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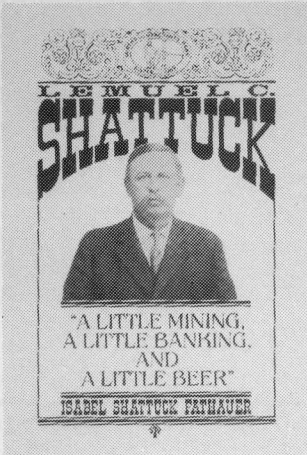
Sierra Madre Tale Spinner

Gold Rush Mint

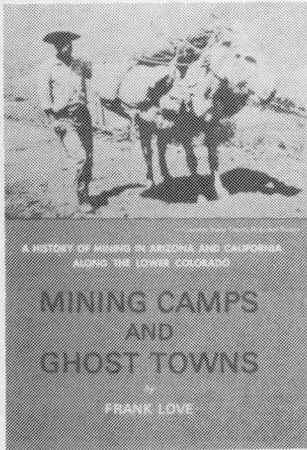
Padre of Paradise Flat



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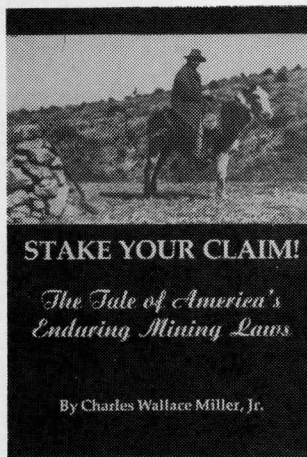


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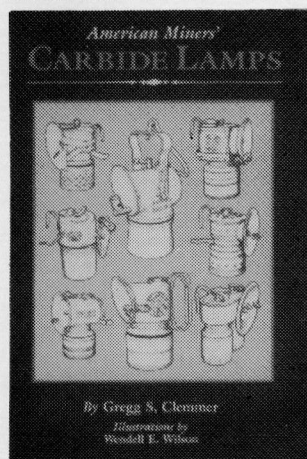


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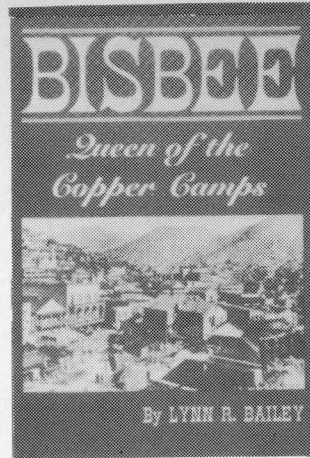
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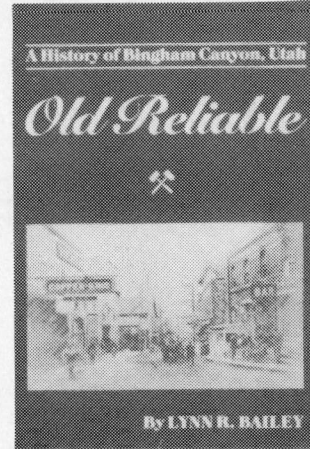
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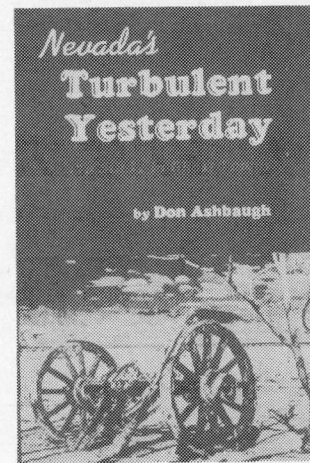
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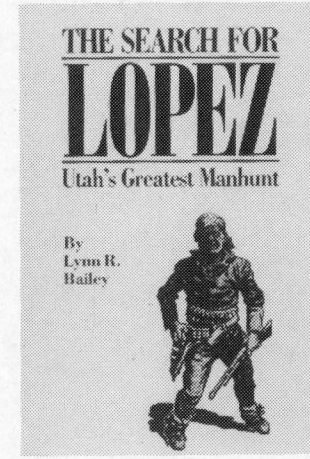
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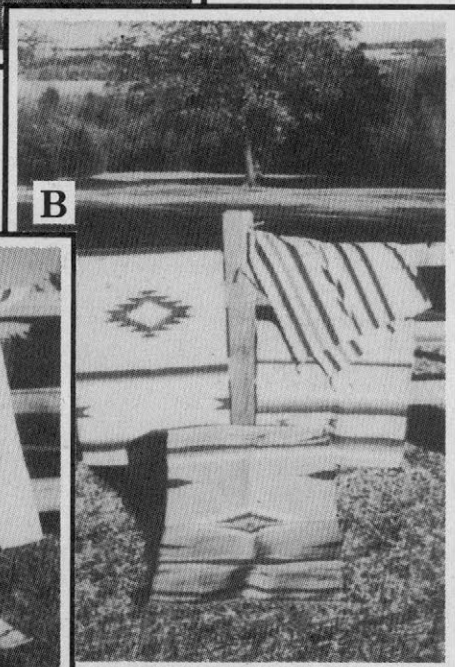


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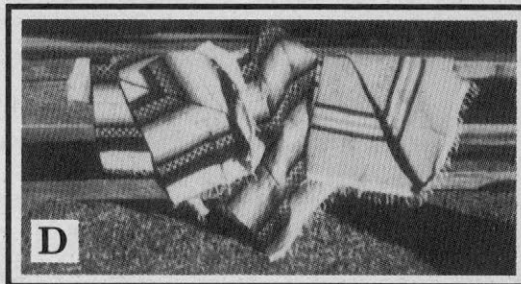
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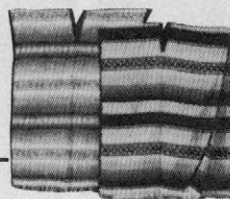
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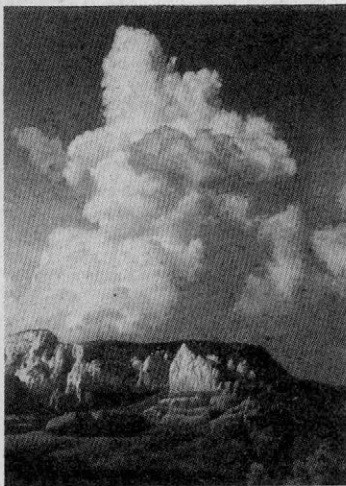
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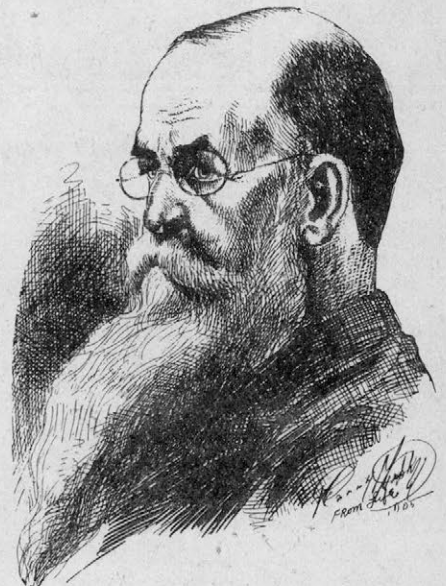
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From the Editor

Howdy, folks!

One of the first editorials I inflicted on you all when I started editing this mag back in 1985 began, "What's so funny about the American West?" That left me with about nineteen more column inches to fill, so I took it upon myself to answer that question.

It wasn't a very memorable piece of writing, but at the time I reckoned it was a good way to introduce a very funny story which ran in that issue. The story was called "The National Game Out West," and it was written by Nellie Snyder Yost.

I met Nellie on what must have been my third or fourth day on the job. I arrived at work early that morning in order to do as much damage as possible to TRUE WEST. I started our rattle trap of a coffee pot to brewing and was still the only one at work when I settled in to some serious typing. Not five minutes passed before I sensed a presence in front of my desk and looked up to see bright-and-early Nellie Snyder Yost.

She was a tiny four-feet-eight-inches tall, with perfectly combed white hair and dressed in a businesslike skirt-and-jacket suit—hardly a figure you would have guessed grew up on a Nebraska ranch and spent much of her adult life as a ranchwoman. But her hands told the story. She had the firm handshake and muscular fingers of a woman who had seen ranch life and had known good, hard physical labor.

Nellie was in my office on a mission for a friend, another old-time ranchwoman and writer named Reba Pierce Cunningham, who had written a collection of articles about eccentric roundup cooks she had worked with over the years. Nellie wished I would consider publishing them as a series in TRUE WEST. They were just hilarious, she assured me, and she went on to insist that western history needed to regain some of its lost sense of humor. Her own sense of humor, I would learn, was always ready, always genuine.

As we spoke, Nellie's forefinger drifted absently over the manuscripts. I would see that gesture repeatedly in years to come when Nellie discussed her own manuscripts with me, her ranchwoman's fingertips barely skimming the page as she explained the story. It was the gesture of a writer who believed absolutely in the importance of retelling

the past. That she just happened to be better at retelling it than just about anyone seemed almost incidental.

I was skeptical of running a long series of humorous articles, but on the strength of Nellie's conviction, I agreed to look at her friend's manuscripts. Nellie went on her way, and not until she had gone did I remember seeing in my files a manuscript about a cowboy baseball game in Nebraska by a writer named Nellie Snyder Yost.

Nor did I realize at the time that Nellie was the author of nine books and had won a Spur award and a Saddleman Award from the Western Writers of America, as well as a Western Heritage Wrangler Award from the National Cowboy Hall of Fame. Her books included *Pinnacle Jake*, which is a standard on ranch life reading lists, and the monumental biography, *Buffalo Bill: His Family, Friends, Fame, Failures, and Fortunes*.

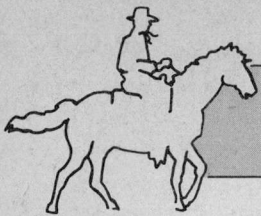
All I knew that morning was that I had yet to decide whether to buy the rights to publish Nellie's own manuscript, let alone her friend's. And from our brief meeting, I knew that Nellie would be a good, honest, dependable person to do business with.

We published Reba Cunningham's *Cowboys, Cooks, and Catastrophes*, and the series was so popular that we later published it with a few added stories as our first Barbed Wire Press book. It quickly sold out, and has since been reprinted. We also published Nellie's story, "The National Game Out West"; it won a WWA Spur Award for Best Western Short Nonfiction of 1985.

That kind of success convinced the fellers who decide whether I get a paycheck that I knew what I was doing. But I didn't. I was just a greenhorn who got some good advice from a diminutive eighty-year old with strong hands and a beaming smile.

Over the years, Nellie wrote regularly for TRUE WEST and OLD WEST, and was among our best-loved writers. She died January 16 in North Platte, Nebraska. I don't know that she would approve of my spreading gloom in this editorial, but I couldn't let her pass without saying thanks.

John Joerschke



Truly Western

Billy the Kid Photo Project Update

I just finished reading the March 1990 issue of TRUE WEST, which I purchased at a garage sale. In "Billy the Kid: The Photos Face Forensics," author Robert Dyer wrote that the scientific investigation of alleged photographs of Billy the Kid was to be completed in 1991. Was it? If so, what were the findings? Has your magazine done a follow-up article and, if so, where might I purchase a back copy?

Also, have you published any articles on Cullen Baker, the outlaw from the Sulphur River country of Texas? He was our local outlaw legend and was the subject of Louis L'Amour's *First Fast Draw*.—Ben Hammonds, Route 1, Box 300A, Simms, Texas 75574.

Editor's Note: Sounds to me, Mr. Hammonds, like you'd best subscribe to this

fine magazine. We ran a follow-up article on the Billy the Kid photo analysis in the July 1990 issue, which is still available from our back issues department for four dollars, plus three dollars shipping and handling. In that article, computer scientist Thomas G. Kyle, concluded with reasonable scientific certainty that the one known photo of Billy the Kid and another photo of Billy the Kid claimant Brushy Bill Roberts depicted two different individuals.

Since then, Phase I of the photo project was completed and the results announced at a September 1991 symposium in Ruidoso, New Mexico. The scientists who took part in Phase I concluded that none of the Billy the Kid claimants and none of the alleged Billy the Kid photos then under investigation were authentic.

Phase II of the project will consider a number of additional photos. That

phase will also end in a symposium, and we'll be letting our readers know details as they become available.

Many of the photos being studied were sent by TRUE WEST readers. If any of our friends think they have another photo of Billy or information on the original tintype, we'll be happy to forward it to the folks conducting the study. Or you can write directly to the Lincoln County Heritage Trust, P.O. Box 98, Lincoln, New Mexico 88338.

We think the Billy the Kid photo project is an excellent example of the new directions for historical research that modern technology is making possible, and we're looking forward to hearing more about Phase II.

As for Cullen Baker, we just happen to have published a two-part article on that scoundrel in the October and November 1991 issues of TRUE WEST. "Swamp Fox of the Sulphur," by James

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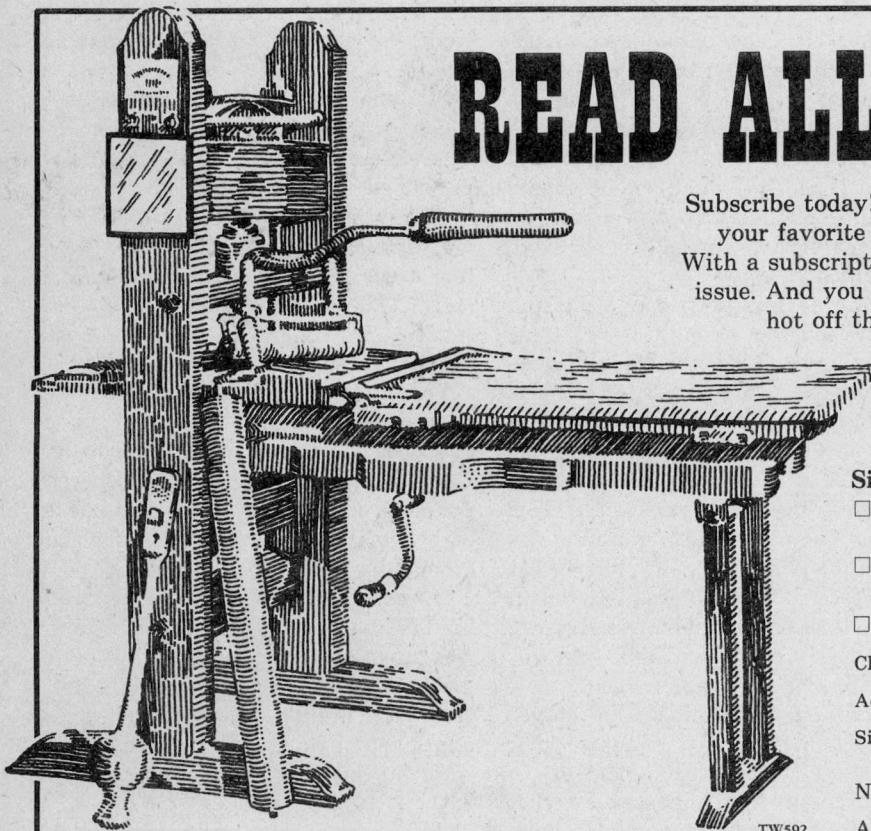
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Camp Stool

I hope that you might find space in TRUE WEST to print this letter so that it might be read by someone who has been reading your magazines for a long time and who can remember what he reads—an authority on the magazine back in the fifties and sixties.

I've heard one of your publications or a similar one ran an article about a stone fort or stage station or military camp called Camp Stool in eastern Harding County, in northwestern South Dakota, about five miles east and one mile north of the Slim Buttes Battle in 1876. The same issue might also have had a story about Mound City, South Dakota.

The camp was located about three miles east and one mile north of present-day Reva, South Dakota. I sure would like to find out what was there and why. The stones from the fortress were taken down in the teens and used to build a corral and barn and house. The corral is still in use, and most of the barn and house is still standing.—Ernie Gottschalk, Box 198, Vale, South Dakota 57788.

Editor's Note: We've done searched our files and scoured our library without coming up with an article on Camp Stool or any information about it. "Camp Stool" sounds to us like somebody's idea of a bad joke, but we'll be interested to hear more about this mysterious stone outpost, whatever its name.



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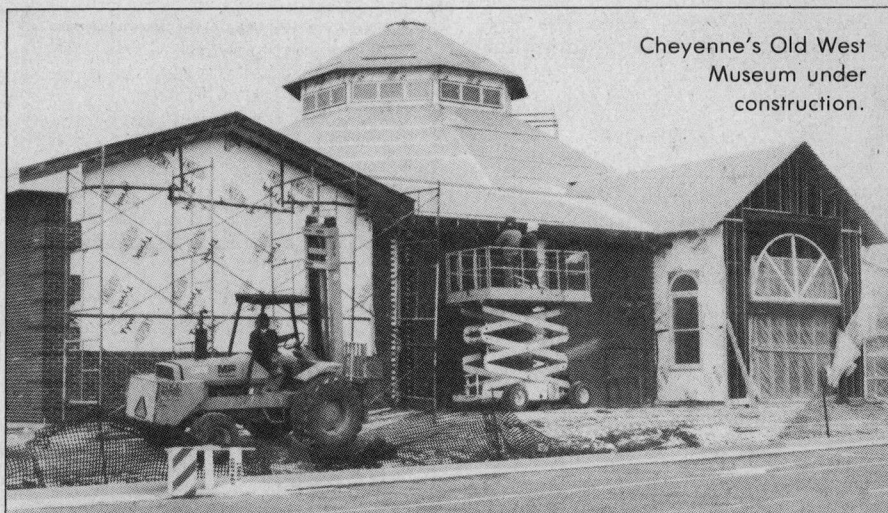


Western Roundup

Museum To Be Dedicated June 6

The Cheyenne Frontier Days Old West Museum in Cheyenne, Wyoming, will dedicate its new 11,000-square-foot addition June 3-7. Festivities scheduled include country and folk music performances and folk arts exhibits, as well as a ribbon-cutting ceremony Saturday, June 6.

The new Floyd F. Vandewark wing on Carey Avenue in Cheyenne's Frontier Park marks another step toward the museum's goal of becoming a community cultural center. "We are watching the museum grow and develop. We will implement a number of community programs to accompany the museum's expansion," said Old West Museum Director Steven Wilson, noting that plans for



Cheyenne's Old West Museum under construction.

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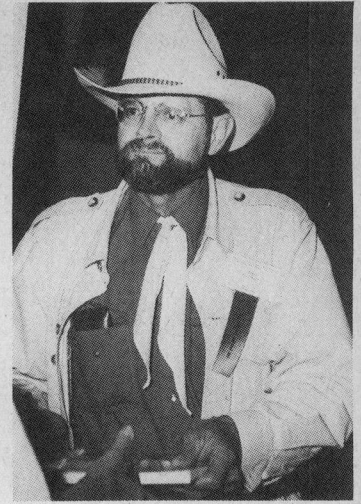
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Both: Bill Gustafson Photos

Left: "Washtub Jerry" Wiant performs his "stand-up act" accompanied by singer-songwriter Andy Wilkinson. Right: John Erickson, creator-author of "Hank the Cowdog" books, inscribes a copy for a fan.

Cowboys Gather in Lubbock

The fourth annual National Cowboy Symposium will be May 28-31 in Lubbock, Texas. The symposium will honor working cowboys through exhibits, lectures, and performances about American frontier traditions.

Each year modern working cowboys come off the ranches to mingle with cowboy poets, historians, artists, scholars, and craftsmen at the symposium. The event has grown in participant and spectator attendance to become one of the largest, most comprehensive cowboy symposiums in the nation. An estimated 10,000 people at-

tended last year's event.

This year's celebration will feature poetry readings, storytelling, and musical performances, as well as a rodeo of ranch skills such as cutting, roping, and penning. Among the exhibit highlights are collections of modern and historic quilts, and an assortment of American cowboy photographs dating to the early twentieth century.

Exhibits are free; ticket prices for performances vary. For more information contact Texas Tech University, (806) 742-2136.



Bill Gustafson Photo

Cowboy-turned-artist Paul Wylie signing a print.

(continued from page 9)

Delight in August 1869, and immediately had to duck under a wagon to avoid a gunfight between Jack Holbrook and Buckskin Jack Spalding. Holbrook killed Spalding in another argument later that year.

The Miner's Delight mine proved to be the richest mine in the area, but the boom died out and by the mid-1870s most of the residents had moved to the Wind River Valley about thirty miles below where they started some ranches and the community of Lander. Booms in the 1880s and 1910s briefly revived Miner's Delight, and miners moved back during the Depression, some staying for another thirty years.

Today Miner's Delight is the only true ghost town of the three, as Wyoming has restored South Pass City to a historic site and people still reside in Atlantic City. Miner's Delight is on Bureau of Land Management ground, and for the past several years local BLM employees and volunteers, including Eagle Scouts, have worked extensively to stabilize the remaining buildings. They have fenced the townsite to protect buildings from vandalism and grazing cattle. Workers have placed iron fences around graves in a cemetery above the town and have braced and repaired leaning structures to keep them standing. The largest remaining cabin may have come from Camp Stambaugh, an 1870s military post between Atlantic City and Miner's Delight established to protect miners from raiding Indians.

Directional signs now mark parking areas near the cemetery where visitors can park, then walk to the townsite. Miner's Delight is located on the Fort Stambaugh Loop Road, which begins about one-half mile off the Atlantic City turnoff on Highway 28, thirty miles south of Lander. Summer and early fall months are the best times to visit as snow gets deep in winter.

BLM workers are seeking people with information and diaries about Miner's Delight. Anyone who has such information, knew someone who lived in Miner's Delight, or had ancestors there may contact the Bureau of Land Management, P.O. Box 589, Lander, Wyoming 82520.



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

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What's in a Name?

Place names in the Old West were often colorful and taken from famous—or infamous—events or derived from Indian words. Daniel Massant, Rue Pucini 66, Brussels, Belgium, wants to know what the name “Abilene” means.

This unusual name originates in the biblical book of Luke 3:1. It refers to a region about seventeen miles from Damascus. The word itself means “stream” or “brook.”

In the 1860s the people of Dickinson County, Kansas, considered several sites for their county seat. C.H. Thompson laid out a townsite on his land and hastily constructed some makeshift log houses to give it the appearance of a town. He then asked neighbor Tim Hersey for a suitable name. Hersey asked his wife, who suggested Abilene, thinking of the biblical “tent city of the plains.” In the spring of 1861 Abilene was voted the Dickinson County seat.

Later Joseph C. McCoy sought a place to establish a railhead for Texas cattle. He found Abilene to his liking

By CHUCK PARSONS



Author's Collection
Joseph G. McCoy about 1871. He brought the cattle trade to Abilene.

and said of it, “Abilene in 1867 was a very small, dead place, consisting of about one dozen log huts, low, small, rude affairs, four-fifths of which were covered with dirt for roofing; indeed, but one shingle roof could be seen in the whole city.” The cattle trade established Abilene's identity and brought fame to such lawmen as Tom Smith and Wild Bill Hickok.

The Texas and Pacific Railroad and west Texas cattlemen established the town of Abilene, Texas, on March 15, 1881. They named it for Abilene, Kansas.

Lawman's Grave

African Americans and their roles in the Old West have been receiving more attention recently. G.K. Nash, P.O. Box 7482, Amarillo, Texas 79114, says that he has done research on Bass Reeves, a black Oklahoma lawman but has been unable to determine where he is buried.

Reeves, who received considerable recognition in Art Burton's book *Black, Red and Deadly*, died January 12, 1910. He is reportedly buried in the Old Union cemetery at Muskogee, Oklahoma. The grave is not marked.

Gun Notches

In a recent issue I said I doubted if Billy the Kid or any other gunfighter of note actually notched his guns to keep



A view of the Irwin Livery Stable in Abilene 1867, operated by Ed Gaylord.

Author's Collection

a tally of his victims. Some did, and I thank Mike Burns, 2901 Norris, Clovis, New Mexico 88101, for setting me straight.

"I have a .44-40 Colt six-shooter that belonged to Elfego Baca, famous early-day lawman of New Mexico, that has fifteen notches along the top of the barrel," writes Mike. "This gun was given to my wife's father, R.E. White, at a card game in Socorro in the early twenties."

Mike adds that he also has an army .44 caliber Remington percussion pistol which bears fifteen notches. Found at Tascosa, Texas, in an excavation, its bullets are rusted in their chambers. He wants to know if the rusted gun can be identified, either by serial number or another means.

Such a weapon is a great find but unfortunately I doubt if something as small as the serial number could be determined under a coat of rust. I recommend taking it to a reputable gunsmith or antique dealer for a professional opinion. Perhaps someone could remove enough rust to determine the serial number. Because it is still loaded it is potentially dangerous. Hopefully a reader could shed some light on possible identification techniques.

Wicked Texas Town

Many Old West boomtowns lived briefly, then died. Tim Dye, Route 1, Box 13, Stafford, Kansas 67578, wrote to find out the location of one such place—Vinegaroon, Texas.

As railroads crossed West Texas, tent cities sprang up and quickly disappeared when track crews moved on. In his biography of Judge Roy Bean, C.L. Sonnichsen identified several such places—Eagle's Nest, Soto City, Langtry, and the tent town of Vinegaroon. He described the latter as "the largest and wickedest community of all."

Vinegaroon lay in the angle where the Pecos River joins the Rio Grande in lower Val Verde County. "This place," wrote Sonnichsen, "was named after a repulsive but non-poisonous scorpion found all over the West."



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.

May 1992

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Illustrations by BUD McCAULLEY

Enofre stepped in front of Conklin with a drawn pistol and shot him through the heart.

Whistlin' Extradition

By KEITH MILTON

It was Christmas week 1880 in the little town of Socorro, New Mexico. As usual there was no snow, but the holiday spirit prevailed. In the local saloon, hard-case gunmen were slapping backs instead of leather and all were enjoying goodwill.

In a little wooden church at the end of the street, the annual Christmas Social was underway. Seated in the congregation, however, were two men filled with another kind of spirit—the kind that comes from a bottle. Just why Enofre and Abran Baca had gone to church has never been explained; it was contrary to their nature.

Wherever the Baca brothers went, they went “on the prod,” and this day was no exception. At one point in the ceremony, Enofre stood up, waved his

sombrero in the air, and gave a loud war-whoop. Abran was busy ogling some of the prettier women in the audience and on occasion giggled out loud. Finally, an exasperated A.M. Conklin, editor of the *Socorro Sun* and sometime lay minister, approached the troublesome pair and pleaded with them to behave before they were asked to leave.

Enofre rose and invited Conklin to fight it out right there. Conklin was not one to back down, even from a man like Enofre Baca, but he refused to fight in church, or even outside before the service was over. With a jerk of his head, Enofre motioned his brother toward the door, and they both left the church.

The congregation heaved a collective sigh of relief and, after some murmuring, the service was concluded. Conklin

stationed himself by the door to shake hands with departing parishoners, and when the last had left, he closed the door, took his wife by the arm and proceeded down the steps. Suddenly from behind a bush near the stair rail, Abran Baca rushed out, grabbed Mrs. Conklin by the arm and pulled her roughly away from her husband. As Conklin moved to intercede, Enofre stepped in front of him with a drawn pistol and shot him through the heart, killing him instantly.

Most of the congregation were still gathered in little knots around the front of the church, but the shock of the murder momentarily immobilized them. Mrs. Conklin ran to her husband's crumpled form and threw herself across his body. By the time the others had recovered from their shock, the Baca

True West

brothers had mounted their horses and were headed out of Socorro. It was several minutes before a posse could be formed, and the Bacas had too big a lead. When the posse returned after dark they could only report that the Bacas had gotten away.

The townspeople were indignant. In a territory where killings were commonplace, the killing of an unarmed prominent citizen, on the church steps, in front of his wife, and on the flimsiest of motives, stood out as the blackest crime in the area's history. Territorial Governor Lew Wallace immediately offered a \$500 reward for the pair and the people of Socorro added \$500 of their own, which they raised by public subscription. Wanted fliers were printed up and circulated throughout the southwest.



Rose Collection, San Antonio

James B. Gillett as a young Ranger sergeant.

One of these wanted posters arrived at a camp outside Ysleta, Texas, where Texas Ranger Captain George Baylor and his Company A of the Rangers' Frontier Battalion were stationed. The poster was of particular interest to Sergeant James B. Gillett, who had already gained a measure of fame as an outlaw catcher. Still in his early twenties, Gillett had enlisted in the Rangers while a teenager, and had some five years' experience fighting Indians and outlaws. The son of a former Texas adjutant general, Gillett had practically cut his teeth on the butt of a Colt.

