



The

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Issue 3, Spring 2001



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In Their Own Words:

"They Just Passed the Bucket"

Robert Nieman

New York and Chicago were not the only towns that "boomed" during the 1920s. Many towns in Texas such as Beaumont, Borger, Eastland, Mexia, and Ranger—to name a few—boomed when oil was discovered. But the granddaddy of them all was Kilgore. When the fabulous Lou Della Crim blew in at over 30,000 barrels a day on December 30, 1930, the population of the sleepy hamlet of Kilgore exploded from 800 to 8,000 in twenty-four hours. People were sleeping in fields, trees, tents, shebangs, and cardboard boxes—anything to give a tiny bit of shelter.

But as is all too often the case, along with the hard-working roughnecks who wanted jobs to support their families came the crooks, thugs, killers, prostitutes, pimps, and gamblers. As sure as day follows night, so the Texas Rangers also came to bring law and order. Not once in all the activity in the oil boomtowns that sprung up all over Texas during this period did the Rangers fail in their duties.

To Kilgore came two of the greatest Rangers of all time: the legendary M. T. "Lone Wolf" Gonzauillas and his partner, the deadly Bob Goss.

On July 7, 1931, Ranger Dan McDuffie was shot to death in nearby Gladewater. His killer was instantly killed by Ranger Bill Dial. Twenty-five years later, in July 1956, a historical marker was placed at McDuffie's grave in New Boston, Texas. Gonzauillas was one of many friends of McDuffie's who attended that ceremony.

At that 1956 ceremony, someone sat Gonzauillas down for a fascinating interview. Regretfully, the interviewer was never identified. Since the voice of Gonzauillas is the only one heard on the tape, it would seem that the interviewer had told Gonzauillas what was wanted: for Gonzauillas simply to talk about his days in Kilgore and also about the McDuffie killing.

But regardless, listening to Gonzauillas tell about wild and woolly Kilgore is absolutely fascinating.

It has been written that people get the law enforcement that they want. As you read this short transcription from the interview, you will quickly see how the enforcement of law has changed.



Remember as you read this: there were only two Rangers—Lone Wolf Gonzauillas and Bob Goss—to stand between thousands of hard-working oil field men and women and a lawless element who understood only one law: "the point of a gun."

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And now the words of Texas Ranger Hall of Fame Captain Manuel "Lone Wolf" Gonzauillas:



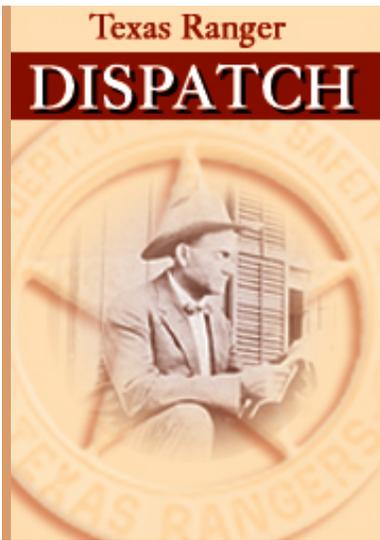
" I was called in there because they [the people of Kilgore] made an appeal to the governor that the undesirable elements from all over the country had come on in with the working people and that things were in very bad shape in every way you look at it. There was no city. There was no town. There was no police department—it didn't exist.

It was just a little old town and the only law enforcement officers there was the constable and a deputy who handled his precinct. There was no jail and it was very, very, very bad. The streets were mud [and] what few sidewalks there were was wooden. The shacks were....They were starting to build rooming houses and they were building little hotels. I remember you could get a good meal for 25 cents: ham and eggs...or bacon and eggs and coffee and toast was a quarter. People were panhandling on the street. And above all, men wanted to work. It was just at the first part of the boom; everybody didn't know what was going to happen. And they had no place to stay, no place to eat, and besides that, they had no money.

As I say, things were very bad and we had to have a jail of some sort and we didn't have one. So I went down to the hardware store and I secured from Mr. Crim (Malcolm Crim, who owned the big hardware store) a chain, oh I guess it was a city block long, maybe not quite that long. But anyway, it was a long chain that he had hanging all around his store on little posts, that drooped from one post to the other where you used to tie your horses. And I took this here chain and I put about a hundred trace chains on it. I put pad locks on the trace chains [small secondary chains] and then I used that for my jail.

Well at first I opened a little jail in kind of a seed store. It wasn't very big—an old kind of a seed storage building, an old frame building—but it wasn't very good and the rats was awful bad and all. So finally they had a little old church in town, which I don't know the denomination of the church [Baptist], but anyway it was a little old church and this church let people sleep in there at night and they loused the place up so bad that when Sunday came and the local people in town came to have a church meeting, why the fleas were so bad in there that the town people there couldn't stand it. The fleas like to ate 'em up. So finally the citizens decided to give the church to anybody who wanted to sleep in it. But finally I ended up with it for a jail, and it was a church first and then it was finally a jail.

I chopped a few holes in the floor on each end and run the chain through the old church. And then I put the trace chains on the long chain and then I put the constable or a deputy—one or the other done picket duty. And he'd sit up where the preacher used to sit—where he'd make his talk from, pulpit up there—and he'd sit there and watch 'em with a shotgun. And of course when they ah.....We put the men on [one] end with the chains around the men's necks and we put the women on the opposite end. We'd put the chains on the



women's ankle with a padlock on it. And we never lost any.

....And of course when they wanted to go to the rest room or anything, why they just passed the bucket!!!"

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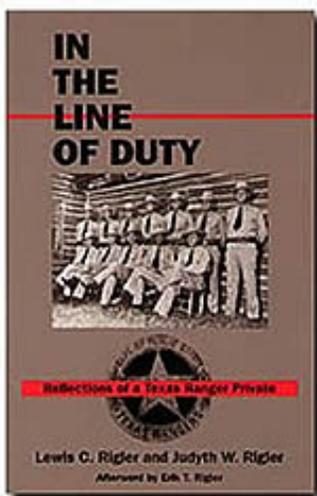
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Book Review:

In the Line of Duty

by Lewis O. and Judyth W. Rigler

I read the book, *In the Line of Duty*, several years before I had the privilege of meeting and listening to the author, Mr. Lewis Rigler. I had enjoyed the book, but after meeting and listening to Rigler, I truly understood how much the book was a piece of him.



Whether listening to Rigler talk or reading his book, you are hearing history from a man who was a Texas Ranger from the post-World War II era until the mid-70's (September 1, 1947—August 31, 1977). I have always had a fond place in my heart for oral history because I hear the stories in the words of the person that was there. In this book, I got that same feeling: Rigler is giving readers oral history in written form.

I again read *In the Line of Duty* to prepare this book review and I still found it very interesting. This differs from many of the other books on the Texas

Rangers because it is written by an amateur writer who relates his own experiences. Even though a novice author, Rigler (with the collaboration of his daughter-in-law) has done an excellent job of keeping interest in the book.

In his narrative, Rigler gives a great deal of insight into the informal style of management that existed in the Texas Department of Public Safety and the Texas Rangers during the time he served the people of the Lone Star State. He also gives first-hand knowledge of other legendary Rangers, such as Tom Hickman, that he knew and worked with.

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Tony Hill is a graduate of Stephen F. Austin State University and the FBI National Academy. He served as Chief of Police at Stephen F. Austin and several other capacities since 1973. He has been a speaker, trainer, and administrator for many programs throughout the community of Nacodoches. He is a member of numerous police associations as well as the Texas Association of Investigative Hypnotists, and the Texas - New Mexico Association of College and University

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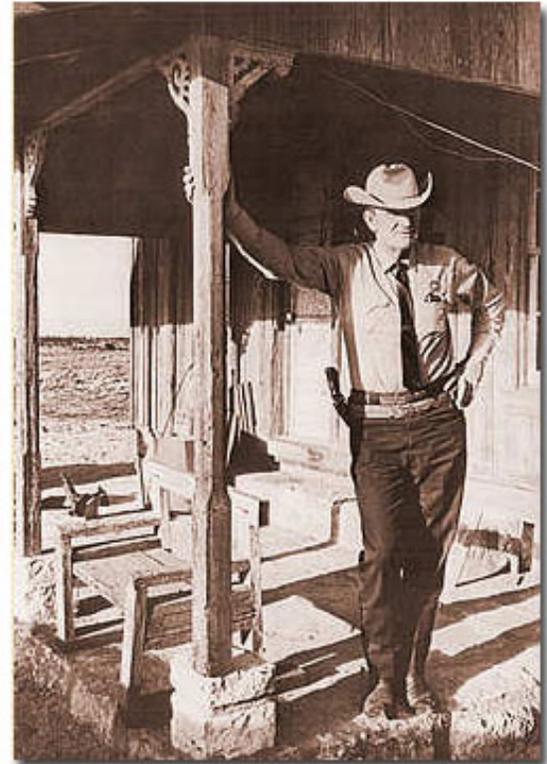
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Edgar Dalton Gooding

Edgar Dalton Gooding was born along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico in the tiny community of Ingleside in San Patricio County, Texas on July 10, 1924. But his future lay about as far from the sea as one can get.

When he was two, his parents moved deep into the heart of Texas to Kimble County. It is ironic that this future great Texas Ranger's earliest memories would come from a county that a half century earlier had been considered the most lawless in the state. The most lawless, that is, until Major John Jones and the fabled Texas Ranger Frontier Battalion swept into the county. When they left, Kimble County's unruly reputation left with them.

Shortly before starting school, Ed's parents moved back to the Corpus Christi area and Ed attended grade school and high school in Aransas Pass and Ingleside. Shortly after he got out of school, America was plunged into the Second World War. It wasn't long before he found himself manning a machine gun and fighting for his life. Ed served eleven combat-filled months in Europe. He started on the beaches at Normandy and then was a part of Patton's Third Army as it raced across France and then charged north to relieve the "Battling Bastards" of the 101st Airborne at Bastogne, Belgium. Ed fought until VE (Victory in Europe) Day on May 8, 1945. He and one other soldier were the only two men from their machine gun company who had been together at Normandy so many months before and had not been killed, wounded, captured, or listed as missing in action.

Ed likes to say that it was a good thing he loved cowboying and working the land as a child. Even though he was born along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, he would never have made a sailor. Every time he gets in a boat, he gets seasick. He didn't get to see much of the splendor of the *Queen Mary* when he crossed the Atlantic going to Europe, nor did he see any of the magnificence of the *Queen Elizabeth* on his return voyage. He was "sick as a dog" going and coming.

