Indians, a symbol of all Indian "atrocities." In 1907, when over 80 years of age, he failed to return to Fort Sill after a celebration in town. Throughout the West, newspapers sounded the alarm that the bloodthirsty Geronimo had broken out and was on his way to Mexico to join with other hostile Apaches.

Apparently he had too much to drink and slept it off in the woods near the fort. He returned to the post the next day without incident.

Geronimo's surrender to General Miles in 1886 marked the end of an era, the end of the major Indian campaigns. For the next 23 years, Geronimo lived in captivity at peace with the United States.

Angie Debo has done a masterful job on this portrait of this complex and unusual man. Drawing on original documents and interviews with surviving Apaches who knew and/or were related to Geronimo, she presents him as a man of lively intelligence and a personal code of honor.

Debo explores the confusion of Geronimo's life prior to 1886, accounting for his movements with reasonable certitude. She also devotes considerable space to untangle his ancestry and trace his numerous wives and offspring.

The last third of the book covers his captivity in Florida, Alabama and Oklahoma. These last years were marked by personal tragedy, the deaths of wives, children, friends, and the realization that the government was not going to honor the promises made at the time of surrender.

Geronimo's story is that of a man caught between two opposing philosophies. He first attempted to defend the old ways of the Apache and when that failed, adopted the ways of his captors and tried to live in harmony with them. It is a violent and bloody story, strewn with the bodies of not only his enemies, but also of his wives and children.

This is not the definitive biography of Geronimo, as Debo readily admits. Nevertheless, it is unlikely that a fairer or more thoroughly researched biography of this man can be written.

— Melvin L. Grotberg
Seabrook, Texas

TOUR GUIDE

COG WHEEL ROUTE. *By Claude and Margaret Wiatrowski. MAC Publishing Inc., Box 7037 Colorado Springs, CO 80933. 1982. Soft cover.*

This is a tour booklet that describes the rail trip from Pike's Peak to Manitou, Colorado. Attractively laid out with a series of color and black-and-white photographs, it contains a brief history of the construction of the short line which was begun in 1889 and completed a little over a year later.

After reading the publication one can readily see that the Cog Wheel Route is a vacationer's must. Two things left out, though, that could of vital information to the tourist: The distance and time of the trip.

— Steve Peters
Denver, Colorado

COMMERCIALIZED COWBOY MEMORABILIA

COWBOY COLLECTIBLES. *By Robert Heide and John Gilman. Harper & Row Publishers, 10 East 53rd St., New York, NY 10022. $19.95. Soft cover.*

Remember when Tom Mix galloped across your radio waves promoting Ralston cereal or when Hopalong Cassidy endorsed potato chips? Did you once own a Roy Rogers lunch pail or the Red Ryder wristwatch? If you'd like an inside look at the commercialization of the American cowboy, then *Cowboy Collectibles* would make an unusual addition to your western library.

The authors have produced the first book on commercially manufactured cowboy novelty items for children during the 1920-1960 period — items that are now sought by these same grown-up collectors.

The 209-page guide is well illustrated with an array of items produced during the early days of radio and television when western shows were popular.

Overall, the authors have done a commendable job of researching a complex and many-faceted subject. The guide is well organized with dozens of photographs.

The guide does have several drawbacks. The largest is the lack of information on the pricing of these "collectibles" as well as what factors are involved in determining the collector value of these items.

This lack of information hampers the authors' attempt to convince the readers that these items are "worthwhile investments" although admitting they were "mass produced" and "are not bona fide antiques." The authors also claim that all other authentic early western collectibles are "extremely high in prices," something collectors of such may scoff at.

— Warren Anderson
Orem, Utah

ENGLISH ADVENTURER IN AMERICAN WEST

WITH THE BORDER RUFFIANS: MEMORIES OF THE FAR WEST, 1852-1868. *By R. H. Williams, with historical notes by A. J. Mayer and Joseph W. Snell. University of Nebraska Press, 901 N. 17th St., Lincoln, NE 68588. 490 pages. $9.95. Soft cover.*

Robert Hamilton Williams, a British seaman and footloose wanderer, made his way to Virginia in 1852 and for 16 years participated in important events in his adopted homeland.

He farmed in the wilderness of western Virginia; joined a company of mounted rangers in Kansas known as the "Border Ruffians" and helped harass the anti-slavery Free-Staters; fled to Texas where he volunteered as a Confederate irregular; fought the

Comanches; met Robert E. Lee, and he dealt in cattle in Mexico.

In 1868, he returned to his "happy English fireside" where eventually he wrote this book of the great adventures of his life.

Williams kept a detailed journal of his years in America and may have had the assistance of a son or other family member when he decided to write his book.

He writes in a formal, Victorianesque, stiff-upper-lipped style and the horrors he witnessed (and, in many instances, actively participated in) are phlegmatically told.

As an old man, writing in retrospect, Williams appears to have had a few regrets — just a few. Of slavery, he says: "In those days, I believed in slavery and owned some few Negroes myself. Looking back through all these years...I confess that I was mistaken and freely admit that it is well the great fight ended as it did."

Another attribute of Williams' book is his eye for detail. When he writes about the environs of Leavenworth, Kansas, in 1855-1856, he leaves the reader with a picture of what the place looked like, the temperament of the people, and how it felt to face a tornado for the first time.

With the Border Ruffians is an unusual glimpse of America in her ante- and post-bellum era, the more unusual for it being through the eyes of an Englishman who not only saw the passing parade but marched in it.

— Dale L. Walker
El Paso, Texas

REMEMBERING INDIAN SCOUTS

WOLVES FOR THE BLUE SOLDIERS. *By Thomas W. Dunlay. University of Nebraska Press, 901 N. 17th St., Lincoln, NE 68588. 304 pages. $21.95. Hardbound.*

Considering all of the literature dealing with the Indian-fighting Army in the Trans-Mississippi West, little attention is paid to the Indian scouts who served the Army.

Thomas W. Dunlay has turned his doctoral dissertation into a major work on Indian scouts and has achieved what Don Rickey did for the Indian-fighting Army's enlisted man in his *Forty Miles a Day on Beans and Hay.*

While Dunlay's writing style is academic, he has broken new ground in a long-neglected field. This despite the fact that Indian tribes such as the Narragansetts and Mohegans served New Englanders as long ago as 1637 in a war against the Pequot Indians.

Dunlay attempts to answer some basic questions in his book. Why did the Army depend on Indian scouts? Why did Indians, especially the white-hating Apaches, serve their adversaries against their own kind? How effective were Indian scouts? What was the off-duty relationship between Indian scout and the bluecoats he served? Dunlay tackles these and more with an historian's pruning knife.

The author's analysis focuses on Pawnee and Apache scouts (the principal Army scouts) while relegating the Crow Indians to their proper place as the Army's chief scouts on the Northern Plains. The Arikara (Ree) Indian scouts get less attention. Most of the major Indian campaigns are covered in the book, although the Little Big Horn surprisingly receives little treatment.

Dunlay's book contains "tidbits" for the general reader: Apache Chief Chato formerly raided with the infamous Geronimo before turning Army scout and helping track down the wily Apache leader; the Cheyennes, as a tribe, seemed more loyal to their race and, for the most part, refused to serve as scouts; while other Sioux who defeated Custer were enlisting as scouts against the Nez Perce, Crazy Horse refused to betray his fellow redmen.

There seems to be few errors of fact in this book. A glaring error, however, stands out: Over half the population at Fort Phil Kearny in December 1866, did not perish in the Fetterman Massacre. Post returns for that year show more than 500 military and civilian personnel at the fort. Eighty-one white lives were lost in the Fetterman fight.

— Dale T. Schoenberger
St. Louis, Missouri

SANTA FE, TAOS WRITERS

SANTA FE AND TAOS, THE WRITER'S ERA, 1916-1941. *By Marta Weigle and Kyle Fiore. Ancient City Press, Santa Fe, 229 pages. $15.95. Hardbound.*

Literati and others, rejoice! Marta Weigle and Kyle Fiore have given us a marvelous book about writers living in Santa Fe and Taos during the period 1916 to 1941, long regarded as the anvil on which modern, artistic New Mexico was forged.

This work is a substantive chronicle of those making things happen in literary society during the times when, for example, D. H Lawrence lived and wrote in Taos.