GILLETT KNEW that the El Paso County judge was Jose Baca, uncle of the wanted men, and he thought the brothers might try to obtain cash or sanctuary there. Judge Baca also owned a store in Ysleta, which at that time was the county seat, so Gillett carefully watched the store and Baca's home for any sight of Enofre or Abran. After a month of careful stakeout, Gillett decided that the brothers had discovered their uncle was being watched and would not come to see him. Gillett called off the watch and thought no more about it.

One day about two months later, Private James Fitch came riding hard into the ranger camp and bounded off his horse with startling news for Gillett. Both of the Baca brothers were at the judge's house, calmly sitting on the front porch and visiting their uncle.

Gillett wasted no time. Fitch got a fresh horse and two more rangers while Gillett saddled his own pony. They rode quickly to the judge's home, threw down on the pair, and took them prisoner. The Bacas protested violently, claiming the rangers had the wrong men, but Gillett was not convinced. He had the pair shackled, and after provisioning at the camp and clearing it with his captain, he started out for Socorro.

They had not yet reached El Paso when two passengers in a rig came up behind them. One of the passengers was Judge Baca, and Gillett checked his six-shooter for fear the judge might try to relieve him of his prisoners. The judge made no show of force, but insisted that Gillett had the wrong men. Still, Gillett did not believe him and was only more convinced he had the right men after the judge offered him \$700 to let them go. Gillett refused the bribe.

In desperation, the judge upped the



Gillett had enlisted in the Rangers while a teenager and had experience fighting Indians and outlaws. He had practically cut his teeth on the butt of a Colt.



The mob stormed the jail. Deputy Eaton put up only token resistance and was quickly overcome. They dragged Baca out and hanged him to the crossbeam of a corral gate.

ante to \$1,000, but Gillett refused that amount as well. He wheeled his horse around, forcing the two prisoners ahead of him and continued on his way, leaving Judge Baca cursing. Two days later they rode into Socorro.

Gillett rode up in front of the jail, and after helping his prisoners dismount, prodded them into the sheriff's office. He identified himself to Deputy Harold Eaton, and showed his warrants for the pair. Eaton then informed Gillett that while he had Abran Baca, the other prisoner was a stranger to him. Jim raised an eyebrow, then muttered something about the good judge being only half a liar.

The meaning was lost on Eaton, but he assured Gillett that he had no fliers on Massias Baca, the second man, who, it turned out, was a cousin of the Baca brothers. Gillett apologized to Massias but said he would get the right man next time. Massias said he doubted it, as it was unlikely that Enofre would ever again enter the United States once he learned that his brother had been arrested. He suggested that Gillett might

sit on the banks of the Rio Grande and whistle, but he personally didn't think that would do the job. He chuckled over the fine joke and, as soon as his weapons were returned, left the jail.

Eaton locked Abran Baca in a cell and wrote out a receipt for Gillett. He told the Ranger that Massias was probably right, that Enofre would likely spend the rest of his life south of the border, living under his own name. Together they deplored the sad state of affairs regarding extradition of criminals between Mexico and the United States.

Gillett recounted a similar case he had been involved in. Two Texas ranchers named Morton and Brown had been found murdered. Evidence pointed to a pair of Mexican shepherders named Molina and Esquibel, and Gillett followed them into Mexico to the little town of Guadeloupe. There he had police arrest the two suspects, but they would not release the prisoners to Gillett without extradition papers. Gillett returned to Ysleta and filed applications with authorities in Juarez, but before the documents reached Guadeloupe the

prisoners were given their guns and told to vamoose. Since then the Rangers had not even bothered to ask the Mexicans for cooperation in catching criminals, knowing beforehand it would be useless.

At a local restaurant, the Socorro Citizens Committee found Gillett and counted out \$250 as their share of the reward. With his share of the governor's reward, Gillett returned to Ysleta \$500 richer.

Sergeant Gillett often brooded over the apparent impossibility of capturing Enofre Baca. Then one day he got word that a man answering Baca's description was working as a clerk in the general store in Zaragosa, a small Mexican border town only five miles from Ysleta. He asked a friend to check it out for him and in a couple of days he got the word—it was Baca. He had heard him called by his own name on several occasions, and the man fit the descriptions perfectly. Enofre Baca had reddish hair and a florid complexion, somewhat unusual for a Mexican.

Then Gillett settled down to some hard thinking. He knew that if he

caused Baca's arrest through the Mexican police, the killer would soon wind up free. Enofre had wealthy friends and relatives who would surely pressure local Mexican authorities for his release. Gillett also knew that his commanding officer, Captain Baylor, would never approve kidnapping a prisoner out of Mexico. Even if he did decide to take the law into his own hands and hustle Baca across the river by force, he would need the help of at least one other man.

After a week of pondering, Gillett approached one of his saddlemates, Private George Lloyd. Lloyd was an excellent Ranger, a good rider, and a crack shot with a pistol or Winchester. Gillett also trusted him not to reveal the plan to Baylor should he decline the mission. Lloyd listened carefully as Gillett explained his plan. Lloyd thought it over and considered the plan just crazy enough to work. The next day he told Gillett he would go along.

Gillett then looked up an old friend, Santiago Cooper. He asked him to ride over to Zaragosa again and make sure that Baca was still there. Cooper said he would, and later in the day, he reported back. Baca was still there. When Cooper asked Gillett what it was all about, the Ranger recalled Massias Baca's taunting words, and told him that he and Lloyd were going to do some fancy whistling by the Rio Grande. The meaning was lost on Cooper, and he walked away shaking his head.

Gillett returned to the Ranger camp and went to bed. Neither he nor Lloyd slept much that night.

Early the next morning they nonchalantly saddled up and rode out of camp. They rode through Ysleta and across the Rio Grande, but left the main trail as soon as they were in Mexico. They cut a wide circle through the bosques to the west and entered Zaragosa from the south, making it appear that they had come up out of Mexico. They caused no special stir as they rode up the main street and stopped in front of the general store. Pistol-packing Yankee cowboys were a common sight in these small Mexican border towns, and no one gave them a second glance.

Gillett swung down and left Lloyd with the horses. He sauntered into the store, where he spotted Baca measuring out yard goods for an elderly woman. There were two other customers inside so he decided to wait until the store was empty. One of the women left but another entered before he could act. He paced back and forth, seemingly looking over the merchandise.

Outside, Lloyd nervously held the

horses and wondered what was taking Gillett so long. He removed his Stetson, wiped some sweat from inside the band, and returned it to his head. He shifted his weight in the saddle, trying to get comfortable and yet remain at the ready.

Inside, the Ranger sergeant was getting impatient, too. Finally he could wait no longer and walked up to Baca and grabbed him by the collar, drawing his six-gun at the same time. One of the women in the store screamed and fainted while another stood aghast with her mouth open. The third ran for the door, screaming at the top of her lungs.

Baca asked Gillett if it was a hold-up, but he was stalling and Gillett knew it. The Ranger raised his pistol to the Mex-

itive were on the river bank. Their horses slid down the slippery edge and into the muddy water. A hundred yards of shallow water separated them from home, but by the time they reached the middle of the river the Mexicans were on the bank and shooting. The rangers pressed on until finally the horses reared and heaved themselves onto the Texas bank. Gillett swung around and waved his hat in mock salute. Then, with a yell of defiance, they lit out for Ysleta.

The arrival of the two rangers with Baca caused quite a stir in camp. Captain Baylor heard the commotion and went over to investigate. He looked over the well-lathered horses and then the prisoner. After some verbal sparring Gillett admitted that he and Lloyd had

By now the Mexican posse was gaining slowly but surely. The rangers covered two miles before Lloyd's horse began to labor and fall behind under the double load. They stopped and quickly changed Baca over to Gillett's horse. The going was easier now, but their precious lead was shrinking.

ican's temple and drew the hammer to full cock. Baca saw he meant business.

Gillett hustled Baca through the door and to the waiting horses. By now the town was responding, the women's screams having brought several men on the run. Gillett forced Baca up behind Lloyd and swung onto his own pony. The Mexicans fired their first shots as the rangers and Baca sped toward the edge of town. As they cleared the last few buildings, more scattered shots followed them, and the church bell began ringing in a frantic call to arms. They stole a look over their shoulders as they hit the trail north and saw men hurriedly mounting up. Four miles of loose sand lay between the rangers and the river, and they leaned low over their horses and sped them on.

By now the Mexican posse was gaining slowly but surely. The rangers covered two miles before Lloyd's horse began to labor and fall behind under the double load. They stopped and quickly changed Baca over to Gillett's horse. The going was easier now, but their precious lead was shrinking. The Mexicans began firing, having closed to within 400 yards. The rangers struggled on, somehow making yard after yard with lead whistling all around them. Gillett knew the posse would keep its fire low for fear of hitting Baca, but by some miracle the horses remained unhit.

Suddenly the rangers and their cap-

kidnapped Enofre Baca out of Mexico.

Baylor's jaw dropped and his eyes bulged. He was stunned, momentarily speechless. When he regained his voice, he launched into a tirade the likes of which neither Gillett nor Lloyd had heard before. Baylor thoroughly raked them over the coals, all without cursing. Then he asked Gillett for an explanation.

The sergeant hesitated momentarily. He then explained that he had not informed the captain of his plans so that he alone would suffer any consequences. He also pointed out that this was the only way Baca could be brought to justice, reminding Baylor of the Molina and Esquibel case.

GILLETT continued, stressing that he needed the reward money offered on Baca. After all, as a sergeant after five years of ranger service he was making only fifty dollars a month. He also thought that such an escapade might bring him some measure of notoriety that would keep him fresh in the adjutant general's mind. He dwelt on the seeming impossibility of securing a captain's commission, as every ranger captain was freezing fast to his job. That seemed to amuse Baylor, and his anger subsided. Against his better judgment he authorized Gillett to take Baca back to Socorro.

With that the captain turned and



Yale University Press, Circa 1925

Cap'n Gillett as a middle-aged rancher.

strode off. He had always liked the young sergeant and could sympathize with his point of view. He, too, had been irked by the lack of legal cooperation in Mexico, and he hated to see a killer like Baca go free. Still, as much as he thought of Gillett, Baylor had felt compelled to dress him down for taking the law into his own hands.

Gillett and Baca, with Lloyd as an escort, boarded a stage for El Paso. Gillett thought that any attempt to free Baca would come between Ysleta and El Paso so, once safely there, Lloyd returned to camp. Gillett and Baca traveled on to Mesilla, New Mexico, where they spent the night in a hotel room chained together. Gillett had feared placing Baca in the local jail as he had no papers on him and thought the local sheriff might not return the prisoner in the morning.

After breakfast they left for Rincon, where they took a train to Socorro. When the train stopped at San Marcial, a telegram from Governor Wallace was handed to Gillett. Evidently, some of Baca's relatives had gotten to Wallace and told him that they feared mob violence if Enofre Baca was delivered to Socorro. The wire instructed Gillett to bring his prisoner directly to Santa Fe. On no account was he to deliver Baca to Socorro, or even to stop there. Gillett whistled softly through his teeth. He had already wired Deputy Eaton from Rincon that he was on his way with Baca, and the rails to Santa Fe passed through Socorro. He approached the conductor with his problem and asked if it might not be possible to go straight through Socorro without stopping. The conductor refused, as passengers and mail were onboard, bound for Socorro.

As they pulled into town, Gillett saw his fears were well-founded. About thirty heavily armed men boarded the train and demanded that Baca be turned over to them. Gillett refused, showing them the telegram from the governor.

Looking into the muzzles of a score of six-shooters, Gillett realized he had little say in the matter. He and Baca were taken off the train and loaded into a horse-drawn bus along with a jailer for a trip to the lock-up. The group made no effort to disarm Gillett and allowed him to guard his prisoner while on the bus. As they went down the street the group became a mob, increasing steadily in size. Soon it numbered more than a hundred citizens, all yelling for Baca's scalp. Shortly, the crowd forced the bus to stop.

GILLETT TURNED to the jailer for help, but the man said it would do no good. There were too many of them, and Baca was going to hang anyway. Whether it was tonight or after a trial didn't seem to make much difference. The bus began to teeter as the mob pressed closer; Gillett realized they were trying to force the door open. When it suddenly flew open, the Ranger thrust his Winchester through it and shouted a warning that could barely be heard over the crowd's noise. A man by the side of the door grabbed Gillett's rifle and jerked it roughly from his grasp. Soon Gillett was being dragged from the bus. He tried desperately to wedge his feet beneath one of the seats, but the combined strength of half a dozen men was too much. Gillett was tumbled into the street where someone kicked him in the pit of the stomach, knocking the wind out of him.

Gillett regained his feet and yelled for the mob to listen to him. Strangely enough, they did. He asked them to let the law take its course. If they hanged Baca now, Gillett wouldn't even be able to collect his reward.

That seemed to appeal to the crowd's sense of humor, and after some hurried consultations, they agreed. Gillett's Winchester was returned to him, and the mob followed the bus as it continued on to the jail. He then delivered Enofre Baca inside the jail and waited while Deputy Eaton wrote him a receipt.

As Gillett left the jail for his hotel, he could see that the crowd had not dispersed. He tried again to talk to them, urging them to let the law take its course. The crowd seemed to agree, at least on the surface. One of the spokesmen suggested that they all go down to the community hall and talk

True West

things over. With Gillett in the lead, the mob moved down the street about a hundred yards. Suddenly the two men beside Gillett grabbed his arms and held him while the others broke back toward the jail. The ranger kicked and flailed, but the men held him fast.

The mob stormed the jail. Deputy Eaton put up only token resistance and was quickly overcome. They dragged

that Baca was undoubtedly guilty were dubious compensation. He boarded a train and returned to Ysleta.

Then the fur began to fly. Diplomatic correspondence went from the Mexican Foreign Office to the State Department in Washington, D.C., then to the governor's office in Austin, Texas. The Texas adjutant general finally buttonholed Baylor for an explanation, and the



Throughout his life, fellow Texans referred to him as "Cap'n" Gillett, even though he insisted he had never held a rank higher than sergeant.

Baca out and hanged him to the crossbeam of a corral gate.

Later that same afternoon the Citizen's Committee came to Gillett at his hotel and gave him \$250 as their share of the reward. Gillett accepted it somewhat shamefacedly. He was incensed at being held helpless and having to witness the lynching of an untried prisoner. That his duty was done when he delivered Baca inside the jail, and

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captain rose to Gillett's defense. He reminded his superiors that it was the responsibility of the deskriders to enforce treaties. Had that been done, Gillett's breach of protocol wouldn't have been necessary. The response was a specific order for Baylor to forbid his men from pursuing fugitives into Mexico again. There would be no more whistlin' extradition.

James B. Gillett resigned from the Texas Rangers not long after the incident. There were rumors that Baca's relatives had put a price on his head, and that state higher-ups had pressured him out of service. The truth was that he found a better job as chief of guards for the Santa Fe Railroad at more than twice his ranger salary. Gillett later served both as deputy marshal and marshal of El Paso, sheriff of Presidio

County, and as a deputy United States marshal.

Throughout his life, fellow Texans referred to him as "Cap'n" Gillett, even though he insisted he had never held a rank higher than sergeant. He finally gave up and answered to "Cap'n," knowing they were going to call him what they wanted to anyway. "Cap'n" Gillett died in 1937.



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BLUSTER'S LAST STAND

The Battle of Yellowhouse Canyon

By PRESTON LEWIS

—Part II—

With vengeance on their minds and liquor on their breath, forty-four buffalo hunters and volunteers readied for an attack on the Indian village they believed was just down the Yellowhouse Canyon from their own camp.

For two weeks since leaving Rath City, Texas, the members of this self-appointed expedition had boasted of how they would massacre the Comanches who had killed and mutilated one of their own, the well-liked buffalo hunter Marshall Sewell. So confident were they of the ultimate success of their scalp hunt that on the eve of battle, they made cavalier preparations. "The whole outfit," Frank Collinson recalled, "had been drinking, gambling

pedition left the wagons in Blackwater Draw and followed a safe distance behind. Not knowing for certain that the Indians were camped down the Yellowhouse to the southeast of Blackwater Draw, Tefoya paused before turning up the Yellowhouse to the northwest. After moving about fifty yards, he had Cook hold a blanket over him while he lit matches to study the trail. Seeing poor trail sign, Tefoya changed his mind, correctly deciding the Indians were in the opposite direction. The three backtracked in the darkness and moved cautiously down the Yellowhouse to the

haustion was building in the hunters, who found their only solace in the bottles of liquor that they carried with them and in their mutinous mumblings against Tefoya. Perceiving their disgust, Tefoya shrugged and acknowledged that the Comanches must be camped near the Long Water Hole after all. To save miles, time, and possibly his neck, Tefoya instructed the men to follow him out of the canyon onto the Llano Estacado, where they cut back east across the plains to Blackwater Draw and the wagons. Come sunrise, the expedition was back where it had started the previous evening.

Rather than move down the canyon again, the hunters rode out of Blackwater Draw and skirted the eastern edge of Yellowhouse Canyon. About nine o'clock the morning of March 18,

Onward charged the mounted men, knowing that victory was easily theirs now that the Comanche braves had fled. The Comanche men, though, were not escaping. They were moving to a rise that provided a better vantage point for shooting their attackers. Within a hundred yards of the camp, the bullets flew.

and having a regular picnic. Most of them were about 'half shot' when we left camp."

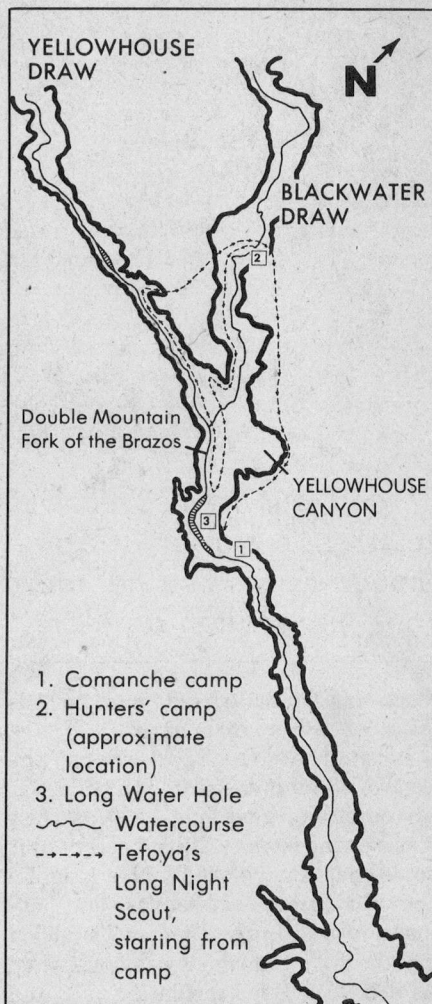
The plan called for Mexican guide Jose Tefoya to find the enemy camp in the dark, then position the others for a dawn attack. By noon the next day, the plan had degenerated into a comedy of terrors. The only pitched battle ever fought between white men and Comanches in what became Lubbock County, Texas, turned into a rout.

To begin the troubles, the scout Tefoya became disoriented, perhaps by darkness, perhaps by the bottle. Tefoya; his interpreter, John R. Cook; and another hunter, John "Buckskin Bill" Godey, rode horses—their hooves muffled with burlap sacks—down Blackwater Draw to its convergence with Yellowhouse Canyon. The rest of the ex-

pedition, the others questioning the change in direction.

Expecting to find the Indian camp north of what was called the "Long Water Hole," Tefoya was totally befuddled when he found that customary Comanche camp vacant. Had he only gone beyond the water hole another half-mile southeast, he would have found the camp around the bend. At that point, however, Tefoya emphatically but erroneously concluded that the Indians must be camped up the canyon in the direction he had originally turned. Once again, the three men backtracked, each step taking them and their grumbling compatriots farther away from the actual campsite.

After midnight and a fruitless and nerve-racking march in the dark, the exhausted hunters grew impatient at Tefoya's incompetence. The expedition's elected leader, Hank Campbell, figured Tefoya was trying to protect some Comancheros who occasionally came out of New Mexico Territory and rode with the Indians. Anger and ex-



Last Month: A series of Comanche depredations on the Texas plains in late fall of 1876 and early winter 1877 led buffalo hunters to set out on a raid for revenge.



Scott Lewis Photo

Tules today line the Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos, just as they did in 1877 when buffalo hunters hid the body of a Comanche brave among them before the battle of Yellowhouse Canyon.

1877, the hunters spotted the Long Water Hole, and a relieved Tefoya pointed out the top of tepees around the bend in the canyon. Word was passed to the men, who checked their guns and tied down their hats. "Luckily for most of us," Collinson recalled, "the wagons were a good half-mile behind or there would have been some last-minute celebrating before the battle began."

As the men readied weapons, commander Hank Campbell divided them into three equal groups. Those afoot would form one contingent under the command of Joe Freed. Campbell instructed the mounted men to number off in twos like school children, the "ones" riding with him and the "twos" under the command of Limpy Jim Smith. Then he ordered all three contingents to descend the gentle slopes. Limpy Jim Smith's cavalry was to stay to the east side of the draw and to charge past the camp and capture the Indians' horses. Campbell's cavalry would attack the village while Freed's infantry would follow the Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos to within 200 yards of the camp and there form a skirmish line.

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Campbell's command initiated the charge of the tight brigade. It was a glorious attack down the Yellowhouse, which at this location was more a draw than a canyon. The lethargic Indian camp awoke to a flurry of pounding hooves, gunshots, and yells. It was just as the buffalo hunters had imagined, the cowardly warriors and young men fleeing for the top of the canyon, leaving behind their women and children.

Onward charged the mounted men, knowing that victory was easily theirs now that the Comanche braves had fled. The Comanche men, though, were not escaping. They were moving to a rise that provided a better vantage point for shooting their attackers. Within a hundred yards of the camp, Collinson remembered, "the bullets were flying fast." Suddenly panicked, Hank Campbell ordered his mounted men to fall back. "It was not a retreat," Collinson said, "it was a stampede."

And, it was not without its casualties. Joe Jackson took two groin wounds for the price of one when an Indian bullet hit his ammunition belt, detonating one of his own cartridges. Lee Grimes broke his wrist in a fall when his horse was

shot from under him. John R. Cook and Billy Devons jumped from their horses to rescue Jackson and Grimes, but were pinned down by Indian fire, Devons taking a flesh wound to the arm. The rest of the men in Campbell's group fell back to a gully for cover. There Campbell ordered a handful of men to take the horses back toward the Long Water Hole and the wagons.

Poor Skelton Glenn had not heard Campbell order a retreat and had actually dismounted near the Comanche camp. Dropping to a knee to steady his aim, he fired at a warrior, then realized he was drawing a disproportionate share of enemy fire. Looking around, he realized he had been abandoned. Never had he felt so alone! Flattening himself to the ground, he fired at Indian snipers who poked their heads above the hillock to shoot at him. After each shot, he would roll a few feet farther away from the Indians, who had taken to shooting at each puff of smoke from his gun.

Meanwhile, Limpy Jim Smith's mounted detachment on the opposite side of the draw started firing on the Comanches, giving Grimes, Devons, and Cook a chance to drag the wounded

Jackson back to safety. Skelton Glenn, though, had a much longer way to retreat since he had advanced farther than any other buffalo hunter. His was a precarious position, made more so when he realized he was not only taking fire from Indians but from his own men as well. From the ravine where Campbell's men had taken cover, someone was shooting at every puff of smoke from Glenn's rifle. As yet unscathed, Glenn jumped up, waving his hat at his own men to stop their firing. Campbell's men, though, misread the signal, thinking Glenn was wounded and signaling for help. Cook and a couple others volunteered to rescue him, but Campbell refused to risk so many for a single man.

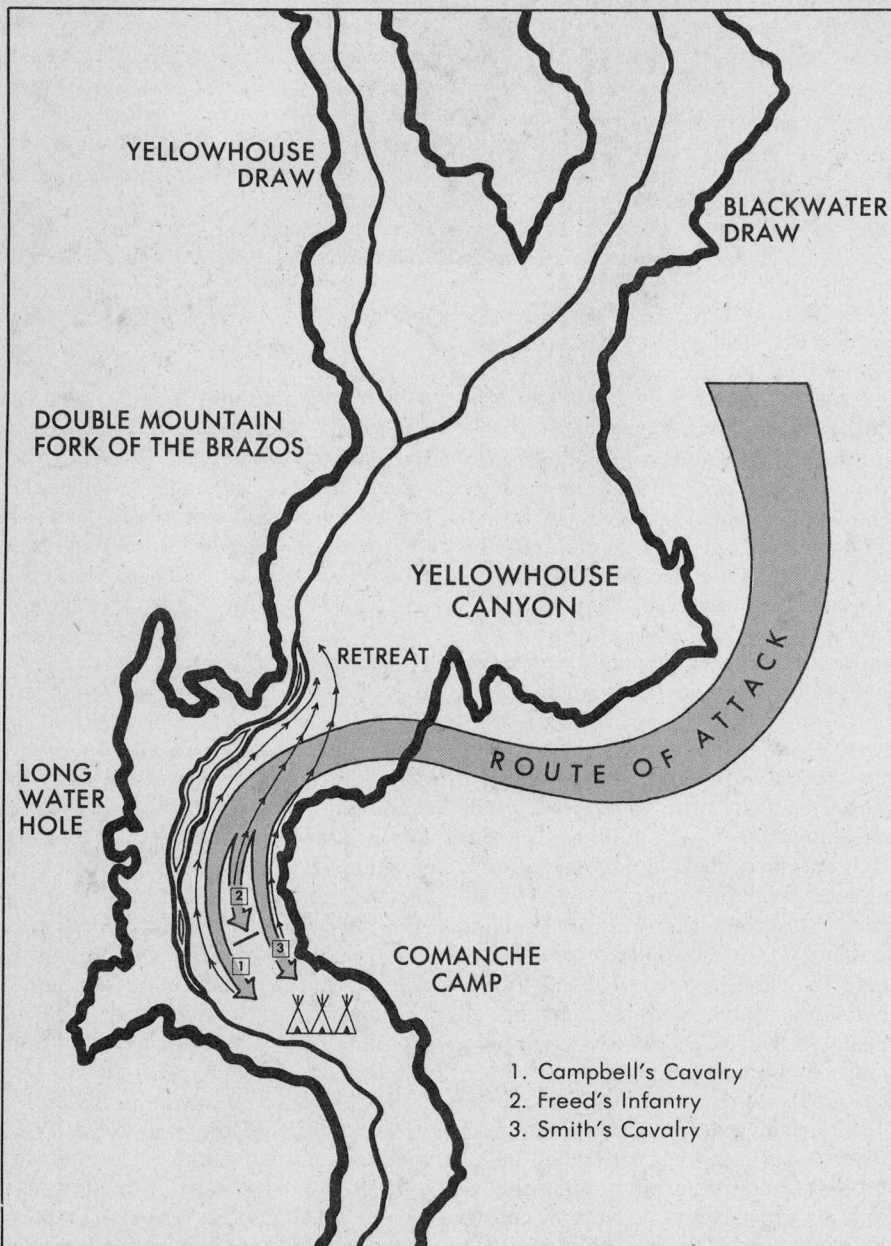
While Campbell and his men argued how to save Glenn, Smith's cavalry on the opposite side of the draw realized

their compatriot's danger and poured a withering fire into the Comanches who were firing at him. That barrage distracted the Indians long enough for Glenn to dash to safety. "The reason I ran," Glenn recalled later, "was because I could not fly."

Reaching the ravine and Campbell's men, Glenn demanded to know what son of a bitch had been shooting at him. "If you will show me the man," he scowled, "I'll finish him right here." Though most knew it had been Campbell, no one volunteered the information to Glenn until years later. Receiving no answer, Glenn crawled from man to man checking their guns as if that would identify the culprit. Glenn could not prove who had shot at him, but he could prove who had not. More than half the men had not discharged their weapons even once to



The Long Water Hole as it appears today. Near this vicinity Mexican scout Jose Tefoya decided the Comanches were back

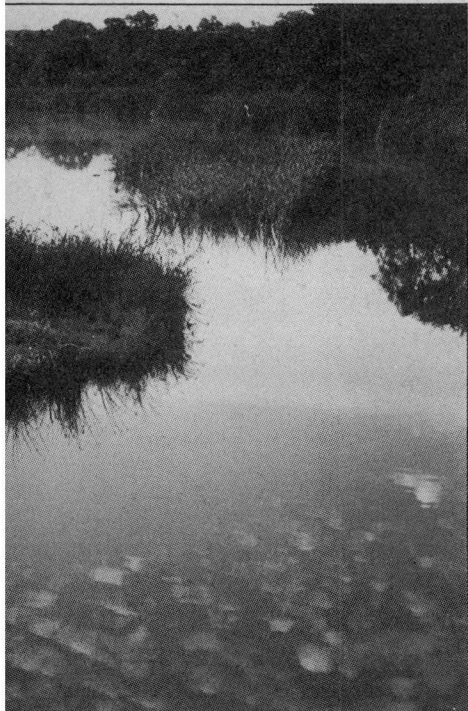


help. Now Glenn was furious. Prompted by his threats, Campbell's men began to fire more enthusiastically at the Comanche position. Their fire, combined with that of Smith's contingent across the draw, finally forced the Indians to take cover.

