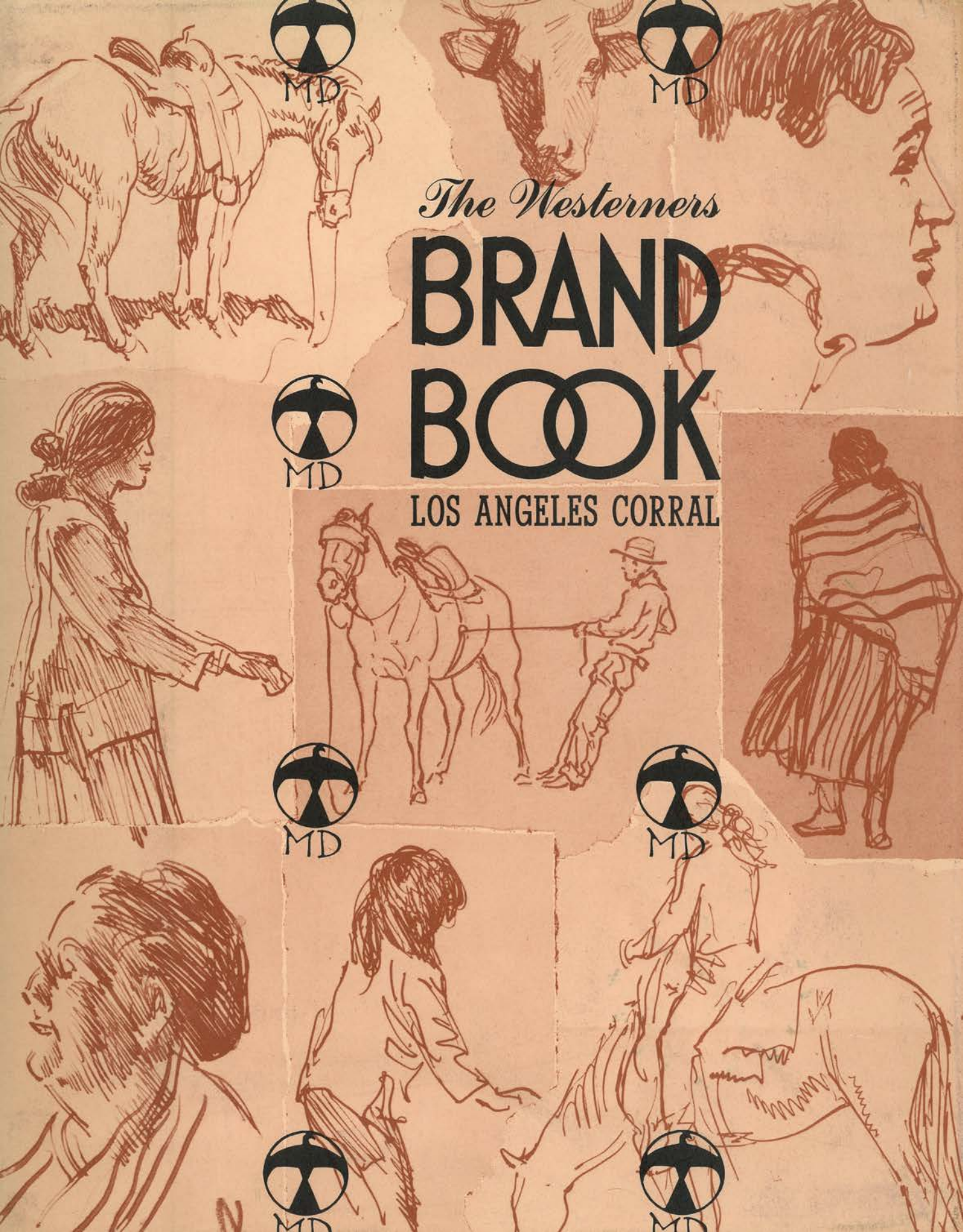

The Westerners

BRAND BOOK

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

Sketches By MAYNARD DIXON

The Westerners

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LOS ANGELES CORRAL

The Westerners

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BOOK EIGHT

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

FOREWORD

Once more the Los Angeles Corral of THE WESTERNERS gives to those of kindred spirit another major publication. Brand Book Number Eight is in your hands. It contains art, literature, history and atmosphere cinched with rugged sincerity. There are many creations which use the West as an excuse to be lurid, sensational, picturesque or sentimental and none of them is satisfactory to the men who know the great land that unrolls toward the setting sun. They know that the West was filled with good and bad, beauty and ugliness, clear skies and hardships, serenity and excitement, fun and tragedy, all mixed in reality. It is this knowledge that draws together the men who call themselves Westerners. They give their best in thought and time to round up the truth and keep it free from brand artists. Brand Book Number Eight is a Westerners production.

DON MEADOWS
Editor.

Dedicated to

Robert A. *"Billy"* Dodson

Trailrider · Westerner · Friend

1874 · · · 1959

THE WESTERNERS • LOS ANGELES CORRAL • 1958

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THE FINAL SAGA OF OUR HORSE CAVALRY

By COL. C. W. HOFFMANN
Army of the United States
Retired

THE WIND was biting cold in the face of Private Fred Griffin, of Troop K, 13th United States Cavalry, as he walked Post around the adobe headquarters building at Columbus, N. M. It was 4:12 A.M., March 9, 1916; and the ice in that wind seemed fresh from the 10,778 foot Mogollon Peak a hundred miles northwest. Four hours earlier a failing moon had dipped behind the Big Hatchets to the west and shadows enveloped the earth.

Twenty yards away a darker shadow appeared from the ditch beyond the Deming-Palomas Road. "Halt! Who's there?" A flash, and a Mauser bullet seared through Trooper Griffin's vitals, smashing him back against the wall. Scores of shadows in big hats materialized and the air was filled with shouts of "Viva Villa! Viva Mejico!"

Griffin braced himself against the building, killed his assailant and two others; was hit twice again, but clung to life till his Springfield was empty.

This was the center column of a Villista three-pronged attack. Local Villa sympathizers had guided the raiders safely around outpost positions, effecting complete surprise as two columns attacked from the west, astride the El Paso and Southwestern tracks; the third column struck from the south through the stables and enlisted men's barracks. It was a NCO's and privates' fight as, with three exceptions, the American officers were cut off from their troops.

Lt. James Castleman, Officer of the Day, startled awake by the shooting, ran out of the OD's quarters and collided with a bandit. They exchanged shots and the bandit was killed. Castleman fought his way to F Troop, which he commanded. Sgt. Michael Fody had already issued arms and ammunition and was forming the Troop for combat as the Commander arrived.

The first shot signalled the general attack. Throughout the stables, kitchens and barracks, pitchforks, fists, boiling water, meat cleavers, axes and baseball bats serving as the only available weapons slowed the attackers while organized resistance was created.

Lt. John Lucas had returned from El Paso on the midnight train and was asleep in his little house west of headquarters when he was awakened by unusual sounds outside. One glance showed horsemen and footmen, all wearing the high-crowned sombreros which were the Villista "uniform." The sounds of stealthy steps on his porch were interrupted by Griffin's shots and the intruders forgot him to join the attack. Lucas scrambled into his uniform but could not find his boots in the dark. To have struck a match would have been suicide, so he dashed out and mingled with the attackers, risking

death from both friend and foe, till, still barefoot, he reached his Machine Gun Troop barracks. Instructing the Acting 1st Sergeant to complete the formation and follow him he took two available men, a corporal and a horseshoer, and raced toward the Guard Tent where the machine guns were stored in padlocked strongboxes.

The tent, one of the bandits' prime objectives, was guarded by another man with the mettle of a soldier, Pvt. J. D. Yarborough. Early in the fight his right arm was shattered and bled profusely. With his .45 automatic in his left hand he fought off the enemy till Lt. Lucas, his bare feet cut and bleeding and blue with cold, fought his way through, smashed the locks and broke out one of the Benét-Mercier machine guns. These delicate weapons required perfect conditions in order to function; such conditions are rare in combat and this gun jammed on the sixth shot. A second gun was set up and operated fairly well. Then the Machine Gun Troop arrived, and Pvt. Yarborough, having performed his duty in the highest traditions of the service, died at his post.

Meanwhile, Lt. Castleman's troop, assisted by the other troops, under their NCO's, cleared the bandits from the barracks area and, leaving a garrison to hold the area, attacked north across the tracks. They suffered some casualties from the Hotchkiss machine guns the bandits had mounted on Cootes Hill, a hundred and fifty yards southwest of the railroad station. Pvt. Thomas Butler was wounded and ordered to lie down under cover but continued with his squad until a fifth wound killed him. Pvt. Dobrowalski, sent back to the guard house for more ammunition, was attacked by three bandits. He killed them and completed his mission.

Castleman cleared the east end of town and formed a line facing west, astride the main street between the invaders and another of their prime objectives, the Columbus State Bank. As flames from the Commercial Hotel and adjacent buildings lighted the area the superior marksmanship of the defenders became evident and bandit losses mounted. Lt. Lucas, ably assisted by Lt. Horace Stringfellow, Jr., directed a deadly

Chaplain conducts services before the bodies of the seven soldiers of the Thirteenth Cavalry, killed during the Columbus Raid, are shipped to places of interment.

rifle and machine gun fire from a line along the tracks. Civilian rifles were also active in the defense and the Villistas began to recoil.

Sgt. Dobbs, although shot through the liver, refused to quit and died operating his machine gun. Panic seized a few men of the Medical Detachment and they barricaded themselves in an adobe hospital. Machine gunners begged admittance so they could have the necessary light to replace a broken firing pin, but were refused. The gun was not returned to action till after daylight.

With dawn the attackers were driven westward out of town, and Col. Herbert Slocum, commanding the 13th Cavalry, and other officers who had been cut off, joined the troops. Maj. Frank Tompkins received permission to form a provisional troop from available men and mount pursuit.

The attacking force was probably about fifteen hundred men against the skeletonized garrison of twelve U.S. officers and 262 combat troops. About eight hundred Villistas constituted that part of Villa's force which Tompkins pursued with sixty-five officers and men. Villa admitted a loss of 190 in the whole action and seventy-eight of these were lost during this fierce pursuit penetrating nine miles into Mexico. Also lost was much of the loot from Columbus and two machine guns. When ammunition, horses and men neared exhaustion the cavalrymen withdrew across the border unmolested. No soldier was killed in this pursuit, though Maj. Tompkins and Capt. George Williams were slightly wounded, and the Major's Stetson was rendered unserviceable by .50 caliber ventilation. Five horses were wounded, none seriously.

Only a few Villistas were captured at Columbus, or throughout the expedition, all unconscious or too severely wounded to shoot. Otherwise, they fired upon anyone who approached. Eight raiders were tried by United States Courts: one was acquitted, one given life imprisonment, and six were hanged. Seven United States soldiers and eight civilians were killed by the raiders; five soldiers and two civilians wounded.

Confronted with United States demands, Mexico's Provisional President Carranza consented to the Punitive Expedition as a sure and easy way to dispose of his former partner. Villa had constituted a real threat to Carranza's ascendency and had once driven nearly to Mexico City before being defeated at Celaya by Federal forces under General Obregón. Until the outcome of this campaign was clear the cautious Carranza took refuge far south in the State of Chiapas. He knew the vengefulness of his ex-associate and had no desire to face him.

A solemn agreement was made between the United States and Villa whereby we promised not to enter into the factional strife in Mexico in any manner, maintaining strict neutrality. Consequently Villa had returned several million dollars worth of expropriated American oil, mining and agricultural properties to their former owners.

Within ninety days the United States recognized the Carranza regime as the de facto

government of Mexico and Villa was understandably furious but did not retaliate. One of the few positions in the State of Sonora still held by Carranza was the politically important railway and smelting center of Agua Prieta, adjoining Douglas, Arizona. Here the Carranzista garrison was hemmed against the border by a superior Villista force and were in dire straits when President Wilson granted permission for three trainloads of Carranza troops to be moved across New Mexico and Arizona to reinforce the Agua Prieta garrison. Villa was routed and shortly thereafter his General Candelario Cervantes announced in his home town, Namiquipa, the intended invasion of the United States. Cervantes, the able instigator and leader of the Columbus raid, was killed by Pvt. George Heulett, 17th Infantry, on May 25th, when Cervantes ambushed a United States patrol some fifteen miles north of Namiquipa.

Carranza, welcoming the opportunity to have the Yanquis eliminate his most powerful rival, approved the Punitive Expedition and on March 15th two columns of United States troops crossed the border. Records were shattered by Cavalry, Infantry and Artillery. Battery B, 6th Field Artillery, covered a hundred and forty-five miles in forty-six hours through hostile, unmapped country, almost devoid of roads. There were no maps nor guides or, worse, guides who purposely misguided. Hostility, obstruction and deceit characterized the Carranzista allies with a few brilliant exceptions, such as General Garza, Col. Bustillos and Captains Trevino and Hernandez, who courageously and honorably informed, guided and assisted our troops at their own high peril.

Men and animals suffered the hardships of such extremes of temperature as 90 degrees Fahrenheit at midday and frozen water in canteens before the following dawn. They experienced sandstorms, hail, rain and sleet; night marches over perilous, rocky trails, often at altitudes in excess of nine thousand feet; at the end of at least one such, to find

Long, hot, dusty miles on the plains of Chihuahua. Machine Gun Troop, 11th Cavalry.

that the guides provided by the Carranzistas had led them over a dangerous, circuitous route while a messenger, who had been sent by a direct route, had warned the Villistas that they might escape.

Troopers cared for their horses first, themselves later. Even then many animals collapsed and died on the march and on the picket lines. Men and animals alike suffered from lack of forage and supplies as the army supply system faced a task for which it was totally unprepared. At one time Colonels George F. Dodd and William C. Brown received no government supplies for thirty-two days. Both these officers were old Indian fighters, the former having passed his sixty-third birthday and the latter his sixty-first when the expedition began. Both were of the old school cavalry type; they marched with their troops and at the end of the day changed horses and rode far into the night, scouting the country. C. E. "Redshirt" Tracy, a fearless, able civilian scout and guide, a long-time resident of Mexico, said, "Colonel Dodd ate less, slept less and worked harder than any other man in the command." Both these officers drew heavily on their lifetime savings for cash with which to buy the supplies needed by their commands and which were unobtainable by the utterly useless Requisitions provided by the Quartermaster Corps. Every man in the Expedition was glad when he learned that Col. Dodd had been promoted to Brigadier General.

At this point we should note some facts about the man whose actions precipitated all this activity. According to church records, Doroteo Arango was born at Rancho del Rio Grande on the outskirts of the city of Durango, June 5, 1877. His was a personality about which legends form, but we do know that when he first entered outlawry, at possibly fourteen years of age, he assumed the nom-de-guerre of Francisco Villa. He was violent, lustful, ruthless, possessed a high animal courage and natural tactical ability. He was subject to insane rages which lasted days on end and during which the only person who dared enter his presence was his wife, Luz Corral, and she did so in mortal terror. Endowed with extraordinary physical strenght and endurance, he drove his men mercilessly and they feared and loved him for it. He was loyal to his friends, and when he gave his word to a man he kept that word. With a woman it was different; women were his weakness, and when he was lured to his death the trap was baited with a woman. He was finally given amnesty and a large grant of land by his government in 1920. He was assassinated in Parral, July 20, 1923, and President Elias Obregón at last could feel that the loss of his right arm, shattered by a Villa bullet in the battle of León, had been avenged.

Following the astonishing defeat at Columbus, the Villa forces withdrew rapidly to the mountainous area of Namiquipa where they were attacked by Carranzistas under Col. Cano and retired to join other Villa forces, giving a combined strength of about eight hundred men. Villa was wounded twice in this fight and his right leg broken below the knee. No accurate account of his many wounds is available.

Villa hated his implacable foe Cano, but he must have been grateful for the deceit, false guides and misinformation given by Cano to the United States forces. The fact that Villa was not killed or captured by us was due to Cano's treachery. While the Yanqui forces were pursuing various "reliable reports" Villa was taken by an erratic course to the vicinity of Guerrero where his forces defeated the Carranzistas on March 27th, but were badly beaten two days later by the 7th Cavalry under Col. Dodd.

Among informed Mexican friends of this writer the belief is that the wounded Villa was taken to a small concealed cave high up on a mountain near Guerrero where a spring was accessible. There, cared for by his doctor and two faithful followers for two months, he was able to be active again. This is a reasonable solution to his disappearance.

Throughout the Expedition General Pershing kept in personal touch with his widely separated forces; he used a three car convoy, with all spare seats occupied by Expert Riflemen, and would appear at the most unexpected places. The sheer audacity of this provided the greatest protection in a country of many strong enemy bands.

The farthest penetration by the Expedition was the vicinity of Parral, about three hundred and fifty miles airline from Columbus. The attrition of climatic extremes, terrain, hard marching, inadequate supply and enemy action so reduced the numbers of men and mounts that Provisional Squadrons were formed from the able bodied. This placed the troop strength at less than half, so when Maj. Tompkins reached Parral on April 11, he had less than one hundred men.

Two evenings earlier a Carranzista, Captain Antonio Mesa, representing General Lozano, who headquartered in Parral, visited Major Tompkins and in Lozano's name extended a cordial invitation for Tompkins' command to visit the city and replenish supplies for men and horses. Captain Mesa then left to inform General Lozano that Major Tompkins had gratefully accepted the invitation. The cavalry column reached Parral about noon, April 12. The column was guided by a Carranzista soldier to the Comandancia Militar del General Lozano, who demanded to know why the Norteamericanos were in Parral. "By your invitation General, extended through Captain Mesa," Tompkins informed him. Lozano denied having received any message from Mesa.

Meanwhile, a crowd had gathered around the Yanqui squadron drawn up in the Plaza before the quartel, and agitators, believed to have been German agents, began shouting and yelling, "Death to the invaders!" A mule hitched to a cart was stampeded into the ranks, but quick action by a powerful cavalryman halted it before damage was done. Lozano urged that Tompkins get his men out of town as he would not be able to restrain the violently anti-American populace. The U. S. Commander replied that he had come at Lozano's invitation but would retire to any campsite designated by the latter as soon as arrangements for the necessary supplies were concluded.

The Final Saga of Our Horse Cavalry

Lozano stalled for an hour and the gathering crowd was fast becoming violent when the Americans rode toward the assigned campsite at the edge of the town, with Lozano and his party leading the way. The site selected was indefensible, truly a death trap. So eager were the Mexicans that they opened fire while Lozano was still with the U. S. column. Lozano rode off "to stop the shooting," which promptly intensified, but ceased long enough for a courier to bring a message from Lozano urging the U. S. troops to leave at once, as he was "unable to control either the soldiers or the civilians." This courier was actually a scout observing the exact American positions, for immediately upon his return the Mexican fire increased in volume and accuracy.

Sgt. Jay Richley was killed, Corp. Benjamin McGee shot through the mouth, and Pvt. Hobart Ledford was shot through the lung. Lt. Claude Cummings, Medical Corps, wiped out the stain on their detachment escutcheon, created when the men had panicked at Columbus, by dressing the wounded while under a hail of bullets so close that some threw dirt in his face. He finished his task, lifted Ledford onto a pony and took him to the rear.

Our riflemen had been busy and it was later learned that the Mexican loss was twenty-five dead and many more wounded. Tompkins fought his way out of the death trap and conducted a rear guard action seventeen miles to Santa Cruz de Villegas. About six hundred Carranza cavalry and a comparable number of civilians pursued and attempted to flank the U. S. cavalry but suffered considerable casualties from the accuracy of our rifle fire.

Gallantry was the order of the day. When the desperately wounded Ledford slipped from his saddle, Lieutenant James Ord raced to him, hoisted him onto his horse and, assisted by Major Tompkins, rejoined the column, despite Ledford's insistence that they leave him behind and not continue to endanger themselves for his sake. They ignored his protestations. Then another bullet tore through Ledford's body, killing him instantly. Corporal Proffit's horse was killed and the pursuing Mexicans whooped at seeing him down between the lines. Lt. Clarence Linninger, commanding the rear guard, galloped back and as he circled, Proffit caught his arm, swung up behind him and rode to the column, still retaining his Springfield. "Can't fight without it," he commented.

A Mexican cavalry charge failed with the loss of forty-two dead. Tompkins' men moved into the stronghold of Santa Cruz and manned the battlemented roofs. Captain Aubrey Lippincott, now a retired colonel living in Tucson, selected one *hombre* who appeared to be the mainspring of the attack, set his sights at 800 yards, allowed for windage, and fired. The man lurched in his saddle, dropped his nickel-plated Mauser and died. At just eighty yards under a half-mile: one shot, one dead hombre. The attack halted.

At 7:55 that evening Colonel Brown arrived with reinforcements and Lozano withdrew. United States losses: three killed, two officers and four enlisted men wounded. Mexican losses: about eighty killed and one hundred twenty wounded.

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Carranza knew that the Villistas were badly mauled and scattered. Villa had disappeared and was probably dead; and anti-American sentiment was dominant, so he notified Washington that any further advance into Mexico would mean war. Under orders from Washington the U.S. Expedition withdrew to Namiquipa and later to Colonia Dublán.

Routine training and patrolling characterized their stay and supplies arrived regularly by truck trains. Sniping at these truck trains became the favorite sport of anti-Norteamericanistas; this was varied by rolling boulders or launching landslides at them on the mountain roads.

On May 16th, General Pershing sent his aide, a tall, young Cavalry Lieutenant, to the vicinity of Rubio to purchase corn. The Lieutenant had visited this area before. He recalled that the wife of Julio Cardenas who, with Cervantes, had engineered the Columbus raid, lived at Rancho San Miguelito. It was a battlemented adobe built around a patio-corral having only three small outside windows, high in the west wall with only a double door opening eastward. This place lay seven miles to the north. The Lieutenant directed his convoy southward until out of sight, circled, cut the telephone wire, detailed his action plan, and arrived at the rancho without warning.

One car, carrying the soldier-chauffer, the Lieutenant and Mr. Lunt, the unarmed interpreter, slid to a stop at the northwest corner of the San Miguelito adobe. Before it had stopped the Lieutenant was racing for the front of the building. The Corporal and five privates left the other two cars at the southwest corner, the designated rallying point in case Cardenas' usual bodyguard of twenty picked men became too formidable, and hurried along the south wall. The Lieutenant outsprinted Lunt and arrived at the northeast corner in time to see three horsemen gallop out of the front door and turn south. At the corner the Mexicans saw the soldiers coming and reversed direction. Seeing the Lieutenant, they opened fire. Now, under existing orders, the Lieutenant could and did return the fire, dropping a rider who crawled through the door. One horse was killed and the Lieutenant yelled "Surrender" to the prostrate rider who, instead, raised his rifle as he arose. The Lieutenant killed him with a .45 bullet just below the left armpit. The third rider whirled away from this new danger and raced for the protection of the undergrowth east of the house, but fell with two mortal wounds, one from a soldier's rifle, and the other from the Lieutenant's .45.

Then shooting started at the assembly point. A man had dropped from the central west window to the shelter of an unfinished adobe room below, but before he could fire he collapsed and died. The man was Cardenas. After being shot from his horse he had crawled through the front door, through the house, and had sought to escape. He had been hit but once.

Of the three Villistas killed, two-and-a-half kills were credited to the Lieutenant George Smith Patton.

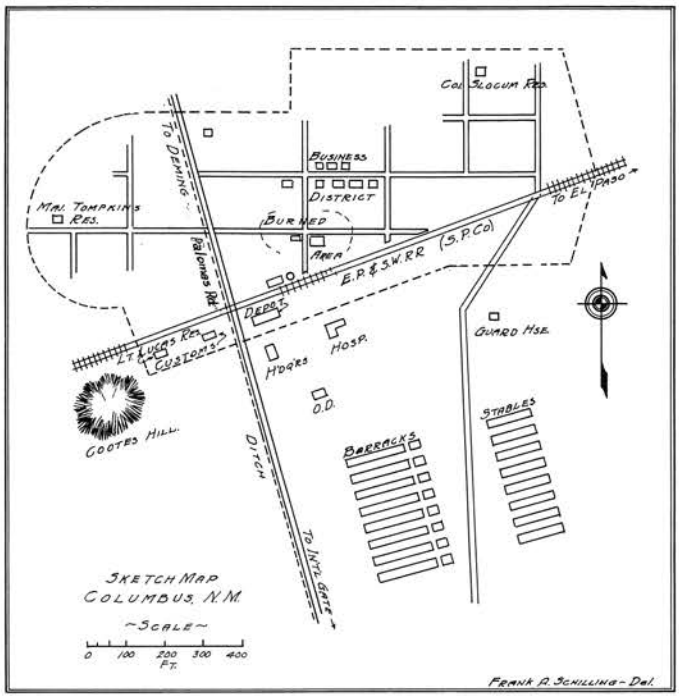
The Final Saga of Our Horse Cavalry

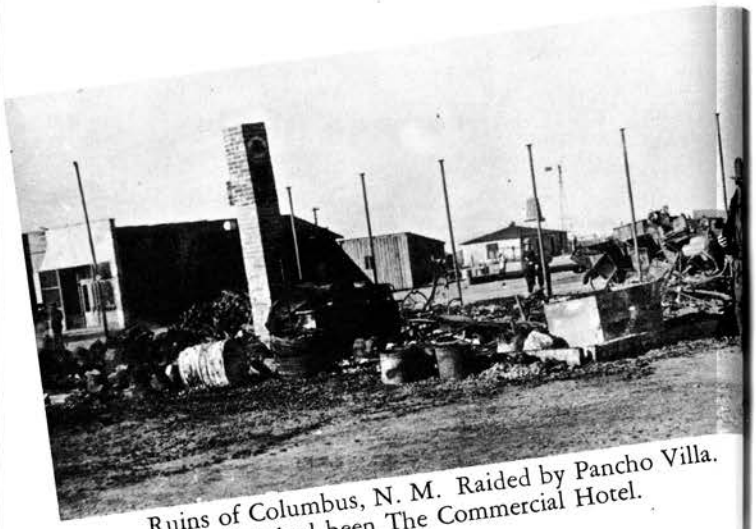
On June 21, two troops of the 10th Cavalry were fired upon by Carranzista General Gomez' command near Carrizal. In the ensuing fight Captain Charles Boyd, Lieutenant Henry Adair and eight enlisted men were killed, Captain Lewis Morey and ten enlisted men wounded, and twenty-three enlisted men, their horses having been stampeded, were captured. General Gomez and eleven officers were killed and fifty-three were wounded. Days later, Carranza, with the contemptuous malice he always showed toward us, shipped to El Paso the naked bodies of our dead, lying where they had been thrown on a dirty boxcar floor.

Sixteen days later, President Wilson's State Department, which had rendered the Expedition impotent since the ordered withdrawal from Santa Cruz, sent a note to the Carranza government emphasizing "the spirit of friendship and solicitude which animates the American government for the *continuation of cordial relations*" [Underscoring mine —C.W.H.] between the two governments. The Expedition flamed with a fury such as it had not known before, and the fury still smoulders in those of us who are alive today.

On February 5, 1917, the Expedition returned to Columbus after eleven months and twenty days of performance above and beyond the normal call of duty, to become a page in history and the final chapter in the Saga of our Horse Cavalry.

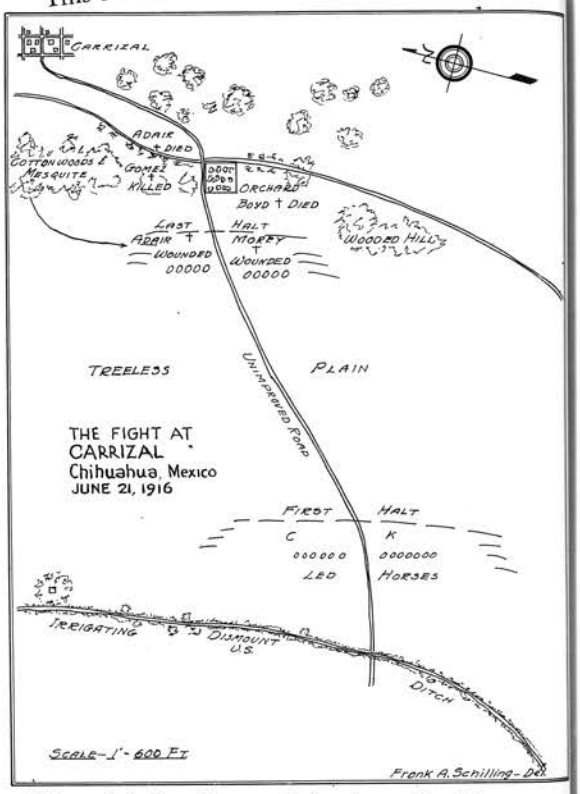
The man at upper right is a jailor. The others are Villistas captured at Columbus. Antonio Sanchez, (upper left) acquitted; lack of evidence. Man lower left given life imprisonment. Others were hanged.



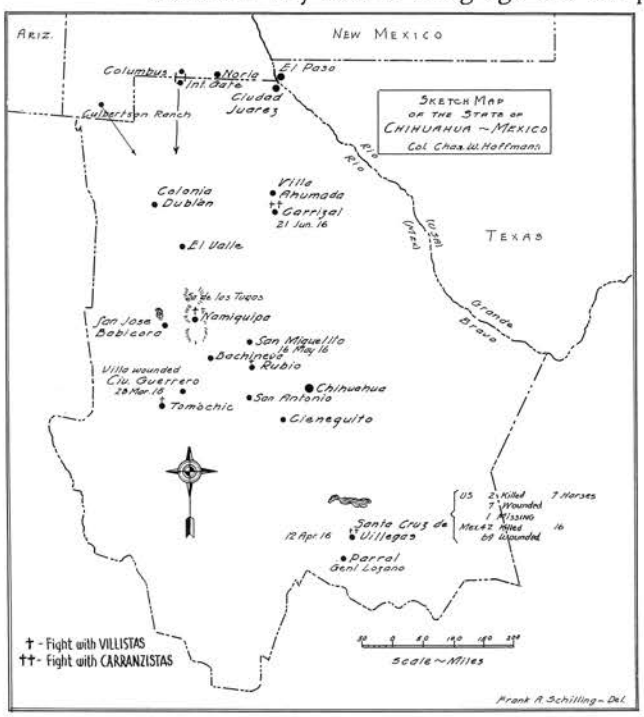


Ruins of Columbus, N. M. Raided by Pancho Villa. This had been The Commercial Hotel.

Columbus, New Mexico. Sgt. Hoffmann reports completion of patrol and receives orders from Acting Company Commander for next duty assignment. This came very near to being Sgt. H's last picture.



Wounded Bandits at Columbus, N. M.



TRAIL HERDS

By ROBERT A. (Billy) DODSON

THE PERIOD of which I write was the days of the free, open range before barbed wire had invaded the West. It was the time of the long-horned cattle, the last stand of the Indian and Buffalo and the Spanish Horse; when the cattle industry was the principal asset of the western economy. It was the era when men of great courage and foresight were beginning to explore the great plains of the Llano Estacado, a veritable sea of grass now inhabited only by great herds of antelopes, prairie dogs and coyotes, with a view of establishing cow ranches.

It was during this time that my father established his ranch in northwest Texas, a few miles south of Fort Richardson near the town of Jacksboro, where the first Indians were tried in the American courts. The Indians who had recently been confined on reservations in the Indian Territory occasionally crossed the Red River and raided small ranches on the Texas side—running off their horses and taking a few scalps before the calvary from the Fort could intercept them. It was a beautiful country with rolling hills, groves of oak trees, clear streams of water, gramma, blue stem and mesquite grasses; an ideal cattle country. Here, I was reared and graduated in animal husbandry. My tutors were some of the best cowmen in the West. We had holdings in the Chickasaw Nation and were continually trailing cattle between our two ranches. It was in 1881, at the age of seven years, that I had my first experience as a trail hand. I shall never forget my surprise when we arrived at Red River, which was in full flood and two or three hundred yards wide—but it looked like miles to me. I was mounted on Bull Pup, a strong swimmer, and placed on the up-stream side of the herd where, in case I lost my mount, the current would carry me into the herd where there would be hundreds of cow tails to ferry me across. It was at this same crossing that I later watched Warren Sythe of the Sugg Ranch crossing a band of mares and colts and observed how the mother mares maneuvered their colts so that the current would press them against their bodies so that they were literally ferried safely across. Mother cows do the same thing, but I think that the mares are more adept than the cows. It is wonderful what one can learn by observing the so-called dumb animals.

While these trail herds were short (only a hundred miles) we used the same technique that we did on long drives. The experience I gained from them during the years of my early youth built a fundamental foundation that every trail driver needs. I was not unlike most every boy of my time who dreamed of some day being a great trail drive. Being keen on observation I soon learned that if one expected to be successful in the cattle

business, he would have to know cows. As one old cowman expressed it, "one would have to know what a cow would do under certain circumstances before she 'thunk' of it." Well, that was not as far fetched as one would think. I am sure that a boy who was raised with cows had the advantage of the man who learned the business after becoming an adult. We boys who had the kindergarten training graduated ten years ahead of the average cow puncher and with a better foundation.

I am thankful that I had a father who never hesitated to place responsibility on my tender shoulders. One evening after we had finished gathering two hundred cows to drive to the Texas ranch, Dad said. "Billy, I want you to be ready to hit the trail early in the morning. You may take Mike along (a boy my age—11 years). You will be in charge." This was my first experience as a trail boss. Mike and I set about organizing and assembling equipment; three horses each, one blanket each, a flour sack of biscuits, a slab of bacon, two packages of Arbuckle coffee, a lump of salt and a book of sulfur matches completed our commissary. At the break of day we moved the herd off the bed ground and headed south. About ten o'clock of the second day we reached Red River which was rather low, only swimming about fifty feet. The cattle took the water with very little trouble, but in coming out four head bogged in the quick sand, which gave us considerable trouble. We managed to get them out but not until our herd had scattered and range cattle had mixed with them and we lost some time in getting the herd in shape again. All went well until the fourth night. We found what we thought would be an ideal place to hold a herd. We came to a rail fenced lane about a half mile long and fifty yards wide. We reasoned that by one of us sleeping at each end of the lane, we would have no trouble holding them and at the same time to get a full night's sleep, which was unusual on the trail. But it didn't work out that way. About an hour before day light a terrific storm came up; wind, hail and lightning popping like giant fire crackers and the cattle broke through the fence. Before lying down that night, I noticed a gate near by with a tall gate post and a wire across the top. I mounted my horse that I might get the cattle out before they could do any damage. I remember reaching down from the saddle to open the gate. There was a flash of lightning and then nothing. Near daylight Mike rode up just as I was scrambling to a sitting position, my horse and three cows were lying dead near me. This was my first horse to be killed under me.

Five days later we arrived at the home ranch without further trouble, sleepy and very tired, with the herd in good condition. On the debit side—one horse and three cows short, two errors. On the credit side—some very good experience. One of my tutors called me in conference and after listening to my report said, "Billy, when crossing a river always push your cattle out as fast as you can, don't allow them to loiter. If you do they may bogg on the quick sand and never, never try to hold a herd in a lane at night." That, I never, never forgot. Tired and sleepy as we were, there was no time for recuperation

as there would be a roundup the next day and during the roundup season it was a seven-day job from daylight until dark with no less than two hours on night guard.

As there were no pastures in those days, during the winter storms cattle drifted as far as a hundred miles from the home ranch. Consequently, spring, summer and fall we were busy gathering, branding calves and throwing them back on the range. As we didn't feed our cattle we had very little cow work during the winter, except skinning those that died during the severe storms. For us youngsters it was school, in case there was a school near enough to attend; otherwise, it was books at home, which meant our knowledge of animals and nature was about all we learned.

The range of our locality was fast being over-stocked and owners began to seek new locations further to the West for their increasing herds. With one of these outfits, I got my first job. Uncle Billy Moore was moving his cattle out near the foot of the Staked Plains. Mr. Draper, with whom I had worked on the roundups, was in charge of one of his herds and he offered me a job, which I accepted on condition I could get the consent of my father, which he gave. Again, no favors. Mr. Draper was an experienced trail man and I learned much from him on this drive of about three hundred miles. We drove a mixed herd of twenty-five hundred head of cows, calves and steers. A very difficult herd to trail. I felt that I was a veteran as none of the crew except the foreman and myself had had any experience on the Trail. However, I was careful to conceal my feelings.

The route that we took was not an established one and we had considerable trouble in locating water and good grazing, as it was during a drought and feed and water were scarce. This compelled us to move rather slow. The only real excitement we had on this drive that is worthy of comment was that our remuda was stampeded one night by horse thieves, probably Indians. We recovered all the horses the next day but when we came in sight of the thieves, they ran and left the horses.

I was offered a job with the next herd that was to follow this one, but it was a very busy season and Dad needed me at home. Two years previously we had turned five hundred head of yearling steers loose in the Bean Creek Mountains, a very rugged country but a splendid range, and they would be ready for the fall market. A few days after my return from the Trail we were ready to gather these steers. We had to use a pack outfit as the terrain was too rough to use a chuck wagon. Our plan was to gather them in three or four days, but we worked for two weeks and only rounded-up about two hundred head. Every summer for the next few years we gathered what we could, but the last two we got out were twelve years old.

In the spring of 1887 Iron Baker, one of Texas' noted trail drivers, passed through our range with twenty-five hundred head of four and five year old steers. The herd came from Southern Texas way and was headed for Dodge City, Kansas. Those steers were as salty as they come. Mr. Baker and Dad were old friends so he came by for a chat and just

as he was leaving I rode up and was introduced to him. Mr. Baker and Dad shook hands and again he turned to ride away, stopped and said to Dad. "Chip, you don't happen to have an extra man around that you could recommend, do you? I am a man short." "No, I don't, Iron." "How about Billy?", he asked. Before Dad could answer, I rose to my five feet-two inches—plus two-inch boot heels—and kinda blew up my hundred and thirty-five pounds. "Well, Iron, I don't know what to say. Billy has had quite a bit of trail experience." Turning to me, Dad said, "Billy, will you take your horse to the corral." I walked to the corral with my heart in my boot heels, for I knew we had lots of work at home, but I wanted that job. Dad joined me a few minutes later. I tried to read his face for the answer but could see nothing there. While we were unsaddling, Dad broke the silence. "Mr. Baker said he would camp on Rock Creek tonight and for you to be there at daylight in the morning." I had been hoping and dreaming that some day this would happen to me, but I thought it would be a few years later, when I had more whiskers on my face than I now had. There was not much sleep for me that night.

Before daylight Dad and I were riding silently in the moonlight, leading a pack horse with my bed, headed for Rock Creek. "Dad, I want to thank you for getting me this job," I ventured. "I really didn't get it for you, I only gave my consent," Dad replied. "You are on your own now. You will be expected to do a man's work. There will be no favoritism. I think you understand that and will make good." We rode into camp just as the horse rangler came in with the remuda. After breakfast a horse was led out for me. I was told that it was one of the mounts belonging to the man I was replacing. I would ride his mount and take his position with the herd, which was left flank, second guard at night. The herd moved out on the trail. Dad waved to me as he returned to the ranch. I was on my own. I never forgot his last injunction. "You are on your own."

Mr. Baker's crew consisted of all old, seasoned men. I wondered how they would take to me. I had been with men enough to know that it depended on me as to how I would be accepted, so I kept my mouth closed and my eyes open. I had been taught to show deference to my elders and always addressed them as Mr. Bill, etc. Before many days I was sure that I'd been accepted. An old puncher whose hair had been turned to frost by many winters and whose skin had become leathery by exposure to many hot summer winds, took me under his wing. I shall never forget or cease to be thankful to Old Grizzly Bill and many others of his kind for their advice. I learned much from Mr. Baker and his crew, who always seemed to be at the right place when and where they were needed.

Grizzly Bill related his experience with the herd previous to the time I joined. There had been one stampede, a "whizzer" as he described it but without accident. He didn't expect any more trouble but gave me this advice. "Billy, when you are on guard, don't ever relax. It can happen any time." A few days later we were approaching the breaks of the Wichita River. It had been an unusually hot, muggy day without water for the herd.

Trail Herds

After Bill and I had circled the herd a few times that night, he stopped when we met and said, "Billy, I don't like the feel of things tonight. That cloud 'raisin' up there in the northwest looks like a bad one. Don't ride too close to the herd and 'iffen' they break, they will run south. Don't try to hold them. There 'ain't' a thing you can do, but get out of their way." The storm cloud approached rather quietly although old Bill said it looked like a 'badun'. About fifteen minutes before our relief was to come out the cattle were lying quietly. There wasn't a breath of air stirring. I met Old Grizzly on the north side of the herd. I started to continue on, but old Bill said, "Billy, wait a minute, I smell sulfur in the air and "Hell" is going to be a poppin and it ain't going to be long." He had hardly gotten the words out of his mouth when there was a terrific flash of lightening and an earth shaking roar and twenty-five hundred steers were on their feet and were gone with the wind. It is true that there are very few stampedes like this one was. Owing to the rough terrain there were several cripples but only two had to be destroyed. We spent all the next day gathering the herd and then moved to a better bed ground. For the next week or so we were very careful and hoped we could avoid a repetition of this experience. We did have a flush or two but not a real stampede. The only other bit of excitement occurred while crossing the No-Man's Strip. Shortly after entering the Strip, a lone rider approached the herd heavily armed. We had been expecting him—or them, as there usually were half a dozen, and we knew the nature of his call. When the horseman came up to the herd he was met by our entire crew, also heavily armed. The rider saluted us with a "howdy fellers." His salutation was met by eight pairs of silent, cold eyes. "Which one of you men is foreman of this outfit?" Not a lip moved or an eye flickered. Then the rider identified himself and stated his business. "I am here to collect three cents a head as a tax for crossing the Strip." He met the same cold stare. "Well, in that case I will return with sufficient help to break the silence." Silently we watched him ride away. The entire crew stayed with the herd day and night until the herd had crossed the Strip. We had no further molestation. At noon the first day out of the Strip, the cook served a raisin pudding. On being asked what the occasion was, he replied. "Don't you know? It is Billy's 13th birthday." I appreciated the cook's thoughtfulness and especially the remarks made by some of the punchers who said that I looked to be at least sixteen.

A few days later we reached our destination and camped a few miles outside of Dodge, where we held the herd until they were delivered to the new owners who would graze them on the range until late in the fall and then ship them to market. Our herd was in very good condition and Mr. Baker was congratulated for the splendid type of his cattle. Some of the boys rode into town before the delivery of the herd for a look-see and necessary errands, but after we had delivered the herd we all went in and were paid off in gold.

Dodge was no longer the Hell-Roaring town that it had been in previous years. It had mellowed with age: the type of its citizenship had changed; the buffalo hunter and

skinners were gone; the bull whackers and the renegades that usually flocked to boom towns were absent; the type of gambler who used every method to get his money had transferred; the bartender who for gain would slip a knock-out drop in his victim's glass was outlawed. All these, and many others of their ilk were gone. Too, the young cow puncher of the earlier days was of a different type. He never before had heard the jingle of gold coins in his pockets. There was a moral code of the West that frowned on his excess drinking and there was the unwritten Law of the Range that demanded a fair break between men. If he were to slug a man in the dark or shoot an adversary in the back, he would be ostracized even by the lowest criminals. He had suffered the privations of four months on the trail, exposed to whatever the elements dished out to him; storm, cold, heat, wind, dust, long, weary hours in the saddle, his bed on Mother Earth regardless of the weather; and then to find himself in a mecca like Dodge City with every vice dangling before him with no moral restraint and what little law he had known removed from him; separated from home ties by a thousand miles; filled with rot-gut liquor that had been urged on him; surrounded by a type of womanhood that he never dreamed existed. Finally he was stripped of the last gold coin and kicked out like a common bum and he defended his honor as a true Westerner with the accepted weapon. Then, we called him a killer. He was not a killer. It was he and his kind that brought the great herds to Dodge and neighboring cities along with prosperity. These boys deserved better treatment.

Old Grizzly kept me under his wing and saw to it that no bartender spiked my soda pop. We spent two days and one night in Dodge. Old Grizzly made sure that I went to bed but I don't think any of the rest of the crew did. We were a groggy bunch as we headed the chuck wagon and remuda South early the third day, some from over-indulgence, others from loss of sleep. The return trip homeward was a pleasant, lazy trip. We made about thirty miles a day. Only six of the crew returned with the wagon. Some stayed in Kansas, others went back to Kansas City by rail. It was well that I was well-rested when I arrived home, for Dad had arranged to put up some native meadow hay to feed our horses, the first that we had ever put up. Oh boy! What a job. Blistered hands and backache were all new to us. The rest of the fall we gathered fat cattle for the market. I was exposed to the school room for three months during the winter and graduated from the fourth reader, my last formal schooling.

The next spring 1888 I had a long talk with Dad, for which I had been preparing all winter long. I was dissatisfied at home, our country was settling up; some of the ranchers were talking about fencing their range. I wanted none of that. I unburdened myself to Dad. I told him I wanted to go out to the Llano Estacado Country, where there were large cattle ranches where it would be years if ever before they would fence. Dad was very much disappointed, as he had planned to send me away to school and very

reluctantly gave his consent for me to go. Dad and I were very close, I never kept anything from him, and he always trusted me.

Early one morning in March I saddled "Nig," a big, beautiful, black five-year old horse. Of all the horses I have ridden he was the greatest. I shall have more to say about him later. Dad helped me pack my pack horse. He then gave me the advice that has been a boon all through life. I knew it would be hard to say good bye to him and I had been building up my courage for the parting and then at the last wasn't equal to the occasion. As I clasped his hand my throat choked up, we parted with a silent hand clasp, I turned and headed West.

I made my camp at cow ranches when convenient or camped in the open wherever night over took me. The first ranch I stopped at was the Figure Eight, near which the little town of Guthery was built. I was surprised when Sam Graves, the foreman, offered me a job. I thought the matter over during the night and decided that maybe it would be best to have a year's work on a small outfit before tackling a big one. The next morning I told Mr. Graves I had decided to take the job. He said that for the next few days they would be busy gathering the horses and topping them out and also that they would be plenty salty and asked me if I thought I could ride them. I told him that I had ridden a few salty ones.

The Figure Eight was a fine bunch of men. I met some of them several years later in the Llano Country. It was the custom of the Figure Eight Outfit to lay-off during the months of July and August as the screw worms were very bad during those months. During this period the cow boys had very little to do, other than shoe a few horses, break a few broncs and keep the cattle well distributed on the range, but this summer an incident occurred that had never happened on the cattle ranges. The winter before, a character drifted in from Arkansas, who never knew but one thing, never thought of anything else. He was a son of the soil and succeeded in persuading the foreman to permit him to plow up ten acres of good grass and plant it in sorghum cane—and was his venture a success! By the middle of August that cane was ten feet high, to the amazement of every one for this was the first venture at farming in that part of the country. A few days later the freight wagon arrived. While unloading we found about a dozen short-handled, long-bladed knives. When we asked what they were for, the foreman advised us that they were called corn knives and were sent out to cut the cane crop with. He also added that if any man refused to cut cane, he could pick up his check. It was one of those still, hot, soggy morning when we, with knife in hand, headed for the cane field. The thermometer would have registered 100 plus, if we had had one. We looked at the jungle of cane with malice in our hearts, for never before had a cow puncher's dignity been so insulted. Lee Youngblood, a typical old puncher, stuck his knife up to the hilt in the ground. We all followed suit and silently marched back to the ranch and asked for our checks. Mr.

Graves pleaded with us not to be too hasty, that he thought the Old Man (the manager) would relent but we were adamant and to a man we rode out. Later, I learned that the Old Man did relent and most of the men returned.

Again, I headed West. I stopped at several ranches on my way and finally stopped at the JOL Ranch, owned by Mr. Joe Lang, on the Yellowhouse Draw which was located two or three miles north of the present city of Lubbock. I remained all winter and rode bog. Mr. Lang lived on the ranch with his family which was composed of his mother, wife and his four or five lovely daughters. I shall never forget that wonderful family, who accepted me as one of their own and especially the eldest daughter Mattie who was about eighteen. She could bake the most wonderful biscuits a hungry cow puncher ever ate.

Spring came too quick for me, as I was happy there, but the urge was strong. Again I was headed toward the Llano. "Nig" always seemed to be happy when we were on the trek. This time I had a new pack horse. The one I left home with became lame about the time I was to start and Mr. Lang persuaded me to take in exchange a nice little pacing sorrell horse that had one glass eye. It was one that he had recently bought with a bunch of cattle and hadn't yet branded. Nig and Rocking Chair were gaited well together and soon became attached to one another. I never had to stake or hobble Nig. He would never leave camp or stray off and Rocking Chair wouldn't leave him. Two days later I rode up to the Spade Ranch that was managed by Frank Norfleet, who later became nationally known for having run-down and captured a gang of crooks who bilked him out of a large sum of money.

During the conversation after supper one evening one of the boys mentioned having seen a bunch of mustang horses up the draw a few miles. The rest of the boys were surprised as they thought that they had cleaned them all out the year before. Mr. Norfleet decided then and there that the next day all hands would strap their Winchesters on their saddles and clean them out. Some of the boys prevailed in persuading Mr. Norfleet to give them a last try at catching some of the mustangs and I was invited to stay over and participate in the sport. Excitement ran high as the boys roped their best running horses and stripped off all unnecessary weight. I got a razzing when I came out on Nig bareback with only two heavy bed straps buckeled around him to tie my catch rope to. We rode up the draw for four or five miles and Mr. Norfleet located the horses with his field glasses. After considerable discussion, it was decided that by continuing up the draw we could get within a short distance of the mustangs without being discovered. This we were successful in doing. First, we stopped and loosened our cinches and let our mounts blow for a few minutes. Then, as we tightened the cinches again, we listened to Mr. Norfleet's last instructions, which simply were. "Hold your horses back and don't wind them in the first spurt." None of the men seemed to remember this for every last one of them spurred their mounts as though they expected to catch them within the first hundred

yards. I had difficulty in holding Nig back far enough to take advantage of a short cut when the horses circled, which I was sure they would do as the boys were crowding them. When they did circle, I was in position to take the advantage I'd hoped for. A young stallion, the leader of the manada saw me drawing dangerously near. He wheeled and dashed to the rear of the mares in an attempt to speed them up. This was his undoing for before he could gain his speed, Nig and I were in roping distance and I'm sure I didn't breathe until I saw my loop settle over his beautiful head. I ran along with him for some distance so as not to let him get a hard run against my rope for fear my straps might break. He really was a beautiful dark, bay horse, five years old and fourteen hands high. He submitted quickly, as most mustangs did. I never saw one that was hard to gentle. The next day I branded "Buster." I remained at the Spade Ranch until Buster was well enough to travel. After travelling a few days, I packed him.

Just what decided me to turn toward the Rio Grande Country, I don't know but one morning while I was breaking camp I felt the urge to go to the Big Bend Country and I travelled in that direction for several days. I hadn't seen a man during these days of travel. However, my horses indicated several times that there were men near by. Late one night, I was awakened by my horses running into camp and I saw a lone rider bent low over his horse's neck riding away. A couple of shots caused him to increase his speed as he disappeared. While in the border country several attempts were made to steal Nig. I'm going to black-out the experience I had while I was in the border country by saying it was a very unpleasant experience. I met a class of men (border runners), renegades, Americans, Breeds—that I didn't know existed. I soon decided that I wanted none of it and again headed toward the Llano country, not much older but a much wiser boy. About ten days after turning my back on the border country, I arrived late one afternoon at the old High Lonesome Ranch, managed by Dave Earnest. This was the Mallet Ranch in New Mexico on the Staked Plains. At last, I had reached the Llano Estacado. I was glad to meet again the kind of men I'd always known. Especially so, for since my experience with such depraved men I met on the border I had almost lost my faith in all mankind. I was still mad. I'd never had any trouble with men. I'd always been treated kindly. I'd never had to defend myself before I went to the border, so it was good to meet my kind of man again and I was sure I had reached my destination, if I could get a job. There were three outfits gathered at the Mallet Ranch to start the Fall Roundup; the Mallets, the I.N.K. Bar, and the Dumbells with about thirty-five men and three hundred and fifty horses in the combined remudas.

The punchers were all in high spirits and weren't overlooking any opportunities to have a little fun. While they were seated at the supper table in the big bunk house, Mrs. Robertson, the wife of the wind mill man, came in and introduced her sister who was

visiting her from Georgia. She especially called her sister's attention to the Baby Cowboy, which brought a big laugh from everyone except me.

When I asked Tom Carrington (whose real name was Eugene Clark), the wagon boss of the Mallet Outfit for a job, he very curtly told me that cowpunching was a man's job. Mr. Gus Hargrave (Grave Yard Gus) was owner as well as wagon boss of the Ink Bar Outfit. He heard Mr. Carrington's remarks and came over where I was saddling and packing my horses. He said, "Billy, I think you can do a man's job." I worked for Grave-Yard Gus for two years. He sold the INK-s to N. B. Brown, who enlarged its herd. I continued with the INK-Bars as outside representative and trail boss until 1893. During that time I drove one herd of cows to the K Outfit in Texas. In 1892, I drove a pool herd of twenty-five hundred steers to Kansas and delivered them to Messrs. Mussett and Smith. This herd was composed of fifteen hundred INK-Bar steers, the balance belonging to the Mallet Outfit and MC Outfit. Tom Carrington went along representing his outfit and taking orders from the kid whom he had told that "cowpunching was a man's job."

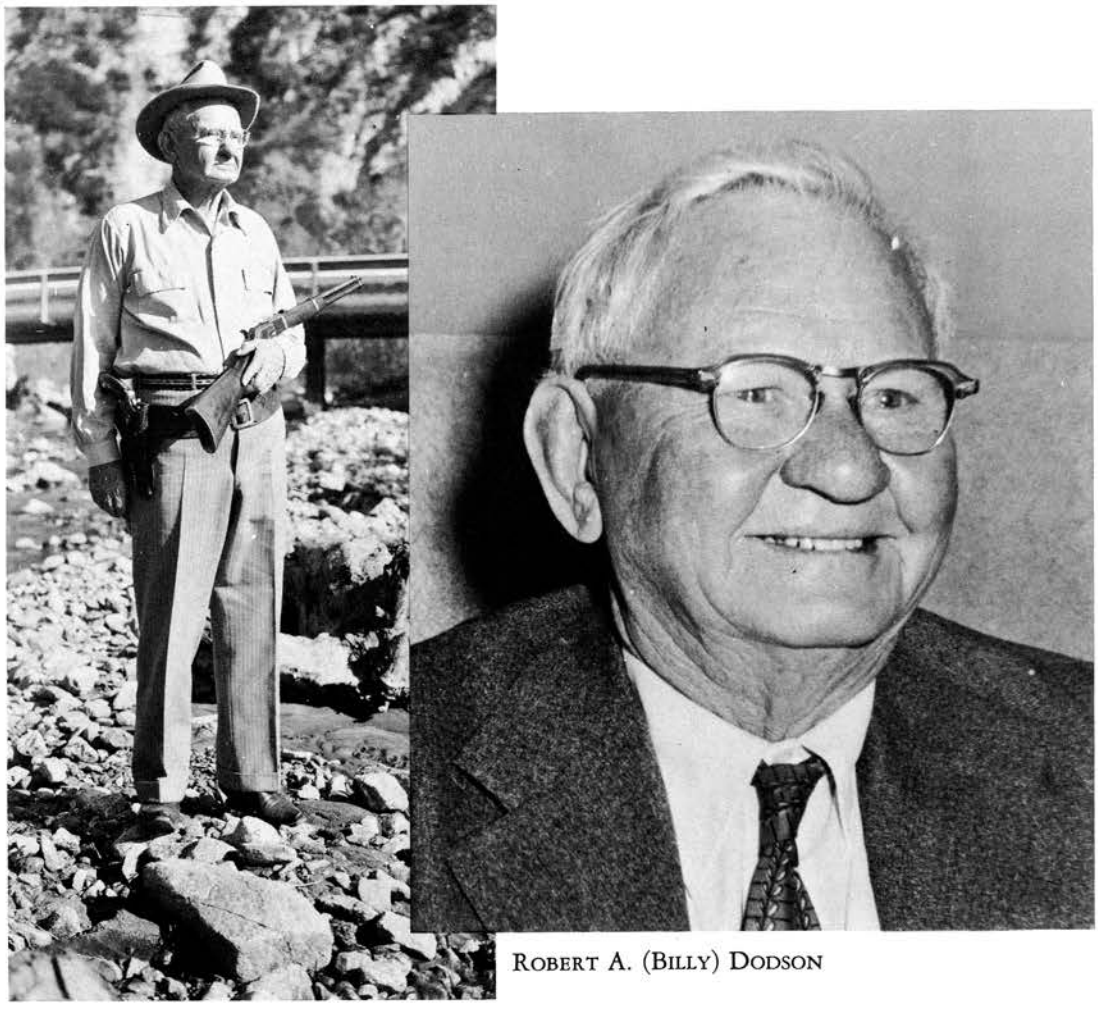
In 1893 I drove a herd of steers to Montana and delivered them to the XIT ranch north of the Yellowstone River. Mr. Cato was the manager of that outfit at the time.

In the spring of 1894 I drove a herd of forty-six hundred two-year old steers to Channing, Texas on the Ft. Worth and Denver Railroad and loaded them in cars and shipped them to Orin Junction, Wyoming. I was met there by Sam Davis of the T+T Outfit with chuck wagon and remuda. We unloaded the steers on the first day of June; a cold rain was falling and in the afternoon the rain turned to snow. The steers were poor and in no condition to bear up in a snow storm. We left sixty head on the bed ground that night. The weather cleared the next day and we had fine weather the rest of the way. We delivered them to the Driscoll Brothers, owners of the T+T Outfit on the Little Missouri River in Wyoming. A few days before we reached the ranch we passed an X-I-T herd, Milt Whippel in charge. I told him that when I delivered my herd that I was going to Miles City, Montana. He asked me to meet his herd near the Devil's Tower, near the Driscoll Ranch and help him out with his herd, as he was two men short.

I remained in Montana until 1898 during which time I was with the WL and LO outfits, managed by J. M. Holt, for two years. Later I broke horses and bought and shipped them to Jim Town in North Dakota. My routine life was interrupted for two years from 1898 to 1900 when I enlisted in the First Montana Regiment and went to the Phillipines and served in the Spanish American War.

In 1900 I returned to my beloved cattle country and worked for the Stirrup Outfit in Oklahoma until the settlers ran us out. In 1902 I went to New Mexico where I had my own modest ranch and worked for the New Mexico Cattle Sanitary Board as Brand Inspector.

In relating my experiences as a trail driver, rancher and horse breaker, I've tied to do so without glamour or fanfare. We, who came into the picture during the last years of



ROBERT A. (BILLY) DODSON

the great exodus of cattle to the northern range and the coming of the railroads, owe much to the pioneer trail drivers who blazed the trails. While we had the long-horn cattle, storms, stampedes, swollen streams, droughts and scarcity of water, we did profit from their experience.

There could not be a monument erected too tall in honor and memory of the Western Woman—wife and mother—whose courage never faltered regardless of the long, lonely days, seldom ever hearing the voice of her own sex, foregoing all the niceties that are dear to a woman's heart that she might have a part in building the western civilization. Without her there would not have been a Western Civilization.

In summing up my experience on the open range over the long, dusty trails, I can only say that it has been a good life. Experiences that tried a man's soul—but there is much more on the credit side than on the debit side of the ledger. It has been a privilege to have spent the greatest part of my 83 years on the great prairies and the mountains of the western part of these great United States and to have associated with the pioneer men of the West—men of the highest ideals. They were Real Men and they had a part in developing the great cattle industry which was the basis of the Western Economy. I shall always cherish my memories of them.

THE STAMPEDE *by Clarence Ellsworth*

A DYNASTY OF WESTERN OUTLAWS

By *PAUL I. WELLMAN*

THE WILD RIDERS OF MISSOURI

THE COCKS are crowing at dawn of August 21, 1863, and the Civil War is just entering its last and bitterest stage, when a pale-eyed killer leads a horde of bearded horsemen down upon the sleeping town of Lawrence, Kansas.

An eye-witness later describes them: "Low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats—nearly all alike—unshaven—stoop-shouldered—all without coats, nearly all (in) red flannel shirts, much begrimed with camp grease and dirt." These are Quantrill's dreaded guerrillas.

At their head rides: "A spare man making a fine figure on horseback . . . magnificently mounted . . . a soft black hat with a yellow or gold cord around it for a band, cavalry boots . . . a shirt ornamented with fine needlework." That is William Clarke Quantrill himself, always the dandy, with a personal vanity that keeps him neat and clean-shaved however unkempt are his followers, and a mind cold and cruel as death.

The peace of the slumbering town is broken by a hideous din of shots and yells, and the people of Lawrence awake to a nightmare horror. Terrified women scream. Galloping squads of armed men seek victims in homes, gardens, ravines, even fields of growing corn. Through the town roars a holocaust of flames, kindled by the raiders, "consuming sometimes the living—often the dead." When Quantrill's men ride out of Lawrence they leave it looted and burning, and in its streets 142 murdered citizens.

This, the celebrated Lawrence Massacre, unlike sackings of other cities during the Civil War, has had no military purpose, strategic or otherwise. It has been a senseless orgy of blood and destruction, inspired, led and carried out largely because of a vindictive personal grudge and desire for notoriety on the part of one man—Quantrill.

TURN now history's pages forward to the year 1933. Three quarters of a century have passed, during which outlawry, robbery and murder almost constantly have studded those pages in the West.

It is morning again—seven o'clock, June 17—and into the Union Station at Kansas City, Missouri, pulls a train. Among the passengers who get off are four men: one a manacled prisoner, the others his three grim-faced guards. The prisoner is Frank Nash, bank robber and outlaw, who is being returned to the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, from which he is an escapee.

In the station four other officers meet the group and the little party walks on out into the station plaza where a parked car awaits. The prisoner enters the car, and the others are in the act of following him into it, when voices cries sharply, "*Up, up!*"

As if from nowhere three men have appeared, covering the group with sub-machine

guns. W. J. Grooms, a Kansas City police officer, whips out his revolver and fires, wounding the leader of the trio in the shoulder. With a snarl the wounded man begins to spray the officers with bullets. The two other hoodlums join him in a furious burst of fire.

"Don't shoot me!" despairingly cries out Nash, the prisoner.

But as the machine guns grimly traverse the party, he wilts down in his seat, dead. Four others are dead on the pavement: Otto Reed, police chief of McAlester, Oklahoma; Grooms and Frank Hermanson of the Kansas City police force; and Raymond J. Caffrey of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Two FBI men, Reed E. Vertelli and F. J. Lackey are wounded. Another FBI man, Frank Smith, by some miracle is not hit.

The machine gunners leap into a car and whiz away, out of sight. The crime known as the Kansas City Massacre has taken place.

BETWEEN these two "massacres," seventy-five years apart, there are some interesting parallels. The motives and execution of the later crime were of the same cold-blooded ferocity as the first. Its leader was another dandy who was vain of his looks, greedy for publicity, and killed without mercy—Pretty Boy Floyd.

But more importantly, there was a wierd sort of historical connection between the two crimes. And bizarre as it may seem, Pretty Boy Floyd was the lineal successor of that other arch criminal, William Clarke Quantrill—not by blood, but by a long and crooked train of unbroken personal connections, and a continuing criminal tradition and heritage handed on from generation to generation, which linked the two as clearly and closely as any blood line.

To trace the succession in what is, for every practical purpose, a whole dynasty of outlaws in the West, we must go back and begin with Quantrill.

One approaches with caution any comment on the rights and wrongs of the Kansas-Missouri border warfare which went on for years before the Civil War began, continued with mounting savagery during that conflict, and did not entirely cease for some time after the fighting elsewhere was ended. Perhaps it is sufficient to say that hatreds became so intense that many men who later proved to be good citizens rode and robbed and murdered in the sincere belief that they were helping the Union, or the Confederacy, depending on whether they were Jayhawkers or guerrillas.

Yet there undoubtedly were also men on both sides who were no better than thieves and cutthroats. And of these Quantrill was the most criminal. His mind was warped by malice, treachery, and a dreadful streak of sadism: as a boy he enjoyed maiming and torturing animals for pleasure, and as a man he directed this cruelty against human beings.

Quantrill could be many things to many men. At times he acted the role of a respectable school teacher; at others he was a crooked gambler in the Rocky Mountain gold camps, and a thief suspected of at least two murders. On the Kansas-Missouri border he played both sides against the middle, posing as an abolitionist in Lawrence

under the name of Charley Hart, and at the same time secretly consorting with pro-slavery people in Missouri. This enabled him to prey on both sides, stealing horses in Missouri to sell in Kansas, and kidnaping free Negroes in Kansas to sell into slavery in Missouri.

He betrayed some Kansas men to their death in the so-called "Morgan raid," and it was the discovery of this treachery in Lawrence, with the consequent fury it aroused and the announcement that if he were caught he would be dealt with according to his deserts, that occasioned his almost insane hatred of the town.

But there was another motive for the Lawrence raid. Quantrill craved the limelight. He had been refused a colonel's commission by the Confederate government and he wanted to do something spectacular, to draw upon him the attention of the authorities. It was with bitterness that he discovered after Lawrence that his act, far from gaining him favor, was repudiated by the South, and led directly to the breakup of his forces and his own eventual death.

Yet he might have remained a relatively obscure criminal—winding up, perhaps, as guest of honor at a lynching party—had not the dislocations of the Civil War enabled him to capitalize on the inflamed emotions of the period to win his page in history as an arch ogre. When he led the raid into Lawrence he had just passed his twenty-sixth birthday. At the time he was killed in Kentucky—ironically, in a skirmish with "Federal" guerrillas no better than himself—he was not yet twenty-eight. But in so brief a span he established the pattern of outlawry that so long outlived him: hard riding, hard shooting, a network of hideouts, loot as the great objective, and murder without compunction, sometimes apparently motiveless, as if committed in a sheer ecstacy of insane criminal fury.

The Missouri guerrillas who returned to their homes after Appomattox found it difficult to resume their normal lives, because hatreds still flamed. Men were assassinated, houses burned, and Confederate families driven out by vindictive and triumphant Unionists. Conditions were ripe for the creation of a special brand of outlawry: bitter resentments, an entire population of men as deadly with weapons and as indifferent to death as any this country has seen, and the restlessness that inevitably follows any war.

Only ten months after Lee's surrender Quantrill's aptest pupils began their careers as outlaws: Jesse and Frank James and their first cousins, Cole, Jim and Bob Younger. All had ridden with Quantrill. All asserted that they were persecuted into outlawry—a rather standard excuse concocted by almost every criminal for his conduct, incidentally.

In this blood-relative combination, Jesse James, although junior to both his brother Frank and his cousin Cole Younger, was the leader. Son of a minister, the Rev. Robert James, who died seeking gold in California, and Zerelda James, who later married Dr. Reuben Samuel, Jesse joined the guerrillas as a stripling—smooth-faced as a girl, and derisively nick-named "Dingus." He came out of the war a man with a crisp brown beard, eyes of intense blue, several battle wounds, and a list of personal killings so impressive that nobody called him "Dingus" any more—or anything else derisive or disrespectful.