An early arrival in Santa Fe, poet Alice Corbin, introduced Witter Bynner, Willa Cather, Sinclair Lewis and Carl Sandburg, among others, to a different type of life along the Rio Grande, one that was to inspire many to new frontiers in their writing.

Short vignettes about the early writers are colorful and cleverly lead the reader into other areas such as a description of Santa Fe's first (and still doing business) book store, the historic Villagra, named after Onate's chronicler who wrote the first history of New Mexico.

A fascinating section entitled, "Portraits and Self-Portraits, Contemporary and Retrospective" presents short pieces by the writers themselves, among them Cleofas Jaramillo, Frank Waters, D. H. Lawrence (writing on Taos) and Spud Johnson (writing on Mabel Dodge Luhan). Pulitzer Prize writer Paul Horgan's description of his early exposure to New Mexico is a landmark within this section, particularly in view of his later accomplishments.

For general history buffs, it's a lively description of an interesting time. For general readers, it's a guide to those whose books demand attention, much as a museum showcases painters. For scholars interested in depth, it conveys the interlacing of the period's writers, their influence on each other and the influence of the times upon all of them.

Bobette Perrone and
H. Henrietta Stockel
Santa Fe, New Mexico

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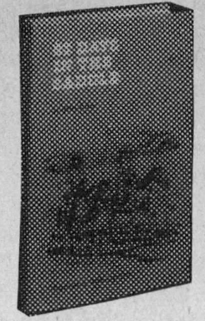

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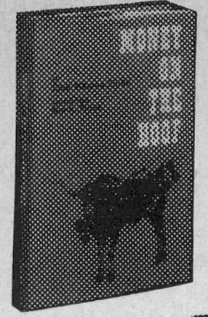

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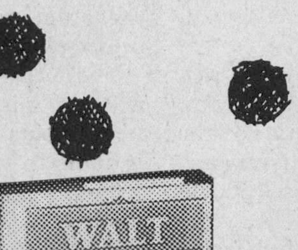

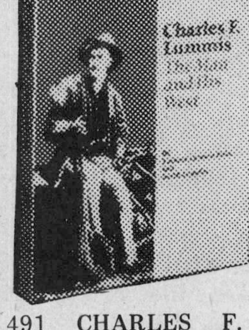

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By BARBARA BLACKBURN
Illustration by VIC DONAHUE

BOTTLED CHEER: Elixirs on the Frontier

A FIDDLE, rifle and axe were not always enough for the pioneers on the frontier. Along with these they often needed a little bottled cheer.

What they drank most of us today wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole. The word "rot-gut" must have originated on the frontier. But westerners also were ingenius in turning anything natural, like grains, berries and even bark into intoxicating beverages.

Probably the best-known intoxicant in the Southwest was made by the Indians, a fermented beverage called *tiswin*. It was a favorite drink of the Apaches.

Alcohol often was an antidote against the cold and grim life of the frontier. It also was the only pain-killer. Whiskey was used in operations and dental work.

A Baptist minister in Bourbon County, Kentucky, is credited with producing the first corn "likker." Whiskey made from corn is probably an original American drink.

Wines made from just about any growing plant were much more popular in frontier days than now. Homemade parsnip wine, similar to sherry, was popular. Apple wine was made when apples were harvested in the fall. Fermented apple cider was one of the most common alcoholic drinks in the old days.

Celery wine was popular in November. In other seasons, rose petals, birch sap and spruce bark were used to make wine.

Herbs were used to make wines. Clary wine was made from sage. The blue blossoms were gathered in late summer to make the wine. Family recipes were passed down for generations. Secret touches were added, such as dropping a handful of clary sage blossoms into the cask after the fermenting had started.

Also used in wine-making were the comfrey plant, the coltsfoot and the dandelion. They were not only used to boost spirits but were said to "cure" physical ailments.

Elderberries made rich, dry wine which was a remedy for colds. Elderberry wine was poured on Christmas puddings, fruitcakes and casseroles.

The list of berries that went into wine seems almost endless: mulberries, rowanberries, whortleberries, bilberries, blackberries, chokecherries, huckleberries and serviceberries. The champagne of the Old West was gooseberry wine — the wine that tasted most like champagne.

Beer was also a favorite of pioneers and some pretty strange things went into its making in the early days. Nettles were used in making nettle beer, which was considered a blood purifier in spring. Treacle beer had a molasses flavor. Ginger beer was made and is one of the few unusual beers of that period still available in stores today.

In San Francisco, steam beer quenched the thirst of many a goldseeker and settler.

Most recipes for homemade beer in the last century called for woodsy products such as sassafras and spruce. Most beers today are pasteurized and taste considerably different from the beers of the Old West.

It is often said that whites introduced alcohol to the Indians, but Indians were making alcoholic beverages long before Columbus discovered America.

The Indians of the Southwest fermented the juice of the Saguaro cactus. It was only a mild intoxicant but since the fermented juice would not keep, it had to be drunk within 24 hours. Only the men drank the brew; it induced vomiting and the women nursed the men back to health.

The mesquite "bean" also could be made into a fizzy, slightly alcoholic drink when pounded and mixed with water. The Indians even fermented maize for chichot, a forerunner for corn liquor.

Tiswin was made by the Apache women with the help of the children. First they soaked the corn overnight.

"...and the women nursed the men back to health."

They dug a long trench and covered it with a layer of grass. After sprinkling the corn with water morning and evening for ten days, during which it sprouted, they took it out and ground it. This was then boiled for four or five hours and the liquid was strained off and set aside. When it stopped bubbling, after about 24 hours, it was ready to drink. Alcoholic content was low but the Apaches often drank so much of it they became very intoxicated.

RECIPES

SPRUCE BEER

Take ten gallons of water, a pound of hops and a teacupful of ginger. Boil together until hops sink to the bottom. Dip out a bucket of the liquor, stir in six quarts of molasses and 3½ ounces of essence of spruce (you can substitute two pounds of outer sprigs of spruce). When dissolved, pour liquor into kettle. Strain through a sieve into a cask, stir in one-half pint of strong yeast. Let it ferment a day or two, then bottle it the next day. To prevent further fermentation, put three or four raisins in each bottle.

HOT SPICED APPLEJACK

4 cups applejack or cider and applejack mixed
maple syrup, to taste
1 t grated cloves
1 t allspice

Heat ingredients and serve warm.

TRUE WEST will pay $5 for each original recipe published. The $5 pays for one-time rights to publish the recipe. Recipes should be kept short and should be typewritten. Of special interest are old family recipes dating from the Old West period (1830 to 1910). If ingredients are no longer available, list original ingredient and a modern alternative. Barbara Blackburn, TRUE WEST cookery specialist, will judge recipes on interest, preparation ease, originality and how well they are related to the Old West. Do not submit more than two or three recipes. Send to Barbara Blackburn, TRUE WEST, Iola, WI 54990. Recipe copies cannot be returned.

Oscar Wilde's Wild West

(continued from page 23)

Matchless. Oscar was fitted into an underground suit belonging to Tabor himself, fortunately a man as big as Oscar, though not so tall.

With his long legs protruding from the folds of India rubber, Oscar stepped into an ore bucket and was lowered into the depths of the mine. He was met at the bottom of the shaft by 12 miners, each with a bottle of whiskey. Protocol required that every bottle had to be shared by all, so Oscar took his 12 snorts along with the rest.

Although the miners were rendered dizzy by the celebration, Oscar handled his whiskey as usual and at the end of the visit remained cool, steady and collected.

"He was cheered loudly and voted a perfect gentleman," a newspaper reported.

After too little sleep, Oscar was up and on his way to a restrained and uneventful lecture in Colorado Springs. When he returned to Denver the following day for his final Colorado lecture, he was furious with his manager. He was overheard to say, "Are you fellows trying to kill me? I would never have gone to Leadville if I had for one moment supposed it was so far away and the railway such an exacerble (sic) one!" Manager Locke made no reply and he was fired on the spot, the Tribune went on to say.

Oscar's final Colorado lecture was presented in his usual listless fashion and his critics were not shy in pointing this out, but by the time the papers were delivered, Wilde was on his way across Kansas no doubt sighing with relief to have left Colorado behind.

He finished an interview by saying that "The people in common throughout America were not like those I met in Colorado." Only those who knew of his experiences there could appreciate what he really meant.