But the Comanches were only quiet and out of sight temporarily before a hunter spotted them trying to circle behind Campbell's dismounted crew. Glenn, realizing the disastrous consequences of that flanking maneuver, filled his cartridge belt from the wounded Joe Jackson's ammunition, then raced with Billy Devons, Whiskey Jim Greathouse, John R. Cook, and George Holmes to repulse the Indians. After desultory firing, they drove the Indians away.

In the ensuing lull, Limpy Jim Smith maneuvered his cavalry back down the main draw and rejoined Campbell's foot cavalry. Realizing the futility of the situation, Campbell ordered a second retreat. He commanded half his and Smith's combined number to a rise where they could cover the withdrawal of the wounded and himself. "A natural born coward," Glenn called Campbell. The more pugnacious of the buffalo hunters, Glenn among them, provided the covering fire while the others of the combined cavalry groups backtracked. Glenn even lay down with his back to the wind and tried to fire the grass for a smoke screen. "I burned up my entire

True West



upstream, when they were really just around the bend farther downstream.

stock of matches and did not succeed."

Meanwhile, Joe Freed's infantry, who had not been heard from since the initial advance, except for occasional shots from their Sharps rifles, darted out of an adjacent draw and joined the general retreat, bringing the scout Jose Tefoya with them. Tefoya had taken a painful wound to the shoulder and was jabbering in Spanish. Cook arrived to translate and gasped at Tefoya's message. By Cook's translation, the hunters were facing as many as 300 warriors, a seven-to-one advantage for the Indians. "Maybe," Campbell admitted, "we bit off more than we can chew."

Against those odds, the buffalo hunters halted their retreat at a ravine 100 yards short of the Long Water Hole. The wounded, though, needed water as much as cover, especially Joe Jackson, who begged for a drink—and not of liquor. Three times hunters made dashes for the water hole and three times they were driven back by intense fire. Then, John R. Cook and Joe Jackson's brother, Ben, made a daring scamper. They reached the water hole safely, only to realize they had forgotten canteens. Not wanting to make the dash with death again just to get canteens, Cook pulled off his boots and filled them both. Then Cook, barefoot, and Ben Jackson sloshed back to the hunters with their precious, if slightly tainted cargo. Joe Jackson, being the most seriously wounded hunter, was

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A quarter-mile short of the hunter's den, the Indians stopped, as if taunting the hunters. Ben Jackson realized it was a ruse. "Keep your eyes on camp," he warned. "Twas a timely remark," Cook later recalled. "Sure enough, here they came, pouring over the crest of the side-draw we had just abandoned."

allowed to drink all he could stomach. The balance was offered to Grimes and Tefoya.

About then, a curtain of smoke appeared to the south where the Indian camp had been. Apparently, the Indians were better at lighting grass fires than Glenn. The smoke rolled toward the hunters, who expected to take a full charge from the Comanches. Instead, a lone warrior on a white horse appeared like a ghost before the hunters. More than fifty shots rang out before the hunters made him give up the ghost. No sooner had he fallen than a second warrior appeared out of the smoke. He, too, succeeded in dodging the bullets for a while, though he finally took a wound to the thigh. That warrior was Herman Lehmann, a white captive, who had helped kill buffalo hunter Marshall Sewell. "I was too excited to feel it," Lehmann later said of his bullet wound, "and I went right on fighting. But after a while, the wound began to pain me considerably and I had to lay down."

After Lehmann was shot, about fifty warriors feigned an attack. "They came

on a run, waving shields and uttering their wild, demoniac yell." A quarter-mile short of the hunter's den, the Indians stopped, as if taunting the hunters.

Ben Jackson realized it was a ruse. "Keep your eyes on camp," he warned, studying the cloud of thinning smoke. "Twas a timely remark," Cook later recalled. "Sure enough, here they came, pouring over the crest of the side-draw we had just abandoned."

The bulk of the Indians charged for the white men. The wind, though, had thinned the smoke's flimsy screen. With their long-range Sharps rifles, the hunters turned the Comanches back before they were close enough to do any damage.

Every move the hunters had made, the Indians had countered over the course of the past five hours. The same men who had scorned leaving this matter to the cavalry were now panicked. For an hour, they argued what should be done. Finally, Hank Campbell insisted that they charge the warriors who were between them and the Indians'



Scott Lewis Photo

The Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos curves to the right and around the hill which obstructed the view of the Indian camp from the Long Water Hole in the clump of trees beyond the street lamps.

camp site. Collinson remembered "everyone was talking at once" before the final charge. Campbell divided the men into two groups, the larger to make the charge and the smaller, himself included, to move back down the canyon to a hillock and the wagons. Collinson remembered Campbell's promising to "protect the wagons and . . . get on this hill and hold it at all hazards." Collinson believed Campbell's real concern was the possible "loss of the whiskey barrel."

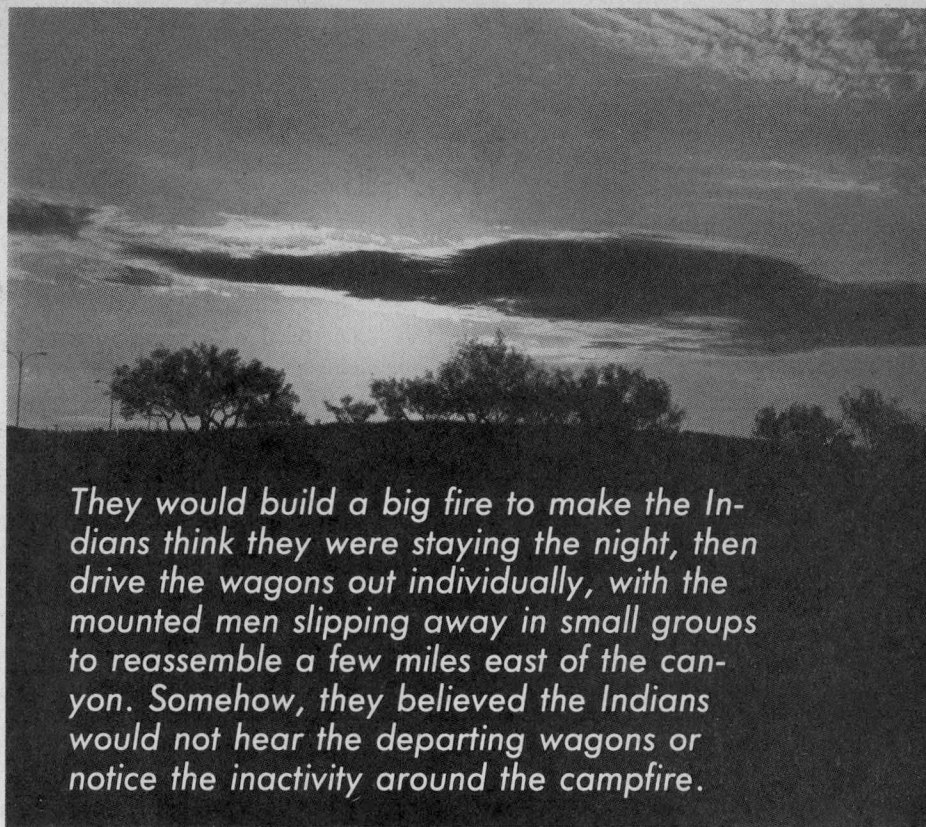
Limpy Jim Smith commanded the second charge of the tight brigade, advancing from near the Long Water Hole south toward the original site of the Comanche camp. The Indians on the canyon slopes offered sporadic fire, then broke for cover, the hunters cheering at the sight of fleeing warriors. Encouraged, the hunters advanced, putting down a withering fire in the camp's direction.

"On the run we went, just as fast as we could go," Cook recalled, "and we were soon on the crest of the side-draw that we first fell back to." From there, they saw the abandoned site of the Indian camp. "Not a sign of a living thing in sight," Cook wrote.

Indeed, the camp site was lifeless, but not for the reasons the buffalo hunters had hoped. While they had been pinned down most of the day, the Comanche women and children had merely broken camp and disappeared down the canyon. "We now all felt we were master of the field since the Indians had fled," Cook recalled. In the distance, the hunters could see a veil of dust they took to be the horse herd and the retreating women and children. "No one seemed to care to follow the Indians," Collinson remembered sarcastically.

Closer by, the hunters spotted individual warriors watching them. The hunters, though, had had enough, so they retreated to Campbell and the wounded. The hunters could claim they had driven the Comanches from the field, but they couldn't claim a victory. If they couldn't claim a victory, once they reached the wagons they could at least claim another drink of whiskey. The same liquor which had contributed to so many of their problems now was their consolation from the day's sobering events.

"The balance of the 'scalp hunters' were going to the whiskey barrel quite frequently, a badly whipped bunch and not a scalp to show! If there was an Indian shot or killed he was taken away by the other Indians," Collinson remembered.



They would build a big fire to make the Indians think they were staying the night, then drive the wagons out individually, with the mounted men slipping away in small groups to reassemble a few miles east of the canyon. Somehow, they believed the Indians would not hear the departing wagons or notice the inactivity around the campfire.

Scott Lewis Photo

With the sun at their backs the morning of March 18, 1877, Comanches fired from this hill into attacking buffalo hunters.

If anything exceeded the hunters' thirst, though, it was their hunger. It had been almost twenty-four hours since they had eaten. Their well-fixed wagons provided them two boxes of crackers, a wheel of cheese, two camp kettles of oyster soup, dozens of canned peaches, a keg of pickles, a firkin of oleomargarine, plenty of strong coffee, and plenty more liquor. They ate in shifts, with a large guard patrolling the perimeter, watching the Indians watch them.

Once they finished their supper, they debated what to do next. Unanimously, they agreed to retreat, but how? Skelton Glenn finally came up with the plan that suggested they still weren't thinking straight, possibly because of the latest liquor they had downed. They would build a big fire to make the Indians think they were staying the night, then drive the wagons out individually, with the mounted men slipping away in small groups to reassemble a few miles east of the canyon. Somehow, they believed the Indians would not hear the noise of the departing wagons or notice the inactivity around the campfire.

After dark, they followed the plan until the Comanches started shooting into the fire. Then the hunters stam-

ped up the slopes of the draw, re-gathering a couple miles away. In the confusion, some argued for riding on, while others feared leaving someone behind. A few demanded a roll call before going any farther. The roll was taken by Limpy Jim Smith while Glenn, who by his own account had assumed command of the hard luck hunters, lit matches under the screen of blankets draped over Smith. Only after everyone was accounted for did they continue their march toward Rath City.

Tired and scared the hunters knew warriors still trailed them, but by midnight, after almost forty hours without sleep, they were too exhausted to go any farther. Circling the wagons, the hunters sluggishly began to bed down. After posting guards, staking their horses, and settling the confusion over whose blankets were whose, the men went to sleep. One hunter, though, felt the call of nature and stepped away without alerting the guards. Hearing a suspicious sound, a guard fired in his direction, panicking the entire contingent. The evacuating hunter was scared witless by the close call. Likewise, the rest of his compatriots who felt an urgency in answering nature's call decided they could wait until light.

True West



Scott Lewis Photo

Today picnic tables and geese are common in the vicinity of the Long Water Hole.

Morning came with a breeze and the men awoke to the sight of Indians in the distance. Glenn sent the hunters on, but kept two men with him to start a grass fire. On this day, he had better luck firing the prairie. Soon a swath of grassland was ablaze. Under the cover of smoke, the hunters finally escaped the Indians.

WITH THEIR TAILS between their legs, they reached Rath City twenty-three days after they had departed. Joe Jackson was carried on to the Fort Griffin Hospital where he died two months after the fight. Some thought Jackson got off easy, considering all the hurraing the others in the buffalo brigade got. If the militiamen had left to cheers, they returned to the jeers of the fifty or so men still cowering at Rath City.

Years later, Cook wrote that a United States Cavalry patrol sent against the Indians after the battle determined that thirty-one warriors had been killed outright, that four died the next day, and that twenty-two more were wounded. It is unlikely that so many died, because it would have been difficult to disguise so great a loss when the Comanches finally returned to the reservation.

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For two months after the debacle, the Comanches terrified the region and the hunters suspended their work, most staying within twenty miles of Rath City. Even so, three more hunters were killed and several camps destroyed. Skelton Glenn was seriously injured in one attack and was taken to Fort Griffin to recover. The ultimate Indian gesture came May 1 when about 100 Comanches raided Rath City itself, driving off all but two of some 100 horses the hunters had herded together. The screaming and shooting Indians actually rode down the only street in the misnamed city, rousing the hunters from their sleep. That raid would be the Comanches' dying war whoop. Troops of cavalry began to chase them across the South Plains, never catching them, but keeping them so harried that finally the Indians returned in small groups to their reservations.

At last, the region was safe for slaughter, and over the next two years the great southern herd was virtually decimated, leaving the buffalo hunters their memories if not their former occupations. In 1907 John R. Cook published his sanitized version of the Yellowhouse Canyon debacle in *The Border and the Buffalo*. Of its 356 pages,

Cook devoted 65 to the battle and the events surrounding it. Frank Collinson, who was known to enjoy a good toddy in his old age, turned to writing many of his frontier experiences for *Ranch Romances*, including an account of the battle of Yellowhouse Canyon. Skelton Glenn, who survived his wounds after the battle, wrote an unpublished third account which was discovered more than a half-century later in El Paso. Each man saw the battle differently, and no single account mentions both of the other two. Each produced a written monument to a battle that was neither momentous nor monumental.

For many years no monuments beyond those written accounts marked the battlefield. Today, though, five metallic plaques have been erected in Yellowhouse Canyon, now a City of Lubbock park, to denote sites associated with the debacle. Perhaps a more appropriate monument would be an empty whiskey barrel. If so, then the epitaph carved on that monument to "Bluster's Last Stand" should come from Collinson, and it should read: "We got licked and well licked."



The Padre Paradise

By MAUREEN BELL

Father Peter Magagnotto, who came to California in 1849. From him, Father Florian received timely advice on how to deal with the rugged men of the northern Mother Lode.

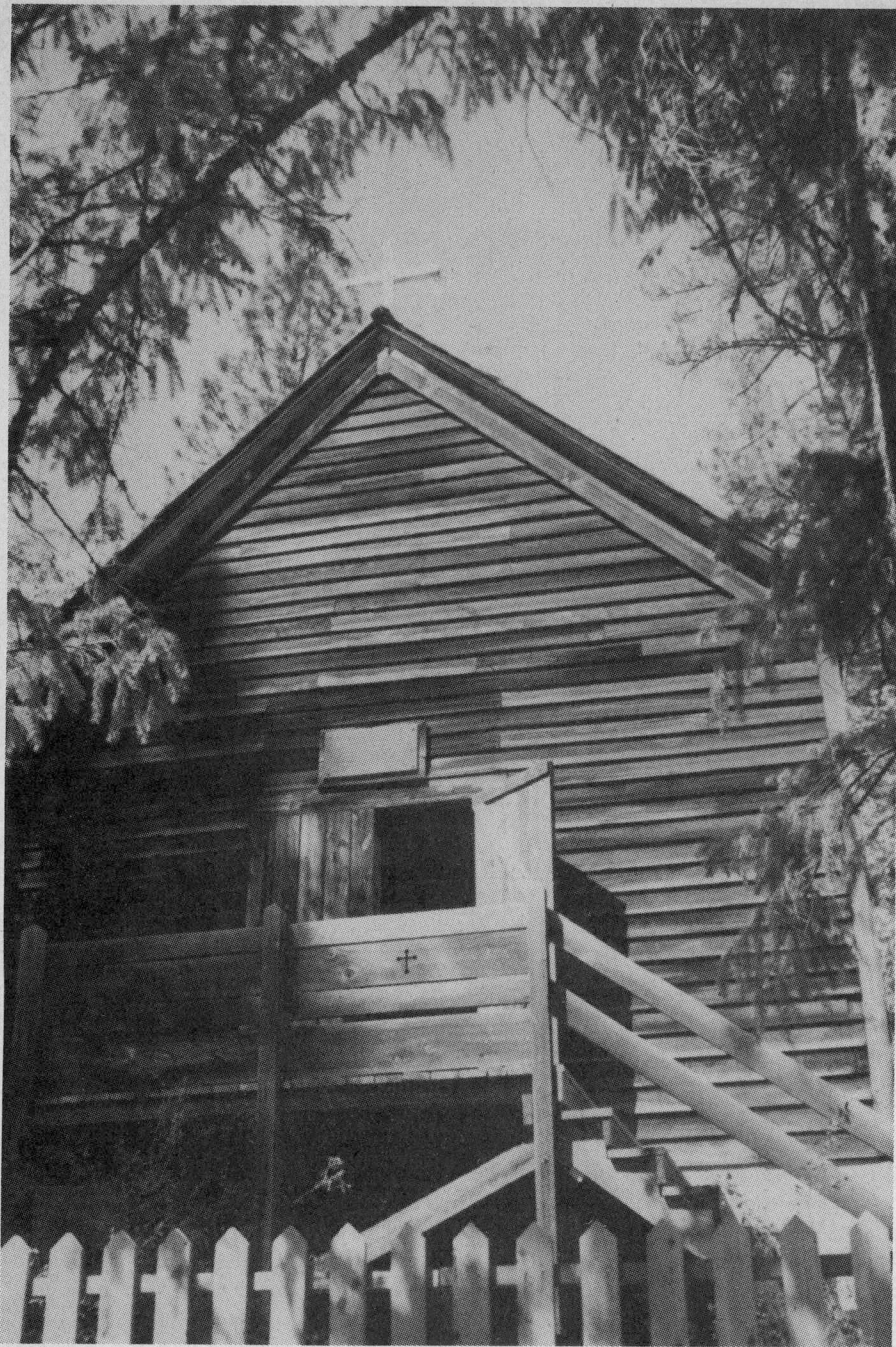
And rugged they were. By 1850, over ninety percent of the white population in California was male, with clergymen, lawmen, and decent women few and far between. Although God-fearing gentlemen did inhabit the Trinity-Klamath gold region, most were ruthless and reckless. Instead of observing the Sabbath, they gambled in the saloons on Sunday and spent the evening in the brothel. Other miners were so immoral they murdered any who stood in their way, especially the natives. And, in many places along the Trinity, Salmon, and Klamath rivers, the white men wantonly murdered Indians.

ALTHOUGH Father Florian knew that danger lay in the Trinity-Klamath gold mines, he bravely boarded the six-horse stage bound for Shasta Town, near present-day Redding. He and other Catholic clergymen hoped that the moral teachings of the church might calm the miners' spirits and change their greedy ways. Perhaps with a proper priest and a church nearby, communities with families would form.

On rode Father Florian, slowly north, over narrow country roads and through such rough mining camps as Lousy Level and Whiskey Flat towards his destination. Finally the stage rolled into Shasta Town, as well as into a maze of traffic. Great lumbering freight wagons and packmules by the score could be counted, for the bustling community was the transfer point of passengers and supplies going into the high mountains of the Klamath and Trinity mines. A crowd of miners, stage drivers, and muleteers kept the town alive day and night.

When the good padre stepped off the stage onto Main Street, those who

True West



Author's Photo

At the turn of the century, St. Joseph's Church in Sawyer's Bar would have looked much as it does in this 1991 photo.

Father Florian Schwenninger could have easily been a famed professor at a European university. Born near Innsbruck, Austria, in 1809, he not only had honored degrees in scripture and oriental languages from Tyrol University in Austria, he was also a Benedictine monk. But Schwenninger's adventurous soul led him to America, and in August 1852 he found himself aboard the steamer *Golden Gate*, on his way to the port of San Francisco. While most passengers on the ship suffered from cholera, the pale padre maintained his health.

Father Florian, as he liked to be called, first worked among the German people of the city. But in July 1853, he boarded a paddleboat up the Sacramento River, headed towards the Trinity-Klamath gold mines. Archbishop Alemany of California had appointed him to that mountainous district in 1853, urging him to visit as many mining camps as possible.

After a brief tour of the capital city, Father Florian continued on to Marysville, a commercial city at the head of the Yuba River and the northern terminus of his boat ride. There he met

of se Flat

stood watching him on the saloon- and brothel-lined thoroughfare probably stared in wonder, for he wore the heavy gown of a Benedictine monk. Never before had a Catholic priest ventured so far north into the California mining districts.

Although Father Florian's first masses in Shasta Town were held in the town hall, he soon had a large congregation of followers—both Catholic and Protestant—ready and willing to build a church for him. That was a great honor, since a fire had devastated Shasta in June 1853, hitting many citizens hard financially.

Anxious to broaden his missionary work, within weeks Father Florian was off to Weaverville, thirty-five miles to the northwest. There lay the head of the Trinity River, where over 4,000 men worked their mining claims, with many Chinese men among them. Although a fire had swept that camp, too, in March 1853, the townsfolk promised the good-natured padre a church. He continued his journey to the diggings along the Trinity, where thousands of men scoured the ravines, gulches, and riverbeds for gold.

HE NEXT TOOK a coach as far as Trinity Center, an important mining and trading community on the Oregon-Shasta Stage Line. From there, he walked the rest of the way, for he scorned to ride a mule, the only other mode of travel through the hazardous mountains.

Even Father Florian found the trails along the Trinity and Salmon rivers difficult. But instead of turning back he became only more inspired. At every home he visited, at every camp he came to, he left a holy picture or a crucifix to help the people feel more content with their isolated life in the wilderness.

Up the narrow, rocky gorge he trudged, following the river as it twisted and zig-zagged into the clouds, over the
May 1992



Author's Photo

Father Florian placed this painting of the crucifixion on the altar of St. Joseph's.

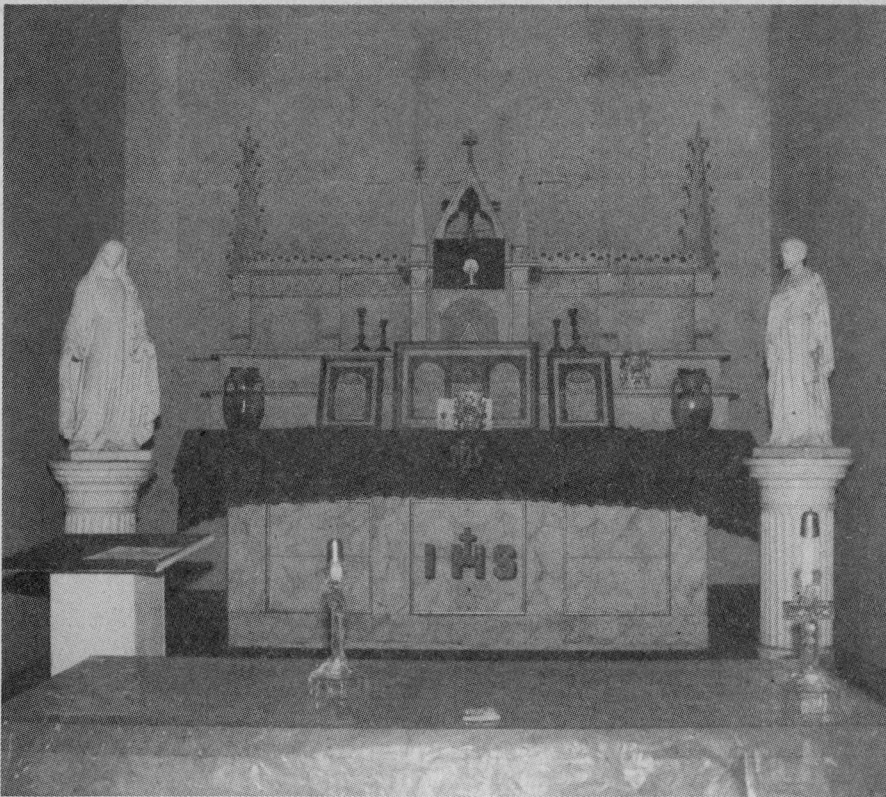
Instead of observing the Sabbath, they gambled in the saloons on Sunday and spent the evening in the brothel. Other miners were so immoral they murdered any who stood in their way, especially the natives. And, in many places along the Trinity, Salmon, and Klamath rivers, the white men wantonly murdered Indians.

glacier-carved Trinity Alps, clear up to Carville and the Trinity Divide. After crossing the divide by Ferry, Father Florian ambled down the steep, almost invisible path towards Coffee Creek Trail and level land.

The last place he visited that fall was Sawyer's Bar, a boisterous community between the Trinity Alps and the mist-veiled Klamath Mountains. Pausing at a bend on Coffee Creek Trail, he glanced down and saw the makeshift town's tents and shacks from at least a half-mile above. Below him lay the turbulent Salmon River, whose noisy blue waters

swiftly tumbled from high mountain springs, carrying tree trunks and other debris into its whirling eddies. On the river's bank, he could see thousands of men working their mining claims.

Miners' mouths gaped as they watched the stooped, frail figure of Father Florian plod across the two hewn logs and enter Sawyer's Bar. Most may well have wondered why a man of God would dare enter such a hell-raising town where shooting and killing were common. He did not even dress like them. They wore dirty shirts and overalls tucked in tall muddy boots,



Author's Photo

The altar at St. Joseph's.

Father Florian fell in love with Sawyer's Bar, it so reminded him of his native Austria, but he could not stay long. He had to get back to Shasta Town before winter. Many a miner told tales of those who perished when the blizzards blew—and they blew often in these mountains, making the wet, rocky earth slippery and dangerous.

and all were unkempt, unshaven, and unshorn, while he still wore his Benedictine gown.

As Father Florian slowly plodded down the single street of the crowded camp, greeting each miner in his kindly manner, more and more men paused to stare at him. New arrivals at the four-year-old camp were no novelty, but never had those men dreamed of meeting a Benedictine monk. He held mass and a flurry of excitement followed. People walked down from the Klamath, forty-five miles away, to see him preach. When the townsfolk learned he wanted a Catholic church built in Sawyer's Bar, they were amazed but eager to build it.

Father Florian fell in love with Sawyer's Bar, it so reminded him of his native Austria, but he could not stay long. He had to get back to Shasta Town before winter set in. Many a miner

told tales of those who perished when the blizzards blew—and they blew often in these mountains, making the wet, rocky earth slippery and dangerous.

On his return trip, he found that Shasta Town, Weaverville, and other mining camps had built new churches in his honor. Kind-hearted Father Florian, the sole priest of Shasta and Trinity counties, had one happy Christmas, indeed. But it was also a busy one. He continually traveled day and night, making trips to say mass and hold confession as far south as Red Bluff, in Tehema County, over to Weaverville and the camps along the bed of the Trinity River, and north above Redding.

When spring of 1854 came, he was anxious to resume his journeys over the mountains, visiting every camp. This time, he went over Scott Mountain to Callahan, in Siskiyou County, took Coffee Creek Trail over the ridges to

Cecilville, and then journeyed down to the Salmon River mines and to Sawyer's Bar.

In early 1855, Father Raphael Rinaldi took over residency at Shasta Town, Shasta County, while Father Florian moved to Weaverville, in Trinity County. That July, the Catholic church appointed Father James Cassin and his assistant, Thomas Cody, clergymen for Siskiyou County, where Sawyer's Bar now lay. Father Florian visited his beloved camp one last time before that exchange occurred. At once the townsfolk resolved to build a church for him in order to encourage him to visit them often. The construction of St. Joseph's, the oldest and best preserved church in northern California above San Francisco, began that year.

Although Father Florian had been appointed priest only to Trinity County, he often journeyed up Coffee Creek Trail to the Salmon River's north fork. By 1856, his attention had turned towards the missions along the Salmon River, for he wanted to mend the miners' unlawful and wicked ways. In early spring of 1856, he was able to visit Sawyer's Bar and saw St. Joseph's under construction for the first time. It lay on Paradise Flat, where the miners believed the gold had been played out.

A makeshift community had once rested on this flat, but when the miners had discovered that the gravels beneath them were rich in gold, the town moved downriver to where Dan Sawyer had set up a sawmill. They called the camp Sawyer's Bar. Since lumber could not be transported into those remote mountains, the miners whipsawed it right in Sawyer's Bar and then hauled it upriver to the flat.

It so pleased Father Florian to see the miners hard at work on the little wooden church beneath the pines that he became inspired. To the east and rear of the church lay ample yard space; there he created a cemetery. The only headboards found in this cemetery in those early days were made by Father Florian himself. He carved them freely from whipsawed boards and graced them with his wonderful penmanship.

Father Florian became the sole priest of Siskiyou County in the spring of 1857. On April 10, he took over the parish in Yreka and in the first week of May was off to Sawyer's Bar. Noticing that his church was almost completed, he took off, visiting as many mining camps in Siskiyou County as possible. He walked up the Salmon River to the confluence of the Klamath at Somes Bar and, from there, to Happy Camp and

True West

even over the ridge to the mines of the Smith River.