Like most major outlaws he had a flair for showmanship and a weakness for notoriety. As an example, during the train robbery at Gadshill, Missouri, January 31, 1874, he gave the engineer his own handwritten press release, with instructions: "Give this to the newspaper. We like to do things in style."

It had a headline, *The Most Daring Train Robbery on Record!* After a brief and accurate account of the holdup, it ended with this line: "There's a hell of an excitement in this part of the country."

Jesse was a criminal with imagination. He "invented" bank robbery, when with his blood-kin and a few other ex-guerrillas he staged the first bank holdup in history. That dubious honor was accorded to the Clay County Savings and Loan Association, of Liberty, Missouri, February 18, 1866. The bandits got $15,000 in gold coin and $45,000 in bonds, killing a student named George Wymore in the process.

The bonds were worthless to them, since they were non-negotiable. The gold was not much better because people used little gold in ordinary transactions, and it would have attracted undesired attention to anyone spending it freely.

There was, however, a way to dispose of it: in San Antonio, Texas, lived a man named Gonzales, who would change any amount of gold into silver or greenbacks, for a cut of forty per cent. The Younger brothers, probably accompanied by Jesse James, rode down into Texas on this errand. And out of that ride came a highly interesting—and important—set of circumstances in the tangled skein of outlaw succession.

ONE of the families driven out of Missouri was that of John Shirley, an inn keeper at Carthage, in the southwestern corner of the state. A Confederate sympathizer, Shirley knew the guerrillas. His son Bud was one of Quantrill's men, and was killed in a skirmish with Federal irregulars. Another son, Preston, left for Texas early, and was destined to die there in a shooting scrape.

But there also was a daughter, Myra Belle, and it is with her that we are chiefly interested, since the case of this girl, who became known to history as Belle Starr, is important for this study. When she fled with her father and mother from racked and tortured Missouri in 1863, she was fifteen years old, just ripening into maidenhood. By the spring of 1866, when the Youngers and Jesse James stopped at her father's farm about ten miles east of Dallas, Texas, during their errand to Gonzales, she was eighteen, not exactly beautiful, but seductive, and most susceptible to masculine attentions.

Cole Younger, eldest of the brothers, also was the handsomest; and even among the guerrillas he had a reputation as a rider and killer which gave him an aura of glamor in the girl's eyes. The two found an immediate mutual attraction, and before Cole returned to Missouri he had made Belle his mistress to such good effect that after he departed she bore him a daughter. The child, named Pearl Younger, grew up to have an illegitimate offspring of her own, and eventually became madame of a bawdy house in Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Deserted by her lover, Belle was in no wise discouraged. A remarkable and pro-

miscuous young woman, she busied herself providing still further links with the James-Younger gang and Quantrill's taint of crime.

First she married — evidently by the common-law method — Jim Reed, an ex-guerrilla who participated in three of the James gangs robberies as well as engineering some of his own.

And here arises a fascinating conjecture, raised for the first time by Burton Rascoe in his biography, *Belle Starr*. There exists a putative autobiography of Frank James, *The Only True History of Frank James, Written by Himself*. It was published some time after his death, and Rascoe, who is extremely careful with his documentation, at first discarded it as spurious. Later, however, after studying it, he decided from internal evidence that it was probably genuine and actually written by the ex-bandit himself, in his last days. It contains these words about Belle Starr:

> "When the civil war was over Bell (sic) married Jim Reed, a noted highwaymen (sic), who had served under Quantral (sic). Jim Reed and my father were brothers. I was a base begotten child. It was never known to the world. My parents came from Tennessee to Missouri. I was born a short time after they arrived in Clay County, Missouri, and the people never knew or thought anything about the child that was called Frank James. My mother was promised to be married secretly to a man named Edd Reed. He was killed before I was born, and to save the disgrace my mother married Robert James and then moved to Missouri. So the people of this old world did not know that Frank and Jesse James were only half brothers."

If this statement is true, Belle thus became Frank James' aunt, although she was five years his junior. If so, also, her consort must have been a very much younger brother of the bandit's natural father. But this is easily possible. Families were large in those days and often as much as twenty or thirty years might separate the first and last of a given brood.

In due time Belle gave birth to a son, sired by Jim Reed, whom she named Ed, perhaps after the "Edd" whom Frank James said was his real father. She would thus, through her offspring, be related by consanguinity, as well as by illicit connections, with the Youngers and the Jameses.

To go a little farther with Belle: both she and her father gave shelter to the bandits, and this she continued to do after Jim Reed was killed in 1875, following a bank robbery. Reed had been associated with the Starr gang, an outlaw clan of Cherokee Indians, and through him she met Sam Starr, a member of the clan. After her husband was killed, she went with Starr to the Indian Territory, married him by Cherokee custom, and established her future home on the Canadian River, not far from Eufaula, naming it Younger's Bend, for her first lover, whom she seemed always to hold in fond memory.

Her Cherokee alliance had a number of effects. It was at this time that she adopted the name Belle Starr. So well did she like it that after Sam Starr was killed, she insisted that each of her consorts—whom she took on in a series, all Indians and all progressively younger than she, adopt the name Starr, to conform with her name.

What was more important, she married into a clan feud. The Starr family, of which the patriarch was a gigantic Indian named Tom Starr, was Confederate in sympathy, and engaged for years before, during, and after the Civil War in a bloody vendetta with another Cherokee family, the Ross clan. During the war Missouri guerrillas, including the Jameses and Youngers, operated for a time in the Indian Territory, where they joined the Starr clan in bushwhacking and killing, and in so doing came to know the country well.

The Starr gang was notorious in the Cherokee Nation, and though some members of the family were upright citizens, not a few became outlaws, and all, even the youngest learned the trade of weapons. One of these novitiates was a boy who was a cousin of Sam Starr. This boy became rather celebrated later as Henry Starr, the bandit, and provided an important link in the Quantrill-to-Floyd crime chain.

MEANTIME, and for fifteen years, the lurid career of the James-Younger gang kept the nation in an uproar. It would be tedious and useless to list all of the bank, stage, and train robberies these wild riders of Missouri committed. W. H. Wallace, prosecutor of Frank James, listed twenty "principal" robberies, and said there were others. Emerson Hough estimated their loot at between $274,000 and $500,000. An important part of the evil they committed was the example they set, which stimulated other reckless young men to try and emulate them, thus creating an ever-widening circle of outlawry.

Murder frequently went with robbery. At least eleven men were killed in the outright holdups, and others died in bandit brushes with law-enforcement officers. The gang carried its known activities from California on the west to West Virginia in the east, and from Texas on the south, to Minnesota in the north. When the outlaws struck they dropped immediately out of sight in one of their many hideouts, not only in Missouri—where they had friends to shelter them and provide them with alibis—but also in Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, California and the Indian Territory, notably at Younger's Bend.

The Pinkerton National Detective Agency threw its full resources into the pursuit, and succeeded only in getting three of its operatives killed, although in turn they killed John Younger, little more than a boy, who had joined his three older brothers. So grave was the situation that the gang became a political issue in Missouri, and at last a $10,000 reward was offered by the state for the outlaws. It had its effect, but it took time.

It was not, however, the Pinkertons, or the hundreds of law enforcement officers, or the government of Missouri that gave the gang its decisive set-back. It was an indignant, completely impromptu, but deadly serious uprising of ordinary citizens with shooting irons that accomplished what the official agencies could not.

When, September 7, 1876, the James brothers, the three surviving Youngers, Clell Miller, Charlie Pitts, and Bill Chadwell, rode into the quiet little town of Northfield, Minnesota, the streets were nearly deserted and there was no reason to think this village would react differently from any of the others the gang had raided.

But it did react differently. It exploded.

A Dynasty of Western Outlaws

When Jesse James, Bob Younger, and Charlie Pitts walked into the bank, while the others remained on their horses outside, J. A. Allen, a hardware dealer, suddenly realized what was happening.

"Get your guns, boys!" he yelled, running down the street. "They're robbing the bank!"

At the alarm the bandits outside began riding their horses up and down the street, shooting and whooping, in an effort to scare the town. But the Northfield citizens didn't scare. Many of them were war veterans and most of them were hunters. Grabbing every kind of a weapon they could lay their hands on, they rallied and opened up on the invaders. The bandits found themselves fighting for their lives.

Within the bank Jesse James and his companions killed Joseph Heywood, the cashier, who would not open the safe, and wounded A. E. Bunker, a teller. Then they bolted out into the street. Their revolvers were spitting fire, and Nick Gustavson, a citizen, was killed.

But the outlaws were getting much the worst of it. Chadwell and Miller both went down—dead. Cole and Bob Younger were wounded. Escape was the bandits' only desire now, and they mounted and galloped away in full flight.

The blood of the Minnesota men was up. Right behind the fleeing bandits rode a hastily formed posse. The outlaws divided. Jesse and Frank James took one road and eventually escaped. The Youngers and Pitts took another route, were brought to bay near Madelia, and when their battle with the posse was over Pitts lay dead, and the three Younger brothers, all terribly wounded, were prisoners.

Cole Younger had thirteen bullet holes in him, but he survived to serve out a twenty-five year sentence. Bob Younger died of tuberculosis in prison. Jim Younger, released with Cole in 1901, committed suicide in St. Paul the following year.

The James brothers went into hiding for a time. Then they returned for another brief career of robbery. But now at last the $10,000 reward offered by the state of Missouri paid off. On April 3, 1882, Jesse was assassinated in St. Joseph by Bob Ford.

The manner of his death completed the Jesse James legend. To many he was a martyr. Bob Ford, who treacherously shot him when his back was turned for the blood money, instead of being a hero became "the dirty little coward" of the Jesse James ballad, and was himself killed later at Creede, Colorado. Among other things the killing of the bandit provoked that wonderful rodomontade written by Major John N. Edwards, the unreconstructed Confederate editor of the Sedalia *Democrat*, which ends:

> "Tear the two bears from the flag of Missouri. Put thereon, in place of them, as more appropriate, a thief blowing out the brains of an unarmed victim, and a brazen harlot, naked to the waist and splashed to the brows in blood!"

So great was the public's emotional reaction that Frank James, choosing the right moment, surrendered to Governor Crittenden in person, stood trial, was acquitted, and died peacefully in 1915, when he was 72 years old. Of all the gang he alone escaped punishment.

A Dynasty of Western Outlaws

THE James-Younger gang was wiped out and the nation gave a sigh of relief. But the sigh was premature. By no means had the curse of Quantrill been exorcised.

Living in Jackson County, Missouri, at the time of the border troubles, was Louis Dalton, a farmer. In 1851 he married a girl of the community and at about the start of the Civil War took her to Kansas, settling near Coffeyville. The girl he married was Adeline Younger, a cousin of the outlaw Youngers, and in her offspring she brought the Younger blood to the border of the Indian Territory, later to become Oklahoma.

Thirteen children were born to this couple, nine sons and four daughters. They grew up, quite naturally, on tales of the exploits of their outlaw kinfolks, and it is hardly surprising that four of them eventually took to banditry on their own account. These were Gratton, Bill, Bob and Emmett. Oddly, the first three were officers on the side of the law before they became law breakers.

When Louis Dalton died in 1889, his widow took her younger children to live near Kingfisher, in the newly created Oklahoma Territory. The older sons had preceded her there, with the exception of Bill, who went to California where he was so well regarded that he was elected to the legislature. Gratton and Bill were deputy marshals.

Love for horseflesh—other people's—started the Dalton crime career. In 1890 the brothers drove some fine horses not belonging to them north into Kansas and sold them. Horse larceny was a lynching offense in that day, and when suspicion pointed at Grat and Emmett, they left hurriedly for California.

There they visited their brother Bill, and there, early in 1891, they made an unsuccessful attempt to rob a Southern Pacific train near Tulare. Hard shooting by an express guard repulsed them, but they killed a fireman. Grat was captured, and though Bill used his political influence in an effort to save him, he was convicted and sentenced to twenty-five years in the penitentiary.

While being taken to prison, however, he escaped, and with Emmett fled back to the Indian Territory. They were full fledged outlaws now, and their careers had been enriched by the offer of $6,000 for each of them—dead or alive—by the railroad.

Back home Bob was waiting for them and perhaps a little jealous of their notoriety. Though Grat was nine years older than he—Bob at this time was only twenty-one—the younger brother was the organizer. With the James-Younger gang as a model, he set about getting together a band of "long riders" who could be depended on to run any risk with him.

Not far from Guthrie, in the Territory, along the Cimarron River, was the Halsell HX Bar ranch, one of the great cattle spreads. It seems to have had a rather remarkable group of cowboys, from the standpoint of recklessness and lawlessness. At least seven of them are known to have gone into outlawry, and there may have been more.

From this reservoir the Daltons drew three men: Bill Doolin, uneducated but magnetic, who later became famous as a bandit leader in his own right; and Dick Broadwell

and Bill Powers. A fourth, Blackface Charley Bryant, may also have been an HX Bar hand.

At once they began a daring series of train and express station robberies. The most spectacular was at Adair, near the Arkansas line, where they coolly robbed the express car and passengers of a Missouri, Kansas and Texas train, while carrying on at the same time a blistering gun battle with express guards augmented by Indian police. None of the bandits was hit, but they killed one of their attackers, wounded others, and some of the terrified passengers, caught in the cross fire, were hit by flying lead, though none fatally.

Once again bandit terror gripped the West. The Dalton name began to be coupled with that of James. Blackface Charley and Marshal Ed Short killed each other, but otherwise the bandits got off each time, seeming to be swallowed up in the ground—which, as a matter of fact, is exactly what happened. Along the Cimarron River there were several caves, known only to themselves, into which they disappeared to divide the loot and rest between their raids.

BOB DALTON was an outlaw of the Quantrill-James type, thirsting for publicity and beginning to have delusions of grandeur. This mania at length made him plan an exploit designed to fix his name imperishably in the minds of men. As he put it himself, he was going "to beat anything Jesse James ever did—rob *two* banks at once."

For the scene of this major coup, he selected Coffeyville, where his family once lived. Early in October, 1892, the gang of six bandits, the three Daltons, with Doolin, Broadwell and Powers, headed north for the Kansas border town. The night of October 4, just before they reached their destination, Doolin's horse went lame, and he dropped back to steal another horse and follow.

His five companions rode on. In a compact little group they entered the town the following morning, October 5. Tying their horses in an alley, they walked down the street toward the two banks. Because they were known in Coffeyville, Bob Dalton had donned a false mustache and goatee, and Emmett an artificial beard for the occasion. As it turned out these disguises, intended to protect them, caused their downfall.

A sharp-eyed merchant, glancing at them as they passed, detected the fact that one of them wore false whiskers. Something unusual going on here! He stepped into a doorway and watched after them.

With Powers and Broadwell, Grat Dalton entered the Gordon & Company Bank, while Bob and Emmett went into the First National Bank. The suspicious merchant followed. Through a window he saw the outlaws suddenly flourish pistols at the employees within.

Now history, made once at Northfield, repeated itself. Shouting "Bank robbers!" the merchant ran down the street. At his cry citizens of Coffeyville came boiling out of their places of business, carrying Winchesters, six shooters and shotguns. Guns flashed and reported, gray smoke began to wreathe store fronts, and flying lead splintered wood and sent glass crashing into slivers.

With courage worthy of a far better cause, the gang continued to toss currency and coin into the sacks provided, then prepared to fight their way out of the trap. Suddenly, from the front door of the Gordon bank, Grat Dalton, Powers and Broadwell burst, revolvers blazing.

In the hail of bullets that greeted them, Powers gasped and fell dead. Grat sank, fatally shot by Charles T. Connelly, the city marshal, but with the last of his life the bandit killed the officer who shot him. Two quick bursts of flame from Broadwell's gun killed Lucius M. Baldwin and George B. Cubine, townsmen. The outlaw dashed for his horse in the alley. As he mounted a charge of buckshot struck him. Clinging to his horse he galloped out of town, but fell from his saddle a mile down the road. He was found there later, dead, his horse standing beside him.

Meantime Bob and Emmett, finding the front blocked, tried to escape by the rear door of the First National Bank. But in the alley were men, who began shooting at them. Bob killed one of them, Charles Brown, but in turn dropped, mortally wounded. Emmett, trying to help his brother, fell with a charge of buckshot in his back.

Twelve crowded minutes of shooting—and the Dalton gang was no more! The battle was as disastrous as the Northfield fight was to the James-Younger outlaws. Four bandits were dead: Grat and Bob Dalton, Broadwell and Powers. Emmett Dalton was so badly wounded it was thought he would certainly die, but he lived to serve a long prison sentence.

Of Coffeyville's fighting citizens, Lucius Baldwin, George Cubine, Charles Brown, and Marshal Connelly were dead, and Charles Grump, Thomas G. Ayers, and T. A. Reynolds seriously wounded. The money the bandits took—$11,000 from the First National and $20,000 from the Gordon bank—was all recovered except for one $20 bill that never was found.

Out from Coffeyville, along every road, galloped wildly excited citizens, carrying news of the battle. One of them met a lone rider cantering up from the Territory line.

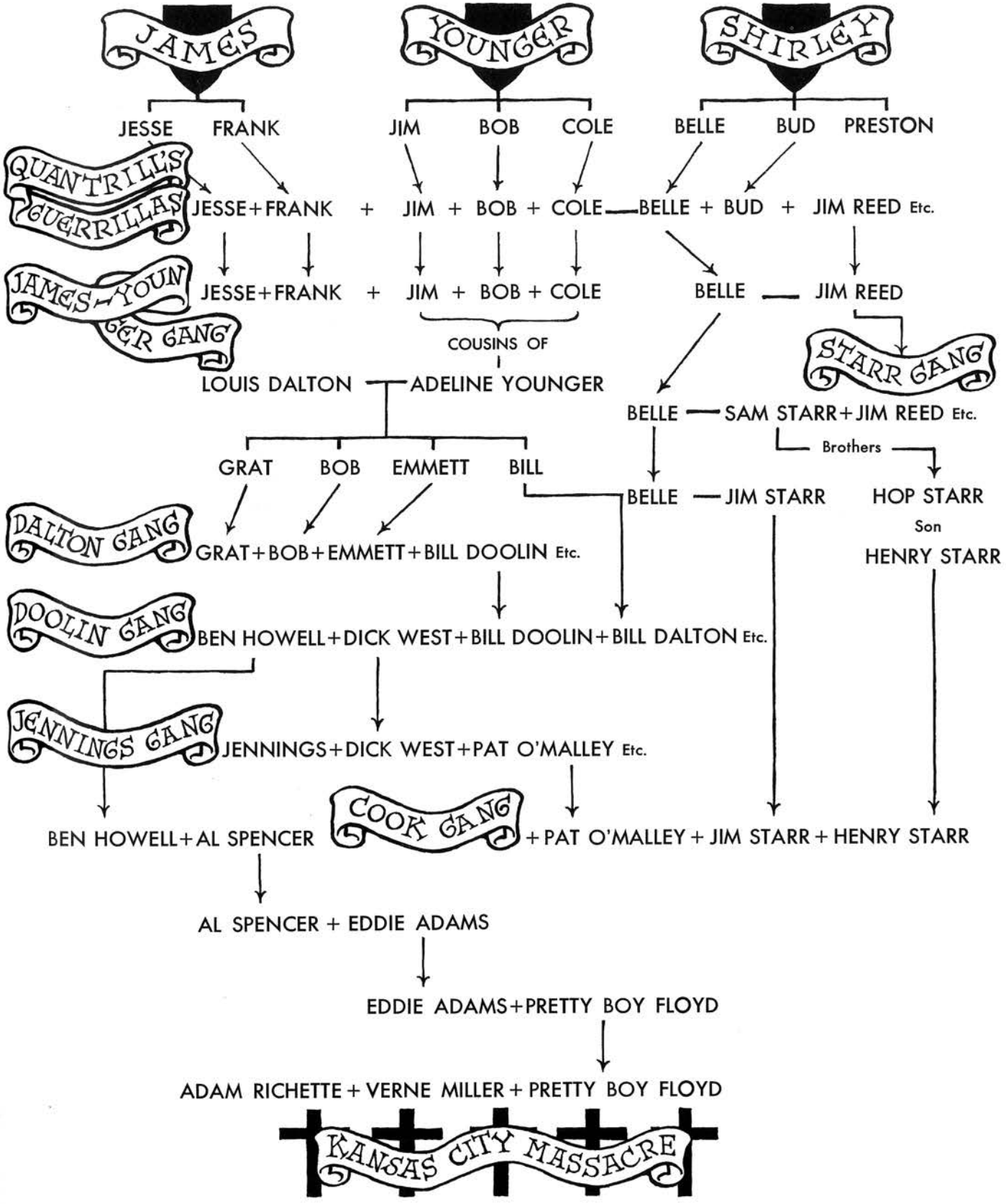
"Big fight in Coffeyville!" yelled the citizen, almost incoherent. "The Dalton gang's wiped out! Four dead, and one's going to die!"

The silent rider turned his horse, put spurs to it, and headed south in a cloud of dust. He was Bill Doolin.

He had managed to steal a fine thoroughbred to replace his lamed horse and was coming to join his companions in the robbery. After he heard, thus fortuitously, the news, he rode almost without stopping until he reached the refuge of one of the hideout caves on the Cimarron.

What might have happened had Doolin gone into Coffeyville with the others? Would he have died with them, thus ending the succession of outlawry?

As in the nursery rhyme of the lost horseshoe nail, a limping mount that October day in 1892 changed history. With him into the Territory, fierce Bill Doolin carried the "seed" of a still greater wave of outlawry that was to follow.


JAMES
YOUNGER
SHIRLEY
JESSE
FRANK
JIM
BOB
COLE
BELLE
BUD
PRESTON
QUANTRILL'S GUERRILLAS
JESSE + FRANK + JIM + BOB + COLE — BELLE + BUD + JIM REED Etc.
JAMES-YOUNGER GANG
JESSE + FRANK + JIM + BOB + COLE
BELLE — JIM REED
COUSINS OF
LOUIS DALTON — ADELINE YOUNGER
STARR GANG
BELLE — SAM STARR + JIM REED Etc.
Brothers
GRAT
BOB
EMMETT
BILL
BELLE — JIM STARR
HOP STARR
Son
HENRY STARR
DALTON GANG
GRAT + BOB + EMMETT + BILL DOOLIN Etc.
DOOLIN GANG
BEN HOWELL + DICK WEST + BILL DOOLIN + BILL DALTON Etc.
JENNINGS GANG
JENNINGS + DICK WEST + PAT O'MALLEY Etc.
BEN HOWELL + AL SPENCER
COOK GANG
+ PAT O'MALLEY + JIM STARR + HENRY STARR
AL SPENCER + EDDIE ADAMS
EDDIE ADAMS + PRETTY BOY FLOYD
ADAM RICHETTE + VERNE MILLER + PRETTY BOY FLOYD
KANSAS CITY MASSACRE

A DYNASTY OF WESTERN OUTLAWS | OKLAHOMA TERRITORY

It should be said that the outlaws of the early Southwest almost without exception were cowboys. And it should further be explained that this was in no wise due to any inherent criminal streak in cowboys as a class.

Rather it was a result of the lives they led, and their resentments—chief of which was the fact that barbed wire and settlement were constantly constricting their ranges and depriving them of a livelihood. There was, indeed, a condition in the Oklahoma Territory in the 1890's which was strikingly similar to that existing in Missouri that led to the wave of outlawry right after the Civil War.

Here again was a population ready-made for lawlessness. To be a good cowboy a man has to develop recklessness of both life and limb. The cowboys in the Territory could ride as well as any men who ever lived, were inured to hardship, had almost limitless endurance, and were skilled with weapons to the point that some of them were almost geniuses in the art of shooting. They hated the "sodbusters" who were plowing up their good grazing lands, and even more the puritanical little towns that were springing up everywhere. Lastly they had the outlaw example of other hard-riding, hard-shooting men. Jesse James was a full-scale legend of the campfires by 1890.

Oscar Halsell, owner of the great HX Bar ranch on the Cimarron River, was an eminently law-abiding and respectable man, a business partner of E. D. Nix, who became U.S. Marshal. Yet for some reason his ranges furnished more outlaws than any other cattle outfit in history. From the Halsell ranch hailed Dick Broadwell, Bill Powers and perhaps Blackface Bryant of the Dalton gang, who slew and were slain. So did Bill Doolin, who, because his horse went lame, escaped the disaster at Coffeyville.

After that deadly street battle, Doolin hid out for a time on the Halsell ranch. Later he went farther west to a large cave, situated north of the present city of Cushing, in a fantastic tangle of heavily wooded, rugged hills, deep gullies, and creek bottoms which formed the breaks of the Cimarron. It was extremely isolated, the nearest community being a little joy spot called Ingalls, which was friendly to the bandits, since it subsisted almost entirely on bandit spending.

There Bill Doolin brooded and planned a new gang, and there he was presently joined by another of the Dalton tribe—Bill Dalton. After Coffeyville the notoriety of the family name caused Bill to give up his post in the California legislature. He returned to the Territory, partly to comfort his mother, and partly to avenge his brothers against society.

Doolin and Dalton reached a compact, and once again they turned to the reckless young riders of the Halsell outfit for recruits. Doolin, a former HX Bar cowboy, knew all of them. He induced several of the most daring to join him.

One of these was Bill Raidler, a strange anomaly in the range country—a college man from Pennsylvania, who went west for his health, fell in love with cowboy life, became a close pal of Bitter Creek Newcomb, and for sheer love of adventure went with him into outlawry. Sometimes Raidler would dreamily quote Wordsworth, Keats or Shakespeare, and often at nights around the cowcamp fire the hands would listen open-mouthed to his strange tales of persons they had never heard about, like Marco Polo, and Don Quixote, and Hernando Cortez, and Romeo and Juliet.

Others from the HX Bar were George Newcomb, alias Bitter Creek, Raidler's pal, handsome and daring and with an eye for a pretty girl; Roy Daugherty, alias Arkansaw Tom, a youngster with boyish idolatry for the outlaw Doolin; and Richard West, alias Little Dick, undersized and deadly, with a peculiar prejudice against sleeping under a roof, said to be the fastest gun in the Territory.

Oliver Yountis, alias Crescent Sam; John Blake, alias Tulsa Jack; George Waightman, alias Red Buck; Dan Clifton, alias Dynamite Dick; and Charlie Pierce, who, strangely, had no alias at all, also were taken into the gang. Some or all of these last may have been from the Halsell ranch, though the records are not specific on the point.

AT THIS point arises once more an intricacy in the threads weaving the pattern of outlawry. Springing up in 1893, a year later than the Doolin gang, was a rival outlaw outfit known as the Cook gang from its leader, a mild-appearing but daring part-Indian, Bill Cook. One of its most notorious members was Crawford Goldsby, alias Cherokee Bill, who murdered six or seven persons, including his own brother-in-law, and at last was sent to the gallows by Ike Parker, the "Hanging Judge," at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Between the two gangs an interlocking relationship existed. First, Bill Cook knew the Daltons and Doolin. Second, a no-good named Ben Howell had been a member of the Doolin gang, but was kicked out of it because he lacked "sand." He went over to Cook, who tolerated him as a hanger-on.

But there were other connections in a different direction. One of Cook's men was Jim French, an Indian also called Jim Starr. He was one of Belle Starr's several lovers, thus providing a direct line through her to the James-Younger outlaws, whose tenets she taught.

And perhaps the most important thread of this weaving was again through Belle Starr. S. W. Harman, who wrote the biography of Judge Isaac C. Parker, *Hell on the Border*, named as a member of the Cook gang a young Indian, Henry Starr. This can be accepted as reliable, since Harman had full access to the records of the court at Fort Smith.

Starr was in jail at Fort Smith, awaiting trial for the murder of Floyd Wilson, a deputy marshal, when on July 26, 1895, Cherokee Bill, also of the Cook gang and under sentence of death for murder, killed Lawrence Keating, a guard, and terrorized the prison with a revolver smuggled in to him by Ben Howell, the Doolin castoff.

Nobody dared approach the cell in which Cherokee Bill had barricaded himself,

until Starr volunteered to go in and disarm the desperado. He entered the cell and after a few minutes returned with the outlaw's gun which he gave to the officers. What he said to Cherokee Bill to thus tame him will never be known. The murderer was hanged the following March, and Henry Starr, partly because of his bravery on this occasion, instead of going to the gallows got a fifteen year prison term.

Young Starr, then twenty-two years old, was to have a career of alternate prison and outlawry lasting for twenty-six years. He belonged to the Tom Starr clan of Cherokees, which so long conducted a vendetta with the Ross clan of the same tribe. His father, Hopp Starr, was a brother of Sam Starr, Belle Starr's Indian husband. Of Henry Starr we will hear more later.

Parenthetically, almost everyone who had a close relationship of any kind with Belle Starr, whether as a lover or member of her family, suffered a melancholy fate. Here is the record of her lovers:

Cole Younger (Jesse James gangster) crippled up by bullets at Northfield, and served twenty-five years in prison.

Jim Reed (Jesse James gangster, to whom Belle claimed she was married) killed by Deputy Sheriff Morris, August 6, 1874. It was after this that she went to Indian Territory and married Sam Starr, an Indian, under Cherokee tribal custom.

John Middleton (Jesse James gangster) drowned or perhaps murdered by Sam Starr out of jealousy, May 3, 1885.

Blue Duck (horse thief and highwayman) killed by unknown party, possibly Sam Starr for same reason as above, July, 1886.

Sam Starr (Belle's Indian husband) killed by Frank West, whom he also killed, December 18, 1886.

Jack Spaniard (called Starr) hanged for murder, August 30, 1889.

Jim July (called Starr) killed resisting arrest January 6, 1890.

Jim French (called Starr) killed robbing a store late in 1895.

Others closely connected with Belle Starr ended up as follows:

Pearl Younger (her daughter by Cole Younger) became madame of a bawdy house in Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Edd Reed (her son by Jim Reed) after serving two prison sentences, killed in a saloon fight at Wagoner, Oklahoma Territory, 1895.

Bud Shirley (her brother and a Quantrill guerrilla) killed in a skirmish with Federal irregulars near Sarcoxie, Missouri, 1863.

Preston Shirley (her other brother) killed by Joe Lynn at Spring Creek, Texas, 1867.

Belle Starr herself was murdered, February 3, 1889, being ambushed near her home at Younger's Bend. Nobody was convicted of the slaying. The lady was no "bandit queen" as romantic writers have entitled her, except insofar as she harbored bandits, and acted as an intermediary and often as a bedfellow for them. But to anyone having much to do with her she evidently was about as healthy as a rattlesnake's bite.

IT TOOK a year for the government marshals to clean out the Cook gang by killing

them or sending them to prison. But it was six years before the last of the Doolin gang went. Starting with a foray northward, Bill Doolin and his men robbed a bank at Spearville, Kansas. Ol Yountis, one of the gang, was killed in the pursuit that followed.

Undaunted, the Doolin bandits thereafter blazed a gaudy trail of crimes in Kansas, Oklahoma Territory, Arkansas and Missouri. The Cherokee Strip was opened for settlement, and the settlers made such a demand for protection that a new U. S. marshal's district was created and E. D. Nix, a Guthrie merchant appointed to the post. He showed his ability by building up at once one of the most hard-bitten forces of deputy marshals in history, led by four famous gun-fighting peace officers, Bill Tilghman, Chris Madsen, Heck Thomas and Bud Ledbetter.

The first blow at the outlaws was struck September 1, 1893. A scout had reported that Doolin's gang was on a spree at Ingalls. That little hamlet, near the hideout cave on the Cimarron, existed chiefly as an amusement spot for the bandits. It contained only a handful of wooden buildings, chief of which were the Trilby Saloon where swashbuckling robbers "bellied up" to the bar, and a "hotel" conducted by Mary Pierce, whose "tenants" were half a dozen prostitutes and the outlaws who came to frolic with these sirens. Between these two buildings was a livery stable, in which the outlaws kept their horses while in town.

Led by John Hixon, a posse of deputy marshals including Lafe Shadley, Tom Houston, Dick Speed, Jim Masterson, and others, attempted to surround the place. They were discovered, and the outlaws opened fire from the saloon. At once the officers returned the fire and one of the fiercest little battles of the frontier was on.

Bitter Creek, of the outlaws, was wounded crossing to the livery stable, and when Bill Doolin dragged him to safety he too suffered a severe wound, the bullet lodging in the back of his neck at the base of the skull. The other outlaws quickly joined these two in the stable, dodging across from the hotel or the saloon, to reach their horses.

They were short of ammunition but this situation was remedied by a girl called Rose of Cimarron. She was the sweetheart of Bitter Creek, and when she saw him wounded she ran across from the hotel with a Winchester and two belts of ammunition, in spite of the whistling lead. The courageous episode became famous in the West. Later, after the girl served a term in a reformatory, she lived quietly and eventually married and raised a family in a community which did not suspect her past. Her real name was known to a number of men, outlaws and marshals, but out of chivalry not one of them ever revealed it. The true identity of pretty Rose of Cimarron was and still is one of the best kept secrets of the West.

With the new ammunition the bandits, concealed in the stable, had an advantage over the marshals outside. Houston was killed and the other officers pinned down by the outlaw fire.

But when the bandits made ready to escape the marshals charged. Bill Doolin, half

dazed by the bullet in his neck, killed Dick Speed, and Bill Dalton dropped Lafe Shadley, dead. That stopped the charge. The outlaws escaped with their wounded, except for Arkansaw Tom, who covered their retreat with a Winchester from the top floor of the hotel, and surrendered when his comrades got away safely.

It was the first round, and a victory for the Doolin gang. Two of them were wounded and one captured, but they left three officers dead.

But other rounds followed. The Ingalls fight was the beginning of a long, grim hunt which was never to let up until the last of the outlaws was finished. At times the prospect seemed discouraging to the officers, doggedly following the mocking trail left by the bandits, studded with robberies and murders, but deadly determination won at last.

The year 1895 was the black year for most of the bandits. Tulsa Jack was killed in May, in a running fight after a train robbery near Dover, in the Territory. Bill Raidler, desperately wounded, was captured and sent to prison. Bitter Creek and Charlie Pierce were killed when Marshals Tilghman and Thomas set a trap for them at the Dunn ranch. Dynamite Dick went the way of the others, and Marshal Loss Hart got Bill Dalton near Ardmore. Red Buck, ostracized for brutality by the rest of the gang, was trailed to a dugout near Arapaho, and killed by a posse. Bill Doolin was captured by Bill Tilghman, but escaped from jail. He was downed for good by Heck Thoms in July, 1896, near Lawton.

It was thought that the outlaws all were eliminated. But the criminal succession resembled very much certain noxious plants which leave seed in the ground to lie latent and spring up anew after the parent stock has been destroyed. Little Dick West, as tough and murderous a desperado as lived, had excaped the roundup of the Doolin gang and was in hiding.

One of the most picturesque figures on the frontier at that time—or any time—was a lawyer, Temple Houston. He was the youngest son of the great Sam Houston and Margaret Lea Houston, whom the founder of Texas married when she was twenty and he forty-seven. Born when his mighty father was sixty-seven years old, Temple Houston inherited his sire's fighting qualities, eloquence and flair for theatrical appearance.

In the course of a trial at Woodward, Oklahoma Territory, in which the opposing counsel was Ed Jennings, there was a clash in which personalities were exchanged that amounted to fighting words. Jennings was one of four brothers, the others being John, Al and Frank. All were trained in the law, and Al Jennings had been a county attorney at Enid, but they rather preferred gambling to legal practice.

The evening after the trial, Houston entered a saloon in which Ed and John Jennings were playing cards. Shots were exchanged and Houston killed Ed Jennings and wounded his brother. He at once demanded a trial, acted as his own attorney, and was acquitted on grounds of self-defense.

Al Jennings was joined by his brother Frank, who came from Colorado, and they uttered threats against Houston, disappearing shortly afterward. When they reappeared

they seem to have forgotten their feud with the man who was so notoriously deadly with his guns, and had taken instead to outlawry. In some manner Al had made the acquaintance of Little Dick West. With this experienced bandit as a leader, and their numbers augmented by two brothers, Pat and Morris O'Malley, the so-called Jennings gang was born.

From the beginning its efforts were amateurish. Two train robbery attempts were fiascos. A plan to rob a bank at Minco failed, when the bandits lost heart before they entered the town. They did succeed in holding up a Rock Island train near Chickasha, October 6, 1897, but bungled the safe blowing job, reducing the express car to splinters with an overcharge of dynamite which failed to open the strong box. From the passengers they got a few hundred dollars and some jewelry—not enough for expenses.

So disgusted was Dick West that he left the "gang," and shortly after the two Jennings brothers and the two O'Malleys were rounded up by Marshal Bud Ledbetter and sent to the penitentiary. They each served five years.

Meantime Bill Tilghman and Heck Thomas located the last of the old Doolin gang, Little Dick West, on a ranch not far from Guthrie. They approached him early in the morning of April 7, 1898, as he was currying his horse.

"Surrender!" called Tilghman.

Little Dick dropped his curry comb and brush and went for his guns. A moment later he pitched forward on the ground, shot dead by Tilghman.

"If he hadn't had to drop the curry comb and brush before he reached, one of us would have gone with him," said the officers later, in tribute to Little Dick's amazing speed with a gun.

AND still two outlaws remained to bridge the gap to the next outbreak. One was Pat O'Malley. The other was Henry Starr. A young man who came under the influence of both and became a first-class desperado as a consequence, was Al Spencer.

Henry Starr spanned two generations of outlaws. Thrice he was given long prison sentences and each time he managed to obtain a pardon within a few years' time. After his second pardon he succeeded in doing what the Daltons failed to do, when on March 27, 1915, he robbed two banks at once, in Stroud, Oklahoma. The only defect in this was that he was shot off his horse by a sixteen-year-old boy named Paul Curry, and went to prison again. One of his six companions in the robbery, Lewis Estes, was killed. Two others, Bud Maxfield and Claude Sawyer, were captured and went to prison with Starr. The remaining two escaped. It is believed that one of them was Al Spencer, then about twenty years old.

For the third time Starr was paroled from prison. He could not reform. On February 18, 1921, with three other men, he tried to hold up a bank at Harrison, Arkansas. William J. Myers, president of the bank, picked up a shotgun and blasted Starr out of existence.

His accomplices escaped. One of them certainly was Al Spencer.

Very little has been written about Al Spencer, but he has two distinctions: he was the connecting link between the horse back outlaw and the automobile outlaw, and he was the necessary thread to keep intact the pattern of outlawry from Quantrill to Pretty Boy Floyd.

Spencer was born about 1895 in Nowata County, in what is now Oklahoma, just south of Coffeyville, Kansas. Always a turbulent area, it had been the ranging place for the Cook gang, and it was for a murder committed at Lenapah, in that county that Cherokee Bill was hanged. Starr began his crime career there, his first holdup being at Lenapah, and his murder of a deputy at Nowata, the county seat.

The area was strategic, since just to the east of it were the Cookson Hills, rugged and heavily timbered, an outthrust of the Ozarks, which furnished an ideal outlaw hideout country. Spencer growing up in this atmosphere, and knowing some of the outlaws, knew those hills intimately.

Though he may have been in the Stroud robbery with Starr, his first crime of actual record was in 1917, when he robbed four stores and stole some horses. Arrested and convicted of robbery, he was sent to the Oklahoma state prison from which he promptly escaped. Thereafter, until he was killed September 14, 1923, shooting it out with a posse after a daring train robbery near Bartlesville, Oklahoma, the law never caught up with him again. He is credited with being one of the first bank and train robbers, if not the very first, to use the automobile as a standard vehicle in his operations.

SOMETHING else Spencer did had a far-reaching effect: he made a business contact with a gross, unsavory man in Wichita, Kansas, whose name was John Callahan.

Callahan began life as an active thief and store robber, but after he had been in jail, and grew older, he found it profitable to cease being a performer in crime, and become instead an impresario, buying and selling stolen goods, conducting a sort of crime school, planning and sending out young men on errands ranging all the way from petty theft, to booze running, and car stealing, on up to banditry. He died in 1936 at the age of seventy, after being released from prison where he had gone for smuggling narcotics from Mexico, and throughout his long and sinful life he was more or less constantly embroiled with the law.

It was Callahan who, shortly after Spencer's death in 1923, gave W. O. Lyle, then a detective captain in Wichita, the information about Al Spencer's early connections with Pat O'Malley and Henry Starr, including his participation in the Benton robbery.

For many years Callahan ran a junk yard near the railroad tracks in Wichita, solely as a front for his activities as a "fence," and this was what brought Spencer to him, to dispose of his loot. From Spencer, Callahan in turn learned some of the intriguing tricks in the trade of bank robbing.

A Dynasty of Western Outlaws

Early in his career Callahan arranged a "treaty" with the Wichita constabulary, whereby he undertook to keep crime away from Wichita, if Wichita would not bother him and the criminals who took refuge with him in Wichita. Understandably, the place became a favorite headquarters for a group of industrious young bandits, mostly under the tutelage of Callahan.

Among these were two sets of brothers: the identical twins, Major and Minor Poffenberger; and Ray, Walter and Dudley Majors. All eventually were killed or sent to prison, but Callahan profited from them.

Most sinister of his graduates was an undersized runt who went by the name of Eddie Adams, though his real name was J. W. Wallace. He was by trade a barber, but beginning as a booze runner for Callahan, he progressed through car stealing to major crime—robbery and murder.

Twice, when sentenced for robbery, he escaped. The second time, from the Kansas state prison, August 13, 1921, occurred after things had grown less hospitable at Wichita. A new city administration had cleaned up the police department, and a gray-eyed, courageous, incorruptible man named S. W. Zickefoose was chief of detectives. His first act was to abrogate the "treaty" with Callahan and his criminals.

When, after his prison break, Adams headed back to his old haven, he found it was no haven at all. In a kind of fury he staged a one-man reign of terror in the city. Before he was shot to death in a downtown garage by Detective Stuckey, he killed three police officers, Young, Fitzpatrick, and Hoffman, and wounded two others, Bowman and Casner.

BEFORE Eddie Adams' final fireworks and demise, however, a youth from Sallisaw, Oklahoma, in the Cookson Hills, had appeared in Wichita, seeking his fortune. His name was Charles Arthur Floyd, but he usually was called Pretty Boy—a title hung on him humorously by the neighbors back home, because he was vain of his personal appearance, and wore a slick pompadour, which they maintained he kept in that gleaming condition with axle grease.

Pretty Boy undertook to learn the barbering trade; and thereby met another barber—Eddie Adams. An introduction to John Callahan was a logical consequence, and Pretty Boy Floyd was launched as heir apparent to the long line of outlawry begun by William Clarke Quantrill.

From the first the youth showed talent—so much so that presently he had to leave Wichita, because of the "heat." He went to Ohio—and to the big time. Hitherto he had served a short prison sentence for highway robbery, a few weeks in the city jail at Pueblo, and he had been arrested several times for "investigation" in divers cities. But now he held up a bank in Toledo, Ohio, his first important crime.

Caught and convicted, he got a prison sentence of twenty-five years. This was too much. On the way to the Ohio penitentiary he escaped. Shortly thereafter he made the

acquaintance of Adam Richetti, a highwayman and ex-convict, and the two became almost constant companions.

For a time they hid out in the Cookson Hills—Al Spencer's old stamping grounds and Floyd's home territory. Even today Pretty Boy is a legend in that hill country, where the people think of him as a kind of Robin Hood, taking from the rich and giving to the poor.

He did enough robbing unquestionably, but it is difficult to find where he ever gave anybody, poor or otherwise, much of anything. In Oklahoma alone he was credited with sticking up twenty banks.

One of these was in his old home town of Sallisaw, within a few doors of his mother's house. Recognizing old acquaintances there, he called out to a gunman who was with him (probably Richetti): "Don't shoot any of my friends—if you can help it."

Nobody was shot because nobody resisted. The robbery yielded only $2,500—no very large sum, but Floyd probably did not expect a big haul. The raid seems to have been in the nature of a home appearance, to give the folks a thrill; much as some famous actor might stop off at the little place where he was born to let his former neighbors get a glimpse of his eminent self.

There was in Floyd a large streak of exhibitionism, as there was in many of his predecessors. Newspaper clippings were to him as important as they are to any Hollywood doll, and he unquestionably felt he had a "public" which looked to him for exploits and excitement.

When robbing a bank or a train he frequently told his victims, "You can say to your friends that you were robbed by Pretty Boy Floyd." Sometimes he varied this with, "I'm Pretty Boy Floyd. If you could get me it would be worth $10,000 to you in reward money."

He was ambitious. The public attention focussed on John Dillinger, and his title of Public Enemy No. 1 made Floyd unhappy. He was himself to bear that title, after Dillinger fell before FBI guns in Chicago, July 22, 1934; and undoubtedly he was proud of the perilous designation even though it really amounted to a death warrant. Though he knew both Dillinger and Karpis he did not work with them. Each of the three arch criminals considered himself the star of the act, and none wished to be associated with one of the others for fear of losing top billing.

What made Floyd sinister was that he was a killer with a streak of brutality, like Quantrill. Some of his murders had no point to them; others were for trivial reasons. Aside from the machine gunning which took five lives at the Kansas City Union Station, here are some of Floyd's wanton murders: In 1931 he murdered two brothers, William and Wallace Ash, in Kansas City, because he was infatuated with the wife of one of them. At Akron, Ohio, he shot down a traffic officer named Harold F. Manes, who tried to whistle him down for running a red light. Near Pacific, Oklahoma, he killed Irvin Kelley, a deputy sheriff, "because he didn't like cops."

A Dynasty of Western Outlaws

Oddly, his biggest crime, the Kansas City Massacre, was a result of a series of coincidences rather than any plan.

Frank Nash, a member of that poisonous fungoid growth of criminals that terrorized the nation in the prohibition and early depression years, escaped from the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, October 19, 1931. He was trailed to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he was arrested June 16, 1933 by Chief Otto Reed of McAlester, and FBI Men F. J. Lackey and Frank Smith. The arresting officers took the hoodlum by car to Fort Smith, then boarded a train with him for Kansas City.

The same day that Nash was arrested, by pure chance, Floyd and Richetti were in a garage in Bolivar, Missouri, having their car tuned up when Jack Killingsworth, the sheriff, happened to walk in. The outlaws drew their guns on him, commandeered another car, with the officer as a hostage, roared away for Kansas City—known as a "safe spot" under the Pendergast regime, in the crime corridor. Along the way they picked up another man whom they forced to act as chauffeur. Both prisoners were released unharmed in Kansas City, and the gunmen went into a hideout apartment which was known to the underworld.

That night Floyd and Richetti were visited by Verne Miller, another hoodlum whom they knew, with word that Nash was due to arrive under guard on a train in the morning, and a couple of reliable trigger men were needed. The following morning Floyd, Richetti, and Miller perpetrated the slaughter at the Union Station already described. There has always been a theory that Nash's death was not accidental: the underworld wanted him shut up for fear he would talk.

As a crime it was a complete success. The gunmen disappeared, and were not apprehended at the time, though Floyd nursed a wounded shoulder. Yet that crime was actually the turning point in the war against the outlaws. It was after that that J. Edgar Hoover saw to it that his boys not only carried weapons but were taught to use them by Marine and Army experts; and sent them out to run down not only the "name" criminals, but the whole scrofulous fringe of petty collaborators that surrounded them, with his famous order: "Take them alive if you can—*but protect yourself.*"

From Public Enemy No. 1 to the end of the list the criminals were tracked down. New laws helped, and gangsters, murderers, bandits, kidnapers and extortionists paid the penalty. John Dillinger, Al Karpis, Verne Miller, Clyde Barrow and his pistol packing paramour Bonnie Parker, Killer Burke, "Ma" Barker and her fearful brood, Harvey Bailey, Machine Gun Kelly and the rest of the unfragrant list died fighting the G-Men or went to prison.

Along with the others the sands ran out for Pretty Boy Floyd. He and Richetti had disappeared, but the FBI never ceased its hunt until they paid the penalty of that Kansas City crime. They were trailed to Buffalo, New York, and then back across the country as Floyd headed toward his beloved Cookson Hills.

He never reached there. At Wellsville, Ohio, police officers found two men sleeping

in a public park. One was captured but the other escaped. The captured man was Adam Richetti, who later died in the lethal gas chamber in the Missouri penitentiary.

To the FBI, where Richetti was Floyd must be near. Led by Melvin H. Purvis they converged from every direction. Floyd was cornered, October 22, 1934, on a farm near Spruceville, Ohio, when his car ran out of gas. He took refuge under a corn crib but when the officers surrounded it, he came out with two automatic pistols blazing, in a last defiance of the law.

The FBI men were expert shots, too. Pretty Boy crumpled, dying. "Who the hell tipped you?" he gasped. Then he straightened out in a paroxysm of pain, and it was all over.

Was it the end of the fantastic trail? Did the bullet riddled corpse of the Oklahoma outlaw on the Ohio farm break forever the connection in the chain leading back through Eddie Adams, John Callahan, Al Spencer, Henry Starr, the Cook, Doolin and Dalton gangs, Bell Starr, and the James and Younger brothers, to bloody minded William Clarke Quantrill? Only time and history have the answer to that.

'FRISCO'S CELEBRATED SALOONS

By RICHARD H. DILLON

As THIS ARTICLE IS WRITTEN, newsboys on San Francisco's windy street corners are hawking copies of the *News* and *Call* which bear headlines reading "REPORT CALLS S. F. 'CRADLE OF INSANITY.'" To a native of the Bay Area this hardly flattering charge comes, nevertheless, as something of a relief since it is, at least, a change from the traditional, steady and monotonous obloquy lavished upon San Francisco's admitted and inherent intemperance. Since the times of Father Taylor, the street preacher, or the days of the Dashaways—the original Vow Bhoys—a cascade of invective has been loosed on the hard-drinking city by the Golden Gate. But the foundations laid by ex-sailor Jean Isaac Vioget in 1840 have been too strong for the Drys, except for the Dark Ages of Volstead. Vioget's tavern, from the start, doubled as a club for Yerba Buena's citizenry and set a pattern in this respect. Robert Ridley took it over in 1846, hiring away from his competition (John Thompson and Tinker John Finch) their star bartender, John Henry Brown, destined to be fair 'Frisco's first boniface.

Typical of the attitude held toward our city a century ago is that expressed by Hinton R. Helper in his 1855 volume entitled *The Land of Gold, Reality Versus Fiction* (retitled *Dreadful California* in a 1948 reprint edited by a Nevada non-teetotaler, name of Beebe). In this work, Helper deplored the cup that cheers, and its servants. Of San Francisco's main thoroughfare he wrote: "The grog shops or tippling houses constitute the last but not the least prominent feature of Montgomery Street that we will notice at the present time. The devil has certainly met with more than usual success in establishing so many of these, his recruiting officers, in this region."

Twenty years later, a popular writer, B. E. Lloyd, lambasted demon rum in S.F. but, strangely, advanced the theory that drinking, and not drunkenness, was San Francisco's problem. Here, Lloyd hit near the heart of the matter. Had he tossed in a few phrases like "cirrhosis of the liver" his thesis would have been as up-to-date as the psychiatrists' latest headlined blast at our admittedly disturbed and disturbing, but fascinating, city. Lloyd wrote in his *Lights and Shades in San Francisco* during the Centennial Year that "drunkenness in San Francisco is not as common as in most cities of its size and population. Even the country villages in the Middle and Western States have a much larger number of confirmed drunkards, proportionately, than San Francisco . . . The climate is opposed to drunkenness . . . [but] it invites and encourages drinking." Thus, in Lloyd's eyes, the city of San Francisco in 1876 was a city of tipplers but not a city of drunks. Verily, then as now, San Franciscans knew how to hold their liquor.

'Frisco's Celebrated Saloons

Why did San Francisco need two thousand and more saloons and bars during the first quarter-century of its existence as an American city? Obviously they filled a need.

In the San Francisco of a century ago, truly there was no place like home. There was no place even faintly resembling home. Most of the lodging houses were ecologically as well as figuratively "fleabags." Hinton Helper called them "human stables." There was a thin rank of better-class hotels—the Parker House, the Tehama House, the Lick House, etc.—but the great majority of ante-bellum lodging houses in S.F. left a great deal to be desired in everything but fetidness and the variety and density of insect life. Open, three-tiered bunks were the fashion, with dingy, greasy blankets and pillows teeming with the peculiar fauna of the flophouse. Hostelries such as The Isthmus provided all the comforts of a combat infantry bivouac, and at a cost of $6.00 per night. There were no homes as yet during these infant years of Anglo-American San Francisco. Women of well-fame were rare, children a novelty, hearth and slippers a memory. So it was only natural that the men of the town gravitated to the saloons where, just as in the coffee houses of London a century earlier, most of the city's politics and business was transacted over whiskey, cigars and the free lunch. The saloon was social club, restaurant, counting house, library, house of assignation and bourse in Victorian San Francisco. It was a place where one could go to see that *rara avis*, a woman. (Later, in the '90's, it would be a haven where one could get away from women!) It came damn near being all things to all men.

After Vioget, the most popular and best-known saloon was that run by T. A. Barry and B. A. Patten on Montgomery Street. Whenever a clipper would roll into San Francisco from Boston or Canton, the skipper, supercargo and consignees would hoist a few to celebrate the successful passage. On the lower part of a fifty-*vara* lot at the corner of Kearny and Washington Streets, just above Dunbar's Alley, was another popular spot run by Peter Sherrenbeck and called Our House. It was simplicity itself, boasting not even a bar. A table, placed in the center of the establishment, carried a goodly variety of wines and spirits for the customers.

As the city grew, saloons multiplied and sorted themselves into a great number of categories and castes, just as today there are smart bistros like Barnaby Conrad's Matador and, on the other hand, *troisieme classe* joints of poisonous appearance which shall be nameless. There were gambling saloons: the Tontine on the famous "Old Corner," the southeast angle of Montgomery and Commerical, started by Sandy Austin and continued by John Shear and others, the Bella Union, La Sociedad, the Empire and the Verandah. While dandified professional gamblers (including in their ranks at least one ex-Methodist preacher) toyed with stacks of coin, or eyed the faro box, impassive croupiers raked in the house's profits and rough-clad miners crowded in around the tables to drink, argue, stare at the hussies, hear the news or just rub shoulders with convivial friends. In some saloons, music was heard. The Bella Union had a Mexican orchestra which differed from

the modern *mariachi* in that it ran to harps (two) and flutes rather than cornets, but the traditional *guitarras* were featured. On Broadway were Mexican fandango houses. Concert saloons featuring both dancing and entertainment were popular, as were the melodeons, which offered good liquor and entertainment but had no dance floors.

The El Dorado was outstanding among casino saloons. A handsome Frenchwoman, dealing faro, at the second table to the left of the entrance served as an eye-catching window dressing. The El Dorado opened as the Union Hotel's bar and in an impressive ceremony, the announcement was made that it would never close. It ran—and how it ran!—day and night. A man named McDuff won $60,000 there at faro one night but bet it all on one last turn and lost.

Only one major hostelry lacked a bar—R. B. Woodward's temperance place, the What Cheer House. In all the others there was a bar, usually under separate management from the hotel itself. Among these were the Parker House, the resort of San Francisco's "swells" of ten decades ago, and the great Palace Hotel. The latter's barroom was a luxurious place with a high, vaulted roof, marble floors and bronze fixtures. African red marble and mahogany were bathed in the soft glow of light which filtered through amber-tinted glass.

There were theater bars also, such as the one at the Adelphi run by W. H. Lyons, where playgoers gathered to wet their entre'acte whistles. Road houses were common, too. Bob Ridley's Mansion House huddled up against Mission Dolores in the sand dunes at the end of the Mission plank road. Sinners, over-indulging in the nourishing but staggering milk punch had not far to go to seek salvation. *Anglos* and *Californios* alike patronized the Mansion House, including the dashing highwayman Jack Powers. This Robin Hoodlum of El Dorado was particularly fond of Ridley's brandy-and-milk punches. Colonel Jack Gamble's road house, fourteen miles out of town on the San Jose Road, was another favorite which offered roulette tables and card and dice rooms in addition to stirrup cups. Thirsts could be quenched en route to the Mansion House, too, at a road house surrounded by scrub oak and miscalled The Grizzly in honor of the equally scrubby brown or cinnamon bear chained in front. It passed for a grizzly with the greenhorns, if it did not fool the snorting oldtimers.

During the first decade after Jim Marshall's discovery, about a fourth of the bars in town were tended by young females. (In the interests of accuracy, we do not say young ladies.) Hinton Helper described them as being "of the most dissolute and abandoned character, who use every device to entice and mislead the youthful and unsuspecting." We can discount Helper's criticism somewhat by recalling that he took Governor John Bigler to task for "debauching" in the Blue Wing when His Honor was only enjoying one of that large and fashionable establishment's sherry cobblers, and a segar, with some of his Supreme and Superior Court cronies.

'Frisco's Celebrated Saloons

It is true that the so-called weaker sex was well represented in saloon society. The bouncer as well as the owner of the tough Billy Goat was an Irishwoman called Pigeon-Toed Sal. She ran her saloon not with a rod of iron but with a hickory wagon-spoke for a bludgeon. Saloon thrushes (who, it was said, sometimes dabbled in other vocations) included the Galloping Cow and Lady Jane Grey. Spanish Kitty, alias Kate Lombard, alias Kate Edgington, did a good job of running the Strassburg Music Hall. At the Diana, a gambling saloon, the barkeep was a woman but her assistants were three white men and two negroes. The bar here was bellied up to mostly by gamblers. About a fifth of them would be drinking because they had been lucky and the other four-fifths were constantly drowning their sorrows because they had been unlucky. On the walls were paintings of Rubens-pink nudes, some life-size, done by various hacks to outrage the decency of straitlaced observers.

Drinks were twenty-five cents each at the first-class establishments, no matter what you chose—soda, lemonade, beer, wine, straight shot or mixed drink. And the mixocopeia was copious, even in that early day. Scotch ale, English porter, American and Peruvian brandy, Holland gin, Jamaica rum, Spanish, Portuguese and French wines, all vied for popularity with such cocktails as the Queen Charlotte, Cherry Bounce, Drizzle, Old Sea Dog, White Lion, Whiskey Skin, Flip Flip, One-Eyed Joe, Suasion, Citronella Jam, Ching Ching, Rooster Tail, Vox Populi, Tug and Try and the Deacon.

The lower-class bars, many of which were out-and-out dives, charged only one bit for a drink but it was usually adulterated. Nor for twelve and a half cents could they provide the variety of free lunch which the first-class saloons did. The latter thought nothing of offering free hot lunches from 11 a.m. until 2 p.m., plus "tit bits" or relishes throughout the day. At the five-cent saloons, beer was served mostly, and Germans congregated there to smoke and tell lies or to graze on bologna, cheese, dried beef, crackers, pickles, mustard and sausages while they awaited another 5c stein. Signs on Kearny Street proclaimed SCHNAPPS, BIERHALLE and GASTHAUS for the Teutonic element.

Each major saloon catered to a particular slice of society. The Pantheon, on California Street, was favored by bank officials, insurance men, commission merchants and other capitalists. Brokers, their clerks, and bookkeepers rather preferred Louis Eppinger's establishment at Halleck and Leidesdorff Alleys, while Oscar Lewis (NO relation), presiding over a Sutter Street bistro, got the sporty gentry. Frank's, on Montgomery Street, and the Parker House appealed to the judges and shysters of early-day San Francisco. They attracted the hungry as well as the thirsty, incidentally, for Frank's served a fine hash and stew while the Parker House turned out a toothsome chili con carne.

There were a number of aristocratic saloons, with plate glass windows, ornamental carvings, silver and cut-glass goblets, marble counters and floors of marble tiles. Silver name-plates decorated the swinging doors of these posh establishments and disorderly

conduct was rare. In these elegant saloons, stock speculators, unknowingly, imitated the gamblers in lesser taverns as they drank too much because, on the one hand, a deal had been a success or, on the other hand, because one had fallen through and spirits needed reviving. Collins' Saloon on Montgomery and California Streets did the most extensive bar business in post-Civil War San Francisco, employing six barkeeps who were kept busy from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m. Perhaps the finest saloon of this period was J. Wainwright's Pantheon. The bill of fare at this 321 California Street establishment ran to turtle soup, roast pig, roast lamb, stewed sheep's tongue, stewed liver, fish balls, broiled (whole) salmon, potatoes, tomatoes, cheese and crackers. B. E. Lloyd described a scene in Collin's thus—"All eat standing and it is not a rare occurrence to see millionaires walking about the room, or leaning against the bar in eager converse—each with a chicken drumstick or wing in one hand, a slice of bread and cheese in the other, like country schoolboys at noon-time."

Old Blighty was not forgotten in the city which the sailors of the English wheat ships always called " 'Frisco." Langley and Griffiths kept an English-style ale house on the west side of Kearny which featured real roast beef with Cheshire and Stilton cheese. Copies of the *Times* and the *Illustrated London News* were available for reading. This intellectual pub was called The Boomerang in honor of the Australian aborigine youth who used to throw a boomerang for the edification of passers-by at the sandhill site of the later Cosmopolitan Hotel. Here congregated the better class of journalists, and the fourth estate was often bolstered by actors and musicians.

The minions of the law dabbled in saloonkeeping, a more respectable following then than in later years. Malachi Fallon, City Marshal in 1850, opened the Rip Van Winkle House on Battery Street and Pacific Wharf and later built the Knickerbocker House on Long Wharf and Battery. Charley Elleard, a constable, kept a typical oyster bar on Clay Street. Here you could get an oyster stew or oyster loaf with your beer. After a few years, Captain Russell began to bring fresh oysters down from Washington's Shoalwater Bay to replace the canned variety and the oyster bar became a San Francisco institution.

Sydney Town, the city's running sore which was to become the Barbary Coast in a few years, was crowded with mean and dirty little bars, the worst deadfalls in all America. Barry and Patten, the respectable saloonkeepers of Montgomery Street, joined in a description of them which is illuminating. They were "shabby little dens," peopled by "skulking knaves, fellows who always had a way of sliding out of sight when you looked at them." Over their doors hung the traditional ale-house signs of the United Kingdom, transplanted to San Francisco via Sydney or Hobart Town—The Boar's Head, the Bay of Biscay, the Jolly Waterman, the Magpie, The Bobby Burns, and the Bird in Hand. Here ticket-of-leave men, thieves, and Aussie *macquereaux* with their trollops were as proficient with bung starter or sandbag as with beer pump handle. The business of rolling drunks was refined here and shanghaiing, invented as a term for crimping and

developed into a fine art here, made San Francisco notorious.

One of the trouble spots of San Francisco until Sam Brannan cleaned out the Regulators, or Hounds of Mexican War ex-G.I. Sam Roberts, was The Shades. It was in this Kearny Street saloon that Roberts and his gang planned their raids of 1849 on the *Chilenos* of San Francisco. Pacific Street, to this day, has had a tough reputation thanks to the precedents set by the Sydney Larrikins, known also as Sydney Ducks and Sydney Coves. The Tam O'Shanter, the Noggin of Ale and the Hilo Johnny all vied with Hell Haggerty's bars, the Goat and Compass and the Golden Rule, for general brutishness.

The police kept an eye on Ned Allen's Bull Run, at Pacific Street and Sullivan Alley, which attracted so many toughs that it was nicknamed Hell's Kitchen and Dance Hall. From 1868 on, it featured a merry succession of donnybrooks, umpired by Union Army veteran Allen or his bouncer, One Year Tim. Allen had a stable of the loosest waitresses in town and he delighted in dousing their liquor with cantharides. His colorful career was cut short when he ran amok, brandishing (of all things) an ivory tusk and another Barbary Coast Ranger let a little daylight into him with a clasp knife.

During the 1880's, the newspapers fulminated against "The Devil's Acre," the pie-shaped block formed by Kearny, Broadway and Montgomery Streets which abounded in disorderly houses where "the habitues sun themselves at the doors of their dens, and exchange Billingsgate." Social headquarters for this area was a cellar saloon dubbed the Slaughterhouse because of the number and violence of the fights there. Later, when its reputation was even worse, it came to be called The Morgue.

Why were all these drinking houses, some the most abject cesspools of crime, vice and misery, allowed to flourish by the city fathers? Well, we all know that "a buck's a buck." Lloyd probably had the answer when he reported that municipal revenue in the 1870's from liquor licenses alone was $125,000 per year. By 1890 there were 3,117 licensed saloons in San Francisco—one for every ninety-six inhabitants. This percentage probably exceeded even that of neighboring Sausalito! Speakeasies were common, too, called "blind pigs" or "blind tigers." These unlicensed premises offered cheap, adulterated rotgut to the down-and-out.

The people attracted to the saloons of San Francisco were a most fantastic collection of types. A few saloonkeepers themselves obtained lasting fame, particularly Jerry Thomas and Duncan Nicol. Professor Jerry Thomas, awarded his pedagogical title for his mixological know-how, came to be called "the greatest bartender in America." Born Jeremiah Thomas in 1825, he was steered towards a ministerial career by his parents but eventually became a barkeep. He once so impressed U. S. Grant with his technique that the President awarded him a cigar.

Thomas sailed to San Francisco on the *Annie Smith* in 1849 and became first assistant to the Principal Bartender of the El Dorado. This was a well-thought-of saloon and

gambling hall adjoining the Parker House at Washington and Kearny though it was only a 15 x 25-foot canvas tent, which rented for $40,000 per annum. The legend goes that Professor Thomas offered refreshments to a band of desperadoes who had swept into the saloon to plunder it. These drinks were of such strength or chemistry that the badmen were stretched out on the floor, helpless, when the Vigilantes arrived to tangle with them.

When a grizzled miner, down from the Mother Lode, demanded a drink which would shake him right down to his gizzard, Professor Thomas—on the spot—invented one of the great drinks of his career, the Blue Blazer. Using two silver mugs, he put a tumbler of Scotch in one with about the same amount of boiling water. He then set a match to it and as the blue flame spurted up, he arced the blazing liquor back and forth from mug to mug for a full ten seconds before smothering it, adding sugar and lemon peel, and presenting it with a flourish to the slackjawed prospector. The miner approved of this new "hell fire" drink in loud tones, swearing that it had shaken him to his boots. The Blue Blazer went on to become a popular winter weather drink in San Francisco but its fame has waned in recent years and Thomas is more often remembered as the inventor of the Tom and Jerry (concocted from his name) and for his popularization of the Martini, first called the Martinez.

The professor left San Francisco for a go at mining near Downieville and then went on to New Orleans' Planters' House and to the Metropolitan Hotel in New York. In 1860 he returned to California, overland, and became Principal Bartender at the Occidental for two years before returning East, via Virginia City, for good. In 1862 he drew on his years of experience behind the mahogany to write a book titled *How to Mix Drinks, or the Bon Vivant's Companion.* In it he offered up the recipes of many of his specialties including, of course, the Blue Blazer, the Martinez Cocktail (Martini), El Dorado Punch and California Milk Punch.

