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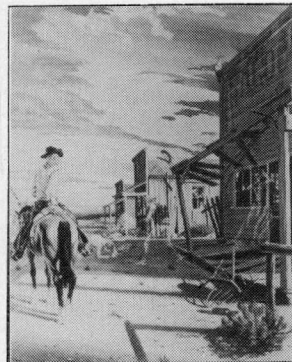
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OUR COVER

"The Price of Solitude" was painted by Graford, Texas, artist Chuck DeHaan. Chuck tells us his wife named it. "If a man is going to live alone," she said, "he does his mending alone."

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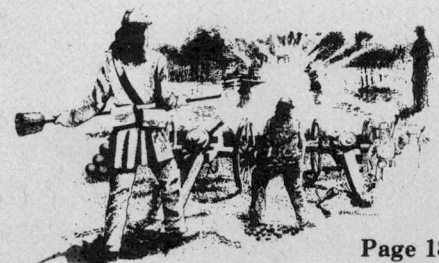
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From the Editor



Chuck DeHaan's "Winter Songsinger" as it appeared on the cover of the December 1984, *Frontier Times*.

There's been quite a bit of excitement here the past few days. Chuck DeHaan's painting, "Winter Songsinger," is among the three finalists selected in the Western Writers of America annual competition for best cover art in 1984.

"Winter Songsinger" appeared on the cover of the December *Frontier Times*, TRUE WEST's companion publication. It was one of our favorite covers ever and, judging from the many letters we received, one of your favorites, too.

Chuck is counted among the country's best western artists. We're proud to have had "Winter Songsinger" on our cover.

To give you an idea of the wide variety of styles Chuck has mastered, we have another of his paintings, "The Price of Solitude," on this month's cover. It's a heck of a lot different than "Winter Songsinger," but it's just as good. I hope you'll like it as much as I do.

We also just learned that another of our contributors was recently honored with an award. Helen Butler has written several stories for us in the past year, including "Why Some Wyoming Cowboys Gave Up Smoking" and "Mother's Mare." We got Helen's story, "The Best Fourth," just in time to run it in our July issue. The extra effort to include it on such short notice was well worth it. Many readers wrote to tell us how much they liked it. The Oklahoma Writers Federation liked it, too. They

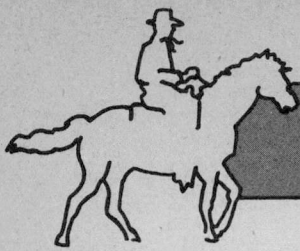
named it the "Creme de la Creme," their annual award for the best single piece of writing produced here in our adopted state.

Congratulations to Chuck and Helen for their much deserved recognition!

We hope to continue bringing award winning true stories and western art to your spread every month. "When They Took the West to London," by Willard H. Porter, has given us a good start in that direction. Porter has been collecting rodeo materials for years; accompanied by some truly remarkable photos, this lively account of an American rodeo in England impressively demonstrates a lifetime of interest in the sport.

In next month's *Frontier Times* we'll have more award winning writers. It will be the first anniversary of the reintroduction of *Frontier Times*, and to celebrate we're putting together a special issue on firearms in the American West. Noted gun writers Konrad Schreier, Lee Silva, Lisle Reedstrom, and others will take an objective look at the role of firearms in America's westward expansion during the nineteenth century. It's sure to be a truly special issue.

John Joerschke



Truly Western

Letters from our readers

Heresay or Hard Facts About Holliday

I have had a great interest for the last few years in the Earp brothers and Doc Holliday while they were in Tombstone. As a result, I have read everything I can find about them. Based on this reading, I have made my own conclusions about their activities. When I read Chuck Parsons' answer to a reader's question as to whether or not the Earps had anything to do with the killing of Old Man Clanton, (March '85 TRUE WEST) I felt that a few more comments deserved to be made on the subject.

I agree with Chuck Parsons' conclusion that the Earps had nothing to do with this killing, and could give reasons for my belief that aren't mentioned in your answer, which, as in the case of many writings I have read on the subject, gets around to the same accusation that Doc Holliday was a part of the group who tried to rob the Benson stagecoach on March 15, 1881.

I realize there are some experts on the Earps and Doc Holliday who believe Doc was a member of this group of murderers, but I have yet to see any evidence to prove it other than their suppositions about his general character.

The most compelling reason to believe Doc was innocent of this charge is that Luther King, the man captured by the Earp-Behan Posse, didn't name him. He named only Jim Crane, Harry Head and Bill Leonard. I have read that the reason he didn't name Holliday was that he feared him too much, but I would guess that he would have had as much reason to fear Crane, Head, and Leonard.

I have also read Fred Dodges' book, in which he says he believed that Doc was guilty of this offense because he was told so by Johnny Barnes. Barnes supposedly made the statement on his deathbed.

Barnes was a member of the cowboy faction and, as such, had every reason to say what he did, just to make the Earps and Holliday seem to be worse than those they were opposing. Barnes also said he knew this because he also was a member of the group. If he was, why didn't King expose him?

I have also read that the McLaurys and Ike Clanton were prepared to testify that they had seen Doc in the vicinity of the attempted holdup on the night in question. But their testimony, if it had been given, certainly would have been self-serving, to say the least. In any event, their testimony wasn't given at Doc's hearing. Doc was allowed to present uncontested testimony from Wyatt Earp and Old Man Fuller to the effect that he was elsewhere at the time. The case against him was so weak that the motion to withdraw the charge was made by the prosecutor.

If any of your readers can supply evidence that the Earps did anything illegal in Arizona before they killed Frank Stilwell in March, 1882, I would like to see it.—James P. Tinervin, Springfield, IL.

ticles like these in the magazines.—Dan Davis, Georgetown, PA.

Trail Blazer

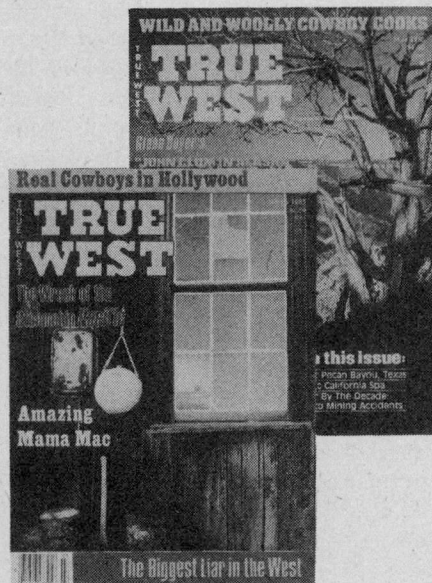
Glenn Boyer's article on John P. Clum (May '85 TRUE WEST) was long overdue as Clum epitomizes the spirit of adventure and fearlessness associated with the early pioneers. It was also a source of satisfaction to me because it briefly describes the duties of the early day postal inspectors.

Mr. Boyer failed to identify John P. Clum as a postal inspector (post office agent) who was sent to Alaska on behalf of the Chief Postal Inspector. While the distinction between Mr. Boyer's "postal employee" and postal inspector might seem unimportant to the general public, it is the difference between night and day. A postal inspector in the Old West was first and foremost a law enforcement officer—often the *only* law enforcement officer in certain parts of the frontier. Inspectors were quite successful in Dakota Territory, Nebraska, New Mexico, Utah and Arizona in breaking up gangs of outlaws. So John P. Clum had the authority to investigate stage and train robberies, post office burglaries and embezzlements, while also establishing post routes and post offices.

In 1900, Inspector Clum was sent on special assignment to act as a special agent during the Nome Gold Stampede. He established postal service north of the Arctic Circle and to Point Barrow. Inspector Clum served his last two years in the old Spokane Division of the Inspection Service and retired in 1911 at the age of 60.

John Clum played in the first football game in America (Princeton vs. Rutgers); he taught school, was a sergeant in the U.S. Army Signal Corps in New Mexico Territory, was an Indian agent in Arizona and arrested Geronimo, was an attorney and practiced law in Arizona, was the manager of a citrus fair in New York City, and along the way he made history in a little town in southern Arizona known as Tombstone. But—first and foremost—he was a

True West



Cowboys, Cooks and Catastrophes No Disaster

I just received my May '85 issue of TRUE WEST and found the articles most interesting. I especially enjoyed *Cowboys, Cooks and Catastrophes*, by Reba Cunningham. I loved Bud McCaulley's illustrations.

"Disaster by the Decade," by Jess Price and E.A. Scholer, was also very interesting. I would like to see more ar-

postal inspector. As he informed the audience on the Chautauqua lecture circuit, "I helped blaze the trail of civilization through New Mexico, Arizona, California and Alaska."

And that is no exaggeration!—
William W. Collier, Walnut, CA.

On Tanning Leather

In "John Clum and the Alaskan Postal Service," May '85 TRUE WEST, Glenn Boyer states, "Nothing could be of less use in keeping warm than leather." Indian tan is quite warm. My wife is an expert at Indian tanning Moose skins. Indian tan is the best for needlework, and it breathes. Commercial tan is cold. Evidently the pores are all sealed. Undoubtedly, John Clum's buckskin shirt was Indian tanned, which requires a lot of muscle work.—
Lee Hancock, Gakona, AK.

Copy Clarification

Regarding the Glendale robbery covered in my article, "Jesse James in Tennessee," (July '85 TRUE WEST) most of the people in town were herded into the station, after which the east-bound train was robbed. None of the passengers left the train and most of the loot was taken from the express car, not the passengers. Editorial changes made it sound like the passengers were taken to the station and fleeced of around \$6,000, which was not the case. Also, the owner of the Dovey coal mines was William Dovey, not William "Dove."

The Friends of the James Farm, of which I am a board member, likes to stress documentation of sources. If any reader would like to know the sources for my article they should send me a self-addressed stamped envelope. Over the years a lot of undocumented bunk has appeared on the James brothers, and I'd like readers to know I can document what I have written.—**Ted Yeatman, 5099 Linbar Drive, J-170, Nashville, TN 37211**

Editor's Note: TRUE WEST regrets the errors in editing Mr. Yeatman's article.



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

September 1985



Will Carver

Ben Kilpatrick
"The Tall Texan"

Harvey Logan
"Kid Curry"

Harry Longbaugh
"The Sundance Kid"

George Leroy Parker
"Butch Cassidy"

"Frozen in Time" The Wild Bunch

On September 19, 1900. The Wild Bunch held up the First National Bank of Winnemucca, Nevada, making off with some \$32,000 in cash. As was their custom, they proceeded to Fort Worth's famed "Hell's Half Acre". In December of that year, they had their portrait made at Thompson's Studio.

Will Carver was killed by Sheriff Ed Bryant, at Sonora, Texas on April 2, 1901. Harvey Logan died by his own hand while surrounded by a posse at Glenwood Springs, Colorado on July 9, 1903. Butch and the kid were killed by the Bolivian army at San Vicente, Bolivia in 1909 and Ben Kilpatrick was killed during a train hold up near Sanderson, Texas on March 13, 1912. It was the end of the old west.

This charcoal drawing by Texas artist, Roy Yates, is a recreation of that famous portrait made in Fort Worth in 1900. It has been printed in a limited edition of 1,000, 35" x 40" prints. Each one is printed on fine, textured paper, signed and numbered by the artist and can be yours, post paid, for \$100.⁰⁰.

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Western Roundup

Places to go and things to see in the West



Courtesy of Hack Hafford

The shootout which ended the career of the Dalton Gang is retold in the Dalton Museum, Coffeyville, Kansas.

Visitors to Coffeyville, Kansas, can relive the shootout of October 5, 1892, that left four of the Dalton Gang dead and that many citizens as well.

On that fateful day, five members of the Dalton Gang rode into Coffeyville and attempted to rob two banks simultaneously—a feat that would surely outdo their outlaw kin, Jesse James and Cole Younger.

Cashiers at both banks stalled the robbers in hopes help would arrive, and it did. John J. Kloehr at the livery stable recognized the gang when they rode into town and alarmed the citizens; guns from a nearby hardware store were distributed. Kloehr himself was credited with killing two or three of the bandits. Even though he confessed to having lived in Coffeyville the past ten years under the assumed name of Jim Spears, Kloehr was named city marshal to replace Marshal Connelly, the first of

four townspeople to be shot and killed.

Gang members Bob Dalton, Grat Dalton, Bill Powers and Dick Broadwell were all killed. The fifth member, Emmett Dalton, survived after 23 slugs were removed from his body.

The Dalton Museum in Coffeyville retells the story through remnants of the raid, photographs, and other exhibits. One of the banks that was robbed still stands; in fact, prints of the scene by a local artist are being sold to raise funds for further restoration of the old building.

“Death Alley,” where the outlaws’ horses were tied, and where they went down, is marked, and three of the gang members are buried in a Coffeyville cemetery. The museum, at the corner of Patterson Blvd. and Eighth Street, is open daily from 8 a.m. until 4 p.m. Admission is \$1.50 for adults; children are admitted free.

Rector Letters

“... I think if I could see you I could talk for who layed the chunk.”

That expression, which suggests that one could talk at length given an opportunity, is one of many unusual, flowery, humorous or dramatic phrases found in a collection of letters recently donated to the Barker Texas History Center at The University of Texas at Austin.

The collection consists of 650 letters written by friends, family and business acquaintances to Washington Swisher Rector while he lived in Tennessee, Ohio, Arkansas, and Texas.

Donated by his granddaughter, Margaret Rector of Austin, the letters date from 1860 to 1910.

Rector was born in Tennessee and joined the Confederate forces in 1860 when he was fourteen years old. Many of the early letters were written to him

shortly after he joined the army and while he was a prisoner of war in Ohio.

He was released from the Ohio prison camp at the end of the war and returned to Tennessee to attend Sequaschie College.

In 1872, Rector moved to Texas, settling first in Johnston County and later in Fisher County, where he became the first county clerk.

Letters written to him there are filled with personal accounts of the hardships and joys of life in the late Nineteenth Century including news of marriages, births and deaths, parties, church and social life, weather and illness.

For additional information concerning the W.S. Rector collection, contact the Barker Texas History Center, Box Z, UT Station, Austin, TX 78713-7509.

Pershing County Marzen House Museum

The Pershing County Marzen House Museum, located adjacent to U.S. Interstate 80 at the west end of Lovelock, Nevada, was opened in August, 1984. The Museum is housed in a two-story wood frame building constructed in the 1870s, by pioneer rancher and legislator, Colonel Joseph Marzen, on the Big Meadow Ranch.

A few years after the Brinkerhoff Ranching Company purchased the Big Meadow Ranch, the house was moved to its present location and turned into a museum.

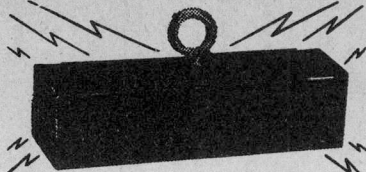
Three of the rooms on the lower floor are furnished as a bedroom, parlor and kitchen with period furnishings. The rooms on the upper floor display historic farm, mining, early Chinese and Indian artifacts. Plans are in the making to construct a building on the property in which to display farm and mining machinery, vintage cars and buggies, etc.

The museum is open week days from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. through the cooperation of the Lovelock, Nevada, Chamber of Commerce Director, Rosemary McIntosh. During the summer months it will be open from 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. Saturday and Sunday. Admission is free.



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 photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

September 1985



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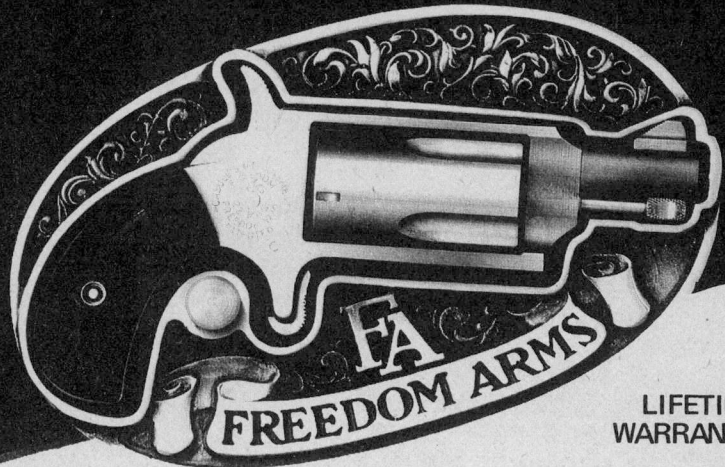
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When they took the West to London

By WILLARD H. PORTER

Photos Courtesy of the Author

To many historians, the American West was and still is a unique area whose inhabitants dress, think, act, eat, play and work like nobody else in the world. What, then, was a piece of the American West doing on the British cruise ship *Menominee* on the high seas of the Atlantic Ocean in 1924? And

what was that same piece of the American West doing a few weeks later at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley Stadium near London, complete with cowboys and cowgirls, pitching horses and wild steers, fancy ropers and trick riders, and—for the local touch—the band, drums, and pipes of

the Royal Irish Fusiliers?

It was the year Tex Austin took his "First International Rodeo or Cowboy Championships" to England. The whole kit and caboodle, over 200 westerners, their props and their livestock, got there by ship.

Austin booked passage from New York to Liverpool on the *Menominee* and wished his "children" well as the luxury liner put to sea. But all did not go well, especially on days when rough weather took its toll on even the hardiest of cowboys and ranchers.

A special correspondent for *The London Daily Express* aboard the *Menominee* recorded one such experience: "Pitiable scenes were witnessed yesterday. The whitefaced champions lay rigid in deck-chairs, muffled in rugs and blankets. Low groans broke the deathly silence. The heavy swells and pouring rains had conquered the redoubtable riders. Many have expressed the determination to settle in England in preference to the return voyage."

When things were normal, the wireless messages of the correspondent revealed great admiration, if not awe, of the cow-country travelers. Another release described the talent of Pete Vandermeer, a Canadian twister: "Vandermeer produced a lasso at lunch today and provided the passengers with a vivid display of lasso skill. He roped the rolls, knives, forks and serviettes. An officer carrying meat to his mouth on a fork found the food suddenly snatched from his grasp.

"His final feat was the lassoing of a single pea."

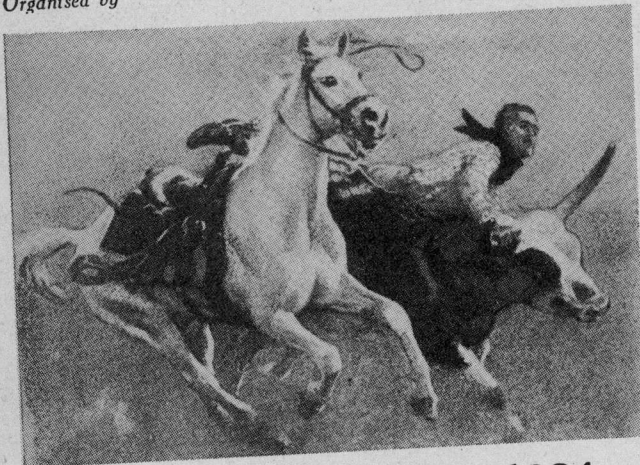
The correspondent told his readers in another dispatch:

Cowgirls' fashions would drive a dress designer to despair... The girls, who are all beautiful, wear

Trick roper and rider Tommy Kirnan (opposite) was among the rodeo greats featured in the First International Rodeo Program (left).

First International RODEO OR COWBOY CHAMPIONSHIPS

Organised by CHARLES B. COCHRAN



JUNE 14th to 28th, 1924

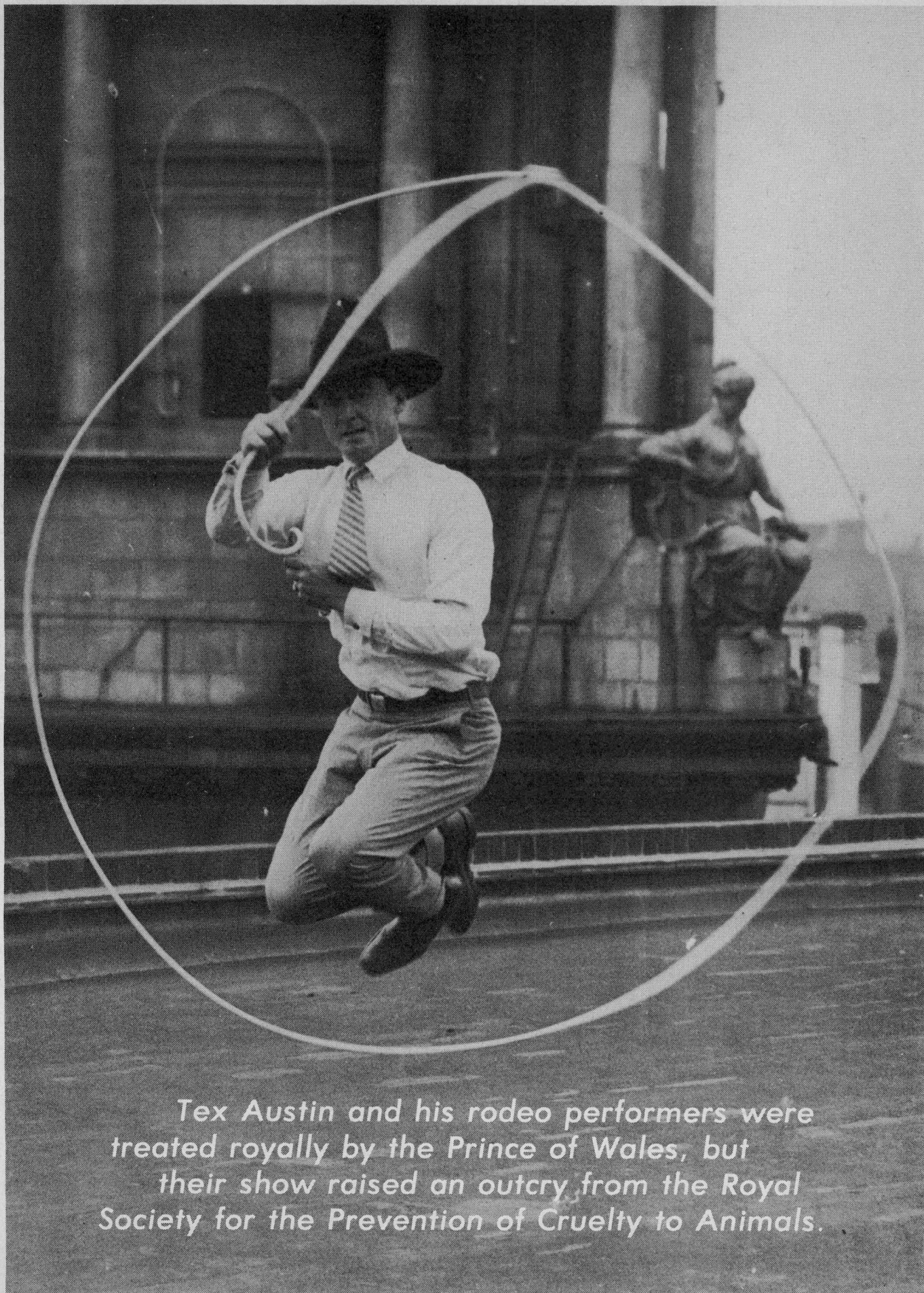
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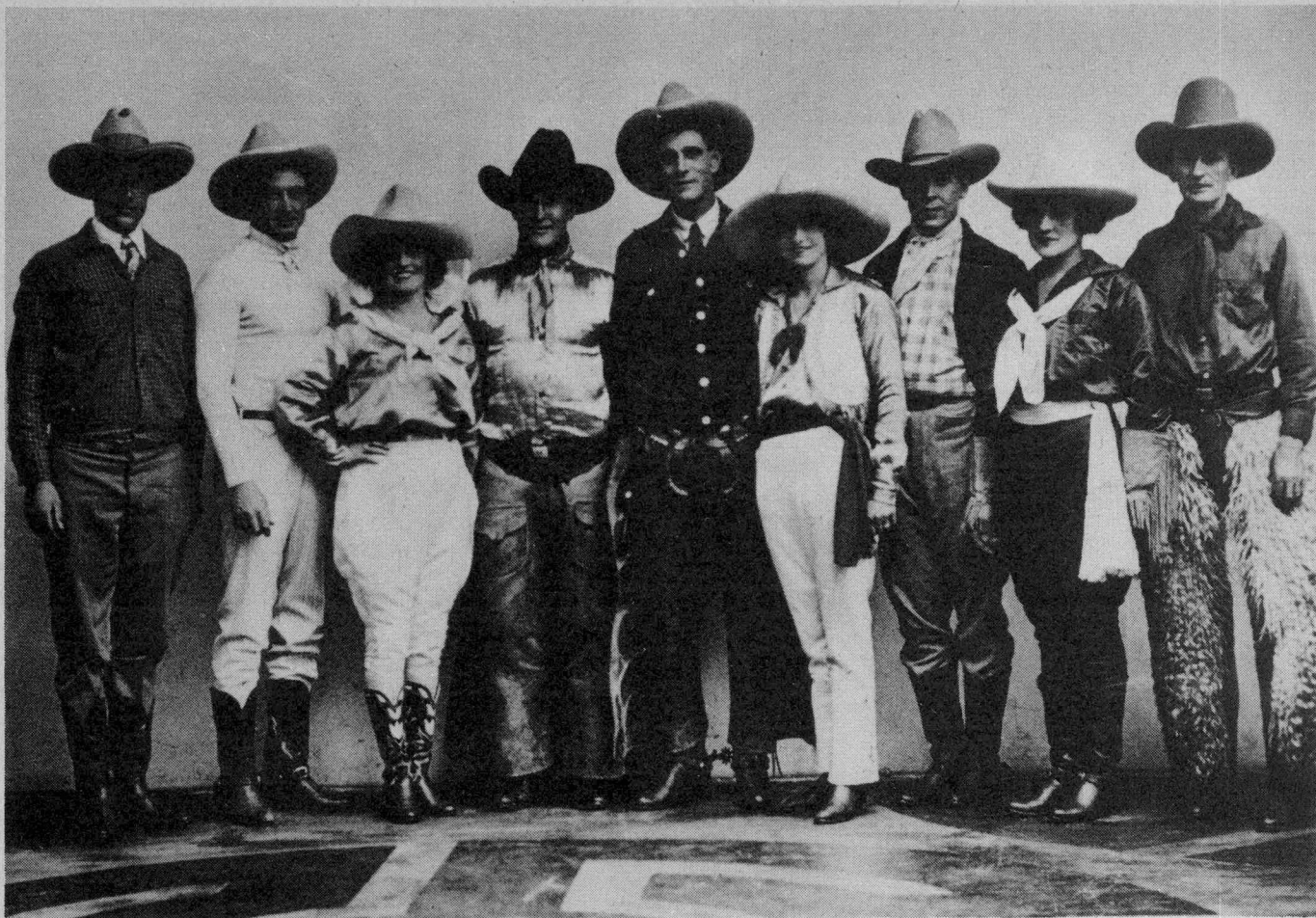
In the Stadium at the British Empire Exhibition, Wembley

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME & SOUVENIR - - - ONE SHILLING

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Tex Austin and his rodeo performers were treated royally by the Prince of Wales, but their show raised an outcry from the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.



Many of the greats of rodeo past were at Wembley Stadium in 1924, including, (left to right): Jack McDonald, Tommy Kirnan, Ruth Roach, Rube Roberts, Nowata Slim Richardson, Vera McGinnis, Gordon Jones, Bea Kirnan and Charlie Aldridge.

weird and costly clothes. One appeared at lunch in a pink silk boudoir cap. Most cowgirls appear at breakfast wearing afternoon hats and sleeveless frocks. All wear immense diamond and platinum rings.

The indulgent cowboy husbands, wearing rags themselves, insist on their wives appearing at all times in full finery. There is a strange contrast in the outfits of the husbands and wives. The cowgirls rouge to excess, while the husbands are unshaven.

The *Menominee* is now an exact replica of a Wild West saloon or a floating ranch. The cowboys sprawl on the floor playing dice. The wives dance to the gramophone or piano.

The gentlemanly entrepreneur responsible for bringing rodeo to Great Britain lived on the Forked Lightning Ranch at Las Vegas, New Mexico, even though his name was "Tex" to all hands. A soldier-of-fortune, he spent some of his early years in Old Mexico on the vast

ranges of Don Luis Terraza, who at the time reportedly owned more cattle than anyone else in the world.

THE "LIBERATION" of Mexico appealed to Austin's youthful sense of justice, and he later found himself riding with the forces of Francisco Madera, the revolutionaries that helped oust Porfirio Diaz in 1911. When political passions cooled in Mexico, Austin returned to New Mexico, went into the business of producing rodeos and dreamed of going abroad someday with a complete show featuring the best contestants available.

It has been said that Austin's 1922 Madison Square Garden Rodeo, with assistants Johnny Mullens and California Frank Hafley, was the most colorful rodeo staged in the United States to that time. Austin knew that New Yorkers were sophisticated and accustomed to the very finest entertainment. That was what he gave them. When it was accepted, he reasoned a similar show would be received similarly in England. He was wrong.

Once the rodeo began, London's press, taking a less tongue-in-cheek at-

titude than the media wag on the *Menominee*, criticized some of the events. The newspapers were joined by the public and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. In consequence, steer roping and bulldogging were changed drastically. Break-away loops were used in the roping; in the dogging, riders overtook the steers and "marked" them with their hands as they galloped by.