VOTING AND LAUNDRY

A man is entitled to vote and hold office wherever he has his washing done, regardless of where his wife lives, according to a Uinta County (Wyoming) court decision of the early days. The decision was given in a suit contesting the election of William Sloan as county commissioner. It was charged that Sloan was not a legal resident of Wyoming because his wife lived in Salt Lake City, Utah.

— Annals of Wyoming

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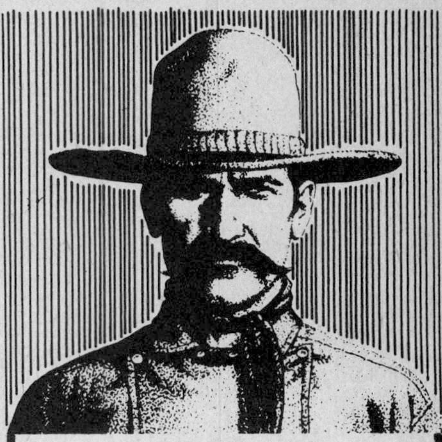

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The Strange Saga of the ARMY SUTLERS

By LAWRENCE DOORLEY

IN 1867, the commander of Fort Rice, North Dakota, complained that his men were throwing away their hardtack and "buying trash from the sutler."

No wonder, said the post doctor, who investigated and discovered that the hardtack, the staple of the soldiers, was imprinted with the year 1847. He sent a sample to the War Department for analysis which revealed that it was 15 percent pipe clay, 11 percent some "unidentifiable flinty material" and the remainder was "the roughest kind of wheat ever milled."

"Thirty days of that was enough to endanger the life of the strongest man and it was no wonder the soldiers go to the sutler. I patronize myself," said the doctor. "After all, I would like to retire someday, alive."

So while some considered Army post sutlers to be greedy and corrupt, to others they represented some salvation from the scandalous conditions soldiers endured in western forts.

The dictionary defines sutler as "formerly a person following an army to sell food, liquor, etc." Sutlers followed Alexander the Great through Egypt, Persia and Pakistan and trudged after Caesar's legionnaires into Gaul, Germany and Britain. During the Revolutionary War, sutlers were authorized by the Continental Congress to accompany the troops into the field and provide the soldiers with cakes and candies, whiskey and tobacco, playing cards and checkers, and dozens of other items the new government was unable to afford.

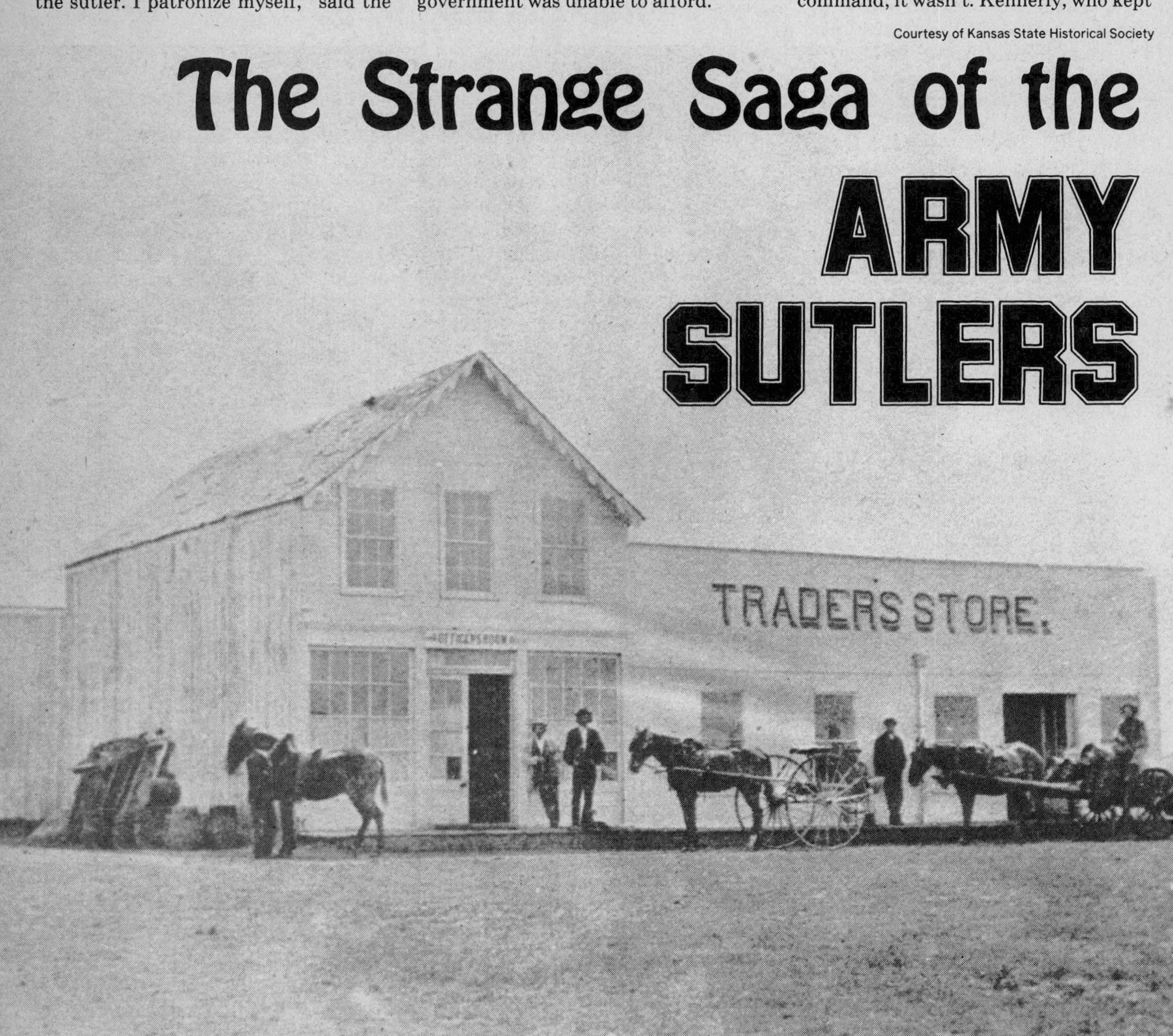
Sutlers were a vital part of the army forts on the western frontier prior to the Civil War and they were generally regarded as enterprising go-getters trying to make a dollar under difficult circumstances.

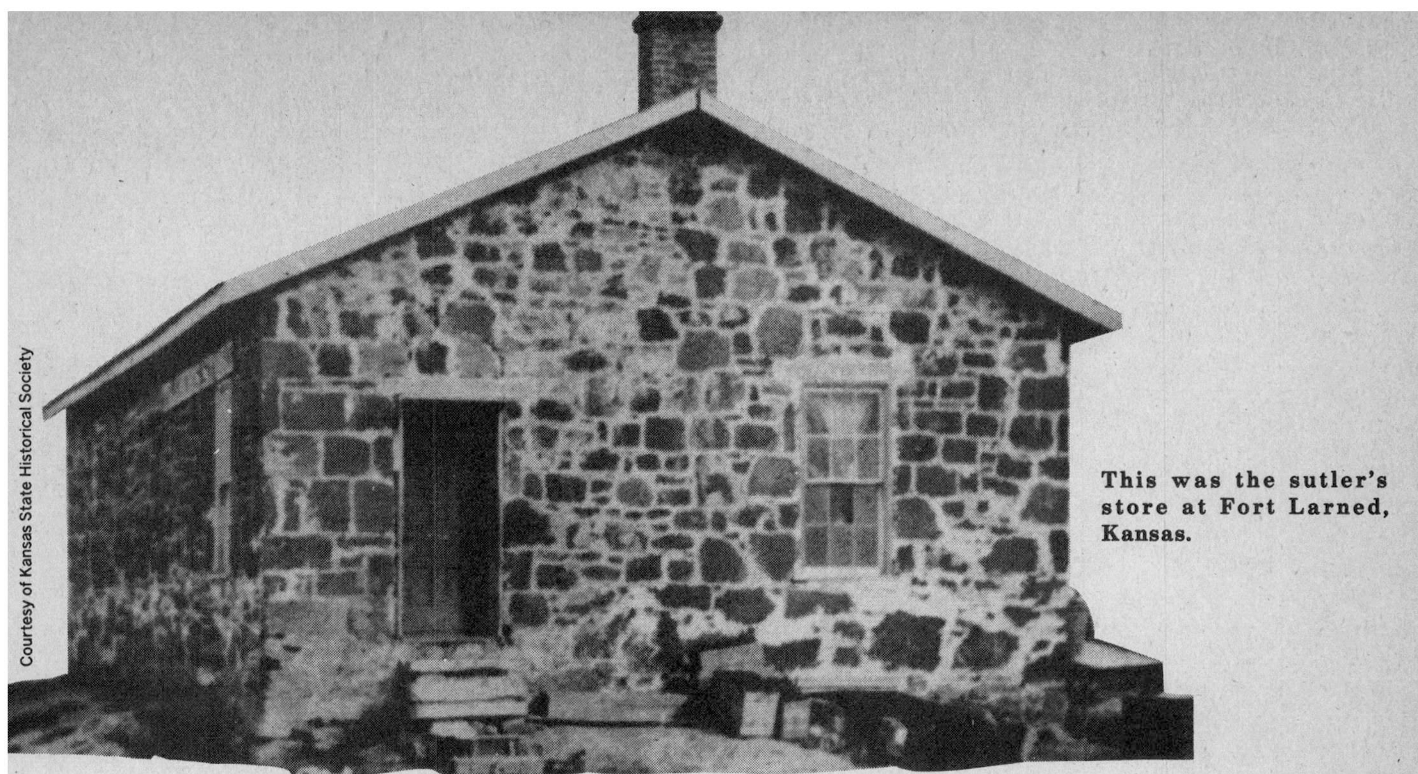
James Kennerly of St. Louis, sutler at Fort Atkinson, on the west side of the Missouri River sixteen miles above modern Omaha, from 1823 to 1826, was a good example of those early sutlers.