Duncan Nicol, a courteous and friendly Scot who kept his pince nez hooked over one ear when not in use, kept the Bank Exchange on the Washington Street corner of the Montgomery Street from the late '70's till World War I. This fine old building still stands, though it is periodically threatened with destruction by those who place a great deal of value on a fast buck and deny any value to tradition or history. Known variously as the Monkey Block, Halleck's Folly and the Ark of Empire, the Montgomery Block was spared by the 1906 earthquake and fire. The Bank Exchange thus survived as the last of the real old-time, first-class San Francisco saloons until Prohibition closed its doors.

It was not the fine old atmosphere of clipper ship days which made the Bank Exchange popular for so long, nor the marble-tile floor, impressive bar and oil paintings of nymphs, Susannah and the Elders, and Samson and Delilah (the latter worth $10,000). It was not even the striking Wedgwood porcelain beer pumps with their Greek mythology designs in black and white, after the drawings of John Flaxman. No, that which drew localities

and tourists alike was the reputation of the Bank Exchange for two drinks with a Peruvian brandy base. One, hardly remembered today, was Button Punch. The other was the world-renowned Pisco Punch. Passed down from early owners Orrin Dorman and John Torrence, the recipe eventually died out with the passing of Nicol, though there have been various Houses of Pisco since his time, with pseudo Pisco Punches. Pisco Punch, though its formula has vanished, will long live in memory as a great San Francisco gustatorial invention, like Crab Louie or Hangtown Fry.

Duncan Nicol's predecessors at the Bank Exchange had set a pattern for him to follow. Pisco John Torrence and George Park planned the saloon with Montgomery Block architect George F. Cummings. They made it as comfortable as a club (and perhaps the genealogy of the Bohemian Club begins in the Bank Exchange), with soft lights, overstuffed chairs and a selection of newspapers and magazines. Since Torrence was an old partner of empresario Tom Maguire, the theater trade naturally gravitated to the Bank Exchange and helped insure its long success. Parker was the silent partner who handled the paper work and served as overseer of the upstairs billiard room. Idwal Jones paid him a nice compliment, calling him "a born cellarman." Although behind the scenes, his selection of spirits was an important factor in the popularity of the place. Almost considered a part of the staff was the blind Chinese lottery ticket peddler who was always found outside the door of the Bank Exchange, playing a flute.

Few would have guessed that gentle Duncan Nicol gave one of San Francisco's most ruthless politicians his start. Chris Buckley, the "Blind Boss of San Francisco," was a bartender in Nicol's Snug Cafe until Nicol took over the Bank Exchange. Buckley then acquired the Snug Cafe on his way up to a position of political power roughly equivalent to that of Abe Ruef. But any San Franciscan knows that to get at the history of the city, and California, the historian must push his way past many a swinging door. It was in the Cosmopolitan Hotel bar and in Hayes's Saloon that Charles Cora and Marshal William Richardson sought to settle their differences peaceably in 1855. And it was in the Blue Wing that Richardson, angered again, found Cora and drew him to the street, where the Italian shot him. On the day that James P. Casey shot down James King of William as he crossed the street in front of the Bank Exchange, Ned McGowan—persecuted by the Vigilance Committee for suspected complicity with Casey—was seeing which way the wind was blowing in Barry and Patten's bar, Godfrey's, the Bank Exchange and the Boomerang. On the strength of samplings of barroom opinion McGowan was forwarned enough to escape from San Francisco before the net closed on him.

Not that only violent goings-on should be associated with San Francisco's saloons. To cite just one business matter arranged in the Bank Exchange, it should be remembered that it was there that Robert Louis Stevenson persuaded Dr. Henry Merritt, Adolph Sutro's son-in-law, to charter him his yacht *Casco* for a South Seas voyage.

'Frisco's Celebrated Saloons

Duncan Nicol at the Bank Exchange Bar—1918
Courtesy California State Library

Although a handful of bartenders like Nicol, Thomas, Frank Garcia of Imperial Punch fame, V. Squarza of Squarza's Punch (and popularizer of ravioli, now an S.F. staple), bawdy Happy Jack Harrington, Handsome Billy Osbourne of the Occidental, and Abe "Monkey" Warner of the dusty and musty Cobweb Palace on Meiggs Wharf won some kind of fame, often it is the barflies who are remembered today. Blacklegs and shoulder-strikers hung out at the low dives, men like Billy Mulligan, Wooley Kearny and the pug, Yankee Sullivan. All became targets of the Vigilantes of 1855. In some cases, the barkeeps were toughs themselves like Spider Kelly and the various crimps who preyed on seamen from behind a bar—Shanghai Brown, or Tommy Chandler, or any of the evil crew of shanghaiiers at The Shades.

Probably the most bizarre of all the hangers-on around San Francisco's firewater holes was Oofty Goofty. He had performed once at Bottle Koenig's Barbary Coast dance hall, trying straight dancing and singing. This went so badly that he was thrown out. bodily, into the street. To his amazement, he found that his "threshold of pain" was out

of this world. He simply did not feel a thing. Oofty thereupon made of himself a human punching bag. For a fee he would allow himself to be pummeled, kicked or slapped by the beefiest patron in a bar. Unfortunately, he once let John L. Sullivan have a crack at him with a billiard cue. Oofty's back was hurt and he walked thereafter with a limp. Worse, he now felt pain at the slightest blow. His career, such as it was, was ruined by the great John L. and Oofty's entree into saloon society tragically destroyed.

To attempt to cover the field of San Francisco saloonealogy in anything less than a three-volume set is rank foolhardiness. This sample may at least indicate how broad and deep is the flow of the subject. In summing up, perhaps we can return to Hinton Helper who, despite his deploring of things San Franciscan, had to admit to a sentiment which under the microscope appears to be a reluctant, grudging admiration for our wicked city:

"I may not be a competent judge but this much I will say, that I have seen purer liquors, better segars, finer tobacco, truer guns and pistols, larger dirks and bowie knives and prettier courtezans here than in any other place I have ever visited; and it is my unbiased opinion that California can and does furnish the best bad things that are obtainable in America."

ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

Courtesy Lawton Kennedy

THE MURDER OF HUSTON I. CHAPMAN

By PHILIP J. RASCH

In July, 1878, the placita of Lincoln, New Mexico, was the scene of a five day battle between the partisans of James J. Dolan, Lawrence G. Murphy and John H. Riley, and those of Alexander A. McSween and John Chisum. The latter were decisively defeated, McSween being killed.[1] The widowed Mrs. Sue Ellen McSween promptly employed a fiery, one-armed Las Vegas lawyer, Huston I. Chapman, to defend her interests and to aid her in obtaining vengeance. In a series of letters and personal interviews with Lew Wallace, newly appointed governor of the Territory, Chapman demanded that the governor come to Lincoln to investigate the situation in person. Hoping to avoid stirring up old troubles, Wallace steadfastly refused.[2] Chapman thereupon cast about for some other opportunity to embarrass the civil and military authorities of Lincoln County. An excuse to vent his venom against the officers at Fort Stanton was soon furnished by the rash actions of a young Second Lieutenant of the 9th Cavalry, James Hansel French.

Sheriff George W. Peppin had advised Lieutenant Colonel N. A. M. Dudley, 9th Cavalry, commanding Fort Stanton, that he had warrants for fifteen individuals, and requested that he be furnished with sufficient military force to effect their arrest. Fourteen of these warrants were for McSween partisans: Charles Bowdre, Josiah G. Scurlock, John Scroggins, Stephen Stevens, George Coe, Frank Coe, William Bonney,* alias William Antrim and Billy the Kid, Eusabio Sanchez, Antonacio Martinez, Francisco Herrera, Jasper Coe, Ignacio Gonzales, John Middleton, Fred Waite, and Henry Brown.** One was for Frank Rivers, a Dolan henchman. The sixteenth was for an ordinary cattle rustler: Charles Morsener, alias Oriss. None of the wanted men were taken.

When the District Court convened at Lincoln on December 13, Peppin "made an official demand for a Guard to protect him from violence and being killed by well known murderers, while in attendance in his official capacity in the Probate Court."[3] French, with seventeen men, was detailed to this duty. Peppin deputized the officer and gave him warrants for Scurlock, Jim French and several other individuals, suggesting that

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* For studies of the background of this individual see Philip J. Rasch and R. N. Mullin, New Light on the Legend of Billy the Kid, *New Mexico Folklore Record*, VII:1-5, 1952-53; *Idem*, Dim Trails—The Pursuit of the McCarty Family, *op. cit.*, VIII:6-11, 1953-54; Philip J. Rasch, The Twenty-One Men He Put Bullets Through, *op. cit.*, IX:8-14, 1954-55; Phil Rasch, A Man Named Antrim, Los Angeles Westerners *Brand Book*, 6:48-54, 1956; Philip J. Rasch, More on the McCartys, The English Westerners *Brand Book*, 3:3-9, April, 1957; Philip J. Rasch, Clues to the Puzzle of Billy the Kid, in press, English Westerners *Brand Book*.

**The life of this man has been related in P. J. Rasch, A Note on Henry Newton Brown. Los Angeles Westerners *Brand Book*, 5:56-67, 1935.

they might be found at Masimiano de Guebara's house. Failing to locate any of the men there, French sent Privates Shannon Keton and Louis Horton to the residence of Mrs. McSween (the former Saturnino Baca home), while he and Trumpeter George Washington visited the house of John N. Copeland, the former sheriff. There French arrested a Mexican boy he found bearing a pistol and went on to Mrs. McSween's. Upon his arrival he found that the two privates had arrested Chapman. Neither of them knew the lawyer and they had assumed that he was one of the men for whom the Lieutenant had warrants.

After the Mexican boy had been questioned and his pistol confiscated, he was dismissed. Chapman then demanded, "What right have you to arrest me?"*

"Chapman," answered the officer, "I didn't arrest you."

"Well, your men did."

"If my men arrested you, it is a mistake of mine and I am responsible for it."

As Chapman became increasingly abusive, the officer added, "By God, Sir, if I have any authority I'll show it to you. I'm a better lawyer than you are." With that he commenced to look through the warrants which he had received from the sheriff.

"That may be, but you have a poor way of showing it," snapped the lawyer.

"Lieutenant French," interjected Mrs. McSween, "if you have a warrant for Mr. Chapman, show it to him and he will go with you."

"Mrs. McSween, shut your mouth," was the retort discourteous.

French got out of his chair and walked over to Chapman. "If you will allow me, I will give you an understanding in this thing."

"It is no use to allow you. You have acted ungentlemanly with me. You are a scoundrel!", roared Chapman, shaking his finger under the Lieutenant's nose.

If Chapman was presuming upon the fact that he had but one arm, he had misjudged his man. The officer removed his belt, overcoat and blouse. Calling to one of the troopers to tie one arm behind him, he warned, "You have been insulting me all day. Now business ends and if you want anything out of me, take it."

"For God's sake, Lieutenant," screamed Mrs. McSween, "do not have any trouble in my house." With that she succumbed to a fit of hysterics, culminating in a fainting spell.

Chapman exclaimed, "Now you must get out of this house! We have had enough of it! Look at that woman! Look what you have done! Now get out of here!"

French dressed and with some of his men made a patrol of the plaza. Chapman ran to the house of the doctor. Both going and returning he was challenged by the troopers, but was allowed to pass.

During the night James A. Tomlinson brought Copeland to French's quarters. He

* The conversations in this article are compiled from various court records and newspaper reports, but are not to be understood as necessarily being verbatim.

stated that the ex-sheriff had just shot a boy named Johnny Mace in a bar room brawl and had demanded the protection of the military. The next morning Chapman and Sidney Wilson, another attorney, requested permission to see Copeland privately, which French refused to permit.

"Damn you," shouted Chapman, "I'll talk with him if I like to."

"You can't speak to him at all," replied the officer. "You leave this room. Here is the door. Get outside of it as quickly as you can! I am on duty and don't want any trouble with you."

The lawyer stepped outside. "Come out here," he challenged. "Step outside." I'm not afraid of you."

Again French eagerly offered to fight him with one hand tied behind his back, but this time Sheriff Peppin intervened. He ordered Chapman to leave and not to come back, warning that he was trying to start trouble and if he kept on he was liable to do it. Chapman demanded French's arrest, and the sheriff and the attorney exchanged bitter words. At intervals during the day further courtesies were exchanged, Chapman calling French a "damned skunk" and a "damned fool," but Peppin was able to prevent an actual fight. Later the officer commented that, "Only for the coolness and authority of the sheriff I would have arrested this man or done an act of personal violence to him which I might have regretted."[4] Nevertheless, on French's return to Fort Stanton, Dudley placed him under arrest.

Chapman, as lawyer for de Guebara, brought a charge of feloniously entering a house against French, and Chapman and Mrs. McSween accused him of felonious entry and of assault. When French was ordered to appear before Justice of the Peace John B. Wilson, Dudley sent First Lieutenant Byron Dawson, 9th Cavalry, with a detachment of men to protect him from violence and to bring Mace back to the post, since Will H. Hudgens had made an affidavit that a mob was said to be forming to lynch Mace and his nurse, John Hurley.* French was acquitted on the first charge and the second was dismissed. On the third he waived an examination and was bound over to appear before the District Court. After receiving the officers' reports, Dudley wrote to Colonel Edward Hatch, Commanding the District of New Mexico, "I begin to believe with others that it is a conspiracy on the part of Chapman, the notorious Mrs. McSween, and others to blackmail Lieut. French."[5]

The Colonel appointed a Board of Officers, composed of Captain C. H. Conrad, 15th Infantry, Lieutenant Dawson and Assistant Surgeon Daniel M. Appel, to investigate

* Mace recovered from his wounds and took up horse stealing. He was killed by a posse led by Deputy Sheriff Longworth about the middle of March, 1880, while—ungratefully enough,—attempting to rob Hudgens' store. See Cimarron *News & Press*, March 11, 1880. Deputy Sheriff John Hurley was fatally wounded on January 28, 1885, while attempting to arrest Nicholas Aragon, who had killed Deputy Sheriff Jasper Corn, of Lincoln County, on October 29, 1884. See Santa Fe *New Mexican Review*, January 30, 1885.

the incident. French's statement of the affair grandeloquently alleged that he was the victim of a conspiracy by

> Chapman . . . [and] his Mistress Mrs. McSween . . . not only to ruin me but through me to injure the Army, especially that part of it at Fort Stanton. . . . The military and civilians should be a fraternity. Here they are as inimical as the red and white roses, and knowing this I demand personally and for the sake of the army that the military authorities fully sustain me in every particular. If I do not prove to them that I am innocent of all imputations, then, let them desert me.[4]

His brother officers did not desert him. They disregarded allegations that the Lieutenant had been under the influence of liquor and reported that the statements of Chapman, Mrs. McSween and de Guebara were unworthy of credence. They recommended that no action be taken, as the charges had been inspired by malice and vindictiveness against French and all of the officers stationed at the Fort. Dudley concurred in their recommendation. He issued an order forbidding Chapman, Sam Wortley, Copeland, Jim French, Scurlock, Antrim, Bowdre, Brown, George Coe and Frank Coe to set foot on the reservation except to obtain their mail. At the same time he forbade the soldiers to visit Lincoln until order and peace were again restored.

Governor Wallace seems to have been oblivious to the situation. Smugly, he wrote Secretary of the Interior Carl Schurz,

> An individual by the name of Chapman went to the plaza (town of Lincoln) and tried to get up a disturbance, but failed. The burthen of his plaint was that I had not visited the town to get the truth there instead of at the Fort. On the other hand Dudley's grief is that I did not come to the Fort to get the truth there. Now as the two places town and Fort were centers of the two factions, it was not possible for me to go to either without provoking jealousy and bad feeling, so I stayed away from both, and am well satisfied that I did so.
>
> Today I am going down the country to be gone a few days.[6]

He might better have devoted the time to his official duties.

Two days after Christmas, James J. Dolan, Jacob B. Mathews and John Long sought sanctuary at the Fort, complaining that they were unable to return to their business in safety due to the presence of outlaws in Lincoln. Onimously, Dolan wrote to Wallace,

> Your friend (Chapman) appears to be the only man in this County who is trying to Continue the old feud. I and Many of our Citizens feel Confident that if this man was silenced, the trouble would End. . . .
>
> I have learned Enough since I returned here that should I remain

> in this County, my fate will be that of Major Brady and others. I only intend remaining until such time as I can Straighten up my business to the interests of my Creditors, and as per Agreement with them. It makes me and my friends feel Mighty Sore, that we are compelled to leave our homes and business, which we are Compelled to do, or put ourselves on Equal footing with the outlaw and assassin.[7]

It is difficult to comprehend how Wallace could fail to recognize that Chapman, like John Henry Tunstall before him,[8] had been sentenced to death. Yet if he appreciated the gravity of the situation, his actions gave no sign of it.

Tension continued to mount as other members of Peppin's posse during the Five Days Battle encountered their own troubles. John Kinney was indicted for the murder of Isabel Barela, but took a change of venue to Grant County and was found not guilty. John H. Riley had Jim McDaniels arrested for horse theft. Marion Turner complained to the Governor that he had been arrested on suspicion of cattle theft, insulted and shot at by the military. Sam Perry was arrested on charges of horse stealing, but was later found not guilty.

At the time New Mexican justice was at best a capricious jade. William Smith, charged with assault with intent to kill one Waldo, was tried before a Justice of the Peace, found guilty and fined $2.50. Gregorio Baldonado was charged with selling a sack of tobacco for five cents and trading another for a box of matches and a jack-knife, found guilty, and sentenced to six months in jail. Tired of waging the unequal battle, Sheriff George Peppin submitted his resignation and on January 1, 1879 was succeeded by George Kimball.*

For the moment, Chapman was busy with the details of probating McSween's estate. Isaac Ellis and Jose Montano had been appointed appraisers, and in January, 1879 submitted a report evaluating the estate at $1853.50 in personal property, $1910.00 in real estate, $10,023.21 in collectable notes and accounts, and $771.76 in uncollectable notes and accounts.

Once these court details were out of the way, Chapman appeared before Justice John B. Wilson and swore out a warrant charging Dudley with complicity in the murder of McSween. He then started for Santa Fe to procure orders from Colonel Edward Hatch, commanding the District of New Mexico, for the surrender of Dudley. In Las Vegas, Ira E. Leonard, another attorney, persuaded him to drop the matter. However, David P. Shield, Mrs. McSween's brother-in-law and himself a lawyer, accompanied Chapman to the capitol. There Shield demanded that Wallace and Hatch furnish him with copies of

* George Kimball, or Kimbrell, was born in Huntsville, Arkansas, March 31, 1842. He accompanied Pike's column to Colorado in 1859 and settled in Lincoln County in 1863. Kimball died at Picacho, Lincoln County, on March 25, 1924. Carrizozo *News*, March 28, 1924.

certain affidavits Dudley had submitted regarding Mrs. McSween,[2] explaining that both Dudley and McSween were Masons and he desired to lay the matter before the Masonic order for investigation. Both officials refused his request. Wallace stated that the existing situation made it improper for him to be connected even indirectly with any prosecution of Dudley, and Hatch advised that official papers could not be made available without the express permission of the Secretary of War.

Wild with rage, Chapman set out on the return trip to Lincoln, vowing that he would place the matter before the Secretary of War and demand an investigation. Leonard and other friends in Las Vegas endeavored to dissuade him from proceeding to the plaza, warning that he would be in constant danger of his life. Chapman admitted that he feared violence, but reaffirmed his determination to bring Dudley and French to justice, regardless of the personal danger which might be involved.[9]

Meanwhile Dudley and the Governor had become embroiled in yet another controversy. Captain Henry Carroll, 9th Cavalry, stationed at Roswell, had informed his superior that Special Constable Emil Powers had demanded a military posse, and had requested instructions. Dudley replied that under the existing instructions only sheriffs, U. S. marshals or their deputies were entitled to such assistance, but asked Hatch for a confirmation of this. Wallace insisted that this aid should be extended to all civil authorities, and requested Hatch to direct Dudley to furnish it. Hatch forwarded Wallace's letter to Major General John Pope, Commanding the Department of the Missouri. Pope disapproved of Wallace's request, but forwarded it to Washington for a decision. In due course the Secretary of War ruled that "the military forces of the United States must not be used to the extent asked for by the Governor of New Mexico."[10]

Noting that Wallace had given a glowing description of the situation in Lincoln County to a Denver *Tribune* reporter,[2] Dudley drily suggested that since affairs were in such good order the troops should be withdrawn from Roswell and held in readiness to meet the Indian outbreak which he expected to occur that spring. However, Second Lieutenant George W. Smith, 9th Cavalry, and his company were sent to Roswell to relieve Carroll. Indicative of the tension existing between the citizens and the military is the fact that Carroll was ordered to stop outside the plaza, close up his detachment, and under no circumstances to permit an enlisted man to enter either a house or a store in Lincoln.

On February 11, the day before Chapman left Las Vegas for Lincoln, Mrs. McSween appealed to Dudley for aid in recovering 275 head of cattle belonging to the Tunstall estate which had been run off by Robert Speakes and other parties. Dudley politely assured her that upon proper representation by the sheriff he would furnish every assistance in his power, and requested the Commanding Officer at Fort Bliss, Texas, to take steps to prevent the thieves from crossing into Mexico. To Hatch, however, he wrote that it was "farsical" for Mrs. McSween to call upon him for assistance after having

asked the governor for a safeguard against him and having sworn out a writ charging him with the murder of her husband. He suggested that the real reason for her request was that she hoped it would be refused so that she would have an opportunity to accuse him of partisan action.[11] The cattle were afterwards recovered by Captain Carroll. It was found that 138 of them were from the Tunstall estate, and these were turned over to Mrs. McSween. Most of the balance were Hunter & Evans property, which Carroll reported had been driven off by John Jones, Jim Jones, Tom Jones, alias George Davis (said to have been a brother of Jessie Evans) and Tom Cochran, and given Marion Turner's brand.[12]

On the morning of February 18, Dudley was shown a letter from William Bonney to one of the Dolan faction, "wanting to know whether they proposed peace or fight &c."[13] The Dolan men agreed to meet representatives of the McSween faction that evening. Bonney, accompanied by Joe Bowers* and Yginio Salazar, spent the day loafing in the village. According to Walz,[14] negotiations were commenced with the Kid and his supporters sheltered by one thick adobe wall and Evans and his henchmen concealed behind another. Finally Walz was successful in getting the two leaders to meet and shake hands in the middle of the street. Some hard words were exchanged and Evans threatened to kill the Kid on the spot. Bonney replied that they had met for the purpose of making peace and that he did not care to open negotiations with a fight, but that if they would come at him three at a time, he would whip the whole damn bunch.[15,16]

In spite of this inauspicious beginning, the two sides finally concluded a peace treaty. It was agreed that neither party would kill any member of the other one without first giving notice of having withdrawn from the agreement; that all persons who had acted as friends to either party were included in the treaty and were not to be molested; that neither party should appear nor give evidence against the other in any civil prosecution; that neither officers nor soldiers were to be killed for any act previous to that date; that each group would give the individual members of the other party every aid in their power to resist arrests on civil warrants, and that if arrested they would try to secure their release; that any member of either faction failing to carry out this compact should be killed on sight by either party.[17] The reconciled enemies then had dinner at the Ballard home, after which they made a tour of the bars, singing, ringing cowbells and firing guns to celebrate the peace. During the festivities they visited the home of Juan B. Patron. For some reason Campbell announced that he was going to kill their host, but his friends managed to dissuade him from carrying out his threat.

Early that evening Chapman arrived from Las Vegas and put his horses in Mrs. McSween's corral. As he was suffering from a severe attack of neuralgia, he went to a

* One Peppert, alias Joe Bowers, was a notorious gunfighter at Fort Griffin in 1872. See Carl Coke Rister, *Fort Griffin on the Texas Frontier*. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1956, pp. 129-130. It is not clear whether this was the same individual. In some records the name is given as Powers rather than Bowers.

neighbor's to obtain a bread poultice. While returning he met Dolan, Evans, the Kid, Walz, Salazar, Bowers, Tom O'Folliard, Billy Mathews, George Van Sickle, James Redman, William Campbell, and others of the celebrants. Campbell halted Chapman, punched the muzzle of his pistol against the lawyer's breast, and asked, "Who are you and where are you going?"

"My name is Chapman and I am attending to my business."

"Then you dance!"

"I do not intend to dance for a drunken crowd. Am I talking to Mr. Dolan?"

"No," interrupted Evans, "but you are talking to a damned good friend of his."

At this point Dolan, who was very drunk, fired his pistol, allegedly into the ground. Campbell immediately shot Chapman. The lawyer received two wounds, either of which would have been fatal. As he fell, he cried, "My God, I am killed."

It is interesting to note that Chapman's murder occurred just a year after that of Tunstall, and that he is said to have fallen midway between the spots where Brady and Hindman were killed. For all practical purposes his death marked the end of the Lincoln County War, although the troubles which followed in its wake were far from settled. No doubt it was a great comfort to Chapman's parents later to read Walz's considered opinion: "There was really no malice in this shooting. Life was held lightly down here in those days . . ."[14]

Unruffled by the shooting, the revellers proceeded up the street to the Cullum eating house, Campbell exclaiming, "I promised my God and General Dudley that I would kill Chapman and I have done it. I am going to the post to kill Charley Scase. I promised General Dudley that I would not kill Scase in the post, but now I am going to kill him wherever I find him."

Scase, an employee at the Mescalero Apache Indian Reservation, had earned Dudley's enmity by complaining to Wallace that Campbell and his gang had threatened his life, and that when he had fled to Fort Stanton Dudley not only refused him protection but permitted his pursuers to search the post for him at their leisure. The facts seem to be that Dudley had assigned him a bed in quarters occupied by colored troops. This was unacceptable to Scase and that night he left the fort.

An hour after the killing of Chapman, Campbell gave Walz a pistol and asked him to place it in the murdered man's hand to make it appear that he had fired the first shot. This Walz refused to do. The Kid then agreed to do it, but instead rode out of the village.

Later, at Dolan's trial for the murder of Chapman, Mathews, Van Sickle, Redman and Walz testified that they were in abject fear of Campbell and were afraid to express the least disapprobation of his killing Chapman. In New Mexican folklore this is explained by the statement that Campbell was actually Jesse James. The story seems to have started with a letter that George Taylor, a grandson of Cynthia Birchard, the sister of President

Rutherford B. Hayes' mother, wrote to the president. Taylor, a resident of Lincoln at the time, stated,

> A few weeks ago a lawyer by the name of Chapman who was settling up the estates of McSween and Tunstel was shot and killed by Dolan who had returned and two desperate outlaws Evans and Cambell.
>
> Cambell is Jesse James, Governor Wallace and a man by the name of McPherson who knows him say.[18]

Wallace unquestionably believed this to his dying day,[19] but the little known about Campbell indicates that he could not have been James. Wallace was advised that Campbell had killed "three men in the buffalo country in cold blood."[20] This does not fit in with anything known about James. The fact that Billy the Kid wrote the governor that "Sanger and Ballard are or was great friends of Camels"[21] suggests that he may have been in the area for some time. For what it is worth—and that is probably very little—Burns[22] reported that he was a Texan named Ed Richardson. A Lincoln tradition has it that he was actually a man named Hines, who had once been a member of the James gang, but there appears to be no evidence to support this theory. It has been determined by Breihan[23] that Jesse at one time travelled under the alias of William Campbell, and it is possible that the whole story rests on a simple case of confusion in names. Breihan[24] at least is sure that it has no foundation in fact.

Meanwhile Kimball had hurried to Fort Stanton to obtain a posse of soldiers to enable him to arrest the Kid and Salazar. Twenty men were furnished, under the command of Lieutenant Dawson. Accompanied by Acting Assistant Surgeon W. B. Lyons, they arrived at Lincoln at 11:30 P.M. Several houses were searched without finding any sign of the outlaws. During the search the troops found the body of Chapman. The clothing was burning when he was discovered; one account has it that the clothes had been soaked with whiskey and then set afire. As a result the body was badly disfigured. When Dawson informed Justice Wilson of the finding of the corpse, the Justice replied that he was aware that Chapman had been killed, but he had been unable to obtain assistance in moving the remains. The soldiers then took the body up to the courthouse.

The village was thrown into a frenzy of fear over the possibility that Chapman's murder presaged an outbreak of the old troubles. Kimball requested that a detachment of troops be posted in the plaza, supporting his request with a petition signed by every citizen in the town. Second Lieutenant Millard F. Goodwin, 9th Cavalry, and a detachment of men were sent to Lincoln in answer to this plea. Mrs. McSween offered the Tunstall building for their use, but Goodwin preferred to use two rooms placed at their disposal by Jose Montano.

Wilson wrote Dudley a friendly letter stating that he was throwing the charges against him out of court and suggesting that they be friends and let bygones be bygones.

Dudley replied in kind, and, after considerable hesitation, accepted the invitation of the citizens to visit Lincoln and discuss the situation with them. Entering the plaza for the first time in seven months, he was met by some twenty men, who expressed their desire for military protection. In reply Dudley sternly told them that under the existing regulations the troops would continue to aid the sheriff in keeping the peace and making arrests, but warned that it was time that they organized a home guard to protect themselves and ceased to expect the military to be at their every call. Fining men like William Smith $2.50 for attempted murder would not scare off desperadoes who had killed from three to six men each, he added.[17] When Wilson requested the loan of arms and ammunition to equip such a home guard, he was informed that there were no arms available at Fort Stanton for the purpose and that in any event only the Secretary of War could authorize such a loan.

At the sheriff's request, Goodwin furnished a posse of six soldiers to accompany him to San Patricio in an endeavor to arrest the Kid and Salazar, but the search proved fruitless.

Dudley's reports to Colonel Hatch were not well received. He was warned that there was no authority for his furnishing troops upon the petition of citizens, and was directed to withdraw them.[25] Dudley vigorously retorted that his instructions directed him to dispose of his troops "as you may deem best to preserve the peace," and pointed out that they had been furnished only upon the legal demand of the sheriff,* which was strictly in accordance with his orders.[26]

It is easy to imagine the dismay that must have swept over Wallace as he read Dudley's reports. All his glowing descriptions of the happy state of affairs in Lincoln, all his hopes of promotion and honor seem dashed upon the rocks of this officer's statements. As in the dark aftermath of the battle of Shiloh, the Regular Army had interposed between him and his dreams of glory. Rudely jarred out of the complacency with which he had contemplated the situation, Wallace took the unjust but perhaps natural course of writing Schurz a bitter letter placing the blame on Dudley:

> One H. I. Chapman, lawyer, was assassinated in front of the Court House in Lincoln the night of the ... inst. producing a sensation amounting to panic in the town. A request was sent to Col. Dudley, at Fort Stanton, for troops to protect the lives and property. The affair seems to have stopped with the murder of Chapman; yet Col. Dudley

* On October 5, 1957 David Lawrence alleged in his syndicated column that the use of the Army in the Little Rock desegregation case was a violation of the Posse Comitatus Act originally passed in 1878. This act is the one which governed the actions of the troops in Lincoln County. Background material on the use of troops in civil disorders is contained in "Memorandum as to use of troops in executing the laws, since the issue of G. O. 49 of 1878, amended by G. O. 71 of '78," Records of the Adjutant General, Consolidated File Relating to the Lincoln County War, New Mexico, 1405 AGO 1878, in the National Archives, and in *Federal Aid in Domestic Disturbances*, Senate Document No. 263, 67th Congress, 2d Session. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1922.

> went over in person, carrying with him the equivalent of two Companies. He also took a Gatling gun. Upon his own showing, a sergeant with a patrol would have been sufficient. The effect of his ridiculous action will be, I fear, to throw the people into a state of unnecessary alarm.
>
> The outlaws have always run to the mountains, in my judgment the only way to get at them was by untiring use of the troops and Indian scouts. The plan was submitted to General Hatch, commanding the District of New Mexico, and he has approved and entered heartily into it. He will go with me and in person direct the movements of the troops. I will rely greatly upon his judgment and energy.
>
> Accordingly I will leave for Lincoln tomorrow . . .[27]

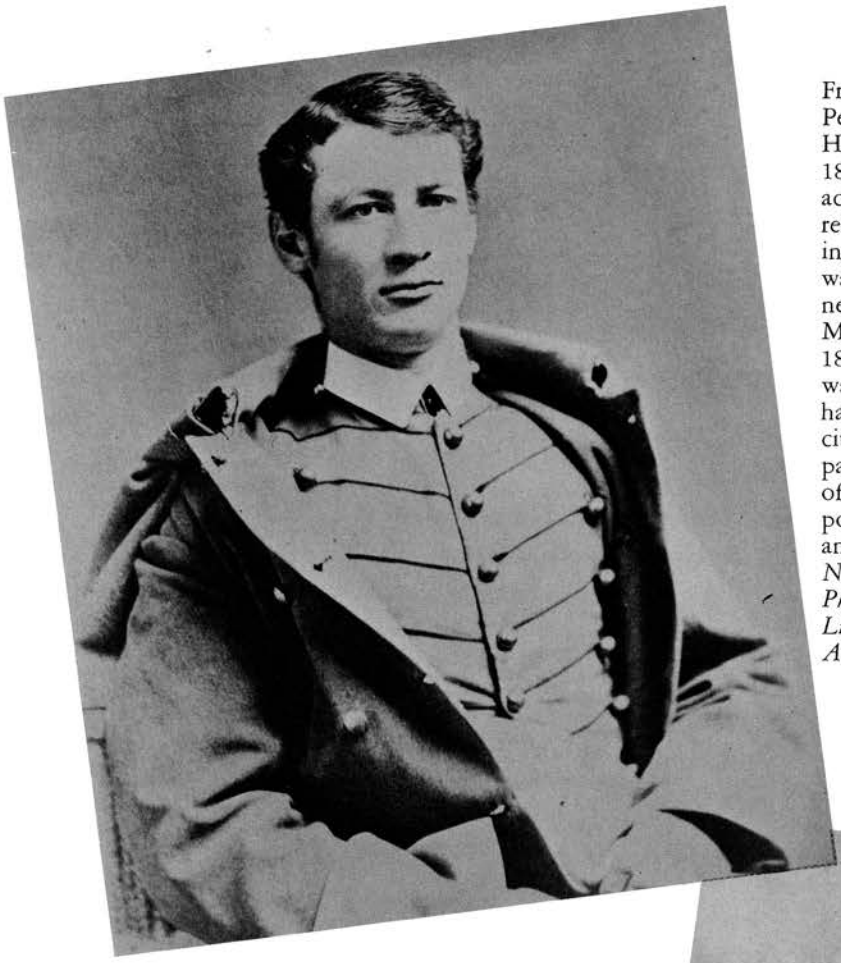
Dudley might have objected that the affair stopped with the murder of Chapman precisely because he took the action which he did, and Hatch might have commented that the reference to him was actually something less than the whole truth. Wallace had indeed asked the Colonel to prepare for a proclamation of martial law; the officer, considerably less disturbed over the situation than was the governor, had routinely forwarded the request to his superiors, noting

> This communication is forwarded merely as an expression of the Governor's opinion of the condition of affairs in Lincoln Co. Should the emergency arise referred to, it will be quite time to make arrangements to meet the same.
>
> No information at these H'D'q'rs that Martial Law is to be declared in Lincoln Co.—a power not vested in the office of the Governor.[28]

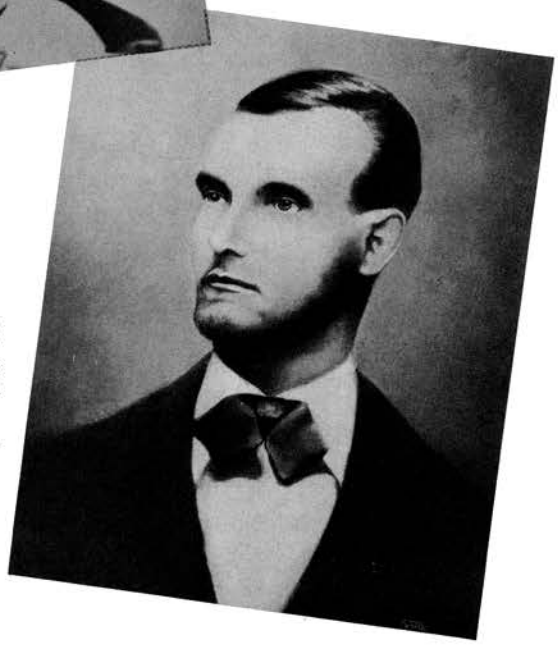
In due course grim old General William Tecumseh Sherman added his endorsement:

> Respectfully submitted to the Hon Secretary of War. The Governor of a Territory has no power to declare martial Law nor to do any act which incidentally changes the Status and duties of Army officers. If the President declares Martial Law, he can order what steps he adjudges necessary in the premises, even naming the officer who is to be entrusted with the execution of the terms of the Proclamation.
>
> The Governor should be notified that he should absolutely exhaust his Civil power and report his inability to protect life and property.[29]

The news that Hatch and Wallace were proceeding to Lincoln must have been received with mixed emotions by Dudley. Certainly a consultation of senior Army and Territorial officials with the man on the spot was long past due, but both of these men—one of whom he had never even met—were his avowed enemies. Such a conference could scarcely fail to be most unpleasant.



JAMES HANSEL FRENCH
French was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on March 14, 1851. He graduated from West Point in 1874, but resigned in 1876 on account of sickness. He was reappointed a Second Lieutenant in the 9th Cavalry in 1878, and was killed by Victorio's Apaches near Ojo Caliente in the San Mateo Mountains on January 17, 1880. "The funeral procession was one of the largest Santa Fe has ever witnessed, and that our citizens took the opportunity of paying their last respects to an officer who gallantly fell at his post, is worthy of commendation and praise . . ." Santa Fe *Daily New Mexican*, February 27, 1880. *Photo courtesy Colonel W. J. Morton, Librarian, United States Military Academy.*



JESSE WOODSON JAMES in 1875
Whoever William Campbell was, he must have greatly resembled James in appearance.
Photo courtesy Carl W. Breihan.

LEWIS WALLACE
Born Brookville, Indiana, April 10, 1829. Appointed Governor of the Territory of New Mexico September 4, 1878. Succeeded by Lionel A. Sheldon June 4, 1881. Died at Crawfordsville, Indiana, February 14, 1905.
Photo courtesy Historical Society of New Mexico.

DEPUTY SHERIFF JACOB BASIL MATHEWS
Born in Woodbury, Tennessee, May 5, 1847. Served in the Fifth Tennessee Cavalry during the Civil War. Went to the Pecos Valley in 1872. Went to work for Dolan-Riley about 1877. Nominal leader of the posse that shot John H. Tunstall on February 18, 1878. Died in Roswell, N. M., June 3, 1903.
Photo courtesy Ernest H. Mathews.
Believed taken in 1899 or 1900.

MRS. SUE ELLEN MCSWEEN BARBER
in her later years.
Courtesy Mrs. Bessie Dolan Chester.

The Murder of Huston I. Chapman

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GUNS OF DEATH VALLEY

By JAMES E. SERVEN

WE ALL KNOW THAT DEATH VALLEY'S YESTERDAYS WERE TOUGH. There were harsh forces of nature and the violence of gunfire to increase the dangers in and around this valley, one of the most awesome to be found anywhere in the world.

In the Death Valley area, as on many other frontiers, guns and gunmen helped to write much of the history. Americans, young or old, have always been very firearms conscious. An amusing story, illustrating this fact, is that of the very small boy who rushed home from school and excitedly demanded that his mother buy him a pair of pistols, holsters and a belt. When she asked him why he suddenly needed these things at school, he replied, "Well, the teacher said that tomorrow she'd begin to teach us to draw."

Let us now look in on some events which made news in early Death Valley Days, and we'll start in the little mining town of Skidoo, high in the Panamint mountains that rise on the west side of the valley.

Joe Simpson had been hanged and buried. His hasty burial created a problem. It was realized too late that no photograph had been taken of the hanging. So Joe was dug up, dusted off, and again hanged from the pole where he had first served what the miners liked to call his "suspended sentence."

It had begun on the previous day. Joe Simpson was a saloon keeper, a bad hombre who but a short time before had shot up establishments in Olancha and Lone Pine. Being out of funds, Joe went over to the Skidoo Trading Company and on threats of death demanded what he chose to call a "loan" of twenty dollars. Argument grew bitter and brisk on that bright day of April fifty years ago, and compliments of a sort were freely exchanged!

Finally Joe was tossed out of the store. He returned to his saloon, got steamed up on some fighting whiskey, strapped on his pistols and went back to the store. With a disdain for further palaver, Joe shot and killed storekeeper Jim Arnold.

Now Jim Arnold was very popular in Skidoo; in fact, he was one of the founding fathers of that proud if rough camp. This was surely no way to treat such a prominent citizen. Armed with much resentment, assorted firearms, and a coil of rope, the aroused miners seized Joe and hanged him from the nearest pole. Nobody bothered to record for posterity why Joe was dug up and the hanging re-enacted in order to obtain a photograph of this macabre scene.

The editor-publisher-printer of the *Skidoo News* let himself go on this story. In

addition to the melancholy details he wrote: "Joe was a true Bohemian to the end, having hung around all night." Proceeding from this effort at humor to philosophy, the newspaperman observed, "Local gunmen are already in a chastened frame of mind . . . it is a matter of deep regret, but it was the will of the people."

As it turned out, the will of the people in the rough mining camps of the Panamints, and later in the towns on Death Valley's eastern rim, was expressed in uncertain ways—sometimes with charity and sometimes with violence.

Before we proceed further with stories of Death Valley's good or bad actors, let's fill in a little of the background for those not familiar with Death Valley's history. Death Valley's history, as it affects the white man, started in 1849. Before that time this general area was populated only by Indians. Somehow the Indians managed to survive on a diet which consisted mostly of roots, mesquite beans, kangaroo rats and chuckwallas.

Aside from its colorful beauty and geological treasures, this was an austere land. Surrounding mountains were rough and precipitous; water was of generally poor quality and not plentiful; the summer heat was almost unbearable.

The major Death Valley area is now, as you know, a National Monument, located along California's eastern border. From Dante's View atop the eastern rim, you can see much of Death Valley's 140 mile length. Forming a forbidding western wall are the Panamint Mountains, topped by 11,049 foot Telescope Peak. Far to the west under favorable conditions you can glimpse snow-covered Mt. Whitney, highest peak in the United States, excluding Alaska. Looking down from Dante's View to the valley floor, with its deep saline deposits, you can view the lowest spot in the United States.

Into this vast amphitheatre in late 1849 came about one hundred emigrants, part of a large wagon train which had headed southward from Salt Lake to skirt around the high mountain passes and winter snows of the Sierra Nevadas. In their eagerness to reach the gold-fields on the west side of the Sierras, some of the more venturesome groups of travelers turned aside from the slower but relatively safe southern route and plodded westward in the direction of Death Valley, seeking a short cut.

At first it was thought that the mountain-rimmed waste of Death Valley was just another in the long series of obstacles which the emigrants had encountered. But everything about this strange land seemed inhospitable. The travelers were weak from long months on the trail, their animals were near exhaustion, Indians were a threat, spirits low. Soon it became apparent that the situation was critical. The various parties—Jayhawkers, Georgians, Mississippians and other groups—scattered like frightened quail in the desperate business of survival, each trying to find a way out. An enlightening account of these experiences appeared years later in a book titled *Death Valley in '49* by William Lewis Manly, one of the first white men to enter this valley.

William Lewis Manly was a man of great courage and admirable conscience. When

he was nine, his father gave him a new rifle and one load. Then he told the boy to go out and fetch in the family dinner. With this kind of training Manly soon became self-reliant. He became an expert shot, and his skill as a rifleman served well the various parties with whom Manly travelled on his long trek westward. Manly and his friend, John Rogers, had become attached to a '49er group known as the Bennett-Arcane party. These people were in a sad plight when they reached Death Valley. Manly and Rogers volunteered to explore an escape route and to try to secure aid.

Having damaged the stock of his own gun, Manly took along on this journey a repeating Colt rifle belonging to Mr. Bennett, and Rogers carried his double barrel shotgun. Both were cap and ball guns. This repeating Colt rifle, however, was something special. It was one of those new-fangled Colt guns that had a revolving cylinder similar to that found on a modern revolver.

The tortured struggles of Manly and Rogers across the mountains and desert and their return to effect a rescue of the Bennett-Arcane party are too well known to bear repetition, but we learn in Manly's account that were it not for the shooting of a crow and some other small game, they could not have survived. Their guns were of additional good service in signalling each other when they separated in search of water. So here we find that in the white man's first encounter with Death Valley his guns proved to be important instruments of survival.

After great privations and heroic struggles, most of the '49ers finally escaped from this barren valley, travelling in separate groups and by widely separated trails. Although only one '49er is known to have died within Death Valley; others died of exhaustion, famine or thirst soon after leaving the valley as a result of the hardships they had encountered.

Men were drawn back to Death Valley after the '49ers terrible experiences because of a lost gunsight. One of the Argonauts seeking escape over the Panamint Mountains in 1849 lost the blade from the front sight of his gun. Coming to an odd-looking ledge, he picked from it a malleable substance that served very well as a temporary substitute sight. He thought nothing more of it until, having reached the California gold-fields some months later, he took the gun to a gunsmith to have the sight properly replaced. It was found that the substitute blade was almost pure silver!

Word of this dramatic circumstance spread. But it was not until 1860 that Dr. E. Darwin French led a small group of men back into this area in search of "Lost Gunsight" ledge. Along with the "Breyfogle" and many other "lost" ledges in the Death Valley area, the "Lost Gunsight" has never been found. Dr. French's trip was important in that he did locate and map waterholes and various geographical landmarks. His trip aroused renewed interest in Death Valley and thereafter it became the scene of increasing activity.

A general knowledge of the guns used down the years in and around Death Valley,

along with a look at the men who used them and events in which guns played a part, will help to give us an intimate view of a very rugged way of life.

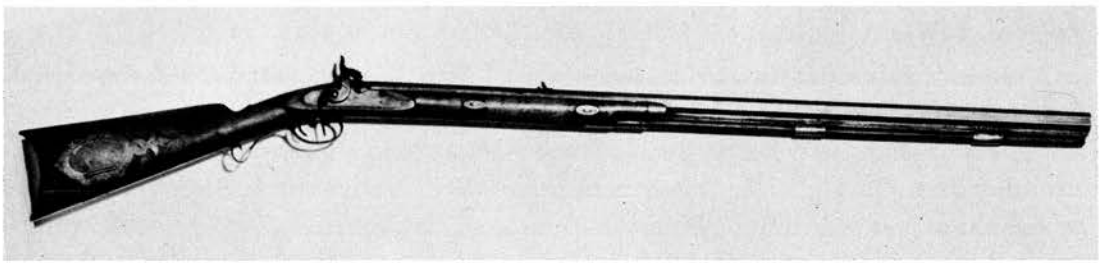
Of the guns themselves, almost positive accuracy can be provided. As to events in which guns played a role, well—the trail is often very dim. The prominent actors and the observers in Death Valley's changing drama were not always reliable historians. But facts do emerge that give us reasonably accurate pictures of how things happened. And for these facts much credit is due to the important Death Valley research and writings of W. A. Chalfant, William Caruthers, C. B. Glasscock, Dane Coolidge, George Palmer Putnam, Edmund C. Jaeger, Carl I. Wheat, Thomas and Lydia Clements, L. Burr Belden, Ardis M. Walker, Arthur Woodward and a few others.

Rather than instruments of destruction, guns were often the means of protection and survival in our pioneer days. There were no handy markets. Much of the food must be found in the fields and in the forests.

In the seventeenth century, when the Shoshone and Paiute Indians were disturbing the quiet of Death Valley with nothing louder than the whistle of an arrow, the Pilgrim fathers brought to America a few matchlock muskets. But the principal weapons of our people through the Revolution and for some time after the War of 1812 were flintlock guns. Flintlock firearms prevailed almost to the Mexican War when they were abandoned for simpler and more efficient caplock guns.

The first white men to enter Death Valley in 1849 were armed with caplock rifles and pistols, generally called muzzle-loading or cap and ball guns.

Chief among the shoulder arms of the '49er period was a hard-hitting gun that had become known as the "Mountain Rifle" or "Plains Rifle." This rifle usually had a shortened fore-stock, a barrel not too long to carry comfortably on horseback, and a generously large bore, so it would carry a ball equally effective against large game or hostile Indians. Sam Hawken of St. Louis made fine guns of this type. The brass mounted "Mississippi" military rifle model of 1841 was another favorite design. You may see examples of these and other guns I shall mention briefly here in the exhibition hall of Furnace Creek Ranch.



A typical big bore rifle by Hawken of St. Louis, variously called a "mountain rifle" or a "plains rifle." Popular with early-day western travelers.

Guns of Death Valley

There was the always-effective double-barrel shotgun, which could be loaded with various sized pellets or slugs to bring down game of any kind at close range.

Sharps rifles and carbines were popular with western travelers because they were simple in operation, shot a powerful charge, and could be quickly reloaded. They earned the name "Old Reliable" because of their ruggedness and dependability.

In 1836 Samuel Colt invented a repeating caplock rifle, whose cylinder operated on the same principle as today's modern revolvers. It was one of these guns that William Lewis Manly carried on his heroic trip of rescue in 1849.

The Civil War greatly speeded the development of firearms and from it came the breech-loading metallic cartridge repeating rifles such as the Henry and the Spencer. The Winchester Company purchased both the Henry and Spencer firms, and with the Winchester Model of 1866 started out on one of the world's most distinguished careers in firearms.

In 1873, Winchester brought out a new model, this gun for the first time designed for center-fire cartridges—much more powerful than the old rimfires. So successful was this gun that it is said that for a time over 70% of all game taken in the United States was shot with a Model 1873 Winchester. It was inevitable that a lot of the lever-action Winchester rifles, from models of 1866 to 1895, would see use in Death Valley.

A favorite of the U.S. Cavalry and of civilians, too, was the .45-70 caliber Springfield rifle or carbine. This sturdy gun had a hinged breech called a "trap-door." It was a single-shot gun, inexpensive in cost and designed for hard services. You have seen many of them in moving pictures, particularly in pictures involving the Cavalry and Indians. Many of these old guns, firing black powder cartridges, are still in use.

Two types of pistols stand out above others during the cap and ball period in Death Valley. The first is a single shot pistol loosely described as a "horse-pistol." Usually of large bore, simple in operation, these pistols were very effective instruments of defense. But by far the more popular in Death Valley and everywhere else in the West was Colt's six-shot cap and ball Navy pistol.

Colt caplock repeating rifle, Model of 1939, similar to gun carried by William Lewis Manly on his famous desert trip to bring aid to Death Valley '49er party.

Guns of Death Valley

When pistols of metallic cartridge type became available, it was the Colt single action army (Frontier) model that led in favor. Although this model was introduced in 1873 and has undergone practically no change, its popularity has been maintained to this very day. The Colt Company tried to discontinue it a few years ago, but was forced to resume manufacture because of popular demand.

Now there were times in Death Valley when guns fell into the wrong hands, as we shall immediately see.

About 1870, down on the floor of the valley, at the present site of Furnace Creek Ranch, a rough character named Bellerin' Teck took up residence. Having found a good water supply Teck decided to do some farming. A Mormon named Jackson strayed into the valley. Teck liked the looks of Jackson's team of horses and Jackson's fine gun. So upon surrender of these to Teck, Jackson was made a partner. Bellerin' Teck had won his name because of a terrible temper. It was not long before a violent argument took place between Teck and Jackson. As a matter of fact, Teck ran Jackson off permanently with Jackson's own gun!

By 1870 the Death Valley stage was set for forty years or more of rip-roaring events. The lure of quick riches drew good men and bad and scattered them along the Panamint Mountains from Panamint City to Skidoo, and over on the eastern rim of the valley from Beatty down to Greenwater.

At about this time in the early 1870's, there was a renewal of the "Lost Gunsight" excitement. Another story came along, too, that went the silver gunsight one better. In this exciting story the Indians were said to be using gold nuggets for bullets!

Actually it was never gold or silver that brought much commercial prominence to Death Valley. It was borax. That colorful cardboard box with the picture of a twenty-mule team on it found its way to almost every kitchen shelf in America.

The mines of the Panamints or of Rhyolite, Beatty, Bullfrog and Greenwater did not develop into a second Comstock, but they did create a lot of activity and excitement. Into the bawdy life of Death Valley's boom towns came the full complement of miners, promoters, gamblers, merchants, saloon-keepers and highly perfumed women. In such an atmosphere, almost anything could happen—and did.

The mining camp of Bodie was over two hundred miles north of the Panamints but many of its rough characters drifted down. Some of its better citizens, too. One of these better citizens was Oliver Roberts. Roberts had arrived in the area from Rhode Island at the age of sixteen. Not long afterward he became the youngest shotgun messenger ever hired by Wells Fargo & Co.

Oliver Roberts was without fear. How he survived the many shooting scrapes in which he was involved will always be a mystery.

In those days the Panamint mountains were filled with men on the dodge, army

deserters and others of that caliber. Into the mountains, alone, went Oliver Roberts to arrest wanted men. He was particularly well known over in the Lookout and Darwin area, where it is claimed that of the more than one hundred graves there only two contained the remains of men who died a natural death. Roberts' uncanny skill in tracking and taking wanted men made him feared throughout the entire Panamint country. Early publications sometimes referred to him as the "Death Valley Kid" or the "Warrior of the Desert." If Oliver Roberts had had a good biographer, he might well have been rated in the class with Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson and Charlie Siringo.

Up there in the Panamint Mountains Panamint City was one of the toughest towns of its day. It was strung a mile along Surprise Canyon, and was complete with its saloon row, maiden lane, and boot hill cemetery. Describing Panamint City as "a suburb of hell," Wells Fargo & Co. refused to handle its silver shipments. So the silver was cast in 500 pound balls, too heavy for the bandits to steal easily and difficult to turn into spendable cash.

Two stage robbers, John Small and John McDonald, centered their operations around Panamint City in the 1870's and made an attempt to set themselves up as the Robin Hoods of the mountains. They undertook to run off a group of Chinamen; they conducted a private war with renegade Indians; they spiced up the news in general. In the final days of Panamint City, when things got dull and human targets were scarce, McDonald shot his partner Small.

Another violent gentleman of this little mountain community was Jimmy Bruce, an accomplished gambler. You might say Jimmy was a good man with a gun when the chips were down. One day a fellow with whom Jimmy was playing cards had more up his sleeve than a dirty arm. This was a bad mistake. He quickly became number one in the boot hill section devoted to Jimmy's victims. They say Jimmy's count was up to five before the brief and lusty existence of Panamint City came to an end.

Probably the best known of the successful gun-slingers who appeared at Panamint City was Dave Neagle. Dave operated the Oriental Saloon.

It seems that Dave Neagle had some business with those friendly bandits Small and McDonald. Somehow Small and McDonald had come into possession of a rich silver ledge. When the claim was turned over to Stewart & Jones, Dave Neagle was given half the proceeds—but not until after Wells Fargo & Co. had been placated by repayment of funds previously appropriated by Small and McDonald from one of their stages. All nice and friendly.

We hear of Dave Neagle at Bodie, Tombstone, Butte and other diggings in the 1880's. He had picked up quite a reputation as a fast man with a gun, and showed no inclination to let the lustre grow dim.

With survival a strong recommendation in itself for a man like Dave Neagle, he came to the notice of the U. S. Attorney General's office. It seems that Federal Justice

Stephen J. Field needed a body guard. Dave Neagle was given the job.

Some time before, Justice Field had become embroiled in bitter controversy with Judge David S. Terry. Judge Terry was not a man to fool with. He had killed Senator David Broderick in California's most famous duel.

As attorney for Sarah Althea Hill in the notorious William Sharon marriage contract case, Judge Terry had lost the case, but he had won Sarah. In a later development of this case, Judge Terry and his new wife had been held in contempt of Court by Justice Field. Judge Terry was said to have threatened to kill the venerable Justice.

The morning of August 14th, 1889, was bright and sunny. Justice Field and his body guard Neagle stepped inside the railroad station at Lathrop to have their bacon and eggs at the railroad dining room. A short time later Judge David S. Terry entered the room. Seeing Justice Field at a table, Terry's face clouded. He marched over to the Justice's table and slapped Justice Field twice across the face. Two shots from Dave Neagle's pistol echoed those slaps. Judge Terry dropped dead.

Of course this seemed like a rather drastic exchange, and Dave Neagle was arrested and tried for murder. Purely self defense, Neagle claimed. He thought Judge Terry had made a motion as though to draw a weapon. Case dismissed.

Down below Panamint City where Dave Neagle got his start as a gunman, one day a band of Indians ran off John Searles' mules. This made John hopping mad and, armed with a Henry rifle and two pistols, he set out in pursuit. After a time he came upon the Indians who were feasting on one of John's mules. Reports vary as to the number of Indians killed in this fracas; at least four bit the dust in true western fashion. John Searles was wounded in the eye by an arrow, but succeeded in rounding up and driving home the remaining mules. They were made of stern stuff in those days!

Of course the metals from the mines had to be freighted out, and it was the well-known Remi Nadeau who owned the freight line that hauled freight in and out of the Panamint Mining camps. On one of the freighting trips a Nadeau teamster provided life-giving assistance to a man suffering from a gunshot wound. This man was later known to be the famous bandit Tiburcio Vasquez. It is said that Nadeau's teams were never thereafter robbed. One of the roads built for the heavy freighting wagons became known as the Nadeau Gun Barrel Road, and is so known to this day.

Now we will take a look at the country which borders Death Valley on the East. Here in the 1880's there lived a man named Aaron Winters. With his Spanish-Indian wife Rosie, Aaron seemed content to scratch out a meagre living on his ranch at Ash Meadow. But better things were in store for them. By a stroke of good fortune and Rosie's able help, Aaron made a discovery which cradled the borax industry in Death Valley.

In due time Aaron sold the Death Valley claim and several other discoveries. He became a man of some means. And Aaron was nobody's fool. One day he was carrying

with him twelve hundred dollars in cash, the proceeds of one of his borax deals. He stopped at a stage station where he proceeded to have a few drinks with some friendly strangers. When Aaron went to his wagon to start homeward, he found that the strangers had reached the wagon first. In the strangers' possession were Aaron's twelve hundred dollars and a pistol that Aaron had left with the money in the wagon's jockey box. Aaron did not appear to be worried. One of the men brandished the pistol he had stolen and threatened Aaron. Quickly drawing another pistol, Aaron shot and killed the man who had threatened him. It was found later that the pistol Aaron had so conveniently left in the jockey box would not fire! The community frowned on these goings' on, but Aaron went free.

Another ruse with guns is credited to Fred Hinkle, a teamster. After he had learned that several other teamsters had been robbed, Hinkle put two pistols loaded with blank cartridges into holsters which were then placed in plain view on his wagon seat. When two robbers stopped him, Hinkle pretended to be badly frightened. The robbers snatched Hinkle's holstered pistols and turned to look for the payroll they believed he was carrying in the back of the wagon. Drawing two loaded pistols which had been concealed under his coat, Hinkle shot straight and brought the robbery to an abrupt end.

We cannot go far in the history of the eastern rim of Death Valley before we encounter that incorrigible citizen of the desert Frank Harris, better known as Shorty Harris. For the major part of Shorty Harris' life he was, in his own words, a one-blanket jackass prospector.

Shorty prowled the mountains when there was little in them but the mountain sheep and a few Shoshone Indians. He probably staked out more claims around Death Valley than any two other men.

Shorty's trouble was that, after receiving a substantial sum for one of his claims, he would wake up the next morning with a dark brown taste and no money in his pants.

Shorty was small but very wiry. He used to claim that he had survived the lead and liquor fare of the mining camps by being one of the world's fastest runners and best dodgers when the lead began to fly. He lived to the age of 78.

Shorty Harris and a partner made the strike which really opened up the show over beyond the eastern rim of Death Valley. Soon the boom towns of Bullfrog, Rhyolite and Beatty appeared. This all started in 1904—and much of it had died by 1909.

Most of the boom towns east of the valley turned out to be flash-in-the-pan strikes. Leadville for instance sputtered out in five months.

Rhyolite is one of the most impressive ghost towns now in the Death Valley area. It has a pretentious railroad station without a railroad, a house whose walls are made of bottles, a scattering of masonry skeletons, and a colorful past.

While the show lasted at Rhyolite it was a good one, and in one way or another

quite a lot of gunpowder was burned. John Cyte, for one, helped to uphold the rugged reputation of the town by earning the title Johnny-behind-the-gun. He was not much on talk, but settled arguments effectively with a six-shooter. His saloon prospered for a time in Rhyolite—and he had lots of competition. It is claimed that, in its heyday, Rhyolite had 57 saloons to serve its 5,000 population.

East of Rhyolite, through the Grapevine Mountains, runs a narrow cleft known as Titus Canyon. Titus Canyon was named for Morris Titus, a young man who went into the canyon on a prospecting trip and never was seen again. Some years later, however, the stock of his gun was found wedged in some brush, and nearby was Titus' money belt and three golden eagles.

Another of Death Valley's mysterious disappearances was that of Dave Eldredge. Dave's family had been one of the organizers of the Cadillac Motor Car Company. Dave started across the valley on foot and was never seen again—but his pistol turned up in the possession of a bohunk miner.

Somewhat similar to the Eldredge case was the mysterious earlier disappearance of Charles Alvord. Alvord's cap and ball rifle, easily recognizable by its special silver ornaments, was found in possession of a miner over in the Kern River country.

Returning to the mining camps along Death Valley's eastern rim, we must not overlook Greenwater. Greenwater was one of the last of the boom towns and was located high in the Black Mountains toward the southeast end of the valley. Copper was the commodity here—along with the usual amount of commercialized sin.

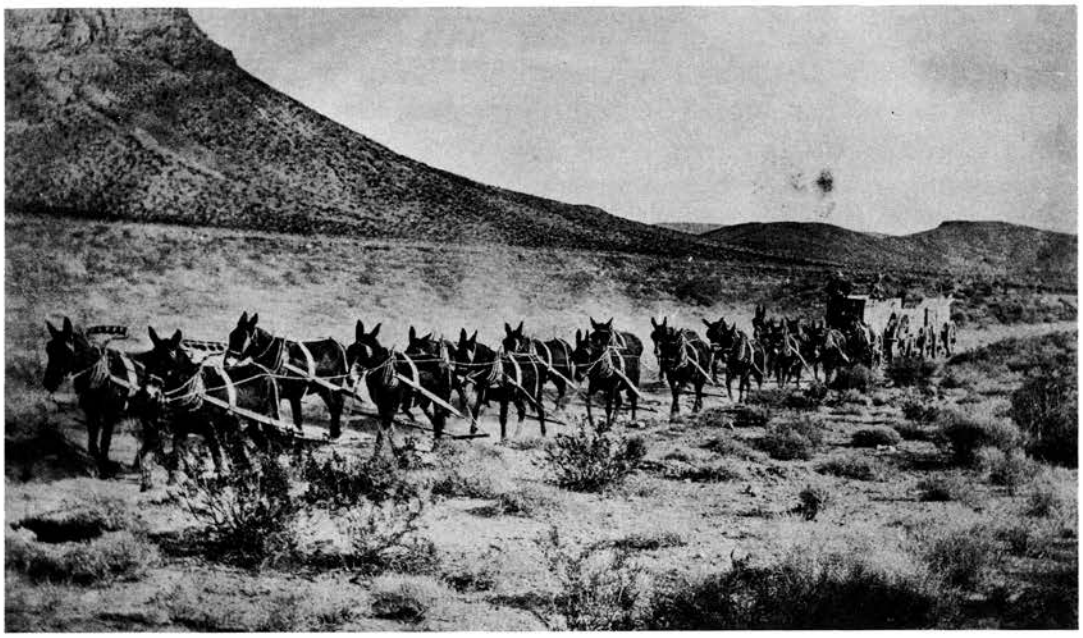
One of the best known Madams of the desert camps was a statuesque charmer known as Tiger Lil. Lil is reputed to have run a competitor out of Greenwater with a pair of smoking six-shooters when that purveyor of pleasure cut prices below the established rate. And it was this same Lil, who at the burial of a card-loving citizen, placed five aces in the corpse's hand to give things the proper touch!

Into Greenwater one day came a fire-eater known as Death Valley Slim. He allowed as how he was the fightingest man on either side of the California-Nevada line and set out to shoot up the Greenwater saloons to show who was the boss.

Not long before, Greenwater had engaged a tall, soft-spoken young man named Charles Brown to keep the town on a reasonably peaceful basis. While officer Brown was easy-going, he had a great abundance of courage and determination. Without much ado Charlie Brown slapped Death Valley Slim into a state of repentance. After that Charlie had little trouble.

Some of you know the later history of Charles Brown, and how Charlie and Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Browns' late parents, Dad (Ralph J.) and Mrs. Fairbanks, have been real Samaritans of the desert. Many have been the rescues credited to their courageous efforts—many a man helped when in need.

Guns of Death Valley



20-mule Team of Death Valley.

A Desert Teamster and His Team. *Photo by C. C. Pierce & Co.*

It is Charles Brown, too, who has done so much to bring good roads to Death Valley, so that its scenic and recreational advantages are easily accessible to us all. He is Senator Charles Brown now, as deeply respected and admired in California's seat of State government as on his own desert.

Now let us turn our attention to Death Valley's most controversial character. Death Valley's most widely publicized mine has been the mine of misinformation found in the fertile imagination of one Walter Scott.

Scotty started out innocently enough as a reasonably honest teamster and cowhand. He was pretty good around horses. This won him a job with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

On the saw-dust circuit Scotty's eyes were opened. He saw Bill Cody ride to fame on the vehicle of a circus bill-poster. He began to savvy the melodrama of a Ned Buntline dime-novel.

To Scotty's credit it must be said that he loved the vast beauty and solitude of the desert. His problem was to find a way to live there without the back-breaking work, the privations, and the uncertainties of the future. Scotty didn't want just security either. He liked to spend money—lots of money.

The story of Walter Scott and his mythical mine has been told far and wide. For the latter part of Scotty's reign as the desert's best known Munchausen, he enjoyed the amused support and benefactions of millionaire Albert M. Johnson.

Before Scotty's talents had won from Albert Johnson what was probably the world's record in grub-stakes, he had run into a situation that gave him some trouble. There was the matter of several thousand dollars advanced to Scotty by a gentleman named Julian Gerard.

Gerard, a banker, was not satisfied with the vague reports received from Scotty, so he prepared to send two representatives to take a look at the mysterious mine into which his money supposedly had been poured. This development gave Scotty serious concern. With nothing to show for the $2000 he had spent, Scotty decided tc discourage investigation. He called in several cronies and plans were made for the so-called "Battle of Wingate Pass."

