Territorial News

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Vol. 22, No. 5 | Your Connection to the Old West | February 26, 2014

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March 12

Play Arizona Trivia
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This Week's Question:

What former Arizona governor is entombed in a pyramid in Papago Park in Phoenix?
(10 Letters)

Index

Ben Thompson

One of the West's Deadliest Gunfighters

There were few gunfighters in the Old West who could match Ben Thompson. The famous Bat Masterson described Thompson as "a remarkable man in many ways and it is very doubtful if in his time there was another man living who equalled him with the pistol in a life and death struggle. He was absolutely without fear and his nerves were those of the finest steel."

Thompson was born in Knottingley, Yorkshire, England, on November 2, 1843. His parents moved the family to Austin, Texas, when he was still a young boy. Thompson found work as a printer while still in his teens and set type for local newspapers. He discovered he was skilled at cards, however, and was soon traveling and earning a living as a professional gambler. Thompson was only 17 when he stabbed and killed a fellow gambler in New Orleans when the man accused him of cheating and attacked him. That was only the first of many killings that eventually would be attributed to Ben Thompson.

When the Civil War started, Thompson enlisted as a private in the Confederate Army at San Antonio. It's said he performed several deeds of great daring, crossing into enemy lines and delivering important dispatches for his commanding officers. He also got into trouble on several occasions, killing a sergeant and a lieutenant in a brawl and killing two Mexicans and a man named John Coombs in gambling disputes. The law caught up with him in Austin, where he was charged with Coombs' death. After waiting several months in jail, Thompson escaped and fled south of the border where he accepted a lieutenant's position in Mexican Emperor Maximilian's army. He only stayed for a short while, then returned to Texas. He had received word prior to his return that his brother-in-law, Jim Moore, was physically abusing Thompson's sister. Shortly after his return to Texas, he confronted Moore, and killed him. Thompson was charged with murder and spent two years in the state penitentiary in Huntsville.

After prison, Thompson took his gambling skills to Abilene, Kansas. He and friend and fellow gambler Phil Coe then opened up the Bull's Head Saloon. Wild Bill Hickok was the sheriff of Abilene at the time. Thompson and Hickok were wary of each other, but the two never had an altercation. Hickok ended up killing Coe in a gunfight, but Thompson never challenged Hickok over the affair, feeling that Hickok was justified in the killing.

In September 1871, Thompson moved back to Austin,

(See Gunfighter on Page 8)

The Captivity of the Oatman Girls

CHAPTER 2:
Mr. and Mrs Oatman in Perplexity

By R. B. Stratton

On August 9, 1850, the Oatman family left Independence, Missouri, headed for a new life in California. They would never reach their destination. On the trail in Arizona, an Indian party attacked the family. The only survivors were sisters Olive and Mary Ann and their brother Lorenzo. Lorenzo was left for dead and the sisters were taken captive. In 1857, R. B. Stratton wrote a book titled *The Captivity of the Oatman Girls Among the Apache and Mohave Indians.*

The *Territorial News* is serializing the book in its entirety. Look for a new installment in every issue of the *Territorial News.*

The reader should here be apprised that, as the entire narrative that follows has an almost exclusive reference to those members of the family who alone survive to tell this sad tale of their sufferings and privations, it has been thought the most appropriate that it be given in the first person.

Lorenzo D. Oatman has given to the author the following facts, reaching on to the moment when he was made senseless, and in that condition left by the Apache murderers.

"We were left to the severe alternative of starting with a meagre supply, which any considerable delay would exhaust ere we could reach a place of re-supply, or to stay among the apparently friendly Indians, who also were but poorly supplied at best to furnish us; and of whose *real* intentions it was impossible to form any reliable conclusion. The statement that I have since seen in the 'Ladies' Repository,' made by a traveling correspondent who was at Pimole village at the time of writing, concerning the needlessness and absence of all plausible reason for the course resolved upon by my father, is incorrect. There were reasons for the tarrying of the Wilders and Kellys that had no pertinence when considered in connection with the peculiarities

(See Captivity on Page 6)

Tecumseh

Tried to Unify Indians

As much as any Indian leader, Tecumseh (1768-1813) saw the necessity of uniting his people to resist white encroachment on the land. And he came closer than any other to persuading the perpetually warring tribes to abandon their narrow interests and traditional hostilities in order to achieve his dream of pan-Indian unity.

The son of a Shawnee war chief named Puckeshinwa and a woman named Methoataske, probably a Creek, Tecumseh was born near the present site of Dayton, Ohio. When he was six years old, the murder of his father by white hunters trespassing on the tribal lands left him with a deep, lifelong detestation of white men.

(See Leader on Page 4)

Give Thanks

When you arise in the morning, give thanks for
the morning light, for your life and strength.
Give thanks for your food and the joy of living.
If you see no reason for giving thanks,
the fault lies in yourself.

-Tecumseh

Captain's Bar Presents

ARIZONA TRIVIA

This Week's Question: What former Arizona governor is entombed in a pyramid in Papago Park in Phoenix?
(10 Letters)

Last Issue's Question: Who was the first manager of the Arizona Diamondbacks?
Answer: Buck Showalter

Congratulations! You got the right answer!
You are entered into our drawing

Keith Adams, Ben Cerney, Sid Clarke, Larry Damer, Vicki Damer, Doyle Ekey, John Gajewski, Kevin Gartley, Vonnie Harris, Clarence Hodges, Bill Homan, Frank Justin, William Kell, Evelyn Kolsrud, Nikki Leschuck, Robert Lidgett, Arnold Muzzarelli, Marilyn Olsen, Roger Ringer, Ernest Ruhde, Janine Seis, Carol Slattery, Richard Valley, Linda Wolfe.

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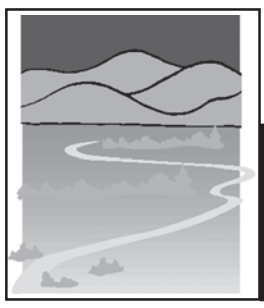

Arizona - Web of Time

Jim Harvey

The Arizona Trail

In 1849, a blind Navajo prophet predicted disaster for his people because the federal government had claimed their land. His prophecy came true 15 years later when the largest combined U.S. Army-civilian force ever sent against an Indian tribe, before or since, began taking Navajo sheep as the spoils of war. Orchards, corn and wheat fields were laid waste and captives were sold as slaves.

John Young was supplying ties for the railroad under construction across northern Arizona in 1881. He was the son of the Mormon Church's Brigham Young. His 60-man crew of tree cutters lived close to the San Francisco Mountain where Flagstaff is today. Their camp was protected by a wall of ties because they feared an Indian attack that never came.

Well-equipped saloons at 1890 Williams provided towels so customers could wipe beer foam from their mustaches. Much in demand for saloon dıcor were copies of a painting depicting General George Custer's last stand at the Little Big Horn. And foul language was not allowed.

Employees at the government Indian school southeast of Tuba City on the Navajo Reservation saw a camel in 1902. They followed its tracks until they lost the trail. The camel probably was a descendant of those used to replace pack horses as far back as 1857. After the Civil War, most of the camels were turned loosed to fend for themselves.

1903 railroad men at Seligman could be identified by their slang. A conductor was called a bullhead, a skipper or a car wrecker. A foreman was called a smoke agent, water warmer or grease ball. Railroad officials were known as main pins or masterminds. And a dispatcher was called a poor guess.

By 1914, Phoenix and Yuma ostrich ranchers were facing financial ruin because ostrich feathers decorating women's hats were going out of style.

A year later, in 1915, the music-loving owner of a Globe saloon kept a violin handy on top of the piano for any thirsty fiddler who wanted to play. In Williams, live music was provided to entice customers inside.

Lawless Bodie, CA

Bodie, California, was one of the most lawless mining camps on the frontier, for a time averaging six murders a week; today it survives as what many consider California's finest ghost town.