The adjustments somewhat placated the critics, but a stigma of brutality hung over the whole affair nonetheless. Austin's partner, Charles Cochran expressed exasperation in *The People*: "I have no heart left. It is a case of banging one's head against a stone wall. I loathe the constant fight. I have resolved, if I can possibly do it, never to have another production of any kind in England."

Other London editorials vociferously lambasted the rodeo. The *Westminster Gazette*: "It was not an edifying sight to see a man wrestle with a bullock." The *Leicester Mail*: "The rodeo sails as close as it can to the bullfight without actually being it." The *Sheffield Daily*

Telegraph: "A public which would reprobate the tying of tin cans to dogs laughed to see the bullocks leaping about as though to rid themselves of the bells." The *Birmingham Post*: "The spectacle of a man down on the ground wrestling with a horned head was repellent. The twisting at the horns and the clutching at the nostrils must have caused the steer excruciating pain." And, again, *The People*: "The Wembley steer roping has been stopped in public and private [even the breakaway roping was ordered stopped], the Home Secretary becoming so determined about it that, in the end, he went to the length of sending 150 police to see that the orders had been obeyed."

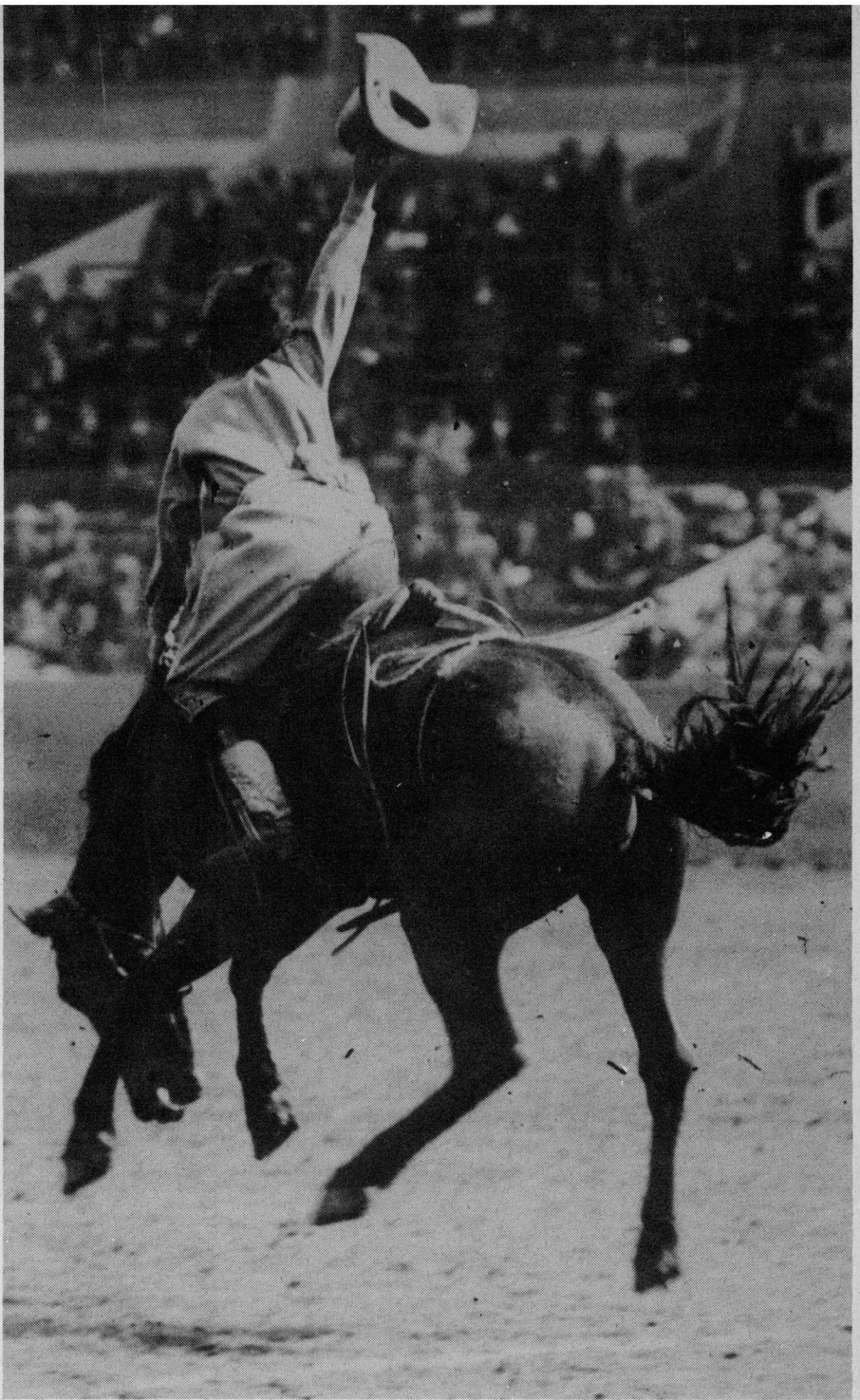
Despite the outcry, tremendous numbers of people curious about the "American Cowboy Carnival" attended many of the performances. As at many early rodeos in the Old West, local interest in the bronc riding was keen. Austin, ever the showman, encouraged area riders to compete against his American cowboys. Though game, the locals had little chance to win.

Writing in his famous volume of drawings and comments, *El Rodeo* (published in 1925 by Richard Clay & Sons, Ltd., Bungay, Suffolk), Charles Simpson observed, "The only amateurs who succeeded had been bronco-busters in their youth, but as Tex Austin said—and he shook hands with all of them—'Well boys, we always say out West: There was never a horse that could not be rode, or a man who could not be thrown.'"

A matched bronc riding was worked up at Wembley. The Britisher Sir Hugh Macintosh backed with considerable money the ability of an Australian, Snowy Thompson, to outride a couple of the better American and Canadian riders. Thompson, performing on an Australian Flat saddle, competed on three head against Pete Vandermeer, the Canadian who had amused the press on the *Menominee*, and an American from Wyoming, Howard Tegland.

Thompson did remarkably well until his last ride, described by Simpson in *El Rodeo*: "The animal's vicious grunts, and the ring of its hoofs on the ground, now baked hard by the heat, must have scared the life out of Thompson if he had any left. The horse was 'pitching,' and the concussion of each landing, with a terrific jerk of its quarters, seemed enough to throw its rider out of the arena. And finally Thompson went, like a shuttlecock from a racquet, up into the air and down on his head."

Tegland eventually won the contest. September 1985



Tad Barnes, who later became Mrs. Buck Lucas, shows her stuff on a feisty bronc. Tad, still alive today at 83, is one of the greatest of the pioneer rodeo cowgirls.

His contemporary, Floyd Stillings, a fine bronc rider himself who today lives in Monrovia, California, reminisces: "Teg rode three tough horses—Overall Bill, Rawlin's Gray and Teapot Dome—and spurred the hell out of them. The silver cup he won would hold five gallons of moonshine and, when he came home to Duboise, we filled it up and celebrated."

THE BEST ROUGH-STRING stock available was shipped to London by

livestock boat. It was from the Eddie McCarty/Verne Elliott herd of bucking horses headquartered at Chugwater, Wyoming. Some of the stars included Bootlegger, Pretty Dick, *Menominee* (named spontaneously on the high seas), Flathead, Black Thunder, Headlight, Miss Texas, Appendicitis, Pumpkin Buttes and Deer Foot.

If Deer Foot was not a "killer" mount, he was the next thing to it. He had a habit of circling back to grounded riders and trying his best to kick the unfor-

A Gallery of Westerners in England



Tex Austin, manager and director of the First International Rodeo at Wembley Stadium, London, England, 1924.



Marie (Ma) Gibson was one of the many cowgirls who performed at Tex Austin's London Rodeo at Wembley Stadium.

Jack McCaleb's loop finds the horns of a 1,000-pound steer in front of a massive crowd. Steer roping brought trouble from the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The event was discontinued.





"A public which would reprobate the tying of tin cans to dogs laughed to see the bullocks leaping about as if to rid themselves of the bells."

Though these little shaggy steers are a far cry from the Brahman bulls of today, they were able to do the job, as evidenced by the predicament of the unfortunate cowboy above.



Pete Vandermeer, the Canadian champion, chats with a "Limey" who wanted to enter the bronc riding. Vandermeer competed in a match ride between Canada, the United States and Australia.



Not your usual bunkhouse hoedown by a long shot, this one of several very formal parties given for the rodeoers. The Prince of Wales, later the Duke of Windsor, invited the rodeo group to a dinner at one of the posh hotels.

tunate one's head off. An account of Bryan Roach's near fatal attempt to ride Deer Foot is given in *El Rodeo*: "All went well until Deer Foot got his rider down under his heels—heels that had accounted for the death of two men—and, though Roach attempted to rise, he sank inert to the grass."

Ed Echols, born in Wilson County, Texas, in 1897, was at the '24 Wembley rodeo. He described Deer Foot to one of the amateur riders who had drawn him. The Englishman, according to Echols, had asked, "What are this horse's tactics?" The tall, rawboned Echols answered, "His tactics is to kick you in the belly and run off with your saddle."

Echols, who won the steer roping in 1912 at the first Calgary Stampede and was sheriff of Pima County, Arizona, in his later years, recalled the attendance at Wembley Stadium. "In one afternoon performance, we had 116,000 paid admissions. Even so, many of them Englishmuns didn't like the rodeo. They didn't understand it."

But the Britishers were more than excited about the cowboy contestants, who were treated like royalty. In fact, even royalty treated them like royalty when the Prince of Wales gave a lavish party for the rodeo hands at one of the big London hotels.

The McDowell twins, Mabry and Aubrey, who were born in Anson, Texas, in 1893, and ranched most of their lives out of Bridger, Montana, worked the London show. Some years ago they recalled the social activities in a *Billings Gazette* feature article.

In the first place, you couldn't spend any money. As soon as a Londerner saw you, it was, "Come in, come in." Even the Prince of Wales said, "Come in, come in."

At his party for us, we sat eight to a table. . . . Each table had a big bucket of ice and three or four bottles of champagne. The Prince came in and went to visiting among the tables. He was grin-

ning all the time and urging waiters to bring more champagne.

The party went that way all night and, by closing time, it took the police to get all the cowboys and the Prince of Wales out of the hotel. After that, we went to a big stone castle without a drop of water to drink. Gad, I was thirsty.

While one of the McDowell twins went winless at the fifteen-day rodeo June 14-28, Aubrey came home with some prize money and a pet chow that remained with him until its death.

Austin and Cochran tried anything they could think of to develop a relationship between contestants and onlookers. When a Scottish rancher claimed no American cowboy alive could bulldog one of his huge Highland steers, Mike Hastings was quickly chosen to pick up the gauntlet. Nicknamed "Iron Mike," he was born in Casper, Wyoming, in 1891, the son of a saloon keeper. He became one of professional rodeo's tru-

ly great bulldoggers and was always well mounted.

The horse he rode at Wembley had never seen a Scotch Highland steer. It spooked at the long hair and wide, branching horns of the strange bovine. But Mike settled his horse down in the chute, nodded for the Highland to be released when he was ready, and took out after the creature in a tail-ringing gallop. He went down on the steer with ease. With a powerful lock on head and horns, he threw the beast in sixteen seconds.

ONE GENTLEMAN who appreciated the contests between men and animals was R.B. Cunningham Graham, who wrote the introductory essay to Simpson's *El Rodeo*. "The rodeo gave a special opportunity," he said, "for nearly everyone was absolutely ignorant of what it was, and so enjoyed a latitude of speech rarely vouchsafed to them. The rodeo was new ground. Therefore from the first day that it opened a flood of unconstructive criticism broke loose."

Graham proceeds to answer the criticism, explaining the rodeo and what it stands for: "Rightly considered, a Rodeo, that is a Rodeo held for competition as was held at Wembley, is the nearest modern equivalent of a tournament. The whole thing grew out of the daily life of cattlemen upon the plains in the United States and northern Mexico. Only in those two countries were the conditions favorable."

Back in America June 8, 1924, the *New York Times* ran this news item: "A tropical fish, 16 feet long, 14 feet broad, with a mouth three feet wide, which it uses to eat its own parents, is one of the marvels of the aquarium, which, in its turn, is only one of the multitude of attractions in London's \$50 million exposition.

"At Wembley Park, the site of the British Empire Exhibition, a few miles out of London, a new city has sprung up."

The article lists dozens of other remarkable things that could be seen in Wembley Park, and all the spectator sports at Wembley Stadium. There was not a word about the rodeo.



Frank Studnick twists a bronc in dandy shape before thousands of onlookers at Wembley Stadium, London, England, 1924.

September 1985



General Stand Watie and the Indians' Confederacy

By NORMAN K. JOHNSON

Illustrations by James Fredericks



The South has often been condemned as the home of racism and bigotry. Yet it was the Confederacy, not the Union, that had a Jew, Judah P. Benjamin, as its Secretary of State; a Catholic, Stephen R. Mallory, as its Secretary of Navy; and most remarkable of all, an American Indian, Stand Watie, as a Brigadier General, the highest position attained by one of his race in the War Between the States. Stand Watie and his fellow Indians made up the Copper-Confederacy.

When sectionalism divided the North and South the Indian Nations were caught between the slave-holding states of Arkansas, Missouri, and Texas and abolitionist Kansas. The Indian Territory was still developing as a society. Though the majority of its inhabitants were not slave-holders, their leaders were. Compounding the problem were divisions between half-breeds and full-bloods and rivalries among the chiefs. In short, there was a civil war among the Indians just as between North and South.

The various groups within the Copper-Confederacy held several conflicting points of view. The official view of the Confederate government, established by Jefferson Davis, saw the entire Trans-Mississippi as one unit. For flexibility and concentration of effort, however, each state was divided into districts and departments. This gave Department Commander E. Kirby Smith almost dictatorial powers. Thus, when the Confederacy proper was invaded, the Indian Territory was left to its own devices. Smith's Department, called "E. Kirby Smithdom" by the cynical, faced a monumental task. Everything of value—food, clothing, the best men, guns and ammunition—was stripped from his command and sent to the armies in the East. What trickled down to the Indians came from the very bottom of the Confederate barrel. The lesser must yield to the greater in order to

General Stand Watie, the Robert E. Lee of the Indian Confederacy. His was the last Confederate Command to surrender to the Union.



save the whole—or so reasoned Richmond.

The Indian viewpoint varied according to tribe and chief. Often in conflict with each other and in opposition to the Confederacy, the Indians held one view in common; they all believed the treaty with the Confederacy was an alliance between equals, not a client-state relationship. They wanted an Indian Confederacy closed to all but themselves, segregated from whites forever. They felt no differently than Joe Brown's Georgians or Zeb Vance's North Carolinians about sending men outside their own borders or subordinating their people to the new nation. Like the rest of the South, the Indians would literally give their lives for State Rights.

Understanding the Indian leaders much better than its rivals, the Confederacy had sent its most able man to woo them. His name was Albert Pike. Although Massachusetts-born, Pike was a pro-South fanatic. He would unite the Nations with the Plains Indians to form a great Indian union, a permanent barrier between North and South. Totally committed to the Indians and their way of life, his proposal was most appealing to the slave-holding oligarchy controlling the Five Tribes.

Dressed in full Sioux regalia and accompanied by his Negro slave, Brutus, Pike took wagon loads of lobsters, gee-gaws, and clothing to the Indians. He persuaded first the Creeks and finally the Cherokees to accept an alliance. By August 21, 1861, the last treaty was signed, a delegate was sent to the Confederate Congress, and the Indians had joined the Stars and Bars. Or so it seemed.

Actually things were not so simple. In every tribe of the Five Nations there were pro-treaty and anti-treaty factions. In almost every case the pro-Confederate chiefs were the same ones who had agreed to leave their homes and be removed to the Indian Territory, among them Stand Watie, John Jumper, Tandy Walker, and Chilly and Daniel McIntosh. Opposing them were John Ross, Billy Bowlegs, Alligator and Oppthleyohol. They literally were blood enemies since the Ross faction was directly responsible for the deaths of members of the Watie family, the McIntosh family, and other Pro-Removal Indians. Feelings ran high on both sides during the Pike negotiations.

Ross's anti-Confederate party realized their critical position. Surrounded by Confederate armies, they had no choice but to concede to the Southern demands. A true Southern planter, Ross was only one-eighth Indian. Born in 1790, he was too old, too fat, and too comfortable to dare challenge a Stand Watie backed by Confederate arms. His marriage to a Delaware Quaker woman might make him uneasy about the extreme Southern position, but the luxury of his carriage, slaves and fine home certainly made him no abolitionist. So while their women-folk in stylish crinolin watched the Confederate Indians dance wildly around the Confederate flag, Ross made only a feeble gesture of protest; in deference to his wife he asked that the Rebel banner not be flown over his home.

WATIE WAS NOT so indecisive. Refusing to wait for a formal alliance, he had already led 1,000 Cherokees in-

to battle at Wilson's Creek, Missouri, August 9, 1861, losing at least one man, John Benge, in the process. Returning home with increased prestige, he became the guiding spirit in the treaty with the Confederacy. Unlike Ross, Watie was three-fourths Indian and proud of it. He wore his hair long, Indian style and named his Latin-quoting daughter Minnehaha. Still, he was a slave-holder and had never wavered from his allegiance to the white South. His entire family had been wiped out for their support of the Removal Treaty, the price paid for an unswerving commitment.

The organization of the Indian Nations set-up at the beginning of the conflict was as follows: First Regiment, Choctaw and Chickasaw, D.H. Cooper, 1,085; Second Regiment, Choctaw and Chickasaw, Tandy Walker, 800; First Regiment, Cherokee Mounted, Stand Watie, 1,000; First Battalion, Creek Cavalry, Chilly McIntosh, 400; First Regiment, Creek Cavalry, Daniel McIntosh, 900; McSmith's Creek Company, J. McSmith, 75; First Battalion, Seminole Cavalry, John Jumper, 400; Total 4,660. Before the Confederate Indians could engage the Union army, however, they had to quell an uprising at home. During the winter of 1861, Oppthleyoholo, a pagan Creek, rebelled. Although he could not read or write, he was a capable businessman who kept the figures of his various enterprises in his head. A slave-holder, he held to the old Indian ways and was personally involved in a blood-feud with the McIntosh brothers. Oppthleyoholo did not necessarily like the Union; on the contrary he despised the abolitionists. But he despised the McIntosh brothers more. If they were for the Confederacy, then he would be against it.

Joined by renegade Seminoles under Alligator and Billy Bowlegs, Oppthleyoholo moved towards Kansas. On November 19, 1861, a Confederate force of 1,400 men, including the McIntosh brothers and John Jumper, intercepted them at Round Mounds. In the ensuing skirmish, the Confederates lost twenty men, some of them dispatched by hominy pestles wielded by Creek squaws, and Oppthleyoholo continued to northern territory.

The Rebel force tried again. Receiving reinforcements from the Cherokees, D.H. Cooper sent Clem V. Rogers, the father of Will Rogers, to scout ahead for the fugitives. When the rebels caught them at Bird Creek on December 9, a second battle took place. Under luke-warm John Drew, the Cherokees refused to

fight. Fifteen more men were killed and the defiant Oppthleyoholo moved on towards Kansas.

The disgusted Confederate government sent Texan James McIntosh with 1,600 of the best horsemen, all veterans of Wilson's Creek. On December 26, at the Battle of Chustnahlah on Shoal Creek, Oppthleyoholo was routed at the cost to McIntosh of only nine killed and forty wounded. Arriving late, Watie quickly pursued the fugitives. He in-



Colonel Daniel McIntosh, an ordained Baptist Minister who led his "blue-eyed" regiment of Creeks with a combination of religious zeal and military efficiency.

tercepted and killed the Seminole leader, Alligator. Oppthleyoholo fled to Leroy, Kansas, freeing the Indian Nations of Union sympathizers. The battle had demonstrated the best way for the Confederate cavalry to use their Indian allies was as mounted auxiliaries. Lacking the one-on-one fighting that allowed for individual acts of bravery, the organized killing of the white man was not their style.

Promptly forgetting that lesson, the Confederate government attempted to turn the Indians into Rebel infantrymen. They were drilled and trained in the usual way under the dubious leadership of Albert Pike and sent to Arkansas.

On March 7, 1862, they were assigned the southern part of Pea Ridge and ordered to attack General Samuel E. Curtis' left rear at Elk Horn Tavern. Followed by Watie, the Texans led the charge on the German-born Peter Osterhaus' position. The high-pitched yip of the Indians' "Rebel Yell" un-

nerved the German-Americans, and soon the field was covered with individuals clubbing, stabbing and shooting one another. The Germans broke and ran back into the advancing Fifty-Ninth Illinois screaming: "Turn back, turn back, for God's sake, turn back." The Indians captured the Federal artillery and crowded around the "shooting wagon" as they called it. They draped horse collars around their necks, giving rise to the most widely used quote about the Battle of Pea Ridge: "Me big Injun, big as horse."

True to the diversity of the tribes involved, the Indians ran amuck. The battle raged on without most of them. The gallant Ben McCulloch, veteran of San Jacinto and former Texas Ranger, lead the attack. He was killed, and on the other side of the Confederate pincer fell General William Y. Slack. The Rebel attack lost its momentum and night fell on a disorganized, confused army.

The next day Federal artillery mounted the ridge and rained shot into the Indians below. Refusing to lie down under the barrage, they were blown to pieces. This was not the kind of war they had volunteered to fight. Many fled. Some, like Stand Watie, held their positions on Pea Ridge as long as humanly possible. The South had lost its first major battle in the Trans-Mississippi. The Confederate command fled in three directions, leaving Watie to help cover the retreat.

FROM THE CARNAGE of Pea Ridge arose a controversy that has carried on until this day. The question: scalping. According to such pro-South historians as Frank Cunningham, it was only done by the turncoat John Drew and his pro-union Cherokees, who fled after the first charge and looted the Confederate wagon trains on their way home. On the other side, Jay Monaghan depicts the fight as an orgy of blood among all involved. The truth probably lies somewhere in between. The bloodlust was certainly up, but scalping was not confined to the Indians. A Missouri Yank recalled taking the scalps of nine Indians in return for his brother's. Confederate commander Earl Van Doren answered Northern objections with one of his own. He protested the German's bayoneting prisoners of war and found the Federal use of "sasage-eating, lager-swilling" foreigners every bit as reprehensible as the Confederate use of Indians. It is safe to say that neither side had a monopoly on atrocities. The Cherokee Council, though, did pass a resolution against all atrocities "incom-

patable with usages of civilized nations."

More important than the issue of scalping was the attitude toward the Indians during and after the battle. Although a few such as Watie and the McIntosh brothers tried with some success to fight in an organized manner, they were lumped in with the rest as mere savages. Northern historians such as the Bourbon pretender, the Comte de Paris, sneered at their bazaar dress and pretensions of gallantry. But why the Indians were singled out as being dressed any more unmilitarily than the Arkansas hillbillies or the Texas cowboys would be difficult to say. Even their allies thought little of them; the Texans went so far as to steal their uniforms and supplies. One Texan wrote that it was difficult to fight a white man's war with the Indians and Arkansas hillbillies as allies. Such provincialism was common in both armies, yet the Indians faced the worst of the prejudice. Dispirited from the defeat and facing a civil war back home, they needed leadership. When Albert Pike was arrested and relieved of his command, it took all of Stand Watie's charisma to keep his forces together.

Hard-drinking Colonel D.H. Cooper, a Mississippi Baptist and lover of the Indian Nations, applied for and received Pike's position. This was quite satisfactory to Watie who agreed with Cooper's strategy of striking Kansas to move the war from the Indian Territory. Moreover, Watie had complete confidence in Cooper's leadership. Cooper allowed Watie the freedom to slash and raid, which was more to the Indian's liking than such set-piece battles as Pea Ridge. Cooper sent Watie's boys to watch the Union troops in Kansas, and Watie responded with daring raids on April 25-26, scattering the Missouri State Militia at Neosho.

Before any offensive plans could be developed by the two Rebel commanders, the North reorganized and, over Lincoln's objections (the "Great Emancipator" could not bring himself to pit Indian against Indian), raised two companies of Indians. Outfitted in ill-fitting new blue uniforms and equipped with weapons and supplies the Copper-Confederacy could only dream of, the Federal army moved out from Baxter Springs, Kansas, on June 25, 1862. Along with the two Indian companies under Colonel William A. Phillips were three infantry regiments, two cavalry units and, most ominously of all, the First Kansas Battery. This was the North's one truly superior weapon—the

dreaded artillery.

By July 4 the Union army had broken the Indians' back, forcing Watie and Major Brokearm, an Osage chief, to seek refuge at Locust Grove. The captured Indians were marched through Missouri and exhibited to the taunting crowds. It was a sad day for the Copper-Confederacy. More disasters followed until Watie was driven south of the Arkansas River after the defeat at Bayou Bernard, Arkansas. An even greater loss occurred when Tahlequah fell and John Ross fled into exile. With John Drew changing sides, Watie was left Head Chief of a split and disorganized Cherokee Nation. The North was jubilant; there were even rumors that John Jumper and Watie himself would change sides. The Indian part of the war seemed over and the white troops pulled back to Kansas.

Those who hoped Stand Watie would desert the Confederacy might as well have expected Robert E. Lee to change sides and run for governor of New York. On September 20 he and Colonel Trezevant Hawpe's Texans surprised the



Major Elias C. Boudinot, Second Cherokee Mounted Rifles, and Cherokee delegate to the First and Second Confederate Congress.

Northern troops at Shirley's Ford, Missouri, panicking the Union Indians to such an extent that they murdered five prisoners, two of whom were really Yankees. Moving rapidly north, they combined with 7,000 men to trap the Seventh Wisconsin at Newtonia, Missouri. Two days later General Charles E. Salomon's mixed bag of Jayhawkers, Germans, and Indians were soundly thrashed in a running battle that saw an artillery duel between a

six gun union battery and Major Joseph Bledsoe's Rebel canoneers. As usual the Confederate guns failed, but the day was saved when Watie broke the Germans with a head-on cavalry charge. This was war the way the Indians liked it, swift and personal. Over 1,000 shattered bodies lay on the blood-soaked field. The Indians stripped the dead of clothing and picked up their weapons. What the Confederate government would not provide generously, the Union government would donate posthumously.

Watie was not long to enjoy the fruits of his raid as General John M. Schofield returned and trained his heavy artillery on the stone wall the Rebel force used for its skirmish line. To cringe behind a wall only to be torn to shreds was definitely not to the Indians' satisfaction. Terrorized, they fled. The invasion of Missouri ended, they returned to the sanctuary of the Indian Nation. There, however, they were caught at Old Fort Wayne and cut to pieces, leaving northern Oklahoma in Union hands.

Watie wanted to go back, but the Confederate high command had other ideas. Under the command of Thomas Hindman, 25,000 men were assembled in Arkansas and marched north to split the commands of Francis Herron and James Blunt. Once again the Indian Territory was ignored. Watie obeyed orders, refuting the Northern propaganda that the Indians were undisciplined savages. Used wisely, for once, as a cavalry screen, the Indians were kept out of the main battle that would be the "Gettysburg" of the Copper-Confederacy, Prairie Grove, Missouri, December 7, 1862. As one historian summed up the battle, "After engagement Federal armies occupied all of Missouri and Northwest Arkansas. . . Never again were the Confederates able to take the offensive."

After that Confederate defeat, Watie followed his plan of battle and took the war to Kansas. On December 18 he met Phillips and his Union Indians and stopped their advance. It seemed to the North that this Copper-Confederate just didn't know the meaning of the word *defeat*. Time and time again his little army was cornered but always bounced back. This time it returned to a place Watie sardonically named "Camp Starvation" in the southern part of the Indian Nation.

LIKE A BONE in the throat of the Copper-Confederacy was Union Fort Gibson across the river from Fort Smith. Refugee Indians sallied from

Fort Gibson to burn and loot the helpless tribes. To seize the post would free much of the Indian lands from terror and desolation. But the question was, "How?" It seemed to the Confederate command the answer lay in the inability of the Union force to feed itself. So Watie made plans to seize the summer wagon trains supplying the besieged Fort Gibson. If the three hundred odd wagons could be intercepted, then at last he could be free from the threat at his back.

On July 1, 1863, at Cabin Creek, which was swollen from the spring thaw, he ambushed the Jayhawk wagon train. Desperately holding first the Union cavalry and then Union infantry, the Cherokee commander waited in vain for the promised reinforcements of Colonel William Cabell. After a three day fight the blue-coated enemies proved too numerous and the wagon train rolled into Fort Gibson. Once again a well-conceived plan had been aborted by fault

dollars of duplicate accounts that today are not worth fifty cents on the dollar . . . All this we have born with patient fortitude . . . while our women are stripped of their very clothing, and whipped and knocked down by our implacable and savage enemies.