"Indians have been mighty bad lately," Scotty told Gerard's representatives when he met them at the railroad. "Yes sir, they've sworn to kill me." Nevertheless the party piled into the waiting wagons and headed toward Death Valley by way of Wingate Pass. Scotty and his brother Warner were armed to the teeth.

As they entered Wingate Pass suddenly the walls began to echo with bursts of rifle-fire. There was great confusion. One of Scotty's pals, hidden up there in the rocks, had imbibed too freely of a stronger potion than squaw tea, and this made his aim unsteady—so unsteady that one of his shots nicked Warner Scott. That gave a nice touch of realism. Hastily the party turned back to the railroad—and there ended Mr. Gerard's attempts to investigate Scotty's non-existent mine.

Guns of Death Valley

Scotty maintained not only a small collection of guns but a veritable arsenal. One of his Winchesters finally ended up in a Goldfield bar. It had 28 notches filed in the barrel, a typical Scott gesture intended to serve notice that Walter Scott was a bad man to fool with.

Scotty enjoyed a dramatic life of over eighty years. He brought to Death Valley a most imposing structure, the famous Scotty's Castle; and he amused much of the world with his colorful buncombe and acrimonious dialogue.

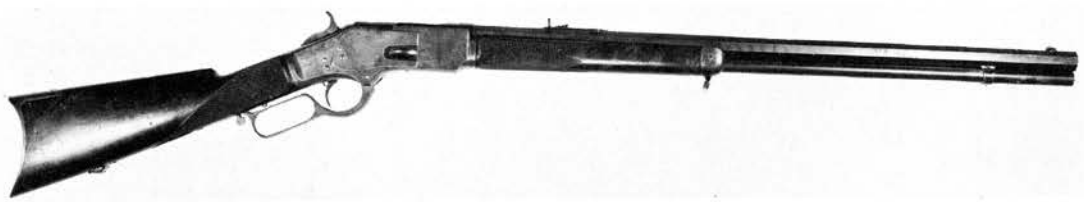
Now the guns are stilled and the violence is ended in Death Valley. Little by little the physical evidence of Death Valley's boom towns is melting back into mother earth. Many of the early habitations were only flimsy tent houses. Wood houses were valuable, and when a camp died, most of the good timber was hauled off. Adobe has a way of succumbing to wind and rain when left unattended. So only a few land-marks, like the beehive-shaped stone charcoal kilns up in Wildrose Canyon, seem destined for long survival. But Death Valley has written its story deeply on the pages of our western history.

On the day Ed Stiles hitched up the first twenty-mule team, Death Valley gave to the world something as uniquely American as the Pony Express or the western stage-coach. Death Valley still has much to give.

The visitor need not be alarmed by such ominous sounding names as the Funeral Mountains, Dante's View, Furnace Creek, or the Devil's Cornfield. In the normal tourist season, Death Valley is today a spectacular and delightful place. The irrepressible forces of nature, through many ages, have made no attempt here to conceal their fantastic handiwork; a vast outdoor museum spreads before us.

Even as the old ghost-towns erode and fade away, a new kind of development is taking place in Death Valley. A variety of accommodations for the traveler and camper are now to be found where only barren rocks and sand greeted the emigrants of '49. Soon we shall have here beautiful buildings that will house a museum, a fine assembly hall, and new Park headquarters.

It's not likely you'll find anyone quite as obliging as the miners who fifty years ago dug up Joe Simpson, dusted him off, and then hanged him again from a pole so a photographer could take a picture. But you will find in Death Valley an earthy friend-liness. Dramatic color is everywhere. The star-studded heaven seems closer. And as the great Joaquin Miller once wrote, "The silence is so eloquent."



Winchester Model of 1873, one of the most famous rifles ever manufactured, played an important role in winning the west. Many were used in and around Death Valley.

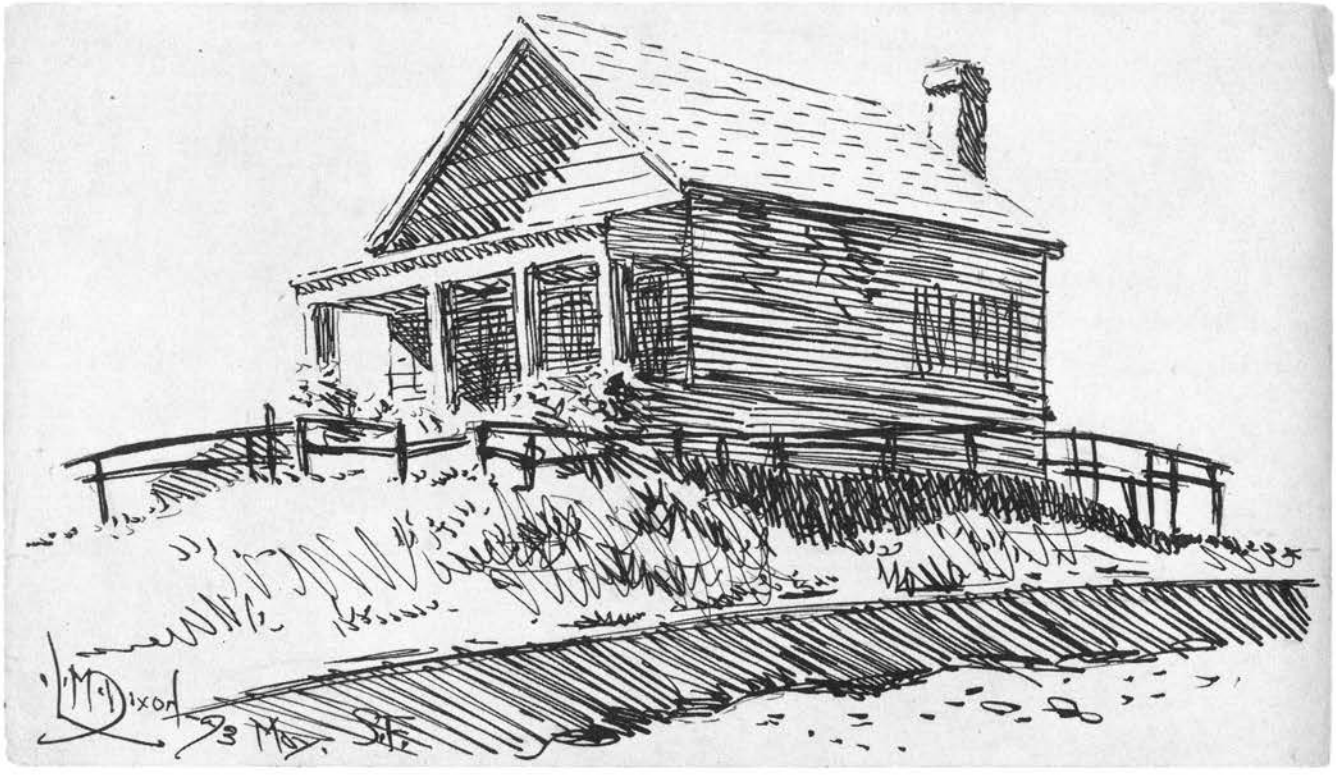
Three pistols prominent in Death Valley history.
Top—Model 1842 Army type "Horse Pistol."
Middle — Model 1851 Colt Navy pistol.
Bottom — Colt Single Action Army (Frontier) revolver, popular since 1873.

"HOOCH" SIMPSON
Skidoo, California
Easter Sunday
1909

Photo courtesy L. Burr Belden

A MAYNARD DIXON SKETCH BOOK

By DON LOUIS PERCEVAL



SAN FRANCISCO—1893

THERE is a considerable difference between calling a man a Western painter and calling him a painter of the West.

Many artists have found painting material for a lifetime within a hundred miles or so of their homes and have become famous by painting their own particular stamping grounds. Some of them we readily associate with certain areas; the deserts of Southern California or Arizona, the Grand Canyon, the High Sierras. Many have found their subject matter within a few miles of Taos and the upper Rio Grande Valley. These were, or are, Western painters and they could be listed by the dozen if not by the hundred.

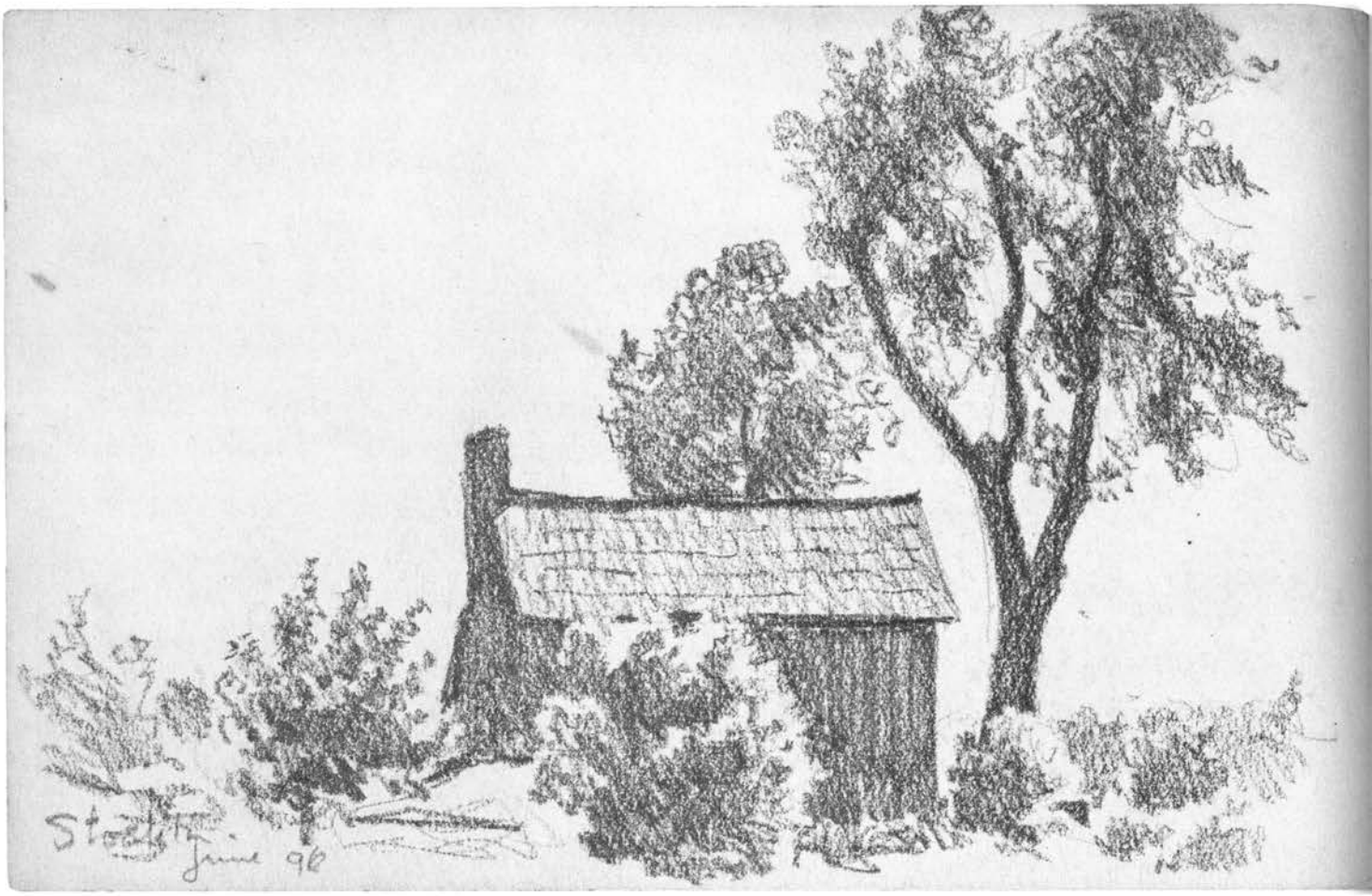
It is hard to determine where the West begins. To some it is a way of life and to others it is a matter of geography. From the Pacific coast to Western Texas, from Montana to the Mexican border takes in a powerful lot of territory and to be called a painter of the West a man must live under his hat a great deal of his life. Only by weeks and months

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA—1895

of wandering can an artist cover a dozen states and parts of several more. Perhaps no one painter has really covered the ground but the only man who has come anywhere near qualifying for the title of Painter of the West was Maynard Dixon.

Much has been written about Maynard Dixon, his vital statistics should be sufficiently well known. His ability as a painter has been cussed and discussed by writers who know about these things and by writers who do not. I have always admired both the man and the painter but I can see that, in most cases, it takes a Westerner to really appreciate Maynard Dixon. Westerners know that he could paint into his pictures much of their own feelings toward the country they live in, and vast lonely ranges can best be appreciated in picture form by people who know those ranges by experience.

However, all that is beside the point as far as this writing is concerned. Maynard Dixon really got around the West in search of his subjects. We all know that. But I never knew just how much he got around until I started to list the dates and localities



STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA—1896

of a thousand or two of his sketches made between 1893 and 1944. He could paint the West because he had been there.

We who drive several hundred miles in a day must slow down our thinking to the tempo of the late 1890's and early 1900's, for that was when the Maynard Dixon journeys began. The automobile was a very rare creature and roads were wagon tracks in most parts of the West. Stagecoaches were the only public transport to areas not on the railroad. Railroads were there, but not the complex systems of today, and some such as through Northern Arizona, had only been completed a few years before.

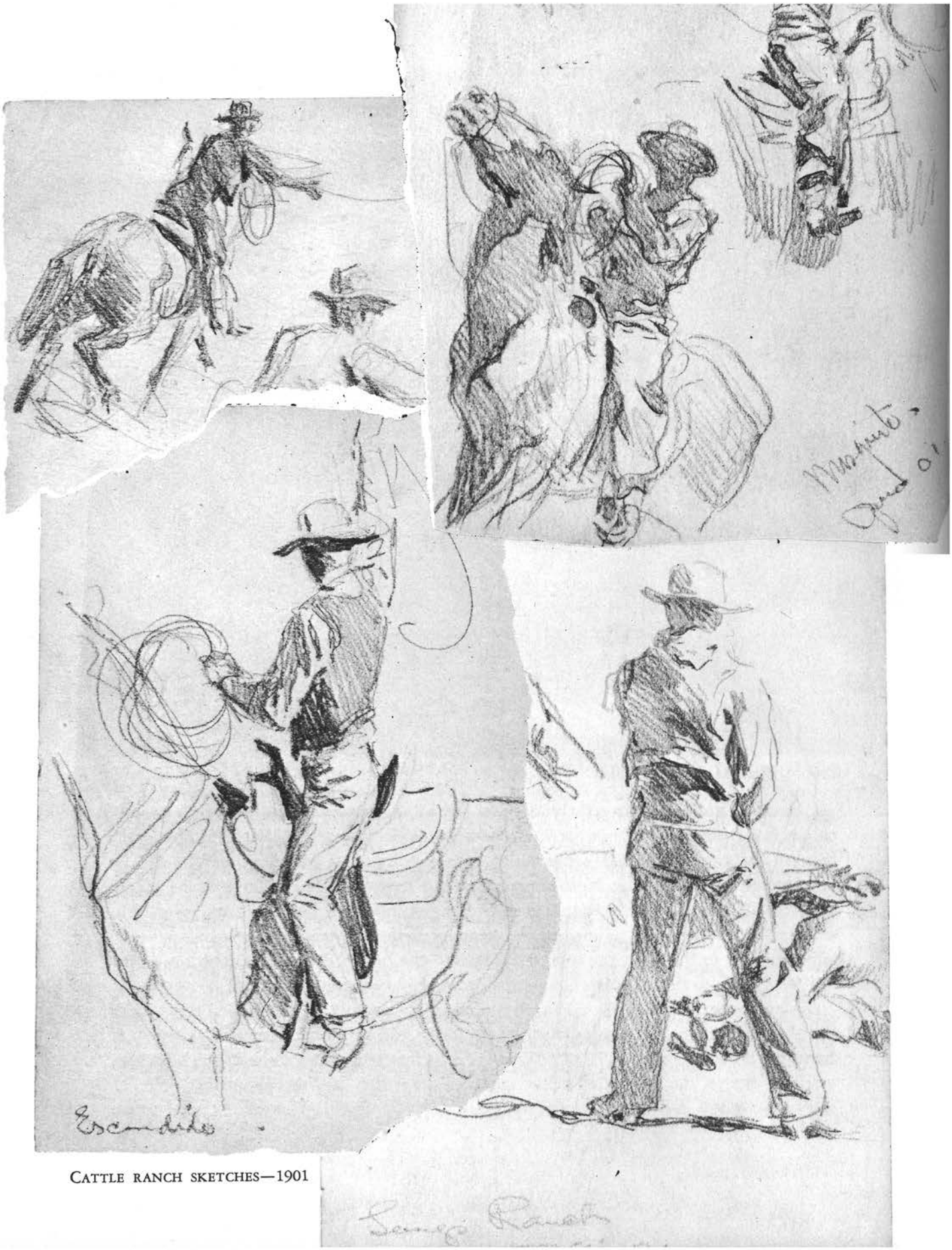
The places that Maynard Dixon sketched during the first twenty years of his travels could only be reached by buckboard or wagon after leaving the nearest railroad depot. His sketching grounds in the 1890's were for the most part within reach of San Francisco. The sketches were more intimate than his later work: Houses, ranches, trees and barns from Monterey and the Salinas Valley north to the Mother Lode country.

CLOUDS OVER RANGELAND—1898

A cloud study in 1898 gives us the first feeling of what was to be. Here the October clouds cast their shadows over the land, probably the San Joaquin Valley of his boyhood, because Maynard Dixon did not get into Arizona until 1900, and then only briefly.

Interest in cattle work took him further and further afield and in 1901 he made hundreds of notes on the cattle ranches of Oregon, northern California and over into western Nevada. It is easy to imagine the scenes of endless activity. The herd of cows and calves milling in the dust, the ropers easing into the bunch, dropping a loop on a calf and dragging it to the branders, coiling their ropes and back for another calf.

Many of these sketches are detailed studies of saddles, not on the ground but where they should be, on a horse. Studies of boots, chaps and so on fill sheet after sheet, and the ropers would make an endless procession. It is interesting that some of the boys are wearing Armitas, the short, just below the knee chaps that died out about that time.



CATTLE RANCH SKETCHES—1901

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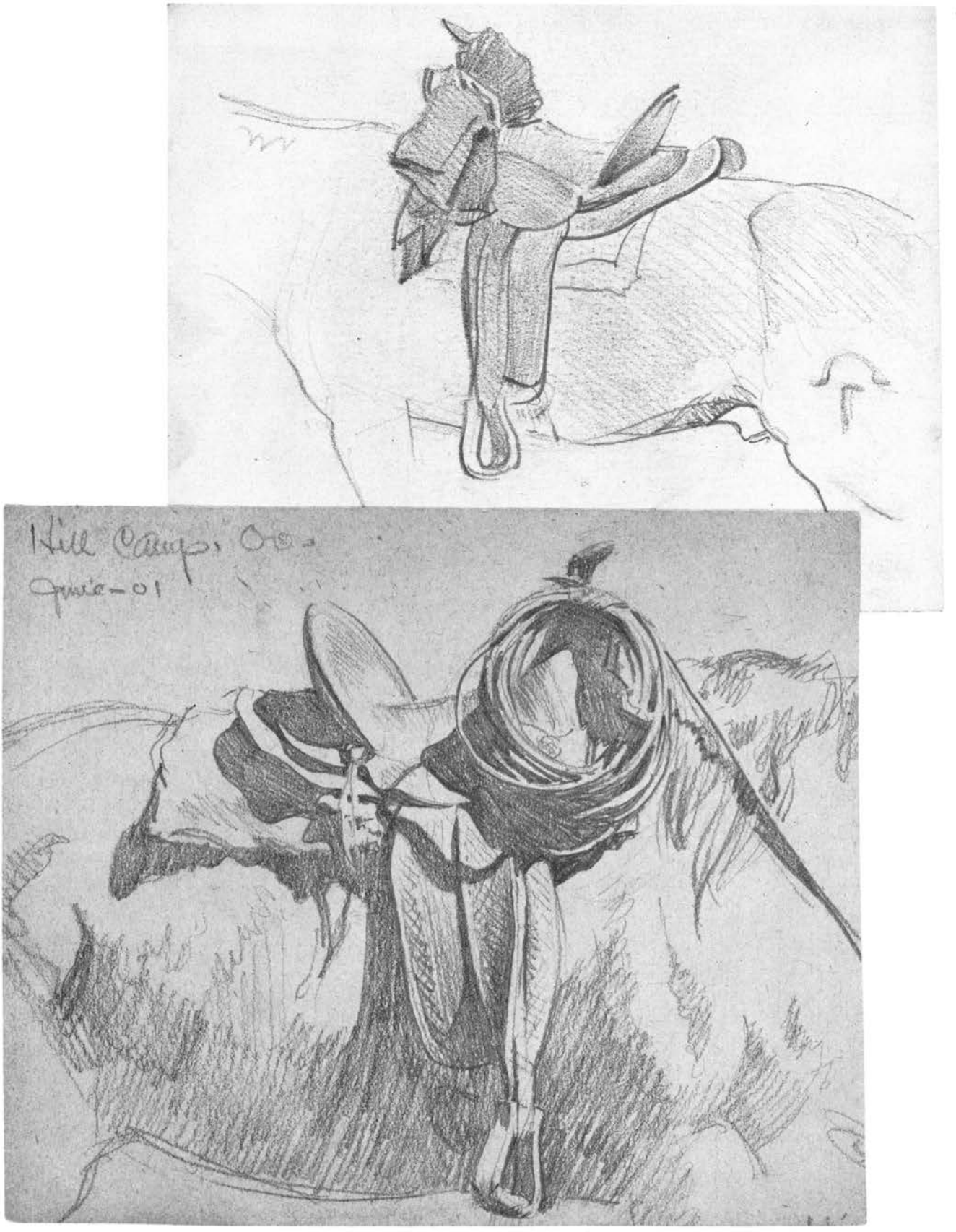
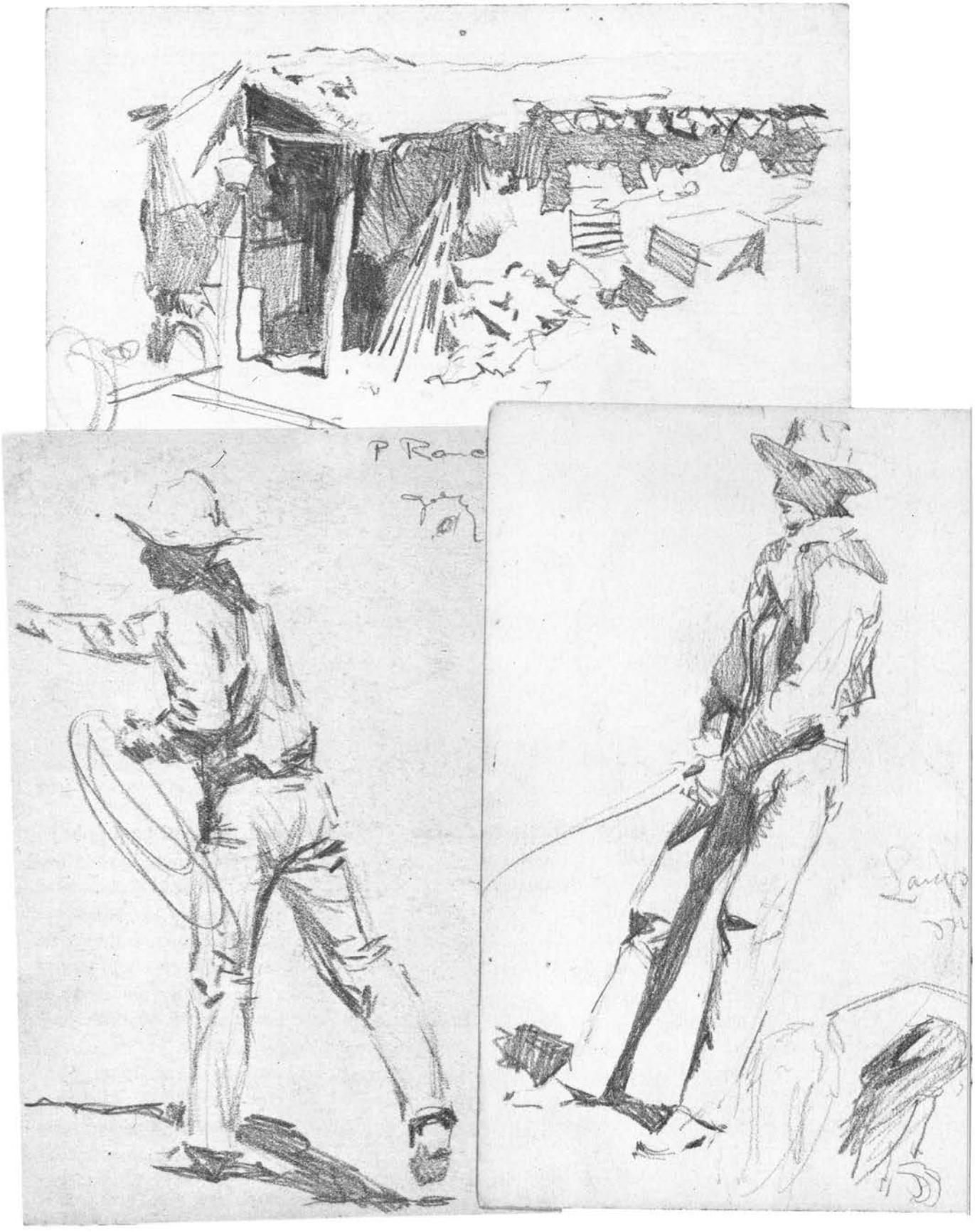
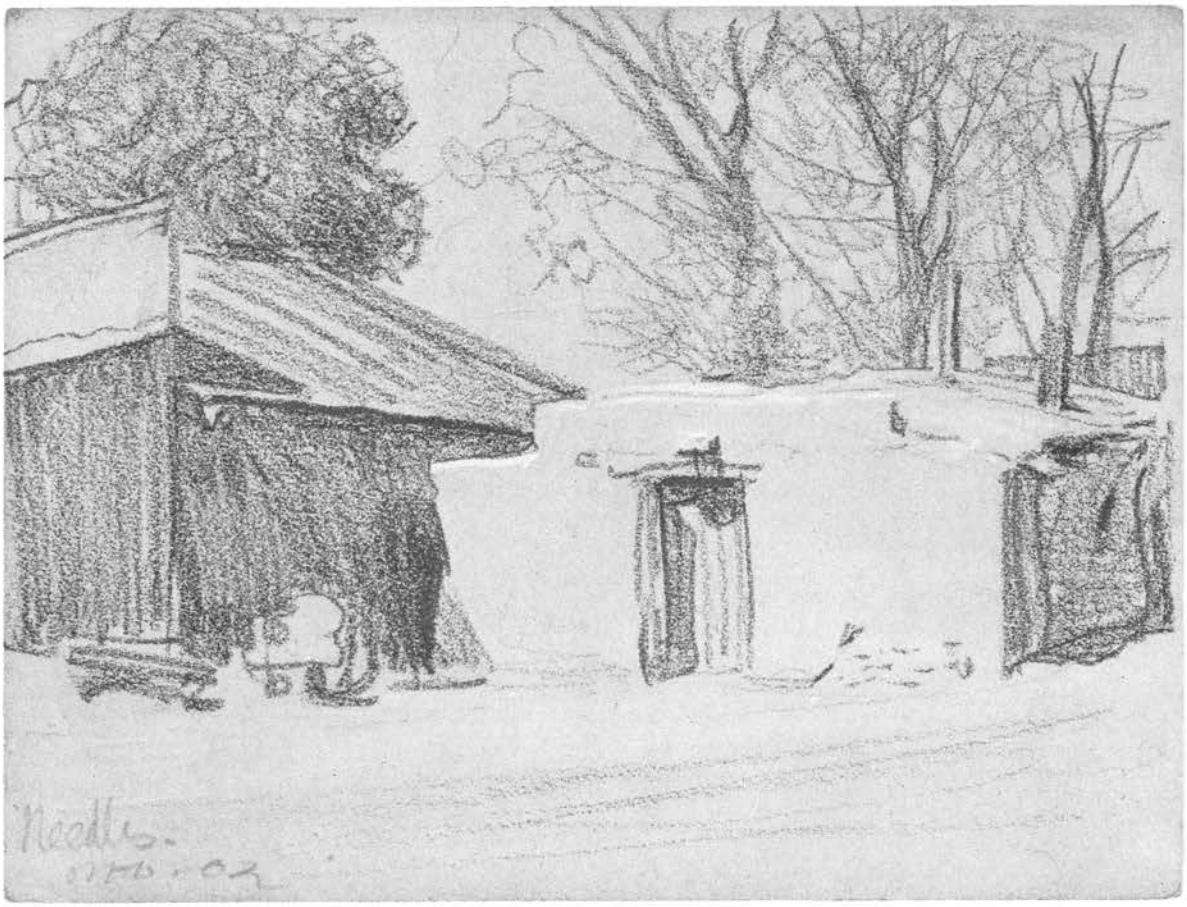


SADDLES—1901



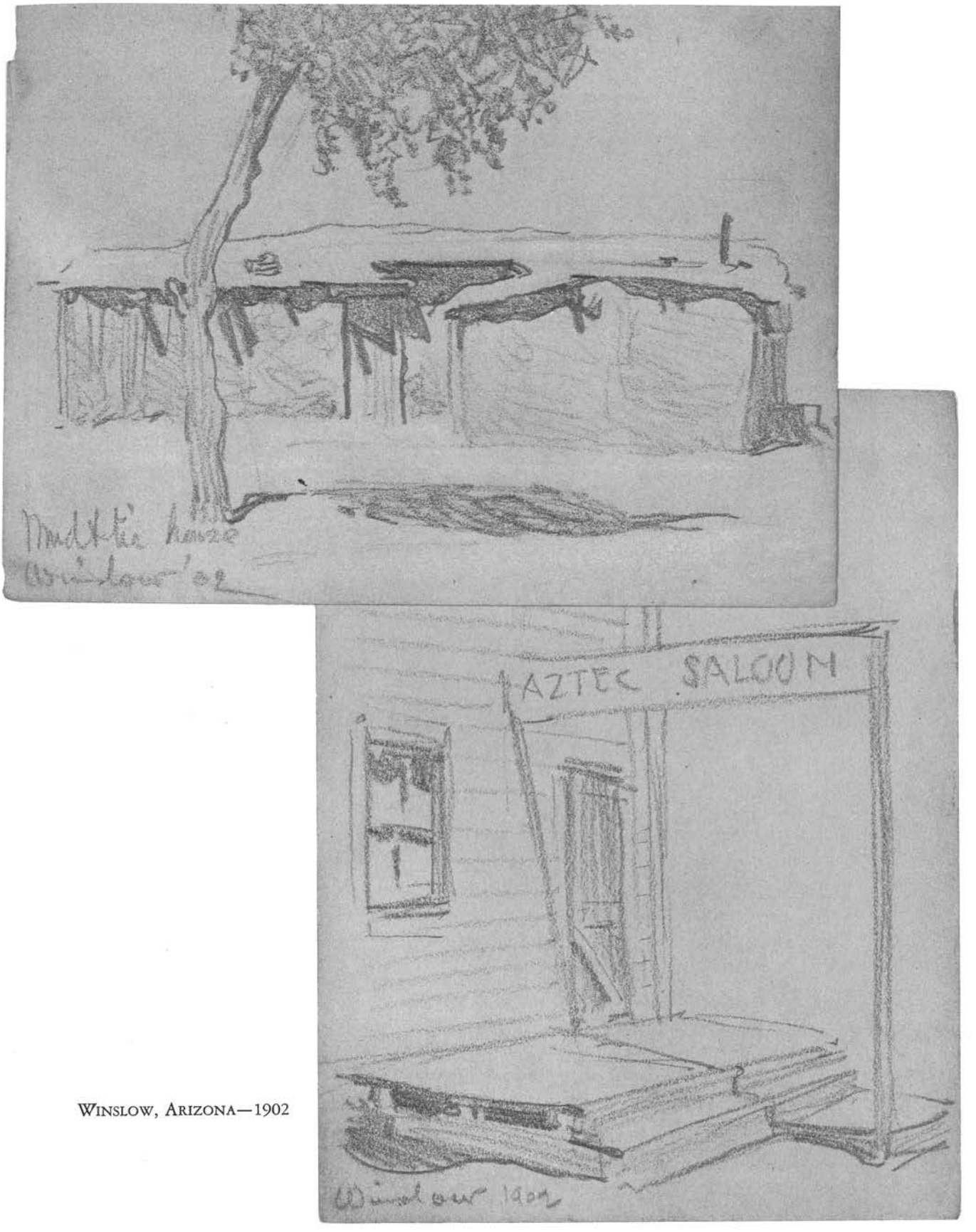
CATTLE RANCH SKETCHES—1901



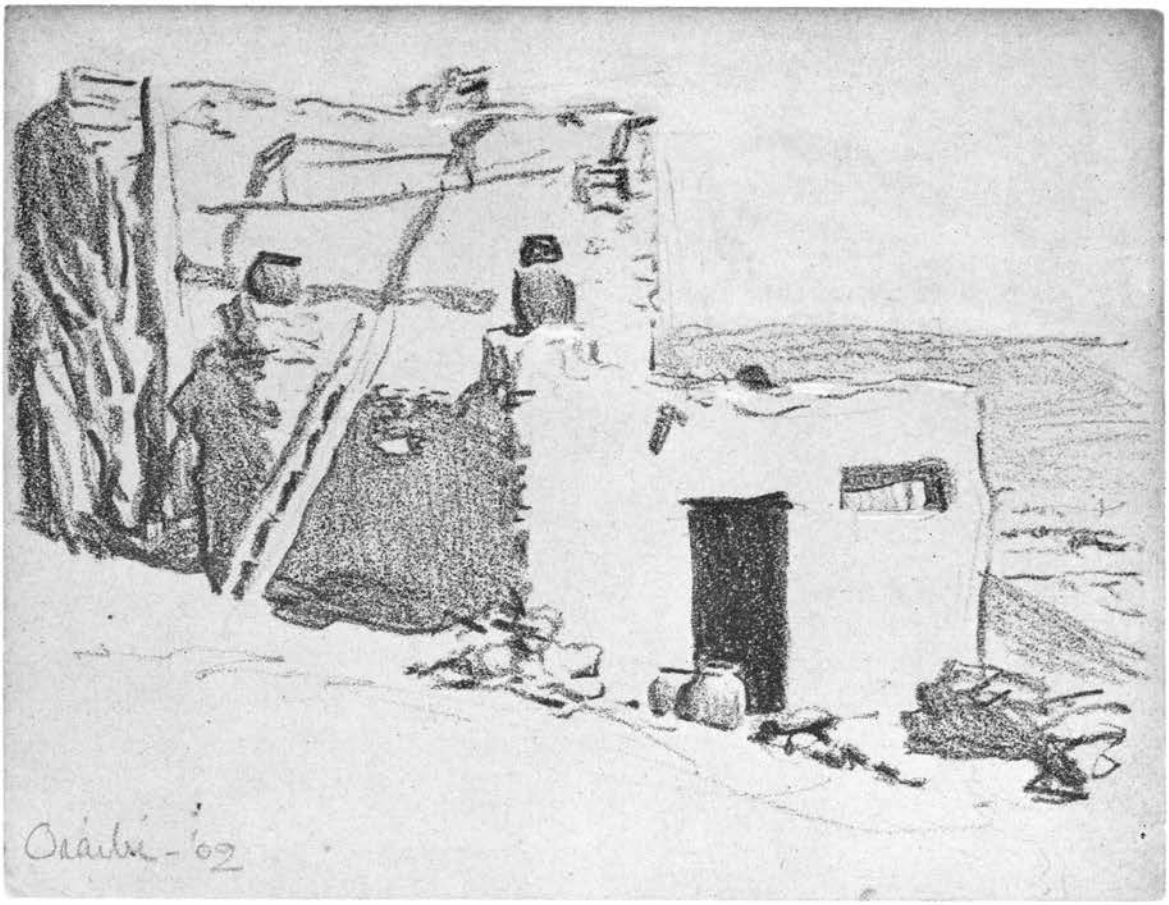
NEEDLES, CALIFORNIA– 1902

In 1902 Maynard Dixon again headed for Northern Arizona. He must have gone by train to Winslow, because after leaving San Francisco he made sketches along the route at Mojave, Needles and in Winslow, the raw frontier town that had been incorporated only two years before. "Doc" A. F. Demarest who had started the town's first hostelry in a tent in 1880 was on the first town council and, in the reservation country to the north, many of the early traders were still operating. In May of 1902 Lorenzo Hubbell, Jr. had bought the trading post at Keam's Canyon from T. V. Keam, and Keam would soon be on his way back to his native England where he died two years later. F. W. Voltz still owned the trading posts at Oraibi, Tolani and Canyon Diablo.

Leaving Winslow by wagon Maynard Dixon headed for the Hopi Country. At Oraibi he sketched the village, the Hopis, the snake dance and the Navajo policemen. He sketched his way down Oraibi Wash, past Burro Spring as far as the long red mesa on the way to Tolchico.



WINSLOW, ARIZONA—1902

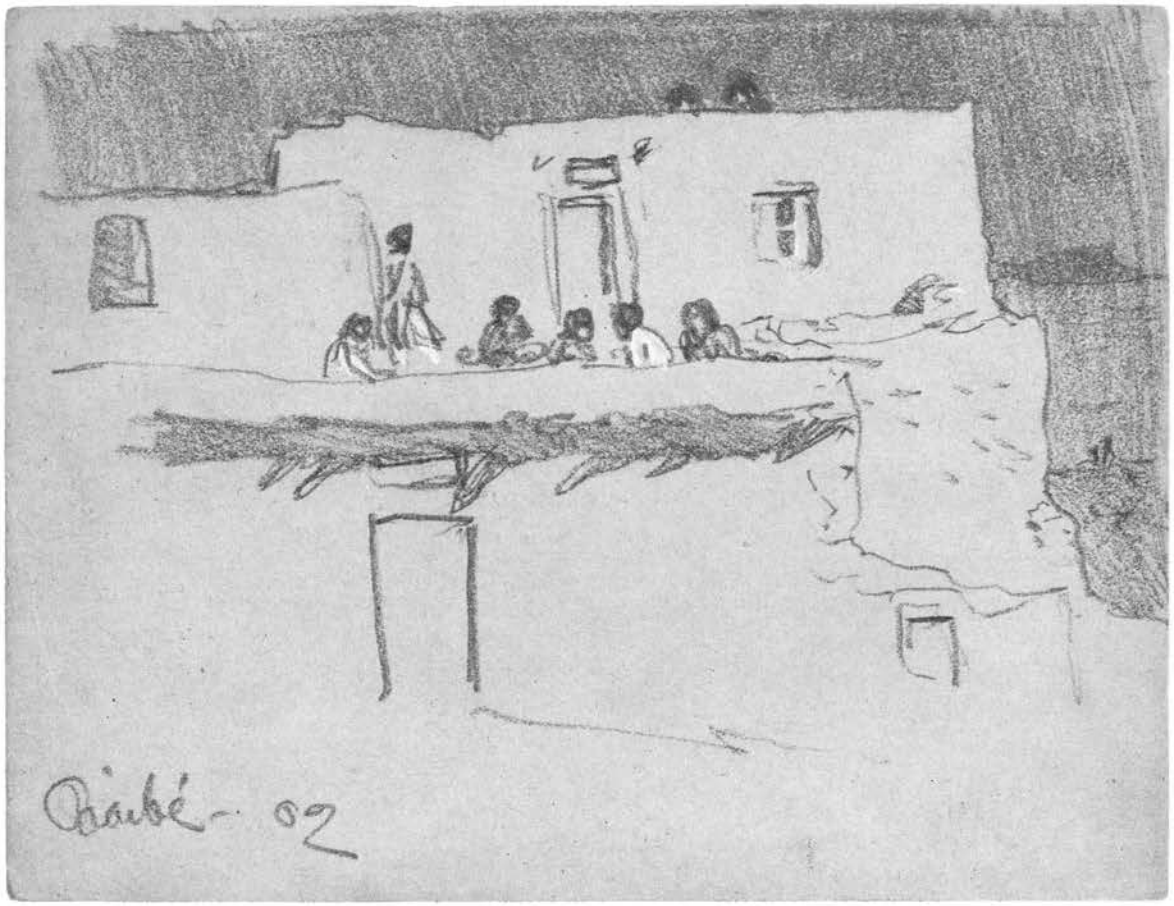


ORAIBI, HOPI RESERVATION, ARIZONA—1902

Back to Oraibi, to Polacca and Walpi and over to Ganado where he stayed with Don Lorenzo Hubbell and made endless sketches of the Navajos around the trading post.

The road from Ganado to Chinli was no two hour jaunt in a pick-up truck in 1902, but here again are Dixon sketches of Sam Day's store, the broken country along Chinli creek and the rock grandure of Canyon de Chelly. Although there had been trading at Chinli since 1882 when Nakhai Yazzi (Little Mexican) had started to operate in a tent, the Thunderbird post, made famous by "Cozy" McSparron, was only three years old and it would be ten years before "Cozy" arrived to start his lifetime as a Navajo trader.

Maynard Dixon was thrilled; and who could not thrill to the view from Nazlini Valley to the soaring cloud formations over the chuskas or, to the westward, the scarp of Black Mesa, blacker still in a summer thunderstorm. The tangled rocks at Tselani, the black water streaks down the red walls of Canyon del Muerto, the haughty Navajo.



ORAIBI, HOPI RESERVATION, ARIZONA—1902

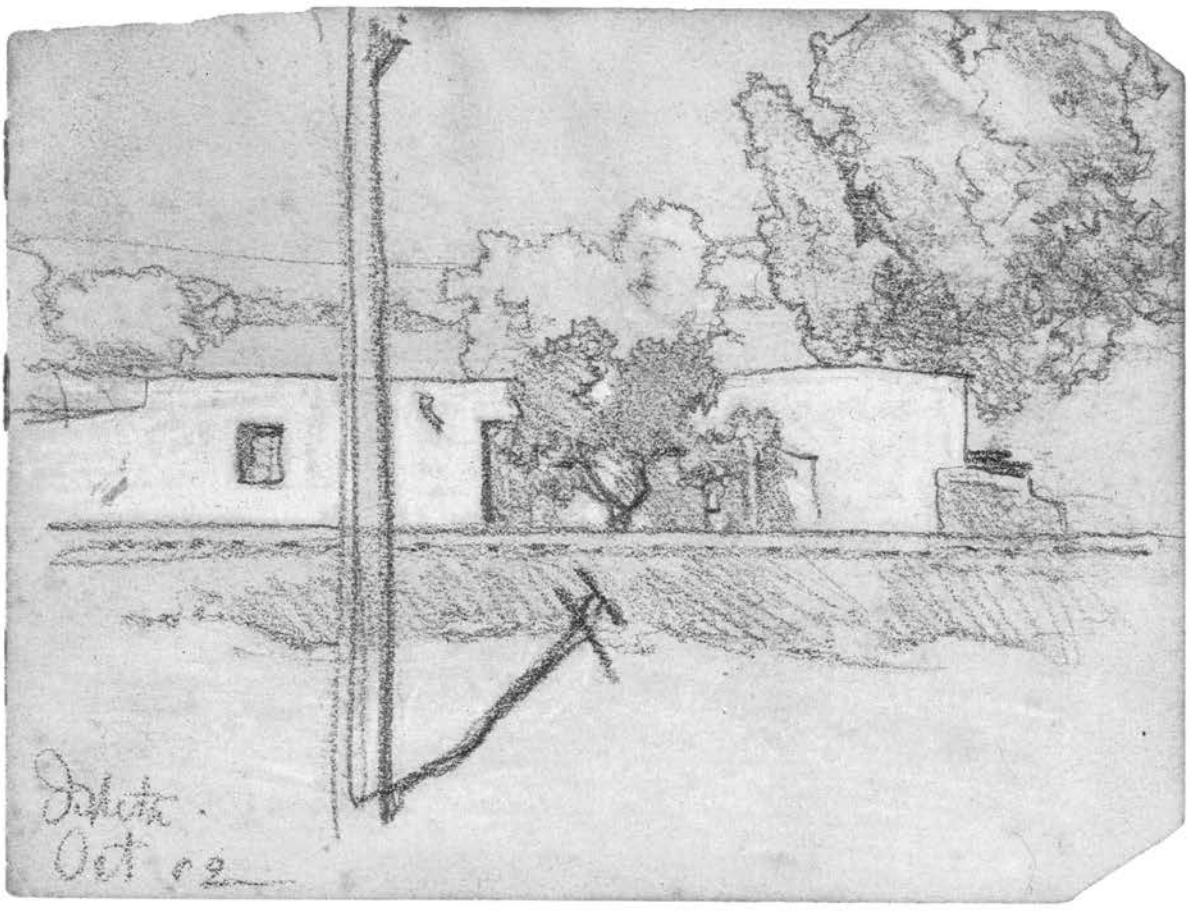
Here was space, here a man could breathe and his thoughts could follow the sky arch from horizon to horizon. Maynard Dixon drank deeply at the wells of inspiration to be found in the Navajo country, he sketched everything he saw and, while, in later years, he painted in all parts of the West, he returned time after time to the fascinating red earth country of the Navajo.

Returning to Ganado, Maynard moved on into New Mexico. Gallup and more sketches of the Navajos in that raw trading center. Laguna, Isleta and the bright fall sunlight on the golden cottonwoods and the plastered walls of the Rio Grande pueblos.

The sketch on the opposite page is in color. How else could an artist get the contrast of the intense blue New Mexican sky, the warm white walls and, on the ground, carpets of bright red chile drying in the sun. This is really New Mexico.

HOPI RESERVATION, ARIZONA—1902

NAVAJOS, ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO—1902

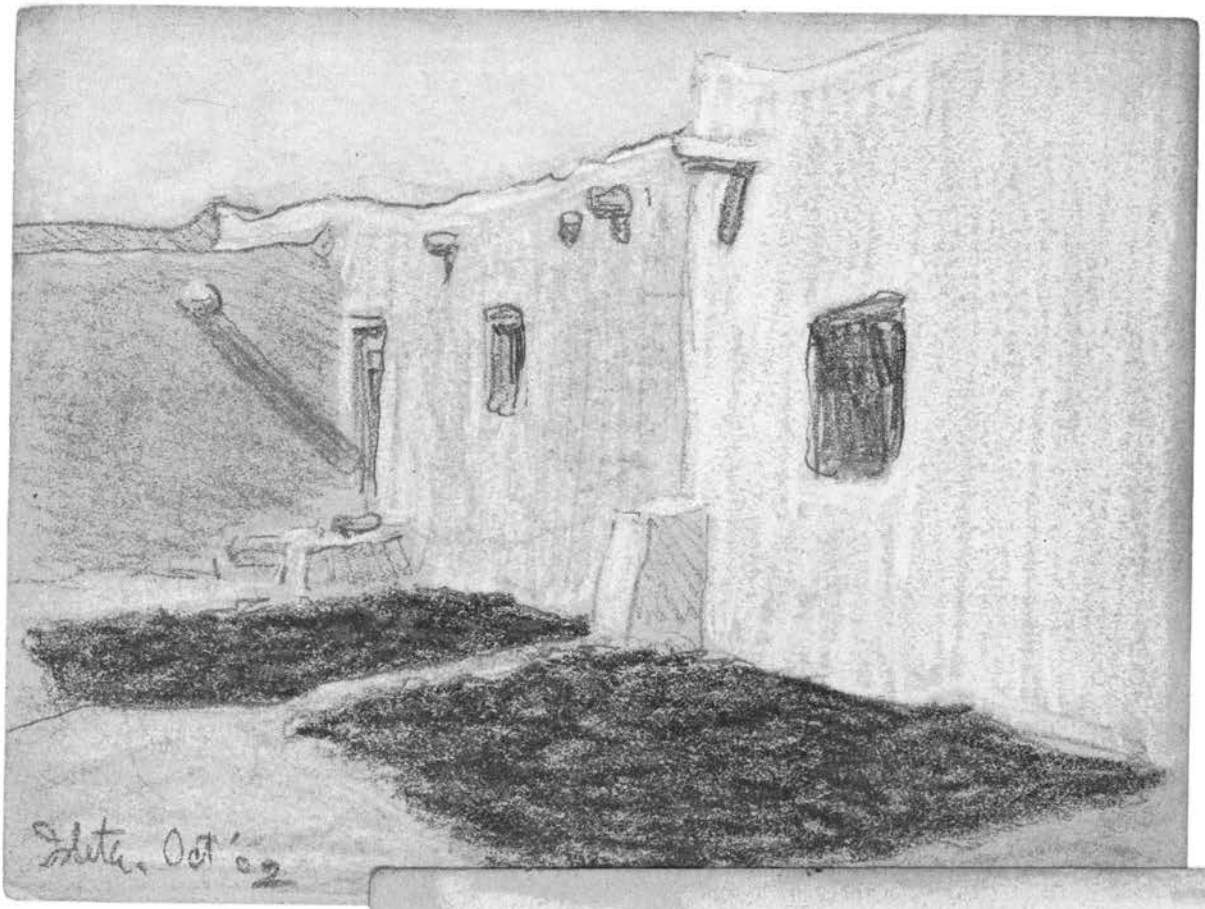


ISLETA PUEBLO, NEW MEXICO—1902

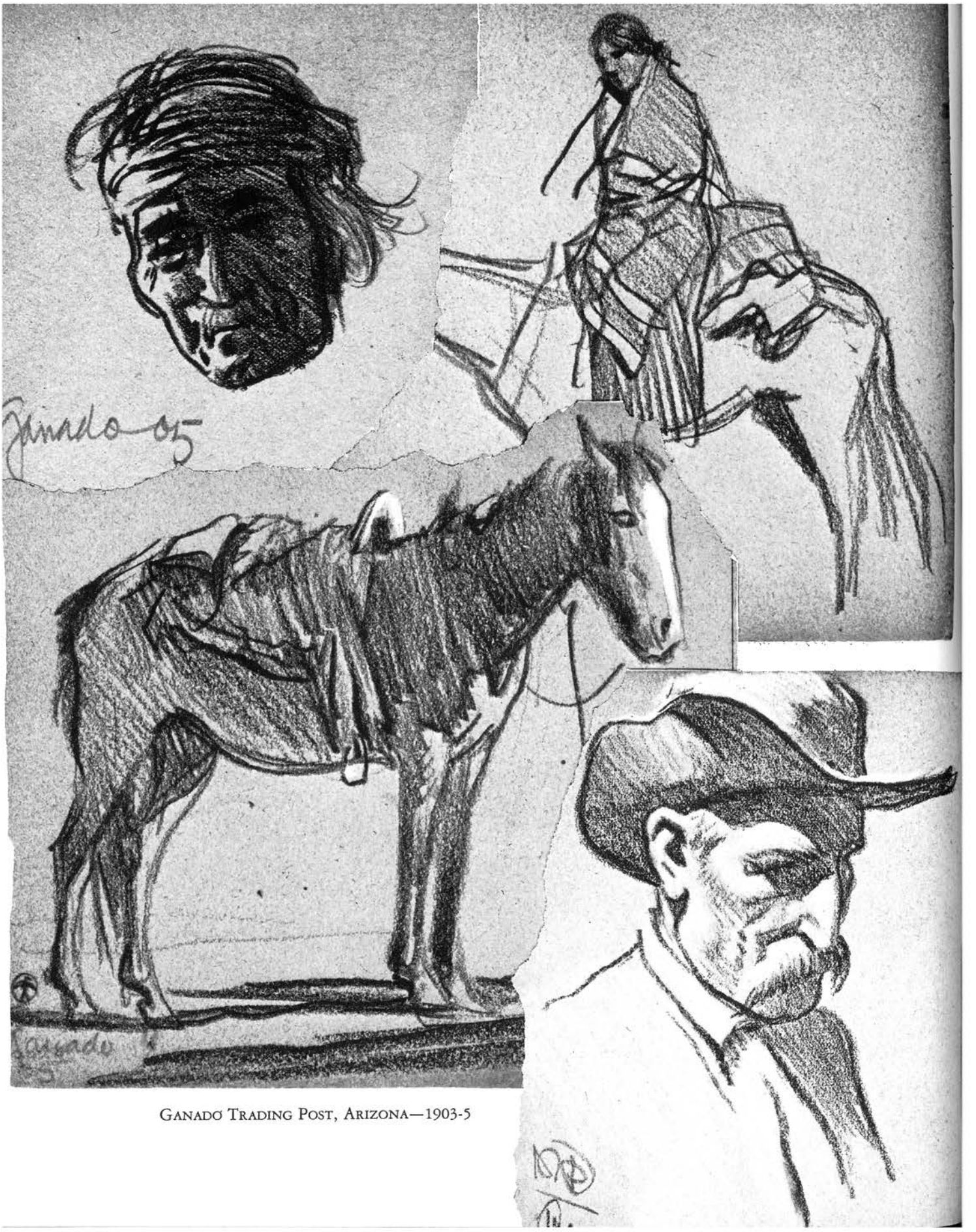
Back again in the Navajo country again in 1904 and 1905. Back to the red earth country with its big sweeps toward the horizon, its ever changing skies. Back again to sketch the Navajo, the traders and their freight wagons piled high with wool and blankets. Dejected horses waiting for their Navajo masters to come out of the trading posts at Ganado or La Cienega. Posts rebuilt where older posts had been before them. Ganado had survived from 1874 to 1900 before it burned to the ground and La Cienega had been a roofless ex-trading post in 1898.

In these years Maynard Dixon also made hundreds of portrait sketches, diners in San Francisco restaurants, hobos, ranchers and Indians over a wide area that extended, in 1905, as far south as Guadalajara in Mexico.

1906 found him back again on his boyhood range, Fresno and the San Joaquin Valley. Clouds always clouds, clouds over rolling rangeland golden in the afternoon

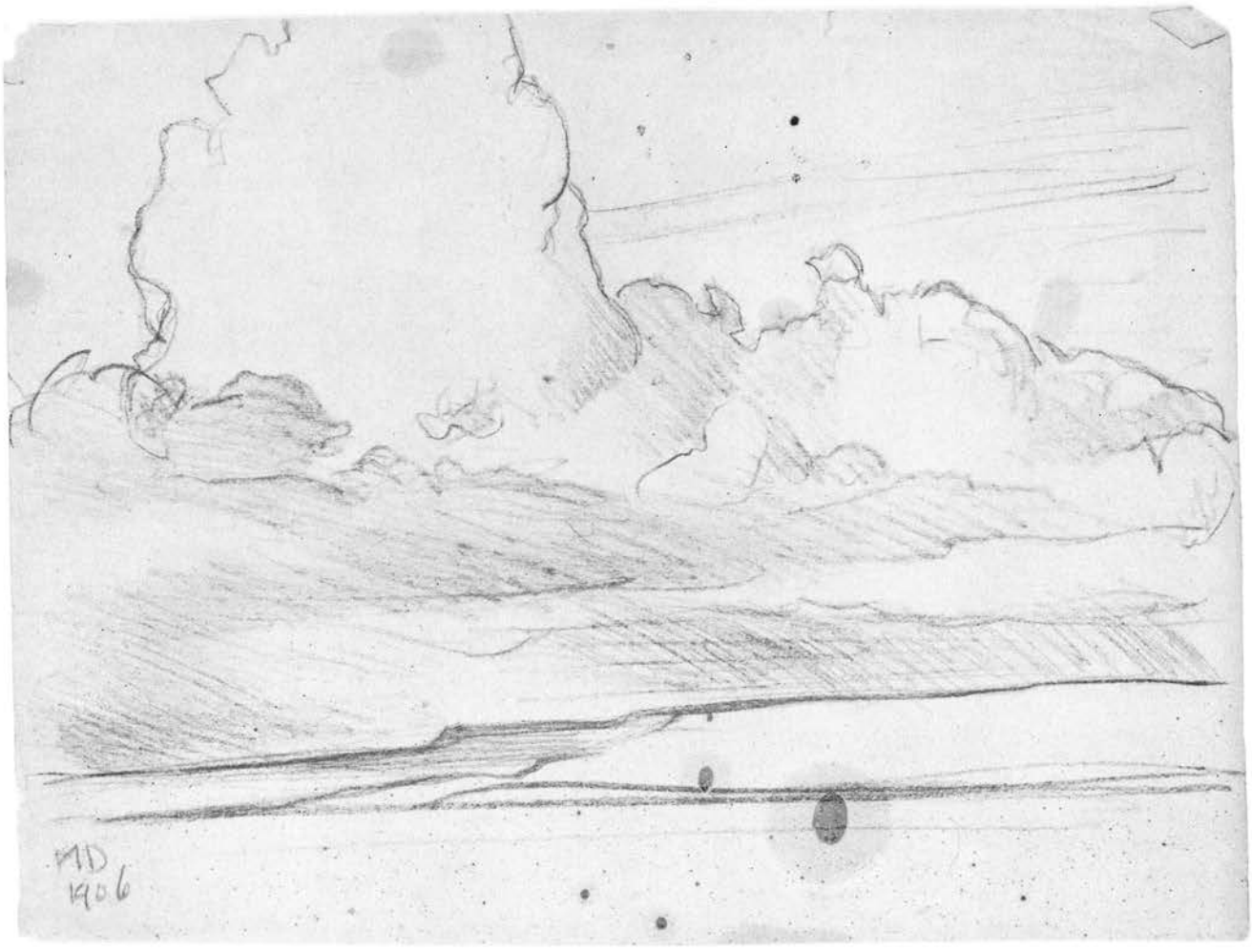


Isleta Pueblo, New Mexico—1902



GANADO TRADING POST, ARIZONA—1903-5

GANADO TRADING POST, ARIZONA—1903-5



CLOUDS—1906

sun, clouds over the towering Sierra—blue and hazy at noontime or sharply defined in the morning light. Clouds boiling up black based and angry ready to stab the earth with jagged lightning. Fleecy clouds ranging apart like a few sheep on a hillside.

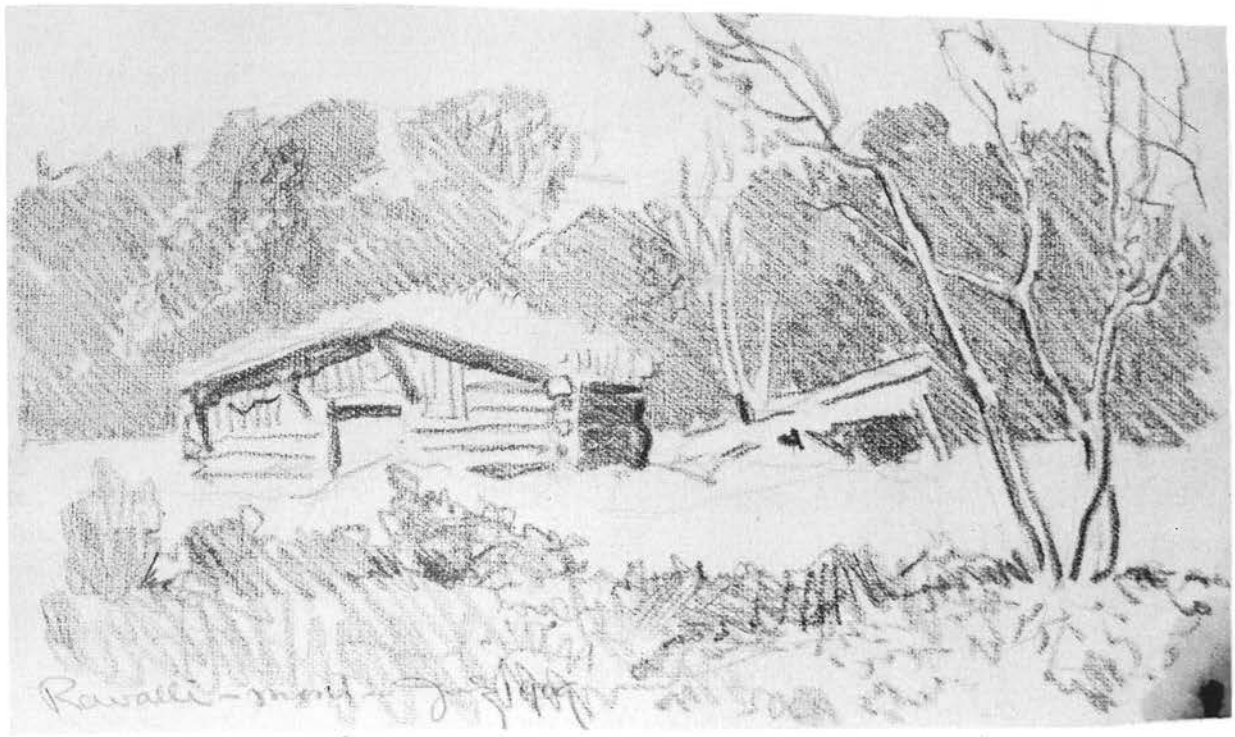
No pretense about these sketches. They are studies, searchings for the form and drift of the cloud masses. Sometimes very creditable miniature pictures, sometimes hastily drawn on the back of an envelope or letter.

Maynard Dixon could get more of the West on the back of a card than most painters could put on a five foot canvas. And when sketching he used anything that could be drawn upon, cardboard, scraps of paper of any size or color, wrapping paper, the backs of bills, announcements or cards, in fact anything that was handy. Ink, pencil or crayon, it made no difference. Get the information down for future use and get it down directly and truthfully.

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA—1906

Now to go further afield. There was an awful lot of country in the West and much of it Maynard Dixon had not yet seen. At this time he had sketched in parts of California, Oregon and Nevada. He had made four trips into Arizona and sketched widely in the Navajo country. Twice he had gone further east into New Mexico and once further still into the western corner of Texas and on into Mexico. Luckily for me he almost always dated and located his sketches, making my detective work easy for me. Sketches from 1909 to 1912 indicate a swing to the north, across Nevada and Utah and up into Wyoming and Montana. From little shacks in the creek bottoms to the eroded castles along the Green River. How small the works of man against the towering handiwork of nature!

The sparsely settled areas to the north made a lasting impression on Maynard Dixon and gave him subject matter for many a picture of a tiny ranch almost cowering below a thousand feet of canyon wall or lost in a wide expanse of prairie.

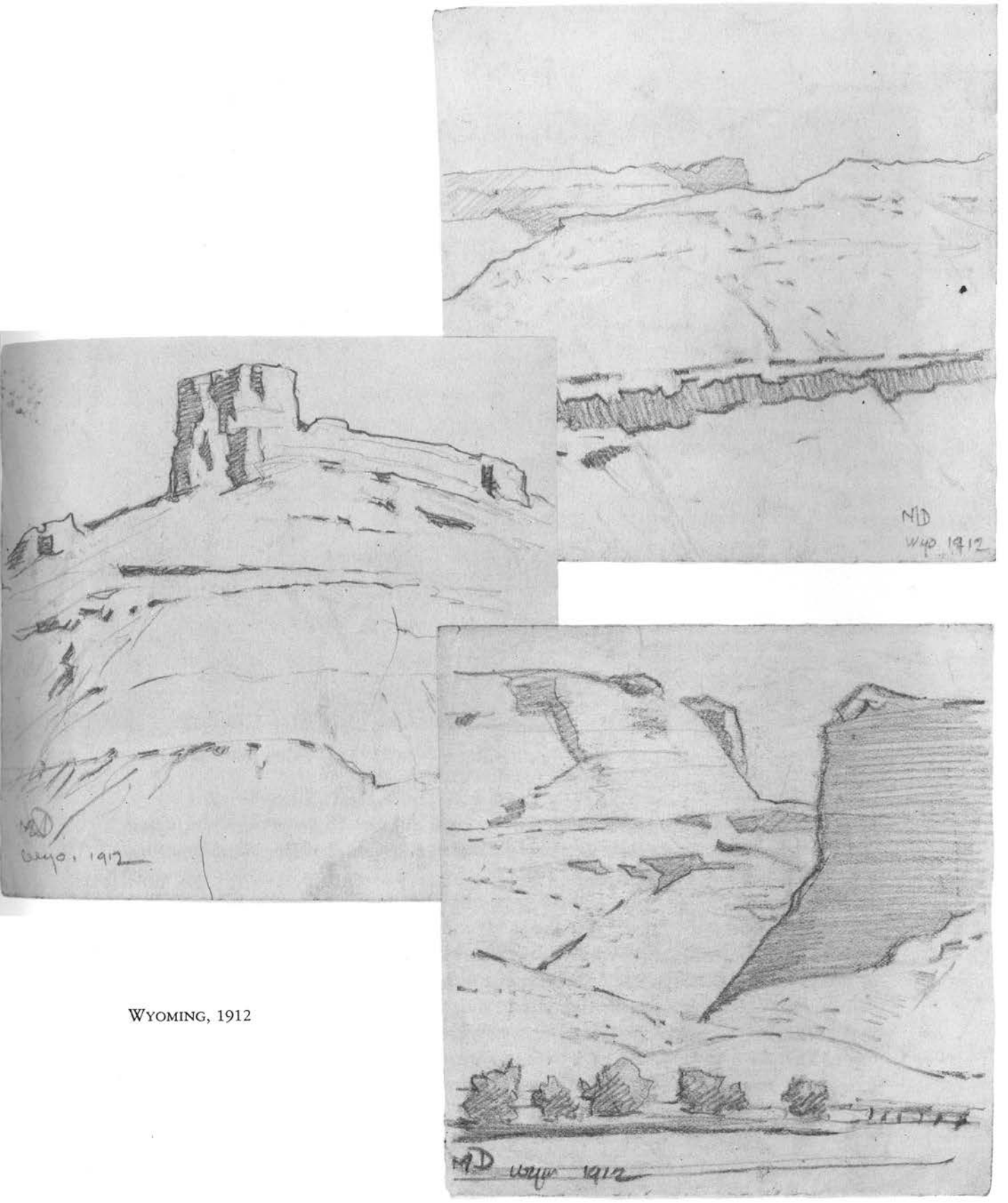


RAVALLI CO., MONTANA—1909

Back in Arizona again in 1915. But this time Maynard explored the central and southern sections that were, as yet, unfamilar to him. Tempe was not a suburb of Phoenix as it is today. It was a sleepy village and a center for the surrounding cattle ranches. The roads were few and rough to the eastward into the Apache country but there went Dixon to sketch in the White Mountains, along the Black River, the White and the Salt.

Most of these sketches are details, little pieces of country along the side of a canyon showing rock and brush. Sketches of Ponderosa Pine and Juniper, Piñon Pine and Yucca. Useful details for future pictures and an artist can never have too many of them.