Despite destructive blazes in 1892 and 1932, more than 150 weathered structures await the adventurer willing to journey 13 miles along a gravel road to a remote valley on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada. The only residents today are state park employees, but the deserted old town once rocked with raucous music, bawdy laughter—and gunfire.

California's original gold strike was on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada mountain range, but in the fall of 1859, prospector Bill Bodey and three partners found paydirt at the site that would eventually bear an altered spelling of his name.

The four men agreed to come back the following spring, but Bodey returned within weeks with a miner named Taylor. They built a log cabin and began to work the diggings, until Bodey was caught in a blizzard and froze to death. During the spring thaw, Taylor buried Bodey where he found the body, although the remains were reinterred in the Bodie cemetery two decades later. A year after Bodey's death, Taylor was killed and scalped by a Paiute war party.

For a decade and a half, Bodie was a small mining camp with only a couple of dozen cabins. All of that changed in 1876, when a cave-in at the Bunker Hill Mine revealed a rich gold vein. By the next year, 2,000 people had rushed to Bodie.

Another discovery in 1878 produced ore that assayed at $1,000 per ton, boosting the population past 10,000. Soon, Bodie's main street was a mile long, with three newspapers—the *Daily Free Press*, the *Free Union*, and the *Weekly Standard*—recording the boomtown's activities.

The residents of Bodie led a hard existence, especially during the bitter winters. (Mark Twain described Bodie's weather cycle as "the breakup of one winter and the

(See Lawless on Page 7)

My wife tells me I'm a skeptic,
but I don't believe a word she says.

Tecumseh

Leader

(From Page 1)

The noted Shawnee chief Blackfish adopted the young Tecumseh and the boy went along on war parties as an observer. He did not take part in actual combat until he was about 15, but then he quickly gained a reputation as a skillful and fearless warrior. At the same time, he developed an unusual quality of humaneness in dealing with white prisoners.

Death of Tecumseh by Nathaniel Currier

By his early twenties, Tecumseh was the leader of his own band of devoted warriors, drawn to him by his growing reputation. By 1792 he was the acknowledged leader of the Shawnees all along the southern border of the United States. Fighting doggedly against the Americans, he steadfastly opposed each Indian cession of land, maintaining that no individual and no tribe had the right to sell any part of the common heritage. "Sell a country?" he exclaimed to his old antagonist General William Henry Harrison, "Why not sell the air, the clouds, and the great sea, as well as the earth?"

When Tecumseh was about 30 he fell in love with the daughter of a white settler, Rebecca Galloway, under whose guidance he studied the Bible, Shakespeare, and classical history. He proposed marriage, but the romance ended when the girl insisted that he live as a white man.

In 1895 Tecumseh's brother Laulewasika, an alcoholic, experienced a religious conversion. He changed his name to Tenskwatawa ("The Open Door")—white men called him "The Prophet"—and began preaching that Indians should return to their traditional ways, cease making war on one another, and avoid contacts with whites. These doctrines fitted in with Tecumseh's plan of forming an Indian confederation and gave great impetus to the movement. In 1896 the brothers led their followers away from the strife-ridden frontier to found a new town deep in Indian territory.

From his headquarters at Tippecanoe, or Prophetstown, in present day Indiana, Tecumseh traveled throughout the Northwest Territory, recruiting tribes to his confederation. Later he went as far afield as Florida and Arkansas. When the War of 1812 broke out, he led his warriors into action on the British side. The Indians scored notable victories at Detroit and Raisin River, but Tecumseh was killed in the Battle of Thames River in Ontario, Canada, a U.S. victory. With him died all hope of an Indian union.

It's better to love a short girl than not a tall.

The Oatman Girls

Captivity

(From Page 1)

of the condition of my father's family. The judgment of those who remained, approved of the course elected by my father.

"One of the many circumstances that conspired to spread a gloom over the way that was before us, was the jaded condition of our team, which by this time consisted of two yoke of cows and one yoke of oxen. My parents were in distress and perplexity for some time to determine the true course dictated by prudence, and their responsibility in the premises. One hundred and ninety miles of desert and mountain, each alike barren and verdureless, save now and then a diminutive gorge (water-coursed and grassfringed, that miles apart led down from the high mountain ranges across the dreary road) stretched out between us and the next settlement or habitation of man. We felt, deeply felt, the hazardous character of our undertaking; and for a time lingered in painful suspense over the proposed adventure. We felt and feared that a road stretching to such a distance, through an uninhabited and wild region, might be infested with marauding bands of the

Lorenzo Oatman

Indians who were known to roam over the mountains that were piled up to the north of us; who, though they might be persuaded or intimidated to spare us the fate of falling by their savage hands, yet might plunder us of all we had as means for life's subsistence. While in this dreadful suspense, one Dr. Lecount, attended by a Mexican guide, came into the Pimole village. He was on his return from a tour that had been pushed westward, almost to the Pacific Ocean. As soon as we learned of his presence among us, father sought and obtained an interview with him. And it was upon information gained from him, that the decision to proceed was finally made.

"He had passed the whole distance to Fort Yuma, and returned, all within a few months, unharmed; and stated that he had not witnessed indications of even the neighborhood of Indians. Accordingly on the 11th of March, finding provisions becoming scarce among the Pimoles, and our own rapidly wasting, unattended, in a country and upon a road where the residence, or even the trace of one of our own nation would be sought in vain, save that of the hurrying traveler who was upon some official mission, or, as in the case of Dr. Lecount, some scientific pursuit requiring

(See Captivity on Page 10)

125 Years Ago in the Old West

February 7, 1889
Arizona's 15th territorial legislature reconvenes in the new capital, Phoenix.

February 16, 1889
John Phillips becomes the first Denver policeman killed in the line of duty.

February 17, 1889
Haroldson Lafayette (H.L.) Hunt, the future Texas oil billionaire is born in Vandalia, Illinois.

February 22, 1889
The Southern Pacific's No. 17 train is robbed two miles outside of Pixley, California, in the San Joaquin Valley. Bandits use dynamite to get into the express car. At first, the robbery is believed to be the work of the Dalton Brothers, but it will later be attributed to John Sontag and Chris Evans.

• The Omnibus Bill, signed today by President Grover Cleveland, will admit Washington, Montana, North Dakota, and South Dakota into the Union later in the year.

February 27, 1889
Marsh Murdock of the *Wichita Eagle* loudly protests the assertion by the *Oxford Mocking Bird* that whiskey is not a cure for snakebite. Murdock grouses: "A man who would preach that doctrine would tell children there is no Santa Claus."

February 28, 1889
New Mexico governor Edmund G. Ross signs a bill creating three institutions of higher learning: a university in Albuquerque, a school of mining in Socorro, and an agricultural college in Las Cruces.

Also in February 1889
In Tombstone, Arizona, Deputy Burt Alvord shares drinks with two associates, Fuller and Fortino. When the pair gets into an argument, Fuller grabs Alvord's weapon and shoots Fortino dead. Fuller then departs. Sheriff John Slaughter arrives and reprimands Alvord for being involved with such thugs.

Bodie, California

Lawless

(From Page 3)

beginning of the next.") The large population, as well as more than two dozen mines and numerous other businesses, went through 45,000 cords of wood a year, which provided employment to 2,000 woodcutters and teamsters.

Freight wagons and burro trains hauled the wood along rugged mountain trails until 1881, when the Bodie Railway and Lumber Company spent $600,000 to build 32 miles of track to a 12,000-acre timber supply near Mono Lake. The narrow gauge railroad carried only firewood and lumber.