Later that year, Father Florian visited Sawyer's Bar again, knowing that the church would be finished. This time, he carried a mysterious bundle under one arm. Finally reaching Paradise Flat, he set his luggage in the single room lean-to at the back and examined the church. It was forty-six feet long and twenty feet wide. A simple cross lay under the gable. Four picture windows, with crosses painted in the center of each pane, let in an abundance of light. A carpet covered the floor, but the walls had no interior lining. A silver coin bearing the date of the building was placed on a corner post.

Before mass, Father Florian set the secret bundle on the altar of the newly built church for all to see. A large group gathered for the first mass at St. Joseph's. When the congregation looked at the altar, they were astounded. There lay an oil painting of the crucifixion, the work of some famous Austrian artist, given to the padre before he had left for America.

IN 1858, FATHER Florian obtained resident priesthood at Sawyer's Bar. He lived there with his cats and chickens in the lean-to at the rear of the church. Crowds of people attended his masses. They overflowed the church and stood on the surrounding flats to hear his sermons. The town had no school, so Father Florian taught the children of his congregation how to read and write, and he gave lessons in art, music, and penmanship. When the first public school opened in Sawyer's Bar, he served as the schoolteacher's aide. He also kept busy conducting last rites and fashioning markers for graves, for death in that remote region was frequent and often violent.

Father Florian remained in Sawyer's Bar until 1866, when Bishop O'Connell of San Francisco visited him. The padre was in such poor health that the bishop hospitalized him and recalled him to Marysville. By then, most of the miners had left the Trinity-Klamath gold mines for better paying regions.

Father Florian at first had a difficult time living in Marysville. Although he stayed active saying mass and hearing confessions, he often daydreamed of life along the Salmon River, of the pine-scented forests and the noisy streams. He wished he could once again visit the rough-clad, big-hearted miners. But, most of all, he prayed that his congregation at Paradise Flat would never forget him and his teachings. On July 28, 1868, May 1992

after fifteen years of labor in the rugged northern California mountains, he quietly passed away.

Sawyer's Bar has not had a resident priest since 1866, for it is too remote and the roads over the mountains are too difficult. But St. Joseph's still stands, having escaped heavy hydraulic mining operations in the late 1890s and early 1900s, as well as two fires which blazed the town in the 1950s. In 1978, it was entered into the National Register of Historic Places.

The headstones are still in good shape but are now preserved inside St. Joseph's, while the crucifix and the original key to the door are kept at Sacred Heart Church in Fort Jones. A visiting priest from Fort Jones, Father Roy Donor, still holds mass in the church every third week during the warmer months when weather permits.



Author's Photo

This altar at which Father Florian knelt to pray during burials is similar to the wooden headstones he carved by hand for the cemetery.

Denver's Gold Rush Mint



Raw gold from Pike's Peak country. Clark, Gruber & Co. minted nearly one ton of gold such as this into Pike's Peak coins.

Author's Photo

After deduction of the five percent assay-exchange fee, miners were paid in Pike's Peak gold coins that were legal tender and accepted without question anywhere in the territory. By October 1860, Clark, Gruber & Co. had minted and issued \$120,000 in gold coins, and had even opened a branch purchasing office in Central City.

The Pike's Peak gold rush, the West's second great adventure with gold, was triggered by discovery of the "Cherry Creek diggings," small placer gold deposits along the South Platte River near its confluence with Cherry Creek, almost in the shadow of modern downtown Denver. The Denver region was then only a

By STEVE VOYNICK

poorly defined part of western Kansas Territory. With no real identity of its own, it was known simply as "Pike's Peak country," after the great mountain landmark one hundred miles south.

The Pike's Peak rush, which began in the summer of 1858, very nearly became one of the frontier's biggest fiascoes. By April 1859, 50,000 hopeful gold seekers, many with "Pike's Peak or Bust!" emblazoned on their wagons, had rushed to the heavily promoted and wildly exaggerated Cherry Creek diggings. They found bitter disappointment, for only 1,000 ounces of gold had been recovered in nine months. Broke, hungry, and angry, thousands turned back east across the plains, cursing the name of Pike's Peak.

But, at its darkest moment, the Pike's Peak rush, and with it the future of Colorado, was redeemed by rich strikes in the mountains just west of Denver City. Beginning in late spring, 1859, prospectors surged through the mountains making a succession of gold discoveries that stretched all the way from Central City and Idaho Springs to Fairplay, Alma, Breckenridge, and Oro City. By December, 50,000 troy ounces of gold worth nearly one million dollars had been mined, an output that would increase dramatically in the next year.

Believing that the mines were too isolated and remote to be governed effectively from eastern Kansas, the miners and merchants near Denver City proclaimed their own territory in fall, 1859. They named it Jefferson and petitioned Congress for immediate admission to the Union as a state. Congress denied the petition on two counts. First, it rejected outright the audacious prem-

True West

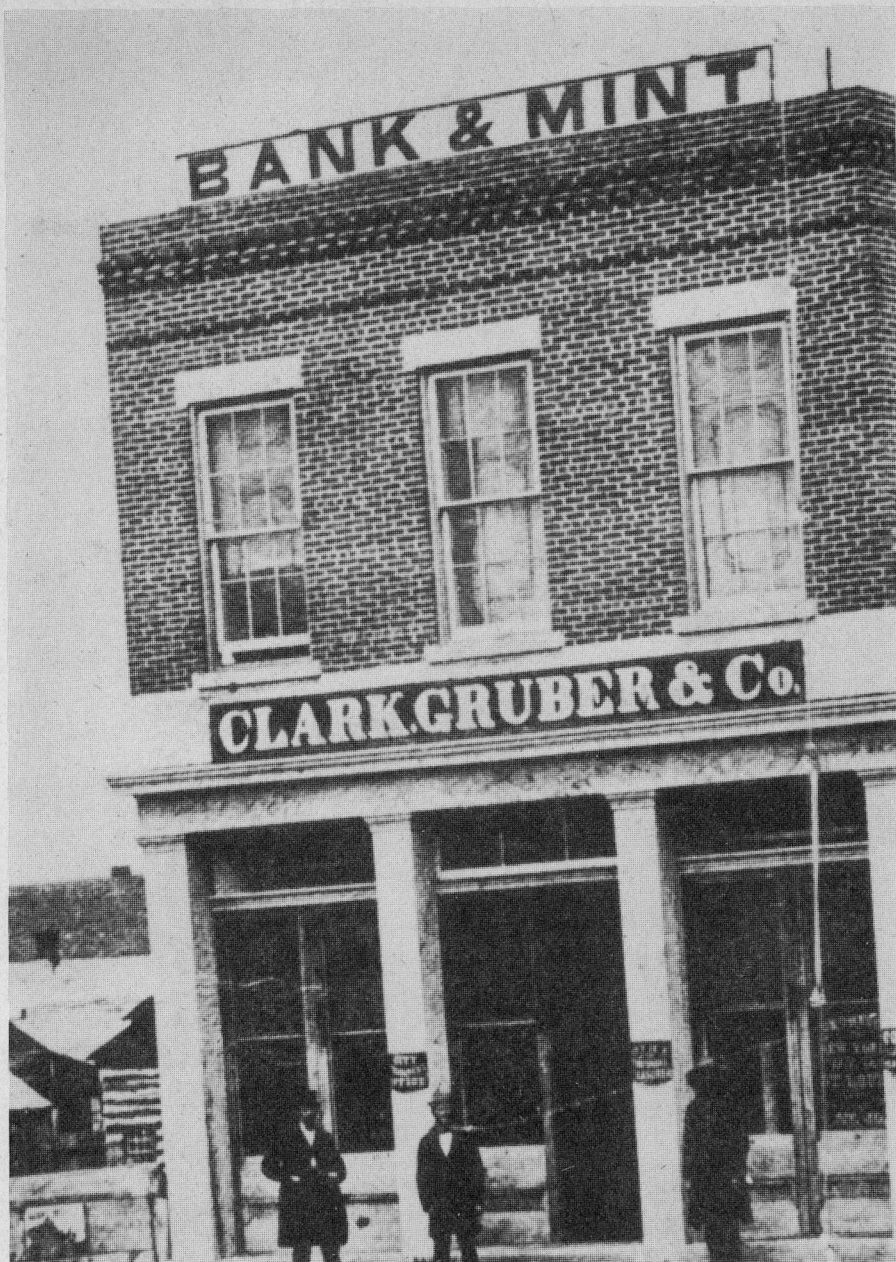
ise of a "self-appointed" territory; second, it was politically impossible to admit a northern state when the last, desperate efforts to peacefully preserve the Union were underway. Pike's Peak country would remain loosely organized as Jefferson Territory or as a part of Kansas Territory, depending on one's personal interests, for well over a year.

Although tales of the Pike's Peak rush, discoveries, and boom camps have been recounted many times, little attention has been given to the gold itself. A miner's problems did not stop after the gold had been mined, for it was almost impossible to sell the metal for a fair price in Pike's Peak country, at least during 1859. There was no central exchange for gold, and very little gold or silver coinage for which to exchange the raw metal was in circulation. Since few had confidence in the unstable treasury department paper "greenback" currency, raw gold, or "dust," became by necessity the principal circulating medium of exchange.

THE BIG PROBLEM with using dust as currency was the indeterminate value of raw gold. The price of fine, or pure, gold had been fixed by the United States government in 1837 at \$20.67 per troy ounce. But natural gold was never pure; instead, it was alloyed with other metals, most often silver. Gold from the Cherry Creek diggings was the purest in the Pike's Peak region. At 950 fine, or 95 percent pure, a troy ounce of raw "Platte River gold" could be exchanged for \$20 in coin or merchandise. Most of the gold production, however, came from the mountain gulches, where the metal was only 780 to 880 fine and, therefore, worth a lower equivalent in coin. To further confuse the matter, there was not a single assay office in the region to accurately determine the purity of the "gulch gold."

In trading dust, merchants usually held the advantage. Miners needing immediate supplies had little choice but to accept the prevailing exchange, a rate set by merchants who were collectively determined to keep it as low as possible. Merchants paid as little as ten dollars per troy ounce for raw gulch gold, and rarely more than fourteen dollars, using scales, of course, weighted slightly in their favor. But trading dust involved two-way risk, for the raw gold sometimes had enough brass or bronze shavings in it to make up the difference.

One alternative was to turn gold over to brokers or express companies for a paper receipt. The gold was sent by stagecoach 600 miles to the Missouri
May 1992



Author's Photo

The Clark, Gruber & Co. building in 1861. When built, it was the sturdiest and most imposing structure in all of Denver.

River towns in eastern Kansas, then on to St. Louis, where it was transshipped by rail to the United States Mint at Philadelphia or the United States Assay Mint at New York. The federal mints assayed and purchased the raw gold, paying in check or coin. Three months later, the Pike's Peak miner would receive payment—minus fees for brokerage, shipping, and assaying, along with insurance premiums amounting to five percent of gross value both ways. One troy ounce of dust containing \$17.50 worth of actual gold might return \$13.00 after a wait of three months. Ironically, when the federal mint checks arrived, brokers did not always have

sufficient coin on hand to cover them.

Many miners stayed in Pike's Peak country only so long as the rich dirt held out, avoiding merchants and brokers as much as possible. When they left, they took their dust with them. The drain of raw gold, coupled with high insurance, brokerage and shipping fees, meant that relatively little of the gold mined in the territory remained there to develop a more balanced economy.

Gold rush economics presented both problems and opportunities. Among those considering the opportunities were Emanuel Gruber and brothers Austin and Milton Clark, businessmen who left Ohio to settle in Leavenworth,

Kansas Territory, in 1857. When the Cherry Creek diggings were discovered in 1858, the three men founded Clark, Gruber & Co., a banking and brokerage house, to take small consignments of raw gold as it arrived in Leavenworth.

After the big strikes of May 1859, the company opened a branch office in Denver City. By fall, 5,000 ounces of gulch gold were pouring into Denver City every month, and Clark, Gruber &

Co. had become the preferred broker. Although business was booming, it was also burdened by the slow and costly transportation links with the East. At any given time, Clark, Gruber & Co. had about \$300,000 tied up in transit.

Gruber and the Clark brothers realized that a mint operating in Denver could solve many of those problems. At the time, private minting was legal, providing that the coinage was of "full

weight," that is, the value of the contained metal equalled that of the stated denomination. A private mint could be a sound business approach that could also be very beneficial for the territory. Assaying services would provide a base of fairness for miners and merchants alike, and minting coins from dust would keep a good deal of gold in local circulation, where it could be invested in building a stronger economy. And charging miners a flat, reasonable assay and exchange fee of five percent would slash the windfall profits being made by the brokerage, shipping, and insurance companies.

In December 1859, Milton Clark journeyed to Philadelphia to have artists and engravers prepare designs and dies, and to purchase the necessary minting equipment. A month later, Austin Clark and Emanuel Gruber traveled west to Denver. They purchased a 50-by-125-foot lot at the corner of what is now Sixteenth and Market streets in downtown Denver, then ordered construction of a 25-by-40-foot, two-story brick building with a stone basement in which doors opened to level ground at the rear. They also built a 16-by-20-foot engine house and adjoining 8-by-16-foot acid and furnace room. When completed, the new mint was the sturdiest and most imposing building in Denver.

The assaying and minting equipment arrived in Denver by freight wagon in April 1860. The mint was set up in the basement of the Clark, Gruber & Co. building and was ready for operation in three months. The first gold coins were minted on July 20, 1860. Editor and publisher William Byers reported the historic event in his fledgling *Rocky Mountain News*:

... we were admitted to their coining room in the basement, where we found preparations almost complete for the issue of Pike's Peak coin. A hundred "blanks" had been prepared, weight and fineness tested and last manipulations gone through with, prior to their passage through the press. The little engine that drives the machinery was fired up, belts adjusted, and between three and four o'clock the machinery was put in motion and "mint drops" of the value of \$10 each began dropping into a tin pail with the most musical "chink." About a thousand dollars were turned out at the rate of fifteen or twenty coins a minute, which were deemed very satisfactory for the first experiment.

The coins—of which none but ten

True West

M. A. CLARK F. H. GRUBER. M. H. CLARK

CLARK, GRUBER & CO..

LEAVENWORTH.....DENVER, K. T.

BANKERS,

AND DEALERS IN

EXCHANGE, CURRENCY,

-AND-

GOLD DUST.

—

DEPOSITS RECEIVED.

—

WE draw on the American Exchange Bank, N. Y.; Gillmore, Dunlap & Co., Cincinnati; Allen, Copp & Nesbit, St. Louis; Marine Bank, Chicago; and Clark, Gruber & Co., Leavenworth.

We have in connection with our Banking House, a **MINT**, and are prepared to exchange our

Coin for Gold Dust.

The native gold is coined as it is found, alloyed with silver. The weight will be greater, but the value the same as the United States coin of like denominations.

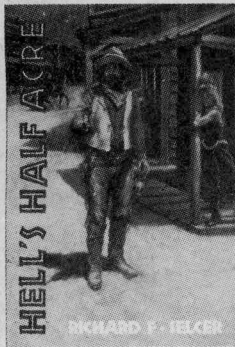
2-16tf **CLARK, GRUBER & CO.**

Author's Photo

Advertisement of Clark, Gruber & Co. that appeared in newspapers and on posters in August 1860.

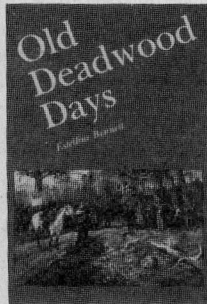
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BOOKMART



282—HELL'S HALF ACRE: THE LIFE AND LEGEND OF A RED LIGHT DISTRICT. By Richard F. Selcer. Fort Worth's legendary tenderloin district is the subject of this new study. Controversial in its heyday and still debated today, Hell's Half Acre was a wild and woolly collection of bordellos, cribs, dance halls, saloons, and gambling parlors. Selcer successfully separates myth from reality in this generously illustrated, well-researched book. Texas Christian University Press.

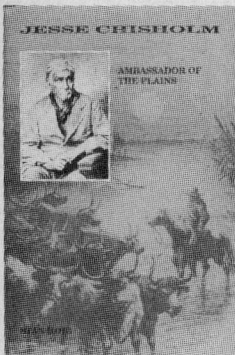
Paper, \$15.95



356—OLD DEADWOOD DAYS. By Esteline Bennett. Daughter of a federal judge who helped to reform Deadwood, the author grew up with the town, having moved there with the family in 1877. Long an outlaw town, Deadwood acquired a reputation that was tough to exaggerate. Bennett's story remains one of the finest and fullest accounts of the taming of the West. University of Nebraska Press.

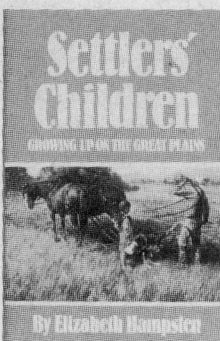
NEW SELECTION!

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278—JESSE CHISHOLM: AMBASSADOR OF THE PLAINS. By Stan Hoig. Chisholm played many roles: trailblazer, scout, trader, and, most importantly, diplomat between the Plains Indians and the U.S. government. Using a wealth of source materials, Hoig provides a portrait of Chisholm that in many ways surpasses the myths surrounding him. This is a long-overdue biography. University Press of Colorado.

Cloth, \$28.00



279—SETTLERS' CHILDREN: GROWING UP ON THE GREAT PLAINS. By Elizabeth Hampsten. Using letters, diaries, reminiscences, and oral interviews, Hampsten develops a sense of what life was like for children of pioneer families. She offers a clear, composite, realistic picture of frontier childhood. University of Oklahoma Press.

Cloth, \$22.95



306—WILDEST OF THE WILD WEST: TRUE TALES OF A FRONTIER TOWN ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL. By Howard Bryan. Real life in the West was oftentimes wilder than fiction, as those tales of the Santa Fe Trail and Las Vegas, New Mexico, vividly portray. Historic photos and a lively text chronicle sixty years of dramatic events in the life of a frontier community and its environs. Clear Light Publishing.

Cloth, \$19.95
Paper, \$12.95



Captivity of the Oatman Girls

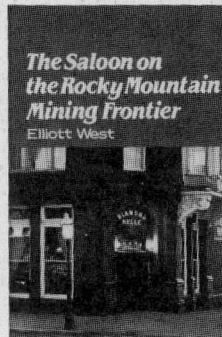
339—CAPTIVITY OF THE OATMAN GIRLS. By R. B. Stratton. Stratton's narrative, first published in 1857, describes the attack on the Oatman family along the Santa Fe Trail, the deaths of most family members, and the captivity of sisters Ann and Olive. It includes Olive's detailed account of her captivity that provides one of the earliest descriptions of life in Indian villages of the Southwest. University of Nebraska Press.

Paper, \$8.95



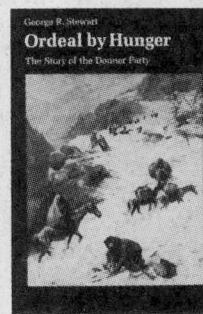
319—ARIZONA'S DARK AND BLOODY GROUND. By Earle R. Forrest. Initially published in 1950, this account of Arizona's Pleasant Valley war stands as a solid historical document, as well as an exciting story. No feud in the history of the West was more dramatic, more ruthless, more tragic than the one detailed in Forrest's book. It raged with such savage intensity that almost every principal was killed. Univ. of Arizona Press.

Paper, \$14.95



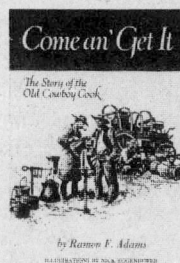
326—THE SALOON ON THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN MINING FRONTIER. By Elliott West. Drawing on contemporaneous sources from the nineteenth century, West shows that the physical evolution of the saloon from crude tents and shanties into elegant establishments for drinking and gaming reflected the growth and maturity of the surrounding community. University of Nebraska Press.

Cloth, \$14.50



327—ORDEAL BY HUNGER: THE STORY OF THE DONNER PARTY. By George R. Stewart. Since its first publication in 1936, *Ordeal by Hunger* has been the definitive history of the ill-fated Donner Party of emigrant pioneers. Stewart reconstructs the events that befell the Donner caravan. This reprint edition includes additional diaries and letters of survivors. Univ. of Nebraska Press.

Paper, \$8.95

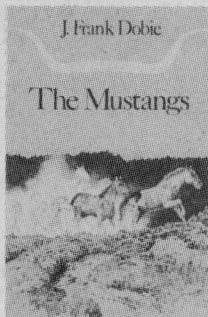


305—COME AN' GET IT: THE STORY OF THE OLD COWBOY COOK. By Ramon F. Adams; illus. by Nick Eggenhofer. Adams, one of the best down-to-earth western chroniclers, captured the spirit of the round-up camp. His story of the old cowboy range cook is salty and authentic. "A superlative job"—*New York Times Book Review*. University of Oklahoma Press.

Paper, \$7.95

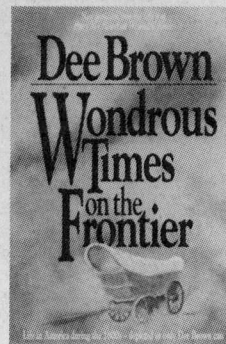
Turn the page for more fine selections.

BOOKMART

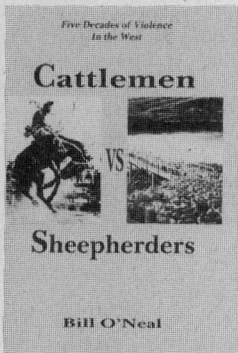


217—**THE MUSTANGS.** By J. Frank Dobie. The master storyteller of the American Southwest here tells the tale of the wild and free mustangs that once roamed the western ranges. It is also the story of the whites and Indians who captured them, rode them, and annihilated them. "A magnificent book"—*New York Herald Tribune*. University of Texas Press.

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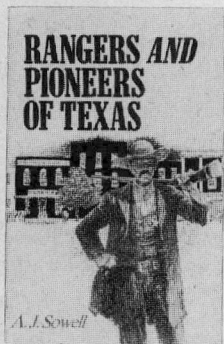
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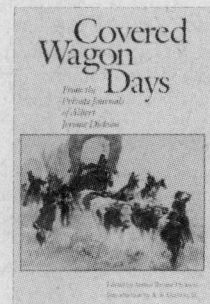
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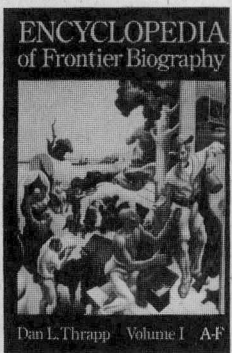
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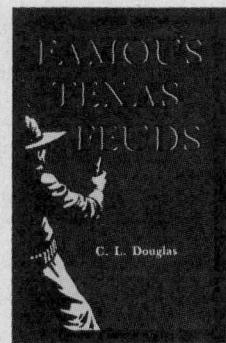


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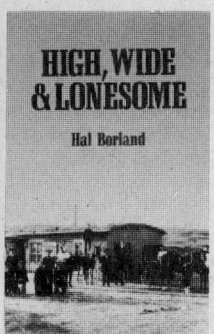
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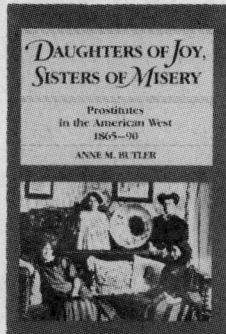
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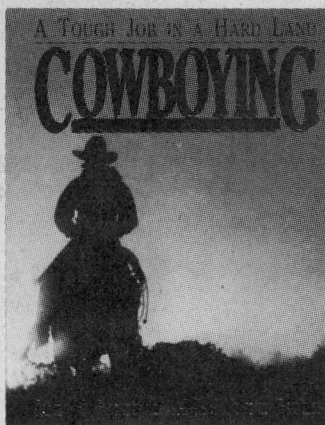


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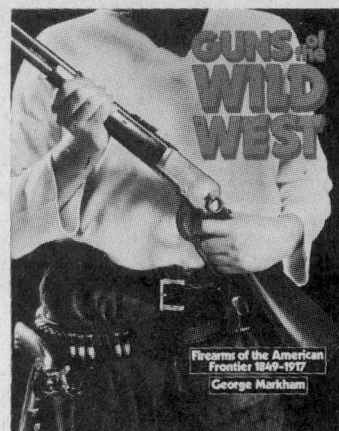
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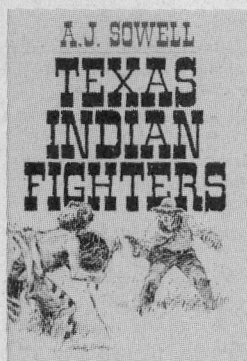
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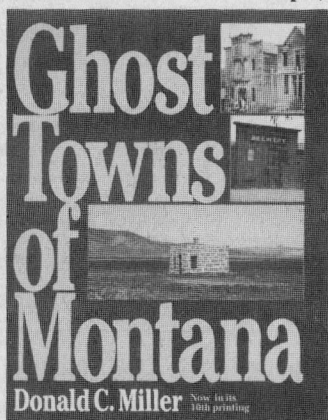
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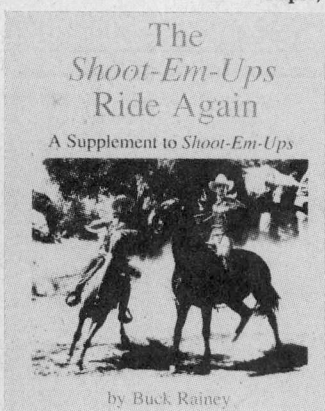
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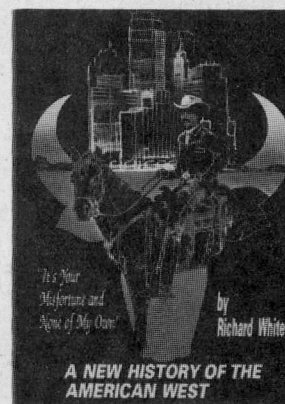
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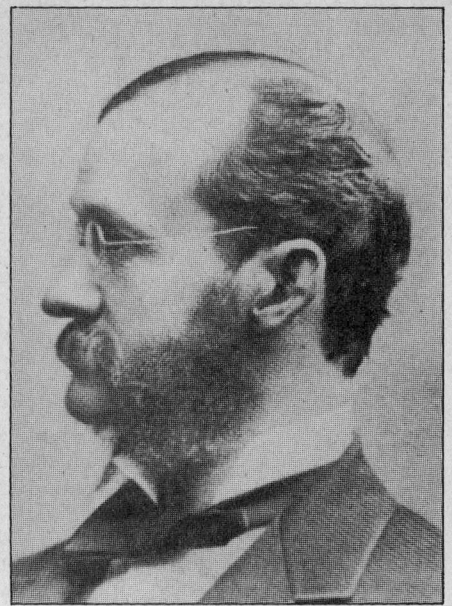
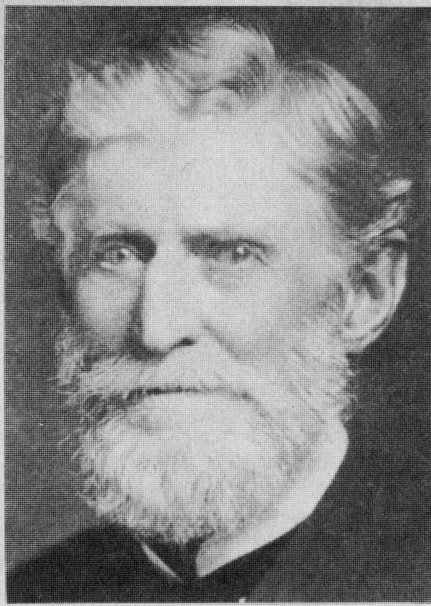
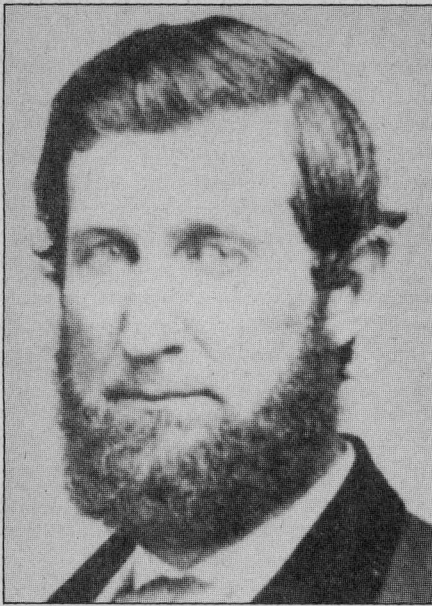
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Author's Photos

Left to right: Austin M. Clark, Milton E. Clark, and Emanuel Gruber.

dollar pieces are yet coined—are seventeen grains heavier than the U.S. coin of the same denomination.