Inspector General Croghan, after a visit to Fort Atkinson in October 1826, found "Sutler Kennerly's supply is large, invoiced at $20,000. His conduct is such as to give satisfaction to the officer in command and to the garrison generally."

If that sounds like everything was harmonious between sutler and post command, it wasn't. Kennerly, who kept

Courtesy of Kansas State Historical Society




Courtesy of Kansas State Historical Society

This was the sutler's store at Fort Larned, Kansas.

a diary, wrote on May 21, 1824: "supervisin unloadin merchandise and summoned to meet Council of Adminstrn at 10 o'clock...went up and found body very extravagant as to ideas of mercantile transactions, saying that 6 pr. Ct. was as much as merchants expected to make on their capital."

Kennerly denied he could survive on anything close to six percent. He left the meeting in "a bad disposition," went back to his store, opened a keg of tobacco, sold it to the troops and not at prices fixed by the council.

In his diary of Nov. 5, 1825, Kennerly noted that the paymaster "commenced paying off the men, pd. 4 companies." Kennerly, who was seated next to the paymaster, would deduct what the men owed him. Often this left the soldiers, and even the officers, with no money.

Things got so bad at Fort Atkinson that all of the company commanders issued orders to the sutler "not to exceed 50 percent credit in any pay period." The officers, however, exempted themselves from this requirement and they continued to squander their dismal salaries at Kennerly's bar, much to the distress of the post commander.

It was said of William A. Carter, post trader at Fort Bridger, Utah Territory from 1858 to 1867, that he was "fair and honest in his dealings taking into account the dreadful costs required to transport his goods over mountains and plains, deserts and through Indian country, out to this dreadful noxiousity." This from a forlorn army wife writing home to her mother in Baltimore.

And John Heth, sutler at Fort Kearney, Nebraska Territory, received a pat on the back from the young bride of Lieutenant Emerson who confided to her diary on Dec. 19, 1858:

"Cold, grey, dismal. Thank God for Mr. Heth, the sutler. His store provides us with small luxuries such as combs, brushes, bath soap, face cream, lilac powder. And newspapers and periodicals, stationery and notebooks, common, everyday civilized things in Philadelphia, treasured gems out here."

THEN came the Civil War and an epidemic of sutlers, as many as 500 of them, and a good share who were "unmitigated curses" in the words of the U.S. Sanitary Commission.

Most sutlers were appointed by state governors to pay off political debts. Others received appointment from regimental commanders and still others from the Secretary of War. A brazen number operated as freelancers, lurking on the fringes of encampments peddling rotgut whiskey, dried chicory roots for coffee, dandelion wine, and even obscene girly pictures.

"Psst, soldier, over here...by the bushes, the real thing — straight from Paris," the peddler would whisper.

U.S. Quartermaster General Meggs fought a losing battle against obscene pictures, issuing order after order, demanding that local commanders "stamp out this creeping plague spread by the loathsome sutlers."

General U.S. Grant took action against sutlers early in the war. From his headquarters of the Army of the Tennessee on Dec. 7, 1862, he issued General Order No. 11:

"The peddlers as a class violating every regulation of trade established by the Treasury Department are hereby expelled from the department within twenty-four hours after receipt of this order."

It didn't work. The sutlers raised hell with their sponsors in Washington D.C. or in the state capitals. President Lincoln countermanded Grant's orders. The sutlers stormed back, raised their prices, and they continued to cause friction with the army. Much later, when Grant was president, he again ran afoul of the sutler system with disastrous results.

What was left of the army after the Civil War went west to fight the Indians. Venal men in both the War Department and the Indian Bureau (control of the army fluctuated between the two) saw a chance to augment their salaries. It soon became apparent to an entrepreneur if he wanted appointment, a payoff was required. Silent partners

On facing page: A sutler's store in Fort Hays, Kansas. These businesses were also called trader's stores.

Courtesy National Archives

Canteen at Fort Keogh, Montana, circa 1890s. This was the type of establishment President Hayes and the Army hoped would combat hog ranches.

took one fourth to one third of the profits and bribes were $2,500 to $10,000 depending on the size of the fort.

The Quartermaster Department was the sutler's best friend after the Civil War. A cost-cutting Congress ordered that the mammoth backlog of goods, everything from clothing to food, was to be used before new supplies could be ordered. This meant the men in western forts had to wear moldy uniforms that often did not fit (uniforms came in only four sizes); tents leaked, shoes were full of nails and underwear was unmentionable. The food was even worse.

After the post doctor at Fort Rice had the hardtack analyzed, the food there improved a little, but soon slipped back. That same summer, Lieutenant Colonel George A. Custer, commander of Fort Riley, Kansas, intent on keeping his name before the public, sent a copy of his message to the New York Herald. He thundered against "the maggoty bread, baked in 1861 and this is 1867, the rancid pork, the putrid cheese, the diluted ginger ale, the tasteless farina, the hobnail shoes, the infested uniforms."

No wonder the poor soldier patronized the sutler. The sutler had a seamstress who altered uniforms. His bread wasn't more than two weeks old. His eggs were bought locally and his fresh fruit and vegetables in season were always available because with his ready cash he could outbid the post commissary.

The sutler sold dried apples, lemons, cigars, razor straps, flower seeds, canned goods, including condensed milk, Smith's Hair Restorative ($1.25 a pint), Piper's Magical Elixir, Leonard's Diarrhea Suppressor, Simon's Saddlesore Salve (a big seller), and Mother Henderson's Acidity Relief.

Although the sutler's wares were a big improvement over the army's, there were complaints. Teresa Viele, an officer's wife at Ringgold Barracks, Texas, moaned that "the post trader's goods usually consisted of moldy flour and rancid pork."

And Mrs. Boyd, in Cavalry Life, was indignant over $2 per dozen eggs and $2.50 a pound for butter. Private E. Klumpf of the Sixth Cavalry chasing Apaches in 1879 described "lemons from the sutler, shriveled, wizened, blenched and flinched."

An unnamed private at Fort Abraham

Courtesy of Kansas State Historical Society

Interior of the sutler's store at Fort Dodge, Kansas, copied from Harper's Weekly, May 25, 1867.

Lincoln found the "butter at the sutler's green and nasty, the whiskey pale and weakish, even the billiard balls was crooked."

THE SUTLER cashed checks, sold stamps, handled mail, loaned money. In 1878, when Congress neglected to pass the army appropriations bill, the sutler at Fort Sill, Okahoma Territory, financed the entire operation of the fort for four months — at six percent interest — until Congress finally came through.

