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The Little Balkans Review, Summer 1984

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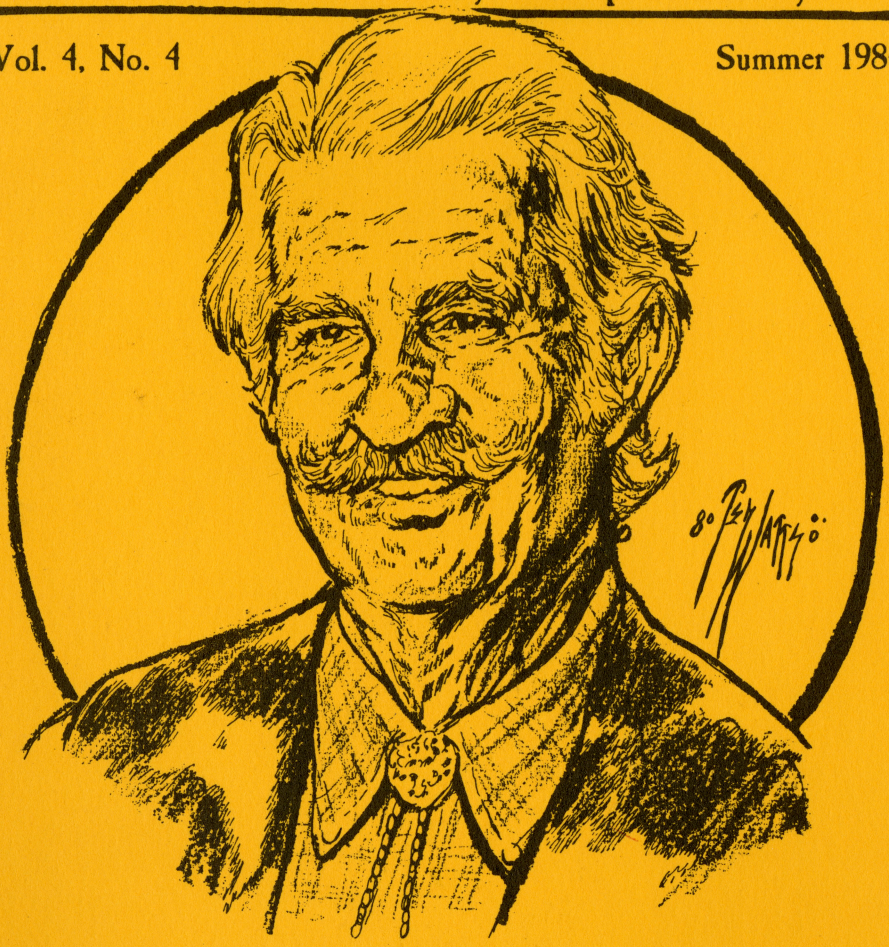
A Southeast Kansas Literary and Graphics Quarterly

Vol. 4, No. 4 Summer 1984



"Slim" Andrews

The Forty-Niner

The
Little Balkans Review

A Southeast Kansas Literary and Graphics Quarterly

Vol. 4 No. 4

Janis DeChicchio, Music Editor
Gene DeGruson, Poetry Editor
Rod Dutton, Art Editor
Shelby Horn, Fiction Editor
Kenneth Melaragno, Nonfiction Editor
Mildred Smith, Editorial Assistant

All glory comes from daring to begin.--Eugene F. Ware

Summer 1984

The Little Balkans Press, Inc.

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Pittsburg, Kansas 66762

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Slim Andrews as the ferryboat operator in the 1982 television miniseries, *The Blue and the Gray,* filmed in northwest Arkansas.

Preface

The underlying theme of this issue, the Civil War, had its genesis when George Brooker queried if the editors would be interested in an article on the Battle of Newtonia, Missouri. Once he finished the work, however, there was the very real question of what to do with it; printing it, isolated from support articles, fiction, and poems, just didn't seem right. Slowly—it took two years—related materials were solicited and garnered, and here's the result. We hope you find it enjoyable, as well as informative.

In such an issue, we knew there had to be *something* by Dudley T. Cornish, a delighting writer and lecturer, as well as an authority on the War Between the States. The story behind his story he tells masterfully in his text and notes, so we won't repeat it here. We met Anna Mary Crawford at the PAACA Creative Writing Conference at Pittsburg last fall. She, with the assistance of the Lynn County Historical Society's chief research historian, Florine Norbury, had been hard at work debunking the "fact" of General Winfield Scott's establishing a fort at Trading Post, later moved to the city which bears his name. The results of their labors we present as "In Memoriam: The Winfield Scott Legend."

Mrs. Crawford tells us that although the Kansas State Historical Society accepted the gift of the plot of ground at Trading Post, as recounted in the newspaper article which prefaces her story, a marker was never erected on the site. State historians no doubt found that there was no basis in fact for the claims made by Mr. Hall.

Wang Hui-Ming has honored us with a translation of an ancient poem dealing with the subject of war that will remain timeless as long as men can remember armed conflict. As soon as we read his poem, we knew that it had to go into this issue, as well as Raven Hail's "Wind Song." Although the wars of which they sing are far from the boundaries of time set by the Civil War, you will readily see why they have been included in this issue.

Tucked away in the corner of memory was Dr. James Ruggle's comment that he wanted to do a short article on his great-grandfather in the Civil War sometime. When a family emergency brought him to Fort Scott and Pittsburg last spring, we told him that if he could write his feature by June 1 we had the right issue to print it in. He did and we did, and now we'll all know George W. Ditmars of Chanute, who usually had two raw eggs with his whiskey every morning. (This practice is in sharp contrast to that of Civil War Surgeon William H. Warner, who stated in print that "two glasses of whiskey before breakfast are as good as a thousand." The story of the editor of the *Girard Press* is told by Kenneth L. Peak and Patrick G. O'Brien, whose book on bootlegging activities in Southeast Kansas is almost completed.)

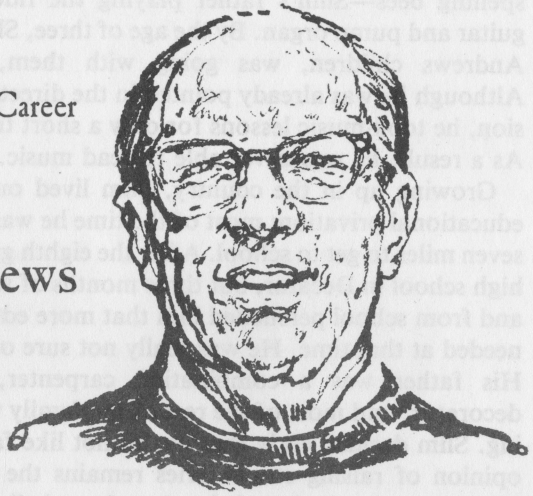
Also you will meet William C. Quantrill throughout this issue. The [in]famous guerilla raider's name was spelled various ways in the manuscripts we received. As Robert Taylor, Jr., states, "On the spelling of Quantrill with an *e:* this was deliberate, if misguided. The early biographies spelled it with the *e,* and I figured that his cohorts, if they troubled to spell his name, would use the spelling they had seen in newspapers and other contemporary accounts. But the true spelling is with an *i,* and my editor at Algonquin and I agreed after some interesting discussion to use the *i* spelling in the book (on the grounds that 99.99 per cent of readers would, if they noticed it at all, conclude that the *e* spelling was just wrong). I still kind of like the *e* spelling—after all, *Charley* wasn't his real name, either; it was William Clarke; he was a shifty character. . . ."

You'll find both new and familiar faces and names in this issue. We are now working on the four issues of Volume 5. There we will conclude the Bender story, you'll be glad to know, and the autobiography of Zula Bennington Greene. There'll be cover stories on Marcet Haldeman-Julius, Rebecca Patterson—oops, we don't want to give it all away yet. It's been a hectic year for the editors, and we've been late a couple of times, but we sincerely hope we've brought you some good reading.

The Editors

To Hollywood and Back:

The Show Business Career of "Slim" Andrews



By Walter Shear

Movie star, one-man band, country comic, pioneer in television, repertory theater actor—Slim Andrews has done it all. Tracing his career in show business is like making a survey through the popular history of entertainment in the twentieth century. Currently, most of Slim's energies are absorbed by the Fun Club, the weekly children's television show he hosts on KOAM-TV (Channel 7, Pittsburg, Kansas). Here his cowboy hat, vest, mustache, and gravelly tones serve to establish his identity as the Forty-Niner, the old timer entertaining the youngest in a new generation. As so often in his career, he is a kind of one-man gang, providing most of the music, all of the characters, all the enterviews, while setting the pace for the show.

At seventy-seven, he performs weekly. A few years ago, he was doing the show five times a week. In the midst of the confusion generated by a kids' show, he is calm, in control, very much at home. He has, after all, been doing something like this for fifty-eight years.

Slim was born Lloyd Andrews, far from show business in Gravette, Arkansas, on December 8, 1906, not that much removed from a frontier existence. His maternal grandparents came from Germany, and his mother, Norma Blau, could still speak German, Slim remembers. His paternal grandparents, Francis "France" and Sarah Andrews, homesteaded in 1886 a mile from the farm of Slim's father seven miles out of Gravette, Arkansas.

The last of seven children, Slim was originally a twin, but his brother died at the age of one. Both parents were amateur musicians and provided entertainments for local pie suppers, candy pulls, and spelling bees—Slim's father playing the fiddle and his mother the guitar and pump organ. By the age of three, Slim, along with the other Andrews children, was going with them, playing the triangle. Although he was already pointed in the direction of his future profession, he took music lessons for only a short time, when he was seven. As a result, he was never able to read music.

Growing up in the country, Slim lived out the frequent story of educational privation; most of the time he was forced to walk three to seven miles to get to school. After the eighth grade, he decided to go to high school in Decatur, but three months of walking fourteen miles to and from school persuaded him that more education was not what he needed at that time. He was really not sure of what he wanted to do. His father was a combination carpenter, painter, and interior decorator, and most of the rest of the family was occupied with farming. Slim decided early that he did not like farm life. To this day his opinion of raising strawberries remains the same—"Who wouldn't hate it, running in those briars barefooted all day. I was glad to get off that farm. Yes, sir, glad." By the time he was a young man, he was already casting his eyes about for another opportunity, which when it came was an abrupt surprise.

Young Andrews bought himself a car, a Model-T, and, thinking he wanted something a little different, souped it up into an early-day version of a hot rod. Rebuilt, it had a different look to it and would whip around country roads at surprising speeds—or so the girls said. It attracted attention, positive and negative, of several people in the area. One night, while it was parked on the Main Street of Decatur, it caught the eye of Watso, the Musical Wizard. Watso, otherwise known as Earl Watson, owned a traveling show, and when he saw that car, he saw a potential advertising gimmick. When he sought out the driver, Watso had little trouble persuading nineteen-year-old Slim Andrews to try his luck in show business.

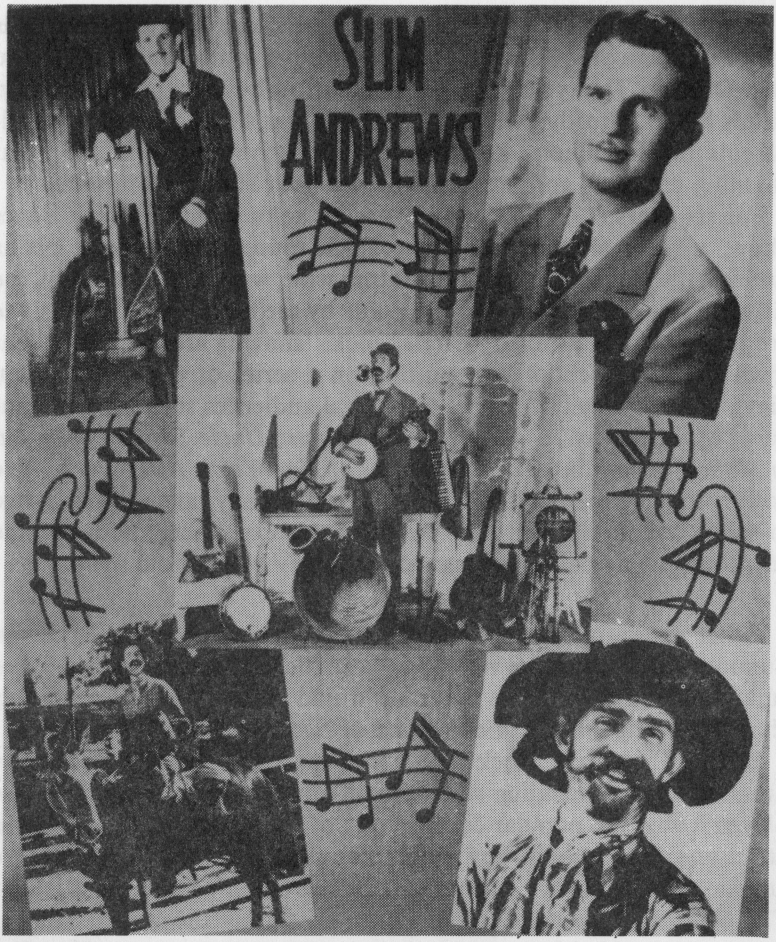
It seemed a good decision from the beginning. Slim recalls, "Earl could play all kinds of musical instruments, and he made a lot of his own. He taught me to play a lot of them. I could already play several regular instruments, and this just added to my abilities." Slim believes that at one time or another he has played over one hundred musical instruments *(instruments* here defined as anything from which you can make sounds resembling music). His standard repertoire includes banjo, violin, piano, accordian, harp, clarinet, organ, and trombone.

It was in 1925 that the troup began a year's tour of one-night stands that took them along the Gulf Coast, through south Alabama, and to New Orleans. That year with Watso put show business permanently in Slim's blood. Shortly afterward, when he was staying with his grandparents in Vermillion, Kansas, he played town halls in the area, charging ten cents and presenting a two-hour show by himself.

For six years (1927-1933), Slim was an actor with the Chick Boyes Show, a repertory tent company which toured the Midwest plains states in the summer. Lucille, his future wife, was the leading lady, the girl who was always kissed at the finale by the hero. In the winter, the group did what was called "Circle Stock," moving around a fourteen-town circuit by school bus, putting on a series of plays. For seven nights a week they brought to provincial audiences such theater standards of the day as *Ten Nights in a Barroom, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Up in Mabel's Room,* and *The Sidewalks of New York.* After paying five dollars for the town hall, the group would usually take in twenty-five to thirty dollars a night. As a result of this experience, Slim became adept at playing parts ranging from country boys to old men.

Other entertainment possibilities were opening up in the Midwest. Summer tent shows were very popular in the increasingly sophisticated small towns. For ten cents the troup would present a two-hour variety show featuring a band, a comedian or two, songs, and dancing.

During the Circle Stock days, Slim managed to learn about five hundred songs, including some one hundred comedy songs. He also played Toby, the popular comedy role of the Midwest. Toby was the green-as-grass country boy who, though he seemed no match for anyone, would always end up getting the better of the city slickers. *The Oxford Companion to the Theatre* describes the typical Toby as having a "freckled face and blacked-out front tooth."[1] He often wore a "rumpled red wig, battered hat, calico shirt, baggy jeans, and large ill-fitting boots and shoes." Improvisation was built into the role. Use of topical ad libs and gyrations, such as glides, splits, pratt-falls, and rubber-legs, were all part of Toby's routine and he often wandered into the audience to carry on his fun. For rural audiences, who often referred to the tent shows as Toby shows, the role provided a distancing from a less sophisticated past with its broad comedy and with its dramatic triumphs a final identification with a culture whose simple goodness would enable it to enjoy an ultimate victory. For the man who had this role, it was a way of having fun by doing any and every kind of broad comedy. For Slim it was an experience that gave him both a comic repertoire and a fondness for an immediate relationship to an audience. Despite his later experience in motion pictures



and television, he would always prefer the personal appearance format.

In 1929 Slim married the Arkansas girl, Lucille Kinsey, whom he had met in the theater. During the Depression of the 1930s, the couple was seldom without work. Slim had early reasoned that anyone who could both play an instrument and act on the stage could usually find a job. In the early '30s, however, he made what he later considered his worst professional decision—joining a dance band which was touring the West. Suddenly times got tougher than they had ever imagined possible, and they found themselves stranded in Idaho with four feet of snow, a temperature of about minus thirty-six degrees, and nowhere to play. They were soon down to their last dime. Lucille told him to get two hamburgers.

Finally, the weather cleared, the band got a dance date in Indian Valley, and the Andrews were suddenly feeling rich, making sixteen dollars a week. The audience was as colorful as the entertainment, for some of the cowboys had to check their guns at the door.

Later in the '30s Slim played with Davis Brunk Comedians, with the Harley Sadler Players in Texas, and did permanent stock in Des Moines, Iowa. Touring with the tent shows had the disadvantage of constant movement from small town to small town, but it provided an income of fifty to sixty dollars a week, not a bad sum in the 1930s. And the audiences, for the most part, were enthusiastic. It was while he was working as a comedian in a show in Monticello, Arkansas, that Slim first met Tex Ritter. By coincidence Tex was in the same Arkansas town with his show and wondering why his crowds weren't as large as they usually were. The reason was the tent show, somebody told him; so Tex went down to see his competition.

What impressed Tex mainly was comic Slim Andrews—so much so that he went back to meet Slim and invited him, if he were ever in Los Angeles, to contact him. Although Tex starred in many movies and also developed an excellent reputation in the country music field, the remark was of but passing significance to Slim. Andrews had not considered the movies, although he was naturally pleased with the possibility of an alternative to the road shows. The traveling still held an attraction to Slim because of the variety of activities possible: summer theater, entertaining on a showboat in Baltimore, etc.

Some time later, inspired by a particularly cold winter in Des Moines, Slim one day blurted out to Lucille, "Let's go to California and get in the movies.""Are you crazy?" she replied. With about fifty dollars to their name, they loaded all their possessions into their 1938 Ford and headed for California. When they arrived, on January 1, 1940, Slim thought it "looked like paradise."

II

The classic movie book, *The Western,* features (on page 215) a photograph of three representative figures from the old Western movies. Decked with with wide-brimmed ten-gallon hat, wide gun belt, plaid cotton shirt, elaborately stitched vest, jeans, and boots is Tex Ritter, hero of *Arizona Frontier* (1940). Beside him in large headdress, buckskin shirt and pants with leather frills is the Indian, an actor better known as one of America's greatest athletes, Jim Thorpe. On Thorpe's other side, in coonskin cap, plainer buckskins, leaning on a rifle is the hero's sidekick, Slim Andrews. Tex is pointing out an

object of interest to the other two, and all three—cowboy, Indian, and sidekick—seem ready to reenact their roles in the most popular medium of Western history, the motion picture.

It was through Tex Ritter that Slim became involved in his first and some of his finest movie roles. Yet, like a good many important events in Slim's life, his movie career almost never happened. A good deal of time had elapsed since Tex met Slim in Monticello, and when he introduced himself over the phone his name rang no bells with Tex. After an extremely discouraging moment and a little coaxing of the memory, Slim finally succeeded in reminding Tex of the Arkansas experience and what he had said."Where you been?" Tex finally asked."I been looking for you," Slim replied.

Unfortunately, by this time Tex had a movie comedian, but nonetheless he went ahead to set up an audition for Slim at his home. It did not go at all well. The audience was impressed by his one-man band routine, but did not understand his brand of humor. A key movie producer thought he simply wasn't funny. Almost as quickly as it had appeared, the movie opportunity seemed ended.

Never one to put all his eggs in one basket, Slim had, in the meantime, hustled up a job at the Strand Theatre in Los Angeles. Here, all week long, his comedy act was one of the hits of the show. When Slim tells about it, he smiles: "I went over real big." Again Tex saw Slim perform; again he was impressed—and soon returned with a producer, Ed Finney of Monogram Studios. This time there was no doubt. Heavy rains had drenched southern California and the theater dressing rooms were in fact slightly flooded. But Andrews remembers fondly how Tex and Finney stood in water up to their ankles deciding that they wanted Slim as the comic sidekick in Tex's forthcoming movie.

Undoubtedly, the idea of a hero with a comic sidekick began with Cervantes' classic pairing: Don Quixote, the apprentice knight, and Sancho Panza, his faithful squire. In one of the earliest versions of the American Western, James Fenimore Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales*, Natty Bumppo—the hero—is matched with a series of Indian companions. And as popular historian Kathryn C. Esselman notes, the first "authentic" Western hero, Buffalo Bill, frequently appeared with a sidekick, "his pal, Texas Jack Omohundro."[2] The sidekick role, which was soon a standard part of many Westerns, served as a counterpoint to the spectacular action of the hero and provided plenty of possibilities for character development and freedom to work in a good deal of comic business. A number of actors—Andy Devine, Walter Brennan, Slim Pickens, Chill Wills—used this kind of role to move on to other character parts.

Front row, left to right: Unidentified, "Arkansas Slim" Andrews, Edward Finney, producer of *The Pioneers* (1941) and other Tex Ritter movies at Monogram; back row: Doye O'Dell, Red Foley, Chief Many Treaties, Tex Ritter, Lulabelle and Scotty.

Western fans of the so-called "B" films—many of whom will always think of these as the *real* Western movies—have their own pantheon of cowboy sidekicks—Gabby Hayes, Smiley Burnette, Pat Buttram, Al St. John, Fuzzy Knight, Andy Clyde, Dub Taylor, Raymond Hatton, and Max "Alibi" Terhune. Usually they supplied comic relief for the audience, as well as assisting in the apprehension of the gang of villains, and while they were sometimes inept in dealing with the bad guys, they were obviously good-hearted, on the side of justice, and at crucial moments would turn the momentum of the action back to the good guys. In many cases the comic sidekick would make a series of films with a particular hero and thus become identified in the mind of the public as a pair: Roy Rogers and Gabby Hayes, Gene Autry and Smiley Burnette, Johnny Mack Brown and Raymond Hatton, Charles Starrett and Dub Taylor, William Boyd (Hopalong Cassidy) and Andy Clyde. Add to these Tex Ritter and Slim Andrews.

By the time Slim got into the B Western business in the 1940s most of the conventions of form and role had already been established. Producers at Monogram, Republic, RKO, and Columbia had discovered in the 1930s that a good deal of money could be made by sticking to a standardized format, holding down expenses, and

shooting the film rapidly. B film production costs in the 1940s ran from $35,000 to $250,000 per picture and they were literally turned out by the hundreds.[3] (By contrast only twenty-three Westerns were released in 1961 and sixteen in 1962.)[4] In most of Slim's films the entire picture was shot in five days. Work would begin at daylight, continue all day, and—after a shift to indoor sets—even well into the night, some companies managing to shoot as many as sixty-seven scenes in a working day.[5]

Such mass production techniques made it a confusing kind of business. Typically Slim would look over the whole script so as to have an idea of the film and of his role, and then he would move rapidly through a series of scenes which were shot in a sequence other than that of the script. Often the first three days of a picture were shot silently and featured mainly long shots and the chases which were—and still are (with cars taking the place of horses)—such a standard part of motion picture technique. Later the dialogue for many of these scenes was dubbed in a studio. Actors were expected to have lines memorized. Since the directors of the B Westerns were under pressure to do every scene in one take, they had little patience (and a sizzling vocabulary) for anyone who flubbed dialogue. But if you had had some experience, the job could be simple. For Slim, "It wasn't hard a'tall. They would have you say a few lines, shoot it, and that would be it." Sometimes the actors were rushed from one setup to another, but Slim can also recall what seemed like hours sitting around rereading scenes while waiting for the next scene to be set up.