Southward again into more cattle country and the scrawny Sonoran cattle. Ranch hands bringing in the remuda, spooky before the fall round up and hollow hipped and "ganted" after it. Sketches of cattle being driven to the shipping pens and milling around inside them. Sketches that could only have been made while sitting on the top

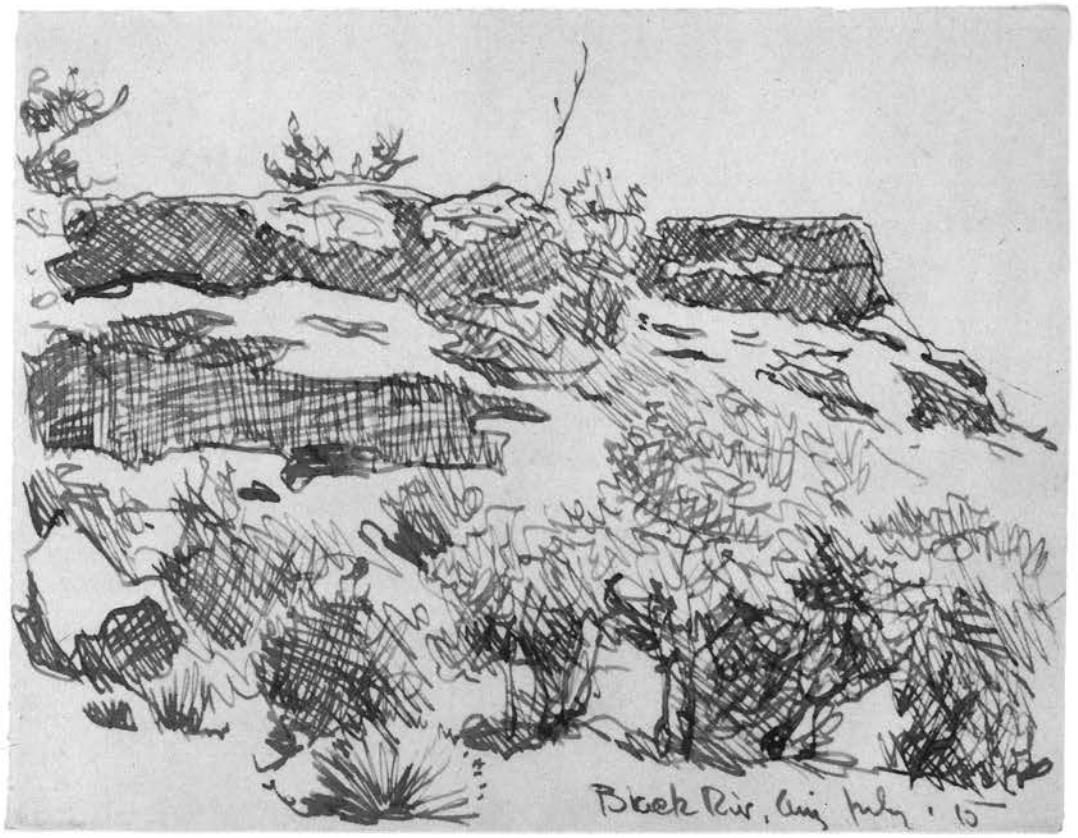


WYOMING, 1912

TEMPE, ARIZONA—1915

rail; horns, backs and hips and riders dim in the dust. All part of the education of a man who was to paint the West as few have ever painted it, to paint it with the sure knowledge of a man who was a part of it.

Maynard Dixon had been around and he had been there while the work was being done, eating beans and sowbelly with the hands and throwing his bed roll under the stars at night. He had been there by horse, by buckboard and by Model T, and had taken the time to learn his subject the hard way. No wonder he could paint the cool clear sky of early morning because he had rolled out with the hands before dawn and watched the sun rise over the rangeland. He had seen the sky grow warmer when the shadows begin to lengthen and "coosie" is wrastling a meal for a bunch of hungry hands when they ride in and damn near ride him down in doing it.



BLACK RIVER, ARIZONA—1915

Not for Maynard Dixon the folding sketch board and stool, far less the umbrella and all the other gee-gaws sold in the art shops. Small pads of paper or, better still, a handful of stiff cards that could be stuffed into the side pocket of an old jacket or shirt. These were far more useful to a horseman or one who hates to be cluttered up with a lot of gear and who throws his bedroll, grub, coffee pot and frying pan on the bed of a wagon and heads out.

That is why the sketches shown on all these pages are really sketches. None of them are the larger Maynard Dixon drawings; these are pocket size and well rubbed. A few of them have been reduced maybe half an inch but most of them not at all. They are just the way he did them and kept them. If they are a bit dirty and thumbed around the edges—well, that's the way they are.

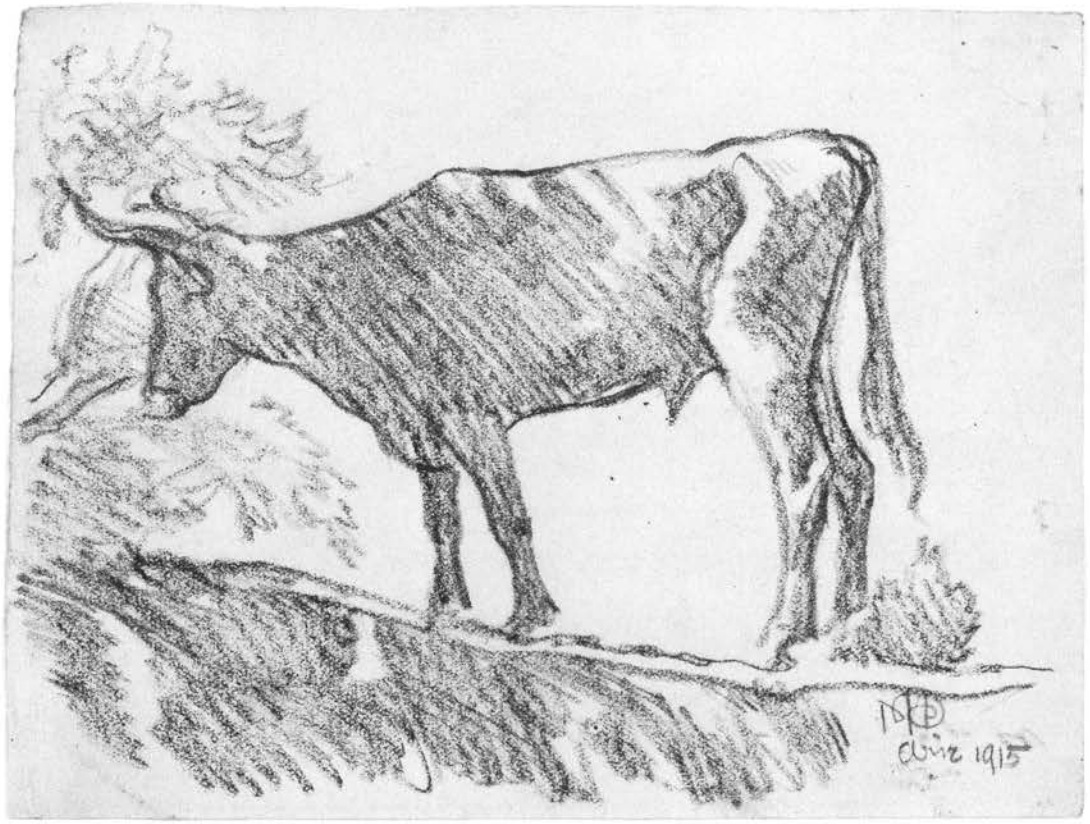
It is interesting to notice how many of these early sketches were put to use and

REMUDA, ARIZONA—1915

formed parts of later pictures. Maynard Dixon's sketches were just tools that he used and he didn't give a damn whether you liked them or I liked them. They were never intended for display or for sale and that fact alone makes them the more interesting. Sketches are an artist's records, his aids to memory and are done entirely for his own use. If we happen to see them we are lucky, because here the man, his interests and his ability are not covered up by a pound of paint. They are laid before us in the clear light of pencil and paper. Given a choice, I think I would rather look at a bunch of an artist's sketches than any amount of his finished work.

I seem to be getting away from the original theme, the travels of Maynard Dixon.

Back in Arizona again in 1916. A long rambling trip and sketches of clouds, mountains and mesas, and in 1917 the trail leads north again into Montana.



SONORA STEER, ARIZONA—1915

It is interesting to note how few pictures Maynard Dixon painted of particularly famous parts of the country. He certainly sketched in many of the National Parks and Monuments but he seldom used more than a small part of them in his pictures. He worked around the Grand Canyon, Zion, Glacier Park and the High Sierras but he wanted the nameless side canyon, buttes and mesas whose names could only be found on a most detailed map and were certainly never used by the local people. He wanted pictures that were typical of a whole area and yet were no separate part of it. A sod roofed ranch building by the side of a river. Where? Who knows, it just says Montana, 1917. Its counterpart could have been found along many rivers in Montana, the rolling hills might be anywhere, for they give us no clue, but that is probably why Maynard Dixon made the sketch. He loved the little unidentified man living by the side of an unidentified creek.

1917 also brings us studies of horses done on scraps of Glacier Park paper and my

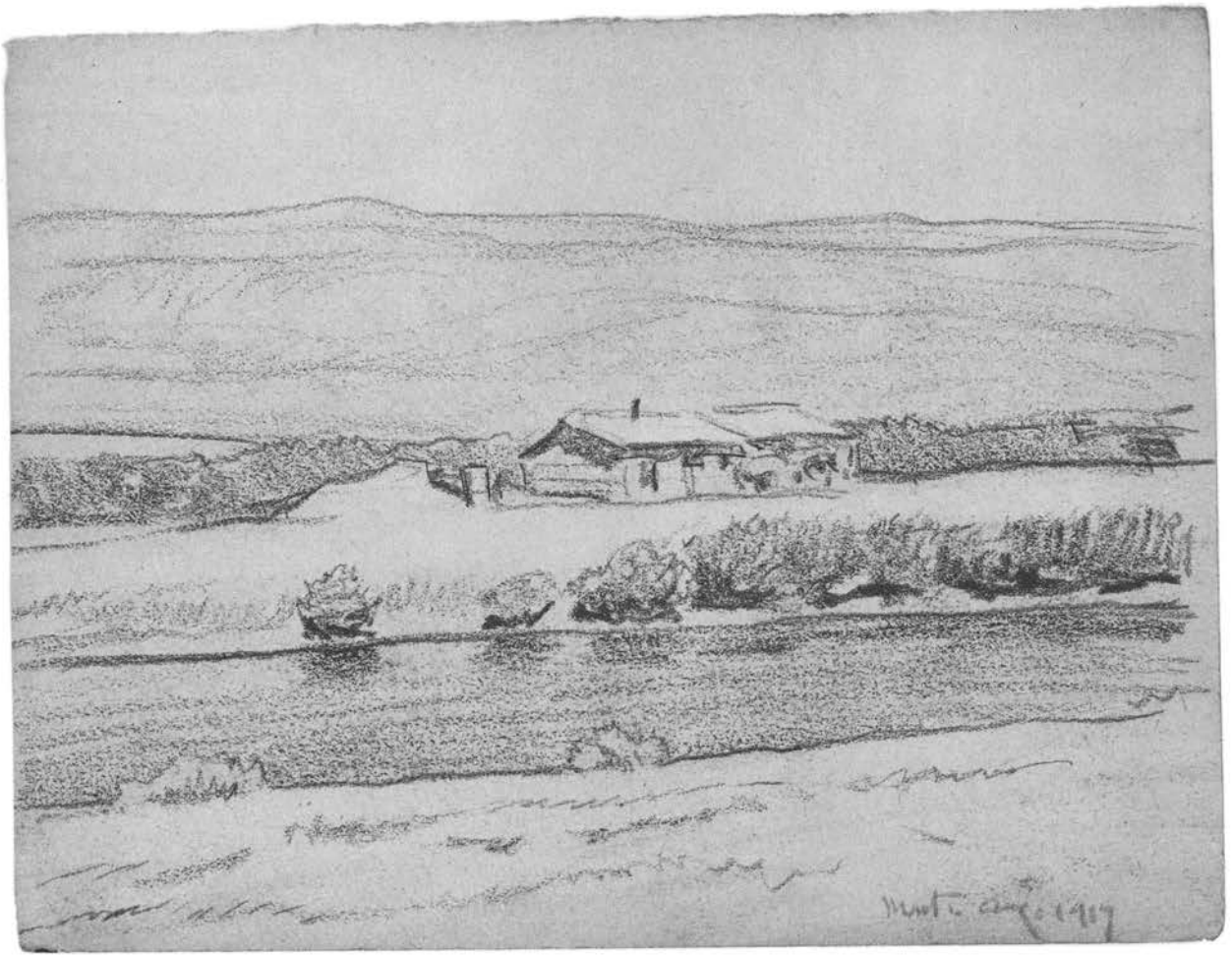
ARIZONA, 1916

guess is that these horses belonged to the Blackfeet. Certainly these sketches were used when he painted some of his pictures of those fine looking people.

From several envelopes, containing photographs of the Blackfeet, and with Maynard Dixon's distinctive handwriting on the outside, we get a clue: Two Gun's camp, Medicine Owl's camp and Red Eagle, Glacier Park. Blackfeet of the finest type these men, and what an opportunity for any artist to sit down among them and sketch.

The Montana experience of 1917 added another facet to the ever widening knowledge that Maynard Dixon was acquiring in the West. The Blackfoot sketches show up again and again in pictures and illustrations. The distinctive Blackfoot tipi, the snowy buckskins and the proud countenance of these Indians all made their impression and their contribution.

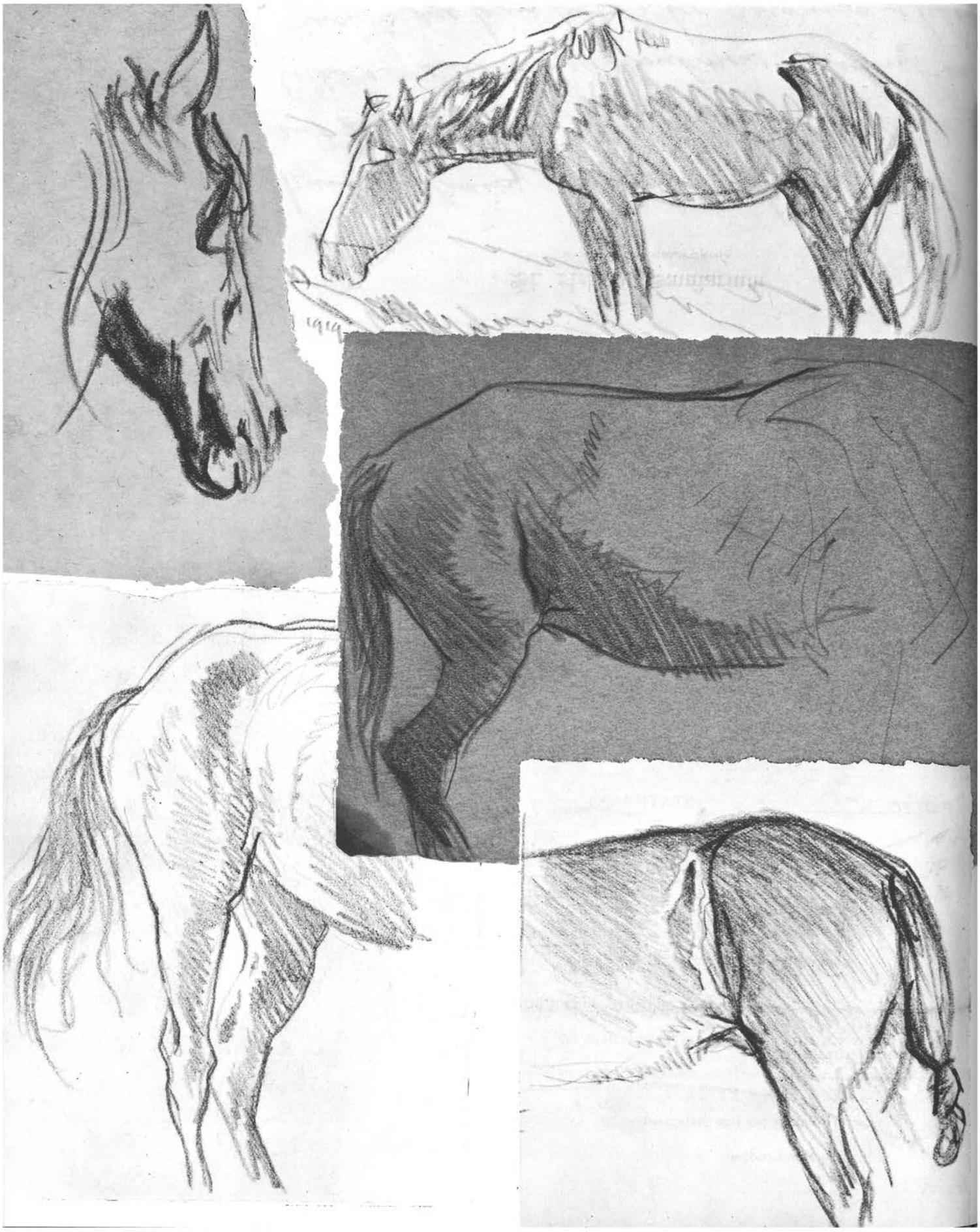
Horses were to play a great part in the art of Maynard Dixon and during the late 'teens he made endless sketches of them. Two of the following sketches were made in 1919, and that brings us to the year of decision.

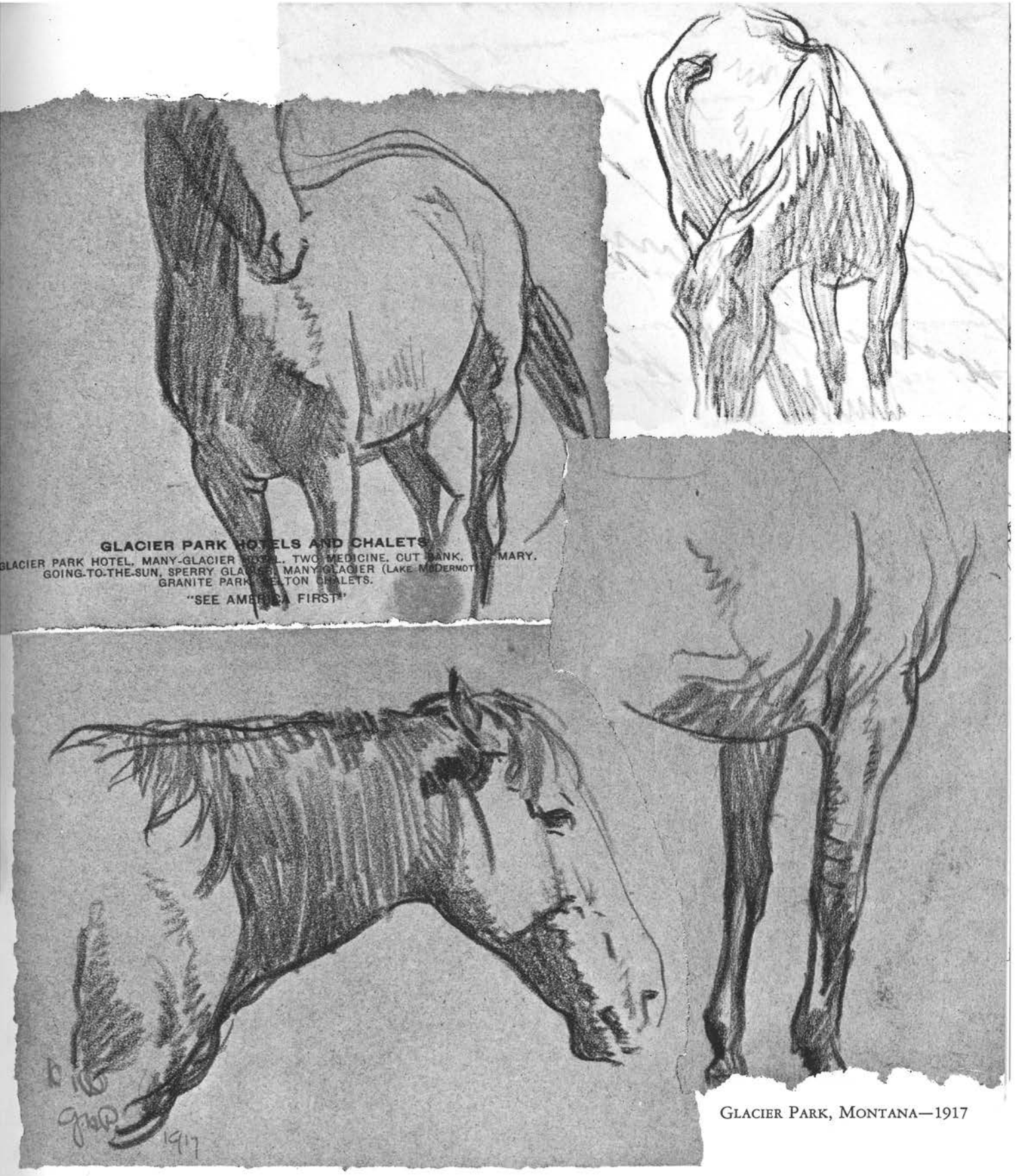


MONTANA—1917

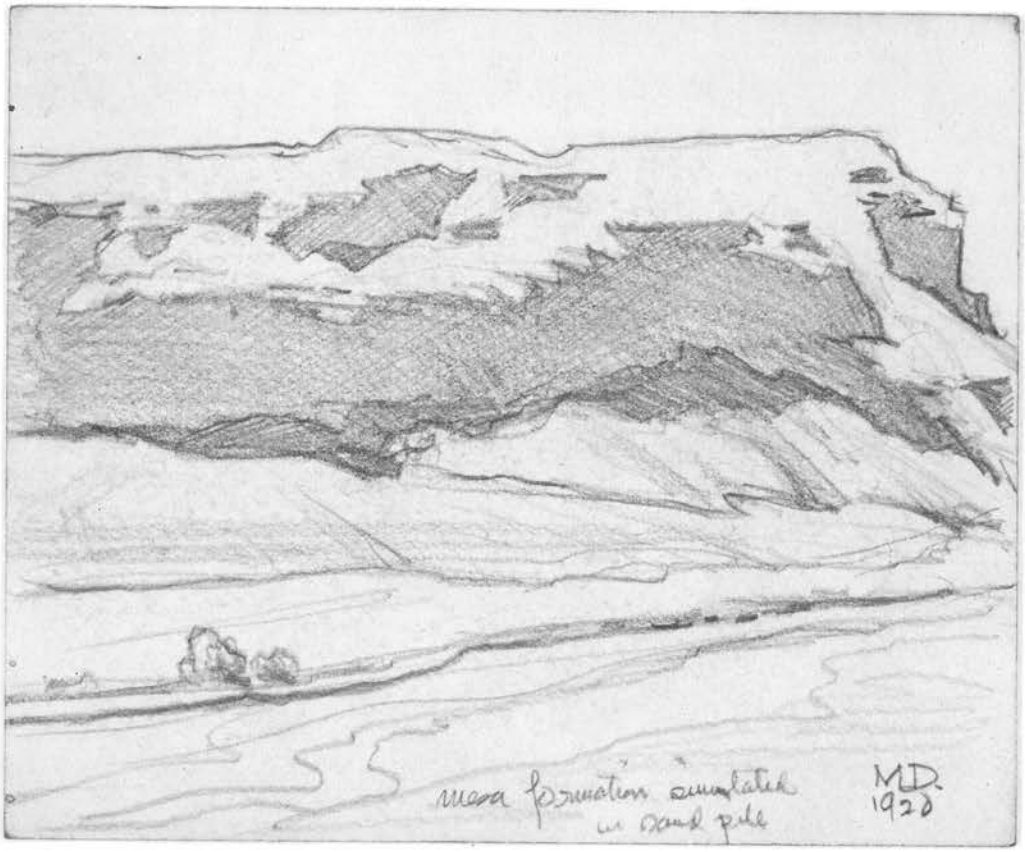
In 1920 Maynard Dixon started to paint in earnest. The knowledge was there along with abundant ability. He had traveled widely and had hundreds if not thousands of sketches to show for his travels. Lesser men would have been content to sit back and paint from all this material, but as he painted his thirst for knowledge grew. There was more to this than just recording places seen and sketched. There was the spirit of the land as well as its aspect. There was knowledge to be had, that could not come from art schools but from the earth itself. And he knew that the only way to find out what he wanted to know was to go back to the land that gave him his subjects.

Mountains did not just sit on the face of the earth, they were part of it and grew out of it, their roots reaching deep under the earth's surface, the product of ancient upheaval. Years and years of erosion had changed their visible form and had made them what they were and he who wishes to paint them must first learn how they became





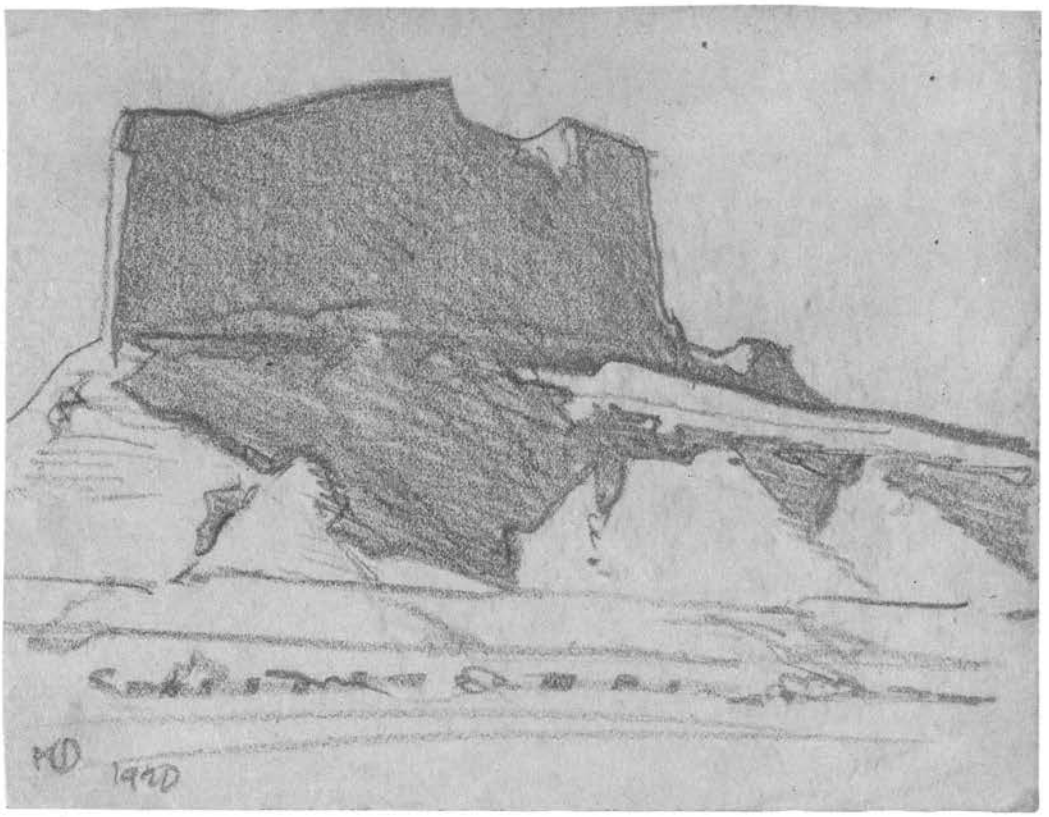
Glacier Park, Montana—1917



MESA FORMATION—1920

mountains. How the original up-thrust rock, angular and forbidding, had been scoured and buffeted by eons of wind and rain. How the flash floods cut into the sides of canyons, tore at them and changed their features. How the water borne rocks and gravel were spewed out of the canyons' mouths and formed alluvial fans which softened the angle between earth and mountain.

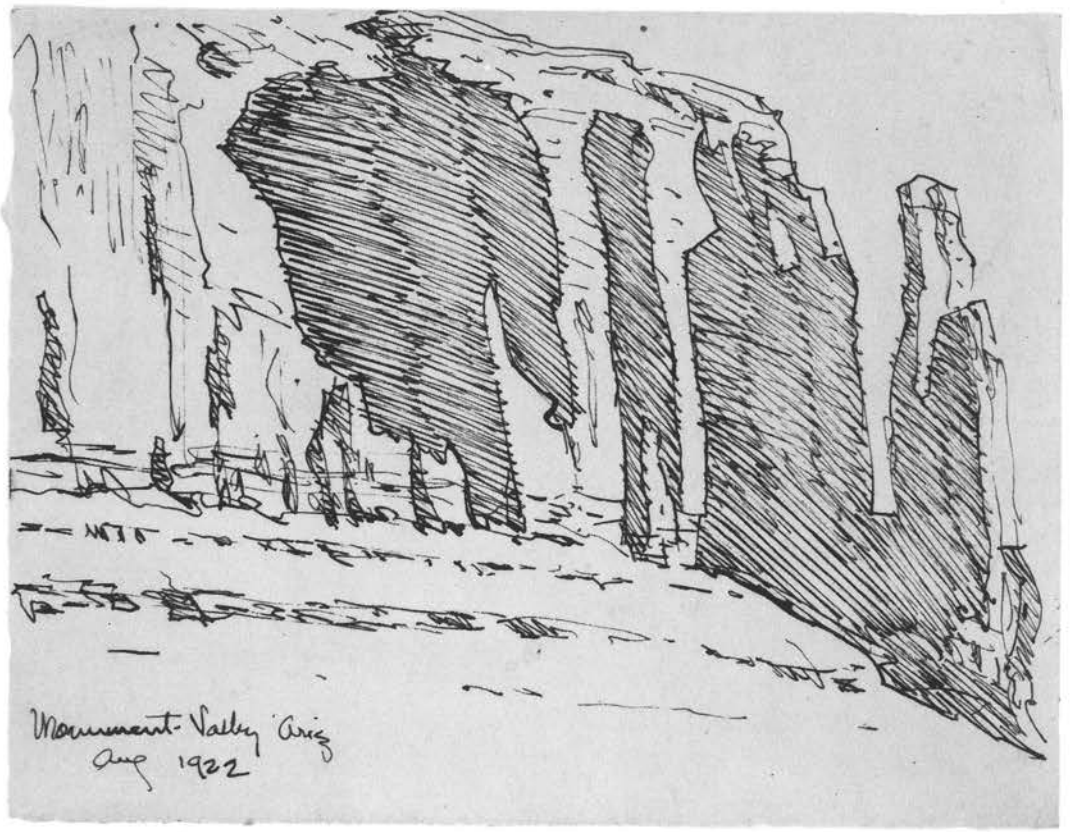
The painter must learn how the lava and ash were thrust up from the earth's core to form volcanic cones or to flow over the land where resistance was least. How the contours of the earth's surface deflected the winds and created up-draughts and down-draughts which, in their turn, changed the shapes of the clouds above. How each part of the country reacted in its own way to the movements of the large air masses, warm or cool, wet or dry. And how the clouds sailing high over the earth were always a part of it because they picked up the reflection of the earth's color on their undersides. To paint the earth a man must know the earth.



SKETCH—1920

In 1922 the call of the Navajo country became too strong to resist, and further exploration was needed. This time Maynard Dixon approached the country from the west, but instead of going to Winslow he headed north from Flagstaff by way of Cameron, Tuba City, Red Lake and Kayenta. Northward still and extending up into Southern Utah lay Monument Valley with its blocky red buttes winking in and out of the marching cloud shadows. The only roads were wagon tracks and Goulding's trading post had not yet been built. The Wetherill Post at Kayenta was a dozen years old but this western end of the Navajo domain had been well, if distantly, served since the early days by Tuba City and Red Lake which were both built in the 1870's. The intermediate trading post at Cow Springs was just being built at this time and the posts at Shonto and Kaibito were seven and six years old.

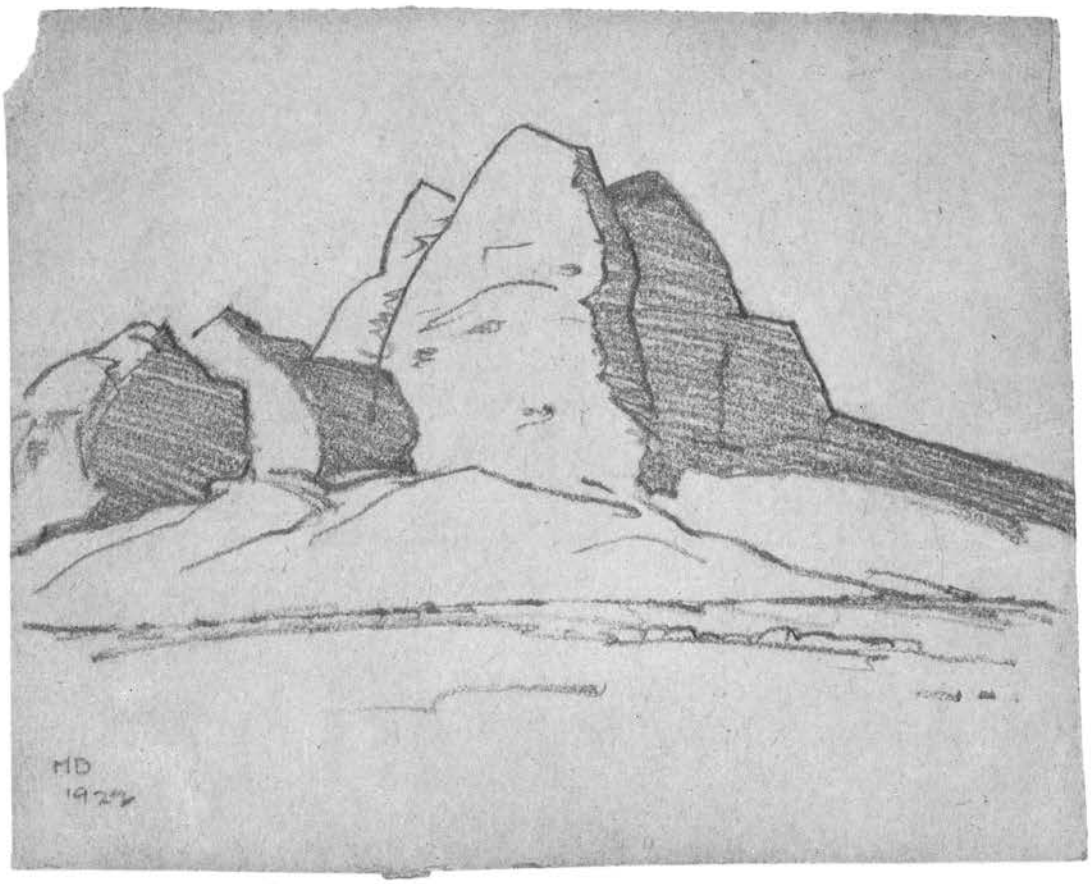
This was a memorable sketching trip, and here Maynard Dixon gathered the material for the Monument Valley pictures which were a great part of the wonderful exhibition of painting shown four years later.



MONUMENT VALLEY, ARIZONA—1922

Here were pictures that caught the elements of the country, the massive buttes of warm colored rock, the blue purple shadows and over all the clouds in procession across the intense blue sky. Here was decoration and composition but, above all, here was Western country portrayed by a man who was part of it. The Navajos were Navajos, they dressed like Navajos, they stood like Navajos and they rode like Navajos because the painter had drawn on his knowledge and sketches of Navajos the first of which he had made twenty years before.

On the return trip Maynard sketched the wild open country between Marsh Pass and Tuba City. The undulating stretches of sand and brush, the bunches of short dry grass that support the herds of Navajo sheep. In the north was the long crest of White Mesa and, further still, the pale blue mass of Navajo Mountain. And far to the southwest the dim outlines of the San Francisco Peaks with Grey Mountain more to the west.



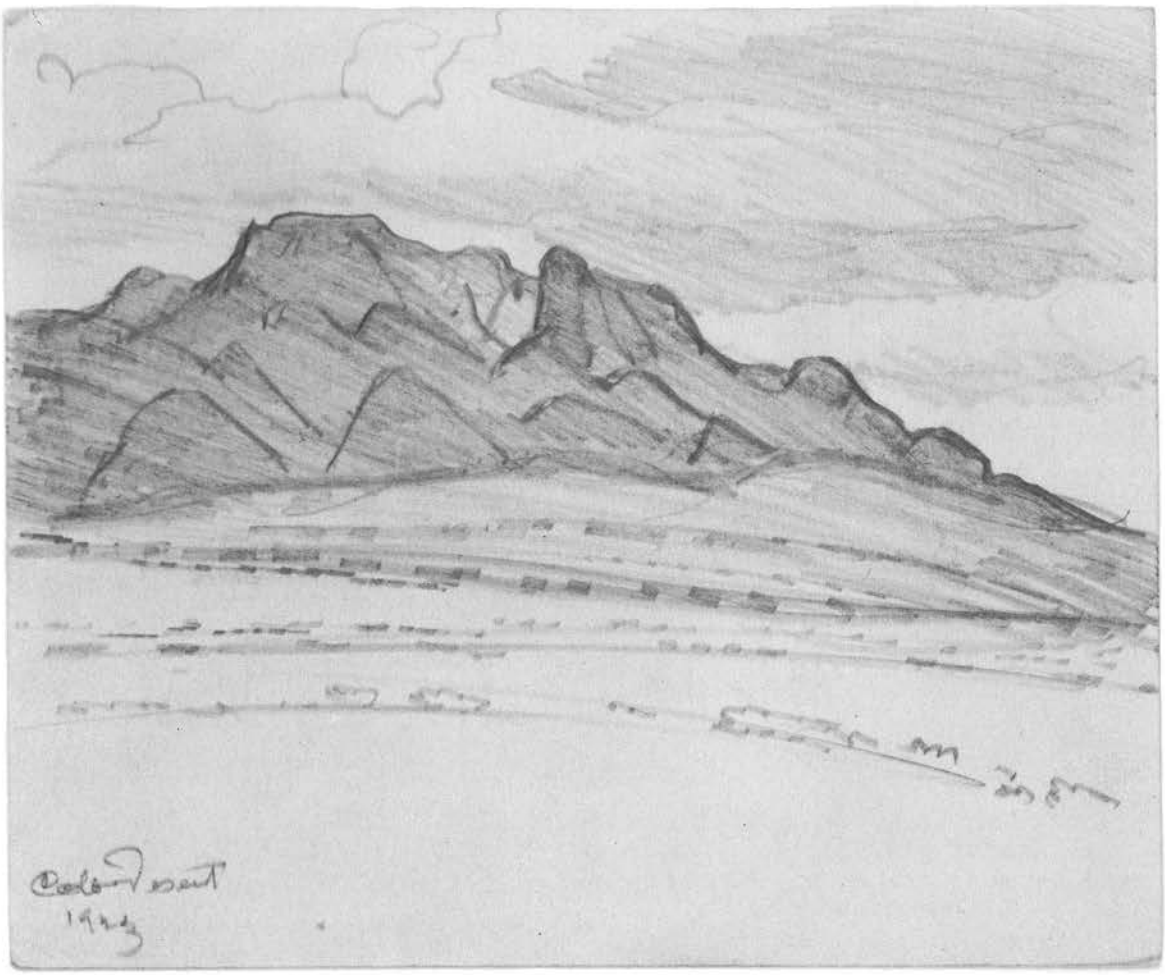
SKETCH—1922

Over all this vastness were the clouds, clouds that boil up and up until the wind at an upper level turns the top of the cloud into the shape of a huge anvil. Little dark clouds that chase each other across the face of the lighter cloud mass until they merge and form dark streaks across its chin. Blue grey rain squalls join the clouds to the earth and blot out the purple black mesas in the distance. Far to the southeast lay the dark mass of Black Mesa with the three tributary mesas of the Hopis and here, under the clouds, the Niman Kachinas were dancing beautifully costumed and perfectly in rhythm. The summer had been dry and the rain was needed. The lightning flickered along the horizon and before the day of dancing was over the first splatter of rain drops dampened the corn fields and ran down the backs of the dancers. Shower after shower sank into the parched earth and a Navajo rider, making his way to his distant hogan, raced his horse and left behind him the high pitched wail of his riding song. Here was a country that could not

ARIZONA CLOUDS—1922

be painted without the knowledge that its history ran back from ancestor to ancestor to the time when the first people came out of the earth to make their homes in the rock caves of these very mesas. These were not the subjects for mere pictures, for here life's cycle was being played out as it had been for thousands of years. Here were all the elements of creation and birth, the rain and the growing corn, maturity and knowledge. The harvest and death, the dormant seed. All this Maynard Dixon felt because he was in tune with the earth and with all those little people, white and red, who cultivate its surface during their short span of life, who sow and reap and sow again before they, in turn, go back to the earth that was their mother.

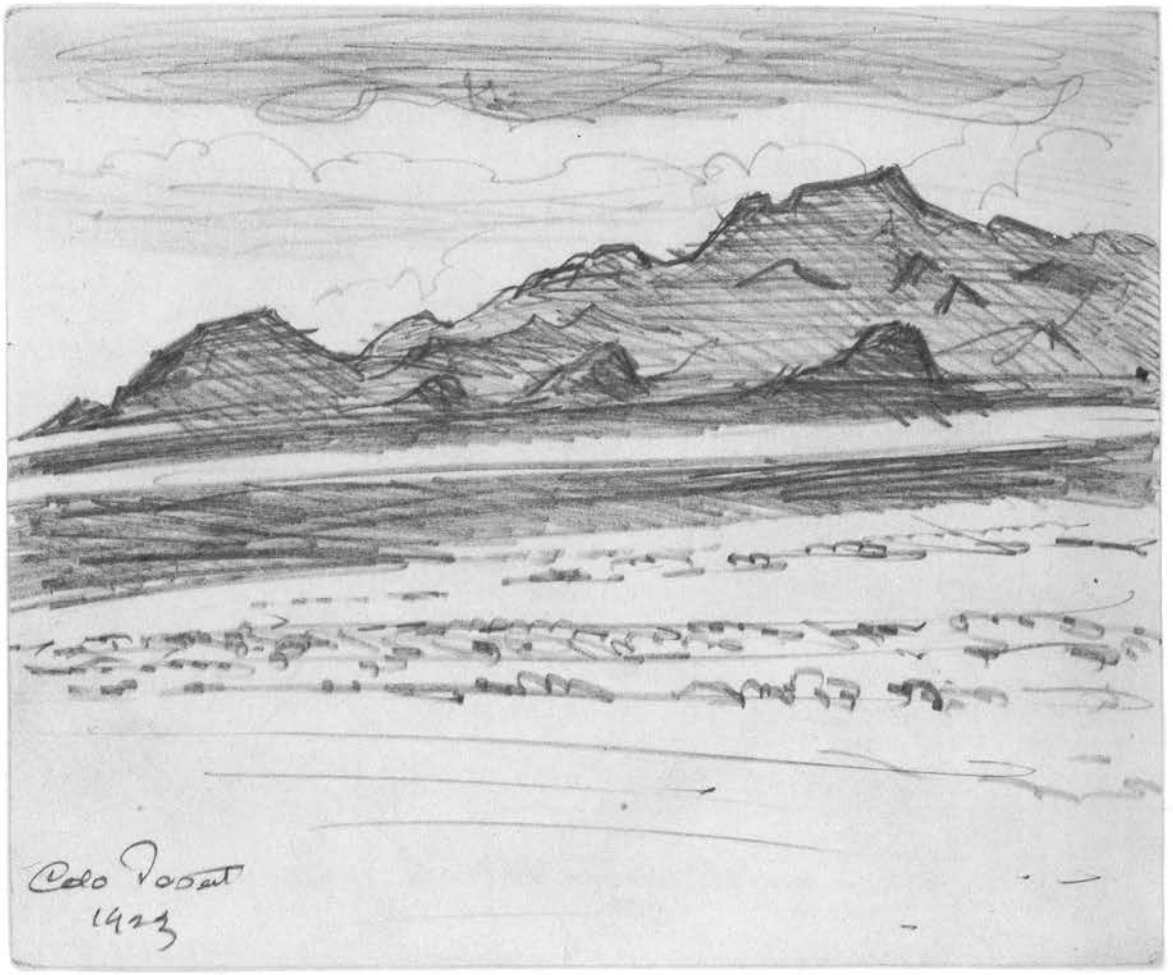
Who could paint this into pictures? Well, Maynard would try. He painted pictures called "Men of Red Earth," "The Wise Men," "The Earth Knower," and "Allegory" that showed man, not as someone living on top of the earth, but as part of the earth. If you can see these pictures, and feel the hair raise slightly on the back of your neck, he succeeded.



COLORADO DESERT, CALIFORNIA—1923

The next year, 1923, brought a thorough examination of the deserts of Southern California. While Northern California and the San Joaquin Valley were familiar enough, Maynard Dixon had never fully explored the country to the south. The character of the desert was quite different to the deserts of Arizona or Nevada and, here again, his sketches show his growing awareness of the reasons for the shapes he saw.

This was a land of highly eroded desert hills surrounded by miles of gently sloping bajadas, the product of the erosion. Sometimes the color changes from ridge to ridge in this highly mineralized country and a single range of hills can contain rocks ranging in color from white and yellow through all the stages of ochre, pink and tan to red, purple and black. Sometimes the desert patina covers all the rocks with a coat of rich chocolate purple and sometimes they glare harsh and bright in the sunlight. This is also a land of dry lakes shimmering in the heat waves and of the sudden dark out of a volcanic cone.



COLORADO DESERT, CALIFORNIA—1923

As the deserts of Southern California passed from warm to the furnace-like heat of summer, Maynard Dixon moved eastward, in 1923, to the comparative cool of Northern Arizona. Again his trail takes us into the Navajo and Hopi country and again he added to his sketches at Oraibi, Walpi and Shougopovi. Again he made sketches of the Arizona clouds towering above the land of flat mesas and rolling range.

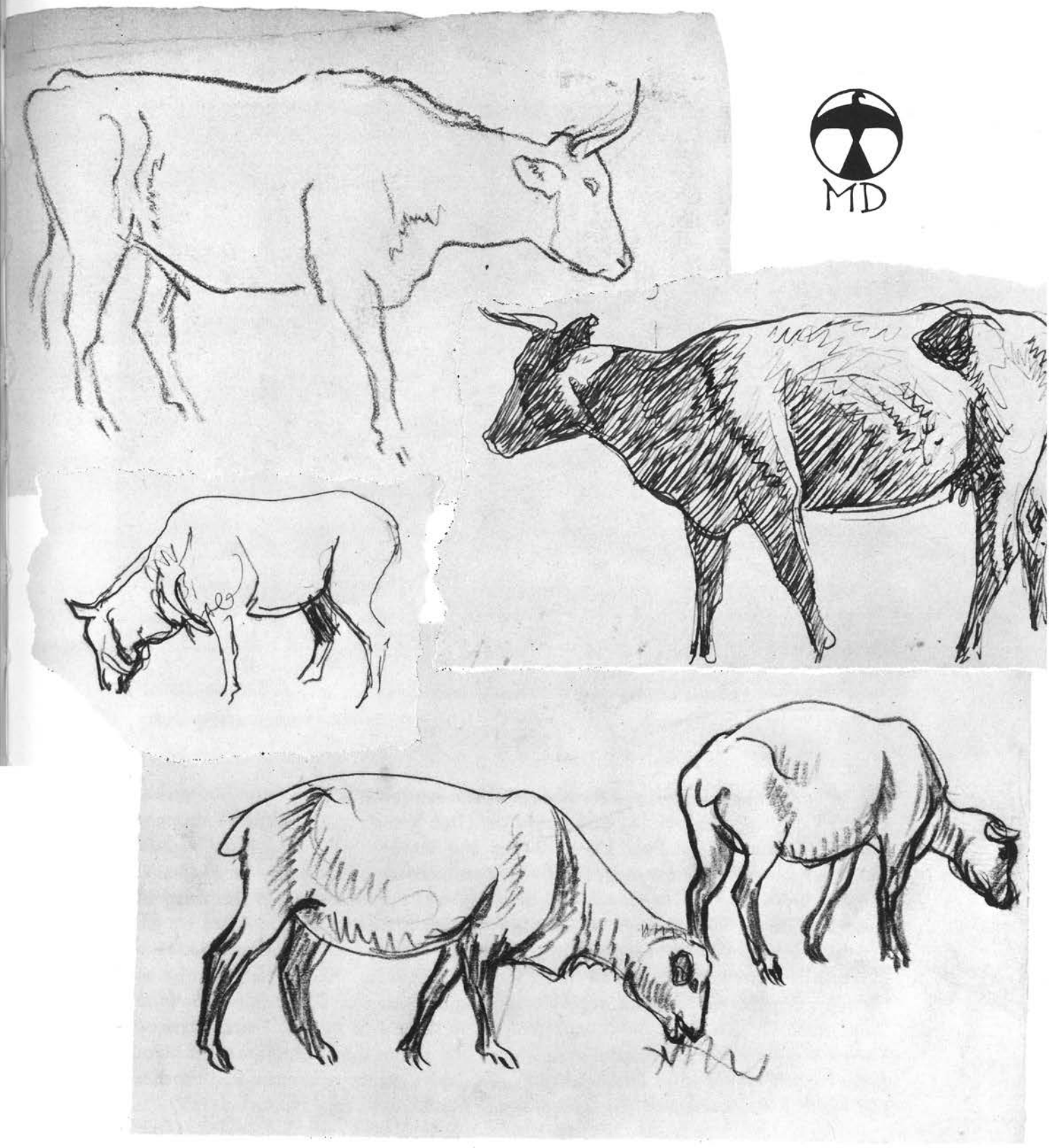
The year 1925 brings another departure from previous subject matter. This time it is trees. Pine trees growing along the ridges, sometimes fully clothed and healthy and sometimes half dead snags struggling for existance. Dead pines gaunt and angular towering over the valley and always the clouds peeping over the distant mountain tops.

Not too many sketches this year because of the time spent painting. The sketches of past years are growing into strong canvases soon to be exhibited. The name Maynard Dixon is becoming recognized and each exhibition widened the reputation of the painter until it was known as far away as Europe.

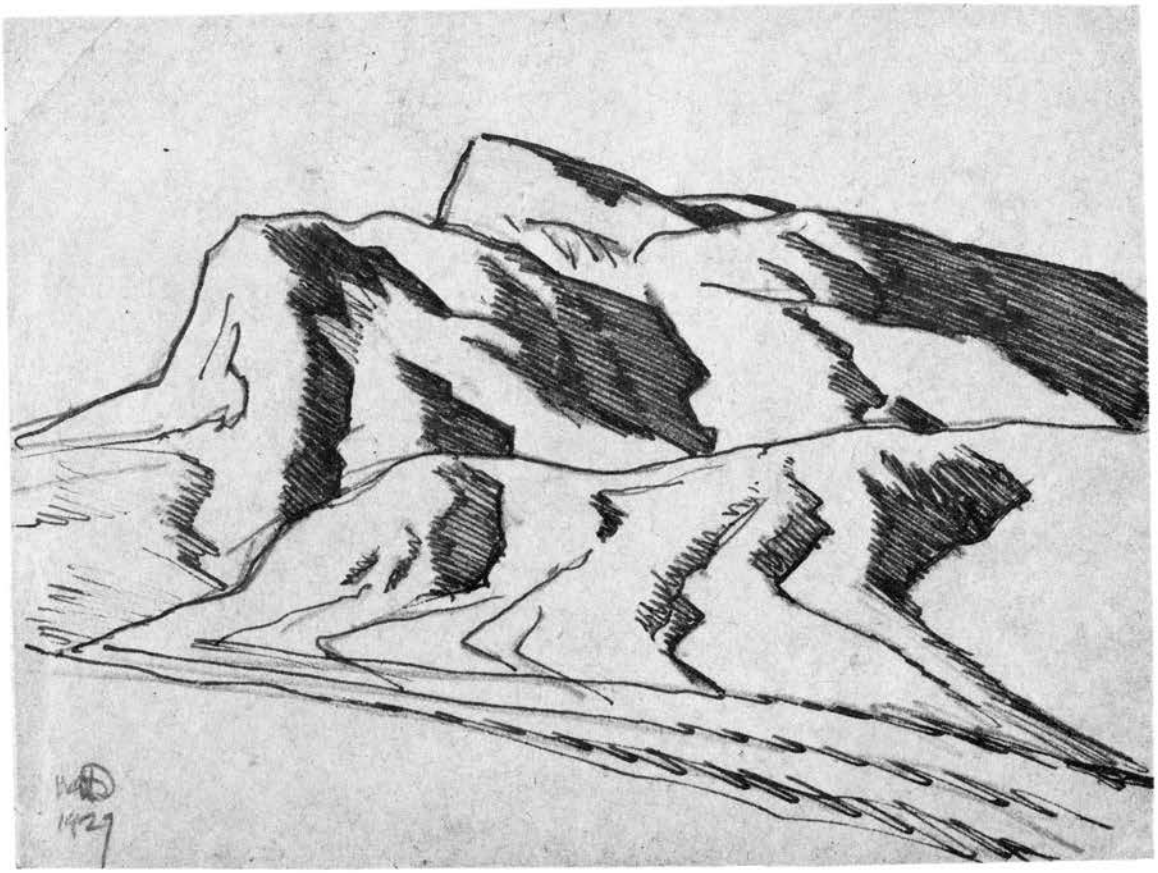
PINE TREES—1925

By 1927 the restless search was covering other areas. Previously unvisited parts of Nevada and Utah were added to Maynard Dixon's sketching range. Hell Creek Canyon and the rugged gorge of the Virgin River in Southeast Nevada, just before the latter joins the muddy Colorado. Eastward into Southern Utah and still along the Virgin, Saint George, Toquerville and Hurricane. Here the Mormons had come in the early 1860's and, surviving heat and continual crop failure, had built their homes and gradually turned the barren desert into green pastures. Where there are Mormons, there are trees, cottonwoods and poplars and the formal Mormon houses. Green fields below the towering bluffs where the high plateau breaks down into the river bottom. Virgin, Rockville and Springdale each one a little monument to a courageous people. Maynard Dixon painted a number of pictures from the sketches he made in this part of Southern Utah. The one I remember best was called "The Fields of Toquerville."

Zion Canyon came in for its fair share of sketches as well as the country around Mt. Carmel Junction, where Maynard later bought a house for a summer painting headquarters.

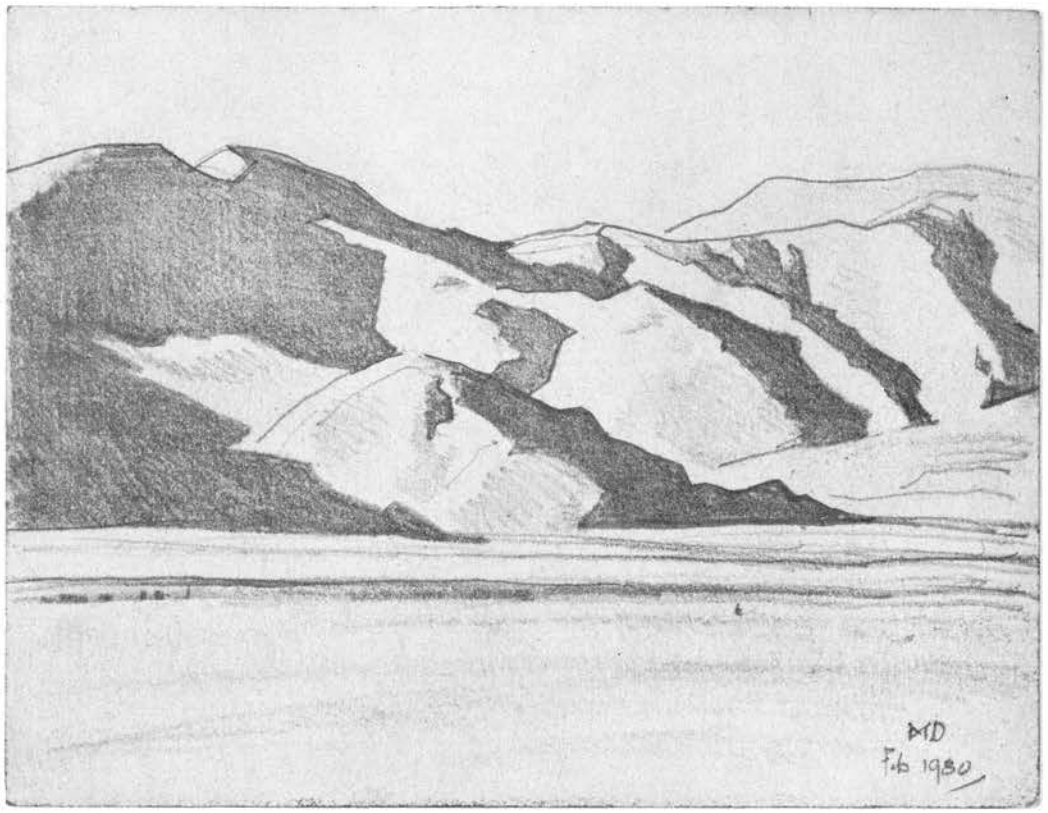


CATTLE AND SHEEP



NEVADA DESERT—1927

In 1929 it was California and Nevada again. The Panamints and the Argus Mountains, Owens Valley and the towering east face of the High Sierras were studied and sketched from Olancha and Lone Pine. On to Bishop and Tonopah and into central Nevada where lies some of the most rugged and wide open country in the Southwest. Elemental country, dry and unpopulated, and each sketch delved deeper into the forces that had scoured and engraved the landscape. Each sketch grew in power with the added knowledge and each sketch caught more of the pattern of the hill sides. The intricate fold after fold, canyon after canyon were all investigated and recorded. Nevada has its share of flat topped mesas quite similar to those in Northern Arizona. There is a road from Tonopah to Ely that skirts the Monitor range, the Hot Creek and the Pancake ranges. There is nothing there but country, but what country from the painting point of view! A flat country eroded in all directions to leave countless flat topped mesas and benches that shelter a very occasional little group of ranch buildings.

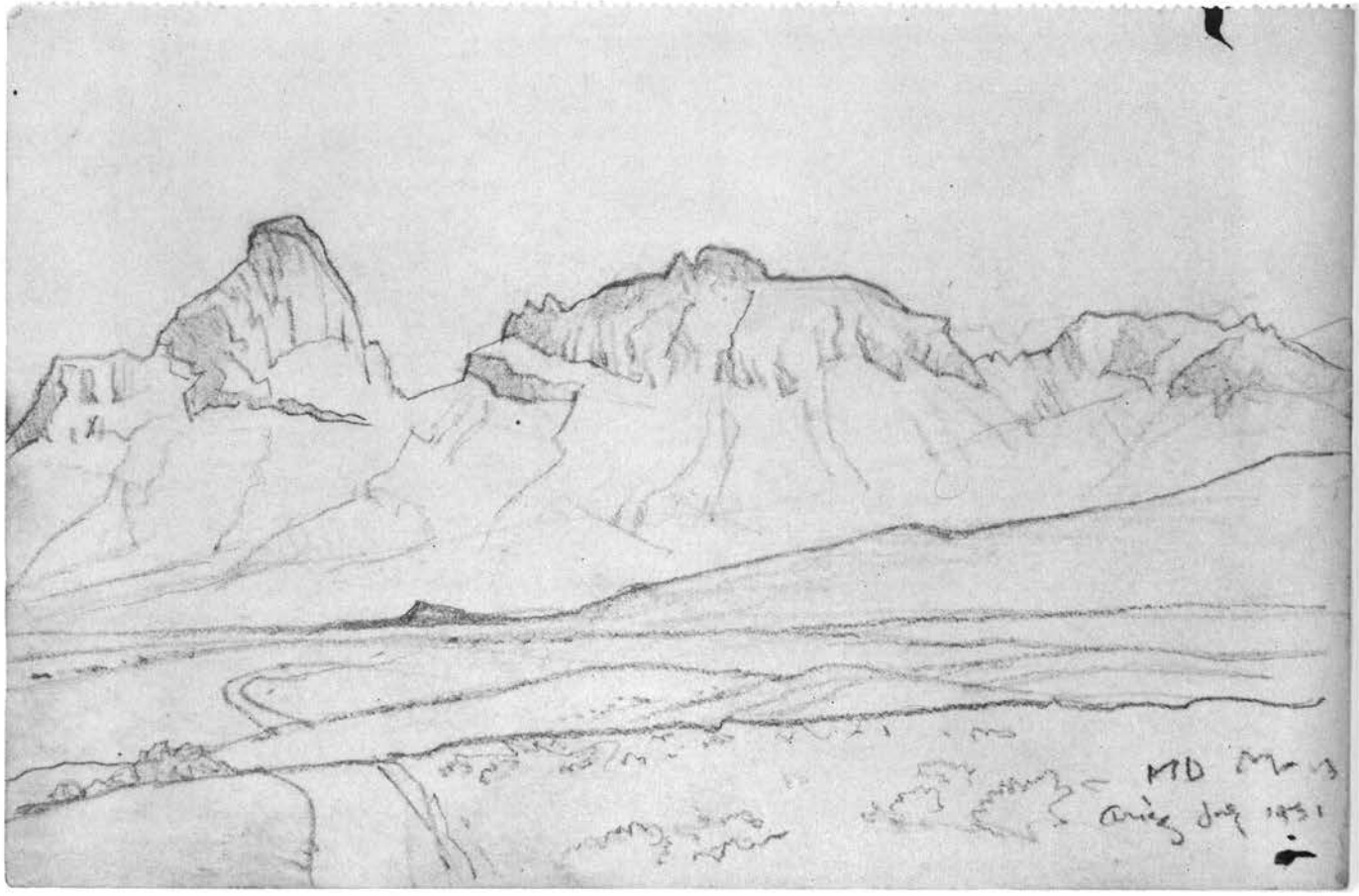


SHADOWS ON DESERT HILLS—1930

More sketches in the California desert in 1930, and in 1931 a long wandering trip that started in California, crossed the Colorado at Needles and wound past Oatman to Kingman, Arizona.

Some of the sketches made on the way are magnificent in their directness and power. Maynard Dixon has become a man who knows his desert; who no longer needs to search for the why and the how. A man who can interpret the tilt of the rock strata and portray the work of erosion. He can sketch quickly and with the minimum of effort, and yet miss nothing that is essential. In his sketches the mountains stand before us in the bright sunlight, lacking nothing that would enhance our knowledge of them. They are complete as to structure and form and yet they are portrayed with such simplicity that it might fool anyone into thinking that such sketches are easily made. This, surely, is sketching at its best and it is easy only to a man who had already spent thirty years sketching in the West.

On through Arizona and New Mexico Maynard wandered picking up a sketch here



ARIZONA—1931

and a sketch there until he had followed the upper Rio Grande into the valley of Taos. Here he stayed to sketch and paint the valley and the mountains with the summer rain clouds hanging over them. Here he recorded the Taos Indians with the sureness and knowledge that can only come when a man knows his Indians. These sketches show Taos Indians and not Hopis or Navajos. Not Blackfeet or Paiutes, Zuñis or Hupas, they are Taos with all the character and detail that makes them distinctive among all other Indians.

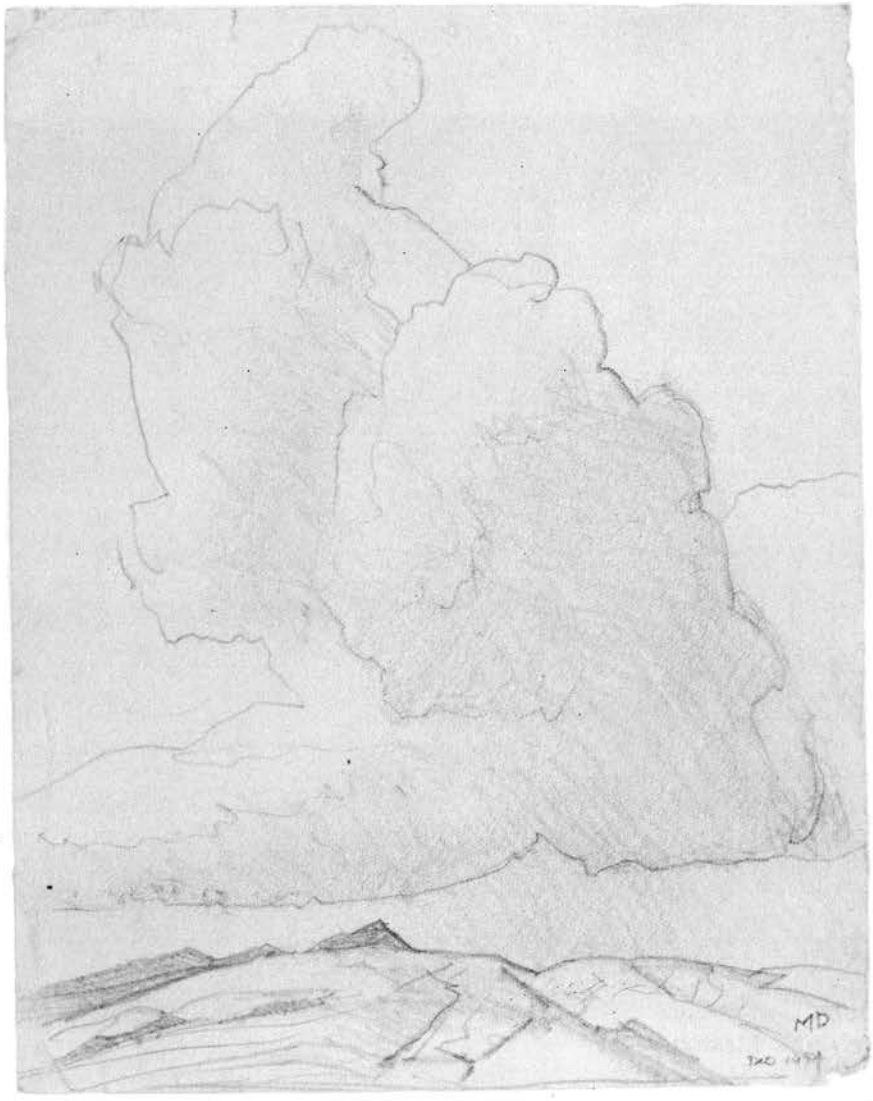
Maynard Dixon would never make the ghastly mistakes that are so often seen in illustrations of, so called, Indian books. Illustrations that show different tribes and cultures so hopelessly intermixed that it is no wonder that our children, and adults as well, think that all Indians wore warbonnets of eagle feathers and looked exactly the same whether they were Iroquois or Seminoles, Navajos or Nez Percé. But again I digress to ride my little hobby horse called authenticity.

Further eastward still goes the trail of Maynard Dixon in the year of 1931. Eastward

TAOS VALLEY, NEW MEXICO—1931

to where the mountains of New Mexico become foothills, and the foothills become benches. Where the rangeland is scored by the tributaries of the eastward flowing rivers of the Staked Plains. Here again is a new experience for Maynard Dixon. Here is a country just as wide open as the places he had sketched in Montana or Nevada, Wyoming or Arizona. Here it lacks certain elements found further West or North but it gains other elements peculiar to itself.