The railway was built by Chinese laborers, and Bodie had a larger Chinese population than any other American city except San Francisco. The Chinese operated a variety of enterprises, including restaurants, laundries, and opium dens. The latter complemented Bodie's 65 saloons, which included Pat Fahey's, the Maison Dore, and the Philadelphia Beer Depot. Additional entertainment was available along intentionally misnamed Virgin Alley and Maiden Lane, where Bodie's red-light district was centered.

Frequent gunfights and robberies accounted for a large number of shooting deaths. For years, the *Sacramento Union* stationed a reporter in Bodie to keep its readers entertained with the most recent crimes. Young Mark Twain, covering one particularly bloody incident for Virginia City's *Territorial Enterprise*, was duly impressed by the carnage: "The smoke of battle almost never clears away completely in Bodie."

Of course, criminal activity wasn't the only cause of unnatural death in Bodie. The following is an excerpt from a letter received by one of the town's early newspapers: "I see in the paper that a man named John Sipes was attacked and et up by a bare whose kubs he was trying to get to when the she bare came up and stopt hum by eating him in the mountains near your town. What I want to know is, did it kill him ded

(See Lawless on Page 16)

Ben Thompson

Gunfighter

(From Page 1)

where he occasionally gambled. In June 1873, Thompson and his brother, Billy, ended up in Ellsworth, Kansas, and opened another successful gambling den there. On August 15, 1873, Thompson got into a dispute with gambler Jack Sterling, and in the ensuing melee, Billy accidentally shot and killed Sheriff Chauncey B. Whitney. Billy escaped, but Ben Thompson was arrested for the murder. He was soon released due to lack of evidence and returned to Texas.

He became involved in a dispute between the Atchison, Topeka, & Santa Fe railroad and the Denver & Rio Grande railroad when he and Bat Masterson were hired by the AT&SF to help protect their property.

After the railroad matter, Thompson became Marshal of Austin. His reputation was such that the town's crime rate plunged and not one murder was committed during his tenure.

Ben Thompson wearing his city marshal's uniform

He resigned in 1882, after killing an old enemy, Jack Harris, in San Antonio. He was tried for murder, but the jury declared it was self-defense. The trial attracted nation-wide attention and when Thompson returned to Austin, there were large crowds on hand to greet him at the depot.

He tried to go back to his old business of gambling houses, but was unsuccessful. He suffered from depression and insomnia. He drank too much and his reputation began to suffer.

On March 11, 1884, in San Antonio, Thompson met up with fellow gunslinger John "King" Fisher, and went to the Vaudeville Theater to see a show. One of the owners of the theater, Joe Foster, was the partner of Jack Harris, the man Thompson had killed earlier in San Antonio. Foster had let it be known that he intended to kill Thompson as revenge for Harris' murder. Thompson and Fisher had already had several drinks when they went in. After sitting down with policeman Jacob S. Coy and co-owner Billy Simms, Thompson demanded to talk to Foster. When Simms brought Foster to the table, he refused to shake hands with Thompson. Guns were drawn and before the smoke cleared, Thompson and Fisher were dead, Foster was seriously wounded, and Coy was shot in the foot. Eyewitness accounts of the events of that night are contradictory. There was a public outcry for a grand jury indictment of those involved, but no action was ever taken. The San Antonio Police and the prosecutor showed little interest in the case. Thompson's body was returned to Austin and he is buried there in Oakwood Cemetery.

One wonders why someone with a background like Thompson's isnt so familiar to fans of popular Hollywood Westerns. According to the *Santa Fe New Mexican*, "His voice,

(See Gunfighter on Page 10)

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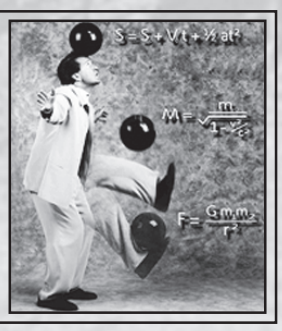

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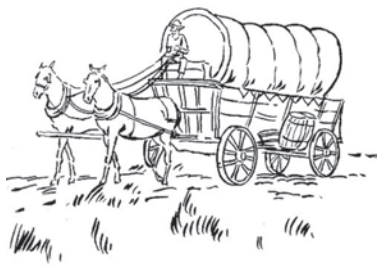
The Oatman Girls

Captivity

(From Page 6)

dispatch, we resumed our travel. Our teams were reduced; we were disappointed in being abandoned by our fellow-travelers, and wearied, almost to exhaustion, by the long and fatiguing march that had conducted us to this point. We were lengthening out a toilsome journey for an object and destination quite foreign to the one that had pushed us upon the wild scheme at first. And this solitary commencement on our travel upon a devious way, dismal as it was in every aspect, seemed the only alternative that gave any promise of an extrication from the dark and frowning perils and sufferings that were every day threatening about us, and with every step of advance into the increasing wildness pressing more and more heavily upon us.

"For six days, our course was due southwest, at a slow and patience-trying rate. We were pressing through many



difficulties, with which our minds were so occupied that they could neither gather nor retain any distinct impression of the country over which this first week of our solitary travel bore us. While thus, on the seventh day from Pimole, we were struggling and battling with the tide of opposition that, with the increasing force of multiplying embarrassments and drawbacks, was setting in against us, our teams failing and sometimes in the most difficult and dangerous places utterly refusing to proceed, we were overtaken by Dr. Lecount, who with his Mexican guide was on his way back to Fort Yuma. The doctor saw our condition, and his large, generous heart poured upon us a flood of sympathy, which, with the words of good cheer he addressed us, was the only relief it was in his power to administer. Father sent by him, and at his own suggestion, to the fort for immediate assistance. This message the doctor promised should be conveyed to the fort, (we were about ninety miles distant from it at the time,) with all possible dispatch, also kindly assuring us that all within his power should be done to procure us help at once. We were all transiently elated with the prospect thus suddenly opening upon us of a relief from this source, and especially as we were confident that Dr. Lecount would be prompted to every office and work in our behalf, that he might command at the fort, where he was well and favorably known. But soon a dark cloud threw its shadow upon all these hopes, and again our wonted troubles rolled upon us with an augmented force.

Our minds became anxious, and our limbs were jaded. The roads had been made bad, at places almost impassable, by recent rains, and for the first time the strength and courage of my parents gave signs of exhaustion. It seemed, and indeed was thus spoken of among us, that the dark wing of some terrible calamity was spread

(See Captivity on Page 16)

Ben Thompson

Gunfighter

(From Page 8)

along with a penchant for cold-blooded murder and a reputedly ugly mug, made Thompson a less-than-desirable Western icon." Another writer opines, "Thompson wasn't charismatic, he wasn't good looking. He had thinning hair and a terrible mustache. And listen: Billy the Kid. Jesse James. Wyatt Earp. Those are great names. Ben Thompson? It just doesn't have that ring to it."

However, Bat Masterson had the utmost respect for Ben Thompson. According to Masterson, "Such men as Wild Bill Hickok, Wyatt Earp, BillyTilghman, Charley Bassett, Luke Short, Clay Allison, Joe Lowe, and Jim Curry were all men with nerves of steel who had often been put to the test – anyone of whom would not have hesitated a moment to put up his life as the stake to be played for. Those men, all of them, lived and played their part and played it exceeding well on the lurid edge of our Western frontier at the time Ben Thompson was playing his, and it is safe to assume that not one of them would have declined the gage of battle with him had he flung it down to anyone of their number. In making this admission, however, I am constrained to say that little doubt exists in my mind but that Thompson would have been returned the winner of the contest."

Mighty Casey

The Story of 'Casey at the Bat'

By David Stanfel

I may be more appropriate I write this story at the end of the season, but I'm ready for some baseball, America's Pastime. Young and old have lived the moment in the ballad/poem I'm writing about. Here, to begin baseball season is a story about the ballad of *Casey at the Bat*.