On the face is a representation of the peak, its base surrounded by a forest of timber, and “Pike’s Peak Gold” encircling the summit. Immediately under its base is the word “Denver,” and beneath it “Ten D.” On the reverse is the American Eagle encircled by the name of the firm, “Clark, Gruber & Co.” and beneath the date, “1860.”

The coin . . . is upon the whole, very creditable in appearance, and a vast improvement over “dust” as a circulating medium.

The only criticism of the coins came as wry comments about the representation of Pike’s Peak. Neither Milton Clark nor the Philadelphia artist who drew the design had ever seen the massive, broad-shouldered mountain. They depicted it as an impossibly steep pyramid, more like a monument than a mountain. Nevertheless, the coins were eagerly accepted and were soon joined by a twenty-dollar denomination coin. Clark, Gruber & Co. also advertised its private minting service in posters and newspapers: “We have in connection with our banking house a MINT, and are prepared to exchange our coin for gold dust. The native Gold is coined as it is found alloyed with silver. The weight will be greater, but the value the same as the United States coin of like denomination.”

The first mint runs of ten-dollar coins
May 1992

contained pure gold, but later runs used gold that was 825 fine, with the remainder of silver. The alloyed coins were both harder and cheaper to make. The raw gold was purified into gold-silver by amalgamation, then refined by chemical precipitation. After assay, the alloy was adjusted precisely to 825 fine and minted. The coins contained exactly the same amount of gold as regular U.S. Mint issues, but were distinctly heavier. The additional silver was a “bonus” that made Clark, Gruber & Co. Pike’s Peak gold coins worth about one-half percent more than their U.S. Mint counterparts.

Miners simply brought their raw gold to Clark, Gruber & Co. It was put through a standard fire assay to determine the exact amount of gold present. After deduction of the five percent assay-exchange fee, they were paid the equivalent in Pike’s Peak gold coins that were legal tender and accepted without question anywhere in the territory. By October 1860, Clark, Gruber & Co. had minted and issued \$120,000 in gold coins, and had even opened a branch purchasing office in Central City.

The steam-driven minting machinery often worked around the clock, and the original \$10 and \$20 coins were soon joined by \$5 and \$2½ denominations, all in designs that were more similar to U.S. Mint issues. The Pike’s Peak design was replaced by the head of the Goddess of Liberty surrounded by thirteen stars with “Clark & Co.” filling the tiara. The reverse bore an eagle with

“Pike’s Peak Gold, Denver,” followed by “5 D.” or “2½ D.”

In December 1860, Clark, Gruber & Co. even began issuing paper currency in steel-engraved, five-dollar notes, payable on demand in Denver in Pike’s Peak gold coins. The early currency issues brazenly bore the legend, “Territory of Jefferson, Denver, 1860.” Their popularity attracted the attention of the treasury department in Washington, which considered them an embarrassment, since its own greenback currency enjoyed little confidence.

WHEN Southern secession began late in 1860, war was inevitable. Only then did Congress formally establish Colorado Territory in February 1861. War erupted in April, and its effects quickly reached the now-legitimate territory. Communication and transportation ties were disrupted, and the arrival of settlers and outside investment capital virtually stopped. Recall of western army units left the territory increasingly vulnerable to Indian trouble and threats of Southern guerrilla attack.

To allay those fears and discourage any funneling of guns or gold to the South, Governor William Gilpin organized two volunteer infantry regiments. Washington refused to support Gilpin’s unauthorized territorial militia, but Gilpin boldly outfitted his troops with funds raised from equally unauthorized drafts on the federal treasury. Although controversial, the Colorado volunteers were a calming presence in the days when Southern threats, real and



Author's Photos

Top: The twenty-dollar Pike's Peak gold coin of 1860 minted and issued by Clark, Gruber & Co. Note the exaggerated grade of Pike's Peak, designed by an artist who had never seen it. Bottom: In 1861, Clark, Gruber & Co. altered the design of its Pike's Peak gold coins to better resemble U.S. Mint issues.

rumored, ranged from attacks on the mines to seizing the Clark, Gruber & Co. mint.

Washington had been uneasy with Colorado ever since it proclaimed itself Jefferson Territory. While it was now a formal territory, it still had its "private armies and private mints." The war department kept close tabs on Gilpin's militia, while the treasury department kept an even closer eye on the private mint of Clark, Gruber & Co.

Emanuel Gruber and the Clark brothers knew that the treasury department would seize their mint if there was even a suspicion of impropriety on their part. Accordingly, they maintained a company policy of absolute honesty, even altering their coinage designs again in 1861. The words "Pike's Peak" and "Clark & Co." were retained, but designs of the Goddess of Liberty and the eagle more closely resembled U.S. Mint designs.

More importantly, the new Pike's Peak gold coins contained one percent more gold than U.S. coins, supposedly to "protect the bearer against loss by wear." The real reason was to protect

Clark, Gruber & Co. against any question about the "full weight" requirement. Now, the Clark, Gruber & Co. twenty-dollar gold coin was worth thirty cents more than its U.S. equivalent. On the paper notes, "Colorado" replaced "Territory of Jefferson."

Two far smaller private mints attempted to emulate the success of Clark, Gruber & Co. John Parson & Co. was founded in the South Park camp of Hamilton, while J.J. Conway & Co. began buying and assaying raw gold and minting gold coins in Georgia Gulch, near Breckenridge. Parson coins resembled U.S. Mint issues, but the Conway coins employed a simpler graphic design. Both bore the name "Pike's Peak."

Colorado's 1861 gold production soared to 150,000 troy ounces worth over two and one-half million dollars, and Clark, Gruber & Co.'s coinage issue topped a quarter-million dollars. With the California goldfields in decline and marine shipping interrupted by the war, Colorado's gold became vital to the North. Noting the sharply increased mine and private mint production, the

treasury department pointed out the need for a United States branch mint in Denver, a presence that might "better regulate" gold purchasing. Simultaneously, Congress began debating the legality of private minting. Support grew to leave the minting and issuing of legal tender, general circulation gold coins exclusively with the government.

Emanuel Gruber and the Clark brothers suddenly faced considerable risk. Should private coinage be banned, they would lose a substantial investment. Even with future legislation a mere possibility, selling a private mint would be impossible. Not surprisingly, when the treasury department advanced the idea of buying their mint, Gruber and the Clarks supported it without reservation.

LATE IN 1861, Austin Clark was summoned to Washington with the company records and specimens of the Clark, Gruber & Co. Pike's Peak gold coins. The director of the U.S. Mint at Philadelphia personally inspected the coins, reporting that they were indeed of "full weight and fineness." The company records were studied and Attorney General Edward Bates declared that Clark, Gruber & Co. had apparently violated no federal laws. A full report was sent directly to President Abraham Lincoln, who passed it on to Congress. Secretary of the Treasury Samuel P. Chase then formally requested Congressional approval of three proposals: prohibition of private coinage in the United States; establishment of a United States Branch Mint in Denver; and authorization to purchase the property, buildings, and equipment of the Clark, Gruber & Co. private mint.

Even though a federal branch mint would assay and purchase, but not coin, gold, the idea was broadly supported in Colorado for the credibility it would bring to the young territory. Clark, Gruber & Co., of course, was doing everything possible to make the sale a reality. But with war draining the federal treasury, there arose serious doubt about the government's ability to raise the necessary funds. If private coinage were prohibited—and the mint not purchased—repercussions on the struggling territorial economy might result. Newspapers warned that without a mint in operation, the loss to Colorado through brokerage, shipping, and insurance fees would approach \$400,000 per year. A grass roots movement emerged to do whatever was needed to keep the mint in operation. One proposal called for public contributions to pur-

chase the mint, then to "loan" it to the government to operate until the end of the war, when purchase would be possible.

Meanwhile, prohibition of private coinage seemed ever more likely, thanks to reports such as that of the Congressional Ways and Means Committee, which decried private minting as "nothing more or less than counterfeiting the legal coins; and although not done with a criminal intent, lends increased facilities for fraud and villainy."

Colorado breathed a collective sigh of relief on April 12, 1862, when Congress voted to establish a United States branch mint at Denver, authorizing a \$75,000 appropriation and a commission to assess the value of the Clark, Gruber & Co. private mint. Finally, in November, the Secretary of the Treasury formally offered \$25,000 for the outright purchase of the property, building, and machinery of the Clark, Gruber & Co. mint. The offer was accepted and coinage operations, which had already slowed in anticipation of the sale, ceased immediately.

Actual transfer took five months. Clark, Gruber & Co. had purchased the property from a gold rush land promoter, and Denver still did not have a district land office to legally clear the title. A joint resolution of Congress was required to accept the quitclaim deed furnished by Clark, Gruber & Co. in lieu of a legally acceptable title. The government finally took over and began operating a U.S. Branch Mint in April 1863.

THE CLARK, Gruber & Co. mint had operated for two years and four months, minting nearly one ton of gold into Pike's Peak coins worth \$594,305 that were an invaluable stimulus to regional economic growth and stability. During that time, the company also purchased an additional 93,000 troy ounces of raw gold worth \$1.4 million and handled even more dust on consignment. During the mint's operation, Clark, Gruber & Co. purchased, minted, or shipped well over half the gold mined in the territory. When private coinage halted, the company recalled the Pike's Peak gold coins and its outstanding paper notes, redeeming everything for regular issue U.S. Mint gold coins.

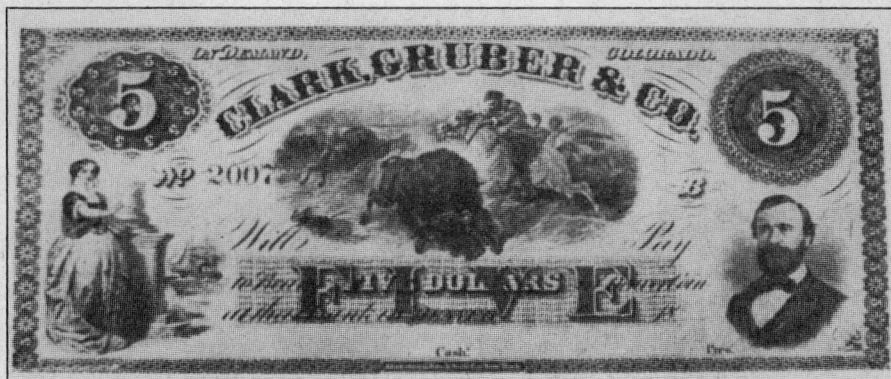
Clark, Gruber & Co. remained in the banking business until 1864, the year that Congress prohibited private coinage. Emanuel Gruber withdrew as a partner, and the firm continued as Clark & Co. for one final year. In 1865, it was absorbed into the First National Bank of Denver.

May 1992

By 1867, Colorado had produced over one million ounces of gold worth twenty-five million dollars, figures that were only a prelude of things to come. Colorado's greatest gold strike was made in 1891 on the shoulder of Pike's Peak. By 1900, the booming camp of Cripple Creek was producing 900,000 ounces of gold worth eighteen million dollars each year, accounting for almost forty per-

cent of total United States gold mine production.

again being minted in Denver for the first time in just over forty-three years. The old Clark, Gruber & Co. building was sold in 1906, and was used for commercial offices one final year. Before the old mint was razed in 1907, a contractor removed the dirt beneath the basement floor, washing it in sluices in the nearby South Platte River to recover an unknown amount of gold. The



Author's Photo

The steel-engraved five-dollar note issued by Clark, Gruber & Co. in 1861. Unlike federal greenbacks, they were accepted without question.

Colorado's 1861 gold production soared to 150,000 troy ounces worth over two and one-half million dollars, and Clark, Gruber & Co.'s coinage issue topped a quarter-million dollars. With the California goldfields in decline and marine shipping interrupted by the war, Colorado's gold became vital to the Union.

cent of total United States gold mine production.

Cripple Creek pointed out the need for a modern federal coinage mint at Denver. The old Clark, Gruber & Co. building still housed the U.S. Branch Mint, where gold was purchased and assayed. The *Colorado Republican* described it in 1897: "... the antiquated structure on Market Street that does duty for a mint, and which is not only an eyesore but a positive source of danger to the employees.

"... the building itself is unsafe. It was built by Clark & Gruber back in the early '60s, and has remained practically in the same condition ever since. Several times it was feared the primitive structure was about to fall down and bury the inmates in its ruins, but it has been propped up and patched."

Congress had authorized a new coinage mint in 1895. Four cities were considered as sites, but the Cripple Creek boom made Denver the overwhelming choice. Construction of the new, \$800,000 mint was completed in 1904. In February 1906, gold coins were

old mint was replaced by a new brick commercial building. That structure, too, has now been torn down to help make room for the modern, glass-and-steel, high-rise towers of downtown Denver.

A limited number of the Clark, Gruber & Co. Pike's Peak gold coins still exist and are prized rarities in American numismatics. The 1860 Pike's Peak twenty-dollar gold coin, with that impossibly steep image of Pike's Peak, is worth as much as sixteen thousand dollars.

Today, when folks speak of the "Denver Mint," they are referring to the federal coinage mint that began operation in 1906. Of the tens of thousands of visitors who have toured that United States Mint, few realize that Denver had an earlier mint. Although it was not nearly as imposing or famous, it still turned out gleaming coins of Pike's Peak gold at a time when a struggling young territory needed them most.





Grand Encampment Museum Photo

Grant Jones published the *Dillon Doublejack* from December 1902 until June 1903, when he died in Battle, Wyoming.

The beauty and solitude of the Sierra Madre in southern Wyoming may have inspired many writers, but none whose stories compare to the wild conjurings of a turn-of-the-century newspaperman who wrote about the bockaboar, the coogly woo,

and the one-eyed screaming emu.

Perhaps a forerunner to modern science fiction writers, or perhaps simply because he liked to nip the booze, Grant Jones let his pen flow freely as he told the wild tales in his column, "Grant Jones' Anvil," in his newspaper, the

Grant Sierra Ma

By CANDY MOULTON

Dillon Doublejack, back in 1903.

The animals of Jones' prolific pen were uniquely adapted to their mountainous homes. The small coogly woo inhabited only lofty peaks. Its six legs were shorter on one side of its body than the other, enabling it to run around the side of a mountain faster than any other animal. Its tail was sharp like a piece of mine steel; when in danger, the coogly woo would get up on its tail, spin around and around, and bore a hole into solid rock. Then it would get into the hole and draw the hole in after it. No one was ever known to capture a coogly woo.

Jones' western version of the medieval bestiary also included the one-eyed screaming emu, a bird capable of swallowing itself when wishing to get away from it all, and the bockaboar.

Jones was born in 1870 in Kentucky and attended high school in Wichita, Kansas. His family, reported to be well-to-do, later settled in Chicago, and in 1893 Jones enrolled at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, as a special student in the college of liberal arts. He then wrote for both the *Chicago Daily Mail* and the *Chicago Times-Herald*, but had problems with his drinking so headed west, where he worked in Denver for a time. Jones next ventured north to Routt County, Colorado. There, in 1897 he heard from his friend Robert Ansley, then business manager of the *Times-Herald*, who encouraged him to meet with promoter Willis George Emerson about a copper strike at Grand Encampment, Wyoming.

Not long before, shepherd Ed Haggarty had discovered the rich copper vein in the Sierra Madre of southern Wyoming. "A deer, starting in front of him, might have changed him from his course, and altered the future of thousands of people. A song-bird, sending melody from a pine tree, might have retarded the growth of a state—a flower, nesting by a rock, might have been fatal to the building of Wyoming," Jones said of Haggarty.

"I told the boys that I was going to publish a newspaper here," Jones wrote in his first edition of the *Doublejack*.

His goals were two-fold. "I hope to bring men and money into Wyoming to develop our vast and latent resources and to help build up our state to a commercial importance commensurate with its natural greatness."

Jones Madre Tale Spinner

Haggarty was grub-staked by three other men, George Rumsey, Robert Deal, and George Ferris, and work commenced on developing the diggings. The mine was called the Rudefeha, a name taken from the first two letters of the four men involved in its initial exploration. Later it became known as the Ferris-Haggarty.

Though mining activity had been ongoing in the mountains of southern Wyoming since the early 1880s, it was not until the Rudefeha started operation that the area began to boom.

The first real promoter on the scene at Grand Encampment was Emerson, who arrived not long after Haggarty's strike. Emerson, a talented writer himself, was the author of several books including *The Treasure of Hidden Valley* set during the Grand Encampment copper boom. Jones and a fellow by the name of E.W. Jenks, who knew Emerson, went to Grand Encampment to meet with the promoter. Jones liked the

country, particularly the gold diggings in Purgatory Gulch.

In Wyoming Jones put his prolific freelance pen to work. Within a week he had a half-column on Grand Encampment in newspapers throughout the country. His stories were printed in the *New York Herald*, *New York Sun*, *Philadelphia North American*, and *Atlanta Constitution*. Papers in Cleveland, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver, and Colorado Springs also gave space to the advertising of Grand Encampment, Wyoming. "I have often been assured, by people in this country, that those first published articles on Grand Encampment were the means of bringing several hundred active workers to Wyoming," Jones wrote.

Aside from liking the gold showings at Purgatory Gulch and the opportunities at Grand Encampment, Jones also appreciated the atmosphere in Dillon, which sprang up when owners of

the Rudefeha mine declared no more booze could be sold at Rudefeha.

Dillon, just a scant mile down Haggarty Creek from Rudefeha, was born as a result. It grew into a wild camp with about 250 residents, two well-stocked general stores, two meat markets, and good restaurants as well as several saloons. The latter may have been the greatest attraction for Jones, who, though a young man in his twenties, had an affinity for a bottle of booze.

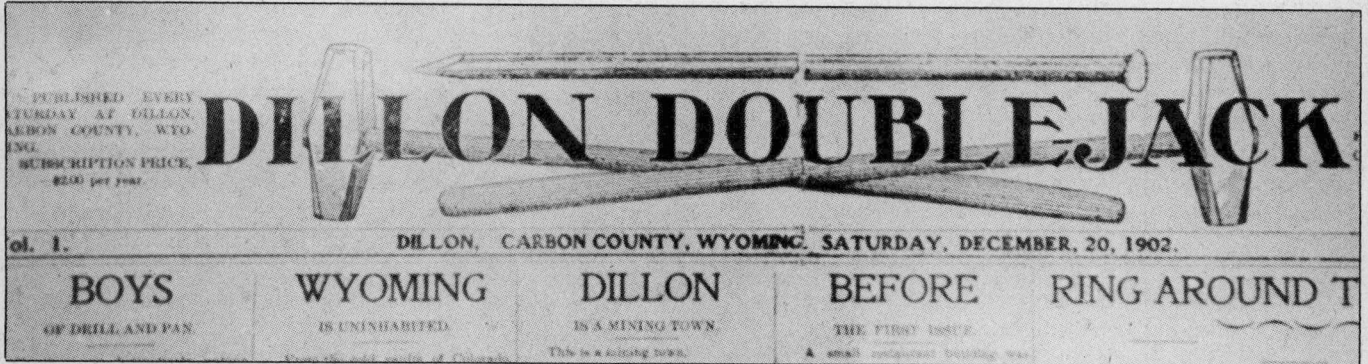
After visiting the Grand Encampment copper district and writing his initial dispatches, Jones worked in other areas of Wyoming writing about coal, soda, oil, irrigation, and similar subjects. For several months he was employed by the Union Pacific Railroad writing a book on fossil fields of Wyoming before returning to the Sierra Madre to undertake his biggest adventure, starting his own newspaper, the *Dillon Doublejack*.

At Malachi Dillon's boarding house October 16, 1902, "I told the boys that I was going to publish a newspaper here," Jones wrote in his first edition of the *Doublejack*. His goals were two-fold. "I hope to bring men and money into Wyoming to develop our vast and latent resources and to help build up our state to a commercial importance commensurate with its natural greatness. I hope to be able to tell of some of the sacrifices and struggles—of some of the romances—in the lives of those who

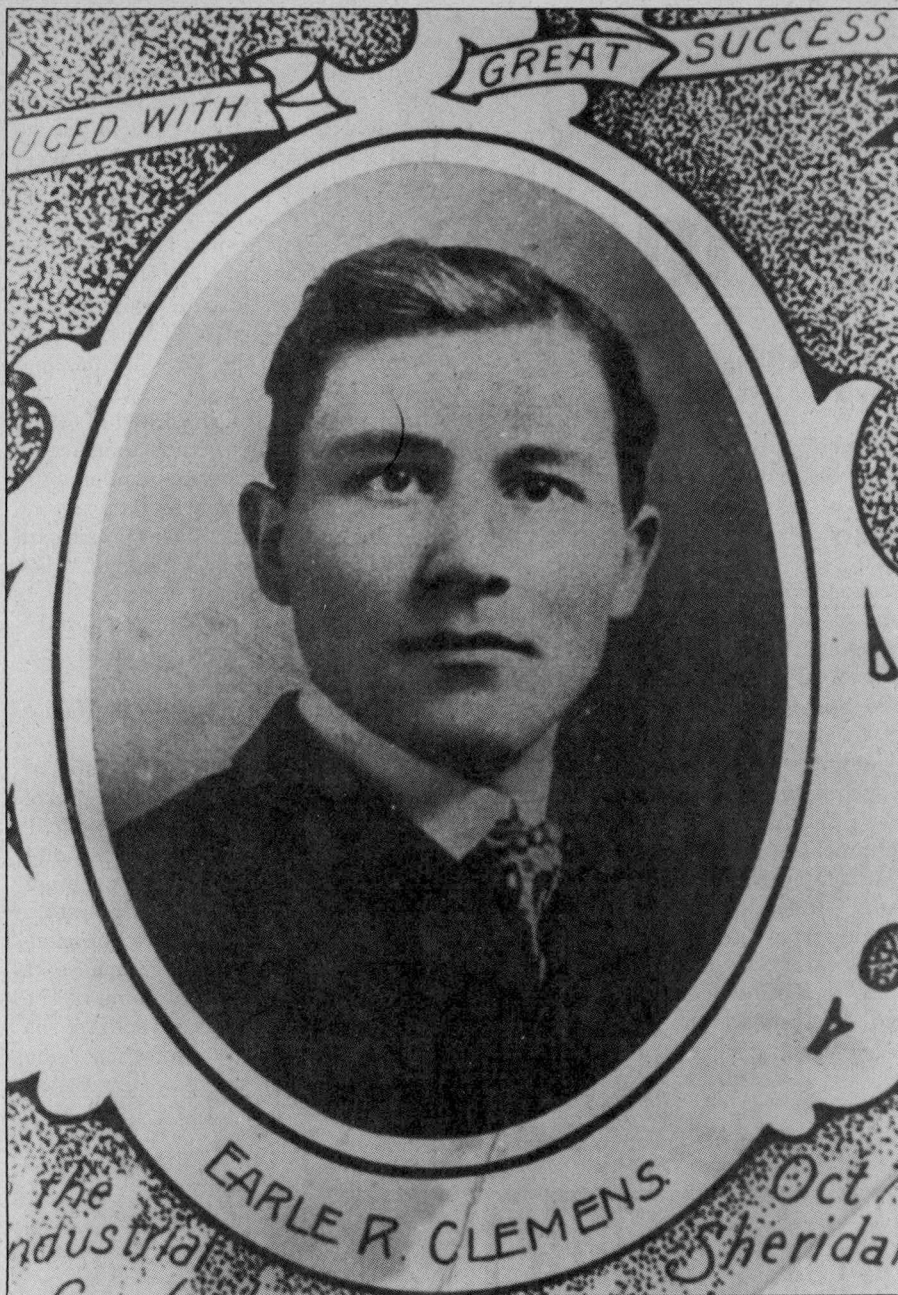
Both: Grand Encampment Museum Photos



The electroplate heading for "Grant Jones' Anvil," the column written by the turn-of-the-century journalist.



The flag for the *Dillon Doublejack* shows Grant Jones' desire that his paper be one for the men who worked the diggings in the Grand Encampment Copper District.



Grand Encampment Museum Photo

Earle Clemens. It's said he more than once put Jones to bed in a drunken stupor, then did the same for the *Doublejack*.

have carved their ways in awful single-ness through the wilderness of Wyoming, as pathfinders and history makers."

Starting a newspaper in such a location was difficult, primarily because it was nearly sixty miles to the nearest railroad, and freighting teams to handle the business of a newspaperman were scarce.

The type for the *Dillon Doublejack*'s first issue was set in a building where the windows had no glass; the light was filtered through blankets that covered the window openings. The type cases were scattered around on benches on the

floor because the case racks did not arrive until two days before going to press.

Three pages were set before the press itself was transported over the mountains. The electrotype headings for the paper's flag, *The Dillon Doublejack*, and for "Grant Jones' Anvil" arrived another day later.

Actually printing the paper was a major undertaking. Jones wrote, "All morning and all afternoon; all evening and all night, until broad daylight—the Washington hand press averaged 297 copies an hour in printing the outside pages of the first issue. During this time

17 men worked almost constantly in printing, loading, wrapping and mailing the papers.

"The press that did the work—that eclipsed all records for a 'long-distance run' is the only printing press of any description for 50 miles to both the north and south and for 150 miles to the west—is the only printing press on the Pacific slope, in a territory of 15,000 square miles." Jones carefully avoided references to printing presses east of Dillon. The *Grand Encampment Herald* was being published a scant twenty miles from Dillon, while the *Saratoga Sun*, and earlier the *Platte Valley Lyre*, had been published in Saratoga since 1888 in a community not much more than forty miles from Dillon.

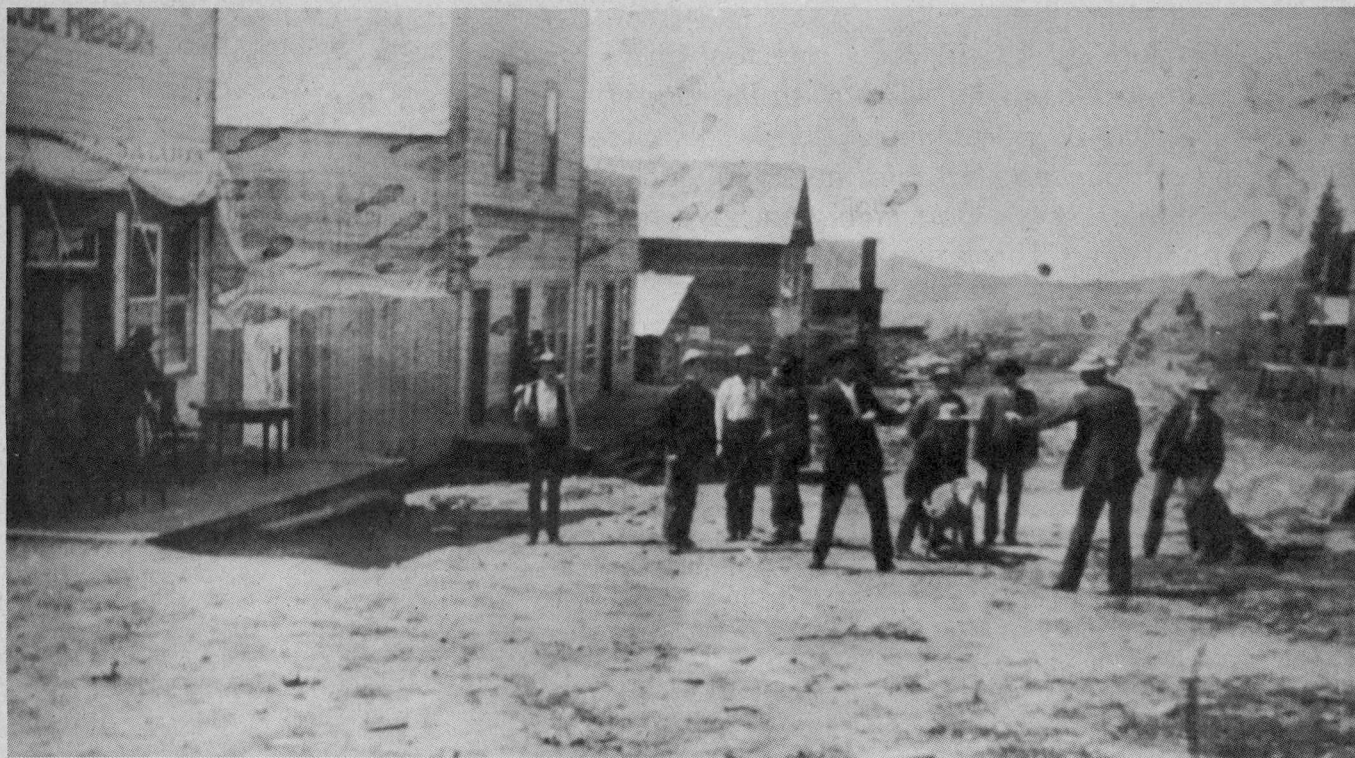
Jones said he had the "feeling akin to conviction, that Dillon, Wyoming, is destined to be, at least for a number of years, the best money-making center in Wyoming." The optimistic Jones published 7,000 copies of the first issue with 4,648 distributed throughout the nation. Each paper crossed the Continental Divide on a sled dragged over snow averaging more than four feet deep and drifts some twenty feet deep.