After working as a cowboy and in construction for a couple of years after the war, Ed was accepted into the Texas Department of Public Safety on December 1, 1948, as a Highway Patrolman. He was stationed near Houston in nearby Baytown. He remained in Baytown until he joined the Rangers on May 15, 1957. Like every Ranger, Ed is enormously proud of the ten years he served as a Highway Patrolman.

Ed started his years as a Ranger near the top. He was stationed in Houston under the legendary Captain Johnny Klevenhagen, one of only thirty men to ever be named to the Texas Ranger Hall of Fame in Waco. Ed says that Captain Klevenhagen had a fire burning inside him like no man he has ever known—a statement voiced by others as well. Ed says he had the privilege and honor to have served under Captain Klevenhagen for only one year before that roaring internal fire consumed him. Captain Johnny Klevenhagen died of a massive heart attack at forty-six years of age. Ed said, "We buried the Captain in 1958 on Thanksgiving Day."

Ed served six years in Houston. During those years he worked on famous—or infamous—cases such as the ones involving the gambling casinos in Galveston. This battle with gambling halls, such as the world-renowned Balinese Room, went on for years. So long, as a matter of fact, that the Rangers kept a room continuously in the Buccaneer Hotel for three-and-a-half years.

Of course the gambling dens weren't all Ed worked. There was no shortage of work in Houston: the eight-month wildcat strike at the Shell Refinery in nearby Pasadena or murders too numerous to mention.

Perhaps the most difficult case Ed was involved in was the bombing of the Edgar Allen Poe Elementary School in Houston on September 15, 1959. A deranged man, Paul Orgeron, walked onto the school's campus with his seven-year-old son and a suitcase full of dynamite. Seconds later, Orgeron, his son, two other seven-year old boys, a teacher, and the school custodian lay dead.

But the massive workload, plus the pressure and stress were beginning to get to Ed. In 1963 he, along with a stomach full of ulcers, transferred to Kerrville.

Kerrville was like a breath of fresh air to Ed after the constant turmoil and go-go pace of Houston. But after seven years he decided it was time to move on to a little bigger city—Amarillo. Today Ed likes to laugh about his two years in Amarillo. But when he was actually in Amarillo, he wasn't laughing. He had always lived or worked in either the Hill Country or South Texas where you only have, as he says, two seasons: summer and February. He was not prepared for Amarillo and its two seasons: July and winter. He was also not prepared for the wind—that eternal, driving wind. Ed says they have a saying in the Panhandle that the only things separating them from the North Pole are a few strands of barbed wire.

If the cold weather and the wind were not enough, it didn't help that a few days after arriving in Amarillo, Ed suffered the first of four heart attacks. It was therefore no surprise to anyone that when an opening became available in the central Texas county of Belton, Ed jumped on the move.

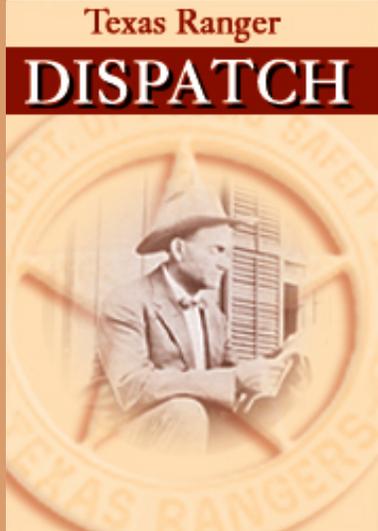
Belton County was a workaholic's paradise. Fort Hood was part of Ed's territory. This was during the Vietnam War with all its protesters and other troubles. Ed had a run-in with Jane Fonda and her fellow travelers. Seeing as much pain, suffering, and death as Ed had in the service of his country during World War II, his feelings toward Ms. Fonda and her followers were, and are, very strong. Fortunately Ed had few confrontations with the anti-Vietnam War crowd. "Texans," as Ed says, "go by the old adage: 'My country: I pray that she will always be in the right, but my country right or wrong'."

Over the years Ed was kept busy with a multitude of murderers, thieves, muggers, rapists, and all-around bad people. He had been a Highway Patrolman and Texas Ranger for thirty-three years and he had finally had enough. On August 31, 1982, Texas Ranger Ed Gooding took off his Ranger badge for the last time.

Today Ed stays busy visiting friends and working a garden he shares with retired Rangers Bob Mitchell and James Wright. He also spends a great deal of time working with his local church—work that he thoroughly enjoys. Ed just naturally likes people and people like him.

Ed has accomplished much in his distinguished career as a soldier, Highway Patrolman, and Texas Ranger. In Ed's opinion, however, one accomplishment stands head and shoulders above all—his marriage to his wife Lena. Sadly, after a lengthy illness, Lena died on February 20, 1995. Ed was by her side.

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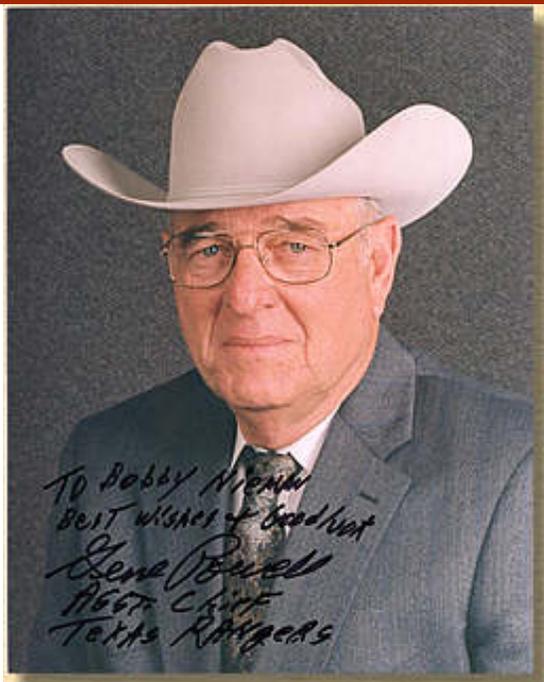
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George E. "Gene" Powell

Captain Gene Powell was born on May 15, 1938, in Stanton, Martin County, Texas. He spent his first three years of high school in Courtney, where he played six-man football. Like so-many tiny community schools that no longer exist, Courtney did not have enough students to field a regular eleven-man football team. But football reigned in Courtney, as it did in many other small rural communities throughout Texas, and these towns were not going to be denied a football team—even if they had only six men.

Powell and his family moved to La Pryor in Zavala County and he graduated from high school there in 1956. In those days, Texas had a rule that if a student transferred from one school to another he was ineligible to participate in any sport for one year. But Gene loved football, so even though he couldn't play in the games, he practiced every day with the team.

After graduation, Powell attended nearby Uvalde Junior College and also worked with his father on the family farm.

In 1958, he married his high school sweetheart, Sue Reid. In the following years, Gene and Sue became the proud parents of five children.

He began his law enforcement career in September of 1962 when he graduated from the Department of Public Safety's Training Academy in Austin. He was stationed just south of San Antonio in the small rural community of Pleasanton. He clearly made a great impression on Pleasanton's city fathers in the ensuing years. They lured him away from the Highway Patrol in 1968 when they appointed him as their chief of police.

But in 1973, an opening developed that would allow Powell to become a member of Company D, Texas Rangers. The opportunity to be a Ranger was too great a lure and on September 1, 1973, he rejoined the Department of Public Safety as a Texas Ranger private. He was stationed in Kingsville in deep South Texas. Part of his area of responsibility was Duval County.

If ever a county in Texas—or the United States for that matter—was ruled with an iron hand by one man, that place was Duval County. And the ruler? George Parr. With the possible exception of Leander Perez of Plaquemines Parish in the south Louisiana bayous, no man totally ruled a county as did Parr—the Duke of Duval.

But as with most people with such power, Parr finally overreached himself. Investigations by agencies from the federal government and the Texas Rangers, including Gene Powell, broke Parr's power and he found himself headed for prison. By then, Parr was an old and broken man and the thought of prison was unbearable. He drove out to a deserted spot on his ranch and put a .45-caliber pistol to his temple and pulled the trigger.

Through the years Private Powell worked many long hours and even longer days, but it paid off. In October 1981, he was promoted to Sergeant and stationed in Company D's headquarters in San Antonio. Sergeant Powell continued following his hard work ethic and was again rewarded: in February 1985, he became the Captain of Company E in Midland.

Captain Powell's talents and hard work continued to be recognized. In August 1996, he was named Assistant Chief of the Rangers and transferred to the Department of Public Safety Headquarters, Austin.

Captain Powell has always loved hunting, fishing, and wood-working, but regretfully the long hours that go with being the Assistant Senior Ranger Captain leaves him little time for these hobbies. He contents himself with the little time he and Sue are able to spend with their children, grandchildren, and a brand new great-granddaughter.

A long, distinguished career in law enforcement as a chief of police, Highway Patrolman, and Texas Ranger, Captain Powell has earned his place as a true "Shining Star."

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Thalis Cook

Though surpassed in fame by many of his peers in nineteenth century Texas Ranger history, none can surpass Thalys Cook when it comes to courage or toughness.

Thalis Tucker Cook was born on March 10, 1858, in Uvalde County, Texas. His parents, David and Eliza Jane, were among the earliest settlers in the area. It seems adventure was a family trait. One of his cousins was Tom O'Folliard who rode with Billy The Kid.

O'Folliard was killed by Pat Garrett's posse and is buried beside Billy in Old Fort Sumner, New Mexico. Their tombstones, along with Charlie Bowdre's, who is also buried next to them, has one word on it—PALS.

The sixteen-year-old Thalys was undoubtedly one of the youngest Rangers to have ever served in the Frontier Battalion when he joined Captain Neal Coldwell's Company F on June 4, 1874. He served until August 31, 1874. As was customary in the Ranger service before the birth of the Department of Public Safety in 1935, over the next several decades Cook would be in and out of the Rangers numerous times. When not Rangering, Cook spent most of his time in the ranching business or serving as a deputy sheriff.

During those years Cook was involved in many gunfights, but two stand out and have been written about many times. The first occurred on January 31, 1891.

Cook and Ranger J. M. Putman were trailing Fin Gilliland, who was wanted

for the murder of rancher H. H. Poe. They finally caught up with him in the Glass Mountains northwest of Marathon (east of Alpine, Texas on Highway 90 near the Big Bend Country).