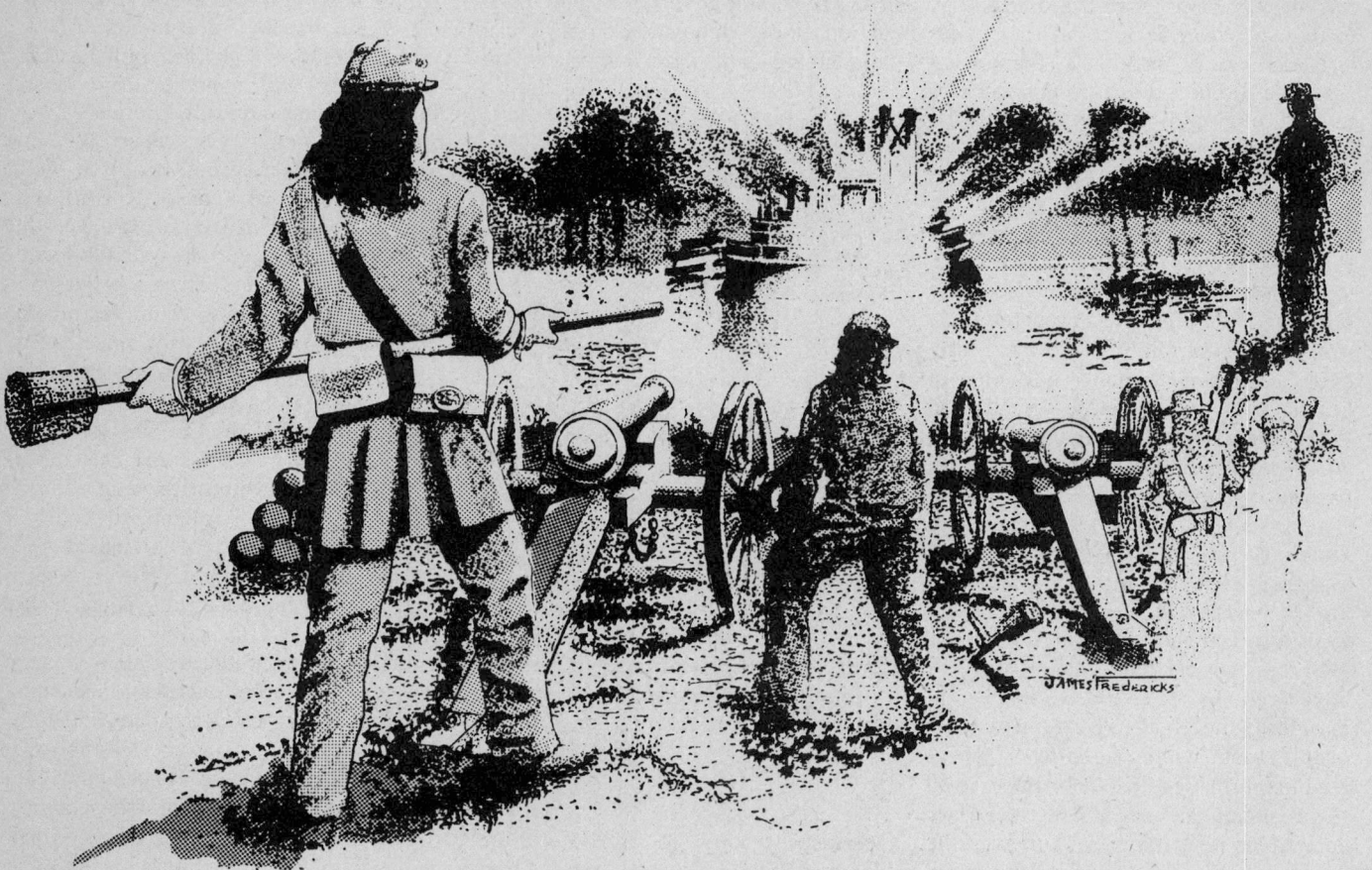
But the letter ends with the spirit most often expressed by the Copper-Confederates:

I am none the less a Southerner, nor is my faith lessened in the least degree in the final success of our cause, neither do I less abhor the negro-fraternizing spirit of abolitionism of the North.

Watie expressed similar complaints in his letters to the government at Richmond. He said repeatedly that the Indians were Southerners and had given their very life's blood for the cause. In-

ment ordered white Southern women to be ransomed and released, red Southern women were left to the primitive lust of their captors. Southern ladies—for that was what the Indian women who had never done manual labor were—were either rounded up into shameful captivity or slowly forced to revert to the ways of their ancestors. Old methods had to be relearned: tepees replaced fine homes, moccasins replaced shoes. It was heart-breaking for their men, who fought on, clinging to the tattered banner of the Stars and Bars.

Vicksburg fell July 4, 1863, and the supply lines stretched deep into Texas. Only the ports near Mexico could provide the Indians with any support; just how much value this help was to the Indians became clear when Daniel McIntosh's Creeks fought the Union left at Honey Springs near Muskogee on July 17. There a Confederate charge failed due to the poor quality of Mexican powder brought from San Antonio. A



ty coordination between Confederate units. And once again the Indians felt abandoned by their allies, as this letter by Colonel Adair clearly illustrates:

The simple truth is we have been badly treated by the Confederate States in withholding our pay as soldiers, our clothing and flooding the country with thousands of

stead of supplies they were given false promises; instead of support they were forced to defend Arkansas until they had no chance even to protect their own women and children. These helpless ones were starving to death on the prairies, at the mercy of renegades and wild Indians who preyed on them constantly. Their women faced a terrible discrimination. While the Union govern-

list of weapons submitted by Cooper discloses how serious the situation really was:

Common rifles, old and worn	400
Shotguns, old and worn	1,078
Mississippi rifles	76
Sharp's rifles	42
Belgian rifles	12
Texas rifles	450

Maynard rifles	2
Muskets, old and worn	416
Enfield rifles, good	265
Minie rifles	20
Hall's carbines	4
Minie muskets	25
Colt's rifles	4

These old, scarcely serviceable weapons, along with a battery of two mountain howitzers and one 2.25 inch gun supplied with 120 rounds each, made up the



Colonel Tandy Walker operated as an independent wing commander, much as did James Longstreet with Robert E. Lee.

total fire-power of the Indian Confederacy. No wonder Watie sent his wife and slave retainers to refuge at Rusk, Texas.

Watie's solution to this impossible situation was to take the offensive. Brushing by the Union forces at Fort Gibson, he captured and burned Tahlequah on October 29, 1863, defeating the Union Indians in the process. During the battle Watie's old friend, Andy Nave, an Indian who sided with the North, was killed trying to escape. Nave's death revived the old charge that Watie was nothing more than a red Quantrill, a savage outlaw who knew nothing of the civilized rules of war.

His massacre of Negro troops at Wagner, Oklahoma, September 15, 1864, would do nothing to help his reputation. His conscience, however, was clear. He never made war on women and children, and he did his best to keep his men under control, even attempting to keep them from liquor. Yet the "Fort Pillow" type massacre of the Blacks remained a black mark on Watie's otherwise spotless record.

The Confederacy was collapsing around the Indians in the spring of 1864. The Confederate government even persuaded the Indian delegate to agree September 1985

to opening the territory to Confederate refugees. That was too much, and the Indian Nations repudiated the delegate in angry letters to Jefferson Davis. It seemed the "Trail of Tears" would be revisited despite all their sacrifices for the South; that they could never allow. The show of defiance brought a reorganization of the Indian forces under Watie and Tandy Walker; at least the Indians could fight under their own leaders.

THE INDIANS' TROUBLES were not unknown to the North. Every effort was made by Colonel Phillips to separate the various commanders from his side. One seductive letter was sent to faithful John Jumper praising his fighting qualities and gently suggesting that he turn his coat. The letter was received with the contempt it deserved.

Watie gathered his followers and made spectacular raids into Missouri to rough up General Scofield's men. At last free from the Confederate army, Watie was proving his worth as a guerilla. Dashing among the scattered Union armies Watie would appear suddenly, strike, and then disappear only to reappear and strike again. He needed no Confederate supplies; the Union army would be his commissary department. During this period Watie would give the Copper-Confederacy its most thrilling moments.

Watie captured the stern-wheeler *L.R. Williams* at Pleasant Bluff near Fort Gibson on June 15, 1864. Young George Washington Grayson set up his three gun battery, pouring shot after shot into the stricken vessel. Abandoned by her crew, the ship was relieved of 16,000 pounds of bacon; 150 barrels of pork, hominy and flour; and guns, clothing, and ammunition enough for 2,000 men. An even greater haul came at Wolf Creek, where Watie suddenly appeared at two o'clock in the morning of June 27. He drove the blue-coats from the field, seizing a wagon train reputedly worth \$1,000,000.

But with all his successes, Watie was a doomed man. His ragged little army was pitted against the industrial might of a great nation. It could end only in defeat. Watie must have known, but if he were to lay down arms, he determined his would be the last Confederate force to do so. On June 23, 1865, at Doaksville, Oklahoma, Stand Watie, Cherokee warrior and Confederate general, surrendered the last Rebel command to Colonel A.C. Mathews, United States Volunteers. The Civil War was officially over.

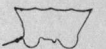
Stand Watie, like General Lee, was even more noble in defeat than in victory. He did not cause the United States government any further trouble; his surrender was a bond of honor. He returned home to rebuild his shattered life. But tragedy struck his family with the deaths of two sons and both daughters, including the beautiful Minnehaha. Watie died September 9, 1871, and is buried in Old Ridge Cemetery in Delaware County. He spent the last six years of his life trying to heal the wounds that so divided his people during the war, and he lived to hear John Ross's brother laud his name.

The war left deep wounds on the Indian Territories. It placed the Territories firmly in the South; all the voting habits and folkways thought of as "Southern" including, unfortunately, Jim Crow and segregation, were followed. Its eastern border became a breeding ground for such outlaws as Belle Starr, the Barker boys, and "Pretty Boy" Floyd. The Indian South suffered as no other section for its place in the ranks of the Confederacy. What



Lieutenant Colonel John Jumper, full-blooded Seminole whose Baptist faith and love of battle made him the Stonewall Jackson of the Indian Confederacy.

would have resulted had the Indian society, shorn of slavery, been allowed to continue? Would the mingling of races have produced what the great Brazilian historian Gilberto Freyre called the *Novo Homem* (New Man), a new culture that would build a society parallel with white America? And what about the Copper-Confederacy, the land of Southern homes, of gallant cavaliers and crinolin clothed ladies? Look for it only in the pages of history for it, too, is "Gone with the Wind."



John Reese: Nevada's Man of Mar

By EVELYN NOREN

Compared with some of his contemporaries, John Reese may not have been as strikingly colorful a character. He was unique, however, in that, as one of the earliest Nevada pioneers, he has to his credit a number of first-time accomplishments within the western Utah Territory.

Reese was born in New York State on October 15, 1808. As a young man he and his brother Enoch became Brooklyn merchants. Enoch converted to Mormonism, and after the Mormons fled from persecution to the Great Salt Lake Valley, the Reese brothers transferred their mercantile stock to Brigham Young's newly-founded State of Deseret. They arrived in the fall of 1849 and the next year established the third commercial firm in Salt Lake City.

Working for them was Hampton S. Beatie, who had been with the Mormon Battalion in California during the Mexican War. The discharged soldiers had spent the winter of 1847-1848 on the western side of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, where they had learned of Marshall's gold discovery on January 24. With the melting of the snow they traveled over the mountains, bringing the news with them. Some of Salt Lake City's settlers decided to try their luck in California. In April of 1850, Beatie, as clerk with a group under Captain Joseph Demont had started for the gold fields. Before reaching California, however, he and six others chose instead to establish a provisions station in the Carson Valley at the eastern base of the Sierras.

Beatie's group of traders hauled supplies and drove cattle from California to the western Utah valley. Then, in the month preceding the influx of prospectors from the East, there had been little left to do; so, to pass the time, the men had put up the walls of a building.

Since there was no rain during the hot summer, the structure had only a dirt floor and no roof. Later they had butchered the cattle and sold the meat to hungry travelers who had been quite willing to pay seventy-five cents a pound.

After Beatie and his party abandoned the station and returned to Salt Lake City, the Reese brothers listened intently to Beatie's tales of his business venture. The location seemed perfectly suited to supplying the needs of men on their way to California. There were trees, good cold water, and wild hay for livestock.

The enterprising Reeses considered the prospect of making money in the same way. They might prosper more readily by selling necessities to prospectors than by searching for gold themselves.

Leaving Enoch to operate the business in Salt Lake City, J. Reese, at age forty-three, set out for the West with stock, horses, and thirteen wagons of butter, bacon, eggs, flour, grain, feed, planting seed, and farm implements. He and the eighteen others in his party followed the Humbolt Trail to Ragtown, a canvas settlement on the Carson River. His nephew and partner, Stephen A. Kinsey, went on from there to determine if there were a more suitable place for a trading post. He decided on Beatie's Mormon Station west of the Carson River, where the flat land meets the Sierras. The spot was well-known to travelers on the trail to California, and the walls Beatie had told of still stood as a reminder of his successful undertaking.

On July 4, 1851, the Reese party ran up the American flag and took possession of Mormon Station. A man named Moore claimed the property; so Reese paid him \$15 or \$20—records are uncertain—for title to it, and gave the Washoe Indian leader, Captain Jim, two sacks of flour for the surrounding land.

The brick building (far right), dating from the early days of Gena, provided for the daily needs of the town's settlers; giving them opportunity also to exchange news of the day.



Courtesy of the author

y Firsts





Courtesy of the Nevada Historical Society

Reese's photograph stands on the mantel of the fireplace in the reconstructed Mormon Station, now a museum.

Reese paid each man in his party about \$75 a month to chop timber for logs, make shingles, and build shelters; before long, the first real house in Nevada was constructed, about a half mile from Beatie's abandoned walls. Reese's two-story building, approximately fifty feet by thirty feet, was the first hotel, restaurant, and store. The surrounding stockade-corrals served as protection against both Indians and unruly emigrants. Its strong perpendicular log walls rose twelve feet above the ground, and were solidly sunk three feet into the earth. Thus began the settlement of Carson Valley in the territory later to become Nevada.

THE ENERGETIC Reese plowed

and fenced some thirty acres of land and planted Nevada's first garden. "I put in Wheat, Barley, Corn and Water Melons in one side, and mixed things all round. The news came that 1852 was going to be a big emigration year, and I got in a quantity of turnips and I never saw such things to make money on. I could get \$1.00 for a bunch of turnips which only cost 10¢ here [Salt Lake City], and I sold everything right out. I raised Water Melons first rate right amongst the corn."

In the winter of 1851 placer miners extended their activities into western Utah Territory at Gold Canyon, about twenty-five miles from Mormon Station. Their provisions were limited to whatever they had brought with them. Cross-

ing the mountains back into California for more supplies would be foolhardy in winter, so Reese served an urgent need by supplying beef. Only five years earlier the Donner party had been forced to spend a grisly, cannibalistic winter in the snows of the Sierras' eastern flanks. Had Reese's station existed then, they could have changed course slightly and wintered safely there.

It took know-how and courage to establish the first year-round settlement in a primarily desert land characterized by summer air that baked the lungs and winter winds that chilled the bone marrow. Other traders had preceded Reese, but they had left before winter's onset.

According to Reese, "1852 was a splendid year. Enough could not be raised to supply the demand. . . I was the first of all to have a good crop for 1852 of most everything—turnips, fruit and water-melons."

At the eastern terminus of the rough trail to Placerville, the settlement became Nevada's first permanent town. Prospectors from California came to test Nevada's gold, while emigrants from the East streamed to California. Hunger and exhausted animals brought them all to Reese's establishment. His crops and stock brought a substantial profit. Having crossed mountains and desert, they were eager to pay handsomely for fresh vegetables. Rather than consume time resting their animals, they often traded two worn beasts for a single fresh one. Reese's blacksmith shop was another source of



Mormon Station was the oldest building
True West

revenue. By the time travelers reached it, their wagons needed repairing, and their horses reshoeing. Emigrants arriving too late to cross the mountains spent the winter at Mormon Station, and some decided to settle there, adding more to the merchant's accumulating wealth.

Although the numbers of people were a welcome source of income, they also created problems. As early as the autumn of 1851 it became necessary to devise some enforceable rules, particularly in regard to property rights. Although the settlers were subject to the laws of Utah Territory, Carson Valley's citizens gathered at Mormon Station on November 12, 1851, to make rules of their own. Reese became a member of the first governing body. That group of seven was empowered to conduct all business regarding land claims, to appoint a recorder, to take responsibility for his acts, and to be accountable for the proper appropriation of all money paid into the treasury.

Next, the first Committee on Resolutions was created to perfect the new "squatters' government," and Reese was made one of its five members. They devised plans for surveying the land, keeping orderly records, reconciling differences, and petitioning the federal authorities for a separate territorial government for Carson Valley.

Companies were given the power to take land claims for each of their members. Thus it was possible for J. and E. Reese and Company to acquire

a great deal of land. On December 1, 1852, the first land claim of 160 acres was recorded in Reese's name. It included all of the land between the mountain base and the Carson River from a lone tree north of Walley Hot Springs in the

City. Business was brisk as, by then, the emigrants' favorite route passed that establishment.

REESE'S DEPENDENCE on merchandise from Salt Lake City motivated



Courtesy of the Nevada Historical Society

Captain Simpson and his party arrived at Genoa in 1859. He named the Reese River for the town's founder.

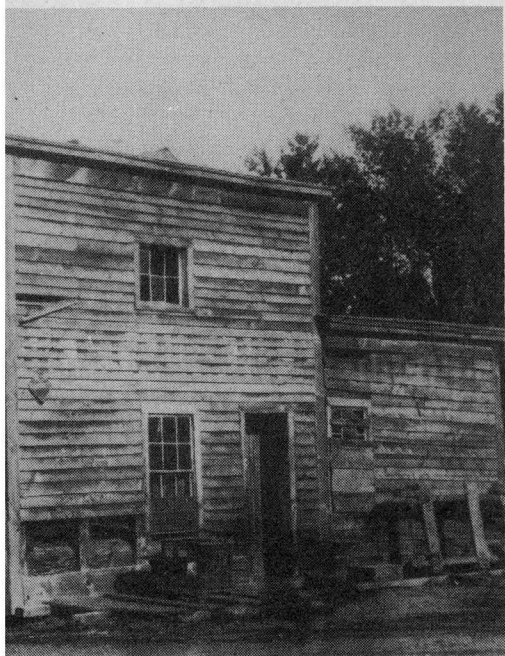
south to Mormon Station in the north. The second and third claims were taken in the names of E.L. Barnard and S.A. Kinsey, both partners in J. and E. Reese and Company. The size of the Reese claim would later become the subject of heated dispute. That same day Reese and Israel Mott applied for a license to construct the first toll bridges in the old emigrant wagon road canyon at the southern end of Carson Valley, and for the right to repair the "road" up the mountain.

On March 14, 1853, Reese initiated Nevada's first law suit. The action was brought against Woodward and Company, which had been formed in 1851 by Colonel Absalom Woodward and Major George Chorpenning to pack the United States mail by mule between Sacramento and Salt Lake City. They had purchased supplies from Reese, but had not paid for them in full. On March 16 a judgment was entered against them for \$675 and costs of \$25. By the Twenty-seventh, Constable J.F. Barnard had sold their effects, including an interest in Mormon Station.

On October 6 of that year Reese and Company bought Eagle Ranch, the first trading station in what is now Carson

him to find a shorter route; so on September 18, 1854, he joined Lieutenant Colonel E.J. Steptoe's exploring party to search for one. Instead of taking the usual northeast path to the Humboldt River, the group traveled directly east. Near the present town of Austin they came upon a stream flowing north. Reese, curious to know whether it joined the Humboldt, followed it and found that it did. Later, Captain Simpson of the United States Army named it Reese River for the man who had helped pioneer what was to become the east-west route of the Pony Express, the transcontinental telegraph, the Overland Stage, and eventually, Nevada U.S. Highway 50.

In January of 1854 the Utah Territorial Legislature had created Carson County. The following year, Mormon Station became the first county seat. But to distinguish it from other Mormon posts, its name was changed to Genoa. By that time, misfortune was overtaking Reese. E.L. Barnard, who had been a member of Reese's company, had gone to California in the fall of 1852 to sell some cattle that had been purchased primarily on credit. Barnard failed to return with the money. Two



Courtesy of the Nevada Historical Society
in Nevada, until it burned in 1910.
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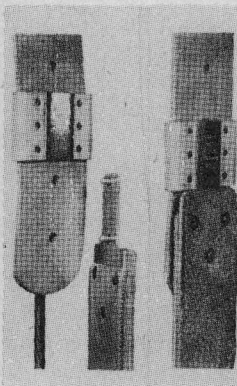
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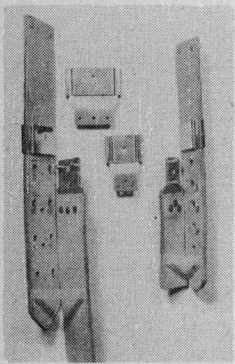
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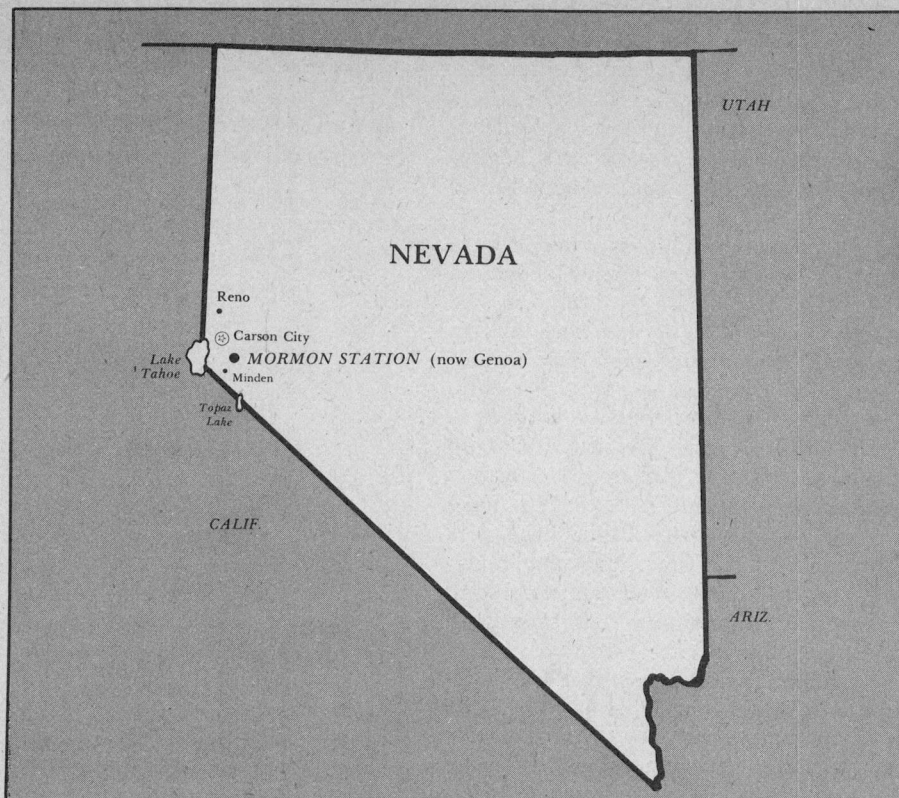
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years later Thomas Knott had built a grist and saw mill for Reese and Company, but Reese, depending on the returns of the cattle sale, found himself with no funds for either cattle or Knott. So, early in 1855 Knott took Eagle Ranch along with other property in payment of the debt.

The squatters' government continued until 1855, but by 1856 Carson County was being governed by Salt Lake City. The citizens of western Utah felt the legislature was too distant to take care of their needs adequately. So on August 3, 1857, Reese took the chair at a preliminary meeting of citizens of Carson and nearby valleys to plan a mass meeting petitioning Congress to organize a new territory from sections of Utah, California, and New Mexico. Reese was elected president of the mass meeting, which was held August 8. A committee to implement the gathering's objectives was formed, and Reese was one of twelve members appointed from Carson Valley. The federal government, however, opposed the formation of a new territory.

Shortly thereafter, Brigham Young recalled his western Utah followers to strengthen his position in Salt Lake City. In September, 1857, most of them left Carson Valley. Although Reese had become a Mormon in Salt Lake City, he was among the few who refused to obey Young's directive.

In 1859 a newly-arrived settler, William Cradlebaugh, jumped two-

thirds of Reese's unfenced claim. While attempting to build a fence on the disputed property, the squatter's employee, Warren Wasson, encountered Reese's son and son-in-law, John K. Trumble. Sharp words and shots were exchanged. Seriously wounded, Trumble hovered near death for several weeks. He finally survived but was permanently lamed. No legal action was ever taken concerning the gun battle. Soon after the trouble with Cradlebaugh, however, Reese sold his holdings and returned to Salt Lake City. He left Genoa a relatively poor man.

Reese did not experience personally any more of Nevada's "firsts." But one of his Genoa buildings did. After Congress created the Nevada Territory in 1861, Genoa became the seat of Douglas County. The first county commission used part of Reese's mill for the new county's first jail.

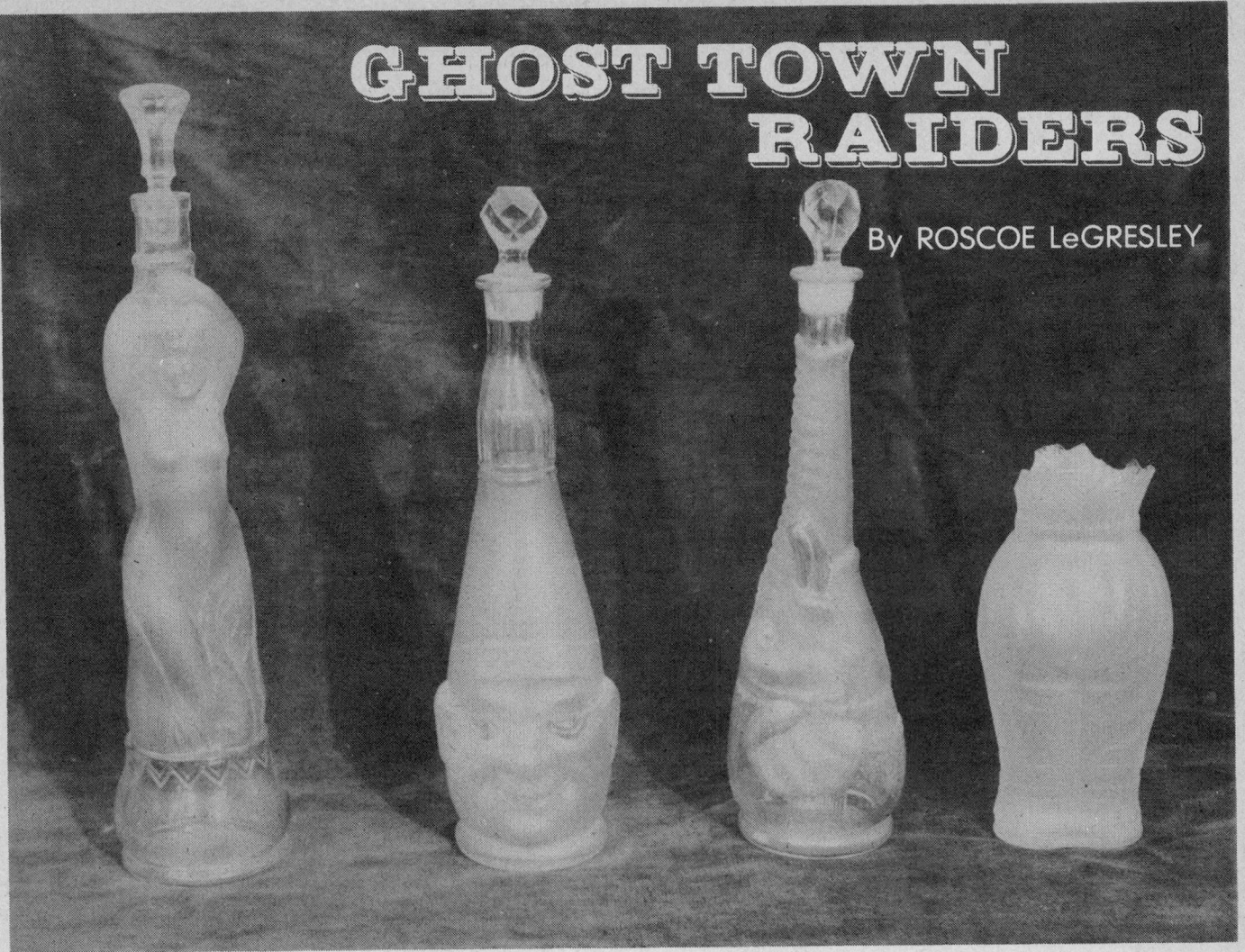
Under various ownerships Mormon Station remained in use until it burned in 1910. A replica was built by the state in 1947, and today the Nevada State Park Service houses a museum within it. The museum and its surrounding park are a tribute to Nevada's founding father. For, although Reese settled in Carson Valley for personal financial gain, the fact remains that his place, Mormon or Reese's Station, was the fruitful seed from which Nevada developed.



True West

GHOST TOWN RAIDERS

By ROSCOE LeGRESLEY



Treasures are sometimes discovered in the most unusual places. These bottles are no exception; they were found in a town that had drowned a number of years before.