Though he sent his paper all over the country, it was a newspaper for the hardworking miners in the region. "To the most distinctly unique brotherhood in the world I herewith dedicate the *Dillon Doublejack*. To the brotherhood whose members see the word 'welcome' on fewer doormats, and know more about hospitality, travel over more miles of land and see fewer railroad tracks, eat more bacon and see fewer hogs, drink more milk, condensed, and see fewer cows, worship nature more and see fewer churches, regard women with more chivalry and see fewer of them, judge men better and wear fewer starched shirts, undergo more disappointments and retain more hope—than any other class of men in the whole wide world—to the brotherhood of quartz, and placer prospectors and miners—I dedicate the *Dillon Doublejack*."

As *Doublejack* publisher he made all the miners special correspondents and printed their stories. "The plain truth shall be entirely sufficient and I shall be grateful to those who will furnish this paper with accurate information pertaining to the assured and productive resources of this state," he announced. He said the *Doublejack* would be of special interest to "bad men who have roamed and to good men who have learned to chew tobacco."

In a strongly worded ad, Jones also encouraged the miners in the district to

True West



Top: Miners spar in the center of the street at Dillon, Wyoming, in 1904.

Right: A street scene in Dillon. The town was built after mine owners at the Rudefeha a mile upstream declared no more alcohol could be sold there.

The saloon owners packed their wares and moved to Dillon.



subscribe. "Single men around here caught without the *Doublejack* will receive no quarters—married men will be given twenty-four hours to quit the camp," he said.

Jones learned and spoke the language of the prospectors not only in his news columns, but also in the advertising. For the Ferris Photo Shop he said, "All you prospector boys drop in and get a map of your mugs."

The spinner of tales was a heavy drinker, and apparently Dillon was to his liking. It was a wild camp with four saloons, making it a poor place to resist temptation. Jones may have been a writer and newspaperman, but he also liked to hit the bottle, so he hired a serious, thinking writer, Earle Clemens, who reportedly more than once put Jones to bed first, then did the same for the *Doublejack*. Clemens later was associated with the *Grand Encampment Herald*, and he wrote the music for the Wyoming state song while living there.

One Friday night Jones, whose date-line read "every Saturday at Dillon," staggered into his print shop and realized he would never make the deadline. He called the hand-type setter and said, May 1992

"re-run last week's issue. Just say in capital letters that we've had so many compliments on last week's issue and since everyone liked it so well, we're delighted to run it again this week." With business taken care of, Jones left the office for the nearest bar to get a few straight ones for his hiccups.

Though he wrote about every day activities and mining ventures, Jones also put on paper his discoveries in the realm of natural history. Most likely, the wild stories were written after Jones was already well-filled with booze.

Throughout the winter of 1903, Jones lived in Dillon and published the *Doublejack*. The town was high in the Sierra

Madre on the Pacific side of the Continental Divide. Snow and cold and wind and isolation were constant companions. All winter long Jones was a slave to his ambition of publishing a newspaper. The scenery was snow, the amusement was snow, the variety was snow.

Jones said, "The winter at Dillon has been simply fierce. We boys used to imagine ourselves back in Chicago and would talk about theatres and dinners and after planning a fine evening's program, I would walk up to the window of my cabin and look out upon the flakes of falling snow, snow, snow—enough to drive me mad. And then to work again."

"The plain truth shall be entirely sufficient and I shall be grateful to those who will furnish this paper with accurate information pertaining to the . . . resources of this state," he announced. He said the Doublejack would be of special interest to "bad men who have roamed and to good men who have learned to chew tobacco."

Dillon's isolation, its saloons, its possibilities, all appealed to Jones. But on occasion, his background would shine forth in his writing and he would recall with longing his family and friends back in Kansas or Chicago. "In my little mountain home are books—good books, such as you have read—we read them together, some of them, and studied others word by word together. On my cabin walls are photographs—hundreds of them—your photographs! And there are relics—pieces of ribbon, withered flowers, pictures of old homes and familiar scenes and letters that you wrote—that make me pause and think of you. There is not a woman in this gulch, and not a church, and not a school house; and yet, we are a civilized people and love home, and one-another."

Jones only edited the *Doublejack* for six months before he died June 19, 1903. The day before, Jones had been in Rawlins. He made his way horseback, riding in a rainstorm the fifty-three miles back to Battle, a community at the crest of the Continental Divide. There he shared a bunk with a miner and was, in spite of an attack of rheumatism, resting comfortably. Not long after, Jones was found in a comatose condition. It's likely that he was fortified with booze and that his friends gave him a shot of morphine to reduce the pain of his rheumatism. At any rate, Jones died in that cabin at Battle.

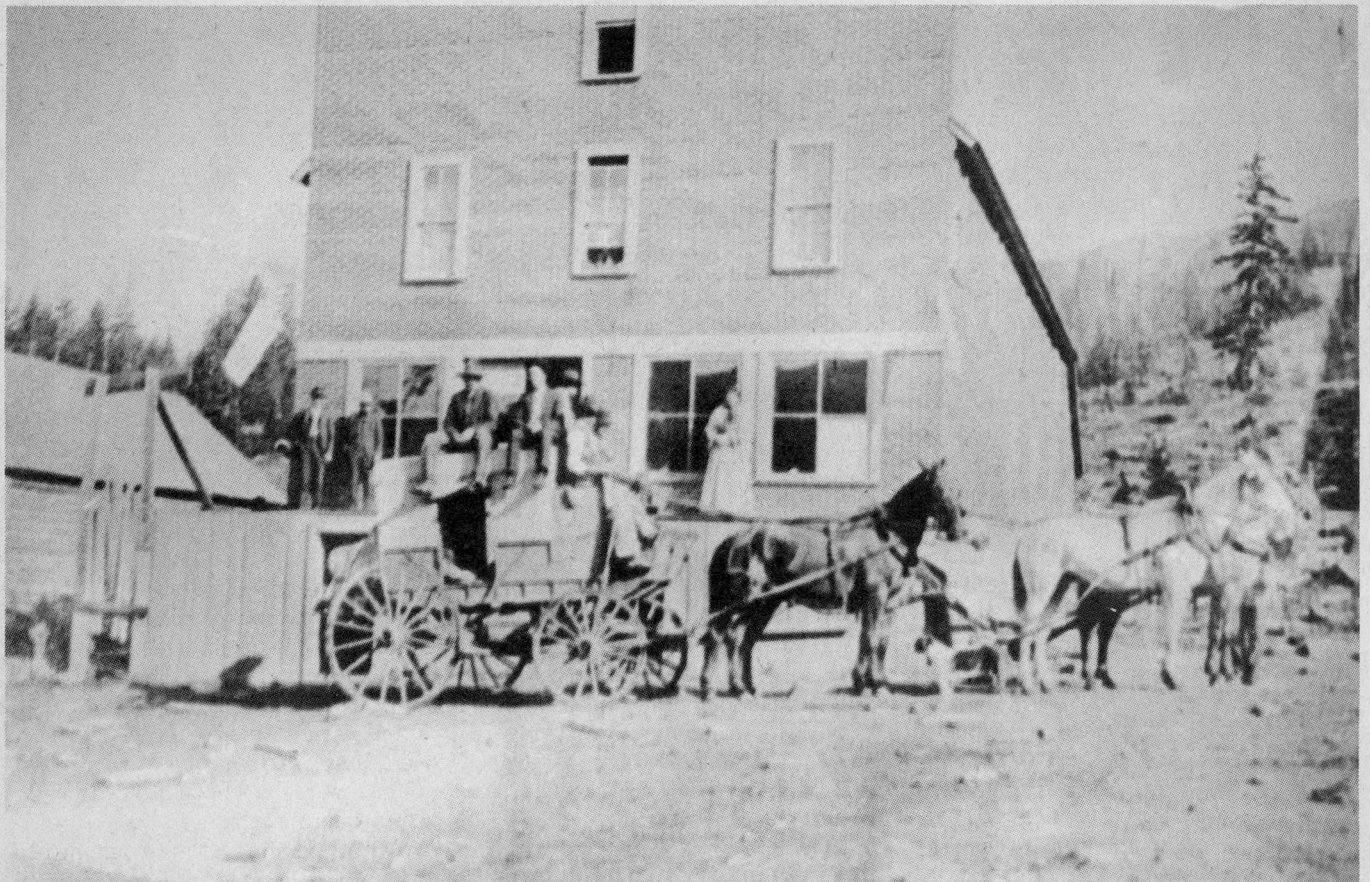
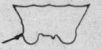
Saratoga Sun publisher R.I. Martin wrote in a letter in 1937, "I well remember the *Doublejack*, but never met Grant Jones. He was quite a

talented writer, but was a terrible drinker, and I think he died in the old town of Battle, or in a cabin near there, after a big drunk."

Some said he was given a shot of morphine while he was in a state of delirium caused by exposure to severe weather and that, combined with alcohol in his system, killed him. Still another account said he died of heart disease. His obituary said only that he died suddenly.

The *Grand Encampment Herald* said Jones was popular because he was always jolly, good natured, and in the best of spirits, which may or may not have been a pun on his drinking. "The least that may be said of Grant Jones is that he had a wonderful ability as a writer; his style was pleasing and captivating," the *Herald* reported. Under Jones the *Doublejack* had a wide circulation owing to the personal popularity of its editor and his brilliant style of writing.

With Jones' death there were no more wild stories of animal magic in the Sierra Madre even though the *Doublejack* was published until it died with the copper boom in 1908.



Grand Encampment Museum Photo

Dillon, now a ghost town, was named for Malachi Dillon, the boarding house owner who, according to local legend, threw his meals in free to those who frequented his bar. A stage, likely from Grand Encampment, pauses in front of Dillon's establishment.

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#59 Spg 1979	\$4.00	#63 Spg 1980	\$4.00	#67 Spg 1981	\$4.00	#71 Spg 1982	\$4.00	#75 Spg 1983	\$4.00	#79 Spg 1984	\$4.00	#83 Spg 1985	\$4.00
#60 Sum 1979	\$4.00	#64 Sum 1980	\$4.00	#68 Sum 1981	\$4.00	#72 Sum 1982	\$4.00	#76 Sum 1983	\$4.00	#80 Sum 1984	\$4.00	#84 Sum 1985	\$6.00

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#86 Win 1985	\$4.00	#90 Win 1986	\$4.00	#94 Win 1987	\$4.00	#98 Win 1988	\$4.00	#102 Win 1989	\$4.00	#106 Win 1990	\$4.00	#110 Win 1991	\$4.00
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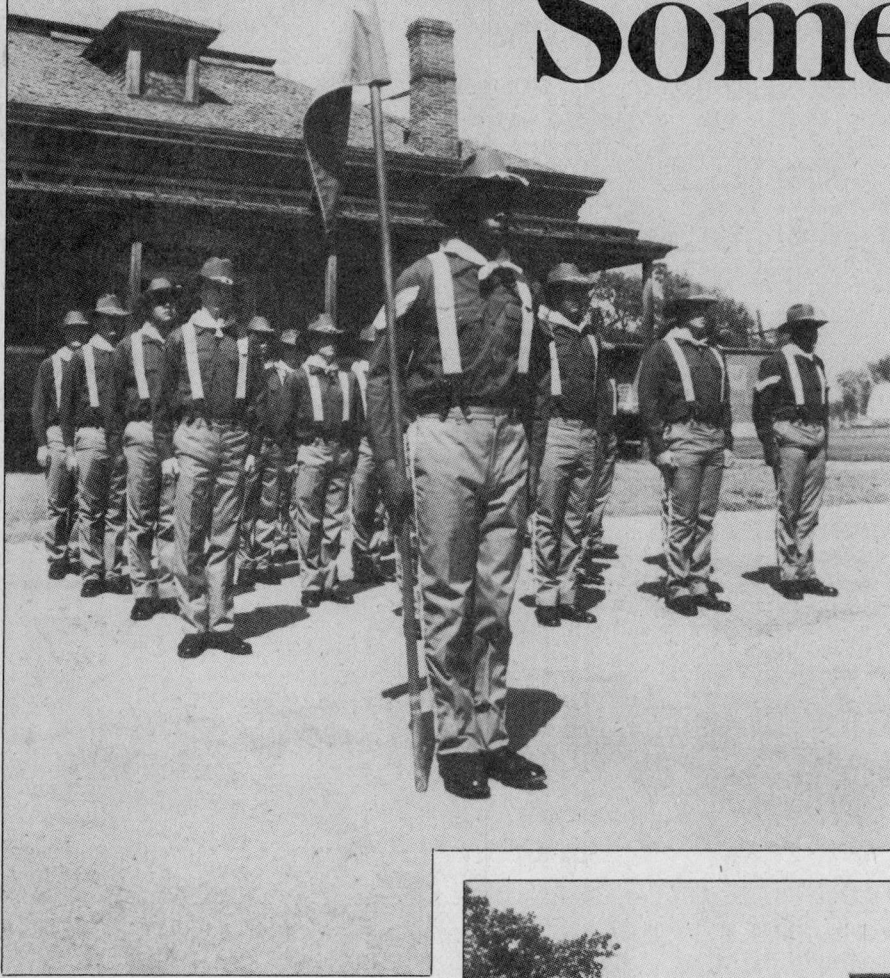


“A Chance to Be Somebody”

By STEVE JONES

Men are marching again on the grounds of historic Fort Supply in northwest Oklahoma, but it is not the type of marching you might expect. Their blue uniforms and precision movements suggest the marchers might be well-trained military reenactors. But the Oklahoma Department of Corrections officer calling cadence for them reveals the truth—the young men in formation are all inmates of a minimum security prison.

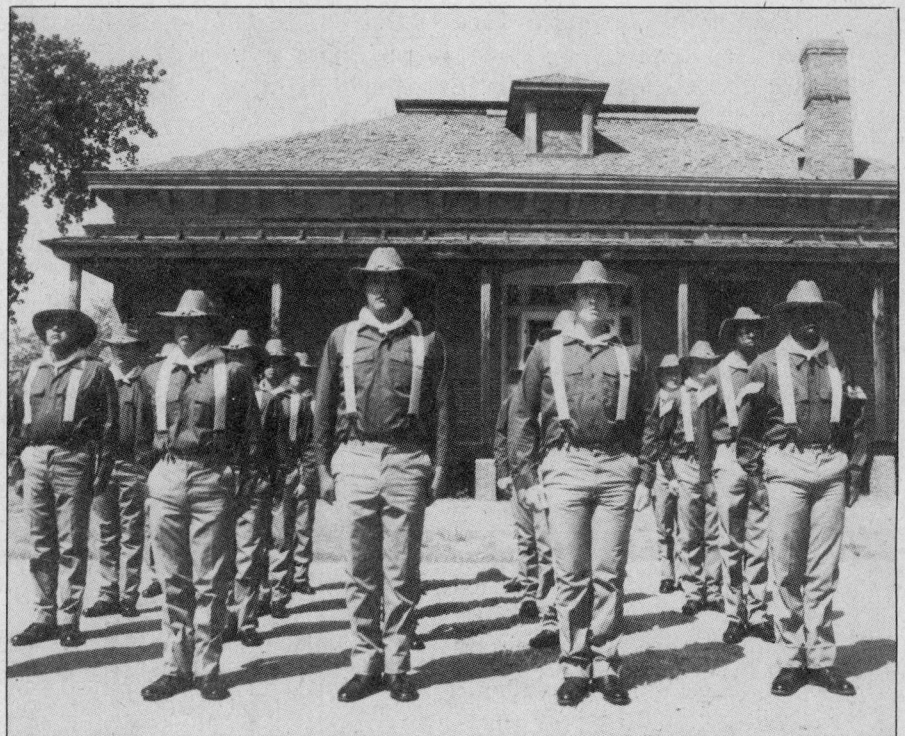
The marchers are part of a regimented inmate discipline (RID) program at the William S. Key Correctional Center, situated on the old Fort Supply complex since 1988. While there are other RID programs in the nation, none have the historical connection that the William S. Key center has. The correctional facility is the third governmental agency to be housed at the site. In 1868 General Philip H. Sheridan ordered a camp built at the site (about fifteen



Both: Author's Photos
RID marchers, above and right, stand at attention in front of historic Fort Supply's military guardhouse.

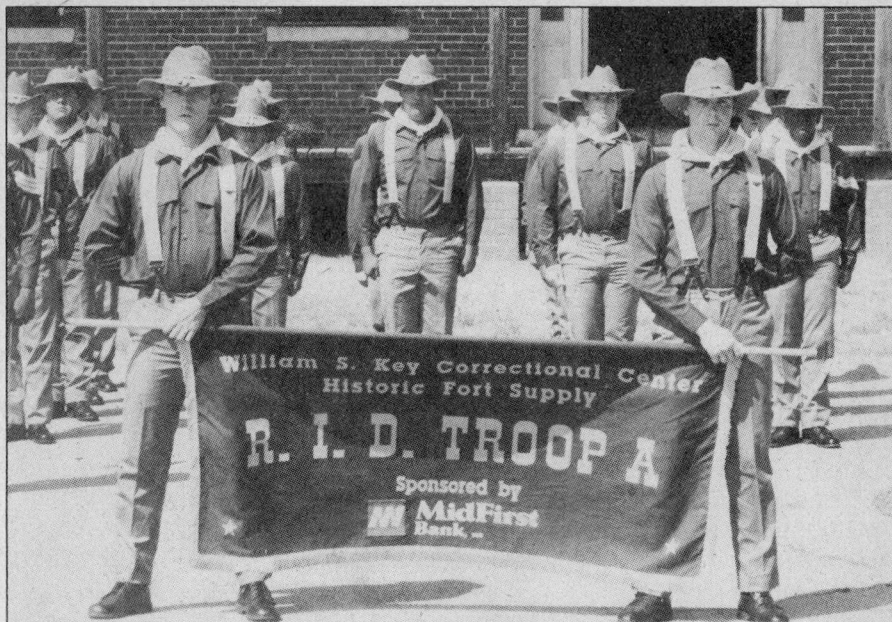
All inmates undergo a two-week orientation period of exercise and hard, menial work, which is designed to instill discipline and respect for authority.

Then they receive platoon assignments.



miles northwest of present-day Woodward, Oklahoma) to supply his winter campaign against the Plains Indians. It was from this camp that Lieutenant Colonel George A. Custer launched the expedition against Cheyennes and Arapahos that culminated in the Battle of the Washita, November 27, 1868. The post was first named Camp Supply, then Fort Supply in 1878, and remained in service until 1894. The post sat idle, to the detriment of most of its nearly 100 military buildings, until 1908 when the State of Oklahoma put its first mental hospital there. Today Western State Hospital coexists at the site with the Department of Corrections.

The nineteenth century cavalry-style uniforms that the best RID marchers wear are an obvious link between Fort Supply's heritage and the paramilitary RID program. Kaye Statton, William S. Key public information officer, described the program as a tough, 120-day regimen of work and discipline designed to deter eighteen- to twenty-five-year-old non-violent offenders from committing further crimes. A twelve-foot-high fence, which separates them from other minimum security inmates, and limited privileges give RID members a taste of how harsh prison life could be, all the



Author's Photo

RID Troop A members display their parade banner.

while keeping them away from seasoned convicts in higher security prisons.

"This is tough on them," said Statton. "A lot of these young men are just street smart." She said most are there on drug-related or burglary charges.

At the end of the 120 days, successful RID participants return to sentencing judges with recommendations for lesser sentences. Those who are unsuccessful may face stiffer prison terms.

RID members who don the blue uniforms represent the elite of the program—the First Platoon. All inmates undergo a two-week orientation period of exercise and hard, menial work, which is designed to instill discipline and respect for authority. Then they receive platoon assignments. Inmates who show little progress land in the Third Platoon with no phone, visitation, or recreation privileges. Those living up to DOC expectations by willingly following instructions and taking care of their gear military fashion make it to the Second Platoon with limited privileges. Model prisoners make it to the First Platoon, which has the most liberal privileges in the center. The RID First Platoon has become a popular attraction across Oklahoma. "They attend parades and special events," said Statton. "They've appeared at least twenty times and have marched all over the state."

While the RID First Platoon complements the Historic Fort Supply Foundation, which, in conjunction with the Oklahoma Historical Society, is

working to restore the few military buildings remaining at Fort Supply, no one ever intended it to be a military reenactment group. In fact, Statton said she recently turned down an invitation for the platoon to appear at a reenactment of the Washita fight. As such, First Platoon's uniforms include only the essentials: yellow-striped blue trousers, shirts, suspenders, and slouch hats with yellow cavalry bands. Naturally, the inmates march with no replica weapons.

Still, the marching is an exacting, rigorous procedure. Most of the RID members consider it worthwhile, though, and of course they enjoy the opportunities marching gives them to get off the facility grounds. "I like it," said marcher Corbett Ward. "The marching can be fun and the crowds really like it." He said he was especially proud of the favorable reaction First Platoon got from a group of veterans at a Fourth of July parade.

Dr. John Carmichael, president of the Historic Fort Supply Foundation, said the marching team has been a boon to everyone involved. "They've become a wonderful public relations tool for Historic Fort Supply," he said, noting that the Department of Corrections has been enthusiastic about the pride the uniforms have instilled in the RID participants. "This approach lets these kids have some pride; it gives them a chance to be somebody," said Carmichael.



Author's Photo

Marching perfectly in step results from many hours of practice.

Oregon Honcho

By DAVID BRALY

Newsboys at street corners across America that brisk January of 1905 shouted similar words while waving newspapers above their heads: "Senator indicted in land frauds!" United States Senator John H. Mitchell of Oregon heard the news while traveling by train across the continent.

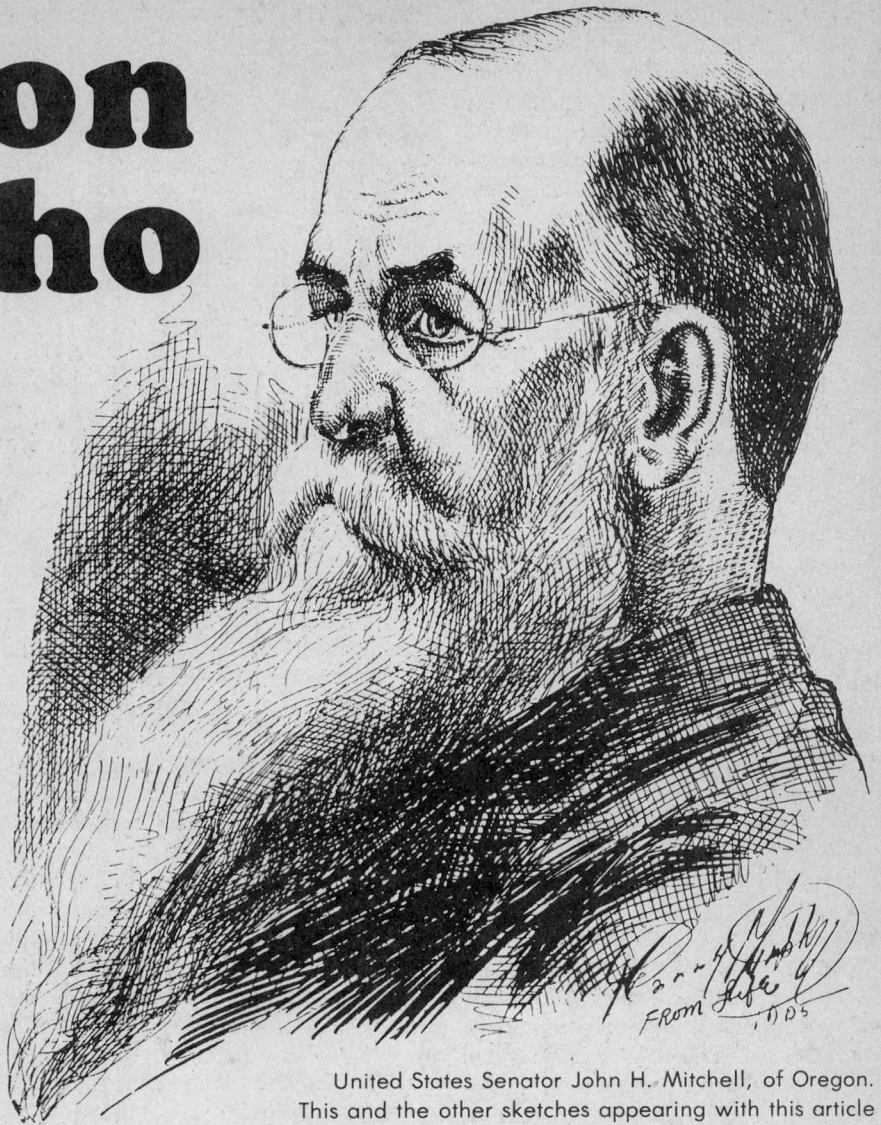
Mitchell had planned to resume his duties in Washington, D.C., following the holiday recess. Now the bespectacled sixty-nine-year-old Republican had to defend himself against the accusations in the press. A Portland grand jury had based its indictment on those accusations, which originated with S.A.D. Puter, already convicted of land fraud and dubbed "King of the Oregon Land Fraud Ring."

On January 17, Mitchell rose in the Senate chamber. Every senator was present to hear him. The galleries were filled to capacity.

He began quietly by reviewing the charges against him. Gradually he raised his voice with more and more indignation. "I assert in the most positive and unqualified manner," declared Mitchell, "that each and every one of these charges . . . are absolutely, unqualifiedly and atrociously false, and I here and now indignantly and defiantly denounce their authors . . . as malicious and atrocious liars."

Mitchell thundered on for two hours. When he had finished, the chamber echoed with applause. Those who had believed Mitchell guilty, including members of the Portland grand jury, now feared they had done the gentleman a grave injustice. Even Francis J. Heney, President Theodore Roosevelt's special land frauds prosecutor who had presented the case against Mitchell, now had doubts about Puter's story. The Oregon legislature passed a resolution declaring its "continued faith in [Mitchell's] . . . honesty, honor, and integrity" and thanked him for twenty-two years of faithful service in the United States Senate.

Meanwhile, S.A.D. Puter began



United States Senator John H. Mitchell, of Oregon. This and the other sketches appearing with this article were drawn during the trial by Oregon cartoonist Harry Murphy.

searching for evidence to prove his story. He found it.

It is amazing that it took so long to bag John H. Mitchell. For forty years Democrats had reviled and assailed him, charged him with the sort of immoral and illegal acts that men went to prison for, and found allies in the most prominent Republicans in the state. Oregon's most powerful newspaper, the *Portland Oregonian*, regularly attacked him for dishonesty and immorality. Each time Mitchell sought public office, turmoil rocked the state. "In all of his contests but one," recorded historian Joseph Gaston, "there was much strife and acrimony." Yet by 1905 most Oregonians were so accustomed to Mitchell's surviving the attacks that they simply assumed he would survive the federal indictment.

Mitchell's motivation had always been personal ambition. He carried it with him to Portland when he first set

foot there July 4, 1860. He believed that Portland would one day be a big city and, by arriving early and making a wide range of connections, he could become a man of power and influence.

How much the twenty-five-year-old lawyer revealed about his past we don't know. Probably just the essentials: that he had been born June 22, 1835, in Washington County, Pennsylvania; that his family moved to neighboring Butler County when he was five; that he taught school when only seventeen to earn enough money to complete his own education; and that he was admitted to the bar in 1857. He may have told clients how he had gone to California in April 1860 and stayed there less than three months before Oregon's prospects lured him to Portland.

Mitchell impressed almost everyone who met him. Gregarious, kind, and genuinely interested in other people's problems, he had a keen mind and the abil-

ity to work long hours. Such a man, propelled by fierce ambition, could go far on the frontier. But Mitchell's rise was spectacular. Other men who arrived in Portland about the same time, and who themselves became influential, viewed Mitchell's ascent with astonishment.

Within a year Mitchell became Portland's city attorney. In 1861 he was elected to the city council. The following year he was elected to the state senate, becoming its president in 1864.