The sutler's establishment consisted of the store, the bar (which was divided into areas for enlisted men and officers), and the recreation room which had billiard tables, card tables, possibly a piano, maybe a small library, a stage and even writing tables.

The main attraction was the bar. Boredom, drudgery, loneliness, all conspired to keep the whiskey and beer flowing at the sutler's. Hard liquor (Jim Beam, A.C. Booz, Old Cabin Whiskey, Old Monongahela Rye and others) sold for a quarter a shot and $5 a pint. At some locations the sutler had competition from local grogshops and the price came down.

Liquor was ruining the western army. A total of 136 soldiers were court-martialed for drunkenness at Fort Atkinson the day after payday in November 1825. The surgeon at Fort Laramie, Wyoming, wrote on July 29, 1870, that the "hospital is full of payday casualties."

Something had to be done. President Rutherford B. Hayes, who took office in 1877, acted. Both he and his wife, known as Lemonade Lucy, were absolute teetotalers. Hayes ordered the War Department to ban the sale of all alcoholic beverages at army posts. The sutlers were outraged, but to no avail.

But Hayes' order didn't stop the problem. In fact, for a time, it made things worse. Hog ranches, described by the author of *Forty Miles a Day on Beans and Hay*, as "filthy holes, selling the poorest quality liquor, providing the soldiers with the vilest and most diseased whores" sprang up outside the forts and by 1882, venereal disease was raging in the army.

By 1889, the hog ranches were mostly put out of business and poor exchanges had been established at most forts. Well-managed canteens were operated to give soldiers places to drink and have lunch as well as smoke, play cards and read.

President Grant got into trouble over the sutler system through his Secretary of War William Belknap. Belknap was accused of getting kickbacks from the sale of sutler's rights. He was impeached by the Senate but the charges were never proven. Custer, by that time at Fort Abraham Lincoln in Dakota Territory, wrote the Senate he had evidence of Belknap's involvement in the sutler scandal. Custer, who may have harbored presidential ambitions, was invited to Washington D.C. to testify but when he got there he was not able to prove a thing. In fact, several witnesses testified that Custer received kickbacks from sutlers.

Grant, outraged at Custer's behavior, stripped him of his command. But Custer got in back after General William T. Sherman interceded with Grant.

The Belknap scandals and the success of the post exchanges doomed the sutler. He made a brief comeback during the Spanish-American War, then vanished. But he left his mark. And no one can deny he performed a service.

A Chicago Tribune reporter interviewed First Sergeant Wesley Wittcomb, a grizzled veteran of thirty years service. Of the sutler, Wittcomb said:

"The sutler was out fer money. He charged four, five times what he paid fer the stuff. But his place was somewhere to go when it was lonely. What in holy hell would we have done without him?"

Courtesy National Archives

Above: A sutler's establishment at Fort Bliss, Texas, circa 1870s.

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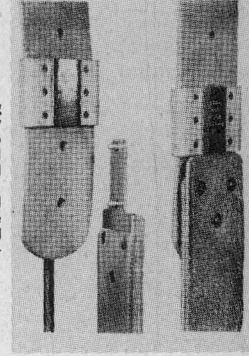

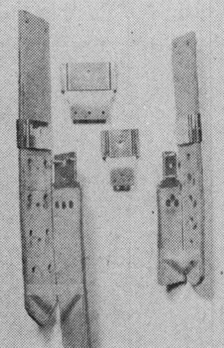

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Mollie's Squirrel Tails

By LAWRENCE P. SHELTON

MANY of the Old West's premier women sharpshooters, such as Annie Oakley, May Lillie and Calamity Jane, got their start shooting as a practical matter supplying game for the table. But there was a California woman who got her start in a most unusual way: She was nuts about squirrels.

Mollie Allen was born in the heart of California's Mother Lode country. Her father, Hiram, an Ohio native, went west in the gold rush of 1849. He settled in Jackson, Amador County, in the heart of the gold mining district.

Hiram Allen apparently had luck mining or the climate suited him because in 1853 he returned East to bring his wife, Henrietta Mary, to California. They had been married less than a year when he left home to strike it rich.

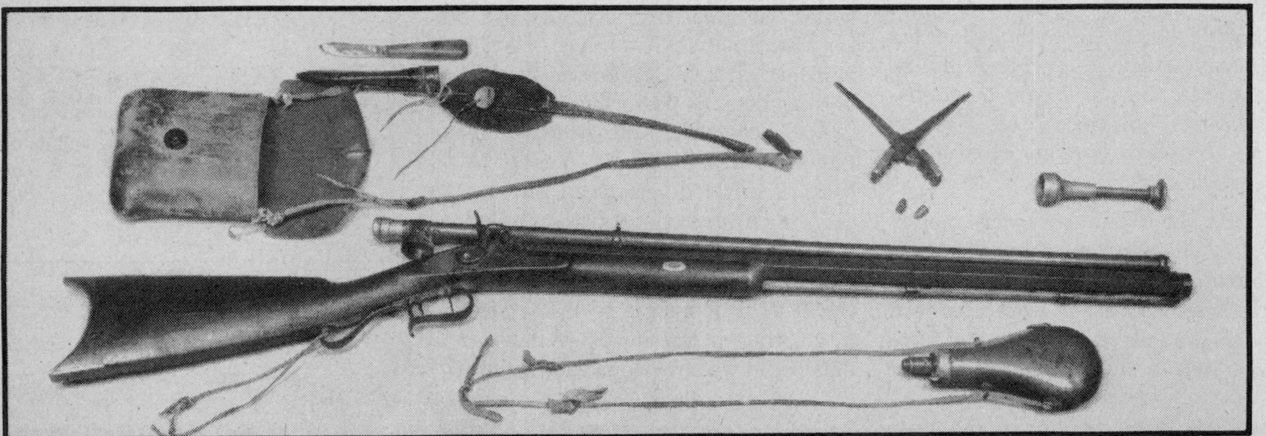
Mollie was born in 1861 in Jackson. In that year, Hiram relocated his family at Clear Lake in Lake County, California. Here he farmed and was elected county assessor, a position he held for eight years.

The mountains and hills of this area abounded with wild game, elk, deer, bear, wild cats, rabbits, squirrels and many others. It was a sportsman's paradise.

It was here that Mollie grew up and in 1873, at the age of 12, she came to public

Right: Mollie Allen, surrounded by evidence of her ability as a hunter, taken about 1876 when she was 15 years old. Below: Telescopic percussion rifle made by Charles Slotterbek in April, 1873. This is the rifle that Mollie is holding in the above photo.

Courtesy of the Author



Courtesy of the Author

Courtesy of the Author

Rosewood piano made in 1876 by Weber, New York. This is the piano Mollie bought with money made from bounty hunting.

attention as a shooter. Her father was a hunter, like most men in the community. On May 3, 1873, the local newspaper, the Lake County Bee, ran an article about Hiram Allen's new rifle:

"Telescopic rifle — Mr. Slotterbek, our Lakeport gunsmith, finished a splendid telescopic rifle this week, which was made for Mr. H. Allen, county assessor. Like all of Charley's handiwork, it was an admirable piece of workmanship. It is single-barreled and the price paid for it was $125."

One had to be a serious shooter to spend $125 for a muzzleloading rifle in 1873. At that time you could buy mass-produced Winchesters, Sharps or Remingtons (breechloaders) for $18 to $30.

Charles Slotterbek was one of the best gun-makers on the West Coast and some of his highly decorated double-barreled rifles sold for as much as $350. Being a good shot was an admirable skill in those days and the best shots earned the respect of all. Undoubtedly there was much talk about the ability of the new rifle. It may have been this focus on the new rifle that sparked Mollie's interest in shooting.

The following article appeared in the July 12, 1873 issue of the Bee:

"Remarkably Good Shooting By A Young Girl — Fourth of July morning, Miss Mollie Allen, daughter of our County Assessor, who resides at Lower Lake, got permission from her father to amuse herself by firing at a target.

"So she got Mr. Allen's small telescope rifle, had a target put up for her at a distance of 80 yards, and commenced her first regular practice. The bull's eye was a piece of white card about the size of a silver dollar. Miss Allen fired ten consecutive shots, every one of which struck the bull's eye. As measured by Charley Slotterbek, the shots make a 5-¼ inch string.