Not far from the town of Stibnite, Idaho, is Roosevelt Lake. More than just an ordinary body of water, Roosevelt Lake covers a town which was "wicked and sinful," according to one old timer, when it was running "with the lid off."

The nearby town of Roosevelt and its surrounding mountains were immortalized in Zane Grey's novel *Thunder Mountain*. It was built about 1900 and named in honor of Teddy Roosevelt's daughter, Alice, when gold was first discovered in the quartz of Monument Mountain, so called because of a fifty-foot-high formation that resembled the bust of a woman.

As the magic word "gold" echoed from the sides of the hills and gulches, men began to pour in. In its heyday Roosevelt boasted two general stores, a barber shop, butcher shop, blacksmith

shop, post office, hotel and livery stable, two dance halls, a newspaper and seven saloons.

The town prospered, but one day in 1909 a huge chunk of Dewey Mountain, which the miners had tunnelled into and shaken up with their blasting, slid into Monument Creek, forming a huge dam below the town. The water backed up. People panicked and fled, taking only their most cherished possessions. In four days the town was under fifteen feet of water.

With the gold running out anyway, the dam was left and Roosevelt was abandoned. There it remains today, the only underwater ghost town in the United States.

The lake has kept the secrets of the belongings left behind. It has been invaded only intermittenly by rugged divers who found only a few valuables, until these bottles were discovered by Vernon Reynolds of Kooskia, Idaho.

He and a friend went exploring one weekend. They floated the lake on a raft and could see the outlines of several

buildings beneath the crystal clear water. Passing over one they thought might have been a saloon, Reynolds decided to dive.

Using no equipment, he went about fifteen feet deep and swam into the building. His belief that it had been a saloon was confirmed. Beneath the bar were a number of drawers. When Reynolds pulled at them, the fronts fell away. These bottles popped out and floated to the surface.

Valued at several hundred dollars each, the bottles are now in a private collection. Some parts of each are frosted while others are nearly perfectly clear. Over the happy face on the second bottle from the left is the word *AFTER*. Above a sour face on the other side of the bottle is the word *BEFORE*. The owners have been unable to learn where they were made or what they contained. But one thing is certain. They give mute testimony to the pride and ability of some long forgotten glass blower.



By REBA CUNNINGHAM

Cowboys, Cooks, and Catastrophes



TRUE WEST/Frontier Times' Continuing Series

Chapter 5: Pete, Old Buck and I

I had good reason to be concerned after Maggie left the N Bar N. It was my destiny to return to the cookhouse and help Old Pete wrangle the pots and pans.

While Jim was with us, I had seen little of his friend, Pete. I knew him only through the tricks he played on some of our outfit, and most of them were far from funny. Now it was time to learn more about this stove-up old cowpoke who claimed to have done everything from range riding and bronc breaking to roundup cooking.

The first thing I noticed about Pete was that the trigger finger on his right hand was missing. It was most likely pulled off by a rope when he was breaking a bronc. The second thing I noticed was his tobacco chewing. I never saw him without a cud in one cheek or the other. And when he spat there was no telling where it would land—or when.

“When I gotta spit, I gotta spit,” he often reminded me.

I worried about Pete’s chewing, especially when he was helping out at the cookhouse. I never found his cud hidden in the mashed potatoes or floating in the gravy, but our little Tommy once discovered one outside the cookhouse door and ran after me with it in his hand to ask what it was.

Pete’s head was large and bald, with just a fringe of black hair that ran from ear to ear. He seemed hale and hearty, which he attributed to cow dung poultices, the fresher the better. He claimed they could do everything from curing gallstones to growing hair on a bald head, though he never was able to explain why the poultices had done nothing to grow hair on his own shining dome.

Pete boasted that he could ride anything that walked on four legs, that he could drink any cowboy under the table, and that he had fathered more offspring than any other man in Wyoming. We took all three claims with a grain of salt.

Soon after Pete started helping at the cookhouse we had a run-in.

Tommy had adored the cowboys from the first day we set foot on the N Bar N. They loved him and gave him their worn out Stetsons and discarded chaps; I padded the big hats and tried to cut the chaps down to his size. He mimicked their every gesture. When he started picking up their more picturesque figures of speech, though, they tried to muzzle it when he was around.

I had a difficult time once convincing my little cowboy it was not true that if he put horse apples in his pillow and slept on them he would wake a full-fledged cowboy in the morning. I could forgive old Pete for that idea. But the afternoon Tommy ran excited and flushed into the cookhouse kitchen from his play down at the loading chutes to ask, “Mommy, what’s a bastard,” I was furious.

It had to be Pete who made that contribution to my son’s vocabulary. I confronted him at the loading chutes. “How dare you,” I demanded, “use such language around my child?” I braced myself to meet his hair-trigger temper.

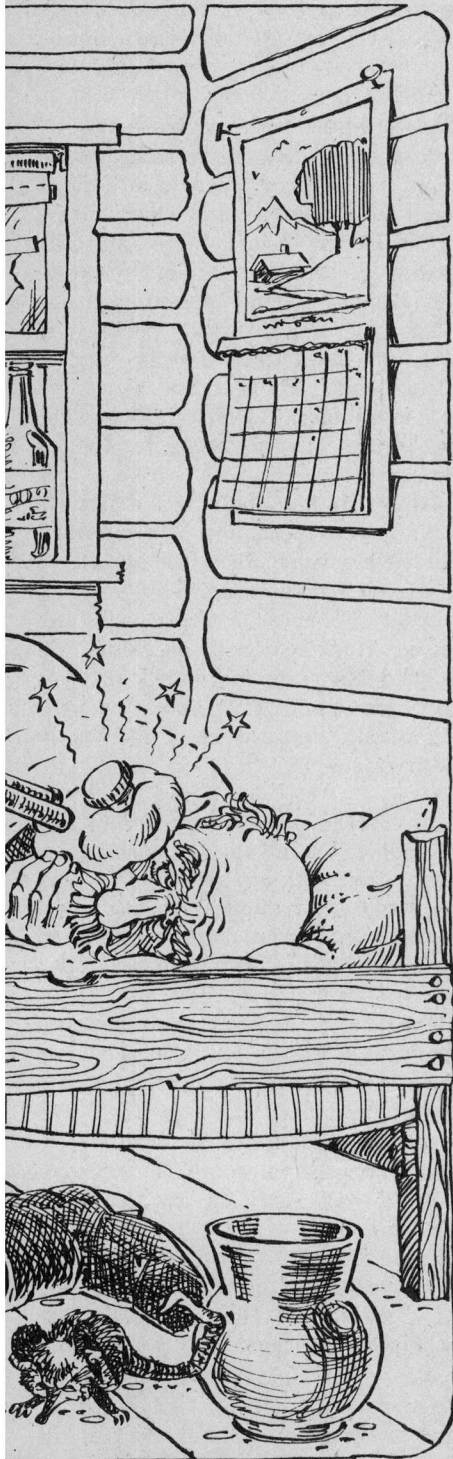
But to my surprise he answered in a voice smooth as cream cheese, “Ma’am, from now on when Tommy is around, I’ll try to hobble my tongue.

One day after he was paid his monthly wages, Pete asked me to be his banker. I agreed. Two months I salted away his money.

LIKE A BOLT from the blue he got the “urge” to go to town one Saturday morning. In the twinkling of an eye he had developed the most excruciating pain; in colorful language he showed me its location and described his agony in detail. If I didn’t take him to town, he insisted, he wouldn’t make it through the day.

Pete demanded his money. I tried to hold back a few dollars, but he wouldn’t allow it. He was on a routin’ snootin’ spender for sure!

I finally gave him the money and drove him to town in my Chevy, certain that the next time I saw him he would be dead or dead broke.



Illustrations by BUD McCAULLEY

The boys in our outfit had known of Pete's weakness all along. When they found him paralyzed in a saloon, one of them would bring him home and put him to bed. When he awoke, he was invariably bleary-eyed, broke, and wearing either a skinned nose or a lump on his bald head. Pete never left a saloon without first picking a fight.

While he was working at the cookhouse he went on a real humdinger. Late the next morning, I decided to run up to the bunkhouse with a bowl of chicken soup and check on him.

One moment I had been in the kitchen making soup and lemon cream pies. The next I found myself in the bunkhouse facing Pete's six shooter. He was still red-eyed, red-nosed drunk, staggering back and forth, swinging his six shooter, and swearing energetically.

Two empty whiskey bottles sat on the windowsill. Poor old Pat lay on his bunk with an ulcerated tooth and an ice pack on his jaw. Pete aimed at Pat and laughed idiotically.

"Ma'am, I might as well shoot him and put him out of his misery." Pat was in such pain that he groaned and turned the ice pack, not caring if he were shot or not.

I set the bowl of soup on a table and approached the jibbering old cowboy. "Pete, I know you're just up to one of your old tricks, but why don't you give me your gun before you accidentally shoot Pat." Was that the right approach? Surely I was smart enough to outwit a drunken old cowhand. But Pete just shook his big, bald head.

"Pat's so sick with his tooth," I said. "Don't you think you should stop your fooling around and let him rest."

Appealing to his better nature was evidently the wrong tactic. "Now, Ma'am," he challenged, pointing his stub finger within an inch of my nose, "why don't you just try and git my gun?" He hee-hawed and lunged out of reach.

A button had come off his plaid shirt, and now a tuft of black hair was sticking out like stuffing from a sofa. I knew Pete was just playing, but I had to get that gun.

"You're doing good, old girl," I assured myself. "You may get a bullet in your guts or land in a sanitarium, but you're doing just fine."

Pete had a sweet tooth. I had an idea. "Pete, I just baked some lemon cream pies. Wouldn't you like to have a piece? You can even have a whole pie." He shook his bald head, laughed, and tottered on his boot heels.

One way or another, I had to out-

cowboy that old cowboy. "Pete," I whispered, "If you promise not to tell the boss, I'll get you another bottle. But you'll have to give me the gun first." He looked skeptical. Then a loose grin split his face. He staggered over to me, and I led him to the bunkhouse door.

"If you give me your gun, just until you sober up, I'll run to the cookhouse and get you a lemon pie. And if you never tell the boss, I'll give you a bottle."



GRUDGINGLY, he handed me the revolver, and I pushed one of the empty whiskey bottles from the windowsill into his disappointed hands. "Ma'am, I was only playin' a little joke. That gun ain't loaded; just look and see."

That rip-roaring, gun-toting Calamity Jane might have been more forceful with Pat. But she could have her tactics, and I could have mine. When I left Pete gaping with an empty bottle in exchange for his empty six-shooter... Well, I felt I had handled the situation admirably.

It was several days before I gave the gun back to Pete. He never asked me for it, and when I gave it to him he didn't say a word. He just bowlegged back to the bunkhouse with it.

Not too long after that, Pete knocked at my kitchen door. He took off his big hat to reveal his shining dome and doodled his Adam's apple a few doodles. "Ma'am, how would you like to ride over to the lake with me?" It sure would be a nice jaunt on a sunny morning like

this. I'll go screw a saddle on a pony for you and bring him up to the hitching post."

How nice it was for Pete so quickly to forget the fracas at the bunkhouse. "Pete, it's kind of you to ask, but I've never been on a horse in my life."

"That so? Wal, we just gotta do something about that!" He grinned at me foolishly and seemed pleased he was to be my first teacher.

Why shouldn't I ride? I wasn't old or corpulent or rheumatic. I was smart enough. Everyone at the ranch rode. Even little Tommy had his own mount. Horse-happy, I raced to my bedroom. I donned a pair of jeans and a western shirt and pulled on my new boots.

Pete came back leading Buck, an enormous, bony, big-framed beast with a head like a hammer and a neck like a moose. He had blood in his eye and took an immediate dislike to me. He was no pony, but I had come prepared. I took a lump of sugar from my pocket and gingerly held it to his mouth.

Buck shook his head and blew slobbers in my face. "I don't think he likes me," I said. "I think he's going to kick me."

"Now, Ma'am, don't be skittish. He don't kick from that end. You and Buck will get along just fine once he gets to know you a little better.

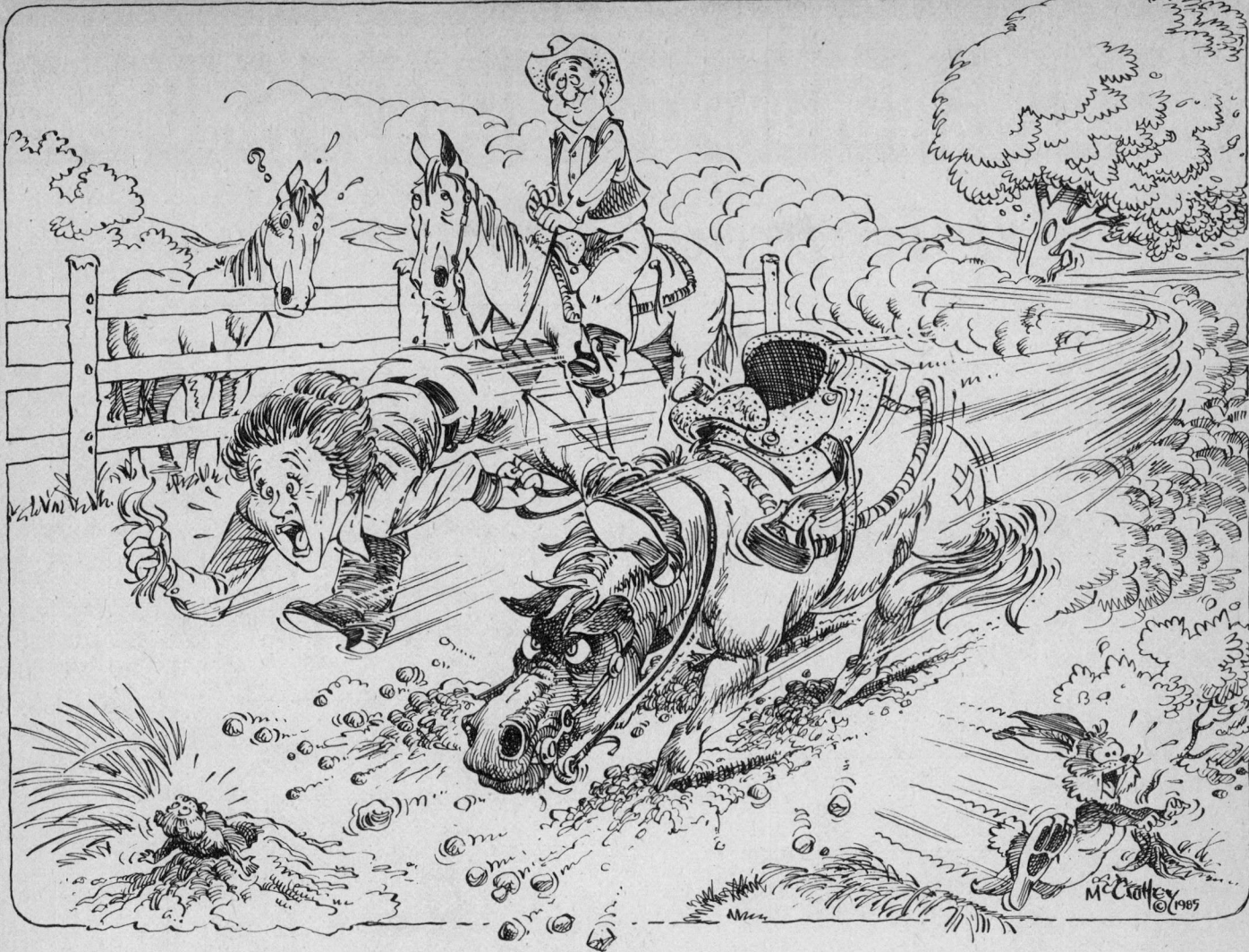
I said, "Nice horsey, nice horsey," and patted Buck's boney backside. He crooked his neck and rolled his eyes from side to side. His expression said, "Just wait, old girl, until I get you on my back!"

PETE HELPED ME clamor up into the saddle, where I sat like a sack of cement. Then with one swing of his long leg, Pete was mounted. Without a word, he motioned for me to follow, spurred his horse, and was off for the great open spaces.

I had only a moment to ask myself if I were supposed to follow at the same break-neck speed before Buck threw up his tail and leaped like a gazelle. I was sitting on a cushion of air, only to descend with great force onto the animal's neck. I would ride that big brute if it killed me.

I called to Pete for help, but if he heard me he paid no attention. He put the spurs to his horse and galloped off without looking back. Was this his vengeance for my taking away his gun? I was angry and confused. "If I live to get back to the ranch, I'll kill him. I'll kill him and good riddance! I'll have that old whiskey guzzler fired!"

At the moment, though, it was more



important to concentrate on staying on Old Buck than to plan my revenge on Old Pete. The old outlaw jumped irrigation ditches. He sped across ranges. He dodged huge boulders.

Hairpinned to Old Buck's side, I hung on to the saddle horn for dear life. When we reached the lake pasture I knew Pete would stop, get off his horse, ask me how I was doing and apologize. I was wrong. Without a word, he turned his horse around on two legs, and galloped back to the N Bar N lickety-split.

Only through sheer anger did I survive the ride back with Old Buck running like crazy, his lungs blowing like bellows. When we reached the corral, Buck stopped in his tracks. I kept going. I picked myself up off the ground, threw away a handful of Buck's mane, and stuffed my shirt back into my jeans.

Pete, the old boozehound, was walking toward me. I was primed to chew him up good, to call him every vile name I had learned from the cowboy's vocabulary. I wanted his old bald head out of my sight forever. He could just take his lousy bedroll and get out. I would have told him so, too, but I was too tired and bruised, so I just screamed at him

to keep his distance. My feet crying for release from the new boots, I crawled angrily back to the ranch house.

I learned many things about the whang-leathered old cowboy that day. Affection was not one of them. Would there be more times that he would try to get me in a tight place and turn on the heat? I would long remember the day.

It was dear old Jim who later found me sitting on the back porch, trying to pull the new boots from my feet. I couldn't hold back the tears. I told Jim how Pete had left me to do or die. Jim let me vent my anger and then finally said, "I think the old devil likes you, Ma'am. He's jus' got a poor way a showin' it. I've known him for many, many years, and I can tell you he only hurts the ones he loves. You jus' dry them purty blue eyes and don't go ridin' with the damned fool no more.

He pointed to the corral. "And don't feel bad that you and Old Buck didn't get along. He's thrown two of the boys already. You done real, real good jus' to stay on his back."

I knew he was trying to build up my spirits. "Now, Ma'am, ain't nothin'

worse than breakin' in a new pair of boots. In the mornin' I'll fill 'em full of oats and water. When them oats starts to swell they'll stretch hell of the boots."

He took a firm grip on one of my boots and bent over in front of me. "Now you just push against my backside with your other foot, and we'll have this boot off before you can say 'scat.' You just gotta have a boot jack. A wooden one. Them metal boot jacks ain't no good."

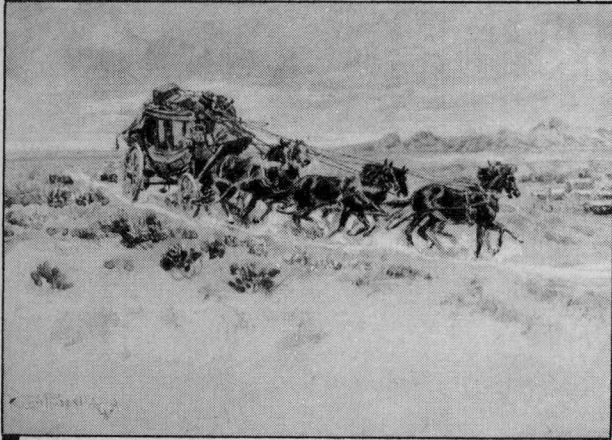
I asked Jim to stay for supper, but he said he had to "git a-goin'." Early the next morning I learned why he was in such a hurry. He presented me with a fine wooden bootjack that he must have stayed up all night to make. Tacked to it was a message scribbled on a piece of brown paper:

"Mam, scuze my spellin this pensel don't spell worth a dam. Dont you wury bout them new boots no more. they's goin to be fine. Iv helped bury many a cowboy with his boots on, but nary a gal.—Jim."

Next Month: "Lonelyhearts,
Waterwagons, and Robberys
at the N Bar N

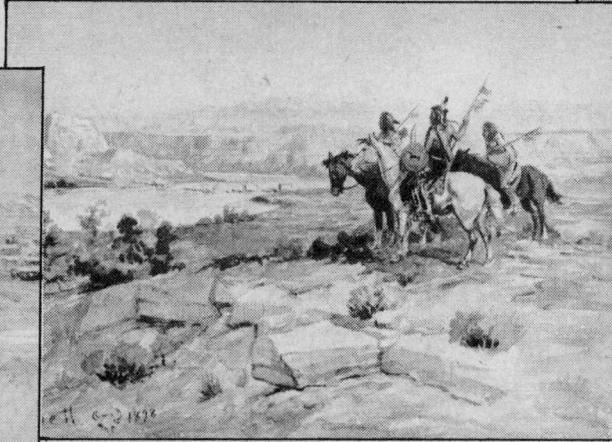
CHARLES M. RUSSELL

Art Reproductions



1. *Prairie Express*
16"×11½"

\$4⁰⁰

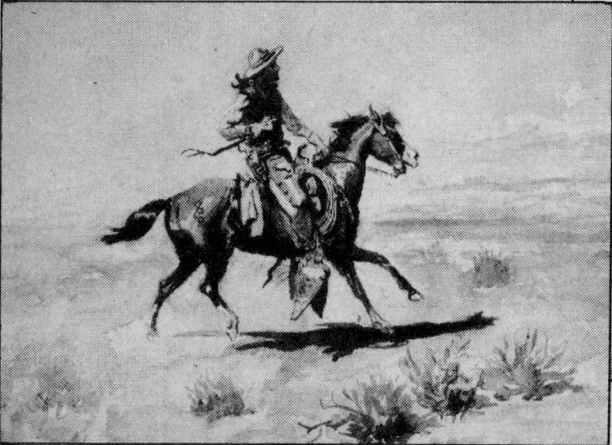


2. *Wagons Westward*
16"×11½"

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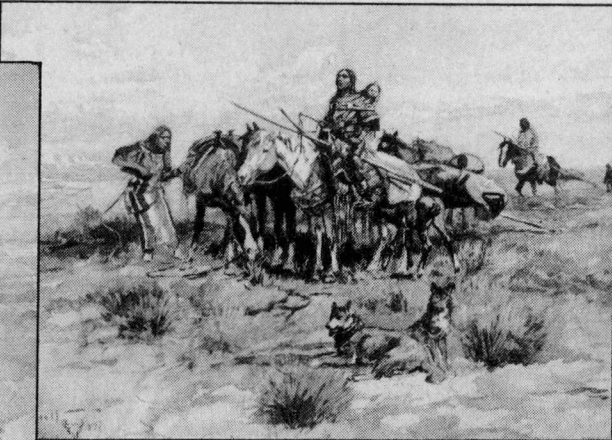


3. *Our Warriors*
16"×11½"



4. *The Drifter*
16"×11½"

\$4⁰⁰

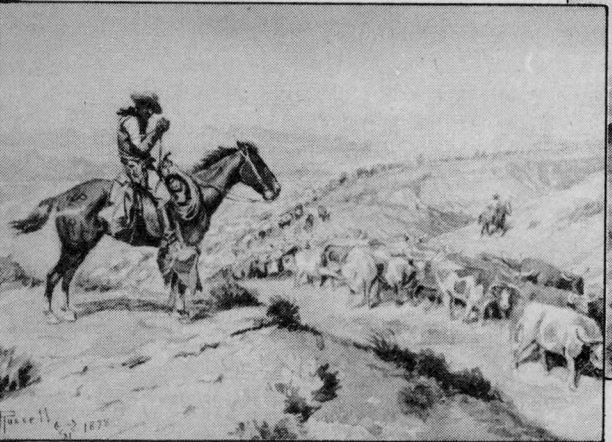


5. *Breaking Camp*
16"×11½"

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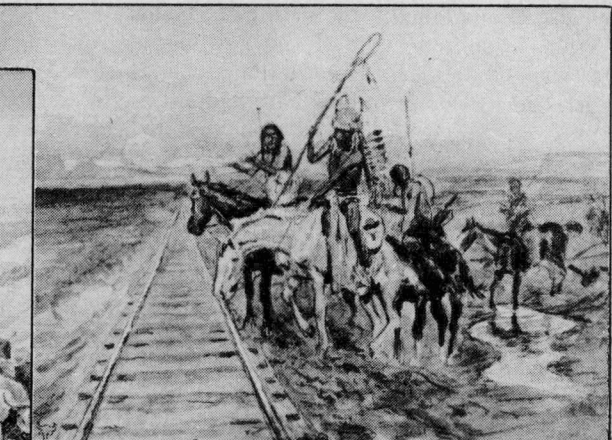


9. *A Desperate*



6. *The Cattle Drive*
16"×11½"

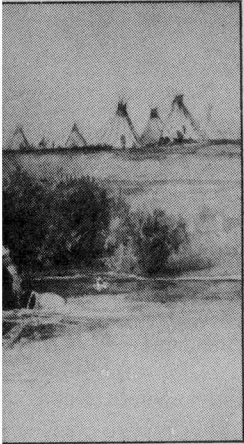
\$4⁰⁰



7. *Trail of the Iron Horse*
16"×11½"

\$4⁰⁰

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QUALITY
ART
LOW
PRICE



\$4⁰⁰



8. Crossing the River

29"×19"

\$18⁰⁰



23"×16"

\$11⁰⁰



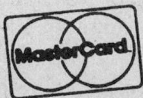
10. Keeoma

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LETTERS FROM COLORADO CITY

By NORMA MURRAY REID

In 1886 Polly McNaught left her home in Georgia to spend a year on her brother Will's ranch in Nolan County, Texas. With her was a traveling companion, Happy, whose identity is unknown. The two arrived in Colorado (now Colorado City), Texas, on July 10.

During her year on the frontier, McNaught corresponded regularly with her friend Francis Bethia "Fan" Murray back home in Atlanta. A packet containing ten of her letters to Fan was recently discovered. The ink is faded and difficult to read, but McNaught had a way with words, an eye for detail, and a wry wit that provide rare insight into the life of a Texas ranchwoman.

St. James Hotel
James Wilson, Proprietor,
Colorado, Texas
July 11, 1886

My Dear Fan,

We got into Colorado last night at eight ten, but not finding Will to meet us, came up here. I'm going to the Post Office this morning. I found out he has not been in for his mail this week. Pa's letter has been here since the sixth. I dropped a card to him, and if he does not come in tomorrow I shall have to send a messenger out after him. The difficulty is finding anyone who knows where he lives.

I have met two ladies at the hotel, both newcomers to Texas and neither of them like it. Happy and I, however, like it very much, but we are anxious to get out to the ranch. Happy says she would rather travel through Texas than any other place we have been because everywhere else there is nothing to see but woods, and in Texas there are the cattle and sheep and colts and donkeys and prairie dogs and chickens and jack rabbits and cowboys. There are no end to the cowboys. The country seems full

of them and Colorado is running over with them. Their horses seem wild and only half broken in and they go so fast. It is clatter, clatter, clatter all day and nearly all night. They are a rough looking lot and...their funny looking saddles, burnt complexions and big sombreros make them look like Indians or Mexicans and they never wear their coats even when they come in the hotel dining room.

One of the ladies I met is a Mrs. Cheatam. She is from Missouri. Her husband has a drugstore here. The other lady is from Chicago. Mr. Ware, her husband is a cattleman. He has two large places, one fourteen miles north of here, and the other much farther south. I like both Mr. and Mrs. Ware very much. This afternoon Mr. Ware proposed to hunt up someone who knew him so I can send word out there I am here. He came back and said he had found a trace of him, that is he had found the man Will buys his feed from. He says though that 16 miles isn't considered anything here and I can easily get someone to go out for me.

To give you an idea of the free and easy way things are in Texas, I heard the ladies talking about how the children behave in church. The minister's little boy goes up to the pulpit and talks to his father and takes up the contributions boxes and plays with them and all the other children run about the church and play during service. Every now and then one falls down and gets hurt and the mother has to get up and go and take it out. Last Sunday when things had been a little worse than usual, the minister turned to the congregation and said, "I hope you won't let these sweet children draw your attention from me." The saying is you must be surprised at nothing in Texas. But the biggest thing in Texas is the way our head waiter announces the meals. He says the word "dinner" and goes off like a locomotive. It is wonderful how long he carries the sound. You can hear him fully three blocks away. Happy and I were out walking this evening and heard him call-

ing supper quite a little distance, almost like the East Tennessee whistle. One of the ladies complimented the unusual elegance of the dining room at dinner. Sam said yes it was in honor of him, it was his birthday, and we had a most royal dinner in honor of Sam.

This dry atmosphere is consuming us with thirst. Happy and I drank three pitchers of ice water today, not to mention all the ice water and milk we pour down in the dining room. They give us the best ice tea in the world. We are in two little rooms they call a suite. As near as I can guess by the width of the carpet, they are 9 by 10. One holds the bed and wash stand and one chair. The other a bureau, table and two chairs as they are very little, smaller than my room will be. Happy and I amuse ourselves planning how to get all in one room. Remember me to Mrs. Earl and Mrs. Stevenson and love to you.