At this time Maynard was making oil sketches on 10 x 14 boards as well as pencil and pen sketches. Many of these were part of a series that he called "Skies of New Mexico" and these, in turn, became such pictures as "Cloud drift and Prairie." It is pretty hard to look out over a chunk of country that takes in two counties and to put it all down on a 10 x 14 board but Maynard Dixon had that facility. I am inclined to think that no artist ever captured the wide open loneliness of the prairie country as he did. Nothing but prairie and sky may lack much of the qualities of the conventional picture but if much is added it ceases to be what it is.

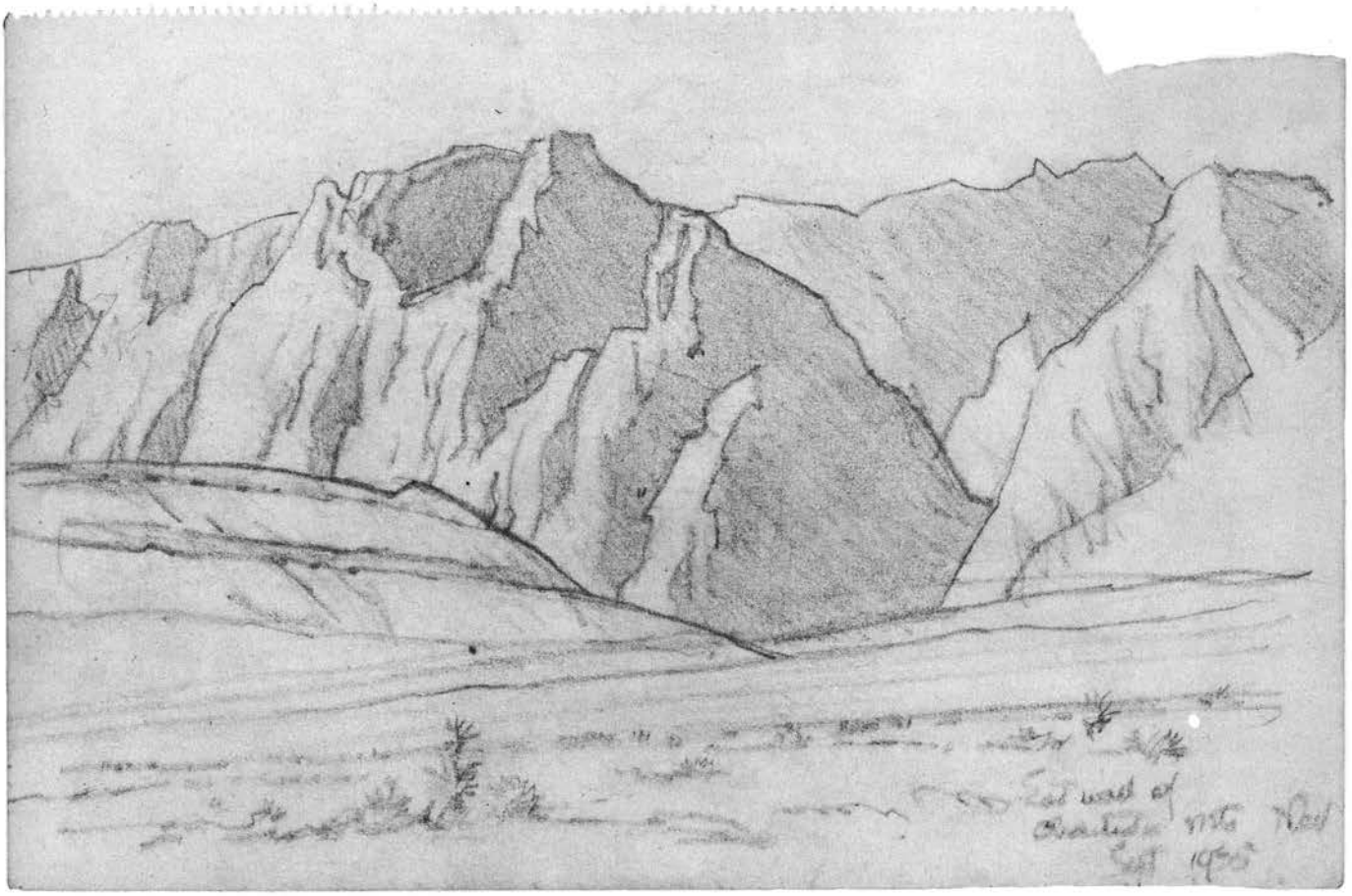


CLOUD OVER DESERT HILLS—1934

Many previously made sketches became pictures in the early thirties. Maynard spent a lot of time painting and sketches are fewer between 1932 and 1934.

In 1935, however, came the great need to get back to the land, to be refreshed after months of studio painting. Maynard Dixon was out again making sketch after sketch in the deserts of eastern California and southern Nevada.

To the east of Death Valley lie the Amargossa Mountains and the Funeral Range and to these went Maynard Dixon in the heat of early September. No place for tenderfeet this country, but what a place to sketch the desert as it really is. Beautiful and deadly. Everything is clearly defined in the almost blinding glare of the sun. No water, no shade and very little future if you haven't come well prepared. However, there is mighty little chance of trouble. Maynard Dixon is no greenhorn. He is an active man of 60, experienced in taking care of himself in any and all weathers and, besides, the heat feels good on

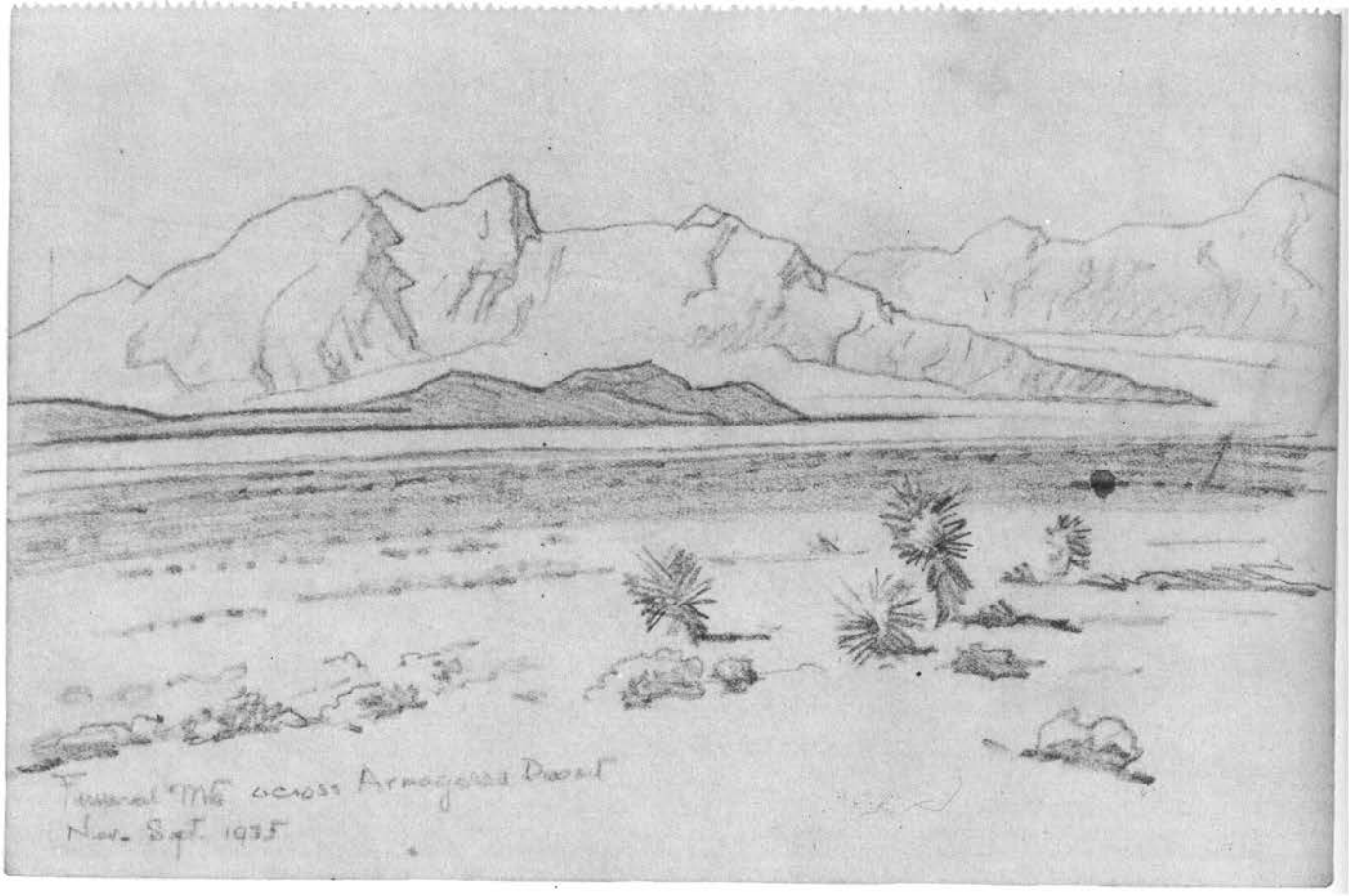


CHARLTON RANGE, NEVADA—1935

joints that are starting to get a mite stiff in the mornings. What is a little heat when there are ranges lying over there that you haven't seen yet? Maybe the only reason that there are mountains is so that a feller can go and see what is beyond them.

The California-Nevada border and the land to the east is more like a petrified sea than anything else. Mountain ranges stand up one after the other like the waves of an ocean suddenly stilled. After the Amargossa and the Funeral Ranges comes the Grape Vine and the Kingston. Next the Pahute, the Timpahute and the Spotted Ranges and after them the Hiko, the Desert and the Spring Mountain Ranges and so on to Charleston Peak and Las Vegas.

Desolate, forbidding but of great beauty is this Nevada land and wonderful sketches can be had almost anywhere. Maynard Dixon went eastward through the country and settled in Las Vegas for a spell while sketching the rugged eastern face of Charleston Peak that rises over 10,000 feet above sea level.

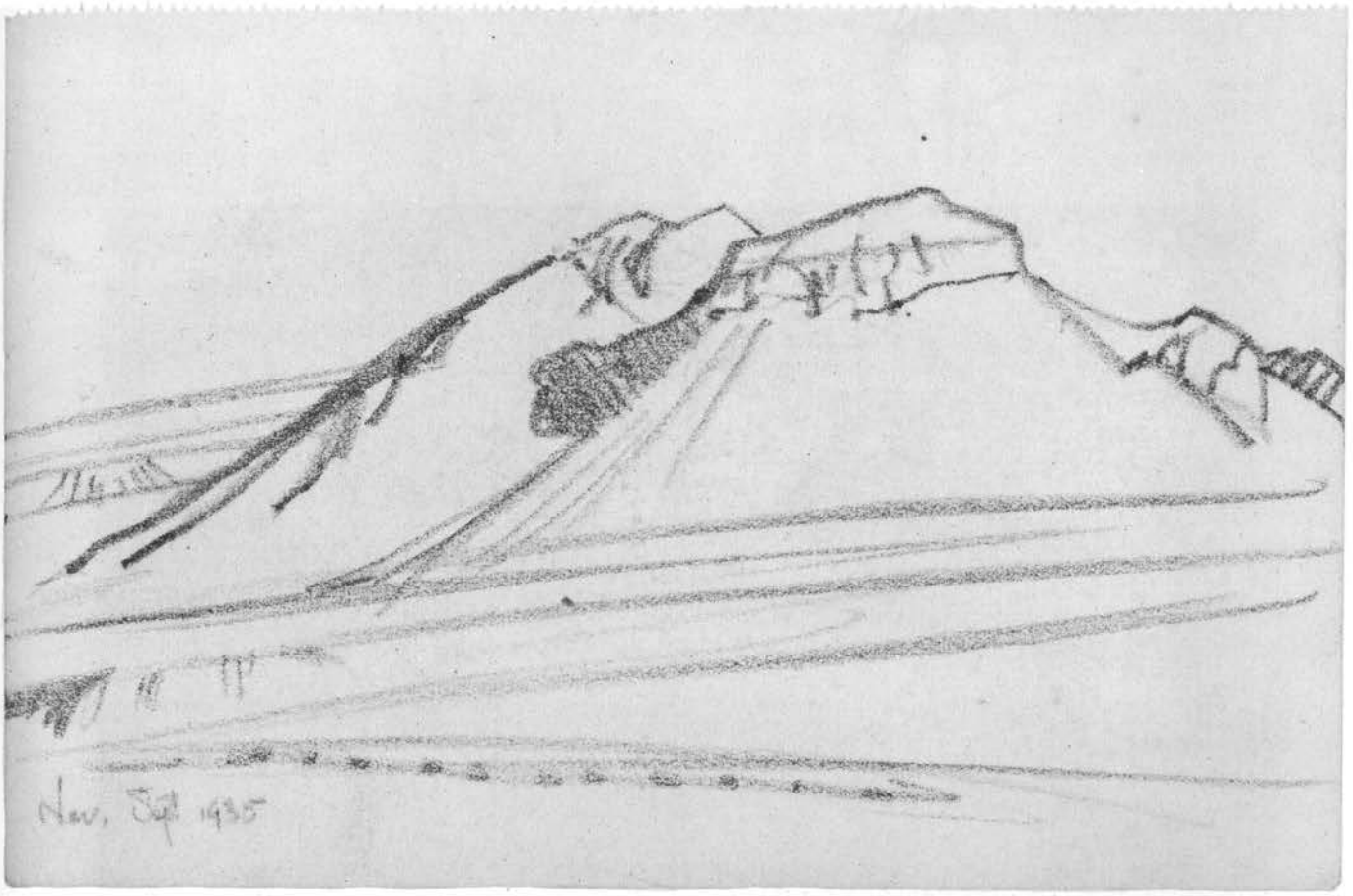


FUNERAL MOUNTAINS, NEVADA—1935

Las Vegas, Nevada had grown a bit since Maynard was first there but it was still a far cry from what it is today. Wide open? Sure but with honest to goodness bars and gambling halls and not the "decorator" colored, neoned palaces that are there now.

From all these sketches came pictures such as "The Elements of Nevada," no particular mountain or scene but the whole of southern Nevada distilled into one picture. This distillation was typical of the Maynard Dixon pictures of this period. Each picture took a part of the West and boiled it down to its essential elements. These elements were painted in their most decorative light and, while no one could say that he had been to the exact spot, everyone who knew the country would swear that they had seen it a dozen times.

Maynard Dixon wanted to paint more than just the country. He wanted the viewer to feel the spirit of the country. He wanted the picture to "get" you just as the country itself "gets" the people who visit it.



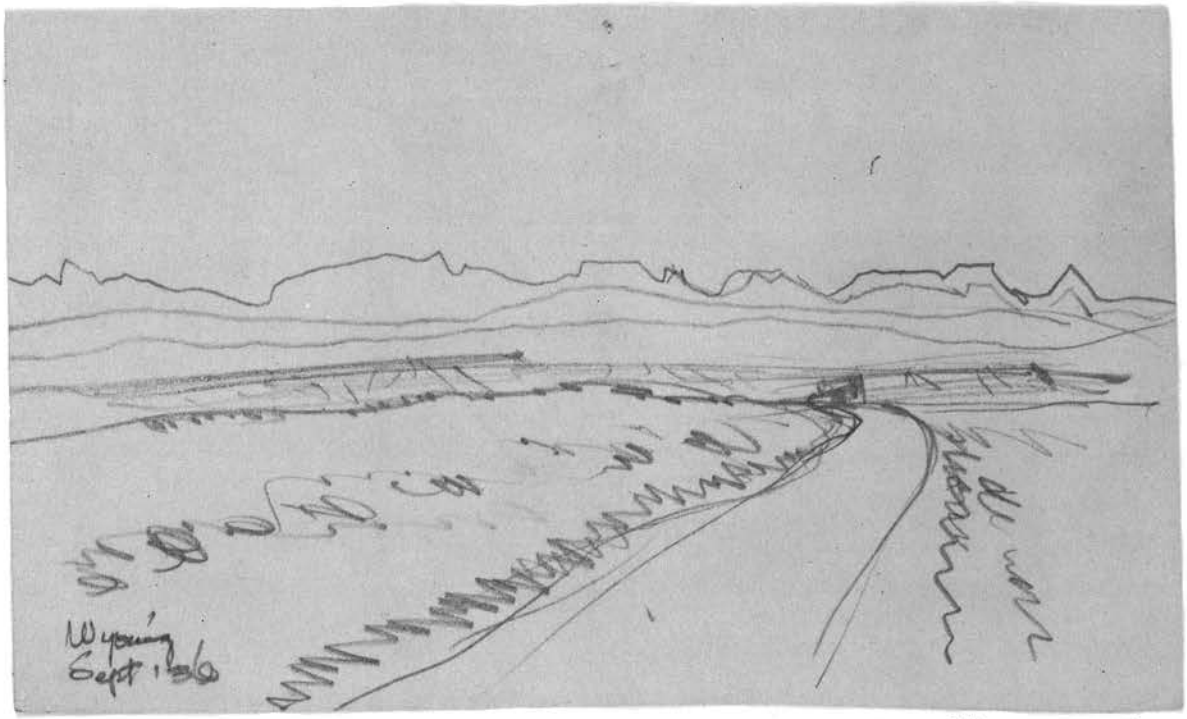
NEVADA—1935

The desert seems to be able to raise greater and more varied emotions than any other type of country. Sometimes it gets a man the first time he sees it, sometimes over a period of years. He either loves it or he hates it or he says he does.

But somehow the desert cannot be dismissed so easily. With each emotion there is always a slight overtone of the other. For those who love it and appreciate its beauty and its grandure there is also that hint of fear that is akin to hate. And those who hate and fear the desert can never quite dismiss the subtle fascination that it holds for them.

Maynard Dixon did paint into his pictures something of man's emotion in vast, wild country. Call it what you will, to look at some of his canvases produces an impact that the kind of person who likes soft living cannot take.

1935 has come and gone and in 1936 the call is toward the north again. Across northern Nevada and Utah and into Wyoming at Evanston. From there to Kemmerer



WYOMING—1936

and up the west bank of the Green River, past Big Piney to Kendall. Here Maynard Dixon sketched over country that seemed as though every view ended up in the next county. Cattle range studies that were used for several pictures and then on again over to the Wind and the Big Horn. More sketches and, above all, these sketches are Wyoming.

By this time the reader will undoubtedly agree that Maynard Dixon got around. With all this trailing back and forth across the West the point is made. To the states of Washington, Idaho and Colorado my apologies. Maynard, like Kilroy, was there but space has not permitted a more detailed itinerary. I know I have often taken him somewhere only to abandon him and leave his return trip a mystery. This cannot be helped and, anyway, more detail would make this thing read like a railroad time table.

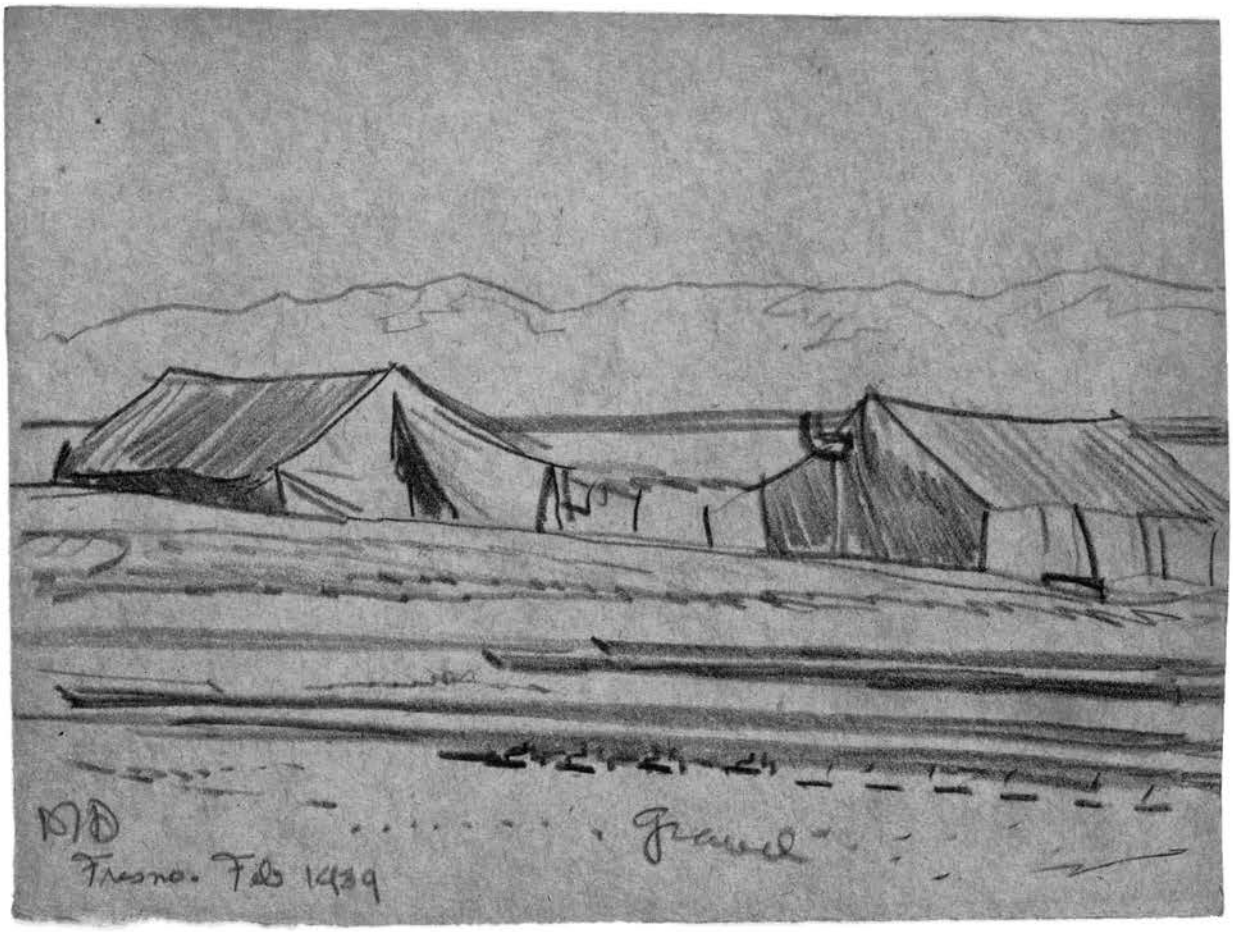
I see no need to write a social study of Maynard Dixon. His wives, his women, his friends and his enemies were all a part of the man, but not an essential part of this narrative.

WYOMING—1936

He lived high when the mood took him and was content with bacon and beans when need be. He could drink his shot as well as any man and relished a steak broiled over wood coals. Even when confined to his studio by months of painting he preferred to drive out of town in the evening to cook a meal over a campfire some where off the road.

Whether a man is a painter or a doctor, a carpenter or a trick rider the only thing that really counts is whether he knows his job and does it well. His marital troubles, his bank balance, his religion and his politics are his own business.

Modern reporting and the junk called "human interest" make this painfully clear. A man is asked where he was born, what he eats for breakfast, how many wives he has had and how many children. He is cross examined on every confounded subject except the only one that has made him sufficiently interesting to be interviewed. His work.



FRESNO, CALIFORNIA—1939

The year 1939 was another year of roaming, and sketches ranged from Fresno, California to Marfa, Texas. Some old haunts were revisited and some new areas were explored. There is a certain fascination about a side road. Anyway it is good to get off the highway and perhaps the little road leads to somewhere interesting.

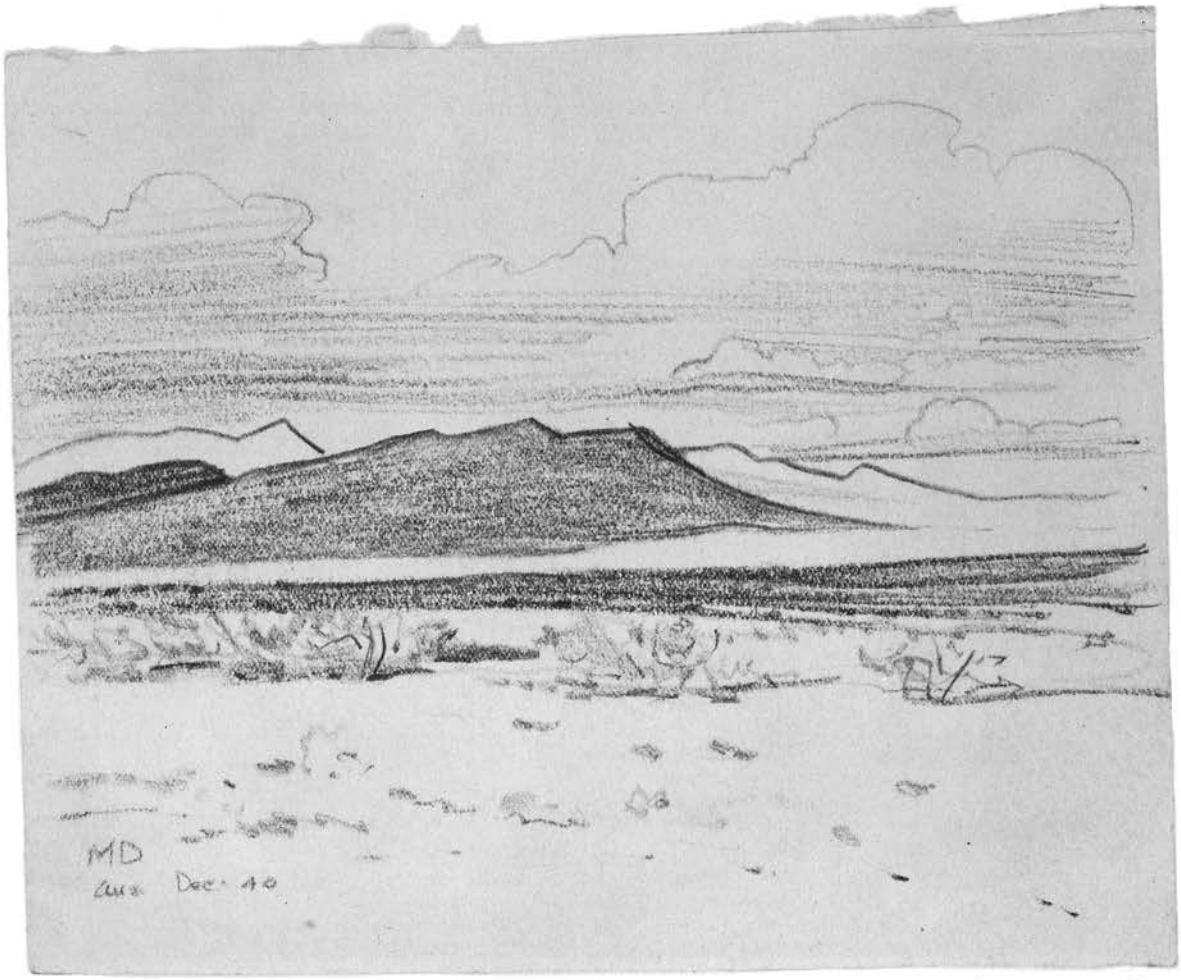
While it is true that one can travel from one end of the country to other and find a picture every mile along the way, the public seldom realizes just how many miles an artist will go in search of just the right picture. Maynard Dixon was no exception. To be tied down for too long a time in the studio is not good for a man who is essentially a landscape painter, and each year Maynard found time to wander around a bit and to refresh himself and his work. This trip in 1939 through California, Arizona, New Mexico and into Texas was taken for just that reason and he returned satisfied.

MARFA, TEXAS—1939

Arizona sketches again in 1940 and Utah in 1941. Still sketching, but a lot of painting, for between 1940 and 1945 Maynard Dixon produced many of the pictures that are best known to the public. Some of them were reproduced in the little booklet called "Maynard Dixon, Painter of the West" with an introduction written by art critic Arthur Millier. These same pictures were used in *Arizona Highways* and again when Raymond Carlson brought together all the articles about different Western painters that had appeared in the magazine. These were produced in book form under the title *Gallery of Western Paintings.*

1941 was a year of great activity. Maynard went back to his early love, the work around a cattle ranch. He made studies of cow hands driving cattle and driving horses, he was fascinated by dim figures in the dust which finally became such pictures as "The Dust and the Drags."

1941 also brought a whole series of sketches of Westerners and dudes. Maynard liked



ARIZONA—1940

and was at home with the genuine Westerner, the cow hand, the trader and the farmer, in fact anyone who belonged to the country either by birth or adoption. But he loathed the fancy pants movie cowboy and the endless procession of tricked out dudes who were coming West by the thousand. And here his acid wit and ability as a caricaturist came into full play. He had in mind doing a book to be called *Frontier Pants* containing dozens of drawings of dudes and tenderfeet at play in the West. But, I guess, that most publishers would have found it too hot to handle and, as far as I know, it was never produced.

There is no room to show more than a few of the preliminary drawings for the book, but the characters are unmistakable, the westerners are sure enough westerners and the dudes are something to behold. Of course we all know that cowpunchers came in assorted sizes and that the West was not entirely populated by tall, lean lantern jawed waddies. But they made a wonderful contrast to the bottle shouldered, big bellied dudes.

UTAH—1941

Maynard Dixon had a wonderful ability to draw the female dude still on, or more correctly above, her horse and making only occasional and violent contact with it.

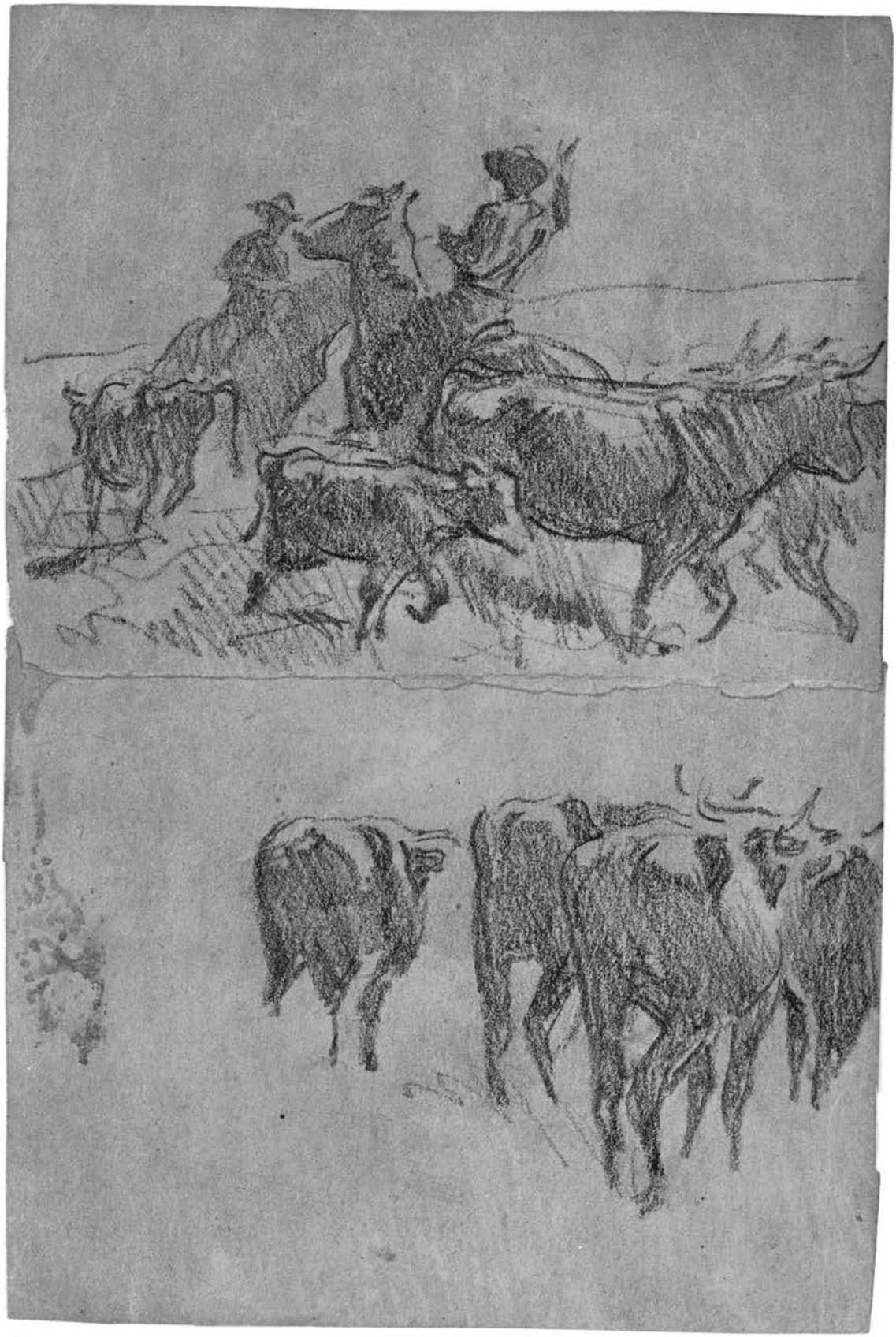
"It ware'nt no rattle snake" shows a lanky wrangler picking up a fat paunched dude who has rolled out of the saddle ("been bucked off" in dude language) on to a tiny cactus and who is quite convinced that he has been bitten in the seat by a rattle snake.

The Blonde who is mounted on a piece of the sorriest looking crow bait you ever saw and telling the wrangler that she "just loves to ride fast."

"The Scenery Hound" who appears to be far more interested in carving his name on a tree at the edge of the Grand Canyon than in the magnificent view around him.

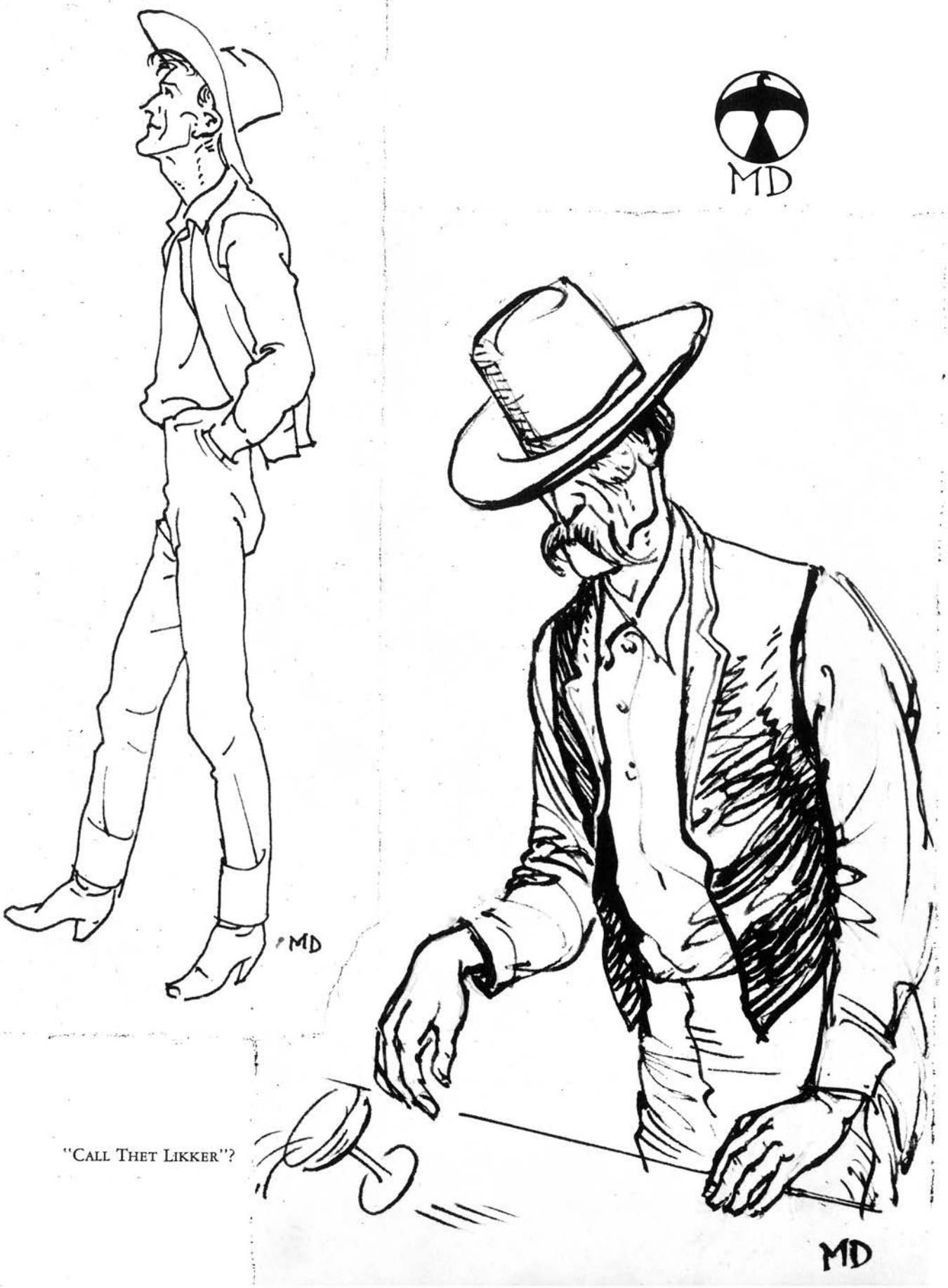
Two dude hunters who are stalking an old moss head steer through the brush carries the title "But I Saw His Antlers." All I can say is that it is a heck of a shame that the book was never printed because I know a lot of people who would have enjoyed it.


MD
1991
The Dust & the Drags



WORKING CATTLE—1941

"The Genuine Article"



"Call Thet Likker"?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"Frontier Pants"
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TUCSON, ARIZONA—1944

1944. Maynard Dixon had long since moved from San Francisco to Tucson, Arizona and was spending the hot summer months at his place near Mt. Carmel, Utah. At sixty-nine he was producing some of his best work. Maybe he was slowing down a bit physically but his production was still great. He still preferred his meals out of doors and liked to ramble around the country sketching.

The two sketches reproduced here are of the west end of the Santa Catalina Mountains north of Tucson and were done from his own back yard. The tall window of his Tucson studio looked out past mesquite and palo verde, across the Rillito to this end of the mountains. Quite a place to sit and think back over fifty years of sketching. Of fifty years of wandering through all the magnificent country that lies in the Western states.

Now both Maynard and this writing are getting to the end of the trail but before we end let us figure out what we have seen.

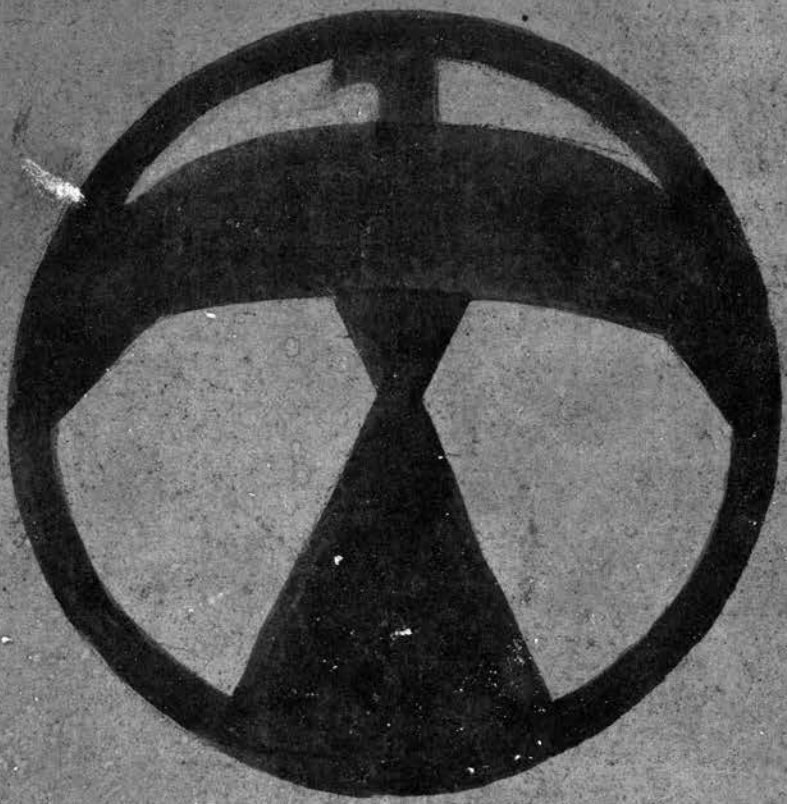
TUCSON, ARIZONA—1944

We have followed a trail that was longer than many about which whole books have been written. If I have done my job properly, we have seen the development of a man who loved the West and became one of its greatest painters. We have seen that Maynard Dixon wandered into many parts of the West years before they were "discovered" by people who wrote books about them.

Some day a larger collection of this man's sketches should be published, a more detailed itinerary of his travels should be made because as I said when I started, he really got around.

Until shortly before his death in 1946, Maynard Dixon was painting with a paint brush in one hand and an oxygen mask in the other. The wit was still there and so was the twinkle in his eyes. The man wanted to carry on, but the body finally quit.

That I can never see the clouds boiling up here in the Arizona sky without thinking of Maynard Dixon is, perhaps, as much of a compliment as he would have wanted from anyone.



MAYNARD DIXON
1875 ✷ 1946

The cover of one
of Dixon's sketch
books

DODGE CITY'S BOOT HILL

By EARLE R. FORREST

"Let sixteen gamblers carry my coffin.
Let sixteen cowboys come sing me a song;
Take me over to Boot Hill and lay the sod over me,
For I'm a poor cowboy, and I know I've done wrong."

—From *The Cowboy's Lament*, an old range song.

No spot in all the West is better known than Boot Hill, the pioneer graveyard of Dodge City, theme of many a cowboy song and story around camp fires from Canada to Mexico during many years of old range life. Back in 1872, shortly after the Santa Fe Railroad founded Dodge City with a box car depot, Boot Hill graveyard was started on the only hill that overlooks the town. It was named from the fact that every man buried there "died with his boots on." and many are the tales of wild adventure; of Texas cowboys just up the trail after long months on the drive; of gun fighters and peace officers; of bad men and outlaws, buried on Boot Hill. A few of these stories are still told among the legends of Dodge City, but many are forever buried in the graves of Boot Hill.

When I was in Dodge City in the summer of 1926 I was fortunate in finding a few old-timers still left, but they were very few—O. H. (Brick) Bond and George W. Reighard, last of the buffalo hunters; Hamilton B. Bell, a sheriff of Ford County who always managed to get his man without filling him full of lead, and Dr. O. H. Simpson. Many were the fascinating stories they related of Boot Hill—lurid, wild and romantic. Dr. Simpson came in 1884, and for forty years his hobby, besides pulling teeth, had been collecting stories of the early days, and he recognized the historical importance of verifying those stories. He had combed the old files of *The Dodge City Globe* and court records. He had interviewed men who were in Dodge during those early years before 1884, and had gathered a wealth of information which he placed at my disposal, from which I gathered many of these stories of Boot Hill and early days in Dodge City. He has been dead for a quarter of a century, and I have often wondered what became of all his material.

With the Texas cattle came a floating population, the like of which no town has ever known in all the West. Hundreds of cowboys, most of them not bad at heart, went to Dodge City with the trail herds, determined to have a good time; and after long months on the trail they had it in their own wild way.

Dodge City's Boot Hill

In appearance Dodge City was a typical frontier town. The saloons and gambling halls were all on the present Front Street, then the main business thoroughfare; and just across the railroad track, known as the "dead line," were the dance halls and other resorts. In the rear of the saloons on Front Street was Tin Pot Alley, now Chestnut Street, the principal business thoroughfare of today.

This same Chestnut Street has a history; for it was into Tin Pot Alley that men killed in saloon fights during the night were thrown, to be wrapped in blankets the next day and carted away to Boot Hill, where many a man who met death in old Dodge was buried in an unmarked grave with his boots on, his six-shooter at his side. And it was in Tin Pot Alley that the bull teams were hitched after their loads of buffalo hides had been stacked in Charley Rath's hide yard, while their drivers got gloriously drunk to celebrate their safe return with their scalps in the proper place.

The name of the first man killed in Dodge City and the manner in which this historic graveyard came to be located on the hill is a matter of dispute. According to Robert M. Wright[1] the first victim of the reign of the six-shooter was a big Texas negro called "Black Tex" for want of a better name. This statement was accepted for years; but the Last Roundup Celebration held in 1929 brought back some of the men who had not been in Dodge since the last trail herd passed that way, and a different version came to light. One old-time cowboy who was there in 1872 told how the first graveyard, which soon became famous as the original Boot Hill of the Old West, was started on the site of the first gun fight.

The peace of the first few days of youthful Dodge's tranquil existence was brought to a sudden end by a quick draw and a flaming six-shooter as two cowboys from Texas met on top of the hill to shoot out an argument. The victim was left just where he fell. There was no undertaker in those days, and few men cared whether the buzzards or the coyotes won in the race for a human carcass; but someone in that wild rush of life in civilization's farthest outpost remembered enough of the teaching of some mother to pause for a moment and hire two men to dig a shallow grave, and bury the first victim of wild, wicked Dodge just where he fell, with his boots on and the gun that had been too slow on the draw still in its holster. Thus Dodge City's baptism ushered in the reign of the Colt which only ended with the passing of the trail herds thirteen years later. This was the story told by that old-time cowboy more than half a century later.

When another young Texas fell in a saloon fight a few days later, according to this old-timer, the fact that a graveyard was a greater necessity than a hospital in every well regulated western town in those days was brought forcibly to the attention of the citizens. They already had a beginning, and so they "planted" this unknown cowboy by the side of his unknown comrade, in an unmarked grave on the hill which soon became known as Boot Hill.

Dodge City's Boot Hill

The killing of "Black Tex" by a gambler known as "Denver Ed," during those early days of 1872, was one of the most cold-blooded murders of old Dodge.[2] This followed the shooting of the two Texans. A crowd had gathered on Front Street and several harmless shots were fired into the air. When Denver Ed deliberately shot the big negro "just to see him kick," as he afterwards expressed it. Life was only worth a slug of lead in those days, and no one gave the black man's death a second thought after he was hauled up the hill and buried beside the two cowboys. In fact, the affair gave a little more prestige to youthful Dodge as a western town, for it now had a growing graveyard. Thereafter, during the winter of 1872 and 1873 they had "a man for breakfast" rather frequently; and the fame of wicked Dodge traveled far and wide as the graves on Boot Hill increased.

The next victim was another negro, who was a servant of the colonel commanding Fort Dodge. According to the old story of this affair the negro started some trouble, but was shot before he could finish it. The military officials pushed the matter, and a man named Hicks was sent to the penitentiary, the only record of punishment by law for a murder in those early days of Dodge City.

From the beginning there was trouble between the authorities at Fort Dodge and the people in Dodge City. The civilians resented interference of the military in the affairs of the town, especially when soldiers from the fort often started the trouble. Several of the latter were killed during these brawls; and, according to statements of old-timers, fourteen men "died with their boots on" and were buried on Boot Hill during the first year; but they were not soldiers. They were buried in the military cemetery at Fort Dodge. This is all that is known of them after the passing of so many years. No record of those early gun fights was preserved; and even the names of the victims are lost amid the sandy loam of Boot Hill. What tales the old hill might unfold if it could talk.

Even amid the sordidness of Boot Hill an occasional romance from a higher sphere of life than a dance hall girl marked the end of some good woman's dram of happiness. Dr. Simpson told me an interesting story of a young civil engineer named Edward Francis, who drifted into Dodge one day and secured a job on the Santa Fe which was pushing its tracks westward. Originally from the East he had first worked for a mining company in Colorado and then for a railroad; but he had thrown himself into the wild life of the West, and lost both positions on account of his habitual habit of drinking too much and too often.

A few days after Francis arrived a tall, handsome girl came to Dodge, and soon gained a prominent place in the dance halls. No one knew her real name and cared less; but following the custom of the times the miners of the Colorado gold camps had dubbed her "Timberline," because of her unusual height, and as "Timberline" she was known in Dodge. That she was the sweetheart of the young engineer was apparent, and she soon became known as Edward Francis' girl. Other men showered attention upon her, and

while she evidently preferred Francis, she was a woman who liked to play with fire.

"Jim the Tough" walked into the Long Branch dance hall one night and saw this tall girl dancing with the engineer. Jim liked her striking beauty, which was of a type not common on the frontier, and a few minutes later Francis was left standing at the bar, while his girl was whisked away across the floor by her new admirer. As they whirled past on the next round she gave her sweetheart a bewitching smile that aroused all the passionate anger of his jealous soul, and he vowed vengenance on the man who had stolen her.

When Jim took the girl to the bar for the customary drink at the end of the dance, Francis was waiting, a livid fire blazing in his eyes. No one ever knew what passed between them; but like all affairs in which human life is at stake the action was rapid. Jim suddenly sprang back a few steps as each man went for his gun. A jet of flame spurted from the "Tough's" right hand as his six-shooter roared, and Edward Francis sprawled forward on the floor, his life-blood gushing from a bullet hole in his breast. The heart-rending scream of a woman broke the sudden silence that fell over the room after the shot, as a tall, handsome girl sank on her knees at the dying man's side, and gathered his head in her arms, amothering his cold face with kisses.

Suddenly she raided her head, and with eyes that blazed intense hatred for the man who had robbed her of the only real love she had ever known, she shrieked at "Jim the Tough;" "You've killed him, you unspeakable beast; you've killed him."

And the next day the body of young Edward Francis, wrapped in a worn blanket discarded by some buffalo hunter, was buried in the little cemetery on Boot Hill. There was no ceremony; only the half-smothered, heart-broken sobs of a dance hall girl who followed the wagon up the winding slope, sounded the notes of his funeral dirge.

With the passing of time there came to Dodge City a woman whose every bearing spoke of a refinement not often found on the western frontier of those days. Timidly she inquired if anyone had ever heard of a civil engineer named Edward Francis. Yes, there were many who remembered the tragedy in the Long Branch a few short years before, and she was directed to "Timberline."

"Why do you wish to know? What was he to you?" the dance hall girl inquired suspiciously.

"I was the girl he left back East," was the quiet response.

That was enough for "Timberline," and together they climbed the slope of Boot Hill. They were a strange pair; this girl of old Dodge who had tasted to the fullest measure the hard, bitter dregs of life in the mining camps and trail-end cowtowns of the old West, and the woman from the East whose life had never been tainted by one mis-step. And together they mourned at the grave where their hopes of happiness lay buried until the end of time.

The following mention of Boot Hill, taken from a newspaper account published in

1877, gives some idea of the reputation Dodge City had gained in less than five years:

"Most places are satisfied with one abode for the dead. In the grave there is no distinction. The rich are known from the poor only by their tombstones, so the sod that is upon the grave fails to reflect the characters buried beneath. And yet Dodge boasts of two burying grounds, one for the tainted whose very souls were steeped in immorality, and who have generally died with their boots on. 'Boot Hill' is the somewhat singular title applied to the burial place of the class just mentioned. The other is not designated by any particular name, but it is supposed to contain the bodies of those who died with a clean sheet on their beds, the soul in this case is a secondary consideration." [3]

This account does not give the location of the graveyard for "those who died with a clean sheet on their beds;" but it was the military cemetery at Fort Dodge, six miles away. When Prairie Grove Cemetery was established in 1879, after burials on Boot Hill were abolished by the city authorities, it became the burial place for all who died in old Dodge, both with their "boots on," and with "a clean sheet on their beds."

Robert M. Wright stated in his book that burials on Boot Hill were stopped by the local authorities in 1874. This is a mistake, for the old files of *The Dodge City Globe* contain the information that no move was made to stop interments on Boot Hill until late in 1878, and no official action was taken by the city council until January, 1879.[4] Dora Hand, Jack Wagner, George Hoyt and several others were buried on the hill in 1878.

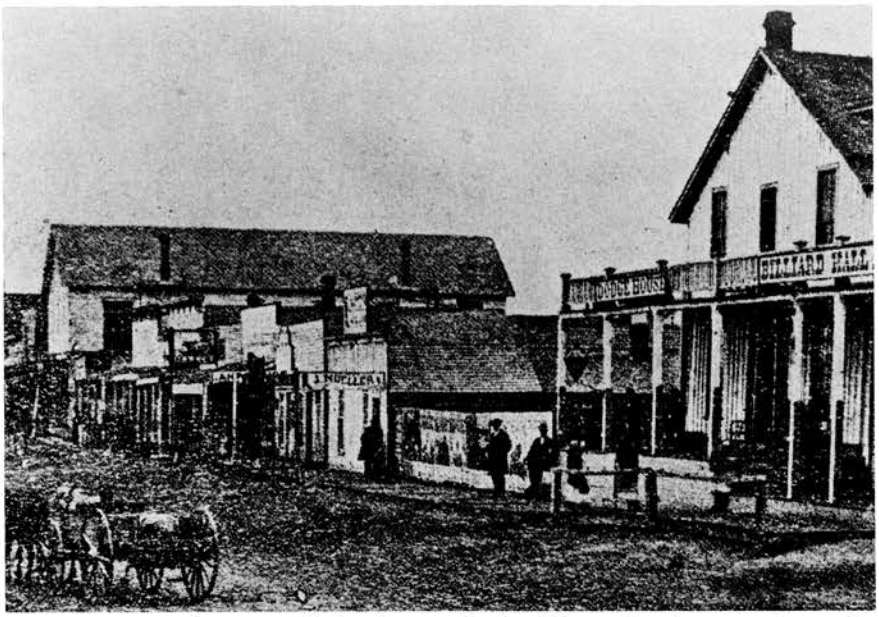
Front Street looking east from Third Street. The saloons and gambling halls that once occupied this street disappeared long ago, and automobiles have taken the place of cowboys' ponies at the hitching rail. *Photo taken in 1926.*

Dodge City's Boot Hill

By a strange jest of fate the first body buried in new Prairie Grove Cemetery was a Chinese. According to the story told by Dr. Simpson among the legends of old Dodge, a cowboy and a Chinaman were killed on the same night in 1873. In life they had nothing in common, and their only bond in death was the fact that they passed out on the same night. The cowboy was buried on Boot Hill; but local ethics prohibited a "Chink" from being "planted" in that secred (?) ground, and so they buried him on the bleak prairie two miles north of Dodge at the place they named Prairie Grove Cemetery six years later.

According to the custom of the times the cowboy was interred with his six-shooter by his side, while Sing Lee's countrymen placed a roasted duck beside him in the coffin. When asked what Sing Lee wanted with the duck, the Chinese replied; "Allee samee Sing Lee wantee duck in heaven as cowboy wantee six-shooter in hellee." Perhaps they had the right idea at that.

The story of how the funeral of a young Texas cowboy, killed in a gunfight one night in the early winter of 1879, was turned into an antelope hunt, was another of the traditions preserved by Dr. Simpson. The victim was unknown and without friends, and so the people of Dodge decided to give him a first class funeral, such as only the distinguished in those days enjoyed. The corpse was rolled in a blanket and placed in a wagon. Mayor James Kelley led the funeral procession, followed by the prairie schooner hearse and a number of mounted men. With Kelley were two large stag hounds that had been given to him by General Custer when the latter left Fort Dodge. From the fact that these



Front Street, Dodge City, about 1876. The famous Dodge House, headquarters for cattlemen, is the first building on the right. This street was the scene of many gun fights during trail driving days.

animals were the mayor's inseparable companions he had been dubbed "Dog" Kelley. As the procession neared Prairie Grove Cemetery an antelope suddenly darted away across the prairie with the dogs in hot pursuit.

With wild yells the entire cortege joined in the chase. The corpse was jolted from the wagon by the rough journey, but every man kept on, even the driver with the "hearse," all determined to be in at the death. The antelope escaped, and some time later the "mourners" returned. The weather was very cold, and when they found the body they decided that it was frozen to hard for the coyotes, and all returned to Dodge City to warm up at Kelley's bar. They returned the next day and completed the burial. A human life was the cheapest thing on the old frontier.

The exact number buried on Boot Hill during the six years and four months of its existence is a matter of dispute. Some old-timers, loath to talk of Dodge City's lurid past, said about eighteen in order to give the impression that few men went out with their boots on during those early years. Even Robert M. Wright was far from the correct number when he placed it at thirty. Some others admitted about thirty-six, and one declared that more than a hundred were buried on the hill. Charles A. Siringo, one of the cowboys who drove to Dodge, counted eighty-one graves on the hill in 1877.[5]

Some of the old-time cowboys who returned for the Last Roundup Celebration in 1929, declared that twenty-six sere buried on the south side of the hill during the town's first year, and eighteen more were interred there before that section was filled and burials started on the north side.

When construction of the first Boot Hill school house was started in 1879, thirty-three bodies were moved to Prairie Grove Cemetery to make room for the building. Others were found from time to time during the excavation, and when the second school was erected in 1890 more were added to the list until at least forty-eight had been removed from the north side. Dr. Simpson said that those on the south side were never touched.

During the first year or two, men killed in Dodge were rolled in blankets. Coffins were seldom if ever used. A blanket was good enough in life, and it was good enough in death. The victims were strangers in a strange land, far from home and friends, and the only reason they were buried at all was as a matter of public necessity and custom. A dead man was only a dead man after all; something to dispose of in some manner to prevent a public nuisance. After a fight in the saloons on Front Street the victims were usually thrown into Tin Pot Alley, in the rear, and allowed to lay there until some convenient time was found to "plant" them on Boot Hill—while the game went merrily on. After Dodge was incorporated on November 2, 1875, the city council took a hand in the matter by paying the funeral expenses of victims at the rate of four dollars for digging a grave and nine dollars for a pine box coffin.

Dodge City's Boot Hill

By 1878 old Dodge had passed from the floating railroad construction camp and trail-end cowtown period to a permanent settlement. The people realized that this wildest of all western towns had come to stay, and they began to take an interest in the institutions of good government. Sentiment against the use of Boot Hill as a burial ground and the lawless condition it stood for, gradually crystalized until early in January, 1879, the city council prohibited burials on the hill, and appropriated one hundred dollars to defray the expense of removing the bodies on condition that the work would be completed within sixty days.

This action followed a bond issue of six thousand dollars for the erection of a new school house, which the voters approved early in January. Boot Hill was selected as the site; and the old West's most historic frontier graveyard was obliterated, but its wild memories have survived the passing of more than three quarters of a century.

The old Boot Hill school house erected in 1879 stood until 1890, when a larger building became necessary for the growing population of youngsters, and the second school house was built on this site. This stood for nearly forty years, although by 1926 it had been abandoned for several years, and in 1929 it was razed to make room for a new municipal building which marks the end of the trail for those who died with their boots on in old Dodge long ago.

The second school house on Boot Hill; built in 1890, and razed in 1929 for the City Hall. This school house stood on the section of the old graveyard from which thirty-three bodies were removed in 1879 to Prairie Grove cemetery. *Photo taken in 1926 by Earle R. Forrest.*

Dodge City's Boot Hill

Many of those buried on Boot Hill were unknown and without friends in a lawless land. Many were Texas cowboys who came with some trail herd, and paid the price for being too slow on the draw. Few of the graves were ever marked, and in a short time the mounds disappeared before the wind and rain and snows of the passing seasons. That is the reason that only thirty-three bodies were removed in 1879. These were on the north side of the hill where the new school was to be erected. No more room was needed, and so no effort was made to locate other graves.

The name of the last man buried on Boot Hill is not known definately; but *The Dodge City Globe* of August 23, 1878, contains his item: "George Hoyt, a Texas cowboy who had essayed to shoot it out with Marshal Wyatt Earp, was buried on Boot Hill in grand style." Hoyt had attempted to shoot Earp from horseback, but the horse, frightened by the shooting, plunged around and probably did a little fancy bucking, and the cowboy missed. But Earp did not miss, and according to one account he found Hoyt at the end of the bridge.

According to *The Dodge City Times* of August 24, Hoyt was shot in one arm. Later an infection developed and Assistant Surgeon Tremaine (from the army at Fort Dodge) amputated the arm, but Hoyt never rallied, and died on August 21.

With the closing of Boot Hill, Prairie Grove Cemetery was organized and a section set aside for the bodies removed from Dodge City's famous first graveyard. The removal of the thirty-three already mentioned is recorded in *The Dodge City Globe* of February 4, 1879:

A section of the burial ground on Boot Hill, at the side of the school house, as it appeared in 1926.

"The skeletons removed from the graves on Boot Hill were found to be in a fine state of preservation, and even the rude box coffins were as sound as when placed in the ground. The reason of their keeping so well was because they were buried on the side of the hill where the water ran off instead of soaking into the earth. Colonel Straughn, the coroner, who removed them, says they are as fine a collection of the extinct human race as he has ever handled. . . Some were resting quietly with their boots on, while others made more pretentions to style, having had their boots taken off and placed under their heads for pillows. Only a few of them could be recognized, as all the headboards, if there ever were any, had long since wasted away, and nothing remained to denote whose bodies lay there but little mounds of clay. They are all resting side by side, like one happy family, at the lower end of Prairie Grove Cemetery, northeast of the city. The enchanting click of the festive revolver they no longer hear. The sighs of the Kansas zephyrs are unheeded, and the sportive grasshopped perched on a headboard chews his cud and chants his harvest song without the fear of God in his heart."

They slept peacefully in Prairie Grove Cemetery for many years; but like Boot Hill it was abandoned long ago, and after the present Maple Grove Cemetery was established some bodies were removed by friends. But those unknown or without friends were left on the bleak prairie, under the blazing Kansas sun, with scarcely a mound of earth to mark their last lesting place.

Odd Fellows Hall, built in 1886 at the corner of First and Chestnut streets. Chestnut street, which is at the right with the hall fronting on it, was the Tin Pot Alley of the early years, into which bodies of men killed in saloon fights were thrown until morning.
Photo taken in 1926 by Earle R. Forrest.

Dodge City's Boot Hill

You will be told in Dodge City that Dora Hand, dance hall girl and singer of long ago, was the only woman ever buried on Boot Hill; but Dr. O. H. Simpson told me the stories of four others who found early graves there during the first years of the buffalo hunters and trail herds. One little corner of that historic spot of lurid memories was reserved for women. This almost forgotten bit of history was brought to light through an item in *The Dodge City Globe* in February, 1879: "The body of Alice Chambers was removed from its former resting place to the new Prairie Grove Cemetery."

That was all; no clue of her identity or the cause of her death, for those in Dodge who had known Alice Chambers had followed her to the grave. Her former resting place could have been none other than Boot Hill. When an old-timer, who had known Dodge in the 1870s, returned after an absence of fifty years, he told Dr. Simpson the dramatic story of Alice Chambers.

According to this man, Alice Chambers was the mistress of Phil Coe when he was killed by Wild Bill Hickok at Abilene in the summer of 1871. Whether Alice Chambers was the Spanish girl named Lola, who some authorities claim was the name of Coe's sweetheart, I have been unable to learn. In tracing the subsequent career of Alice Chambers, the old-timer told Dr. Simpson that after Abilene's prestige as a cowtown began to wane she decided to go the new trail-end cowtown of Dodge City; and so she gathered her ten-year-old son in her arms and with a bartender named Mose Barber and his wife, Carrie, as her only companions, they started in a covered wagon over a road of a thousand dangers. Near Fort Larned they were attacked by Indians who pursued them right into the post. During the flight Alice Chambers was slightly wounded by an arrow.

After her arrival in Dodge she became the mistress of a gambler named Charles Rowland. He was very jealous of her as his woman, and when he discovered that he was not the sole master of her favors he killed her with a blow from his six-shooter one night on the floor of a dance hall. The next day Alice Chambers was buried in the first grave occupied by a woman on Boot Hill.

The old cowboy told Dr. Simpson that Lizzie Palmer, Carrie Barber, the bartender's wife, and a dance hall girl known only as "Little Mack," followed Alice Chambers to Boot Hill before Dora Hand was buried there.

Lizzie Palmer died of blood poisoning that developed after she was bitten on the face by another girl named Mõllie Warren, nicknamed "Silver Belly," in a fight over Bat Masterson's affections. "Little Mack" dropped dead on a dance hall floor while doing the Spanish fandango for the amusement of the crowd.

It is interesting to note here that the Rev. O. W. Wright, Dodge City's first minister, preached the funeral sermons for these women of easy virtue.

Among the first burials in Prairie Grove Cemetery in 1879 was the body of Billy Lee. He had no claim to either notoriety or fame; and if the following item had not been found

half a century later in the 1879 file of *The Dodge City Globe*, Billy Lee's name like his dust would have vanished in the land of forgotten men the day after he was lowered into an unmarked grave on the sun-killed Kansas prairies long years ago:

"Billy Lee of this city died last week. Billy wasn't much good in this world, being simply harmless. 'Tis hoped that he'll be of more use in the next."

What an obituary to leave behind as the only memory of your journey through life; nothing good to record, nothing bad; just a harmless character, perhaps a saloon bum in that old trail-end cowtown of long ago. Billy Lee brings forcibly to our mind these immortal lines by Thomas Gray:

"Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."

Perhaps if we but only knew, even harmless Billy Lee might have filled a little corner somewhere in the world before the drifting tide cast him upon the sands of old Dodge City.

In 1879 the Dodge City Fire Company removed the body of Edward J. Masterson from Fort Dodge to the new Prairie Grove Cemetery, and erected a monument over his grave. Prairie Grove Cemetery did not exist when the city marshal was killed in 1878.[6]

One day in the summer of 1926 I accompanied Dr. Simpson to the site of Prairie Grove Cemetery. All that was left was a slight mound or a depression, marking a grave here and there. Modern civilization has no room for the past, and once more the graves of the pioneers had to make room for progress, for the ground had been laid out in building lots. In the alley between Avenues B and C in the new plot, and west of the latter street, which was laid out through the old burial ground, we found traces of thirty-three graves of the bodies removed from Boot Hill in 1879. They were in two rows of sixteen each, and one lone grave at the end, that of Dora Hand, the popular dance hall girl of wild, wicked Dodge.[7]

Some of those buried on Boot Hill were never found. In 1890 when the first school house was razed and the second building erected on the old West's most historic hill, the body of another cowboy was unearthed, his six-shooter by his side, his boots with fancy designs worked on the red and yellow leather, on his feet. Other remains and bones have been found from time to time since then.