"This is remarkable shooting for a young girl of twelve years of age, who has had very little if any practice."

IT was about his time that the state of California passed a law to pay bounties for pests that were annoying ranchers in raising their crops and livestock. Bounties were: Eagles, $3; mountain lions, $10; grizzly bear, $10; black bear, $5; and coyote, $5.

To collect these bounties the animals' scalps were turned in. Squirrels were worth five cents and gophers were ten cents. For these, the tails had to be presented for payment. Of all the bounties the squirrels were the most numerous.

On Nov. 4, 1873, the Lake County Board of Supervisors approved the state bounty of five cents per squirrel.

The supervisor's minutes indicate Mollie Allen was a regular recipient of the county's squirrel bounty. Most of her payments averaged around $5 (100 squirrels). Her largest single payment was on July 6, 1875, when she was paid $25.60 for 512 squirrel tails.

The Lake Democrat newspaper on April 8, 1876, reported:

"Squirrel Shooting — the riflemen are out killing off these pests, and tails are coming in pretty fast. Although the squirrel is a little harder to kill outright than a cat, still a great many of these wheat eaters are annually destroyed here by telscope rifles.

"It is true that if shot anywhere else but in the head they are certain to get down their hole and in one instance it was recorded last week that a celebrated shot of Lakeport, an M.D. we believe, cut one in two with a ball when the head ran up a tree while the tail disappeared down a hole at its base."

Mollie used the bounty money to purchase a beautiful rosewood piano at a cost of about $175. The piano was made in 1876 by Weber of New York.

It is not surprising that she became a fine pianist as it takes some of the same skills as shooting does — good eye-muscle coordination, excellent concentration and endurance. At about 18, Mollie married George W. Pardee, a blacksmith and sheriff of Lake County from 1895-1899. Mollie gave piano lessons on this piano for many years and played it until she died at the age of 78 in 1939.

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Trails Grown Dim

Tom Horn Murdered Relative

In Cheyenne, Wyoming, on Nov. 20, 1903, the gunman, Tom Horn, was hanged for the murder of William (Willie) Nickell, 14-year-old son of Kels Power Nickell.

Kels P. Nickell, who was described as an erratic, stubborn, red-haired Kentuckian, moved to Iron Mountain, Wyoming from Kentucky around 1880-1881. His father was John D. Nickell.

I believe Kels P. Nickell may have been a relative but I have not been able to learn from which part of Kentucky he left when he went to Wyoming. I would welcome any correspondence about the Kels P. Nickell family. My family is also from Kentucky. — **Phillip G. Nickell, 1566 Idle Dr., Clearwater, FL 33516.**

Byrne-Rader

My great-grandfather, James Patrick Byrne, was born in Ireland in January of 1829. He came to Massachusetts at about the age of four with his parents.

In 1849, he moved to California with the Henderson wagon train. Grandfather was the scout for that train. He settled near Jackson and in 1867 he married Amanda Jane Rader of Indiana. He died in the 1900s and is buried in Tuscarora, Nevada.

What were his parents' names, did he have brothers or sisters and are there descendants in Massachusetts? — **Lesty Halsey, 1037 Humboldt, Reno, NV 89509.**

Metz-Ward

I would like information about my paternal grandfather, Lemox Metz. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1870. He married Daisy (Dade) Ward, daughter of Dr. John Ward of Marietta, Ohio. My grandfather had a brother, Joseph, and sister, Bessie.

Lemox Metz worked as an oil driller in Penn, Texas, California and Mexico. My grandparents had four boys: John Ward (my father), Don, Claire, and Allen Edward.

My grandfather died in 1926, the year I was born. He was living in Texas before he died. He is supposed to be buried in Big Springs but I don't know this for a fact.

My grandparents were divorced in the early 1920s and it is possible that Grandfather remarried and had another family. — **Jay W. Metz, 629 Lincoln St., No. 1, Watsonville, CA 95076.**

Logan-Peck

My grandfather, Marion Francis Logan, sewed several "wild oats" as a young man. One of his friends during these years was Jeff Peck.

According to my grandfather, Jeff was a wild guy — always racing horses. Jeff ran one horse till she dropped dead. On another occasion Jeff found a bottle of apricot brandy; between Jeff and my grandfather, it wasn't wasted.

Some time in 1904, Jeff had his picture taken, possibly in Kansas or Indian Territory. He gave the picture to my grandfather and I now have it. I would like to hear from Jeff's relatives and send copies of the photo to them. — **Mrs. Evelynne Ritter, 61 Calle El Halcon, Camarillo, CA 93010.**

Burr-Glasgow-Siiro

I am looking for any information on my uncle, Ralph M. Burr, and his family.

Ralph and my father, Kenneth L. Burr, were the sons of George W. Burr and Lena Dell Glasgow. Ralph was born between 1918 and 1920. They also had a half-sister, Evelyn.

Ralph married Stella Siiro and they had two sons, John and Bill, probably born between 1940 and 1945, in California. Ralph served in the army and died overseas during World War II before his youngest son was born.

After Ralph's death, Stella and her sons made their home with her mother, Mrs. Providenzia Siiro. An old letter from Ralph to my father mentions Stella's parents living in San Francisco, dated May 11, 1942. In that letter Ralph was a sergeant, 17th Infantry, in the army. — **Deborah A. Jaegers, 1120 Dardenne, St. Charles, MO 63301.**

Pierson

Sarah Elizabeth Pierson was born in Austin, Texas, on Dec. 22, 1854. Her father was William Pierson.

Any information about her mother's name, what they did in Austin, and

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

other family data is welcome. — **Mrs. James Gibbs, Box 1597, Soldotna, AK 99669.**

Nichols-Morgan

I am trying to find information on Saul or Charles Nichols of Miles City, Montana. My aunt, Nellie Morgan, married Charles Nichols around 1915 in Miles City. Both are now deceased.

I have a picture of Saul Nichols that belonged to my aunt, but no other information. — **Jeb Gardner, 53825 Moss Rd., South Bend, IN 46628.**

Carpenter-Reese-Cochran

I am interested in contacting any relatives we may have out West who would have information on the Ezra Carpenter Sr. family.

Ezra's first wife was Sarah Reese, daughter of General David Reese of Virginia. They were married in 1824. She died in 1847. He then married Martha Cochran and in his later years moved from Jones County, Iowa to Neosho, Missouri, where he is buried.

I have valuable genealogy information and would like to put all these patriots together. — **Carolyn Carpenter Bartels, 5227 Rosewood Dr., Roeland Park, KS 66205.**

Lincoln

I would like to contact descendants of Mordecal Lincoln. He was an uncle of Abraham Lincoln and at one time lived on the farm I now own. He also lived in our county seat, Leitchfield, Kentucky, in Grayson County.

There is also an historical building in Leitchfield that Mordecal and his brother, Thomas, helped build. — **Buddie Miller, Rt. 3, Box 450, Leitchfield, KY 47754.**

Atkinson-Creal-Ralston

I am seeking information on the family of my great-grandfather, Thomas Jefferson Atkinson, constable of Kickapoo, Leavenworth County, Kansas in the 1870s. He was born in 1848 in Indiana, the son of Isaac M. Atkinson and

THE FAR SIDE By GARY LARSON

"Dirty, low-down skunk! . . . I saw him slip that last card from his sleeve just before he yelled 'Fish!' "

Charity Ailsa Creal/Creil/Creel, both born in Virginia circa 1818.

They married in Virginia in 1846. Charity may have been a teacher before her marriage. Isaac had a brother, Wilson Ralston Atkinson, who also went to Kansas. Could their mother have been Ann Ralston? — **S. L. Anderson, 5607 Brookland Rd., Alexandria, VA 22310.**

Murray-Mabry

I would like to contact descendants of Everett Murray. He was born in Kentucky and was shot while bringing a prisoner into the Fort Smith, Arkansas, area.

He had sons William, Everett and Roy. Everett Sr. had a sister, Minnie, who married R. B. Mabry and was in Poteau, Oklahoma, in 1916. His brothers were William and John Peter Murray.

My grandfather was John Peter Murray and was born circa 1868. He died in California in 1935. — **Mrs. G. J. Bailey, Box 772, Santa Paula, CA 93060.**

Barber

I am requesting information on the Allen Barber family. He is my grandfather. — **James E. Barber, Box 8565, Denver, CO 80201.**

Lobdell

Garfield Napier Lobdell came West with the Army around 1900. I believe he enlisted in Wisconsin.