Passing through a narrow canyon, Cook and Putman met another rider. The lone rider pulled over to the left to let the riders pass. Cook immediately became suspicious of this. Customarily, riders would move off the road to the right, but moving to the left was a favorite maneuver of gunmen. By being on the left, the rider's gun hand was closest to the officers, thus allowing him to shoot without having to turn in his saddle. Nearing the rider, Cook saw that Gilliland was trying to conceal his drawn pistol under his coat, which he had thrown across his saddle horn. Just as Cook turned his horse to identify himself, Gilliland opened fire.

Gilliland's first shot hit Cook in the right kneecap and blew him out of the saddle. Gilliland put the spurs to his horse in an attempt to escape. Cook yelled out to Putman to shoot the fleeing outlaw's horse, which Putman did. Hitting the ground, Gilliland crawled behind his dead horse's body using it as a shield as he continued firing at the lawmen. In the ensuing gunfire, he also put a bullet into Putman's horse.

The three men continued to fire away at one another until Cook and Putman noticed that they were no longer receiving return fire. After a few minutes of deadly silence, Cook called out for Putman to cover him because he was going to check out Gilliland. Using his rifle as a crutch, Cook hobbled over to Gilliland's body and found the outlaw dead with a 45-slug squarely between his eyes.

But Cook's ordeal was just beginning. His kneecap was shattered and he needed a doctor—quick. But the closest doctor was fifteen miles away at Marathon, and he and Putman only had one horse and a pack mule between them—Putman's horse had been injured so badly from Gilliland's bullet that Putman had been forced to destroy the animal. Mounting the pack mule, Cook survived a grueling ride back to Marathon.

The doctor told Cook that his leg would be stiff and not much use to him from then on. But a stiff leg wasn't going to keep Cook from his job. When his leg finally healed, he found it not only stiff but also locked in a straight position, making riding extremely uncomfortable. There was only one thing for him to do. He ordered a doctor to rebreak his knee and reset it in a slightly bent position so that he could better ride. He would walk with a limp ever after, but he could still ride!

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Reel Rangers:

John Wayne and the Texas Rangers

During a fabled career in which he appeared in more than 150 motion pictures, John Wayne starred in scores of Westerns and became the silver screen's greatest Western star. From *The Alamo* to *Texas Terror* to *Three Texas Steers*, many of Duke's Western films were set in the Lone Star State.

During the 1930s, when he filmed dozens of B-Westerns, John Wayne frequently rode the Texas range—but not as a member of the world's most famous law enforcement body. He was either a Texas cowboy, an "undercover man," or a "special agent" appointed by the governor. After John Wayne became a major star, he enjoyed a Texas Ranger connection in three of his finest films.

In 1956, Duke starred as rugged, hard-bitten Ethan Edwards in *The Searchers*. Directed by the legendary John Ford, *The Searchers* is regarded by film critics as one of the greatest Westerns ever lensed. The movie was based on a stark, gripping novel of the same title by Alan LeMay. Set on the Texas frontier after the Civil War, *The Searchers* centers on the Edwards family. Still wearing remnants of his Confederate cavalry uniform, Ethan Edwards returns to his brother Aaron's ranch. Undercurrents of the family reunion include an unspoken love between Ethan and his brother's wife and Ethan's vague racist discomfort with Martin Pawley, played by Jeffrey Hunter. Years earlier, Comanches had massacred the Pawley family and little Martin was rescued by Ethan. Although Martin was one-eighth Cherokee, the orphan was raised on the Edwards ranch.

The morning after Ethan's return, a small band of Texas Rangers and settlers who are pursuing the Comanche raiders arrive at the ranch. The Rangers are captured by Reverend Sam Clayton, forcefully portrayed by Ward Bond. The Reverend Captain Clayton combines religious and military duties, protecting his frontier society after the pattern of righteous Old Testament leaders. Captain Clayton swears in Ethan and Martin as temporary Rangers, although Ethan grumbles that he already swore an oath to the Confederacy.

But while Clayton's men ride in pursuit, the Comanches double back to strike the Edwards ranch. The family is brutally slain, all except the youngest

daughter Debbie, who is carried off by the Comanches. Ethan and Martin commence a five-year search for the girl. This search is a dangerous odyssey because it is fueled by Ethan's loathing of Comanches. When Debbie is finally located, Ethan and Martin help Captain Clayton and a small Ranger company attack the Comanche camp. They then succeed in rescuing Debbie, who is now a beautiful teenager.

Also participating in the climactic assault is a contingent of the U.S. Cavalry. But the cavalymen are considerably less experienced at fighting Indians than the Rangers, and they consequently ride under the direction of Captain Clayton. Historically, this situation is reminiscent of the 1850s, when the newly organized U.S. Cavalry learned techniques of fighting horseback warriors while riding alongside veteran Texas Rangers.

Five years later, John Wayne played Texas Ranger Captain Jake Cutter in *The Comancheros*. Although the film is set in the 1840s, the Rangers are armed with Winchesters and cartridge revolvers from a much later period. But *The Comancheros* is packed with rousing action and colorful characters. Lee Marvin almost steals the movie as a wild, vicious villain – until he is shot to death by Captain Jake. Character actor Edgar Buchanan portrays a reprobate judge based on the legendary Roy Bean. The old cowboy star Bob Steele, a boyhood friend of the Duke, plays a Texas rancher. The Duke's son, Pat Wayne, plays a young Ranger (Pat also was a young cavalry lieutenant in *The Searchers*).

Based on a novel by Paul Williams, *The Comancheros* centers on the traders called Comancheros who supplied Comanches with rifles. As the formidable Captain Jake, John Wayne is tough but good-natured, and he even has a romance with beautiful Joan O'Brien. The Rangers heroically battle Comanche warriors and eventually destroy the Comanche hideout. *The Comancheros* is one of John Wayne's most entertaining Westerns and the only film in which his character is a Texas Ranger.

In 1969 the Duke starred in another delightful Western, *True Grit*. Charles Portis created the one-eyed, quick-triggered lawman, Rooster Cogburn. Rooster is hired by teenaged Mattie Ross to hunt down her father's killer: an Arkansas outlaw who rides in a gang led by Ned Pepper, played by Robert Duvall. But Ned Pepper is wanted in Texas, and Rooster and Mattie are joined in their manhunt by a Texas Ranger named LaBoeuf. Both Rooster and Mattie dislike the egotistical Texas Ranger who is played by Glen Campbell. At the time of filming, Campbell was a country-western star at the height of his popularity. But he was no actor, and his awkward portrayal of LaBoeuf makes the Ranger character seem genuinely unlikable.

John Wayne, on the other hand, plays Rooster Cogburn to the hilt. The star portrays Rooster as a hard man in a dangerous world. He has a rough sense of humor and a mean streak, relieved by occasional kindnesses to Mattie, or "Little Sister," as he calls her. The Duke's most memorable scene comes late in *True Grit*. Rooster puts the reins of his horse in his teeth and then charges the outlaw gang, gunning down the bad guys with a revolver in one hand and a rifle in the other. And at the end of the fight, Rooster is saved by the dying Ranger who fires a long rifle shot that finishes Ned Pepper. The movie closes with Rooster and his mount jumping a fence. A freeze frame shows that the Duke – not a stunt man – is astride the horse. John Wayne received his only Oscar for his role in *True Grit*.

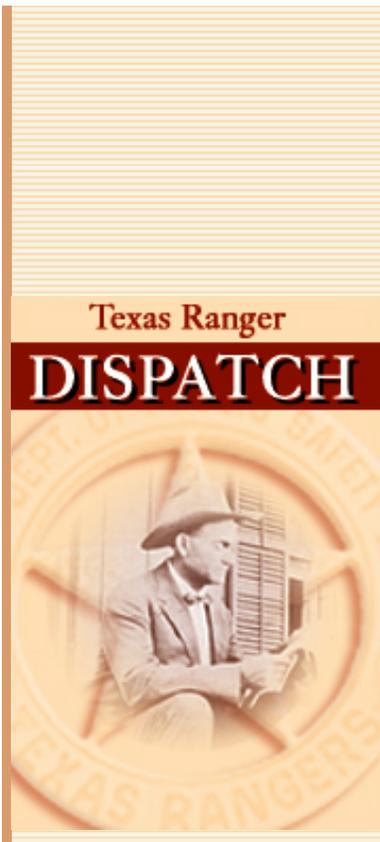
Perhaps he should have filmed more movies that included Texas Rangers.

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Bill O'Neal first researched Jack Hays for his 1991 book, *Fighting Men of the Indian Wars*. Bill is the author of more than twenty books and three hundred articles and book reviews. He has appeared in televised documentaries about the West on The Learning Channel, TNN, and TBS. Bill teaches history at Panola College in Carthage, Texas, and recently he was awarded a Piper Professorship.



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The Memoirs of William Callicott, Texas Ranger

Edited and annotated by Chuck Parsons

Part 1 of 4

Introduction

Texas Ranger William Crump Callicott would have been forgotten had it not been for Walter Prescott Webb and his classic study, *The Texas Rangers: A Century of Frontier Defense*, first published in 1935. While researching the Rangers for the book, Webb located Callicott in Houston and began corresponding with him. Some of these letters he incorporated in *The Texas Rangers*. In his brief explanation of Callicott's contribution, Webb noted: Though he was old and practically blind, he wrote in his own hand the account of his experiences in the Ranger force, first with Major Jones on the northern Indian frontier and then with Captain McNelly on the Mexican border. For him his task was one of great difficulty. [*The Texas Rangers*, p. 241]

The difficulty arose not with Callicott's memory, but with his eyesight; for he was practically blind in the early 1920s when he recorded his adventurous Ranger experiences. Only when the sun was high and bright was he able to see well enough to write, a fact that he occasionally alludes to in his correspondence.

As Dr. Webb pointed out, Callicott was not an educated man and his narrative was composed phonetically, thus at times very difficult to read. He ignored all pretense of knowing of the use of periods, commas and other punctuation; his paragraphs began when he started to write and ended when he finished writing for the day. The following excerpt from one letter is typical:

...had Just got back to the River when Jinerl whonflores and 25 of his bandits Charged us at the River we met the charge and they Brook Back to words the los cuevos Ranch we open fir on then killen Jinerl whon florns in 75 yards of the River . . .