Polly McNaught

Ranch, Nolan County
July 26, 1886

My Dear Fan,

You will excuse my writing again with pencil. I have not gotten settled enough yet for pen and ink. Our being so crowded for room makes it hard to get straight, and then the weather is very warm and I have not worked as hard as I otherwise might. Our sitting room is in order all but putting down the carpet, and I shall not bother about carpets for awhile. Will hung the pictures last Friday. The largest size curtains fit the windows exactly, and I have just enough for all the downstairs windows. Our sitting room is quite a pretty room and when we get a porch to keep the sun out of the door it will make a pleasant living room. It is very cool in the mornings, but the afternoon sun shines in both windows and one door, and the sun

True West

*The head waiter says the word "dinner"
and goes off like a locomotive. It is
wonderful how long he carries the sound.
You can hear him fully three blocks away.*

shines hotter here than it does anywhere in the world, I believe.

I miss you greatly already, and am afraid I shall have many lonely hours. We must make the most of our letter writing. Will goes to Colorado every alternate Saturday. If there is anything special, he goes oftener. I shall try to manage a weekly letter, but if I fail you will know it is because there is no chance of a post.

I am having the ranch all to myself this morning. Happy is still asleep, and it is just a little past seven o'clock. I always leave the table waiting and let her sleep, as she always washes the dishes for me after she has eaten her breakfast.

Mr. Wilson is breaking sod down at the farm a mile away. Jack is working his post hole machine around section 47 about two miles away, I guess, and Will has just started off with his flags and field glass to lay off the north line on the same section. Blythe [Blythe and Joe were Will's horses], has gone, I think, with Will. She generally follows him, and Joe, who should be right here with me has run away or is stolen, the latter I am afraid, though Will thinks he is having a survey of the country and will be back in a day or two. Will rode around yesterday to the camps in the neighborhood to look for him. At one camp they said they had seen him running loose through the country eastward, but at the next camp in that direction they had seen nothing of him. The camp is just across the railroad from 47. Will said he would ask again there this morning. Joe was missing when I got up yesterday, so he has been gone a day and night. Last night it blew such a storm of wind that I believe Joe would have come home if he could have gotten here.

When I get through writing my letter, I am going to wash the sitting room floor. You see I am telling you everything with the "Dutch Minuteness" you asked for. Will left a bucket of oats in the dining room for me to load Blythe into the stable with when she comes up,
September 1985

which she is likely to do about eleven o'clock, for water. The horses get themselves away off in the far corner of the pasture where the grass is greener than it is over here. It is about two and a half miles from the house. A five mile journey for your horses before breakfast in the morning is a good little job to begin the day's work with. Will wants Blythe to ride over to Sullivan's this afternoon for the clothes. Mrs. Sullivan did the washing last week, but she will not do it for us in the future, so the clothes will have to be sent to Colorado. Washing is going to be a great bother and expense. They charge \$1.00 a dozen, but the water is so bad and hard to work with that I wonder they don't charge \$5.00. At the Chinese laundry it is worse. They charge 5 cents a handkerchief, 5 cents a collar, and 10 cents a pair of cuffs. Sending to Colorado will be better as the wagon goes there anyway, and the other is an extra trip which always takes half a day.

You asked me to be sure to give you my first impressions. Well, I am greatly pleased with the prairies, and as Will's place is more open than any I have yet seen, I think it is the most beautiful. We can see for miles in front of us, but there is a little hill just at the back that prevents our seeing more than a quarter of a mile. I hope someday Will can buy section 46 and move the house to the top of the hill. That is the way they come from Colorado, and it is the way you want to look if you are expecting anyone. The house is most ridiculous looking from the front. Will is quite mortified that it should be so ugly. From the west it looks very well. It would have been much better for Pa to have put off building for a year or two, or else to have let Will manage the house the best he could with the amount to be spent. It is most decidedly a failure. I have not half so much room as you have, so that fixing up is out of the question. I have had to pile things in as best I could, and I have the most confused feeling that I know where nothing is.

When Hap and I drove out, we sur-

prised them just as they were taking their after-dinner rest. We saw Jack lying on a bed in front of a window, and as we drove round, found Will, Mr. Wilson, and a young farmer who wants to buy adjoining land if Will succeeds in getting water. They were stretched out on a mattress on the front porch. They took us for travelers who had lost their way and were more amazed than pleased, I think, by the surprise. Will wanted to be cleaned up and fixed up before we came.

I shall not begin another sheet. Tell Norman I shall write to him soon. Remember me to Mrs. Earl and Miss Emma.

Your loving friend,
Polly McNaught

Ranch, Nolan County
August 27th, 1886

My Dear Fan,

I missed sending you a letter last week, but will make up for it by writing you a long one today. Hereafter I shall try to have a regular day for writing, as you have, for I find there are often chances to get a letter mailed if it is all ready, but no time to write one. I put off writing as late as possible thinking my letter would not be too old when you received it, and then Mr. Wilson went to Sweetwater a day sooner than I expected, so I had to give up writing for that week.

Do you know your last letter is very full of questions? I shall try to answer them all unless it takes more paper than I can get into the envelope. Yes, I am still cooking, and what is worse I am getting dreadfully tired of it. Having so many big hungry men to feed makes it seem never ending. It does seem as though there was no bottom to their appetites. They are just as hungry at supper time as they were at breakfast, and

often a little more so. I did have great hopes at first of filling them up so full that I could taper off with a light supper, but that sort of thing won't work on a Texas ranch. Then besides our own people, there is always somebody stopping in to dinner or to stay all night. It is cheerful and pleasant having them come, but I often wonder what terrible sins I am expiating by washing so many greasy dishes. I always grumbled about washing dishes, but with this hard water I sometimes feel like crying over it. I have tried in turn soda, ammonia,

great deal better. They are testing the well again today, and Happy has just run up to the house to ask me to send the men down a lunch as they cannot stop to cook dinner. Their contract was to camp and board themselves, but they have been here ever since I came without a tent or even a covered wagon, and as they can't cook or sleep out in the rain, the consequence is that I have to take them in the house. They were up here again last night, and as the rainy season has begun, it will be a frequent occurrence until the well is finished.

the case. Then we have potatoes and rice and Boston and dried lima beans. As the two latter take nearly all day to cook, I don't indulge in them often. The last time Jimmy Wilson went home, Will sent and got a dozen of the doctor's chickens. There are some beautiful Plymouth Rock amongst them that look almost pure. I have been begging him to save them, but he does not want to raise any until he gets a hen house put up. As he hates cleaning them as much as I do, I think I can persuade him to let them live.

He puts up at neighbor Dunman's where the fat girl lives. Her arms are said to be as big around as a stove pipe...

borax and pearline, but find I make better speed by putting nothing in the water. Borax makes the water delightfully smooth for the toilet, but it does not seem strong enough for dishwater.

Neither the cowboys nor the nesters seem a very bad lot if you can forgive them their shirt sleeves. Some of them wear gloves, but they never wear coats. A vest takes the place of a dress coat in Texas. If your guest wears a vest, he is doing you a great honor. The more knowing ones apologize to me as they file into our narrow little dining room, but the others I suppose think I may be thankful they keep their shirts on. I am daily expecting some hero to appear in stockinet [an elastic machine-knitted fabric used for making underwear]. I have seen a good many costumes since I came to Texas, but the most remarkable of all is called leggings. When they put those on they look like neither men nor women, but some new species, and some of them wear such large spurs that they have to walk pigeon toed. Wednesday I counted ten cowboys at the well. Together and just behind were two shepherds coming with a large flock. They had what I thought was a herd of horses, but Will said they were just the horses they were taking along to ride. They were taking up all the cattle through the country and going to have a big roundup down on the... Champion [a creek near the ranch].

Since writing the above I have been out and cooked dinner. We have all had our after dinner rest. The others have gone back to work, but I have left the dishes until supper time and have come back to my letter to you, which is a

This is the third test they have made. I will tell you at the end of my letter how it turns out. They are down about 175 feet. It is the third time they have struck water, but Will wants quite a large stream. All the small streams they pass through will not be lost, but will run into the well. I hope he will get a fine well of water. He has many disappointments and drawbacks, but works on so patiently and hopefully. He certainly has a most beautiful place and as he lacks neither patience nor endurance, I am sure he will make something of it. I wish Jack were as well started. I have been telling him about Russell's start in the insurance business and asking him to go into the same thing in Colorado. When Will went in to see about getting the house insured, he found out there were only two agents there. He was told they were both rascals. He did not insure with them, but brought out some fire extinguishers and hung them about so that I can fight fire down to the last notch. They are not very ornamental, but I suppose they are necessary.

No, I am not putting up any preserves and have not even seen any fruit. My stock is now almost exhausted, but we get very good syrup and honey and the nicest dried apples I ever ate. Most of our supplies come from California and are put up for the convenience of cowboys in their camps so that the kitchen is full of the nicest little buckets and covered tins. We live on ham and salmon, and although there are some groans at the table for fresh meat, we fare about as well as could be reasonably expected so far away from town. Will brings out canned corn and tomatoes by

Happy keeps her trap set for birds all the time, but has caught none yet. Some of our neighbors have been trying prairie dogs and pronouncing them as good as rabbits, but I would marry a Chinese before I would eat one. I don't feel a bit like I am housekeeping, but just like I am living in a camp. In fact Will does about as much of it as I do.

Every morning for the first three weeks I made desperate efforts to get up first, but on getting dressed and going out to the kitchen, I invariably found Will with the fire started and breakfast on. I have ceased to struggle against it and content myself with setting the table and ringing the bell. We have breakfast at six, dinner at half past twelve, and supper at seven. I miss having milk and eggs to cook with. I am afraid Texas cows are not much good for milk and butter. Fancy, Mrs. Sullivan milks nine cows and only gets three gallons a day. We were amused at Mrs. Merrill's account of herself. When she first came to Texas they got two goats. She expected not only to get milk enough to drink, but to make butter for the family. They got one quart of milk a day. She said she did not know anything about goats but what she had read in "Robinson Crusoe." Robinson Crusoe made cheese, but you cannot read "Robinson Crusoe" and come to Texas and do likewise.

With love to yourself and the children, your friend,
Polly McNaught

P.S. Colorado is in Mitchell County.

Something went wrong with the bucket, and they could not finish the test on the well.

Ranch, Nolan County, Texas
September 12th, 1886

My Dear Fan,

I was very glad to get your long letter of the second. It had been so long since I had heard, I was afraid some of you must be sick. But it was such a nice letter it made up for the long delay.

Happy and I went yesterday and spent the afternoon with Mrs. Sullivan. When we got down to the breaks we found they had run a fence around their place since we were there last, and as neither of us knew our bearings very well, we were puzzled to find the house, which is down in such a thick clump of trees you cannot see it until you get right to the door.

There is a distinct trail all the way across the prairie, but it ends abruptly at the breaks and the last mile of way, you have to remember or else guess at. Hap followed the fence in one direction and I the other, but she soon came back saying she could see nothing of the gate, that the fence kept on far over the hill, so we both went my way, which proved to be the wrong way, and rode clear around their quarter section pasture, and at last found the entrance within a quarter of a mile from where we first started. But we had a very pleasant visit and got home just at sundown and found Will had finished painting the sitting room. It looks so pretty. I am going to clean it up and put it in nice order today. Mrs. Sullivan's house was so spotlessly clean that I feel more discontented than ever with our dirty floors. They track in so much dirt every day that it seems hopeless to try to clean them. Will is very ungrateful about the carpets I brought him. He thinks they are not fit to put down on the floors. You have no idea how touchy his tastes are.

I am making over the dress Mrs. Martin made for me and I find my nice lap board the greatest help. It is so light and handy. I ruined that dress in a short time with spots from the kitchen and paint from the rest of the house, so I ripped it up, washed, and turned it. I am using that skirt pattern again you gave me as I liked it so much. I am making the panels out of the gray goods on that dress I did not sell Hester, and I shall have a black basque with gray trimmings, and a gray basque with black trimmings. One I shall keep fresh to wear in the afternoons. I sent for the "Delineator" and have received the September and October numbers.

Dear Fan, this is a very hastily written letter. Will is dressing to go to Colorado on Blythe, and I have written in such a hurry I hardly know what I have said or left unsaid. However, there is nothing of importance to tell.

September 1985

Your affectionate friend,
Polly McNaught



Ranch, Nolan County, Texas
November 5th, 1886

My Dear Fan,

I was very glad to get yours of the Twenty-fifth last night. . . I am writing in bed where I have been for the last two days in the locks of an attack of bilious diarrhea. Jack and Will are very attentive, constantly coming to the door to ask if I want anything.

I cannot think how I have let such a long time pass away without writing to you. I began writing to the children Wednesday, intending to answer your last letter at the same time, but I felt so bad I had to stop. Tomorrow is Will's regular day for going to Colorado or I should not write until I get up, but I think I am over the worst and shall be well in a day or two.

Will has been to the Dallas fair where he bought him a pair of mules. He brought them out from Colorado last night and seems greatly pleased with them. At the livery stable in Colorado, they complimented them very highly, said they were the finest mules in this part of the country.

Sunday before last we had Mr. and Mrs. Marshall from Colorado out to dinner. The people from town seem to think it a fine thing to come out and visit a ranch, but there is very little here yet to show anyone. I think it is the drive which pleases them.

Give my love to Emily. I hope Dr. Earnest has succeeded in breaking her fever.

Yours with love,
Polly McNaught



Ranch, Nolan County, Texas
November 14th, 1886

My Dear Fan,

As Will returns to Sweetwater in the morning, I am taking advantage of the chance to send you a letter, although I have very little to write about this week except to tell you I am over the sick spell I was having when I last wrote.

I am at work on an extra set of Can-

ton flannels as we will get our washing done once in two weeks, I have to have a double supply of underclothing. As soon as I have finished them, I must make something to wear in the house for I am quite out at elbows.

Poor Will is distressed over a task imposed on him by the Grand Jury. They sent after him last week and put him on the finance committee. They have all the county books for the last three years to straighten out and a page of muddle back of that to worry over. Will says if it were only the accounts for the past year he could manage it, but the books are in such a state that it will require an expert to straighten them. There are two men from the county on the committee with him, but they know nothing of book keeping and are no help at all. They told Will just to consider them figureheads. They were counting on his doing all the work. They are, however, honest men who are anxious to expose frauds if there have been any inflicted on the people. Will hopes when he goes in tomorrow to see the district judge and get himself excused. If not he says he will have a week of trouble. I feel sorry for him to be troubled with this when he is so anxious to push his own work forward. But I tell him it is quite a compliment. He puts up at neighbor Dunman's house where the fat girl lives. Her arms are said to be as big around as a stove pipe, and Will says they seem to have great difficulty in waking her up in the mornings. It is said her father was offered a hundred and fifty dollars a month to take her about in a show. Someday I must go to Sweetwater to see her.

I suppose you have all your flowers housed by this time. We have had frost here and quite hard ice one morning. But when the wind does not blow, the weather is delightful, the sun is so bright and warm. But the wind is a terror, and sometimes it blows for two weeks without stopping.

Have you heard any more of Louisa's coming out? With much love to all the children.

Your loving friend,
Polly McNaught



Ranch, Nolan County, Texas
April 8th, 1887

My Dear Fan,

I was delighted to get your letter of

March 28th . . .

Many thanks for the books you have sent. I am sure I do not know how I should get through many hours of the day if it were not for reading and working arithmetic. You will find one of Rider Haggard's stories in Demorest, but it is very uninteresting. Laurie sent me "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Mrs. Carlyle gave us a very pressing invitation to visit her before her sister left, and as I was anxious to see a large ranch, I got Will to ride over there with me Wednesday. The distance was greater than we had been told it was, and we were delayed, too, in starting, so when we got there we found them at tea. Mrs. Carlyle insisted on our taking tea with them, so we stayed and rode home by moonlight. It was a twenty-mile ride there and back, so you can imagine how stiff I felt the next morning. They have a very large pasture, 23 sections, I believe, and it is seven miles from their gate to their house. They are nicely fixed up and do not live in Texas style by any means. I liked both the ladies very much, especially Mrs. Douglas, the lady from Toronto. She has her four children with her, and her eldest boy, she told me was a school mate of Harry Rae's. They live quite near the Rae's in Toronto.

We have been bread making. First I tried some which only turned out partly a success, but we all thought it very nice after living on biscuits for so long. Then Louise made some all by herself and it is really beautiful. She is as proud as punch about it.

Please remember me to Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Stanley, and with much love to the children and yourself, believe me,

Your loving friend,
Polly McNaught

P.S. I forgot to tell you if at any time there are any patterns in Demorest you would like, you can get them by sending a two cent stamp with the coupon. I have gotten two patterns for wrappers but in the last two numbers I have not used the coupons, and there are some pretty patterns for children if you care for them.

Polly

This was Polly McNaught's last letter from Texas to Fan. She returned to Atlanta later that year with enough memories to last a lifetime.



On the Campaign Trail with Sam Houston

By TOM BEAN

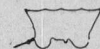
"Among the new comers in Texas in the year 1832 was Sam Houston, late Governor of the State of Tennessee, a man of extraordinary fortune." Thus wrote Henderson Yoakum in his *History of Texas*.

Yoakum, a neighbor and close friend of Houston didn't say so, but Houston must have hit Texas a-runnin'. For the next thirty-one years, the remainder of his life, he spent most of his time in public service as commander-in-chief of the army of the Republic of Texas, president of the Republic, governor of the state, senator and then governor again.

In his last race for Governor, with sentiment for secession running strong, Houston pleaded for Texas to remain in the Union and was elected Governor of Texas by a majority of 9,000 votes. T.R. Fehrenbach, the Texas historian, wrote, "Houston staged a famous, rip-roaring campaign. Knowing he could never win on his platform alone, he traveled Texas in a buggy. He wore an old linen duster; on hot days, when he worked up a sweat, he orated without his shirt. He slept in great plantation houses and farmers' dog-run shacks. Everywhere he went, his dust raised cheers. But they were for Houston the hero, Houston the man."

In one cabin where he was eating dinner, the hostess set a steaming hot bowl of mashed potatoes before him. Houston, being engrossed in his talk, unwittingly filled his mouth with the hot potatoes and then blew them out, all over the table. His only remark: "Most damn fools would'a swallowed that."

Everything must have been hot that day. When the man of the house poured his hot coffee in his saucer and blew on it to cool it, Houston did likewise. After he left, the hostess is reported to have said to her husband: "Pa, we want to vote for him; he sasscered his coffee."



Answer Man



City Marshals pose outside the City Marshal's office in Guthrie, Oklahoma, circa 1889.

According to family tradition, Lonnie Burson was a Texas Ranger and later served as a lawman in Indian Territory. Richard Burson, 2154 N.E. Tahoe St., Roseburg, OR 97470, telephoned me recently to ask about his grandfather.

The search for Lonnie Burson proved both frustrating and interesting. First, Ranger records simply do not contain Lonnie Burson's name. Second, an authority who has been researching Oklahoma lawmen for thirty years has no record of any Burson serving in that state.

But the 1890 Guthrie, Oklahoma, City Directory lists a Martin L. Burson as a homesteader on land outside of Guthrie in Logan County. Richard Burson also sent a photograph, asking if the fifth man from the left might be his forebear.

The identities of the men shown are disputed. Time-Life's *The Gunfighters* says the first two men at the left are unknown; next come Bud Ledbetter, Jim Masterson (waving hat), and Heck Thomas; the next three are unknown; the bare-headed man is Chris Madsen. All are known lawmen, but the only one correctly identified is Masterson!

The photo was made in the spring of 1889. At that time, Ledbetter was still in Arkansas; he did not arrive in Indian Territory until 1895. Madsen was still in the U.S. Army, not arriving in

Guthrie until 1892. Heck Thomas was a deputy U.S. marshal at Fort Smith and did not go to Guthrie until after 1890.

Who is the man in the doorway? He may be Burson, but he is certainly not Heck Thomas. Perhaps our readers can help us out.

Mormon Avenger. Orrin Porter Rockwell, "The Mormon Avenger," gained notoriety as Brigham Young's bodyguard. Len McGee, P.O. Box 568, Trilby, FL 33593, wrote for information on that controversial figure.

In his lifetime, Rockwell was not only a bodyguard, but a lawman and a mail carrier. During the Mormon church's early years he survived mob violence and persecution in Missouri.

After a stint as Young's bodyguard, he later earned a reputation as a man hunter in Utah Territory. On March 29, 1849, he was commissioned a deputy marshal and spent his remaining years as a lawman.

Charles Kelly and Hoffman Birney's *Holy Murder* is sensational and very anti-Rockwell. Harold Schindler's *Orrin Porter Rockwell: Man of God, Son of Thunder* is a more reasoned biography. A shorter biography is *Porter Rockwell: Mormon Frontier Marshal and Body Guard of Joseph Smith* by Nicholas Van Alfen.

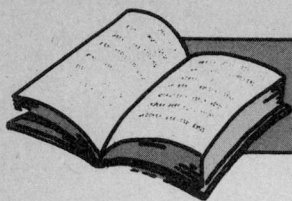
Whispering Smith. James L. "Whispering" Smith, a Union Pacific detective, once shot it out with Patrick Walters in a Sidney, Nebraska, saloon. Robert Rybolt, P.O. Box 443, Sidney, NB 69162, who is researching the life and times of Smith, wants to know specifically what weapons were used in the gunfight.

Newspaper accounts say Smith used a "Welby .45." That undoubtedly was a misprint of *Webley*. Smith used a Royal Irish Constabulary .455 Webley, which was slightly larger than the .45 manufactured in the United States.

Smith was involved in the pursuit and capture of several noted outlaws including "Lame Johnny" in 1879 and "Doc" Middleton in 1880. Later he was a range detective for the Wyoming Stock Growers Association and helped Yellowstone County, Montana, Sheriff Eph Davis capture Harry Longabaugh, who later became known as the Sundance Kid.



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



Word Hoard

A SOUTHWESTERN VOCABULARY: THE WORDS THEY USED.

By Cornelius C. Smith, Jr. *The Arthur H. Clark Company, P. O. Box 230, Glendale, CA 91209. 1984. \$19.50 hardbound.*

—Post-Civil War soldiers called cat-sup “growley” and “red lead”—probably because of its effects on the digestive tract.

—“Margarita” was originally the derisive name for a lady of the evening, derived from a character in Gounod’s 1859 opera *Faust*.

—The state of Oregon takes its name from oregano—later known as the “piz-za herb”—found in abundance on ocean-side hills by Spanish explorers.

—And Texas may be so-called for a tribe of Indians whose dwellings had tile roofs, “tejas” to the Spanish explorers who came upon them.

That’s a sampling of the 500 colorful terms used in the American Southwest and Northern Mexico that are traced in Cornelius Smith’s latest historical western volume. The entries are divided into terms attributed to the Spanish, Anglo, U.S. Military and Indian, with a preponderance of Spanish expressions that come with a pronunciation guide.

By far the most intriguing section is the one devoted to military terms, probably because the author—and his father, who developed the concept for a compendium of Southwestern words in the early 1930s—spent a number of years in the military of the greater Southwest.

It’s a beautifully presented collection, with pen and ink illustrations by the author and three related maps: routes of the Spanish explorers and missionaries; distribution of Indian tribes in the American Southwest and Northern Mexican states; and nineteenth century U.S. Army posts and camps in the American Southwest.

The reader must wonder how Smith selected the terms he included, why he omitted others, and why he expanded his setting into Northern Mexico. Perhaps he gives us the clue in the

Preface when he says, “Words are marvelous.” Presumably he chose the ones most “marvelous” to him. And it’s his book.

—Jini Accuntius
Austin, Texas

Through the Land of the Outlaw

HISTORICAL ATLAS OF THE OUTLAW WEST. By Richard Patterson. *Johnson Books, 1880 South 57th Court, Boulder, CO 80301. \$14.95, softbound.*

Outlaw history writers will be asking themselves why they didn’t think of it first: a book on the historic outlaw sites of the Old West.

Richard Patterson, author of two previous books on outlaws, thought of it. The result is a large, beautifully packaged volume which includes maps, photos, and plenty of detailed information on what the researcher, traveler or history buff will find at each site.

Most western states are included, and sites ranging from Hays, Kansas, to Los Angeles, California, are described. The book is an excellent resource for writer and explorer alike.

This is not an outlaw encyclopedia or “gallery of gunfighters.” Such books have flooded the market in recent years, often containing nothing more than vignettes on outlaws taken from published sources. Patterson details the site rather than the outlaw. Little known activities are described at various sites, obviously taken from obscure sources. The paragraph on Missoula, Montana, for example, notes that the man who claimed to be the son of the Sundance Kid died there.

It can be argued that outlaw activity had a tremendous impact, for good or ill, on the opening of the West. Yet most roadside signs mark only Indian battles, old forts, and Lewis and Clark’s route to the Northwest. Outlaws have gotten short shrift from official tourism promoters. An attorney by training and

senior editor at a legal publishing firm in Indianapolis, Indiana, Patterson has taken a bold step to rectify this situation. He has done an enormous amount of research, and the result is a handsome, useable volume.

—Jim Dullenty
Fort Benton, Montana

Accurate History or Embellished Lore?

THE SIXTH GRANDFATHER: BLACK ELK’S TEACHINGS GIVEN TO JOHN G. NEIHARDT. Ed. by Raymond DeMallie. *University of Nebraska Press, 318 Nebraska Hall, Lincoln, NE 68588. \$19.95.*

This powerful study should be in the library of every serious student of the Indian Wars Period, as well as in libraries devoted to Native American studies. It is indispensable. It includes insights not previously revealed by John Neihardt in *Black Elk Speaks*, for Neihardt was a poet, a man of letters, a gentle soul and an extremely sensitive individual who believed anything any Indian told him. The editor has also supplied an introduction that could stand as a monograph of great importance.

This book reminded me of Colonel William A. Graham’s frustrations trying to sort and make sense of all the Indian narratives’ conflicting stories. For assistance, he called upon General Hugh Scott, who finally threw up his hands. Both agreed Indian accounts—to put it mildly—were just not to be trusted in their entirety, citing Wooden Leg and John-Stands-in-Timber in particular. Would Black Elk be any different, and if so, why? I think not. It is difficult to give credence to the visions of many Indians when recalling they were had either through a period of grave illness and fever (Wovoka and his disastrous Ghost Dance religion being a prime example), or induced by self-starvation or self-torture. That is not to mention hallucinogenic herbs so common among

True West

the Indians then. But then, who is to deny the vision of Bernadette of Lourdes and her beliefs?

As a historian, however, I must discount much of the "history" related by Black Elk, especially of the Battle of the Little Big Horn and of Wounded Knee, and at the same time embrace the anthropological lore that spills from every page. Much of that lore is truth, but lore is not necessarily good history.

Full details on the men Black Elk killed as a youth in the Battle of the Little Big Horn are missing. The death of Crazy Horse lacks detail, and Wounded Knee seems but a brief moment of little consequence. DeMallie should have expanded upon supporting evidence in and about these historical moments, thereby either supporting Black Elk's "history"—or refuting it. That obviously was not his purpose, but it is a weakness in this otherwise brilliant book.

In the editor's ten page bibliography, there are precious few references to military studies. Several of the military sources are extreme in their points of view, which makes a balanced study impossible. But I commend the use of two, books by Dr. John Gray and Dr. Kenneth Hammer.

One of these days a study of the mysticism will strike a balance and all historians, students, and readers will rejoice. *The Sixth Grandfather* could be a foundation for such a work, for it is imperative the mysticism should be explored.

—John M. Carroll
Bryan, Texas

For Scholars and Tourists Alike

THOSE WHO CAME BEFORE. By Robert and Florence Lister. University of Arizona Press, P. O. Box 3398, Tucson, AZ 85722. \$32.50, hard cover; \$10.95 paper.

A major stated aim of this book is to popularize the archaeology of the Southwest, specifically that of the region's twenty-eight national parks and monuments in Arizona, New Mexico, Utah and Colorado. This is, alas, about the only goal which the book fails to achieve. It measures up quite well otherwise. A welcome reference volume for travelers as well as a solid overall introduction to the ancient and unwritten history of the Anasazi, Hohokam, and Mogollon peoples, *Those Who Came Before* is a scholarly, not a popular, treatment of the subject. The site-by-

September 1985

site survey, which includes accounts of "digs" discoveries, is more readable than the rather textbookish fifty-odd pages of general background information preceding the guidebook section.

The text is greatly brightened by a portfolio of beautiful color photographs by David Muench, as well as black and white photos taken in the 1920s and 30s by the neglected photographer, George A. Grant. There are also explanatory maps and charts, and the account of each site is followed by a brief bibliography.

Even though this book is not as "popular" (readable) as its Southwest Parks and Monuments Association sponsors hoped it would be, it remains an excellent work. It gathers the archaeological stories of all the parks in one convenient place for the first time. It documents the important role of the much-abused National Park Service in preserving treasures of aboriginal cliff dwellings, canals, pottery, petroglyphs and basketry. And it makes clear the similarities among the desert cultures instead of stressing their differences, as is so often done by specialists.

—Richard Dillon
Mill Valley, California

Wealth of Detail

MANUEL LISA AND THE OPENING OF THE MISSOURI FUR TRADE. By Richard Edward Oglesby. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, OK 73019. 1984 (originally published 1963). 246 pp., softbound.