His father was a sea captain on the Great Lakes. He ended his last trips in a wheelchair.

Garfield Lobdell had an aunt, Dr. Effie Lobdell, who was well-known in Chicago and also in France during World War I. Garfield had two sons from a first marriage: Ben and James. He then had two children from a second marriage: Myself and a daughter. Ben had two daughters who lived with their mother somewhere in the Midwest. — **Robert G. Lobdell, 58 Roosevelt Ln., Desert Aire, Mattawa, WA 99344.**

Russell-Hayes

I am looking for information about Helen Ida Russell, born Aug. 9, 1917, in Salt Lake City, Utah, or her mother, Gladys E. Hayes Russell, born about 1898.

They were from a pioneering family. Gladys E. Hayes married Harry Waugh Russell in Salt Lake City. Russell was also from a pioneering family in that area. —**Barbara Jean Houser, 39835 18th St. W., Palmdale, CA 93550.**

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From Postage Stamp to State Seal

By ELDON BARRETT

Charles Talcott was not exactly overwhelmed that day in 1889 when the Committee for Washington Statehood arrived at the jewelry store he and his brothers operated in Olympia.

The committee wanted him to design an emblem so that when the territory was granted its rightful place in the Union on November 11, it not only would be signed and delivered, but also properly sealed.

The trouble was the committee had something elaborate in mind and the Talcotts didn't have a lot of time to spend on projects run by committees. They were too busy making a living.

Charles had arrived in the territorial capital in 1872, toting a satchelful of watches and assorted pieces of jewelry. He set up shop in a frame building at 420 South Main Street, spreading his goods out on the counter and hoping some well-heeled passerby, a prospective bride or groom or perhaps a hankering woman, would drop in. Each night he would load the merchandise back into the satchel and lug it home for safekeeping.

Olympians, like most everybody in the region, had little money for luxuries in those times. Just securing survival necessities on the frontier was a full-time job. Little was spent on timepieces and trinkets.

Furthermore, the three brothers, Charles, George and Grant, were still trying to recoup from a fire that had destroyed the store in 1882. They had replaced the wooden building with a solid brick structure and expanded operations.

Not only were they selling watches and jewelry, but they stocked sundry merchandise, making their establishment a variety store. In addition, they repaired bicycles, and, to the delight of young and old alike, had set up a soda fountain in one corner of the building.

It was to the store that the committee came to persuade Charles to design an emblem worthy of the great state they were convinced Washington was going to be. Charles finally agreed, but he indicated the simple things in life were the best, and he used that axiom in putting his design on parchment.

The late G. Noyes Talcott, son of George, explained how his uncle did the job:

"He fished a silver dollar out of his pocket and used it to draw a circle. Then he took an inkwell, placed it over the circle and drew another. In between the lines of the two circles he printed the words, 'THE SEAL OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON — 1889.'

"Next he went to his desk and searched around until he found a postage stamp — a two-cent stamp bearing the likeness of George Washington. He pasted that in the middle of the double circle, and the design was finished. It probably took him no more than three minutes."

The committee accepted the design and then the other brothers got into the act. "My father, George Talcott, struck the die, using Uncle Charles' design. And my other uncle, L. Grant Talcott, stamped it," explained Noyes. "It has

been the state seal ever since admission day, November 11, 1889."

The official state seal is kept in the office of the secretary of state. The design dominates the state flag — a gold seal upon a field of green. A huge replica in gold relief is implanted in the marble floor of the capitol rotunda, encircled with a fancy fence of purple velvet cord. The replica is situated directly beneath the dome of the legislative building.

The Talcott family still operates a store at 420 South Main, only the street is now Capitol Way. Noyes, who died in December, 1981, at the age of 88, was also active in civic and banking affairs. He left the jewelry business to his son, Richard N. Talcott, who operates a shop in Tacoma, Washington, and to his grandson, Richard Jr., who runs the old family establishment in Olympia.

JUST A COUNTRY DOCTOR

By OLGA FREEMAN

A lone horseman rode into the frontier settlement of Lakeview in southeastern Oregon, population about 700, one summer day in 1887. His worldly resources were in two saddle bags. He spotted the Lakeview House, went in and announced, "I am Bernard Daly and I have come to practice medicine."

Thirty-three years later Daly was a rich man. He was Lakeview's and Lake County's leading citizen and one of Oregon's great men. When he died on Jan. 5, 1920, his will revealed that he had left his considerable fortune to provide Lake County students with college educations.

Now, more than 60 years later, students are still paying tribute to his memory as they enroll in Oregon's colleges and universities.

Certainly there was nothing in Daly's background to suggest he would become rich and famous. He was born in Ireland on Feb. 17, 1858, and came to the United States with his parents at age six.

An avid student, he worked his way through the Ohio Normal School earning a doctorate of medicine. He spent another year in medical studies at the University of Louisville. At age 29 he headed west. Why did he choose the remote village of Lakeview, Oregon? He may have been aware of the Irish settling there and he wanted to be with them.

He lost no time in hanging out his shingle. He acquired a team and buggy to cover the 200-mile territory which he served. No ride was too long or hazardous for him to answer the call of the sick.

Daly admitted that once he refused to treat a patient. Long John, a noted two-gun badman, was harassing the bartender at one of Lakeview's saloons. The irate bartender fired his snub-nosed 38 revolver into Long John's chest.

The barkeep then summoned the deputy sheriff who ran for Daly and got him out of bed. Learning that the patient was Long John, Daly went back to bed.

"I once treated him at a local hotel when he was sick abed. He refused my medicine, my advice and in addition cursed me. So, I told him to lie there and die. Long John responded by taking a pistol from under his pillow, shooting me in the rump. I have no intention of answering your call," Daly said.

Fortunately, Long John discovered the bullet had not penetrated his heavy black underwear. He ran out the door, mounted his horse, and was never seen again.

One call which Daly answered gave him national prominence and praise. It was the Christmas Eve fire at Silver Lake, 100 miles from Lakeview. Courier Ed O'Farrell arrived at 4 p.m. Christmas Day, 1894, to alert Daly to the disaster which occurred at a gathering of Silver Lake residents and urged him to start immediately.

In less than an hour, Daly and his driver Willard Duncan were on their way. They drove through snow and ice, sub-zero weather, over two mountain passes, stopping only to change horses and gulp down cups of hot coffee.

They arrived in 14 hours, a record time. Immediately at six a.m. on Dec. 26, Daly started relieving the suffering survivors. To his credit only three died after his ministrations. Forty-three died in the calamitous fire.

Practicing medicine was only one outlet for Dr. Daly's boundless energies. He became a banker, ranch owner, stock raiser and landlord.

When Lakeview was incorporated in 1889, just two years after his arrival, he served on the first city council. That same year he was elected to the school board and continued for 30 years.

In 1892, he was elected to the Oregon House. Two years later he was elected to the Senate. As a result of his Silver Lake fire experience, he sponsored a law requiring doors on all public buildings to open outward. Had this been done in the community hall, many lives would have been saved. He also sponsored a law providing for standard texts in Oregon's schools.

During his second term a new courthouse was built. All labor was paid by the hour. In order to take advantage of discounts, if county money was not on hand, Daly would pay the bill himself, once as much as $7,000, until tax money became available.

His civic career, however, did not end when he decided not to seek a fourth term as county judge. Much to everyone's surprise, on Feb. 25, 1915, Republican Governor James Withycombe appointed Daly, a Democrat, as circuit judge for the newly created 14th judicial district to serve until the next election. Unknown to the people of Lakeview, Daly had been studying law and in 1911, successfully passed the bar examination.

Despite his disappointment, Daly did not cease public service. When the war broke out in 1917, he devoted his time to war activities. He was the county food administrator, chairman of the draft board, and promoted the sale of war bonds. He practiced what he preached and at the time of his death, his holdings of liberty bonds and stamps was $81,200.