William Crump Callicott was born on November 8, 1852, at Pattison, in then Austin County, now Waller County. He was the son of James Callicott. Possibly his middle name was chosen in honor of William E. Crump, speaker of the House of Representatives, First Legislature, February 16 - May 13, 1846. Crump was an Austin County resident, as were the Callicotts. William's mother and her first husband, Jacob Pevehouse, had come to Texas with

Stephen F. Austin's first colony in 1824, settling near San Felipe de Austin. Mr. Pevehouse died as a result of an accident that occurred while he was working on the roof of their home. His widow then married James Callicott, but she died about 1854, leaving four children to be raised. The 1860 census shows the family with James Callicott as head of household and children Mary, thirteen years old; James, twelve; Sarah, ten; and William, six. James Callicott died circa 1864 when William was about twelve.

A decade later the family had broken up: James was head of household with real and personal estate valued at \$350 and \$600, respectively; brother William, attending school, had \$50 and \$600 as estate.

Callicott's service record fails to describe any action in which he was involved, providing only the dates of his service and details of enlistment. It is not surprising that his name fails to appear in the scouting reports as he never arose above the rank of private; rarely is the name of any private mentioned in the reports.

According to existing service records, Callicott enlisted in Captain John R. Waller's Company A Frontier Battalion on June 14, 1874. He served with Waller until August 31, 1874. During this period he was on detached service with Major John B. Jones as part of his escort.

One cannot help but realize that the events of his service as a Texas Ranger were unforgettable for him. Although he had worked as a cowboy prior to joining the Rangers, his memoirs unfortunately hold little of his experiences going up the trail to Abilene, Kansas.

Following his service in Company A, he enlisted under L. H. McNelly, captain of the Washington County Volunteer Militia (Company A). Although technically not a part of the Frontier Battalion, the men who rode with McNelly were considered Rangers not only by themselves but by the average Texan as well. Callicott served with McNelly from April 1, 1875, mustering out with an honorable discharge on November 30, 1875.

On September 7, 1880, he was married to Texas-born Mary Stone [Sloan?] at Buckhorn, Austin County. The couple had six children, five of whom survived infancy: James T., born in June 1881; Price, born in June 1884; Annie (Anna), born in April 1888; Sallie, born in April 1890; and Kinch, born in January 1892.

By 1900 Callicott was farming in Austin County. Sons James and Price were farming with him, identified as "farm laborers" on the census record. Ten years later the family was living in Waller County. All the children were still together, along with Price's wife Minnie and their three-year-old daughter Pearl. Callicott's occupation is shown to be "wagon driver," working on county roads. By 1920 Callicott, now sixty-seven years old, is living in Harris County. He and Mary are without occupation while son James is now listed as a carpenter and son Kinch is listed as an auto mechanic.

William Callicott died in Houston on June 10, 1926, and is buried in Magnolia Cemetery in Houston. His death—at least publicly—was scarcely noticed, warranting a seven-line obituary in the Houston *Post-Dispatch*. His funeral services were held in his home at 204 Carson Street in Houston. Sons James and Kinch and daughters, now Mrs. Charles Monrick and Mrs. H. I. Jackson, survived him. As to the Ranger's contribution to history, the concluding sentence of the *Post-Dispatch* merely stated, "He served with the Texas Rangers on the frontier in 1874."

The following letters/narratives have been transcribed for ease of reading. I have corrected spelling and added punctuation without omitting any of Callicott's writing. Callicott wrote his letters in 1921 but Webb's *The Texas Rangers* did not appear in print until 1935, nine years after Callicott died. Dr. Webb quotes from one letter that is no longer in the W. P. Webb Collection, thus at least one and probably others have not been preserved. Likewise the letters from Dr. Webb to Callicott have not been saved. It is believed that the bulk of Callicott's letters are preserved and are now in the W. P. Webb Collection at the Center for American History on the University of Texas campus in Austin. Now presenting the "Callicott Collection," published in total for the first time

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Houston
April the 28th, 1921

Mr. Webb

Kind Sir.

As the sun is shining this morning I will try and wind up a little part of my early life. My mother came to Texas with Stephen F. Austin's first colony of whites from Arkansas in 1824 with her first husband, Jacob Peaveyhouse [Pevehouse], and settled on the east side of the Brazos River near old San Felipe [de Austin]. That was at that time the first capital of Texas under the Mexican government.

Peaveyhouse, my mother's first husband, built the first white settler's house built on the Brazos River in 1824. This little house was known for many years afterwards as being "the big house on the Brazos River." All travelers going to old San Felipe would [inquire?] for the big house to stay all night. This little house was built out of red elm [ellom?] poles gotten out of the Brazos River bottom used as studden [?] on ellom sills and pin oak boards used as weather boards and elm logs lined [?] to the thickness of 6 or 8 inches thick and laid down for floors. That is what they call puncheon floors in them good old days in Texas on the Brazos River.

The main big room was 14 by 14 feet. The shed room was 9 by 14 feet. The stick and mud chimney took in one gable end of the big room. It had a small gallery in front, one little wooden window, one end of it made out of pin oak boards.

Peaveyhouse, my mother's first husband, while on top of [the house] putting on the last case [?] of boards [was killed when] a board slipped from under him and he fell off the top and hit on his head and broke his neck. The house was only nine feet in the highest places. He left my mother in a wild Indian and Mexican country with two children, one boy and one girl by Peaveyhouse. She still lived at the place all during the Mexican War undergoing all the hardships of life, tormented by Indians and Mexicans.

Several years after the Mexican War, my father James Callicott came to Texas from Kentucky and married my mother who was still living in the little house on the Brazos River. They had four children: two girls and two boys and I am the youngest of them all and in 1852 I was born in the same little house on the Brazos River. My mother died when I was a year-and-a-half old, leaving me and two sisters and a brother older than I was. My father still lived

at the little place.

My mother, when she came from Arkansas, had an old black woman that belonged to her and her first husband Peaveyhouse. She cared and attended to us four children and when I was twelve years old my father died, leaving us four children though he had plenty of land, Negroes, cattle and horses and money. We never suffered for anything except the care of a mother.

The first sermon I ever heard preached [was when] I had a half sister that had married and was living on the head of Buffalo Bayou about fifteen miles from the little home where I first saw the light. They [the half sister and her husband] came up to spend a week with us and while they were up they took us four children and their two children to preaching seven miles in the end of a buggy. The buggy was the four wheels [and] at the end of the wagon [there was] a kind of a frame on the wheels with elm poles bent over the top of it for [bars?] and a beef hide stretched over them for a sheet. We went seven miles to a little log church house about 14 by 14 feet. This is where I heard my first sermon and at this little church was where I got my first schooling. When I got large enough to go to school, us four children rode on horseback seven miles to school.

Seven years later they built a fine church at the same place and called it Parker's Chapel and I still went there to school. Then later on they built a schoolhouse near our old home and my father built a fine house before his death close to our old home in a big post oak motte that went by the name of Indian Motte. I have found many old flint rock spikes that the Indians used on their arrows, and several old flint and steel locks that belonged to the old flint and steel muskets that were used in Texas in the early days. All kinds of game were plentiful: bear, deer and turkeys.

I can remember back when the bears would come up to our gate after pigs. My father had an old Negro by the name of Louis. When he [Father] would hear the hogs bawling, he would call old Louis and give him the gun and tell him to shoot the bear. The old Negro would get in between the bear and the hogs and drive the bear back to the bottom and then he would bring the gun back to my father and tell him the bear ran, that he couldn't get a chance to shoot him. The old darkey said he was a heap scarer of the gun than he was of the bear. The old darkey never shot a gun in his life.

Well, after my father's death I never went back to school but a little more. Most of my life was spent in the saddle [chasing] after cattle as he left us plenty of them, and in 1871 my guardian Mr. Kinch Collins went through to Abilene ,Kansas, with a herd of cattle consisting of eighteen hundred and eighty-five head. He took me with him. I was only a boy then.

There were no railroads in Texas then except the Texas Central and it hadn't gotten as far north as Corsicana, Navarro County. On this trip I was gone seven months that I was never in a house. We had to drive and herd them [cattle] day and night let come what would. We had to stay with them. If they stampeded, your life depended on the speed and activity of your horse. If he couldn't outrun them, they would run over you or if your horse fell in front of them, you were trampled into mincemeat as they turned for nothing. You can sometimes have a slicker coat, keep ahead of them and wave the coat and sing and holler and stop them or have a pistol and keep shooting in front of them and stop them like I did [with] Old Ball at Buffalo Springs the time our horses stampeded.



Callicott on Old Ball

Well I guess you can see from the chance I had in my early life of getting an education it has been but little, but still I am satisfied with the days I have spent without it. I have lived to see old Texas from the old buggy to automobiles and flying ships in the air and log churches turned into skyscrapers and railroads almost to the end of the world.

P.S. Mr. Webb, I am not writing this to go into print. I am only writing to show you the chance I have had in the way of having my head properly vaccinated with book learning.

**William Callicott
Ranger in 1874. age 68 past**

I still own the old family graveyard where my angel mother was laid to rest near the spot where the little house stood sixty-eight years ago. The only monument that stands over it is the wild trees of the forest that marks the place and will be a monument as long as the world stands, as I have a deed to it and don't let it be bothered with.

Mr. Webb, don't let anyone else copy my writing as it is so badly spelled and written, and don't have any of it put in newspapers, and when you are through with it don't scatter it over your office for people to see. Let it all go up in smoke.

William Callicott.

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**Houston
August the 6th [1921]**

Mr. Webb, Kind friend.

Yours to hand and glad to hear from you and would be glad to attend the Rangers' Reunion with you, but as my wife is a little sick, I can't at present but hope you will have a good time and see all of the old boys of 1874 and 1875. It has been forty-seven years ago since I have seen any of them. If you see any

of them get their names and address and write it to me—the McNelly Rangers or the Major Jones Rangers—and give them my best wishes. Tell them I have been married forty-two years, have six children and three grandchildren.

Mr. Webb, you wanted to know if I cared if you showed my details of Ranger life to the boys. Now I will be glad for you to do it if you will copy them off in your own writing and not expose my bad spelling and writing. I give you the privilege to use anything I have written from 1824 up to the present. Writing it is all truth and the truth don't hurt. I am sending this by parcel post. Let me know if you get it.