This book is not one for the average reader or armchair historian. It is so packed with information and so chock full of details, facts and figures that only a serious student of the era will appreciate its wealth. For example, there are four appendices and 507 footnotes. In the first chapter alone, there are seventy-two footnotes; only about half are necessary. In such quantity, they become merely distracting.

Another problem is that the book does not appear to have been updated.

But the major flaw here is the writing. There is no life in the narrative, just cold facts piled atop dry figures. Lisa, as Oglesby points out in the first sentence of his preface, was a "shadowy figure" in history, "obscure because his story has not been told." Lisa was such an important man in the opening of all the Western fur trade that he deserves more notice. He receives some here, but the

essence of the man and his purpose is not captured. The only background on him is given in two pages in the preface, something woefully inadequate. To show what drove him to dream and do so much, more of Lisa himself must be presented.

For the serious student of the fur trade, however, this book is important and should be read. Its wealth of detail offers rare insight into the beginning of the Missouri fur trade and the political machinations that nearly destroyed it in its infancy.

In addition, the bibliography is unusually extensive and informative. Scattered throughout the book are a few delightful anecdotes that help spice up the otherwise dull narrative. If there were more, the book would have greater appeal for the average reader.

—John Legg
Phoenix, Arizona

Mythical Tales with Factual Basis

HEROES, VILLIANS AND GHOSTS: FOLKLORE OF OLD CALIFORNIA. By Hector Lee. Capra Press, P. O. Box 2068, Santa Barbara, CA 93120. 1984. 196 pages. \$8.95, paperback.

"Legends stay alive because they are worthy of being retold, and every storyteller has the right to tell them in his own way," says Hector Lee in his cogent forward.

Lee, a retired English professor and past president of the California Folklore Society, is perfectly suited to his subject. His writing is brisk and versatile, yet styled in a manner similar to J. Frank Dobie's and Will Rogers'. Lee's droll delivery and yarn-spinning are predicated upon the notion that "legends tend to drift away from the actual facts in order to convey an 'essential truth' which may be more interesting than the historical truth."

This sequel to Lee's *Tales Of California* contains twenty-one essays, ranging from the familiar to the obscure. Many readers are acquainted with Charley Parkhurst, the remarkable stagecoach driver, and Joaquin Murieta, bandit and rascal, per excellence. But how about Joseph Chapman, a shanghied Yankee who endured the high seas before founding a dynasty near present-day Pasadena? We remember Peter Lassen as an explorer who mysteriously disappeared. Relatively unknown, however, is William Kissane, master criminal and would-be feudal lord of Temelec Mansion.

Each chapter keeps the reader intrigued, thanks to Lee's impressive use of dialect and control of viewpoint. In one case, Lee presents the Modoc War from Captain Jack's vantage. In another, he movingly discusses Dorsey, a shepherd dog that carried the mail between Calico and Bismark. The chapter on "Lt. Beale and His Camels" is a hilarious rendition of Jefferson Davis' dubious gift to the Southwestern desert.

Lee's section on "Ghosts And Other Unbelievables" introduces Bigfoot (in various forms), the Bucking Bear of Bodega and the Blue Lake Monster. He balances these creatures with more delicate types, such as La Llorona, the "weeping woman of Riverside," and sen-

sitive Charlie Hanes, "the biggest liar in Colusa County."

The entire work is quite entertaining. For those who wish to delve further, Lee has provided a "Behind the Scenes" annotated bibliography, wherein readers "can easily backtrack these references."

—Jeff Nathan
Los Angeles, CA

River's History Recounted

PEOPLE OF THE MOONSHELL—A WESTERN RIVER JOURNAL. By Nancy M. Peterson. Illustrations by Asa Battles. Renaissance House, 541 Oak Street, P.O. Box 177, Frederick, CO 80530. Softcover \$14.95.

Nancy Peterson dramatically tells the stories of men and women whose lives were touched by the Platte River, "Moonshell" to the Indians. Asa Battles' illustrations complement the text. I heartily recommend *People of the Moonshell* as an extremely readable history book for teachers who would like to bring Western history alive for their students.

The drama of the emigrants, the explorers, the trappers, the Indians, the soldiers, the settlers, the railroad, the telegraph, the pony express, and other aspects of the river's history is expertly and accurately recounted.

Perhaps the best way to explain what a treasure this book is is to share a couple of sample paragraphs:

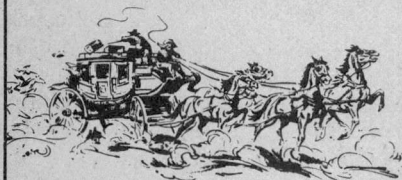
When they reached the North Platte crossing, even Father DeSmet blanched at the current they had to enter. Snow-melt from the Rockies swelled the river to a nearly impassable barrier. Tom Fitzpatrick needed all his skills to prevent the crossing from turning into disaster. Wagon teams had to be forced into the torrent, and once in, driven mercilessly for the far shore.

The largest wagon was too much for the animals' strength, and it washed downstream for several heart-stopping minutes before the animals' hooves found bottom. Scrambling mightily, they were able to pull it ashore. Another overturned, mules and harness in a gigantic tangle that threatened to drown both the animals and the men who struggled to help. John Bartleson stood on the bank, arms raised, crying for help, while others dove in to save the team.

Peterson's ability to tell a good tale as well as Battle's talent to show the people and the beauty of the Platte, while giving the reader a real sense of being on the scene makes this publication hard to put down.

Irene "Kit" Collings
Laramie, WY

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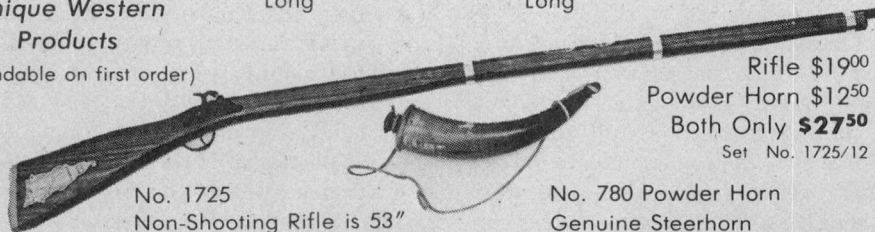
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REEL COWBOYS

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid



Paul Newman, Katherine Ross, and Robert Redford, as Butch, Etta, and Sundance, strike a classic pose during their memorable New York vacation.

By BILL O'NEAL

It is, quite simply, the most charming Western ever filmed. It is also the highest-grossing Western movie of all time. Lensed for \$6,270,000 *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* had earned more than \$44,000,000 within a decade of its release in 1969.

The reasons for its enormous appeal include a brilliant, humorous screenplay by William Goldman and the chemistry of co-stars Paul Newman and Robert

Redford. By 1969 Newman was an acknowledged superstar, but Redford had not yet established his great box-office appeal. Originally Steve McQueen was slated to play Butch Cassidy, while Newman expected to create the role of Sundance. But McQueen backed out of the project when Newman demanded top billing. Director George Roy Hill insisted that Redford would be right as Sundance to Newman's Butch, a com-

bination which proved irresistible to audiences. (In 1973 Hill again teamed Newman and Redford with spectacular success in *The Sting*.)

Newman and Redford headed an excellent cast. Their casual, understated approach produced charismatic perfection: Butch and Sundance were immensely likeable and believable. Katherine Ross, as schoolmarm Etta Place, displayed intelligence and irresistible loveliness. She was stunning in Victorian attire and somehow loved both Sundance and Butch: "I'm twenty-six, and I'm single, and I teach school, and that's the bottom of the pit. And the only excitement I've ever known is sitting in the room with me now."

Big Ted Cassidy was menacing as the vicious killer, Harvey Logan. Superb character bits were contributed by Strother Martin, as mine owner Percy Garris; Henry Jones, as the bicycle salesman; and George Furth, as the weasly snitch, Sweetface, who showed the super posse where Butch and Sundance were hiding.

The film abounds with memorable scenes: Butch in derby hat performing on a bicycle for Etta as "Raindrops Keep Fallin' On My Head" is crooned by B.J. Thomas, the vacation sequence as Butch and Sundance and Etta cavort through turn-of-the-century New York City, the opening scene when Butch mournfully cases an impregnable bank, an amused Butch and Sundance sipping beer while a sheriff unsuccessfully attempts to recruit a pursuit posse, Butch muffing his lines and resorting to cheat notes as he and Sundance try to rob a Bolivian bank ("*Manos arriba*," "They got 'em up—skip on down—"), Sundance whirling and firing with terrible expertise at the Bolivian army during his final gunfight.

The script cleverly inserted a great deal of accurate information about Butch and Sundance, and considerable interest was generated in the Wild Bunch. Studies soon indicated that Butch escaped the Bolivian shootout and returned to the West, dying in 1937. It also is possible that Sundance escaped South America and that the spectacular battle with soldiers never occurred. In the film's closing scene, the unforgettable freeze frame spared audiences the sight of Butch and Sundance being massacred. It is comforting to think of Newman and Redford eluding capture and trading carefree banter for years to come.



A MOST UNUSUAL RUSTLER

By JOHN WATSON

Little is known or has been written about Ed Trafton. He murdered people, yet nobody ever proved it. He was a great philanderer and made love to just about any woman who came his way. Most of all he was a notorious robber and thief, and evidence exists linking him with both Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch and the McCarty gang. When things got too hot for him in the Jackson Hole country, where he lived for a time, he settled in Rexburg, Idaho, and made a feeble attempt to go straight. Unfortunately, the difficulties of eking out a living in the harsh mountain country of eastern Idaho often prompted even the most honest men to turn to crime. Ed Trafton needed little prompting.

Trafton was born in the eastern part of Canada, known as British America, in 1853. He accompanied his widowed mother to Denver, Colorado, in 1868, and as a youth was constantly in trouble with local law enforcement officers.

In 1875, Trafton joined the gold rush to the Black Hills. Failing to find gold, he turned to bushwhacking, rustling and stagecoach robbery. In 1877 property west of the Wind River Mountains was free for the taking. If a man felt like settling down, he took a piece of land as far from neighbors as possible, fenced it, built a log house, and ran his livestock on any part of the range he chose. There was plenty of room for everyone throughout Wyoming, Montana and eastern Idaho.

Trafton selected a plot at Driggs and constructed a log house, a corral and some outbuildings. He established himself as an area "farmer," traveling back and forth between nearby towns on "buying trips," and in a short time accumulated a few horses and several head of cattle.

When possible, Trafton rounded up leppies and dogies and branded them so

This photograph was taken of Ed Trafton one year after his final release from prison, and one year before his death.



Singlehandedly holding up fifteen coaches in Yellowstone National Park, July 29, 1914, Ed Trafton earned notoriety as America's last stagecoach robber. He was once sentenced to prison for robbing his own mother. But he began his criminal career as an "ordinary" rustler...

that the hair was singed but the skin underneath bore no mark at all. After the hair grew out again, he had an unmarked critter to trade or sell.

During one of his trips he made the acquaintance of Columbus "Lum" Nickerson and Jim Robertson. Both dressed like the fiction writer's version of the western cowboy and were considered by local residents to be the sort of individuals respectable people should avoid.

Once, while the three were making a purchase in a Rexburg general store, a traveler's daughter tugged at her mother's skirt and asked, "Mama, do cowboys eat grass?" The mother glanced at Nickerson and Robertson with some distaste and answered, "Some of them do, dearest."

Trafton thought that was pretty funny, especially when Lum grumbled, "I'd like to toss a dallie-welt around that kid's neck."

The Trafton-Nickerson-Robertson alliance got off to a quick start. All three men were admirers of Jesse James and had, at one time or another, aided the McCarty gang by furnishing meals or building small lean-to shacks for them in the timber along the old "Outlaw Trail." They decided the time was ripe to make a name for themselves instead of promoting other outlaws' notoriety.

Hiram C. Lapham, the first settler in Pierre's Hole where Rexburg and Driggs, Idaho, were located, was wealthy in horses and cattle. Trafton and his cronies knew their market value. Mormons to the south would pay top dollar for the horses; the cattle would bring a high price in Jackson and the Yellowstone Basin, or in Brown's Hole, where they would be shipped to Denver to feed city folks. Too, stolen beef often was more valuable than honest beef because thieves were in the habit of stealing the best.

In May of 1877 Trafton, Nickerson and Robertson raided the Lapham ranch and made off with a large herd of horses and cattle. They drove the animals east
September 1985

into the foothills of the Tetons and stashed them in two box canyons. The horses were double-hobbled and their heads tied down so they could forage but not wander off past the barricade at the narrow entrance to the canyon. The cattle were kept in their box canyon by poles stretched across the entrance and piled with brush.

LAPHAM, A MAN of determination, was not about to lose his stock. He gathered some men and went after the rustlers, but the western side of the Tetons were scarred by thousands of small canyons and gulches, many of which dead-ended. After several days of searching, all of the men but Lapham and Harry Scafe, went back to tending their farms and livestock. Lapham and Scafe continued the hunt and finally located the horses in one of the Twin Creeks gulches.

Jack Lyons, a hermit and trapper, lived nearby and was eager to assist Lapham in capturing the thieves. He too had been robbed recently. Someone had taken the beaver from his traps and he was "mad as hell" about it. He suspected Trafton and his companions.

Lyons watched the canyon entrance. At daybreak he saw Nickerson and Robertson come up the river to check on the horses. Meanwhile, Lapham had recovered the cattle south of Leigh Creek.

Lapham and Scafe mapped the location, counted the animals and marked in a notebook the brands not belonging to them. Then Lapham made a long night ride into Eagle Rock to bring the sheriff. The sheriff, however, was off in search of some other law-breakers. His territory extended from Utah to Montana and it could be some time before he returned, so Lapham secured the services of Deputy Sam Jones. Sam Swanner and three others completed the posse.

The men had an early breakfast at the Lapham ranch, then took the trail. By then they knew where to find Nickerson

and Robertson. Nickerson kept a cabin on a small island in the Teton River near present Cache Bridge.

The posse surrounded the cabin and demanded that the occupants come out with their hands up. Nickerson and Robertson complied. Upon seeing the look on the faces of their captors, Robertson bolted for the trees. Deputy Jones fired once. Robertson died three days later at Rexburg.

Trafton, meanwhile, was at his farm in Driggs with Emma Nickerson, Lum's wife. The two had been having an affair behind Lum's back and his absence permitted them to enjoy one another's company without fear of apprehension.

Lum was a tall, thin, rancid-smelling man who seldom shaved. He could neither read nor write and had the sensitivity of a bull. He treated Emma brutally and gave little thought to her comfort or well-being.

Ed Trafton, on the other hand, had a soft voice, a gentle touch, and a glib tongue. He spoke of beauty and grace in a poetic manner, and ignored Emma's calloused hands and the ravages of frontier life. Whenever Ed spoke to her, she felt like a queen.

Ed and Emma hit it off so well that he was seriously considering taking his profits from the sale of the rustled stock and running off with her. Since he would not be returning to the area, he decided to add to his fortune by robbing the local store before his departure. It wasn't the first mistake he ever made; it wouldn't be the last.

Though he was known by the storekeeper, Ed pulled a revolver and demanded all the cash. The storekeeper's wife came up behind Ed and parted his hair with an ax handle from the hardware department. When Ed came out of his stupor he was in the Blackfoot Jail with Lum Nickerson. Their companions were Frank Williams, a white man who had killed a Captain Winn and his partner in the Cariboo District in 1886; a black man named Alex Woods, who killed his wife in

Pocatello, in 1887; and a drunken Indian. Woods and Williams were awaiting execution.

THE BLACKFOOT JAIL sat at a crossroads in the middle of the valley. It was unpainted, isolated, and its solitary ugliness lacked even the squalid dignity commonly associated with a place of confinement. Its inhabitants consisted of a regular flow of drunken Indians living on the nearby Fort Hall

Reservation.

During the winter, the snow was so deep that the small jailhouse was virtually inaccessible, and the effort required to dig in and out made it useless. During the summer, the sun pelted down on its bleached, unshaded roof and sides. The burning air flowed through the place like liquid fire.

Trafton spent most of his time gazing out the window, half-dreaming in the suffocating heat. Lum, in the cell next

to him, spent his time sleeping, except during frequent visits by his wife. Emma never failed to pause momentarily beside Ed's cell before leaving. Sometimes, if Lum were not watching she would reach out and touch Ed's hand very lightly.

On Saturday night, another drunken Indian was brought in, thereby filling all the cells of the tiny jailhouse and putting an added burden on Sheriff Bill High. The Sheriff's wife nagged con-

THE "REAL" VIRGINIAN

Outlaw Ed Trafton claimed to be the model for Owen Wister's *Virginian*. It is more likely, though, that he served as the basis for the character Trampas. Numerous others have claimed to be the "Real Virginian," among them Charlie Ball.

Charlie Ball and his wife Nellie both helped inspire Wister's best selling 1902 novel. Besides Charlie's being the prototype of the *Virginian*, Nellie was the original of Molly Wood, the Wyoming schoolmarm.

Wister made many trips out West. He was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, July 14, 1860, attending boarding schools in Switzerland and England, the exclusive St. Paul's School at Concord, New Hampshire, and Harvard in 1882, where he graduated summa cum laude and made many influential friends like Theodore Roosevelt. The following year he was recalled to Philadelphia by his father for a business career. In 1885, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, he visited Wyoming several months for his health.

It was on the invitation of Judge J.M. Carey (Judge Henry in the novel) to come and stay on his CY Ranch that Wister made this first of fifteen extended trips to Wyoming and the West. Carey was a native of Delaware, educated at Union College and the University of Pennsylvania law school. As a young lawyer he campaigned for the Republican party in 1868 and was appointed U.S. Attorney General for the newly organized Wyoming Territory. In 1872 he became a member of the territorial supreme court. His feuding with his party cost him that seat four years later, but he continued in politics, twice being elected mayor of Cheyenne. Meanwhile, he had begun a private business career, finally supplanting his law practice with real estate investments and ranching. His leaning toward Pro-

gressivism and states' rights would put him in the Wyoming governor's chair from 1911 to 1915.

When Owen Wister got off the train at Medicine Bow, he was met by Charlie Ball, who had been sent by Judge Carey to bring Wister to the ranch. Ball and Wister left Medicine Bow with a team and buggy.

From the moment Owen Wister laid eyes on Charlie Ball he was captivated. Here was a young, tall, rugged, raw-boned, soft-spoken, sun-tanned westerner. As they made the 263-mile trip to the ranch a story was forming in Wister's mind.

Years—and several Wyoming visits—later, Wister wrote his novel. Though fiction, much of it is based on actual happenings as told by Charlie Ball and witnessed by Wister himself. For instance, the baby swapping incident occurred many times and became a practical joke at dances. Someone would change the clothes on the sleeping infants, and parents wouldn't notice it until they got home. Then there would be some angry people, especially the mother. Afterwards they would laugh about it.

Wister used many individuals to create *The Virginian* and Molly Wood, but Charlie Ball and his wife Nellie stood out more than others.

Charlie Ball was born March 25, 1866, at Hamilton, New York, a descendant of the Ball family of Virginia related to



Charlie Ball, the "real" *Virginian*, and his wife, Nellie, are buried in the Lava Hot Springs Cemetery in Idaho.

stantly about the chore of feeding the inmates, so when Emma Nickerson appeared early one evening bearing a picnic basket filled with steaming rolls and fresh-roasted chicken, High gladly let her in to tend the needs of her husband and the other inmates.

Trafton thought he was seeing things when the door at the end of the corridor opened and Emma entered carrying the basket of food. She was wearing a dress that he particularly liked—in fact, he

By LOUIS BAZZANELLA

George Washington's mother, Mary Ball. His western career began at age sixteen, when he traveled by stagecoach to a ranch on Goose Creek in Idaho, near the Utah border and about one hundred miles from the present Lava Hot Springs.

The ranch was in Cassia County. Charlie found employment taking care of horses for the stage company. From that job he joined a crew surveying Yellowstone National Park. Afterwards he worked for some of the largest ranchers in Wyoming, including Judge Carey, and came to what is now known as Sublette County. There he filed on land west of Daniel, Wyoming, on Cottonwood and Horse Creeks. His cattle brand was the double dishpan back to back.

Charlie and Nellie entertained many famous guests at their ranch including Wister and "Believe-it-or-Not" Ripley. After many years of hard work, Charlie sold out in 1927 and moved his family to Lava Hot Springs, Idaho.

The springs were noted for their mineral baths. People came from everywhere to take baths for their arthritis and rheumatism. Charlie built some small apartments which he rented to the visitors and operated a service station. For his ceaseless efforts in promoting the springs he was given an all expense paid trip to New York. In 1938 he appeared on NBC's "We the People" as *The Virginian* and was presented a beautiful pair of cowboys boots.

Charlie always said he would die with his boots on, and he did—of a heart attack—at his home on October 21, 1941. His wife Nellie, Wister's schoolmarm, passed away on February 3, 1938. Both are buried in the Lava Hot Springs Cemetery.



had once commented that just the sight of her in that dress excited him. They exchanged subtle glances that conveyed more than the casual greeting of a prisoner and a visitor who happened to be someone else's wife.

Emma found the place hard to take—the broken cots, the unspeakable blankets, the cracked pitchers and chamber pots in every cell. As she passed Ed's cell, she patted the side of the basket and he knew immediately that it contained freedom for him and the others. He stood rubbing his eyes and watched Emma, less hungry for food than for her. When she finished feeding Lum she came to his cell to offer him food through the narrow aperture in the door.

Sheriff High, standing near the doorway, noted her clear, healthy skin and fine figure. He felt an instant sympathy for the woman left alone in life by an errant husband, to whom she had recently borne a child. She would have a hard time with her husband in prison.

"It's vile in here," he acknowledged to her. "No place for a respectable woman like yourself. Come outside as soon as you're finished." He went through the jail office and stepped out for a breath of fresh air, feeling it was thoughtful of himself to leave her alone to finish her merciful mission. So did Emma.

As soon as the Sheriff disappeared through the door, Emma hauled out a long-barreled .44 Colt and handed it to Ed Trafton. She could have passed the gun to Lum, but obviously decided that Ed was the braver and smarter of the two. He was known to be calm at times when other men got angry of hysterical. He was also a good shot and the chances for escape were greater with the weapon in Ed's hands. If he were unsuccessful and happened to be shot to death, the secret of her affair with him would remain unknown.

Emma left the jail, and hightailed it to the horses, saddled and waiting in the barn behind the house she had rented to be near her husband. Emma led the horses to the edge of town and tied them in a thicket. She then returned home, and as if nothing had taken place, bathed and took the eighteen-month-old baby to bed with her.

WHEN SHERIFF HIGH went back inside the jail, he didn't bother to check on the prisoners. Instead, he closed the door separating his office from the cells and sat down to take care of some unfinished paperwork. The hangman would be coming through town tomor-

row, and he wanted everything in order before turning Frank Williams and Alex Wood over to him.

Shortly after sundown, he heard Ed Trafton calling to him. He went in to see what the prisoner wanted, and found himself looking down the barrel of a .44 revolver.

"You're a nice guy, Bill," Trafton said, "but if you don't open this cell door real quick you're going to be a dead one."

Under such conditions, it doesn't take a man long to re-evaluate oaths of office and promises to uphold the law, to protect the citizenry with his life, and to stand firm under pressures from the sinful. It doesn't take him long to get out his keys and unlock a cell door, either.

Seconds later, Bill High was locked in the cell. All the prisoners were hurrying toward the town limits—the Indians toward the safety of the Reservation, the murderers south, and Ed and Lum to the thicket where the horses were waiting.

"You won't get far," High shouted after them, but the two escapees merely laughed. The Tetons were a mighty big mountain range, and they knew many hiding places few white men had ever seen. Several of them hid small cabins Ed had built when rustling. Other cabins had been constructed for the safety and comfort of the McCarty Gang and others.

Ed and Lum planned to head due south, cross the Snake River at its south fork after passing through the swamp land to throw off trackers, and then turn east. They would re-cross the Snake near Lava Hot Springs and make their way into the Tetons and safety.

Enroute they came upon a small herd of healthy cows, far from any habitation. They gathered them up and drove them along to sell once they were safely across the river. Much to their dismay they found the Snake River near flood-tide and the swamp impassable.

The two outlaws turned around and headed north again, taking a circuitous route to avoid having anyone recognize the cattle they were herding. Before reaching Pocatello they stopped at a farmhouse, where they were invited to spend the night. The farmer was unable to see any brands on the cattle in the darkness and allowed them to corral the dozen or more animals behind the house.

Ed and Lum were elated with their good fortune. They laughed and joked about their escape and the acquisition of the cattle as they were putting their horses in the barn. Unfortunately, the farmer overheard. After they had bed-



A Trafton family portrait was made in 1910. Standing in rear are: left, Minnie Dove Frances, and right, Anna Violet. Front row left to right are: Ed Trafton, Helen Cathline, Alice, and Wilhelmina, holding Edwin George on her lap.

ded down, he made tracks into town and notified the sheriff.

Unknown to Ed and Lum, a posse had formed shortly after their escape. It had gone after the murderers Woods and Williams first. Both men were caught within hours and executed to prevent any further trouble from them. Then the posse went after Ed and Lum, who had a good start but were sloppy in disguising their trail.

The posse struck south across the mountains. They knew that was the way their quarry travelled when they reached the farm of one of the posse members, and found all his stock missing.

A trail leading south verified that the stolen stock was being herded by the escapees. To hide their tracks, the two had driven the cattle up a creek more than a mile, before leaving the water and

heading up a little ravine over a ridge.

THE POSSE TOPPED a ridge and saw two men herding the stolen cattle through thick willows. The posse dropped back quickly so they wouldn't be seen. A short time later, two of the members crept to the top of a hill and lay in the tall grass to watch the outlaws.

Ed and Lum remained on their horses, standing up in the stirrups to look over the tall grass and willows in the direction from which they had come. Seeing no one, they dismounted. In the meantime, the posse held council. They were all simple farmers. The sheriff leading them was ordinarily a farmer and Sunday School teacher elected by his peers more as a symbol of authority than as a genuine keeper of the peace.

When the talk of capturing the armed

men came and the discussion included shooting, the sheriff weakened. He couldn't do it, he said, and turned his badge to one of the other men, Joe Rich. Joe was as brave a man as ever joined a posse. The others were all shaky about getting shot at. The killers they had captured and hung earlier were on foot and unarmed. This was different. Some wanted to turn back, but Joe assured them they would have no trouble. He didn't like the idea of going back without at least trying to capture the outlaws.

One man was all for riding down on them and cutting their throats, but he was talked down. "We didn't come here to shed blood," the others said. "They're to get a fair trial no matter what they've done." Every man was given a chance to say how he felt, and it was finally decided that they would capture the two

nd haul them back to jail.

Ed and Lum had pulled up rushes and piled them to make nest-like islands on the marshy ground. On top of this they each made a little tipi out of their canvas ground cloth. When darkness fell and the moon came up, the fourteen men in the posse crept down the slope and crossed the wide marshy field where Ed and Lum were sleeping. "Shoot the first man who raises a weapon in your direction," Joe had told the members of the posse, but from the looks on their faces he was sure none of them would have the courage to do so if the moment came.

They were several yards away from the tipis when one of the posse, a heavy-set man named Winterton, stepped on a rock, turned his foot and fell flat, face down, with a loud splash, on the soggy ground. The outlaws flew out of their tipis, swearing loudly and demanding to know what the intruders wanted.

Finding themselves faced only on one side by the posse, none of whom looked too brave in the moonlight, both outlaws made a dash for the thick brush in an attempt to escape. Joe Rich, in the lead, dived forward. Swinging his rifle by the barrel, he landed a blow on Lum Nickerson's head. It sent him flying head over heels, and left him senseless, lying face up in the moonlight.

Ed Trafton stopped when he heard the smack of the rifle on Lum's head. He turned and raised his pistol, but several of the posse members fired at him with an assortment of shotguns, rifles, and revolvers. One bullet hit Ed in the foot and he went down, squalling loudly.

The rustlers were taken to Pocatello. This time the jail was made of sturdy brick and guarded by men more dedicated to law and order than Bill High. Lum Nickerson was sentenced to two years in prison, the judge having taken into consideration his wife and child and the fact that he did nothing more serious than steal a few cows and horses.

In October, 1887, Ed Trafton was sentenced to twenty-five years in prison for robbing the store in Rexburg and for masterminding the rustling of Lapham's stock. He was sent to the Territorial Prison at Boise, Idaho, but served little more than two years. His release was due largely to the efforts of his mother to secure his freedom. Trafton went on to commit some of the Old West's more fantastic crimes.



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AMBUSH!

By MATHIAS FISCH

They were young men, mostly farm boys from Fillmore County in southeastern Minnesota. Now they were soldiers, "volunteers" by request of President Lincoln, Company B of the Minnesota Fifth Regiment, garrisoned at Fort Ridgely.

Activities at the fort were routine that hot, humid morning of August 18, 1862. Then J.C. Dickerson, storekeeper at the lower of the two Sioux Agencies, suddenly raced in shouting, "Indians are attacking Redwood!"