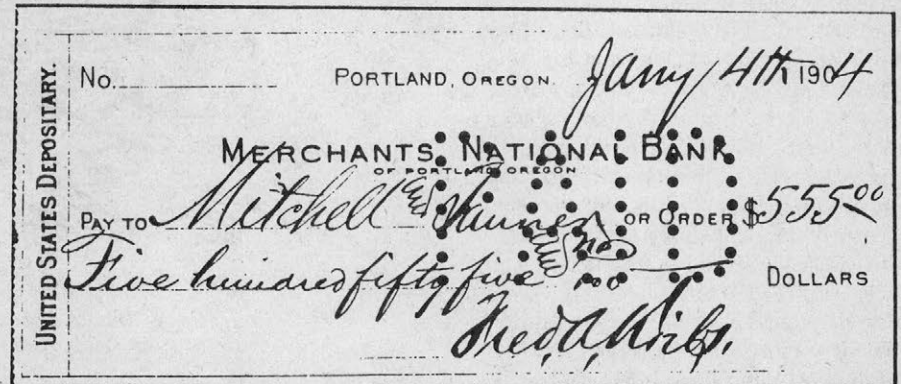
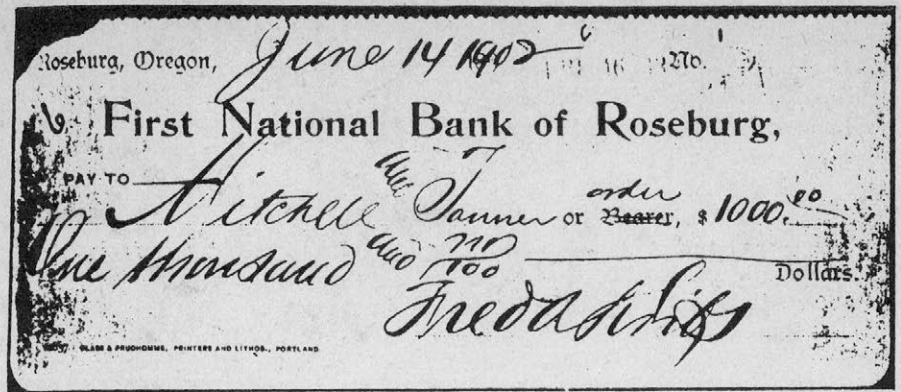
For forty years Democrats had reviled and assailed him, charged him with the sort of immoral and illegal acts that men went to prison for, and found allies in the most prominent Republicans in the state. The Portland Oregonian regularly attacked him for dishonesty and immorality.

In 1866, in the days when state legislatures elected United States senators, Mitchell missed election to the federal Senate by only one vote.

By then some had noticed certain of Mitchell's other traits. Although kind and generous, he lacked honesty and integrity. The 1866 Senate contest provided ample proof of that when Mitchell engineered a bolt in an attempt to sabotage the candidacy of a fellow Republican.

Mitchell's willingness to ignore principle in favor of personal advancement became most apparent in 1868. That year the United States Congress offered a five-million-acre land grant for whoever would build a railroad between Portland and California. Portland capitalists who organized the Oregon Central Railroad to secure the grant were pleased to have the powerful Mitchell as one of their original incorporators. The Oregon legislature designated their railroad as the one eligible for the grant, and the United States Interior Department accepted the designation.

But a group outside Portland organized another Oregon Central Railroad Company, began actual construction of a railroad, and claimed the grant. The Portland group was astonished when



Fred A. Kribs' payments to Mitchell's law firm and others insured favorable treatment of land patents.

they learned that among the incorporators of this second Oregon Central was none other than their own John H. Mitchell.

THAT WASN'T the bad news, however. That came in the summer when the Portland group learned who was the real force behind the second railroad. He was Ben Holladay, a living legend. From humble beginnings Holladay had built a transportation empire in California and points east. Ruthless, arrogant, and wholly unprincipled, he was a master of manipulation, intimidation, and outright bribery. He put all of these talents to use when he arrived in Portland. He bought legislators, lawyers, and newspaper editors; perhaps his best buy was Mitchell. "Whatever is Ben Holladay's

politics, is my politics, and whatever Ben Holladay wants, I want," became Mitchell's most famous quote.

Holladay organized the first group of professional lobbyists in Oregon history. He went to Salem and dispensed free liquor and other favors to legislators. He also paid out \$35,000 in cash bribes.

On October 20, 1868, the legislature passed a joint resolution retracting its approval of the Portland group's railroad and designating Holladay's railroad as its choice to receive the grant. Holladay then sent Mitchell to Washington to argue his case before Congress.

Congress ruled that the grant would go to the first line to complete twenty miles of track. Holladay already had a

lead in construction and soon secured the five million acres.

Mitchell's alliance with Holladay proved mutually beneficial. Holladay, who soon controlled Oregon's commercial transportation, gave his legal business to Mitchell's firm. For his part, Mitchell championed Ben Holladay in both the courts and the legislature. Together they controlled Oregon's Republican Party, which in turn controlled Oregon.

Henry W. Corbett, a Republican who represented Oregon in the United States Senate, had opposed Holladay's railroad in the 1868-69 contest and came up for reelection in 1872. While Holladay wanted Corbett's seat, he knew that all the bribes in the world wouldn't persuade legislators to defy public opinion to that extent. So he put his money, press, and influence behind Mitchell. The contest turned bitter and caused a Republican Party rift that lasted forty years. In the end, the party caucus nominated Mitchell.

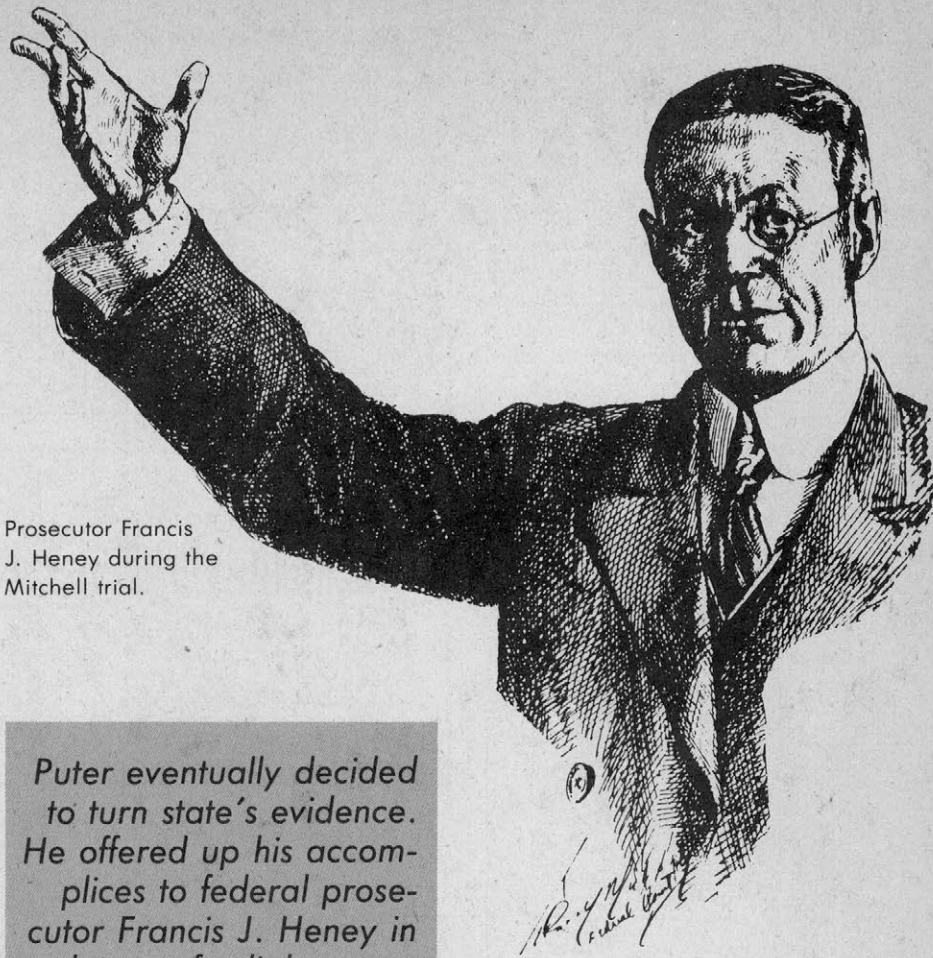
THEN THE Democrats dropped a bombshell. In 1862, Mitchell had married Mattie Price of Oregon City, and they had six children. Now Democrats revealed that Mitchell had married a Sadie Hoon when he had lived in Pennsylvania and had had two children by her. In those days a divorced man was a scorned man, but that wasn't the scandal. The scandal was that Mitchell had never divorced Sadie—he was a bigamist who had deserted his first family.

What's more, Mitchell wasn't even Mitchell! He had been born John Mitchell Hipple. This bigamist, said the Democrats, had been living and holding public office under an assumed name.

But an alleged \$100,000 in Ben Holladay bribes convinced legislators that none of this should disqualify such a sterling candidate. They elected Mitchell to the Senate. The following year Mitchell formally changed his name and divorced his Pennsylvania wife.

Mitchell had a solid personal following, people who believed in him more than they did in issues. He rewarded his adherents with appointments to government jobs and was able to turn to his advantage the Corbett faction's bitter opposition. Because rich business people led that faction, Mitchell presented himself as a champion of the poor. At the same time, he reminded voters that he was a Republican who had supported the Union during the Civil War and not a pro-secession Democrat.

Harvey W. Scott, editor of *The Oregonian*, the only newspaper circulated



Prosecutor Francis J. Heney during the Mitchell trial.

Puter eventually decided to turn state's evidence. He offered up his accomplices to federal prosecutor Francis J. Heney in hopes of a lighter sentence. And Mitchell's duplicity gave Puter an excuse to offer Heney a United States senator. Puter had paid Mitchell to expedite approval of phony homestead claims.

statewide, kept up a withering attack on Mitchell for years. A Corbett man by inclination, Scott's dislike of the senator redoubled when Mitchell fired him and two other appointees from their posts as customs collectors after they failed to meet Ben Holladay's ever-increasing demands for financial support of the Republican Party's official organ, the *Portland Bulletin*.

Years later Scott wrote that Mitchell "never was elected on his merits as a public man, but always through appeals to the private interests of his supporters." Scott believed that the Democratic revelations in 1872 divided the Republican Party so effectively between Mitchell supporters and opponents that Democrats won elections throughout Mitchell's lifetime that would otherwise have been impossible

in a Republican state.

Democratic control of the legislature in 1878 led to Mitchell's losing his Senate seat. Four years later, Mitchell tried for another Senate seat, which caused a ferocious battle in the legislature. Democrats and Corbett Republicans held him back by only one vote.

Another fight for a Senate seat in 1885 so deadlocked the legislature that it adjourned without electing anyone. A special session convened months later. Mitchell again stood as a candidate. Scott charged in *The Oregonian* that Mitchell's previous Senate term had been "grossly mercenary and corrupt" and that he had been unfaithful to his wife. When Scott printed facsimilies of Mitchell's love letters, seventeen Democrats became so disgusted that they joined a Republican majority to elect Mitchell.

Although historian Gaston later charged that Mitchell's election had been procured by Southern Pacific bribes, he admitted that Mitchell "accomplished more for the state, and had more influence and success in the senate, and satisfied more people by his public service than any other man Oregon ever sent to the senate."

Because of Mitchell, the Columbia and other rivers received extensive

federally-funded navigational improvements, Mitchell obtained federal buildings, lighthouses, and other projects for Oregon. He also took the popular side of every issue from trying to stop Chinese immigration to permitting women's suffrage. In 1891 he was reelected without opposition.

But soon Mitchell's political career appeared to fall to pieces. Most Oregon Republican leaders supported the gold standard, although most other Oregonians, Mitchell included, favored silver. On the eve of the 1897 election, Mitchell suddenly did an about-face after a private meeting with the party's national leaders, president-elect William McKinley and Mark Hanna. He endorsed gold and his supporters, who had been selling the public on the benefits of silver, found themselves set adrift by their own chief.

The gold Republicans still distrusted Mitchell, and the silver forces believed that he had betrayed them. Mitchell was not reelected.

In 1901, however, the legislature again deadlocked over selection of a senator. Mitchell again came forward as a candidate, and after forty days of bitter quarreling, the legislature elected him.

By now Mitchell was notorious as an ambitious opportunist lacking in scruples. When his benefactor Ben Holladay died, Mitchell had allegedly stolen trunks of the dead man's clothes. He spent money as soon as it came into his hands, and faction and strife accompanied him as if they were his bodyguards. He had not even stopped at forming alliances with Democrats to keep the Republican Party under his thumb. Yet, after each round of accusations and revelations, legislators elected Mitchell. For the third time he entered the Senate as a freshman.

Then, in 1904, Mitchell made the greatest mistake of his career. When S.A.D. Puter and others were convicted of stealing federal lands in Oregon on behalf of big midwestern lumber com-

panies, Mitchell denounced them in harsh words.

Puter had become embittered against many people. After his conviction, he had waited for friends and secret accomplices to post his bond, but no one had showed up. Puter eventually decided to turn state's evidence. He offered up his accomplices to federal prosecutor Francis J. Heney in hopes of a lighter sentence. And Mitchell's duplicity gave Puter an excuse to offer Heney a United State senator. Puter had paid Mitchell \$2,000 to expedite land commission approval of phony homestead claims.

The Oregon land frauds were big news across the country. Puter and other operators had hired people to file homestead claims on timber-rich sections of federal land, without any intention of actually homesteading. In some cases, Puter's only outlay had been a few mugs of beer. Once a claim was approved, the "homesteader" (on occasion young ladies from the city) would



A contemporary illustration shows Judge Tanner (left) and members of the jury.
May 1992



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transfer title to Puter or one of his accomplices. Puter would then sell the claim to a midwestern lumber company.

Puter read Mitchell's Senate speech with dismay. The "King of the Oregon Land Fraud Ring"-turned-snitch was sensitive to public opinion. Mitchell had proclaimed, "I defy my defamers and challenge them to produce any evidence, other than that of condemned thieves, forgers, and perjurers, to sustain any such charges."

Puter wrote later that the one thought uppermost in his mind after reading the speech was how to get evidence against Mitchell. "This question I had debated with myself over and over again," he said. "It rose up before me constantly like Banquo's ghost, and would not down."

He remembered that he had sent a friend to Mitchell for help in expediting

Kribs finally turned state's evidence in return for immunity. He admitted that he had paid Mitchell twenty-five dollars for each of seventy land patents the senator expedited, and made the checks payable to the law firm of Mitchell & Tanner. Kribs insisted that the only partner he dealt with was Mitchell.

that man's phony federal land patents. The friend, Frederick A. Kribs, an agent for midwestern lumber companies, had paid Mitchell twenty-five dollars for each patent expedited. Puter also remembered that Kribs always paid for everything by check—it made his book-keeping easier.

Puter, Heney, and detective William J. Burns set out to snare Kribs. They interrogated people whom Puter fingered as having been paid by Kribs to file fraudulent land claims. Their testimony put Kribs to the wall. Under pressure from Burns and Puter to cooperate, Kribs finally turned state's evidence in return for immunity.

Kribs admitted that he had paid Mitchell twenty-five dollars for each of seventy land patents the senator expedited, and made the checks payable to the law firm of Mitchell & Tanner. Kribs insisted that the only partner at



Frederick A. Kribs paid Senator Mitchell to expedite his land patents.

the firm he ever dealt with was Mitchell.

But when Mitchell's partner, Judge Albert H. Tanner, appeared before the grand jury, he produced a document that he said was the original partnership agreement between himself and Mitchell from 1901. It stated that Tanner—not Mitchell—was to receive any compensation the firm might earn for work involving the United States Land Office.

That night Heney's secretary, Irvin Rittenhouse, examined the document. He found that its ink was too fresh to be four years old. Two words, "salary" and "constituent," had been misspelled. Rittenhouse also noticed a difference in the water marks of that document and other papers of the firm from 1901. Heney later determined that the paper used for the agreement had been manufactured after 1901.

Heney subpoenaed Mitchell & Tanner's stenographers. Three were women who no longer worked for the firm; the other was Albert H. Tanner, Jr., who had been a stenographer there for only the last six months. All denied having written the 1901 contract.

Heney had a contract dictated to each stenographer while they were in the grand jury room. The contract contained the words "salary" and "constituent"; only the young Tanner misspelled them "salery" and "constituant," exactly as they appeared in the contract. That strongly indicated that young Tanner had written the "1901" document within the last six months. Judge Tanner soon agreed to reveal all he knew, if only Heney did not charge

True West

his son with perjury.

Tanner testified that his actual partnership agreement with Mitchell had provided that money they earned be divided equally, with one exception—that money earned by Mitchell in Washington, including through representing people at any government department, would go to Mitchell alone.

Tanner said that Heney's investigation had frightened Mitchell. When Mitchell had returned to Portland for the winter recess of 1904-05, he told Tanner to bring the firm's books to his hotel room. Mitchell went over them page by page, and discovered that all of Kribs' payments to him had been recorded. Appalled, he demanded that Tanner destroy the books and fabricate a new set which would not mention the payments. Tanner told Mitchell that "the proper thing and the safe thing to do was to make a full breast of the matter," but Mitchell would not listen.

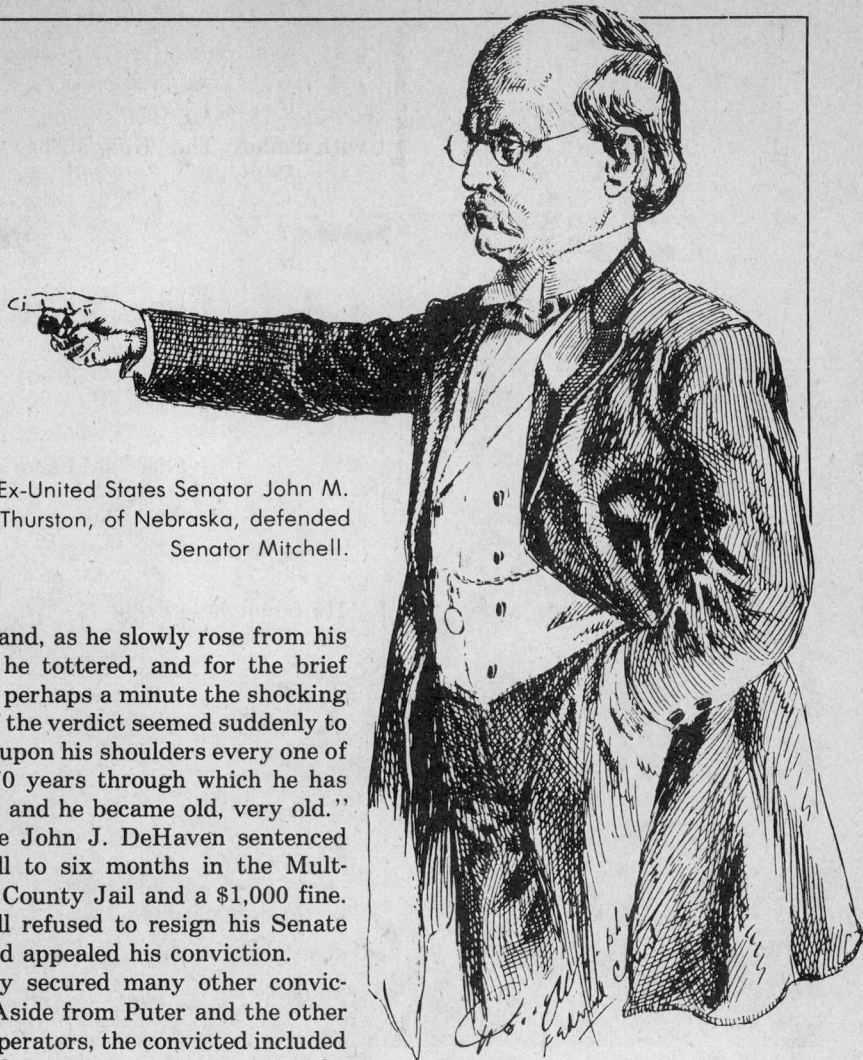
MITCHELL FINALLY convinced Tanner to substitute a phony partnership agreement for the one signed in 1901. The new version would state that fees for work with federal departments would belong to Tanner alone, "and said John H. Mitchell shall not be required to perform any services therein except such as he might properly do as a Senator in Congress, for any constituent without charge."

Tanner pleaded guilty to perjury and testified against Mitchell. President Roosevelt later pardoned him.

Mitchell went to trial on June 20, 1905, in the United States Circuit Court in Portland. He pleaded "not guilty" to illegally receiving compensation. He also claimed that Interior Secretary E.A. Hitchcock and Heney, a Democrat, had political motives for bringing the case. Many Oregon politicians and newspapers echoed the charge.

The trial lasted until July 3. Every day the courtroom was packed with reporters, political friends and foes, and the curious. Harvey Scott published a daily verbatim transcript of the trial in *The Oregonian*. People throughout the state followed the trial closely, argued its merits and the abilities of the contending lawyers, and awaited the outcome.

Mitchell's lawyer, John M. Thurston, an old United States Senate ally from Nebraska, did his best, but the evidence favored Heney. An *Oregonian* reporter, possibly Will B. McRae, said that Mitchell tried to retain his composure when the guilty verdict was returned but "tears welled into his eyes and his voice May 1992



Ex-United States Senator John M. Thurston, of Nebraska, defended Senator Mitchell.

shook, and, as he slowly rose from his seat... he tottered, and for the brief spell of perhaps a minute the shocking force of the verdict seemed suddenly to unload upon his shoulders every one of those 70 years through which he has passed, and he became old, very old."

Judge John J. DeHaven sentenced Mitchell to six months in the Multnomah County Jail and a \$1,000 fine. Mitchell refused to resign his Senate seat and appealed his conviction.

Heney secured many other convictions. Aside from Puter and the other fraud operators, the convicted included one of Oregon's two congressmen (the other was tried but acquitted), the United States attorney for Oregon, the United States surveyor-general for Oregon, and three members of the Oregon state legislature. The United States marshal for Oregon was removed from office, and Mitchell's Senate colleagues lost the 1908 Republican primary as a direct result of the scandal.

Mitchell's corrupt political machine, which had dominated Oregon for almost thirty-five years, collapsed. His appeal was never heard.

On December 7, 1905, he stayed the night at the Portland house of a friend, Colonel David M. Dunne. He was greeted upon his arrival by Dunne's baby, who affectionately kissed him. The senator was moved. "Somebody loves me, anyway," he said.

The following morning Mitchell went to a dentist and had four teeth extracted. Bleeding ensued and two dentists tried unsuccessfully for three hours to stop the flow of blood. Mitchell suffered great pain but tried not to show it. Finally he was taken to Good Samaritan Hospital.

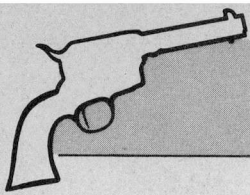
Five doctors tried every possible styp-

tic to save Mitchell, working all through that Thursday afternoon into the night and Friday morning. Mitchell drifted into a diabetic coma and died at 11:35 a.m., December 8, 1905.

None of his immediate family were with him. His wife was in France with their daughter, the Duchess Fannie de Rochefoucauld. One son was an army lieutenant in New York, another a lawyer in Minnesota, while his other daughter lived in Ohio. Two of his daughters had died prior to his own death.

Normally when a United States senator died, the Senate would adjourn as a show of honor and send a delegation to their colleague's funeral. The day pallbearers lowered the body of John Hipple Mitchell into the cold Oregon earth, no delegation from Washington, D.C., was present and the Senate conducted its business as usual.

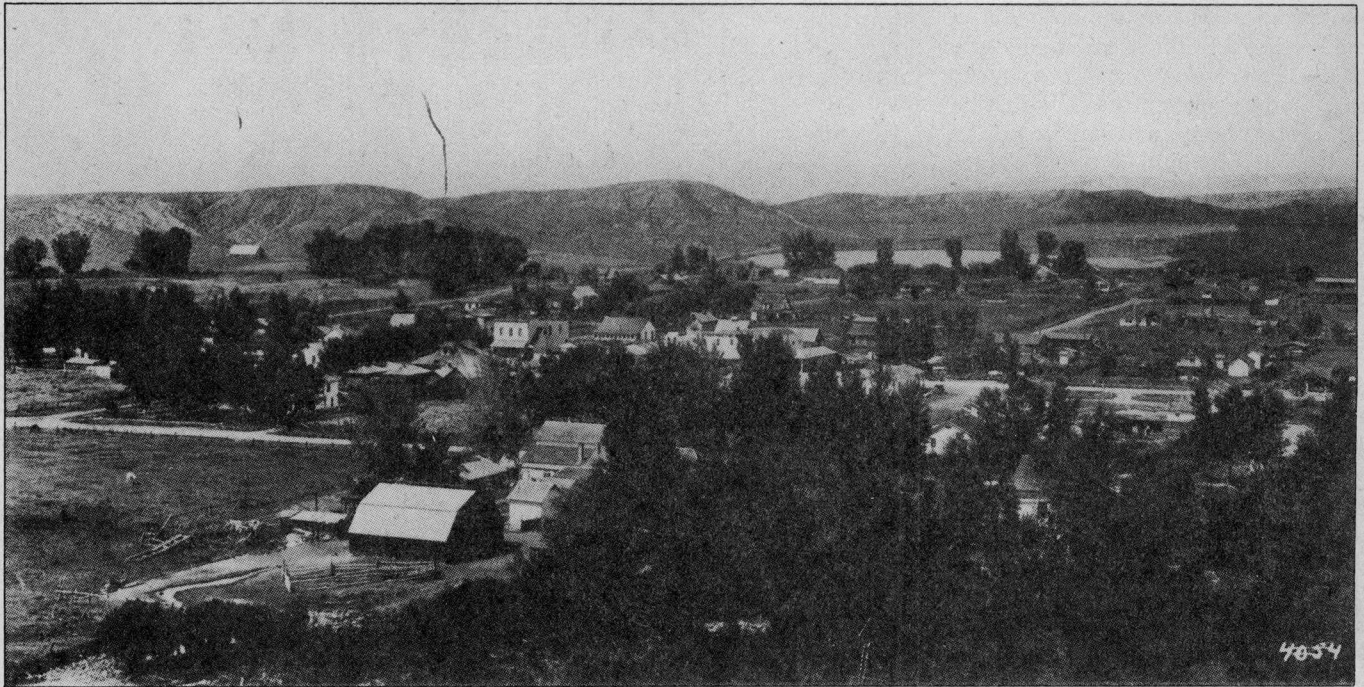




Great Western Gunfights

Raiders vs. Shepherders

—April 2, 1909; Ten Sleep, Wyoming—



Wyoming State Archives, Museums and Historical Department

On the morning after the murders, the town of Ten Sleep was electrified by news of the heinous crime.

One of the most murderous shootouts of the conflict between cattlemen and shepherders erupted near the little Wyoming community of Ten Sleep (located “ten sleeps” from Fort Laramie, according to the Indians). In 1903 shepherd Ben Minick was shot to death in the vicinity; the following year prominent sheepman Lincoln A. Morrison was assassinated; and during the next few years sheep camps were burned and sheep were dynamited, rimrocked, and clubbed in large numbers.

Despite this recent history of violence against sheep and shepherders, Joe Emge

By BILL O'NEAL

determined to drive a flock across an arbitrary deadline cattlemen had established. Emge, a bachelor with an abrasive nature, had been a cattle rancher himself, but he was attracted by the economics of sheep raising and he wanted “to get even” with cattlemen with whom he had previously clashed. Emge intended to drive 2,500 sheep east from Worland, past the deadline and through the Ten Sleep area. Emge’s ranch was several miles southeast of Ten Sleep, and his partner in the flock

was a neighboring rancher, Frenchman Joe Allemand. Emge and Allemand gathered two sheep wagons, a supply wagon, a buckboard, saddle horses, and sheep dogs. With Emge and Allemand, were two Frenchmen, young herder Jules “Joe” Lazier and middle-aged Pierre “Pete” Cafferall, along with adolescent Bounce Helmer, the son of a prominent local cattle rancher.

The proposed Emge-Allemand sheep drive aroused ominous threats from cowboys and cattle ranchers. Two cowboys in a Worland saloon jumped Pete Cafferall, prompting Emge to carry two rifles and an automatic pistol, while Allemand also brought a rifle. Moving in two bands, the drive marched out of Worland on Monday, March 29, 1909, and headed east—directly across the forbidden Badlands. But Emge rode point and kept a constant vigil, and on Friday, April 2, the party went into its final camp, only a few miles from the Emge and Allemand ranches.

Pulling off the road a few miles south of Ten Sleep, Allemand parked his

Bounce Helmer awoke when his dog began barking, probably after smelling the approaching riders. Bounce quieted his dog, then went back to sleep. A sudden outbreak of gunfire jolted him back awake. He leaped out of his blankets and, barefoot and clad only in his underwear, he shouted a warning and broke into a run.