As ever,
William Callicott

In the Spring of 1874 I joined Major [John B.] Jones' escort of Rangers at Kerrville, Texas, Kerr County. He had a battalion of rangers camped every fifty miles from the Guadalupe River to the Red River. [John B. Jones had been appointed as major to the five companies of Texas Rangers in January 1874 known as the Frontier Battalion. The two major primary purposes of the unit were to end Indian raiding on the Texas frontier and to enforce the law in the interior counties. Jones eventually was appointed adjutant general and became one of the most important Rangers in history before he died in 1882.]

We started up the line to every company and scouted as we went along the line to each company. When we had got a way out on the frontier part of the state, we camped at night at a big spring called Buffalo Springs [in modern Clay County, northwest of Fort Worth], a big spring walled in with rock about ten by ten that had been built by the U.S. government.

We camped there for the night. We ate supper, then put out our night guards. We all went to bed for a good night's rest except [Martin M.] Kenney and I. [We] were laying close together; he had his horse tied to a tree close by.

About twelve o'clock all of a sudden our horses all stampeded, all breaking ropes or pulling up their stakes and away they went across the prairie. As Capt. Kenney's horse was near me, him and I saddled him as fast as possible and I being young and captain older by many years, I told him I would do the riding. His horse was so badly frightened that he had to hold him till I could get on him. I didn't take time to dress with nothing but my underclothes and barefooted without a hat. [I] buckled my pistol around me and mounted. The horse was so badly scared that it didn't need any whip to make him run; [it was] all I could do to hold him. The two boys, as soon as they could saddle, followed me.

I run them [stampeding horses] several miles before I overhauled them, thinking it were Indians that caused the stampede. After I overhauled them, I ran a head of them and tried to stop them, but it was no good. They would pass by me and keep on. My horse Old Ball, which I thought the gentlest horse in the company, proved to be the worst after seeing I could not stop him—he being several yards ahead of the rest of the horses and thinking the Indians were after them.

I drew my pistol and ran in ahead of him [Old Ball] shooting to blind him as much as possible. After doing this several times, he got a little slower till I could run up close enough to get ahold of the rope. After getting hold of the rope, I gave it a twist around the pommel of the saddle and stopped him. After [I] got him stopped the other horses all stopped.

By that time the other two boys had caught up with me, and I led my horses back and the two boys drove the rest after me. By this time, the Major and Captain Kenney had got badly frightened, thinking that the Indians had killed us and got all of the horses, they all being afoot and could not come to us or we had gotten lost in the darkness of night.

So he made the boys shoot off their guns in the air so as we could see the flash so we could find the way back to camp. We saw the flash and I led the way and the boys drove the rest of the horses after me. We got to camp all right with all of the horses.

The major said, "Boys, you did well. Was it Indians after them?"

We told him if it were we didn't see any. He said, "Well if it had been Indians and only three of you, you would have had a tight time with them and we could not come to you being all afoot."

"Well," he said, "this learns me a lesson."

After the boys get hold of their horses and found none missing, he told the boys to tie them to a tree or get up and hold them till day. After all the horses were fixed and the guards on post of duty, we all went back to rest for the night.

The next morning we all got up and went up and down the creek to see if we could find any Indian sign, but we didn't find any. We then went to the spring and found a big bear track—water being scarce in that part of the country, he was in search of water.

The major said, "Well, I am glad it was a bear instead of Indians or we might have had three boys out of camp and all of our horses."

He said, "I will fix for this as soon as I get to where I can."

So he did. He had sidelines and hobbles made for pack mules and all of our horses and gave each one a set and told the boys that when they turned their horses over to the guards without being sidelined and hobbled, it spelled not less than twenty-four horses and maybe forty-eight on double duty.

Sidelines are a chain three feet long with a ring in each end and a leather strap to buckle it around one forefoot and around one hind foot, and the hobble, or a chain about one foot long with a ring in each end, buckled it around each fore foot. Then they can't get out of a slow walk.

Well, this ends the stampede at Buffalo Springs.

Callicott,
Ranger 1874.

Major John B. Jones

The Lost Valley Fight by Major Jones and His Escort
and a Few of Captain [Cicero Rufus] Perry's Rangers

We camped that night on a small creek eighteen miles west of the Lost

Valley. By some way the guards let two horses get away during the night, that being July the 11th [1874]. Next morning, July the 12th, two of our boys were out looking for the horses [and] came across a fresh Indian trail leading in [the] direction of Lost Valley. [The news was brought] to the major at camp. The major ordered all to saddle up as fast as possible and get ready to hit the trail. When all [was] ready, thirty rangers under the command of Major Jones lit out to hit the trail.

It was found all right—going towards the Lost Valley. Not knowing whether it was an Indian trail or not, they followed it for some distance, [it leading] to a small ravine of water. Here he [Major Jones] stopped and looked for Indian signs. He found what he wanted to find: a fresh trail of Indian moccasin tracks, pony tracks without shoes, for no other horse can travel in that part of [the] country without being shod.

He was glad it proved to be the right trail [as] he wanted to give his men a test to see how they coped with the Red Indian men. He said, "All right, boys, it is Indians and plenty of them." So he started out in good faith on that trail, using caution to not over-speed his horses so as they would be able to cope with the speed of the Indian ponies. The further they went the plainer the trail got following the trail into the Lost Valley. The trail gave out. The major told his men to scatter out and look for the trail.

As soon as our men got scattered out over the valley, the Indians from the mountain charged down on them. Our men and Indians were all mixed together, shooting at each other. As soon as Major Jones could rally his men and get them together, he ordered a charge that worked like a charm. The Indians ran to the mountains for protection and opened up, firing on the Rangers with Spencer rifles, them [the Rangers] being out on open ground, not having any way to get to them from behind the rocks. The Indians [were] shooting at them all the time from behind the rocks.

Major Jones saw he had no chance to get to them [so he] ordered his men to fall back to a little ravine or creek about one hundred fifty yards off the mountain. The Indians [were] shooting all the time, killing one Ranger just as they got near the bank of the creek. Major Jones ordered his [men] to dismount and get down under the bank of the creek to protect themselves against the Indians in the mountain.

This being Groundhog day [February 2, 1921] and being able to see my shadow in [the] sun, [I] will try and finish the details of the Lost Valley fight by Major Jones and his Rangers numbering thirty against Chief Lone Wolf and one hundred fifty of his red warriors. Getting to the creek he [Jones] ordered his men to dismount and get in [the] creek to protect themselves against the Indians.

Rapidly firing at them [Indians] in the mountain, they dismounted [and] got down in the bed of the creek, leaving their horses on top of [the] bank. Zack Wattles in [the] creek looked up over the bank [and] seen [William A. "Billy"] Glass, one of the Rangers, lying on the ground. [He] shouted, "Boys, that is my friend!"

Leaping on top of the bank [Wattles] went to him [Glass], taking him on his shoulders and started to the creek. The Indians, seeing [this], fired a volley at him as he went to the creek. One bullet from the Indians' volley hit him in the boot heel, tearing it off. After getting poor Glass in the bed of the creek, evidence showed that poor Glass had already checked up, had breathed his last in the Lost Valley fight. The battle still went on, the Indians using the

advantage, shooting from behind the rocks in the mountain and the Rangers still using the bank of the creek shooting at them whenever one would emerge from behind a rock or poke his head from behind a rock. This kind of battle lasted till late in the evening.

This being Sunday the 12th day of July and a hot one at that, the boys, not having any water all day, would dig down in the wet mud to get moist dirt to quench [their] thirst as there was no water near. Our little Major Jones spent most of his time walking up and down the bank of the creek watching the Indians. Whenever he would see an Indian or his head from behind [a] rock, he would point him out and tell the boys to aim steady and to shoot to hit. They would beg him to come down in the bed of the creek, that [if he did not], he would be killed. He replied he was a small target; that they would have to shoot close to hit him. At one time he was standing near a big oak tree when the Indians fired a volley at him, knocking splinters in his face. [He] still held his post of duty late in the evening. He saw he had no chance to rout them from the mountain and if he did, it spelled [meant] nothing as he had fourteen or fifteen head of horses being dead on the bank of the creek and his men all suffering for water, not having any all day.

After [being] in the bed of the creek where the boys [were], they all [raging?] for water, little Ed Bailey, one of the Rangers, told Major Jones if he would let him go, he would take all of the canteens and go up the creek about a mile to where he thought [there] was a hole of water. The major told him it would not do, that most of their horses were killed and they could not get to him in case the Indians got after him. He told the major he was suffering for water and so was the boys. The major finally agreed to his pleading, telling him to take with him his spyglass and to keep a look out for the Indians in the mountains.

So getting all the canteens, he and another Ranger by the name of Wheeler went with Ed Bailey. After they drank what they wanted, then filling up their canteens with water [and] securing them to their saddle pommels, started back to the boys in the creek. After getting a short distance from the water hole on their way back to the major and boys in the creek, the Indians spied [them] from their mountains, got on their ponies [and] charged in between Bailey and our boys in the creek. Bailey's horse became frightened. He could not make him but Wheeler's horse, not being so scared, took a different direction from where the boys and Major [Jones] was in the creek.

With many Indians after him close behind, [Wheeler] came to a hole of water in the creek. He plunged his horse in.

Lee Corn [was] a Ranger who was in the first mix-up that morning while looking for the Indian trail in the Lost Valley where his horse was killed and he was wounded in the arm. After the major and the other boys had rallied and drove the Indians to the mountains, Lee made his way to the hole of water [just] when Wheeler plunged in. Lee, thinking he was an Indian, fired at him. Lee Corn and Wheeler, they together opened fire at the Indians that were after Wheeler. They then fled back to where the rest of the Indians were carving poor Ed Bailey up.

After they killed Bailey, they scalped [him and] then carved him up like beefsteak. Then taking the butt end of their guns [they] stomped his skull and brains in the ground in sight of the major and the boys in the creek. After they had satisfied themselves with Bailey's dead body, they then took Bailey's horse, a fine one, gun and pistol, all of the canteens of water [and] also the major's spy glass.

The battle [was] still going on with the boys in the creek and the Indians in [the] mountains. Late in [the] evening, major said he did not know what to do unless he could get aid, as the Indians numbered so many—he only having twenty-five men with him in the creek. [Because] Lee Corn and Wheeler [were] missing, Jones thought they were killed by the Indians. [Jones did not know what to do] unless he had some way of getting aid from Fort Jacksboro, a U.S. fort eighteen miles away. Little Johnny Holmes being present said, "Major Jones, if you will let me go I will take the news to Fort Jacksboro for you."

The major said, "No, Johnny, you will share the same fate that Bailey did. You will be cut off and killed by the Indians as Bailey was and killed."