It begins with two friends in 1885 at Harvard University. Ernest Lawrence Thayer was editor of the Harvard *Lampoon,* the college's humor magazine. William Randolph Hearst was the *Lampoon's* business manager. Hearst was unceremoniously booted out of Harvard for playing practical jokes, such as sending chamber pots to professors, their names inscribed thereon. Hearst's father had recently bought the ailing San Francisco *Examiner* to promote his candidacy as United States Senator from California and the elder Hearst turned the paper over to young William.

Hearst cabled his friend Thayer asking him to write a humor column for the *Examiner's* Sunday supplement. In 1887 he wrote a series of ballads under the by-line "Phin." (At

Harvard his friends had called him "Phinney.") His final ballad, "Casey at the Bat," appeared on Sunday, June 3, 1888, for his usual fee of five dollars.

Baseball fans in San Francisco enjoyed Casey and a few eastern papers reprinted it, but it might have been forgotten forever had it not been for a young comedian and singer in New York City, William DeWolf Hopper, who was appearing in a comic opera called *Prince Methusalem*. The New York Giants and the Chicago White Stockings were invited to the show as guests of the management in late 1888 or early 1889 and Hopper was wondering what he could do on stage for their benefit. A friend , novelist Archibald Clavering Gunter, took from his pocket a newspaper clipping of "Casey" he had cut from the *Examiner* and sugested it to Hopper. In the middle of the second act, with the Giants on one side of the theater and the White Stockings on the other, Hopper delivered "Casey at the Bat."

Delighted with the audience response, Hopper went on to popularize "Casey" in his Vaudivllle performances. By his own count he recited it more than ten thousand times. By 1900 almost everyone in America had heard or read the poem, but almost no one knew who had written it. Hopper

(See Poem on Page 18)

VISIT HISTORIC FLORENCE, ARIZONA

Welcome to the Cowboy Cradle of the Southwest!

Arizona became a territory under the signature of Abraham Lincoln in 1863. When the Civil War ended two years later, the U.S. Cavalry came to protect the new territory from bandits and marauding Apache resistant to the increased settling of the land. Farmers soon settled the banks of the Gila River to raise cattle and hay using prehistoric HoHoKam irrigation canals to water the thirsty desert. Families from Mexico moved north to escape wars in northern Mexico as settlers came from the east seeking fortune and adventure. So began Florence.

Florence boomed in the 1870s as wagonloads of ore from the Silver King Mine passed through town. Single men swarmed to work the mines and spend their money in Florence, while cowboys from the local ranches celebrated payday here as well. Twenty-eight establishments such as the Nichols and Tunnel Saloons served these men who would quench their thirst, gamble, and enjoy female companionship.

Homes and commercial buildings were constructed of sun-dried bricks, or adobe, and shaded by cottonwood trees growing along small ditches of flowing water beside the streets. The sounds of Mexican music could be heard many evenings in this small oasis in the desert.

Needless to say, single men from Boston, New York, and Ohio found the senoritas who had been educated in Mexican convents very enchanting. Descendents of the resulting marriages still live in town. As stage lines came to Florence and news of the abounding opportunities spread, Florence grew. Businessmen from Mexico and the United States established themselves here and prospered. Eventually, early Victorian ladies ventured west to live on the frontier.

The good people in town finally demanded law and order. Florence became the county seat of the newly created Pinal County in 1875 and a new brick courthouse and jail was built (now McFarland State Park). That didn't stop citizen vigilantes from storming the courthouse, believing two jailed men were murderers and hanging them from the ceiling joists.

While miners and cowboys whooped it up and the ex-sheriff and his ex-deputy shot it out on Main Street, the more sedate citizens tried to bring civility, culture and religion to Florence. There were always dances at the courthouse or musicals at Mrs. Clarke's house. Townsfolk worshipped at the Chapel of the Gila or gathered at the Protestant services at the adobe courthouse.

By 1891, the town constructed an early fired red brick American Victorian courthouse to meet expanding needs. The building ran over budget and funds for the clock in the tower were diverted to build a new jail. The clock face is only painted on and always reads 11:44. This courthouse appears on the town seal and is a visible landmark as one enters the town from all directions. County government offices provide many jobs. By 1909, the territorial prison was moved from Yuma to Florence and is now a large complex of buildings. Other private prisons, an immigration center, and a juvenile detention center add to the economic basis of Florence.

As the Coolidge dam was completed in 1930, farming became a major industry with the access to irrigation. Ranching and feed lots gave birth to a vibrant rodeo culture. The Junior Parada is a major national rodeo that continues to this day. Florence launched the careers of many well-known rodeo stars and deserves its name as the COWBOY CRADLE OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST.

A natural scenic location, a rich Wild West heritage, and in a position for large growth and development, historic Florence welcomes all visitors. Whether you drop by for a day or a weekend, or make Florence your home, the door to Florence friendship is always open!

Florence Woman's Club

Founded in 1897 as the Ladies Village Improvement Society, the Florence Woman's Club was originally chartered in 1916 to serve the local community through encouragement of women of all ages to strive for excellence in six primary areas: beautification/conservation, arts, education, family, international and public affairs.

This club is an original member of the Arizona Federation of Woman's Clubs (1901) and General Federation of Woman's Clubs (1903).

Following donation to the Club in 1914 of the property on which the FWC Clubhouse now stands at 231 North Willow Street in Florence, the membership continued the long term goal of raising the funds to build a clubhouse which would also serve as a beautiful setting for family and community events. Completed and dedicated on October 11, 1929, the FWC Clubhouse has been a valuable community resource throughout its history, serving as a setting for USO Club, family and community celebrations, parties, charitable events, as well as informational and business functions. The 3697 square foot FWC Clubhouse, designed by Phoenix architectural firm Lescher & Mahoney in the Spanish Colonial Revival style, is an all-adobe structure and was placed on the National Registry of Historic Buildings in 1982.

Membership in FWC is open to women of all ages, backgrounds, and cultures interested in advancing the best interests of our community as well as preserving our community heritage.

The Florence Woman's Club is a 501© 3 non-profit corporation. It welcomes donations to both its scholarship and historic preservation funds.

I had a dream I was eating a giant marshmallow. When I woke up my pillow was missing.

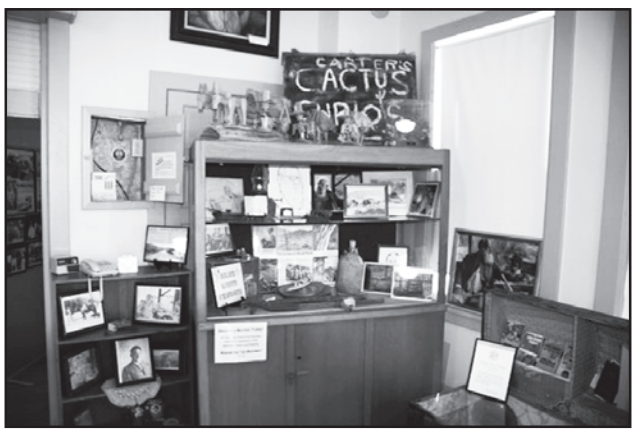
Territorial Road Trip

San Tan Regional Park

Home of Queen Creek's 'Man of the Mountain' Mansel Carter

By Ralph Henderson

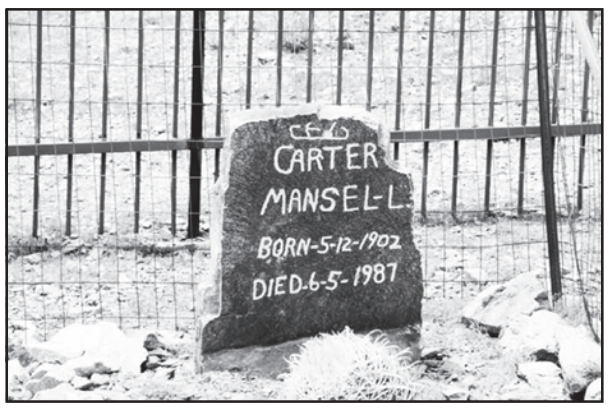
A short time back my friend Woody Kuhens, a long time resident, prospector, hiker and writer about the Superstition Mountains, called me about taking a trip down to the San Tan Regional Park along with his wife Roberta to see the grave sites of Mansel Carter and Marion Kennedy. Woody, a frequent visitor to Mansel's camp prior to his death, remembers the old prospector and his pet quail "Maude." One of his fond memories is that of Mansel holding his daughter on his lap while feeding Maude from his hand.