As Tex Ritter had guessed, Slim's background in show business as actor, comic, and musician made him just right for the role of the comic sidekick. Tall and thin in appearance, he soon became Arkansas Slim, friend, companion, and chief assistant to Tex. In their first movie, *Rhythm of the Rio Grande* (released by Monogram on March 2, 1940), Slim played a one-man band and introduced Tex to the audience. He had only a few lines in the show, but producers liked him well enough to inaugurate a series of films with Ritter. In the first of these, *Pals of the Silver Sage,* he received the name that stuck with him throughout the series: Slim Hunk a Pillar.

In the eyes of some movie people, Slim had two physical problems. First, he had been born with a double harelip, which corrective surgery remedied at an early age, but had left him with a scar. He recalled his classmates laughed at that scar, but, except for an inability to play the trumpet, it had never been a barrier to his musicianship. In Hollywood, however, he was requested to grow a mustache, a feature he has kept ever since.

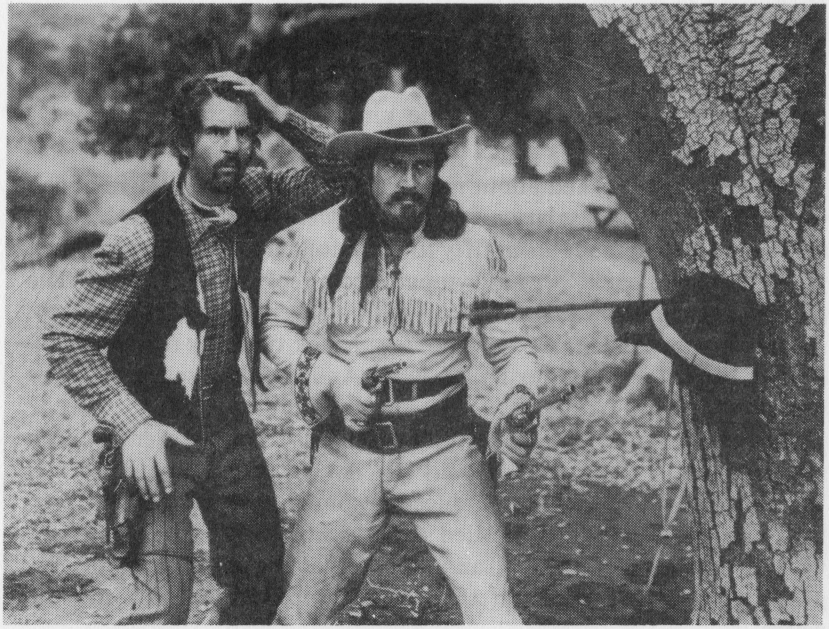
The second problem was that at six feet, four inches, Slim towered over several of filmdom's cowboy heroes. Tex was never bothered by Slim's height as were Tom Keene and Don "Red" Barry. "Barry refused to be in a scene with me unless one of us was seated," Andrews remembers.

Since he hadn't asked about money, Slim was slightly taken aback when his first week's salary came to only twenty-five dollars. He told the people he had made from fifty to sixty dollars in tent shows. "Then you'd better go back" was as sympathetic a reply as he received. The second week, however, found Slim with a seventy-five dollar salary. As his parts expanded, the new movie sidekick typically received $250 a week, which still only equalled what Andrews had made when he was on tour.

As a comedian in the movies, Slim could use some earlier slapstick material and was permitted to ad lib. An invariable chore for a B Western comic was a plunge, induced in some humorous fashion, into the watering trough. Slim recalled seeing a movie in which Dub Taylor walked past a horse trough, announced that sooner or later he was going to end up there, and then belly-flopped resignedly into the water.

Another idea of what would be interesting and funny to an audience—one that appealed more to Slim—was making music out of ordinary objects. The cowboy comic musician would often play rubber gloves, cowbells, glasses, saws, tire pumps, washboards, and even funnels. Slim also developed some expertise on a fishing pole, an old can with fiddle strings attached to it, or a screen door spring. Such apparatus was also frequently a part of his act in his personal appearances. He often billed himself as the one-man band or the man who could make music out of anything.

In 1940 and 1941 Slim made ten movies with Tex, a partnership interrupted when Columbia decided to do a series that paired two cowboy heroes, Bill Elliot and Tex Ritter. Thereafter he did a series of pictures with Tom Keene, Red Barry, Gene Autry, Bob Wills, and Red Foley. The majority of his films were B Westerns; most were made for Monogram and were shot at the company's ranch (although he was on location for seven pictures in Prescott, Arizona). Most of the time he was the sidekick, always riding his favorite mule, Josephine. Because he did very little gun handling and was away from the serious action, he never suffered any serious injury while working in the movies. "Once I got sick smoking a cigar, and once I sprained an ankle when I was hanging onto Josephine's tail," Slim says. "I never got killed in any movie scene, but I was shot in the arm a few times."



"Arkansas Slim" Andrews and Clayton Moore, sans mask, are surprised by an arrow in *Buffalo Bill in Tomahawk Territory,* 1952.

In *Buffalo Bill in Tomahawk Territory* (1952), the last Western Andrews made, he was the sidekick of Clayton Moore, who briefly abandoned his role as the Lone Ranger. Slim was involved in two comic horror films with Bela Lugosi and the East Side Kids. He even appeared with Jerry Colona in *Kentucky Jubilee,* and in two films with Lum and Abner, then extremely popular country comics. In one he played the part of an Arkansas mountaineer and volunteer fireman. According to Slim, "There was a fire and we went looking for it and we got way out there in the country and it was dark. We had to strike a match to try to find the fire."

His favorite film, the one in which he had the best part, was *Take Me Back to Oklahoma* with Bob Wills. "I got to sing a song for a change."

III

With World War II underway, Slim began touring once more, this time with groups of entertainers led by prominent stars, such as Bing Crosby, who were heading up shows for U.S. servicemen. Crosby also had a weekly radio series and tried to get Slim onto the airways, but

the executives thought country humor had already reached its potential. At this time Slim was also touring the United States and Europe with Tex Ritter, with whom he maintained close contact.

Upon Slim's return from England, he decided to try a new show business experience, one which gave him no pay—just free first class passage: entertaining on an ocean liner. The other entertainers on the ship had no real idea of what Slim's act was. It turned out to be a surprise for everyone. After the audience had been treated to a violin solo of classical music, Andrews rushed onto the stage with six-guns blazing. The master of ceremonies was momentarily so confused that he thought Slim was a madman come to kill him. Slim was supposed to be on stage for eight minutes, but had enough excitement in him to entertain for half an hour. "It kind of woke 'em up."

Touring, however, was a taxing existence. Fortunately about this time a new entertainment medium was opening up: television.

In 1950 a friend of Slim's, Doyle O'Dell, asked him to come on a children's show on Los Angeles television station KTLA. The show was a success and Slim worked it for three years. Then, conveniently, another friend, Dave Stognew, invited him to Fresno, California, to do the same type of show there. They mulled over a new stage name—Arkansas Slim not seeming quite right for Fresno. "Why," said one of the station people, "he looks just like a forty-niner." Slim liked it, and the name not only lasted for his ten years at Fresno, it remains his television identity.

When the Fresno station changed hands, he left California and came back again to see the region where he had grown up. Talking with his brother-in-law, Slim mentioned that he really needed another job before retiring. "So he took me over to Pittsburg and durn if they didn't hire me," Slim recalls. For twelve years—from 1963 until 1975—he did the Fun Club for KOAM-TV five days a week, a live show taped at 11:30 for broadcast at 4:30. Since 1975 he has done the show once a week. Andrews finds no difficulty with the abbreviated schedule and a taped show as opposed to a live show. With a live show—especially one with children—one is never sure exactly what will be broadcast. Slim recalls, "When television was live, I was talking to a little girl who had freckles. Well, I asked her where freckles came from and she said, 'Cow poop'."

In 1982 Slim noticed in the local newspaper that a television miniseries, *The Blue and the Gray,* was going to be shot in northwest Arkansas. It sounded interesting and a bit chancy, but he said to himself, "If you never try, you never know." He was more than a little discouraged when he saw about five hundred people lined up for testing, but he found a short cut to the producer, Harry Thomasson,

and was soon in a reading audition. Two months later he was offered the role of the ferryboat operator in the series. When it came time for his scene, he removed his false teeth (and subsequently almost lost them), used a high crackily voice, and began to feel right at home in front of the cameras again. On seeing him without his false teeth, the people on the camera boat shouted, "Turn that hat down, Slim. You look like Gabby Hayes." It was as though he had made another circle in show business, back to the movies. When the series ran, millions of people saw Slim Andrews as the old frontiersman—undoubtedly more than had viewed him in all the rest of his career.

Slim says he has been accused in the past of being too pessimistic about life, but now his philosophy is "enjoy life as it comes." He is still married to Lucille—soon they will celebrate their fifty-fifth anniversary—and she is still "the apple of my eye." They have one son, John Andrews, a free lance actor in Hollywood.

Show business is always a life of extremes and uncertainties, but for Slim Andrews the great variety seems to have evened itself out. Moving from Gravette to Gravette, he has worked in the entertainment industry in many roles, but always as the same multi-talented small town fellow. In July 1983 he was a guest at a three-day Western film festival in Charlotte, North Carolina, but now his personal appearances are rare. Even though his activities have tapered off, he is

still the entertainer, out there on stage or in front of a camera working hard so that his audience can have a little more fun in their lives. "I'd do it all over again the same way," he says.

He means it.

Notes

1. *The Oxford Companion to the Theatre,* ed. Phyllis Hartnoll, 3rd ed. (London: Oxford University Press, 1967), p. 949.
2. "From Camelot to Monument Valley: Dramatic Origins of the Western Film," in *Focus on the Western,* ed. Jack Nachbar (Englewood Cliff, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1974), p. 16.
3. "Horse Opera," *Life,* Oct. 7, 1946, p. 93.
4. Les Adams and Buck Rainey, *Shoot-Em-Ups: The Complete Reference Guide to Westerns of the Sound Era* (New Rochelle, N.Y.: Arlington House, 1978), p. 488.
5. "Horse Opera," p. 95.

Selected Filmography of Slim Andrews

Note: Unless otherwise signified, films were produced by Monogram

With Tex Ritter:
Rhythm of the Rio Grande, March 2, 1940 (53 min.)
Pals of the Silver Sage, April 22, 1940 (52 min.)
The Cowboy from Sundown, May 9, 1940 (58 min.)
The Golden Trail, July 8, 1940 (52 min.)
Rainbow over the Range, July 8, 1940 (60 min.)
Arizona Frontier, Aug. 19, 1940 (60 min.)
Rollin' Home to Texas, Dec. 30, 1940 (63 min.)
Ridin' the Cherokee Trail, Feb. 25, 1941 (62 min.)

With Tex Ritter and Bob Wills:
Take Me Back to Oklahoma, Nov. 11, 1940 (57 min.)

With Tex Ritter and Red Foley:
The Pioneers, May 10, 1941 (58 min.)

With Tom Keene:
Wanderers of the West, July 25, 1941 (58 min.)
Dynamite Canyon, Aug. 8, 1941 (58 min.)
The Driftin' Kid, Oct. 17, 1941 (56 min.)
Riding the Sunset Trail, Oct. 31, 1941 (56 min.)
The Lone Rider and the Bandit, PRC, Jan. 16, 1942 (54 min.)

With Gene Autry:
Cowboy Serenade, Republic, Jan. 30, 1942 (66 min.)

With Don "Red" Barry:
The Cyclone Kid, Republic, May 31, 1942 (57 min.)
The Sombrero Kid, Republic, July 31, 1942 (56 min.)

With Clayton Moore:
Buffalo Bill in Tomahawk Territory, Schwarz Productions/United Artists, Feb. 8, 1952 (66 min.)

Glory Hallelujah!

A Music Lesson
By Janis DeChicchio

Okay, sixth graders. Remember that word we started the year with?

Respect!

Right. Some of you remembered. I realize that it's the last week of school, but we are still going to have manners here in music class. I'm sure no one needs to be reminded that if you're sent back to the room you might as well just keep on going to the principal's office.

I'm going to let you make the song choices for the rest of the period. Kelley, I saw your hand first. What page?

Page two seventy-eight.

Page two-seven-eight. First one who can tell me the title, raise his or her hand. Scott?

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Great. One of my favorites. Everyone got the page? Before we begin, Darren, tell me the key and the time signature.

It's in 4/4 and it's in the key of C.

Good for you, Darren. Now everyone sit up straight. One, two, ready, sing.

Glory. Glory. Hallelujah!

(Teacher hit me with a ruler)

All right! Apparently someone in here wasn't reading the words on the page! This is one song, kids, that is just too great to mess up. Anybody know who wrote it?

Beethoven.

No. No. He wrote the Twelfth Symphony, *you idiot.*

[Where did I go wrong?] No, it wasn't Beethoven, Misty. He wrote the famous *Fifth Symphony.* This song really does have a fascinating story behind it. My voice teacher says . . .

You still have to take music lessons?

More than ever! She said that there is only one thing a good musician needs to know and that is *everything!*

You can't *know everything.*

Maybe not, Kristi, but you can try. I found this story when I was researching "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" for a performance.

Right before the Civil War began, there was a man from Kansas named John Brown. He felt he had been sent by God to end slavery and to stop the growing split in our Union between the Yankees and the Confederates.

You mean like the Dukes of Hazard?

Not exactly, Todd. John Brown was fired up with what he called the wrath of God and led a bloody raid against a group of slavers in 1859 at Harper's Ferry. He was caught and hung for his actions.

With times and tensions the way they were, the Northerners made John Brown a martyr and soon Yankee soldiers were singing, "John Brown's body lay a moulderin' in the grave, But his soul goes marching on."

Hey! That's the same tune as the "Battle Hymn."

Give the kid a gold star! Keep that thought and put it on your back burner.

Meanwhile there was a woman named Harriet Ward Howe, who, along with her husband Samuel, was deeply committed to the idea of ending human slavery. Mrs. Howe was quite a lady: she was a writer and a poet and one of the first champions of women's rights.

A women's libber, huh?

Well, Brandon, we called them suffragettes.

As you can see, she was interested in the rights of *all* people.

During the early years of the war, in 1861 to be precise, she and her husband were asked to accompany President Lincoln and a group of dignitaries to review the Union troops on the outskirts of Washington, D.C. There, on the other side of the Potomac, were the twinkling campfires of Confederate soldiers.

It's hard to imagine, but it was as if the President's party were on a sight-seeing excursion, but the soldiers were as real as the war they were fighting.

Julia Ward Howe, 1861.

To pass the time on the long carriage ride, Mrs. Howe and her companions began singing familiar war songs. They inevitably concluded with "John Brown's Body," and as they passed Yankee soldiers along the road, they were joined in the familiar fighting song. One of the President's friends, the Rev. Samuel Clark, remarked, "It's a pity you can't write more appropriate words to such a fine, spirited tune, Mrs. Howe."

This statement set her thoughts in motion. It had always bothered Mrs. Howe a great deal that she couldn't contribute more to the war effort. Her husband was too old to fight and her son was too young. What could she, a mere woman, do?

These thoughts disturbed her as she went to bed that night. In the dusk before daylight, she awoke, and words began twining themselves together in her head. She jumped out of bed and found an old stub of a pen. Lines tumbled one after another onto the paper until all the verses so familiar to us were completed.

Because the finished poem came so easily, she felt God had inspired her and that surely this was a sign that He was on the Yankee's side.

She sent her poem to the *Atlantic Monthly,* where it was published in 1862. Very soon after that the Northern soldiers began singing Julia Ward Howe's words to the tune of their old favorite.

Now with all this in mind, let's sing the "Battle Hymn" once more. One, two, ready, sing.

Glory. Glory. Hallelujah.

(Teacher hit me with a ruler)

Craig, straight to the principal's office. **NOW!**

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

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VOL. IX.—FEBRUARY, 1862.—NO. LII.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

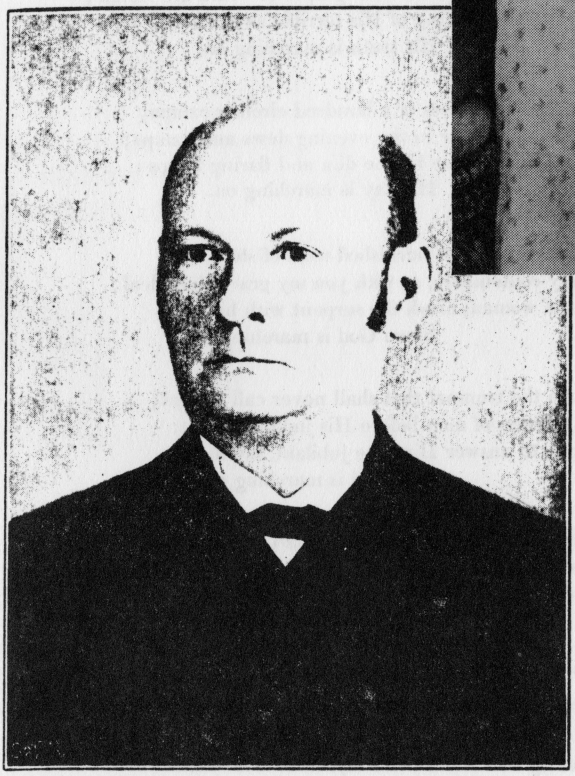
In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

The first printing of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Cole Younger, 1881

Belle Starr, 1889



Coleman Younger, 1906

The Revealed Life of Cole Younger

By Robert Taylor, Jr.

The Courtship of the Bandit Queen

In Prison, Cole is brought word of Belle Starr's death. Down in the Indian Territory she has been killed by a couple of shotgun blasts. The messenger, a reporter who expects a story, watches Cole eagerly, pencil and pad in hand. Cole stands, clears his throat, takes a deep breath, looks absent-mindedly out the small window of his cell where a guard, stubble on his chin silvery in the dim lamplight, looks back in and smiles feebly. Yes, says Cole, I knew the lady slightly, but that was long ago.

The Death of His Father

He sees this as the "key event" in his life, though he does not use precisely this phrase in describing it. He speaks to the guard often on this matter. It was July of 1862, he says, when it happened. He was killed by Captain Irwin Walley's band of marauders and robbed of five hundred dollars. He, Cole, had been riding with Quantrill against the Kansas redlegs. That is what we called them, he says, the *redlegs.* He does not know the origin of the term. Some, he believes, called them jayhawkers, but he always said redlegs. He loved his father. He respected him. We were always a close family, he says. That's all I'm going to say on the subject.

Missouri in Those Days

Cole, says Watkins the guard, what I don't understand is how it was in those times. I grew up in Illinois, you see, son of a dirt farmer.

Ain't nothing wrong with being a dirt farmer. A respectable, honest way to make a living. There's a lot worse than dirt farming.

Was it wild back then?

Wild? Wild? Some would say it was wild. Yes, they would.

And you? What was it like for you?

I'd rather not say.

On Drinking

I don't touch the stuff myself. It's poison. Others might disagree with me. That is their right.

What about Jesse. Did Jesse drink a lot? Was he "in his cups" on some of those raids?

To the best of my knowledge, Jesse did not drink. He was definitely not a drinking man.

And Frank? What about his brother Frank?

The same. These boys were the sons of a preacher and raised right. I never knew them well however.

On the Scout

He remembers the long hot days in the saddle, the gnats, the horseflies, the way the air clings to your shirt, the monotonous flapping of the holster against your hip. He'd just as soon be elsewhere, yes, indeed. Jesse's jokes soon wear thin. Parmer has the vocabulary of a tree toad. Charley Pitts comes to resemble a hog. If Frank quotes from *Julius Caesar* one more time he feels that he will "lose his beans." It is better when he is by himself. Then he lets his mind wander. Remembers the good old days. Remembers Belle. Belle belonged in the Nations, far away from them that would civilize the daylights out of her, her with them little round bird eyes, that hawk nose, hair dark as a Indian's, hands strong as many a man's. He wonders, besieged by the inquiring ladies of Northfield, whatever become of her. But he wouldn't care to be on the scout again, no.

What Become of Charley Pitts

Watkins tells Cole what become of Charley Pitts. They cut off his ear, he says, and put it on display in Northfield. A Doctor got the rest of him, soaked the skeleton in a pond for darn near a year just so's the bones'd get good and white. Then hung old Charley up in his office. Good for the business.

Crazy, Cole says, the things people will do.

With Charley Quantrill in Lawrence

It wasn't so bad as people said, Cole says. You have got to remember what old Jim Lane and his redlegs had been up to in Missouri, raiding people's homes and robbing and looting and burning. There are the Times to be taken into consideration. We killed, sure, maybe two hundred on that raid. Took the town by surprise. That was always Quantrill's way, you see. Take them by surprise. But remember: we didn't harm the hair on the head of a single female. No, sir. And we was provoked too!

Hiding out in Caves

Cole gets a laugh at this one. We had no use for caves, he says, not when we had the cash to spend on hotels. Give me a hotel any day over a cave. The bed's better.

His Brother's Suicide

He doesn't know how to explain this. He hates to see men die and has himself long made it a practice to avoid death. In prison he notes Jim's strangeness, the wild look in his eyes, the talk of a "workers' revolution" that will right all wrongs, the slouch, the way he has of sneering when he looks at you across the supper table. Why, he looks like a wolf, just as crafty and haggard! Charley Pitts, Jim says, we're all like Charley Pitts. The captialists'll find a way to make a profit off of us. That's the way it is.

Compassion

In prison he becomes a nurse, in fact the head nurse. He washes the men's wounds, gives them what comfort he can. His brother Bob dies, while in prison, from his shot-up lungs, and the event moves Cole to a steely resolve. If I can prevent a needless death, he tells himself, I will do it. Jim laughs. There's no saving them, he tells Cole. They're going to pick us all to pieces just like they did Charley Pitts. Cole begs to differ. You do what you have to do, what you *can* do!

Prison Visitors from the St. Paul Women's Club

The ladies are permitted to call on him in the library, where he has for some time been head librarian. He looks up from his desk to see four dark-gowned, veiled, silk-gloved, ostrich-feathered figures bearing down upon him. One of them, her plumes quivering, cheeks reddening, announces the purpose of their mission. It is to hold an interview with him.

He assumes they have the permission of the Warden.

He stands, takes off his wide-brimmed hat.

Please be seated, ladies. If the Warden says it's okay, then it's okay by me.

They ask about his feelings when his father was killed by the redlegs. They wonder if his mother ever spoke of joining the "cause." Was it true that he saved many lives during the raid on Lawrence. This Captain Quantrill, they wonder, was he the ladies' man they say he was. What a lot of questions!

The Death of Belle Starr

Oh, yes, he reckons he knew her all right. My God, how he knew her! His Belle! He has a keen memory of her skin, feels it right at the tips of his fingers at the most inopportune times, while lettering the spine of a book, while thumbing through its pages in search of telltale marks. It's distracting, downright distracting. She was Belle Shirley then. It was Texas. Scyene.

Her daddy fled here from Missouri during the conflict. Good stock, the Shirleys, none better, Belle the best of the lot, hot-blooded and clean of limb. A fine rider. A keen shot. And when you touch her just right, just so—Lordy have mercy!

Revisiting the Scene of His Birth and Childhood

He is a big man yet, and retains some of his youthful charm, but when he steps down from the buggy his shoulders suddenly seem to slump and the sunlight flashes so bright that his bald head gleams. Are you sure, he asks us, that this is the place?