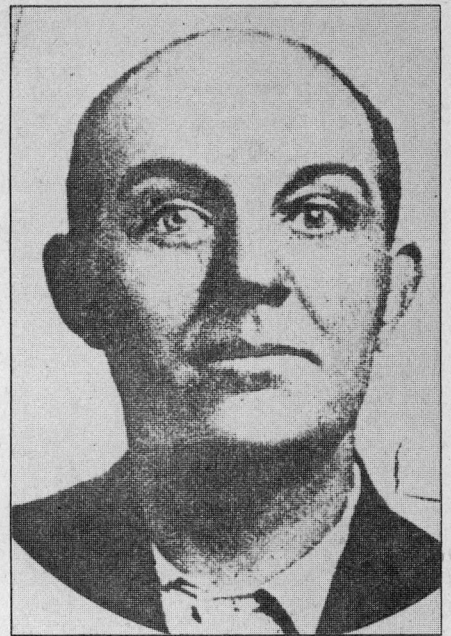
wagon on a little knoll just north of Spring Creek. The other vehicles were grouped 1,300 feet to the south. A quarter of a mile to the west, just across the Ten Sleep road, was the log cabin of Fred and Frank Greet, cattlemen and friends of Emge. Indeed, Emge arranged for his party's horses to pasture that night at the Greet ranch, while Fred Greet walked over to eat supper with Emge, Allemand, and Lazier at the north wagon. Greet expressed his worries about a raid, and when Emge later made a phone call from the ranch house, he was overheard to say, "I'll never go through this again."

Emge, Allemand, and Lazier crawled into the wagon on the north to sleep. Cafferal and Bounce Helmer had made their supper at the south camp. Cafferal bedded down inside his wagon, while Bounce rolled into his blankets beneath a little tent nearby. It was a chilly night

with the usual breeze, but every man slept soundly now that they were in safe territory. No one heard seven riders advance cautiously from the east at ten o'clock.

Albert Keyes, George Saban, Milt Alexander, Charles Ferris, Ed Eaton, Tommy Dixon, and Herb Brink had left the Keyes cattle ranch after 7:00 p.m. Rumored to have raided sheep camps in Colorado, Brink had been the most outspoken against Emge and Allemand, although he was just a drifting cowboy who had ridden the grub line all winter and who owned no property or cattle. Keyes and Farris were assured that there was to be no killing—the sheepmen were to be held under guard while the wagons were destroyed and the sheep driven over a gully.

A quarter of a mile from the camp the raiders dismounted and tied their horses to a tall sagebrush. They walked



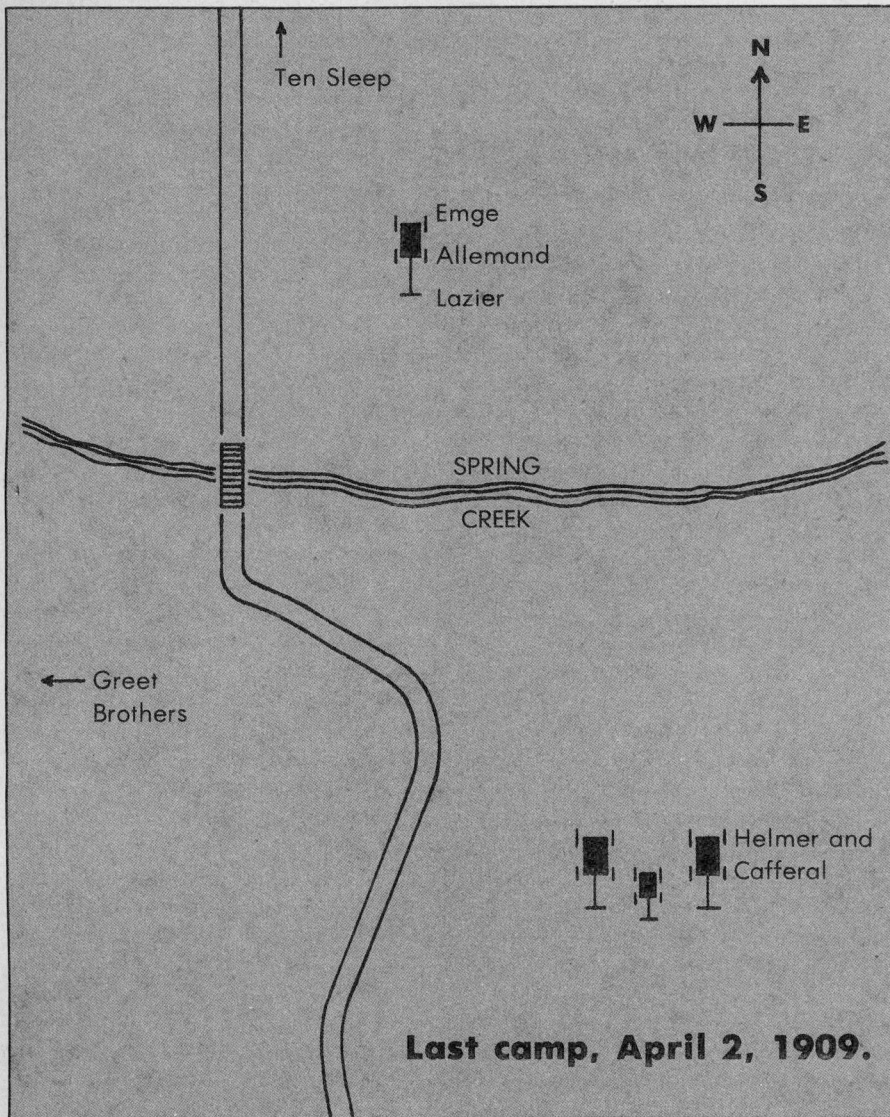
Wyoming State Archives

After his parole in 1914, Herb Brink moved in with his half-sister, who was the mother of his two children, and who soon would give birth to another. Balking at family life, he broke parole and headed for Canada, where he was captured by Mounties and returned to the penitentiary in Rawlins. Released as an old man, he spent the rest of his life as a ward of the State of Wyoming.

together under a bright moon about 200 yards, then split up. Saban and Dixon moved toward the wagons on the south, and the other five crept toward the lone wagon where Emge, Allemand, and Lazier slept. The raiders donned masks they had fashioned from gunnysacks.

BOUNCE Helmer awoke when his dog, Smoke, began barking, probably after smelling the approaching riders. Bounce quieted his dog, then went back to sleep. A sudden outbreak of gunfire jolted him back awake. He leaped out of his blankets and, barefoot and clad only in his underwear, he shouted a warning to Cafferal and broke into a run. But two armed, masked men blocked his way. One ordered Bounce to halt, then to climb into the sheep wagon and light a lantern, which would illuminate anyone inside. As Bounce obeyed, he heard the men discussing him, acknowledging that they knew him.

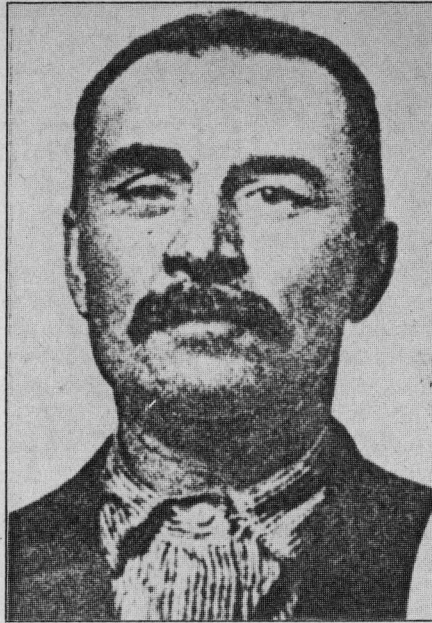
Bounce then came out of the wagon, with Cafferal following. The raiders ordered them to raise their hands and turn their backs to the north wagon, while shooting continued from that direction. Finally they allowed Cafferal



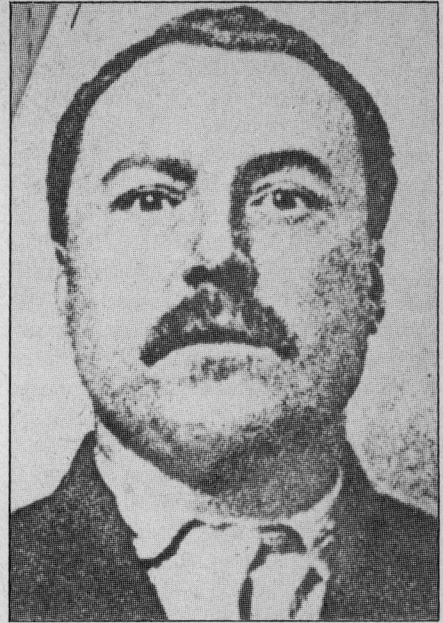
Last camp, April 2, 1909.



Tommy Dixon served three years in prison for his part in the Ten Sleep raid.



Milt Alexander served eight years in prison, then returned to Ten Sleep for the remainder of his life.



In prison, George Saban was made a trusty—then fled Wyoming for Latin America.

The hard-bitten Herb Brink loudly ordered the men inside the wagon to light a lantern and threatened to open fire if they did not do so by the time he counted three. Then he quickly counted to three and cut loose with an automatic rifle. Another rifle also opened up, and bullets ricocheted off the go-to-hell stove inside the wagon.

to dress, and a gunman escorted him into the sheep wagon. When he came out his guards again ordered him lined up beside Bounce. Then the men walked Bounce and Cafferal to the road, turned them north, and took them across a bridge. About fifty yards from the knoll where the second sheep wagon was parked, the raiders forced Bounce and Cafferal to lie face down on the ground. The gunmen frisked them for weapons, then asked Bounce where the coal oil was located.

Two raiders later claimed that Joe Emge came to his sheep wagon door and fired a rifle. The hard-bitten Herb Brink loudly ordered the men inside the wagon to light a lantern and threatened to open fire if they did not do so by the time he counted three. Then he quickly counted to three and cut loose with an automatic rifle. Another rifle also opened up, and bullets ricocheted off the go-to-hell stove inside the wagon.

Emge and Lazier were hit and died inside the wagon. Allemand, struck in the arm, staggered out of the wagon. "Who in hell are you?" Brink asked derisively. "Get them hands up! This is a hell of

time of night for a man to come out with your hands up!"

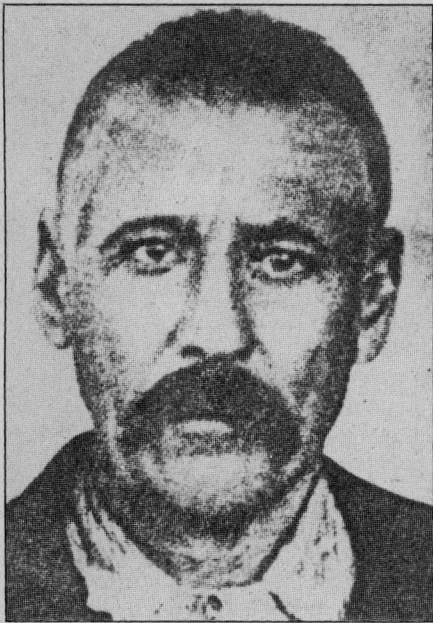
Brink then cold-bloodedly shot Allemand, who fell to the ground moaning in agony. Milt Alexander finished off Allemand with a blow to his throat from the cutting edge of a shovel. Raiders gathered around Allemand, surprised that the Frenchmen were present. The raiders quarreled among themselves. They finally told Bounce and Cafferal to get up and head down the road to the south without looking up.

By then the raiders had piled sagebrush beneath the vehicles, splashed coal oil on the wagons, and set them ablaze—including the north wagon with the bodies of Emge and Lazier inside. South of the ravine the men pushed the buckboard into the flames of the burning wagon. As Bounce and Cafferal passed the blazing vehicles, young Helmer sneaked a look to his left. One raider who stood between Bounce and the burning wagons was throwing a harness and a saddle into the fire. Illuminated in the blaze and light from a bright moon, the raider stooped over; a breeze momentarily fluttered the mask

away from his face. Bounce instantly recognized cattleman Ed Eaton, under whom he had worked on a roundup. Told to leave and keep their mouths shut, Bounce and Cafferal struck out cross-country through the sagebrush, arriving at Bounce's home an hour or two after midnight. There they blurted out their nightmarish story.

When the shooting started, the Greet brothers and two overnight guests dressed and armed themselves, then went outside, staying in the shadows of the ranch house. Someone fired a warning shot over their heads, and they made no move to intervene but watched for two hours as gunfire erupted and flames blazed high.

SHERIFF FELIX Alston, along with numerous other officials, arrived on the scene from Basin, the county seat, late Saturday afternoon. Sheep were scattered all over the area, grazing aimlessly. Two dozen sheep lay dead on the bed grounds, and several animals were dying from shots in the belly or leg. Four sheep dogs were also dead. At the south camp, smoke still circled upward from the blackened remains of the two big wagons, while one wheel and part of an axle were all that stood of the buckboard. At the north camp Joe Allemand lay on his back, staring vacantly at the sky. Curled on his chest lay a fuzzy puppy whose mother had been killed Friday night, and another puppy was snuggled beside him. Two severely burned bodies were in the charred re-



Soon after his release from prison, Ed Eaton went to Meeteetse, Wyoming, where he was bitten by a tick and died of Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever.

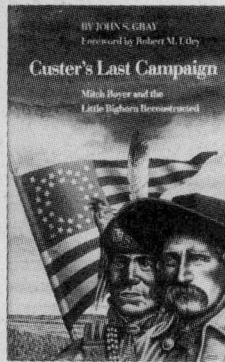
mains of the sheep wagon, along with the go-to-hell stove, tipped on its side. The trunks of both corpses were burned crisp; little was left of the arms and legs; and the faces were unrecognizable. One skull had split open and the baked brains were visible; a gold tooth was nearby. Investigators found three rifles, their stocks burned off.

Sheriff Alston meticulously collected boot prints, shell casings, and other clues, and interviewed Bounce Helmer, Pete Cafferal, and the four witnesses from the Greet ranch. On Tuesday, April 6, a large crowd assembled at 2:00 p.m. on the Allemand ranch for the funerals of the three murder victims. They were buried side-by-side, with simple wooden crosses marking their graves beside Spring Creek.

A groundswell of public outrage over the killings produced several reward offers. Sheriff Alston and a deputy, with the help of detective Joe LeFors, conducted a careful investigation. On Monday, April 12, they arrested Ed Eaton, whom Bounce Helmer had identified. Soon the other raiders were also in custody. Albert Keyes and Charles Ferris confessed in return for a dismissal of charges, but the community ostracized them and they left the area. Although cattlemen hired expert legal help for the other raiders, Brink, Saban, Eaton, Dixon, and Alexander were convicted and sentenced to the state penitentiary in Rawlins.



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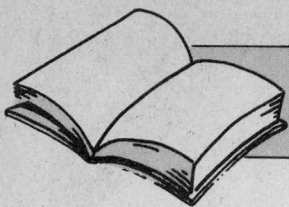
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More on Tom Horn

Tom Horn, "Killing men is my specialty . . ." *The Definitive History of the Notorious Wyoming Stock Detective*, by Chip Carlson. (Beartooth Corral, P.O. Box 1674, Cheyenne, Wyoming 82003-1674. \$15.00 paper bound.)

Tom Horn was a fascinating and

tragic denizen of the last frontier. At various times he worked as a railroad employee, stagecoach driver, teamster, cowboy, and deputy sheriff. For almost a decade Horn served as an army scout during the Indian wars in Arizona, and he was an important figure in the final capture of Geronimo, although he did not play as significant a role as he later claimed.

During the 1890s Horn was a Pinkerton detective, a pack train master with the United States Army in Cuba, and a hired killer for Wyoming cattle barons. Increasingly feared as a drunken gunman, Horn was blamed—perhaps erroneously—for the murder of Willie Nickell, the fourteen-year-old son of a contentious sheepman. Following a dubious "confession," a landmark trial, and an unsuccessful jailbreak, Horn was hanged in 1903.

Any adventurer who led such a varied and dramatic existence in the West should command substational biographical treatment. But biographies of Horn by Jay Monaghan (1946) and Luran Paine (1962) do not measure up to modern standards of research. Dean Krakel uncovered an enormous amount of information about Horn, but *The Saga of Tom Horn* concentrated upon the last period of Tom's life, and was largely presented as a compilation of trial testimony and other verbatim documents. Now another Horn researcher, Wyomingite Chip Carlson, has assembled his findings in a biography subtitled, *The Definitive History of the Notorious Wyoming Stock Detective*.

Carlson indeed has amassed a vast and impressive array of material about Horn. But, like Krakel, Carlson has devoted most of his book to Horn's final years in Wyoming, and he has chosen to offer much of his material as verbatim trial testimony and lifeless documents. Furthermore, reliance upon a female psychologist to speculate about Horn's personality development and motivations smacks of pop psychology rather than sound historical procedure.

At its best, writing history is an art which brings the past to life through fact-based, interpretive narrative. Just as much as the novelist, the historian is responsible to the reader to tell his or her story well. The historian must distill his or her mass of undigested informa-

tion into carefully crafted prose which restores drama and color to another time. Corroborative detail must be utilized to crystallize and visualize bygone people and events, and the historian must impart his enthusiasm for his subject to his reader.

In *Pat Garrett* Leon Metz utilizes available information to recreate vividly scenes from the manhunter's life, and in *The Frontier World of Doc Holliday* Pat Jahns imaginatively portrays the West of the notorious gambler-dentist-gunman. Truth can—and should—be just as readable as fiction; if it is, the reader will continue to turn the page, irresistibly drawn back to another time and place.

To be sure, Chip Carlson's photographic collection is superb, and these illustrations, along with a miscellany of new information about Horn in Wyoming, certainly warrant the purchase of *Tom Horn*. The definitive biography of Tom Horn, however, remains to be written.—Bill O'Neal, Carthage, Texas.

Treasure Hunting

Buried Treasures of Texas, by W.C. Jameson. (August House Publishers, Inc., P.O. Box 3223, Little Rock, Arkansas 72203. \$9.95 paper bound.)

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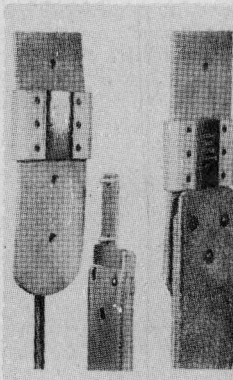
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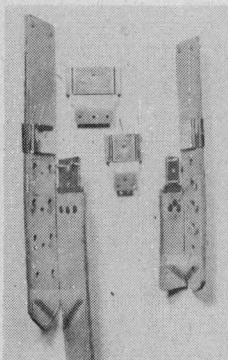
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The Demise of the Red Jack

By BEN T. TRAYWICK

It was not unusual for the Red Jack gang to hold up the stage between Globe and Florence, Arizona, but the holdup on August 10, 1883, was different—for the first time, the gang committed murder. They killed Johnny Collins, the Wells, Fargo messenger, took \$2,800 in silver and gold from the treasure box, and robbed Felix LeBlanc, a merchant, of some \$900 in gold coin.

The robbery had been well planned. Red Jack, also known as Jack Almer and Jack Averill, had posted himself in Florence for several days so that he could observe each departure of the stage. Thus, he was in the stage office every day, and when he saw that it took two men to lift the strongbox to the

boot, he purchased a ticket to Globe.

His accomplices had camped in the mountains at a vantage point above the stage road for several days, waiting for a signal from Red Jack. When the stage neared their hiding place, Red Jack began to sing. That was the signal to let them know he was on the stage and that it was the one they were to rob.

When the stage had passed them they

got their horses and followed a short distance behind it. When the stage and its passengers stopped at Evans and LeBlanc's Riverside station for dinner, the outlaws rode on to the place selected for the robbery and settled down to wait.

When the stage arrived, the outlaws fired on it without warning. Johnny Collins was killed with the first shot, but

At dawn a buckboard came down the road, traveling toward the river. Humphrey and LeBlanc went along with it to the scene of the robbery and murder. Collins' body was still on the boot of the stage. They placed it in the buckboard and took it to Florence, where the Virginia native was buried.

Illustrated by AL MARTIN NAPOLETANO



Red Jack Gang

was shot several more times. The robbers also shot the off-wheel and off-leader horses, then removed the harness of the near-lead horse, tying him to the back of the coach.

They robbed LeBlanc, then ordered him and Watson Humphrey, the driver, to throw down the treasure box. They forced LeBlanc to open the box with a hatchet, then took the driver and the passenger up the road toward Globe a few miles and told them to stay there.

At dawn a buckboard came down the road, traveling toward the river. Humphrey and LeBlanc went along with it to the scene of the robbery and murder. Collins' body was still on the boot of the stage. They placed it in the buckboard and took it to Florence, where the twenty-three-year-old Virginia native was buried.

After the robbery the outlaws rode up to the San Pedro Road. There they divided their loot into two packs and put it onto the stage horse that they had brought along for a pack animal. From there they rode on to Dudleyville about eighteen miles away. They rode at full speed, revolvers in hand, the man behind forcing the pack horse to maintain a gallop. Several people at Dudleyville's only store saw them pass and nailed them. The riders ignored them, continuing their headlong flight. Signs later revealed that about five miles above Dudleyville they turned into a stand of timber. Shortly thereafter their tracks disappeared.

The outlaws evidently buried or hid part of their loot in their detour into the timber, taking only what they could easily carry with them, as people saw them riding through Mesaville, five miles farther on the road, without the pack horse. Others saw them passing the Perdue house, twenty miles upriver from Dudleyville east of Redington. Then the outlaws must have stopped at Redfield's ranch in the Galiuro Mountains.

Meanwhile, lawmen were apprised that Red Jack had left the stage at Evans and LeBlanc's station with a saddle and bridle. Ex-sheriff Pete Gabriel



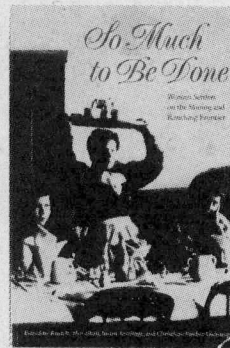
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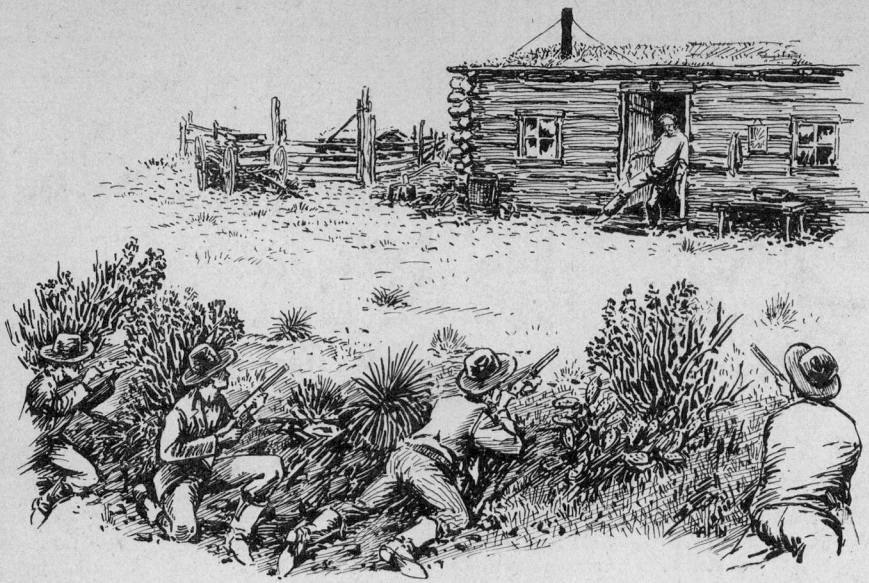
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At Percy's ranch, possemen shot Red Jack full of holes.

followed up his suspicion that Red Jack was involved in the robbery. A short while later he joined forces with the posse, consisting of Sheriff A.J. "Jim" Doran, Undersheriff Scanland, Fred Adams, and a man named Harrington.

Arriving at Redfield's ranch they found two of their suspects—Len Redfield and Joe Tuttle. The posse camped at the ranch that night and peacefully

arrested the suspects the next morning. Conducting a search of the premises, they found a United States mail sack.

They soon realized that Red Jack had disappeared. Pete Gabriel continued the search for him while the rest of the posse took the two prisoners to Florence. A nephew of the Redfields, Frank Carpenter, had also been arrested as an accomplice at Dudleyville. The posse picked

him up on their way.

Florence's Judge Thomas charged Joe Tuttle as a principal in the murder and robbery, and Len Redfield and Frank Carpenter as accessories. Two other men were now known to be involved in the crime—Red Jack and Charlie Henslee.

Deputy United States Marshal Joseph W. Evans arrived in Florence with a seven-man posse and Len Redfield's brother, Hank. County Judge Daniel H. Pinney had armed Evans with a writ ordering him to transport Len Redfield to Phoenix to prevent his being lynched. The district attorney at Florence telegraphed Judge Pinney that a number of armed men planned to take the prisoner and hang him if he were removed from the jail. Judge Pinney did not reply.

The word was quickly spread all over town that Marshal Evans was there to take the prisoners to safety. The local citizens liked Johnny Collins and had no intention of allowing his murderers to leave town alive. Slowly and quietly every man in town made his way to the jail. Approximately 100 men silently flowed into the jail yard. They took the two deputies prisoners and placed them under guard.



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The men brought Tuttle and Redfield out, then threw ropes over the braces in the corridor. When Redfield saw the nooses he said, "I guess my time has come." Tuttle, on the other hand, broke down completely, crying and pleading. Both men were hoisted up and died without a struggle, although their necks did not break and they strangled to death.

The vigilantes brought young Frank Carpenter from his cell that he might view the terrible fate of his uncle and Joe Tuttle. (Carpenter had little time to repent, as he died of nervous prostration in November 1883 before he could go to trial.)

Tuttle and Redfield were left hanging under guard until a doctor pronounced them dead. Then the lynch party departed quietly. They had made every move so quietly and efficiently that the officers and people in other rooms of the building did not know the men had been hanged until twenty minutes after it was all over.

A coroner's jury found that the men had died from being hanged by persons unknown to the jury. Joe Tuttle was buried in the Florence cemetery, and Hank Redfield had Marshal Evans ship his brother's body to Tucson.

Sheriff Bob Paul received information on October 3, 1883, that Red Jack and Charlie Henslee were hiding out near Willcox. Paul quickly raised a posse and the railroad provided an engine to transport them there.

The posse encountered the two outlaws at Percy's ranch, about twelve miles from Willcox. In the ensuing gun-battle possemen shot Red Jack full of holes and killed him. Henslee was seriously wounded but escaped. Only one man in the posse was wounded, and his injury was slight.

Six possemen followed Henslee's trail toward Point of Mountain and found him holed up in a dry wash ten miles from Willcox the next morning. Still full of fight, he fired three shots at Bob Paul, killing his horse. Although he fought as long as he could pull a trigger, the posse made short work of him. They learned later that Henslee and Red Jack had vowed never to be taken alive. Both of them were buried in the old Willcox cemetery.

Lawmen recovered the \$1,980 in silver coin from the stage holdup, but the gold was never recovered. In 1883 the gold was valued at \$1,720; today it would be valued at over \$34,400. It still lies hidden not far from Dudleyville.



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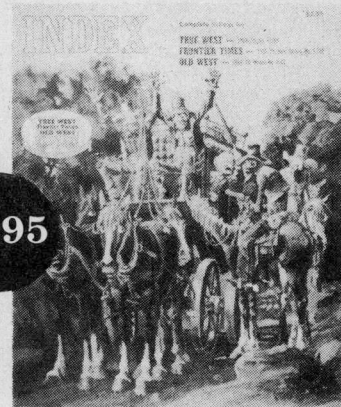
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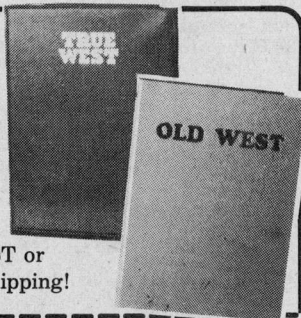
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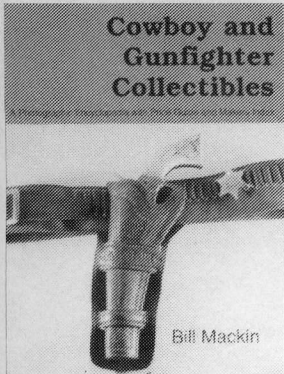
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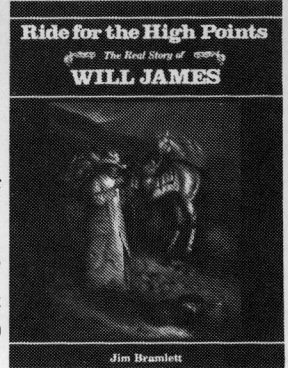


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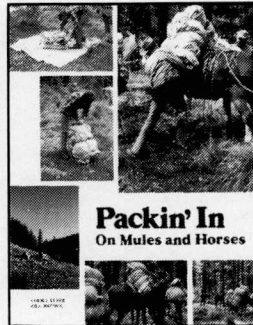
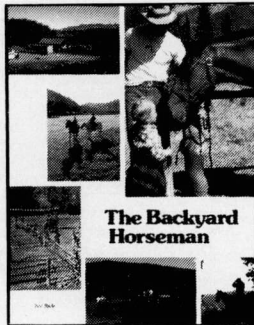
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