The Mansel Carter exhibit at the Queek Creek Historical Museum

The San Tan Mountains, along with their beauty, a few archaeological sites and an old stagecoach route now part of Olberg Road, has somehow escaped the ravages of man and time. The area still remains much the same as in Territorial days. Now part of the San Tan Regional Park, a conglomeration of government agencies between the BLM, Pinal County and Maricopa County, the area has been set aside strictly for recreational purposes, primarily hiking and horseback riding.

Probably the most well known inhabitants of the area were two hermit prospectors by the names of Mansel Carter and Marion Kennedy. Kennedy, who died in 1960 at the age of 86, and his friend Mansel had prospected and mined the area since back in 1948. Following Marion's death, Mansel continued to mine on his own until 1995 using his finds of copper, silver, turquoise and gold to establish over 55 mining claims in the area, many still held today by his heirs. The last few years of his life, Mansel Carter found himself somewhat of a local celebrity due to the many articles in the local newspapers, on television stations and *Phoenix Magazine* about his hermit, prospector lifestyle, his ability to co-exist with the local wildlife and his whittled "Cactus Curios" made from the local Cholla cactus. After welcoming people from all over the world to his palm frond-covered shanty in the San Tan Mountains for over forty years, in 1987 the "Old Man of the Mountain" passed away at the age of 85. He is buried next to his old friend Marion Kennedy inside the park at the base of Goldmine Mountain. "Maude," his pet Quail, lived out her days with family members and upon her death they had her stuffed. Maude can be seen along with a great deal of information about the life and times of Mansel Carter and many of Mansel's guest books, personal items and memorabilia at the San Tan Historical Museum a short distance away in Queen Creek.



To reach the San Tan Regional Park, take Ellsworth Rd. south to Empire Rd., right to Wagon Wheel. Turn south on Wagon Wheel and continue till the road changes to Skyline Drive. Continue about ½ mile to the park. The hiking is easy, the scenery breathtaking, and the historical sites are a great place to spend the afternoon. Be sure to take along plenty of water.

To visit the San Tan Historical Museum, it is located at the old schoolhouse just north of Ellsworth and Ocotillo in old town Queen Creek. The museum is a fascinating place with a friendly, knowledgeable staff and many displays and exhibits of the San Tan area, early day Queen Creek, Gilbert and Chandler.

Paddy Graydon's Mule Bombs

By Michael Murphy

James "Paddy" Graydon was an Irish immigrant who arrived in Baltimore in 1853. Four months later, he enlisted in the 1st U.S. Dragoons. After brief training at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, Graydon traveled west and joined his unit at Los Lunas, some 20 miles south of Albuquerque, New Mexico Territory.

By the time the Civil War broke out in 1861, Graydon was a captain and in charge of a company of scouts. On February 20, 1862, Graydon and his company were at Fort Craig, on the Rio Grande River near Socorro, when it was learned that Confederate General H.H. Sibley was approaching with an army of over 2,500 men. At the fort, Colonel Edward Canby commanded a force of 3,800 men, but only 1,200 were seasoned soldiers, the rest being lightly trained volunteers, including a group of New Mexico volunteers commanded by Kit Carson.

Captain Graydon, assessing the situation, came up with an audacious plan that he hoped would do considerable damage to the Confederates at very little cost to the Union troops. With Colonel Canby's approval, Graydon took two of the company's faithful, but tired and failing, old mules and loaded each of the poor animals' backs with a dozen live howitzer shells. Graydon

and a few of his "harder case" men led the mules across the river under cover of darkness and stole quietly toward the rebel campfires. At the last moment, they lighted the fuses on the makeshift bombs and whipped the mules into a run toward the enemy camp.

As Graydon and his cohorts sped back toward the fort, they expected any moment to hear a giant explosion behind them. But instead they heard the clatter of hooves—the loyal mules had turned and were running back to the men who had fed and cared for them all their lives.

The men were now running for their own lives with the unfortunate mules falling behind under their heavy burdens. The troopers barely reached shelter when a thunderous roar rose from the desert. The faithful old mules had given their all for the Union cause.

Although the "mule bombs" didn't do any actual damage to the rebels, it did cause a stampede of the Confederate livestock as some 150 horses and beef cattle ran toward the Union lines, thus depriving the rebels of much-needed provisions and pack animals to move their supply wagons.

Graydon's men, surely a little embarrassed, returned to the fort and by all accounts fought bravely the next morning in what became known as the Battle of Valverde, in which the Confederates proved victorious.

Paddy Graydon survived to fight more battles, but on November 5, 1882, he got into a violent fight with a fellow officer and was shot in the chest. He died three days later and is buried in the National Cemetery in Santa Fe.

A man called a hotel. "How much is a room?" The clerk said, "It depends on the number of people." "Do you take children?" asked the man. "No, sir," replied the clerk. "Only cash and credit cards!"

The Oatman Girls

Captivity

(From Page 10)

over us, and casting the shadows of evil ominously and thickly upon our path. The only method by which we could make the ascent of the frequent high hills that hedged our way, was by unloading the wagon and carrying the contents piece by piece to the top; and even then we were often compelled to aid a team of four cows and two oxen to lift the empty wagon.

"It was well for us, perhaps, that there was not added to the burden of these long and weary hours, a knowledge of the mishap that had befallen the messenger gone on before. About sunset of the day after Dr. Lecount left us, he camped about thirty miles ahead of us, turned his horses into a small valley hemmed in by high mountains, and with his guide slept until about daybreak. Just as the day was breaking and preparations were being made to gather up for a ride to the fort that day, twelve Indians suddenly emerged from behind a bluff hill near by and entered the camp. Dr. Lecount, taken by surprise by the presence of these unexpected visitants, seized

his arms, and with his guide kept a close eye upon their movements, which he soon discovered wore a very suspicious appearance. One of the Indians would draw the doctor into a conversation, which they held in the Mexican tongue; during which others of the band would with an air of carelessness edge about, encircling the doctor and his guide, until in a few moments, despite their friendly professions, their treacherous intentions were plainly read. At the suggestion of his bold, intrepid, and experienced guide, they both sprang to one side, the guide presenting to the Indians his knife, and the doctor his pistol. The Indians then put on the attitude of fight, but feared to strike. They still continued their efforts to beguile the doctor into carelessness, by introducing questions and topics of conversation, but they could not manage to cover with this thin gauze the murder of their hearts.

"Soon the avenging ferocity of the Mexican began to burn, he violently sprang into the air, rushed toward them brandishing his knife, and beckoning to the doctor to come on; he was about in the act of plunging his knife into the leader of the band, but was restrained by the coolness and prudence of Doctor Lecount. Manuel (the guide) was perfectly enraged at their insolence, and would again and again spring, tiger-like toward them, crying at the top of his voice, *"terrily, terrily!"* The Indians soon made off.