Cole, you have to remember that you've been away over twenty-five years.

He looks around, squinting. Everything, he says, was so different then.

The Outlaw Mentality

Look, Cole says, no man alive could possibly have done all that I am accused of. I am a peace-loving man at heart, like everybody else. I'm of a loving and peaceful disposition.

Caddo Gap, Arkansas

While hiding out in the Ozarks, Cole happens to meet an eye-doctor, one of the traveling kind, all his equipment in a wagon. The man is friendly enough, but Cole quickly perceives that he is a thief, taking advantage of the gullible hill folk. They don't know no better, the man says. You mean, Cole asks, that these glasses you sell to them are no good? Why, no, says the man, just that they ain't quite as good as I make 'em out to be, you see. I see, says Cole, and are they good enough to give away? The man looks puzzled. Why, yes, he says. I reckon they is plenty good enough for *that!* Well, then, says Cole, I reckon that's what we'll do. Now the man is genuinely flustered. Here is this calm, smooth-talking stranger, too hefty to pick a fight with, telling him to give away his product, if, that is, he understands him correctly.

You do, Cole says. Now you clear out of here and leave that wagon with me. I can see you're too skittish for this business. I'll take over for you.

That is how Cole became an eye-doctor in Arkansas for two weeks. When the glasses did no good, his patients must wash out their eyes every evening with sassafras tea, a remedy he has from his mother back in Missouri.

Asked about the truth in this story, Cole just grins, says he doesn't recollect ever being in Arkansas.

Dime Novels

Cole comes across these now and then. Yes, he says, it amazes him sometimes what people will read for entertainment. You'd think they'd want the truth, but no, they like these potboiler stories that tell about the daring James-Younger gang and their narrow escapes, make it all sound like a lot of fun.

Mr. Younger, the ladies ask, do you regret leading the life you led?

Yes, ma'am, he says. I'd take it all back in a minute. I regret just about all of it, yes. I'd do most everything different if I had another chance. Ladies, I am overcome with regret.

His Brother's Suicide

We had been out of prison only a few months, you see. Twenty-five years in that place! Maybe it was just too much for him. Things had changed, you know. We wasn't allowed to leave Minnesota and so had to take whatever job we could get. We hired out as salesmen. A man wanted us to travel about the state persuading folks they had best buy their tombstones now, because sure as heck no one was going to buy one for them later! It helps to make jokes, the man told us. And we wasn't to call them "tombstones" but say "memorials." Jim never took to this, I reckon, though I liked it well enough all right. At least you were in the out-of-doors, and it was honest work, and folks was friendly even if they didn't agree that they needed a stone. But Jim, he's always having bad luck. A horse knocked him over and he took to bed, holed up in a hotel in St. Paul. I hired out as a police detective, and the next thing I knew, Jim was dead, shot by his own hand. I had him shipped back to Missouri then, and he's buried in the family plot.

Charley Quantrill

There is a reunion of Quantrill's men once a year. When Cole's pardon is made unconditional, he returns to Missouri and attends one of these picnics. He doesn't remember the men who attend, though several greet him as though they are long-lost friends. They exchange memories, these men. What became of Bob, they ask, what happened to Jim. He stands in the midst of them, trying to place their faces. But only the framed portrait of Captain Quantrill looks familiar to him. He can see Quantrill as clearly as though the man paraded before the old rebel guerillas on his shining black charger, once again urging them to take up arms in defense of "your women, your

homes, all you hold most dear." A dark-eyed, smiling man, tall and of slender build. Looked like a schoolteacher.

The Cole Younger-Frank James Wild West Show

It was a lulu while it lasted. One hundred and twenty riders: cowboys, Indians, and Cossacks. Frank, thinner by far than he used to be and stoop-shouldered, rides and shoots to the delight of the crowd, but Cole, prohibited in the terms of his parole from exhibiting himself for profit, only strolls around the arena in a black top hat and tails, now and then returning the inevitable greetings from small children and old men. They may look at him if they wish, but he will not encourage it. He is puttting aside as much of his earnings as possible, saving to buy a house in Missouri. Later, he is permitted to accept an occasional invitation to deliver a public lecture. His theme: Crime Doesn't Pay.

Rain

When it rains, Cole turns moody. He takes to his rocker, looks glumly at the wall. Rain, he tells us one day, is what done us in. If it hadn't been raining that day in those woods in Minnesota, you see if any of us'd been caught by that posse! The rain made everything boggy. You'd a'thought we was in a swamp. It was disspiriting, no weather to run in. And we all knew it was just a matter of time, which it was. I tell you, I hate rain. I want to see the sun shine!

The Reason Jim Killed Himself

The Younger family explains it this way: it was a question of love. Jim, after his release from prison, fell deeply in love and desired to marry. It was only natural. It would have saved his life. By the terms of the parole, however, the marriage could not be arranged, and so his will to live was broken. He died for love, the lack of it, the being deprived of it. This is the way the family explains it, Cole nodding in assent from his rocker on the big front porch, sucking his clay pipe. Yes, he says, such circumstances would kill any man. Later he adds, But there was more to it than that.

Repentence

He doesn't place much stock in preachers. In 1903, two years after his parole, he answers the question, "Do you attend church?" Yes, he says, *once.* But the years wear thin. He makes jokes about his low spirits, saying he reckons it's all that lead that's been pumped into him. Feels heavy, that's all. Takes to the lecture circuit in earnest, travels to New Mexico,

Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Arkansas, and Kentucky. He feels he must make the small boys understand. Maybe he's just wearing out. He reckons it's the lead. Fourteen bullets, maybe more! Back in Lee's Summit, Missouri, he allows his niece to persuade him to attend a revival meeting being held just outside of town. It's rough going, but he goes back the second night. And the third. Nora, his niece, watches him closely during the services. So does everybody else. He appears to be listening intently, the hymnal always open on his lap. One morning he tells her—this out of the blue, in response to no question—that Jesse James could not carry a tune. He doesn't know how it's gotten around that Jesse sang hymns in a beautiful clear tenor, but he wants her to know that there's no truth in that story. Then he laughs and says no more. It is that evening that he comes forward. He rises from his seat slowly, walks slowly to the front, every sinner's eye upon him. I want to repent my sins, he says. Everybody stands up and applauds. Even the preacher claps. This is a true story.

Politics

He admires Theodore Roosevelt, but will never support a Republican. Europe is a mystery. Why get worked up over what goes on over there? Kings are a thing of the past, that much he knows. It was fine the way Spain was put in its place, but what is all this to-do over Germany.

Dreams

He finds himself in desperate straits. He rides horses until they die beneath him, and still can't get away. He dives into deep rivers, comes up on the sidewalks of cities. Buildings rise around him like so many angry marshals with warrants for his arrest. His father calls to him, says, Coleman, come over this way. Belle appears, usually laughing, pulling him by the hand from one path to another, through thorny bottomland along the jutting banks of deep creeks. Where are we going, he asks. The mountains, she says. Then he desires her. He's a young man again, his bald pate tufted with thick curls, his skin tawny, muscles taut and aripple. Belle, he says, this here looks like a fine spot to rest a spell. She walks just ahead of him. So *now* you want me, she says. She allows him to hold her hand. His gratitude knows no bounds.

Northfield

Jim's jaw is all shot away, Charley Pitts dead, Cole full of lead, Bob too, but Bob can stand and so Cole says, do it. Stand and surrender or we'll all be dead like Charley here. Cole,

towards the end, has been able to walk only with the aid of a staff, and even that gets shot out from under him. We're through, Bob shouts. Cole remembers the dampness of the ground, how slippery the fallen leaves feel against his cheek, how loud the thudding of the approaching footsteps. Step softly, damn it, he wants to shout. Why, he's asked later, did you boys come all the way up here to Minnesota. To get even, says Cole. Everything we ever done, during the war and since, was to get even. And the two who got away, was they the James Boys? That wasn't the name they went by, no.

Modern Times

The year everything turned topsy-turvy, he feels, was not 1876. 1876 was the year of his capture and imprisonment for the Northfield bank holdup. It was also the year of the Battle of the Little Big Horn. No, he thinks 1889 is the year of the big changes. That is when, he reminds us, the Oklahoma Territory was opened for settlement. All that used to be Indian land, you see. Why, he reckons if he had been anywhere else but in prison, he'd have been one of those lined up and waiting for the signal to chase across all that broad prairie and stake himself a claim. Reckons he could have held that claim too. 1889. Year brother Bob died too. Yes, that was some year. Year Belle Starr died too, wasn't it, Cole. He smiles. He believes that is correct.

Prison Life

He has twenty-five years of it. Can he comment on it, please. Tell us what it's like. Well, he says, most likely its biggest drawback is the absence—total absence, mind you—of female companionship. Otherwise you get along. There is time to read, to broaden your horizons through the printed word. Not for nothing was he a librarian while he put in his time! He reckons, though, that it's worse for some than it is for others. He stops talking, looks out the window. There's nothing out there, just trees leaning in the wind, but he seems to see something. He's no longer smiling. His eyes glaze over. Now he begins to sob. You'll have to excuse me, he says.

Love

We need it, we want it, we go after it, we got to have it. We need more of it than we can ever get. That's the way it seems to him. In his later years, he is often astonished, discovering himself in the grip of a strong passion. He recognizes the feeling. He is floating, he is sinking, he reaches out to touch, there is only air, a chilly wind blowing.

His Brother Jim

They are on the road, in a buggy, the illustrations of tombstones packed in a leather case and kept right between them on the seat so that it can be quickly taken out, unfastened, the 11 x 17 sheets unfolded and handed to the client. The company does not believe it necessary for the Younger brothers to carry along a sample stone. I think we should have one, says Jim, but Cole, laughing, says he agrees with the policy of the company. Jim is quarrelsome, moody. At one farmhouse he takes advantage of the hospitality, helping himself to chunks of fresh-baked white bread and taking great gulps of sweet milk, then begins to lecture on death. I'm dying, he says among other things, and so are you. The woman smiles, refilling the bread basket. Are you men kin to the famous outlaws, she asks. Remotely, says Jim. Another time Jim astonishes Cole by grasping the hand of a child, a plump red-faced lad, perhaps eleven years old, and saying to the boy, whose parents look on from their front porch, now child, you can say you've met the merchants of death. That may be true enough, Cole tells him later, but saying it won't sell us any memorials.

The State of His Soul

He comes to see that, in spite of the best intentions, he has not improved. There are moments of searing illumination, scorching vision. Out of prison, he craves a sky that confines. On his front porch in Lee's Summit he rocks crazily, sucking on his clay pipe as though for sweeter air. Nora says, Uncle, are you all right. He thinks it a strange question. He's on horseback, it seems, much of the time, trees soaring around him. In the house the walls creep outwards. I've repented, he whispers, I've repented. Doesn't that count for nothing? Who's firing at him now, who's crawling towards him in the underbrush. You'd think they'd let a fellow rest, forget what he's been, help him remember what he wants to be, whatever in the world has become of him.

Note: If you liked the above story, the editors enthusiastically recommend Robert Taylor's new book of outlaws, *Loving Belle Starr,* available for $14.95 from Algonquin Books, P.O. Box 2225, Chapel Hill, NC 27515-2225.

Wind Song

(An American Indian song to be sung by those waiting at home for a loved one who is away at war)

O Wind, as you pass by,
Hear my sad song
And sing it again to my Love;
I know you will find him
Wherever he may be.
Tell of my longing
As you pass by,
Tell how I wait—
And on your return,
Tell me of him.
O Wind, as you pass by,
Tell me that he's lonely, too.

Raven Hail

"The Fight in the Bend," or The Battle of Cow Creek

A Specimen-Case in Civil War Historiography

By Dudley T. Cornish

The headline is eye-catching and curiosity-teasing: "Battle of Cow Creek, Fall of 1862—Marks a Battle Fought near this City, in the Timber of Cow Creek—Where the Remains of Twelve Brave Soldiers Fill Unmarked Graves."[1] The story under that intriguing head goes into elaborate and repetitious detail:

> In the timber of Cow Creek, about a quarter of a mile northwest of the Memphis Bridge over the creek, are buried the skeletons of twelve American soldiers. Unknown, unhonored, these last remains of twelve brave soldiers fill unmarked graves. Whether they wore the blue or the grey [sic] is unknown. Whether Union or Confederate, there is no means of telling; all that is known of them is that the twelve fell in one of the fiercest battles fought in the Civil War, one in which many lives were lost, and yet one which is unrecorded in the annals of history, and almost forgotten. The remains of the fallen soldiers were not found until several years after the battle, at the close of the war, when settlers found the white skeletons, bleached by summer's

> suns and winter's storms until all means of recognition had rotted away. The story of this battle which was waged almost on the site of Pittsburg, was told to A.J. Georgia of this city by one of the participants, Pleas Smith, who was a member of the Sixth Kansas Cavalry, which was in the fight. This battle of Cow Creek, which is yet known among the veterans of the Sixth Kansas Cavalry as "the fight in the bend," was fought between that regiment and four regiments of Rebel cavalry under Gen. Price in the fall of 1862.[2]

The *Headlight* story continues with a full explanation of the circumstances surrounding the action:

> The Kansas cavalry had been in southwest Missouri gathering up refugees, women and children whose husbands and fathers had been drafted[,] in order to keep them from starving during the winter. The Kansas cavalry was escorting about five hundred refugees and a wagon train. When near Newtonia, Mo., Gen. Price, with four regiments of Confederate troops[,] started in pursuit. The Union troops and refugees had reached Cow Creek south of Pittsburg and due east of where Chicopee now is, when the rebels overtook them. The women and children were hurried north, and the Kansans crossed the creek and decided to make a stand in the brush and timber in the bend of the creek, just west of where the Memphis railroad bridge is now located. The Kansans were greatly outnumbered, but they put up a gallant fight, and when Price and his rebel troopers came through the timber and attempted to cross the creek, the Kansans poured in such a hot fire that the rebels were compelled to retreat. It is not known how many lives were lost or how many were wounded in the battle. Some of the bodies were carried off at the time, but several years afterward settlers found the skeletons of twelve soldiers in and on either side of the creek. They were buried on the bank of the creek, and there they now lie unmarked, save by rude boulders.[3]

The latter half of the story continues the harrowing tale to include another skirmish, a sequel to the first. The *Headlight* discloses:

> After the fight, the Union soldiers pushed on north in an attempt to escape to Ft. Scott. The regiment passed across where the west school building now stands, and had reached a point west of the north smelters when the

> pursuing rebels came up with them. Here the Kansans made another stand on the banks of the creek almost due west of the north smelters. Another gallant fight was made and several more were killed and wounded on either side, but the brave Kansans were overwhelmed and compelled to surrender. Price took the wagon train and burned it, driving off the stock. The soldiers who were captured were released on parole, and they and the five hundred refugees were compelled to walk as best they could to Ft. Scott. The rebel troops did not continue any farther north, but camped for the night on the sight [sic] of Pittsburg and then returned to Missouri, from whence they had come. The ruins of the burned wagon train remained on the scene of the capture for many years. At the close of the war A.J. Georgia and his brother, S.S. Georgia, settled on land where the last fight occured, and he and his brother, A.J., who tells the story, saw the pile of ashes and scrap iron where the train was burned. This was near the creek about a quarter of a mile west of the north smelters. Pleas Smith, who was in the Kansas regiment and participated in the fight, settled on Bone Creek in Lincoln Township at the close of the war. One day in the winter of 1866 he drove down to the scene of the battle and loaded up three wagons with wagon tires, springs, etc., the wreck of the wagon train, which he took up to Bone Creek and used in his blacksmith shop. . . . When Pittsburg was laid out he moved to town where he spent the rest of his days, dying at his home in the north part of the city.[4]

Some historians argue that the Civil War began out here on the border between Kansas and Missouri. The United States Civil War Centennial Commission, however, ruled in 1961 that only three Civil War events in Kansas deserved commemoration during that centennial twenty years ago. Those three were the sack of Lawrence by William C. Quantrill's bloody-handed bushwhackers in August 1863, the Baxter Springs massacre some six weeks later (Quantrill very nearly wiped out Major General James G. Blunt's little column on October 6, 1863), and the battle of Mine Creek just over a year later, on October 25, 1864. That last is the only major battle fought on Kansas soil during the war.[5]

There were, of course, many pitiless and sanguinary encounters up and down this border before and during the war, from the Marais des

Cygnes massacre northeast of Trading Post on May 19, 1858, to that other, larger massacre at "Baxter's Spring." Throughout the war, Fort Scott was *the* major Union stronghold in the upper Trans-Mississippi West, with troops and supplies pouring through to the forces fighting in eastern Oklahoma (then called the Cherokee Nation or C.N.) and beyond to Fort Smith and Little Rock in Arkansas. Moving painfully north from northwest Arkansas, eastern Oklahoma, and southwest Missouri were columns of fugitives seeking refuge from the bitter warfare characteristic of that region. Those refugees came in three colors: white, black, and red. From each group the Army recruited men to fight for the Union, including two black regiments, the 79th and the 83rd U.S. Colored Troops, and a number of battalions and even regiments of loyal Indians.[6]

During the Civil War Centennial and again during the Bicentennial of the American Revolution, a recurring question was: was there any fighting here in Pittsburg? Until recently, the standard answer was a confident negative. During the Civil War there were only two white settlements in what is now Crawford County: Cato and Arcadia. The military road from Fort Leavenworth, major Union supply and ordnance depot, south through Fort Scott and on down to Fort Smith, ran just west of the Missouri border, through Arcadia and across Crawford and Cherokee to Baxter's Spring, a small Union outpost on the Oklahoma border. All available evidence supported the conclusion that no Civil War battle occurred at or near what is now Pittsburg. Until rather recently, say two years ago, when Gene DeGruson, curator of special collections in Leonard H. Axe Library of Pittsburg State University, came across the Cow Creek story in that 1901 *Headlight*. This essay is an effort to discover or uncover historical evidence to prove or disprove the facts that story presents. It makes a nice test-tube case of Civil War historiography.

Consider the facts or assertions in that story, including such basic factors as when, where, why, and who. The facts (most of them reiterated two, even three times) are these: there was a clash, encounter, or skirmish ("one of the fiercest battles fought in the war" can be dismissed as journalistic hyperbole) between Union and Confederate cavalry at specifically identified locations in "the fall of 1862." Union troops were escorting a refugee train to Fort Scott when rebel horse caught up with them. The Kansans (a portion of the Sixth Kansas Cavalry) attempted to hold off the rebels and give the women and children time to escape. Two skirmishes ensued.

The locations of those skirmishes are clear enough from the news story: the bend in Cow Creek above the Memphis railroad bridge and,

the second, west of where the lead smelters once stood, probably within a few hundred yards of the museum of the Crawford County Historical Society on Highway 69 bypass. The first is easier and more precise: in 1901 when the *Headlight* printed the story, the railroad bridge over Cow Creek "due east" of Chicopee carried the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Memphis; a line familiarly known as the "Memphis."[7] Probably the first encounter took place on the present property of Dr. George W. Pogson, Pittsburg physician.[8]

Consider the sources of the story: Pleas Smith, a member of the Sixth Kansas, told it to A.J. Georgia (for whom Georgia Street on the west side of Pittsburg was named); prominent in early Crawford County history, Georgia was one of the county's first Justices of the Peace, a school teacher, school superintendent, and amateur historian.[9] Pleasant M. Smith *did* serve in the Sixth Kansas, and the roster of Company K lists him as a blacksmith! He is remembered as the first settler in Arcadia, although after the war he moved to Pittsburg and established a blacksmith shop.[10] A word of caution is necessary here: our blacksmith-farrier died in 1893, eight years before A. J. Georgia told his tale to the *Headlight* reporter; it is possible that either Smith's or Georgia's memory was fallible, however plausible their recollected "facts" may at first appear to be.

Farrier Smith, Company K, Sixth Kansas Cavalry, belonged to an active regiment with a long history. Fortunately several authentic and generally reliable sources tell the regiment's history in remarkable detail; the most complete is "Military History Sixth Regiment, Volunteer Cavalry" in the official *Military History of Kansas Regiments.*[11] Dyer's well known *Compendium of the War of the Rebellion* includes a complete synopsis of its service from initial organization at Fort Scott in July 1861 to mustering out at Fort Leavenworth on August 27, 1865.[12] A third narrative, "The Sixth Kansas Cavalry and Its Commander," tells only part of the story; it is an address by Charles E. Cory of Fort Scott at the thirty-third annual meeting of the Kansas State Historical Society in 1908. While his details on the composition and characteristics of this frontier regiment are fascinating and illuminating, Cory's bias in favor of Lieutenant Colonel Lewis R. Jewell may lead the reader to conclude that the regiment's "nominal leader," Colonel William R. Judson, had little to do with the organization or its field service. In fact, this article is more a rhetorical monument to Lieutenant Colonel Jewell, although Cory does admit that his "connection with the Sixth was brief, for he joined the regiment at the first organization in September, 1861 [sic], and was mustered out by Shelby's volley at Cane Hill on November 28, 1862."[13]

Initially organized as three companies of Home Guards (infantry), the regiment grew to full size by transfers of companies from other Kansas units and through recruiting by enterprising officers looking for company command. The addition of four cavalry companies changed the nature of the unit permanently.[14]

Where was the Sixth Kansas Cavalry in "the fall of 1862"? Well down in Arkansas, below Fayetteville, and actively engaged in both the battles of Cane Hill and Prairie Grove, November 28 and December 7, 1862, respectively.[15] Thanks to the shifting tides of war in northwest Arkansas and southwest Missouri, many families left their homes and, with a few pitiful belongings, made their way to Fort Scott and comparative safety. It is probable that a company or so of the Sixth was detached from the main body of the regiment to escort such a refugee column moving north. Farrier Smith's Company K may have been selected for that duty. The records, however, clearly show that the bulk of his regiment remained in northwest Arkansas until well into 1863.

As for Pleasant Smith, his whereabouts in the last two months of 1862 are clear from his Company Muster Roll: "Absent sick in hospital at Fort Leavenworth, Kans."[16] That same record shows Smith "Present" with Company K for all of 1863. Conceivably, Farrier Smith may have been put on sick report after those twin skirmishes on Cow Creek.

And what of the enemy, Major General Sterling Price, Mexican War hero, former governor of Missouri (1853-57), and his state's most outstanding military leader? Where was he in the fall of 1862? Curiously, he was out of his adopted state for nearly all of that year. By mid-April 1862, Price was east of the Mississippi River, and not until April of 1863 did he return west to lead Confederate forces in central Arkansas.[17] A farrier in a volunteer cavalry company had no way of knowing those facts at the time. Smith (and/or Georgia) may have concluded that all Confederate forces on the border were under Price's command. Price himself would have been delighted if that had been the case.[18] But the *Headlight* story clearly states that Price was leading four regiments of cavalry against the wagon train of refugees. That was clearly impossible in the fall of 1862.

Another question arises: had Sterling Price been on the Kansas-Missouri border in that period, would he have sent four regiments of cavalry against a refugee train painfully making its way north? Clearly, those refugees were carrying only a few household goods, cooking pots, and bedding—whatever they had been able to take away with them. Had the train been heading *south,* heavy with all manner of supplies for Union forces in the field, then Price would have been

justified in attacking; he needed those supplies for his own ragged and undernourished troops, from ammunition to beans, from boots and shoes to overcoats. Throughout the war, Confederates and bushwhackers preyed on supply trains rolling down the military road. But what choice booty or provender would a refugee train have been carrying? Even the notorious Quantrill left women and children alone in his border depredations.