Johnny said, "Major, my horse won't scare like poor Bailey's did."

So the major consented to let him go, although Johnny's horse had a slight wound but not enough to keep him from running. After the major gave Johnny the message to take to the fort, his horse well rested from the morning rest on the bank when the fight was going on, he mounted. The horse was a big dun and a fast speeder. [Johnny] bade major and the boys goodbye and started across the Lost Valley toward Fort Jacksboro.

The Indians saw him start [and] closed in behind him. Johnny seen them [and] let his horse slide with the best speed he had, leaving them far behind, reaching the fort all okay. He delivered the message that night. A company of U.S. regulars were sent out under the command of a white captain. They camped all night in the Lost Valley.

After night came, the Indians ceased firing and so did major. They took what horses [were] kept alive tying Glass, a dead Ranger, on one horse, and doubling up two on the other horses, leaving one horse to pack dead Ranger Bailey on. Going by where he lay, only a pile of flesh, tying him up in a saddle blanket. Going up the creek to the hole where Bailey had filled the canteens, all horses and men—all getting plenty of good water, that being the first water they had that day. After all had plenty of water, they started up the creek going to the Lone or Lost Valley Ranch as it is called, taking Bailey and Glass to rest forever in the Lost Valley—Bailey tied up in a saddle blanket on one lead horse and Glass across the saddle of another. They rode behind one another. With what horses [were] left, the other boys went on foot.

The next morning the funeral was ended; it's needless to say what kind of material was used in the burials, as there were no coffins nor shrouds in Jack County, at least the Lost Valley part. After getting the boys laid to rest, they that had horses or could get horses—major and all of his men—joined in with the U.S. troops scouting out the Lost Valley and the mountains for Lone Wolf and his band of Indians. Not finding any trace of them that night, returned back to our camp where he had left us the morning he hit the Indian trail after the Indians, being only one guard left in camp consisting of twelve guards, two teamsters, two wagons, seven pack mules.

We had been in that camp twenty-four hours. At night while the major and the boys were gone, we knew something had happened to them as they didn't get back. We had our two wagons placed side by side, would graze our horses and mules close by in daytime and at night bring them up and tie them to our wagons or to a tree so that if the Indians attacked us we would have a chance to save our horses from being stampeded and taken from us. The only officer being in command of our camp was a corporal acting as commander-in-chief in Major Jones' place.

Putting on four men at a time as guards around the camp with orders if we saw any Indians around camp to report to him at once, to fire into them and come to our wagons as fast as possible. But the night passed off without any trouble of any cause. The major then being in command the next morning, ordered us to pack up our pack mules and to get ready to march. Everything ready, we started to Fort Jacksboro over the same Indian trail leading through the Lost Valley [and] passing near the monument erected over the spot where seven men were killed and burned by the Indians in wagon and all the year I went up the cattle trail in 1871 to Abilene, Kansas. We heard of it the next day or two after it happened. This monument stands as near as I remember two or three miles west of the Lost Valley in the mountain.

The boys had gathered up their saddles from their dead horses killed in the Lost Valley fight. Everything being ready, went through there or where the fight took place. The trees standing along the bank of the creek where the horses were killed [were] loaded with buzzards and clouds of them [were] sailing above feasting on them.

Reaching Fort Jack, we camped nearby till the boys could get remounted. Then the major took up his regular line of march up and down the companies camped from Red River to the Guadalupe River, every sixty miles apart with seventy-five rangers to each company.

P.S. In the first mix-up with the Indians in the morning July the 12th, Billy Louis [William Winslow Lewis], as Lone Wolf the Indian chief was running by to get into the mountains, shot at him and killed his horse from under him. As [Lone Wolf] leaped from his fallen horse, his mocassins dropped from his feet and Billy picked them up, and I guess if Billy is still living he still keeps them as a relic of the Lost Valley fight, Sunday July the 12th, 1874. [Lewis outlived Callicott, living until 1934.]

P.S. I have given you the full details as near as memory will permit, not adding or taking anything from it as it originally occurred, the end of the Lost Valley fight.

Ranger William Callicott

[In response to Dr. Webb's question as to what tools were used to bury the two dead Rangers], but as I was not at the funeral of Bailey and Glass I can't tell you the kind of tools were used in preparing the graves for Bailey and Glass, but I think the major must of had trouble in getting any at all for when we got ready to start on the march again from Jacksboro, he purchased two spades, two shovels, two picks. The boys all said they would of liked it better if the major would have not gotten them. They said it looked like the major was getting ready for the funerals too fast, but we never did have to use them while I was with them, no one being killed or dying from sickness, that is with the escort. What Indians we killed after that were left on the barren trail where they fell.

The boys never knew how many they killed of Chief [Lone] Wolf's gang in the Lost Valley fight as they were behind the rocks and couldn't tell when they hit one. But Chief Lone Wolf stated when he got back to Fort Sill in the reservation, he lost fifteen killed and wounded. So this is the end of the Lost Valley Indian fight [of] 1874, as I wish to state nothing but facts in the case. You will please ask friend Grooms Lee, as he was in it from start to finish. I was on camp duty that day and had to guard our wagons and pack mules. Twelve of us were on duty for twenty-eight hours till the major got back to our camp eighteen miles west of the Lost Valley. I am told that the Lost Valley

derived its name from a man settling in it many years ago by the name of Loss and was killed by the Indians. Well, I give you a verse or two of a little song friend Grooms Lee composed of the Lost Valley fight sung by the tune of [illegible]:

Our boys all fought with a very good will
While the Indians were shooting from the top of the hill
But when we looked to our horses were found
About fourteen in number lay stretched out on the ground
Now here stand our Indian hunters all in a row
Its back to our homes in the mountains we will go
For we have killed several Indians our Texas brand show [?]
And the Rangers have heard of some four or five more.

It is a hard matter for me to see at all and I wish if you can use or make it out, you will do it yourself and after you get through with it, let it all go up in smoke as I don't care for others to laugh at my bad writing and spelling.

William Callicott
Escort Ranger age 68 past.

This ends the Lost Valley fight. There has been nothing added nor nothing taken away except what was real to the best of my ability.

William Callicott
Major John B. Jones escort Ranger in 1874, age 68 past.

Mr. W.P. Webb,

Kind Sir

In writing this copy of the Lost Valley fight the last number got mixed up. You will please sort them out and link them together as they belong, commencing at page 32, as I am in a hurry to send the papers to you and you copy all of my writing yourself before you go to print with it. As my eyes are so bad it will be a hard matter for any one to make it out at all.

And after you copy it, let my friend Grooms Lee see it and see if I made any mistake in the details of it as him and Walter Robinson were in the fight from start to finish. It was my day on guard duty eighteen miles west of the Lost Valley where the fight took place. A corporal and twelve of us were left with our wagons and seven pack mules till the Major and a remnant of his men returned. Walter Robinson's horse was killed in the fight. I don't know if Grooms Lee's horse was or not. Walter's horse was a big dun, about the best horse in the escort and valued at 150 dollars.

P.S. Glass and Bailey were laid to rest at the Lost Valley Ranch Monday, July the 13th, 1874, eighteen miles west of Fort Jacksboro, a U.S. fort.

William Callicott
Escort Ranger

* * *

The Lost Valley fight was a draw fight, neither side claimed the victory. The rangers had two men killed dead, [and] two wounded: Lee Corn shot in the arm, Moore shot in the calf of the leg below the knee. [The Rangers actually had three wounded: Corn, Moore, and Mel Porter.] Fourteen head of horses [were] killed dead and several wounded.

As Lone Wolf and his band were in the mountains behind the rocks, it was a hard matter to tell how many were killed. But he reported when he got back to Fort Sill that he lost killed and wounded, fifteen of his red men.

William Callicott
Ranger

END PART 1

§

Chuck Parsons is currently completing a biography of Texas Ranger N.O. Reynolds and has just completed a biography of Texas Ranger Leander H. McNelly. Previous books include biographies of Clay Allison (1977, 1984), *The Capture of John Wesley Hardin* (1978), *Phil Coe: Texas Gambler* (1984), *Bowen & Hardin* (1991), *James Madison Brown: Texas Sheriff*, *Texas Turfman* (1993), *Captain C.B. McKinney: The Law in South Texas* (with Gary P. Fitterer, 1993), as well as several hundred periodical articles and book reviews.

From January 1983-2000 he conducted "The Answer Man" column for *True West* magazine. In addition he is editor of the *Quarterly* and the *Newsletter* of the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History (NOLA). Parsons is a member of NOLA, The English Westerners Society, The Brazos Corral Westerners, and a board member of The James-Younger Gang. He is currently retired from the field of education, having been a high school principal for eighteen years in Wisconsin and Minnesota schools and a classroom teacher for eight years in Wisconsin.

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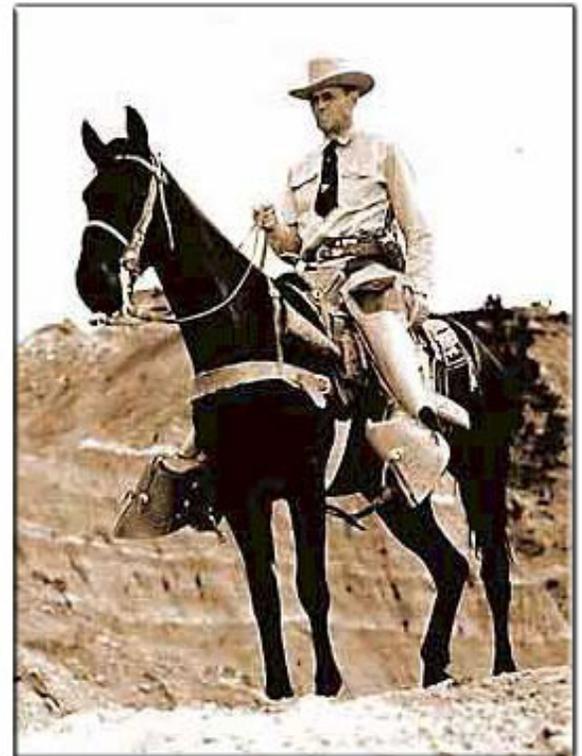
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Captain Bob Crowder and The Rusk State Hospital Riot

By Robert Nieman

In his marvelous book, *Just One Riot*, historian Ben Proctor says of Hall of Fame Ranger Captain Bob Crowder:

Yet no matter how outstanding his achievements, no matter how impressive his excellent record as a peace officer, Texas lawmen would remember one incident in Crowder's career that set him apart from all others—the riot at the Rusk State Hospital.