"On going into the valley for their animals they soon found that the twelve Indians had enacted the above scene in the camp, merely as a ruse to engage their attention, while another party of the same rascal band were driving their mules and horse beyond their reach. They found evidences that this had been done within the last hour. The doctor returned to camp, packed his saddle and packages in a convenient, secluded place near by, and gave orders to his guide to

(See Captivity on Page 22)

Bodie, CA

Lawless

(From Page 7)

or was he only partly et up, and is he from this plaice and all about the bare. I don't know but he is a distant husband of mine. My first husband was of that name and I supposed he was killed in the war, but the name of the man the bare et being the same I thought it might be him after all. . .If it is him you will know it by his having six toes on his left foot. . .Find out all you kin about him without him knowing what it is for, that is if the bare did not eat him all up. If it did I don't see as you kin do anything and you needn't to trouble. . ."

The situation in Bodie began to change after 1881, when mining production dropped rapidly and people began leaving town. Water in the shafts became a serious problem, and soon only six mines were in operation.

Bodie experienced a partial revival in the 1890s with the advent of a cyanide process of extracting gold from mine tailings, but it only forestalled the inevitable. Mining came to a complete halt before World War II. By that time, Bodie was abandoned, but the isolation helped protect the buildings of what is today considered a truly superb ghost town.

Buffalo Bill Cody Gets 'First Scalp for Custer'

Buffalo Bill Cody was already a national folk hero when he called back into service as an army scout after Custer's defeat at the Little Big Horn. Cody added a new chapter to his legend by fighting a "duel" with the Cheyenne chief Yellow Hair, whom he supposedly first shot with a rifle, then stabbed in the heart and finally scalped "in about five seconds," according to his own account. Others described the encounter as hand-to-hand combat, and misreported the chief's name as Yellow Hand. Still others said that Cody merely lifted the chief's scalp after he had died in battle. Whatever actually occurred, Cody characteristically had the event embroidered into a melodrama—*Buffalo Bill's First Scalp for Custer*—for the fall theater season.

Cody was riding with the 5th Cavalry under Brevet Major General Wesley Merritt on their way to join General George Crook when they ran into a small group of Cheyenne warriors near Warbonnet Creek in western Nebraska. Cody and seven or eight other soldiers charged after the Indians. While Cody's companions scattered the other Cheyenne, he reportedly ran forward with a bowie knife and dispatched

one warrior, stripping the scalp of his dead foe. He later recalled that, swinging the grisly trophy above his head, he cried out in triumph, "The first scalp for Custer!" And perhaps he did, though no one else on the field that day ever recalled his dramatic oratory afterward.

Shortly thereafter, the 5th headed north to reinforce Crook, but not before Merritt had submitted a lengthy report of his campaign to Washington. Of the actual fighting, Merritt said only "...a party of seven Indians were discovered near the command, moving with the intention of cutting off two couriers who were approaching from Sage Creek. A party was sent out to cut these off, killing one of them...."

Back East, people saw things much differently. The triumph at Warbonnet Creek was glorious, a just revenge on treacherous savages. Newspapers played up Cody's accomplishment; the *New York Herald,* for instance, filled nearly a column with news of the faraway event. And for Easterners eager to learn more of the thrilling combat, Little Bat Garnier was able to add a few choice details: The dead Indian was Yellow Hand, an important chief of the Cheyenne; his death at the hands of Cody was enough to make all the other hostiles turn tail and run. Alas for history, Garnier was not one to let the truth stand in the way of a good yarn. Cody's victim was in truth *Hay-o-wei,*

(See Cody on Page 23)

When I see lovers' names carved in a tree, I don't think its cute. I just think it's crazy how many people bring knives on a date.

Mighty Casey

Poem

(From Page 11)

himself did not find out who the author was until about five years after he had begun reciting it.

Since its first appearance in 1888, "Casey" has constantly reappeared in new guises: once, in 1920, as a popular song; twice as a silent movie (the remake had Wallace Beery in the leading role); and twice more in Walt Disney cartoons. At least three recitations of "Casey" have been put on records including the first by Hopper himself in 1906, and a children's record by sportscaster Mel Allen. Several paperback editions of the poem have appeared, and finally in 1964 an illustrated hardcover version was published.


Ernest Thayer

The most important elaboration of the Casey story is an opera, "The *Mighty Casey*," which had its world premiere at Hartford, Connecticut, on May 4, 1953.

Anyone hearing "Casey" the first time expects the hero to deliver the deciding blow. The build up, the spectical, the anticipation, and the anticlimatic futility make "Casey," this supreme tragedy, a classic poetic illustration of humanity. There are Caseys in every league, at every age.

So here, for your enjoyment, as it originally appeared in the San Francisco Examiner, June 3, 1888:

CASEY AT THE BAT

The Outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day:
The score stood four to two, with but one inning more to play.
And then when Cooney died at first, and Barrows did the same,
A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest
Clung to that hope which springs eternal in the human breast;
They thought, if only Casey could get but a whack at that —
We'd put up even money, now, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake,
And the former was a lulu and the latter was a cake;
So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,
And Blake, the much despis-ed, tore the cover off the ball;
And when the dust had lifted, and the men saw what had occurred,
There was Jimmy safe at second and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from 5,000 throats and more there rose a lusty yell;
It rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell;
It knocked upon the mountain and recoiled upon the flat,
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face.
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt;
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore.
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted someone on the stand;
And its likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew;
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered fraud;
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed.
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched in hate;
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate.
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville — mighty Casey has struck out.

Marias Massacre

Although receiving little attention in history, the Marias Massacre of January 1870 has been described as the greatest slaughter of Indians ever made by U.S. troops. Declaring he did not care whether or not it was the rebellious band of Indians he had been searching for, Colonel Eugene Baker ordered his men to attack a sleeping camp of peaceful Piegan Blackfeet along the Marias River in northern Montana. In the aftermath of the attack, a hasty count by Baker's men showed 173 dead (mostly women and children) with 140 women and children captured, while only one cavalryman died, after falling off his horse and breaking his leg.

The Marias Massacre occurred in the midst of the massive white American westward expansion. Relations between the Blackfeet and whites had been hostile for years. The events leading up to the massacre involved a young Piegan Blackfoot named Owl Child, who in 1867 stole some horses from Malcom Clarke, a white trader, as payment for his own horses, whose loss he blamed on Clarke. Clarke and his son tracked Owl Child down and brutally whipped him in front of a group of Blackfeet. In retribution, on August 17, 1869, Owl Child and a few other Piegan warriors shot and killed Clarke, and seriously wounded his son at their home near Helena, and then fled north to join a band of rebellious Blackfeet under the leadership of Mountain Chief. Outraged and frightened, Montanans demanded that Owl Child and his followers be punished. The United States army demanded of the Blackfeet that Owl Child be killed and his body delivered within two weeks. When the two week deadline had passed with no sign of Owl Child, General Philip Sheridan sent out a band of cavalry led by Major Eugene Baker to track down and punish the offending party. Sheridan's order: "If the lives and property of the citizens of Montana can best be protected by striking Mountain Chief's band, I want them struck. Tell Baker to strike them hard."

Sheridan's plan was a dawn attack on a village in heavy snow, when most of the Indians would be sleeping or huddling inside to keep warm (a strategy he had employed before, when George Custer attacked Black Kettle's band of Cheyennes in the Battle of Washita River).

Strengthening his cavalry units with two infantry groups from Fort Shaw near Great Falls, Baker led his troops out of Fort Ellis (near present day Bozeman, Montana) into sub-zero winter weather and headed north in search of Mountain Chief's band. Soldiers later reported that Baker drank a great deal throughout the march. On January 22, Baker discovered an Indian village along the Marias River, and, postponing his attack until the following morning, spent the evening drinking heavily.

At daybreak on the morning of

(See Attack on Page 21)

The Cheyenne Club

No institution better symbolized the rise and power of the cattle barons than the extraordinary Cheyenne Club that Wyoming ranchmen built in 1880 to give themselves the comforts befitting their status. The three-story mansard-roofed, brick and wood building provided six private sleeping rooms, which were decorated with Oriental carpets and walnut beds, as well as marble-topped commodes. There were wine vaults, two grand staircases, and a smoking room that was well supplied with the best Havana cheroots. There was also a library stocked with newspapers from New York and Boston, and to keep up with the livestock industry there was *The Drovers Journal*.