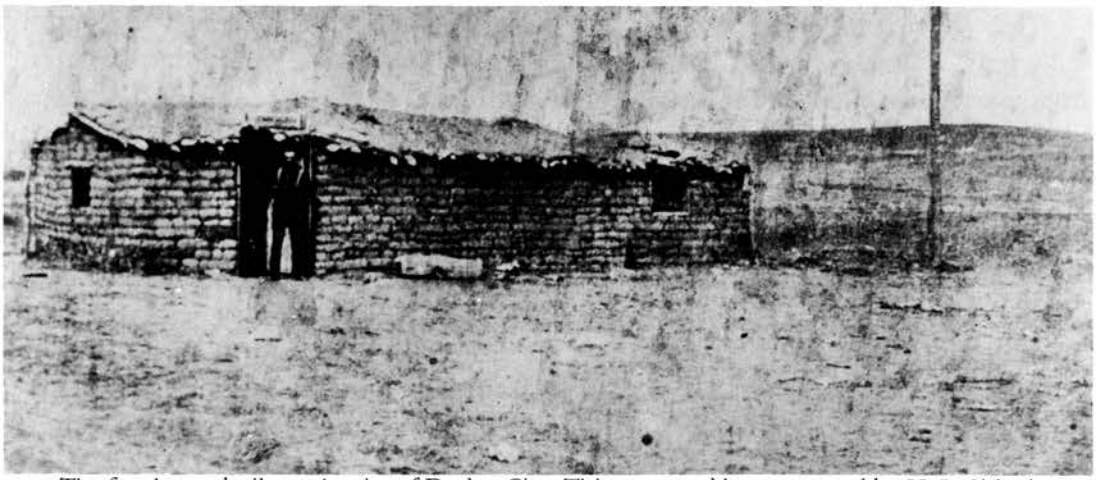
During excavation for a house at Prairie Grove Cemetery in the fall of 1926 the headstone of Tom Nixon, the famous buffalo hunter and Dodge City's last frontier marshal, was found. Tom Nixon, who held a record of killing one hundred twenty buffalos in forty minutes and 2,173 in thirty-six days, was killed on July 21, 1884 by "Mysterious" Dave Mather in the last important gun fight in old Dodge. Al Reudy, who was still living in Dodge when the headstone was uncovered, saw the fight and told the story.

Dodge City's Boot Hill

Bitter feeling existed between Nixon and Mather, as usual over a woman, and several days before the killing Nixon shot at Mather, but missed by a hair's breadth. "Mysterious Dave," true to his reputation, bided his time. A day or two later when Mather saw the marshal enter a saloon on Front Street, he hastened to the door and called Nixon's name. Recognizing his enemy's voice, Tom attempted to draw as he wheeled around; but "Mysterious Dave" was waiting for this move, and he shot Nixon through the chest. After his victim fell, Mather walked up to the prostrate marshal and fired two more bullets into the already lifeless body. And so Tom Nixon, greatest of all buffalo hunters and one of the most noted plainsmen of the wild Kansas frontier, passed out with his boots on in the last days of wicked Dodge, to join old comrades who had gone before him over the sunset trail.

The fact that Nixon had reached for his six-shooter was evidence enough for a Dodge City jury to bring in a verdict of self defense. The marshal was buried in Prairie Grove Cemetery where his headstone was found forty-two years later. Whether his remains were ever removed is not known, but it is probable that they were not or someone would have recalled the event.

And so those who died with their boots on in old Dodge long ago were denied a resting place in death. They gave the best that was in them, and no matter what their sins may have been they went where even the devil feared to tread, as they laid the foundation of civilization and wrested a wilderness empire from the wild Indian and the buffalo. As a reward that civilization refused room for their graves, even on the broad Kansas prairies where land is still the cheapest thing they have, and their bones and dust have been scattered to the four winds of the West.



The first house built on the site of Dodge City. This was a sod house erected by H. L. Sitler in 1869. The Dodge City flour mill now occupies the ground. Tom Nixon, the famous buffalo hunter who was killed by "Mysterious" Dave Mather in 1884, is standing in the door. *Photographer unknown.*

Dodge City's Boot Hill

"Go gather around you a crowd of young cowboys,
And tell them the story of this my sad fate;
Tell them and the others before they go further
To stop their wild roving before 'tis too late.

"We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly,
And bitterly wept as we bore him along;
For we all loved our comrade, so brave, young and handsome;
We all loved our comrade, although he'd done wrong."

—From *The Cowboy's Lament*, an old range song.

One more chapter remains before we say "adios" to Boot Hill. In 1929 the second school house was torn down to make room for a new city hall; and the greatest day in Dodge City's history since the last trail herd passed forty-four years before was November 4, 1929, when the cornerstone was laid for the new municipal building, and Dr. Simpson's cowboy statue was unveiled as a permanent marker on the site of that historic frontier graveyard on the hill.

That was a big day, and from every corner of the Southwest old-timers returned for that last meeting at the old roundup ground; old-time trail drivers, cowboys, former peace officers, and pioneers—men who had known old Dodge in the days of its wildest, wickedest glory. Many of them had not been there since the last trail herd arrived forty odd years before. In the exchange of reminiscences, men who had been dead and forgotten for fifty years and more were brought to life for the brief span of a day, and then buried again with their bones in the sands of Boot Hill. As old battles were fought again, the acid scent of powder smoke drifted down across the span of years to the eager audiences gathered about those survivors of a past generation of fighting men of the old frontier.

The parade, in five sections portraying various stages of western history, was two miles long. A little group of Indian fighters, and Civil and Spanish American war veterans from the soldiers' home at old Fort Dodge, were the guests of honor. They were followed by pioneer men and women who had braved the dangers of the great American desert of half a century before. Over two hundred young men and women, attired in the 1929 cowboy and cowgirl styles, represented the trail driving days. Music was furnished by four bands and a drum corps. The veterans and pioneers were wildly cheered as they marched with halting steps from old Front Street, along Tin Pot Alley (now Chestnut Street), and up the slopes of Boot Hill, with the old familiar strains of martial music of their fighting days ringing in their ears.

When Boot Hill was reached Mayor Otis Thompson placed the cornerstone of the new city hall in position; and then during his brief speech he paid a glowing tribute to the pioneer men and women of a long past generation. W. C. Gould, city commissioner, followed with a short address on pioneer days. A. B. MacDonald, author and feature writer of *The Kansas City Star*, delivered the dedicatory address that afternoon.

Dodge City's Boot Hill

"ALKALI IKE"
Cowboy statue on Boot Hill. Modeled by Dr. O. H. Simpson, pioneer dentist of Dodge City. *Photo by Dr. Simpson.*

"Alkali Ike," the name given to Dr. Simpson's cowboy statue on Boot Hill, was unveiled by Miss Betty Simpson, daughter of the man who created this tribute to the Texas cowpunchers of long ago.

Billy Sunday, the world famous evangelist of years ago, was there to conduct a revival; and it seems more than passing strange that the people of Dodge City selected Boot Hill as the site for his tabernacle—Boot Hill with all its wild, sordid history of the fighting trail-end days buried in the graves of men who died with their boots on, to the roar of flaming six-shooters. The Sunday revival meetings were opened in the Boot Hill tabernacle on Sunday, November 3, 1929, and continued for six weeks. The number of converts he made is not on record.

The program closed with an outdoor play in the fair grounds, in charge of C. D. Shupe. The title of the play was "The First Settlers of Dodge City," in which some thrillers of the old days were presented.

An editorial, "The Forgotten Ones," taken from *The Dodge City Globe* of November 4, 1929, is worth quoting:

"As the interesting past of Dodge City and the Southwest unwound today in pageant and picture, song and conversation, one was reminded of the hundreds who had traveled the old trails, contributed their share, perhaps given their life, and then gone on. What of the unfortunates on Boot Hill who gave it its name? Nameless sojourners for a brief time in the hectic center of a raw empire, they contributed something to the influence which reached a climax today in the dedication of a new city hall. Although we dismiss them with a shrug and a laugh, these forgotten ones played their part as did the survivors, many of whom were in Dodge City today.

"For the West was forged from the sufferings of men and women. The good, the bad and the indifferent had parts in the drama of the frontier. Into the citizenship stern enough to fight on, faithful enough to see their goal through misfortune and charitable enough to accept a man for his soul's worth, was fused the bully, the criminal, the saint, the hypocrite, the misanthrope, the cynic, the infidel, the sneak, and the gentleman. Civilization was in the making when Wicked Dodge City was the melting pot of adventurers, soldiers, homesteaders and others. In the winning of the West they played a part."

The great piles of buffalo hides and bones, the herds of Texas longhorns, and wild, gunfighting cowboys and peace officers are only a memory of one of the most colorful and romantic periods of American history. But the long shadow has fallen upon the old-time cattle range. The crack of the six-shooter and wild "whoopee" of the Texas cowboy on Front Street have been silent these many years. The "fool hoe men" have brought peace and plenty; but the ghosts of men dead these many years, some long forgotten, still haunt the cowboy capital of other days, as the wild north wind howls their requiem as long shadows of the short winter twilight creep over and engulf Boot Hill in the black robe of night.

NOTES:

1. *Dodge City the Cowboy Capital*, by Robert M. Wright; Wichita Eagle Press 1913.
2. Ibid.
3. Wright quotes this article but does not give the publication or the author. It may have been in *The Topeka Times*. Unfortunately, he failed to give the source of publication of most of his quotations.
4. Files of *The Dodge City Globe* for 1878 and January, 1879.
5. *Riata and Spurs*, by Charles A. Siringo; New York, 1927.
6. For an account of the killing of Edward J. Masterson see my article in the Los Angeles Westerners *Brand Book* for 1949.
7. For the killing of Dora Hand see my account in the Los Angeles Westerners *Brand Book* No. 7, 1957.

WESTWARD BY HANDCART TO UTAH

By PAUL BAILEY

IN THE EPOCHAL TIDE OF MIGRATION, which in two decades filled up the west, transformed it from a savage wilderness into a national commonwealth, and laid a new and distinct pattern of history, there emerged heroic drama enough to fill a thousand books. Of those indomitable souls who, by wagon, horseback, and sailing ship comprised this nation's great move westward, much has been written, much more will be written, and much that could have been written will never be told, because of hardship's deathly toll upon those men and women who comprised the cast and characters of the mighty drama.

Large-scale tragedy, in addition to the personal and individual misfortunes along the trail, was inevitable in any movement as vast and complex as was America's migration into the west. Of the great failures, one immediately would list four as having every ingredient of epic tragedy: The almost unbelievable disaster of the Donner Party in the snowbound Sierras in 1846, when stark want reduced a rich wagon train to an orgy of death and cannibalism; the disaster of Frémont's party of exploration when, trapped by the snows of Colorado's San Juan Mountains in 1848, they were forced to the same grisly circumstances; and a year later when a large group of foolhardy travelers on their way to California's gold camps, spurned sound advice and, attempting a shortcut over the mountains, found themselves trapped in the lethal wastes of Death Valley, where many of them perished of thirst and starvation. The fourth and greatest tragedy of the west, that of the Mormon handcart pioneers, came seven years later.

Some of the immortal literature of American history has centered itself on the pathos and heroism of the Donner Party, the Frémont tragedy, and the Death Valley Jayhawkers of '49. Very little indeed, comparatively speaking, has been done to enshrine the handcart epic into a like place in our national consciousness. Of it, other than criticism for its seeming foolhardiness and stupidity, little has been written. If these are the things which alone have robbed it of its epic quality, then the other three tragic adventures would likewise fall, because foolhardiness and stupidity were there present in equal measure. Frémont lost 11 men; 40 perished with the Donner Party; Death Valley claimed a score or more. The casualties of the Mormon handcart migration of 1856 have never been precisely stated, but of the Willie and Martin Companies alone, more than 200 men, women and children perished on the route to Salt Lake City. Perhaps because Mormons were considered a peculiar people, stolidly inured to death and hardship, the epic tragedy of the handcarts was hardly considered important enough to command the attention

of historians, novelists and poets. This is strange, for in it there is no lack of the ingredients that have rounded out the others to epic stature, literarily speaking. And if death toll alone is the measure, then the Mormon handcart tragedy tops anything to be found in western history.

The idea of pushing or pulling a handcart to Zion apparently was born of two mothers—necessity, and the fact that some gold-seekers to California's mines had somehow gotten through by muleback, by walking, and by actually pushing a wheelbarrow. The plan of organized companies of walkers is distinctly Brigham Young's and was born a number of years before any large-scaled attempt was made to put it into effect.

In Brigham Young's sixth general epistle to "the saints scattered throughout the earth," and dated September 22, 1851 (four years after the first pioneer wagon trains had arrived in Salt Lake Valley), appears the first suggestion of this strange mode of travel:

> O ye saints in the United States, will you listen to the voice of "the Good Shepherd"? Will you gather? Will you be obedient to the heavenly commandments? Many of you have been looking for, and expecting too much; you have been expecting the time would come when you could journey across the mountains in your fine carriages, your good wagons, and have all the comforts of life that heart could wish; but your expectations are vain, and if you wait for those things you will never come, . . . and your faith and hope will depart from you. How long shall it be said in truth "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." Some of the children of the world have crossed the mountains and plains, from Missouri to California, with a pack on their back, to worship their god—*gold!* Some have performed the same journey with a wheelbarrow, some have accomplished the same with a pack on a cow. Some of the saints, now in our midst, came hither with wagons or carts made of wood, without a particle of iron, hooping their wheels with hickory, or rawhide, or ropes, and had as good and safe a journey as any in the camps, with their well wrought iron wagons; and can you not do the same? Yes, if you have the same desire, the same faith. Families might start from the Missouri river, with cows, handcarts, wheelbarrow, with little flour, and no unnecessaries, and come to this place quicker, and with less fatigue, than by following the heavy trains, with their cumbrous herds, which they are often obliged to drive miles to feed. Do you not like this method of traveling? Do you think salvation costs too much? If so, it is not worth having. Sisters, fifty and sixty years old, have driven ox teams to this valley, and are alive and well yet; true they could have come easier by walking alone, than by driving a team, but by driving the oxen, they helped others here; and cannot you come the easier way? There is

> grain and provisions enough in the valleys for you to come to; and you need not bring more than enough to sustain you one hundred days, to insure you a supply for the future.

So sure were the Valley Saints that this "epistle" would bring a large-scale migration westward by handcart in the spring, ninety-three of the brethren "volunteered to go out with their teams to carry provisions and render those on the road assistance." But, apparently, the Saints of the United States were not sufficiently sold on the idea of walking to Zion. There was no organized handcart migration that year, and the help of the brethren was not needed. A constant tide of Saints continued to cross the plains to Utah by way of the conventional method of ox-teams and wagons, but it was not until October of 1855 that the "divine plan" of handcarts was again broached with apostolic fervor. By then the problems incidental to gathering the faithful to Zion had mounted to a crisis.

Mormon missionaries in Europe, especially in the British Isles and the Scandinavian countries, had been immensely successful in gathering converts to the new religion. Thousands upon thousands of the oppressed and exploited working class of these countries had listened eagerly to the voices of the American proselytes, and now that they were Mormons, clamored to start a new future for themselves, in the faith, far away from the oppression and misery they had known in their homelands. Their zeal was such that no sacrifice was too much, if only they too could be gathered to the new land of promise, where a new and wonderful world was in the making.

One of the amazing features of the Mormon Church was its Perpetual Emigration Fund, a means by which many thousands of impoverished converts were brought out of the slums of Europe to America, given a new meaning to life, and settled as self-respecting citizens in the Mormon Zion a-building in the west. This money, loaned out of the fund, was repaid into the fund by the immigrating convert after his arrival and establishment in Utah, and the money again used to help some needy Saint find the new life he was seeking.

But, by 1855, the church was literally swamped with converts, all clamoring to come to Zion. Those well enough off to make the long journey, and had no need of financial help, came anyway, as though a magnet were drawing them to its center core. With the thousands upon thousands of poor and needy Saints in Europe, all equally desirous of coming west, the matter was quite different. No fund, no matter how large, could underwrite this suddenly mushroomed demand. Instead of the hundreds of dollars per head necessary to pay costs of a sea, river and wagon journey half way across the world, the fund, when watered out to the unprecedented demand upon it, could provide only a few dollars per head. By chartering ships, the church had found a comparatively

inexpensive way to bring its converts to the shores of the New World. The idea of handcarts was the only plausible way that large numbers could be migrated westward at low cost. To a convert fresh out of the collieries of Wales or the slums of London, the idea of walking a couple of thousand miles across the American prairies, with Zion and a new life at the other end, held no terrors. When the "plan" was broached to them, they accepted it with alacrity and with thanksgiving.

The directive out of Utah pertaining to those expecting to immigrate through the aid and facilities of the Perpetual Emigration Fund through the coming year of 1856, was very plain and very explicit:

> In regard to the foreign immigration . . . let them pursue the northern route from Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, and land at Iowa City or the then terminus of the railroad; there let them be provided with handcarts on which to draw their provisions and clothing, then walk and draw them, thereby saving the immense expense every year for teams and outfit for crossing the plains.
>
> We are sanguine that such a train will out-travel any ox train that can be started. They should have a few good cows to furnish milk, and a few beef cattle to drive and butcher as they may need. In this way the expense, risk, loss and perplexity of teams will be obviated, and the saints will more effectually escape the scenes of distress, anguish and death which have often laid so many of our brethren and sisters in the dust.
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> We propose sending men of faith and experience, with suitable instructions, to some proper outfitting point to carry into effect the above suggestions; let the saints, therefore, who intend to immigrate the ensuing year, understand that they are expected to walk and draw their luggage across the plains, and that they will be assisted by the fund in no other way.

When one considers that the Mormon immigration for 1856 was 4,326 souls, and that 2,012 of them were coming to Zion through the aid and agency of the Perpetual Emigration Fund, it is to be seen that even the problem of handcart provision and equippage for 2,000 poor and humble walkers of the plains was no simple one, especially in view of the trials and improverishment of the Saints in Utah who already had made the trip, who grimly were attempting to carve out their own futures in a forbidding and arid wilderness, and who with their little means were underwriting the cost of this flood of refugees from Europe's soil. Of the 2,314 emigrants who were wealthy enough to travel to Utah by means of ox-team and wagon that year, at their own expense, and with only the nominal hazards incident to such a journey, we are not concerned in this study. It is from the remaining 2,012 poor but enthusiastic souls that the cast is drawn for one of history's saddest dramas.

Westward by Handcart to Utah

Contrary to some writings on the subject, the plan was not concocted in diabolical cunning, mercenary desire to rob anyone, nor with murderous intent on the part of Brigham Young and his apostles. An honest reading of the journals of that time will quickly reveal how great was the clamor of the tens of thousands of converts to the new religion to join their brethren in building the latter-day Zion in a new world. It was simply an effort to share their new-found blessing with as many as possible and with the comparatively meager funds the generous Saints of Utah were able to spare to the project. The scheme was entirely altruistic in concept, bold and precedent-shattering in plan, and with the noble quality of all great dreams. And it must be remembered that coercion was no part of it; that the plan was shared with as much enthusiasm by those who were to draw the handcarts, as by those who were providing the sea passage, the railroad fares, the food, and the handcarts themselves. And actually, only delays and a late start prevented the great enterprise from being an unqualified success.

That year eight ships were chartered by the Church and its Fund to bring the impoverished outcasts of Europe to America's soil. It should not be forgotten that the times were troublous ones in Europe, with want and hunger stalking every major city. To the destitute converts who crowded the rails of those ships, and who had found new hope and a new way of life in a new religion, nothing could ever be as bad as the scenes of oppression, want and misery they were leaving behind forever.

Their port of entry to the new world was Boston. By railway they traveled westward to Iowa City, its then extreme westward terminus. And it was here that the handcart companies were fitted out for their adventurous journey across the plains.

The carts themselves varied in style and quality of construction, but their general specifications followed rather consistently to one pattern. Wheels were spaced the same distance apart as those of the standard ox-wagons—not because of added load capacity, but because the carts could better follow the wheel-ruts which by now had carved the face of the continent westward. The carts were usually made of two parallel hickory or oak sticks, approximately five feet long, and two by one and one-half inches thick. Connecting these hardwood strips were crosspieces—one at the end to serve as handle, and others spaced about a foot apart to serve as support for the bed. Under the center was fastened a wooden axletree, without iron skeins. Some of the carts, particularly those in the first companies, had very light iron tires, but most of them were wholly devoid of metal reinforcement. The whole contraption, with its leather or fragile wood boxes, weighed scarcely more than sixty pounds.

The first company, led by Edmund Ellsworth, consisting of 266 souls and 52 of these fragile handcarts, left Iowa City on the 9th of June, 1856. With it was the Birmingham Brass Band, which back in faraway England, had joined the church as a group, and which would cheer them on their way. Two days later a second company led by Daniel

D. McArthur, pulled or pushed their way out of Iowa City. The McArthur company numbered 220 souls and 44 handcarts. Eight teams, pulling commissary and supply wagons were divided among the two companies. A third company, made up almost entirely of Welsh converts, and captained by Edward Bunker departed from Iowa City on the 23rd of June.

These three companies, with their frail carts, and indomitable spirits, made that amazing journey with no more than the normal number of deaths and mishaps incident to the more conventional mode of travel, but they were a tired and trailworn lot when they entered Salt Lake Valley. The first two companies arrived September 26, and were met at the foot of Little Mountain in Emigration Canyon, by Brigham Young and the city's brass band, and escorted with pomp and ceremony into Salt Lake City. There the population turned out en masse to welcome them, and the weary souls were taken into hospitable Mormon homes for the good food and rest they so desperately needed. Bunker's Company arrived six days later, October 2. They too had suffered no serious loss, perhaps because they had luckily fallen in with Captain John Banks' wagon company of immigrating Saints.

It is to be regretted that the successful accomplishment of these three companies could not have rung the curtain down on "the divine plan." But the handcart drama was destined to play itself out to a more tragic ending.

For two more companies were to attempt the trip that summer. Involved in their tale of suffering would be nearly a thousand souls—all of them afoot.

The first of these two companies, led by James G. Willie, and numbering 404 souls, arrived in Iowa City on June 26. The last and final group, captained by Edward Martin and assisted by Daniel Tyler, reached the outfitting point early in July. Martin's company, the largest of all, numbered 576, with a much larger proportion of aged people, women and children.

Here at the end of the railroad, and the jumping-off place for the adventure they were anticipating with enthusiam and thanksgiving, these converts from the other world met identical disappointments—the tents to give them shelter, and the handcarts to convey their food and bedding, were not ready for them. A long delay of weeks, while these necessaries were hastily put together, resulted in the late start which more than anything contributed to their misfortunes on the trail.

Finally the Willie Company, over 400 strong, with the 87 frail new handcarts the mechanics had succeeded in hammering together, stepped jauntily into the trail. Accompanying this train were six yoke of oxen, 32 head of cattle, and five mules. There was no brass band with this group to enliven their nightly camps or help them forget the new terrors of prairie sun, insects, and savage thunderstorms. Still, some of the more

energetic brothers and sisters stepped smartly ahead with their ugly little carts, but before their journey progressed very far, it would be different.

The Martin Company, of 576 souls, 146 handcarts, 7 wagons, 6 mules and horses, and 50 cows and beef cattle, did not clear Iowa City until the very end of July. They too had been forced to the same exasperating delays the Willie party had known. But now the two great companies were finally on the road, separated from each other only by the weeks and miles.

But sickness, hardship and death were relentless visitors from the start. The thousand converts who made up the two trains had come out of the industrial centers of England, with little knowledge of the American wilderness, or training or background for its rigors. Among this immense group of walkers were hundreds of aged souls, and families of children, totally unfit for such a galling journey. In the tents at night children burned with the fever which had suddenly become epidemic in the camps, or were wheeled in the carts or babbled incoherently from the backs of the stronger men and women who walked the seemingly endless trail.

Citizens of Iowa met the strange columns with taunts and jeers as they pulled their clumsy contraptions through their settlements. At one point they were overtaken by a sheriff's posse, who searched to the very bottoms of their few supply wagons for women who were alleged to be tied down in them with ropes. At Des Moines a gesture of kindness balanced out the taunts and abuse they had received from their gentile neighbors. Here, a Mr. Charles Good presented Captain Willie with fifteen pairs of children's boots for some of the more destitute waifs struggling in his column. Eight of the Saints, who viewed the seemingly impossible journey ahead with terror, and who no longer could stomach hardship or taunts, deserted the columns, and ended the adventure once and for all.

It took them 26 days to walk from Iowa City to Florence, Nebraska, the old Winter Quarters of earlier migration. And in that 26 days the weak ones were separated from the strong ones by death and desertion, and muscles and skins had been hardened for the greater sacrifices ahead. Newly dug graves lined the route of their march through Iowa, principally of children who had succumbed to the "fever," probably cholera. The flimsy carts, built in haste of unseasoned lumber, had constantly broken down under the loads, the ruts, the sand and the muds of sudden storms and cloudbursts. The Willie Company arrived at Florence on the 11th of August, and went into camp until the 19th, to rest the weary and sick travelers, repair the carts, and decide upon the feasibility of pushing on farther in view of the lateness of the season.

Here they were met by advance agents from Salt Lake City, in charge of emigration for that season, and a mass meeting was held to make the decision whether to go into winter quarters on the Elkhorn or at Wood River, or push on for the remaining 1,000 miles to Salt Lake Valley. The agents, George D. Grant and William H. Kimball, as well

as the captains of the companies, all favored pushing on, in spite of the fact that summer was nearing its end. Levi Savage, returning to Salt Lake Valley from a two year mission in Siam and Ceylon, and who had joined the handcart group at Iowa City, alone stood out against further travel for that year. He argued that a mixed company of aged people, women and little children could not possibly make the journey through the coming cold months without much suffering, sickness, and death. When overruled by the other leaders, and mass vote of the walkers themselves, who had been sustained by promise that the companies would be met on the trail with added supplies from Utah, Savage sorrowfully said: "What I have said I know to be true; but seeing you are to go forward, I will go with you; will help you all I can; will work with you, will rest with you, will suffer with you, and if necessary, will die with you. May God in mercy bless and preserve us." And no man worked harder to alleviate the later suffering than did this man who had predicted it.

By the last weeks of August, both companies were again on the trail. Their first 500 miles had toughened them, the rest had built up their morale, and there were fewer sick among them. There was singing in the camps at night, in spite of the fact that each cart carried the added burden of an extra hundred pounds of flour and one of the 100 buffalo robes the leaders had purchased for added shelter and warmth. There was singing by day, to ease the strain on weary feet, and the columns could still take up the odd little song that everyone now chanted:

For some must push and some must pull
As we go marching up the hill,
As merrily on the way we go
Until we reach the Valley, oh.

By the 5th of September the Willie Party was 265 miles west of Florence. Here they had the misfortune to lose their thirty head of beef cattle—probably run off by Indians. They spent precious days hunting for the elusive herd, which was never found.

On the 12th of September they were overtaken by a company of returning missionaries in three carriages and some wagons. The company included the late presidency of the European mission, F. D. Richards, Daniel Spencer and C. H. Wheelock.

September 17, while still on the Platte, they encountered their first frost, one of those plains events that curls the toes and numbs the bone. A forerunner of what was to come.

There was little singing now in the ranks. Death had methodically, and at times fearsomely, hit them. Far back on the trail, during a savage thunderstorm, a lightning bolt out of heaven had struck down in death Brother Henry Walker, from Carlisle, leaving behind a widow and children to pull the Walker handcart. With the rations of their dwindling flour now cut to 10½ ounces per day for men, 9 ounces for women, 6 ounces for children, and 3 ounces for infants, there was little energy left from drudgery

for singing. And now death was meeting them with increasing frequency. Brother Missel Rossin was found dead beside the trail. On the Platte Brother Stoddard had sat down and died. A couple of days later Brother Sanderson, an old man, lay down, and did not get up.

On the 30th of September they arrived at Fort Laramie, with the larger Martin company only a few days behind. The worried leaders, viewing the ominous signs of approaching winter, allowed little time for rest, and on October 1st they were again on the trail. Once more they were met by visitors, this time by Apostle Parley P. Pratt and a company of missionaries, bound for the eastern states. Only a few months later Parley P. Pratt would be murdered in Arkansas. The Pratt company shared food with the now half-starved travelers, and reiterated the promise that had kept the company traveling westward, and had sustained them through their trials—that assistance and supplies from Salt Lake City would meet them before they reached the mountains.

After leaving the Pratt train they began laboring up the Sweetwater, every faltering footstep bringing them higher up toward the Continental Divide. The cold numbed hands and feet. Snowstorms increased in frequency and intensity. Winter was upon them, with an earliness unforseen, and with an urgency that sent them forward with every ounce of their endurance.

Already on half rations, there was no possible chance now of their food ever holding out until they reached the Valley. Without the promised help, their death by starvation was a certainty—if they did not perish by freezing long before. Speed was impossible, even in the face of peril, because the infernal carts continued to break down under their loads and the snow, mud and rocks their unshod and tender wheels were forced to roll over. Earlier, when the journey's heat was intense, many useful things from the 17 pounds of wearing apparel, blankets and personal belongings allowed each member of the group, had been cast along the roadside to lighten the loads on the rickety carts. Now, in the numbing cold of frost and snow, there was a desperate need for these long lost necessities, and many a pilgrim was barefoot for lack of shoes.

Finally, when hope had almost given out that the relief train would ever reach them in time, two men in a light wagon suddenly appeared from the west—with a little flour, and the cheering news that the train was on its way, and would meet them in a few days. The two men were Joseph A. Young, son of Brigham Young, and Stephen Taylor. As returning missionaries to Salt Lake City, they had passed the laboring handcart companies earlier in the season; had reported their plight to the Saints, and quickly as it was known that help was forthcoming, had turned their teams eastward again. By forced driving through the wintry passes they had hurried on to meet the struggling handcart companies with the happy news. With the other half of their wagon-load of food, they made frantic haste to meet the Martin train which, also in direst straits, was plodding on many miles to the eastward. "More welcome messengers never came from the courts of glory,"

says Chislett, one of the members of the Willie company, "than these two young men were to us."

But the food, divided for 400 mouths was as nothing. The important thing was the boost in courage which their announcement gave. There was concern over the mountains for their plight. Help was coming. They still could make it. A few of the broken down oxen were killed, and the meat distributed. The oxen could no longer pull their loads, and more wagons would be with them in a few days.

Hardly had their welcome messengers departed when fate decided to cancel out every advantage and every hope. Without warning they were struck by a howling blizzard of such intensity, that movement forward was a physical impossibility. Blinding snow and howling winds continued for days, until, in sheer exhaustion, the ragged, barefoot, freezing company sought whatever shelter was possible amid the willow thickets and the mountain ravines. Freezing, frost-bitten, and starving, the dying immigrants waited the arrival of the supply wagons. But the same storm that had left them snowbound had likewise halted the relief train. And while they waited, they died.

Dysentery broke out in their makeshift camp, aggravated by their eating the fresh meat from the oxen. Fifteen died in one terrible day, to be buried in the snow, or the scarcely scratched earth, for the wolves to devour at night while they howled out the same terrible fate awaiting those who yet lived. For days they hung on, unable to move forward. More and more of them died.

The Martin company, also winterbound, was in even more dire straits. The group was larger, with a greater preponderance of women, children and aged. Death struck with a virulence unknown in any chapter of our western travel. To read firsthand accounts of these sufferers, even today, fills one with horror. So many were dead that it became impossible to bury them.

It is one of the odd flukes of history that while men, women and children were perishing by the hundreds, the train with their relief and succor was encamped only a day's march to the west of the Willie company. Not realizing the absolute destitution of the handcart companies, the wagons had gone into camp to wait out the storm, and the arrival of the handcart companies themselves.

Knowing that all must die unless help came quickly, Captain Willie, with a single companion, started westward in search of the relief train. Weakened, and like men insane, they pushed forward through the snow until they found it. When the truth was known, all possible haste was made through the snow and cold to reach the perishing Saints. Willie's return was at the head of fourteen well-loaded wagons. The train came none too soon for those who were still alive, and far too late for the hundreds who already had died.

Chislett's account, written long after he had left the church, gives a vivid picture of help's arrival:

Westward by Handcart to Utah

> On the evening of the third day after Captain Willie's departure . . . on an eminence, immediately west of our camp, several covered wagons, each drawn by four horses, were seen coming towards us. The news ran through the camp like wildfire, and all who were able to leave their beds turned out *en masse* to see them. A few minutes brought them sufficiently near to reveal our faithful captain slightly in advance of the train. Shouts of joy rent the air; strong men wept until tears ran freely down their furrowed and sunburnt cheeks, and little children partook of the joy which some of them hardly understood, and fairly danced around with gladness. Restraint was set aside in the general rejoicing, and as the brethren entered our camp the sisters fell upon them and deluged them with kisses. The brethren were so overcome that they could not for some time utter a word, but in choking silence repressed all demonstration of those emotions that evidently mastered them. Soon, however, feeling was somewhat abated, and such a shaking of hands, such words of welcome, and such invocation of God's blessing have seldom been witnessed! . . . Among the brethren who came to our succor were Elders W. H. Kimball and Geo. D. Grant. They had remained but a few days in the valley before starting back to meet us. May God ever bless them for their generous, unselfish kindness, and their manly fortitude! They felt that they had, in a great measure, contributed to our sad position; but how nobly, how faithfully, how bravely they worked to bring us safely to the valley—to the Zion of our hopes!

Of the fourteen wagons in the relief train, eight of them hurried on to the Martin Company, and six remained with Captain Willie's group. Eventually the group were again able to move slowly forward and, after reaching South Pass, the weather again moderated. The alarm, in the meantime, had been spread in Salt Lake Valley, and many more wagons were on the trail, so that eventually most of the exhausted, weakened immigrants could ride the final stage of their perilous route into Zion.

The Willie company arrived in Salt Lake City on November 9. "On our arrival," says Willie, "the bishops of the different wards took every person who was not provided with a home to comfortable quarters. Some had their hands and feet badly frozen but everything which could be done to alleviate their suffering was done, and no want was left unadministered to. Hundreds of the citizens flocked around the wagons on our way through the city, cordially welcoming their brethren and sisters to their mountain home . . ."

The Martin company, because of the immense number of its sick and suffering, did not arrive in the Valley until November 30. Many of its members were so badly frostbitten that hands and feet already were sloughing away in gangrene. Numerous sufferers of this experience were permanently crippled for life.

It is interesting to note that Edward Martin, who captained this tragic company westward, and Daniel Tyler, the man who assisted him as second in command, were both veterans of the famed Mormon Battalion that had walked across America—the latter, the author of the greatest book ever written on that subject. Both had considerable experience in plains travel, and the problems of human survival in crisis. If finger of blame be leveled at this unfortunate interval of history, there is certainly little censure to be laid upon the names of Willie, Martin and Tyler. They were devoted men, inured to hardship, and with the courage to both inspire their charges to feats of almost superhuman endurance, and at the same time to hold them to the short rations necessary to feed them through until help came. Unexpected and unprecedented winter storms on the Sweetwater were the calamitous factors in the migration, abetted by the flimsy construction of the carts. All this could have been avoided had the promised equipment been ready on arrival at Iowa City, and had a few more dollars been spent per cart. It is certain that the only really "divine" part of the plan was its leadership, and the splendid manner in which the Saints of Salt Lake City rose as a unit to speed many scores of wagons out through Utah's winterbound canyons to their unfortunate brethren trapped in the snows, and the care they received at the end of their ordeal. Without these factors, and especially without the leadership of Willie, Martin and Tyler, the story would have been even more tragic.

Most of the members of these final two companies of 1856 finished their mountain passage into the Valley in the wagons their brethren had sent to their aid. Behind them, abandoned on the trail, were the carts that had wobbled crazily on their wooden axles, and fell apart with a persistency that was maddening. Behind them, too, on the trail, were their loved ones, who had almost made it.

Of the dead, it has never been possible to get a fully accurate account because of the loss of rolls of the Martin Company on the trail. 77 are the known dead in Willie's group. Chislet and Jacques gives a conservative figure of 145 casualties in the Martin company, which seems to square with other records and other writers. This would give a total of those who perished, of 222—which even with these conservative figures places the handcart tragedy of 1856 as the greatest single human disaster in western migration.

Many exaggerated reports were published throughout the nation, and much calumny heaped upon the heads of the church leaders and Mormons in general. Typical, is the *Oregon Statesmen* of June 15, 1857; "Of the 2,500 persons who started from the frontier, only about 200 frost-bitten, starving, and emaciated beings lived to tell the tale of their sufferings. The remaining 2,300 perished on the way, of hunger, cold, and fatigue!"

It is said that if a visible stone marker were raised to every Mormon burial on the old trail, the eye of a traveler would never be out of sight of graves between Utah and the Missouri River. Certainly the handcart pioneers, with 222 dead in two companies, added

more than their share to this grisly memorial. After 1856 the "divine plan" was preached with a great deal less enthusiam. Next year only two small companies tried it. Up until 1860 there were occasional companies bold and venturesome enough to do it the hard way—in total only about six companies in the four years. The lesson had been learned, starts were earlier, the carts were better, and all companies were successful.

It is easy for arm-chair strategists to caustically view the great disasters which accompanied the wonderful and successful building up of our west, and to level criticism at the causes and the conduct of those who had a part in these tragedies. The margin between success and failure hangs very narrowly in these things—as in all things. In the matter of the handcart tragedies one can point the finger of blame in several directions—to the late start westward, the flimsy construction of the handcarts, or lash out in fury at the alleged stupidity of Brigham Young and the Mormon leaders for dreaming up such an idea in the first place. But perhaps, again, judgment in retrospect is not a rightful thing for us to make. Perhaps only those really qualified to pass judgment on this thing are those who walked that terrible journey, drawing their crazy carts, and praising God for the privilege of doing so. And upon the actors in this grim drama, time itself has drawn its dusty curtain.

But if human endurance in the face of insuperable obstacles, if brotherly kindness and heroic sacrifice are the necessities to epic history, here most assuredly, in this almost forgotten episode of the handcarts, is it. Of such ingredients is history made.

HAND CART *Photo courtesy Sons of Utah Pioneers*

Apikuni with Kaina (Blood) Blackfeet. Inscription on the back of photograph in Schultz's writing reads: "My Kaina—Blood— friends and I at Inuksi Puhtokimi—Little Inside Lakes (Waterton Lake, Alberta, Canada, August 20, 1934.)
Left to right: White Robe, Mink Woman, Badger Woman, myself, Big Wolf, Weasel Tail."
From the author's collection.

APIKUNI
JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ
AS I KNEW HIM

By HARRY C. JAMES

JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ, author, historian, and authority on the Blackfeet Indians, was known to all the Blackfeet tribes as *Apikuni—White Buffalo Robe*, or *Far Off White Buffalo Robe.*

Schultz first wrote of his life among the Blackfeet under the pen name of "W. B. Anderson," and his story appeared in *Forest and Stream* as a serial in 1906-07 and was titled *In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.* In 1907 it was published in book form by Doubleday, Page and Company as *My Life as an Indian.* Later it was re-published under this title by Houghton Mifflin Company, who had begun the publication of his long series of books for boys.

Away back in 1907 Apikuni began the second paragraph of the first chapter of *My Life as an Indian* thus: "I am in the sere and yellow leaf, dried and shrivelled, about to fall and become one with my millions of predecessors. Here I sit, by the fireplace in winter, and out on the veranda when the days are warm, unable to do anything except live over in memory the stirring years I passed upon the frontier."

Yet it was forty years later, on June 12, 1947, that I received a telegram from Jessie Donaldson Schultz in Lander, Wyoming, which read, "Apikuni passed away this afternoon. Burial on Blackfeet reservation."

I first met Apikuni in 1919. For several years I had been the leader of a group of teen-age boys which met on Friday evenings in the basement of the Hollywood Public Library. The librarian, Mrs. Eleanor B. Jones, the founder of the Hollywood Library and, by the way, a most remarkable woman, had been much impressed with the books for boys that Schultz had been writing. She suggested that we invite him to visit one of our Friday evening meetings, for at that time he was spending his winters in southern California. The boys were delighted at the prospect of meeting the author of the stories which most of them had read—it was in the days before comic books!

Schultz came, but his extreme diffidence was more than matched by the awkward adolescent bashfulness betrayed by the twenty-odd boys in the presence of a man whom they had come to regard as a hero. When, following my introduction, he stood up to speak he was rendered absolutely speechless. He drew a sack of Bull Durham from his pocket and with shaking fingers tried to roll a cigarette, spilling more tobacco on the floor than he got onto the paper. He managed to light this pathetic-looking cigarette only after several sad fumblings with several matches. No sooner had he succeeded in getting it lit than he hastily stuffed the lighted cigarette into his coat pocket, suddenly

fearful that smoking might not be permissible in a library or before an audience of boys. My charges looked at me in apprehension—surely there would be an immediate conflagration! At this point Schultz turned to me with a look that besought me to rescue him.

"Why not tell us the story of Queer Person's war trip?" I suggested.

This was an interesting episode in *My Life as an Indian*, and Apikuni seized upon my suggestion as a drowning man would clasp a life buoy. He told the story, but in words of almost one syllable, and he used as few of them as possible. The whole narrative, a fairly long one, was over in minutes.

Again Schultz turned to me in an agony of embarrassment.

"Could you show the boys some Indian sign talk?" I asked.

Slowly, very slowly, the tension began to ease. He told them a little yarn in English and then repeated it in sign talk. Soon the boys were asking him how to say this and how to say that with Indian signs. Finally the ice was melted and he spent more than an hour with us. The kids were thrilled.

Never again could I persuade him to come to one of our meetings but, when we were able to follow his repeated suggestion that we spend part of a summer in Glacier National Park, he was a frequent visitor to our camps at Two Medicine Lake and at St. Mary's Lake. Often he brought with him aged Blackfeet, many of whom—such as Bear's Head and Chewing Black Bones—were already known to the boys as characters in various Schultz books.

Even on such occasions Apikuni was never completely free and easy in the group. When asked to speak at a campfire he would, as do many diffident individuals, ignore the group as a whole and speak directly to one person, usually to me or to one of the old Blackfeet who happened to know English.

A few weeks after the meeting at the Hollywood Library I was surprised to receive a note asking if I would have lunch with him at the University Club in Los Angeles. From that time on I met Apikuni at least every week or ten days during whatever months he spent in southern California. Usually he arrived here late in October or early in November and remained until late April or early May. His summers were usually spent in the Blackfeet country, although in later years part of the summer would find him at a small log cabin he had built at Greer in the White Mountains of Arizona.

In 1907 Schultz had married Celia B. Hawkins. From many points of view it was an unfortunate marriage. They were so completely incompatible that why they ever married was difficult for anyone who knew them to understand. She was totally uninterested in his writing and decidedly antagonistic to his continued love for the Blackfeet. The great love of Apikuni's life had been Nataki, a Blackfeet girl whose full name was *Mut-si-ah-wo-tan-ahki —Fine Shield Woman.* Nataki's death was a blow which Apikuni never got over. Celia Hawkins soon came to realize this and to resent it deeply.

Apikuni – As I Knew Him

Celia Schultz also resented Apikuni's interest in his son Hart Schultz, *Lone Wolf*, who by that time had already become well-established as an artist. As Hart and his wife spent considerable time with them during the summer, this still further complicated the domestic problem.

In her own right Celia Schultz was an amusing, very pleasant person, but as Apikuni's wife she was tragically miscast. On occasions when we invited them to dinner in our home they usually arrived separately and often left separately. There never was any unpleasantness when they came as guests—both of them were too intelligent, too finely bred to row in public.

During these years Apikuni became more and more dispirited and lonely. Many of his old friends had died, and every year brought the loss of one or more of the few that remained to him. His summer visits to the Blackfeet often still further deepened his sense of loneliness as one by one the men of the tribe with whom he had grown up disappeared.

In 1920-22 there was virtual starvation among the Blackfeet in Montana. With the co-operation of the *Los Angeles Times* and *Sunset Magazine* and one or two eastern newspapers Apikuna did all that he possibly could do to raise money to alleviate the distress of the tribe, especially during the severe Montana winter months. The food that was purchased with the money he collected was distributed in very efficient fashion by Dr. E. M. Wilson of Browning, Montana.

In spite of his depression Apikuni continued to write with the utmost regularity. Story after story appeared in the *Youth's Companion* and in the *American Boy*. These would later be published in book form by Houghton Mifflin Company. His income from his writing was steady and fairly substantial.

These stories were, for the most part, based on actual experiences he had had during his years with the Blackfeet or on stories he had heard from them. All his stories were well worked out in his mind before he sat down to type them. In 1921 he began to send me copies of his manuscripts to read aloud to the boys at meetings or around campfires. Needless to say, the boys were delighted at being able to know a Schultz story before the rest of the boys of the country would have a chance to do so.

The copies he sent us were, of course, carbons of the manuscripts which went directly to his publishers. They show almost no corrections or erasures, proof of how well he had them in mind before they were set down on paper, for I am sure that he made no preliminary draft of any kind. I am certain, too, that the directness and simplicity of Schultz's style can be attributed to the fact that he conceived the stories in Blackfoot and translated them into English as he typed them.

Every once in a while during these years Apikuni would drive to my home, hand over to me a very substantial sum of money—often well over a thousand dollars—and ask me to take care of it for him for a few days. I came to know only too well what this

would portend. Retaining only a few dollars, Schultz would embark on a few days of such hard drinking as to lead to virtual legends among his fellow members of the Los Angeles University Club.

In the light of the epochal jags that Apikuni indulged in, I was amused by a letter I received from Stewart Edward White just a short time before his death. I had written him about some conservation matter we were both interested in and I happened to mention casually that I had seen Apikuni—of whom White was very fond—just a few weeks before in Glacier National Park.

"My God, Harry!" wrote White in reply. "Is Apikuni still alive? It certainly speaks well for the preservative powers of alcohol!"

One spring a brand new automobile drove into our driveway with—to my astonishment—Apikuni at the wheel. Next to him in the front seat sat his wife Celia, very visibly nervous and disapproving. The back of the car was filled with every conceivable gadget for camping that the sporting good stores of that day carried. They had purchased the car only the day before, it seemed. With a mischievous grin on his usually poker face Apikuni assured me was an excellent driver—and they were off for the summer!

That *autumn*, when he drove a sadly battered car back to California, all the bright and curious gadgets were gone. All that remained of the sports equipment were two bedding rolls, a wooden box filled with a frying pan, two black pots and an assortment of tin dishes, and another small wooden box which held a few remnants of food. Their summer route could easily be followed, Schultz said impishly, by the spoor of gadgets discarded along the way. The gasoline cooking stove had been the first to go—it had caught on fire when he tried to use it for their initial meal. The gasoline lantern had flamed up the second night out. The zippers on their sleeping bags had gotten fouled up early in the game, and so on and on. Celia's disapproval was even more evident than on the day of their departure.

In 1918-19 Apikuni began to develop an interest in the Hopi Indians of Arizona. He met a few of them who worked in and around Holbrook when he stopped off there to get supplies on his trips to his cabin in the White Mountains. In a Hopi shrine near the top of Mt. Thomas he had discovered the remains of some ancient Hopi prayer sticks, and he was delighted to learn that in the old days the Hopi had made long pilgrimages to the White Mountains, in the very heart of the territory of their ancient enemies, the Apache—this for the purpose of offering prayers for rain and for good crops.

The Hopi whom he met at Holbrook confided in him the religious persecution they were at that time experiencing at the hands of fanatical missionaries who were working hand in hand with ignorant and unsympathetic Indian agents. This led Schultz to write the story for boys called *In the Great Apache Forest*, and like all Schultz stories it contained far more fact than fiction. Moreover, he played up the Boy Scout angle in the story. He

realized that the majority of Scout troops meet in church basements and are sponsored by church people. In this way he hoped to bring to the attention of church groups the unfortunate missionary work that was being done in the name of Christianity.

An order had gone out from the office of the Indian Commissioner forbidding all Indian ceremonial dances. Aroused by *In the Great Apache Forest* church people poured in letters of protest. These letters Schultz turned over to me to answer in his behalf, for he knew of my long interest in and concern for the Hopi. I am very certain that this one book of his did a very great deal to arouse such indignation against the Commissioner's ban on Indian ceremonials as to bring about its withdrawal.

One autumn day I got a telephone call from Apikuni asking me to have lunch with him at the University Club—he had something for me, he said. When I met him in the lobby he pointed to a dirty-looking gunny sack at his feet. With one of his rare grins he then and there tipped up the sack, and out upon the immaculate Club floor rolled the stinking head of a bighorn sheep. He had been hunting that summer with his old friend, George Bird Grinnell, and he had brought me a souvenir he was sure the boys would enjoy. Naturally, I was delighted to have the trophy, but the staff of the University Club did not seem to see the beauty of it at all! The skull with its great curved horns today hangs in the camp lodge at our place in the San Jacintos.

On some of the occasions when we were to lunch together he would join me in the lobby with only a nod of greeting. We would eat in virtual silence. Lunch over, we would nod goodby to each other and go our separate ways.

To one lunch meeting Apikuni brought an Indian from one of the pueblos of Rio Grande Valley—just which village I do not recall. When lunch was over we sat together in a quiet corner of the lounge and listened to the young Indian tell of the important ceremonials of his pueblo. He was a fine speaker, and as he described in eloquent detail the beautiful pageantry of the ceremony tears slowly and unashamedly ran down Apikuni's cheeks. He was so deeply moved that when the Indian finished he sat there in silence for some minutes. Finally he took the Indian's hand and thanked him with a few meaningful words.

During his stays in southern California Apikuni occasionally gave luncheons at the University Club to which he invited such writers and artists as might be in or around Los Angeles at the time and of whom he held a high opinion. For some reason, and to my very great pleasure, he always included me in these affairs. Although he was always a very gracious, easy host, he was not a talkative one. I do not now recall all the men who were present at these get-togethers, but I do remember those who came with some degree of frequency: Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Charlie Russell, Stewart Edward White, Henry Herbert Knibbs, Walter Woehlke, Edward S. Curtis and Wallace Coburn. At least one such luncheon was attended by Enos Mills, Emerson Hough, J. Smeaton Chase, Charles

Francis Saunders, and Edwin L. Sabin. Lummis, I think, never attended. He and Schultz failed to get along, although Schultz admired Lummis in many respects. Schultz, himself a very conservative dresser, could not tolerate Lummis' eccentricities in clothing. One winter when Ernest Thompson Seton was in California I ventured to suggest to Schultz that Seton be invited to one of the affairs. Schultz bluntly refused—for neither Seton nor George Wharton James had he any liking whatever.

One winter evening in 1921 Apikuni had a few people to dinner in his apartment on Avenue 60, overlooking the Arroyo Seco. Among them were Marah Ellis Ryan, who had written *Flute of the Gods*, *For the Soul of Raphael*, and *Indian Love Letters*, and whose general interest in the American Indian was very great. Present also was Edward S. Curtis, whose mammoth photographic record of the Indian is far too little known. Schultz cooked the dinner and we ate outdoors in the garden. Following his excellent meal we sat long into the night talking over the mal-administration of Indian reservations by the then Bureau of Indian Affairs.

From that evening's serious conversation developed two organizations for the purpose of bringing about some measure of reform in Bureau policy and personnel. One organization, The Indian Welfare League, was to be a large group which was to work in a most dignified way. It soon listed as members of its board of directors or advisory council all the persons whom we could get in touch with who were in agreement with us on the Indian problem. Men like Curtis, who at that time was still doing some work on reservations, could not well belong to such a group and take a chance on so antagonizing the Bureau that it might order him off the reservations. His case, and others like it, led to the second group's formation.

This group was a very small one with a very pompous name and it listed on its letterhead the names of a few individuals in positions of such security that they could not be hurt or hindered by any retaliatory action that the Bureau of Indian Affairs might see fit to take. It was the job of this organization to do the name-calling and such other "dirty work" that might seem necessary to correct the abuses we were setting out to correct. A mild-mannered, wealthy Santa Barbara couple headed this decidedly "bratty" group, and they seemed to thoroughly enjoy doing so, although the pair of them were quiet, respectable-looking, and dignified acting.

Our objectives were to secure citizen rights for the Indians, to put an end to dishonest allotment schemes, to ameliorate starvation conditions on the Blackfoot reservation, to protect Indian lands and water rights, and, of course, to see to it that the Indian had a right to follow his own religion if he saw fit to do so. Dr. John A. Comstock, then Director of the Southwest Museum, actor William S. Hart, General John J. Pershing, Los Angeles attorney Ida May Adams, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Stewart Edward White, and Walter Woehlke of *Sunset Magazine*, all worked in this crusade. But Apikuni was the spark that fired the zeal of all of us.

Apikuni – As I Knew Him

The Schultz tragic domestic situation finally came to its inevitable end in divorce. Later Apikuni married again, this time a woman who was sincerely interested in his writing and deeply understanding of the man. He met Jessie Louise Donaldson when she was a member of the faculty of Montana State College, and he collaborated with her in the writing of *The Sun God's Children*, which was published by Houghton Mifflin in 1930.

Jessie Donaldson Schultz became a social worker for the Bureau of Indian Affairs. She was stationed first with the Blackfeet at Browning, Montana, and later with the Shoshone and Arapaho at Fort Washakie, Wyoming. The Blackfeet were quick to recognize her genuine interest in them, and they adopted her into the tribe, naming her *Apahki, Ermine Woman.*

This Mrs. Schultz got along graciously with Hart Schultz and with his wife Norma, a young Mormon girl from Montana. And, rare woman that she is, she was even understanding and compassionate when it came to Schultz's flirtations with Lady Alcohol! Her work kept them in Montana and Wyoming much of the time, but during her vacations they made occasional trips to California. As I made more and more frequent camping trips into Wyoming and Montana we saw each other fairly often.

In 1938 Schultz was deeply depressed by the death of his old friend, George Bird Grinnell. Grinnell had founded the New York Zoological Society and the first Audubon Society and had been editor of *Forest and Stream* from 1876 to 1911. Upon Schultz's invitation he had come to Montana in the 1880's. There Schultz acted as his guide and they became fast friends. It was on a trip into what is now Glacier National Park that Apikuni led him to the great glacier that now bears Grinnell's name. It was at Grinnell's suggestion that Schultz wrote for *Forest and Stream* "In the Lodges of the Blackfeet," later better known as *My Life as an Indian.*

Grinnell and Schultz worked together to secure passage of the legislation that led to the establishment of Glacier National Park. Many of the names given to features of the park were bestowed by Schultz and Grinnell—Going-to-the-Sun Mountain, Gunsight Pass, Fusillade Mountain, etc. It was Grinnell who requested that one of the mountains near Many Glaciers be named for Schultz. It is to be regretted that on all maps this mountain is spelled *Appikunny* rather than *Apikuni*, as the latter spelling is the one preferred by Schultz and always used by him.

It was after his marriage to Jessie Louise Donaldson that Apikuni began writing a sequel to *My Life as an Indian*, to be called *Reminiscences of My Life as an Indian.* He wrote me that the writing was slow going, that when he sat down before his typewriter the recollections he was trying to write would conjure up other memories. These would flood in upon him and he would find that he gradually drifted off in daydreams that spun themselves out and out until, when he finally roused himself, he would find the morning had slipped by and only a few words had been written.

It pleased him to learn that in the summer of 1938 I was coming north once more with a party of boys, this time to retrace the western part of the route followed by Lewis and Clark. In my party were Eston Randolph, David Jackson, and Finn Burnett, lineal descendants of William Clark, young George Shannon, and Sacajawea, respectively. Finn Burnett, the Shoshone Indian boy, had come to us from Fort Washakie where the Schultz's were then living.

Apikuni drove out with us to the old cemetery where Sacajawea is buried. Slowly he walked with us to the grave. Then we called upon the aged Episcopal minister, the Reverend John Roberts, who had officiated at Sacajawea's funeral. As a good minister of the gospel I am sure he did not altogether approve of Apikuni, but he was friendly and pleasant in telling us about the famous funeral.

Schultz seemed happy at spending this day with us. The respect and affection the boys had for him touched him deeply. Tears came readily to his eyes at any little demonstration of their regard for him.

His interest in the Blackfeet never lessened. It was two years later in 1940 that he set out on another project to help them. Many Blackfeet by that time were reading English, and Schultz felt the need of a library for them. With the help of his friends Joseph Henry Jackson of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Walter Woehlke, and others he secured contributions of hundreds of books and with these established a library at the agency in Browning.

* * * * *

In 1941 Schultz fell and broke his right arm and his left leg. He was taken to the Bishop Randall Hospital in Landor where he proceeded to arouse considerable consternation in that good Episcopalian institution by insisting that he be allowed to have a private bar set up in a pantry across the hall from his room. Later he assured me that his rapid recovery was due only to this accommodation!

According to a letter from his wife, when he wanted a highball he would yell, "Nurse!"

Every nurse on the floor would come running.

"I want a highball," Apikuni would announce.

"When did you last have one?" a nurse would demand.

"What the hell difference does that make?" Apikuni would ask indignantly. "I want one NOW!"

"How many have you had today?" would be the stern inquiry.

"What in hell do you care? I WANT ONE NOW!"

"Whereupon, and without regard as to how long ago or how many," wrote Apahki, "he gets his highball, smiles, and the nurses collect into the pantry all a-giggle."

Some weeks later he was back home in Fort Washakie and on March 2, 1943, I received a cheerful letter from him.

"We have for housekeeper," he wrote in conclusion, "a Shoshoni woman, Kawak, 63 years old. She goes out nights and catches trout for us. Last fall she went up in the mountains with her Winchester and killed a fine fat cow elk."

The prowess of this indomitable Shoshone woman continued to impress him apparently, for in May of that same spring he wrote, "Our housekeeper, Kawak, went fishing again last night returning at 11:30 P.M. with a fine catch of trout."

By December of that year Apikuni was able to walk about, but with a slight limp. The following spring he wrote: "I now have two saw-horses at my bed and getting up, resting my hands upon them, I walk back and forth frequently and so I am slowly regaining my leg strength. Hope soon to do some story work with my typewriter."

By September of 1944 he had recovered well enough to go with Mrs. Schultz to Denver where she was to attend some autumn classes in social welfare work. They arrived in Denver during the night of September 21 and drove to the apartment they had rented. In a letter dated December 16, 1944, Apikuni thus describes the accident that then occurred:

"The house was dark and so was the street. Apahki went to the house, rang the bell. No answer. I stepped out of the car, moved forward, fell from the sidewalk onto the paved road and broke my left hip bone. Result weeks in the hospital . . . cost more than $450.00. The surgeon nailed and riveted the hip bone together. Leg is now two inches shorter than the right one."

After this second accident work on *Reminiscences of My Life as an Indian* went with greater difficulty. Another boys' story he had started, *Bear Chief's War Shirt*, also lay unfinished. His span of attention became shorter and shorter. His eyes troubled him. He wrote to me frequently, but the letters consisted of just a line or two and always referred to his frustration at not being able to concentrate and get the two books finished. He was resentful, too, of the failure of the Indian Bureau to carry through a fine program of arts and crafts work with the Blackfeet, Shoshone, and Arapaho which Apahki had done so much to get started. The devotion of his wife and his son, Lone Wolf, and Lone Wolf's wife were the chief source of consolation to him during these very difficult months.

* * * * *

One vivid experience with Apikuni will ever remain with me—the time he invited me, with the approval, of course, of the Blackfeet, to attend with him what is known as the Beaver Bundle Ceremony, being held that summer at an isolated group of teepees not far from where we were camping on Lower St. Mary's Lake.

My camp leaders were good enough to take over the responsibility for camp for the day and I was free to go with Apikuni and Apahki. They came for me at the first hint of dawn and we were at the teepees before it was altogether light. One enormous teepee, beautifully decorated with designs appropriate to its owner, had a small fire within it, and it glowed with light like some gigantic Japanese paper lantern.

Apahki disappeared at once, as she was to take part in some of the dances. Schultz was greeted quietly by several Indians as he led me to the entrance of the big lodge. He scratched the canvas of the doorway and we were bidden to enter.

The tiny fire, fragrant with sweet grass, was slightly off center. Toward the rear of the teepee there was a dais upon which Buffalo Child White Calf, the owner of the Beaver Bundle, and other ceremonial dignitaries were seated on willow rod beds, soft and comfortable with buffalo robes and blankets. Similar seats circled the lodge. Back of these hung the highly decorated teepee lining. The teepee was filled with men sitting comfortably and chatting as they waited for the ceremonial to begin.

Apikuni and I went forward and knelt before the ceremonial leaders who prayed for us and with deft fingers placed small, round, brick-red circles on our foreheads and on each cheek. We then took places among the twenty or thirty men assembled in the lodge.

A long-stemmed pipe was lit by the ceremonial leader and it began the rounds, each smoker making prayers and blowing smoke in the six world directions before passing it on to the man next to him. Then the outer wrapping was stripped from the Beaver Bundle which until now had lain in front of the leaders of the ceremony. Then dancers came in from the outside and danced swiftly around the fire several times to a rhythm sung by all the spectators and by the ceremonial chiefs.

It was easy to see that Apikuni was completely one of the participants. He knew the songs and he sang them full-voiced. He knew the language—he had made it very much his own tongue.

Covering after covering, consisting of the skins of animals and of birds, was unwrapped from the sacred Beaver Bundle. With each uncovering dancers came in and performed the dance of that particular creature. Some of these dances were serious and some of them—such as the Bear and Dog dances—were highly amusing. Apahki participated in several of them, one with the Blackfeet women, as much accepted as Apikuni.

At noon women came into the lodge with great bowls and trays of food: well roasted beef, fragrant chunks of home-made bread, coffee—wonderful food, all of it. Each one who partook of it put some of it aside for the members of his family not present, so that they, too, might have a part in this ceremonial occasion. After this leisurely and very bountiful meal the ceremony was resumed.

Shortly after the afternoon festivities began a rather unfortunate episode occurred. Between dances the silent prayers of the crowd within the teepee were interrupted by the raucous voice of a white man outside. Almost immediately, without so much as "by your leave," he came awkwardly through the teepee entrance, dragging a large tripod with a 16mm movie camera mounted on it. He greeted several Indians by name.

"Is it O.K. if I come in?" he asked brashly.

No one replied. No one within the teepee indicated in any way that he was conscious of the stranger's presence.

Quite unabashed the white man spoke directly to Buffalo Child White Calf.

"Come on. Move up into this little patch of light so I can get a picture."

As he spoke he set up his camera, focusing it on the sunlight that streamed into the teepee through the smoke hole. No one moved. No one spoke.

Without moving his lips Schultz whispered to me, "Damn old fool!"

The intruder turned to us, "Say, you, ask him to move up."

No one made reply. All assembled seemed entirely oblivious of him. There were a few more moments of agonizing silence. Finally he got the idea.

"I guess I'm not wanted in here," he mumbled to no one in particular as he beat a fumbling retreat from the teepee.

It seemed to me that there was just a hint of a smile on the faces of all the Indians present as the ceremony was resumed.

The sun was setting as the final skins were unwrapped from the Beaver Bundle and the sacred pipe that formed the core of the Bundle was disclosed. More prayers, more songs. Then this pipe was passed around for each one to make final prayers and puff once more in the six world directions.

As we left the teepee the last of the sunset colors were fading from the sky and the first stars were coming out. Deeply impressed we drove back in silence to camp where Apikuni and Apahki bade me a soft good night. The boys were already sound asleep.

At breakfast my red-marked forehead and cheeks, somewhat smudged by my sleeping bag, were the source of much comment by the youngsters. Hours passed before I answered all their questions about the ceremony. In recounting my experiences to them I realized anew how fully Apikuni was one of the Blackfeet tribe. He was no white man playing Indian. He was a true red man who had happened to be born with a white skin.

* * * * *

Apikuni died on June 11, 1947, in Lander, Wyoming. On June 22 his widow, Apahki, wrote me a beautifully complete account of his last days:

"Apikuni had a heart attack—one hour—the only one of its kind. He has had a rough winter and still every hour that he felt at all well he was yearning to write his stories —could not get his *Bear Chief's War Shirt* off his mind. On one occasion when he had been in a coma for three days he started revising the first two chapters of the story while he was still unconscious and continued with it all day Sunday. I sat at the typewriter putting it all down. He completely revised those chapters without seeing the manuscript—changed names—deleted whole paragraphs—how he did it I have never understood. Once that was accomplished he felt easier in his mind and did not fret over his inability to write quite so much.

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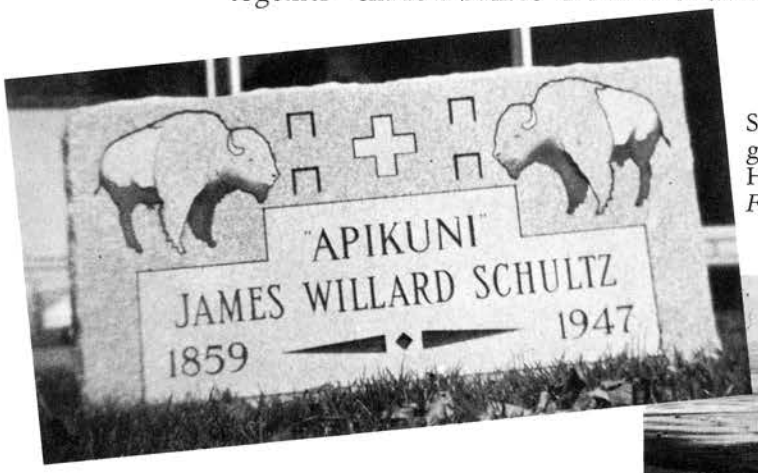
"Hart and his wife met me at Browning—Apikuni had wanted to go there—to the old burial ground of Nataki's family near Red Eagle and the other old friends of his youth. When we arrived and talked to the Blackfeet I knew that it could not have been otherwise. He was truly at home.

"The service at the grave was the most beautiful I have ever attended—the prayers of the four old medicine men, a talk by Bull Chief in which he recounted Apikuni's deeds and placed two coup sticks at the side of the grave—the mourning song of his adopted mother, Insimaki, and the long wail that followed; then the peace of the burial ground. The long open meadow land through which the cars travelled toward the burial place was unplowed and dotted with flowers. There were ducks and even geese on the small lakes. A sage hen peeked out from under a bush. All the birds in creation were singing their songs.

"Apikuni wanted no marker, only to be with those he had loved in his boyhood. He is next to Pataki, Nataki's mother, whose burial he described in *My Life as an Indian*. All the cars and busses on the reservation were put into service and the full-blood Indians —all of them—came to the edge of the bluff and descended the steep trail to the burial ground. There was no interpretation—no need for it. Hart told me, 'They say he has gone to the Sand Hills with his old warrior friends and there they will hunt buffalo together—shadow buffalo in a land of shadows—but he will be with them.' "



Stone marker for Schultz's grave. Designed by his son Hart Schultz (Lone Wolf). *From the author's collection.*

The Blackfeet burial-ground where James Willard Schultz was buried. *Photo by Kenneth H. Dunshee*

Only recently Apahki added some details to this lovely description. The meadow she mentioned was one that led to the top of the buffalo fall, at the bottom of which is the burial ground. She wrote again of the sense of welcome she felt that day "as the birds and the flowers and the little animals made themselves known as we crossed that meadow. The sun, too, cast a warm, soft light."

Later it was decided to disregard Schultz's desire that his grave be unmarked. So many requests came from the readers of Apikuni's books that the Indian agent at Browning prevailed upon Mrs. Schultz and Hart to have a suitable marker set in place. Hart designed a very simple stone to symbolize his father's life with the Blackfeet.