The Rusk State Hospital, located in the piney woods of the small East Texas town of Rusk, housed 2,500 inmates. Six hundred of them were classified as criminally insane and were held in a dormitory called the Maximum Security Unit. In the 1950s, mental illness was little understood and treatment bordered on barbaric. Two of the most frequently used treatments were electroshock and, in the more drastic cases, lobotomies. What little professional staff that was available was swamped with a massive workload.

To help ease the crushing burden at Rusk State Hospital, trustees were used to assist. Oftentimes these trustees were worse than the patients they were "guarding." Many times this led to situations that ended in tragic results. The

general attitude that seemed to prevail to those years was "put the crazies in a nut house and forget them."

On Saturday, April 16, 1955, eighty-one inmates rioted against the system and the conditions of the mental institution. They were led by twenty-two-year-old Ben Riley.

It was in the MSU Ward 7 area that Riley and his cohorts managed to ambush and overpower a trustee, Robert Williams, and beat him half to death. Securing Williams' keys, Riley and his cronies charged downstairs to Ward 6 and secured ice picks, baseball bats, mop handles, and anything else they could use as weapons.

Unfortunately for Assistant Supervisor Clyde White and Unit Physician L. D. Hancock, they picked this moment to make their morning rounds. Responding to a cry of help that someone had been badly hurt in a fight and needed their help, the unsuspecting White and Hancock rushed into Riley's ambush. As soon as they entered the building they were taken hostage. Shortly thereafter, Hancock was forced by Riley to telephone Dr. Charles Castner, the hospital superintendent, and tell him to come over to Ward 6. Once again the rioters used the ruse that someone had been badly injured in a fight. They said that Dr. Castner was needed immediately.

Castner was added with Hancock and White as hostages. At a glance, Castner realized that Hancock was hurt very badly and needed help— fast. Not only had Hancock had been severely beaten and stabbed, but the inmates had used the electroshock machine on him. Volunteering to remain as a hostage, Castner persuaded Riley to release Hancock.

After releasing Hancock, Riley demanded that he be allowed to talk to a newspaper reporter. The twenty-nine-year-old publisher of the Rusk Cherokeean, Emmett Whitehead, volunteered to talk to Riley. Riley, as do most rioting inmates, ranted and raved about the terrible conditions in the hospital. By modern measures, some of these would be justified complaints. Among the demands was that black inmates be given the same rights, privileges, and care as the white inmates.

Riley also said that if the police tried to take the ward by force, all of the hostages would be instantly killed. As he told Whitehead, there was nothing anyone could do to them, because ". . . we're already crazy."

If he couldn't talk to the governor, Riley agreed to meet with a Texas Ranger if, and only if, the Ranger came as a representative of the government. Thus the Director of the Texas Department of Public Safety, Colonel Homer Garrison, contacted Captain Bob Crowder in Dallas and asked him to get down to Rusk and take control of the situation. After contacting another Ranger and two Highway Patrolman to meet him in Rusk, Captain Crowder almost burned up his car's engine covering the approximately 120 miles from Dallas to Rusk.

Arriving at Rusk in mid-afternoon, Crowder received a quick briefing from officials on site and then telephoned into the ward. He identified himself to Riley and told him that he was authorized to talk to him as a representative of the state of Texas.

Riley agreed to talk to the Ranger captain, but demanded that Crowder come in unarmed. The wily Ranger wasn't buying into this and refused what he

considered a ridiculous demand. He told Riley that he was not going to allow himself to be added to the list of hostages. To leave no doubt exactly where he stood, Crowder told the riot leader in no uncertain terms, "If something goes amiss, I know who's going to fall first."

For twenty minutes Crowder listened patiently as Riley named off one complaint after another. Crowder knew that some were justified and some were not. However, the complaints were not his responsibility: his job was to end the hostage situation. When Riley finished, Crowder promised him that he would see to it that the inmates' grievances were heard—right after Riley and all the other rioters surrendered.

Riley and the others laid down their weapons and gave up. Crowder, true to his word, made sure that the convicts were able to express their grievances to the proper authorities.

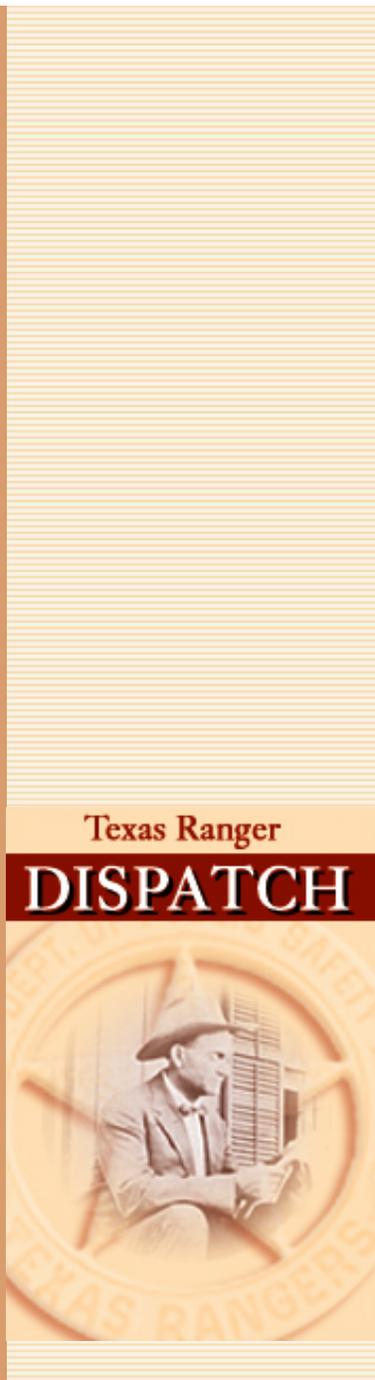
Many years later, Captain Crowder was asked what he would have done if his plan had not worked. [If] "it hadn't worked that way, I don't know what the story would have been. But I know one thing: I had two .45s with eight shots in each of them, and that's about as far as I know."

And now, as world renowned radio commentator Paul Harvey would say, "the rest of the story":

Captain Crowder had one other ace in the hole: one of the two highway patrolmen who had joined him was Jim Ray. This was the same Jim Ray who would shortly be a Texas Ranger himself, then a Ranger Captain, and finally the Chief of the Texas Department of Public Safety's Criminal Law Enforcement Division.

Ray was lying about fifty yards away from Ben Riley with Riley's chest squarely in the crosshairs of his sniper rifle. Ray was fully prepared to do whatever was necessary to protect the life of Captain Bob Crowder. Crowder certainly knew more than he let on when he told Riley, "If something goes amiss, I know who's going to fall first."

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Guns of the Texas Rangers:



Colt Model 1911 Automatic

by David Stroud

Automatic pistols (weapons that will reload after firing) are unique to Colt firearms in that they are the only weapons developed for smokeless powder, and all transitions are solely for function improvement.

Automatic pistols were initially manufactured in the late 1890s, but the Colt Model 1900 in .38 caliber was the first American automatic. John M. Browning, a Mormon, is given credit for its creation.

In April 1897, Mr. Browning received patents for an automatic pistol. Several designs in full automatic, without safeties, were tested but proved nearly impossible to control. However, those experiments resulted in the development of the Model 1900 .38 Automatic Pistol, and the first one was sent to the editor of *Shooting and Fishing* magazine for trial.

The editor found the weapon interesting but somewhat surprising. Because he didn't know what to expect, his flinching buried the bullets into the ground some thirty feet in front of him. However, he and his friends soon learned how to handle the pistol and the editor endorsed the automatic features.

The Army ordered 200 of the pistols for testing, the Navy requested 50, and Colt supplied the civil market with another 3,250.

Several more .38, .32, and .380 automatics were produced for civilian sale before the first military model in 1905. Although the cartridge and weapon were new, the Army was enthusiastic. Experiments and tests followed for several years and resulted in the famous Government Model .45 1911 Automatic adopted by the military that year.

The weapon fired the .45 ACP (Automatic Colt Pistol) round, was eight and one-half inches in length with a five inch barrel, thirty-nine ounces in weight, and had a five round magazine capacity. Colt added a grip safety and a

manually operated side lock to prevent accidental firing. A slide stop held the barrel back once the last round was fired.

The semi-automatic won instant popularity with the troops, and before the First World War the armed forces had been equipped with the famed pistol. Once the United States entered the war in France, however, requests for the automatic overwhelmed the Colt factory.

Colt Firearms immediately increased production of the M 1911 and the making of the automatic was contracted to other firearms manufacturers. Nevertheless, Colt produced most of the weapons while Remington fashioned approximately 21,000 M 1911's during the war.

The M 1911 proved itself in the trenches as an excellent man-stopper and on November 11, 1918 (Armistice Day), more than 60 percent of American troops were armed with the automatic.

Many of the weapons found their way to small-town America as well as to large cities. They were smuggled in sea bags, in duffle bags, and in any other way that the men could get them past guards. Regardless of the number of automatics missing in action, enough remained behind to supply the needs of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps.

Colt continued to manufacture the automatic for the law enforcement and civilian market. Some 200,000 were sold by 1942.

The M 1911 performed so well in combat, no other weapon was sought by the military during the postwar years. However, as great as the pistol was, it was not perfect.

Colt Super .38

Continuing the Colt tradition of excellence, minor modifications took place between the world wars in the trigger, hammer, and grip. In addition, there was a slight change in the

frame. These improvements were incorporated in Colt's new automatic, serial number 7000000, in June 1926. The new weapon was designated as M 1911 A.

Regardless of the improvements, few M 1911 A1 pistols were manufactured before the Second World War because of the number of M 1911's on hand for the military. However, with the attack on Pearl Harbor (December 7, 1941), demand increased virtually overnight.

Colt again increased production but once more was unable to keep up with demand. Contracts were again awarded to other gun makers to produce the M 1911 A1, and Remington Rand manufactured 900,000 to Colt's 400,000 during WWII.

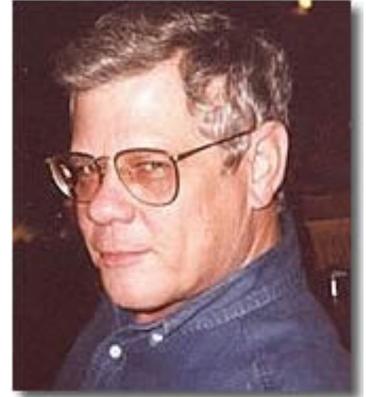
In October 1946, Colt again produced the famous automatic for the civilian and the law enforcement markets.