In the fall and winter of 1863 the Sixth Kansas was "employed in scouting, and escorting wagon trains" in the vicinity of Fort Smith. In March 1864 the regiment joined the ill-fated Camden Expedition as part of the Frontier Division under Brigadier General J.M. Thayer. On its retreat from Camden, the Sixth burned much of its stores, including tents and wagons, on Major General Frederick Steele's orders, and "unfortunately, the regimental records were all destroyed."[19] There are a few other straws blowing in the winds of war: engaged in continuing escort duty between Fort Smith and Fort Scott, the regiment frequently ran into bushwhackers and other small parties of the enemy. On June 21, 1864, for example, Captain John Rogers, Company K, was killed in a skirmish with bushwhackers, near Fort Scott.[20]

By the time Sterling Price was mounting his "great raid" into Missouri in mid-September 1864, enlistments for many of the Sixth Kansas troopers were running out. The regimental history provides two paragraphs touching this subject: "On the 5th of October, 1864, all men of the regiment whose term of service would expire prior to October 31st, 1864, by order of Brigadier General Thayer, were sent, under command of Lieutenant Colonel [William T.] Campbell, to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to be mustered out of service." The other paragraph continued with this illuminating disclosure: "On the 23d of October, while the detachments were *en route* to Leavenworth, they were attacked at Cow Creek, Missouri [sic!], and a skirmish ensued, in which Captain Dobyns, company E, privates Lewis A. McGuire, company A, and Maxwell P. Johnson, company C, were killed, and a number of men were captured."[21] A few lines later this pertinent information appears: "The following organizations were mustered out of service about the first of December, 1864, at Fort Leavenworth . . . viz: Companies A, B, C, D, E, F and K." Then and there, presumably, the military career of Farrier Pleasant M. Smith came to an end.[22]

The story of "the fight in the bend," however, is not quite ended. What of that 1864 skirmish at Cow Creek? There *is* a record of that nasty and bloody attack. On October 23, 1864, Captain D.S. Vittum, commanding the post at Fort Scott, wrote Captain John Willans, assistant adjutant-general at Leavenworth, to report: "Refugee train

from Fort Smith, escorted by detachment of Sixth Kansas Volunteer Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, was attacked at Cow Creek by a party of bushwhackers, and sixteen men killed and part of train burned. I have sent to their assistance."[23] There, in just over three lines, is the key to the mystery: There really was a "battle" of Cow Creek!

Conclusions: The anonymous author of the regimental history erred in placing Cow Creek in Missouri.[25] The skirmish described in that 1901 *Headlight did* take place "almost on the site of Pittsburg" but in the fall of 1864, *not* 1862. Either P.M. Smith or A.J. Georgia (or, perchance, the *Headlight* reporter) misremembered the year in the fall of which the encounter occurred. The riddle is solved. The Sixth Kansas Cavalry (or a detachment of it) was engaged in a fight in the bend of Cow Creek as the troopers moved north guarding a refugee train—and *en route* to mustering out at Fort Leavenworth. Price's retreating army was badly whipped at the Battle of Mine Creek only two days later, October 25, 1864.[25] The skirmish at Cow Creek was an altogether appropriate final act in the long and arduous frontier service of that regiment of Kansas volunteers.

Notes

1. *The Pittsburg* (Kansas) *Daily Headlight,* December 17, 1901, p. 2, col. 1-3.
2. Ibid., col. 1.
3. Ibid., cols. 1-2.
4. Ibid., cols. 2-3.
5. James I. Robertson, Jr., Executive Director of the U.S. Civil War Centennial Commission, personally visited Kansas to make major addresses at Lawrence on the centennial of its sack and at Mine Creek on October 25, 1964. The author of this article won assignment to speak at the centennial of the Baxter Springs Massacre, October 6, 1963. Robertson, formerly editor of *Civil War History,* contributes a regular column, "The War in Words," to *Civil War Times Illustrated;* he is Professor of History at Virginia Polytechnic University, Blacksburg, and author of numerous Civil War monographs, including *The Stonewall Brigade* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1963).
6. The National Cemetery at Fort Scott contains the graves of representatives of all three ethnic groups. There is even one row (known locally as "The Rebel Line") of thirteen Confederate graves, probably of prisoners who died in the Fort Scott hospital or casualties in nearby skirmishes.
7. Donald D. Banwart, *Rails Rivalry and Romance: A Review of Bourbon County, Kansas, and Her Railroad Nostalgia in Words and Pictures, 1864 Through 1980* (Fort Scott, Kansas: Historic Preservation Association of Bourbon County, Inc., 1982). The bridge was built by the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Gulf Railroad in 1883; the line connected Arcadia to Cherryvale, running through Mindenmines, Pittsburg, Cherokee, Monmouth, McCune, Strauss, Parsons, and Dennis. It became the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Memphis in 1888, when its popular nickname changed from "Gulf" to "Memphis." The "Memphis" was eventually absorbed by the "Frisco" (the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad), which in turn was bought by the Burlington Northern in 1980.

The writer is indebted to John B. Chambers of Parsons, a history major at Pittsburg State University, for calling these essential facts to his attention. Chambers is a student assistant working with Gene DeGruson in Special Collections, Leonard H. Axe Library.

8. Dr. Pogson has invited this writer to visit the actual (probable) site of the skirmish and probe for remains, but the weather this spring has prevented such an expedition.

9. See biographical sketch in "The Centennial Hall of Fame" section of the Pittsburg *Morning Sun,* May 20, 1976, p. 11. Augustus J. Georgia, born in New York in 1835, steadily moved west (Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Iowa) to settle asfter the Civil War near the present site of Pittsburg. Here he became "one of the most prominent figures in the early days of this city," serving "six years as justice of the peace, two terms as county superintendent of schools" and as postmaster for eight years. He contributed Chapter I, "General History of Crawford County," to *A Twentieth Century History and Biographical Record of Crawford County, Kansas, by Home Authors* (Chicago: The Lewis Publishing Company, 1905). This writer is grateful to Gene DeGruson for the loan of his personal copy of this valuable volume.

10. "Roster Company K, Sixth Regiment Volunteer Cavalry" in *Report of the Adjutant General of the State of Kansas, for the Year 1864* (Leavenworth, Kansas: F.H. Hubbell & Co., 1865), p. 210. Smith's age at enlistment is shown as 37, his residence as "Cherokee Neutral land." For further details of his life, see A.T. Andreas, *History of the State of Kansas* (Chicago: The Author, 1883), p. 1144, and Smith's obituary, "Death of an Old Settler," in the *Pittsburg Daily Headlight,* June 3, 1893, p. 4. Born in Tennessee, Smith moved to Arkansas with his family in 1835, thence to Kansas in 1853, where he became known as the first settler in Crawford County and "a good honest upright citizen." The writer is indebted to yet another Pittsburg State University student, Jerry D. Lomshek, for securing Smith's service record (abstracts) from the National Archives in Washington, D.C., and lending it to this writer. Lomshek became interested in the Cow Creek puzzle through a feature story, "The Battle of Cow Creek," in the Pittsburg *Morning Sun,* October 14, 1983. The story, by Max McCoy, staff writer for the *Sun,* reported an address by this writer to a meeting of the Southeast Kansas County Officials Association on October 13. McCoy's story drew considerable attention to the subject: four or five telephone calls and three notes or letters, to this writer, all with suggestions for locating the site of the "Battle" or information on both Pleas Smith and A.J. Georgia. This historian is grateful for this unsolicited assistance, without the encouragement of which this article might have been impossible.

11. Frederick Henry Dyer, *A Compendium of the War of the Rebellion,* 3 volumes (New York: Thomas Yosselof, 1959), III, 1182-1183. Dyer's imposing work was originally published by the Torch Press of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in 1908.

13. Charles E. Cory, "The Sixth Kansas Cavalry and Its Commander," *Collections of the Kansas State Historical Society, 1909-1910* . . . (Topeka: State Printing Office, 1910), Volume XI, 217-238. See p. 232 for Jewell's "mustering out" at Cane Hill. Cited hereinafter, Cory, "Sixth Kansas."

14. *Kansas Regiments,* pp. 119-120.

15. Ibid., pp. 132-134. For a detailed account of Cane Hill, see Cory, "Sixth Kansas," pp. 234-238.

16. 6 Cav. Kansas. Nov. & Dec., 1862. According to these records, Smith furnished "his own horse" which was valued at $45.50. From National Archives, courtesy Jerry D. Lomshek. The company muster roll was a bi-monthly report required of all company commanders in the Union Army. It lists every man in the company and shows him present or absent, with a brief explanation of the latter. It also includes a "Record of Events" section summarizing the service of that company during the period covered by the report. It is an invaluable source of detailed information and provides a "worm's eye view" of those parts of the war in which the company participated.

17. Robert E. Shalhope, *Sterling Price: Portrait of a Southerner* (Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 1971), pp. 208-232. Cited hereinafter, Shalhope, *Price.*

18. Ibid., pp. 230-232. As late as February 1863, Price was in Richmond agitating for transfer to Missouri or at any rate west of the Mississippi. He was eager, Shalhope writes, "to proceed across the Mississippi River to Arkansas, where he hoped he would be able to drive into Missouri to free the state from federal control."

19. *Kansas Regiments,* p. 141.

20. Ibid., p. 146.

21. Ibid.

22. Ibid., p. 147. Sixth Kansas troopers whose time had not expired were reorganized and sent back to Arkansas where they served until late August 1865, when they marched to Fort Leavenworth and muster-out August 21, pp. 147-150.

23. *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies,* 128 volumes (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1893), Series 1, XLI, Part IV, p. 230. Another PSU student, Roy R. Perry III, discovered this report, and the writer is accordingly grateful. The *Official Records* show in the general index other misleading references to Cow Creek, Kansas: "Skirmishes" in November and December 1864 and in June 1865. Those skirmishes were with Indians, and that Cow Creek is in Rice County, some fifteen miles east of Fort Larned. See ibid., series 1, XLI, Part I, 981.

24. Michael Heffernan, internationally known poet and intrepid explorer, informs the writer that there *is* a Cow Creek in Missouri; it flows into Table Rock Lake in the vicinity of Kimberling City. That location is sixty or seventy miles east of the line of march of the Sixth Kansas in October 1864.

25. Shalhope, *Price,* p. 273.

Massacre at Marais des Cygnes

Horsemen rode across the Missouri border,
carrying night in their saddle-bags.
Day found them knocking on farmhouse
doors—no angel passed over, but eleven
figures were summoned into one.

Only the swan flew above a zone
of silence imprinting the marsh.
Cygnets pooled into sound waves spiraling
from the rifle's barrel held at eye
level above a bloody ravine where
the trees turned their backs to spring.

Alice L. Price

The Sleeping Earth

Rest well, oh sleeping earth, covered with your multicolored blanket of leaves.

You have nutured in your fertility all those things which have contributed to the physical well-being of those who inhabit the globe and given strength to the soul of man with your beauty.

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth and beheld that it was good. Though men may drench your blessed soil with blood, nothing has ever changed that basic goodness, and no act of human passion shall ever taint your hills and valleys.

Sleep in peace, oh slumbering earth. Regain the vast strength which has burst forth in a vivid display each spring since the first day of creation.

Be still, dear earth, for you are about to be annointed by the mana of the falling snow or to savour the sweet wine of the gentle rains.

In your deep slumber, hear not the tumult which rages upon your surface, for somewhere in the heavenly plan you shall awaken to a new spring blessed by peace. All mortals who have championed the cause of peace shall make that awakening more glorious in its majestic beauty.

In that momentous moment, no longer will the tears of God's children muddy this ground on which they stand.

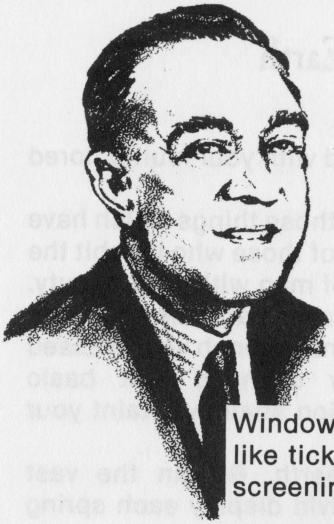
In good time, dear earth, you shall fulfill your destiny and harbor upon your surface a world of men who will travel throughout the universe, carrying a message of peace and love to the inhabitants of the stars.

Rest. Slumber on, oh earth. Turn upon your axis until the newfound spring. Then bring forth in all majesty the beauty which comes from your glorious heart.

Perhaps mankind will hearken to the message of the Creator, for who could cling to hate as they look into the heart of a rose?

Sleep on, oh blessed earth, for God has His own timetable of fulfillment.

C.J. Fairfield



Traveling Through the Land

Windows of the fast train change slides
like ticks of a metronome
screening our landtime travelogue.

Spring rain multiplies the flowers;
as we slide gaily along the river
small clouds compete gingerly with larks.

It is hard to decipher their secret
language. Although early, it is com-
fortably warm as lumbermen slam axes
into trees and flying bark flows over.

Curious wind browses around, the field
sends up bush birds followed by dogs.
There are utterances among the peonies.

Small boys roll on lawns and play dead
with pop guns. After July fireworks
brown fall folds up the summer gold and
the pale sun is getting drier.

Protective shadows mingle freely with
the smoke of shrivelled leaves as it
touches the breasts of the mountains.
The winter's needle starts pointing true
north. Who cares what century this is
as season keeps following another season.

Gerald Dorset

Moving

By Zula Bennington Greene

Uncle Frank and the Bird boys, John and Ed, had "gone out west" where the country was growing up. Uncle Frank wrote back that he was making sixty dollars a month "riding ditch," an amount that seemed riches to hill farmers who saw little cash during a year. The Bird boys worked on ranches in Montana, Uncle Frank in Colorado.

When one returned for a visit the news spread rapidly. Neighbors gathered in the evening, sat on straight chairs or leaned against the wall to hear talk of a far country, of open ranges, cowboys, bunk wagons, and water brought down from the mountains to water crops. To men who seldom traveled beyond their own county, Colorado and Montana seemed as remote as Tibet.

Papa often talked of going to Colorado and taking us all to live there. Uncle Frank urged that the country was new, land was cheap, and jobs plentiful. But it was neither adventure nor wealth that lured Papa. It was the belief that the high altitude was good for "lung trouble." Understood but rarely spoken was his fear of becoming a victim of the consumption that killed his mother.

Even an ordinary decision upset my father and required encouragement and assurance from my mother. So when it came to the big one of leaving a place where he had lived more than half his life, a place where his wife and children had been born and where he owned a farm, it threw him into an anxiety in which he popped his knuckles and walked the fields.

Then a wet cold winter turned the balance. Rain came, slow and steady and daily. It seeped into the earth and turned the barnlot into a primordial mire. Horses and cows slogged wearily through it and, when they lay down, arose caked with mud. Corn ears fed to the hogs sank into the mush. Papa struggled through it and wished aloud that he had a pair of gum boots.

"Why don't you go to Quincy and buy a pair?" Mamma asked.

"Surely the rain must be about over," he said hopefully.

"But you'll need them for the next rain," Mamma persisted.

On a morning when the rain was a cold drizzle he came in, soaked, water running off the bill of his cap and dripping down his face. He sat down beside the kitchen stove where Mamma was cooking breakfast.

I've got the weak trembles, Mag," he said. "Fix me some quinine."

"Get those wet clothes off," she ordered. "You'll be down sick."

She brought quinine and I ran for dry clothes, red flannel drawers and undershirt, top shirt, and pants. Papa sat in the house all day, dozing in the rocking chair, but at evening was out again in a fine mist, walking in mud that sucked at his shoes.

In the morning Papa's eyes burned with fever. Mamma put cold wet cloths on his head and sent for Aunt Martha Bird. She said he ought to see a doctor. By now we had a telephone, a party line on which our ring was three shorts and a long. People listened in and if an excuse was needed it was somebody might be sick and needing help. If a thunderstorm threatened, people ran outside and unhooked the lead-in wire, so lightning could not enter the house.

A doctor was called only when a person was "real bad sick," patience and home remedies being relied on. The doctor came, riding horseback, sat down by the stove and talked of things in general.

"You've got a bad case of grippe, Jake," he said. "That fever's up there pretty high and if you don't watch it, it could go into pneumonia."

Papa asked the question always in his mind. "Has it got into the lungs?"

"Don't seem to be. Now you take this medicine and stay in out of the weather. And, Mag, keep his chest greased with flannel rags."

The visit of a doctor is comforting. He resolves fear, real or imaginary, into a concreteness for which he prescribes a remedy. Papa and Mamma were more cheerful. A neighbor boy came to help with the chores and Papa stayed in the house, sitting in the rocking chair with his feet on another chair. He was not one to lie in bed, even when he was sick.

There was talk between our parents which tapered off when a child came into the room, and several things began to happen. One was plans for having a family group picture. Photographs were not made often or lightly. The stern and solemn faces in old pictures reflect the gravity of facing a photographer.

The day was set and we were washed, combed, and dressed in our best. Julia and I wore our white lawn dresses with the flower stripes and big lace-edged berthas. Mamma wore her brown tab blouse, George his ruffled swag waist and knickers, Papa his Sunday suit and

This is my family. My father and mother, Jacob and Margaret Holley Bennington. My sister Julia, with hairbow, is standing beside my mother. I am at right, my brother George in the middle. Taken about 1915. **ZBG**

white shirt. And that is how the phtographer caught us, one family in a moment of time and space.

At night I combed Papa's hair, as he liked me to do. Instead of reading he would sit and look at the fire. He was feeling much better, but Mamma still put hot cloths on his chest at night.

Uncle Frank, learning of Papa's illness, renewed his urging to come to Colorado. Papa decided that in the spring he would go by himself, get a job, and work through the summer to see how he liked the country and determine what his prospects might be. The decision made, he was in better spirits and we were all excited at the approaching adventure. Albert Dietz, a young neighbor, was hired to stay with us and do the farming. Papa's clothes were packed in the telescope suitcase and we all went to take him to the train at Osceola.

Of that summer I remember that lightning struck the barn and killed a horse and that Mamma asked all the neighbors to bring our mail when they went to Harper. Rose, the pretty young wife of Ed

Bird, also eagerly awaited the mail. Ed was working in Montana and she and their two small children lived in Aunt Martha's house. Plowing, planting, and harvesting went on, but we seemed to be suspended in a glassed-in world, waiting for something, waiting for Papa to come home.

He brought band rings of Colorado gold for Mamma, Julia, and me. (He had not given Mamma a ring when they were married. At that time and in that place a ring was not necessarily a part of getting married. Neither was a honeymoon, unless a visit to nearby kin could be so described. But an "infare dinner" at the home of the bridegroom's parents a day or two after the wedding was customary. A bride liked to have an infare dress as well as a wedding dress.) Papa brought George a four-blade, pearl-handled knife and ground off the sharp point of the blades. He always visualized the worst, and it came near happening one day when George fell down the stairs with the knife open. It stabbed him just above the eye.

The decision was made that we would move to Colorado, but not as quickly as it takes to say it. Over and over Papa would ask, "Do you think we're doing the right thing, Mag? If you don't want to go. . . ." And Mamma would interrupt with assurances that she thought it was what they ought to do.

Julia taught school that year and toward the end of the term announced that she and Albert planned to be married. It was a new anguish for Papa. He did not want her to be married, but had expected her to go to Colorado. She was eighteen, small, quiet, and gentle. She did not talk as much as she used to, seemed younger than she was, a child with no preparation for marriage. No girl was "told anything." Their mothers had been told nothing and found no words for what they may have wished to say to their daughters. It was a painful time for Papa and Mamma, breaking up our family and moving away.

Mamma made Julia a pretty wedding dress of white China silk and she was married in the Methodist church, coming forward at the end of the service with their attendants. That was the church wedding of the times. Most weddings were in the home of the bride. Relatives and friends went to the church for the wedding and came to our house afterwards for dinner, bringing presents, mostly dishes, not necessarily matched. I made a list of gifts and donors.

Julia and Albert were going to live in our house and farm the land. We left the farm animals, machinery, and furniture. Fred and Prince and Brindle were getting old, twenty years or more, and had come to

seem like members of the family. My mother packed dishes and bedding and small things. We were going to live in a house on one of Uncle Frank's farms.

It was a memorable time. We visited relatives and solemnly shook hands all around. Parting from my dear friend Jessie Harper was not a sweet sorrow; it was painful. I would go to her house, she would walk home with me, and I would walk back home with her until finally we parted halfway between.

Sniffling and red-eyed when we boarded the train at Osceola, I dried my tears in embarrassment when a young man I knew, Roland Roy Harvey, came and sat by me. He wrote letters to me in Colorado and sent a photograph album.

The novelty of riding on a train diminished my grief. The only other time I had been on a train was when our whole family went to Oklahoma to visit Uncle John and Aunt Laura and our cousins. I was four or five, and my memory of that trip is of Uncle John's big windmill and of having an accident in the night and feeling shame as my mother washed me while Aunt Laura held a coal oil lamp and said, "She just ate too much watermelon."

On the train George and I passed the time eating from the big basket of food my mother had packed, going to the water cooler for a drink, and looking out the windows. Cinders drifted back from the engine and got in our eyes. Romances of the times often started with a young man whipping out a clean handkerchief, folding it into a point, and removing a cinder from the eye of a young lady who sat near him. At Kansas City we changed to the Burlington, which cut across the corner of Kansas into Nebraska and on to Denver and took the Rio Grande. We listened to the clack of the wheels and made up words to fit the rhythm. George said it sounded like "Where the bloom makes a whistle in the Wally-Wal-Wal." At night we slept on the train stretched out on the seats.

The mountains burst on us like Judgement Day and we called to each other to come and look. Two puffing engines were needed to pull the train up the La Veta Pass. We could see them toiling up the grade as the train rounded a curve. At the top of the Pass the train stopped—to rest the engines we supposed, as Papa stopped the wagon at the top of a hill to rest the horses. Then we came down the other side and were in the San Luis Valley, running smoothly to Monte Vista and Papa.

He had gone ahead to get things ready and it was a joyful reunion at the depot, a welcome to our new home. He kissed us all and said, "It's sure good to see you, Mag, you and the children." He asked about Julia and how we had liked the train. Bedding, trunks, and suitcases

were loaded into the wagon and we started down the long Gunbarrel road, which he said ran the full length of the Valley and was the longest stretch of straight road anywhere.

Mountains stood all around us. To the east the lofty Sangre de Cristo peaks were topped with snow, standing out like frosting on a lemon pie. Spanish explorers gave them that name when, viewing the range as it turned crimson in a sunset, they exclaimed, "It is the *blood of Christ!*" On the west was the Continental Divide, at the top of which, Papa said, the waters parted, some to flow east to the Atlantic Ocean, some west to the Pacific.

George wanted to know, "What if a drop fell right in the middle?"

"We're a mile and a half high right now," Papa said, adding that the Valley was seventy-five hundred feet above sea level. The sky was a vivid blue, the air morning fresh, the sun bright and warm, even though ice had formed on little puddles by the road. Water from an artesian well made a crystal fountain.

"Has the garden been plowed?" Mamma asked. Papa said gardens were planted later here, where frost had been known to come every month of the year.

We traveled twelve miles north on the Gunbarrel, then turned east to drive the two miles to Center, which was to be our town. Papa pointed out the farms of people who would be our neighbors, the Deitrichs and Joneses, and then there was the house. It was a low, cream-colored house with a wide bay window, a white fence, and trees that looked small compared to our mulberries.