Post Commander John S. Marsh ordered drummerboy Charles Culver to sound the long drum-roll. Forty-six men were selected, equipped with forty rounds of ammunition, and dispatched to Redwood. Marsh and U.S. Interpreter Peter Quinn, both mounted on mules, led the procession. Four mule-pulled wagons, bringing a day's ration, quickly caught up with them. To speed the trip, the men climbed in the wagons.

An air of excitement surrounded the restless and untried soldiers, most of whom had only been in the service since February. Marsh, a bold young officer, had fought with a Wisconsin regiment in the first battle of Bull Run, but this was to be his first confrontation with warring Indians.

Most of the twelve miles to Redwood, the road followed the Minnesota River. As the soldiers advanced they met groups of terrified homesteaders fleeing to the safety of the fort. Across the horizon pillars of smoke from the settlers' burning cabins fingered the sky. Six miles from the fort the men passed the home of agency physician Dr. Humphrey. It was in flames. Humphrey's and his wife's butchered bodies stretched nearby, along with their dying baby. A half-mile further the troops found a tomahawked man, nearly dead.

At Faribault's Hill, some three miles from Redwood, the wagon road descended from the high prairie. Along the down-hill stretch four more recently slain people were found. At the bottom of the hill stood the half-breed Faribault's cabin, now sheltering nearly a dozen women and children on their way

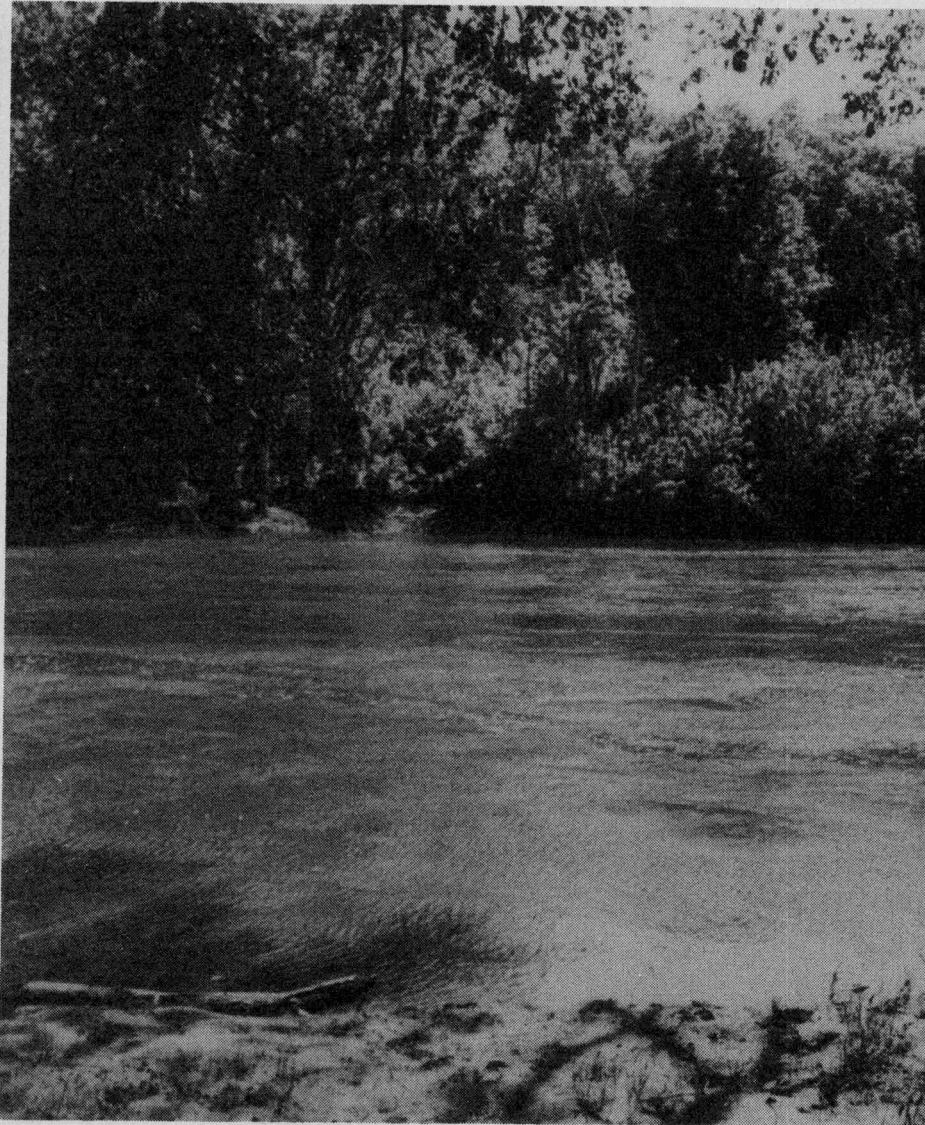
to the fort. There the river made a sharp turn eastward for a short distance, and a small creek stretched across the wide bottom land, which was covered with tall grass. At the creek four more bodies were found.

The men felt gut-tightening fear. Quinn brushed his white hair back from his face. "Reckon this be all out war," he said.

Marsh thought differently. "Probably a small band of drunken renegades."

The soldiers proceeded on foot in a single file. In the tall grass they found two more bodies. The arms and legs of one of the men were cut off and stuffed into his slashed abdomen. Some of the soldiers turned aside, sickened by the sight. Quinn identified the corpse. "He ran the ferry crossing the river."

WISE IN THE WAY of the Sioux, Quinn slowly surveyed the surroundings. "Don't like the looks of things



At this point on the Minnesota River the ferry crossed to Redwood. Nearby stands a marker which reads: "In memory of Charles Martel whose bravery as ferry cap-
True West

here," he cautioned.

Marsh pondered briefly. "As an officer I cannot turn back and leave these defenseless women and children between this band of Indians and ourselves." Duty was duty. He raised his sword. "All but cowards," he challenged, "follow me."

The men continued in single file, passing a barn to the left and a hundred feet ahead the ferryman's house. Another two hundred feet further was the river



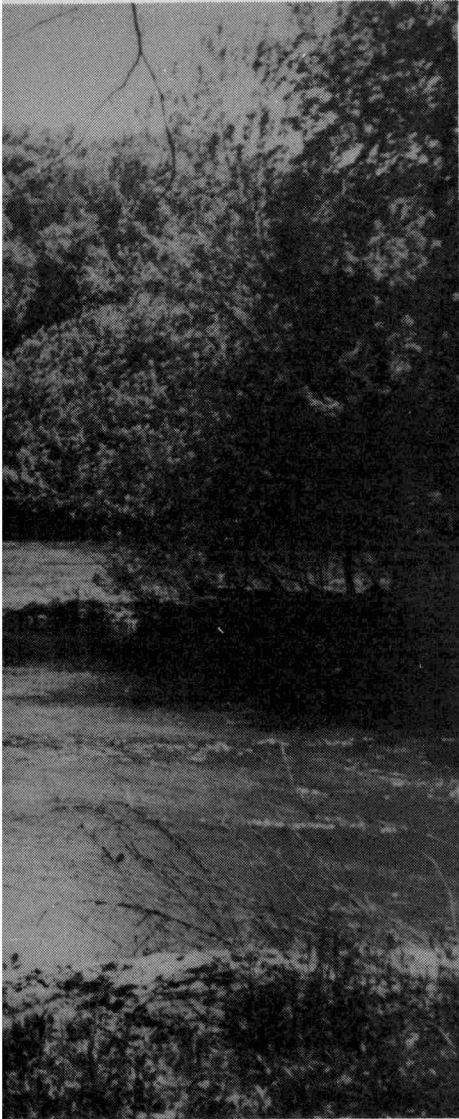
Courtesy of the author

This marker memorializing the men killed in the battle reads: "Attacked near this spot Capt. Marsh and 24 men were ambushed and killed by Sioux Indians Aug. 18, 1862, also Peter Quinn U.S. Interpreter."

"All but cowards follow me!" the captain shouted. And they did. Half of them followed him to the grave.

where the flat-bottom ferry waited. On either side of the road heavy grass merged with scattered thickets of hazel and willow, interspersed with open sand patches left by the river's overflow. One larger thicket extended southward along the river bank for some two miles, varying in width from twenty to two hundred feet.

Across the river the bluff was steep, its face covered with a thick growth of young trees and underbrush, and its top draped with a deathly cloud of smoke marking the remains of Redwood. At the foot of the bluff marched a single Indian, elaborate in paint and feathers. He stepped on a log and spoke to the soldiers. "Come across. Everything is



Courtesy of the author
tain at this point saved many settlers in the massacre of 1862.

September 1985

right over here. We do not want to fight and there will be no trouble."

"That's White Dog," Sergeant John Bishop informed Marsh. "He's from the Upper Agency and don't belong here."

"Ask him why he is here," Marsh instructed Quinn.

"Only on a visit for a few days," White Dog replied and continued to urge the men to cross on the waiting boat. "The trouble is just between the traders and the Indians. Come across



Courtesy of the author
W.H. Blodgett was wounded in the ambush, but survived. This photo was taken shortly before the uprising.

and we hold a council."

It had been a hot journey and Bishop stepped down to the river's edge for a drink of water. He noticed the water was roily and full of twigs and leaves. "I think we are being surrounded by Indians crossing the river above us," he informed Marsh. Bishop mounted a pile of sand made by grading the approach to the ferry. In a small ravine on the opposite side he could see ponies switching their tails in the brush. William Blodgett, standing in the front rank second from the right, glimpsed Indians moving between the creek and the river. "Look!" he cried.

White Dog raised his gun and fired. Instantly a volley of shot came from the brush on the opposite bank. Quinn's body slumped forward and slid to the ground. Marsh's mule was shot out from under him, sprawling him to the ground. Many of the men fell. Fearful yells filled the air as the Indians rushed in from behind the men.

"Fall back to the ferry house!" Marsh ordered.

Blodgett, knocked to the ground with the first volley, was unable to get to his feet until he removed his cartridge belt. A ball had entered between his two lower ribs on the left side and passed out near his spinal column on the same side, making a wound about six inches long. He then ran back up the road and took temporary shelter in the ferryman's house. Balls pattered through the house and window, and he ran out and across the road to the barn. There he found John Parks, too badly wounded even to stand. Blodgett ran on into the tall brush and grass where he saw three soldiers standing with their backs to a tree. Just as he intended to join them on the fourth side, the last of the three men fell. He looked in the direction from where the balls came, saw an Indian reloading his gun, took quick aim and fired. The Sioux fell. Blodgett reloaded with the ammunition of Corporal Joseph Besse and once more started for the brush, meeting Edwin Cole, whose left hand had been shattered. Cole turned into a path on the left and Blodgett took the path on the right, dropping down and crawling into the grass just as fifer Ezekiel Rose raced up the path ahead of two Indians.

BLODGETT CRAWLED under some wild morning-glory vines and reached back and straightened up the grass. Hiding there, he heard Cole cry out in great pain. "Squaw," the Indians called him and laughed. Cole continued to beg as the Indians tortured him. Then came the sickening sounds of the tomahawk, and Cole was silent.

In hand to hand combat, each man tried to fight his way out of the deadly encirclement. Bishop worked his way to the ferryhouse only to find it filling with Indians. Although wounded in the thigh, he managed to escape between the house and the barn. He faced a double-barreled shotgun, but the Sioux, firing in haste, missed. Before Bishop could cap his gun, James Dunn, running behind him, fired and the warrior dropped. The two soldiers ran another 300 feet when five Indians jumped from the grass. "Gain the thicket!" Marsh shouted to his men. The pair now turned southward, pressed by additional Sioux, and reached the river-bordering willows. There they found Marsh and thirteen men.

The initial onslaught lasted only twenty minutes. After the Indians closed in it became nearly impossible for a soldier to rejoin his command if he had been separated from it. The Sioux planned to

cut off the men one or two at a time and thus kill them all. Now they surrounded the thicket, yelling and pouring in buckshot and ball thick and fast. The soldiers were forced to ration their ammunition carefully.

By four o'clock the soldiers had worked themselves to the end of the thicket and were reduced to no more than four rounds to a man. Marsh decided their only chance of escape was to cross the river and work down the wooded side. He raised his sword and revolver, entered the water, and was half-way across when he cried out and went down. Several soldiers reached for him, but he slipped away and disappeared.

For the next hour the remaining men huddled under the river bank, deciding what to do. Nineteen-year-old Bishop, now the senior survivor of the battle, took command. There had been neither sound nor shot from outside the thicket for some time, and the men cautiously began working their way down the bank



Courtesy of the Minnesota Historical Society
Sergeant John F. Bishop took command after Post Commander John S. Marsh was lost to the swirling water of the Minnesota River.

toward the fort. The Sioux, thinking the soldiers had crossed the river, forded downstream and waited to ambush them on the other side.

The soldiers' progress was slow; Bishop was lame and Ole Svenson so badly injured he had to be carried. When it was dark, Bishop dispatched two soldiers on ahead to alert the fort of the disaster.

Darkness also encouraged Blodgett to crawl painfully from his hiding place

and go to the river for a drink. Unable to work his way down the river at night, he lay down and slept. "Don't leave me," he called out several times, dreaming he was seeing ambulance driver Jack Fauver. Then he would awaken and remember the Indians and lie silent.

William Sutherland, who had fallen face down near the river, regained consciousness. He was stripped of everything but his blood-stained shirt and trousers, but miraculously had not been scalped as had the others. A ball had entered his chest, passed through a lung, and exited out his back below the right shoulder blade. He dragged himself to the river for a drink and found a skiff stashed there, partially filled with water. After bailing it with his hands, he pushed the boat into the sluggish current, climbed in, and lay on the seatless bottom.

WHEN BISHOP and his men were yet some five miles from the fort, they heard a movement ahead in the grass and froze. After a seemingly endless wait Bishop called a challenge. A woman rose up from the grass. "Have I found help at last?" she whispered. "Am I saved?" Nearby lay her sister with an hour-old baby.

The group traveled on together, reaching the fort around ten. Later that night, James Foster and Tom Parsley straggled in. Foster had escaped detection under a vine-covered wild plum tree, hearing the "fiendish contortions of exultation" as the Sioux "dispatched and mutilated his helpless, pleading comrades." After dark he crept from his hiding place and, within a dozen paces, stumbled over a body. He had a feeling it was not a dead man. "Is this one of the boys from the fort?" he whispered. Parsley, the sole survivor of four men cut off in a smaller thicket, rose up.

James Munday and Ambrose Gardner also returned that night. Charles Beecher made his way back two days later. Rose was picked up wandering on the prairie, lost and nearly dead from loss of blood from an arm wound.

All the next day Blodgett, racked with pain, tortured by mosquitoes, cold, wet and hungry, struggled to reach the fort. Once he sought the road but, alerted by the tinkling of pony bells, spied Indians ahead and returned to the river. He swam along the bank until he found an overhang of brush and vines to conceal himself.

Around midnight, still three miles from the fort, Blodgett entered a ransacked cabin, hoping to find food. As he chewed on a meatless ham bone, there

came a pounding on the door and a man called out, "If there are any whites in there, let them come out and go to the fort." He was John Fanska, a wounded survivor of Redwood. The pair traveled on, resting often. Fanska would stand, spit blood from the arrow in his back; Blodgett would take hold of his own clothes and pull himself up. Half a mile from the fort they were challenged by a guard, a survivor of the previous day. "My God," he stammered, "it can't be, for I saw Blodgett fall a second time!"

That same night, more than twenty-four hours after he had entered the skiff,

Southerland abandoned the water-logged boat on the bank opposite the fort, swam across and arrived, a "gaunt, bent, blood-stained, half-naked specter, as if risen from the dead."

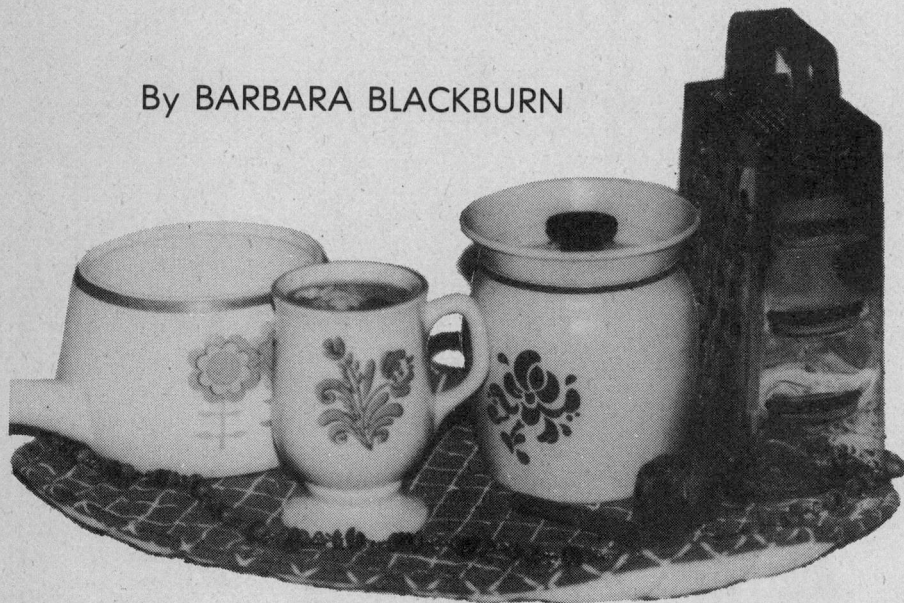
Back at the ferry crossing the bodies of twenty-four men sprawled on the blood-soaked river silt. Except for Quinn, they were young men, not yet at the high sun of their lives. There was not a coward among them.



Courtesy of the author
Six members of Company B who survived the Redwood Ferry ambush are shown many years later, top to bottom and left to right: Sergeant John F. Bishop, W.H. Blodgett, Levi Carr, W.B. Hutchinson, Ole Svendsen, and Stephen Van Buren.

Southwest Chocolate

By BARBARA BLACKBURN



A pot of chocolate gruel and a cup of Southwestern mocha are just two of the tempting treats for which we owe thanks to the Southwest Indians who first introduced the delicacy.

The Indians in the Southwest were probably the first "chocoholics." When the Spaniards were introduced to the foods of the new land—peanuts, papayas, avacadoes, tomatoes, peppers, and cocoa beans—they found the Indians drinking an unsweetened beverage made with chocolate. The Aztecs iced their chocolate with the snow brought down from the mountains and spiced it with the seeds from pods of wild orchids, which the Spaniards renamed vanilla. It was the first chocolate ice cream!

Cortes and other explorers took cocoa beans and vanilla pods along with tomatoes and peppers back to Spain; a half century later the Spaniards brought back the same gifts to the Indians.

A list of foods for a dinner in Montezuma's court ended with a variety of

chocolates: green, made of tender cacao; honey-eyed chocolate, made with ground-up dried flowers and green vanilla pods; bright red chocolate; orange-chocolate; rose-chocolate; black chocolate; and white chocolate. Chocolate wasn't only for dessert; the Indians enhanced their venison with a sauce seasoned with chocolate. It was similar to the molé served with turkey in the Southwest today.

Early visitors to the Southwest found the natives enjoying a thick hot chocolate. The drink had both a different consistency and flavor than they encountered anywhere. The Mexican chocolate was spiced with cinnamon, sometimes nutmeg and cloves, and thickened with eggs. A special occasion called for more involved chocolate preparation, including the grated zest of an orange.

Chocolate became a popular drink with the pioneer settlers. To those who found coffee and tea on the thin side, chocolate was full-bodied, stimulating, and nourishing. Southwesterners blended coffee with the chocolate to make the satisfying mocha.

The owner of a California estate would invite his household to partake of a simple yet nourishing breakfast of corn porridge and hot chocolate. The old-fashioned method was to brew the chocolate in a double boiler for one hour, stirring every five to ten minutes. Today the time can be shortened to fifteen minutes. What makes both the old version and the new version special are the beaten eggs and the Mexican chocolate, which already contains cinnamon and sugar.

That estate owner and other Southwesterners also enjoyed *champurrado*, a chocolate gruel. Originally the gruel was made with chocolate, water, and flour or masa harina and sweetened with sugar and cinnamon. A more deluxe version called for milk and vanilla. With the *champurrado*, *sopaipillas*—those deep fried pillows of dough—were sometimes served. But chocolate in pastries and other treats was rare.

Finally, chocolate found its way into some classic desserts like the chocolate flavored gingerbread, especially popular in Texas. Mexican molé, chili with a touch of chocolate, became popular with certain Southwesterners—although some chili aficionados cringe at the idea. Today chocolate is enjoying a surge in popularity. It doesn't really cause blemishes and, without the sugar, it's reputed to be good for your teeth. So next time you bite into your favorite chocolate bar give thanks to those Southwest Indians.

RECIPES

SOUTHWESTERN MOCHA

- 4 oz. or 4 squares Mexican chocolate or sweet cooking chocolate
- 4 c. rich milk
- ½ tsp. or more ground cinnamon
- 2 eggs
- ½ tsp. finely grated orange peel
- ½ tsp. real vanilla extract
- ½ c. dark roast black coffee

TRUE WEST RECIPE OF THE MONTH

Vinegar has always been a kitchen wizard, needed for preserving, tenderizing, and adding pungency to a gamut of dishes. Cowboys loved a vinegar pie with the faint smell of apple cider. Pioneers preferred a lemon flavored vinegar pie. In this recipe from La Verne E. Ray, 1906 Taylor Rd., Yuba City, California 95991, vinegar's wizardry makes a lemon pie without lemons.

VINEGAR PIE

2 eggs	¾ c. cold water
1 c. sugar	good sprinkling of nutmeg
2 tb. flour	1 pie crust, dotted with 1
2 tb. sharp vinegar	tsp. butter bits

Beat the eggs, sugar and flour together. Add the vinegar and water. Flavor with nutmeg and bake in a crust, about 30 minutes, until filling is firm, at 375° F.

Western Publications will pay \$5 for each original recipe published. Barbara Blackburn, Western Publications cookery specialist, will judge recipes. Do not submit more than two or three recipes. Send to Barbara Blackburn, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Recipe copies cannot be returned.

Melt chocolate in double boiler; whisk in milk and cinnamon. Heat for 15 minutes. Whisk eggs with peel and vanilla and stream in the hot chocolate, whisking constantly. Add coffee and beat to a froth. Serve at once with a stick of cinnamon, optional.

SPICY CHOCOLATE STUFFING

1 lb. ground beef, browned

2 c. white raisins

1-2 oz. unsweetened chocolate, melted

1 c. roasted pinons—no substitutes, if you want to be authentic

1 c. beef consomme, use a variety that is not salty

1 tsp. ground cinnamon

1 tsp. ground coriander

½ tsp. ground cloves

½ c. dry red wine

Combine all ingredients except wine; simmer until thick, stirring constantly. Add wine and bring to boil. Set aside to cool, if to be used as a stuffing. Otherwise, serve as the main course, with Southwest-

ern bread and an avocado salad with fruit.

CHAMPURRADO

6 tb. grated chocolate

6 tb. sugar

1 c. hot water

5 c. hot milk

½ c. masa harina (browned for a better flavor)

2 eggs, well beaten

2 tsp. vanilla

sprinkling of cinnamon

In a double boiler, combine the chocolate and sugar. Slowly add the hot water, stirring until a paste is formed. Slowly add the milk, then the masa harina which has been thinned with a little of the hot liquid. Before serving, fold in the eggs, vanilla and cinnamon. Serves about five.

For SOUTHWEST GINGER-BREAD, add one tablespoon of cocoa powder to any gingerbread recipe.

REFLECTIONS OF THE PAST

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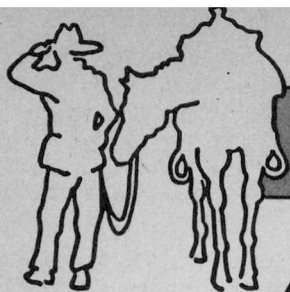
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Tom Goff: Texas Ranger

Texas Ranger Captain J.H. Rogers was stationed at Alpine, Texas in 1905. In September, 1905, Texas Ranger Tom Goff was killed at Terlingua, Texas. He was serving under Captain J.H. Rogers then and had previously served under him in South Texas in 1894-1896. An old letter written by Captain Rogers to Goff's family at the time of his death indicates he had pictures of Tom Goff and his son "Little Tom." I would appreciate hearing from anyone of Captain Rogers' family, heirs or friends who might know what happened to his personal keepsakes after his death. My main interest is in obtaining information about "Little Tom." My maternal grandmother was Ranger Tom Goff's sister.—**John E. Sparks, Box 46, Kenna, NM 88122.**

Rushing-Cloud

I would like information about my great-great-grandparents, Burrell Rushing, Sr. and Melissa Cloud Rushing. Burrell was born March 17, 1824, and died May 30, 1892. I would like to know Melissa's birth and death dates.—**Edith Barham, 6634 Canyon Drive, Amarillo, TX 79109.**

Blue-Wyatt

I would appreciate any information on James and Laura Blue Wyatt and their descendants. They are my great-grandparents, and were last heard from in 1913, in Erath County, Texas, near Dublin.—**DeLois Inness, P.O. Box 364, Edgewood, NM 87015.**

Guthrie-Beel

Robert Landon Guthrie was born in 1832. His father's name is unknown, but his mother was Morning Glory Beel, (Beal), who was a full-blooded Cherokee Indian. Robert Landon was my great-grandfather.

His father was originally from Giles County, Tennessee, but he and Morning Glory Beel are said to have been married in Indian Territory.

I would like to hear from anyone with information they would like to exchange about the Guthrie family.—**Betty Guthrie McCollum, Box 176, Melbourne, AK 72556.**

Gardner

I am looking for information on William Monty Gardner. He was born January 1, 1878, and died April 3, 1935.

In North Dakota or Minnesota, he married and had two children, Helen and Willie. Later, he and his wife were divorced.—**Connie Holm, Rt. 1, Box 19-B, Audubon, MN 56511.**

Brown-Vickrey Pinkerton Man?

I am searching for information about my grandfather. He was born James Lewis Brown, but at some point in his life, changed his name to James B. Vickrey. He didn't like to have his picture taken, and rarely talked about his family. He claimed to have worked for the Pinkerton Investigation Office and to have been a Marshal, but never said where he had worked.—**Daleen Washington, P.O. Box 602, Ignacio, CO 81137.**

Ferguson—Hawk—McDowell

I would like information on the parents of Elizabeth Ferguson, born in 1770 and died in 1813 in Southern Illinois.

Elizabeth's first husband was Richard Hawk. With him she had four children:

Robert, born in 1792; George, born in 1794; Fanny, born in 1796; and Susan, born in 1798.

Elizabeth married a second time in 1801 to James McDowell. They had two children; Nelson, born in 1801; and Rachel, born in 1803.—**Mary Padden, 4323 So. 9th St., Tacoma, WA 98405.**

Monk—Dietrich

I am searching for the ancestors, birthdate, and place of birth of Louis Monk, and his wife, Carolyn Adler Monk. Louis and Carolyn were both born in Germany; Carolyn was born November 2, 1821, in Faulkenberg, Germany.

I am also searching for the ancestors of Gottfried Dietrich, who was born January 21, 1808, in Heidelberg, Germany, and his wife, Anna Elizabeth House Dietrich, who was born November 29, 1820, in Dillenberg, Germany. Gottfried and Anna immigrated to America February 8, 1853.—**Elaine M. Von Moos, 324 N. Willow Ave., West Covina, CA 91790.**

Barnes

I would like information on the Marshal Barnes family. Marshal Barnes was my uncle. He was born in the mid-1870s, in or near Pine Bluff, Arkansas. He lived most of his life in Northeast Texas, near Blossom and Paris. He and his wife, Ellen, had five children, John, Lelah, Robert, Opal, and Inez.—**J.B. Gibson, Rt. 3, Box 137, Gainesville, MO 65655.**

O'Connell—Comte

I am searching for information on my ancestors. My great-grandfather arrived in California from Ireland, claiming to

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

be the son of Daniel O'Connell, the "George Washington" of Ireland. His son, my grandfather, married a lady named Comte.

I believe her ancestor was an immigrant from France with the last name of Comte, who traveled from Saint Joseph, Missouri, to California. He, or his son, later became a famous lawyer and state legislator from Alameda, California. He also established a French library in San Francisco. The library may have been "assumed" by the city library. The last record of the Comte family I have is Louis Comte, who attended the University of San Francisco Law School with my two uncles.—**Comte E. O'Connell, 1005 2nd Ave. N., -24, Great Falls, MT 59401.**

Weis Family Tree

I am seeking information on the following members of my family tree: Peter Waas; William Widemoyer or Widimoyer; Aurora Dillie; Bradley Hays or Hayes Boone; Henry Umbriet; and Conrad Burghard.—**Leanne Weis, Rt. -1, Box 122A, Plainview, MN 55964.**

Dixon—Elmore

I am searching for information on my ancestors: Samuel Dixon, believed to have been killed in Fort Smith, Arkansas, and may be buried there; Hugh Dixon; and Harden, Elmore and Gibson.—**Glee Dixon Elmore, Box 525, Joshua, TX 76058.**

Kelly—Woolley

George Edward Kelly was born in 1862 in Wisconsin. His father was killed six months before George was born. His mother died soon after his birth. He had an older brother and sister, names unknown.

George and his brother and sister were raised by relatives after their mother's death. George ran away at the age of fourteen and worked on farms and in logging camps to support himself.