Limited by charter to only 200 hand-picked members, the Cheyenne Club claimed, with some reason, to have the finest steward in America. And its deft servants were recruited by founding President Philip Dater in Canada, where, under the British flag, the tradition of genteel service still flourished. "No wonder they like the club at Cheyenne," wrote Western buff Owen Wister, who was the author of *The Virginian*, and himself a Philadelphia clubman, "It's the pearl of the prairies."

No wonder, indeed. Literally within earshot of howling coyotes, Sir Horace Plunkett—son of Lord Dunsany, who ran the EK Ranch—could be found playing on the club tennis courts while yelling chess moves to two opponents on the piazza. In the meantime, Harry Oelrichs' $4,000, 16-passenger coach (the only rig so fancy anywhere west of the Mississippi) might be waiting at one of the club's 19 hitching posts.

Inside, members dressed for dinner on gala evenings in white tie and tails, which an old Nebraska member nicknamed "Herefords" in honor of the white-chested cattle. At dinner the members could savor such choice fare as caviar, pickled eels, French peas, and Roquefort cheese. The club's oak-paneled dining room was a prime attraction for nationally known persons such as Andrew Carnegie whenever he visited Cheyenne. The club's chef had been trained in Europe and the wine vault was filled with the finest vintages. And woe to the supplier who skimped on quality. On February 13, 1882, New York's chic Park & Tilford got a stiff note: "The cigars are too dark. Send the lightest possible 500 Lazo Victoria." Later: "The Garvey Sherry lacked almost entirely fine bouquet. If you cannot send us the Garvey Sherry in good quality, omit that item."

In time, some of the ladies of Cheyenne's society desired access to the club. Some husbands took pity on the neglected ladies and drew up an initiative to provide a special restaurant for the women, but the idea was voted down and the Cheyenne Club remained an all male domain.

Members were strictly accountable for their behavior: they were permitted no profanity, no drunkenness, no cheating at cards, no drinking in the reading room. And when Harry Oelrichs kicked a servant down the stairs the club kicked out Oelrichs.

Following Wyoming's infamous Johnson County Range War, the club defaulted on its bonds. The building later housed the Industrial Club. The clubhouse was torn down in 1936.

The Gold Rush Ruins John Sutter

John Augustus Sutter, an unsuccessful speculator in both Switzerland and America, reached California in 1839. Undaunted by past mishaps, the generous,, charming man persuaded the Mexican governor of California to grant him some 50,000 acres east of San Francisco Bay, where he built a huge farming, ranching and trading empire.

In 1848, when gold was found in the American River, which ran through his property, Sutter tried to keep the discover secret. But word got out. Gold seekers overran his farms and ranches, and he spent his final years vainly asking Congress to reimburse him for lands taken by prospectors.

"There is only one road away from trouble, and this is along the straight and narrow road."

- Otto Wood, in his book, *The Life of Otto Wood*, written in prison in 1926.

Sacagawea Gave Birth During Lewis & Clark Trek

Meriwether Lewis and William Clark first met the young Sacagawea while spending the winter among the Mandan Indians along the Upper Missouri River, not far from present-day Bismarck, North Dakota. Still only a teenager, Sacagawea was the wife of a French-Canadian fur trapper, Toussaint Charbonneau, who had purchased her from Hidatsa kidnappers the year before. The Hidatsa had taken Sacagawea from her homeland along the Continental Divide in modern-day southwestern Montana and southeastern Idaho, where she was the daughter of a prominent Shoshone chief. Viewing such captives as little more than slaves, the Hidatsa were happy to sell Sacagawea and another woman to Charbonneau, who used them as laborers, porters, and sexual companions.

That winter, Lewis and Clark hired Charbonneau as an interpreter for their projected expedition to the Pacific and back, provided he agreed to bring along his young wife. Lewis and Clark knew they would have to obtain horses from the Shoshone to cross the Continental Divide, and Sacagawea's services as an interpreter could prove invaluable. Charbonneau agreed, and she became the only woman to join the Corps of Discovery.

Two months before the expedition was to depart, Lewis and Clark found themselves with another co-traveler, who later proved useful in an unexpected way. On February 11, 1805, Sacagawea went into labor. Lewis, who would often act as the expedition's doctor in the months to come, was called on for the first and only time during the journey to assist in a delivery. Lewis was anxious to insure his new Shoshone interpreter was in good shape for the arduous journey to come, and he later worriedly reported "her labour was tedious and the pain violent." Told that a small amount of the rattle of rattlesnake might speed the delivery, Lewis broke up a rattler tail and mixed it with water. "She had not taken [the

(See Infant on Page 23)

Marias Massacre

Attack

(From Page 19)

January 23, 1870, Baker ordered his men to surround the camp in preparation for attack. As the darkness faded, Baker's scout, Joe Kipp, recognized that the painted designs on the buffalo-skin lodges were those of a peaceful band of Blackfeet led by Heavy Runner. Mountain Chief and Owl Child, Kipp quickly realized, must have gotten wind of the approaching soldiers and moved their winter camp elsewhere. Kipp rushed to tell Baker that they had the wrong Indians, but Baker reportedly replied, "That makes no difference, one band or another of them; they are all Piegans and we will attack them." Baker then ordered a sergeant to shoot Kipp if he tried to warn the sleeping camp of Blackfeet and gave the command to attack.

Baker's soldiers began blindly firing into the village, catching the peaceful Indians utterly unaware and defenseless. Heavy Runner himself was killed as he left his lodge with his gift of an American flag given to him as a promise for his camp's safety. Knocking down lodges with frightened survivors inside, the soldiers set them on fire, burnt some of the Blackfeet alive, and then burned the band's meager supplies of food for the winter. By the time the brutal attack was over, Baker and his men had, by the best estimate, murdered 37 men, 90 women, and 50 children. The troops initially captured about 140 women and children as prisoners to take back to Fort Ellis, but when Baker discovered many were ill with smallpox, he abandoned them to face the deadly winter without food or shelter.

When word of the massacre reached the East, many Americans were outraged. One angry congressman denounced Baker, saying "civilization shudders at horrors like this." Baker's superiors, however, supported his actions, as did the people of Montana, with one journalist calling Baker's critics "namby-pamby, sniffling old maid sentimentalists."

General Sheridan expressed his confidence in Baker's leadership, and managed to prevent an official investigation into the incident. Conflict between the settlers and the Blackfeet declined after this incident. The Blackfoot Nation, already badly weakened by smallpox, did not have the numbers or support this late in the Indian Wars to respond.

The public outrage over the massacre did derail the growing movement to transfer control of Indian affairs from the Department of Interior to the War Department—President Ulysses S. Grant decreed that henceforth all Indian agents would be civilians rather than soldiers.

From the Chuckwagon

Sponsored by The Little Mesa Cafe

Cheesy Potato Casserole

By Mike Hatcher - The Many Flavors of Steelville Cookbook

8 potatoes, scrubbed and peeled
2 10 ¾ oz. cans potato soup, undiluted
1 pt. sour cream
8 oz. grated Cheddar cheese
½ c. Parmesan cheese

Cut potatoes into slices. Combine all ingredients and pour into 9x13 buttered baking pan and cover. Bake at 375 degrees for 1 hr. Uncover and bake 30 min. or until potatoes are tender. 8 servings.

The Oatman Girls

Captivity

(From Page 16)

proceed immediately to the fort, himself resolving to await his return.