We did not stop but went on a quarter of a mile further, crossed the big irrigation ditch, and on to the house where Uncle Frank and Aunt Jessie lived. Uncle Frank was a favorite uncle. He treated us just like he did people his own age. Aunt Jessie, his new wife, was tall and pretty, with blue eyes and black hair. We ate dinner off their Haviland china with green flowery decorations and with silverware that had grapes up and down the handles. The round table we ate on was oak, but the furniture in the parlor was shiny dark mahogany and there was a piano in another small room. The flowered rugs almost covered the whole floor, with a border of wood showing around them. They had a bathroom that opened off the kitchen, near the water that was supplied by the artesian well through the efforts of a busy little pump that put-putted noisily and importantly.

Papa had bought some furniture and Mama began unpacking. She sent away to Sears Roebuck for lace curtains to hang at the bay window and when she had more time, began making braided and crochetted rugs. At one time she sent old carpets away to have them

rewoven into new. She bought a little vacuum cleaner which had to be pumped by hand. I have some of her braided rugs in my house.

We had an artesian well that kept the watering trough filled with fresh water for the horses, to the delight of my father. It also provided water for the house and for irrigating the garden, which was Mamma's delight, water any time without waiting for rain, rich sandy soil easy to cultivate and sunshine every day for growing. Horses, cows, chickens, hogs were soon part of the farm. In Missouri our hogs had been black; here they were white. The little pigs were cunning and sweet, their eyes bright and eager, their little ears lined with delicate pink, trusting the world and happy to be alive.

I remember the good suppers Mamma cooked quickly in those first busy days—fried potatoes, poached eggs, toast, and hot tea. They were pleasant, exciting days of exploring the farm and discovering the supple young willows along the irrigation ditches. At home we had woods and little brooks; here we had open fields and ditches of cold mountain water. We too were eager, trusting, and happy to be alive.

I had my first ride in an automobile, in Uncle Frank's little red two-cyclinder Cadillac. It looked like a buggy, no top, no doors; passengers just stepped over the low sides into its one seat. It drove from the right-hand side, with the driver reaching over the side of the car to shift gears. As we whirled along, maybe fifteen to twenty miles an hour, we seemed to be going like the wind and I had fantasies of riding with a reckless young man at breakneck speed and demanding that he stop before both of us were killed. The excitement of the ride was of greater interest than the daydream, which was not brought to a denouement. There would be others. It took very little to set off a fantasy.

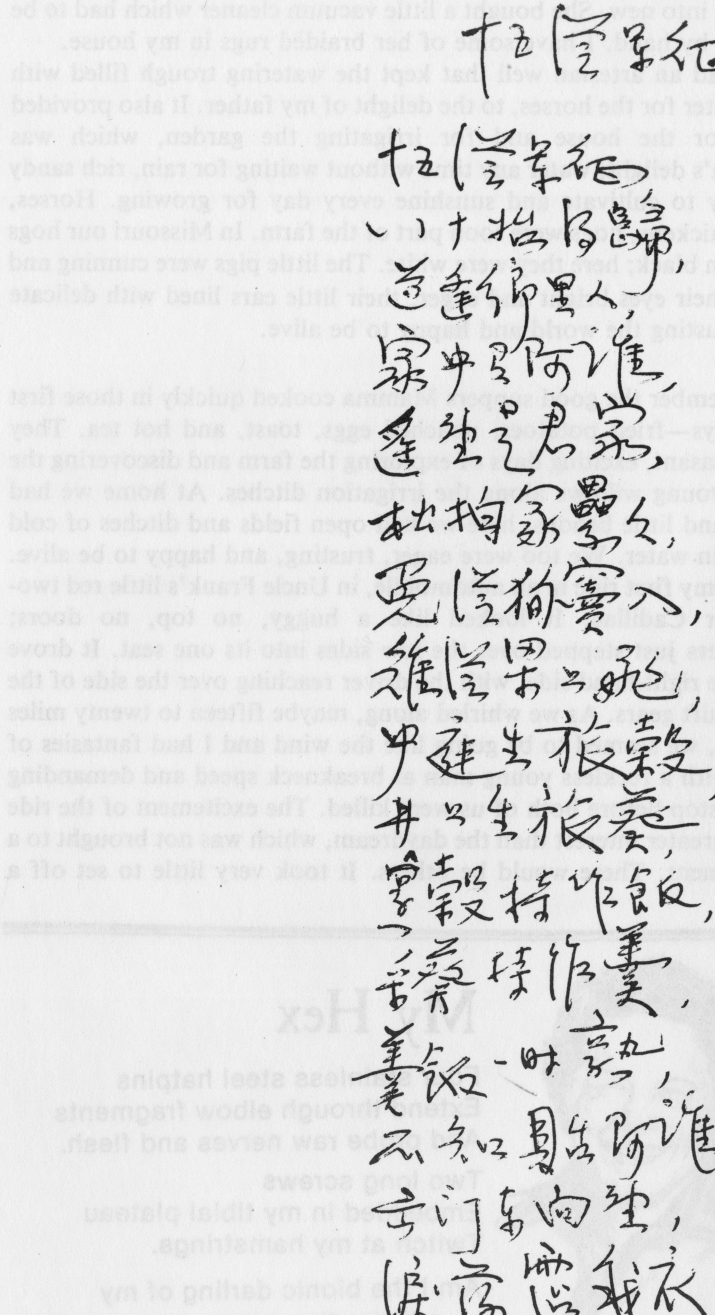
Betty Vequist

My Hex

Four stainless steel hatpins
Extend through elbow fragments
And probe raw nerves and flesh.

Two long screws
Embedded in my tibial plateau
Twitch at my hamstrings.

Am I the bionic darling of my
orthopedic surgeons
Or the voodoo doll of my fate?



The Song of a Draftee

Drafted into the army at 15,
I didn't come home until 80.
Asking someone on the village road,
"Who is living in my home?"
he pointed far and said, "Your home
was once over there where you see
burial mounds among spruces and pines."

Rabbits are dashing into the dogs' holes.
Pheasants are fluttering on the broken beams.
Wild wheat is growing in the old courtyard
and sunflowers are shooting up from
the abandoned well.

I could have made a meal of the wheat
and a soup of the sunflowers; but when
they are ready, who's going to eat with
me? I walk out, toward the east, from the
door which is not there any more. Tears
drop on my coat.

Wang Hui-Ming

George W. Ditmars of Co. D

By James G. Ruggles, M.D.

Each Memorial Day for many years my family made a pilgrimage to the cemetery in Chanute, Kansas, to decorate my father's ancestral graves. Our visits always included a grave marked "George W. Ditmars, GAR 9th Vol. Cavalry Co. D." Dad told me that this was my great-grandfather.

Many years later, while in Topeka, I visited the Kansas State Historical Society Library and Museum. Always interested in military history, I found an old volume describing Kansas units which fought in the Civil War. The unit history of the Ninth Volunteer Kansas Cavalry, Co. D, was recorded—along with a roster containing G.W. Ditmars' name.

Family records indicate he had been born in Tioga County, New York, on February 22, 1832. At an early age, he went with his parents to Ionia County, Michigan, where he was educated and married, eventually moving to Kansas in 1859 to homestead a quarter section of land just east of Chanute on the east bank of the Neosho River, south of present Highway 39.

When the Civil War began, he enlisted with his brothers, James and Samuel. He was, the record states, twenty-six years old, six feet tall, of medium weight, fair haired, with light eyes. The accompanying portrait of him is an enlarged copy of a two-inch tintype, taken sometime during a furlough. Note the holster, U.S. belt buckle, and the whip over his left shoulder. The latter suggests he served as a teamster.

Co. D began organizing October 29, 1861, and was mustered on January 16, 1862. Most of the volunteers came from Geneva, Iola, Humboldt, and Neosho Falls, Kansas. On July 3, 1862, Co. D participated in the "Locust Grove Affair" in the Cherokee Nation. Along with other units, they captured forty prisoners and their equipment. In August 1862, in northwest Arkansas, there was a running fight with General Coffey's troops. The unit rode continuously for eight days and nights, except for brief rests to feed horses and men. From September 28 to October 4, operations centered in and around Newtonia, Missouri. On September 30, armed only with revolvers, the troops engaged in a rear guard action, successfully defending Union artillery and infantry. During October 1862, the unit was active

patrolling and scouting, as well as guarding paymasters traveling to and from Fort Scott, Kansas. In the Battle of Prairie Grove, Arkansas, December 7, 1862, Co. D engaged the enemy's advance guard and "rendered efficient service fight on the enemy's flanks." A raid on Van Buren, Arkansas, from December 27 to 31, completed operations for 1862.

In February 1863, the unit moved to Fort Scott, where it escorted a large wagon train carrying supplies and refugees. From March 1863 to March 1864, Co. D was stationed at Pleasant Hill, Missouri, engaged in patrolling and skirmishing with "Bushwackers" (pro-Southern irregulars and guerillas) along the Kansas-Missouri border. Captain Charles F. Coleman, the company commander, excelled in this kind

of fighting, and Co. D was reported to have killed at least one bushwacker for every trooper in the company.

In August 1863, Co. D chased and fought the rear guard of Quantrill's raiders as they tried to escape after destroying Lawrence, Kansas. The raiders' trail was struck near Brooklyn, Kansas; during the engagement no prisoners were taken. The Southern raiders dispersed into the western Missouri woods.

In March 1864, the regiment of twelve hundred men assembled in Lawrence after their commander requested the regiment be assigned to fight as a whole unit rather than continue to skirmish as individual companies. Accordingly, orders were received to proceed southward through Harrisonville, Clinton, and Springfield, Missouri, and on to Little Rock, Arkansas, perhaps to take part in General Banks's Red River Campaign. However, orders were changed at Springfield, which resulted in countermarching between Little Rock and Fort Smith. In September 1864, D Co., during a scouting mission south of Little Rock, engaged and defeated an enemy unit three times its number.

Co. D was mustered out July 17, 1865. Casualties included one officer and fifty-seven enlisted men killed; two officers and 140 enlisted men dead from disease.

At the end of the war, Ditmars returned to Chanute to develop his farm, suffering many hardships, according to local records. Oil, however, was discovered in the Neosho Valley in 1899, and by 1902 he owned three wells. Aunts and uncles who remembered great-grandfather described him as being quite strict in his dealings with others, expecting them to be true to their word. They reported that he began each day with a glass of whisky containing two raw eggs. During his later years he developed arthritis and failing eyesight and was troubled with a hernia incurred in the service. No one remembers my great-grandfather ever speaking of his military experiences. He died in 1921 at the age of eighty-nine.

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from the Sanskrit

Throughout
10,000
worlds
the flowering trees bloomed.

Elizabeth Sargent

In Memoriam: The Winfield Scott Legend

By Anna Mary Crawford

HISTORIC LINN COUNTY SITE IS PRESENTED TO THE STATE

Fort Scott Tribune—*One of the most important historical sites in Eastern Kansas is passing to the state of Kansas this week through the gift by John Hall, Pleasanton attorney, of a plot of ground at Trading Post, five miles north of Pleasanton.*

When the Kansas Historical Society met at Topeka Tuesday, one of the most important things it took under consideration was the acceptance of the original site upon which Michael Gireau, early Linn County trader, established his store and a few small buildings. The society voted unanimously to accept Mr. Hall's gift, regarding it as an important contribution to Kansas historical records.

Trading Post was established by early settlers for the purpose of trading with the Indian trappers of the section. Actual records of the post show that it was located as early as 1865. [The Gireau-Chouteau trading post was established in 1834.] *It was a few years later, however, that Gireau, a Frenchman and a man of considerable intelligence, came to the post and opened up his store. There are no buildings on the ground at present, although traces of the foundations may still be seen. The plot is near the bridge where U.S. 83E cross the Marais des Cygnes River, and is on the east side of the river south of the concrete slab.*

General Winfield Scott. Courtesy of the Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.

The site is of considerable interest to Fort Scott, as this was its original location by General Winfield Scott before he moved the town to Bourbon County. Barracks were erected at Trading Post by Scott and when he left the buildings were occupied by settlers. Among the residents was Dr. Samuel Massey, a close friend of John Brown's, and later the Tubbs family, who have long figured in Linn County history. It is at Massey's home that Brown's famous "Parallel" letter to the

New York Herald Tribune was supposed to have been penned. The building was not occupied after the Tubbs family moved out and the structure fell into decay.

Although no official announcement has been made, it is expected that the historical society will erect a marker on the noted site. A road which will permit tourists to approach the site may also be laid down. The ground has been in Mr. Hall's possession for some time, but he felt that such an important setting should be placed in the ownership of the state.

—Undated newspaper clipping, ca. 1925

Once in a while a piece of folklore is handed down from generation to generation and eventually achieves the status of historical truth in the locality where the event alledgedly took place.

Since Linn County has a remarkable historical background, one would assume that there is no need for the acceptance of legendary events. But this, apparently, is not the case.

The event in question concerns the presence of General Winfield Scott and his troops at a fort in Trading Post, supposedly established by Gen. Scott in 1842. That fort is said to have remained on the banks of the Marais des Cygnes until the general and his soldiers moved thirty miles south to the site now known as Fort Scott.

General Scott (1786-1866) represented to the United State of the nineteenth century the same heroic military figure that Dwight D. Eisenhower presented a century later. Scott was a military genius; an omnivorous reader of history, science, and poetry, he also read everything relating to his profession; he was a diplomat who, in 1859, traveled to the settle a border dispute with England involving San Juan Island in Puget Sound. A peace-maker, he kept our country out of an impending war with England.

As with all folklore, there is a basis of fact that seems to give credence to the story. The Trading Post area did *almost* have a fort constructed on its site. In 1836 the U.S. Congress authorized a series of eleven forts, stretching from the southwest edge of Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, to provide a westward moving population protection from the Indians. One of the forts *was* to be constructed on the Marais des Cygnes, on the old Military Road. When the fort was built in 1842, however, it was located thirty miles farther south, at the present site of Fort Scott.

A printed record of the presence of General Scott in the Trading Post area is to be found in William Ansel Mitchell's *Linn County, Kansas: A History* (Kansas City, Mo.: The Author, 1928), pp. 116ff.

and 197ff. According to Mitchell, "In 1842 . . . a force of soldiers in command of Gen. Winfield Scott came south from Westport, Missouri, to select a site. They built a substantial log fort to house a full company of dragoons. There was a reservation near the [Trading] Post and for several weeks the soldiers were encamped there. . . . It was finally decided to locate the cantonment farther south, and it became the present Fort Scott."

The general, however, never quite made it to Kansas. In 1856 a movement in the U.S. Senate attempted "to send out Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott to take command of the Regular Army forces to Kansas and re-establish peace and order."[1] President Franklin Pierce and his cabinet refused to consider the wishes of the Senate, and thus Scott missed his assignment to Kansas. In his personal writings, Scott never once mentions being in Kansas, although he does discuss the Senate's attempt to station him there in 1856. Thus, with the weight of historical fact absolutely against the legend, it continues to persist. Why?

The pillar supporting the legend is probably the testimony of one Amos Tubbs. In 1921, Tubbs (some sixty-four years after moving to the Trading Post area with his mother, sisters, and brothers in 1857) supplied a drawing of the fort, which he claimed had once existed at the site. Further, he remembered reports of Scott's presence at the "Fort." Tubbs lived at the Trading Post in an abandoned building of the Gireau-Chouteau Trading Post, but it was *not* a fort. Trading posts during that period were constructed in a fortlike manner. Often these buildings were an imposing structure with ample space for storing goods brought by the traders who dealt with the Indians and settlers. To Tubbs, then only a child of eleven, these buildings could very likely have resembled a fort.

Tubbs also testified that he recalled people talking about General Scott's visit to the area. Actually Tubbs may have heard of the *Reverend* Winfield Scott, an itinerant Baptist minister who preached there during the summer of 1870. In September of the same year, Scott preached a revival in a tent tabernacle. Still a young man in 1870, in his twenties, Tubbs could easily have confused the minister with the great military leader of the same name.

As famous as General Scott was, his presence in Linn County would have added luster to our already colorful history. Our best research, however, tells us that his activities in Linn County are apocryphal and that the legend of General Winfield Scott establishing a fort in Southeast Kansas has no factual basis.

1Charles W. Elliot, *Winfield Scott, the Soldier and the Man* (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1937), p. 662.

The Tomatoes

1
Wild, riotous growth, limbs
of green-gray and bristly
leaves sprayed haphazardly
towards the light. Within
weeks they have doubled in
size. And now the tiny
bells of yellow flowers
open, allowing ingress
to the wind, and shut,
tight as small fists,
fade, the alien seed
implanted, the pip begun,
green at first, and sour,
the final fruits sweet
and cherry red.

2
Spilling out,
rivers of foliage,
hard stones of fruit,
the turning towards
light; from the lavish
chaos, order distilled.

John T. Selawsky

The Purty Place

By Winifred Reeves

There are many stones in the National Cemetery at Fort Scott, Kansas. One day I stood beside the great-great-granddaughter of Pleasant and Mollie Fountain as she knelt and laid a single red rose on a grave. The stone bore the inscription, Pleasant Fountain, quartermaster sargent. April 6, 1863. *Then she told me the story of this man who lay buried far from home.*

It was late afternoon. The sun had begun to sink as we reached a stream. It was then that Ma asked, "Don't you think that this would be a good place to camp, Joey?"

I was proud to be asked my opinion. It had been that way since the day Pa had left about six months ago to join the Union Army. After all, I was twelve years and, and Cassie and Tootie—my sisters—were younger, and Lord knows I *tried* to take Pa's place.

By the time the stars came out and a piece of the moon had appeared, the girls were fed and had fallen asleep in the wagon, and Ma thought I should be sound asleep, too, but I was too excited. I had never made a trip like this before. We were traveling from Illinois all the way across Missouri and into the edge of Kansas. I put more wood on the fire. My thoughts wandered back over the last two weeks. First, word had come that Pa had been wounded in the Battle of Pea Ridge and had been moved to the hospital in Fort Scott, Kansas. A few days later, word came that Pa was better, but he wouldn't be able to be in the Army for a while, so they advised Ma to come and get him.

"Well, we must get started at once," Ma had said. "Joey, I want you to go to the Cunninghams and see if the old grandpa there can come and take care of our livestock while we're gone." It didn't take me long. "Grandpa Jake," as I called him, was pleased to be needed and was glad for a chance to be helpful. He went home with me and plans were underway to make this trip.

Ma and me had packed the wagon, getting much advice from the neighbors, and were up early and on the trail before sunup. The day had been long and Ma was right: I *was* tired. I stretched out by the fire and pulled the blanket up over me; the last thing I heard was an old-hoot owl someplace in the distance.

The next thing I knew Ma was shaking my shoulder and saying, "Wake up, Joey, and get the fire going to cook the bacon." Breakfast over, we were on the trail again for the second day.

The days that followed all sort of ran together, one like the other. Sometimes I drove while Ma walked with the girls to "loosen up her joints." When I walked, I always carried the gun, and sometimes I would kill a rabbit or a squirrel. When that happened, we stopped long enough to get it dressed. Ma cut it up, put it in a crock, and put some water over it. When we stopped for supper, she's put some lard in the iron skillet and fry it.

After we had been on the road several days, Ma remarked, "If the trail stays this good, we might cross the Mississippi River tomorrow." Her predictions held out and sure enough we came to that big river the next day. The streams we had forded were scary enough, but they were nothing like this wide, muddy river. The horses pulled our wagon up onto a raft. There were mules on both sides of the river and long ropes that pulled the raft back and forth across the waters. It was pretty exciting, but we had no problems and before long we were on the other side, back on the trail.

We were in Missouri now, in the rolling hills at the edge of the Ozarks. The redbud and wild crabble were in bloom. The air was filled with the sounds and smells of spring.

One day we saw two Indians sitting on their spotted ponies on the ridge above us. "Act like you don't know they're there," Ma warned us. But that was hard to do because we *knew* they were watching us. Either they were friendly or they weren't interested in us, for they rode on over the hill and we didn't see anything more of them again.

II

Every day now we were more anxious to get to Fort Scott. We must have been a real nuisance asking Ma how much farther it was going to be. One day we saw an arrow with "FORT SCOTT" painted on it. I thought it would be a few more miles, but I was wrong about that. Finally Ma looked it up on her map once again and reckoned, "If the Lord is willing, we will see your Pa in two more days." Those were the two longest days of the whole trip. I thought they would never pass.

We finally came to the edge of the settlement. We stopped long enough for Ma to be sure our hands and faces were clean and our hair was combed. She didn't want us going into that hospital looking like a bunch of rag-a-muffins. We stopped where we could tie the horses to the hitching post and hurried in. Ma remarked, "He may be out of the hospital by now. We'll have to ask where to find him."

Inside the front door a nurse met us. Ma introduced herself. "I'm Mollie Fountain. I've come to take our pa, Pleasant Fountain, home. Can you tell us where we'll find him?"

The nurse quickly answered, "You wait right here. I'll get one of the officers to talk to you." In a few minutes a man in uniform came out into the hall. He took Ma's hand and with a kind voice said, "I'm Lieutenant Davis; I'm sure you are all tired from your long journey. Come into my quarters and I'll send one of the men to bring some fresh water. We'll have a cold drink while we get acquainted."

It was in that minute that I knew that while the Lord had been willing us to get to Fort Scott, it was not part of His plan for us ever to see our Pa again. The officer started to speak a time or two and then stopped as if he couldn't find the right words. Ma was anxious: "Where is my husband, Pleasant Fountain?" she asked. When the officer finally spoke, it was not the words we wanted to hear.

"Your husband was a brave man, Mrs. Fountain. You will never know how much I regret having to tell you that he died five days ago."

After an instant of stunned silence Ma cried, "It can't be! You sent word that he was *better,* so I have come to take him home. Please tell me you've made a mistake. Tell me where we can find him!"

"I wish that I *could* tell you that it's a mistake, but he had gunshot wounds in his legs and we didn't have medicine to treat him. Get back in your wagon; I'll get on my horse and show you where he is buried."

There was as gray mist in the air and it seemed a long time before the officer turned his horse into a place where there were many mounds of fresh dirt. He got off his horse and took us to one of the mounds that had a little card on it with Pa's name. I crammed my hands deep into my pockets, clinched my fists and told myself, "Men don't cry."

Everyone at the Fort was kind and helpful. They arranged for room where we could sleep and we ate with the soldiers. They advised us to rest a few days before we started home. They cared for our horses, checked and greased the wagon, and provided supplies for us to make the long trip back home.

With dry eyes, but with tears in her voice, Ma said, "We'll drive back out to the burial ground and tell Pa goodbye."

The sun was shining, but that didn't seem to help too much.

III

After we had been on the road two days, it was warm and clear when we stopped to camp. I told Ma that I wanted to sleep outside and she said that it would be all right. I had to do something about that lump in my throat that was choking the life out of me. After the others

were asleep in the wagon, I lay beside the fire and looked up at the stars. Every time I closed my eyes I could see that mound with Pa's name on it.

I remembered the little wild flowers that were blooming in the patches of sod there, and I could hear the birds singing in the trees. Finally the tears came and there in the silence and darkness I cried like Cassie and Tootie had cried.

Somewhere in eastern Missouri it was time to camp again. There was a stream of water and again Ma asked, "Don't you think this would be a good place to stay tonight, Joey? There's a cabin up on the hill; go ask the folks if it is all right for us to camp here."