Two large buffalo are carved on either side of the stone. Between them at the top of the stone are four characters—the four war trails Apikuni followed. These are grouped around a cross which to the Blackfeet is symbolical of the morning star and of visions. Below the inscription—"Apikuni—James Willard Schultz"—two mystic stars flank the dates 1859 and 1947.

* * * * *

Autograph inscription reads "These two old fish are Apikuni and Bear Cap (Kutenai) Glacier Park, August 15, 1926." *From the author's collection.*

Apikuni – As I Knew Him

James Willard Schultz was born on August 26, 1859, at Boonville, New York. His parents were cultured, well-to-do people. He was sent to Peekskill Military Academy in preparation for entrance to West Point. In 1877 he went to St. Louis, Missouri, to visit an uncle, Benjamin Stickney, who managed the Planter's Hotel there. Intrigued by tales of the trappers from Montana, he persuaded his mother to let him have five hundred dollars for a trip up the Missouri River. She advanced this sum to him, exacting a promise that he would return home in the fall to complete his education.

But the lure of the West proved too great for the impressionistic eighteen-year-old Schultz. The trip up the Missouri was the beginning of an education in western lore that was to satisfy him for a lifetime. In the years that followed he made only an occasional trip to the East, usually when his great natural love for music overwhelmed him and he felt he had to hear some of the best of it. For a few weeks he would return to New York to saturate himself with concerts and operas. His craving satisfied he would begin to yearn for his chosen land and for his Blackfeet friends and soon he was making the long journey to the region he now called home.

On the Missouri River trip he met Joseph Kipp at Fort Benton. It was not long before they formed a partnership and set up a trading post at Carroll, at the junction of the Musselshell and Missouri Rivers. They were amazingly successful. In 1880 they took in four thousand, one hundred buffalo robes for three dollars apiece in trade, and these they sold in Boston, receiving seven dollars for each one.

During their first winter at this post Theodore Roosevelt was a visitor. Later, as president of the United States, he was very helpful to Schultz and Grinnell in their work to have Glacier National Park established. During these years, too, he became acquainted with other great men of the period. Gifford Pinchot, the Behring brothers of London, and Ralph Pulitzer were among those who at various times made trips with him into the mountains.

It is deeply gratifying to note the sincere appreciation for Schultz's books that is now slowly developing. Even many of the stories he wrote for boys are bringing good prices on the market for western Americana. *My Life as an Indian* has recently been re-published in *True Magazine*, it has come out as a paper book, and in July 1957 Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Inc. brought out an edition of it for boys. On Cecil Alter's latest list of books most wanted by dealers in western Americana *My Life as an Indian* ranks high, right next to Hodge's *Handbook of the American Indians*. The magazine *Montana* has re-published some material from *Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park* and from the story of Hugh Monro called *Rising Wolf the White Blackfoot*.

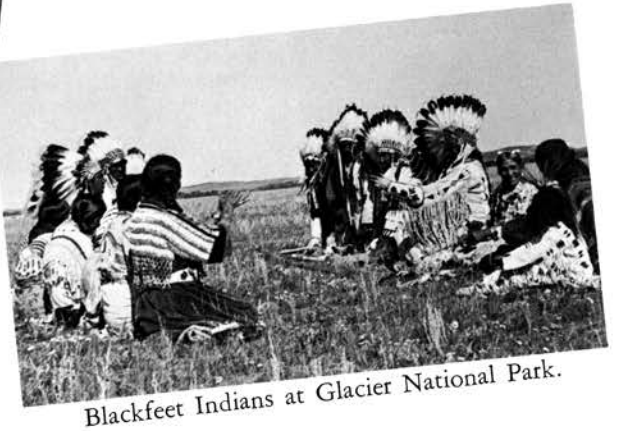
Apikuni had no belief in individual life after death. If, despite his skepticism, his shade is wandering in the good company of many a Blackfeet friend of his great days, he will be gratified indeed by this significant proof of his true immortality.

Apikuni – As I Knew Him

James Willard Schultz and Trailfinder boys at Glacier Park in the 1940's.

James Willard Schultz in the 1920's.
From the author's collection.

Blackfeet Indians enjoying one of their gambling games at Glacier National Park (outside the park!).



Blackfeet Indians at Glacier National Park.

BOOKS BY JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ

Compiled by ARTHUR H. CLARK, JR.

① 1907—MY LIFE AS AN INDIAN—First Edn. is: New York, Doubleday, Page & Co., 1907 — $1.50
This was noted in *Publishers Weekly*, Feb. 23, 1907; also in *American Catalog*, 1907. Jan. 1, 1912 still listed as "IN PRINT" by Doubleday, Page & Co. — $1.50, Ed. and illustrated by G. B. Grinnell. (I have seen several copies of the 1907 edn.—Att. C.J.)
—(same): Boston, Houghton, Mifflin Co., Sept. 1914 — $1.50

APPROX. ORDER OF PUBLICATION	TITLE	FIRST ISSUED	ORIG. PRICE	PUBLISHER
2	WITH THE INDIANS IN THE ROCKIES	1912 Sept.	$1.25	H.-M.
	—(same)	1925	1.75	H.-M.
	—(same)	1925	2.00	H.-M. Riverside Bookshelf Edn.
3	SINOPAH	1913	1.10	H.-M.
4	QUEST OF THE FISH-DOG SKIN	1913	1.25	H.-M.
	—(same)	1923	1.00	Grossett & Dunlap, N.Y. (Boy Scout Edn.)
5	ON THE WAR PATH	1914 Sept.	1.25	H.-M.
6	BLACKFEET TALES OF GLACIER NAT'L PARK	1916 Apr.	2.00	H.-M.
7	APAUK	1916 Sept.	1.25	H.-M.
8	GOLD CACHE	1917 Sept.	1.25	H.-M.
9	LONE BULL'S MISTAKE	1918	1.35	H.-M.
	—(same)	1921	1.00	Grossett & Dunlap, N.Y. (Boy Scout Edn.)
10	BIRD WOMAN	1918	1.50	H.-M.
11	RUNNING EAGLE	1919	1.50	H.-M.
12	RISING WOLF	1919	1.50	H.-M.
13	IN THE GREAT APACHE FOREST	1920	1.75	H.-M.
14	DREADFUL RIVER CAVE	1920	1.90	H.-M.
15	WAR TRAIL FORT	1921	1.75	H.-M.
16	TRAIL OF THE SPANISH HORSE	1922	1.75	H.-M.
	—(same)	1925	1.65	H.-M.
			2.00	H.-M., Riverside Bookshelf Edn.
17	SEIZER OF EAGLES	1922	1.75	H.-M.
18	DANGER TRAIL	1923	1.50	H.-M.
19	FRIENDS OF MY LIFE AS AN INDIAN	1923	3.00	H.-M.
20	SAHTAKI AND I	1924	1.65	H.-M.
21	PLUMED SNAKE	1924	2.00	H.-M.
22	QUESTERS OF THE DESERT	1925	1.75	H.-M.
23	SIGNPOSTS OF ADVENTURE	1926	3.00	H.-M.
24	SUN WOMAN	1926	2.00	H.-M.
25	WILLIAM JACKSON, INDIAN SCOUT	1926	1.75	H.-M.
26	SON OF THE NAVAHOS	1927	1.75	H.-M.
27	RED CROW'S BROTHER	1927	1.75	H.-M.
28	IN ENEMY COUNTRY	1928	1.75	H.-M.
29	SKULL HEAD THE TERRIBLE	1929	1.75	H.-M.
30	SUN GOD'S CHILDREN (with J. L. Donaldson)	1930	3.00	H.-M.
31	WHITE BEAVER	1930	1.75	H.-M.
32	ALDER GULCH GOLD	1931	1.50	H.-M.
33	FRIENDS AND FOES IN THE ROCKIES	1933	1.75	H.-M.
34	GOLD DUST	1934	2.00	H.-M.
35	WHITE BUFFALO ROBE	1936	2.00	H.-M.
36	STAINED GOLD	1937	2.00	H.-M.
37	SHORT BOW'S BIG MEDICINE	1940	2.00	H.-M.
	WHITE CHIEF (Scenario) 1923	.....	.....	(?Not pub. in book form?)

(British issues, and reprintings by same publishers are generally not listed here.)
Information From—Actual copies in many cases; others from listings in Amer. Catalog, U. S. Catalog, Cumulative Book Index.

HISTORICAL SIDELIGHTS ON CALIFORNIA JOE

By ARTHUR WOODWARD

UNTIL ONE of our own corresponding members of the Westerners, Earle R. Forrest, in collaboration with Joe E. Milner, produced a biography of Moses Embree Milner, grandfather of one of the authors, very little authentic data was known about that celebrated character "California Joe." Since 1883, when J. W. Buel produced his *Heroes of the Plains*, one of whom was California Joe Milner, students of western history have been intrigued by the enigmatic figure of this trapper, gold hunter, scout and all around frontiersman.

Many men of the 1840's and on into the 1870's knew Milner by reputation if not by sight, although there were many frontiersmen who knew him well in the flesh. However, Joe was not a talkative cuss and so, for years he remained somewhat of a mystery to his fellow men. Even his real name was not known, except in a garbled way. So, it was only natural when his biographers began their research on the tangled trails of his life, that they would turn to as many living eye witnesses as possible to either verify or brand as fairy tales many of the stories that had been told about Joe.

One of the men who saw Joe at close range during the last year of Joe's wild and rugged life, was Dr. V. T. M'Gillycuddy whose activities on the western frontier from the early 1870's until the early '90s are portrayed in his biography, *McGillycuddy, Agent*, by Julia B. McGillycuddy, published in 1941. Among the authors who became interested in Joe's life aside from Forrest and Milner was the late Edwin L. Sabin, whose *Kit Carson Days* is a modern western classic. Oddly enough, Joseph Milner, the grandson, when compiling data on his grandfather's life, and Edwin Sabin, both addressed letters of inquiry to Dr. M'Gillycuddy within five months of each other. Joe Milner wrote in April, 1927 and Sabin had preceded him in December 1926. The old doctor was then living in Berkeley, California.

Even earlier, in 1923, Elmo Scott Watson had contacted Dr. M'Gillycuddy, then living in San Francisco, and had been furnished with substantially the same information contained in the letters of 1928. In common with all other writers who had written about California Joe, Watson was confused. His article "Who Was California Joe," which appeared in *Hunter-Trader-Trapper*, July, 1923, clearly indicates this.

M'Gillycuddy's reply to Milner was published in *California Joe*, pp. 279-281 in 1935 but the doctor's response to Sabin's inquiry was apparently never published. Recently, Dr. Horace Parker of Costa Mesa purchased a portion of Sabin's library from the latter's estate and among the documents found in cartons of letters, ephemera, etc., was the appended letter which was turned over to Westerner Don Meadows, who in turn asked me to write this brief introduction.

A comparison of the two letters, *i.e.* the one to Milner and this one to Sabin, reveals several interesting differences. Actually the subject matter is practically the same, but in the Sabin letter, Dr. M'Gillycuddy gives some additional material not contained in the letter published by Forrest and Milner. M'Gullycuddy, for example, in relating the incidents leading up to California Joe's murder by Tom Newcomb and M'Gillycuddy's subsequent examination of Joe's effects at the time of the post-mortem, notes in his letter to Milner:

"At the post-mortem that night I found letters in his clothes showing that his true name was Joseph or Moses Milner of Kentucky; and under that name I buried him the next day on the banks of the White River."

In the letter to Sabin it will be noted that the doctor elaborates on the previous statement.

Likewise the whereabouts of Tom Newcomb in later years is revealed in the letter to Sabin in a bit more detail than in the published biography.

Hence it seems proper to publish this earlier letter by Dr. M'Gillycuddy at this time.

Although this article deals primarily with Moses Embree Milner alias "California Joe," I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without reference to another, and earlier "California Joe," who like Moses Milner was not christened Joe, yet whose name and exploits have been consistently mingled and confused with those of Joe Milner. I refer to an older man Truman Head, born apparently in Otsego County, New York, in 1809, twenty years before Moses Milner saw the light of day, May 8, 1829 near Stanford, Kentucky.

There is neither space nor time in this present article to review the life of "California Joe" Head. For some years I have been gathering data on Truman Head. In passing I shall only say that when Earle Forrest and Joe Milner wrote the biography of Moses Embree Milner, they, in common with Buel, Ghent and other writers on western history, were apparently not aware of the existence of "California Joe" Head who was given that cognomen in the gold fields of California in 1849 some fifteen years earlier than Milner, who, according to his biographers obtained the nick-name at Virginia City, Montana in 1864.

One of the hotly disputed points in the life of Moses Milner was that he never served in the Army of the Potomac. Those who took the negative in this issue were correct. Moses Milner did not serve in the Union army during the Civil War, but Truman Head did. Hence Buel was correct when he said "California Joe" was in the ranks of Berdan's Sharpshooters but—Buel apparently did not know that there were two Joes any more than did those who subsequently wrote about the exploits of Moses Milner. The curious part about this historical mish mash is that apparently no one ever stumbled onto the fact that two men were involved. In fact Forrest states that "there was but one 'California Joe' in the history of the west." We have since hashed over this case of the mistaken identities of these two Joes and it is with my good friend Forrest's permission that the accompanying

photograph of "California Joe" Milner, taken in 1875 (vide M'Gillycuddy's letter) a photograph which has been reproduced a number of times is being used. A comparison of this photograph with that of "California Joe" Head, which is used with the permission of the Vermont Historical Society (which is in possession of a copy of the original photograph), will reveal some general similarities in the appearances of the two men. Both men wore heavy beards and both men favored the use of the Sharps rifle. Curiously enough the photograph of Truman Head, taken in the field in July 1862 when he was a Union sharpshooter shows him in a reclining position, as does that of Moses Milner taken on the Black Hills expedition in 1875.

Truman Head was a confirmed bachelor all his life. He wore his hair and beard long and flowing from his middle twenties onward. He had a good sense of humor and was apparently well read. He hated slave holders, slave breeders, Jeff Davis, and "Copperheads." His eyes were injured by the dust and smoke of the battle of Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862 to such an extent that he could no longer serve as a sharpshooter. Shortly after this fight he was given an honorable discharge and returned to his old haunts around Weaverville, California. He visited friends for awhile, then tried his hand at trapping and writing. His book, now somewhat of a rarity in Californiana, "*Hope of a Civilization Yet to Be. With Directions How to Take Beaver, Otter, etc. etc.*" by Truman Head, Alias "California Joe," was published in San Francisco in 1867. This opus is a curious mixture of biographical data and philosophy from which nuggets of truth concerning the author may be gleaned.

In his later years Truman Head settled in San Francisco where he was employed first as an Inspector of Customs 1866-1867 and thenceforth until his death, November 24, 1875, he was listed simply a watchman and laborer at the U.S. Custom House. He resided at various places in San Francisco and died in the German Hospital in that city. The old sharpshooter, trapper and miner was escorted to the grave by a detail of eight men of the San Francisco Cadets and Company H, Second Infantry on the afternoon of November 27.

Thus the two men known as "California Joe," whose real names were totally dissimilar, yet whose paths undoubtedly crossed at different periods of their lives, who engaged in the same occupations, who were similar in appearance, died a trifle over a year apart, the one by the hand of a drunken assassin, the other from the complications of old age and a hard life.

Oddly enough, the San Francisco *Alta California* of November 28, 1875, the day after Truman Head was buried with military honors, reported:

> "A bogus 'California Joe' is operating as a desperado in Wyoming."

Did the paper refer to Moses Milner? Quien sabe?

The M'Gillycuddy letter follows, exactly as written, with spelling and punctuation preserved:

Historical Sidelights on California Joe

HOTEL CLAREMONT
Berkeley, California
December 13, 1926

Mr. Edwin L. Sabin.

Dear Sir:

I was much pleased to receive your letter of inquiry of 5th inst. and to know that you are interested in our old scout California Joe, as I had a somewhat close personal acquaintance with him.

I first met the old scout in the Spring of 1875 at Ft. Laramie, Wyoming, where with my associates I was chief topographer, organizing and fitting out the Black Hills Exploring Expedition to explore and confirm the existance of gold in paying quantities in the Black Hills as reported by Gen. Custer in his expedition of 1874, and California Joe having been recommended to us as a thoroughly reliable scout and guide, we employed him to go along, and in doing so we made no mistake.

My acquaintance with the scouts of the frontier was a wide one from many years service with the expeditions as engineer, and late as Surgeon of the 2nd and 3rd U.S. Cavalry for five years in the Indian Campaigns, and still later as Indian Agent in charge of the Red Cloud Sioux for seven years, and I consider him the most competent and reliable, for he had an intuitive knowledge of country over regions he had never visited.

As an example, Col. R. I. Dodge commanding our escort of about a thousand men, picked up as military scout another Joe, old Joe Merivale, this Joe was a crossup of Mexican, Sioux and French trapper, of many years experience, and claimed to have camped over the whole Northwest, and about a week out from Fort Laramie we went down Crazy Woman Fork of the Cheyenne River, next morning crossed over to get out of the Cheyenne valley, and Merrvale advised the Colonel that we could take the wagon train up a gulch which would land us on a plateau with a gentle slope leading up toward the foothills, basing his claim on the fact that he had been over that identical ground the year before, so we worked our long wagon train for several hours up that gulch, reaching the plateau, and shortly ran onto a sheer perpendicular drop off of several hundred feet, and were trapped. Merrivale was up against it, and his explanation was "Jess Cris how this country he change since I was here last."

California performed excellent service with us all that season, and returned to Ft. Laramie with us that Fall, and I went on to Washington, to draw up the report, maps, etc.

In the meantime, Custer's expedition into the Black Hills in 1874, and ours in 1875, both being in violation of the treaty rights of the Sioux and allied tribes, stirred Sitting Bull on to the warpath, and the Army had to take the field to head him off in the Spring of 1876, and on the invitation of Gen. Crook I joined his expedition as surgeon of the 2nd and 3rd Cavalry.

Historical Sidelights on California Joe

As you no doubt remember the 1876 Campaign practically ended with Battle of the Little Big Horn on July 25th, or Custer Massacre, on that date Crook's cammand being but thirty miles away where we were repairing damages from the shake up Sitting Bull gave us on June 17th.

After the fight Sitting Bull struck out for British America out of our reach, Gen. Terry's Command to which Custer had been attached taking the return march to Ft. Snelling, and Crook's Command heading for their Winter quarters in the Dept. of the Platte.

California Joe accompanying us, as he had served with us all that season, and after a march of about seven hundred miles we reached Ft. Robinson Nebraska latter part of October, pretty well worn out with continual skirmishes with marauding Bands of Indians, starvation marches over an inhospitable region, etc.

There was at that time a quartermaster employe in the Post Butcher Shop, Tom Newcomb by name, and between this man and Joe was a bad feeling growing out of charges and counter charges in connection with the murder of a French squaw man named John Richard about a year before.

On October 29th, Joe was about three in the afternoon lined up at the bar in the Post Traders drinking with some comrades, and somewhat under the influence of liquor, when suddenly Newcomb appeared in the doorway, and seeing Joe, he pulled his gun, Joe glancing around pulled his, and there was a scattering of the drinkers, (you know the old saying on the frontier in those days "The difference between the quick and the dead was the fellow who pulled first"), however trouble did not come, for Joe called out, "drop your dam gun Tom, line up here and take a drink" so they drank, and trouble appeared over.

About an hour afterward I was sitting in the front of the Post Hospital about four hundred feet from the Quarter Masters Corral, when I heard a shot, and a soldier ran up from the direction of the corral and called to me that Joe was shot, and I ran down to the corral and found Joe on his face dead, a Winchester ball having ploughed through his chest from the rear, and I had the body removed to the hospital for an autopsy.

On investigation I found that Joe was standing below the Corral with his back to it, talking to three or four men, when suddenly Newcomb appeared around the corner of the corral with a Winchester, and before Joe could turn, fired.

The guard arrested Newcomb and confined him in the guardhouse.

Unfortunately it was not a military case, as they both were civilians, and our only recourse was, as we were in an unorganized country, we were required to notify the authorities of the nearest organized county East, which was Valley County, Nebraska, to come for the prisoner, otherwise at the end of four days we would have to turn him loose, no notice was paid to the request, as Valley County did not propose to go to the

expense, so Tom was in due time liberated, and left the country unpunished, for rigid military disapline prevented the soldiers from lynching him, and we had no town near where we could appeal to citizens to come and lynch him.

California Joe was something of an enigma, no one appeared to know anything about his antecedents or name, somewhat misanthophical, as a rule traveled alone with only his dog as company, and would disappear for months at a time, but was know of more or less from the Pacific Coast East to the Missouri River, through the Mining regions from British America South to Mexico.

On October 30th, Joe was to have gone out with General Ranald McKenzies expedition of the 4th Cavalry as chief scout, for a Winter Campaign in the Big Horn country, to round up marauding bands of hostiles.

When the 4th Cavalry marched past the hospital that morning with guidons flying and trumpets sounding poor old California Joe reposed peacefully in his casket with the flag draped over him, it presented a touching sight that I shall never forget.

In making the post mortem I found from papers in his clothing that his name was Moses Embree Milner, born near Stanford, Kentucky, May 8th, 1829, came to California in the gold excitement, and from there mined all over the West.

I buried him in the Post Burying Ground, on White River, using a red cedar headboard, "Moses Milner of Kentucky, California Joe, Murdered October 29, (1876)

What became of Newcomb?

About fifteen years ago I was spending an evening with a friend in Spokane, Washington, and he referred to a hunting trip in Montana with a party of men from the East. They employed a guide from Gardiner, Montana. One evening around the campfire my name came up, the guide enquired, "Is McGillycuddy the former Red Cloud Agent?" My friend answered in the affirmative, and the guide said, "when next you see him, tell him you met Tom Newcomb in Montana."

California Joe was not a quarrelsome man, rather the contrary. He drank too much at times, never picked a quarrel, but if a man was hunting trouble and ran against Joe he could find it.

Joe killed several men in his time.

He left four sons over the West, and has a grandson Joe. E. Milner living in Portland, Oregon.

I am getting along in years, will be 78 next February, and I am somewhat lonesome. I regret the passing of the old frontier, never to be duplicated. With it has passed all my old acquaintances, the army, the scouts, the Indians, the bad men, the gun men, the holy terrors, I knew them all. We were long on them, but short on mean men, perberts, and degenerates.

Historical Sidelights on California Joe

We were short on law, but long on justice, and I formed a thorough respect for old Judge Lynch.

I enclose for your inspection a picture we took of California Joe in the 1875 expedition. It may copy, and you can return it to me. (Picture not found in Sabin archives. *Ed.*)

Above was one of many of the little experiences of the old days.

Yours truly,

V. T. M'Gillycuddy (*holograph*)

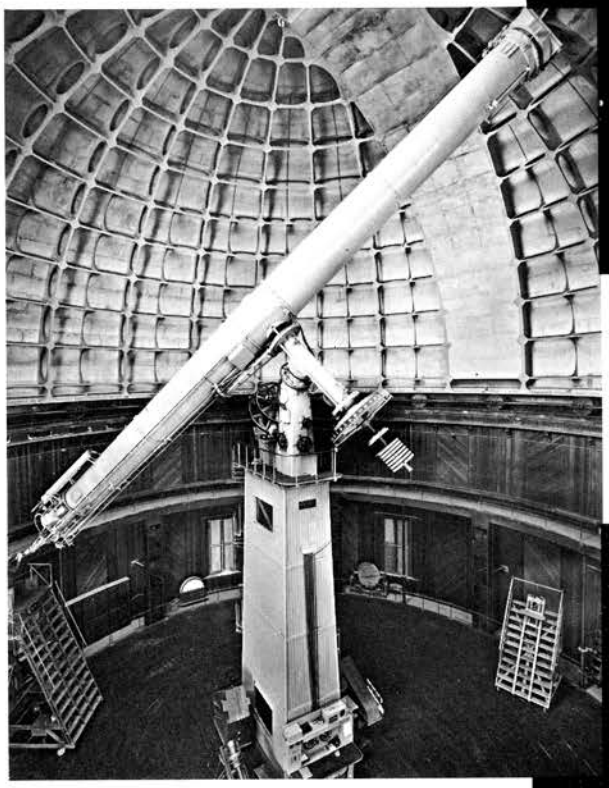
(*Above letter written on a typewriter. Notice spelling and initials of M'Gillycuddy. His initials and name spelling does not agree with that appearing in some published works. Ed.*)

MOSES EMBREE MILNER, alias "CALIFORNIA JOE," born in Kentucky, May 8, 1829. Photo taken on the Jenny Expedition in the Black Hills in 1875, courtesy of Earle R. Forrest.

TRUMAN HEAD, alias "CALIFORNIA JOE" born in New York state in 1809. Photo courtesy of Vermont Historical Society. This photo served as the original for the sketch which appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, August 2, 1862. It has been reproduced a number of times as the portrait of MOSES MILNER, also alias "California Joe," born in Kentucky in 1829.

Astronomy in California

Spiral Nebulae in Ursa Major—M81. *200-inch Telescope*. 17,000 light years in diameter and 8,000,000 light years away.



The observatory was built around Lick's great 36-inch refractor. The moving parts weigh 13 tons. The tube is nearly 60 feet long and may easily be moved by hand.

NGC 224 Great Nebula in *Andromeda*. Messier 31. Satellite nebulae NGC 205 and 221 also shown. 48-inch schmidt photograph. A galaxy of composed dust, gas and billions of stars similar to our own milky way system. It is more than 100,000 light years in diameter and almost 2,000,000 light years away.

ASTRONOMY IN CALIFORNIA

By *JAMES S. FASSERO*

Trails West ended at the Pacific Ocean. When the Pioneer reached the edge of the East there were no more landmarks by which he could set his course. Only the stars overhead were familiar. Driven by the urge to open new frontiers his eyes and mind swept upward and with ingenuous originality he penetrated into the new unknown. Here is the story:

In 1768 the French astronomer Jean Chappe D'Auteroche traveled to Baja California to observe the transit of the planet Venus across the sun. The crossing was visible only from that part of the earth. He reached San Blas on the West coast of Mexico on what he described as sorry mules, poor roads and in bad weather. Across the gulf, near the end of May 1769, he arrived outside the village of San Jose on the eastern tip of the California peninsula. There was just time enough to set up his instruments and make his observations on June 3. An epidemic of cholera was sweeping the tip of the peninsula and already a third of the population of San Jose had been wiped out. Monsieur Chappe, exhausted by his rigorous journey across Mexico and the tension of scientific research, contracted the disease and died on August 1, 1769. Astronomy in California had taken its first step into the unknown.

I have asked several astronomers whether they thought that the observation of the transit of Venus would merit an expedition of this kind. I was rather surprised to find that they thought that at that time it may have been justified. They said that astronomers of that day were studying the motion of the planets, their orbits and distances from the sun and the transit of Venus was a very important event in the solution of such problems. Today, however, the event does not cause nearly so much excitement among astronomers even though it is quite rare. It is possible to have two transits eight years apart, and then there can be no more for a period of 235 years. The next transits, for instance, will be June 8, 2004 and June 6, 2012.

California, however, started its way to astronomical supremacy with the construction of the Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton near San Jose in 1875. The observatory was made possible by a $700,000 grant by James Lick, who came to San Francisco in 1847 with $30,000 and soon increased it to several millions in real estate transactions during the gold rush.

Mr. Lick was an eccentric and appeared to be living in poverty even after he had become a wealthy man. At the age of 80 he requested that part of his fortune be left for

public use. Among his bequests were—$100,000 for an old ladies home, $150,000 for free baths in San Francisco, $540,000 for a California Institute of Mechanical Arts, and $700,000 for an Astronomical Observatory, the observatory to become a department of the University of California. According to his closest friends this last bequest was the one most favored by Mr. Lick. After several sites were investigated in August 1875 he selected Mt. Hamilton as the location for the Lick Observatory. He requested the construction of "the most powerful telescope in the world."

A decision was reached to make a lens 36″ in diameter. It took Feil and Son of Paris, France five years to cast the glass blanks and Alvan Clark and Sons of Cambridge, Mass., one year to grind and polish them into a lens. Warner and Swasey made the 13 ton mounting and Union Iron Works of San Francisco erected the 90 ton dome. The Observatory was completed in 1888 and was turned over to the regents of the University of California on June 1 of that year. Today, nearly 70 years later, the 36″ lens is still used every clear night of the year. The Lick Observatory, in addition to the 36″ refractor, now boast a 36″ Crossley Reflector, a 20″ astrograph, a 22″ reflector, a 12″ refractor, and is now about to put into operation a telescope which I had the privilege of helping to design, the second largest telescope in the world, a $2,500,000, 120″ Reflector.

In Southern California a group of men were becoming wealthy in the land boom of the 1880's. They decided that the largest telescopes in the world belonged here on Mt. Wilson, so they ordered 40″ blanks cast in France. By 1892, however, the boom failed, and plans for a southern observatory were dropped. The blanks were cast, but remained unpaid for in France.

In 1892 there was a young astronomer in Chicago who was destined to become an unprecedented influence in Astronomy. His name was George Ellery Hale. He heard of the glass blanks in France, and decided to get them for an observatory at the University of Chicago. He talked to many of his friends who could afford to finance the project All of them were sympathetic, but none to the extent of financing the project. Finally he succeeded in convincing Charles T. Yerkes of the importance of the Observatory, and received the necessary funds. Alvan Clark was employed to grind and polish the lens, which turned out to be a three-year task. Finally in 1897 California lost the astronomical supremacy to the Yerkes Observatory at Williams Bay, Wisconsin, 75 miles from Chicago. Dr. Hale did not wish it to be just an astronomical observatory. He realized that the chemist, the physicist and the astronomer had research problems which they could answer best by working together. Yerkes became a combination observatory and physical laboratory equipped with instruments for work in all of these fields. Thus a new branch of science was born, the Science of Astrophysics. The success of this new branch of science at Yerkes convinced Dr. Hale that scientists would soon be asking for larger and better instruments.

Glass makers however had come to a universal agreement that the 40″ glass was the largest that could be economically cast for lens making. Fortunately another type of objective is suitable for telescope making. A mirror with a parabolic face is even better suited for an astronomical telescope than a lens can be. Dr. Hale talked to his father, who fortunately was a wealthy man and shared his son's enthusiasm concerning scientific instruments. They agreed to send a request to France for the largest blank that could be cast for a parabolic mirror. The glass was cast and sent to the Hale's. It was sixty inches in diameter, eight inches thick and weighed a ton. The enthusiasm for a larger telescope had prompted the Hale's to obtain a blank without the slightest knowledge of the source of funds for the grinding and polishing, the mounting, in fact for the whole observatory.

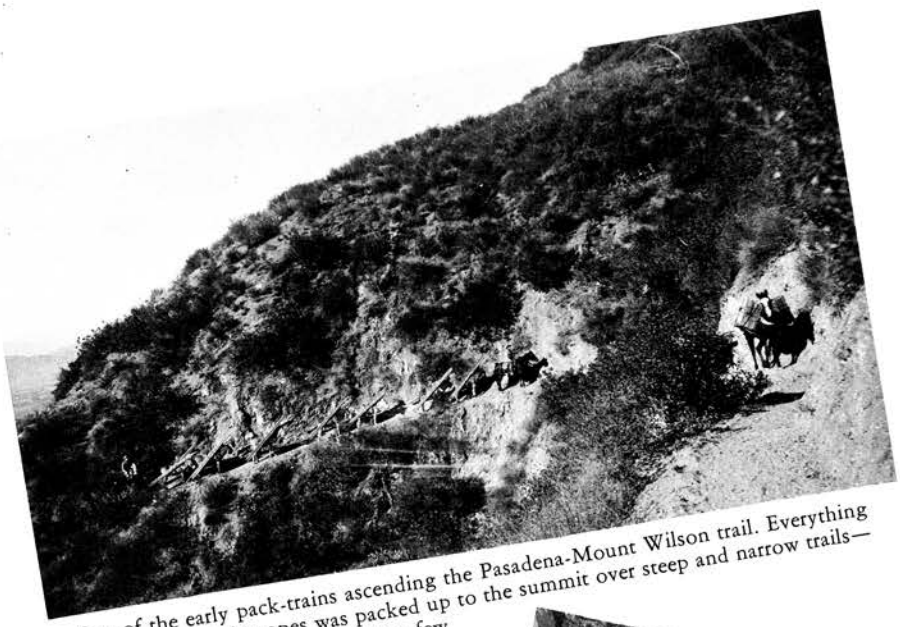
In 1902 Andrew Carnegie had watched his chemists and metallurgists perform miracles in alloying metals to perfect better steel, from which he was amassing a considerable fortune. He decided to endow science by making a grant of $10,000,000 "to encourage in the broadest and most liberal manner investigation, research and discovery, and the application of knowledge to the improvement of mankind." Dr. Hale heard of this grant and lost no time in launching a campaign to convince the Carnegie Institution to allocate some of the money for an Observatory. He also realized that an observatory with a telescope as large as the 60″ would be more efficient if placed on a mountain to escape as much as possible the detrimental effect of the Earth's atmosphere. The result was the beginning of the Mt. Wilson Observatory in Southern California in 1904.

The former owners of the land on Mount Wilson had built a log cabin near the site of the Observatory. For some unknown reason it was called the Casino. It had been abandoned and was in a sad state of repair. The roof had partially caved in and there was not a single pane of glass unbroken. Dr. Hale spent the first night on Mt. Wilson lying on his back watching the stars go by through a large hole in the roof, planning the future of the observatory. The next morning he walked to the foot of the mountain, rode his bicycle to Pasadena, purchased nails, putty, glass and other material, rode back to the foot of the mountain and carried the material on his back to the top. This was hard work, for Dr. Hale was not accustomed to mountains, but he was a happy man because he knew how indispensable the observatory was to be in the future efforts in astronomical research.

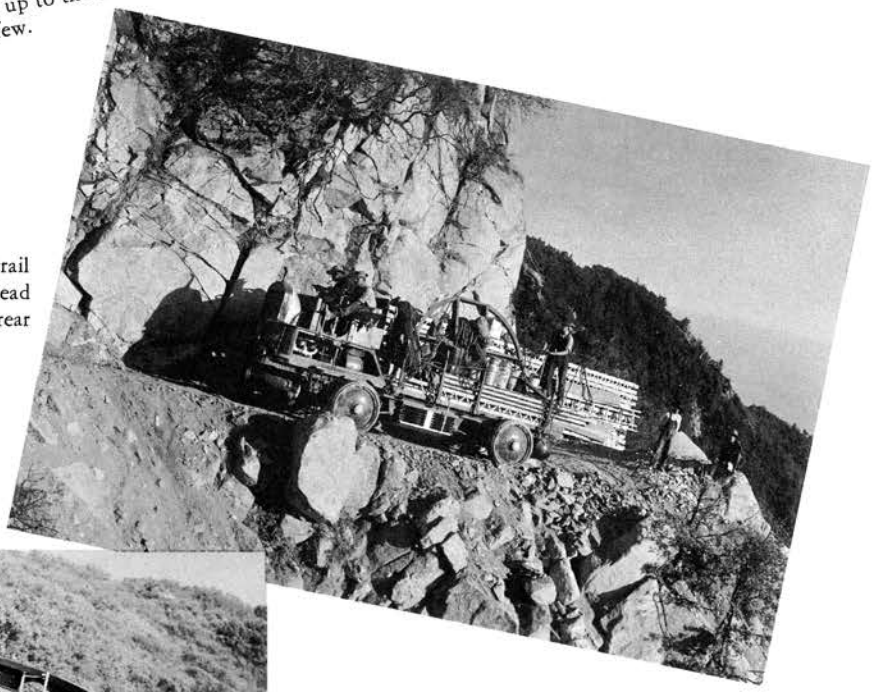
The only access to Mt. Wilson at that time was by either an old Indian trail from Sierra Madre, or a new trail from Eaton Canyon built by the Pasadena and Mt. Wilson Toll Road Company. The old trail had an average width of two feet and made possible the transportation of parts for the Snow telescope, a spectrograph for the studying the spectrum of the sun. The parts were transported to the top of the mountain on the back of burros. These little animals played an important part in the early construction of the observatory. To quote Dr. Adams from his paper *Early Days at Mt. Wilson:* "Transportation in the mountains at this time, was of course, wholly by pack train, and the general

term of 'animal' was applied to the miscellaneous and picturesque assortment of burros, mules, and occasional horses which were maintained in a stable or corral at the foot of the old trail in Sierra Madre for carrying visitors and supplies to the various mountain camps. 'Ordering an Animal' was the regular expression for engaging a beast of burden in case the visitor did not wish to face the rigors of the eight-mile climb to the summit of Mt. Wilson wholly on foot. But as experience often showed, the passenger on a mule or burro fully earned his passage. Books could be written about the personal characteristic of these sagacious beasts and the infinite variety in their individual behavior. One would deliberately expand his chest when the saddle was placed upon him so that the rider, after a good start, would presently find the saddle rolling beneath him at some awkard point in the trail; another would groan heavily when the grade became steep, but if the rider once dismounted, he would be fortunate to overtake his animal within several miles; while still a third would show an almost irresistible desire to roll over, frequently selecting a stream bed for this purpose. - - - The winter of 1906-7 was notable for one of the heaviest snowstorms in the history of the Observatory, the snow reaching a depth of over sixty inches on the top of the mountain and extending far downward on the slopes and into the canyons. A few days after the storm a pack train was organized to carry needed supplies to the Mount Wilson Hotel and the Observatory, and was placed in charge of an experienced but highly profane driver. All went well until the pack train reached the portion of the trail on Mount Harvard above the deep canyon west of the Monastery [quarters built for the scientific personnel. Ed.]. Here, where the snow had completely obliterated the trail, one of the mules stepped off and rolled over and over, down the mountain side, to the bed of the canyon. The deep snow prevented injury to the mule, but there was no possible way of getting him out until the snow had melted considerably. So for some weeks the positions of the mule and the driver were reversed, the driver packing hay on his back to feed the mule, who apparently enjoyed his vacation. The language of the driver in describing the situation was notable even among the remarks of his highly competent fellows."

"While living at the Casino we were almost in the path of the visitors who were hadly enough to undertake the eight-mile trip up the old trail from Sierra Madre. About ten days after our arrival, a district convention of the Order of Elks was held at Strain's Camp, about half mile distant on the north side of the mountain. The officials who planned this outing had clearly made a mistake. The comfortable physique of the average Elk is not at all adapted to several hours of severe mountain climbing, but since the supply of burros and mules at the foot of the trail could provide for only a fraction of the group, no choice remained for the others but to attempt the journey on foot. As a result, we at the Casino had to operate something in the nature of a first-aid station for exhausted Elks during much of one afternoon and evening. Some were still staggering along on their feet



One of the early pack-trains ascending the Pasadena-Mount Wilson trail. Everything from beans to telescopes was packed up to the summit over steep and narrow trails—but "traffic" fatalities were mighty few.



Loaded truck going up trail —Mt. Wilson. Narrow tread with both front and rear stearing.

Center piece of the 100-inch telescope tube almost returned to Pasadena (via short cut) on early Mt. Wilson road.

while others lay on the ground vowing they could go no farther even if their lives depended on it. The last arrival had been nine hours upon the trail, a record which probably remains good to this day. With a little food in some cases, and more potent stimulants in a few others, we succeeded in restoring them sufficiently to herd them down to the camp. Here adequate preparations had been made for their entertainment. For two weeks before the opening of the convention kegs of beer, Elks milk as it was commonly referred to by members of the order, had been coming up the new trail. These kegs were piled in the form of a pyramid on a level spot in the center of the camp, and around them gathered the thirsty Elks engaged in a race against time to eliminate the pyramid during the two or three days of the meeting. They were fully successful, but as a mark of gratitude reserved one keg for presentation to us who had played the Good Samaritans at the Casino."

A site for the observatory offices and laboratories was selected in Pasadena. It is just South of Orange Grove Avenue and just West of Lake Avenue which at that time was just an unpaved dirt road. Besides Adams, Dr. Hale had sent to Yerkes for Barnard and Ritchey. The latter was to grind and polish the 60″ glass for a telescope. While this was going on Dr. Hale was building an instrument for the study of his favorite subject, The Sun. It was a Spectroheliograph, more commonly called the Snow Telescope.

The 60″ telescope was not even finished before Dr. Hale began thinking of a larger one. He was able to convince John Hooker of Los Angeles of its necessity, with the result that $45,000 was given for a big mirror. Mr. Hooker's enthusiasm for the observatory was almost as great as Hale's and he hoped that the mirror could be as large as 100″ in diameter. Hale could think of only one group of men in the world who could, or would, even consider casting a piece of glass of that size. They were in St. Gobian, France. After considerable difficulty the mirror was cast and buried under a huge manure pile to anneal. The five ton 100″ disc was sent to Pasadena and the task of grinding and polishing it into a parabolic mirror of almost unbelievably high precision fell on Ritchey's shoulders. The strain of the six year task weighed so heavily on Ritchey that his peace of mind were never to be the same for the rest of his life.

Dr. Hale had surrounded himself with a group of capable astronomers, some of them from Yerkes. Besides Dr. Adams they included Doctors Barnard, Ellerman, Anderson, Pease, Hubble, Pettit, Sinclair Smith, and Michelson. Dr. Pease and Dr. Sinclair Smith were scarce personalities in being astronomers of considerable note and also engineers. To them goes a great deal of credit for designing the mounting and the instruments that made up the 100″ telescope. Again Andrew Carnegie with his enthusiastic generosity made the 100″ possible with these words—"I hope the work at Mt. Wilson will be vigorously pushed, because I am so anxious to hear the expected results from it. I should like to be satisfied before I depart this life, that we are going to repay to the old land some part of the debt we owe them by revealing more clearly than ever to them the

new heavens." In 1919 the 100″ was put in operation and Dr. Francis G. Pease took photographs of the moon which to this day rank among the finest ever taken.

Dr. Hale in his desire to further his belief that astronomers and physicists should work closely together went into the publishing business when he started the *Astrophysical Journal* and became its editor. It soon became the common meeting ground for scientists not only in America but throughout the world. The fact that it steadily lost money did not bother Hale in the least, for it became one of the leading scientific journals of the world.

The success of the Mt. Wilson Observatory and the appearance of new problems in the research field, especially that little fellow called "the Atom," convinced Dr. Hale that a still larger observatory would be needed. Although failing in health he began laying plans for it. Of course, he was confronted with the ever present problem of where to find the necessary funds. In 1928 after considerable difficulty, about which a whole chapter could be written, he succeeded in obtaining a grant of $6,000,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation. The fund was to be given to the California Institute of Technology for the construction of an observatory with the main instrument to be a telescope having an objective 200″ in diameter. Hale began gathering together a group of engineers to design the mirror, mounting, the drives, dome, power plants, living quarters and the thousands of details that make up a modern observatory. I feel quite privileged to have joined this group in 1933.

One of this group, whom Dr. Hale had called from Vermont, was the famous astronomer, architect, explorer, artist and originator of the world-wide amateur telescope makers' fraternity, Dr. Russell Porter. I am very proud to say that in the years to follow I was to become a very close friend of this versatile man. His famous drawings of the Palomar telescope visualized from just the blue prints before the telescope was built became so popular that one day I suggested that he publish them in book form with a page of explanatory text for each drawing. He thought it was a wonderful idea, but suggested that I do it myself as a personal project. Thus was born the *Photographic Giants of Palomar*, published by Westernlore Press. For its general make-up and appearance I will be forever indebted to another man I am proud to call my friend—Westerner Paul Bailey. The popularity of Dr. Porter's drawings is attested to by the fact that, without advertising, the book has undergone five printings.

When an instrument of the size and precision of a 200″ telescope is to be designed the first thing the engineers have to know is what accuracy or how much tolerance they are allowed. Dr. Hale called a meeting for this purpose. The engineers realized that very close tolerances could make cost prohibitive. Now that I look back I think that from the tolerances they handed to us, they must have temporarily lost sight of this important fact. For instance, the opticians were given this exacting problem: they were to grind and polish a parabola on the face of a 20 ton glass blank so that the entire area of the

face would receive light from a single star and bring it to such sharp focus 55 feet away that no part of the reflected star light would fall outside a circle three-fourths of a thousandth of an inch in diameter. Calculations showed that the surface had to have an accuracy of one-tenth of a wave length of light, or in more familiar terms, one five hundredth part of a thousandth of an inch. A piece of cigarette paper is about one one thousandth inch thick, so if it were split edgewise into 500 pieces, the thickness of one of these pieces was the total error allowed over the entire face of the 200″ mirror. The problem was further complicated by the fact that the mirror was not a perfectly rigid structure but would warp due to its own weight. Here was a piece of glass more than 16 feet in diameter, weighing, when finished, 15 tons. If it were picked up or tilted, it would go out of shape several thousandths of an inch and it had to be swung from one horizon to the other in following the stars. To overcome this titanic circumstance an intricate and very delicate system of counter-balances had to be made, reaching into the glass to its center of gravity in 36 places. Although probably not as difficult as polishing and figuering the mirror, this task was at least comparable in magnitude.

Concerning the tolerance of the drive and control mechanism the astronomers reminded us that the telescope was to photograph moving objects with long exposure and it would be useless to have an accurate mirror without a comparably accurate drive. Therefore, the telescope and the mechanism that move it must not deviate from a given speed during a whole night of observation, by more than one-tenth second of arc. This is comparable to a mechanism which would move a 500 ton gun trained on a dime twenty-two miles away, moving about as fast as a man can walk.

While engineers and astronomers were struggling with mechanical problems another group of scientists were scouting the country to find a proper place to locate the big glass when it was completed. Palomar Mountain in San Diego county was found to be almost ideal. Six thousand feet in elevation, far removed from city lights, with a core that was hard and stable, and with accessibility, the mountain proved to be a fitting companion for Mt. Wilson.

For twenty years the work and worry of creating and housing the glass giant went on. In 1938 Doctors Hale, Pease and Sinclair Smith died. New men came in to carry on their work and all of us anticipated the time when their dreams would become realities. With old problems solved new ones arose, but these in turn were conquored and at last the greatest mechanical feat in astronomy was accomplished.

One day in early 1948 word came from Palomar that the 200 inch was ready to take its first picture. A group of us drove up to the mountain top and waited for darkness. The group consisted of anxious engineers and astronomers. This was the acid test, but it was tempered by the fact that some who had given so much of their life for this night could not be there.

Astronomy in California

It was decided that the director of Mt. Wilson and Palomar Observatories, Dr. Ira S. Bowen, would take the first picture. He took the plate holder saying "I think I will give it a 15 minute exposure" and in the specially built elevator started for the top of the tube. The telescope swung to a particular part of the sky which he had chosen, and the exposure began. It was the longest 15 minutes I have ever spent. The group was silent. Would the mirror support hold the surface to that incredibly close tolerance while the huge mirror was being slowly tilted to follow the stars? Would the drive operate smoothly and accurately enough? After many years of time, and effort, these questions and many more were about to be answered. After what seemed like hours we heard the elevator starting down. Dr. Bowen came out, and without as much as a single word handed me the plate holder. I took it, went into the dark room and put the plate in the developer. After the proper time I put it in the hypo. I had just taken it out of the hypo, and with a magnifying glass started to examine it on the light box, when I heard an anxious knock on the door. They knew of course, how long the processing took. I opened the door, and in came Dr. Bowen with a magnifying glass in hand. Still without a word came Dr. Anderson close on his heels with his magnifying glass in hand. They converged on the plate, and with heads together examined it very closely. The small dark room quickly filled with the remainder of the party, their faces lit only by the glow from the light box. Still not a word had been spoken. No word was necessary, for presently both Dr. Bowen and Dr. Anderson straightened up with broad smiles on their faces. The 200 inch telescope was a success.

In the early days of its design Dr. Hale would keep reminding us with "Remember, design it so that it will still be modern 50 years from today." Long after we are gone it will still stand as a monument to that great man of Science, for on June 3, 1948 it was dedicated as the Hale Telescope with a simple bronze plaque a its base, which reads:

THE TWO HUNDRED INCH TELESCOPE

NAMED IN HONOR OF

GEORGE ELLERY HALE

1868 - 1938

WHOSE VISION AND LEADERSHIP

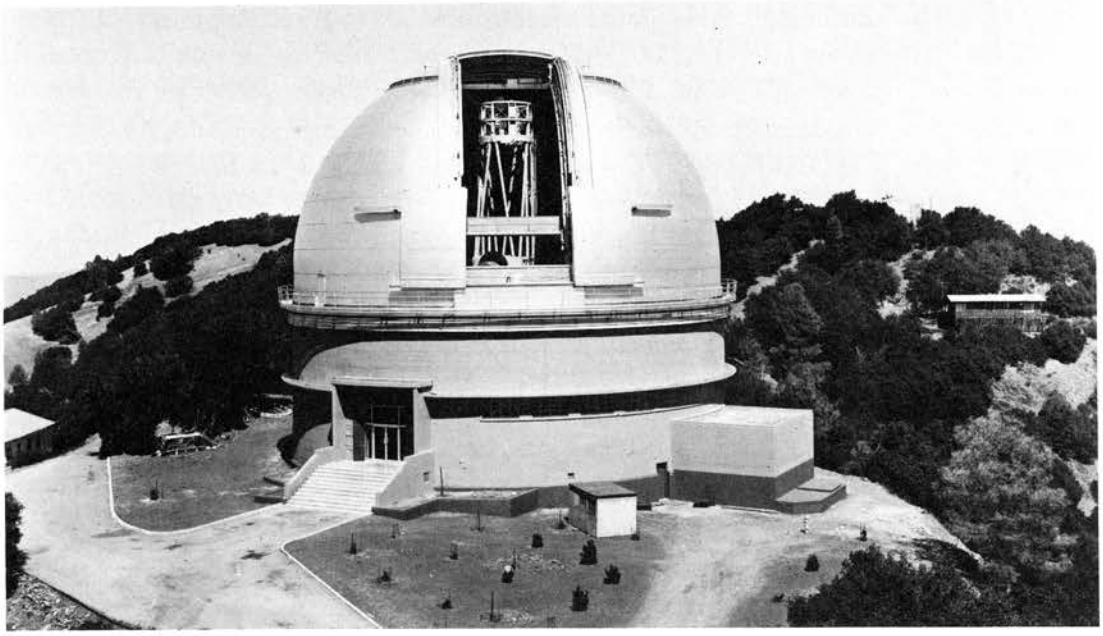
MADE IT A REALITY

The telescopes on Palomar have been serving well. Books can and are being written about their accomplishments, but the sad part of it is that the observatory is operating at a considerably reduced efficiency simply because there are insufficient funds to buy the instruments and hire help, even student assistants at a few dollars a day to measure

the plates and make the necessary computations that the astronomers need for the solution of the problems for which the plates were taken. The plates are piling up unmeasured in the Observatory vaults. This is at a time when we are spending not millions but billions and not each year but each month in a concentrated effort to wipe ourselves from the face of the Earth. We call this civilization. Sometimes I think we deserve no higher niche in history than that occupied by the missing link.

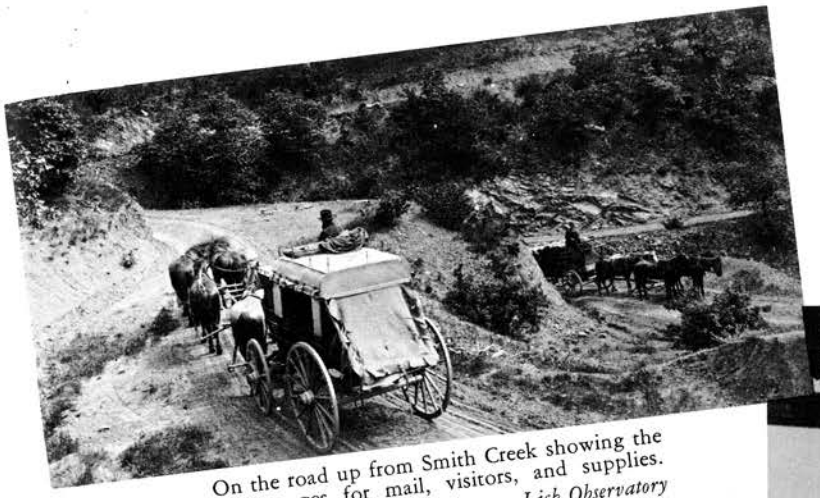
Fortunately, there are men among us whose work has raised us above this niche. What is it that has set man above the rest of the animals on Earth? I think one of the gratifying characteristics that distinguishes man is his desire to find solutions to problems, not for personal or immediate gain, but just for the sake of the knowledge itself. In other words, his desire for fundamental research to satisfy his unquenchable curiosity. We are living in a very privileged era in the history of the Earth, for we will live to see this desire for knowledge lead to the ability of man to overcome gravity and leave the surface of this tiny speck of dust floating through space which we call the Earth.

Here in California we have by far the largest concentration of instruments on Earth for catching tiny beams of light from distant space. We have a small group of patient men who are devoting their whole lifetime at the eyepiece, analyzing the light that has given us so much of the knowledge that will enable our future generation to venture out into our new frontiers in space.

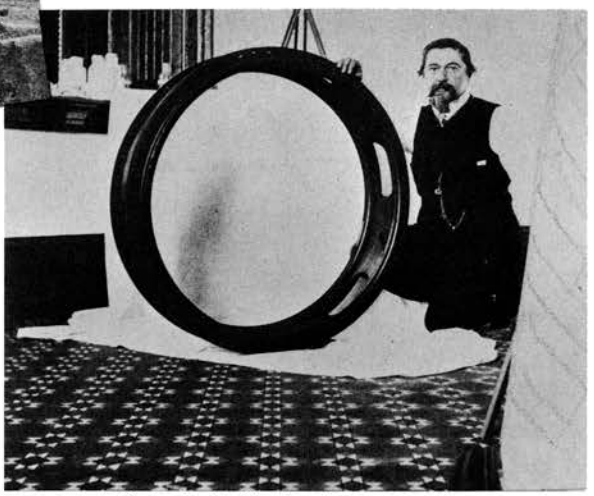


The building for the 120-inch telescope rises nearly 100 feet above the ground level. The rotating dome is 96 feet in diameter and weighs 260 tons. In addition to the telescope the building houses an optical shop where the mirror was ground, offices, laboratories, and darkened sleeping accommodations for the observers.

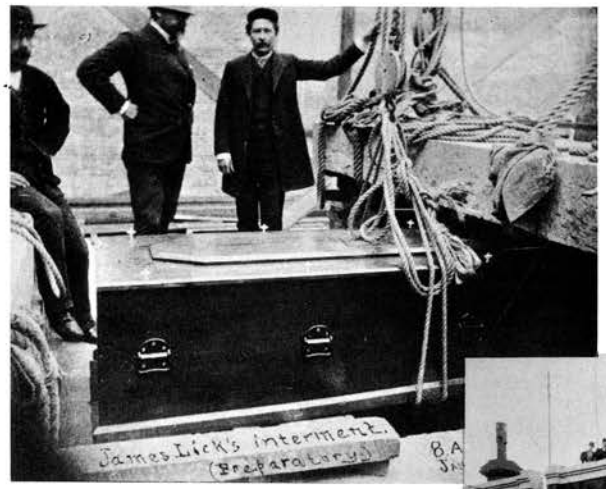
Courtesy Lick Observatory



On the road up from Smith Creek showing the early stages for mail, visitors, and supplies.
Courtesy Lick Observatory



Capt. R. S. Floyd with the 36-inch objective for the giant Lick refractor.



On January 8, 1887, before the dome was completed for the 36-inch telescope and when the pier was just started, Mr. Lick's body was placed at the foot of the big telescope with appropriate ceremonies. The simple, dignified plate, indicating:

"Here lies the body of James Lick."

In 1886 horse stages brought visitors to the observatory. The trip from San Jose took five hours, yet in those early days 5000 people came annually.

CONTRIBUTORS

PAUL BAILEY, newspaper man, author, publisher, conversationalist, traveler, at home on the range or in a candle-lit cafe, humorous, friendly and Ex-sheriff of the Los Angeles Corral, comes from a Morman family that made the great crossing by handcart to Utah in 1856. Paul Bailey's sensitive and objective books on Mormons and Indians have established him as a basic western writer. Some of his books are: *Sam Brannan and the California Mormons*, *Walkara Hawk of the Mountains*, *Wovoka the Indian Messiah*, *Jacob Hamblin Buckskin Apostle*, and several novels. He is owner of the Westernlore Press.

RICHARD H. DILLON, better known as Dick, is author of so many books, articles, essays, book-reviews, historical discussions and library lore that an introduction is unnecessary. Mr. Dillon is head of the Sutro Library in San Francisco, a Bay enthusiast, and a connoisseur of wines and good food. Not old enough to write from experience about the halcyon days of early San Francisco his association with old-timers, books, source materials and places has enabled his inquisitive mind to glean the essence and color of the Gold Rush capital. He still seeks the recipe for a Pisco Punch.

Contributors

ROBERT A. (BILLY) DODSON tells his own story in "Trail Herds," but what he cannot tell is the deep sincere regard and high admiration in which he is held by every member of the Los Angeles Corral. Billy is a Westerner in the truest sense; a gentleman, modest, sincere and experienced. With little to say, unless called upon, his remarks have a depth of understanding which could only develop through years spent upon the open range. Billy Dodson is our cherished link with the cowman's West that disappeared years ago.

JAMES S. FASSERO has an horizon extending beyond the stars. With limitless space to deal with his activities are in the opposite direction. The minutia and precision of optical instruments occupy his time and attention. An astrophysicist with the California Institute of Technology during the creation and construction period of the great 200 inch Palomar telescope he helped solve some of the intricate problems of the big eye. Now with a private concern his work is designing small devices that can gather information from outer space. Mr. Fassero is the author of *Photographic Giants of Palomar*.

EARLE R. FORREST lives a long distance from the land he writes about. Although a newspaper man in Washington, Pennsylvania, he has spent years roaming the western range picking up the lore which has been incorporated in many articles and such books as *Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground*, *The Lone Trail of the Apache Kid*, *California Joe*, *Missions and Pueblos of the Old Southwest*, etc. Not content with secondary information he gathered his material from men and women who were contemporary with early day events, a situation which is no longer possible.

CHARLES W. HOFFMANN knows what he is talking about. After graduating from the New Mexico Military Institute he entered the U.S. Army. He participated in the defense of Columbus, New Mexico, on March 19, 1916, was with Pershing's punitive expedition after Villa, was in France during World War I, and returned to the United States with two battle stars and a Muese-Argonne disability. Between wars he was with "Los Angeles' Own" 160th Infantry. World War II sent Col. Hoffmann to Europe where he was Executive Officer, Provost Marshal of London and Commander of prisoner-of-war camps in France. His military decorations, foreign and domestic, are innùmerable. Now retired, Col. Hoffmann is in Mexico making a study of the Tarascan Indians.

HARRY C. JAMES long ago found the meaning of true living through a spiritual and physical association with the western country. An understanding of the rocks, the Indians, the men and the mountains gave him an insight and desire to pass that understanding to others, which he has done by teaching, writing and leading the way. Author of several books, *The Hopi Indians* and *The Cahuilla, California's Master Tribe* are the more recent, Mr. James writes about the West from the inside rather than as an observer. His long friendship with James Willard Schultz helped him to penetrate the spiritual meaning of the West.

Contributors

DON PERCEVAL of Santa Barbara has won wide acclaim in the field of fine arts and book illustration. Several years ago he purchased the studio of the late Maynard Dixon in Tucson, Arizona, and with the studio he came into possession of Dixon's sketches and field notes covering the whole span of the artist's life. From these notes and sketches Mr. Perceval has created a biography that is unique. The sketches carry the theme, but Perceval's sensitive selection of material and his sympathetic commentary shows the spiritual and technical growth of an artist from the struggling efforts to catch the essence of art to the masterful maturity that made Dixon one of the great western painters.

PHILIP J. RASCH is the recognized authority on the Lincoln County War. Director of the Biokinetics Research Laboratory in Los Angeles, Dr. Rasch has applied his extensive research training to the gathering of scattered and complex sources from which he has distilled the true facts and causes of the turmoil that disrupted south-eastern New Mexico during the 1870's and '80's. From his work a great many learned papers have appeared in the *Brand Book* and other historical publications. When not at work in laboratory, library or in the field he can be found aboard his P-28 *Kachina* docked at San Pedro.

JAMES E. SERVEN learned to read by studying a Frances Bannerman gun catalogue. Following a lucrative career in the family lumber business he became editor of a New York publication. A western journey in 1932 caused the editorial offices on 42nd Street to lose their attraction and the purchase of a cattle ranch in southern Arizona was the result. There his life long interest in guns became predominate and ranching became a hobby. Gun trading and writing developed into a vocation. The Serven Gun Room, in Santa Ana, California, is known wherever guns are collected. Now retired, Mr. Serven is the author of the monumental publication "Colt Firearms."

PAUL WELLMAN'S writing has captured millions of readers in more than twenty novels and fact books, and his close knit plots in movie scripts and television programs places him as a story teller of highest rank. His books are recognized and accepted by Westerners for their clearness and accuracy. Once a newspaper reporter and City Editor of the Wichita, Kansas, *Beacon* he knew well the notorious John Callahan of that city and from bits of information gleaned from the "fence" he was able to piece together the remarkable story of A Dynasty of Western Outlaws.

ARTHUR WOODWARD'S name is always associated with anything Western. A recent bibliography of his works contains one hundred and eighty titles. Indians, Mountain Men and Army Life, with all the minute associated details are within the province of the Ex-sheriff of the Los Angeles Corral. His notes on the M'Gillycuddy letter will clear up for good and all the controversy concerning "California Joe." Dr. Horace Parker, of Balboa Island, California, owner of the M'Gillycuddy letter has an extensive collection of western Americana, is proprietor of the Paisano Press, and has written extensively on the people and places of the Colorado Desert.

MUCHAS GRACIAS The quality established by past Brand Books makes the production of a new one a great undertaking. Such a project requires the working of many minds ranging from the throes of authorship to the techniques of distribution. Such co-operation pays big dividends. The most gratifying return is the knowledge that all work, except the mechanics of printing and binding, was given by men whose only compensation was the satisfaction of having contributed something to the art and lore of a land and time in which they are deeply interested. Some of their efforts are quite conspicuous, while others equally important, are shadowed by the obvious.

The authors of articles in the Brand Book are men of distinction who speak with authority. To hand each a golden spur would duplicate the names found in the table of contents. To each and all we say Thank You. Throughout the Book is the particular touch of Don Perceval whose sensitivity to the visual West has spread his great talents from the dust jacket to the tinted pages. We Thank You.

Whenever drawings or art work were required to fill some specific need Clarence Ellsworth turned his hand to produce works of excellence. We Thank You. To Burt Olsen, who handed out the gold dust as it became due, we say Well Done. And quite evident to the knowing is the artistry of Homer Boelter who with a master's touch took sheaves of manuscript and sketches and made them ready for the printed page. We Thank You.

To many Westerners who gave council and suggestions, especially W. W. Robinson, we give our thanks, and to all the members of the Los Angeles Corral who waited patiently for this book to appear we extend our appreciation. And to the five hundred and twenty-five piasanos who buy this Eighth Brand Book, Mil Gracias.

—The Editorial Staff.

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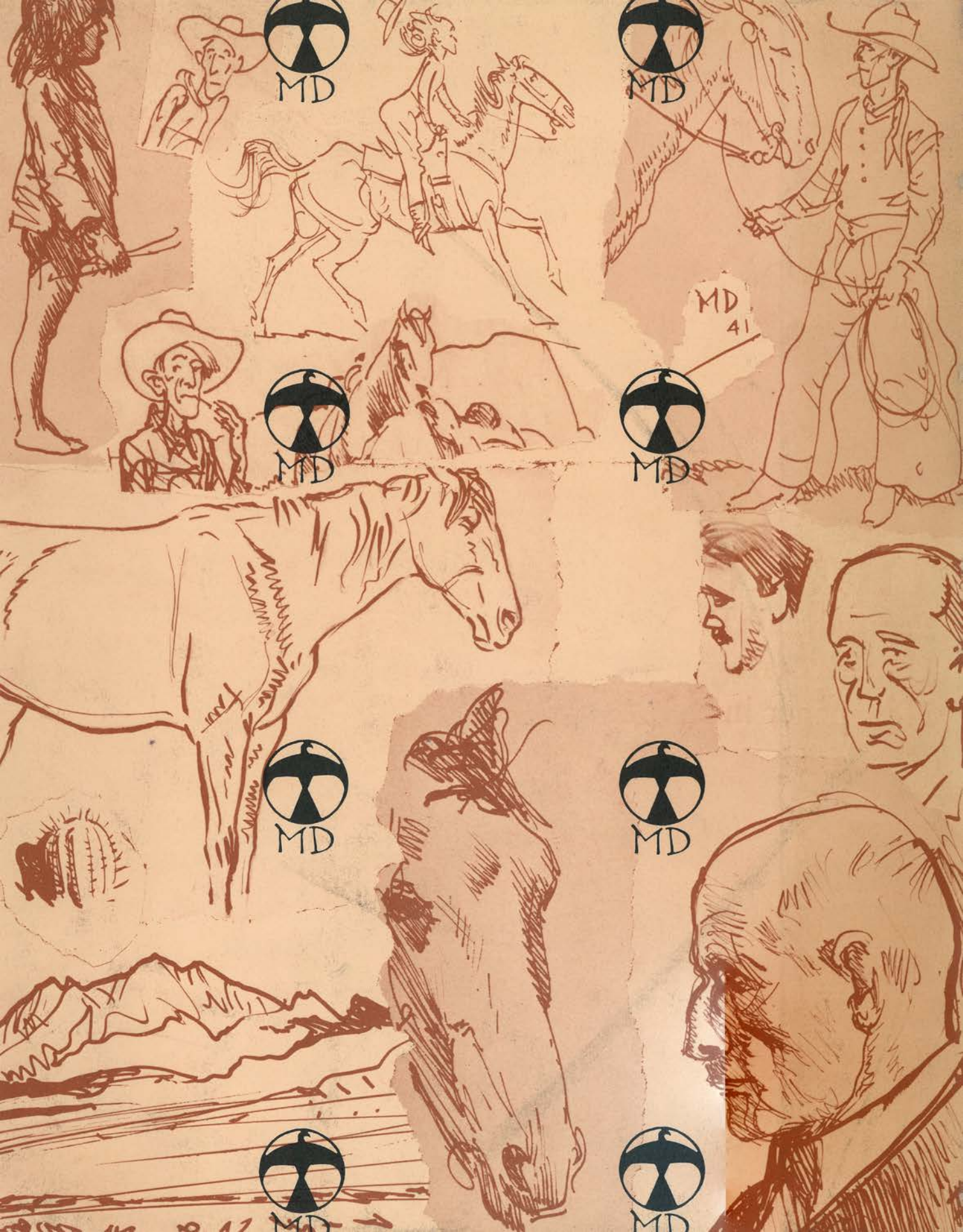
HOLLYWOOD 38, CALIFORNIA

Sketches By MAYNARD DIXON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