At the age of twenty-five, he married Mary Francis Woolley, of Union Pass, Louisiana. They lived at Ashdown, Arkansas, and Grapeland, Texas. George died in May, 1926, in La Mesa, Texas.

I would like information on the ancestors of both George and Mary Francis.—**Eddie Mae Pilgrim, Rt. 1, Box 416, Whitehouse, TX 75791.**

September 1985

Barnett-Teasley-Townsley

I am seeking information about my father, William Virgil Barnett who was born in Fort Kiel, Montana, April 14, 1892. I believe his mother's name was Mary Elizabeth Teasley (or Townsley), and his father's name was Charles.

William lived in Garrison, Montana, for a time and then joined the 8th Cavalry. I would also be interested in any information about the 8th Cavalry, and about any battles they may have fought.—**Lillie B. Duguay, 670 Knowlton St., Bridgeport, CT 06608.**

Humphrey

I am seeking information about the birthplace of my grandfather, George Harrison Humphrey. He was born January 12, 1866. I would also like to know the exact birthplace and month of birth of his father, George W. Humphrey, who was born in Ohio in 1837.—**Mrs. Rose M. Stratton, 1414 Lunceford Ave., Coeur d'Alene, ID 83814.**

McKenzie-McKinzie-McKinsie

Lacy (Lacy, Lasa) McKenzie was born in 1801 or 1802 in Pulaski County, Kentucky. He was the son of Asa and Janet (Jincy or Geniel) McKenzie. Janet's parents were David and Mary Roper. Lacy's first wife was Sary Moore and they had a son, James, who was born in 1825. He later married my grandmother, Ann Cofer. He and Ann had ten children. After Asa and Rachael, their first two children were born, they moved to Missouri where Sarah, George, and Mary were born. They moved to Texas and Lacy became a Texas Ranger on October 12, 1838. While fighting hostile Indians east of Fort Houston, Lacy lost his left arm at the elbow. For a time he and Ann had a land grant around Palestine, Texas. Later they moved to Travis County, where my grandmother, Harriet, was born. Martha, Lacy, Frances and Jennie were also born in Texas. Lacy died in 1853, after a fall from his horse while on his way home to Spicewood Springs.

I would like to hear from anyone who knows anything about these people.—**Harriet Goddard Jones, 1017 Oak Dr., Liberty, TX 77575.**

Karl Paul Plebank

I am looking for information on Karl

Paul Plebank, who was born October 22, 1899, in Silesia, Austria, and died sometime between 1934 and 1939, in Coulterville, California. He was married to a woman from Sonora, Mexico, and they had two children. He later moved to Coulterville, California, where he was killed by a snakebite while working in a mine. I understand the body was never recovered. Karl Paul Plebank was my uncle. My father (his older brother) is Frank Anthony Plebank.

I will appreciate any information.—**Mrs. Eleanor M. (Plebank) Bennett, 14529 Clarkdale Avenue, Norwalk, CA 90650.**

Cromwell-Clark-Dewolf

I am looking for relations of George Cromwell. He came to New York from England. He had seven children from his first marriage and eight children from his second marriage. I know nothing of his first wife or children, and I know the names of only two of his children from his second marriage, Alexander and Charlotte.

Charlotte married Rufus Clark and Alexander married Sarah Dewolf, a full-blooded Sioux Indian.—**Gail Martin, Box 372, Goodrich, ND 58444.**

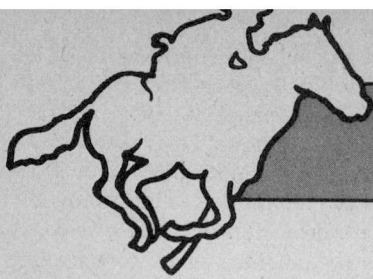
Hale Related to Jesse?

My emigrant ancestor was Samuel Hale, born in England. He came to America in 1634 and settled in Connecticut. My great-great-grandfather, Josiah Curtis Hale, was born in Connecticut in 1792 to Benjamin and Larna Curtis Hale. He married Rhoda Gregory in Kentucky before 1819. They moved to Tennessee in 1824.

This family, along with the Samuel Ross and Jane Johnston Jeffus family, came to Red River and Lamar County, Texas, in 1832. My great-grandparents, Benjamin G. and Mary A. 'Polly' Jeffus Hale, married in 1845. They are buried somewhere in Lamar County. My grandparents, Josiah J. 'Tidy' and Mary W. Oliver Hale married in 1873 and came to Fisher County, Texas, in 1900.

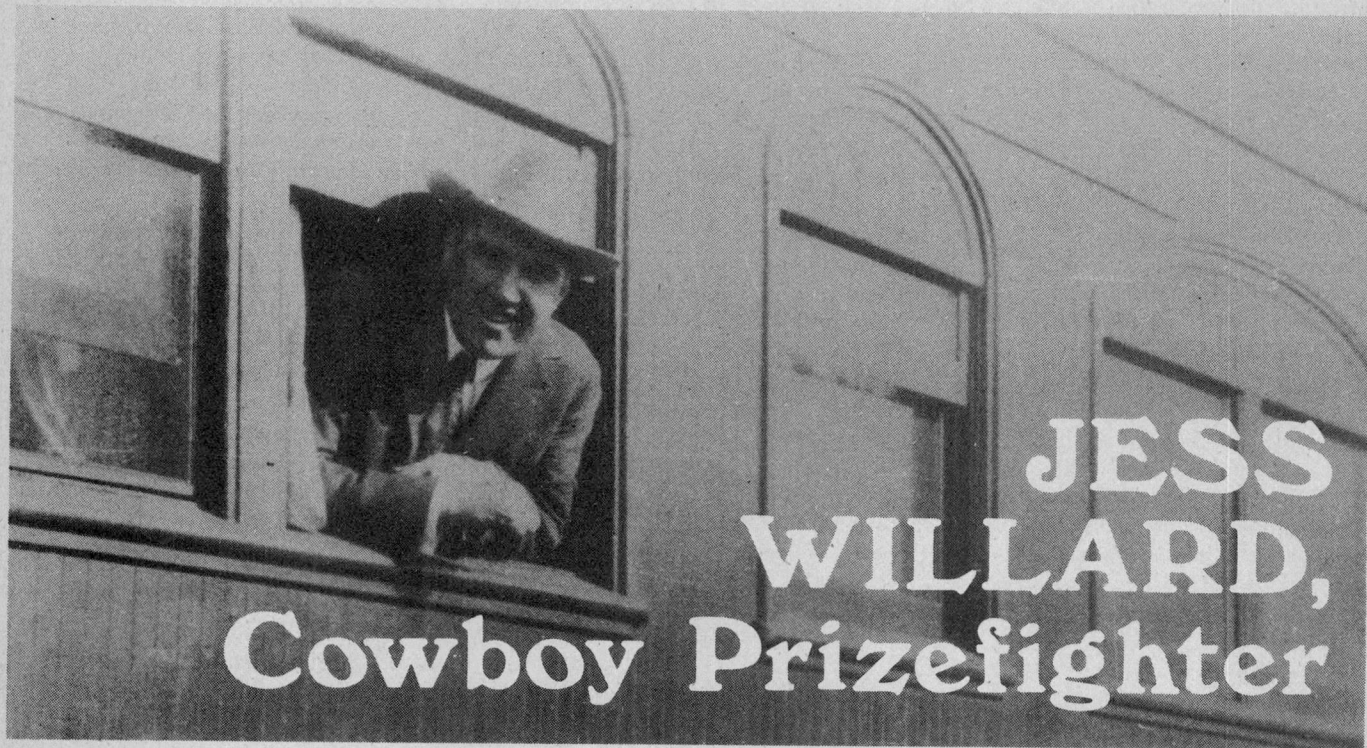
My grandfather was a cousin to Frank and Jesse James, probably from a connection in Kentucky around 1820. I would like to hear from anyone who has information on any of these people. I will pass on any information I might have.—**W. E. Hale, Box 418, Rotan, TX 79546.**





Wild Old Days

True adventures from a bygone era



JESS WILLARD, Cowboy Prizefighter

Jess Willard smiles from the window of his private railroad car during the 1917 season of the 101 Ranch Show.

Through the years since boxing emerged from the bare-knuckle era, a number of individualistic, colorful, and strange personages have been champions. But of all those who ever aspired to the championship, big Jess Willard of Kansas was the most improbable. Even those chroniclers of sporting events who might strive charitably to regard Willard's boxing career were hard put to attribute any greatness to the Kansas giant. Yet despite all his lack of color and talent—or perhaps because of it—the “Pottawatomie Pounder” held the world's heavyweight boxing championship from April 5, 1915, until July 4, 1919.

Jess Emmett Willard was born on a ranch in Pottawatomie County, Kansas, on December 29, 1881. Becoming a boxer apparently was not a part of Willard's early plans. Rather, as one would expect, Jess was interested in ranching—riding unbroken horses, tending cattle, hunting, and driving teams.

Young Jess Willard must have been a most impressive cowboy, as he stood

By PAUL F. LONG

Photos Courtesy of the Author

nearly six feet seven inches tall and weighed over 250 pounds. Ranching chores insured that much of his weight was muscle, developed breaking horses and working cattle.

It has been said that history was never in Willard's corner, even when he won the world's championship. Jess's father, who ran a grocery in Saint Clere, a little town about one-half mile from the Willard ranch, died two months before Jess was born. Jess grew up on the ranch of his stepfather, E.L. Stalker. Not too different from most boys, he hated school but loved running his horses. At an early age he started trading horses with the Pottawatomie Indians. He tamed the horses obtained from the Indians and sold them to local farmers and ranchers. In his early twenties he operated a livery stable in Emmett, a small town not far from Saint Clere.

Willard's decision to go into boxing

came in 1910 while he was working as a teamster in Oklahoma. According to some versions, he was in a tavern in a small Oklahoma town on the day Jack Johnson's punches felled Jim Jeffries. Johnson became the first black ever to hold the world's heavyweight crown. Noting Willard's awesome size, the tavern owner reportedly asked Jess, “Why don't you try fighting?” Apparently Jess liked the idea, for in a letter to a friend he wrote, “God made me a giant. I never received an education, never had any money. I just sat down and figured that a man as big as me ought to be able to cash in on his size and that was what started me to boxing.”

A more unsuited candidate for prizefighting would be difficult to imagine. At the time Jess was in his late twenties. Too, the easy-going, inexperienced giant had little natural aptitude for violence. One description regarding his boxing talents went, “. . . he had about as much natural fighting inclination as Primo Carnera, who had less than a rab-

bit." Not all accounts of the Kansas cowboy's abilities are so disparaging. He had great reach, was tremendously strong, and at times showed a good left jab. Further, some accounts described him as having plenty of courage in the ring and great durability—characteristics expected in a bronc buster and that ultimately brought him the world's heavyweight title. The crown, though, rested uneasily and somewhat tarnished upon his head.

Whatever success Willard had as a fighter was due largely to his manager, Tom Jones, a former Illinois barber. Jones's waspish tongue sometimes needled Willard into fighting harder than the erstwhile cowboy normally would have done. The needling was needed, for by Willard's own admission, "I never really knew how to fight. In the fights I engaged in I never could do anything to the other fellow in the way of damage. I simply couldn't do it. Harming the other fellow seemed to be cruel. . . ." Given that approach to the art of fisticuffs, it is supremely ironic that the gentle giant killed one opponent, a fighter named Bull Young. The accident resulted from one of manager Jones's needlings after Willard made a particularly poor showing against an opponent named Gunboat Smith. In his next fight, Willard turned fierce and struck Young with a terrific uppercut. Young fell into a coma and died after an emergency operation. The grief-stricken Willard was arrested on a charge of manslaughter but was later acquitted.

WILLARD'S NEXT several fights were near disasters, including a no-decision affair with Boer Rodel and a rematch in which he knocked out Rodel in the ninth round.

At that point, the search for a "White Hope" to win the championship from the unpopular Jack Johnson brought Willard to the attention of promoter Jack Curley. Convicted of violating the Mann Act, Johnson had been forced to flee the United States and was in South America. Europe was embroiled in war, and Mexico was more interested in bullfights, so the bout was held in Cuba.

In the broiling sun on April 15, 1915, the fighters went at it in a fight scheduled for an unbelievable forty-five rounds. The thirty-seven-year-old Johnson was out of shape, past his prime, and over-confident. He clearly won the first eight rounds, but Willard—in splendid condition—took the punishment, and the hot sun took its toll on the champion. In the twenty-sixth round the Kansas giant finally hit

the fatigued Johnson with a hard right to the jaw. The cowboy prizefighter became the heavyweight boxing champion of the world.

As champion, Willard spent most of his years in idleness. With the war in Europe, many fighters who might other-



Kansas cattle ranch, he probably felt more at home in the performing arena than the boxing ring. During the 1915 season Willard and his trainer, Walter Monahan, went on the road with the Miller Brothers and Arlington 101 Ranch Wild West. He was billed as "a cowboy from Kansas, crack rifle and revolver shot, expert swimmer, never drinks or smokes."

The 101 Ranch show started as a by-product of the Oklahoma ranching empire founded in 1892 by George W. Miller. At his death his three sons, Joseph C., Jack T., and George L., continued to operate the ranch. Their first performance was given to the National Editorial Association in 1905. Then the show was taken from the ranch to the 1907 Jamestown Centennial for a 100-day run. Following that stint, they toured the East. When the show returned to Bliss (now Marland), Oklahoma, the Millers decided to put a permanent show on the road. In 1908 the Miller Brothers 101 Ranch Wild West went out on sixteen railroad cars. For the next six years it successfully toured America and, emulating Buffalo Bill Cody, traveled to Europe in 1914. With the outbreak of World War I in Europe, the Millers lost most of their livestock, getting back to America with only a few trick horses. But they were touring America again in 1915 when Jess Willard was signed.

For the 1916 season Willard moved to the Sells-Floto Circus. As Buffalo Bill Cody came from the Sells-Floto Circus to the 101 Ranch Wild West, it has been thought that a deal was made to exchange Willard for Cody. Cody died at the end of the 1916 tour, and in the spring of 1917 Willard was back with

"God made me a giant. I never received an education, never had any money. I just sat down and figured that a man as big as me ought to be able to cash in on his size. . . ."

wise have challenged Willard were in the service. Too, the champion lacked the color and the ability to draw crowds, so promoters were not overly interested in scheduling fights with him. Nevertheless, after defeating Johnson, Willard toured America as a hero.

As had many others before him, Willard capitalized upon his national publicity and toured with a Wild West show. Considering his early years on a

the Oklahoma-based show. The Miller brothers, however, were no longer associated with the show; some historians believe it had been sold to Willard. Billed as "Buffalo Bill Wild West Show Co., Inc., Ray O. Archer presents Jess Willard (Himself in the Flesh) and the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show and Circus," the tour proved to be the unsuccessful swan song for Wild West shows of that magnitude.



When World War I ended a public clamor for a championship heavyweight bout arose. Perhaps Willard needed money after his Wild West venture; in any event, he agreed to fight Jack Dempsey on July 4, 1919. Although much smaller than Willard, Dempsey was a hungry fighter with the "killer" instinct needed to be a champion. One contemporary sportswriter described him as "a fighter who used every trick possible to wreck the other fighter."

WILLARD'S DEFENSE of the crown took place in Toledo, Ohio. The ringside temperature was 112 degrees. Willard may have underestimated Dempsey's ability. He trained little for the fight and was in poor condition. After only the first minute the fight turned into a bloody massacre. In the first round alone, Willard was knocked down seven times for varying counts, his cheekbone was crushed, and his ribs were caved in. Willard gamely continued the fight. At the end of round three he fell into the corner seat with a broken jaw, six missing teeth, and covered with his own blood. Worse, he was in danger of having a broken rib puncture his lung. His seconds wisely threw in the towel. Spitting blood, Willard was helped from the ring and led to the dressing room. According to some accounts he continually mumbled, "I have \$100,000 [the purse] and a farm in Kansas. I have \$100,000 and a farm in Kansas."

In spite of his distaste for fighting, Willard later engaged in two bouts, probably for reasons of financial need. In 1923, the forty-two-year-old Willard knocked out Floyd Johnson in eleven rounds. He was finally defeated by Luis Angel Firpo in eight rounds.

Perhaps Willard's critics were unfair. Willard fought thirty-six times in his career. All his bouts were main events billed for ten or more rounds. He scored twenty knockouts, won four fights by decision, lost one on an unintentional foul, had five no-decision matches, one draw, and was defeated only by Dempsey and Luis Firpo, Argentina's Bull of the Pampas—not bad, for a fellow who started fighting when he was near thirty years old. It would be difficult to fault the courage of a man who stayed in the ring with Dempsey for two more rounds suffering unbelievable physical damage. If Willard lacked the killer instinct and the natural aptitude of the greatest fighters, his courage was of a better, more exemplary kind.

Courtesy of the Ringling Museum of the Circus
Posters such as this advertising the 101 Ranch Wild West show, promised excitement and adventure to young and young at heart.

Gentlemen and Scoundrels of Yesteryear

FEMININE FOOLERY

By H. Franklin Greene

"Gentlemen, do not hang me high for the sake of decency," Miss Mary Blandy asked of her executioners. She paid the ultimate penalty for poisoning her father in England in the 1750s. The hangman tied her skirt around her ankles and hung her low.

All scoundrels are not men; some are vicious women, but most murdering women are more meticulous than men, preferring a slow poison or the help of conspirators.

Kathryn Kelly bought her dull-witted, drunkard husband a machine gun and taught him how to use it. She gave him the name of "Machine Gun Kelly." The newspaper reporters even used this nickname in all of their articles written about him.

Bonnie Parker, the young psychopathic mass killer from Texas, "worked" side by side with her equally unbalanced boyfriend, Clyde Barrows. She wrote a poem that stated: "They class us as cold blooded killers, they say we are heartless and mean, but I say this with pride that once I knew Clyde when he was honest and upright and clean." In 1934, Bonnie and Clyde were killed by Texas Ranger Frank Hammer. Their bodies showed that 187 bullets had been fired.

Headlines of an extra edition of *The New York Times* on August 3, 1923 blared: "President Harding dies suddenly. Mrs. Harding was reading to her husband when first sign of death appeared. She ran for the Doctor."

According to Gaston B. Means, President Harding's wife, Flossie, poisoned the president because of his infidelity and association with a teenager, named Nan Britton. Four years after Harding's death, Nan Britton wrote a book, "The President's Daughter," naming President Harding as the father of her child. She revealed that over a seven year period, they made love in clothes closets, hotel rooms, and a baby was conceived on the couch in his Senate office. Miss Britton said that the baby was born in Asbury Park, New Jersey, on October 22, 1919, and was named Elizabeth Ann Christian after the president's secretary. The president did have a male secretary named Christian. To this day, President Warren C. Harding's death is still unsolved.

"Ruth Snyder," a columnist wrote, "was like the woman across the street. She also bore a striking resemblance to the woman across the breakfast table." Her husband, Albert, a mild looking gentleman in shell-rimmed glasses, was an obedient hard working husband—also someone who could pass for the man "across the street." He was brutally murdered by his wife, Ruth, and her lover, a corset salesman.

The clandestine affair began when the salesman, Judd Gray, asked Mrs. Snyder to remove her dress so he could better fit the garment to her body. By the time he got the corset to fit, they were in love. Judd Gray's wife and mother-in-law both forgave him just before he was electrocuted. Ruth Snyder died on the bleak night of January 12, 1928, with a prayer on her lips. She said God had forgiven her, and she hoped the world would also.

"Darling Wonder Heart," wrote Father Edward Wheeler Hall, the rector of the Episcopal Church of St. John's in New Brunswick, New Jersey, to his favorite soloist, Mrs. Eleanor Mills, a thirty-four-year-old, petite, pretty and vivacious mother of two. On September 16, 1922, he wrote to her: "I just want to crush you for two hours. I want to see you Friday night alone by our road where we can let out, unrestrained, that universe of joy and happiness that will be ours.—Signed Deiner Treuer Lieber." (Translated: thy true lover.)

On the day the rector and his paramour were murdered, this letter and many similar letters were found in the home of the rector's wife, Mrs. Frances Stevens Hall, a dumpy, plain, severe-looking woman, seven years his senior.

Jane Gibson, a local pig breeder, known as "The Pig Woman," was riding her mule down DeRussey's Lane on Friday night, September 16, 1922, when she saw Mrs. Hall and her brother, Willie, get out of a car and go into the orchard. She said, "She tied up her mule and went peeking and peeping and peeping." She said she heard men talking and also a woman's voice: "Explain those letters." "I saw a struggle by two men, then I heard a shot, then three more shots, then I run for the mule."

Father Hall and his soloist were found slain under a crab apple tree in an orchard on DeRussey's Lane the following morning. Mrs. Frances Hall and her brother, Willie, were indicted for the murders. Over twelve million words were recorded during the twenty-four days of the trial. The *New York Times* had four stenographers on the scene, so not a single word fit to print would get away.

"The Iron Widow," as Mrs. Hall was labeled by the press, replied to the prosecution when asked:

- Q. Now Mrs. Hall, did you kill your husband?
A. I did not.
Q. Did you play any part in that dreadful tragedy?
A. I did not.

All of her answers were extremely brief, mostly one word, yes or no. The jury found her not guilty.

The real question is: "Who really did kill the rector and his favorite choir singer? Did the dignified rector jilt the "Pig Woman"?"

Many of the Old West's soiled doves became wives and mothers after their romps with the forty-niners. Some settled down to become respected, faithful housewives and adored mothers.

Calamity Jane, Belle Starr, and scores of others established reputa-

tions that were questionable; however, all were capable of killing a man if they chose to do so.

Pearl Hart was the last person on record to rob a stagecoach. She was sentenced to five years in the Yuma Penitentiary for this bid to infamy.

Etta Place was a lonely, pretty school teacher in love with Butch Cassidy, but she settled for Harry Longabaugh, alias The Sundance Kid. She followed them to South America before she disappeared into the night of time.

One of the most deceitful and cold-hearted liars among the weaker sex was a Brooklyn lady, Maria Tucci. In one of her escapades, she killed her sister Angelina because of her boyfriend, then confessed and insisted her sister tried to force her into prostitution.

Very proper and well-meaning society women and social workers, believing her story, raised a large sum of money for her defense, and she was promised a gold medal for her purity. An excellent actress, Maria's dark eyes were flooded with tears as she related the tragic details to the District Attorney. However, all was for naught, as Maria was convicted of manslaughter and received a sentence of eight to fifteen years in prison.

Upon hearing the sentence, Maria ripped off her black mourning clothes, exposing a gaily colored dress. She laughed lustily at the stunned jurors and spectators, and with the frenetic beat of her heels danced the tarantella. Gleeefully, she sang the words, "Manslaughter... manslaughter... manslaughter."

Donnie Clark, born near Springfield, Missouri, in 1872, married a share-cropper farmer, George Barker. She was approximately twenty years old at the time. There were four sons born of this union—Herman, Lloyd, Arthur and Fred. Some time after, she rid herself of George, and raised and taught her four sons how to kill, rob banks, kidnap for ransom, and raise hell in general. She became known as "Kate" or "Ma" Barker—head and brains of the Barker Gang.

All four boys met violent deaths. In 1935, Freddie, along with his mother, was killed by the F.B.I. Arthur was killed in an escape attempt from Alcatraz; Herman committed suicide. Only Lloyd died as a gentleman. His wife shot him to death in 1949.

Eliza Gilbert, a beautiful little Irish colleen born in Ireland in 1818, was responsible for many mishaps. A king lost his throne; rebellions and riots were set off; men went into hypnotic trances; and people, both famous and infamous, were swindled and cheated out of their fortunes. The famous French writer, Alexandre Dumas, was prompted into writing: "She is fatal to any man who dares to love her."

She wanted to be an actress, but she couldn't act. She tried being a politician but made too many enemies, and as a result was cast out of the party. As the last resort, she became a Spanish dancer and changed her name to Lola Montez. She died a pauper in a whore house in America.

Mary Frith strode through the streets of 17th Century London with her large Mastiff dogs trailing behind her. She dressed and acted like a pirate. People would step into the gutter to let her pass. The London underworld knew her as Moll Cutpurse, Queen of the Pickpockets. She died on July 26, 1659. Previous to her death, she had requested to be buried face down so she would have a head start into hell to face and swindle the devil.

It is well known by historians that the Indian chiefs and warriors allowed their squaws to mutilate and scalp the white men and other captured enemy Indian braves after their battles. On the fateful day of June 25, 1876, (Custer's last battle at the Little Big Horn), the Sioux women were determined to avenge the deaths of their menfolk—husbands, brothers and sons. Probably no one will ever know how many of the helpless 7th Cavalry men were still conscious when the squaws ran on to the battlefield. Possibly, some of the delirious and wounded begged piteously for water; and instead, they received only a sharp pain as their scalps or testicles were cut from their bodies.

Although the extent of the suffering was never recorded, one devastating fact became known. Chief Sitting Bull related later to his tribesmen and chiefs that he had a peculiar dream. In this dream, Custer's ghost informed him that because of the mutilation of his soldier's bodies, the 7th Cavalry would destroy him and all his chiefs. Sitting Bull made every possible attempt to find Custer's body. By doing so, he hoped to rid the Indians of this dreadful curse. However, it was to no avail.

The Indian police attached to the 7th Cavalry killed Sitting Bull, but it was the 7th Cavalry that slew the remaining dissident Indians at Wounded Knee, and forever discouraged the Indian Nation to wage war against the American white man—an incredible coincidence.

Lizzie Borden was falsely accused of the axe murder of her father and stepmother. What really damned Lizzie was the poem written by a scoundrel newspaper reporter at her trial. In his poem he wrote: "Lizzie Borden took an axe—and gave her mother forty whacks. When she saw what she had done, she gave her father forty one." After an hour's deliberation, the jury found Lizzie innocent. Because of the poem, however, she appeared guilty in the eyes of the public, and remained so until her death.

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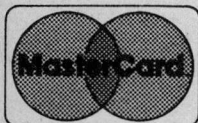
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1985

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	AD DEADLINE	ISSUE DATE	ON NEWSSTAND
FRONTIER TIMES	June 15	Oct. 1985	Aug. 1 - Oct.
TRUE WEST	July 15	Nov. 1985	Sept. 1 - Nov.
FRONTIER TIMES	Aug. 15	Dec. 1985	Oct. 1 - Dec.
TRUE WEST	Sept. 15	Jan. 1986	Nov. 1 - Jan.
FRONTIER TIMES	Oct. 15	Feb. 1986	Dec. 1 - Feb.
TRUE WEST	Nov. 15	Mar. 1986	Jan. 1 - Mar.
FRONTIER TIMES	Dec. 15	Apr. 1986	Feb. 1 - Apr.
TRUE WEST	Jan. 15	May 1986	Mar. 1 - May
FRONTIER TIMES	Feb. 15	June 1986	Apr. 1 - June
TRUE WEST	Mar. 15	July 1986	May 1 - July
FRONTIER TIMES	Apr. 15	Aug. 1986	June 1 - Aug.
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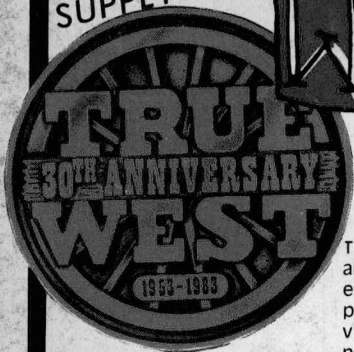
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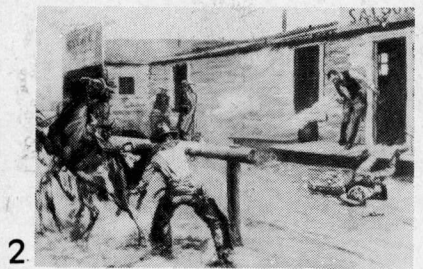
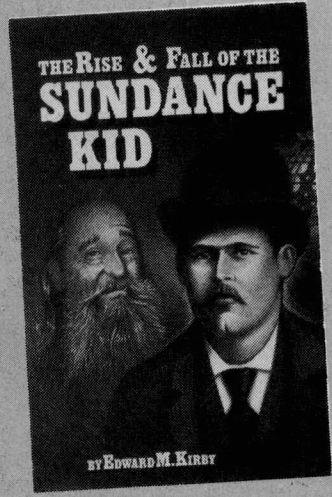
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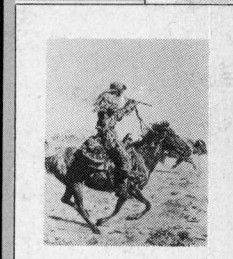
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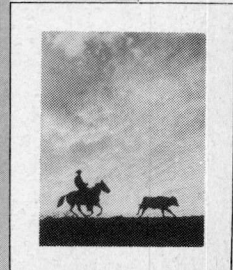
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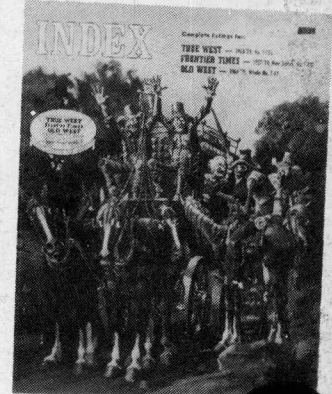
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