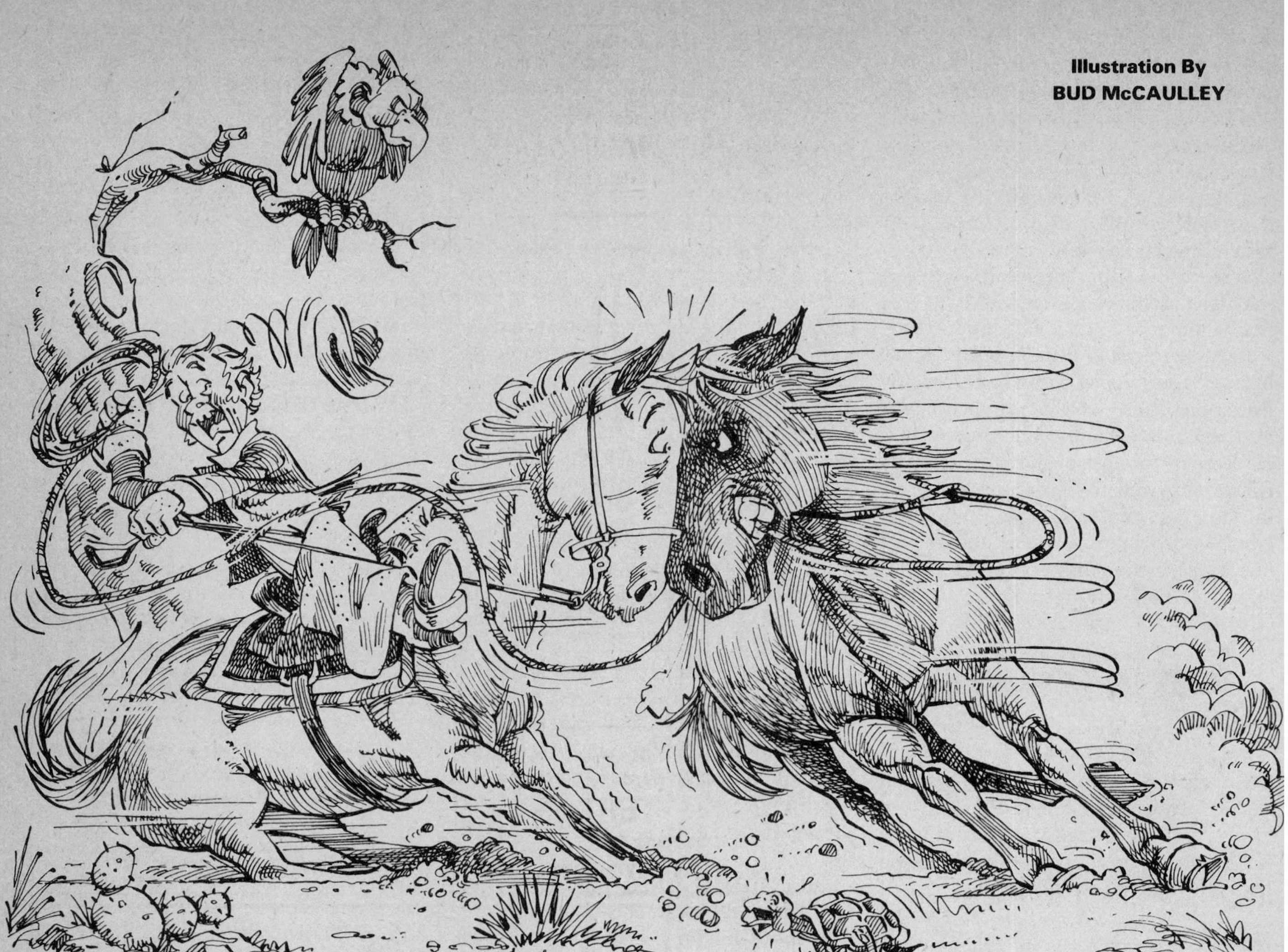
Throughout his life, Daly was an ardent democrat and interested in politics. He became well known among the state's democrats. He attended state conventions and once was urged to run for governor.

While Daly gave his time and talents to his civic responsibilities and his medical practice, he also entered into other community activities. He was proud of his Irish heritage and was a member of the Hibernian Society, and though he was not intensely religious, he was a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

In his private life, Daly was known as a loner with few close friends. It was not until Pearl Hall arrived from Ohio at the turn of the century to teach in primary school that he found a lifelong friend and confidante. Daly never married.

At the time of his death his estate was appraised at $733,638, a considerable fortune for a country doctor to accumulate in the 33 years he spent in this remote section of Oregon.

Illustration By
BUD McCAULLEY



HORSE TALK

By PEARL BAKER

WHEN I grew up at Robbers Roost in Utah, it was remote and isolated and we had few contacts with other people. Those who came to visit for a day or a month came horseback, and since our own lives were dependent on horses, we talked horse often.

I didn't really realize this until last spring when my youngest son retired from the Air Force and came by for a visit. Together with the two older boys, Jack and Joe, we picnicked and then gathered in Jack's house to visit. We were glad to be together after so many years, and felt our ties so closely, we almost instinctively dropped back to our beginnings, which meant nothing other than a horse story.

"When I was working for Andy Moore out on the desert," Jack began, "Bill and Chad and I got to roping one of those wild horses there, putting our outfit on it and riding it into camp. One day Bill roped one, I snubbed it until he got set and turned him loose, and he let that horse buck him off. I gathered up the colt for him and helped him get started again and again he let that bronc unload him. By this time I was disgusted with him, so I gathered up the horse and went on to camp, the colt leading up good against my saddle horse.

"The next day I was out alone, and I popped up over a rise right in the middle of a bunch of wild horses, right next to the stud. He was a looker, and I thought here was my chance to make a name for myself, so I dabbed a loop on him before he could get in stride.

"Then I was sorry. Instead of running against the rope as a horse always does, he made for me, and I could remember what these wild studs did to each other fighting on the range, and I got scared. I yelled, waved my hat and dived at him.

That spooked him off.

"He ran against the rope and I choked him down and tied him. I got my saddle on him all right, turned my horse loose, and reached down after I got placed and cut his feet loose. When he staggered to his feet, I lifted the blindfold and again I doubted my wisdom in this matter. He didn't buck or run, he tried to reach around and eat me. I never saw a horse so determined to kill anything as he was me.

"I beat his head off me, and he did buck, but not so bad that I couldn't ride him. Hell, I had to with no trees to climb into on that bald flat.

"Finally he broke and ran, and I headed him toward the ranch. We had it hot and heavy and once when we crossed a patch of slick rock with pools of water on it from the rain the day before, he saw my legs mirrored in one of these and kicked one of my boot heels right off. He was crazy.

"I finally got him near the ranch, and Bill and Chad, who decided when my horse came in that I was in trouble, were saddled up and helped me get him into the corral. He made a circle of the big corral, but he wouldn't get close enough to the fence for me to get off, and I knew if I got off in the corral he would kill me before I could get out of the way.

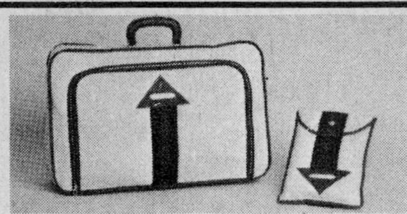
"As we made the next circle, I noted the gate to the empty pigpen was open, so when we got to it, I jerked his head around and spun him in there before he knew what was hapening. I thought I could get off on the shed of the pen.

"Just as we came to a halt because there was nothing else for him to do, Bill tossed me my sixshooter, and I laid it between the stud's ears and let him have it. And that's the way I got off without getting killed."

Being raised on horse talk, we were entranced with the story and hung on every word. When it was finished, we settled back, all but my youngest son's wife. She is a city girl and she was aghast.

"You shot him! You killed a horse!" she exclaimed. This broke the spell. She gathered that the story was probably not true and that we didn't really expect it to be. She simply couldn't understand and we had no words to tell her.

She had observed a horse culture ritual, ministered by a master of the art, and the total communication among us drew us closer, amused and refreshed us, and we were enriched thereby.



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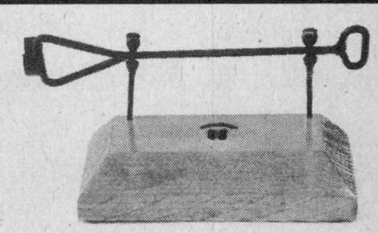

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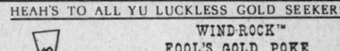

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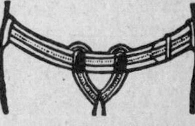

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