As I approached the cabin, a dog came out to bark his warning. A woman came around the cabin, and when she saw me she spoke to the dog and quieted him.

"I'm Joey Fountain," I told her. "My Ma's name is Mollie Fountain. It's just me and her and my two little sisters and Ma wants to know if it's all right for us to camp down there by the stream?"

"*What's your ma's name again?*" she asked. When I told her, she quickly said, "I'll go with you and talk to your ma!"

When we were close to the wagon, she ran toward Ma saying, "If you are really Mollie Fountain, I'm the sister you haven't seen for years. After I married and left Illinois I kept in touch with some of the family until this awful war came but then I lost track of everyone." For the longest time Ma and her sister Della were kissing and hugging, laughing and talking and crying all at the same time.

Then our cousins came to get acquainted. Their family was much like ours. The big difference was they had their pa, Uncle John. It didn't take us long to get acquainted with each other. We had a lively game of tag going before Ma and Aunt Della got through crying and kissing.

We stayed several days. When they learned what had happened to Pa they wanted us to move back close to them, but Ma assured them we would be all right. "We have our farm and our livestock and with my help Joey is old enough to take over." With all the confidence in the world Ma stated, "We will be just fine!"

I believed her.

A few days later Ma told me to get the horses brushed and curried, that we would be starting home the next morning. Our clothes were all washed and ironed, fresh bread baked, butter churned, and our wagon packed. When morning came, after more tears and many goodbyes, we were back on the trail.

It was easier now. Finding relatives and visiting with them had taken off some of the sharp edge of our sorrow. We could talk about it now and think about the farm and plan what we would do when we got home.

I was driving one afternoon when Ma said, "It's not going to be the same without Pa, but we must never forget that he died for something he thought was right." To help close the door on all our sadness, I shared with Ma and the girls the thing that had comforted me the most: "Let's always remember that we left Pa in a mighty purty place.

As I looked around I could feel the warmth of the sun on my shoulders; I could see blue skies and fleecy white clouds. I saw little wild flowers blooming in the sod; I could hear birds singing in the trees. I thought, "You were so right, Joey; you left your pa in a mighty purty place.

Garden Gossip

Nothing can keep its passion private.
Dark intimacies of the rose,
Twilight dilemmas of mimosa,
Indiscretions of an iris,
Variations of a violet,
And disappointments of the mums

Are all heedlessly confided
To the persistence of a mealy bug,
Then broadcast by a spider mite,
Garbled by a leaf worm,
Rumored by larvae, and
Smeared by a slug.

Michael Holstein

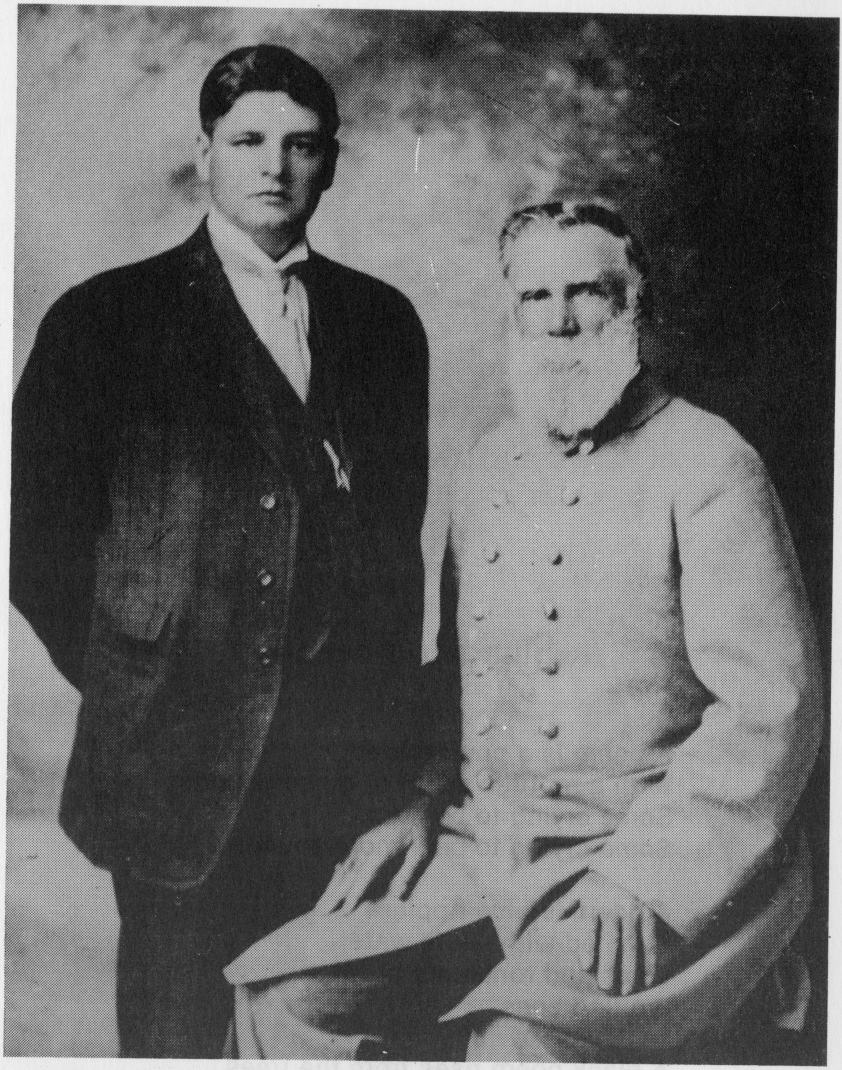
Summer Poem

A poem is a pond glazed
With a mottled scum of green sounds
Some crying to be born,
Some crying to bear more sound.

A poem is blue ripples
Rimmed with white water-
Lilies and rondelets of frogs
Igniting bees.

A black poem rises from the trees
Flashes a quick red
And dives with a long sigh
Into the sun.

Michael Holstein



Anderson Penn Cagle with unidentified young man. Born on 16 April 1838 in Moore County, N.C., Cagle was killed by a freight engine in Konawa, Ok., 7 October 1914. He served in Company I, First Georgia Regulars during the Civil War, having enlisted at Gainsville, Ga., in 1862. He is the great-grandfather of Charles Cagle, author of the following short story.

A Ballad of Spring River: The Blue Squirrel

By Charles Cagle

If it hadn't been for my mother, I probably never would have met Old Man Pullam. That's because when I was twelve—in the year of 1910—Father wanted me to go into the coal mine as a driver boy or a car boy, since that's what he had done. I remember the arguments they had about it after supper, after my little sister Belle and I were supposed to be asleep. My sister *was* asleep on her pallet in one corner of the small house we lived in near the mines by Galena, but I wasn't. I was wide awake up in the loft where I slept, and sometimes I even dared peek around the top of the loft ladder so I could watch them argue.

"The boy's old enough," my father said one night, something hard in his voice. "I went in when I was only ten."

"It did you no good, either," my mother said.

That's when I peeked. Father was sitting so that I couldn't see his face, only his shoulders, hunched a bit like a lot of the miners', his hands on the table in front of him with the thick fingers clasped. I could see Mother better. The kerosene lamp made her look like the statue of the madonna I saw every Sunday morning in church—except that the madonna never smiled or spoke, and had little flecks of paint nicked off her face which showed the white chalk she was made of.

"I won't have our boy get mining in his blood," Mother insisted. She was sewing on something, but she looked up at my father when she spoke. There was a glint in her eyes like rainwater, but her voice was just as firm as my father's. "I won't let Billy run the risk of dying like Anthony."

"Don't go bringing Tony into this."

"And why not? You were responsible for your own brother going into the mines."

"Tony labored deep in. There's no danger to a car boy."

"There's always danger in the mines. Talk to the widows. Ask Mrs. Henderson what she thinks."

They were talking about my Uncle Tony who died in a bad cave-in when he was eighteen. I knew him only from a thick cardboard photograph in the album where all the family was, some of them taken even back in Italy. Uncle Tony's picture was all we had left of him, except for his grave and the headstone out in St. John's cemetery. I'd gone a few times on All Saints' Day with Mother to put flowers on his grave, but I'd never known my father to go.

"Liza Henderson ain't nothing but a back-biting old lady," Father said. "She hates Kansas, coming from back East. She hates all about the mining life."

"She lost her husband to one."

"Mines are safer now."

"I won't have it," Mother said. "He'll stick to schooling. I don't want to hear of you letting Billy go anywhere near the mine."

I don't remember much else about the arguments, but I do remember having some mixed feelings about what my mother said. As much as I hated the thought of being like Sid Gramitz—a boy just a year older than I was who had quit school and was a car boy and who was always cussing and getting into fights and smoking cigarettes right on the street—I didn't care much for the thought of staying in school all my life, either. I was poor, it seemed to me, in every subject I took, so I didn't exactly understand why my mother wanted me to be tortured for eternity by arithmetic and grammar and history. I was not interested in any of them, and couldn't wait to get out of the schoolhouse door to do the one thing I loved. That was roaming the woods and along the shores of the most wonderful place in the world for a boy of twelve.

A place called Spring River.

I liked it in the summer best. There was no school, just endless days of exploring through the trees and grasses with the old .22 squirrel rifle that had once belonged to Uncle Tony. The truth is, I never even really tried to kill a squirrel with that gun. Such talk was mainly something to scare Molly Perkins with in school, telling her in enormous detail about how a squirrel would jump when my bullet hit him and how the blood would spurt from its mouth and the eyes turn up like white agate marbles. I was real good at scaring Molly. As I said, the truth is that I wasted a lot of lead bullets firing at pieces of wood

or brush drifting down Spring River, or shooting at a tree. I saw plenty of squirrels and rabbits and muskrats—and once even a coyote—but I never seriously considered killing anything until I met Old Man Pullam.

It was a hot day in July, a Kansas day with the sun big as a bursting sunflower. The shade of Spring River was more inviting than ever, and I was thrashing through some thick undergrowth of hackberry when I came suddenly into a clearing to confront a black buggy. It was a large one, the kind I'd seen carrying freight in Pittsburg, and it was battered and old looking, the spoked wheels big and round as windmill blades and the leather sides curled up and tied down so that I could see what looked like a collection of boxes and dark bottles. Off to the left were two big white mules feeding on grass. I was still staring at the sight of the buggy in such an unlikely place when a harsh voice behind me made me jump out of my skin.

"*Hunt*in for somethin, boy?"

I whirled around, dropping my .22. What I saw made my heart pound even harder. I thought it was God! But it was only the largest old man I'd ever seen, standing a few feet away. He seemed seven feet tall, with great, thick shoulders, and a long white beard. A worn black hat sat squarely on his brow, and his baggy pants were tucked loosely into the tops of a pair of huge scuffed boots. What scared me most was the long-barrelled pistol he had stuck in his belt—and the fact that he had his hand on it.

"Answer me, boy. You be a hunter?"

"N-no, sir," I stammered, throat dry.

"A boy's got no call to carry a gun, if he don't aim to hunt somethin with it."

His voice had an odd, drawling courtesy to it when he spoke that last sentence, and I could feel my heart trying to stop pounding a little. It gave me courage to tell my Molly lie.

"I do hunt for squirrels, sir," I said.

The old man looked at me very slowly, and for what seemed forever. Then he grunted something under his breath and walked over to me. He put out the largest hand in the world. It was even bigger than Mr. Stark's hand—and he was the meat butcher in Galena. Cautiously, I put my own hand up, and we shook.

"I'm Pullam," he said. "And you be—?"

"William A. Thomas," I admitted, quickly. "It used to be Tomasi, but we changed it. I mean, my grandfather changed it when he came over from Italy. He was Guglielmo. That's *William* in Italian. I was named after him and my Uncle Tony who got killed in a coalmine when he was real young. Everybody calls me Billy."

The old man absorbed my family-tree history in silence. Up close, I could see how large and dark his eyes were. They were riveted on me, and my heart felt another soft thud.

"Billy is a good name," he said, giving my hand a final shake before letting it drop. "Be a boy like you hungry?"

I was always hungry, but Mother had told me that only trash folks ever admitted that to strangers, so I shook my head.

I thought I saw a little smile under the heavy white beard as the old man nodded. "Nor me much, boy—but I got me a melon coolin down yonder in the shade of a river willow, and I reckon it wants somebody like you and me to eat it. That's what a melon looks forward to, they say."

We feasted down by Spring River in the deep shade, with Mr. Pullam cutting the watermelon with the big hunting knife he carried in his belt behind his back. He fed me huge red juicy chunks until I was so full I couldn't manage another swallow. He asked me if I had any bothers, and all I could say was I had an eight-year-old sister named Belle. He told me that was no cause for shame, and that Belle was a pretty name. After that we lapsed into silence, each of us tossing bit of melon rind into the river so the fish could feast, too.

"So you be a squirrel hunter, eh?" he said, finally, his voice still a strange, soft drawl.

"Yessir."

"And have you shot the blue squirrel yet?"

I blinked. "I don't think there are any blue squirrels around *here,* sir. Just plain old brown ones that—"

"That's wrong thinkin, boy," he interrupted, his voice suddenly harsh again. "There's blue squirrels all over. I've seen 'em by the hundreds in my time."

His voice scared me again, but out of the corner of my eye I watched him. He seemed to be searching for something on the other side of the river where the hot sun had changed the shoreline into a gray blur. Then he turned his head abruptly and caught me looking at him.

"Even the Indian respects the blue squirrel," he said, softly. "I lived with the Cheyenne, and I know their ways."

My heart pounded again, but not with fear this time. I suddenly saw Mr. Pullam sitting crosslegged in front of a teepee, surrounded by thousands of wild Indians in warbonnets. I could even hear drums!

"I'd sure like to hear what the Cheyennes said about the blue squirrel," I said, earnestly.

The old man looked away to the other side of Spring River again.

In hot pursuit, I said, "Can I come back tomorrow? I'll try to bring you some of Mother's cookies—to pay you back. Can I, Mr. Pullam?"

It seemed some time before he turned his head back to me. He smiled faintly, and said, "You be most welcome, boy."

That night over supper I chatted away about meeting Old Man Pullam over by Spring River. My father said nothing as he ate the thick stew Mother had made for us. Belle wanted to know if Mr. Pullam's buggy had shiny yellow wheels like the pretty one she had seen in a magazine. And Mother told me that there was no such thing as a blue squirrel, and that the old man was just having fun with me.

Later that night, before I drifted off to sleep, I heard Father and Mother talking softly down below—my father saying that Mr. Pullam was only a harmless old peddler of patent medicines who had parked his buggy on the street in Galena yesterday, claiming he was made a medicine man by some Indians and trying to sell a few fools some bottled cures for stomach cramp and fever.

"Maybe Billy shouldn't go up around Spring River anymore," Mother suggested, vaguely troubled.

I heard my father grunt. "If you won't let the boy work, the least you can do is let him play."

At that moment I loved my father wildly, and I went very quickly to sleep. That night I dreamed about a blue squirrel that had a giant white beard and talked just like Mr. Pullam.

To my disappointment, when I returned to the clearing the next day the black buggy was gone. Then I remembered what Father had said about Mr. Pullam selling his Indian medicine, so I figured he was in Galena and I'd have to wait for him. It was a long afternoon, but finally I heard the mules and the creak of the buggy making its way off down into the clearing. I ran to greet my new friend.

Again, I had to be disappointed. When I tried to talk to him about the blue squirrel, he wouldn't look directly at me or say anything. He did let me help unharness the mules, but when I pushed the matter of the squirrel he turned his dark eyes on me. "You forget about that blue squirrel, boy," he snapped. Then, after a moment, and more gently, he added, "I'll teach you how the Cheyenne makes his fishhook."

Over the next week, Mr. Pullam taught me much more than how to find a good strong twig for a hook, to sharpen it, and make a notch for the fishing twine. He taught me how to build a fire without a match and make a turtle trap from willow poles, how to make a whistle from the wingbone of a dead crow we found, and how to take a single feather from the same bird to wear stuck in the back of my

hair like a Dakota warrior. On the off days when he was in Galena, I was lonely and bored at Spring River—it was only when I heard the mules that I came to life. I was still wild to know about the blue squirrel, but I held back for fear he wouldn't like me to bring it up again. But one day I asked him how he got to be a medicine man, and he laid a kind of trap for himself.

"The Cheyennes made me one, boy," he said, with his velvety drawl. "I had to live a long spell with them, get to know them, let them get to know me. And then they imparted their mysteries to me."

The phrase, "imparted their mysteries," sent a thrill through me like nothing I'd ever learned in school.

"A medicine man knows four things," he continued. "He knows all human life is a holy-bound thing. He knows how to speak to the Great Spirit and impart the mystery to other men. He knows never to depart from the truth, and he knows to be slow to anger and quick to forgive."

There was a silence over Spring River, and I felt it.

"A medicine man always tells the truth?" I asked.

"He does."

"Tell me about the blue squirrel."

I held my breath. Mr. Pullam didn't look at me for a long moment, but when he did his eyes were hard and fixed. "I saw him only yesterday, boy. High up in that oak tree yonder. It was near dark, but I saw him clear as I see you now—mean and crafty with a mocking look in his eyes. The Cheyenne call the blue squirrel an evil spirit, and not like other squirrels at all."

I swallowed hard.

"I aim to kill that blue squirrel," he said. "Tonight for sure."

A thrill went through me. I couldn't wait for the sun to come up again—so I could run back to Spring River. Nothing, I thought, could prevent me from sharing with Mr. Pullam such an event.

My father was late getting home that night. The food got cold on the table. Mother was nervously putting her hat on to go see if there had been some trouble at the mine when my father's heavy step sounded at the door. He half-lunged into the house, throwing down his lamp and dinner bucket. He glared at Mother and then brought his eyes around to me. I had never seen him so angry. I had also never seen my father drunk. Belle began to cry.

"You come out back with me, William," he rasped.

Mother started to say something, but Father cut her off with a sharp word. I followed my father back to the little shed where we kept chickens and a goat. It was growing dark by then, and when we

reached the far side of the shed my father suddenly turned and dropped to his knees, grabbing my thin shoulders with both his hands. His coal-streaked face was only inches from mine, his eyes wild, his mouth hanging open. The unfamiliar, sickening stench of whiskey filled my nostrils.

"You promise me, William," he whispered hoarsely. "You promise you'll stay away from Spring River."

I was too stunned to speak.

He shook me by my shoulders, jerking me until my teeth clicked. "Promise me, damn you! *Promise* me!"

By this time I was sobbing. Slowly, my father's grip loosened on my shoulders, but I could still feel the cruel imprint of his fingers. I sobbed on, gulping for air. My father stood up, looking down at my bowed head. "William," he said, in a broken voice. "Son?"

I looked up at him.

"I'll never let them put you in the mines. It's no good. Now you come on in the house and eat your supper."

I was too upset that night to sleep. I decided I hated my father and that I would run away with Mr. Pullam and help him sell his Indian medicine in far-away places like Iowa and Nebraska. I saw myself wearing a buckskin jacket with fringe, cooking around a campfire, eating hundreds of watermelons, and learning to be wise in the ways of the Cheyenne. I made plans for it all and swore I would run away at the crack of dawn.

I didn't run away. And I didn't go back to Spring River the next day or even the next. My mother kept me busy doing chores, watching me all day long, not letting me out of her sight. I blamed that part on my father, but I also knew that Mr. Pullam would wait for me. Maybe he would have the pelt of the blue squirrel by now. I hoped he might even give it to me, so that I could take it to school and make Molly Perkins go wide-eyed with wonder.

Then I ran into Sid Gramitz.

Mother had sent me to the mercantile in Galena to get a can of free stone peaches when I met Sid coming out of the store with a cigarette in the corner of his mouth and coal smudges on his face. He grinned, showing a dumb gap tooth. "Your paw got drunk the other night," he said to me, smirking.

"My father doesn't drink," I shot back, if weakly.

"The hell he don't! You ask my paw. Him and your paw got drunk together, and I know how come."

I hesitated, then said, "How come, then?"

"Your paw heard my paw talkin down in the mine about that crazy old buggyman, and your paw took up for that old coot. He did until

Paw told that he had knowed the buggyman from down in Arkansas. They're gonna run that old fool clean outa the county tomorrow. The sheriff's gonna arrest him, and clap him in jail."

My blood froze. "Put him in jail for *what,*" I demanded.

"Fer sellin plain old crick water and calling it medicine."

"It *is* real medicine," I snapped. "Mr. Pullam learned it from the Cheyennes. It's made from otters and owls, from roots and berries."

Sid smirked again. "That ain't all he done wrong. Paw said the buggyman was nothing but a dirty Johnny Reb in the Civil War—and when his own brother joined up with our side, he killed him in a battle somewheres. *He killed his own brother.*"

"The Civil War was a thousand years ago," I cried. "And besides, everybody in town knows your paw is a drunk and a liar!"

It would have been a real fight—with me getting the worst of it—if Mr. Stark hadn't heard the commotion and come running from his butcher shop to pull us apart with his big hands.

I was so upset I forgot to buy Mother her peaches.

That night I had a bad dream, worse than anything I'd ever even read about. I saw Sid Gramitz with his father and a wild, angry bunch of men with torches heading for Spring River. They had ropes and pickaxes. They were all drunk and shouting for Mr. Pullam's blood. And then, suddenly, in a patch of emerald green in the middle of Spring River itself, standing on the water, Mr. Pullam appeared. There was a blaze of light all around him, illuminating his white beard like electricity, and his eyes were wide and dark. He had the big pistol in his hand, and he opened his mouth so that his yell roared out like summer thunder over the trees and the dark banks of both sides of the river.

I awoke in the loft, sitting bolt upright in the darkness, covered with cold sweat. I knew nobody but Jesus could walk on water—but it was the other part of my dream that scared me.

There was a good moon, and the sky was spangled out like stars on a flag. I ran all the way to Spring River, and the closer I got the stronger the night smells and sounds of the river became. The hackberry branches slashed and whipped my face as I fought my way through the shadows to Mr. Pullam's secret place.

His camp was quiet, a fire moldering into coals, the buggy a blurred shape in the moonlight, the mules standing motionless beyond it. There was a faint yellow light inside the buggy, like a signal.

I tapped on the side of the buggy, calling out Mr. Pullam's name.

It seemed a long time before he opened the buggy flap. The light I'd seen was from a small kerosene lantern sitting on a wooden crate beside a thick, soiled mattress. There was a big, open Bible beside the lamp. The bottles of medicine glittered in the yellow lamp.

"Boy?" he called out into the darkness to me. His face was in shadow, and bending down toward me he seemed the size of four grown men.

"I've got to talk to you, Mr. Pullam," I whispered. "It's important!"

He let me in, and I poured out my story to him, telling him what Sid Gramitz said his paw had said, and that although everybody in Galena knew what a liar Mr. Gramitz was, that if somebody did believe him, then the sheriff might be waiting for Mr. Pullam in town the next morning for selling his Indian medicine.

He listened in silence, his big hands clasped gently in his lap. Finally, he nodded sadly. "It's the blue squirrel, boy," he said, softly. "It won't let me be." He looked at me steadily, the lamplight knifing shadows across his face. "You believe in that blue squirrel, don't you, boy?"

"Yessir, I do."

He nodded again. "It's here. It's out there near the river somewhere, waiting for me in the dark."

I swallowed hard. I saw Mr. Pullam firing his pistol into the top branches of an oak, with great puffs of smoke floating up like circus balloons.