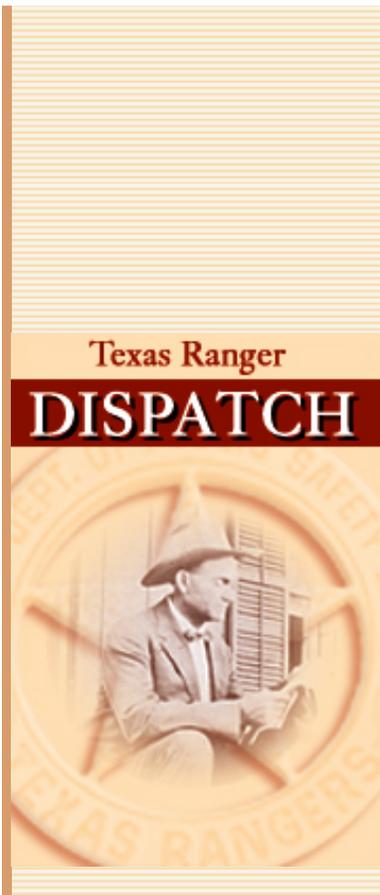
Throughout their histories, the M 1911 and the M 1911 A1 have been cited for their inaccuracies as well as for their weights. The military automatics were not built for target shooting but for being effective combat weapons at close range. No soldier, civilian or Texas Ranger ever complained about the weapons' stopping abilities, and the pistols proved to be peerless in close combat.

§

David Stroud was born in Tyler, Texas, and graduated from Henderson (Texas) High School in 1963. He then enlisted in the Marines and in the following years served a tour in Vietnam and two years as a drill instructor at Parris Island, South Carolina. He earned his B.S. and M.A. degrees in history at Stephen F. Austin State University and is now a history instructor at Kilgore (Texas) College. He has written seven books along with fifteen articles and book reviews.



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Outlaw John Wesley Hardin

Six Telegrams That Tell a Story: The Arrest of John Wesley Hardin

by Mike Whittington

Six historic telegrams from Lieutenant John Barclay Armstrong are the only official records of the capture of John Wesley Hardin on August 23, 1877, at Pensacola Florida.

Telegram number one was sent from Whitney, Alabama, on August 23. It is addressed to William Steele, adjutant general of the Texas Rangers. It reads:

Arrested John Wesley Hardin, Pensacola Florida this P.M. He had four men with him. Had some lively shooting. One of their number killed. All rest captured. Hardin fought desperately. Closed in and took him by main strength. Hurried ahead. Train then leaving this place. We are waiting for a train to get away on. This is Hardin's home and his friends are trying to rally men to release him. Have some good citizens with, and will make it interesting.

*J.B. Armstrong
Lt. State Troops*

Texs Ranger John B. Armstrong

This telegram tells the story but does not explain what a lieutenant in the Texas Rangers was doing in Florida (where he had no authority). It also doesn't relate how a dangerous killer like John Wesley Hardin let himself be taken by "main strength."

Armstrong was recuperating from an accidentally self-inflicted bullet wound. It was said that he shot himself in the leg while cleaning his revolver. A reported sighting of someone believed to be Hardin in the town in which Armstrong was staying prompted Armstrong to enlist the help of the local sheriff to arrest the man and share the \$4,000 reward for Hardin's capture.



Hardin was wanted for the murder of Deputy Sheriff Charles Webb of Comanche County in the town of Comanche on May 26, 1874. Hardin had been captured in Louisiana in September of the same year and returned to Texas, but he escaped and dropped out of sight until August 1877.

The man that Armstrong arrested turned out to be an impostor. After the embarrassment subsided, Armstrong applied to the adjutant general of the Texas Rangers for permission to pursue Hardin.

Permission given, Armstrong was allocated an assistant. He was John Duncan, a Pinkerton man. Duncan set up home near a relation of Hardin's in the hope of learning his whereabouts. Discovering that a wagon on the relative's property was the property of Hardin, Duncan applied to buy it. This meant that Hardin had to be contacted about the price. The relative duly sent a letter to a John Swain at an address in Alabama. Believing this to be Hardin's alias, Duncan notified Armstrong. Armstrong requested that arrest warrants be issued under both names, a copy of each to be sent by mail to Alabama, and another copy sent by express.

Meanwhile, Armstrong and Duncan hastened to Alabama, only to learn that Hardin had left for Florida along with four other men. Armstrong and Duncan continued on to Florida, but they were without warrants because they had not yet arrived in Alabama.

Just outside Pensacola, Armstrong identified himself, explained that he was after Hardin, and recruited the assistance of the local law enforcement officers. They all entered the train on which Hardin was travelling.

Armstrong was walking with the aid of a cane because of his gunshot wound. Moving his cane to his left hand, he drew his seven-inch-barrelled Colt .45 and, approaching Hardin, ordered him to surrender. Hardin recognized the weapon as one popular with the Rangers and cried, "Texas by God!" He reached for his own concealed revolver, a cap-and-ball .44, only to get it caught in his suspenders.

While Hardin was struggling to free his revolver, one of his companions, nineteen-year-old Jim Mann, drew and shot a hole in Armstrong's hat. Armstrong retaliated with a shot through Mann's heart. Mann jumped through the carriage window, but fell dead after a few steps.

In the meantime, Armstrong grabbed Hardin's gun. He was promptly kicked away into an opposite empty seat. He rebounded back and hit Hardin with his revolver so hard that Hardin remained unconscious for two hours.

This is how Armstrong related the incident in later years, according to Walter Prescott Webb in his book, *The Texas Rangers: A Century of Frontier Defense*. Hardin, however, tells it differently in a letter he wrote to his wife while in jail:

Jane they had me foul, yes very foul. I was sitting in the Smoking car, Neal Campbell and poor Jimmie Mann by my side with my arms stretched on the side when they came in. Four men grabbed me, one by each arm and one by each leg so they stretched me locking me quick, but poor Jimmie, he broke to run out of the cars and was shot dead by some of the crowd on the outside...

This letter was written two days after Hardin's arrest, and the events of that day were obviously still clear in his mind. Without taking anything away from the arrest, it seems that Armstrong's recollection of the incident may have altered over the years. Or was Hardin trying to make excuses to his kin for an easy capture? Who knows?

Armstrong's associates disarmed the remainder of Hardin's companions, and the train was ordered to continue on to the town of Whitney in Alabama. The three remaining members of the party were dropped off at different stations along the way. Armstrong's main interest was in the capture of Hardin. At Whitney, Armstrong put Hardin under guard in prison while he awaited the warrants from Texas.

So now we know why a Texas Ranger was in Florida and why Hardin was unable to shoot his way out of a tight spot. But the story continues.

Hardin was under arrest, but Armstrong had no warrant. As the first telegram explains, Hardin had friends who were threatening to free him in a less than peaceful manner.

Armstrong sent word to the friends that should they attempt to free Hardin, Hardin himself would be the first to get shot. This action goes back to the time when Armstrong served under Captain Leander McNelly. McNelly had issued an order to shoot the prisoner first if any attempt was made to free him. McNelly called it "ley de fuga."

Hardin was moved from Whitney under armed guard to Montgomery, Alabama, where he was again placed in prison. While Armstrong was waiting for the arrival of the warrants from Texas, he sent the second telegram to the adjutant general in Texas on August 24, 1877. It reads:

Arrived this A.M. Prisoner in jail. No Papers whatsoever received by the Governor. What is the matter?

Shortly after sending this telegram, Armstrong was ordered to appear in court. He had to convince a judge why Hardin should be kept in jail without proper warrants. Armstrong showed the judge his commission as a Texas Ranger and a copy of the telegram requesting the warrants. This, along with the description of Hardin's character and reputation, convinced the judge to hold the case over until the following Wednesday.

Armstrong was now under the gun. To take Hardin back to Texas to stand trial, he had to have those warrants and quick!

Once more the telegraph office was busy. This time Armstrong sent two telegrams-- one to the adjutant general and one to the governor of Texas.

To Steele, the adjutant general:

Hardin taken out on writ of Habeas Corpus. Case continued until Wednesday. Send another requisition by man or express. Am afraid it will miscarry by mail as did the first. Answer.

And to the governor of Texas:

Please telegraph the Governor of Alabama that you have

forwarded requisition for John Wesley Hardin alias John Swain. They were trying to release him on count of Habeas Corpus.

The governor was obviously quicker to respond than the express service because, on the same day, Armstrong sent General Steele this telegram:

If requisition does not come tonight Go. Houston will issue warrant on Gov. Hubbard's telegram so I can leave here at six tomorrow morning. Have arranged to have Bower captured.

Bower (or Bowen) was the brother-in-law of Hardin, who had married Jane Bowen. Bower was arrested September 1, 1877, for the murder of Tom Haldeman in Gonzales County back in 1872. He was returned to Texas and hanged for first-degree murder.

The warrants did arrive in time for Armstrong to read them to Hardin. Hardin did not admit to his identity until he had also been served the warrant issued under the name of John Swain.

John Wesley Hardin was duly transported to Texas, where he was sent for trial in Comanche County. In the spring of 1878, he was sentenced to twenty-five years' imprisonment for second-degree murder.

Hardin was pardoned on February 17, 1894, after serving nearly sixteen years of his sentence. The reason for release was "that good citizens ask it." Hardin



became a lawyer (left), a profession he had studied while in prison, but his days on the right side of the law were brief. He was shot dead by John Selman in El Paso, Texas, on August 19, 1895.

J. B. Armstrong collected the \$4000 reward for the capture of Hardin and used the money to set up a ranch of some 50,000 acres in Willacy County, Texas. It was here that he died on August 19, 1913.

The sixth telegram? Oh yes, that was sent on August 25, 1877. It was from Verbena, Alabama, and addressed to Adjutant General William Steele. It's cryptic message reads:

It's all day now. On our way papers O.K.

I have a feeling the "it's all day now" could refer to Hardin's relentless profanities directed at the law and Lieutenant. J. B. Armstrong of the Texas Rangers in particular!

Note: Michael J. Dabrishus, archivist at the Texas State Library in Austin, Texas, kindly furnished copies of the six telegrams.

Texas Ranger

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