Soon after Manuel had left, however, he bethought him of the Oatman family, of their imminent peril, and of the pledge he had put himself under to them, to secure them the earliest possible assistance; and he now had become painfully apprised of reasons for the most prompt and punctual fulfillment of that pledge. He immediately prepared, and at a short distance toward us posted upon a tree near the road a card, warning us of the nearness of the Apaches, and relating therein in brief what had befallen himself at their hands; reassuring us also of his determined diligence to secure us protection, and declaring his purpose, contrary to a resolution he had formed on dismissing his guide, to proceed immediately to the fort, there in person to plead our case and necessities. This card we missed, though it was afterward found by those whom we had left at Pimole Tillage. What "might have been," could our eyes have fallen upon that small piece of paper, though it is now useless to conjecture, cannot but recur to the mind. It might have preserved fond parents, endeared brothers and sisters, to gladden and cheer a now embittered and bereft existence. But the card, and the saddle and packages of the doctor, we saw not until weeks after, as the sequel will show, though we spent a night at the same camp where the scenes had been enacted.

Toward evening of the eighteenth day of March, we reached the Gila River, at a point over eighty miles from Pimole, and about the same distance from Fort Yuma.

Chapter 2:
Camp on the Island Late at Night
In the next issue
of the *Territorial News*

Business & Services

Classified

1850 Census

Arizona	9,658
California	560,247
Colorado	39,864
Dakota Territory	14,000
Idaho	15,000
Iowa	1,194,000
Kansas	364,000
Minnesota	440,000
Missouri	1,721,000
Montana	20,595
Nebraska	123,000
Nevada	42,000
New Mexico	91,874
Oregon	91,000
Texas	818,579
Utah	87,780
Washington	23,955
Wyoming	9,000

The Sheepeater Campaign

The last Indian war in the Far Northwest was a small one against a small band of Indians, but one of extreme difficulty for the troops. In February 1879, five Chinese miners were killed at Oro Grande, Idaho; in May two ranchers were killed on the South Fork of the Salmon. These crimes were charged to the Tukuarika, a Shoshonean band numbering about 300, called Sheepeaters because they lived principally on Rocky Mountain sheep. As the campaign developed, it seemed probable that the Sheepeaters were never near the scenes of the murders.

From May 31 to September 8 Colonel Reuben Frank Bernard's Company G of the 1st Cavalry toiled through middle Idaho in the area of the Salmon River. The Salmon is called the "River of No Return" because it is barely navigable, and then only downstream. This country is so rough it could later be mapped adequately only by airplane. Sheepeaters attacked Bernard's pack train on August 20 at Soldier Bar on Big Creek. The train was defended by Corporal Charles B. Hardin with six troopers and the chief packer, Jake Barnes. They drove off the raiding party of ten to fifteen warriors. One private was killed.

A company of twenty Umatilla scouts led by Lieutenants Edward S. Farrow and W.C. Brown completed the campaign by negotiating the surrender of the Sheepeaters in October 1879.

First Scalp for Custer

Cody

(From Page 17)

a name which translates as Yellow Hair, so called for a blond scalp he had once taken. Yellow Hair was the son of a chief named Cut Nose, but was himself of no particular importance—that is, not until he had the questionable luck to be killed by Buffalo Bill Cody, thereby instantly becoming a legend.

As for Cody, he started the ball rolling the very next day following the incident. He wrote his wife Louisa: "We have had a fight. I killed Yellow Hand, a Cheyenne chief, in a single-handed fight. [I am going to] send the war bonnet, shield, bride [bridle], whip, arms and his scalp....I have only one scalp I can call my own: that fellow I fought single-handed in sight of our command, and the cheers that went up when he fell was deafening."

Unfortunately, Cody's parcel reached his wife before his letter. Thinking her husband had sent some fine new gift she eagerly reached inside. Upon pulling out the rancid scalp, poor Louisa fainted dead away. She later made Cody promise he would never again scalp another Indian. Yellow Hair's accoutrements, including his missing topknot, can still be seen today in the Buffalo Bill Museum at Cody, Wyoming.

Cody's famous fight was, of course, single-handed only in a loose sense; he did have some small help from the 5th Cavalry. Still, a man can be forgiven for bragging to his own wife. However, since everything he did or said was grist for the popular press, the legend overtook the truth in short order. Within a few months, Cody was treading the boards once more in a stage production titled *The Red Right Hand; or Buffalo Bill's First Scalp for Custer.* The show was a success almost everywhere Cody took it.

Sacagawea

Infant

(From Page 21)

mixture] more than ten minutes before she brought forth," Lewis happily reported.

Named Jean Baptiste Charbonneau, the cries of the healthy young boy announced the arrival of a new member of the Corps of Discovery. No one, it seemed, contemplated leaving Sacagawea and her infant son behind—when the party set out up the Missouri in April 1805, Sacagawea carried Jean Baptiste on her back in an Indian cradleboard. Nicknamed "Pomp" or "Pompey" by Clark, who developed a strong attachment to the boy, Jean Baptiste accompanied his mother on every step of her epic journey to the Pacific and back.

Mother and son both were invaluable to the expedition. As hoped, Sacagawea's services as a translator played a pivotal role in securing horses from the Shoshone. Jean Baptiste's presence also proved unexpectedly useful by helping to convince the Indians the party encountered that their intentions were peaceful—no war party, the Indians reasoned, would bring along a mother and infant.

When the Corps of Discovery returned east in 1805, Charbonneau, Sacagawea, and Jean Baptiste resumed the fur-trading life. Little is known of Sacagawea's subsequent fate, though a fur trader claimed she died of a "putrid fever" in 1812 at a Missouri River trading post. True to a promise he had made to Sacagawea during the expedition, Clark paid for Jean Baptiste's education at a St. Louis Catholic academy and became something of an adoptive father to the boy. A bright and charismatic young man, Jean Baptiste learned French, German, and Spanish, hunted with noblemen in the Black Forest of Germany, traveled in Africa, and returned to further explore the American West. He died in 1866 en route to the newly discovered gold fields of Montana.

Spiritual Indian Dances

For Native Americans in the West, the supernatural was part of everyday life and spiritual practices brought them closer to the forces that governed the world. All important decisions and activities were preceded by some ritual—prayer, sacrifice, or dance. In the hunting nations of the North, the emphasis was on animal spirits. In the agrarian South, ceremonies centered on planting and harvesting. As these traditions mixed, so did dance rituals that ensured success in hunting and farming.

Snake Dance

The desert-dwelling Hopis conducted ceremonies throughout the year to ensure sufficient rainfall. The main summertime festival lasted sixteen days, culminating in the Snake Dance. Dancers, painted red-brown, wrapped live snakes around themselves and held them in their mouths. The snakes were later thrown on a bed of cornmeal and released outside the pueblo.

The Hopi Snake Dancers wore elaborate masks representing kachinas, supernatural beings who inhabited a separate world. The Hopis and Zunis believed that kachinas entered human bodies at the winter solstice and remained until mid-

summer. Some kachina masks, with long teeth and protruding eyes, were intended to frighten naughty children.

Hopi and Zuni children learned the characteristics of different kachinas from the small, elaborate figures their fathers carved for them. Often called kachina dolls, they were treasured as religious artifacts to be handed down to one's own children.

Corn Dance

This was performed in many places, though not in California or the Northwest Coast, where corn was not grown. Some cultures performed it at harvest time, while others celebrated at planting time to guarantee the earth's renewal. In all Corn Dances, specific movements and gestures symbolized elements of earth and sky to attract the Corn Mother.

The Hidatsas and Mandans shared the Corn Dance Feast of the Women. It was believed the Old Woman Who Never Dies sent them springtime waterfowl as a symbol of the seed corn they planted. To acknowledge their debt, older women hung dried meat on poles as a sacrifice, then performed a dance while younger women fed them meat and received in return grains of sanctified corn to be included in the planting.