He smiled faintly, kindly. "You need have no fear for me in that town," he said. "I have faced such folks before. I'll talk to the sheriff tomorrow about my medicine, and he'll understand." He nodded his head again at me. "It's late now. You go on back home lest your folks worry."

"Mr. Pullam," I said, solemnly, "I'll come back tomorrow with my gun, and we can hunt down the blue squirrel together. I'll help you kill it."

He shook his head slowly, and just as solemnly, "No, boy. You leave be your gun. Tomorrow . . . tomorrow I'll teach you how the Cheyenne makes his peace pipe from the fresh clay of a river bank."

"But Mr. Pullam—"

"Go home now, boy, where you belong."

I did go back home that night, slipping up into the loft without either my mother or father knowing. The next day Old Man Pullam was gone from Spring River, leaving nothing behind but the ashes of his campfire and the prints made by his buggy and mules. Some said

he headed north, some south. I never knew why he didn't wait to say goodbye, and I was disappointed in that, but I felt that it was just what a Cheyenne medicine man would do, disappear from his enemies like magic. For the rest of the summer I faithfully kept watch for a blue squirrel in every thicket and tree until gradually my interest waned and I was caught up in the business of going back to school. For the first time that I could remember, Father encouraged me to study hard and well.

On the next All Saints' Day, when the leaves along Spring River were dying and falling and the November air was prophesying winter, my father put on his only suit and walked all alone to St. John's cemetery to visit Uncle Tony's grave.

It was only then I remembered the *other* thing Sid Gramitz had said about Mr. Pullam.

The Cellar

Afternoons were passed there
Refuge from summer
The walls were cool and damp
like river stones
Rows of squash relish and gooseberry
and stacks of melons for evening

There's something in the cellar
I don't understand
The bermuda grass that took its
first step into cold darkness
has whitened
As the corset of fear
tightens

Donald E. Parkey

The Bender Hills Mystery

By Leroy Dick, as told to Jean McEwen

Chapter 9

"Well, sir," Mr. Dick's gray eyes sparkled with reminiscent excitement behind their thick-lensed glasses as he continued his narratives of these stirring, tragic days, "when I rode over to the Bender place Wednesday morning I was simply dumbfounded at the crowd that had already gathered. And others pouring in from all directions. I was too busy to estimate their numbers that day, but others told me there were between two and three thousand. You see, people lived simply in those days. Didn't have any of these modern 'thrillers.' So they would ride a long way to see, at first hand, a drama as exciting as the one we were unintentionally enacting.

"We were all set to begin plowing up Hell's Acre when a man with a probe located another grave close to Dr. York's. We dug into it and soon uncovered the body of my wife's cousin, Henry McKenzie. That was a surprise to us. Hank was such a wanderer that the family hadn't seriously connected his absence with that of the other missing men. We had expected him to turn up sooner or later. What perplexed us was how he ever got mixed up with the Benders or what motive they could have had for killing him. He never had a dime to his name. . . . We talked it over afterward. Perhaps he dropped into the store for some tobacco on his way from Speary's that day. Or he may have seen Kate and stopped to chat awhile. His fine clothes doubtless impressed them that he had money. And very likely he bragged a bit.

"But how had they gotten the better of him? He was always wary and alert, quick to scent danger, and could fight like a fury. . . . Well, a little hammer hole low on the back of his head told the first incident of the story, to which Mr. Radford's account of his own narrow escape added enlightenment. The old man probably sneaked up and dealt him a knock-out blow from behind. A shattering smash on each temple did the rest. And all they got out of the crime was Hank's fine chinchilla coat . . . which they dared not parade abroad because too much people in the neighborhood would recognize it!

"We kept on probing. McCrotty from Osage Mission was found soon afterward. His head was badly smashed. They must have used the sledge in his case. And they got his $2,600 for that job—which was much better business.

"We kept searching for those parallel cracks in the plowed soil of Hell's Acre. Our next discovery was Mr. Brown, the man with the finely matched sorrel team. A neighbor told me he had seen one of those horses in Arkansas a few months previously. We decided that young John had traded them to someone down there for cattle.

"Poor Loncher and his baby girl came next, both in the same grave. The child lay at his feet, one of his legs across her. There wasn't a mark of any kind of her body. It seemed too brutal even to imagine, but we figured they got his body in the hole they had dug, then picked her up in her sleep and laid her in too, and shoveled fast. . . .

"A woman from near Coffeyville who knew them said they stayed all night at her house in December of '71. 'It must have been the night before they were murdered,' she declared, 'because I dressed the child in those very clothes the morning they left. I don't believe they were ever taken off.' She also told Mr. Locher had just lost his wife and had started overland to take the baby to her grandmother in Iowa.

"From the other scraps of information we pieced out the rest of the story. When Lorcher arrived at Benders' next day it was storming—a bad blizzard with snow. They must have finished with him early, for young John started south with the team that night, evidently intending to trade it for cattle. He got lost below Mound Valley and wandered off the road. He must have seen a light in a farm house and headed for it. But he ran into a pasture fence. So he just hitched the horses to it, took the sheet off the wagon, wrapped it around him, and started back north on foot. He knocked at Tom Benson's around two o'clock in the morning. Benson kept him till dawn. Then he started right out again. . . . That wagon sheet was the curtain between the two rooms.

"We didn't find any more parallel lines. But there was a round depression near the group of graves which looked like a well that had been filled up. We decided to dig into it. And that's where we found Johnny Boyle. His body was in a sitting posture at a depth of seven feet. We supposed the Benders had started digging this well when they first settled. Then, finding hasty need to conceal what was probably their first victim, covered the body there and dug another well.

"There were two peculiarities about these graves. One was that although they varied in width, all were precisely seven feet deep, as were also the abondoned well and the original dirt floor of the cellar. We found no plausible explanation for this.The other was that they were dug in various directions. Dr. York's head lay to the north, McKenzie's to the east, while Loncher's was at an angle. We decided they had been dug at night without particular care as to direction.

"There were eight bodies in Hell's Acre. That of Jones and the two men found on the prairie totaled eleven. But from the many inquiries

about missing men from all parts of the country—men traced to localities undoubtedly leading into our district—we were certain the number of victims must have greatly exceeded that figure. Some estimated there were forty or fifty. That was probably an exaggeration, however.

"But wait—I haven't told you about the unknown man, have I? Well, well, I almost forgot him. He is included among the eleven. We found him just after McCrotty. We asked among the crowd, "Does anyone know this man?" Mr. Fisher said,'He looks like a nephew of mine from Missouri. . . .' Fisher wired the boy's mother, but he was wrong. The boy was at home.

"We never established the identity of the two men on the pairie either. But we knew it was Bender work. Their heads were crushed and their throats cut, like all the others.

"A queer incident was brought to our notice, probably on the very afternoon those two men were killed, which should have aroused our suspicion. Yet we thought little of it at the time.

"Late in the afternoon of the blizzard that covered the crime for almost a week, Mrs. Dick saw a team laboring past our house through the blinding snow. She watched them, thinking it must have been urgent business that brought those two drivers out in such a storm. Just in front of the house, they stopped and one of the men jumped out to fix something about the wagon.

" 'Why, that's John Bender,' she said to herself. The old man sat huddled up on the spring seat.'I wonder what they're doing on a day like this.' Apparently they were not returning from an errand. Instead they were headed away from the homestead. She told me about it when I came in from milking.'What could have brought them into our neighborhood?' she asked me.

" 'Must have lost their bearings and missed the gap in the mounds' was the only suggestion I had to offer.

"After we had dug up Hell's Acre we knew they must have had those two bodies in their wagon that evening. Meant to dump them into the Neosho River, likely, but got lost in the storm. You couldn't see more than ten yards ahead of you. I imagine they just drifted with the wind, missed the river, and finally dumped their load on the prairie, knowing the wolves would mutilate them beyond recognition."

My aged narrator leaned back in his chair, relaxing after his gruesome recital. The light from the window transformed his snow-white hair into a mellowed halo, silvered his short gray beard. His fine old features, naturally so benign, were set for the moment to the stern realities of that vivid past. His kind gray eyes, brooding on space, were clouded by those faraway scenes of horror. He had relived, in

their telling, the historic events of his youth. Memory had not yet relinquished their grim details.
Bender Hills Mystery

"No," he spoke at last, softly, as one hushes one's tone in the presence of the dead. "I couldn't have believed such inhuman fiends existed on this good earth if I hadn't seen the evidence right there with my own eyes. Ten fine men, most of them with families, and one innocent little child, struck down with brutal hammer strokes and dumped into holes or to the wolves like dumb animals. And all for what little money or property they possessed. It was awful."

I waited for him to resume the story. But he seemed to have forgotten all about me.

"And what did you do with the bodies?"

My query, put gently so as not to jar discordantly on memory's spell, led him back to his narrative:

"Well, McCrotty's people and Mrs. Brown came Wednesday and made arrangement to have those two bodies shipped for burial. Loncher and his baby were buried beside his wife in a cemetery near their home on Fawn Creek, some miles south of Independence. By Friday all the victims had been claimed but the unknown man. His head and face were so badly shattered that identification was difficult. We buried him and Henry McKenzie in Harmony Grove cemetery. I dug his body up three times afterward for identification.

"The first time he was disinterred was at the request of a woman from Canda. She was hunting her missing husband, a man with light hair and prominent freckles. She thought the hair suited, but we couldn't tell about the freckles.

"Later on a lady came from England, believing it might be her husband. She was sure she could identify him by a peculiarity about his teeth. But our man's jaw was broken and his teeth loosened so she couldn't be sure.

"The last time was to accommodate a family from New York, relatives of Joe Sowers, whom they had traced as far as Iowa. They insisted they could identify him by the gold in his teeth. They also failed. I thought he fitted the description of Sowers best of all. But we were never certain.

"The *Parsons Sun* and other southeastern Kansas dailies printed Dr. York's story on Wednesday, and our discovery of the others in their Thursday editions."

(To be continued)

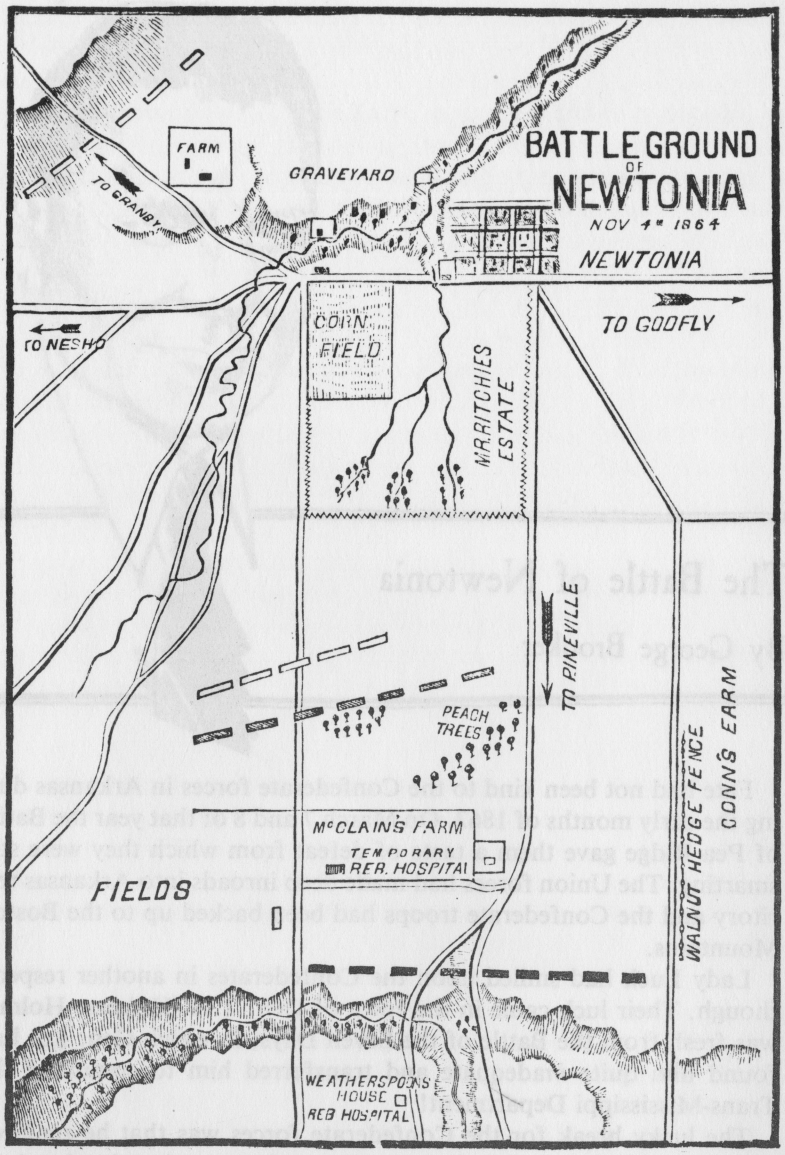
The Battle of Newtonia

By George Brooker

Fate had not been kind to the Confederate forces in Arkansas during the early months of 1862. On March 7 and 8 of that year the Battle of Pea Ridge gave them a taste of defeat from which they were still smarting. The Union forces had made deep inroads into Arkansas territory and the Confederate troops had been backed up to the Boston Mountains.

Lady Luck had smiled upon the Confederates in another respect, though. Their luck came in the form of Gen. T.H. Holmes. Holmes was fresh from the Battle of the Seven Days, in which Gen. Lee had found him quite *in*adequate and transferred him to command the Trans-Mississippi Department!

The lucky break for the Confederate forces was that he replaced Maj. Gen. Thomas C. Hindman, who was then reassigned to head the District of Arkansas (which also included Missouri). Gen. Hindman was not only a hard-boiled leader, but the best organizer in the Confederacy. He took over a loosely organized and poorly trained group made up of 2,500 infantry, 3,600 cavalry, and 3,000 Indians. From this motley group Hindman formed an orderly and efficient fighting machine.[1]



In a short time he regained the lost territory of Arkansas and established posts in the southern boundary areas of Missouri. It was from these posts that Confederate forces converged on Newtonia, Missouri.

At the start of the converging action, the troops of the Confederacy were spread in a line roughly parallel to the Arkansas border in the

following locations: Col. Charles Carroll's Arkansas Cavalry Regiment was stationed on the road from Carrollton, Arkansas, to Springfield, Missouri; Brig. Gen. James S. Rains was in charge of an infantry brigade at Elkhorn Tavern, Arkansas; Col. Joseph Shelby was camped south of Newtonia with a brigade of Missouri cavalry; a brigade of Texas cavalry under Col. T.C. Hawpe was stationed at Elk Mills, Missouri; and a brigade of Indians under the control of Col. Douglas Cooper was camped farther west at Carey's Ferry in Indian Territory.

On September 10, Gen. Hindman was called to Little Rock to confer with Gen. Holmes. He left Gen. Rains in charge during his absence with orders to have Col. Cooper's brigade move up to the place where Col. Shelby was camped south of Newtonia (known as Camp Coffee).[2] Cooper moved with dispatch and arrived at Camp Coffee on September 26 and, being the senior officer, took command of Shelby's brigade to form a provisional division at that location.

On September 27 Col.Cooper sent a combat patrol to Newtonia. The partrol was made up of the 31st Texas Cavalry under the command of Col. Hawpe and the 1st Cherokee Battalion, commanded by Maj. J. M. Bryan. The patrol traveled the two miles without incident and had no trouble in securing the town. They found the town's grist mill in working condition and set about supplying the camp with flour and meal while a runner carried the news back to Col. Cooper. Hawpe's troops also established roadblocks from the north and south into Newtonia. Hawpe's position was further strengthened by the assignment of Capt. Joseph Bledsoe's two-gun Missouri Battery for artillery support.

All of this activity by the Confederates did not go unnoticed by Union forces. Brig. Gen. Frederick Salomon, at Fort Scott, Kansas, knew about Cooper's move to Camp Coffee almost as quickly as Col. Shelby did, and on September 13 he departed Fort Scott for Sarcoxie, Missouri, with his brigade.[3] The following Union troops were already in the area: Col. William Weer had his brigade posted on Jenkins Creek north of Newtonia on the Granby road; Gen. Egbert Brown with the Missouri Militia Brigade was camped at Mount Vernon; Col. James Totten commanded a seven-thousand-man division at Springfield; and Col. William Cloud had a brigade at Fort Scott.

Col. Weer sent patrols into Granby on the 26th.[4] They brought back information on the Confederate buildup at Newtonia. The strength of their forces, as estimated by scouts, was placed at ten thousand men, but Weer thought this to be too high.

There was much concern that the Confederates would launch an attack on Gen. Salomon's camp at Sarcoxie, and Col. Cloud's brigade

was accordingly sent from Fort Scott to reinforce him. They were scheduled to arrive at Osage Mission on the 27th to protect the right bank of Union forces.

Gen. Salomon's patrols had discovered the occupation of Newtonia by Confederate forces and a further concentration of Union forces was planned to meet the impending attack.

On September 29th Gen. Salomon sent out three patrols. One of these patrols, from Weer's brigade, went to Neosho, where they scattered a small Confederate outpost.

Col. Edward Lynde, of the 9th Kansas Cavalry, led the combat patrol that headed for Newtonia. He led a strong group of four companies of his regiment plus a section of mountain howitzers. They traveled to within about one and one-fourth miles of Newtonia with only light opposition from the enemy. At this point, however, they met strong opposition from forces posted in and around a deserted farmhouse and cornfield. Col. Lynde deployed his forces and brought up the artillery section which was under the command of Lt. Henry H. Opdyke. The exploding of the artillery shells sent the Confederates retreating towards Newtonia with Union forces in cautious pursuit.

The sound of Opdyke's guns caused Col. Hawpe to send a runner to Camp Coffee for additional forces. Col. Cooper promptly ordered two regiments to Hawpe's aid. He dispatched the 5th Missouri and Beal C. Jean's regiments to Newtonia and Col. J.G. Stevens' 22nd Texas Cavalry to Granby to drive out a detachment of Pin Indians who reportedly occupied that town (considered important because of its lead mines).[5]

Col. Hawpe's forces moved back into the city of Newtonia and took positions behind its houses and stone walls. Opdyke's gunners halted about three-fourths of a mile north of town, a distance still beyond the range of their artillery. Col. Lynde learned from captured prisoners that the town was defended by over 2,500 Confederates with two pieces of artillery. Since he was outnumbered, Col. Lynde drew his forces back to Shoal Creek on the prairie. This was done just before Col. Cooper's column arrived to aid Col. Hawpe.

Gen. Salomon also detected the distant rumble of Opdyke's guns and assumed that Col. Lynde had encountered trouble. He ordered a strong combat patrol, under the command of Lt. Col. Arthur Jacobi of the 9th Wisconsin Infantry, to proceed south to reinforce Col. Lynde. For artillery support, Gen. Salomon ordered half of Capt. Job B. Stockton's battery (25th Battery, Ohio Light Artillery) to accompany Jacobi. This consisted of three three-inch rifles.

Jacobi met Col. Lynde's detachment about three miles south of Sarcoxie. He had decided to return to camp to report his findings, but,

after conferring with Lynde, Jacobi decided to push on towards Newtonia. Jacobi reached a point about three miles north of Newtonia, at an abandoned farm, by nightfall and halted his column. He spent the night of September 29th here awaiting reinforcements which he had requested by way of Col. Lynde. About midnight, Companies E and H of the 9th Wisconsin reported in to Jacobi with orders for him "to find the enemy, but not to risk anything."[6]

At dawn, Jacobi's troops resumed their march toward Newtonia. At a point about one mile north of the town, the timber through which they had been marching ended, and the Colonel halted his troops while still in concealment. He personally made a scouting trip out on the prairies ahead to detect enemy troops. They spotted a strong outpost about one-half mile ahead, and Capt. Mefford was assigned to take a detachment of the 6th Kansas Cavalry to try and cut off the pickets from warning the troops in Newtonia. Capt. Mefford was discovered before he had encircled the outpost, so he ordered a direct charge upon it. The pickets raced towards Newtonia with Mefford's troops in hot pursuit. Though they pursued them almost into camp and captured several, the alarm was sounded.

Col. Jacobi now had no chance of a surprise attack, so he deployed his troops in preparation for a direct attack. He ordered Capt. Gumal Hesse to have his troops of the 9th Wisconsin occupy a wooded ravine north of town, which they did with dispatch. Jacobi had his gunner set up on a knoll about 1,500 yards north of the town, where they set up for action. The enemy was spotted occupying a large stone barn at the west edge of the town and the gunners opened fire on it. This barn, on a farm known as the Ritchie Place, with its surrounding stone-fenced corrals was to be the major scene of the Battle of Newtonia.

Col. Hawpe, in Newtonia, was not aware of Col. Jacobi's presence until his pickets raced into camp with Capt. Mefford's troops in hot pursuit. He immediately sent a runner to Camp Coffee with news of the attack. Col. Cooper had ordered Col. A.M. Alexander's 34th Texas Cavalry to proceed to Granby and relieve the 22nd Texas. Col. Cooper had joined Col. Alexander's troops and left Col. Shelby in charge of Camp Coffee. This was before the runner arrived with the news of the attack. They were about halfway to Granby when they heard the sound of the battle. They changed direction at once and rode to the sound.

Col. Hawpe dismounted his troops at the Union attack and stationed them behind the stone walls of the corral. He stationed Maj. Bryan's 1st Cherokee Battalion in a thicket on the Texans' left. He posted his two artillery pieces next to the barn. They were just able to get in position when the Union guns opened fire. The artillery duel

lasted about one hour with the outgunned Confederates making a superior showing because of their greater accuracy.

Col. Lynde, who had since returned from Sarcoxie with the 9th Kansas Cavalry and Opdyke's two mountain howitzers, was concerned about the ineffectiveness of his artillery against the stone wall. He ordered the three-inch rifles moved up to within six hundred yards of the barn, where they switched from shot to shell and canister.[7] This changed the complexion of the fight completely—and under cover of this fire Jacobi led his troops forward. As the troops of the 9th Wisconsin advanced, the Texans were ordered to charge forward to meet the advancing Union troops. When they came from behind the wall, they were at the mercy of Col. Lynde's artillery. They met Jacobi's troops several hundred yards in front of the wall but were hurled back and so they withdrew into the town.

The Union artillery continued to pound the walled area and barn, for they knew that more Texans were lurking there. By this time the two Confederatate guns were out of ammunition and had pulled back out of range. Jacobi intended to take advantage of this situation and ordered his men to charge. This was a tactical error becaue he either overestimated the effect of the artillery shelling or underestimated the number of Texans behind the wall. When his men charged, they were cut to ribbons by volley after volley of fire right into their ranks.[8]

At about the same time reinforcements arrived for the Confederates in the form of the 1st Choctaw and Chickasaw Regiment and the 5th Missouri Regiment from Camp Coffee with Col. Gordon's Missourians not far behind. The sound of cannon fire also attracted the attention of Col. Stevens at Granby, who brought his troops to the scene of battle.

By this time Jacobi's troops started an orderly withdrawal because of the counterattacks which the fresh troops made. Col. Stevens observed the Union lines and made a flanking attack on the Union right in hopes of capturing the artillery. A mistake in Stevens' identity gave the Union forces time enough to escape the trap.[9] The retreat was orderly at first, but Col. Cooper's troops had emerged from cover in vast numbers to harass the retreating forces. At one point Gordon's Missourians, in a flanking movement from the Union right, would have cut the escape for the Union artillery, but Lt. Hadley unlimbered his three guns and gave them about a dozen rounds of canister at 250 yards. This caused them to lose some of their enthusiasm for the plan and scattered the survivors in all directions. Hadley then "limbered up" and moved on down the road to Sarcoxie.

Col. Lynde organized a rear guard to cover his retreat made up of the Jacobi troops and the 9th Kansas Cavalry that were to retreat

alternately, but the Kansans were armed with only revolvers and sabers; Stevens' Texans broke through the roadblock and cut the Wisconsin battalion to shreds. They lost about 130 men in this rout.

All this time Federal reinforcements were on the way. At seven o'clock that morning, Gen. Salomon had issued orders for Col. George R. Hall, substituting for Col. Brown, to bring the Missouri Militia Brigade from its camp six miles east of Sarcoxie to Newtonia and to notify Salomon where it would strike the Newtonia-Sarcoxie road.[10] Col. Hall was confused by the orders, so decided to go to Newtonia by way of the Jollification road. He later had second thoughts and changed to a more direct route. He finally reached the Newtonia-Sarcoxie road at four p.m. at a point about eight miles north of Newtonia.

Salomon also ordered Cols. William R. Judson of the 6tn Kansas Cavalry and William Phillips of the 3rd Indian Home Guard to rush their regiments into the Newtonia battle from the Sarcoxie campground.

Judson's advance column met Lt. Hadley's artillery and its escort about ten miles south of Sarcoxie with news abouut the defeat of Union forces. They proceeded rapidly toward Newtonia. When Cooper reached Newtonia he was notified that Col. Shelby had sent him two new units from Camp Coffee. They were Jean's Missouri Cavalry Regiment and Capt. Sylvanus Howell's Texas Battery, made up of four guns. He deployed his forces around the Ritchie barn, where they had been before, to await the Union forces.

Col. Judson was met by the Confederates about three miles north of Newtonia, but after a brief skirmish the Confederates withdrew to the town. When the Union forces reached the vicinity of Newtonia, an artillery duel erupted, but the out-gunned Union battery quickly withdrew.

There was a lull in the battle from ten a.m. until both Col. Philips and Gen. Salomon arrived at about 3:30 p.m. Gen. Salomon had brought up nine guns and was ready again to challenge the Confederate artillery. They drove Howell's Texans back to the shelter of Ritchie's stone barn and fences.

The Confederates received additional reinforcement at this time in the form of Col. Sampson Folsom's 1st Choctaw Regiment from Scott's mill. The bolstered Confederates tried a counterattack and a flanking movement, but both were stopped cold. At about five p.m., Col. Buster's battalion arrived on the scene from Pineville. Col. Cooper now prepared to launch an all-out assault on the Union forces while they were outnumbered. Gen. Salomon had delayed making a direct attack on the Confederates until Col. Hall's brigade arrived,

but upon seeing the enemy massing for attack and still no prospect of Hall's unit for support, he decided to withdraw toward Sarcoxie.

Col. Hall's brigade arrived on the road at about sundown and found Gen. Salomon's men in full retreat. Col. Cooper had his battle lines formed ready for attack when he spotted the arrival of Hall's brigade. He halted his advance and brought up artillery. A brief artillery duel followed which was halted by darkness. Hall's troops covered the retreat of Gen. Salomon into Sarcoxie, which left the Confederates victorious in the battle. Their victory was shortlived because on October 3rd Union forces, with strong reinforcements from Springfield, re-entered Newtonia and drove the Confederates back toward Arkansas.

The casualties of the Union forces in the Battle of Newtonia were 245 men: fifty killed, eighty wounded, and 115 missing. Col. Cooper reported that he lost seventy-eight men: twelve killed, sixty-three wounded, and three missing.

Respect for the Confederate victory is increased when the condition of their forces is examined. They had been facing rather adverse conditions which were getting progressively worse. In a report of October 27, 1862, Col. Shelby described the situation which he and his men had faced:

> *GENERAL: . . . In the engagements above mentioned, we had had a good many horses killed and wounded, and we have frequently had to do thirty to forty hours without forage. Our horses have been under the saddle ever since General Hindman organized the brigade. Our men, from being so poorly clad, and owing to the excessive duties that they have been compelled to perform, are rapidly becoming unfit for service. Our brigade reports now some 500 sick. We have a great many men without a blanket, overcoat, shoes, or socks. There are not more (as regimental report shows) than one-half our horses fit for duty. We have had no iron or time to shoe our horses. Our horses are beginning to die pretty fast, owing to the heavy labor that they have been compelled to do. As for transportation, we were furnished some five wagons by the division quartermaster; all the balance on hand we have collected ourselves. We have never drawn any clothing, shoes, salt, or anything else. All we have in way of transportation is one wagon to the company, and they mostly two-horse wagons. We have but few cooking utensils, which we likewise have pur-*

chased with private means. We have a great many are rapidly becoming unfit for service. Our brigade horses unserviceasble, for the want of shoeing.

The strength of our brigade when first organized was 2,319, all of which were reported for duty for upward of seven weeks. The greater portion were reported for duty until within the last few days. Since this cold spell of weasther set in, our reports show but 1,068 men for duty. The increase of sickness in Jeans' and Gordon's regiments is 100 per day.

Respectfully,

JO. O. SHELBY,

Colonel, Commanding Cavalry Brigade.

Notes

1. U.S. War Department, *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies,* Series 1, Vol. 13 (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1885), 860.
2. Ibid., p. 297.
3. Ibid., pp. 672, 673.
4. Ibid., p. 672.
5. Ibid., pp. 297, 303, 305.
6. Ibid., p. 287.
7. Ibid., pp. 292, 295.
8. Ibid., pp. 292, 295, 306.
9. Ibid., pp. 298, 304.
10. Ibid., pp. 287, 289.
11. Ibid., p. 301.
12. Ibid., pp. 278-280.
13. *The Missouri Historical Review,* 55 (April 1966), passim.
14. Frances Trevelyan Miller and Robert S. Lanier, eds., *The Photographic History of the Civil War,* Vol. 10 (New York: The Review of Reviews Co., 1911), passim.

The Eighth Limerick

Schubert composed a symphony. True.
He ran out of time before he got through.
Though it still isn't finished
Its fame's undiminished,
So why can't a limerick be . . . ?

Don T. Walker

Poems by Philip Boatright

Of the Lotus

warmth, her warmth closes over me . . .
the warmth of her mouth flows into me.
body on fire, the brain dissolves and is still.
eyes blinded, dark eyes, eyeless,
all clocks are unwound.

Lovesong

I wake
suddenly
in the night
as she with-
draws her hand
from mine:
the swell
of her shouder
while she sleeps
stops my breath.

Poem in 7 Lines Pinned to My Mirror by the White Goddess

If
anyone comes
I'll jump into
your sleeping bag
and zip
myself
up.

Inscription

for the Ring
She Gave Me

Adorn me . . . O
ever, ever adorn
me . . . as I
you.

For Ariadne

so you are in England
and it is raining here as well.

the scent of loving
on the soft air that falls
across our empty pillow
as the light quickens.

so you are in England
and it is raining here as well.

Inscription from a Persian Tomb

Such messages always accuse;

She tells of an impenetrable darkness now
settling in the nearer distances,

How the horizon seems sometimes to swell
and blind her windows,

And of whispers from outside.

She speaks of the voyages of which my poems
give no bright hint,

The secrets she believes I've spoken
only to others,

And she pleads.

Om Mani Padme Hum

*

she is April.
not perfume, scent.
the sunny air promises things.

*

most often she will undress herself,
preferring perhaps to give rather than be taken.

*

loving,
her eyes turn ultramarine
to Vivaldi at noon.

Dr. William H. Warner: The Girard Press and Anti-Saloonism in Early Crawford County

By Kenneth J. Peak
and Patrick G. O'Brien

Kansans early adopted prohibition and sustained it long past the repeal of national prohibition in 1933—which elicted the caustic observation nationwide that the state voted one way but drank another. Southeast Kansas was developing a significant liquor industry when the rest of the state went "dry" in 1880, and prohibition violations continued to multiply in the "Balkans" when the entire nation became officially dry in 1920. Appointed by President Herbert Hoover to study prohibition, the Wickersham Commission in 1931 reported that Southeast Kansas was an enclave of bootlegging and a producer of "fine quality" liquor. Crawford County booze furtively made its way as far as New York City.

When the national media cataloged the failures of prohibition on the fiftieth anniversary of repeal, the *Pittsburg Morning Sun* proclaimed in bold print that **"Booze Flowed Freely in SEK Despite Prohibition Decree."** There is, however, a thick Crawford County history in anti-booze and temperance activity less commonly known. An early and influential principal in this story is Dr. William H. Warner, the dynamic owner and editor-in-chief of the *Girard Press.*

Like many contemporary newspapers, the *Press* was an extension of the personality of its owner-editor and a personal forum for his particular biases. A monomaniac on prohibition, Warner made the *Press* the temperance organ of Southeast Kansas. Uncurbed by libel laws

which now restrain newspapers, the editor freely used names and lectured trangressors. With journalistic zeal, Warner employed wit, cogent prose, dubious logic, voluminous statistics, and urbane sarcasm to impress his readers with the temperance message.

Born in Ashtabula, Ohio, on 21 July 1820, Warner was graduated from the University of Lake Erie Medical School and moved in 1845 to Oconomowoc, Wisconsin. He was a physician there and lecturer on anatomy and physiology at the Diocesan Theological Seminary in its famed Nashotah Mission for fifteen years. When the Civil War broke out, he was commissioned in December 1861 to serve in the Third Wisconsin Cavalry. A participant in several battles, he was later promoted to Assistant Surgeon, then Surgeon. He was the Surgeon on duty at the U.S. hospital at Fort Scott when Confederate General Sterling Price raided that city. He also witnessed the massacre of General James G. Blunt's bodyguard by Quantrill at Baxter Springs. Discharged from service in 1865, he was described by the *Marysville Enterprise* as "a physician and surgeon of unsurpassed quality, a man of integrity and rare merit, and an unambiguous scholar and soldier."

After the war, he practiced medicine at Fort Scott. In June 1868, he purchased half interest, with W.L. Winter, in the *Fort Scott Press.* They were joined in February 1869 by E.A. Wasser. The following November Winter sold his interest in the paper to Warner and Wasser, who immediately thereafter moved the paper to Girard. (As the *Girard Press,* it narrowly missed being the original Crawford County newspaper; the *Crawford County Times,* held that distinction by publishing a single issue in April 1869.)

In its "Wild West" phase, Girard already had sixteen saloons in 1869. Just incorporated, the town was literally in its genesis. Buildings sprang up from nowhere. On 27 November, the Girard City Council passsed the first known liquor ordinance in Crawford County, requiring an annual fee of four hundred dollars for a license to sell liquor. Warner wasted no time airing his views on intoxicants and their impact on the citizenry and the future growth of the city. He warned:

> A step taken in the wrong direction at the start will have its consequences for years, and its consequences will be like a shadow upon the bright future. In the past there has been no incorporation to guide or restrain the people, and it will be necessary in enacting ordinances to restrain the evils of society, many of which have become rife in our midst, to hold the reins with a firm hand and yet with gentleness. An ordinance that cannot be enforced weighs like a dead limb upon the body, and should be repealed. This [license fee] may seem onerous, and hard upon our saloonist; but they should take into account that many, and in fact the major part of the evil of society, and expenses of our courts, are created by the use of strong drink. Is it right for the vendors of whiskey and wine to reap the profits of a trade that creates burden and expense to the temperate, sober, and frugal citizens, free from an extra tax upon his traffic? Four hundred dollars

is a low price to pay for the privilege of dealing out the damnable poison indiscriminately among the thirsty mortals who are dissatisfied with the fair talents God has given them, and prefer to besot their mind and dethrone the souls of their manhood. It is claimed that liquors will be sold and drank, and that it is better to grant license and thereby receive a revenue than to allow the evil to exist . . . without revenue. We look at it with no other view.

The Girard saloonists refused to submit to the license ordinance without testing the City Council's political fortitude and resolve. They circulated a petition around Girard to remonstrate against the high license fee. (It should be noted that a glass of beer sold for five cents, requiring an annual sales of eight thousand glasses of beer merely to pay the license fee.) "The saloonists," said Warner, "are firmly leagued against the town officers, meaning to fight it out to the bitter end. We would only say to [the Council] that law will prevail, no matter who is opposed to them."

The City Council's solution devastated Warner. It amended the liquor ordinance to reduce the high license fees. The following issue of the *Press* published the new ordinance, which provided that "there shall be assessed a tax of from one hundred dollars to five hundred dollars for a period of one year, at the discretion of the Board of Trustees." Several licenses, the fees ranging from only one to three hundred dollars, were immediately issued to dramshop keepers.

Warner did not speak to this personal defeat. Instead, he quickly drafted an editorial castigating the City Council for nonenforcement of the liquor law (i.e., selling without a municipal license) and lamenting the general intemperance of Girard.

Why is it, city fathers, that your laws are not obeyed, and that Girard is a bedlam, men drunk and fighting each day of the week, and particularly on Sundays? If we have a town government let us know it in some other way than by the passage of ordinances. Even the saloonist will admit that his trade is the source of crime . . . and they always paint their front windows that the passer-by may not look at their nefarious trade. Every kind of business has to pay its license; why, then, should the liquor dealer, the most disreputable of all, go scot free?

The Girard court apparently did little to dissuade liquor violators. Warner rebuked the court for the lack of decorum in a typical "court room drama":

I wish to ask whether it would be out of order for our Justice Court to be conducted with order and dignity, or has custom and practice made it a rule that courts held in a saloon may be conducted according to the "forty rod statute"? If so, we would suggest that the court furnish its office with hooks to hang the witnesses on, and not have them laying around on the floor. I would further suggest that, as shingles are high, the Court be furnished with a stomach pump, so that when a witness is wanted, the Court can have the whiskey extracted, [and] be spared the trouble of adjourning to wait for a witness to get sober.

(*Forty rod statute* is apparently a name given facetiously to cheap whisky and rum; it was said that those who swallowed it could kill a

person with their breath at forty rods. Mark Twain once wrote of a fictional character who got so thirsty he traded his new coat for a jug of "forty-rod." *Shingles* in this context is an apparent reference to the wooden signs hung outside drinking establishments as business advertisements.)

Nor did the town's law enforcement arm do much to deter intemperance in Girard. Warner published an account of the marshal "turning the other cheek" and bemoaned the fact that "things have come to such a pass in town that the gamblers, dead-beats, pimps, and devotees of Bacchus have no fear of the law whatsoever." Using the marshal's name, Warner reported he had responded to a disturbance at a saloon, only to find that the "young sport" had gone to a house of ill-fame at the south end of the town. The marshal approached the rowdy one and "coaxed him to the Domino Saloon and not to the calaboose," while the inebriate cursed the marshal in vile terms all along the way, "thus confessing to having been bluffed by a lawbreaker and showing that he is not the right man in the right place." Warner later stated, "A constable should be employed who would walk the streets from early morning till late at night, whose business should be to arrest all drunks, disturbers of the peace, and violators of the spirit and letter of the law."

The editor began to provide readers with poems denouncing alcohol, including "The Drunkard's Farewell," "A Living Death," and "Have the Courage to Say No." In addition, the *Press* had weekly information on Federal troop activities in a "Boys in Blue" column, with frequent mention of troop movements through Girard, which were usually enroute to Fort Sill, Oklahoma. The soldiers' occasional sojourns into Girard led them to the town saloons, which did not escape Warner's notice: "A soldier boy who had carelessly put himself outside of too much of the celebrated Tincture of Strychnine, commonly known as 'Pure Old Bourbon,' was spilin' for the fight. After searching for his man he finally fell [out] with a boy who, with the aid of a hoe, tapped his cranium, and his patriotic blood flowed freely for awhile."

Warner occasionally provided the reader with a humorous anecdote on the evils of libation:

> A gentleman driving up to the country inn accosted a youth thusly: "My lad, extricate my quadraped from the vehicle, stabulate him, donate to him a sufficient supply of nutricious aliment, and when the aurora of morn shall again illuminate the oriental horizon, I will award you a pecuniary compensation for your admirable hospitality." The boy, becoming puzzled and not comprehending the gentleman's high-sounding effusion, ran into the house and exclaimed: "Daddy, there's a Dutchman out here wants some lager."

Warner would from time to time suspend his editorial lashings against "fire water." His silence would be broken by a rash of

editorials as if to atone for his past lack of temperance endeavor. After one lapse, Warner used a front-page appeal to the evildoers' vanity in an editorial entitled, "Conundrum for the Sexes":

> For the girls: Could you love a man who wore false hair, when he had enough of his own? who painted his face and improved his form as you improve (?) yours? who pinches his feet with small shoes, his hands with small gloves, his waist with corsets and then, as if he'd not already deformed himself enough, tied a huge bustle on his back, and thrust tiny mountains of wire into his bosom?
>
> For the boys: Could you love a woman who defiled her mouth with tobacco? who staggered home several times a week the worse for liquor? who indulged in fast horses, bet high at races, and swaggered around the streets with questionable companions?

In June 1871, Warner gleefully reported that the Drop In, No. 40, saloon had recently closed and Girard was left with only three saloons, where it had had twenty just a year before. This reduction, no doubt, resulted from the high license fees imposed on the saloonists.

In the early hours of 15 July 1871, Warner received a blow when the offices of the *Girard Press* were destroyed by fire. Although the arsonists were observed while in flight from the scene on horseback and an exchange of gunfire ensued, they were never captured. The uninsured *Press* suffered a two thousand dollar loss. Warner and his journalistic counterparts thought the crime stemmed from the position of the *Press* on the controversial Cherokee Neutral Land issue, which concerned railroad property ownership disputes, but they could not substantiate it.

Warner obviously aroused some public disfavor from his hatred of spiritous liquors and political ravings (the latter which would no doubt give rise to libel damages today). As if to underscore public hostility toward the editor, a traveling agent for the *Atchison Daily and Weekly Patriot* (then and for several decades thereafter a major voice for anti-prohibition) alighted from the morning train in Girard, solicited subscriptions for his own newspaper, and upon hearing of the fire took a glass of whiskey and proposed as toast: "Here's hoping that if the *Press* starts again it will be destroyed again in the same way." Upon uttering these words, he was chased by Girard citizens, but, paradoxicaly, was saved from possible severe harm through the intervention of Warner. The *Press* did start again.

Warner was not deterred in his temperance outbursts and anecdotes; he continued to admonish takers of the vile nectar to remember that "Temperance is a great virtue; therefore be moderate in the use of ardent spirits. Two glasses of whiskey before breakfast are as good as a thousand." He continued to resort to humor: "What brought you to prison, my friend?" "Two constables, sah." "Yes, but I mean had intemperance anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah; they was bofe drunk."

But most of Warner's strokes of the pen were clearly somber and decided serious: "A sad tableau, but not an uncommon one. A small, wretched looking house. Outside, a miserable apology for a man, crazed by drink, assaulting the door, and making the air resound with curses. Inside, a thin, pale woman, with a wan expression of features, pressing one hand tightly over her heart, and with the other heating a poker in a fire."

Warner was editor-in-chief and co-owner of the *Press* only until June of 1872, when he returned to the practice of medicine. His support of Horace Greeley's Presidential candidacy repelled junior editor A.P. Riddle (later lieutenant governor of Kansas), who bought him out. The *Press* had become highly respected by its subscribers and peers during Warner's stewardship for its outspoken political and pro-temperance views, a respect that continued for decades. The city mourned when Warner died on 10 July 1897.

Above Mirage

I like the one who takes the stairs
to see the bolts and rust,
the crust around the axis,
the plates and beams, the seams
of someone's great imagination.

I like the one who holds astonishment
in the mortar and seeks the pestle
from the paradoxes all around.

I like the one who knows the roof,
who sees the city moving westward
like a lemming for the sea while
leaving poverty to brave the east
and earthy shadows.
I like the one
who knows the structure as the corpus,
who architectures dream and function
into a universal leap.

I like the one who thinks in towers.

Frederick A. Raborg, Jr.

The Night the School Board Met

Elizabeth Layton

I am a student,
teacher, parent.

I am a taxpayer—a thousand on my land, on my Mound
brand candy bar, one cent.

Sex study and heritage/mores collide.
Religiosity in the curriculum would be justified?
One?
Whose?
Baptists'? Exorcists'?
Madalyn's? Methodists'?
Jewish or that of a Jesus freak?

You would teach *values.*
Whose?
Yours? Mine?
Combine? Turn the other cheek?
Define. You think my morals weak?
I find yours bleak.

My T-shirt rears cheers for Budweiser Beer.
Theirs flower for *Jesus Power.* Strange
only *I* am sent home to change.

Do I, a student, have recourse
for what I find unjust?
"In the *Eagle Cry,* of course,
your problems are discussed."

Short shrift, for the teacher rules
"You should not attack the Board
or administrators of our schools.
They are our *publishers.* We cannot afford . . . "

Required by law, you hold a hearing.
Told, I come.
You sit round your table, frown, head down, vexed,
profound, your eyes shaded by your hand.
I stand before you, but disdainful you do not look at me.
You allow me to talk, but you do not listen to me.
Irate, you reiterate:
"We do not *have* to tell you."
"We do not *have* to give you a reason."
"You can take it to court."
My nemesis, head down, eyes glued to the table, hisses at me:
"It's none of your business!"

You dismiss.
Your vote is done.
You quit the building.

Smoke from your stubbed-out cigarette has begun to curl
in to the ceiling.
I linger, beset by dread,
For goose steps tread the corridor,
Long dead Puritans stalk the hall.

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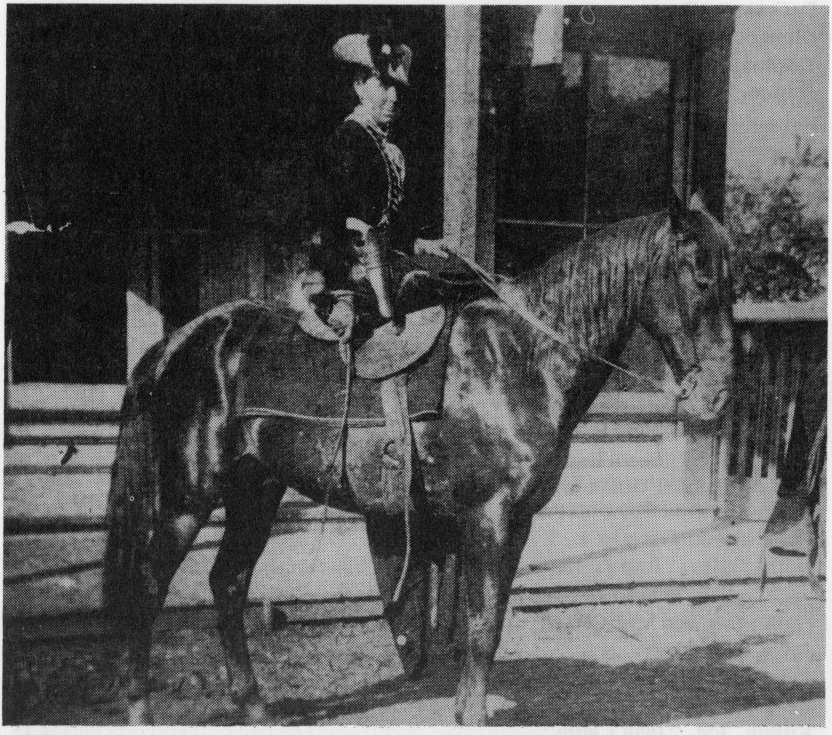

Belle Starr, 1889.

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